SELECTED READINGS IN WESTERN LITERATURE

西洋文學名著選

孫毓修·伍蠡甫·黎明書局

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孫寒冰
伍蠡甫

復旦大學叢書　　黎明書局印行

目　錄

卷頭語

一　本書選釋各篇，悉文辭優美，內容深具文學上之價值，大半曾用作復旦大學預科英文文學一課之教材；兩年以來，頗能增加學生了解英文之能力、閱讀英文之興趣，並促進其對於文學之愛好。以此成效，公之於世，刊行本書，實申斯旨。

一　向來選文排次，恆以文體，作家，時代，或國別爲標準。本書例倣柯伯蘭氏文選 (The Copeland Reader)：首列英譯各國文學，次及英國文學，美國文學；其每一類中，則以各篇作者之時代爲先後。但因限於篇幅，故不及柯氏之完備。

一　本書所選，間有非全篇者，但盡係菁華，讀者不難於此窺測全豹。

一　凡一名著而有數種英譯本者，多就可能範圍之內，較其譯筆之優劣，以定取捨。

一　Lafcadio Hearn 雖英籍，而居美獨久，甚有聲於彼邦文壇，故列入美國文學欄。

一　每篇首列小序，略述著者之生平及其思想作風等，並舉其重要之著作，篇末附註釋。

一　文章難易，恆因讀者程度不等，所見不同，原無絕對標準。茲編所註，多係平素學生質難之處，或編者自身所見。

一　凡一字數義者，則註釋其在本篇所特具之意義。

一　凡習語，及文意相銜接之段落，易爲讀者所讀破或難辨別者，均爲註釋；間附例證，以便記省。

一 凡文法上之要點，悉爲註釋，並附例證。唯文法之名詞，在英文已多實同名異之病，而在中譯一方，尤爲紛雜；茲悉沿用英文文法名詞之最普通者，以清眉目。

一 語音擇要註明，悉用 Webster 音符。

一 凡重要之人名，地名，均註；其不關重要者不註。

一 凡較爲生僻之字而涵義不繁者，不註。

一 序註中引用文學名詞，均力求普遍，不另爲解釋。

一 序註中引用別書原語，間有不述其出處者；但不敢掠美，聲明於此。

一 以上註釋，中英互用，以便了解。

一 以上所須註釋各點，但註一次，重見者不註。

一 本書 "The Last Day of Socrates' Life" "The New Heloise", "The Marble Statue", "The Necklace", "Of Studies", "Letter to Lord Chesterfield", "Human Life", "A Lament", "The Nightingale and the Rose", "The White Birds", "Emotion in Literature", "Farewell Address" 各篇，係寒冰所選，餘係鑫甫所選；而悉由鑫甫序註：特爲聲明，以示專責；至釋名辨義，舉例正音，一得之見，未敢自滿，海內宏達，幸見教之。

一 各篇序註，承章友三，徐宗鐸二先生與以修改，應功九先生爲之藻飾，用並聲明，以誌謝忱。

十九年二月十一日孫寒冰，伍鑫甫同識

附序註參考書目

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聖經典林

舊約聖經

英譯文學

The Bible

今日受壓迫的 Hebrew 民族,在古時却曾創造了一部聖經(The Bible)。牠分舊約(The Old Testament 和新約(The New Testament)兩部份。舊約載着 Moses 的事跡,先知的書,和詩篇;是 Hebrew 民族在將近一千年裏所產生的最好的文學。新約却不是一民族的文學,而是隨着一種運動而產生的文學;是用希臘文在不滿一百年中所寫的,關於耶穌基督(Jesus Christ)一生的言行,以及基督教義的發展。這部聖經雖然是基督教的科律,但向來總被視爲文學的寶藏,因而有了聖經的文學(Biblical Literature)的名詞。牠支配了無數的偉人,思想家和學者;而他們也不斷的向她深深的讚頌。連唱着「不可知論」(Agnosticism)的 Huxley, 竟也說過:聖經是"貧者和被壓迫者的大憲章"("The Magna Charta of the poor and the oppressed")。

歷來英文譯本很多,而以英王 James 時代(1603—1625)所發行的譯本,流行最爲普遍;並且直到現在還是被稱爲 The Authorized Version。

本篇是舊約裏的一章,(也是根據 James 譯本)就是中文聖經裏的路德傳。雖然牠是含着倫理的目的,而却饒有藝術的風味,並且也不露出教義的痕跡;這實在是任何民族的宗教文學中所罕見的了。

THE BOOK OF RUTH

I.

Now it came to pass, in the days when the *judges* ruled, that there was a famine in the *land*. And a certain man of *Beth-lehem-judah* went to sojourn in the *country* of Moab, he, and his wife and his two sons.

2. And the name of the man was Elimelech, and the name of his wife Naomi, and the name of his two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, *Ephrathites* of Beth-lehem-judah. And they came into the country of Moab, and continued there.

3. And Elimelech, Naomi's husband, died; and she was left, *and her two sons.*

4. And they *took them wives* of the women of Moab; the name of the one was Orpah, and the name of the other Ruth: and they dwelled there about ten years.

5. And Mahlon and Chilion died also both of them; and the woman was left of her two sons and her hushand.

6. Then she arose, with her daughters in law, that she might return from the country of Moab: for she had heard in the country of Moab how the *Lord* had visited his people in giving them bread.

7. Wherefore she went forth out of the place where she was, and her two daughters in law with her: and they went on the way to return unto the land of Judah.

8. And Naomi said unto her two daughters in law, Go, return each to her mother's house: *the Lord deal* kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me.

9. The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband. Then she kissed them; and they lifted up their voice and wept.

10. And they said unto her, Surely we will *return* with thee unto *thy people.*

11. And Naomi said, Turn again, my daughters, why will ye go with me? are there yet any more sons in my womb, that they may be your husbands?

12. Turn again, my daughters, go your way; for I am too old to have an husband. If I should say, I have hope, if I should have an husband also to night, and should also bear sons;

13. Would ye tarry for them till they were grown? would ye stay for them *from having husbands?* nay, my daughters; for it grieveth me much, for your sakes, that *the hand of the Lord is gone out against me.*

14. And they lifted up their voice, and wept again: and Orpah kissed her mother in law, but Ruth *clave* unto her.

15. And she said, *Behold,* thy sister in law is gone back unto her people, and unto her *gods;* return thou after thy sister in law.

16. And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return *from following after thee*: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:

17. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if *ought but* death part thee and me.

18. When she saw that she was stedfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her.

19. So they two went until they came to Beth-lehem. And it *came to pass,* when they *were come* to Beth-lehem, that *all the city* was *moved* about them, and they said, Is this Naomi?

20. And she said unto them, Call me not *Naomi,*

call me Mara: for the *Almighty hath* dealt very bitterly with me.

21. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty: why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?

22. So Naomi returned, and Ruth the *Moabitess*, her daughter in law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab: and they came to Beth-lehem in the beginning of barley harvest.

II.

And Naomi had a kinsman of her husband's, a mighty man of wealth of the family of Elimelech; and his name was Boaz.

2. And Ruth the Moabitess said unto Naomi, Let me now go to the field, and glean *ears* of corn after him in whose sight I shall *find grace*. And she said unto her, Go, my daughter.

3. And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers: and *her hap* was *to light* on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech.

4. And, behold, Boaz came from Beth-lehem, and said unto the reapers, The Lord be with you. And they answered him, The Lord bless thee.

5. Then said Boaz unto his servant that *was set over* the reapers, Whose damsel is this?

6. And the servant that was set over the reapers answered and said, It is the *Moabitish* damsel that came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab:

7. And she said, I pray you, let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves: so she came, and hath continued even from the morning until now, that she tarried a little in the house.

8. Then said Boaz unto Ruth, Hearest thou not,

my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens:

9. Let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them: have I not charged the young men that they shall not touch thee? and when thou art athirst, go unto the vessels, and drink of that which the young men have drawn.

10. Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest *take knowledge of* me, seeing I am a stranger?

11. And Boaz answered and said unto her, It hath fully been *shewed* me all that thou hast done unto thy mother in law since the death of thine husband; and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore.

12. The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust.

13. Then she said, Let me find favour in thy sight, my lord; for that thou hast comforted me, and for that thou hast spoken friendly unto thine handmaid, though I be not like unto one of thine handmaidens.

14. And Boaz said unto her, At mealtime come thou hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar. And she sat beside the reapers: and he *reacked* her parched corn, and she did eat, and was sufficed, and left.

15. And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not:

16. And let fall also some of the handfuls *of*

purpose for her, and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not.

17. So she gleaned in the field until *even,* and beat out that she had gleaned: and it was about an *ephah* of barley.

18. And she took it up, and went into the city; and her mother in law saw what she had gleaned; and she brought forth, and gave to her that she had reserved after she was sufficed.

19. And her mother in law said unto her, Where hast thou gleaned to day? and where wroughtest thou? blessed be he that did take knowledge of thee. And she shewed her mother in law with whom she had wrought, and said, The man's name with whom I wrought to day is Boaz.

20. And Naomi said unto her daughter in law, Blessed be he of the Lord, who hath not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead. And Naomi said unto her, The man *is near of kin unto us,* one of our *next* kinsmen.

21. And Ruth the Moabitess said, He said unto me also, Thou shalt keep fast by my young men, until they have ended all my harvest.

22. And Naomi said unto Ruth her daughter in law, It is good, my daughter, that thou go out with his maidens, that they meet thee not in any other field.

23. So she kept fast by the maidens of Boaz to glean unto the end of barley harvest, and of wheat harvest; and dwelt with her mother in law.

III.

Then Naomi her mother in law said unto her, My daughter, shall I not seek rest for thee, that it may be well with thee?

2. And now is not Boaz of our kindred, with whose maidens thou wast? Behold, he winnoweth

barley to night in the *threshingfloor*.

3. Wash thyself, therefore, and anoint thee, and put thy raiment upon thee, and get thee down to the floor: but make not thyself known unto the man, until he shall have done eating and drinking.

4. And it shall be, when he lieth down, that thou shalt mark the place where he shall lie, and thou go in, and uncover his feet, and lay thee down; and he will tell thee what thou shalt do.

5. And she said unto her, All that thou sayest unto me I will do.

6. And she went down unto the floor, and did according to all that her mother in law bade her.

7. And when Boaz had eaten and drunk, and his heart was merry, he went to lie down at the end of the heap of corn: and she came softly, and uncovered his feet, and laid her down.

8. And it came to pass at midnight, that the man was afraid, and turned himself; and, behold, a woman lay at his feet.

9. And he said, Who art thou? And she answered, I am Ruth thine handmaid; spread therefore thy skirt over thine handmaid; for thou art a near kinsman.

10. And he said, Blessed be thou of the Lord, my daughter; for thou hast shewed more kindness in the latter end than at the beginning, inasmuch as thou followest not young men, whether poor or rich.

11. And now, my daughter, fear not; I will do to thee all that thou requirest: for all the city of my people *doth* know that thou art a virtuous woman.

12. And now, it is true that I am thy near kinsman; *howbeit*, there is a kinsman nearer than I.

13. Tarry this night, and it shall be in the morning, that if he will perform unto thee the part of

a kinsman, well; let him do the kinsman's part: but if he will not do the part of a kinsman to thee, then will I do the part of a kinsman to thee, *as the Lord liveth*: lie down until the morning.

14. And she lay at his feet until the morning; and she rose up before one could know another. And he said, Let it not be known that a woman came into the floor.

15. Also he said, Bring the vail that thou hast upon thee, and hold it. And when she held it, he measured six measures of barley, and laid it on her: and she went into the city.

16. And when she came to her mother in law, she said, *Who art thou*, my daughter? And she told her all that the man had done to her.

17. And she said, These six measures of barley gave he me: for he said to me, Go *not empty* unto thy mother in law.

18. Then said she, Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will *fall*: for the man will not be in rest, until he have finished the thing this day.

IV.

Then went Boaz up to the gate, and sat him down there: and, behold, the kinsman of whom Boaz spake, came by: unto whom he said, Ho, such a one! turn aside, sit down here. And he turned aside, and sat down.

2. And he took ten men of the elders of the city, and said, Sit ye down here. And they sat down.

3. And he said unto the kinsman, Naomi, that is come again out of the country of Moab, selleth a parcel of land, which was our brother Elimelech's:

4. And I thought to advertise thee, saying, Buy it before the inhabitants, and before the elders of my people. If thou wilt redeem it, redeem it; but if thou

wilt not redeem it, then tell me, that I may know: for there is none to redeem it beside thee; and *I am after thee.* And he said, I will redeem it.

5. Then said Boaz, What day thou buyest the field *of* the hand of Naomi, thou must buy it also of Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of the dead, to *raise up the name of the dead* upon his inheritance.

6. And the kinsman said, I cannot redeem it for myself, lest I mar mine own inheritance: redeem thou *my right* to thyself: for I cannot redeem it.

7. Now this was the manner in former time in Israel, concerning redeeming, and concerning *changing,* for to confirm all things; A man plucked off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbour: and this was a testimony in Israel.

8. Therefore the kinsman said unto Boaz, Buy it for thee. So he drew off his shoe.

9. And Boaz said unto the elders, and unto all the people, Ye are witnesses this day, that I have bought all that was Elimelech's, and all that was Chilion's and Mahlon's, of the hand of Naomi.

10. Moreover, Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of Mahlon, have I purchased to be my wife, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance, that the name of the dead be not cut off from among *his brethren* and from *the gate of his place*: ye are witnesses this day.

11. And all the people that were in the gate, and the elders, said, We are witnesses. The Lord make the woman that is come into thine house like Rachel and like Leah, which two did build the house of Israel: and do thou worthily in Ephratah, and be famous in Bethlehem:

12. And let thy house be like the *house* of *Pharez, whom Tamar bare unto Judah,* of the seed

which the Lord shall give thee of this young woman.

13. So Boaz took Ruth, and she was his wife: and when he went in unto her, the Lord gave her *conception*, and she bare a son.

14. And the women said unto Naomi, Blessed be the Lord, *which* hath not left thee this day without a kinsman, that his name may be famous in Israel.

15. And he shall be unto thee a restorer of thy life, and a nourisher of thine old age: for thy daughter in law, which loveth thee, which is better to thee than seven sone, hath born him.

16. And Naomi took the child, and laid it in her bosom, and became nurse unto it.

17. And the woman her neighbours gave it a name, saying, There is a son born to Naomi; and they called his name Obed: he is the father of Jesse, the father of *David*.

18. Now these are the generations of Pharez: Pharez begat Hearon.

19. And Hezron begat Ram, and Ram begat Amminadab.

20. And Amminadab begat Nahshon, and Nahshon begat Salmon.

21. And Salmon begat Boaz, and Boaz begat Obed.

22. And Obed begat Jesse, and Jess begat David.

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judges: Israel 民族治理民事的首領(在中譯聖經裏,稱爲士師)。
land: 指 Kingdom of Israel。 Bethlehem-judah: 猶大伯利恆(地名,即今日 Palestine)。 country: 地方。 Ephrathites: Ephrath 城的人。 and her two sons: and her two sons were left behind by their father who died early。
took them wifes: took to them wives; 娶....做他們的妻。

Lord: 上帝。 the Lord deal: may the Lord deal (我願上帝....), 所以 "deal" 尾上沒有 "s", 下面這種用法很多,不另註。 return: join again。 thy people: 你的親戚故舊。 If....son: 此是 conditional clause, main clause (I would persuade you to stay with me)省去。 from having husbands: 不嫁人, the hand of lord is gone out against me: 上帝加禍在我身上。 clave: 古英文 "Cleave" 的 past, Clave unto: 依戀着;固守着。 Behold: you behold that: 你看。 gone back unto her gods: 崇奉她本國的神。 from following after thee: (參看本課註)。 ought: aught ("anything" 的古體)。 but: except。 came to pass: happened。 were come: 這裏因爲對於 "they" 的情形(the state of the agent) 特別注意,所以用 "were come"; "were" 是 predicate verb, "come" 是 past participle, 用作 subjective complement。 all the city: 全城的人。 moved: 驚訝。 Naomi: 在 Hebrew 文裏,是快樂的意思。 Mara: 在 Hebrew 文裏,是悲苦的意思。 Almighty: (noun) hath: 古體的 "has"; 凡其他 verb, 在 third person, singular number, 和 present tense 的時候, 變化相同。〔例〕 "lieth", 和 "liveth", 都見本篇。 Moabitess: Moab 地方的女子。 ears: 穗。 find grace: find favor。 hap: 運氣。 to light: 止,息。 was set over: 被 Boaz 委命去監督或管理...。 Moabitish: Moab 人的; Moabites 的。 take knowledge of: 顧恤。 shewed: 古體的 showed。 reached: 授;遞。 of purpose: 有意的,故意的; purposely。 even: 卽 evening。 ephah: Hebrew 人量豆,穀,麥粉,以及油水等,所用的量數;合中國三斗三升。 is near of kin unto us: 和我們是近親。 next: 最近的。 threshing-floor: 打穀場。 doth: 古體的

"does". howbeit: 古體的 "nevertheless", As the Lord liveth: Boaz 指着上帝起誓的時候所說。 Who art thou: Art thou still my daughter-in-law or the wife of Boaz? not empty: 不可空手。 fall: 成就。 I am after thee: 除了你以外,就是我。 of: 當 "from" 用。 raise up the name of the dead: 繼續用(或保留)死者的名字。 My right: 指我所當贖的。 changing. 交易。 his bretheren: 他的一族。 the gate of his place: 他的家鄉。 house: 一族,一家。 Pharez, whom Tamar bare unto Judah: Judah 和 Tamar 結婚,而生 Pharez。 Pharez 子孫繁多,所以這裏民衆和諸長老祝 Boaz 說: "願你的子孫繁多,一如 Pharez"。 conception: 孕。 which: 聖經用古文體,常以 "which" 代 "who"。〔例〕 "Our father which art in Heaven, ..." begat: "beget" 的 past, 有 "begat "和" begot"; 後者比較通用。 David: 在 1058 B. C. 生於 Bethlehem, 是 Jesus Christ 的遠祖。

THE LAST DAY OF SOCRATES' LIFE

Plato

(429 — 348)

希臘的大哲 Socrates (469—399)，最重眞理，極善辯說；想從"善"，"美"，"公允"，"哀憐"，等槪念的論理的推究，去洞察道德的眞性；然後示人以行爲的規範，和人在社會裏應盡的責任。他否認那時人們所崇奉的神道；他實在是科學的論理學底首創者。不過他就因此觸犯了當時的忌諱，受了煽惑青年的罪名，被捕入獄，服毒而死。他的弟子 Plato，有 "Phaedo" 一書，追記他夫子在獄中末日的言行，來維持靈魂先存和靈魂不滅的學說 (The preexistence and immortality of the soul)；就是本篇所由選出。（本篇不曾十分涉及靈魂的問題）Plato 還有名著 "Republic"，說明他的理想的國家。他的全部著作，已經 Benjamin Jowett 譯成英文，本篇就是根據 Jowett 的譯本。

THE LAST DAY OF SOCRATES' LIFE

"Wherefore, *Simmias,* seeing all these things, what ought not we to do in order to obtain virtue and wisdom in this life? Fair is the prize, and the hope great.

"I do not mean to affirm that the description which I have given of the soul and her mansions is exactly true—a man of sense ought hardly to say that. But I do say that, inasmuch as the soul is shown to be immortal, he may venture to think, not improperly or unworthily, that something of the kind is true. The venture is a glorious one, and he ought to comfort himself with words like these, which is the reason why I lengthen out the tale. Wherefore, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who has cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him, and rather hurtful in their effects, and has followed after the pleasures of knowledge in this life; who has adorned the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth—in these she is ready to go on her journey to the world below, when her time comes. You, Simmias and *Cebes,* and all other men, will depart at some time or other. Me already, as the tragic poet would say, the voice of fate calls. Soon I must drink the poison; and I *think I had better repair* to the bath first, in order that the women may not have the trouble of washing my body after I am dead."

When he had done speaking, *Crito* said: "And have you any commands for us, Socrates—anything to say about your children, or any other matter—in which we *can serve you?*"

"Nothing particular," he said: "only, as I have always told you, I would have you look to yourselves; that is a service which you may always be doing to

me and mine as well as to yourselves. And you need not make *professions;* for if you take no thought for yourselves, and walk not according to the precepts which I have given you, not now for the first time, the warmth of your professions will be of no avail."

"We will do our best," said Crito. "But in what way would you have us bury you?"

"In any way that you like; only you must *get hold of me,* and take care that I do not walk away from you." Then he turned to us, and added with a smile: "I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who have been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body—and he asks, How shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of *the blessed,*—these words of mine, with which I comforted you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be *surety* for me now, as he was surety for me at the trial: but let the promise be of another sort; for he was my surety to the judges that I would remain, but you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him *sorrow* at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we *lay out* Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you think best."

When he had spoken these words, he arose and went into the bath-chamber with Crito, who *bid* us

wait; and we waited, talking and thinking of the subject of the discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow; he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken the bath his children were brought to him—(he had two young sons and an elder one); and the women of his family also came, and he talked to them and gave them a few directions *in the presence of Crito;* and he then dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the *servant of the eleven,* entered and stood by him, saying: "*To you,* Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other-men, who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison—indeed I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so *fare you well,* and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand." Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said: "I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid." Then turning to us, he said: "How charming the man is: since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and *at times* he would talk to me, and was as good as could be to me, and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says, Crito; let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared: if not, let the attendant prepare some."

"Yet," said Crito, "the sun is still upon the hill-

tops, and many a one has taken the *draught* late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and indulged in sensual delights; do not hasten then, there is still time."

Socrates said: "Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, for they think that they will gain by the dēlāy; but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should only be ridiculous in my own eyes for sparing and saving a life which is already gone: I could only laugh at myself for this. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me."

Crito, when he heard this, made a sign to the servant; and the servant went out, and remained for some time, and then returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: "You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed." The man answered: "You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and *then to lie down*, and the poison will act." At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, *Echēcrătes*, as his manner was, took the cup and said: "What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not?" The man answered: "We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough." "I understand," he said "yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world—may this then, which is my prayer, be granted to me." Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our

sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could not longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment, *Apollodorus*, who had been weeping all the time, broke out into a loud cry which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness. "What is this strange outcry?" he said. "I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience." When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard and asked him if he could feel; and he said, No; and *then his leg*, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: "When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end." He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said (they were his last words)—he said: "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt?" "The debt shall be paid," said Crito; "is there anything else?" There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, and justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

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had better: 不論 subject 的 person 和 number，均用 "had"，而不用 "have" 或 "has"；又後面所跟的 infinitive，"to" 不寫出。〔例〕He had better go。 repair to: 赴，至。 can serve u: 能爲你盡力。 me and mine: 我和我的家族。 pro-sions: 宣言，表白（成語以外，都用複數）；〔例〕 He is not a ver in profession (成語用法)， Their professious are not be trusted(非成語用法)。 get hold of me: 不要忘記我。 the blessed: 〔blĕs'ĕd〕 在天之聖。 surety: 保證人。 sor-row: (infinitive 而沒有 "to")。 lay out: 害。 bid: ("bid" 的 past 是 "bid"， "bade" 或 "bad"； 牠的 past participle 是 "bid" 或 "bidden")。 in the presence of Crito: 在 Crito 的面前。 to you: 是本句裏 "will impute" 的 indirect object。 fare you well: 祝你平安，再會（即 I hope that you will fare well)。 needs: (adverb)。 at times: 時常。 draught: 〔dráft〕 和 "draft" 通用 (尤其是在美國)；= 水藥。 then his legs: then he pressed his legs hard。

THE NEW HELOISE

Jean Jacques Rousseau

(1712—1778)

Rousseau是法國的文學家,思想家,浪漫主義的先鋒.他深惡當時虛僞的社會,而夢想着「自然時代」;主張發揮個性,恢復自我,返於自然,以達到自由平等的境域。他一生放浪,性情怪癖,但是感情特富,所以喜怒無端,言行矛盾。著作很多,重要的有"Le Contract Social'(民約論), "Emile"(愛米爾), "Les Confessions"(懺悔錄)。他又做了一部"La Nouvllee Heloise" (The New Heloise), 是一部信札體的小說(十二世紀,法國有女子Helcise 者,和經院派哲學家Peter Abelard 發生戀愛,往還的信札,遺傳後世,成了世界著名的情書。原信是拉丁文,有英譯本多種,又有梁實秋的中文譯本,名"阿伯拉與哀綠綺思的情書"。Rousseau 這篇小說,便是因此而命名的。本篇是原書的縮譯本,描寫Julie 和Saint Preux 愛情的演化。意在啓示:冲淡高超的人,如何不受社會儀式的薰染;去約束他們的熱情;所以看去雖然哀思滿紙,却是人心探討的一大貢獻。

THE NEW HELOISE

I.—"The Course of True Love"

TO JULIE

I must escape from you, *Mădĕmoiselle.* I must see you no more.

You know that I entered your house as tutor to yourself and your cousin, Mademoiselle Claire, at your mother's invitation. I did not foresee the peril; at any rate, I did not fear it. I shall not say that I am now paying the price of my rashness, for I trust I shall never fail in the respect due to your high birth, your beauty, and your noble character. But I confess that you have captured my heart. How could I fail to adore the touching union of keen sensibility and unchanging sweetness, the tender pity, all those spiritual qualities that are worth so much more to me than personal charms?

I have lost my reason. I promise to strive to recover it. You, and you alone, can help me. Forbid me from appearing in your presence, show this letter if you like to your parents; drive me away. I can endure anything from you. I am powerless to escape of *my own accord.*

FROM JULIE

I must, then, reveal my secret! I have striven to resist, but I am powerless. Everything seems to magnify my love for you; all nature seems to be your accomplice; every effort that I make is in vain. I adore you in spite of myself.

I hope and I believe that a heart which has seemed to me to deserve the whole attachment of mine will not belie the generosity that I expect of it; and I hope, also that if you should prove unworthy of the devotion I feel for you, my indignation and contempt will re-

store to me the reason that my love has caused me to lose.

TO JULIE

Oh, how am I to realise the torrent of delights that pours into my heart? And how can I best reassure the alarms of a timid and loving woman? Pure and heavenly beauty, judge more truly, I beseech you, of the nature of your power. Believe me, if I adore your loveliness, it is because of the spotless soul of which that loveliness is the outward token. When I cease to love virtue, I shall cease to love you, and I shall no longer ask you to love me.

FROM JULIE

My friend, I feel that every day I become more attached to you; the smallest absence from you is insupportable; and when you are not with me I must needs write you, so that I may *occupy* myself *with* you unceasingly.

My mind is troubled with news that my father has just told me. He is expecting a visit from his old friend, M. de Wolmar; and it is to M. de Wolmar, I suspect, that he designs that I should be married. I cannot marry without the approval of those who gave me life; and you know what the fury of my father would be if I were to confess my love for you—for he would assuredly not *suffer* me to be united to one whom he deems my inferior in that mere worldly rank for which I care nothing. Yet I cannot marry a man I do not love; and you are the only man I shall ever love.

It pains me that I must not reveal our secret to my dear mother, who esteems you so highly; but would she not reveal it, from a sense of duty, to my father? It is best that only my inseparable Cousin Claire should know the truth.

FROM CLAIRE TO JULIE

I have bad news for you, my dear cousin. First of all, your love affair is being gossiped about; secondly, this gossip has indirectly brought your lover into serious danger.

You have met my lord Edouard Bomston, the young English noble who is now staying at Vevay. Your lover has been *on terms* of such warm friendship *with* him ever since they met at Sion some time ago that I could not believe they would ever have quarrelled. Yet they quarrelled last night, and about you.

During the evening, M. d'Orbe tells me, mylord Edouard drank freely, and began to talk about you. Your lover was displeased and silent. Mylord Edouard, angered at his coldness, declared that he was not always cold, and that somebody, who should be nameless, caused him to behave in a very different manner. Your lover drew his sword instantly; mylord Edouard drew also, but stumbled in his intoxication, and injured his leg. In spite of M. d'Orbe's efforts to reconcile them, a meeting was arranged to take place as soon as mylord Edouard's leg was better.

You must prevent the duel somehow, for mylord Edouard is a dangerous swordsman. Meanwhile, I am terrified lest the gossip about you should reach your father's ears. It would be best to get your lover to go away before any mischief comes to pass.

FROM JULIE TO MYLORD EDOUARD

I am told that you are about to fight the man whom I love—for it is true that I love him—and that he will probably die by your hand. Enjoy in advance if you can, the pleasure of piercing the bosom of your friend, but be sure that you will not have that of contemplating my despair. For I swear that I shall not survive by one day the death of him who is to me as

my life's breath. Thus you will have the glory of slaying with a single stroke two hapless lovers who have never willingly committed a fault towards you, and who have delighted to honour you.

TO JULIE

Have no fear for me, dearest Julie. Read this, and I am sure that you will share in my feelings of gratitude and affection towards the man with whom I have quarrelled.

This morning mylord Edouard entered my room accompanied by two gentlemen. "I have come," he said, "to withdraw the injurious words that intoxication led me to utter in your presence. Pardon me, and restore to me your friendship. I am ready to endure any chastisement that you see fit to inflict upon me."

"Mylord," I replied, "I ackowledge your nobility of spirit. The words you uttered when you were not yourself are henceforth utterly forgotten." I embraced him, and he bade the gentlemen withdraw.

When we were alone, he gave me the warmest testimonies of friendship; and, touched by his generosity, I told him the whole story of our love. He promised enthusiastically to do what he could to further our happiness; and this is the nobler in him, inasmuch as he admitted that he had himself conceived a tender admiration for you.

FROM JULIE

Dearest, the worst has happened. My father knows of our love. He came to me yesterday pale with fury; in his wrath he struck me. Then, suddenly, he took me in his arms and implored my forgiveness. But I know that he will never consent to our union; I shall never dare to mention your name in his presence. My love for you is unalterable: our souls are linked by bonds that time cannot dissolve.

And yet—my duty to my parents! How can I do right by wronging them? Oh, pity my distraction!

It seems that mylord Edouard impulsively asked my father for his consent to our union, telling him how deeply we loved each other, and that he would mortally injure his daughter's happiness if he denied her wishes. My father replied, in bitter anger, that he would never suffer his child to be united to a man of humble birth. Mylord Edouard hotly retorted that mere distinctions of birth were worthless when weighed in the scale with true refinement and true virtue. They had a long and violent argument, and parted in enmity.

I must *take counsel with* Cousin Claire, who never suffers her reason to be clouded with those heart-torments of which I am the unhappy victim.

FROM CLAIRE TO JULIE

On learning of your distress, dear cousin, I made up my mind that your lover must go away, for your sake and his own. I summoned M. d'Orbe and mylord Edouard. I told M. d'Orbe that the success of his *suit to me* depended on his help to you. You know that my friendship for you is greater than any love can be. Mylord Edouard acted splendidly. He promised to endow your lover with *a third of* his estate, and to take him to Paris and London, there to win the distinction that his talents deserve.

