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POPULAR
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FOR
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上海
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出版
社

中级英语
名著选

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PREFACE

These selections are "popular" in the sense that they used to be reprinted in books of English reading for use in our middle schools. They are herein fully annotated chiefly for self-taught students who need more help than can be expected of the notes usually provided in school-books.

Since the reader does not necessarily read these selections in the order of their presentation, nor necessarily read all of them, I have written the notes on each as if it were in a separate book; I have neither included any cross-references nor omitted to explain a point merely because it has been explained in a previous selection.

The notes were mostly written for the first edition, which appeared as early as 1948. For this new edition I have improved many of these and added a number of new ones, especially concerning language points.

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1

DR SAMUEL JOHNSON

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

"Sam," said Mr Michael Johnson of Lichfield one morning, "I am very feeble and ailing today. You must go to Uttoxeter in my stead, and tend the bookstall in the market-place there".

The speaker was an elderly man, a bookseller in Lichfield, England, who used to go every market-day and sell books at a stall in the neighbouring village of Uttoxeter.

When Mr Michael Johnson spoke, Sam pouted and grumbled; then he looked his old father in the face, and said "Sir, I will not go to Uttoxeter market".

"Well, Sam", said Mr Johnson, as he took his hat and staff, "if, for the sake of your foolish pride, you can suffer your poor sick father to stand all day in the noise and confusion of the market, when he ought to be in his bed, I have no more to say. But you will think of this, Sam, when I am dead and gone!"

So the poor old man, perhaps with a tear in his

eye, certainly with sorrow in his heart, set forth to Uttoxeter. Sam looked after Mr Johnson with a sullen countenance until the latter was out of sight. But when the old man's figure, as he went stooping along the street, was no more to be seen, the boy's heart began to smite him.

His fancy tormented him with the image of his father standing in the market-place of Uttoxeter and offering his books to the noisy crowd around him. "My poor father! thought Sam to himself, "how his head will ache, and how heavy his heart will be! I am almost sorry that I did not do as he bade me."

Then the boy went to his mother, who was busy about the house. She did not know of what had passed between her husband and Sam.

"Mother," said he "did you think father seemed very ill, today?"

"Yes, Sam," answered his mother, turning with a flushed face from the fire, where she was cooking their scanty dinner, "your father did look very ill, and it is a pity he did not send you to Uttoxeter in his stead. You are a big boy now, and you would rejoice, I am sure, to do something for your poor father, who has done so much for you".

Sam spoke nothing in reply; but he thought within his own heart: "Oh, I have been a cruel son! God forgive me! God forgive me! Had he been truly sorry,

he would have hastened away that very moment to Uttoxeter, and have fallen at his father's feet, even in the midst of the crowded market-place. There he would have confessed his fault and besought Mr Johnson to go home and leave the rest of the day's work to him. But such was Sam's pride that he could not bring himself to yield.

Fifty years passed away. It was again market-day in the village of Uttoxeter. The streets were crowded with buyers and sellers. with cows, pigs, carts, and horses. In one place there was a puppet-show, with a ridiculous merry andrew, who kept the people in the roar of laughter.

At the busiest hour of the market—the hour before noon—a strange old gentleman was seen making his way among the crowd. He was tall and bulky, but he walked with a slouching gait, He wore a brown coat and small-clothes, with black worsted stockings and buckled shoes. On his head was a three-cornered hat, beneath which a bushy grey wig thrust itself out, all in disorder.

The old gentleman elbowed the people aside, and forced his way through the midst of them, rolling his body hither and thither, so that he needed twice as much room as any other person there. "Make way, sir!" he would cry out in a loud, harsh voice, when somebody happened to interrupt his progress, "sir, you

push forward your person into the public thoroughfare!"

"What a queer old fellow that is!" muttered the people among themselves, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to be angry. But when they looked into the venerable stranger's face, not the most thoughtless among them dared to offer him the least rudeness. There was in his look something of authority and wisdom which impressed them all with awe.

So they stood aside and let him pass; and the old gentleman made his way across the market-place, and paused near the corner of the ivy-mantled church. Just as he reached it, the clock stuck twelve.

On that very spot of ground where the stranger now stood, some aged people remembered that old Michael Johnson had formerly kept his bookstall. The children who had bought picture-books from him were now fathers and grandfathers.

