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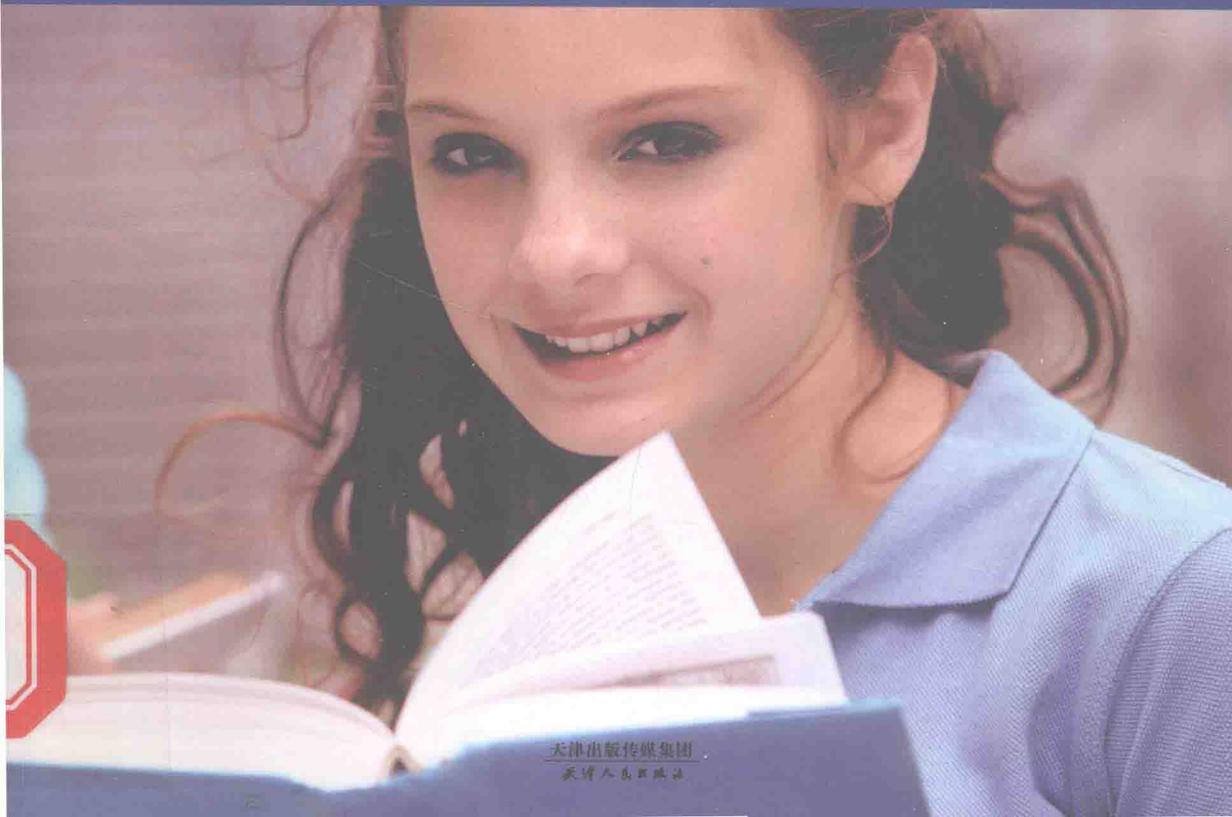
美国语文

阅读经典



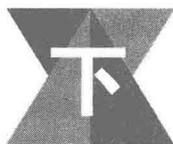
| 中学卷 |

Richard Edwards (美) 理查德·爱德华兹 编 周彦 任小红 刘楠 罗红云 译



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〔美〕理查德·爱德华兹/编
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THE VINDICTIVE MATE

复仇的大副

1. It often happens that a crew, composed wholly or in part of old sailors, will, at the commencement of a voyage, make an experiment on the temper and character of the officers. When this is the case, the first night after leaving port will decide the question whether the officers or the men will have command of the ship. If the officers are not firm and peremptory; if they are deficient in nerve, and fail to rebuke, in a prompt and decided manner, aught bordering on insolence or insubordination in the outset, farewell to discipline, to good order and harmony, for the remainder of the passage.