M. d'Orbe went to order a chaise, and I proceeded to your lover and told him that it was his duty to leave at once. At first he passionately refused, then he yielded to despair; then he begged to be allowed to see you once more. I refused; I urged that all delays were dangerous. His agony brought tears to my eyes, but I was firm. M. d'Orbe led him away; mylord Edouard was waiting with the chaise, and they are

now on the way to Besancon and Paris.

II.—The Separation

TO JULIE

Why was I not allowed to see you before leaving? Did you fear that the parting would kill me? Be reassured. I do not suffer—I think of you—I think of the time when I was dear to you. Nay, you love me yet, I know it. But why so cruelly drive me away? Say one word, and I return, like the lightning. Ah, these babblings are but flung into empty air. I shall live and die far away from you—I have lost you for ever!

FROM MYLORD EDOUARD TO JULIE

Deep depression has succeeded violent grief in the mind of your lover. But I can *count upon* his heart, it is a heart framed to fight and to conquer.

I have a proposition to make which I hope you will carefully consider. In your happiness and your lover's I have a tender and inextinguishable interest, since between you I perceive a deeper harmony than I have ever known to exist between man and woman. Your present misfortunes are due to my indiscretion; let me do what I can to repair the fault.

I have in Yorkshire an old castle and a large estate. They are yours and your lover's Julie, if you will accept them. You can escape from Vevay with the aid of my valet, when I have left there; you can join your lover, be wedded to him, and spend the rest of your days happily in the place of refuge I have designed for you.

Reflect upon this, I beseech you. I should add that I have said nothing of this project to your lover. The decision *rests with* you and you alone.

FROM JULIE TO MYLORD EDOUARD

Your letter, mylord, fills me with gratitude and

admiration. It would indeed be joy for me to gain happiness under the auspices of so generous a friend, and to procure from his kindness the contentment *that fortune has denied me.*

But could contentment ever be granted to me if I had the consciousness of having pitilessly abandoned those who gave me birth? I am their only living child; all their pleasure, all their hope is in me. Can I *deliver up* their closing day *to* sham, regrets, and tears? No, mylord, happiness could not be bought at such a price. I dare *brave* all the sorrows that await me here; remorse I dare not brave.

FROM JULIE TO HER LOVER

I have just returned from the wedding of Claire and M. d'Orbe. You will, I know, share my pleasure in the happiness of our dearest friend; and such is the worth of the friendship that joins us, that the good fortune of one of us should be a real consolation for the sorrows of the other two.

Continue to write me from Paris, but let me tell you that I am not pleased with the bitterness of your letters—a bitterness unworthy of my philosophic tutor of the happy bygone days at Vevay. I wish my true love to see all things clearly, and to be the just and honest man I have always deemed him—not a cynic who seeks a sorry comfort in misfortune by *carping at* the rest of the mankind.

FROM MADAME D'ORBE TO JULIE'S LOVER

I am about to ask of you a great sacrifice; but I know you will perceive it to be a necessary sacrifice, and I think that your devotion to Julie's true happiness will endure even this final test.

Julie's mother has died, and Julie has tormented herself with the idea that her love troubles have hastened her parent's end. Since then she has had a

serious illness, and is now in a depressed state both physically and mentally. Nothing, *I am convinced,* can cure her save absolute oblivion of the past, and the beginning of a new life—a married life.

M. de Wolmar is here once more, and Julie's father will insist upon her union with him. This quiet, emotionless, observant man cannot win her love, but he can bring her peace. Will you cease from all correspondence with her, and renounce all claim to her? Remember that Julie's whole future depends upon your answer. Her father will force her to obey him; prove that you are worthy of her love by removing all obstacles to her obedience.

FROM JULIE'S LOVER TO HER FATHER

I hereby renounce all claims upon the hand of Julie d'Etange, and acknowledge her right *to dispose of herself in matrimony* without consulting her heart.

FROM MADAME D'ORBE TO JULIE'S LOVER

Julie is married. Give thanks to the heaven that has saved you both. Respect her new *estate;* do not write to her, but wait to hear from her. Now is the time when I shall learn whether you are worthy of the esteem I have ever felt for you.

FROM MYLORD EDOUARD TO JULIE'S LOVER

A *squadron* is *fitting out* at Plymouth for the tour of the globe, under the command of my old friend George Anson, I have obtained permission for you to accompany him. Will you go?

FROM JULIE'S LOVER TO MADAME D'ORBE

I am starting, dear and charming cousin, for a voyage round the world—to seek in another hemisphere the peace that I cannot enjoy in this. Adieu, tender and inseparable friends, may you make each other's happiness!

III.—The Philosophic Husband

FROM M. DE WOLMAR TO SAINT PREUX (PSEUDONYM OF JULIE'S LOVER)

I learn that you have returned to Europe after all these years of travel. Although I have not as yet the pleasure of knowing you, permit me nevertheless to address you. The wisest and dearest of women has opened her heart to me. I believe that you are worthy of having been loved by her, and I invite you to our home. Innocence and peace reign within it; you will find there friendship, hospitality, esteem, and confidence.

Wolmar.

P.S.—Come, my friend; we wait you with eagerness. Do not grieve me by a refusal.

Julie.

FROM SAINT PREUX TO MYLORD EDOUARD

I have seen her, mylord! She has called me her friend—her dear friend. I am happier than ever I was in my life.

Yet when I approached M. de Wolmar's house at Clarens, I was in a state of frantic nervousness. Could I bear to see my old love in the possession of another? Would I not be driven to despair? As the carriage neared Clarens, I wished that it would break down. When I dismounted I awaited Julie in *mortal* anxiety. She came running and calling out to me, she seized me in her arms. All my terrors were banished, I knew no feeling but joy.

M. de Wolmar, meanwhile, was standing beside us. She turned to him, and introduced me to him as her old friend. "If new friends have less ardour than old ones," he said to me as he embraced me, "they will be old friends in their turn, and will yield nothing to others." My heart was exhausted, I received his em-

braces passively.

When we reached the drawing-room she disappeared for a moment, and returned—not alone. She brought her two children with her, darling little boys, who bore on their countenances the charm and the fascination of their mother. A thousand thoughts rushed into my mind, I could not speak; I took them in my arms, and welcomed their innocent caresses.

The children withrew, and M. de Wolmar was called away. I was alone with Julie. I was conscious of a painful restraint; she was seemingly at ease, and I became gradually reassured. We talked of my travels, and of her married life; there was no mention of our old relations.

I came to realize how Julie was changed, and yet the same. She is a matron, the happy mother of children, the happy mistress of a prosperous household. Her old love is not extinguished; but it is subdued by domestic peace and by her unalterable virtue—let me add, by the trust and kindness of her elderly husband, whose unemotional goodness has been just what was needed to soothe her passion and sorrow. I am her old and dear friend; I can never be more. And, believe me, I am content. Occasionally, pangs of regret *tear at* my heart, but they do not last long; my passion is cured, and I can never experience another.

How can I describe to you the peace and felicity that reign in this household? M. de Wolmar is, above all things, a man of system; the life of the establishment moves with ordered regularity from the year's beginning to its end. But the system is not mechanical; it is founded on wide experience of men, and governed by philosophy. In the home life of Julie and her husband and children luxury is never

permitted; even the table *delicacies* are simple products of the country. But, without luxury, there is perfect comfort and perfect confidence. I have never known a community so thoroughly happy, and it is a deep joy to me to be admitted as a cherished member of it.

One day M. de Wolmar drew Julie and myself aside, and where do you think he took us? To a plantation near the house, which Julie had never entered since her marriage. It was there that she had first kissed me. She was unwilling to enter the place, but he drew her along with him, and bade us be seated. Then he began:

"Julie, I knew the secret of your love before you revealed it to me. I knew it before I married you. I may have been *in the wrong* to marry you, knowing that your heart was elsewhere; but I loved you, and I believed I could make you happy. Have I succeeded?"

"My dear husband," said Julie, in tears, "you know you have succeeded."

"One thing only," he went on, "was necessary to prove you that your old passion was powerless against your virtue, and that was the presence of your old lover. I trusted you; I believed, from my knowledge of you, that I could trust him. I invited him here, and since then I have been quietly watching. My high anticipations of him are justified. And as for you, Julie, the haunting fears that your virtue would fail before the test inflicted by the return of your lover have, once and for all, been put to rest. Past wounds are healed. Monsieur," he added, turning to me, "you have proved yourself worthy of our fullest confidence and our warmest friendship."

What could I answer? I could but embrace him

in silence.

Madame d'Orbe, now a widow, is about to come here to take permanent charge of the household, leaving Julie to devote herself to the training of the children.

Hasten to join us, mylord; your coming is anxiously awaited. For my own part, I shall not be content until you have looked with your own eyes upon the peaceful delights of our life at Clarens.

FROM SAINT PREUX TO MYLORD EDOUARD

Madame d'Orbe is now with us. We look to you to complete the party. When you have made a long stay at Clarens, I shall be ready to join you in your projected journey to Rome.

Julie has revealed to me the one trouble of her life. Her husband is a freethinker. Will you aid me in trying to convince him of his error, and thus perfecting Julie's happiness?

VI.—The Veil

FROM SAINT PREUX TO MADAME D'ORBE

Mylord Edouard and I, after leaving you all yesterday, proceeded no farther than Villeneuve; an accident to one of mylord's attendants delayed us, and we spent the night there.

As you know, I had parted from Julie with regret, but without violent emotion. Yet, strangely enough, when I was alone last night the old grief came back. I had lost her! She lived and was happy; her life was my death, her happiness my torment! I struggled with these ideas. When I lay down, they pursued me in my sleep.

At length I started up from a hideous dream. I had seen Julie stretched upon her deathbed. I knew it was she, although her face was covered by a veil. I advanced to tear it off; I could not reach it. "Be calm,

my friend," she said feebly; "the veil of dread covers me, no hand can remove it." I made another effort, and awoke.

Again I slept, again I dreamt the dream. A third time I slept, a third time it appeared to me. This was too much. I fled from my room to mylord Edouard's.

At first, he treated the dream as a jest; but, seeing my panic-stricken earnestness, he changed his tune. "You will have a chance of recovering your *reason* to-morrow," he said. Next morning we set out on our journey, as I thought. *Brooding over* my dream, I never noticed that the lake was on the left-hand of the carriage, that we were returning. When I roused myself, I found that we were back again at Clarens!

"Now, go and see her again; prove that the dream was wrong," said Edouard.

I went nervously, feeling thoroughly ashamed of myself. I could hear you and Julie talking in the garden. I was cured in an instant of my superstitious folly; it fled from my mind. I retired without seeing her, *feeling a man again.* I rejoined mylord Edouard, and drove back to Villeneuve. We are about to resume the journey to Rome.

FROM MADAME D'ORBE TO SAINT PREUX

Why did you not come to see us, instead of merely listening to our voices? You have transfixed the terror of your dream to me. Until your return, I shall never look upon Julie without trembling, lest I should lose her.

M. de Wolmar has let you know his wish that you should remain permanently with us and superintend the education of his children. I am sure you will accept. Rejoin us swiftly, then; I shall not have an easy moment until you are amongst us once more.

FROM MADAME D'ORBE TO SAINT PREUX

It has come to pass. You will never see her more! The veil! The veil! Julie is dead!

FROM M. DE WOLMAR TO SAINT PREUX

I have allowed your first hours of grief to pass in silence. I was in no condition to give details, nor you to receive them. Now I may write, and you my read.

We were on a visit to the castle of Chillon, guests of the *bailli* of Vevay. After dinner the whole party walked on the ramparts, and our youngest son slipped and fell into the deep water. Julie plunged in after him. Both were rescued; the child was soon brought round, but Julie's state was critical. When she had recovered a little, she was taken back to Clarens. The doctor told her she had but three days to live. She spent those three days in perfect cheerfulness and tranquillity of spirit, conversing with Madame D'Orbe, the pastor, and myself, expressing her content that her life should end at a time when she had attained complete happiness. On the fourth morning we found her lifeless.

During the three days she wrote a letter, which I enclose. Fulfil her last requests. There yet remains much for you to do on earth.

FROM JULIE TO SAINT PREUX

All is changed, my dear friend; let us suffer the change without a murmur. It was not well for us that we should rejoin each other.

For it was an illusion that my love for you was cured; now, *in the presence of death,* I know that I still love you. I avow this without shame, for I have done my duty. My virtue is without stain, my love without remorse.

Come back to Clarens; train my children, comfort their noble father, lead him into the light of Christian

faith. Claire, like yourself, is about to lose the half of her life; let each of you preserve the other half by a union that in these latter days I have often wished to bring about.

Adieu, sweet friend, adieu!

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my own accord: 我自己的意思。 I may occupy myself with you: 我心裏有你。 suffer: 聽任，默許；〔例〕 He would not suffer himself to be ill treated。 on terms....with: 和....有交情。 take counsel with: 和....商量。 suit to me: 向我求婚。 a third of: one third of。 count upon: 信得過，信託。 rests with: 在(某人的)權內；繫於(某人)；〔例〕 The whole matter rests with him to decide。 that fortune has denied me: fortune has denied me that。 deliver up....to: 交與，付諸；〔例〕 The city is delivered up to their enemy。 brave: (verb) 凌，抗。 carping at: 無謂的指摘，吹毛求疵。 I am convinced: I am assured; I am sure。 to dispose herself of matrimony: 嫁卽自己；〔例〕 He tends to dispose of his daughter in marriage to some one。 estate: 境遇，狀況。 squadron: 〔skwŏd'run〕 is fitting out: 整備。 P. S.: "post script" 的略。 Mortal: (俗) 非常的，劇甚的。 tear at: (向某物) 作破裂的動作。 delicacies: 珍饈。 in the wrong: (adjective phrase)。 reason: 健全的精神，清醒的心地。 brooding over: 沉思着。 feeling a man again: 有更生之感；=feeling a new man 或 feeling myself another man。 bailli: 〔bā'lĭ 或 bàyē'〕。 in the presence of death: 臨死。

THE MARBLE STATUE

Heinrich Heine

(1797—1856)

德國詩人 Heine, 歌詠着平民的痛苦,和仙島的美麗,哀豔纏綿,流麗堪誦;觀察精微,深含諷喻;可以列爲德國古典時代大詩人 Goethe 以後,新興浪漫文學中的第一流。他十分接近少年德意志派的文學(the literature of the "Young German" school),所以被當局壓迫,避到法國,終於客死在那裏。他的散文也好;"Florentinische Nächte"(Florentine Nights) 一作,很可看出他的天才。本篇所選的一段,是根據"Heine's Prose Writings" (The Camelot Series, Edited by Ernest Rhys); 於石像的描寫,可算生面別開了。

THE MARBLE STATUE

In the ante-room Maximilian found the doctor just as he was drawing on his black gloves. "I am greatly *pressed for time,*" the latter hurriedly said to him. "Signora Maria has not slept during the whole night; she has only just now fallen into a light slumber. I need not caution you not to wake her by any noise; and when she wakes on no account must she be allowed to talk. She must lie still, and not disturb herself; mental excitement will not be salutary. Tell her all kinds of odd stories, so that she must listen quietly."

"Be assured, doctor," replied Maximilian, with a melancholy smile. "I have educated myself for a long time in chattering, and will not let her talk. I will narrate abundance of fantastic nonsense, as much as you require. But how long can she live?"

"I am greatly pressed for time," answered the doctor, and slipped away.

Black Deborah, quick of hearing as she was, had already recognised the stranger's footstep, and softly opened the door. At a sign from him she left as softly, and Maximilian found himself alone with his friend. A single lamp dimly lighted the chamber. This cast now and then half timid, half inquisitive gleams upon the countenance of the sick lady, clothed entirely in white muslin, who lay stretched on a green sofa in calm sleep.

Silent, and with folded arms, Maximilian stood a little while before the sleeping figure, and gazed on the beautiful limbs which the light garments revealed rather than covered; and every time that the lamp threw a ray of light over the pale countenance, his heart quivered. "For God's sake!" he said softly, "What is that? What memories are awaking in me?

Yes, now I know. This white form on the green ground, yes, now....."

At this moment *the invalid* awoke, and gazing out, as it were, from the depths of a dream, the tender dark-blue eyes rested upon him, asking, entreating ....."What were you thinking of, just now, Maximilian?" she said, in that awful, gentle voice so often found in consumptives, and wherein we seem to recognise the lisping of children, the twittering of birds, and the gurgle of the dying. "What were you thinking of, just then, Maximilian?" she repeated again, and started up so hastily that the long curls, like roused snakes, fell in ringlets around her head.

"For God's sake!" exclaimed Maximilian, as he gently pressed her back on to the sofa, "lie still, do not talk; I will tell you all I think, I feel, yes, what I myself do not know!

"In fact," he pursued, "I scarcely know what I was thinking and feeling just now. Dim visions of childhood were passing through my mind. I was thinking of my mother's castle, of the deserted garden there, of the beautiful marble statue that lay in the grass.....I said, 'my mother's castle,' but pray do not imagine anything grand and magnificent. To this name I have indeed accustomed myself; my father always laid a special emphasis on the words, 'the castle,' and accompanied them always with a singular smile. The meaning of that smile I understood later, when, a boy of some twelve years, I travelled with my mother to the castle. It was my first journey. We spent the whole day in passing through a thick forest; I shall never forget its gloomy horror; and only towards evening did we stop before a long cross-bar which separated us from a large meadow. Here we waited nearly half-an-hour before the boy came

out of the wretched hut near by, removed the barrier, and admitted us. I say 'the boy,' because old Martha always called her forty years' old nephew 'the lad.' To receive his gracious mistress worthily, he had assumed the livery of his late uncle; and it was in consequence of its requiring a little previous *dusting* that he had kept us waiting so long. Had he had time, he would have also put on stockings; the long red legs, however, did not form a very marked contrast with the glaring scarlet coat. Whether there were any trousers underneath I am unable to say. Our servant, John, who had likewise often heard of 'the castle,' *put on* a very amazed grimace as the boy led us to the little ruined building in which his master had lived. He was, however, altogether at a loss when my mother ordered him to bring in the beds. How could he guess that at the 'castle' no beds were to be found, and my mother's order that he should bring bedding for us he had either not heard or considered as superfluous trouble.

"The little house, only one storey high, which in its best days contained, at the most, five habitable rooms, was a lamentable picture of transitoriness. Broken furniture, torn carpets, not one window-frame left entire, the floor pulled up here and there, everywhere the hated traces of the wantonest military possession. 'The soldiers quartered with us have always amused themselves,' said the boy, with a silly smile. My mother signed that we should all leave her alone, and while the boy and John were busying themselves, I went out to see the garden. This also offered the most disconsolate picture of ruin. The great trees were partly destroyed, partly broken down, and parasites were scornfully spreading over the fallen trunks. Here and there by the grown-up *box-bushes*

the old paths might be recognised. Here and there also stood statues, for the most part wanting heads, or at all events noses. I remember a *Diana* whose lower half the dark ivy grew round in a most amusing way, as I also remember a *Goddess of Plenty,* out of whose *cornucopia* mere ill-odorous weeds were blooming. Only one statue had been spared from the malice of men and of time; it had, indeed, been thrown from off its pedestal into the high grass; but there it lay, free from mutilation, the marble goddess with pure lovely features and the noble deep-cleft bosom, which seemed, as it glowed out of the grass, like a Greek revelation. I almost started when I saw it; this form inspired me with a singular feeling, and bashfulness kept me from lingering long near so sweet a sight.

"When I returned to my mother, she was standing at the window, lost in thought, her head resting on her right arm, and the tears were flowing over her cheeks. I had never seen her weep so before. She embraced me with passionate tenderness, and asked my forgiveness, because, owing to John's negligence, I should have no regular bed. 'Old Martha,' she said, 'is very ill, dear child, and cannot give up her bed to you; but John will arrange the cushions out of the coach, so that you will be able to sleep upon them, and he can also give you his cloak for a covering. I shall sleep on the straw; this was my dear father's bedroom; it was much better here once. Leave me alone!' And the tears came still more impetuously.

"Whether it was owing to my unaccustomed place of rest or to my disturbed heart, I could not sleep. The moonlight streamed in through the broken window-panes, and seemed to allure me but into the bright summer night. I might lie on the right or the

left side, close my eyes or impatiently open them again—I could still think of nothing but the lovely marble statue I had seen lying in the grass. I could not understand the shyness which had come over me at the sight of it; I was vexed at this childish feeling, and 'To-morrow,' I said softly to myself, 'to-morrow I will kiss you, you lovely marble face, kiss you just on that pretty corner of your mouth where the lips melt into such a sweet dimple!' An impatience I had never before felt was stirring through all my limbs; I could no longer rule the strange impulse, and I sprang up at last with audacious vivacity, exclaiming, 'And why should I not kiss you to-night, you dear image?' Quietly, so that mother might not hear my steps, I left the house; with the less difficulty, since the entrance was furnished with an *escutcheon* indeed, but no longer with a door, and hastily *worked my way* through the abundant growth of the neglected garden. There was no sound; everything was resting silent and solemn in the still moonlight. The shadows of the trees seemed to be *nailed* on the earth. In the green grass lay the beautiful goddess, likewise motionless, yet no stony death, but only a quiet sleep, seemed to hold her lovely limbs fettered; and as I came near, I almost feared lest the least noise should awake her out of her slumber. I held my breath, as I leant over to gaze on the beautiful features; a shuddering pain thrust me back, but a boyish wantonness drew me again towards her; my heart was beating wildly, and at last I kissed the lovely goddess with such passion and tenderness and despair as I have never in this life kissed with again. And I have never been able to forget the fearful and sweet sensation which flowed through my soul as the blissful cool of those marble lips touched my mouth.....And so you see, Maria, that as I

was just now standing before you, and saw you lying in your white muslin garments on the green sofa, your appearance suggested to me the white marble form in the green grass. Had you slept any longer my lips would not have been able to resist—."

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pressed for time: 受時候的促迫。 cast: (present, past, past participle 都一樣)。 for God's sake: 懇求的時候所用的成語，表示虔誠；又作 for goodness' sake, for Heaven's sake, for pity's sake, 用法相同。 the invalid: 病人。 dusting: 拂拭。 put on: 呈露，顯出。 box-bushes: 黃楊的叢林。 Diana: 司射獵的女神。 Goddess of Plenty: 即 Amalthaea, 司豐饒的女神。 cornucopia: Amalthaea 所有的羊角，她每有所需，這角便裝滿了那些東西給她。 eschutcheon: [eskuch'un]。 worked my way: 我努力前進。 nailed: 比喻風定。

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

Hans Christian Anderson

(1805—1875)

北歐文學的名人,最爲我們所熟聞的,除了Ibsen以外,就算Anderson了。他是丹麥一個鞋匠的兒子;最先想在劇揚裏露頭角,不幸失敗,方轉從事於文學。他能詩,能寫小說;但是因爲他特富的是幻想,小時又常聽他的父親講天方夜譚(The Arabian Nights Entertainments),所以他後來最擅長的,是童話和短篇的故事。這些作品,只有一部份是取材於舊時的傳說(如"Ugly Duckling"是模倣"Cinderella", "The Flying Trunk"和"The Travelling Companion"是依據近東的傳說);其餘大半都是出於自運。牠們含有富於詩趣的想像,質而不華的文筆,所以成了平淡天眞的散文詩,是兒童和成人一般愛好的讀物。他寫了四十年工夫的童話,所以篇數極多;有世界各重要語言的譯本;而他的聲譽,也因此而更大了。到了他七十歲的生日的那天,他收到了一件禮物,却是一本他自己所倣的童話,而用十五國的文字所譯成的。不過最可怪的:他本人却不很喜歡兒童;雖然他有特殊的能力,去使兒童們快樂。下面是他的童話集英譯本裏的一篇。此外佳作,有"The Little Mermaid", "The Little Match Girl", "The Daisy"等,不計其數。

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

Many years ago there lived an Emperor, who was so excessively fond of grand new clothes that he spent all his money upon them, that he might be very fine. He did not care about his soldiers, nor about the theatre, and only liked to drive out and show his new clothes. He had a coat for every hour of the day; and just as they say of a king, "He is in council," so they always said of him, "The Emperor is in the wardrobe."

In the great city in which he lived it was always very merry; every day came many strangers; one day two rogues came: they *gave themselves out as* weavers, and declared they could weave the finest stuff any one could imagine. Not only were their colors and patterns, they said, uncommonly beautiful, but the clothes made of the stuff possessed the wonderful quality that they became invisible to any one who was unfit for the office he held, or was incorrigibly stupid.

"Those would be *capital* clothes!" thought the Emperor. "If I wore those, I should be able to find out what man in my empire are not fit for the places they have; I could tell the clever from the dunces. Yes, the stuff must be woven for me directly!"

And he gave the two rogues a great deal of cash in hand, that they might begin their work at once.

As for them, they put up two looms, and pretended to be working; but they had nothing at all on their looms. They at once demanded the finest silk and the costliest gold; this they put into their own pockets, and worked at the empty looms till late into the night.

"I should like to know how far they *have got on* with the stuff," thought the Emperor. But he felt quite uncomfortable when he thought that those who

were not fit for their offices could not see it. He believed, indeed, that he had nothing to fear for himself, but yet he preferred first to send some one else to see how matters *stood*. All the people in the city knew what peculiar power the stuff possessed, and all were anxious to see how bad or how stupid their neighbors were.

"I will send my honest old Minister to the weavers," thought the Emperor. 'He can judge best how the stuff looks, for he has sense, and no one understands his office better than he."

Now the good old Minister went out into the hall where the two rogues sat working at the empty looms.

"Mercy on us!" thought the old Minister, and he opened his eyes wide. "I cannot see anything at all!" But he did not say this.

Both the rogues begged him to be so good as to come nearer, and asked if he did not approve of the colors and the *pattern*. Then they pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old Minister went on opening his eyes; but he could see nothing, for there was nothing to see.

"Mercy!" thought he, "can I indeed be so stupid? I never thought that, and not a soul must know it. Am I not fit for my office? No, it will never do for me to tell that I could not see the stuff."

"Don't you say anything to it?" asked one, as he went on weaving.

"O, it is charming—quite enchanting!" answered the old Minister, as he peered through his spectacles. "What a fine pattern, and what colors! Yes, I shall tell the Emperor that I am very much pleased with it."

"Well, we are glad of that," said both the weavers; and then they named the colors, and explained the strange pattern. The old Minister listened attentive-

ly, that he might be able to repeat it when the Emperor came. And he did so.

Now the rogues asked for more money, and silk and gold, which they declared they wanted for weaving. They put all into their own pockets, and not a thread was put upon the loom; they continued to work at the empty frames as before.

The Emperor soon *sent* again, dispatching another honest officer of the court, to see how the weaving was going on, and if the stuff would soon be ready. He *fared* just like the first: he looked and looked, but as there was nothing to be seen but the empty looms, he could see nothing.

"Is not that a pretty piece of stuff?" asked the two rogues; and they displayed and explained the handsome pattern which was not there at all.

"I am not stupid!" thought the man: "it must be my good office, for which I am not fit. It is funny enough, but I must not let it be noticed." And so he praised the stuff which he did not see, and expressed his pleasure at the beautiful colors and charming pattern. "Yes, it is enchanting," he told the Emperor.

All the people in the town were talking of the gorgeous stuff. The Emperor wished to see it himself while it was still upon the loom. With a whole crowd of chosen men, among whom were also the two honest statesmen who had already been there, he went to the two cunning rouges, who were now weaving *with might and main* without *fibre* or thread.

"Is not that splendid?" said the two statesmen, who had already been there once. "Does not *your Majesty* remark the pattern and the colors?" And they pointed to the empty loom, for they thought that the others could see the stuff.

"What's this?" thought the Emperor. "I can see

nothing at all! That is terrible. Am I stupid? Am I not fit to be Emperor? That would be the most dreadful thing that could happen to me. O, it is very pretty!" he said aloud. "It has our highest approbation." And he nodded in a contented way, and gazed at the empty loom, for he would not say that he saw nothing. The whole *suite* whom he had with him looked and looked, and saw nothing, any more than the rest; but, like the Emperor, they said, "That is pretty!" and counseled him to wear the splendid new clothes for the first time at the great procession that was presently to take place. "It is splendid, excellent!" went from mouth to mouth. On all sides there seemed to be general rejoicing, and the Emperor gave the rogues the title of Imperial Court Weavers.

The whole night before the morning on which the procession was to take place, the rogues were up, and kept more than sixteen candles burning. The people could see that they were hard at work, completing the Emperor's new clothes. They pretended to take the stuff down from the loom; they made cuts in the air with great scissors; they sewed with needles without thread; and at last they said, "Now the clothes are ready!"

The Emperor came himself with his noblest cavaliers; and the two rogues lifted up one arm as if they were holding something, and said, "See, here are the trousers! here is the coat! here is the cloak!" and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web: one would think one had nothing on; but that is just the beauty of it."

"Yes," said all the cavaliers; but they could not see anything, for nothing was there.

"Will your Imperial Majesty please to condescend to take off your clothes?" said the rogues; "then we

will put on you the new clothes here in front of the great mirror."

The Emperor took off his clothes, and the rogues pretended to put on him each new garment as it was ready; and the Emperor turned round and round before the mirror.

"O, how well they look! how *capitally* they fit!" said all. "What a pattern! what color! That is a splendid dress!"

"They are standing outside with the canopy, which is to be borne above your Majesty in the procession!" announced the head Master of the Ceremonies.

"Well, I am ready," replied the Emperor. "Does it not suit me well?" And then he turned again to the mirror, for he wanted it to appear as if he contemplated his adornment with great interest.

The two chamberlains, who were to carry the *train,* stooped down with their hands toward the floor, just as if they were picking up the mantle; then they pretended to be holding something in the air. They did not dare to let it be noticed that they saw nothing.

So the Emperor went in procession under the rich canopy, and every one in the streets said, "How incomparable are the Emperor's new clothes! what a train he has to his mantle! how it fits him!" No one would let it be perceived that he could see nothing, for that would have shown that he was not fit for his office, or was very stupid. No clothes of the Emperor's had ever had such a success as these.

"But he has nothing on!" a little child cried out at last.

"Just hear what that innocent says!" said the father: and one whispered to another what the child had said.

"But he has nothing on!" said the whole people at length. That touched the Emperor, for it seemed to him that they were right; but he thought within himself, "I must go through with the procession." And so he held himself a little higher, and the chamberlains held on tighter than ever, and carried the train which did not exist at all.

