

中学生英汉对照小读物

# 英语小品文荟萃

(二)

本书编委会编

ENGLISH  
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## A WET SUNDAY IN A COUNTRY INN

A wet Sunday in a country inn! Whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a halfdozing cow, chewing her cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, ut-

tered something every now and then between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hardened ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

by Washington Irving

## 乡村客栈一个阴雨的星期天

华盛顿·欧文

乡村客栈一个阴雨的星期天！凡有幸度过这样一天的人，都能体会我现在的处境。雨点子噼噼啪啪地打在窗子上；教堂里传来沉重的钟声，召唤人们去做礼拜。我走到窗前，想找一些赏心悦目的东西；但看来我已完全被摒于一切欢乐之外。从卧室的窗口望出去，是一片砖玉的屋顶和林立的烟囱；而从起居室的窗口往下看，则能望见整个马厩院子。我觉得再也没有比雨天的马厩院子更令人厌烦的了。遍地是淋湿了的稻草，被旅客和小马倌们踢得凌乱不堪。在院子的一角，一潭污水围着孤岛似的粪堆；几只几乎被雨水淋透的鸡簇拥在一辆马车底下，其中一只可怜的公鸡，倒垂着鸡冠，被淋得没精打彩，毫无生气；它那耷拉着的尾巴粘结在一起，仿佛只成了一根羽毛，雨水顺着它从背脊往下直淌；离马车不远处，有一头睡眼惺忪的奶牛，嘴里嚼着反刍的食物，默默地站在那里，任凭雨水打在身上，湿淋淋的背上冒出缭绕的水气；一匹眼珠小而眼白特



大的马厌倦了马厩的寂寞，把它那幽灵似的脑袋从窗口探了出来，屋檐上的雨水滴沥滴沥地落在它头上；一只不幸的杂种狗被链条拴在近旁的狗窝里，时时发出似吠似嚎的声音；一个邋邋厨娘拖着木屐，迈着沉重的步子在院子里进进出出，她那郁郁不乐的神色，就象阴沉的天气一样；总之，除了一群饱经风雨的鸭子，象饮酒作乐的朋友那样聚集在污水潭的四周呷呷嬉水而外，这儿的一切都令人感到凄凉和沮丧。

(蒋美陆 译)

## THE NIGHT STORM

One wintry evening a keen north wind arose as it grew dark, and night came on with black and dismal looks. A bitter storm of sleet, dense and ice—cold, swept the wet streets, and rattled on the trembling windows. Sign—boards, shaken past endurance in their creaking frames, fell crashing on the pavement; old tottering chimneys reeled and staggered in the blast; and many a steeple rocked again that night, as though the earth were troubled.

It was not a time for those, who could by any means get light and warmth, to brave the fury of the weather. In coffee—houses of the better sort, guests crowded round the fire, forgot to be political, and told each other with a secret gladness that the blast grew fiercer every minute. Each humble tavern by the waterside had its group of uncouth figures round the hearth, who talked of vessels foundering at sea, and all the hands lost; related many a dismal tale of shipwreck and drowned men, and hoped that some they knew were safe, and shook their heads in doubt. In private dwellings, children clustered near the blaze; listening with timid pleasure to tales of ghosts and goblins, and tall figures clad in white standing by bedsides, and people who had gone to sleep in old churches and being overlooked had found themselves alone there at the dead hour of the night, until they shuddered at the thought of the

dark rooms up—stairs, yet loved to hear the wind moan too, and hoped it would continue bravely. From time to time these happy in-door people stopped to listen, or one held up his finger and cried, “Hark!” And then above the rumbling in the chimney, and the fast pattering on the glass, was heard a wailing, rushing sound, which shook the walls as though a giant’s hand were on them; then a hoarse roar as if the sea had risen; then such a whirl and tumult that the air seemed mad and then, with a lengthened howl, the waves of wind swept on, and left a moment’s interval of rest.