2. Captain Bacon was a man of slight figure, gentlemanly exterior, and pleasant countenance. Although his appearance commanded respect, it was not calculated to inspire awe; and few would have supposed that beneath his quiet physiognomy and benevolent cast of features, were concealed a fund of energy and determination of character which could carry him safely through difficulty and danger.

3. Mr. Bachelder, the second mate, was a young man of intelligence, familiar with his duties, and blessed with kind and generous feelings. Unlike Smith, he was neither a blackguard nor a bully. After some little consultation among the old sailors who composed the starboard watch, it was thought advisable to begin with him, and ascertain if there was any grit in his composition.

4. It was about six bells—eleven o'clock at night—when, the wind hauling to the north-west, Mr. Bachelder called out, "Forward there! lay aft and take a pull of the weather-braces."

5. One of the men, a smart, active fellow, who went by the name of Jack Robinson, who had been an unsuccessful candidate for the office of boatswain, replied in a loud and distinct tone, "Ay, ay."

6. This was agreed on as the test. I knew the crisis had come, and awaited with painful anxiety the result.

Mr. Bachelder rushed forward into the midst of the group near the end of the windlass.

“Who said ‘Ay, ay?’” he inquired in an angry tone.

“I did,” replied Robinson.

“*You* did! Don’t you know how to reply to an officer in a proper manner?”

“How *should* I reply?” said Robinson, doggedly.

7. “Say ‘Ay, ay, sir,’ when you reply to me,” cried Bachelder, in a tone of thunder—at the same time seizing him by the collar and giving him a shake— “and,” continued he, “don’t undertake to cut any of your shins here, my lad! If you do, you will be glad to die the death of a miserable dog. Lay aft, men, and round in the weather braces!”

8. “Ay, ay, sir! Ay, ay, sir!” was the respectful response from every side.

The yards were trimmed to the breeze, and when the watch gathered again on the forecastle, it was unanimously voted that *it would not do!*

9. Notwithstanding the decided result of the experiment with the second mate, one of the men belonging to the larboard watch, named Allen, determined to try conclusions with the captain and chief mate, and ascertain how far they would allow the strict rules of discipline on shipboard to be infringed. Allen was a powerful fellow of huge proportions, and tolerably good features, which, however, were overshadowed by a truculent expression. Although of a daring disposition, and unused to subordination, having served for several years in ships engaged in the African slave-trade, the nursery of pirates and desperadoes, he showed but little wisdom in trying the patience of Smith.

10. On the second night after leaving port, the ship being under double-reefed topsails, the watch was summoned aft to execute some duty. The captain was on deck, and casually remarked to the mate, “It blows hard, Mr. Smith; we may have a regular gale before morning! ”

11. Allen was at that moment passing along to windward of the captain and mate. He stopped, and before Smith could reply, said in a tone of insolent familiarity, “Yes, it blows hard, and will blow harder yet! Well, who cares? Let it blow and be hanged!”

12. Captain Bacon seemed utterly astonished at the impudence of the man; but Smith, who was equally prompt and energetic on all occasions,

and who divined the object that Allen had in view, in lieu of a civil rejoinder dealt him a blow on the left temple, which sent him with violence against the bulwarks. Allen recovered himself, however, and sprang on the mate like a tiger, clasped him in his sinewy embrace, and called upon his watchmates for assistance.

13. As Smith and Allen were both powerful men, it is uncertain what would have been the result had Smith fought the battle single-handed. The men looked on, waiting the result, but without daring to interfere. Not so the captain. When he saw Allen attack the mate he seized a belaying pin, that was loose in the five-rail, and watching his opportunity, gave the refractory sailor two or three smart raps over the head and face, which embarrassed him amazingly, caused him to release his grasp on the mate, and felled him to the deck!

