



爱的教育

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[意] 德·亚米契斯/著



广州出版社

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广 州 出 版 社

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

爱的教育/(意)亚米契斯(Amicis,E. D.)著.
- 广州:广州出版社,2006.6
(世界文学名著全英文读本)

ISBN 7-80731-099-5

I. 爱… II. 亚… III. ①英语-语言读物②儿童
文学-日记体小说-意大利-近代 IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2006)第 068661 号

爱的教育

(意)埃德蒙多·德·亚米契斯(Amicis,E. D.)著

广州出版社出版发行
广州市人民中路同乐路 10 号
邮政编码 510121
上海星海印刷公司印刷
上海市浦东大道 1550 号
邮政编码 200135
各地新华书店经销

开本:889×1194 1/32 总印张:142.875 总字数:5866400

2006 年 9 月第 1 版 2006 年 9 月第 1 次印刷

ISBN 7-80731-099-5/H·2

总定价:200.00 元 (共十三册)

序言

世界文字名著是人类文化遗产中的一块瑰宝。在历史的长河中,世界文学名著的诸位作者,以其独具的慧眼、巧妙的构思、流畅的文笔以及逼真的刻画,为我们后人留下了宝贵的财富。我们所出版的这套《世界文学名著全英文读本》,正是对广大读者的一种奉献。

《世界文学名著全英文读本》奉献给读者的特点有其三:首先,这套名著作为英文版的原版图书,它既不做删节,也不做注释,更不做人为的改动。它忠实地尊重原著的风格,提供给读者的是原汁原味的原貌。其次,这套名著作为精选的图书,它是在请教了有关学者、专家和翻译人员后,结合译文本在我国读者中的影响力和受欢迎程度,从众多的名著中精心遴选出来的。再次,这套名著的出版,本着“以人为本”,在装帧上尽可能突出精美的特色,在价格上尽可能突出公道的定位理念。让读者在阅读名著的英文原著中,尽情地发挥各自的丰富想象,“窥一滴水而知大海”,以求对世界文化有个整体的了解。

呈上一套名著精选,愿您终生受益匪浅!

PREFACE

The world masterwork in the humanity cultural heritage is one part of the treasures. In historical perpetual flow, the authors of world masterworks with their discerning eyes, original in conception, writing with ease and grace, as well as lifelike description left the precious wealth to our posterity. We have published this set of 《World Masterworks in English Well-Selected》 as a great offer to the reading public.

《World Masterworks in English Well-Selected》 has its three characteristics. It takes the original English edition and it does not do deletes and also does not make any annotation and modification. It's true to the original style, the original taste and flavour original condition for the readers. Next, This set of 《World Masterworks in English Well-Selected》 has been elaborately selected from multitudinous masterworks according to the translated texts which have made great influence and favourable extent among readers in our country after consulting with the concerned scholars, the experts and the translation personnel. Lastly, in the light of the spirit of 《World Masterworks in English Well-Selected》 has been mounted and designed as far as possible prominent fine features as well as justice price idea. And it gives the rein to the readers' imagination by reading them. “ To get through a water drop but to know the sea ” is for us to have an overall understanding the world culture.

It is hoped that this set of 《World Masterworks in English Well-Selected》 will provide realistic masterwork enjoyments for readers for ever.

CONTENTS

October

The First Day of School	1
Our Master	3
An Accident	5
The Calabrian Boy	7
My Schoolmates	9
A GeneRous Deed	11
My Schoolmistress of the Upper First	13
In an Attig	16
The School	18
The Little Patriot of Padua	19
The Chimney-Sweep	22
The Day of the Dead	25

November.

My Friend Garrone	27
The Charcoal-Man and the Gentleman	29
My Brother's Schoolmistress	31
My Mother	35
My Friend Coretti	36
The Principal	40
The Soldiers	43
Nelli's Protector	45

The Head of the Class	48
The Little Vidette of Lombardy	50
The Poor	56

December.

The Trader	59
Vanity	61
The First Snow—Storm	63
Muratorino, the Little Mason	65

Contents.

A Snowball	68
The Schoolmistresses	71
The Wounded Man	73
The Little Florentine Scribe	75
Will	85
Gratitude	87

January

The Assistant Master	89
Stardi's Library	91
The Blacksmith's Son	93
A Fine Visit	96
The Funeral of Vittorio Emanuele	98
Franti Expelled from School	100
The Sardinian Drummer—Boy	102
The Love of Country	107
Envy	113
Franti's Mother	115
Hope	119

February.