Cheerily, though there were none abroad to see it, shone the May—pole Tavern light that evening Blessings on the deep—red, ruby—glowing—red, old curtains of the window, blending into one rich stream of brightness, fire an candle, meat, drink, and company, and gleaming like a jovial eye upon the bleak waste out of doors! Within, what carpet like its crunching sand, what music merry as its crackling logs, what perfume like its kitchen’s dainty breath, what weather genial as its hearty warmth! Blessings on the old house, how sturdily it stood! How did the vexed wind chafe and roar about its stalwart roof; how did it pant and strive with its wide chimneys, which still poured forth from their hospitable throats great clouds of smoke, and puffed defiance in its face; how, above all, did it drive and rattle at the casement, emulous to extinguish that cheerful glow, which would not be put down and seemed the brighter for the conflict.

## 夜间的风暴

查尔斯·狄更斯

一个冬天的傍晚，当天色渐渐暗下来时，刮起了凛冽的北风，接着夜晚带着阴沉忧郁的脸色降临了。刺骨的暴风夹着密集而寒冷的雨雪，扫过湿漉漉的街道，打得颤抖的窗子格格作响。在吱吱嘎嘎的框架里被摇撼得再也支撑不住了的招牌，哗啦啦跌落在人行道上；旧烟囱在狂风中晃动震颤，摇摇欲坠；那天夜里许多教堂的尖塔又摇晃起来，仿佛大地在动荡不安。

对于那些可以有点办法得到光明和温暖的人，这可不是出门去冒这样狂烈的风暴的时候，在比较象样的小饭馆里，顾客们团团围着烤火，他们把政治搁在一边，怀着暗暗的高兴互相诉说大风正一刻比一刻刮得更加凶猛。海滨的每一家简陋的小旅舍也都各自有它们的粗卤的顾客在炉火周围谈论着海上沉舟和全体船员无一生还的故事，叙述着一个又一个关于海滩和溺水而死的悲惨传说，同时希望其中他们所熟悉的那几个人平安无事，却双摇着头表示怀疑。在私人住宅里，孩子们聚集在熊熊的炉火旁，胆怯地但双兴致勃勃地听着故事，这些故事讲的尽是鬼怪呀，身材高大、穿着白衣、站在床边的人形呀，还有什么在旧教堂里有些人做礼拜时睡着了，没有被人注意到，到深夜一觉醒来，发现只剩下他们孤单单几个人在那儿。他们听着这些故事，一直听到当他们一想到楼上黑乎乎的房间就会不寒而慄，可是他们却也爱听大风呜咽地悲叹，并希望它能继续猛烈在吹下去。这些身在室内的幸运儿时而静下

来侧耳侧听，或者有人会竖起手指大喊一声说，“听！”于是在烟囱里的轰轰声和窗玻璃上急骤的啪嗒啪嗒声之上，听到了一个奔腾呼啸的声音，这声音摇撼着墙壁，犹如一个巨人在用手推动它们；然后是嘶哑的咆哮声，仿佛大海已经涌起；接着听到一阵回荡骚动的声音，仿佛空气发了疯；之后是一阵阵大风嚎着滚滚扫过，留下了暂时的宁静。

那天晚上虽然屋外并没有人看见，“五月柱”旅馆的灯光喜气洋洋地照耀着。忽而呈暗红色，忽而又变为明丽的红宝石色的旧窗帘是多么有福啊；因为它把炉火和烛光，酒和肉以及人群，融合成一股色彩缤纷的光流，而它自己却象一只充满欢乐的眼睛，对着户外凄凉萧瑟的荒野熠熠发光。在旅馆内部，有什么地毯能赛过它的嘎吱嘎吱响的泥沙地，有什么音乐能象它的哗哗卜卜爆响的木柴那样欢乐，有什么香味及得上它厨房里佳肴美馐的气味那样诱人，有什么气候比得上这里热情亲切、温暖似春！这栋旧房子是有福的，它巍然屹立着！任那恼怒的大风在它的结实的屋顶上暴跳如雷；任它气咻咻地与宽大的烟囱拼搏，烟囱照旧通过它们的宽广的喉咙大口大口地喷吐出浓烟，对风表示蔑视。那风又是怎样使出最大的劲冲着窗子猛吹，把窗子摇得咯噔咯噔响，一心要扑灭那团欢乐的火光呀！这本是它的首要目标。那团火光却不仅没有被扑灭，反而因为这场格斗而显得更加明亮欢快。