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gave themselves out as: 稱他們自己爲。 capital. 最好的，上等的，絕妙的， have got on: 已進行 (指職的工作)。 stood: 係，爲，是. mercy on us! : (自憐的 interjection) 天會可憐我們嗎!，可憐啊!；(驚愕的 interjection，和 "Dear me!" 一樣的意思)。 pattern: 花樣，花紋(指衣料等)。 sent: (send 的 past)打發人：遣使。(因爲是 intransitive verb，所以 object 不容寫出；實在就是 "sent a messenger" 的意思；〔例〕 He sends for a docter = He sends a messenger for a docter)。 fared: 遭遇，經歷。 with might and main: 盡力，用全力。 fibre: (亦作 fiber)纖維。 Your Majesty: 對於君主的尊稱，(參看 Johnson: Letter to Lord Chesterfield 註)。 suite: [swēt] (法)帝王的或貴族的扈從。 capitally: excellently。 train: 衣裙。

THE CLOAK

Nikolai Vassilievitch Gogol

(1809—1852)

自俄羅斯詩人 Pushkin(1799—1837),安放了國民文學運動的基礎;到了小說家 Gogol, 才能憑着文學的能力,直接喚起社會的自覺,而完成了這種的運動。他抱着社會的正義,人類的感情;側重現實的生活;運用着心理的觀察,透逸的描寫,和深刻的諷刺;所以在無形之中,就把近代俄國文學的典型,大體的規定下來了。他的長篇小說,有"Dead Souls", 短篇傑作有 "The Cloak"。"The Cloak" 處處顯出作者由幾乎絕望而起的悲哀;處處流出作者爲同情於人類的痛苦而落下的心淚。他在內容形式的兩方,都是俄國小說——"含淚微笑的小說" —— 的創造,以後的名家,差不多都逃不出牠的窠臼;所以黃金時代的健將 Turgenev (1818—1883), 肯直接痛快的說: "我們都是從「外套」傳下來的"。本篇是根據 Townsend 的譯本。

THE CLOAK

In a certain department there worked a certain clerk whose name and patronymic was Akaky Akakievitch. He was not remarkable in any way—short of stature, red-haired, shortsighted, with *a bald patch* on his forehead and wrinkled cheeks; his complexion was what we call hemorrhoidal. Who was to blame? The St. Petersburg climate, no doubt. As regards his rank (for it is, above all, essential to give a man's rank) he was what is known as a perpetual titular councillor—a rank that has been the *sport* of many writers who possess the praiseworthy habitude of attacking those who cannot retaliate.

At the christening the infant cried and *pulled a wry face;* he seemed to have a presentiment that he would one day be a titular councillor. This is how it all came about.

When and how he had entered the department, and who had appointed him, no one could remember. Directors and heads might come and go, but he was always found in the same place, and the same position, with the same duties, the same style of writing; so that people came to believe that he had been born into the world, ready-made, as he was uniform, bald patch and all. The porters not only did not rise from their seats when he came into the hall, but paid *no more heed than* if he had been a common fly. The heads treated him with a calm despotism. Some head-clerk's assistant would thrust a bundle of papers beneath his very nose without so much as a "copy these, if you please," or "here's an interesting bit of business," or any pleasant word such as one hears in well-conducted offices. And he would take the papers without a glance at the person who handed them to him, or a question of his right, and instantly *settle down* to copy

them out. The younger clerks laughed at him and *sharpened their wits* on him, as far as the office wit would go; they invented stories about him which they repeated in his very presence, saying, for instance, that his landlady, an old woman of seventy, used to beat him. They would chaff him unmercifully about her, ask when the wedding was to take place and throw bits of paper on his head, *meant for rice.* But Akaky Akakievitch answered not a word, as though the talk did not concern him at all. It never even interfered with his work; the whole time the chaff would go on he made not a single mistake in his writing. It was only when some practical joker jogged his elbow that his patience *gave out,* and he *flared up* with a "Leave me alone! Why will you worry me?" And there was a strange quality both in the words and the tone in which they were uttered; a quality that aroused pity. One newly-appointed young man, imitating the others, began to make fun of him, but he *pulled himself up* suddenly as though *touched to the quick,* and since then, everything was changed for him, and he saw Akaky Akakievitch in a new *light.* Some supernatural power drew him away from his comrades, whom he *had taken for* decent *well-bred* fellows. Long afterwards, in the merriest of moments, he recalled the little clerk with the bald patch on his head and his touching words, "Leave me alone! Why will you worry me?" And beneath these words he seemed to hear the refrain, "Am I not your brother?" And the poor young man would cover his face with his hands and shudder at the age he lived in, when a man was so inhuman and there was much senseless brutality in his so-called refined *good-breeding*—oh, God! even a man whom the world regarded as upright and honourable.

No man was as absorbed in his work as Akaky Akakievitch. *It is little to say* that he worked with zeal—he worked with love. The act of copying papers opened up to him a world of his own—a pleasant world, full of variety. An expression of pleasure flitted across his face when he settled down to his task, and when he came to his favourite letters he smiled and blinked his eyes and moved his lips so that one could almost tell from his face what letters his pen was forming. Had he been promoted in proportion to his zeal, he would have been a state councillor by now, but as his fellow-clerks said of him, he was always *glued to his work* and the only reward he reaped was piles. However, it would be unfair to say that no notice was taken of him. A certain director —a worthy man—desiring to reward him for his long service, arranged that he should be given more important work than copying, and the first thing that fell to his lot was a finished document in which he merely had to alter the title page, and *in places* change some of the verbs from the first to the third person. This caused Akaky Akakievitch so much trouble that he perspired and panted and at last said:

"Please give me something to copy instead."

From that day he was left to copy papers.

Besides copying, nothing else existed for him. He never gave a thought to his dress, and his uniform was no longer green, but of a rusty, mealy hue. His collar was low and narrow, and though he had not a long neck it seemed unnaturally long, like the necks of the plaster kittens foreign venders carry on trays on their heads. And something was always sticking to his coat, such as a piece of straw, or thread; and he possessed a wonderful *knack* of passing a window at the exact moment when the inmate was pitching some

rubbish into the street, so that he invariably went about with bits of melon and pumpkin rind lodged in the brim of his hat. He never paid the least heed to what went on daily in the street; unlike his fellow-clerks, whose penetrating eyes never failed to detect a loose brace, a hanging trouser on the opposite side, an incident which always brought a knowing smile to their lips. Akaky Akakievitch, however, if he looked at anything at all, saw nothing but his clear, carefully written documents; it was only when some horse's head knocked against his shoulder and its nostrils breathed violently into his very face that he realised he was in the middle of the street, and not in the middle of a document. When he reached home he would sit down to the table and eat his soup, and a piece of mutton and *onion*, scarcely aware of their taste, together with the flies and anything the *Lord cared to send at the time*. His stomach *filled*, he would rise from the table, take out an ink-pot and begin copying the papers he had brought home. If there chanced to be no papers to copy for the office, he would copy one for himself, particularly if the document happened to be remarkable, not so much by its contents as by the fact of its being addressed to some personage of importance.

Even in the hour when the grey St. Petersburg sky had quite faded and the whole of the *civil service* world had dined *as* best it could, each according to his means and individual taste; when all were resting from the departmental pen-scratching and the hurry and scurry of one's own and others' occupations; when every energetic man *abandoned himself freely to* the enjoyment of his leisure, and some, the more venturesome among them, hastened to a theatre; others into the street to inspect the hat-shops; others to an even-

ing party to *flirt with* some pretty girl—the star of a small civil service *set*—still others to spend the evening with some fellow-clerk, who lived on the third or fourth flour of some house in two tiny rooms with a passage and perhaps a kitchen, furnished with certain *pretensions* to modern taste, in the chape of a lamp or some other object which had cost the family many sacrifices in the form of dinners and little outings; in a word, when all civil service clerks settled down to a game of whist in the cramped abodes of their friends, sipping their glasses of tea, eating cheap biscuits, smoking long pipes, and varying the proceedings during the *deal* by indulging in high society gossip, so beloved by every Russian, or repeating the everlasting story of the commandant who was informed that the horse of the *Falconet Monument* had had its tail clipped; when all were trying their hardest to amuse themselves, Akaky Akakievitch did not indulge in the least distraction. No one could remember ever having seen him at an evening party. Having written to his heart's content he would go to bed with a smile on his face at the prospect of the morrow. What would he be given to copy to-morrow? Thus flowed the life of a man with a wretched salary who was contented with his lot, and would have flowed on perhaps to a good old age had it not been for certain misfortunes that are strewn on the path of life, not only of titular councillors, but of privy councillors, and aulic councillors, and all manner of councillors, and even of those who neither give nor take counsel.

In St. Petersburg every man with an income of not more than four hundred roubles a year has a great enemy in the northern frost, though some people will persist in maintaining that it is healthy. At nine in the morning, the very hour when the streets are filled

with civil service clerks hurrying to their work, the frost is so keen and biting that the poor fellows do not know what to do with their noses. At the hour when the foreheads of even the highest officials ache from the frost and the tears come into their eyes, poor titular councillors are oftentimes quite unprotected. The only salvation is to cover the five or six streets they have to traverse as quickly as possible, wrapped in their thin cloaks, and then to warm their feet well in the porter's room, thus thawing the energy and working capacity lost on the way. Akaky Akakievitch observed that for some time past his back and shoulders were unusually affected by the frost, notwithstanding the fact that he ran to the office as fast as he could. It occurred to him at last that his cloak might be at fault. Examining it carefully at home he discovered that in two or three places, particularly on the back and shoulders, it was quite threadbare and the lining was torn away from the cloth. The reader must be told that Akaky Akakievitch's cloak, too, had been a subject of derision and laughter among his fellow-clerks; it was not called by the dignified name of cloak, it was talked of as a dressing-gown. And, indeed, it was of a most unusual cut; the collar grew smaller and smaller as the years went on, since bits of it were used for patching other parts. The patches did not boast the skill of a tailor's needle; they were clumsily made and unsightly to look at. Realising the state of the case, Akaky Akakievitch decided to take the cloak to the tailor, Petrovitch. He lived on the fourth floor of some back staircase, and, notwithstanding his one eye and pockmarked face, carried on a comparatively profitable business repairing the coats and trousers of civil service clerks and other people; that is to say, when he was in a sober enough condition,

and when his head was not occupied with some other enterprise. We ought not to have mentioned this Petrovitch at all, but having done so, customs has it that we must say something about him, since every person introduced into a story *must be accounted for.* Years ago he used to be known simply as Gregory; that was in the days when he was serf to some landowner. It was after his emancipation that he began to call himself Petrovitch, at the same time as he began drinking heavily, too, on every holiday and fesitival; at first on the more important ones, and then without discrimination on every day in the Church calendar that was marked with a cross. In this respect he upheld the habits of his forefathers, and when he quarrelled with his wife he called her a worldly woman and a German. As we have mentioned his wife, we must just say a word or two about her, though, unfortunately, little is known of her, except the fact that Petrovitch had a wife and that she even wore a cap, not a kerchief. She could not, however, have boasted of beauty, for only the soldiers of the guard were known to peep beneath her cap when they met her in the streets; but they always made wry faces and uttered strange exclamations.

Mounting the stairs leading to Petrovitch's abode, which, *in justice be it said,* had recently been washed down with slops and was saturated with that spirituous odour so hurtful to the eyes, with which one is familiar on all the back staircases of St. Petersburg—mounting the stairs, we repeat again, Akaky Akakievitch was wondering what Petrovitch would ask for the work, inwardly resolving to give no more than two roubles. Petrovitch's door was open, for his wife was cooking some fish and the kitchen was so filled with fumes that even the cockroaches were not

visible. Akaky Akakievitch passed through the kitchen, unobserved by Petrovitch's wife, and entered a room where Petrovitch himself was seated on a broad, *plain* deal table, cross-legged like a Turk. The first thing that met the eye of Akaky Akakievitch was a big familiar thumb with a deformed nail, strong and thick as a tortoise shell. Skeins of silk and thread hung round Petrovitch's neck, and some ragged garment lay on his knees. For the last three minutes he had been trying *to thread a needle,* and at last he grew angry with the darkness and the thread, and muttered to himself, "It won't go in, curse, damn." Akaky Akakievitch was annoyed that he had arrived at a moment when Petrovitch *was out of humour;* he liked *to deal with* Petrovitch best when he was not so quarrelsome, "when the drink *had got the better of* the one-eyed devil," as his wife used to say. On those occasions he came down in his price more readily, and even bowed to his customer and thanked him. It is true that his wife never failed to appear on the scene at such moments and lament that her husband had agreed on the low price because he was drunk, but that would only mean an additional twenty *kopeks* and the matter was settled. On this day, it seemed, Petrovitch was in a sober mood and, consequently silent and greedy. Akaky Akakievitch would have turned back but it was too late. Petrovitch had fixed his one eye upon him and Akaky Akakievitch involuntarily said, "Good evening, Petrovitch."

"Good evening, sir," Petrovitch replied with a squint at Akaky Akakievitch's hands to see what manner of prey the latter was bringing.

"I've come to you, Petrovitch, for....."

It must be observed that Akaky Akakievitch expressed himself mostly by the use of prepositions and

adverbs and those parts of speech that have the least meaning. If the matter in question happened to be a complex one, he would never finish his sentence; often beginning with the words: "It is true, quite—that ....." with nothing to follow on, Akaky Akakievitch *thinking* that he had sufficiently explained himself.

"Let us see what it is," Petrovitch said, examining the cloak with his one eye from the collar to the sleeves, from the skirit to the buttonholes, though it was the work of his own hand, and he was familiar with every stitch in it. But that is the custom with tailors, the first thing they do when a *client* brings them a piece of work.

"I came to . . . Petrovitch . . . the cloak . . . the cloth . . . you see, it is quite good in most places . . . A little dusty . . . makes it look old, but it's quite good, really . . . only here and there, you see . . . on the back and on one shouler it is a little worn, and on this shoulder a little . . . . . do you see? But there is not much to do to it . . ."

Petrovitch laid the cloak on the table and examined it for a long time, shaking his head; then he reached over to the window-sill and took up a round *snuff-box,* the lid of which was painted with the portrait of a general, but what general it was no one could tell, for the paint on the place where the face should have been was rubbed off and had been pasted over with a piece of paper. Petrovitch took a pinch of snuff and held the cloak up against the light with another shake of the head; then he examined the lining and shook his head once more; again he took a pinch of snuff and snapping the lid with the general's portrait and piece of paper, he spoke at last:

"It can't be mended; the cloth is rotten."

Akaky Akakievitch's heart sank at the words.

"But why not, Petrovitch?" he asked in a pleading, childlike voice. "It's only a little worn on the shoulders; I daresay you could find a piece or two . . ."

"I have pieces enough," Petrovitch said. "We *are not hard up for* pieces, but the cloth is too rotten to hold them. You have only to touch it with a needle and it will fall away."

"But you can patch parts."

"There is no substance for the patches to hold on to; the cloth is so rotten that a strong wind will blow it away."

"Then you must strengthen it. Surely it is . ."

"Impossible" Petrovitch said firmly. "The cloak is too bad to repair. When the winter comes, you can cut it up and make *foot-cloths* out of it. Socks have no warmth; the Germans invented them to get more money out of us (Petrovitch *jibed* at the Germans on every possible occasion). And as for the cloak, I am afraid you *have got* to have a new one."

At the word "new" a mist rose before Akaky Akakievitch's eyes and everything in the room swam before him. The only thing he saw clearly was Petrovitch's snuff-box with the general and piece of paper pasted on the lid.

"New?" he queried, as though in a dream. "But I have no money at all."

"New, I fear," Petrovitch repeated with callous calmness.

"And if I must, what would it . . . "

"Cost, you mean?"

"Yes."

"A hundred and fifty would be a small figure to mention," Petrovitch said with a significant bite of the lip. He liked to produce an effect, to bewilder his client, then to take a sly look to see how his words had

been taken.

"A hundred and fifty roubles for a cloak!" cried poor Akaky Akakievitch, crying out for the first time, perhaps, in his life; he was always distinguished for the quietness of his speech.

"Yes," Petrovitch replied. "And not much of a cloak at that. With a marten colar and the *hood* lined with silk, it would cost you two hundred."

"Petrovitch, please," Akaky Akakievitch pleaded, disregarding Petrovitch's words and paying no heed to his effects, "try to mend the cloak so that it can last for a little while at least."

"It's no good; work and money spent for nothing," Petrovitch said, and Akaky Akakievitch went out at these words, absolutely crushed. And Petrovitch stood for a long while after his departure, lips firmly pressed, pleased that he had not cheapened himself or the dignity of his craft.

Akaky Akakievitch walked out into the street as in a dream. "A fine business, to be sure!" he said to himself. "Really, I did not think it would....." and after a pause, he added: "So that's how it is; I had no idea it would end like that! *dear me*!" A long silence ensued, after which he again said: "Dear me..... who would have thought?.....What an event!" And after these words, instead of turning home, he turned unwittingly in the opposite direction. He had not gone far when a dirty *chimney-sweep barged into* him and blackened his shoulder; a little further on, a trowelful of lime was dropped on him from the top of a half-built house. But he was quite oblivious to everything; it was only when he barged into a policeman who, with bayonet at his side, was shaking some tobacco out of a box in to his horny hand that he roused himself somewhat, and then because

the policeman said to him:

"Where *the devil* are you going to? Why don't you keep on the pavement?"

This caused him to look about him and to turn home. Only then did he collect his thoughts and see his position in a proper light. He began to talk to himself, not in abrupt broken sentences, but clearly and reasonably as one talks to a *sensible* friend to whom one has appealed for personal advice. "No," said Akaky Akakievitch; "it's no use *tackling* Petrovitch to-day. He is so.....He must have got a beating from his wife. I had better go to him on Sunday morning. After the effects of Saturday night he'll be half-asleep, and then he's sure to want money for drink and his wife won't give him any. I shall only have to slip a twenty-kopek piece into his hand, and he'll grow more *amenable,* and then the cloak..." Thus Akaky Akakievitch reasoned with himself, trying to keep up his courage, and the very first Sunday when he saw Petrovitch's wife leave the house, he went straight in to the tailor. Petrovitch, be it said, after the effects of Saturday night, was half-asleep; he rolled his one eye and hung his head, but he no sooner realized what was wanted of him than he said, as though possessed of the very devil:

"Can't. You must order a new one."

Akaky Akakievitch slipped twenty kopeks into his hand.

"Thank you, sir," Petrovitch said. "I'll *drink a glass to your health.* And don't you worry about your cloak; it is no use for anything whatever. I shall have to make you a new one, that's certain."

Again Akaky Akakievitch began to talk of mending, but Petrovitch would not hear him.

"I shall have to make you a new one," he said;

"you can rely on me; I'll try to do my best. I can make it in the new fashion—the collar to fasten with silver-plated buckles."

Akaky Akakievitch's spirits fell, for he realised that there was no *other way out* than to order a new cloak. But how could he? Where would he get the money to pay for it? There would, of course, be the bonus at the next holiday, but the money had long been apportioned and *disposed of*. He needed new trousers and the shoemaker must be paid an old debt for boot repairs, and he must order three new shirts and two unmentionable under-garments. In a word, the money would all be spent, and even if the chief was gracious enough to give him forty-five or even fifty roubles instead of the usual forty, there would remain but a paltry sum that would be as a drop in the ocean as far as the cloak was concerned. Though he knew *full* well that Petrovitch liked to quote a price that astonished his wife even, and made her exclaim: "Are you mad, you fool? One day you work for nothing and the next you ask a price that you're not worth yourself!" and that Petrovitch would make the cloak for eighty roubles; still, where was he to get even eighty roubles? He might manage half the sum; a little more, perhaps, but where would the other half come from? The reader must first learn where the first half was to come from. Out of every rouble he spent, Akaky Akakievitch made a habit of saving two kopecks which he put into a large money-box, changing them at the end of each half-year into silver. In this manner, after many years, he had managed to save about forty roubles. But where would he get the rest of the sum needed? Akaky Akakievitch puzzled over the dilemma and ressolved to cut down his ordinary expenses for at least a year. He could *forgo* his evening tea, do with-

out candles; if he had to work in the evening he could always go in to his *landlady's;* he would have to step lightly over the stones in the street, walk almost on tip-toe, thus to save shoe-leather; he would send his *linen* to the wash less often and, in order to keep it clean as long as possible, he could take his underclothes off in the evening and sit in his old, worn cotton dressing-gown..

It must honestly be said that he found it difficult to accustom himself to these privations at first, but by degrees he grew used to them and all went well; he even *resigned himself to* evenings of hunger, having in consolation a certain spiritual satisfaction in the contemplation of his future cloak. During those days his life seemed to have grown richer; he might have become married; it seemed as though some other person was always with him, some dear friend with whom he trod the path of life, and this friend was none *other than* his future cloak, padded with thick wadding and *lined* with a strong lasting lining. He was more animated, more resolute, like a man with a definite purpose in view. Doubt and uncertainty disappeared from his face and his manner; a fire was occasionally seen in his eye, and the most daring, audacious thoughts floated about in his brain. *Could he not rise to a marten collar?* The very thought reduced him to a state of blankness, once nearly causing him to make a mistake in his writing, but he recovered himself with an "Oh, dear!" and made the sign of the cross. At least once a month he paid a visit to Petrovitch to talk about his new cloak, asking where he should buy the stuff, what colour it should be, what price he should pay, and though somewhat preoccupied he always returned home reflecting that some day, soon, he would actually buy the stuff and the cloak would be made.

The time passed sooner than he had expected. Beyond Akaky Akakievitch's wildest dreams the chief had given him a sum of sixty roubles; not forty, or forty-five, as he had supposed. Did the man realise that Akakievitch needed a new cloak, or was it pure coincidence? *Be that as it may,* Akaky Akakievitch found himself with twenty extra roubles. This circumstance hastened the matter. *But two or three months more of semi-starvation* and Akaky Akakievitch would possess eighty roubles. His heart, usually so calm, began to beat fast. The very next day he and Petrovitch set out *to shop.* They bought some very good cloth, having decided on it some six months beforehand and gone every month to inquire about the price; Petrovitch himself said that a better cloth could not be found. For a lining they chose a good stout sateen which, according to Petrovitch's words, was better than silk and richer and more shiny Marten was out of the question, it being too dear, but, instead, a cat-skin was chosen—the best in the shop—at a distance it might have been taken for marten. Petrovitch took two weeks to make the cloak; he would have taken less time had there not been so many *fastenings.* For the work he charged twenty roubles; he could not take less, for the cloak was *sewn* throughout with silk in close double seams which Petrovitch had bitten into various patterns with his own teeth. It was on—the day is hard to recall—but it was probably the happiest day of Akaky Akakievitch's life, when Petrovitch at last brought home his cloak. He brought it in the morning, a little before the hour when Akaky Akakievitch usually set out for the office. It could not have arrived at a more opportune moment, for that very day there was a hard frost and the weather showed every sign of turning colder. Petrovitch appeared

with the cloak, as a good tailor should. Akaky Akakievitch had never seen such an air of importance about him. He seemed fully conscious of the dignity of the work that had raised him from a tailor who repaired old clothes to a tailor who made new ones. He took the cloak out of the handkerchief in which it was wrapped, which had just come back from the wash, and then put it into his pocket for private use. He *shook out* the cloak and looked at it proudly; then holding it in both hands he threw it skifully over Akaky Akakievitch's shoulders, smoothed it down at the back and *draped* it artistically about Akaky Akakievitch's figure. Akaky Akakievitch, in consideration of his years, insisted on trying it on with the sleeves. Petrovitch helped him get into the sleeves, and even then the effect was perfect. Admiring his handiwork, Petrovitch did not let slip the opportunity to say that he had charged a low price because he had known Akaky Akakievitch for so long, and because he lived in a back street without a sign-board; a tailor on the Nevsky *Prospect* would have charged him eighty-five roubles for the work alone. Akaky Akakievitch had no desire to go into the matter; even the mention of the large sums Petrovitch was so fond of talking about frightened him. He paid him, thanked him, and departed for his office in his new cloak. Petrovitch followed him and stopped in the street to admire the cloak; then he rushed up a little alley and ran round the other side in order to meet the cloak full-face. Meanwhile, Akaky Akakievitch walked along in the happiest of moods. Every moment he was conscious of the new cloak on his shoulders, and now and again he smiled with inner satisfaction. Two advantages had come with the cloak—in the first place it kept him warm; in the second, it gave him

such a pleasant feeling to wear it. He arrived at the office without having noticed the way he had come, and taking off the cloak he examined it, then handed it to the porter, cautioning him to take great care of it. Naturally, everyone in the office soon heard of Akaky Akakievitch's cloak and of the disappearance of the "dressing-gown," and everyone rushed out into the hall to see it. Akaky Akakievitch was complimented and congratulated on all hands. At first he smiled, then became embarrassed; and when all insisted that he must give a party to celebrate the occasion, Akaky Akakievitch quite lost his head and did not know what to say, nor how to excuse himself. He flushed red and was about to explain that it was not a new cloak at all, but one he had for some time, when one of the men, an assistant of one of the heads, to show that he was not a *snob,* no doubt, said: "All right, you fellows, Akaky Akakievitch and I will give a party to-night; come to my place all of you to tea. It happens to be my *Saint's day.*"

The other clerks immediately congratulated the man and accepted the invitation readily. Akaky Akakievitch was about to decline, but the rest assured him that it would be rude and a shame and so on, so there was nothing to be done but to accept the invitation, too. Soon he experienced a sense of satisfaction that he would be able to wear his cloak in the evening. The day was a memorable one for Akaky Akakievitch. He came home in the best of spirits, took off his cloak, hung it carefully on the wall, once more examined the cloth and the lining; he brought out his old cloak and compared the two. He *could not help smiling*—the difference was so great! And even during dinner he smiled now and again when he remembered the condition of his "dressing-gown." Dinner over, he did

not sit down to copy papers, but lay down on the bed waiting for the evening. At the appointed hour he dressed, put on his cloak and went out into the street. Unfortunately, we cannot say where the clerk who was giving the party lived, our memory fails us in this respect—the streets and houses of St. Petersburg are so confusing—however, we have no doubt that he lived in the better part of the town, a long way from the abode of Akaky Akakievitch. At first Akaky Akakievitch passed through several dark and deserted streets, but as he *neared* the clerk's home the streets grew brighter and livelier; there were many pedestrians, pretty, fashionably dressed women among them, and men with beaver collars on their coats; not a single cheap hack was about; smart drivers in red velvet caps with varnished sleighs and bear rugs flew over the snow, and the crunching wheels of carriages with ornamental box-seats. Akaky Akakievitch stared at everything in wonder; for some years he had not been out of the house at night. He stopped before a brightly illuminated shop window in which was the picture of a pretty woman throwing off her shoe and exposing a pretty leg; behind her in a doorway stood a man with side whiskers and a tuft of hair beneath his lower lip. Akaky Akakievitch shook his head with a smile, then went on his way. Why did he smile? Had he seen something that to him was strange and unfamiliar, something that every man *carries a knowledge of* deep down in his heart? Or had he said to himself, like most civil service clerks, "These Frenchmen to be sure! What can you expect of them? What won't they do?" But perhaps he thought nothing at all; you cannot probe deeply into another man's soul. At last he reached the house. The clerk lived in grand style; there was a light on the

stairs; the *flat* was on the second floor. Entering the hall, Akaky Akakievitch was confronted with rows of *goloshes*. Among them, in the middle of the floor, stood a *samovar* boiling and bubbling. From the next room issued a hubbub of voices, which grew more distinct when the door opened and a servant came out with a trayful of empty glasses, cream-jug and sugar-basin. The company had evidently arrived and partaken of their first glasses of tea. Hanging up his coat, Akaky Akakievitch entered the room; men, pipes, candles, card-tables flashed before his eyes and his ear was struck by the sound of voices on all sides and the noise of moving chairs. He stopped awkwardly in the middle of the room, wondering what to do next, but the company had already seen him. He was greeted loudly; everyone immediately went into the hall once more to inspect his cloak. Soon, however, Akaky Akakievitch and his cloak were forgotten for the greater attraction of the card-tables. The noise, the crowd, the conversation, all seemed wonderful to Akaky Akakievitch. He was at a loss to know what to do with his hands, with his feet, with himself generally. He sat down at a card-table, stared at the faces of the players, and soon he began to yawn; he was beginning to feel bored, for the hour had long come when he usually retired to rest. He wanted to take leave of his host, but the others would not let him go, saying that they must drink champagne in honour of the new cloak. An hour later supper was served, cold mutton, pasties, pies and champagne. Akaky Akakievitch was compelled to drink two glasses, after which everything in the room began to take on a brighter hue. Still he did not forget that twelve o'clock had come and that he ought to have been at home long ago. Fearing that his host might

detain him, he slipped quietly out of the room and went in search of his cloak, which, unfortunately, he found on the floor. He shook it, removed every particle of dust, put it on, and walked down the stairs and out into the street. It was still light without. A few little shops were still open—the *haunts* of all kinds of low people—and those that were closed still showed lights within, where man-servants and maid-servants were doubtless busy discussing their masters and mistresses who were blissfully ignorant of their whereabouts. Akaky Akakievitch walked along in the very best of spirits; he was about *to set off at a trot* when a woman dashed out from somewhere and flashed past him as quick as lightning; every part of the woman's body seemed to be alive. Akaky Akakievitch stopped, then went quietly on his way, wondering how he had managed to walk so fast. Soon he reached the deserted streets that were lonely even by day. Now they seemed darker and more deserted than ever; the street-lamps were few and far between, and the oil in them had evidently burned out; wooden houses and fences were seen, but not a soul was in sight, only snow sparkled on the ground, *throwing into relief* the dark, silent little houses. He came to a big square where the houses on the opposite side were hardly visible; it was terribly lonely and deserted; a light in a sentry-box glimmering in the distance, seemed far, far away, as though at the other end of the world. Akaky Akakievitch's spirits fell. He began to cross the square with a feeling of apprehension and a foreboding of ill in his heart. He glanced from side to side as though in the middle of the ocean. "No, it is better *to shut it out*," he thought and walked on with eyes closed, and when at last he opened them to see if he had reached the end of the square, he was con-

fronted by some whiskered men whom he could not see distinctly. A mist rose before his eyes and his heart beat fast.

"The cloak is mine!" thundered a voice, and he was seized by the collar.

Akaky Akakievitch opened his mouth to cry for help when a big fist was thrust into it and a voice said, threateningly:

"You just dare!"

Akaky Akakievitch felt his cloak taken from him, then he felt a kick that sent him sprawling backwards in the snow, and then he felt no more. When he regained consciousness a few minutes later, he got up and looked about him, but no one was in sight. He was cold, and realising that his cloak was gone, he cried aloud for help, but his voice was not loud enough to reach the other end of the square. Desperate and crying out wildly, he ran across the square straight to the sentry-box, where a policeman stood leaning on his rifle, wondering who the devil was the man coming towards him. Akaky Akakievitch rushed up to him and, panting, began to abuse him for sleeping in his sentry-box instead of doing his duty. The policeman declared that he had seen nothing more than that two men had stopped him in the middle of the square, but believing them to be friends of his, he had taken no further notice, and that instead of abusing him for nothing whatever he had much better go to the superintendent to-morrow; the superintendent might help him to recover his cloak. Akaky Akakievitch reached home in a miserable state; his hair—what little there was left of it on the *temples* and nape of the neck—was dishevelled; his clothes were covered with snow. At his loud knock his landlady hurried from her bed to open the door, leaving one slipper behind in her

haste and holding her night-dress over her bosom modestly; at the sight of Akaky Akakievitch she stepped back in horror. When he explained what had happened to him she threw up her hands and advised him to go to a certain inspector she knew—the policeman at the sentry-box would probably do nothing at all—Anna, her late cook, was now nurse in this inspector's family and she saw him often herself as he rode past the house, and she saw him too, at church each Sunday, where he kept a kindly eye on everybody as he said his prayers and must, *to all appearances*, be a respectable person. Having heard her solution of the problem, Akaky Akakievitch went sadly into his own room. Only those who can feel for others can judge how he spent the rest of that night. He set out early the next morning to the inspector's house, and was informed that he was still in bed; he went there again at eleven o'clock, to find that the inspector was not at home, and again at dinner-time, but the clerks would not admit him without knowing on what business he had come, till at last, his patience exhausted, Akaky Akakievitch asserted himself and spoke sharply for once in his life, saying that he must see the inspector for himself, that he had come from the department on some government business and would not be denied admittance, and that any one who dared to interfere with him would have *to reckon with him*, and words to that effect. To this the clerks had nothing further to say and one of them went in to the inspector. The latter received the story of the stolen cloak sceptically. Instead of devoting his attention to the main *issue* of the case, he put all manner of questions to Akaky Akakievitch—Why had he returned home so late? Had been he to *a house of ill-fame?* —until Akaky Akakievitch was so embarrassed that

he took his leave, not knowing whether he had advanced the matter of the cloak or no. For the first time in his life he did not go to the office, appearing there next day white as a ghost in his old cloak, which looked more wretched and older than ever.