A Medal Well Bestowed	122
Good Resolutions	125
The Train of Cars	127
Pride	129
The Wounds of Labor	132
The Prisoner	134
Daddy's Nurse	138
The Workshop	149
The Little Clown	150
The Last Day of the Carnival	157
The Blind Boys	160
The Sick Teacher	168
The Street	171

CONTENTS.

March.

The Evening School	173
The Fight	176
The Boys' Parents	178
Number 78	180
A Little Dead Boy	183
The Eve of the Fourteenth of March	185
The Distribution of Prizes	187
The Quarrel	193
My Sister	196
Blood of Romagna	197
The Little Mason on His Sick-Bed	207
Count Cavour	210

April.

Spring	213
King Umberto	215
The Infant Asylum	221
Gymnastics	226
My Father's Teacher	229
Convalescence	242
Friends Among the Workingmen	244
Garrone's Mother	246
Giuseppe Mazzini	248
Civic Valor	251

May.

Children with the Rickets	258
Sacrifice	260
The Fire	267
From the Apennines to the Andes	271
Summer	311
The Poetic Side	313
The Deaf-Mute	319

CONTENTS.

June.

Garibaldi	327
The Army	329
Italy	331
Thirty-Two Degrees	333
My Father	335
In the Country	337
The Distribution of Prizes to the Workingmen	342

My Dead Schoolmistress	345
Thanks	349
The Shipwreck	351

July.

The Last Page from my Mother	358
The Examinations	359
The Last Examination	362
Farewell	367



OCTOBER.

THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL.

Monday, 17th.

TO-DAY is the first day of school. The three months of vacation in the country have passed like a dream. This morning my mother took me to the Baretti schoolhouse to have me enter for the third elementary grade: I was thinking of the country, and went unwillingly.

The streets were swarming with boys: the two book-shops were thronged with fathers and mothers who were purchasing bags, portfolios, and copy-books, and in front of the school so many people had collected, that the beadle and the policeman found it hard to keep the entrance clear. Near the door, I felt myself touched on the shoulder: it was my master of the second grade, cheerful, as usual, and with his red hair ruffled. He said to me:—

“So we are to part forever, Enrico?”

I knew it well, yet the words pained me.

We made our way in with difficulty. Ladies, gentlemen, women of the people, workmen, officials, nuns, and servants, all leading boys with one hand, and holding the promotion books in the other, filled the anteroom and the stairs, making such a buzzing, that it seemed like entering a theatre. I was glad to see once more that large room on the ground floor, with the doors leading



OCTOBER.

to the seven classes, where I had passed nearly every day for three years. There was a throng of teachers going and coming. My schoolmistress of the first upper class greeted me from the door of the class-room, and said: —

“ Enrico, you are going to the floor above, this year. I shall not even see you pass by any more! ” And she gazed sadly at me.

The principal was surrounded by women who were much worried because there was no room for their sons; and it struck me that his beard was a little whiter than it had been last year. I found the boys had grown taller and stouter. On the ground floor, where the divisions had already been made, there were little children of the first and lowest section, who did not want to enter the class-rooms, and who pulled back like donkeys: they had to be dragged in by force, and some ran away from the benches; others, when they saw their parents leave, began to cry, and the parents had to go back and comfort them, or take them away; while the teachers were in despair.

My little brother was placed in the class of Mistress Delcati: I was put with Master Perboni, up stairs on the first floor.

At ten o'clock we were all in our classes: fifty-four of us; only fifteen or sixteen of my companions of the second class, among them, Derossi, the one who always gets the first prize.

The school seemed so small and gloomy to me when I thought of the woods and the mountains where I had passed the summer! I thought again, too, of my master in the second class, who was so



OUR MASTER.

good, and who always smiled at us, and was so small that he seemed to be one of us; and I grieved that I should no longer see him, with his tumbled red hair. Our present teacher is tall; he has no beard; his hair is gray and long; and he has a straight line running crosswise on his forehead. He has a big voice, and he looks at us fixedly, one after the other, as though he were reading our very thoughts; and he never smiles. I said to myself: "This is my first day. There are nine months more. What work, what monthly examinations, what weariness!" I wanted to see my mother when I came out, and I ran to kiss her hand! She said to me:—

"Courage, Enrico! we will study together." And I returned home content. But I no longer have my master, with his kind, merry smile, and school does not seem so nice to me as it did before.

OUR MASTER.

Tuesday, 18th.

I like my new teacher too, since this morning. While we were coming in, and when he was already seated, some of his scholars of last year every now and then peeped in at the door to salute him; they would present themselves and greet him:—

"Good morning, Signor Teacher!" "Good morning, Signor Perboni!"