（呼华年译）

## HAMLET

The seeming inconsistencies in the conduct and character of Hamlet have long exercised the conjectural ingenuity of critics; and, as we are always loth to suppose that the cause of defective apprehension is in ourselves, the mystery has been too commonly explained by the very easy process of setting it down as in fact inexplicable, and by resolving the phenomenon into a misgrowth or lusus of the capricious and irregular genius of Shakespeare. The shallow and stupid arrogance of these vulgar and indolent decisions I would fain do my best to expose. I believe the character of Hamlet may be traced to Shakespeare's deep and accurate science in mental philosophy. Indeed, that this character must have some connection with the common fundamental laws of our nature may be assumed from the fact that Hamlet has been the darling of every country in which the literature of England has been fostered. In order to understand him, it is essential that we should reflect on the constitution of our own minds. Man is distinguished from the brute animals in proportion as thought prevails over sense; but in the healthy processes of the mind, a balance is constantly maintained between the impressions from outward objects and the inward operations of the intellect; — for if there be an over—balance in the contemplative faculty, man thereby becomes the centre of mere meditation, and loses his natural power of action. Now

one of Shakespeare's modes of creating characters is ,to conceive any one intellectual or moral faculty in morbid excess, and then to place himself, Shakespeare, thus mutilated or diseased, under given circumstances. In Hamlet he seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses and our meditation on the workings of our minds — an equilibrium between the real and the imaginary worlds. In Hamlet this balance is disturbed; his thoughts, and the images of his fancy ,are far more vivid than his actual perceptions, and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the medium of his con-templations, acquire, as they pass, a form and a colour not naturally their own. Hence we see a great, an almost enormous, intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakespeare places in circumstances under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment; — Hamlet is brave and careless of death, but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought , and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve. Thus it is that this tragedy presents a direct contrast to that of Macbeth; the one proceeds with the utmost slowness, the other with a crowded and breathless rapidity.

by John Ruskin

## 哈姆雷特

约翰·罗斯金

哈姆雷特的行动和性格似乎很不一致。长期以来，这已使文艺评论家绞尽脑汁，加以推测；而由于我们总是不愿设想，理解上存在缺陷的原因在于我们自身，所以通常都以一种非常简单的方式来解释这个奥秘，即把它看成实际上是无法说明的现象，并把这一现象归之于莎士比亚的变幻莫测和不同寻常的天才的畸形发展。对于这些卑俗和怠惰导致的结论所表现出来的浅薄而愚昧的狂妄态度，我愿尽力予以揭露。我相信哈姆雷特的性格植根于莎士比亚对心理学准确而深刻的认识。在每个受过英国文学熏陶的国家里，哈姆雷特都是人们心爱的人；从这个事实我们可以设想：哈姆雷特这个人物和我们性格中的共同基本规律，一定有某种联系。为了理解他，我们必须思考我们自己的心理构造。人和野兽的区别，同思想驾驭感官知觉的程度成正比。可是，在正常的思维活动过程中，外界事物所产生的印象和内心的智力活动之间经常保持平衡；因为，如果思维的机能占了优势，人就会变成思索的中心，而丧失了行动的本能。莎士比亚塑造人物的方式之一是：设想任何一种智能或精神官能处于不健康的过度发展状态，接着就把因此变得带有心理伤残或病态的他自己——莎士比亚——置于特定的环境之中。他似乎想以哈姆雷特为例，说明对感觉对象的注意和对心理活动的深思研究之间，也就是现实世界和想象世界之间，保持应有的平衡在精神上的必要性。在哈姆雷特身上，这种平衡被破坏了：他的思想，以及他幻想



的形象，比他实际感觉到的东西生动得多；而他所感觉到的那些东西本身，因为要立即通过一种媒介，即他的种种沉思，所以在通过的时候便获得了一种非其自身天然具有的形状和色彩。因此，我们见到一种巨大的、甚至是庞大无比的理性活动，我们还见到了随此理性活动产生，并与之成正比例的，对采取具体行动的反感，以及此反感的种种表现和固有特点。莎士比亚将这个人物置于特定的使他不能不在一时的冲动下行动的环境之中：哈姆雷特是勇敢的，他把生死置之度外，可是他由于过分敏感而动摇，由于思虑太多而拖延，由于致力于下决心而换掉了行动的力量。这就是这个悲剧和麦克佩斯的悲剧形成截然相反的对照的缘故：前者的发展过程极其缓慢，而后者则头绪纷繁，并且是以令人透不过气的速度展开的。