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部定大學用書

基本三編

大學英文選



國立編譯館出版
正中書局印行

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READINGS IN ENGLISH PROSE

FOR THE FIRST-YEAR UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

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CHINA BOOK COMPANY

PREFACE

In the New Curriculum issued by the Ministry of Education in 1938, English has been made a required course for the first-year university students of all faculties. One of the main difficulties which we have been constantly confronted with in the course of teaching is the lack of suitable textbooks. To meet an urgent need, the Ministry of Education appointed a committee in 1939 to compile an English reader for university freshmen. The Committee consisted of six members (朱光潜, 梁實秋, 潘梓年, 范存忠, 李國翰, 林天雲), all experienced teachers of English of above ten years' standing. They set to work for about a year and in 1940 brought out the first rough draft of the selections. Typewritten copies of this were sent out to all our national universities and institutes with the injunction that the book should be tested and improved by actual teaching and practical results. Two years elapsed, the Committee sat again, considered the suggestions made by teachers, revised the first draft and annotated each piece. The result is the volume before us.

Certain special features of this book deserve recommendation. In the first place, the materials have been chosen from a very wide range of subjects, the students while each following his or her own special inclination may cultivate many-sided interests and widen their mental horizon. It goes without saying that they may also acquire a large vocabulary and thereby increase their

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reading ability. Secondly, as the classification of the contents shows, different types of writing are all well represented, students may find abundant good models for their own written exercises. Thirdly, though no attempt has been made at following a chronological order, specimens have been given of great masters of English prose from the 18th century to the present day. Emphasis is laid however on contemporary authors. It is expected that students may be well grounded in the usage of current English while they are able to relish earlier prose and form some idea of the development of the English language and literary style. Lastly, as experience has shown, about half of the materials given here are enough for class work in one year, teachers may have a free choice among a wide range of topics while sufficient materials are left to students for private study. The selections in each section are arranged roughly in order of difficulty, teachers may start with whatever level which they think fit for the reading capacity of their students.

Every anthology is bound to be a sort of patchwork especially when it is made by different hands. As the present one is the result of long experience and careful consideration, we hope that it will be welcomed by both teachers and students. The editors would be grateful, we have been asked to announce, for any suggestion or criticism that might lead to further improvement.

CHEN LI-FU

Minister of Education

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SECTION I
NARRATION



READINGS IN ENGLISH PROSE
FOR THE FIRST-YEAR UNIVERSITY
STUDENTS

I.

LOUISE

"Salts" (H. H. Munro)

"The tea will be quite cold, you'd better ring for some more," said the Dowager Lady Beauford.

Susan Lady Beauford was a vigorous old woman who had coquetted with imaginary ill-health for the greater part of a lifetime; Clovis Sangrail irreverently declared that she had caught a chill at the coronation of Queen Victoria and had never let it go again. Her sister, Jane Throplestance, who was some years her junior, was chiefly remarkable for being the most absent-minded woman in Middlesex.

"I've really been unusually clever this afternoon," she remarked gayly, as she rang for the tea. "I've called on all the people I mean to call on, and I've done all the shopping that I set out to do. I even remembered to try and match that silk for you at *Harrod's*, but I'd forgotten to bring the pattern with me, so it was no use. I really think that was the only important thing I forgot during the whole afternoon. Quite wonderful for me, isn't it?"

"What have you done with Louise?" asked her sister. "Didn't you take her out with you? You said you were going to."

"Good gracious," exclaimed Jane, "what *have* I done with Louise? I must have left her somewhere."

"But where?"

"That's just it. Where have I left her? I can't remember if the Carrywoods were at home or if I just left cards. If they were at home I may have left Louise there to play bridge. I'll go and telephone to Lord Carrywood and find out."

"Is that you, Lord Carrywood?" she queried over the telephone; "it's me, Jane Thropplestance. I want to know, have you seen Louise?"

"Louise," came the answer, "it's been my fate to see it three times. At first, I must admit, I wasn't impressed by it, but the music grows on one after a bit. Still, I don't think I want to see it again just at present. Were you going to offer me a seat in your box?"

"Not the opera 'Louise'—my niece, Louise Thropplestance. I thought I might have left her at your house."

"You left cards on us this afternoon, I understand, but I don't think you left a niece. The footman would have been sure to have mentioned it if you had. Is it going to be a fashion to leave nieces on people as well as cards? I hope not; some of these houses in Berkeley Square have practically no accommodations for that sort of thing."