Some came in, touched his hand, and ran away. It was plain that they liked him, and would have



OCTOBER.

been glad to return to him. He responded, "Good morning," and shook the hands which were held out to him, but he looked at no one; at every greeting his smile remained serious, with that deep wrinkle on his brow, with his face turned towards the window, and staring at the roof of the house opposite; and instead of being cheered by these greetings, he seemed to suffer from them. Then he looked at us closely, one after the other. While he was dictating, he got down and walked among the benches. Catching sight of a boy whose face was all red with little pimples, he stopped dictating, took the lad's face between his hands and examined it; then he asked him what was the matter with him, and laid his hand on his forehead, to feel if it were hot. Meanwhile, a boy behind him got up on the bench, and began to play the marionette. The teacher turned round suddenly; the boy sat down at one dash, and remained there, with head hanging, in dread of being punished. The master placed one hand on his head and said to him:—

"Don't do so again." Nothing more.

Then he returned to his table and finished the dictation. When he was done, he looked at us a moment in silence; then he said, very, very slowly, with his big but kind voice:—

"Listen. We have a year to pass together; let us see that we pass it well. Study and be good. I have no family; you are my family. Last year I had a mother; she is dead. I am left alone. I have no one but you in all the world; I have no other affection, no other thought than you: you must be my sons. I wish you well, and you must like me



AN ACCIDENT.

too. I do not wish to be obliged to punish any one. Show me that you are boys of heart: our school shall be a family, and you shall be my comfort and my pride. I do not ask you to give me a promise; I am sure that in your hearts you have already answered 'yes,' and I thank you."

Just then the beadle came in to announce the close of school. We all left our seats as quietly as could be. The boy who had stood up on the bench went up to the master, and said to him, in a trembling voice:—

"Forgive me, Signor Master."

The master kissed him on the brow, and said, "Go, my son."

AN ACCIDENT.

Friday, 21st.

The year has begun with an accident. On my way to school this morning I was repeating to my father the words of our teacher, when we noticed that the street was full of people, who were pressing close to the door of the schoolhouse. Suddenly my father said:—

"An accident! The year is beginning badly!"

We passed through with some difficulty. The big hall was crowded with parents and children, whom the teachers had not succeeded in placing in the class-rooms, and all were turning towards the principal's room, and we heard the words, "Poor boy! Poor Robetti!"

Over their heads, at the end of the room, we could see the helmet of a policeman, and the bald



OCTOBER.

head of the principal; then a gentleman with a tall hat entered, and all said, "That is the doctor." My father inquired of a master, "What has happened?" — "A wheel has passed over his foot," replied the latter. "His foot has been crushed," said another. He was a boy belonging to the second class, who, on his way to school through the Dora Grossa street, seeing a little child of the lowest class, who had run away from its mother, fall down in the middle of the street, a few paces from an omnibus which was bearing down upon it, had hastened forward boldly, caught up the child, and placed it in safety; but, as he had not withdrawn his own foot quickly enough, the wheel of the omnibus had passed over it. He is the son of a captain of artillery.

While we were being told this, a woman entered the big hall, like mad, and forced her way through the crowd: she was Robetti's mother, who had been sent for. Another woman hastened towards her, and flung her arms about her neck, with sobs: it was the mother of the baby who had been saved. Both flew into the room, and a desperate cry made itself heard: "Oh my Giulio! My child!"

At that moment a carriage stopped before the door, and a little later the director made his appearance, with the boy in his arms; the latter leaned his head on his shoulder, with pallid face and closed eyes. Every one stood very still; the sobs of the mother were audible. The director paused a moment, quite pale, and raised the boy up a little in his arms, in order to show him to the people. And then the masters, mistresses, parents,



THE CALABRIAN BOY.

and boys all murmured together: "Bravo, Robetti! Bravo, poor child!" and they threw kisses to him; the mistresses and boys who were near him kissed his hands and his arms. He opened his eyes and said, "My satchel!" The mother of the little boy whom he had saved showed it to him and said, amid her tears, "I will carry it for you, my dear little angel; I will carry it for you." And in the meantime, she bore up the mother of the wounded boy, who covered her face with her hands. They went out, placed the lad comfortably in the carriage, and the carriage drove away. Then we all entered school in silence.

THE CALABRIAN BOY.

Saturday, 22d.

Yesterday afternoon, while the master was telling us the news of poor Robetti, who will have to go on crutches, the director entered with a new pupil, a lad with a very brown face, black hair, large black eyes, and thick eyebrows which met on his forehead: he was dressed entirely in dark clothes, with a black morocco belt round his waist. The director went away, after speaking a few words in the master's ear, leaving beside the latter the boy, who glanced about with his big black eyes as though frightened. The master took him by the hand, and said to the class:—

"You ought to be glad. To-day there enters our school a little Italian born in Reggio, in Cala-