The story of the stolen cloak touched the hearts of nearly all his fellow clerks, though some were not wanting who made sport of it, too. It was decided to collect subscriptions for a new cloak, but the sum raised was a small one as the clerks had many demands upon their pockets; there was the director's portrait *to be subscribed for,* and that book written by a friend of the director's and so on. One man, at any rate, moved by pity, resolved to give Akaky Akakievitch sound advice. He told him not to go to the police-superintendent at all, because even if the police found the cloak merely from a desire to please the department, he would not be able to claim it unless he could produce irrefutable proofs that it belonged to him; instead he advised him to appeal to a particular great person, which great person would write to or see the proper people concerned to expedite the case. Since there was nothing else to be done, Akaky Akakievitch resolved to go to this great person. Who he was and what position he occupied remains a mystery to this day, but it must be said that the particular great person had only recently become a great person and that he had previously been quite a small person. However, even now his position is not so very great compared to others greater than his, but some people imagine that to seem great in the eyes of others is to be great. Moreover, this particular great person did his best to enhance his greatness in different ways, such as making his subordinates greet him on the stairs when he came to the office, or, not to permit any

report to be made direct to him; the strictest regularity had to be observed before a report reached him; a collegiate registrar had to report to a district secretary, a district secretary to a titular councillor, and so on, until, *in due course*, the matter came to him. It is thus our *holy mother Russia* becomes infected with a spirit of imitation; every subordinate imitates his chief and does what he does.

It is said that a certain titular councillor who had been promoted to the headship of a small department immediately partitioned off a part of the room for himself which he called "the audience-chamber": he had two porters in uniform placed at the door to admit anyone who desired to enter "the audience-chamber," which was hardly big enough to hold an ordinary writing-desk. The rules and customs of the great person were imposing, though somewhat *involved*. Severity was the *main-spring* of his system.

"Severity, severity and severity," he used to say, looking gravely into the face of the person he addressed, though, in truth, there was little need of severity—the ten clerks or so composing the staff of his office were, *in any case*, in a constant state of terror, and when they heard him at a distance, would throw down their work and stand erect until he had passed through the room. There was an atmosphere of severity in his daily intercourse with his subordinates, and his remarks usually consisted of the three sentences, "How dare you? Do you know whom you are speaking to? Do you realise who is before you?" At heart he was a kindly man, always ready to do a good deed for a friend, but the rank of *general* had made him *lose his head*. When among people of his own rank he was quite tolerable and sensible, but when he happened to be in the company of people who were but

one degree below him in rank, he would not say a word and became quite *impossible*. His condition was one to arouse pity, particularly as he himself realised that he might have been enjoying himself if he chose. A strong desire to participate in some interesting conversation or to join some group would sometimes be seen in his eye, but invariably he was held back by the thought that it might be lowering to his dignity. As a result he remained for ever silent, occasionally perhaps uttering some monosyllabic sound. Thus he gained the reputation of being a *bore*.

It was to a great person of this description that our Akaky Akakievitch appeared at an unpropitious and inconvenient moment. The great person was in his private room talking to an old friend of his who had just arrived from the country and whom he had not seen for many years, when the name of Akaky was announced.

"Who is he?" he asked curtly.

"A civil service clerk," was the reply.

"Oh, let him wait! I don't receive people at this hour."

Now it must be said that the great person had told a lie. This was the hour in which he received people; he had long finished what he had to say to his friend, the conversation had long been interspersed with lengthy pauses, slappings of thighs with a "Well, Ivan Abramovitch!" or, "Well, Stefan Varlamovitch!" only he wished to impress his friend with the fact that he had the power to keep a man waiting in his anteroom. At last, after much more talk and more pauses, having finished their cigars in their comfortable *upholstered* arm-chairs, he said to his secretary who came in with some papers:

"Some clerk is waiting there, I believe; tell him to

come in."

At sight of humble Akaky Akakievitch and his old cloak he turned to him abruptly asking "What is your business?" in a harsh severe tone practised at some pains in his own private room at home before the looking-glass a week before he had been promoted to the rank of general and had taken up his present position. Timid Akaky Akakievitch grew more timid still; as far as his tongue would allow him he explained that he had been robbed of a new cloak; that he had come in the hope that the general would do something for him, write to the police superintendent or to whomever else it was necessary to try and recover the cloak. The general, for some reason or another, considered his conduct as disrspectful.

"Sir," he began severely, "don't you know the usual procedure in these matters? Why did you come to me direct? You ought to have lodged a petition in the department to be passed on to the head-clerk, then to the head of the department, then to my secretary and then to me."

"But, your excellency," Akaky Akakievitch said, trying to summon up the little courage that was left to him, "I took the liberty of coming to you direct, your excellency, because secretaries are.....such such hopless people....."

"What? What? What?" demanded the great person. "Is this the spirit in which you have come? Where did you pick up such ideas? Is this the way you young men regard your elders and *betters*?"

The great person could hardly have observed that Akaky Akakievitch was over fifty, and that he could only be regarded as a young man in relation to men of eighty.

"Do you know whom you are speaking to? Do

you realise who is standing before you? Do you, I ask?"

At this point he stamped his foot with rage, and raised his voice to such a high pitch that a less timid man than Akaky Akakievitch would have quaked with fear. Akaky Akakievitch was quite stunned; he swayed backwards and forwards; if a porter had not caught him in time he would have fallen on the floor. He was carried out insensible. And the great person, pleased at the effect he had produced, an effect which had exceeded his utmost expectation, and quite intoxicated with the thought that a word from him could cause a man to lose his senses, looked askance at his friend to see how the latter had taken the scene; he noticed, not without a feeling of satisfaction, that his friend, too, seemed almost to fear him.

Akaky Akakievitch did not remember how he managed to walk down the stairs and out into the street; there was no sensation in his arms or legs; never in his life had he been so severely reprimanded by a general, and a strange general *at that.* He fought his way through the howling wind, open-mouthed. The wind, in the usual St. Petersburg way, blew from every side, from every street and alley. He caught a severe cold, which developed into quinsy; when he reached home he was unable to speak a word, and went straight to bed. A reprimand may sometimes produce an effect so terrible! On the following day he was in a raging fever. With the aid of the St. Petersburg climate the malady developed more quickly than one would have expected, and when the doctor came and felt his pulse, there was nothing that could be done, so he ordered fomentations, for no other purpose apparently than that it should not be said that the patient had died without medical aid. For all

that, in a few hours, he pronounced his condition as hopeless, and turning to the landlady said, "You had better order a pine-coffin for him as quickly as you can; he cannot afford an oak one."

Did Akaky Akakievitch hear these fateful words? and if so, what effect did they produce on him? Did he regret his wretched life? No one could tell, for Akaky Akakievitch was delirious. Apparitions, each more terrible than the last, appeared before him continuously; now he could see Petrovitch from whom he was ordering a cloak to be made with some wonderful trap for thieves; the thieves were under the bed, and Akaky Akakievitch kept calling to the landlady to come and pull one out from the very bed-clothes; now he asked why his old cloak was hanging there when he had a new one; now he imagined himself before the general, hearing his abuse and muttering "I am sorry, your excellency!" and then followed oaths such as caused the old landlady to cross herself hurriedly; she had never heard Akaky Akakievitch use such language, particularly in connection with words such as "your excellency." Later, no sense at all could be made of what he said, the only clear thing being that his disordered brain centred round the cloak. Soon poor Akaky Akakievitch breathed his last. Neither his room nor his belongings were sealed, for, in the first place he had no successors to inherit them, and in the second he had little to leave. His property consisted of a bundle of quill-pens, a quire of government paper, three pairs of socks, and two or three buttons that had come off his trousers, and the familiar "dressing-gown." God knows who inherited them. I confess that the person who told me the story was not even interested in the question. Akaky Akakievitch was buried, and St. Petersburg was left without Akaky

Akakievitch, as though he had never existed. Thus there disappeared a creature, uncherished and unloved, who failed to arouse so much as the curiosity of a common fly—a creature who had humbly submitted to the jeers of his fellow workers and to whom no eventful thing had ever happened until the very end, when, for a brief space, his life was brightened by the possession of a cloak that had brought down on his head misfortune of such magnitude as though he might have been one of the mighty of the world.

Four days later a porter from the office called at his lodging to say that the chief insisted on his returning to work, but the porter went back without Akaky Akakievitch, announcing that the latter could not come.

To the question "Why?" he replied simply:

"Because he is dead; he was buried four days ago."

This is how the news of Akaky Akakievitch's death reached the office, and on the following day a new clerk was installed in his place, a man taller of stature than Akaky Akakievitch; his writing was not straight and *even as that* of Akaky Akakievitch; he wrote a sloping, crooked *hand*.

Who would have believed that this was not the last of Akaky Akakievitch and that for a few days he was destined to become famous after his death, as though to compensate him for the shadowy, colourless life he had led? But that is what actually happened, and our poor story unexpectedly assumes a fantastic ending. A rumour suddenly spread throughout St. Petersburg that Kalinkin Bridge and the neighbourhood was haunted at night by a ghost in the garb of a civil service clerk, looking for a stolen cloak. Under this pretext he snatched the cloaks from the shoulders

of any passers-by, irrespective of their rank and station—cloaks lined with cat, cloaks lined with beaver, wadding, and raccoon, cloaks lined with bear or any sort of skin man uses for the protection of his own. One of the office clerks had seen the ghost with his own eyes and recognised Akaky Akakievitch. He was so terrified that he *bolted* as fast as he could, and was unable, consequently, to get a good look at the ghost; having observed from a distance only that the ghost shook a finger at him threateningly. There were endless complaints on all sides, not only on the part of titular councillors but of others whose backs went bare owing to the ghost. The police resolved to catch him *at all costs*, dead or alive, and *mete him out such a punishment* that he would act as an example to others. They very nearly succeeded. It fell to the lot of a certain constable in Kirushkin Street to seize the ghost by the collar *in the very act of his crime*, just as he was snatching a cloak from the shoulders of some retired musician, a flute-player *in his day*. The constable's cries brought along two other constables. He ordered them to hold the prisoner while he *dived down into* the leg of his boot for his snuff-box in order to revive his frozen nose with a pinch, but the snuff was so strong evidently that it was too much for a ghost even. The constable had hardly covered his right nostril with his thumb than the ghost sneezed so violently as to send the snuff into the eyes of the three of them. When they raised their fists to rub their eyes the ghost had vanished so completely that they began to doubt if they had really held him at all. From that night the whole of the police were in such terror of ghosts that they feard to arrest even the living and cried to an offender from a distance, "Go thy way in peace!" Then the ghost of the civil

service clerk began to walk beyond the Kalinkin Bridge, bringing terror to the hearts of timid people. But we must not forget a certain great person who was more or less the cause of the fantastic *turn* this perfectly true story has taken. A sense of justice forces me to say that the certain great person experienced a feeling of pity after the departure of poor, crushed Akaky Akakievitch. Pity was not foreign to his nature; his heart was susceptible to many kindly emotions, but his rank prevented him from showing them. As soon as his friend had left him his thoughts recurred to poor Akaky Akakievitch, and almost every day since he visualised the poor man who had collapsed at a reprimand from him. The thought of him so worried the general that a week later he sent one of his clerks to inquire who he was, and to find out if nothing could be done to help him, but learning of Akaky Akakievitch's death he was so astounded that he was filled with remorse for the rest of the day. Desiring to distract his mind and to rid himself of the unpleasant impression, he set out that evening to the house of a friend where he found an agreeable company gathered, consisting of men of the same rank as himself, so that he was quite free to enjoy himself. This produced a wonderful effect on his spirits. He was quite affable and pleasant in conversation and spent a most delightful evening. At supper he drank two glasses of champagne, and champagne, we know, conduces cheerfulness and disposed him to other indulgences. He resolved to pay a visit to a lady of his acquaintance—Karoline Ivanovna, by name—a lady of German origin, to whom he *entertained* feelings of pure friendliness. It must be said that our great person was a man *well on in years*, a good husband and the respected father of a family. He

had two sons who already worked in the department, and a pretty sixteen-year-old daughter with an attractive little tilted nose, who came to kiss his hand each morning with a *"Bonjour,* Papa!" His wife, still young and attractive, would give him her own hand first, and then kiss his in turn. The great person, however, quite contented, apparently, with the affections of his family, considered it proper to have a lady-friend in another part of the town, the lady-friend being neither younger nor better-looking than his own wife; but these are some of the *incongruities* to be met with in the world, which one cannot account for. Thus our great person walked down the stairs and, seating himself in his sleigh, ordered the coachman to drive to Karoline Ivanovna. He wrapped his warm rich cloak closely around him and abandoned himself to a condition in which without any effort thoughts, each more agreeable than the last, come into the head unbidden, and one has not the trouble even of following them up. In perfect contentment he recalled the pleasant evening spent, the jokes that had amused the small circle. Some of these he repeated to himself in a whisper and found them just as amusing as before and laughed with pure enjoyment. He was bothered now and again by a biting wind that seemed to come from nowhere and cut his face, raising lumps of snow or blowing out the cape of his cloak like a sail, or dashing it suddenly with force over his head, so that he had no little trouble in disentangling himself. All at once the great person felt someone seize him violently by the collar, and, turning, he saw a little man in a shabby old cloak, whom in terror he recognised as Akaky Akakievitch. The great person's face turned as white as snow. He, too, seemed like a ghost. His terror reached a maximum when he saw

the ghost's mouth open and he felt his sepulchral breath and heard him speak the words, "Ha, ha, I've got you at last! At last I've got you by the collar! It's your cloak that I want! You refused to help me recover mine and *abused* me *into the bargain,* now you can give me yours!" The poor great person nearly died of fright. At the office he was a strong man, strong generally in relation to his inferiors, and, glancing at his manly form, any one would have said, "What a fine strong-looking man!" At the present moment, like many people of a valiant exterior only, he was in such a condition of fright, that he apprehended a heart attack. He threw the cloak from his shoulders, and cried to the coachman in an unnatural voice:

"Whip up home as fast as you can!"

The coachman, hearing the voice that was terrifying enough at ordinary times, hastily drew his head into the collar of his coat and, lashing his whip, flew away like the wind. In five or six minutes the great person was at the door of his own house. Pale and distraught, he dragged himself to his own room and spent a most miserable night there instead of at Karoline Ivanovna's, and at tea the following morning his daughter remarked, "How pale you are to-day, Papa!"

But Papa was silent, he did not say a word of what had happened to him, nor where he had been, nor where he had intended to go. The incident made a great impression on his mind. Less often did his subordinates hear the expressions, "How dare you? Do you realise who is standing before you?" On the rare occasions when he used them it was not until after he had made himself acquainted with the matter in hand. But the most remarkable thing of all was

that the ghost disappeared from that night; the general's cloak must have fitted him perfectly; at any rate, no more cloaks were snatched from the shoulders of men. There were still some busy-bodies whose fears would not be allayed, and who persisted in saying that the ghost still haunted the distant parts of the town. One policeman declared that with his own eyes he had seen an *apparition* come out of a house, and that he did not stop him because he was physically unable to do so. He was in such a condition of weakness that on one occasion a *sucking-pig* rushing out of a house had *bowled him off his feet,* much to the amusement of the *isvoschicks* standing near, who had afterwards to pay for their merriment by tipping him two kopecks each for tobacco. While unable to stop the ghost, the policeman had followed him, nevertheless, until at last the ghost had turned and demanded what he wanted, shaking such a formidable fist at him as one rarely meets with among the living. The poor policeman turned back as fast as he could. This apparition, however, was taller and had a long *moustache.* After the incident with the policeman he had quickened his pace in the direction of the Obukhov Bridge, and had disappeared into the darkness of the night.

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a bald patch: 髮禿了,所露出來的頭皮。 sport: 被玩弄的人或物。 pulled a wry face: 臉上露出苦態。 no more heed than: as little heed as。 settle down: 安心從事於(指被擾亂之後)。 sharpened their wits: 把他們的機智,用得格外的精到或尖刻。 meant for rice: 就是 rice 的意思; rice 是結婚時,新婦所走的道上,由僕相所播散的米。 gave out: 止,竭。 flared up: 發怒。 pulled himself

up: 制止他自己(指 to make fun of him 的舉動而言)。 touched to the quick: Cut to the heart; quick (noun), 手脚爪下最能夠感覺疼痛的肌肉; to the quick, 有深切的痛苦; 劇痛。 light: 見地,看法。 had taken for: 一向以爲。 well-bred: 受良好教育的。 good-breeding: 參看上條。 it is little to say: it is not enough to say。 glued to his work: 專心一意的去做他的工作。 in places: 有幾處。 knack: skill; aptness at doing something。 onion: [ŭn'yŭn]。 Lord cared to send at the time: Providence chanced to send at the time。 filled: (absolute use) after his stomach had been filled。 civil service: 文官 (集合之稱)。 as: (conjunctive adverb)。 abandoned himself freely to: 自放於。 flirt with: 狎弄。 set: circle。 pretensions to: ....之虛飾。 deal: 紙牌的分配(如中國奪戰時候的洗牌,砌牌等)。 Falconet Monument: 十八世紀法國名雕刻家 Falconet 徇俄國女皇 Catherine II 之請,在 1766 年造成一座 Peter the Great 騎馬的銅像,就安放在 St. Petersburg; 這裏就指那座造像的馬尾。 must be accounted for: must be described; must be explained。 in justice be it said: let it be said in justice。 plain: 沒有塗漆的; unpainted。 to thread a needle: 穿針。 was out of humor: 是不樂。 to deal with: 和....商議事情。 had got the better of: 已經制服,已經壓服 ("better" 是 noun; "of" = "from")。 Kopeks: (又作 "Kopecks", "Copecs", 或 "Copecks")俄國錢幣,約值國幣一分。 thinking: (absolute use)。 client: 顧客,買主。 snuff-box: 鼻煙壺。 hard up for: 缺少; lack of ....。 foot-cloths: 指 leg-wrappings。 jibed: 又作 gibed。 have got: (俗語

用) must 或 have。 hood: 風領。 dear me! : 啊呀,嗚呼。 chimney-sweep: 掃煙囪的苦掃或他種東西。 barged into: (俚語) 碰;撞; bumped up against, 或 rushed heavily against。 the devil: 何物! 何處! (凡是不通的語氣,常常用 the devil 來加重他的勢力) Where the devil are you going? = 你到底(究竟)到何處去? (例) Who the devil was the man? = 這人究竟是誰? (見本篇)。 sensible: 知己的。 tackling: (俚語) 抗爭; coping with。 amenable: 柔和,易御。 drink a glass to your health: drink a glass of wine to express my good wishes for your health。 other way out: 其他可走的路,其他的法子; other alternative。 disposed of: 指定,安排(指錢的用途)。 full:(adverb)=fully。 forgo:(亦作 forego)。 laudlady's: laudlady's room。 linen: 指 linen 所製的襯衣。 underclothes: 亦指 linen 所製的襯衣。 resigned himself to: 甘受; (例) He resigned himself to another's guidance= 他甘心去受別人的指導。 other than: different from。 lined: 縫上襯裏。 Could he not rise to a marten collar? : At the height of his hope, he expected to rise to a position in which he would be able to get even a marten collar。 (此處用 rhetorical interrogation 來增強語勢)。 Be it as it may: Let it be as it may be。 But two or three months more of starvation: 有 "Two or three months more of starvation was to be endured" 的意思。 to shop: (infinitive) 購物,到店裏去物色貨物或購物。 fastenings: button-holes。 sewn: (sōn)。 shook out: 展開,抖開。 draped: 整理 (衣服) 而使其美觀。 Prospect: 俄國修廣而直的街道。 snob: 假裝高貴的人。 Saint's day: 兒時命名的日子; name-day or the day when

one was named after a saint. Could not help smiling: 不能止住笑,禁不住笑; ("help" 的後面,總用 gerund 而不用 infinitive); = could not but smile. neared: (verb). carries a knowledge of: retains some instinctive feeling on. flat: 樓房的任何一層,可供全家的居住; 〔例〕 I live on the second flat. goloshes: (亦作 galoshes 或 galoches) 鞋套(雨雪天所用). samovar: [sām'ōvär] (俄) 俄國製茶水的壺,可以把水煮沸,或可以繼續維持水的沸騰. haunts: 出沒之所. to set off: 首途,就道; to start. at a trot: 快,疾. throwing into relief: 使....明顯; ("the dark, silent little houses" 是 "throwing" 的 object). to shut it out: 閉起眼睛,不去看牠. temples: 太陽穴. to all appearances: apparently. to reckon with him: 直接和他算賬. issue: point. a house of ill fame: 妓館一類的地方. to be subscribed for: 被預約購買. in due course: 順次. holy mother Russia: 指俄羅斯母邦 (帶譏刺的意味). involved: 繁複. main-spring: 要旨,綱要. in any case: 無論如何,總之. general: 即 "長" 之意. lose his head: lose his reason; unreasonable. impossible: (俚) repulsive in manner; 令人難堪的. bore: 可厭的人. upholstered: 裝着彈機的. betters: 長官. at that: in that way. even as that of Akaky Akakievitch: even not so straight as the writing of Akaky. hand: 字體. bolted: 逃亡. at all costs: 在一切犧牲之下. mete him out such a punishment: mete out such a punishment to him = 按法給他這樣一個懲罰; 〔例〕 The government metes out a severe punishment to the leaders in the rebellion. in the very act of his crime: 正當他犯罪的時候; 〔例〕 He was in the

act of stealing, when we came。 in his day: 當他少壯的時候。 dived into: 以手插入。 turn: shape, form。 entertained: 含,抱 (感情)。 well on in years: 老了,上了年紀。 bonjcur: [bong-hjoor]; (法) good morning。 incongruities: 指人生的矛盾。 abused: 凌辱。 into the bargain: 外加,又; besides, moreover。 apparition: 指 ghost。 sucking pig: 乳豬,豚。 bowled him off his feet: 把他撞倒。 isvoschicks: (俄) cabmen。 moustache: 亦作 mustache。

THE NECKLACE

Guy De Maupassant

(1850—1893)

Maupassant 是法國十九世紀自然主義小說家 Flaubert (1827—1880) 的弟子。他唯一的企求只是「眞」；他拿顯示人間現實生活的眞相，作爲他的創作的鵠的。他只冷靜的，刻酷的，描寫着人生，——尤其只是黑暗的人生；雖然很少流露自己的主觀，却深能引起讀者的反應；他實在已經從人生的表面的描寫，而深入牠的內裏了。現代法國文豪 France (1844—1924) 說得很好：“我只曉得 Maupassant 是實際的；他決不爲淒涼的月色而悲歌；他決不想替人生不治的疾病去求什末瓦劑。有一首短歌，是保姆唱給小孩子聽的；我相信這首歌說明了人們在世界上的目的，也說明了 Maupassant 全部的哲學：

這些偶孩	(All the dolls
跑，跑，跑	Run, run, run
跑了三圈	Three times round
一齊去了。	And then they're gone)”.

他觀察精微，遣辭切確；他很受他先生的薰陶，能應用「一字說」(Single World Theory)：譬如描寫一件事物，他能用唯一的名詞去稱說牠，唯一的動詞去指牠的行動，或唯一的形容詞去說明牠的性質；然而他的文筆，並不因而枯窘，在緻密的當中，却還能保持着遒勁和暢達。他於結構上，也

能極其完密，極其新穎。這些都是值得注意的。他雄據文壇，只不過十年，長篇小說，寫得不多，短篇小說，却有三百。終於爲了過於深邃的思索，精神日弱，發狂而死了。本篇可算是他的短篇中的第一佳構；雖然是譯本，他的特長，也很可窺見了。此外佳作如"A Piece of String", "The Beggar", "Happiness", "The Two Friends", "The Costly Ride', "A Coward", "On The River" 等，不勝枚舉。長篇有"A Life", "On The Water", "A Heart', "The Heritage" 等。

THE NECKLACE

She was one of these pretty and charming girls who, as if by a mistake of destiny, are born in a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no means of becoming known, understood, loved, wedded by any rich and distinguished man; and so she let herself be married to a petty clerk in the Bureau of Public Instruction.

She was simple in her dress because she could not be elaborate, but she was as unhappy as if she had fallen from a higher rank, for with women there is no distinction of higher and lower: their beauty, their grace, and their natural charm *fill the place of birth and family*. Natural delicacy, instinctive elegance, a lively wit, are the ruling forces in the social realm, and make daughters of the common people the equals of the finest ladies.

She suffered ceaselessly, feeling herself born for all the refinements and luxuries of life. She suffered from the poverty of her home as she looked at the dirty walls, the worn-out chairs, the ugly curtains. All those things of which another woman of her station would have been quite unconscious tortured her and made her indignant. The sight of the country girl who was maid-of-all-works in her humble household filled her almost with desperation.

She dreamed of echoing halls hung with Oriental draperies and lighted by tall bronze *candelabra*, while two tall footmen in knee-breeches drowsed in great armchairs by reason of the heating stove's oppressive warmth. She dreamed of splendid *parlors* furnished in rare old silks, of carved *cabinets* loaded with priceless curiosities, and of *entrancing* little *boudoirs* just right for afternoon chats with *bosom friends*—men famous and sought after, the envy and the desire of

all the other women.

When she sat down to dinner at a little table covered with a cloth three days old, and looked across at her husband as he uncovered the soup and exclaimed with an air of rapture, "Oh, the delicious stew; I know nothing better than that," she dreamed of dainty dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestries which peopled the walls with antique figures and strange birds in fairy forests; she dreamed of delicious viands *served* in wonderful dishes, of *whispered gallantries* heard with a *sphinx-like smile* as you eat the pink flesh of a trout or the wing of a bird.

She had no dresses, no jewels, nothing; and she loved only that, she felt made for that. She was filled with a desire to please, to be envied, to be bewitching and sought after. She had a rich friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, whom she no longer wished to visit because she suffered so much when she came home. For whole days at a time she wept without ceasing in bitterness and hopeless misery.

Now, one evening her husband came home with a triumphant air, holding in his hand a large envelope.

"There," said he, "there is something for you."

She quickly tore open the paper and drew out a printed card, bearing these words:—

"The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme. Georges Rampouneau request the honor of M. and Mme. Loisel's company at the palace of the Ministry, Monday evening, January 18th."

Instead of being overcome with delight, as her husband expected, she threw the invitation on the table with disdain, murmuring:

"What do you wish me to do with that?"

"Why, my dear, I thought you would be pleased. You never go out, and it is such a fine opportunity,

this! I had awful trouble in getting it. Every one wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. You will see the whole official world."

She looked at him with irritation, and said, impatiently:

"What do you wish me to put on my back if I go?"

He had not thought of that. He stammered:

"Why, *the dress you go to the theatre in.* It seems all right to me."

He stopped, stupefied, distracted, on seeing that his wife was crying. Two great tears descended slowly from the corners of her eyes toward the corners of her mouth. He stuttered:

"What's the matter? What's the matter?"

By a violent effort she subdued her feelings and replied in a calm voice, as she wiped her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. Only I have no dress and consequently I cannot go to this ball. Give your invitation to some friend whose wife is better equipped than I."

He was in despair. He replied:

"Let us see, Mathilde. How much would it cost, a suitable dress, which you could wear again on future occasions, something very simple?"

She reflected for some seconds, computing the cost, and also wondering what sum she could ask without *bringing down* upon herself an immediate refusal and an astonished exclamation from the economical clerk.

At last she answered hesitatingly:

"I don't know exactly, but it seems to me that with four hundred francs I could manage."

He turned a trifle pale, for he had been saving just that sum to buy a gun and *treat himself to* a little hunting the following summer, in the country

near Nanterre, with a few friends who went there to shoot larks *of a Sunday.*

However, he said:

"Well, I think I can give you four hundred francs. But see that you have a pretty dress."

The day of the ball drew near, and Madame Loisel seemed sad, unhappy, anxious. Her dress was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening:

"What is the matter? Come, you've been looking queer these last three days."

And she replied:

"It worries me that I have no jewels, not a single stone, nothing to put on. I shall look wretched enough. I would almost rather not go to this party."

He answered:

"You might wear natural flowers. They are very fashionable this season. For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses."

She was not convinced.

"No; there is nothing more humiliating than to look poor among women who are rich."

But her husband cried:

"How stupid of you! Go and find your friend Madame Forestier and ask her to lend you some jewels. You are intimate enough with her for that."

She uttered a cry of joy.

"Of course. I had not thought of that."

The next day she went to her friend's house and told of her distress.

Madame Forestier went to her handsome wardrobe, took out a large casket, brought it back, opened it, and said to Madame Loisel:

"Choose, my dear."

She saw first of all some bracelets, then a pearl

necklace, then a Venetian cross, gold and precious stones of wonderful workmanship. She tried on the ornaments before the glass, hesitated, could not make up her mind to part with them, to give them back. She kept asking:

"You have nothing else?"

"Why, yes. See, I do not know what will please you."

All at once she discovered, in a black satin box, a splendid diamond necklace, and her heart began to beat with immoderate desire. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it around her throat, over her high-necked dress, and stood lost in ecstasy as she looked at herself.

Then she asked, hesitating, full of anxiety:

"Would you lend me that,—only that?"

"Why, Yes, certainly."

She sprang upon the neck of her friend, embraced her rapturously, then fled with her treasure.

The day of the ball arrived. Madame Loisel was a success. She was prettier than all the others, elegant, gracious, smiling, and crazy with joy. All the men stared at her, asked her name, tried to be introduced. All cabinet officials wished to waltz with her. The minister noticed her.

She danced with intoxication, with passion, made drunk with pleasure, forgetting all in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of mist of happiness, the result of all this homage, all this admiration, all these awakened desires, this victory so complete and so sweet to the heart of woman.

She left about four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been sleeping since midnight in a little deserted anteroom with three other gentlemen, whose wives were having a good time.

He threw about her shoulders the wraps which he had brought for her to go out in, the modest wraps of common life, whose poverty contrasted sharply with the elegance of the ballroom toilet. She felt this and wished to escape, that she might not be noticed by the other women who were envelpoing themselves in costly furs.

Loisel held her back.

"Wait here, you will catch cold outside. I will go and find a cab."