14. The mate then took a stout rope's end and threshed him until he roared for mercy. The fellow was terribly punished, and staggered forward, followed by a volley of threats and anathemas.

15. But the matter did not end here. At twelve o'clock Allen went below, and was loud in his complaints of the barbarous manner in which he had been treated. He swore revenge, and said he would lay a plan to get the mate into the forecabin and then square all accounts. Robinson and another of the starboard watch, having no idea that Smith could be enticed below, approved of the suggestion, and intimated that they would lend him a hand if necessary. They did not *know* Smith!

16. When the watch was called at four o'clock, Allen did not make his appearance. In about half an hour the voice of Smith was heard at the forecabin ordering him on deck.

17. "Ay, ay; sir," said Allen, "I am coming directly." "You had better do so," said the mate, "if you know when you are well off."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

18. Allen was sitting on a chest, dressed, but did not move. I was lying in my berth attentive to these proceedings, as, I believe, were all my watchmates. In about a quarter of an hour Smith took another look down the scuttle, and bellowed out, "Allen, are you coming on deck or not?"

19. "Ay, ay, sir, directly!"

"If I have to go down after you, my good fellow, it will be worse for you, that's all."

20. Allen remained sitting on the chest. Day began to break. Smith was again heard at the entrance of the forecastle. His patience, of which he had not a large stock, was exhausted.

21. “Come on deck, this instant, you lazy, lounging, big-shouldered renegade! Will you let other people do your work? Show your broken head and your lovely battered features on deck at once—in the twinkling of a handspike. I want to see how you look, after your frolic!”

22. “Ay, ay, sir! I’m coming right up.”

“You lie, you rascal. You don’t mean to come. But I’ll soon settle the question whether you are to have your way in this ship or I am to have mine!”

23. Saying this, Smith descended the steps which led into the habitation of the sailors. In doing this, under the peculiar circumstances, he gave a striking proof of his fearless character. He had reason to anticipate a desperate resistance from Allen, while some of the sailors might also be ready to take part with their shipmate, if they saw him overmatched; and in that dark and close apartment, where no features could be clearly distinguished, he would be likely to receive exceedingly rough treatment.

24. Smith, however, was a man who seldom calculated consequences in cases of this kind. He may have been armed, but he made no display of other weapons than his brawny fist. He seized Allen by the collar with a vigorous grasp. “You scoundrel,” said he, “what do you mean by this conduct? Go on deck, and attend to your duty! On deck, I say! Up with you at once!”

25. Allen at first held back, hoping that some of his shipmates would come to his aid, as they partly promised; but not a man stirred, greatly to his disappointment and disgust. They doubtless, felt it might be unsafe to engage in the quarrels of others; and Allen, after receiving a few gentle reminders from the mate, in the shape of clips on the side of his head, and punches among the short ribs, preceded the mate on deck. He was conquered.

26. The weather was cold and cheerless; the wind was blowing heavy; the rain was falling fast; and Allen, who had few clothes, was thinly clad; but he was sent aloft in an exposed situation, and kept there through the greater part of the day. His battered head, his cut face, his swollen features, and his gory locks, told the tale of his punishment. Smith had no magnanimity in his composition. He cherished a grudge against that man to the end of the passage, and lost no opportunity to indulge his hatred and vindictiveness.

27. “Never mind,” said Allen, one day, when sent on some useless mission in the vicinity of the knight-heads, while the ship was plunging violently, and sending cataracts of salt-water over the bowsprit at every dive; “never mind, it will be only for a single passage.”

28. “I know that,” said Smith, with an oath; “and I will take good care to ‘work you up’ well during the passage.” And he was as good as his word.