"Yes, here is the very spot" muttered the old gentleman to himself. There this unknown personage took his stand, and removed the three-cornered hat from his head. It was the busiest hour of the day. What with the hum of the human voices, the lowing of cattle, the squeaking of pigs, and the laughter caused by the merry Andrew, the place was in very great confusion.

But the stranger seemed not to notice the bustle

any more than if the silence of a desert had been around him. He was wrapt in his own thoughts. Sometimes he raised his furrowed brow to heaven, as if in prayer; sometimes he bent his head, as if under a great weight of sorrow.

The hot sun blazed upon his unprotected head, but he seemed not to feel its fervour. A dark cloud swept across the sky, and raindrops pattered in the market-place; but the stranger heeded not the shower. The people began to gaze at the mysterious old gentleman with fear and wonder. Who could he be? Where had he come from? wherefore was he standing bareheaded in the market-place? Even the schoolboys left the merry andrew and came to gaze with open eyes at the tall, strange-looking old man.

There was a cattle dealer in the village who had recently made a journey to London. No sooner had this man forced his way through the throng, and taken a look at the unknown personage, than he whispered to one of his friends: "I say, neighbour Hutchins, would you like to know who this old gentleman is? "

"Ay, that I should;" replied neighbour Hutchins "for a queerer fellow I never saw in my life. somehow it makes me feel small to look at him. He is more than a common man".

"You may well say so" answered the cattle dealer. "why, that is the famous Doctor Samuel Johnson. who,

they say, is the greatest and the most learned man in England! I saw him one day in the streets of London walking with Mr Boswell."

Yes, the poor boy, the friendless Sam, had become the famous Doctor Samuel Johnson! He was generally considered the wisest man and the greatest writer then living in England.

He had³ given shape and permanence to his native language by his Dictionary. Thousands upon thousands of people had read his books. Noble and wealthy men and beautiful ladies were his companions. Even the king of Great Britain had sought his friendship, and had told him what an honour he considered it that such a man had been born in his dominions. He was now at the summit of literary fame.

But all his fame could not extinguish the bitter remembrance which had tormented him through life. Never had he forgotten his father's sorrowful look. Never, though the old man's troubles had been over for so many years, had the son forgiven himself for inflicting such a pang upon his heart.

And now in his old age he had come to the market-place of Uttoxeter to do penance by standing at noonday on the very spot where Michael Johnson had once kept his bookstall.

The aged and illustrious man had done what the poor boy had refused to do. By thus expressing his

deep repentance and humiliation of heart, he hoped to gain peace of conscience and forgiveness of God.

NOTES

Nathaniel [nə'θænjəl] Hawthorne [h'ɔ:θɔ:n]; (霍桑) 是美国小说家, 生于1804年, 卒于1864年。这篇文章记述了英国大文豪约翰逊 (Samuel ['sæmjʊəl] Johnson, 生于1709年, 卒于1784年) 的铁事。他因为在小时候违反了父亲的话而到老仍感觉不安。

Sam: 是“Samuel”的昵称。

Michael ['maɪkl]: Samuel Johnson 的父亲的名字。

Lichfield: 是英国 Staffordshire ['stæfədʒiə] 郡 (county) 的市镇, 是Johnson 的故乡。

ailing: 有病的。

Uttoxeter [ju:'tɒksɪtə; ʌ'tɒksɪtə]: Staffordshire 郡的市区, 当时是一个村。

in my stead = instead of me: 代替我。

tend: 照顾。是及物动词。在美国往往用作不及物动词, 后面接“to”; 如“to tend to the bookstall”。

used to...(infinitive): 惯常……这语指过去的习惯; 在现代英语中不用“use to...”来指现在的习惯。

pouted: 撅起他的嘴(表示不悦意)。

looked his old father in the face: 直视着他的年老的父亲。这里“looked”是及物动词。用“in the face”, 不用“in his face”。

for the sake of your foolish pride: 为了顾全你的愚笨的自尊心。

suffer: 容忍。这样用法的“suffer”现在很少见。一般用“allow”。

poor: 可怜的。

all day: 全天; 一天到晚。

when: 鉴于……。

in his bed, 躺在他床上(休息或养病)。

have no more to say: 没有别的话可以说。

this: 这件事(指儿子不听父亲的话, 竟然容忍有病的老父独自到 Uttoxeter)。

dead and gone: 死了(而一去不返)的。这语比单用“dead”语气重些。

a tear: 一滴泪。注意“tear”是“泪滴”, 是可数名词, 不指泪的物质。

set forth to: 动身到……去。“set forth”用作“动身”解现在很少见, 一般用“set out”。

looked after 望着……的背后。

countenance: 面容。是脸上的表情, 不仅是面孔

the latter: 指 Mr Johnson.