But she would not listen to him, and rapidly descended the stairs. When they were at last in the street, they could find no carriage, and began to look for one, crying after the cabmen they saw passing at a distance.

They walked down toward the *Seine* in despair, shivering with the cold. At last they found on the *quay* one of those ancient nocturnal *coupes* that one sees in Paris only after dark, as if they were ashamed to display their wretchedness during the day.

They were put down at their door in the *Rue des Martyrs*, and sadly mounted the steps to their apartments. It was all over, for her. And as for him, he reflected that he must be at his office at ten o'clock.

She took off the wraps which enveloped her shoulders before the glass, to take a final look at herself in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She no longer had the necklace about her neck!

Her husband, already half undressed, inquired:

"What is the matter?"

She turned madly toward him.

"I have—I no longer have Madame Forestier's necklace."

He stood up, distracted.

"What!—how!—it is impossible!"

They looked in the folds of her dress, in the folds of her cloak, in the pockets, everywhere. They could not find a trace of it.

He asked:

"You are sure you still had it when you left the ball?"

"Yes. I felt it in the vestibule at the palace."

"But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes. That's probably it. Did you take the number?"

"No. And you, you did not notice it?"

"No."

They looked at each other thunderstruck. At last Loisel put on his clothes again.

"I am going back," said he, "over every foot of the way we came, to see if I shall not find it."

So he started. She remained in her ball dress without strength to go bed, sitting on a chair. with no fire, her mind *blank.*

Her husband returned about seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to police headquarters, to the newspapers to offer a reward, to the cab companies, everywhere, in short, where a suspicion of hope led him.

She watched all day, in the same state of blank despair before this frightful disaster.

Loisel returned in the evening with cheeks hollow and pale; he had found nothing.

"You must write to your friend," said he, "that you have broken the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it repaired. It will give us time *to turn around.*"

She wrote at his dictation.

At the end of a week they had lost all hope.

And Loisel, looking five years older, declared:

"We must consider how to replace the ornament."

The next day they took the box which had contained it, and went to the place of the jeweller whose name they found inside. He consulted his *books*.

"It was not I, madame, who sold the necklace; I must simply have furnished the casket."

Then they went from jeweller to jeweller, looking for an ornament like the other, consulting their memories, both sick with *chagrin* and anguish.

They found, in a shop at the *Palais-Royal*, a string of diamonds which seemed to them exactly what they were looking for. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six thousand.

So they begged the jeweller not to sell it for three days. And they made an arrangement that they should take it back for thirty-four thousand francs if the other were found before the end of February.

Loisel had eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest.

He did borrow, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes , made ruinous engagements, dealt with usurers, with all the *tribe* of money-lenders. He *compromised* the rest of his life, risked his signature without knowing if he might not be *involving* his honor, and, terrified by the anguish yet to come, by the black misery about to fall upon him, by the prospect of every physical privation and every mental torture, he went to get the new necklace, and laid down on the dealer's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Madame Loisel took the ornament back to Madame Forestier, the latter said coldly:

"You should have returned it sooner, for I might have needed it."

She did not open the case, to the relief of her friend. If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought? What would she have said? Would she have taken her friend for a thief?

Madame Loisel now knew the horrible life of *the needy;* moreover, all at once she *took her part* heroically. They must pay this frightful debt. She would pay it. They dismissed their maid; they gave up their apartment; they rented another under the roof.

She came to know the drudgery of housework, the odious cares of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her rosy nails on the greasy pots and the bottoms of the saucepans. She washed the dirty linen, the shirts and the dishcloths, which she hung to dry on a line; she carried the garbage down to the street every morning, and carried up the water, stopping at each *landing* to rest. And, dressed like a woman of the *people,* she went to the fruiterer's, the grocer's, the butcher's, her basket on her arm, bargaining, *abusing,* defending *sou* by sou her miserable money.

Each month they had to pay some *notes,* renew others, obtain more time.

The husband worked every evening, neatly *footing up* the account books of some tradesman, and often far into the night he sat copying manuscript at five sous a page.

And this life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid everything, —every thing, with the exactions of usury and the accumulations of compound interest.

Madame Loisel seemed old now. She had become the woman of impoverished households,—strong and hard and rough. With hair half combed,with skirts*awry,* and reddened hands, she talked loud as she washed

the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window and thought of that evening at the ball so long ago, when she had been so beautiful and so *feted.*

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows, who knows? How strange life is, how changeful! How little a thing is needed for us to be lost or to be saved!

But one Sunday, as she was going for a walk in the *Champs* Elysees to refresh herself after the labors of the week, all at once she saw a woman walking with a child. It was Madame Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Madame Loisel was agitated. Should she speak to her? Why, of course. And now that she had paid, she would tell her all. Why not?

She went up.

"Bonjour, Jeanne."

The other, astonished to be addressed so familiarly by this woman of the people, did not recognize her. She stammered:

"But—madame—I do not know you. You must have made a mistake."

"No, I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh! my poor Mathilde, how changed you are!"

"Yes, I have had days hard enough since I saw you, days wretched enough—and all because of you!"

Me? How so?"

"You remember that necklace of diamonds that you lent me to wear to the ministerial ball?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"How? But you returned it to me."

"I returned to you another exactly like it. These ten years we've been paying for it. You know it was not easy for us, who had nothing. At last it is over, and I am very glad."

Madame Forestier stood staring at her.

"You say that you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes; you did not notice it, then? They were very alike."

And she smiled with a proud and naïve pleasure.

Madame Forestier, deeply moved, took both her hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was *paste*. It was worth five hundred francs at most."

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fill the place of: 代替。 birth and family: 家世。 candelabra: candelabrum 的複數。 parlor: 亦作 parlour. cabinet: 櫃,架。 entrancing: 引人入勝的,迷人的。 boudoir: [bood' wär](法)。 bosom friend: 推心置腹的朋友;密友。 served: 裝,盛 (把食物裝盛在器皿的當中)。 whispered gallantries: 戀愛時低聲的情話。 Sphinx: (亦作 Sphynx) 希臘神話所傳,獅身女首而有翅的怪物,專用謎語眩惑過客 (她給Oedipus 猜的謎語,從略)。 Sphinx-like smile: 引人入迷的巧笑。 the dress you go to the theatre in: the dress in which you go to the theatre。 bringing down: 招致(指災害恥辱等)。 to treat himself to: 以....自享。 of a Sunday: 在星期日的時候; at some time on Sunday。 Seine: 巴黎的河名。 quay: [kē]。 Coupe: (法) [koopā']。 Rue des Martyrs: (法) Road of Martyrs。 blank: 惘然;呆。 to turn around: 周轉。 books: 賬簿。

chagreen：卽 shagreen。 Palaise Royal：(法) Royal Palace。 tribe: 羣,輩,一帮職業相同的人 (都含着輕視的意味)。 compromised: 連累(因爲行爲疏忽的原故)。 involving: 累及。 the needy: 窮民。 took her part: bore the misfortune on her part, that is, the drudgery of housework。 landing: 樓梯上平坦的一段。 people: 平民。 abusing: 罵。 sou: [sǫ] 法國一種錢幣,值一個佛郎的二十分之一。 notes: 期票。 footing up: 結算。 awry：[ärī']。 feted: [fāted] fete 的 past 和 past participle。 champ：[sham] (法) 空地,空場。 paste: 假鑽石; an imitation jem made of strass (strass—a brilliant lead glass used in the manufacture of artificial jems)。

THE BET

Anton Pavlovich Chekhov

(1860—1904)

Chekhov是俄國田奴的兒子。在醫科大學裏讀書的時候,便開始寫小說;出了學校以後,不大行醫,單靠着撰述度日。他描寫的大半是俄國智識界的庸弱和他們生活的拘閡;但是在輕視之中,却露出哀憐的意思。他的短篇小說,結構謹嚴,語簡意賅,因此他被許爲俄國的 Maupassant。但他却比 Maupassant 進了一步,要爲人生的黯淡而呼籲。Thomas Seltzer 在 "Best Russian Short Stories" 的序上,說: "Maupassant 和 Chekhov 都一般的客觀,不曾告訴讀者他們的同情,寄託在那裏;但是我們讀了 Chekhov 的作品,總不難一猜就着了"。他實在是俄國最完美的短篇小說家;他是黃金時代以還,在文壇上能和 Gorky 先後輝映的人物。本篇是他的短篇名作之一,此外還有 "The Darling", "After The Theatre', "That Wretched Boy", "The Chorus Girl", "The Safety Match", "The Cook's Wedding" 等;長篇戲劇如 "The Sea Gull", "The Cherry Garden", "Ivanov", "Three Sisters", "Uncle Vanya" 等,也都是精意之作。

THE BET

I.

It was a dark autumn night. The old banker was pacing from corner to corner of his study, recalling to his mind the party he gave in the autumn fifteen years before. There were many clever people at the party and much interesting conversation. They talked among other things of *capital punishment*. The guests, among them not a few scholars and journalists, for the most part disapproved of capital punishment. They found it obsolete as a means of punishment, unfitted to a Christian State and immoral. Some of them thought that capital punishment should be replaced universally by *life-imprisonment*.

"I don't agree with you," said the host. "I myself have experienced neither capital punishment nor life-imprisonment, but if one may judge theoretically then in my opinion capital punishment is more moral and more humane than imprisonment. Execution kills instantly, life-imprisonment kills by degrees. Who is the more humane executioner, one who kills you in a few seconds or one who draws the life out of you incessantly, for years?"

"They're both equally immoral," remarked one of the guests, "because their purpose is the same, to take away life. The State is not God. It has no right to take away that which it cannot give back, if it should so desire."

Among the company was a lawyer, a young man of about twenty-five. On being asked his opinion, he said:

"Capital punishment and life-imprisonment are equally immoral; but if I were offered the choice between them, I would certainly choose the second. It's better to live somehow than not to live at all."

There ensued a lively discussion. The banker who was then younger and more nervous suddenly lost his temper, banged his fist on the table, and turning to the young lawyer, cried out:

"It's a lie. *I bet you two millions you wouldn't stick in a cell even for five years.*"

"If you mean it seriously," replied the lawyer, "then I bet I'll stay not five but fifteen."

"Fifteen! *Done!*" cried the banker. "Gentlemen, I *stake* two millions."

"Agreed. You stake two millions, I my freedom," said the lawyer.

So this wild, ridiculous bet came to pass. The banker, who at that time had too many millions to count, spoiled and capricious, was *beside himself with rapture.* During supper he said to the lawyer jokingly.

"*Come to your senses,* young man, before it's too late. Two millions are nothing to me, but you stand to lose three or four of the best years of your life. I say three or four, because you'll never *stick it out* any longer. Don't forget either, you unhappy man, that voluntary is much heavier than enforced imprisonment. The idea that you have the right to free yourself at any moment will poison the whole of your life in the cell. I pity you."

And now the banker, pacing from corner to corner, recalled all this and asked himself:

"Why did I make this bet? What's the good? The lawyer loses fifteen years of his life and I throw away two millions. Will it convince people that capital punishment is worse or better than imprisonment for life? No, no! all stuff and rubbish. On my part it was the caprice of a well-fed man; on the lawyer's, pure greed of gold."

He recollected further what happened after the evening party. It was decided that the lawyer must undergo his imprisonment under the strictest observation, in a garden *wing* of the banker's house. It was agreed that during the period he would be deprived of the right to cross the threshold, to see living people, to hear human voices, and to receive letters and newspapers. He was permitted to have a musical instrument, to read books, to write letters, to drink wine and smoke tobacco. By the agreement he could communicate, but only in silence, with the outside world through a little window specially constructed for this purpose. Everything necessary, books, music, wine, he could receive in any quantity by sending a note through the window. The agreement provided for all the minutest details, which made the confinement strictly solitary, and it obliged the lawyer to remain exactly fifteen years from twelve o'clock of November 14th, 1870 to twelve o'clock of November 14th , 1885. The least attempt on his part to violate the conditions, to escape if only for two minutes before the time freed the banker from the obligation to pay him the two millions.

During the first year of imprisonment, the lawyer, as far as it was possible to judge from his short notes, suffered terribly from loneliness and boredom. From his wing day and night came the sound of the piano. He rejected wine and tobacco. "Wine," he wrote, "excites desires, and desires are the chief foes of a prisoner; besides, nothing is more boring than to drink good wine alone," and tobacco spoiled the air in his room. During the first year the lawyer was sent books of a light character; novels with a cmplicated love interest, stories of crime and fantasy, comedies and so on.

In the second year the piano was heard no longer and the lawyer asked only for classics. In the fifth year, music was heard again, and the prisoner asked for wine. Those who watched him said that during the whole of that year he was only eating, drinking, and lying on his bed. He yawned often and talked angrily to himself. Books he did not read. Sometimes at nights he would sit down to write. He would write for a long time and tear it all up in the morning. More than once he was heard to weep.

In the second half of the sixth year, the prisoner began zealously to study languages, philosophy, and history. He fell on these subjects so hungrily that the bankers hardly had time to get books enough for him. In the *space* of four years about six hundred volumes were bought at his request. It was while that passion lasted that the banker received the following letter from the prisoner: "My dear jailer, I am writing these lines in six languages. Show them to experts. Let them read them. If they do not find one single mistake, I beg you to give orders to have a gun fired off in the garden. By the noise I shall know that my efforts have not been in vain. The geniuses of all ages and countries speak in different languages; but in them all burns the same flame. Oh, if you knew my heavenly happiness now that I can understand them!" The prisoner's desire was fulfilled. Two shots were fired in the garden by the banker's order.

Later on, after the tenth year, the lawyer sat immovable before his table and read only the *New Testament.* The banker found it strange that a man who in four years had mastered six hundred erudite volumes, should have spent nearly a year in reading one book, easy to understand and *by no means* thick.

The New Testament was then replaced by the history of religions and theology.

During the last two years of his confinement the prisoner read an extraordinary amount, quite haphazard. Now he would apply himself to the natural sciences, then he would read *Byron or Shakespeare*. Notes used to come from him in which he asked to be sent at the same time a book on chemistry, a text-book of medicine, a novel, and some treatise on philosophy or theology. He read as though he were swimming in the sea among broken pieces of wreckage, and in his desire to save his life was eagerly grasping one piece after another.

II.

The banker recalled all this, and thought:

"To-morrow at twelve o'clock he receives his freedom. Under the agreement, I shall have to pay him two millions. If I pay, it's all over with me. I am ruined for ever....."

Fifteen years before he had too many millions to count, but now he was afraid to ask himself which he had more of, money or debts. Gambling on the Stock-Exchange, risky speculation, and the recklessness of which he could not rid himself even in old age, had gradually brought his business to decay; and the fearless, self-confident, proud man of business had become an ordinary banker, trembling at every rise and fall in the market.

"That cursed bet," murmured the old man clutching his head in despair....."Why didn't the man die? He's only forty years old. He will take away my last farthing, marry, enjoy life, gamble on the Exchange, and I will look on like an envious beggar and hear the same words from him every day: 'I'm obliged to you for the happiness of my life. Let

me help you.' *No, it's too much!* The only escape from backruptcy and disgrace—is that the man should die."

The clock had just struck three. The banker was listening. In the house every one was asleep, and one could hear only the frozen trees whining outside the windows. Trying to make no sound, he took out of his safe the key of the door which had not been opened for fifteen years, put on his overcoat, and went out of the house. The garden was dark and cold. It was raining. A damp, penetrating wind howled in the garden and gave the trees no rest. Though he strained his eyes, the banker could see neither the ground, nor the white statues, nor the garden wing, nor the trees. Approaching the garden wing, he called the watchman twice. There was no answer. Evidently the watchman had taken shelter from the bad weather and was now asleep somewhere in the kitchen or the greenhouse.

"If I have the courage to fulfil my intention," thought the old man, "the suspicion will fall on the watchman first of all."

In the darkness he groped for the steps and the door and entered the hall of the garden-wing, then poked his way into a narrow passage and struck a match. Not a soul was there. Some one's bed, with no bedclothes on it, stood there, and an iron stove loomed dark in the corner. The seals on the door that led into the prisoner's room were unbroken.

When the match went out, the old man, trembling from agitation, peeped into the little window.

In the prisoner's room a candle was buring dimly. The prisoner himself sat by the table. Only his back, the hair on his head and his hands were visible. Open books were strewn about on the table, the two

chairs, and on the carpet near the table.

Five minutes passed and the prisoner never once stirred. Fifteen years' confinement had taught him to sit motionless. The banker tapped on the window with his finger, but the prisoner made no movement in reply. Then the banker cautiously tore the seals from the door and put the key into the lock. The rusty lock gave a hoarse groan and the door creaked. The banker expected instantly to hear a cry of surprise and the sound of steps. Three minutes passed and it was as quiet inside as it had been before. He made up his mind to enter.

Before the table sat a man, unlike an ordinary human being. It was a skeleton, with tight-drawn skin, with long curly hair like a woman's, and a shaggy beard. The colour of his face was yellow; of an earthly shade; the cheeks were sunken, the back long and narrow, and the hand upon which he leaned his hairy head was so lean and skinny that it was painful to look upon. His hair was already silvering with grey, and no one who glanced at the senile emaciation of the face would have believed that he was only forty years old. On the table, before his bended head, lay a sheet of paper on which something was written in a tiny hand.

"Poor devil," thought the banker, "he's asleep and probably seeing millions in his dreams. I have only to take and throw this half-dead thing on the bed, smother him a moment with the pillow, and the most careful examination will find no trace of unnatural death. But, first, let us read what he has written here."

The banker took the sheet from the table and read:

"To-morrow at twelve o'clock midnight, I shall

obtain my freedom and the right to mix with people. But before I leave this room and see the sun I think it necessary to say a few words to you. On my own clear conscience and before God who sees me I declare to you that I despise freedom, life, health, and all that your books call the blessings of the world.

"For fifteen years I have diligently studied earthly life. True, I saw neither the earth nor the people, but in your books I drank fragrant wine, sang songs, hunted deer and wild boar in the forests, loved women.....And beautiful women, like clouds ethereal, created by the magic of your poets' genius, visited me by night and whispered to me wonderful tales, which made my head drunken. In your books I climbed the summits of *Elbruz* and *Mont Blanc* and saw from there how the sun rose in the morning and in the evening suffused the sky, the ocean and the mountain ridges with a purple gold. I saw from there how above me lightnings glimmered, cleaving the clouds; I saw green forests, fields, rivers, lakes, cities; I heard sirens singing, and the playing of the pipes of *Pan;* I touched the wings of beautiful devils who came flying to me to speak of God.....In your books I cast myself into bottomless abysses, worked miracles, burned cities to the ground, preached new religions, conquered whole countries.....

"Your books gave me wisdom. All that unwearying human thought created in the centuries is compressed to a little lump in my skull. I know that I am cleverer than you all.

"And I despise your books, despise all worldly blessings and wisdom. Everything is void, frail, visionary and delusive as a *mirage.* Though you be proud and wise and beaufiful yet will death wipe you from the face of the earth like the mice underground;

and your posterity, your history, and the immortality of your men of genius will be as frozen slag, burnt down together with the *terrestrial globe.*

"You are mad, and gone the wrong way. You take falsehood for truth and ugliness for beauty. You would marvel if suddenly apple and orange trees should bear frogs and lizards instead of fruit, and if roses should begin to *breathe* the odour of a sweating horse. So do I marvel at you, who have bartered heaven for earth. I do not want to understand you.

"That I may show you in deed my contempt for that by which you live, I waive the two millions of which I once dreamed as of paradise, and which I now despise. That I may deprive myself of my right to them, I shall come out from here five minutes before the stipulated term, and thus shall violate the agreement."

When he had read, the banker put the sheet on the table kissed the head of the strange man, and began to weep. He went out of the wing. Never at any other time, not even after his terrible losses on the Exchange, had he felt such contempt for himself as now. Coming home, he lay down on his bed, but agitation and tears kept him a long time from sleeping.

The next morning the poor watchman came running to him and told him that they had seen the man who lived in the wing climb through the window into the garden. He had gone to the gate and disappeared. The banker instantly went with his servants to the wing and *established* the escape of his prisoner. To avoid unnecessary rumours he took the paper with the renunication from the table and, on his return, locked it in his safe.

capital punishment: 死刑; capital 有關生死的,致命的。 life-imprisonment : 終身監禁。 I bet you two millions (that) you wouldn't stick in a cell even for five years: 我料你決不願自禁在斗室之中,即使不過是五年的工夫。我可以拿二百萬....來打賭。〔例〕 I will bet fifty dollars that he will succeed。 Done!: (verbal adjective) 算數!就是這樣罷!(有接受或承諾賭賽的意思;例如 "A bet? Done!", "你要和我賭嗎? 我就和你賭!" stake: 賭。 beside himself with rapture: 他因爲喜極而發狂。 come to your senses: 你清醒過來。 stick it out: stick out = 堅抱着,亦作hold out; it 指被禁在斗室而言。 wing: 側軒,旁廳。 space: 時間。 New Testament: 詳 "The Book of Ruth" 註。 by no means: 決不,並不。 Byron: 詳 "My Native Land—Good Night" 註。 Shakespeare: 詳 "Emotion in Literature" 註。 No, it's too much: No, it is too much for me to bear。 Elbru : Caucasus 山的最高峯,約拔海一萬八千英尺。 Mont Blanc : Alps 山的最高峯,約拔海一萬五千英尺。 sirens: (希臘神話)海上的女神,用歌聲迷惑海上的航客,而使他們滅亡。 Pan: (希臘神話)司猶牧之神,人頭羊角,人身羊脚羊尾,吹着笛子。 mirage: 〔mirăzh'〕。 terrestrial gioble: 地球。 breathe: 發,散(指氣味)。 established: 證實。

英國文學

OF STUDIES

Francis Bacon

(1561—1626)

Bacon 是英國政治家,哲學家。側重經驗,發揚歸納的哲學。"Essays"是他的名著之一;共有五十多篇,多半論及社會,道德等問題;而文辭簡練,涵旨深遠;很像是箴銘,所以又叫作"Counsels Civil and Moral"。我們讀這本書,即使到十幾遍,還得要掩卷長思,而新的意思,仍會不時的發見。本篇是書中精華的一部份。他的重要著作,尚有 "The Advancement of Learning", "Novum Organum", "Instauratio Magna" 等。

OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of *particulars,* one by one; but the *general counsels,* and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are *learned.* To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the *humour* of the scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need *proyning* by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much *at large,* except they be *bounded in* by experience. Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use; but *that* is a wisdom *without* them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and *take for granted;* nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not *curiously;* and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; *else distilled books* are like common distilled waters, *flashy* things. Reading maketh a full man; *conference* a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he *had need have* a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a *present* wit; and if he

read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; *poets* witty; the mathematics subtile; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores.* Nay, there is no *stond* or impediment in the wit but may be *wrought out* by fit studies: *like as* diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the *stone* and *reins;* shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away *never so* little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the *schoolmen;* for they are *cymini sectores.* If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special *receipt.*

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particulars: (noun) 全部中的細目，意指下文的 affairs 而言。 general counsels: 事情的通盤籌劃。 learned: [lĕrn'ĕd] (adjective)。 humour: (亦作 humor) 癖性。 proyning: (古體) "proyne" 的 present participle; 卽 "prune" 的 present participle—"pruning"。 at large: 浮泛。 bounded in: 限制住，改正。 that: 牠的 antecedent 是 "use"。 without: 在....外，越出....範圍之外。 take for granted: 認....爲當然。 curiously: (廢辭) 綿密，精細; closely 或 attentively。 else: (adverb)。 distilled books: 如蒸溜水一般的書籍，就是書籍中的節本或選本。全句大意: Extracts are not so instructive and interesting as the original works。

flashy: tasteless 或 insipid。 conference: 譚話·對譚。 had need have: 必需有; had the need to have, 或 needed to have。 present: 立刻的,敏捷的,不假思索的。 poets: the works of poets, abeunt studia in mores: (拉丁) studies pass into the character; manners are influenced by studies; studies affect the habit or character。 stond: (noun) stand 的 (廢辭),困頓,頓挫; hindrance。 wrought out: worked out; 除去。 like as: in a like manner as; just as。 stone: 睪丸。 reins: (plural) 腎,腰部。 never so: (廢辭) however, ever so; [例] If your inside be never so beautiful, you must preserve a fair outside。 schoolmen: 中世紀歐洲各大學的教師;尤其是指當時的煩瑣哲學者 (scholastic philosophers, 用 Aristotle 的論理學,去研究基督教義的發展和牠的眞義)。 cymini sectores: (拉丁) splitters of hairs。 意指那些從事於過於細微的剖析的人, 卽上文的 schoolmen。 receipt: [rēsēt']。

FRIDAY AND THE BEAR

Daniel Defoe

(1659?—1731)

Defoe是英國文學史上第一個出現的小說家。他用清簡的文筆,描寫生活的面面;逼近現實,而能生動自然。在他二百五十幾種的著作中,"Robinson Crusoe" 是他的最大的成功。直到現在,牠還是一本極其流行的小說,——就在中國,也已經成爲學校裏最普徧的英文讀本了。這書裏的內容,可以不必再說;不過我們還須注意的,是牠暗中所示人們萬不可缺的堅忍耐勞的精神,和百折不撓的意志:就是Saxon民族所以成功的要素。法國大哲 Rousseau 甚至於說: "Robinson Crusoe" 是有益於兒童的唯一的讀物;在這一點上,不是 Aristotle 或近代任何作家所能及的。本篇是從牠第二部裏選出來的,因爲是片段的,所以看不出上面所說這書的用意;祇是只看他的文筆,已儘夠我們的玩味了。(原文上除 Friday 的話很多不合文法者外,其他各處所用的 verb 在 person, number 一方面的形式,和現在很不相同;茲悉照原文)。其他的名作,有 "Captain Singleton", "The Memoirs of a Cavalier", "The Journal of the Plague Year"。

FRIDAY AND THE BEAR

But never was a fight managed so hardily, and in such a surprising manner, as that which followed between Friday and the bear, which gave us all, though at first we were surprised and afraid for him, the greatest *diverson* imaginable. As the bear is a heavy, clumsy creature, and does not gallop as the wolf does, who is swift and light, so he has two particular qualities, which generally are the rule of his actions: first, as to men, who are not his proper prey; I say, not his proper prey, because, though I cannot say what excessive hunger might do, which was now their case, the ground being all covered with snow; but as to men, he does not usually attempt them, unless they first attack him. On the contrary, if you meet him in the woods, if you don't meddle with him, he won't meddle with you; but then you must take care to be very civil to him, and give him the road, for he is a very nice gentleman. *He won't go a step out of his way for a prince;* nay, if you are really afraid, your best way is to look another way, and keep going on; for sometimes if you stop; and stand still, and look steadily at him, he takes it for an affront; but if you throw or toss anything at him, and it hits him, though it were but a bit of a stick as big as your finger, he takes it for an affront, and sets all his other business aside to pursue his revenge; for he will have satisfaction in point of honour. That is his first quality; the next is, that if he be once affronted, he will never leave you, night or day, till he has his revenge, but follows, *at a good round rate,* till he overtakes you.

The bear was walking softly on, and offered to meddle with nobody till Friday, coming pretty near, calls to him, as if the bear could understand him,

"Hark ye, hark ye," says Friday, "me speakee wit you." We followed at a distance; for now being come down on the Gascoign side of the mountains, we were entered a vast great forest, where the country was plain and pretty open, though many trees in it scattered here and there.

Friday, who *had,* as we say, *the heels of the* bear, came up with him quickly, and takes up a great stone and throws at him, and hit him just on the head, but did him no more harm than if he had thrown it against a wall. But it *answered* Friday's *end,* for the rogue was so void of fear, that he did it purely to make the bear follow him, and show us some laugh, as he called it.

As soon as the bear felt the stone, and saw him, he turns about, and comes after him, taking devilish long strides and shuffling along at a strange rate, so as would have put a horse to a *middling gallop.* Away runs Friday, and takes his course as if he run towards us for help; so we all resolved to fire at once upon the bear, and deliver my man; though I was angry at him heartily for bringing the bear back upon us, when he was going about his own business another way; and especially I was angry, that he had turned the bear upon us, and then run away; and I called "You dog," said I, "is this your making us laugh? Come away, and take your horse, that we may shoot the creature." He hears me, and cries out, "No shoot, no shoot; stand still, you get much laugh." And as the nimble creature run two feet for the beast's *one,* he turned on a sudden, on one side of us, and seeing a great oak tree fit for his purpose, he *beckoned to* us to follow: and doubling his pace, he gets nimbly up the tree, laying his gun down upon the ground, at about five or six yards from the bottom of the tree.

The bear soon came to the tree, and we followed at a distance. The first thing he did, he stopped at the gun, smelt to it, but let it lie, and up he scrambles into the tree, climbing like a cat, though so monstrously heavy. I was amazed at the folly, as I thought it, of my man, and could not for my life see anything to laugh at yet, till seeing the bear get up the tree, we all rode nearer to him.

When we came to the tree, there was Friday got out to the small end of a large limb of the tree, and the bear got out to that part where the limb of the tree was weaker, "Ha!" says he to us, "now you see me teachee the bear dance." So he *falls a-jumping* and shaking the bough, at which the bear began to totter, but stood still, and began to look behind him, to see how he should get back. Then, indeed, we did laugh heartily. But Friday *had not done with him by a great deal.* When he sees him stand still, he calls out to him again, as if he had supposed the bear could speak English, "What, you no come farther? pray you come farther;" so he left jumping and shaking the tree; and the bear, just as if he had understood what he said, did come a little farther; then he fell a-jumping again, and the bear stopped again.

We thought now was a good time to knock him on the head, and I called to Friday to stand still, and we would shoot the bear; but he cried out earnestly, "O pray! O pray no shoot, me shoot by and then;" he whold have said by-and-by. However, to shorten the story, Friday danced so much, and the bear stood so ticklish, that we had laughing enough indeed, but still could not imagine what the fellow would *do:* for first we thought he depended upon shaking the bear off; and we found the bear was too cunning for that too; for he would not go out far enough to be thrown down,

but clings fast with his great broad claws and feet, so that we could not imagine what would be the end of it, and where the jest would be at last.

But Friday put us out of doubt quickly; for seeing the bear cling fast to the bough, and that he would not be persuaded to come any farther, "Well," says Friday, "you no come farther, me go, me go; you no come to me, me go come to you;" and upon this he goes out to the smallest end of the bough, where it would bend with his weight, and gently lets himself down by it, sliding down the bough till he came near enough to jump down on his feet and away he ran to his gun, takes it up, and stands still.

"Well," said I to him, "Friday, what will you do now? Why don't you shoot him?" "No shoot," says Friday, "no yet; me shoot now, me no kill; me stay, give you one more laugh." And indeed, so he did, as you will see presently; for when the bear sees his enemy gone, he comes back from the bough where he stood, but did it *mighty leisurely,* looking behind him every step, and coming backward till he got into the body of the tree; then *with the same hinder end foremost* he comes down the tree, grasping it with his claws, and moving one foot at a time, very leisurely. At this juncture, and just before he could set his hind feet upon the ground, Friday stepped up close to him, *clapped* the *muzzle* of *his piece* into his ear, and shot him dead as a stone.