(J. S. SLEEPER)

【中文阅读】

1. 一般来说，全体船员，如果全部是老水手，或者有部分老水手，在开始起航之前，通常要做性格测试。在这种情况下，在离开港口的第一个夜晚将决定这趟航行是由长官还是由水手来控制大船。测试的目的是考察在剩下的航海过程中，长官是否能有坚定果决的态度来指挥航行，团结船员，他们是否有胆量在第一时间果断指责傲慢或船员的不守纪律。

2. 培根船长个子不高，看上去彬彬有礼，面容和善。尽管他的外表让人尊敬，但并不能让人生畏。没有人会想到，他安详、慈善的相貌下隐藏着充沛的精力和果断的性格，能够让他化险为夷。

3. 巴舍尔德先生是二副，他是一位机智的年轻人，熟知自己的职责，给人一种友善和慷慨的感觉。他不像史密斯那样，他既不是一个无赖，也不是一个暴徒。当右舷值班的老水手商议一会儿之后，他们认为，比较正确的做法就是从他开始考核，弄清他是否拥有勇气和毅力。

4. 夜晚十一点，天空刮着西北风，第六声铃响之后，巴舍尔德先生大声叫道：“向前！到船尾就位！用力拉转帆索！”

5. 其中一位名叫杰克·罗宾逊的水手，他是一个机灵又积极的家伙，曾经是水手长的候选人，他用洪亮、清晰的语调回答道：“知道了！知道了！”

6. 大家一致同意这是考验。我知道危机已经到来，并焦急万分地等待结果。

巴舍尔德先生向前冲到了靠近起锚机那端的人群中间。“谁说‘唉！唉！’”他用愤怒的语调问道。“是我！”罗宾逊答道。“是你！你知道怎样正确地回答一位长官吗？”

“我应该怎么回答呢？”罗宾逊桀骜不驯地问道。

7. “当你回答我时，说‘是的！是的！先生！’”巴舍尔德先生声音如雷鸣一般大叫着，一把抓住他的衣领，摇晃了一下他。他继续说道：“不要在这里大出风头！小伙子！如果你这样的话，你会像一条可怜的狗一样死得很惨！大伙到船尾就位！拉转帆索！”

8. “是！是！先生！是！是！先生！”两侧的水手都尊敬地回答道。

帆桁是按照微风的角度准备的，当值班船员再次聚集在前甲板上时，大家一致认为，这不行！

9. 尽管考验二副的决定力的检测结果如此，但船员中一位名叫艾伦的左舷值班船员还是决定猜一猜船长以及大副测试最后的胜负，并且弄清船员们能够在多大的程度上被允许违反舷侧严格的规定纪律。艾伦是一个强健的家伙，体形强壮，相貌还算端正，然而表情十分凶狠。尽管他性格还不错，不容易屈服，多年以来一直在船上参与滋生暴徒和海盗的非洲贩奴交易，但是他试探史密斯的耐性却不是明智之举。

10. 在离开港口的第二个晚上，大船的上桅帆进行了两次收帆，值班船员被叫到尾部去执行任务。船长在甲板上，若无其事地对大副说道：“风刮得十分猛烈，史密斯先生！早上之前风可能会变得正常！”

11. 这时，艾伦迎风走向船长和大副。他停下来，在史密斯回答之前用很无礼的语气随便说道：“是的！风刮得十分猛烈，还会刮得更加猛烈！好了，谁在乎呢？让风刮吧！该死的！”

12. 培根船长似乎对这个人的放肆无礼感到大吃一惊；然而，在任何情况下都果断、积极的史密斯，发现了艾伦的不服之后，他没有耐心地反驳，而是朝他的左太阳穴打了一拳，用力将他推向舷墙。不过，艾伦恢复了意识之后立刻像一只老虎一般扑向了大副，用力抱住了他，并叫自己的船友来帮忙。