"She's not at the Carrywoods!" announced Jane, returning to her tea; "now I come to think of it, perhaps I left her at the silk counter at Selfridge's. I may have told her to wait there a moment while I went to look at the silks in a better light, and I may easily have forgotten about her when I found I hadn't your pattern with me. In that case she's still sitting there. She wouldn't move unless she was told to; Louise has no initiative."

"You said you tried to match the silk at

Harrod's," interjected the dowager.

"Did I? Perhaps it was Harrod's. I really don't remember. It was one of those places where everyone is so kind and sympathetic and devoted that one almost hates to take even a reel of cotton away from such pleasant surroundings."

"I think you might have taken Louise away. I don't like the idea of her being there among a lot of strangers. Supposing some unprincipled person was to get into conversation with her."

"Impossible. Louise has no conversation. I've never discovered a single topic on which she'd anything to say beyond 'Do you think so? I dare say you're right.' I really thought her reticence about the fall of the *Ribot Ministry*² was ridiculous, considering how much her dear mother used to visit Paris. This bread and butter is cut far too thin, it crumbles away long before you can get it to your mouth. One feels so absurd, snapping at one's food in mid-air, like a trout leaping at May fly."

"I am rather surprised," said the dowager, "that you can sit there making a hearty tea when you've just lost a favorite niece."

"You talk as if I'd lost her *in a churchyard sense*,³ instead of having temporarily mislaid her. I'm sure to remember presently where I left her."

"You didn't visit any place of devotion, did you? If you've left her mooning about *Westminster Abbey or St. Peter's*,⁴ Baton Square, without being able to give any satisfactory reason why she's there, she'll be seized under the *Cat and Mouse Act*⁵ and sent to *Reginald McKenna*.⁶"

"That would be extremely awkward," said Jane, meeting an irresolute piece of bread and butter halfway. "we hardly know the McKennas, and it would be very tiresome having to telephone to some unsympathetic private secretary, describing Louise to him and asking to have her sent back in time for dinner. Fortunately, I didn't go to

my place of devotion, though I did get mixed up with a *Salvation Army* procession. It was quite interesting to be at close quarters with them. They're so absolutely different to what they used to be when I first remember them in the 'eighties. They used to go about then unkempt and disheveled, in a sort of smiling rage with the world, and now they're spruce and jaunty, and flamboyantly decorative like a geranium bed with religious convictions. Laura Kettleway was going on about them in the lift of the Dover Street Tube the other day, saying what a lot of good work they did, and what a loss it would have been if they'd never existed. 'If they had never existed,' I said, 'Granville Barker' would have been certain to have invented something that looked exactly like them.' If you say things like that, quite loud, in a Tube lift, they always sound like epigrams."

"I think you ought to do something about Louise," said the dowager.

"I'm trying to think whether she was with me when I called on Ada Spelvexit. I rather enjoyed myself there. Ada was trying, as usual, to ram this odious Koriatoffski of woman down my throat, knowing perfectly well that I detest her, and in an unguarded moment she said: 'She's leaving her present house and going to Lower Seymour Street.' 'I dare say she will, if she stays there long enough,' I said. Ada didn't see it for about three minutes, and then she was positively uncivil. No, I am certain I didn't leave Louise there."

"If you could manage to remember where you *did* leave her, it would be more to the point than these negative assurances," said Lady Beauford; "so far, all that we know is that she is not at the Carrywoods', or Ada Spelvexit's, or Westminster Abbey."

"That narrows the search down a bit," said Lane hopefully; "I rather fancy she must have

been with me when I went to Mornay's. I know I went to Mornay's, because I remember meeting that delightful Malcolm what's-his-name there—you know whom I mean. That's the great advantage of people having unusual first names, you needn't try and remember what their other name is. Of course I know one or two other Malcolms, but none that could possibly be described as delightful. He gave me two tickets for the Happy Sunday Evenings in Sloane Square. I've probably left them at Mornay's, but still it was awfully kind of him to give them to me."

"Do you think you left Louise there?"

"I might telephone and ask. Oh, Robert, before you clear the tea-things away I wish you'd ring up Mornay's, in Regent Street, and ask if I left two theater tickets and one niece in their shop this afternoon."

"A niece, ma'am?" asked the footman.

"Yes, Miss Louise didn't come home with me, and I'm not sure where I left her."

"Miss Louise has been upstairs all the afternoon, ma'am, reading to the second kitchenmaid, who has the neuralgia. I took up tea to Miss Louise at a quarter to five o'clock, ma'am."