Then the rogue turned about to see if we did not laugh; and when he saw we were pleased by our looks, he falls a-laughing himself very loud. "So we kill bear in my country," says Friday. "So you kill them?" says I; "why, you have no guns." "No," says he, "no gun, but shoot great much long arrow."

diversion: 消遣。 He won't go a step out of his way for a prince: The bear, even when he encounters a prince, will not make way for him。 at a good round rate: 快 ("round" = 快; 〔例〕 at a round trot)。 had the heels of: 越過。 answered: 償,達到。 end: 志願,目的。 middling gallop: The long strides of the bear out-gallop the horse. So the gallop of the horse is only of middling or second rate when compared with the unusual speed of the bear。 one: one foot。 beckoned to: 示意給....(招手或點頭)。 falls a-jumping: begins to jump。 had not done with him by a great deal: had still much more to do with the bear。 mighty leisurely: 不用氣力的。 with the same hinder end foremost: 熊下樹時,後身先下,和我們看見牠上樹時,同是後身在下。 clapped: put immediately。 muzzle: 鎗口。 his piece: 他的一桿 (鎗)。

THE STRULDBRUGS

Jonathan Swift

(1667—1745)

Jonathan Swift (1667—1745)是英國十八世紀的散文大家。他因一番的努力,在文壇上佔了重要的地位;却利用他的地位,去譏刺人類的通性,因而失了社會的同情。他從當時王黨(The Tories)的手中,攫得政權,却用這權力去攻擊從前援助他的人,但是他的幸運,仍操在那些人的手中。他又曾被兩個女子愛戀着,但他終於使那兩女子憂鬱以死,而使自己也受了非常的苦痛。他如此度過他的一生;所以因失望而怨憤,因怨憤而仇視人類,因仇視而必有所報復,那便一齊都從他的筆下發洩出來了。他的"Tale of a Tub", 譏諷宗教,科學,和哲學。他的名作"Gulliver's Travels", 則假理想的游記,掊擊社會上用來互相蒙蔽的習俗和風尙,而對人類下一總討伐。這兩篇作品,雖然把他位於英國罵世文學家中的首席;但是他有卓越的天才,徒爲用的不得其當,就好像利器操在兒童的手中,反因而犧牲了自己;這總是很可痛惜的事情。本篇選自那游記的第三部,可概見他的思想;文筆簡達,可見他的作風。

THE STRULDBRUGS

One day *in much good company* I was asked by a *person of quality*, whether I had seen any of *their Struldbrugs*, or Immortals. I said I had not, and desired he would expain to me what he meant by such an appellation applied to a mortal creature. He told me, that sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family with a red circular spot in the forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should never die. The spot, as he described it, was about the compass of a silver threepence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its colour; for at twelve years old it became green, so continued till five and twenty, then turned to a deep blue: at five and forty it grew coal black, and as large as an English shilling, but never admitted any further alteration. He said these *births* were so rare, that he did not believe there could be above eleven hundred struldbrugs of both sexes in the whole kingdom, of which he computed about fifty in the metropolis, and among the rest a young girl born about three years ago. That these productions were not peculiar to any family, but a mere effect of chance; and the children of the struldbrugs themselves, were equally mortal with the rest of the people.

After this perface, he gave me a particular account of the struldbrugs among them. He said they commonly acted like mortals, till about thirty years old, after which by degrees they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession: for otherwise there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few *to form a general observation by.* When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of

living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but uncapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort, and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and repine that others have gone to a harbour of rest, to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect. And for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common traditions than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance, *because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.*

If a struldbrug happen to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved of course by the *courtesy* of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore. For the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence, that those who are condemned without any fault of their own to a perpetual continuance in the world, should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife.

As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years, they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates, only a small

pittance is reserved for their support, and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period they *are held* incapable of any *employment of trust or profit,* they cannot purchase lands or take leases, neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any *cause,* either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of *meers* and bounds.

At ninety they lose their teeth and hair, they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue without increasing or diminishing. In talking they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason, they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

The language of this country being always upon the *flux,* the struldbrugs of one age do not understand those of another, neither are they able after two hundred years to hold any conversation with their neighbours the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country.

This was the account given me of the struldbrugs, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me at several times by some of my friends; but although they were told that I was a great traveller, and had seen all the world, they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question; only desired I would give them *slumskudask,*

which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law that strictly forbids it, because they are *provided for* by the public, although indeed with a very scanty allowance.

They are despised and hated by all sorts of people; when one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly; so that you may know their age by consulting the registry, which however hath not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least hath been destroyed by time or public disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are, is by asking them what kings or great persons they can remember, and then consulting history, for infallibly the last prince in their mind did not begin his reign after they were fourscore years old.

They were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld, and the women more horrible than the men. Besides the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described; and among half a dozen, I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them.

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in much good company: 和很體面的人在一起。 a person of quality: 上等人。 their struldbrugs: Laputa 島民中的 ghastly people。 births: people of such birth (abstract for concrete)。 to form a general observation by: to form a general observation by that scanty number。 because they want many bad qualities which abound in others: because they (those who turn to dotage) lack such

bad qualities as are found abundantly in others (those who do not turn to dotage)。 courtesy: 恩惠。 are held: 被當作,被視爲; 〔例〕They hold their lives cheap。 employment of trust or profit: (They are considered not fit to be employed in a position of great trust and high profit)。 cause: 案件(訴訟等)。 meers: (同 meres)境界(指土地)。 flux: 變遷。 slumskudask: a token of remembrance。 are provided for: 被贍養。

Samuel Johnson

(1700—1784)

Johnson 承襲古典文學的風氣,字句工整,辭意艱奧,典故淵博;但是他爲人勇敢而和善,能堅忍而有風趣,抱着很高的宗教精神。他的成爲十八世紀中葉英國文壇上的雄獅,並不是因爲他在文學上所有的造詣,却是由於他這種人格的影響。他曾用了七年的工夫,做了一部"Dictionary of the English Language"; 牠是英文字典的濫觴,有不可磨滅的價值。那時有一個 Earl of Chesterfield (就是 Philip Dormer Stanhope), 原先不很看得起 Johnson; 等到這部字典將近脫稿,他却在 "The World"報上,作了兩篇揄揚 Johnson 的文字。Johnson 深感不快,就寫給他這一封信。

LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD

"To the *Right Honourable* the Earl of Chesterfield.

"February 7, 1755.

"My Lord, I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of *The World,* that two *papers,* in which my Dictionary is recommended to the *publick,* were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to *acknowledge.*

"When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited *your Lordship,* I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your *address;* and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre;*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my *attendance* so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would *suffer* me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in publick, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, *be it* ever so little.

"Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, *to the verge of* publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

"*The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.*

"Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till *I am solitary, and can not impart it;* till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very *cynical asperity* not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Publick should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant.

"SAM JOHNSON."

Right Honourable: 對於高級官員的尊稱(放在他的官銜的前面，兩字的第一字母都大寫)。 The World: Edward Moore (1712—1757) 主編的定期刊物，Chesterfield 在裏邊發表過二十四篇文字。 papers: 論文，雜誌中的投稿。 publick: "public" 的古拼法。 to acknowledge: 感謝。 Your Lordship：對於貴族或在上者的尊稱；〔例〕your Majesty 或 his Lordship; (lordship, majesty 等字的第一字母須要大寫)。 address: 譚話的態度，應對的態度。 Le vainquer du vainquer de la terre: (法文) the conqueror of the conqueror of the world; (Johnson 有以國士自誇的意思)。 attendance: waiting

upon you. suffer: 聽,任; allow. be it: though it be. to the verge of: near. The....rocks: Virgil (70—19 B. C.) 是羅馬詩人,以詠史詩和田園詩著名;前者有 "Aeneid", 後者有 "Ecloque" (牧人歌)。在 "Ecloque" 的第二章裏, 曾謂愛情生長在燧石的當中 ("born on flinty rocks"), 蓋喻愛情之酷。Johnson 引用這詩,是說: As the shepherd found Love very cruel, so I found a Patron very cold and distant. I am solitary, and can not impart it: 指自己喪妻而言,意在責難 Lord Chesterfield 不早施實惠,可以讓他和他的夫人共享之。cynical asperity: surly harshness; 猜惡的粗暴。

William Wordsworth

(1770—1850)

Wordsworth是英國浪漫派的詩人;湖畔詩人 (Lake poets: Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth)之一。他愛好自然的景色,和平民的生活。他憑自己的眼光,去明細的觀玩他的對象,嘗味到牠的「美」;因而本着內心的同情,用着平易質樸的語言,吟詠成詩。他替詩歌開闢新的境地;是近代文學裏一個重要的人物。他的名作很多,以 "Dowden: Selections from Wordsworth" 和 "Arnlod: Poems of Wordsworth" 兩種選本爲最好。本篇是他的"Memorials of a Tour in Scotland" 裏的第八首。

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary *Highland* lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And signs a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the *Vale* profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest *Hebrides.*

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive *numbers* flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble *lay,*
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her sound could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

yon: (只用在詩裏) yonder。 Highland: Scotland 的西北部。 strain: 歌唱的調子。 vale: (多半只用在詩裏)valley。 Hebrides: 亦稱 Western Islands, Scotland 西北的海島，以風景著稱。 numbers: (複數) 詩的行或句; verses。 lay: (noun) 短歌。

MY NATIVE LAND—GOOD NIGHT

George Gordon, Lord Byron

(1788—1824)

才氣縱橫的 Byron, 不僅在詩歌裏,違反時代,違反社會,以追求快樂;他的實際生活,也是如此。他終於不能見容於祖國,而益自放浪,漫游歐洲,在意大利飄流的時間最久,最後還參加希臘的獨立戰爭,在軍中得了熱病而死。他的詩,情感奔放,脫稿後便不多修飾。Lafcadio Hearn 說: "Byron的詩句像鎔石;固爲一方面牠有熱有力,一方面又充滿了渣滓"。這却是很精到的批評。他的名作:短篇有 "Fare Thee Well", "She Walks in Beauty", "Know Ye the Land" 等; 長篇有 "Hours of Idleness", "Mazepa", "The Prisoner of Chillon", "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage", "Don Juan" 等。在 "Childe Harold" 一篇中, Byron 描寫自己的身世,托出自己的性情。本書所選的,尤能使讀者領會 1809 年 Byron 去國時的情緒。其中歷寫 page 和 yoeman 的眷懷鄉里,正是要反映出自己的飄然去國,而還唱着: "Why should I for others groan, when none will sigh for me?"。"Human Life" 一首,是選自 "Don Juan"; 也有深長的意味。

MY NATIVE LAND—GOOD NIGHT

1. Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the *breakers* roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My Native Land—Good Night!

2. A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the *main* and the skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

3. "Come hither, higher, my little *page;*
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon *scarce* can fly
More merrily along."

4. "Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind:
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and *One above.*

5. "My father blessed me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again."
"Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such Tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.

6. "Come hither, hither, my stanch *yeoman;*
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a *French foeman,*
Or shiver at the gale?"
"Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
will blanch a faithful cheek.

7. "My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?"
"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none *gainsay;*
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away."

8. And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again
He'd *tear* me where he stands.

9. *With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go*
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!
And when *you fail my sight,*
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves!
My Native Land—Good Night!

HUMAN LIFE

Between two worlds Life hovers like a star,
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lashed from the foam of ages; while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

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breaker: [brā'-] 激浪,碎波。 main: 大海,大洋。 my dog: Byron 指他的愛犬 Boatswain; 牠死後, Byron 爲之營墓於 Newstead 的花園。 page: 童僕; (Byron 指他的佃戶的兒子 Robert Rushton; 他跟着 Byron 出行,剛到 Gibraltar, 便起鄉土之思, Byron 立刻把他送回英國。Byron 很憐愛他,嘗對他的母親說: "I like him, because, like myself, he seems a friendless animal"). scarce: (adverb). One above: 指上帝。 mine own: my own eye. Yeoman: 僕。(Byron 指他的從僕 William Fletcher。Byron漫游各地,他總跟着;後來 Byron 死在 Missolonghi, 他還在身旁; 並且送他的主人的遺骸回英國)。 French foeman: 那時英法正在交戰,故云。 faithful cheek: yeoman's faith in his wife, shown on his face, gainsay: condemn. tear: 猛拉。 bark: 船。 with thee....mine: (可見 Byron 的 wild spirit). you fail my sight: 我看不見你。

Percy Byshhe Shelly

(1792—1822)

Shelly 也是浪漫派的詩人;也像 Byron, 愛慕自由,而反抗壓迫。但不像 Byron 那樣由於悲哀絕望而自暴棄,他却始終自尋慰藉於他所夢想的烏托邦裏。他天才豪逸,有豐富的感情,敏捷的反應,自然和人世的一切,都成了音樂的激動,去鼓起他的吟興;所以他那信手拈來的詩句,不但和諧天成,並且處處充分流露他的內心;而他的佳作,也都在短篇之中了。"The Cloud", "To the Skylark", "Ode to the West Wind" 等,和本書所選的幾首,非但是他的傑作,也是英國文學中最好的短詩。長詩有"Revolt of Islam"(指the revolt of humanity), "Prometheus Unbound"(指 the liberation of mankind)等;詩劇有 "Cenci"。

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's *being* mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdain'd its brother:
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet *violets sicken,*
Live within *the sense they quicken.*

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the *beloved's bed;*
And *so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,*
Love itself shall slumber on.

A *LAMENT*

I

O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—Oh never more!

II

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—Oh, never more!

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being: 指 spirit; 此行亦作 In one spirit meet and mingle。 sicken: 萎謝,凋殘。 the sense they quicken: 香堇所引起的感觸。 the beloved's bed: 指情人的墓。 so....on: and in this way love itself shall slumber on thy thoughts when thou art gone。 lament: 輓歌; (此歌哀悼人生寡永不再來的青春)。

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE

Oscar Wilde

(1856—1900)

Wilde是英國小說家,戲劇家。他痛心於人生的醜惡,想游離了現實:描寫着他的想像:來安慰自己和他人。所所他的作品,是幻想的,雕琢的,好奇的,更是富於架空技巧的(the art of lying)。他迴避了現實,創造出他自己所謂美的樂園;他是英國唯美主義文學的一個重要人物。他的生活很放浪;曾經因爲耽於男色,獲罪入獄,名譽上受了打擊。他這樣的過着漂泊浪漫的生涯,終於死在巴黎的旅舍中。本篇選自他的"Fairy Tales":替愛情設喻,以探討牠的眞義和代價;而他的作風,也約略可見了。他的重要著作:小說有"Dorian Gray";戲劇有 "Salome", "Lady Windermere's Fan", "The Ideal Husband"; 詩歌有"The Ballad Of Reading Gaol"; 敘記有"De Profundis"。

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE

OSCAR WILDE
1856—1900

"She said that she would dance with me if I brought her red roses," cried the young Student; "but in all my garden there is no red rose."

From her nest in the holm-oak tree the Nightingale heard him, and she looked out through the leaves, and wondered.

"No red rose in all my garden!" he cried, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears. "Ah, on what little things does happiness depend! I have read all that the wise men have written, and all the secrets of philosophy are mine, yet for want of a red rose is my life made wretched."

"Here at last is a true lover," said the Nightingale. "Night after night have I sung of him, though I knew him not: night after night have I told his story to the stars, and now I see him. His hair is dark as the hyacinth-blossom, and his lips are red as the rose of his desire; but passion has made his face like pale ivory, and *sorrow has set her seal upon his brow.*"

"The Prince gives a *ball* to-morrow night," murmurded the young Student, "and my love *will be of the company.* If I bring her a red rose she will dance with me till dawn. If I bring her a red rose, I shall hold her in my arms, and she will lean her head upon my shoulder, and her hand will be clasped in mine. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit lonely, and she will pass me by. She will have no heed of me, and my heart will break."

"Here indeed is the true lover," said the Nightingale. "What I sing of, he suffers: what is joy to me, to him is pain. Surely Love is a wonder-

ful thing. It is more precious than emeralds, and dearer than fine opals. Pearls and *pomegranates* cannot buy it, nor is it *set forth* in the market-place. It may not be purchased *of* the merchants, nor can it be weighed out in the *balance for gold.*"

"The musicians will sit in their gallery," said the young Student, "and play upon their stringed instruments, and my love will *dance to* the sound of the harp and the violin. She will dance so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor, and the *courtiers* in their gay dresses will throng round her. But with me she will not dance, for I have no red rose to give her;" and he flung himself down on the grass, and buried his face in his hands, and wept.

"Why is he weeping?" asked a little Green Lizard, as he ran past him with his tail in the air.

"Why, indeed?" said a Butterfly, who was fluttering about after a sunbeam.

"Why, indeed?" whispered a Daisy to his neighbour, in a soft, low voice.

"He is weeping for a red rose," said the Nightingale.

"For a red rose!" they cried; "how very ridiculous!" and the little Lizard, who was something of a cynic, laughed outright.

But the Nightingale understood the secret of the Student's sorrow, and she sat silent in the oak-tree, and thought about the mystery of Love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She passed through the grove like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed across the garden.

In the centre of the *grass-plot* was standing a beautiful Rose-tree, and when she saw it, she flew over to it, and *lit* upon a spray.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are white," it answered; "as white as the foam of the sea, and whiter than the snow upon the mountain. But go to my brother who grows round the old sun-dial, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing round the old sun-dial.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are yellow," it answered; "as yellow as the hair of the mermaiden who sits upon an amber throne, and yellower than the daffodil that blooms in the meadow before the mower comes with his *scythe*. But go to my brother who grows beneath the Student's window, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing beneath the Student's window.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are red," it answered; "as red as the feet of the dove, and redder than the great fans of coral that wave and wave in the ocean cavern. But the winter has chilled my veins, and the frost has nipped my buds, and the storm has broken my branches, and I shall have no roses at all this year."

"One red rose is all I want," cried the Nightingale. "Only one red rose! Is there any way by which I can get it?"

"There is a way," answered the Tree; "but it is

so terrible that I dare not tell it to you."

"Tell it to me," said the Nightingale, "I am not afraid."

"If you want a red rose," said the Tree, "you must build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with your own heart's-blood. You must sing to me with your breast against a thorn. All night long you must sing to me, and the thorn must pierce your heart, and your life-blood must flow into my veins, and become mine."

"Death is a great price to pay for a red rose," cried the Nightingale, "and Life is very dear to all. It is pleasant to sit in the green wood, and to watch the Sun in his chariot of gold, and the Moon in her chariot of pearl. Sweet is the scent of the hawthorn, and sweet are the bluebells that hide in the valley, and the *heather* that blows on the hill. Yet Love is better than Life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to the heart of a man?"

So she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She swept over the garden like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed through the grove.

The young Student was still lying on the grass, where she had left him, and the tears were not yet dry in his beautiful eyes.

"Be happy," cried the Nightingale, "be happy; you shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with my own heart's-blood. All that I ask of you in return is that you will be a true lover, for Love is wiser than Philosophy, though she is wise, and mightier than Power, though he is mighty. *Flame*-coloured are his wings, and coloured like flame is his body. His lips are sweet as honey, and his breath is like frank-incense."

The Student looked up from the grass, and listened, but he could not understand what the Nightingale was saying to him, for he only knew the things that are written down in books.

But the Oak-tree understood, and felt sad, for he was very fond of the little Nightingale who had built her nest in his branches.

"Sing me one last song," he whispered; "I shall feel very lonely when you are gone."

So the Nightingale sang to the Oak-tree, and her voice was like water bubbling from a silver jar.

When she had finished her song the Student got up, and pulled a note-book and a lead-pencil out of his pocket.

"She has form," he said to himself, as he walked away through the grove—"that cannot be denied her; but has she got feeling? I am afraid not. In fact, she is like most artists; she is all style, without any sincerity. She would not sacrifice herself for others. She thinks merely of music, and everybody knows that the arts are selfish. Still, it must be admitted that she has some beautiful notes in her voice. What a pity it is that they do not mean anything, or do any practical good." And he went into his room, and lay down on his little pallet-bed, and began to think of his love; and, after a time, he fell asleep.

And when the Moon shone in the heavens the Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree, and set her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang with her breast against the thorn, and the cold crystal Moon leaned down and listened. All night long she sang, and the thorn went deeper and deeper into her breast, and her life-blood ebbed away from her.

She sang first of the birth of love in the heart of a boy and a girl. And on the topmost spray of the

Rose-tree there blossomed a marvellous rose, petal followed petal, as song followed song. Pale was it, at first, as the mist that hangs over the river—pale as *the feet of the morning*, and silver as *the wings of the dawn*. As the shadow of a rose in a water-pool, so was the rose that blossomed on the topmost spray of the Tree.

But the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "*or* the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and louder and louder grew her song, for she sang of the birth of passion in the soul of a man and a maid.

And a delicate flush of pink came into the leaves of the rose, like the flush in the face of the bridegroom when he kisses the lips of the bride. But the thorn had not yet reached her heart, so the rose's heart remained white, for only a Nightingale's heart's-blood can crimson the heart of a rose.

And the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and the thorn touched her heart, and a fierce pang of pain shot through her. Bitter, bitter was the pain, and wilder and wilder grew her song, for she sang of the Love that is perfected by Death, of the Love that dies not in the tomb.

And the marvellous rose became crimson, like the rose of the eastern sky. Crimson was the girdle of petals, and crimson as a ruby was the heart.

But the Nightingale's voice grew fainter, and her

little wings began to beat, and a film came over her eyes. Fainter and fainter grew her song, and she felt something choking her in her throat.

Then she gave one last *burst* of music. The white Moon heard it, and she forgot the dawn, and lingered on in the sky. The red rose heard it, and it trembled all over with ecstasy, and opened its petals to the cold morning air. Echo bore it to her purple cavern in the hills, and woke the sleeping shepherds from their dream. It floated through the reeds of the river, and they carried its message to the sea.

"Look, look!" cried the Tree, "the rose is finished now;" but the Nightingale made no answer, for she was lying dead in the long grass, with the thorn in her heart.

And at noon the Student opened his window and looked out.

"Why, what a wonderful *piece* of luck!" he cried; "here is a red rose! I have never seen any rose like it in all my life. It is so beautiful that I am sure it has a long Latin name;" and he leaned down and plucked it.

Then he put on his hat, and ran up to the Professor's house with the rose in his hand.

The daughter of the Professor was sitting in the doorway winding blue silk on a reel, and her little dog was lying at her feet.

"You said that you would dance with me if I brought you a red rose," cried the Student. "Here is the reddest rose in all the world. You will wear it to-night next your heart, and as we dance together it will tell you how I love you."

But the girl frowned.

"I am afraid it will not *go with* my dress," she answered; "and, besides, the Chamberlain's nephew

has sent me some real jewels, and everybody knows that jewels cost far more than flowers."

"Well, *upon my word,* you are very ungrateful," said the Student angrily; and he threw the rose into the street, where it fell into the gutter, and a cart-wheel went over it.

"Ungrateful!" said the girl. "I tell you what, you are very rude; and, after all, who are you? Only a Student. Why, I don't believe you have even got silver buckles to your shoes as the Chamberlain's nepew has;" and she got up from her chair and went into the house.

"What a silly thing Love is," said the Student as he walked away. "It is not half as useful as Logic, for it does not prove anything, and it is always telling one of things that are not going to happen, and making one believe things that are not true. In fact, it is quite unpractical, and, as in this age to be practical is everything, I shall go back to Philosophy and study Metaphysics."

So he returned to his room and pulled out a great dusty book, and began to read.

Sorrow has set her seal upon his brow: 他 (學生)的眉峯愁鎖起來(重憂的表示)。 ball: 跳舞會。 will be of the company: 將在場,會到場。 pomegranates: 色似石榴子的紅寶石。 set forth: 陳列着。 of: from。 balance for gold: 秤黃金的天平。 dance to: 跳舞時候的步伐和....相合。 courtiers: 求愛的人,獻媚的人。 grass-plot: 卽 grass-plat。 lit: 和 "lighted" 都是 "light" 的 past participle。 scythe:

(sith)。 heather: 和 "heath" 通用。 flame: 指熱愛或情火。 the feet of the morning: 喻蒼白之色； the wings of the dawn: (參見上條)。 or. 否則。 burst: 激發(指聲音)。 piece: 此字有中文"件","張", "间", 等許多的意思；這裏可解爲 "場" 或 "番"。 go with: 相稱，相合。 upon my word: 亦作 "upon my word of honor", 的確，吾言不虛。

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

William Butler Yeats

(1865—)

Yeats 是愛爾蘭文學家。他最愛愛爾蘭的生活，和愛爾蘭的俚諺，想要努力於民間文學的整理和創作，去促成愛爾蘭的文藝復興；所以他常常被人視爲愛爾蘭獨立運動中文藝一方的指導。他很有 Celtic 民族的神祕氣息，他以爲：詩的世界中，瀰漫着和平的空氣；在那裏沒有一處，和平不是爲着快樂，戰爭不是爲着人生的幸福。他的文學使命，是要在他的詩中，盡力的宣揚這種的和平。他的著作，以詩爲最有名，尤其是短篇。本書所選的兩首，是他的傑構，已可以使我們很深的認識他了；詩劇，(poetic drama) 有 "The Countess Kathleen", "The Land of Heart's Desire"；散文有 "Fairy and Folk Tales", "Irish Representative Tales" 等。

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I will arise and go now, and go to *Innisfree,*
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the *bee-loud glade.*

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the *veils of the morning* to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water *lapping* with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep *heart's core.*

THE SONG OF THE OLD MOTHER

I rise in the dawn, and I kneel and blow
Till the seed of the fire flicker and glow.
And then I must scrub, and bake, and sweep
Till stars are beginning to blink and peep;
But the young lie long and *dream in their bed*
Of the matching of ribbons, the blue and the red,
And their day goes over in idleness,
And they sign if the wind but lift up a tress.
While I must work, because I am old
And the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold.

THE WHITE BIRDS

I *would* that we were, my beloved, white birds on

the foam of the sea!
We tire of the flame of the meteor, before it can fade and flee;
And the flame of the blue star of twilight, hung low on the rim of the sky,
Has awaked in our hearts, my beloved, a sadness that may not die.

A weariness comes from those dreamers, dew dabbled, the lily and rose;
Ah, dream not of *them,* my beloved, the flame of the meteor that goes,
Or the flame of the blue star that lingers hung low in the fall of the dew:
For I would we were changed to white birds on the wandering foam: I and you!

I am *haunted* by numberless islands, and many a *Danaan* shore,
Where Time would surely forget us, and Sorrow come near us no more;
Soon far from the rose and the lily, and *fret of the flames* would we be,
Were we only white birds, my beloved, buoyed out on the foam of the sea!

Innisfree: an islet off County Mayo on the west coast of Ireland。 bee-loud glade: 蜂喧的林間的空地;指 nine bean rows。 veils of morning: 晨光的紫微。 lapping: 徐拍(水波)。 heart's core: 衷心。 dream....red: 在夢中想到如何配合紅藍等色的 ribbons。 would: (transitive verb) 要,欲;願。 them: 指 the flame of the meteor 和 the flame of the blue star。 haunted: 陪伴。 Danaan: ('āän) Danaë 的 (詳 classical dictionary 或 Hawthorne: Wonder Book, "The Gorgon's Head")。 Fret of the flames: far from fret of the flames。 were we: if we were。

美國文學

LETTER TO HIS WIFE ON TAKING COMMAND OF THE ARMY

George Washington

(1732—1799)

Washington 是手創北美合衆國的大偉人。1775年六月十八的那一天，他被推爲 Continental Army的總司令。過了三天，正在戎馬倥傯的當口，他寫了這一封信，給他的夫人，以當永訣。字裏行間，有兒女的纏綿，有英雄的氣概，所以是一封不朽的妙札。

LETTER TO HIS WIFE ON TAKING COMMAND OF THE ARMY

My dearest: I *am* now *set down* to write to you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress that the whole army raised for the defense of the American *cause* shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a *trust* too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose.

You *might,* and I suppose did perceive, from the tenor of my letters, that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment without exposing my character to such censures as would have *reflected* dishonor *upon* myself, and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not, and ought not, to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. I shall

rely, therefore, confidently on that *providence* which has heretofore *preserved* and been bountiful to me, not doubting *but that* I shall return safe to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will *summon* your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen. My earnest and ardent desire is that you would persue any plan that is most likely to produce content, and a tolerable degree of tranquillity; as it must add greatly to my uneasy feelings to hear that you are dissatisfied or complaining at what I really could not avoid.

As life is always uncertain, and common prudence dictates to every man the necessity of settling his temporal concerns, while it is his power, and while the mind is calm and undisturbed, I have, since I came to this place (for I had not time to do it before I left home), got *Colonel* Pendleton to draft a will for me by the directions I gave him, *which will* I now enclose. The provision made for you in case of my death will, I hope, be agreeable.

I shall add nothing more, as I have several letters to write, but to desire that you will remember me to your friends, and to assure you that I am with the most unfeigned regard, my dear Patsy, your affectionate, etc.

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am set down: 和 "settle down" 意相似;安心去做……。

cause: 正義,義舉。　　trust: 任務,職務。　　mighi: might

perceive。 reflected upon: 加以，相加(惡意的)。 providence: 神明，天意。 preserved: 保護。 but that: 這兩字連用，常是放在否定辭(not)的後面，而他們本身却沒有什麼意義。例如 I do not believe but that he will succeed; I do not deny but that he is guilty。 summon: 鼓起，激起。 colonel: (kern'el)。 which: (demonstrative adjective) 形容 will; which will=and that will。

THE AMBITIOUS GUEST

Nathaniel Hawthorne

('804—1864)

Hawthorne 雖度着平淡的生活,却能憑幻想去默察人生。他尋着了人性的衝突,和靈魂的變化,而注意到眞知的問題。他用美麗而決不虛飾的文筆,只很忠實的描寫現實生活裏浪漫的部分,便已成了不朽的小說家。他的傑作,長篇有"The Scarlet Letter", "The Marble Faun", "The House of Seven Garbles" 等;短篇極多,有"Old Esther Dudley", "Rappaccini's Daughter", "Mrs. Bullfrog", "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment", "The Great Stone Face", "The Gentle Boy" 和本篇等。

THE AMBITIOUS GUEST

One September night a family had gathered round their hearth, and piled it high with the drift-wood of mountain streams, the dry cones of the pine, and the splintered ruins of great trees that had come crashing down the precipice. Up the chimney roared the fire, and brightened the room with its broad blaze. The faces of the father and mother had a sober gladness; the children laughed; the eldest daughter was the image of Happiness at seventeen; and the aged grandmother, who sat knitting in the warmest place, was the image of Happiness grown old. They had found the *"herb, heart's-ease,"* in the bleakest spot of all New England. This family were situated in the *Notch* of the White Hills, where the wind was sharp throughout the year, and pitilessly cold in the winter—giving their cottage all its fresh inclemency before it descended on the valley of the Saco. They dwelt in a cold spot and a dangerous one; for a mountain towered above their heads, so steep that the stones would often rumble down its sides and startle them at Midnight.