13. 因为史密斯和艾伦体格都十分强壮，史密斯孤独一人战斗的结果其实不好确定。水手们袖手旁观，等待着结果，不敢出面干预。船长可不是这样：当他看见艾伦攻击了大副，他抓起一个从桅杆栅栏松下来的套索桩，寻找自己的机会，快速地朝那个执拗的水手的头和脸连打了两三下，这意料之外的打击让艾伦很不好意思，也让他终于松开了大副，自己倒在甲板上！

14. 接着，大副拿起粗绳子的一端，使劲地抽打他，直到他哀号着求饶。这个家伙受到了严厉的惩罚，挣扎着一瘸一拐地离开，身后传来一阵阵威胁和诅咒。

15. 然而，事情并没有到此为止。在十二点时，艾伦走下来，大声地抱怨自己受到的残忍对待。他发誓要复仇，说他会设下圈套让大副走到水手舱里，然后

他会报仇雪恨。罗宾逊和另外一位右舷值班船员一点也不认为史密斯会被引诱到下面，假装赞成这个建议，并且表示，如有必要，他们会给予帮助。但是，他们根本不了解史密斯！

16. 当值班船员在四点被召唤时，艾伦没有露面。大约半小时之后，水手舱里听见了史密斯的声音，命令艾伦到甲板上去。

17. “是！是！先生！”艾伦说道，“我马上就来！”大副说道：“你最好放乖些！”“是！是！先生！”

18. 艾伦坐在一个箱子上穿衣，但没有动身。我躺在自己的铺位上，仔细地留意着这些行动。我相信，所有的值班船员同我一样。大约十五分钟过后，史密斯又向下看了一下舷窗，愤怒地大叫道：“艾伦！你到底来不来甲板上？”

19. “唉！唉！先生！马上就来！”“好小子！如果非要我下来找你，我会让你日子不好过！就这样！”

20. 艾伦继续坐在箱子上，天已经破晓。史密斯的声音从前甲板的门口传来了。他本来就没有耐性，现在已经极度不耐烦了。

21. “你这个懒惰、吊儿郎当、四肢发达的恶棍！马上到甲板上来！你要让别人替你干活吗？顶着你的破脑袋，还有那张被狠狠打过的臭脸立刻到甲板上来。我很想瞧瞧你这乱七八糟的样子！”

22. “唉！唉！先生！我马上就来！”“你撒谎！你这个流氓！你根本就不来。我很快就会解决这个问题，告诉你这艘船到底是会让你为所欲为，还是听我的！”

23. 史密斯一边说着，一边往下走进水手的住所。在这样特殊的时刻，他这样做，足以证明他那无所畏惧的性格。他完全有理由预计到艾伦的殊死反抗，以及，如果他打败了，一些船友会帮艾伦一起打他。在漆黑、狭窄的住所里难以看清楚相貌，他很可能会遭到粗暴的待遇。

24. 然而史密斯是那种在这种情况下很少考虑后果的人。他可能早已全副武装了，然而除了自己强壮的拳头之外，他没有带任何武器。他抓住艾伦的衣领，紧紧地抓住他。他说道：“你这个恶棍！你这样的行为到底是什么意思？到甲板上去！去履行你的职责！到甲板上去！我说！你立刻就去！”

25. 艾伦起初能支撑得住，希望他的一些船友能站出来帮他，就像他们中有人承诺的那样；但是没有一个人动手，这让他感到十分失望和厌恶。毫无疑问，他们认为卷入别人的争吵非常不安全。而艾伦在收到诸如脑袋一侧被猛打几下，肋骨挨了几拳之类所谓大副“温和”的警告之后，跟着大副来到甲板上。他被打败了。

26. 天气寒冷、阴沉；风刮得很猛烈；雨下得很急；艾伦穿的衣服很少，很薄；但他被带到不能遮风避雨的地方，在那里待了大半天。他那被打扁了的头，被打坏了的脸，发肿的身体，血淋淋的头发，都说明了他所受到的惩罚。史密斯对艾伦的失败并不宽宏大量：他在剩下的航行中对他怀恨在心，一心寻找机会来泄恨和报仇。