"Of course, how silly of me. I remember now, I asked her to read *the Faërie Queene*" to poor Emma, to try to send her to sleep. I always get someone to read *the Faërie Queene* to me when I have neuralgia, and it usually sends me to sleep. Louise doesn't seem to have been successful, but one can't say she hasn't tried, I expect after the first hour or so the kitchenmaid would rather have been left alone with her neuralgia, but of course Louise wouldn't leave off till someone told her to. Anyhow, you can ring up Mornay's Robert, and ask whether I left two theater tickets there. Except for your silk, Susan, those seem to be the only things I've forgotten this afternoon. Quite wonderful for me."

II.

THE COUNSEL ASSIGNED

Mary Raymond S. Andrews

A very old man told the story years ago. He was a splendid old fellow; a distinguished person to the least observing. He had met his companion, an American, casually in a *Bermuda's* hotel, and the two fell to talking.

The older man told of events, travels, adventures. But his main enthusiasm was for his profession, the law. The dark eyes flashed as he spoke of great lawyers.

"It's nonsense"——the big, thin, scholarly fist banged the chair arm——"this theory that the law tends to make men sordid, that lawyers are created merely to keep an eye on their clients' purses. I am a very old man; I have seen many fine deeds done by physicians and parsons, but one of the finest I've known was the performance of a lawyer acting in his professional capacity."

With that he told this story:

The chairman of the county committee stopped at the open door of the office. *The nominee for Congress* was deep in a letter. The chairman, waiting, regarded at leisure the face frowning over the paper. It was like a mountain cliff——rocky, impregnable, lonely and grim, yet lovely with gentle things that bloom.

The candidate folded the letter and swung about in his chair. "Sorry to keep you waiting, Tom. I was trying to figure out how a man can be in two places at once. It looks as if I can't make the speech here Friday."

"Can't make——your speech? You must be joking."

The man in the chair shook his head. "Not a bit of it." He got up and began to stride about the room with long lounging steps. The chairman excitedly flung remonstrances after him.

"*Cartwright*" might beat us yet you know it won't do to waste a chance—election's too near."

The large figure stopped short, and a queer smile twisted the big mouth and shone in the keen, visionary eyes.

"I can't tell you why, Tom," he said, "and I'd rather not be asked, but I can't make that speech here Friday." And the issue was concluded.

Friday morning at daybreak the candidate's tall figure stepped through the silent streets of the eastern city before the earliest risers were about. Traveling afoot, he swung along into the open country, moving rapidly and with tireless ease. Nine o'clock found him in a straggling town, 20 miles from his starting point.

The courthouse door stood wide to the summer morning. Court was already in session, and the place was crowded. The Congressional candidate, unnoticed, stepped inside and sat in the last row of seats.

It was a crude interior of white walls, of unpainted woodwork and wooden benches. The newcomer glanced about as if familiar with such a setting. A larceny case was being tried. He listened closely and seemed to study lawyers and judge; he missed no word of the comments of the people near him. The case being ended, the District Attorney rose and moved the trial of John Wilson for murder.

There was a stir through the courtroom. In the doorway appeared the sheriff leading a childish figure, a boy of 15, dressed in poor, home-made clothes, with a conspicuous bright

lad of golden hair. He was pale, desperately frightened; his eyes gazed on the floor. The Judge, a young man, faced the criminal, paused pilingly, then steadied himself.

"Have you a lawyer?" he asked.

The lad shook his unkempt yellow head. "No. I dunno — anybody. I hain't got — money — to pay."

"Do you wish the court to assign you counsel?" In the stillness a boot scraped the floor. The man in the back seat rose, slouched forward, stood before the Judge.

"May it please Your Honor," he said, "I am a lawyer. I should be glad to act as counsel for the defense."

The Judge looked for a moment at the loose-hung, towering figure.

"What is your name?" he asked.

The man answered quietly: "Abraham Lincoln."

A few men here and there glanced at the big lawyer again; this was the candidate for Congress. That was all they thought. None of the frontier farmers and backwoodsmen in homespun jeans, or the women in calico and sunbonnets, who heard the name spoken dreamed that it was to fill one of the greatest places in history.

"I know your name, Mr. Lincoln; I shall be glad to assign you to defend the prisoner," the Judge answered.

The jury was drawn. Man after man came under the scrutiny of Lincoln's deep eyes; but he challenged no one. The hard-faced audience began to glance at him impatiently. The feeling was against the prisoner, yet they wished to see some fight made for him.

The District Attorney opened the case for the People. He told with few words the story of the murder. "The prisoner had worked on