The daughter had just uttered some simple jest that filled them all with mirth, when the wind came through the Notch and seemed to pause before their cottage—rattling the door, with a sound of wailing and lamentation, before it passed into the valley. For a moment it saddened them, though there was nothing unusual in the tones. But the family were glad again when they perceived that the latch was lifted by some traveler, whose footsteps had been unheard amid the dreary blast which heralded his approach, and wailed as he was entering, and went moaning away from the door.

Though they dwelt in such a solitude, these

people held daily converse with the world. The romantic pass of the Notch is a great artery, through which the life-blood of internal commerce is continually throbbing between Maine, on one side, and the Green Mountains and the shores of the St. Lawrence, on the other. The stage-coach always *drew up* before the door of the cottage. The wayfarer, with no companion but his staff, paused here to exchange a word, that the sense of loneliness might not utterly overcome him ere he could pass through the cleft of the mountain, or reach the first house in the valley. And here the teamster, on his way to Portland market, would put up for the night; and, if a bachelor, might sit an hour beyond the usual bedtime, and steal a kiss from the mountain maid at parting. It was one of those primitive taverns where the traveler pays only for food and lodging, but meets with a homely kindness beyond all price. When the footsteps were heard, therefore, between the outer door and the inner one, the whole family rose up, grandmother, children, and all, as if about to welcome some one who belonged to them, and whose fate was linked with theirs.

The door was opened by a young man. His face at first wore the melancholy expression, almost despondency, of one who travels a wild and bleak road, at nightfall and alone, but soon brightened up when he saw the kindly warmth of his reception. He felt his heart spring forward to meet them all, from the old woman, who wiped a chair with her apron, to the little child that held out its arms to him. One glance and smile placed the stranger on a *footing* of *innocent familiarity* with the eldest daughter.

"Ah, this fire is the right thing!" cried he; "especially when there is such a pleasant circle round it. I am quite benumbed; for the Notch is just like

the pipe of a great pair of bellows: it has blown a terrible blast in my face all the way from Bartlett."

"Then you are going towards Vermont?" said the master of the house, as he helped to take a light knapsack off the young man's shoulders.

"Yes; to Burlington, and far enough beyond," replied he. "I meant to have been at Ethan Crawford's tonight: but a pedestrian lingers along such a road as this. It is no matter; for, when I saw this good fire, and all your cheerful faces, I felt as if you had kindled it *on purpose* for me, and were waiting my arrival. So I shall sit down among you, and make myself *at home*."

The frank-hearted stranger had just drawn his chair to the fire when something like a heavy foot step was heard without, rushing down the steep side of the mountain, as with long and rapid strides, and taking such a leap in passing the cottage as to strike the opposite precipice, The family held their breath, because they knew the sound, and their guest held his by instinct.

"The old mountain has thrown a stone at us, *for fear* we should forget him," said the landlord, recovering himself. "He sometimes nods his head and threatens to come down; but we are old neighbors, and agree together pretty well *upon the whole*. Besides we have a sure place of refuge *hard by* if he should be coming *in good earnest*."

Let us now suppose the stranger to have finished his supper of bear's meat; and, by his natural felicity of manner, to have placed himself on a footing of kindness with the whole family, so that they talked as freely together as if he belonged to their mountain brood. He was of a proud, yet gentle spirit—haughty and reserved among the rich and great; but

ever ready to stoop his head to the lowly cottage door, and be like a brother or a son at the poor man's fireside. In the household of the Notch he found warmth and simplicity of feeling, the pervading *intelligence* of New England and a *poetry* of native growth, which they had gathered when they little thought of it from the mountain peaks and *chasms*, and at the very threshold of their romantic and dangerous abode. He had traveled far and alone; his whole life, indeed, had been a solitary path; for, with the lofty caution of his nature, he had kept himself apart from those who might otherwise have been his companions. The family, too, though so kind and hospitable, had that consciousness of unity, among themselves, and separation from the world at large which, in every domestic circle, should still keep a holy place where no stranger may intrude. But this evening a prophetic sympathy impelled the refined and educated youth to pour out his heart before the simple mountaineers, and constrained them to answer him with the same free confidence. And thus it should have been. Is not the kindred of *a common fate* a closer tie than that of *birth?*

The secret of the young man's character was a high and abstracted ambition. He could have borne to live an undistinguished life, but not to be forgotten in the grave. Yearning desire had been transformed to hope; and hope, long cherished, had become like certainty that, obscurely as he journeyed now, a glory was to beam on all his pathway—though not, perhaps, while he was treading it. But when posterity should gaze back into the gloom of what was now the present, they would trace the brightness of his footsteps, brightening as meaner glories faded, and confess that a gifted one had passed from his cradle to

his tomb with none to recognize him.

"*As yet,*" cried the stranger—his cheek glowing and his eye flashing with enthusiasm— "as yet, I have done nothing. Were I to vanish from the earth tomorrow, none would know so much of me as you: that a nameless youth came up at nightfall from the valley of the Saco and opened his heart to you in the evening, and passed through the Notch by sunrise, and was seen no more. Not a soul would ask, 'Who was he? Whither did the wanderer go?' But I cannot die till I have achieved my destiny. Then, let Death come! I shall have built my monument!"

There was a continual flow of natural emotion, gushing forth amid abstracted *reverie,* which enabled the family to understand this young man's sentiments, though so foreign from their own. With quick sensibility of the *ludicrous,* he blushed at the ardor into which he had been betrayed.

"You laugh at me," said he, taking the eldest daughter's hand, and laughing himself. "You think my ambition as nonsensical as if I were to freeze myself to death on the top of Mount Washington, *only that* people might spy at me from the country round about. And, truly, that would be a noble pedestal for a man's statue!"

"It is better to sit here by this fire," answered the girl, blushing, "and be comfortable and contented, though nobody thinks about us."

"I suppose," said her father, after *a fit of musing,* "there is something natural in what the young man says; and if my mind had been turned that way, I might have felt just the same. It is strange, wife, how his talk has set my head running on things that are pretty certain never to come to pass."

"Perhaps they may," observed the wife. "Is the

man thinking what he will do when he is a widower?"

"No, no!" cried he, repelling the idea with reproachful kindness. "When I think of your death, Esther, I think of mine, too. But I was wishing we had a good farm in Bartlett, or Bethlehem, or Littleton, or some other township round the White Mountains; but not where they could tumble on our heads. I should want to stand well with my neighbors and be called squire, and sent to general court for a term or two; for a plain, honest man may do as much good there as a lawyer. And when I should be grown quite an old man, and you an old woman, so as not to be long apart, I might die happy enough in my bed, and leave you all crying around me. A slate gravestone would suit me as well as a marble one —with just my name and age, and a verse of a hymn, and something to let people know that I lived an honest man and died a Christian."

"There now!" exclaimed the stranger; "it is our nature to desire a monument, be it slate or marble, or a pillar of granite, or a glorious memory in the universal heart of man."

"We're in a strange way, tonight," said the wife, with tears in her eyes. "They say it's a sign of something, when folks' minds go a wandering *so*. Hark to the children!"

They listened accordingly. The younger children had been put to bed in another room, but with an open door between, so that they could be heard talking busily among themselves. *One and all* seemed to have caught the infection from the fireside circle, and were outvying each other in wild wishes, and childish projects of what they would do when they came to be men and women. At length a little boy, instead of addressing his brothers and sisters, called out to his

mother.

"I'll tell you what I wish, mother," cried he. "I want you and father and grandma'm, and all of us, and the stranger too, to start right away, and go and take a drink out of the basin of the Flume!"

Nobody could help laughing at the child's notion of leaving a warm bed, and dragging them from a cheerful fire, to visit the basin of the Flume—a brook, which tumbles over the precipice, deep within the Notch. The boy had hardly spoken when a wagon rattled along the road, and stopped a moment before the door. It appeared to contain two or three men, who were cheering their hearts with the rough chorus of a song, which resounded, in broken notes, between the cliffs, while the singers hesitated whether to continue their journey or put up here for the night.

"Father," said the girl, "they are calling you by name."

But the good man doubted whether they had really called him, and was unwilling to show himself too solicitous of gain by inviting people to *patronize* his house. He therefore did not hurry to the door: and the lash being soon applied, the travelers plunged into the Notch, still singing and laughing, though their music and mirth came back drearily from the heart of the mountain.

"There, mother!" cried the boy, again. "They'd have given us a ride to the Flume."

Again they laughed at the child's pertinacious fancy for a night ramble. But it happened that *a light cloud passed over the daughter's spirit;* she looked gravely into the fire, and drew a breath that was almost a sigh. *It forced its way,* in spite of a little struggle to repress it. Then starting and blushing, she looked quickly round the circle, as if

they caught a glimpse into her bosom. The stranger asked what she had been thinking of.

"Nothing," answered she, with a downcast smile. "Only I felt lonesome just then."

"Oh, I have always had a gift of feeling what is in other people's hearts," said he, half seriously. "Shall I tell the secrets of yours? For I know what to think when a young girl shivers by a warm hearth, and complains of lonesomeness at her mother's side. Shall I put these feelings into words?"

"They would not be a girl's feelings any longer if they could be put into words," replied the mountain nymph, laughing, but avoiding his eye.

All this was said apart. Perhaps a germ of love was springing in their hearts, so pure that it might blossom in paradise, since it could not be matured on earth; for women worship such gentle dignity as his; and the proud, contemplative, yet kindly soul is oftenest captivated by simplicity like hers. But while they spoke softly, and he was watching the happy sadness, the lightsome shadows, the shy yearnings of a maiden's nature, the wind through the Notch took a deeper and drearier sound. It seemed, as the fanciful stranger said, like the choral strain of the spirits of the blast, who in old Indian times had their dwelling among these mountains, and made their *heights and recesses* a sacred region. There was a wail along the road, as if a funeral were passing. To chase away the gloom the family threw pine branches on their fire, till the dry leaves crackled and the flame arose, discovering once again a scene of peace and humble happiness. The light hovered about them fondly, and caressed them all. There were the little faces of the children, peeping from their bed apart, and here the father's frame of strength, the mother's

subdued and *careful* mien, the high-browed youth, the budding girl, and the good old grandam, still knitting in the warmest place. The aged woman looked up from her task, and, with fingers ever busy, was the next to speak.

"Old folks have their *notions*," said she, "as well as young ones. You've been wishing and planning; and letting your heads run on one thing and another, till you've set my mind a-wandering too. Now what should an old woman wish for, when she can go but a step or two before she comes to her grave? Children, it will haunt me night and day till I tell you."

"What is it, mother?" cried the husband and wife at once.

Then the old woman, with an air of mystery which drew the circle closer round the fire, informed them that she had provided her grave-clothes some years before—a nice linen shroud, a cap with a muslin ruff, and everything of a finer sort than she had worn since her wedding day. But this evening an old superstition had strangely recurred to her. It used to be said, in her younger days, that if anything were amiss with a corpse, if only the ruff were not smooth, or the cap did not set right, the corpse in the coffin and beneath the clods would strive to put up its cold hands and arrange it. The *bare* thought made her nervous.

"Don't talk so, grandmother!" said the girl, shuddering.

"Now," continued the old woman, with *singular* earnestness, yet smiling strangely at her own folly—"I want one of you, my children—when your mother is dressed and in the coffin—I want one of you to hold a looking glass over my face. Who knows but I may take a glimpse at myself, and see whether all's

right?"

"Old and young, we dream of graves and monuments," murmured the stranger youth. "I wonder how mariners feel when the ship is sinking, and they, unknown and undistinguished, are to be buried together in the ocean—that wide and nameless *sepulcher?*"

For a moment the old woman's ghastly conception so engrossed the minds of her hearers that a sound abroad in the night, rising like the roar of a blast, had grown broad, deep, and terrible before the fated group were conscious of it. The house and all within it trembled; the foundations of the earth seemed to be shaken, as if this awful sound were the peal of the last trump. Young and old exchanged one *wild* glance, and remained an instant, pale, affrighted, without utterance, or power to move. Then the same shriek burst simultaneously from all their lips.

"The slide! The slide!"

The simplest words must intimate, but not portray, the unutterable horror of the catastrophe. The victims rushed from their cottage, and sought refuge in what they deemed a safer spot—where, in contemplation of such an emergency, a sort of barrier had been reared. Alas! they had quitted their security, and fled right into the pathway of destruction. Down came the whole side of the mountain, in a cataract of ruin. Just before it reached the house the stream broke into two branches—shivered not a window there, but overwhelmed the whole vicinity, blocked up the road, and annihilated everything in its dreadful course. Long ere the thunder of the great slide had ceased to roar among the mountains, the *mortal agony* had been endured, and the victims were

at peace. Their bodies were never found.

The next morning the light smoke was seen stealing from the cottage chimney up the mountain side. Within, the fire was yet smoldering on the hearth, and the chairs in a circle round it, as if the inhabitants had but gone forth to view the devastation of the slide, and would shortly return, to thank Heaven for their miraculous escape. All had left separate tokens, by which those who had known the family were made to shed a tear for each. Who has not heard their name? The story has been told far and wide, and will forever be a legend of these mountains. Poets have sung their fate.

There were circumstances which led some to suppose that a stranger had been received into the cottage on this awful night, and had shared the catastrophe of all its inmates. Others denied that there were sufficient grounds for such a conjecture. *Woe for* the high-souled youth, with his dream of Earthly Immortality! His name and *person* utterly unknown; his history, his way of life, his plans, a mystery never to be solved, his death and his existence equally a doubt! Whose was the agony of that death moment?

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herb, heart's ease: herb＝青草;在荒涼的 New England, 有青草的地方,便可說是有生氣的環境, 而這種的環境, 就是心境之所由慰安(猶中國人指忘憂草)。 notch: 山峽,谷道。 drew up: 停,止。 footing: 地位。 innocent familiarity: 天眞的(純潔的)親昵。 on purpose: 有意的,故意的。 at home: 不客氣,不拘禮。 for fear: "fear" (noun) 是 "for" 的 object; "We should forget him" (noun clause with its

introductory "that" omitted) 是 "fear" 的 appositive。 upon the whole: 自大體言之。 hard by: hard (adverb)甚，很；by (adverb) 近。 in good earnest: 眞，的確。 intelligence: 相互的了解；mutual understanding。 poetry: 風趣 (concrete noun used in abstract sense)。 chasm: [kazm]。 kindred: 類似，相同。 a common fate: 雙方所有相同的宿命。 birth: 門第，家世。 as yet: 一直到現在。 reverie: revery。 the ludicrous: 滑稽的人。 only that: "that"="so that" 或 "in order that" (introducing adverbial clause of purpose and qualifying "freeze"); "only" (adverb), qualifying "that"。 a fit of musing: 一番沈思。 so: (demonstrative adverb) in such a way。 one and all: every one 或 all。 patronize: 光顧，惠顧。 a light cloud passed over the daughter's spirit: 她的精神有些不快。 it: 指她的憂鬱。 forced its way: 意謂自然流露。 their heights and recesses: 山的高崗和山的幽谷。 subdued: 抑鬱的。 careful: 憂愁的。 notions: 漠然的思想。 bare: 僅僅的。 singular: 非常的。 sepulcher: (亦作 sepulchre) [-kēr]。 wild: 荒亂的。 mortal agony: 臨死前的苦痛。 woe for: 含有 "Woe is destined for" 的意思。 person: 品貌。

A PSALM OF LIFE

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

(1807—1882)

Longfellow 詩才豪放,能用簡潔流暢的字句,達出深刻而且眞實的情感。他所打動的,是人們的心,而不是人們的頭腦。但他並不歌詠人生的悲哀,而只是始終快樂的採取着日常生活的意義。他好像能用粗糙的線,織成錦繡;但這一幅錦繡,却不懸在貴族的廳堂,而放在平民的桌上。所以他是美國家庭唯一的愛友(美國人稱他做"our household poet"),也是促進美國人文學修養,以及調劑他們物質生活的一大功臣。當他還活着的時候,美國兒童,對於他的生辰,已有一番熱烈的慶祝。直到今日,幾乎凡在英文流行的地方,總見着他的詩集;並且不是關鎖在讀者的書橱裏,而是時常放在他們書案的上面。他的長篇名作,有 "Evangeline" "A Tale of Acadie", "The Song of Hiawatha";短篇有 "The Day Is Done", "It Is Not Always May", "The Skeleton in Armor" 和本書所選的兩首。

A PSALM OF LIFE

Tell me not, in mournful *numbers*,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that *slumbers*,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'ver pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on *the sands of time;*

Footprints, *that perhaps another,*
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,

A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

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numbers: 詩句,韻文。 slumbers: 怠惰。 Dust thou art, to dust returnest: 引用舊約聖經創世紀 (The Book of Genesis) 第三章第十九節語: "你本是塵土,仍必歸到塵土"。("Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return".) find: may find ("to-morrow" 的 verb)。 the sands of time: sands, 古代計時所用沙漏中的沙粒; the sands of time, 計時的沙粒,此處指人類的歷史而言。 that....again: that perhaps another, a forlorn and shipwrecked brother, sailing o'er life's solemn main, seeing that, shall take heart again。 a forlorn and shipwrecked brother: 指流離顛沛的人。 take heart again: 重新振起精神。

THE FOUNTAIN

James Russel Lowell

(1819—1891)

Lowell多才多藝;做過律師,又做過近代語言的教授;和駐西班牙的公使,而以詩文著名。他在詩裏歌詠自然的美麗和偉大,愛國精神的聖潔。他才思豐富,識見高遠,詞藻華麗;但是他的詩只能得着少數人的欣賞。他的名作;長篇有 "The Vision of Sir Launfal"; 短篇有 "To a Dandelion", "Indian Summer Reverie", "My Love" 和 "The Fountain" 等。

THE FOUNTAIN

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery.
Still climbing heavenward,
Never *aweary*—

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;—

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;—

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless *content,*
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;—

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be

Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

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aweary: 疲倦 (詩中用). motion thy rest: 源泉混混,不舍晝夜,其動也卽其息也. content: [-tent'] 滿足;滿意. thy element: thy make-up.

THE LADY, OR THE TIGER?

Fancis Richard Stockt n

(1834—1902)

Stockton以新聞記者而兼寫小說,慣用詼諧的文筆,描寫不可能的事情,去引起讀者暫時的置信;他的霹靂般的說明,又多半放在結尾,更能收着特殊的效力。"The Lady, or the Tiger"是他的名作。牠因爲有新穎的結構,才能很精刻的描寫女子的心理,又因爲有並無收場的結尾,更引起了讀者深長的玩味;但是牠的字句中間,又早已暗示了這故事的收場.這些都是值得注意的幾點。

THE LADY, OR THE TIGER?

In the very olden time, there lived a semi-barbaric king, whose ideas, though somewhat polished and sharpened by the progressiveness of distant Latin neighbors, were still *large, florid,* and untrammeled, as became the half of him which was barbaric. He was a man of exuberant fancy, and, withal, of an authority so irresistible that, at his will, he turned his varied fancies into facts. He was greatly given to *self-communing;* and, when he and himself agreed upon anything, the thing was done. When every member of his domestic and political systems moved smoothly in its appointed course, his nature was bland and *genial;* but whenever there was a little hitch, and some of his *orbs* got out of their orbits, he was blander and genial still, for nothing pleased him so much as to make the crooked straight, and crush down uneven places.

Among the borrowed notions by which his barbarism had become semified was that of the public arena, in which, by exhibitions of manly and beastly valor, the minds of his subjects were refined and cultured.

But even here the exuberant and barbaric fancy asserted itself. The arena of the king was built, not to give the people an opportunity of hearing the *rhapsodies* of dying gladiators, nor to enable them to view the inevitable conclusion of a conflict between *religious opinions* and *hungry jaws,* but for purposes far better adapted to widen and develop the mental energies of the people. This vast amphitheater, with its encircling galleries, its mysterious vaults, and its unseen passages, was an agent of *poetic justice,* in which crime was punished, or virtue rewarded, by the decrees of an impartial and incorruptible chance.

When a subject was accused of a crime of sufficient importance to interest the king, public notice was given that on an appointed day the fate of the accused person would be decided in the king's arena—a structure which well deserved its name; for, although its form and plan were borrowed from afar, its purpose emanated solely from the brain of this man, who, *every barleycorn a king*, knew no tradition *to* which he *owed* more *allegiance than pleased his fancy*, and who *ingrafted* on every adopted form of human thought and action the rich growth of his barbaric idealism.

When all the people had assembled in the galleries, and the king, surrounded by his court, sat high up on his throne of royal state on one side of the arena, he gave a signal, a door beneath him opened, and the accused subject stepped out into the amphitheater. Directly opposite him, on the other side of the enclosed space, were two doors, exactly alike and side by side. It was the duty and privilege of the person on trial to walk directly to these doors and open one of them. He could open either door he pleased: he was subject to no guidance or influence but that of the aforementioned impartial and incorruptible chance. If he opened the one, there came out of it a hungry tiger, the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured, which immediately sprang upon him, and tore him to pieces, as a punishment for his guilt. The moment that the case of the criminal was thus decided, doleful iron bells were clanged, great wails went up from the *hired mourners* posted on the outer rim of the arena, and the vast audience, with bowed heads and downcast hearts, *wended* slowly their homeward way, mourning greatly that one so young and *fair*, or so old and respected

should have merited so dire a fate.

But, if the accused person opened the other door, there came forth from it a lady, the most suitable to his years and station that his majesty could select among his fair subjects; and to this lady he was immediately married, as a reward of his innocence. It mattered not that he might already possess a wife and family, or that his affection might be engaged upon an *object* of his own selection: the king allowed no such subordinate arrangements to interfere with his great scheme of retribution and reward. The exercises, as in the other instance, took place immediately, and in the arena. Another door opened beneath the king, and a priest, followed by a band of choristers, and dancing maidens blowing joyous *airs* on golden horns and *treading an epithalamic measure,* advanced to where the pair stood, side by side; and the wedding was promptly and cheerily solemnized. Then the gay brass bells rang forth their merry peals, the people shouted glad hurrahs, and the innocent man, preceded by children strewing flowers on his path, led his bride to his home.

This was the king's semi-barbaric method of administering justice. Its perfect fairness is obvious. The criminal could not know out of which door would come the lady: he opened either he pleased, without having the slightest idea whether, in the next instant, he was to be devoured or married. On some occasions the tiger came out of one door, and on some out of the other. The decisions of this tribunal were not only fair, they were positively determinate: the accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty; and, if innocent, he was rewarded on the spot, whether he liked it or not. There was no

escape from the judgments of the king's arena.

The institution was a very popular one. When the people gathered together on one of the great trial days, they never knew whether they were to witness a bloody slaughter or a hilarious wedding. This element of uncertainty lent an interest to the occasion which it could not otherwise have attained. Thus, the masses were entertained and pleased and the thinking part of the community could bring no charge of unfairness against this plan; for did not the accused person have the whole matter in his own hands?

This semi-barbaric king had a daughter as *blooming* as his most florid fancies, and with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own. As is usual in such cases, she was *the apple of his eye,* and was loved by him above all humanity. Among his courtiers was a young man of that *fineness of blood* and lowness of station common to the conventional heroes of romance who love royal maidens. This royal maiden was well satisfied with her lover, for he was handsome and brave *to a degree* unsurpassed in all this kingdom; and she loved him with an ardor that had enough of barbarism in it to make it exceedingly warm and strong. This love affair moved on happily for many months, until one day the king happened to discover its existence. He did not hesitate nor waver in regard to his duty in the *premises.* The youth was immediately cast into prison, and a day was appointed for his trial in the king's arena. This, of course, was an especially important occasion; and his majesty, as well as all the people, was greatly interested in the workings and development of this trial. Never before had such a case occurred; never before had a subject dared to love the daughter of a king.

In after years such things became commonplace enough; but then they were, in no slight degree, *novel* and startling.

The tiger-cages of the kingdom were searched for the most savage and relentless beasts, from which the fiercest monster might be selected for the arena; and the ranks of maiden youth and beauty throughout the land were carefully surveyed by competent judges, in order that the young man might have a fitting bride in case fate did not determine for him a different destiny. Of course, everybody knew that the deed with which the accused was charged had been done. He had loved the princess, and neither he, she, nor any one else thought of denying the fact; but the king would not think of allowing any fact of this kind to interfere with the workings of the tribunal, in which he took such great delight and satisfaction. No matter how the affair turned out, the youth *would be disposed of;* and the king would take an *aesthetic pleasure* in watching the course of events, which would determine whether or not the young man had done wrong in allowing himself to love the princess.

The appointed day arrived. From far and near the people gathered, and thronged the great galleries of the arena; and crowds, unable to gain admittance, massed themselves against its outside walls. The king and his court were in their places, opposite the twin doors,—those fateful portals, so terrible in their similarity.

All was ready. The signal was given. A door beneath the royal party opened, and the lover of the princess walked into the arena. Tall, beautiful, fair, his appearance was greeted with a low hum of admiration and anxiety. Half the audience had not known so grand a youth had lived among them. No

wonder the princess loved him! What a terrible thing for him to be there!

As the youth advanced into the arena, he turned, as the custom was, to bow to the king: but he did not think at all of that royal personage; his eyes were fixed upon the princess, who sat to the right of her father. Had it not been for the *moiety* of barbarism in her nature, it is probable that lady would not have been there; but her intense and fervid soul would not allow her to be absent on an occasion in which she was so terribly interested. From the moment that the decree had gone forth, that her lover should decide his fate in the king's arena, she had thought of nothing, night or day, but this great event and the various subjects connected with it. Possessed of more power, influence, and force of character than any one who had ever before been interested in such a case, she had done what no other person had done,—she had possessed herself of the secret of the doors. She knew in which of the two rooms, that lay behind those doors, stood the cage of the tiger, with its open front, and in which waited the lady. Through these thick doors, heavily curtained with skins on the inside, it was impossible that any noise or suggestion should come from within to the person who should approach to raise the latch of one of them; but gold and the power of a woman's will had brought the secret to the princess.

And not only did she know in which stood the lady ready to emerge, all blushing and radiant, should her door be opened, but she knew who the lady was. It was one of the fairest and loveliest of the damsels of the court who had been selected as the reward of the accused youth, should he be proved innocent of the crime of *aspiring to one* so far above

him; and the princess hated her. Often had she seen, or imagined that she had seen, this fair creature throwing glances of admiration upon the person of her lover, and sometimes she thought these glances were perceived and even returned. Now and then she had seen them talking together; it was but for a moment or two, but much can be said in *a brief space;* it may have been on most unimportant topics, but how could she know that? The girl was lovely, but she had dared to raise her eyes to the loved one of the princess; and, with all the intensity of the savage blood transmitted to her through long lines of wholly barbaric ancestors, she hated the woman who blushed and trembled behind that silent door.

When her lover turned and looked at her, and his eye met hers as she sat there paler and whiter than any one in the vast ocean of anxious faces about her, he saw, by that power of quick perception which is given to *those whose souls are one,* that she knew behind which door crouched the tiger, and behind which stood the lady. He had expected her to know it. He understood her nature, and his soul was assured that she would never rest until she had made plain to herself this thing, hidden to all other lookers-on, even to the king. The only hope for the youth in which there was any element of certainty was based upon the success of the princess in discovering this mystery; and the moment he looked upon her, he saw she had succeeded, as in his soul he knew she would succeed.

Then it was that his quick and anxious glance asked the question: "Which?" It was as plain to her as if he shouted it from where he stood. There was not an instant to be lost. The question was asked *in a flash;* it must be answered in *another.*

Her right arm lay on the cushioned parapet before her. She raised her hand, and made a slight, quick movement toward the right. No one but her lover saw her. Everyeye but his was fixed on the man in the arena.

He turned, and with a firm and rapid step he walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed immovably upon that man. Without the slightest hesitation, he went to the door on the right, and opened it.

Now, the point of the story is this: Did the tiger come out of that door, or did the lady?

The more we reflect upon this question, the harder it is to answer. It involves a study of the human heart which leads us through *devious mazes* of passion, out of which it is difficult to find our way. Think of it, *fair reader*, not as if the decision of the question depended upon yourself, but upon that hot-blooded, semi barbaric princess, her soul at a *white heat* beneath the combined fires of despair and jealousy.

How often, in her waking hours, and in her dreams, had she started in wild horror, and covered her face with her hands as she thought of her lover opening the door on the other side of which waited the cruel fangs of the tiger!

But how much oftener had she seen him at the other door! How in her grievous reveries had she gnashed her teeth, and torn her hair, when she saw his start of rapturous delight as he opened the door of the lady! How her soul had burned in agony when she had seen him rush to meet that woman, with her flushing cheek and sparkling eye of triumph; when she had seen him lead her forth, his whole frame kindled with the joy of recovered life; when she had

heard the glad shouts from the multitude, and the wild ringing of the happy bells; when she had seen the priest, with his joyous followers, advance to the couple, and make them *man* and wife before her very eyes; and when she had seen them walk away together upon their path of flowers followed by the tremendous shouts of the hilarious multitude, in which her one despairing shriek was lost and drowned!

Would it not be better for him to die at once, and go to wait for her in the blessed regions of semi-barbaric futurity?

And yet, that awful tiger, those shrieks, that blood!

Her decision had been indicated in an instant, but it had been made after days and nights of anguished deliberation. She had known she would be asked, she had decided what she would answer, and, without the slightest hesitation, she had moved her hand to the right.

The question of her decision is one not to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to presume *to set myself up as* the one person able to answer it. And so I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door,—the lady, or the tiger?

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large: comprehensive, capacious; 博多；此處有蕪雜(not refined)之意. florid: superficial; 膚淺. self-communing: 指遇事只和自己商量. genial: [jēn'yal]. orbs: 就是上文所說的 "domestic and political systems". rhapsodies: 狂歌. religious opinions: 宗教的意見;基督教徒曾極端反對武場格鬥（人獸格鬥時,多以罪犯與猛獸鬥,基督教徒有懷牲性命以阻止之者). hungry jaws: 猛獸的口. poetic justice: 理想

的賞罰. barleycorn: 大麥的粒(每粒約長一英寸的三分之一). every barleycorn a king: 指他混身上下都是王, (喻其專制). owed allegiance to: 順從. than: 這字後面還有 "that which", 這裏刪去. pleased his fancy: 中他的意,投他的所好. ingrafted: 灌輸. hired mourners: 被僱來的哭喪者. wended: 走,行, ("wend" 的 past 有二:一是 "wended", 一是 "went"; 不過 "went" 現在已用做 "go" 的 past 了). fair: 女性的. object: 人物. airs: 歌曲,調子. treading an epithalamic measure: treading a measure 跳舞 (此處帶着祝賀新婚的歌曲). blooming: 豔麗如花. the apple of his eye: 他的瞳子,轉義爲他所鍾愛之物;(例) I keep it as the apple of my eye. fineness of blood: 貴胄. to a degree: 非常的; to a great degree. premises.建築物 (此字單數時, 不作此解) ;指 amphitheatre. novel: (adjective)新奇. to be disposed of: 被處治. aesthetic pleasure: (亦作 esthetic....) sublime pleasure. moiety: (-'ĕty) 一半,少許. aspiring to one: 對於某人,抱着熱望; 此處可解作想娶某人.(倘是所希望的較爲遠大,或較爲籠統,可用 to aspire after; (例) to aspire after greatness). a brief space: ("space" = 時間的 "間") 一個短的時間, = a short space of time. those whose souls are one: 互能了解的人, 精神一致的人. in a flash: 一剎那. another: another flash. devious mazes: 交錯的歧路. fair reader: 女讀者. white heat: 白熱度, intensest heat. man: husband. to set myself up as: 自稱爲,自命爲.