out of sight: 不再被看见了。

no more to be seen: 不能再被看见了。

the boy's heart began to smite him: 这男孩(指 Samuel Johnson)的心开始打动他了; 这男孩心里不安起来了。

His fancy tormented [to:'mentid] him with the image of: 他的想象力用了……的形象使他困苦; 他因为想象到了……的景象而心里痛苦。

heavy: 因悲伤而沉重的。

do as he bade [beid, bæd] me: 做他吩咐我(做)的事; 服从他。“bade”是“bid”的过去式, 现在都很少见, 一般用“tell”和“told”。

was busy about the house: 在家里忙来忙去(搞家务)。

know of: 这里的“of”可用可不用。

what had passed between: 在……中间发生过的事。

did look very ill: 确实在容貌上看来很有病。

“did look”比“looked”语气重。

pity: 可叹的事。后面省去连词“that”。“that...”是“it”的同位从句。“pity”这里是可数名词, 所以前面有“a”。

would rejoice: 感到愉快, 用“would”而不用“will”, 含着“实在没有这回事”的意思。“rejoice”后接的不定式“to do”表示原因。

God forgive me! 但愿上帝宽恕我! 这是祈愿句; 用现在虚拟语气的动词“forgive”, 不用“forgives”。

Had he been truly sorry = If he had been truly sorry: 实在并不“truly sorry”。

would have hastened away: 将曾经(实在不曾)匆匆地去。

that very moment: 就在那个时刻。

have fallen at his father's feet: (将), 曾经(实在不曾)伏倒在他的父亲的脚边。

would have confessed: 将曾经(实在不曾)承认。

leave the rest of the day's work to him: 把那天的工作的其余部分交给他。

such was Sam's pride that...: Sam 的自尊心是这样, 所以……; Sam 是这样地骄傲, 以至于……

bring himself to yield: 使自己让步(而去代父亲工作)。

It was again market-day, 注意“market-day”前没有“a”。“on election day”, “after graduation day”, “till shopping day”等中, 都没有“a”或“the”。

puppet-show: 傀儡戏, 木偶戏。

merry andrew ['ændru:]; 小丑。

kept the people in the roar of laughter: 使周围的人们继续大笑着。用“laughter”(不可数名词), 不用“laugh”(可数名词)。

hour: 时刻。

was seen making his way: 被人看见正在走着。

slouching gait: 萎靡不振的步态。

small-clothes: 英国十八世纪所穿的紧身短裤。

worsted ['wustid]: 羊毛的

three-cornered hat: 一种旧时盛行的帽子, 有三处向上竖起, 看似有三个角。

wig: 假发。

thrust: 这里是过去式。

all in disorder: 完全紊乱的。

forced his way: 挤向前去。

rolling his body hither and thither: 把他的身体滚来滚去。

so that: 因而; 所以。

he needed twice as much room as any other person there: 他需要在那里的任何别人(所需要的)两倍的空间。
“room”是不可数名词。

Make way: 让开。

would: 惯常……; 屡次。

happened to...(不定式); 恰巧……(不是故意的。)

person: 身体。

hardly knowing whether to laugh or to be angry:
几乎不知道该笑还是该怒; 几乎啼笑皆非。

looked into: 仔细看, 搞明白。

not the most thoughtless among them dared to
offer him the least rudeness: 即使他们中间的最轻率的人
也不敢给他一些无礼的举动。

look: 容貌。

which: 这个词的先行词是“something”。

impressed them all with awe: 使他们全部受到感动,
对他感到敬畏。注意“impress...”后面接介词“with”。

ivy-mantled: 被常青藤所包着的。

struck twelve: 敲出十二点钟。

On that very spot of ground, 就在那个地点。

aged [ˈeidʒɪd]: 老年的。

picture-books: 儿童看的完全是图画或图多字少的书。

took his stand: 立定。

what with: 因为。这短词后一般接不止一个宾语。

lowing: (牛)叫(声)。

squeaking: (猪)叫(声)。

seemed not to notice the bustle [bʌsl] any more
than if the silence of a desert [ˈdezət] had been around
him = seemed not to notice the bustle any more than
he would have done if the silence of a desert had been
around him: 似乎并不注意周围的忙乱情况, 正象倘若在他