27. “没事儿！”有一天，当艾伦被派到船首副肋材边去做一项完全没用的事的时候，他这么说道。当时大船摇晃得十分厉害，每一次颠簸船首斜桁都会涌进大量的海水。“无所谓！这只是一次航行而已”。

28. “我知道，”史密斯像是发誓似地说，“我会在航行中照顾好你，‘鼓励你’！”

他的确说到做到。

(J. S. 斯利伯)

REPULSIVE HOMES

讨厌的家

1. Homes there are, we are sure, that are no homes; the home of the very poor man, and another which we shall speak to presently. Crowded places of cheap entertainment, and the benches of ale-houses, if they could speak, might bear mournful testimony to the first. To them the very poor man resorts for an image of the home which he can not find at home. For a starved grate, and a scanty firing, that is not enough to keep alive the natural heat in the fingers of so many shivering children with their mother, he finds in the depths of winter always a blazing hearth, and a hob to warm his pittance of beer by. Instead of the clamors of a wife, made gaunt by famishing, he meets with a cheerful attendance beyond the merits of the trifle which he can afford to spend.

2. He has companions which his home denies him; for the very poor man has no visitors. He can look into the goings on of the world, and speak a little to politics. At home there are no politics stirring, but the domestic. All interests, real or imaginary, all topics that should expand the mind of man, and connect him to a sympathy with general existence, are crushed in the absorbing consideration of food to be obtained for the family. Beyond the price of bread, news is senseless and impertinent.

3. At home there is no larder. Here there is at least a show of plenty; and while he cooks his lean scrap of butcher's meat before the common bars, or munches his humbler cold viands, his relishing bread and cheese with an onion, in a corner, where no one reflects upon his poverty, he has a sight of the substantial joint providing for the landlord and his family. He takes an interest in the dressing of it, and while he assists in removing the trivet from the fire, he feels that there is such a thing as beef and cabbage, which he was beginning to forget at home. All this while he deserts his wife and children. But what wife, and what children? Prosperous men, who object to this

desertion, image to themselves some clean, contented family like that which they go to.

4. But look at the countenance of the poor wives who follow and persecute their good man to the door of the public house, which he is about to enter, when something like shame would restrain him, if stronger misery did not induce him to pass the threshold. That face, ground by want, in which every cheerful, every conversable lineament has been long effaced by misery,—is that a face to stay at home with? is it more a woman, or a wild-eat? Alas! it is the face of the wife of his youth, that once smiled upon him. It can smile no longer. What comforts can it share? what burdens can it lighten?

5. Oh, 'tis a fine thing to talk of the humble meal shared together! But what if there be no bread in the cupboard? The innocent prattle of his children takes out the sting of a man's poverty. But the children of the very poor do not prattle. It is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is no childishness in its dwellings. Poor people, said a sensible old nurse to us once, do not bring up their children: they drag them up. The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery, in their hovel is transformed betimes into a premature reflecting person.

6. No one has time to dandle it, no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to soothe it, to toss it up and down, to humor it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it cries, it can only be beaten. It has been prettily said, that "a babe is fed with milk and praise." But the aliment of this poor babe was thin, un nourishing; the return to its little baby-tricks, and efforts to engage attention, bitter, ceaseless objurgation. It never had a toy, or knew what a coral meant. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses; it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing caress, the attracting novelty, the costlier plaything, or the cheaper off-hand contrivance to divert the child; the prattled nonsense (best sense to it), the wise impertinences, the wholesome lies, the apt story interposed, that puts a stop to present sufferings, and awakens the passions of young wonder.

7. It was never sung to,—no one ever told to it a tale of the nursery. It was dragged up, to live or to die as it happened. It had no young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of life. A child exists not for the very poor as any object of dalliance; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labor. It is the rival, till it can be the cooperator for food with the parent. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his