Lafcadio Hearn

(1850—1904)

Hearn是新聞記者,文學家,文藝批評家。他的父親是愛爾蘭人,母親是希臘人。他生長在希臘,不久就做了孤兒,身體羸弱,眼瞎了一隻。他却能努力奮鬪,在英法兩國讀書之後,便到美國 New Orleans 以及法屬 West Indies 等處,從事新聞事業。後來被某書局派到日本考察,就久住下來;娶了日本夫人,崇奉佛教,終於歸化日本,自名"小泉八雲"(Yakomo Koizumi)。歷任日本各學校英文文學教授,而死在日本。他觀察明晰,思想活潑,又有很高的描寫力;本人的文學主張,則傾向於浪漫主義。他又被認爲是西方人當中最能了解日本的一個。關於日本的著作,有 "Stray Leaves from Strange Literature", "Gleanings in Buddha Fields", "Ghostly Japan", "Hints and Echos of Japanese Inner Life" 等。此外如 "Life and Literature", "Interpretations of Literature", "Appreciation of Poetry", "A History of English Literature" 等,都是他的名著。本書所載 "Emotion in Literature" 是選自 "Life and Literature", "The Farewell Address" 是選自 "Interpretations of Literature"; 他的文學主張,可以概見了。

EMOTION IN LITERATURE

In all this lecture you must not forget my definition of literature as an art of emotional expression. And the first thing to be considered is the emotion itself, its value, its fugitive subtlety, and the extreme difficulty of "getting hold of it."

You might ask why I put the emotion before the sensation. Of course the sensation always precedes the emotion. The sensation means the first impression received from the senses, or the revival in memory of such an impression. The emotion is the feeling, very complex, that follows the sensation or impression. Do not forget this distinction; for it is very important indeed.

Now the reason why I am not going to say much to you about the sensation, is that if a sensation could be accurately described in words, the result would be something like a photograph, nothing more. You might say, a coloured photograph; and it is true that if we discover (as we shall certainly some day discover) the art of photographing in colours, such a coloured photograph would represent almost exactly a visual impression. But this would not be art. A photograph is not art; and the nearer that a painting resembles a photograph by its accuracy, the less it is likely to be worth much from the artistic point of view. To describe sensations would be no more literature in the higher sense, than a photograph could be called art in the higher sense. I shall therefore boldly take the position that literature is not a picture of sensations, but of emotions.

All this must be very fully illustrated. When I say "emotion" you perhaps think of tears, sorrow, regret. But this would be a mistake. Let us begin

by considering the very simplest kind of emotion—the emotion of a tree.

Two things happen when you look at a tree. First you have the picture of the tree reflected upon the brain through the medium of sight—that is to say, a little card picture, a little photograph of the tree. But even if you wanted to paint this image with words you could not do it; and if you could do it, the result would not be worth talking about. But almost as quickly, you receive a second impression, very different from the first. You observe that the tree gives you a peculiar feeling of some kind. The tree has a certain character, and this perception of the character of the tree, is the feeling or the emotion of the tree. That is what the artist looks for; and that is what the poet looks for.

But we must explain this a little more. Every object, animate or inanimate, causes a certain feeling within the person who observes it. Everything has a face. Whenever you meet a person for the first time, and look at the face of that person, you percieve an impression that is immediately followed by some kind of feeling. Either you like the face, or you dislike it, or it leaves in you a state of comparative indifference. We all know this in regard to faces; but only the artist and poet know it in regard to things And the difference between the great artist and the great poet and the rest of the world is only that the artist or the poet perceives the face of things, what is called the *physiognomy* of things—that is to say, their character. A tree, a mountain, a house, even a stone has a face and a character for the artistic eye. And we can train ourselves to see that character by pursuing the proper methods.

Now suppose that I were to ask all of you to

describe for me a certain tree in the garden of the University. I should expect that a majority among you would write very nearly the same thing. But would this be a proof that the tree had given to all of you the same kind of feeling? No. it would not mean anything of the sort. It would mean only that a majority among you had acquired habits of thinking and writing which are contrary to the principles of art. Most of you would describe the tree in nearly the same way, because, in the course of years of study, your minds have been filled with those forms of language commonly used to describe trees; you would remember the words of some famous poet or story-teller, and would use them as expressing your own feelings. But it is perfectly certain that they would not express your own feelings. Education usually teaches us to use the ideas and the language of other men to describe our feelings, and this habit is exactly contrary to every principle of art.

Now suppose there is one among you of a remarkably powerful talent of the poetical and artistic kind. His description of the tree would be startlingly different from that of the rest of you; it would surprise you all, so that you would have to look at the tree again in order to see whether the description was true. Then you would be still more astonished to find that it was much more true than any other; and then you would not only discover that he had enabled you to understand the tree in a new way, but also that the rest of you had but half seen it, and that your descriptions were all wrong. He would not have used the words of other men to describe the tree; he would have used his own, and they would be very simple words indeed, like the words of a child.

For the child is incomparably superior to the

average man in seeing the character of things; and the artist sees like the child. If I were to ask twenty little children—say, five or six years old—to look at the same tree that we were talking about, and to tell me what they think of it, I am sure that many of them would say wonderful things. They would come much nearer to the truth than the average university student, and this just *because of* their absolute innocence. To the child's imagination everything is alive—stones, trees, plants, even household objects. For him everything has a soul. He sees things quite differently from the man. Nor is this the only reason for the superiority of the child's powers of observation. His instinctive knowledge, the knowledge inherited from millions of past lives, is still fresh, not dulled by the weight of the myriad impressions of education and personal experience. Ask a child, for example, what he thinks of a certain stranger. He will look and say "I like him," or "I dislike him." Should you ask, "Why do you dislike that man?" the child, after some difficulty, will tell you that he does not like something in his face. Press the little fellow further to explain, and after a long and painful effort he will suddenly come out with a comparison of startling truth that will surprise you, showing that he has perceived something in the face that you did not see. This same instinctive power is the real power of the artist, and it is the power that distinguishes literature from mere writing. You will now better understand what I meant by saying that education will not teach a person how to make poetry, any more than a reading of books could teach a man how to make a table or a chair. The faculty of artistic seeing is independent of education, and must be cultivated outside of

education. Education has not made great writers. On the contrary, they have become great in spite of education. For the effect of education is necessarily to deaden and dull those primitive and instinctive feelings upon which the higher phases of emotional art depend. Knowledge can only be gained in most cases at the expense of certain very precious natural faculties. The man who is able to keep the freshness of the child in his mind and heart, notwithstanding all the knowledge that he absorbs, that is the man who is likely to perform great things in literature.

Now we have clearly defined what I mean by the feeling or emotion which the artist in literature must seek to catch and express. We took the simplest example possible, a tree. But everything, and every fancy, and every being, to be treated of in literature must be considered in precisely the same way. In all cases the object of the writer should be seize and fix the character of the thing, and he can do this only by expressing the exact feeling that the thing has produced in his mind. This is the main work of literature. It is very difficult. But why it is difficult we have not considered.

What happens when the feeling comes? You feel then a momentary *thrill* of pleasure or pain or fear or wonder; but this thrill passes away almost as suddenly as it comes. You can not write it down as fast as it vanishes. You are left then only with the sensation or first impression of the thing in your mind, and a mere memory of the feeling. In different natures the feeling is different, and it lasts longer in some than in others; but in all cases it passes away as rapidly as smoke, or perfume blown by a wind. If you think that anybody can put down on paper this feeling exactly as it is received,

immediately upon receiving it, you are much mistaken. This can be accomplished only by arduous labour. The labour is to revive the feeling.

At first you will be exactly in the condition of a person trying to remember a dream after waking up. All of us know how difficult it is to remember a dream. But by the help of the sensation, which was received during sleep, the feeling may be revived. My recommendation would be in such a case to write down immediately, as fully as you can, the circumstances and the cause of the emotion, and to try to describe the feeling as far as possible. It makes no difference then whether you write at all grammatically, nor whether you finish your sentences, nor whether you write backwards or forwards. The all-essential thing is to have notes of the experience. These notes should be the seed from which the plant will be made to grow and to blossom.

Reading over these quick notes, you will perceive that the feeling is faintly revived by them, especially by certain parts of them. But of course, except to you, the notes would still be of no possible value. The next work is to develop the notes, to arrange them in their natural order, and to construct the sentences in a correct way. While doing this you will find that a number of things come back to your mind which you had forgotten while making the notes. The development of the notes is likely to be four or five times longer, perhaps even ten times longer, than were the notes themselves. But now, reading over the new writing, you find that the feeling is not revived by it; the feeling has entirely vanished, and what you have written is likely to seem commonplace enough. A third writing you will find to better both the language and the thought, but perhaps the feeling does not

revive. A fourth and a fifth writing will involve an astonishing number of changes. For while engaged in this tiresome work, you are sure to find that a number of things which you have already written are not necessary, and you will also find that the most important things remaining have not been properly developed at all. While you are doing the work over again, new thoughts come; the whole thing changes shape, begins to be more compact, more strong and simple; and at last, to your delight, the feeling revives—nay, revives more strongly than at first, being enriched by new psychological relations. You will be surprised at the beauty of what you have done; but you must not trust the feeling then. Instead of immediately printing the thing, I should advise you to put it into a drawer, and leave it there for at least a month, without looking at it again. When you reread it after this interval, you are certain to find that you can perfect it a great deal more. After one or two further remodellings it will be perhaps the very best that you can do, and will give to others the same emotion that you yourself felt on first perceiving the fact or the object. The process is very much like that of focusing with a telescope. You know that you must pull the *tubing* out a little further, or push it in a little further, and then pull it again and then push it again many times before you can get the sharpest possible view of a distant object. Well, the literary artist has to do with language what the sight-seer must do with a telescope. And this is the first thing essential in any kind of literary composition. It is *drudgery*, I know; but there is no escape from it. Neither *Tennyson*, nor *Rossetti*, nor anybody else of great importance in English literature has been able to escape from it within our own day. Long practice

will not lighten this labour in the least. Your methods may become incomparably more skilful; but the actual volume of work will always be about the same.

I imagine that some of you might ask: "Is there no other way of expressing emotion or sentiment than that which you have been trying to describe to us? You say that the highest literature is emotional expression; but there is nothing more difficult than the work you have suggested; is there no other way?"

Yes, there is another way, and a way which I sometimes imagine is more in harmony with the character of the Japanese genius, and perhaps with the character of the Japanese language. But it is just as difficult; and it has this further disadvantage that it requires immense experience, as well as a very special talent. It is what has been called the impersonal method, though I am not sure that this title is a good one. Very few great writers have been able to succeed at it; and I think that these few have mostly been Frenchmen. And it is a method suitable only for prose.

An emotion may be either expressed or suggested. If it is difficult to express, it is at least quite as difficult to suggest; but if you can suggest it, the suggestion is apt to be even more powerful than the expression, because it leaves much more to the imagination. Of course you must remember that all literary art must be partly suggestive—do not forget that. But by the impersonal method, as it has been called, it becomes altogether suggestive. There is no expression of emotion by the writer at all—that is to say, by the narrator. Nevertheless the emotion comes as you read, and comes with extraordinary power. There is

only one very great writer of our own times who succeeded perfectly by this method—that was Guy de Maupassant.

A number of facts may be related, quite dispassionately and plainly, in such a manner as to arouse very great feeling; or a conversation may be so reported as to convey to the mind the exact feelings of the speakers, and even to suggest every look or action without any description at all. But you will see at once that the great difficulty here lies not so much in the choice of word values (although that also is indispensable) as in the choice of facts. You must become a perfect judge of the literary worth—I mean the emotional value—of the simplest fact in itself. Now a man who can make such judgments must have had a vast experience of life. He must have the dramatic faculty greatly developed. He must know the conversational peculiarities of the language of all classes. He must be able to group men and women by types. And I doubt very much whether any person can do this while he is young. In most cases the talent and capacity for it can develop only in middle life, because it is only by that time that a person could have the proper experience. Therefore I could not recommend an attempt to follow this method at the beginning of a literary career, though I should strongly recommend every conceivable cultivation of the powers which may render it possible. Remember that in addition to experience it requires a natural faculty of perception as vivid as that of a painter. I have mentioned one name only in relation to this kind of work, but I should also call your attention to such stories as those of *Prosper Merimee*—"Carmen," "Matteo Falcone." Occasionally you will find stories by *Daudet*, especially the little stories of the war be-

tween France and Germany, showing the method in question. But in these the style is usually somewhat mixed; there is some description attempted, showing a personal feeling. In the best work of Maupassant and of Merimee, the personal element entirely disappears. There is no description, except in some conversational passages put into the mouth of another person; there are only facts, but they are facts that *"take you by the throat,"* to use a familiar expression. I am quite sure that you are not yet quite satisfied by these definitions, or attempts at definitions, of the two working methods. I suppose that there are among you some good writers capable of writing in a few weeks, or even in a few days, a story which, if published in a Japanese periodical, would please thousands of readers, and would bring tears perhaps to many eyes. I do not doubt your powers to please the public, to excite their emotion, to strengthen their best sentiments; and I have said that it is the office of literature to do this. But if you ask me whether I would call this literature, I should answer "No; that is journalism. It is work which has been quickly and therefore imperfectly done. It is only the ore of literature; it is not literature in the true sense." But you will say, "The public calls it literature, accepts it as literature, pays for it as literature—what more do you want?"

I can best explain by an illustration. Next to the Greeks, the Arabs were perhaps the most skilful of poets and artists in describing beauty in words. Every part of the body had a beauty of a special kind; and this special beauty had a special name. Furthermore all beauty was classified, ranked. If a woman belonged to the first rank of beauty, she was called by a particular name, signifying that when you saw her the first time you were startled, and that

every time that you looked at her again after that, she seemed to become more and more and more beautiful until you doubted the reality of your own senses. A woman who belonged only to the second class of beauty, would charm you quite as much the first time that you saw her; but after that, when you looked at her again you would find that she was not so beautiful as you had thought at first. As for women of the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh classes of beauty, it is only necessary to say that the same rule *held good;* more and more defects would show themselves, according to the class, *upon familiarity.* Now the difference between cheap emotional literature of the journalistic sort and true literature, is exactly of the same kind. Cheap literature *pays* best for the time being, and great literature *scarcely* pays *at all.* But a great story written by a master seems more and more beautiful every time that you read it over again; and through generations and centuries it seems to be more and more beautiful to those who read it. But cheap literature, although it pleases even more the first time that it was read, shows defects upon a second reading, and more defects upon a third reading, and still more upon a fourth reading, until the appearance of the defects spoils all the pleasure of the reader, and he throws away the book or the story in disgust. So do the public act *in the long run.* What pleases them today they throw away tomorrow: and they are right in throwing it away, because it does not represent careful work.

One more general observation may be made, though you should remember that all general statements involve exceptions. But bearing this in mind, it is not too much to say that what are called classics in any language are *classics* because they represent

perfect workmanship, and that books which are not classics usually represent imperfect workmanship.

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physiognomy: 相,狀,貌(就是 character 的外表). because of: (prepositional phrase); "by reason of" 或 "by cause of". thrill: 感動. tubing: 管的一段,管的一節 (每節或每段的對徑,大小遞增). drudgery: (adjective). Tennyson: (詳見 "Farewell Address" 註). Rossetti, Dante Gabriel:(1828—1882) 英國 Victoria 時代的詩人,畫家,和 Pre-Raphaelite 運動的健將;他的詩含有畫意,是最堪注意的. Prosper Merimée: (1803—1870) 法國文學家,長於心理解剖,善批評,著作複雜,而以短篇的時聞最爲知名; "Matteo Falcone" 是他的短篇傑作. Daudet, Alphonse: (1840—1897)法國寫實主義的小說家;但他的作品裏,很有心靈的表現,可以說是內心與實質并重的. 短篇傑作有 "The Last Lesson". take you by the throat: hold your interest so intensely that you can scarcely find time to breathe. hold good: 有效,適用. upon familiarity: 由於相熟,相熟以後. pays: (廢辭) pleases, appeases 或 satisfies. scarcely at all: 全非 ("at all" 用在 negative 之後,以助語氣). in the long run: 到底,總之. classics: 國家或民族中,可以作爲模範的偉大著作.

FAREWELL ADDRESS

Now that the term comes to a close, I think that it would be well to talk about the possible values of the studies which we have made together, in relation to Japanese literature. For, as I have often said, the only value of foreign literary studies to you (using the word literary in the artistic sense) must be that of their effect upon your own capacity to make literature in your own tongue. Just as a Frenchman does not write English books or a German French books, except in the way of scientific treatise, so the Japanese scholar who makes literature will not waste time by attempting to make it in another language than his own. And as his own is so very differently constructed in all respects from the European language, he can scarcely hope to obtain much in the way of new form from the study of French or English or German. So I think that we may say the chief benefit of these studies to you must be in thought, imagination and feeling. From western thought and imagination and feeling very much indeed can be obtained which will prove helpful in enriching and strengthening the Japanese literature of the future. It is by such studies that all western languages obtain —and obtain continually—new life and strength. English literature owes something to almost every other literature, not only in Europe, but even in the whole civilised world. The same can be said of French and German literature—perhaps also, though in less degree, of modern Italian. But notice that the original plant is not altered by the *new sap;* it is only made stronger and able to bear finer flowers. As English literature remains essentially English in spite of the riches gained from all other literatures, so should future Japanese literature remain purely

Japanese, no matter how much benefit it may obtain from the ideas and the arts of the West.

If you were to ask me, however, whether I knew of any great changes so far, I fear that I should be obliged to say, "no." Up to the present I think that there has been a great deal of translation and imitation and adoption into Japanese, from western literatures, but I do not think that there has been what we call true assimilation. Literature must be creative, and borrowing, or imitating, or adapting material in the raw state—none of this is creative. Yet it is natural that things should be so. This is the period of assimilation; later on the fine result will show, when all this foreign material has been transmuted, within the crucible of literature, into purely Japanese materials. But this cannot be done quickly.

Now I want to say something about the manner in which I imagine that these changes, and a new literature, must come about. I believe that there will have to be a romantic movement in Japan, of a much more deep-reaching kind than may now appear credible. I think that—to say the strangest thing first—*the language of scholarship* will have to be thrown away for purposes of creative art. I think that a time must come when the scholar will not be ashamed to write in the language of the common people, to make it a vehicle of his best and strongest thought, to enter into competition with artists who would now be classed as uneducated, perhaps even vulgar men. Perhaps it will seem a strange thing to say, yet I think that there is no doubt about it. Very probably almost any university scholar consciously or unconsciously despises the colloquial art of the professional story teller and the writer of popular plays in popular speech; nevertheless, if we can judge at all

by the history of literary evolutions in other countries, it is the depised drama and the despised popular story and the vulgar song of the people which will prove the sources of future Japanese literature—a finer literature than any which has hitherto been produced.

I have not the slightest doubt that *Shakespeare* was considered very vulgar in the time when he wrote his plays—at least by common opinion. There were a few men intelligent enough to feel that his work was more alive than any other drama of the time. But these were exceptional men. And you know that in the eighteenth century the *classical spirit* was just as strong *in England* as it is now, or has been, in Japan. The reproach of the "vulgar," I mean the reproach of vulgarity, would have been brought in *Pope's* time against anybody who should have tried to write in the form which we now know to be much superior. I have told you also how the great literatures of France and Germany were obliged to pass through a revolution against classical forms, which revolution brought into existence the most glorious work, both in poetry and prose, that either country ever produced.

But remember how the revolution began to work in all these countries of the West. It began with a careful and loving study of the despised *oral literature* of the common people. It meant the descent of great scholars from their thrones of learning to mix with peasants and ignorant people, to speak their dialects, to sympathise with their simple but deep and true emotions. I do not say that the scholar went to live in a farmhouse, or to share the poverty and misery of the wretched in great cities; I mean only that he descended to them in spirit—sympathised with them

—conquered his prejudices—learned to love them for the simple goodness and the simple truth in their uneducated natures. I think I told you before that even at one period of the old Greek literature, the Greek had to do something of very nearly the same kind. So I say that, in my humble opinion, a future literature in this country must be more or less *founded* upon a sympathy with and a love for the common, ignorant people, the great mass of the national humanity.

Now let me try to explain how and why these things have come to pass in almost every civilised country. The natural tendency of society is to produce class distinctions, and everywhere the necessary tendency in the highest classes must be to conservatism —elegant conservatism. Conservatism and exclusiveness have their values; and I do not mean to suggest the least disrespect toward them. But conservatism invariably tends to fixity, to mannerisms, to a hard crystallisation. At length refined society *obliges* everybody to do and say according to rule—to express or to repress thought and feeling in the same way. Of course men's hearts can not be entirely changed by rule; but such a tyranny of custom can be made that everybody is afraid to express thought or to utter feeling in a really natural way. When life becomes intensely aritifcial, severely conventional, literature begins to die. Then, western experience shows that there is one cure; nothing can bring back the failing life except a frank return to the unconventional, a frank return to the life and thought of the common people, who represent after all the soil from which everything human springs. When a language becomes hopelessly petrified by rules, it can be softened and strengthened and vivified by taking it back to

its real source, the people, and soaking it there as in a bath. Everywhere this necessity has shown itself; everywhere it has been resisted with all the strength of pride and prejudice; but everywhere its outcome has been the same. French or German or English alike, after having exhausted all the resources of scholarship to perfect literature, have *found* literature beginning to dry and wither on their hands, and have been obliged to remove it from the atmosphere of the schools and to resurrect it by means of the literature of the ignorant. As this has happened everywhere else, I can not help believing that it must happen here.

Yet do not think that I mean to speak at all slightingly about the value of exact learning. Quite the contrary. I hold that it is the man of exact learning who best—providing that he has a sympathetic nature—can *master* to good result the common speech and the *unlettered* poetry. *A Cambridge* education, for example, did not prevent *Tennyson* from writing astonishing ballads or dramatic poems in ballad measure in the difficult dialect of the northern English peasant. Indeed, in English literature the great Romantic reformers were all, or nearly all, well schooled men, but they were men who had artistic spirit enough to conquer the prejudices with which they were born, and without heeding the mockery of their own class, bravely worked to extract from simple peasant lore those fresh beauties which give such desirable qualities to Victorian poetry. Indeed, some went further—*Sir Walter Scott,* for example, who rode about the country, going into the houses of the poorest people, eating with them and drinking with them, and everywhere coaxing them to sing him a song or tell him a story of the past. I suppose there were many people who would then have

laughed at Scott. But those little peasant songs which he picked out started the new English poetry. The whole *literary tone of the eighteenth century* was changed by them. Therefore I should certainly venture to hope that there yet may be a Japanese Walter Scott, whose learning will not prevent him from sympathising with the unlearned.

Now I have said quite enough on that subject; and I have ventured it only through a sense of duty. The rest of what I have to say refers only to literary work.

I suppose that most of you, on leaving the University, will step into some profession likely to absorb a great deal of your time. Under these circumstances *many a young man* who loves literature *resigns himself* foolishly to give up his *pleasures in this direction;* such young scholars imagine that they have no time now for poetry or romance or drama—not even for much private study. I think that this is a very great mistake, and that it is the busy man who can best give us new literature—with the *solitary* exception perhaps of poetry. Great poetry requires leisure, and much time for solitary thinking. But in other departments of literature I can assure you that the *men-of-letters* throughout the West have been, and still are, to a great extent, very busy men. Some are in the government service, some in post offices, some in the army and navy (and you know how busy military and naval officers have to be), some are bankers, judges, consuls, governors of provinces, even merchants—though these are few. The fact is that it is almost impossible for anybody to live merely by producing fine literature, and that the literary man must have, in most cases, an occupation. Every year the necessity for this becomes greater. But the

principle of literary work is really not to do much at one time, but to do a little at regular intervals. I doubt whether any of you can ever be so busy that you will not be able to spare twenty minutes or half an hour in the course of one day to literature. Even if you should give only ten minutes a day, that will mean a great deal at the end of the year. Put it in another way. Can you not write five lines of literary work daily? If you can, the question of being busy is settled at once. Multiply three hundred and sixty-five by five. That means a very respectable amount of work in twelve months. How much better if you could determine to write twenty or thirty lines every day. I hope that if any of you really love literature, you will remember these few words, and never think yourselves too busy to study a little, even though it be only for ten or fifteen minutes every day. And now good-bye.

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new sap：指文學的新生命。 the language of scholarship: 文言文。 Shakespeare, William: (1564—1616)家世貧寒，從鄉間來到倫敦，先在劇場演劇；後來試拿舊劇改編，很有相當成功；最後才成劇曲的創造者。他可說是英國文學的革命家：他有非常的天才，能洞察人生的微奧，而忠實的描寫出來。他被世人認爲人的最好的闡說者，第二的造物主，千心萬魂的詩人，世界文學史中第一偉大的人物。 classical spirit in England：十八世紀英國文學如 Gray, Collins, Burns, Thomson 的詩，和 Defoe, Richardson, Fielding 的初創的小說，都深含浪漫的意味，實同古典主義沒甚牽連。此處原文是特指那時的 Alexander Pope, John Dryden等而言。(詳較詳的英國文學史)。 Pope, Alexander: (1688—1744) 英國十八世紀詩人，最長於諷刺的作品；他側重理知和形式，蔑視感情和內容，所以是屬於古典主義。 oral literature: 白話的文學。 founded: (注意 "find" 的 past

和 past participle 是 "found"). obliges: 强迫. master: 精究. unlettered: 不文的,俚俗的. Cambridge: 英國劍橋大學的. Tennyson, Alfred: (1809—1892)英國 Victoria 時代的詩人; 他推有 Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, Blake, Coleridge, Keats, Shelly, Scott, Byron 諸家的長處,而他的對象,却是當時的社會的不當和社會的進化. 他最能接近並最能代表時代的精神所以也特別受民衆的歡迎. Sir Walter Scott: (1771—1832)英國浪漫主義文學期中的詩家和小說家. literary tone of the eighteenth century: 英國十八世紀文學的風氣,精神,或旨趣.(那時古典主義的文學極盛,所以用今日的眼光去評衡,文風可說是卑弱的,虛僞的或竟是墮落的). many a young man: 下面的 verb 是 singular number. resigns himself to: 甘受,甘心屈服. his pleasures in this direction: 指他在文學上可以享受着的快樂. solitary: 唯一的; = only. men of letters: 有學問的人 ("letters" 是複數).

勘誤表

頁	行	誤	正
1	13	媳	犯
10	11	sone	sons
10	14	woman	women
11	28	threshing-floor: 打殼場	threshingfloor: 打穀場
16	33	peison	poison
19	5	infinitive, "to"	infinitive "to",
19	9	professious	professions
19	15	(補)Eleven: 希臘法律，執行死刑時，所用以監察的board of police,其數爲十一人。	
21	20	lettetr	letter
24	10	room	room,
24	16	ackowledge	acknowledge
26	9	return,	return
26	26	Julie,	, Julie,
27	9	day to sham	days to shame
28	28	Anson,	Anson.
34	7	my	may
35	22	鐩	鐩
40	34	but	out
42	13	eschut-	escut-
49	15, 16	docter	doctor
53	5	pleasont	pleasant
55	4	flour	floor
55	7	chape	shape
57	3	customs	custom
59	9	skirit	skirt
60	13	"Impossiple"	"Impossible",
63	34	ressolvod	resolved
66	10	skifully	skilfully
74	20	addres-	address-
76	14	disrspectful	disrespectful
76	25	hopless	hopeless
96	6	envelpoing	enveloping
109	32	buring	burning
111	34	beaufiful	beautiful
112	34	renunication	renunciation
196	18	seize	to seize

孫寒冰　伍鑫甫

西洋文學名著選

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黎明書局出版

本書的內容，宗旨，和功效：—

本書所選，有歐美的論文，小說，詩歌，童話，書札，等名著三十幾篇，內容精湛，文辭優美。每篇並首列小序：略述作者的生平，思想，作風，和他的重要著作；末附註解：凡難字，奧句，習語，廢辭，發音等，詳釋以外，間附例證。原書大半已用作復旦大學預科英文文學一課的教材，經過兩年以上的試驗，實能促進學生了解英文的能力，閱讀英文的興趣，和他們對于文學的愛好。現在重加整理，以付剞劂。祂非但是大學預科，和高級中學極爲適用的課本，或補充讀物；也是自修英文的人最好的侶伴；而愛好文學之士，如果手此一篇，更遠勝讀那一般形骸僅存的中譯文學呢！

行爲主義的幼稚教育

華震原著　章益　潘洛基合譯　實價

研究心理學的人，若不懂得行爲主義，便算不得心理學者。從事於教育的人，若不明白心理學，尤其是以科學爲根據的行爲主義心理學，便祇是暗中摸索，不得門徑。本書著者爲行爲主義的鼻祖，將他歷年在心理實驗室的研究所得，溶會貫通，應用到實際教育上來，誠爲一切教師，每個母親，所應當人手一篇的佳構。今得章潘二先生，用簡明而正確的文字，譯出來，尤合大學及高中師範科參考之用。

行爲主義論戰

華震，麥獨孤著　黃維棻譯　實價三角

華震是行爲主義心理學的先鋒，麥獨孤是內省心理的大師，兩人是勁敵。他們的辯論多麼重要！研究心理學的，不可不看。有郭任遠先生的長序，更爲特色。

舊　歡

伍光建譯　　實價五角

譯學界老前輩伍先生，譯筆精密，而流暢自然；使讀者非僅提到了原著的精神，還可以欣賞文字的美妙。俱是他所譯的小說，如俠隱記，勞苦世界，山甯等，都是長篇；至於短篇，要算本書是第一種了。共有哈代，霍桑和幾位無名作家的舊歡，離婚，心獄，奪夫，聖水等精品五篇。凡愛讀伍先生譯文者，不要交臂失之。

萬能的人類

房龍著　伍況甫譯　　實價七角五分

房龍是世界著名的新史學家；這書又是房氏最近著述中最爲得意的傑作。書中從人類耳，目，口，鼻，手足，等部，叙述人類種種的發明；實在是最有趣味的人類史。譯筆精確；原書論到中國發明事件，很有失實的地方，更由譯者酌引本國典籍，以爲參校；附影印原圖二十五幅：凡此都更能十分增加讀者的興味。中學校用作科學常識的課本，或歷史的補充讀物，也是極其適宜的。

文化與文明

葉法無著　　實價四角五分

本書共分三篇：(一)斯實格拉的文化史觀及其批評，(二)蔓恩的文化思想及其批評，(三)克斯爾林的東西文化觀及其批評。以上三人，是近代所公認的大哲學家；他們論到精神文化和物質文明的演進，都各具眞知灼見；實在是研究文化史者不可不讀的書。

生理的三民主義

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本書是國立勞動大學復旦大學經濟學教授朱通九所著。暢論各種研究經濟學的科學方法，（如演繹法，歸納法，數量分析法，地域比較法，歷史法，辯證法等）並言其得失。從事經濟學者，均宜人手一編。

◘黎明小叢書——戰後經濟學之趨勢

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