



英汉对照读物

爱心

——一个意大利小学生的日记

AN ITALIAN
SCHOOL BOY'S JOURNAL

● [意] 阿米契斯 著

● 张德懿 译 ● 张造勋 校



电子工业出版社

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内 容 提 要

本书是意大利著名作家阿米契斯(Edomondo de Amicis)1886年创作的一本轰动意大利甚至整个欧洲的名著。作者在书中以一个小生日记的方式描述了小学生一年中的学习和生活,反映了学生与学生、学生与老师、学生与父母、老师与家长之间的深厚友谊。全书贯穿了爱国主义、劳动神圣、热爱生活、尊师敬老、严于律己、舍己为人、英勇奋取等高尚品德。书中穿插的9篇故事,篇篇感人,催人泪下,极富教育意义和现实意义。

该书文字简洁明快,译文流畅易懂,通过中英对照阅读,定会对有志提高英语阅读能力的中学生以及英语自学者有极大帮助。

爱 心

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译者前言

阿米契斯(Edmondo de Amicis)是意大利作家,1846年10月31日生于意大利奥忒利亚,1908年3月11日死于情迪格腊。他的父母是热那亚人。他曾在库内奥和都灵读书,后来入摩德纳军官学校,1863年以少校军衔服役。1866年,他参加了意大利反对奥地利统治的民族解放战争,后来参加意大利社会党。他是意大利政治家、作家和爱国志士马志尼(1805—1872)的信徒。他在军中写过很多军事文章,1867年任军事报纸主编,1868年出版了《军人生涯》文集。1872年退役,定居都灵,专门从事写作,潜心研究社会和教育问题。

他热爱旅行,发表了许多关于旅游的专著,描写各国及其民族的生活、风情和特点,这些著作使他名闻国内外,其中最有名的是《奥兰达》(1874年),叙述并分析了荷兰的生活和艺术。其他著作有《西班牙》(1872年),《伦敦纪事》(1874年),《摩洛哥》(1876年),《巴黎纪事》(1879年),《君士坦丁堡》(1878—1879年);还出版了《文学论文集》,历史小说集《在大洋上》(1889年)。《爱心》是1886年完成的,原文为《心》(cuore)。这是一本少年读物,发表后轰动意大利全国,被国家定为意大利学校的标准读物。它也引起了世界各国的兴趣,第二年英国翻译出版,有的译为《一个意大利小学生的日记》(An Italian Schoolboy's journal),有的译为《一个小学生的心》(The Heart of a schoolboy)。其他国家纷纷翻译出版,据不完全统计,全世界译本达25种之多,我国解放前、后也出过。

作者在这本书中以小学生日记方式描述了小学生一年当中的学习和生活，反映了学生与学生、学生与老师、老师与家长之间的深厚友谊。全书贯穿了爱国主义、劳动神圣、热爱生活、尊老敬老、严格律己、舍己为人、英勇奋斗等高尚品德。书中还穿插了 9 篇故事，篇篇感人，个个典型，极富教育意义和现实意义。作者其他有关教育的著作有《一个教师的故事》（1890）年，作者在书中强调了社会主义是意大利文学的唯一源泉。1895 年还出版了《工人女教师》。

《爱心》虽然写在 100 多年前，但对目前我国教育界来说，仍具有现实意义；它不仅对学生有教育意义，对家长和教师也有参考价值；它把学校、家庭和社会教育有机地结合起来，对教育研究机构也有借鉴价值。

在翻译过程中，曾请教国内资深翻译家指点、国际友人帮助，但由于个人中外文水平不高，知识面窄，错误难免，欢迎广大读者指正。

译者

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AN ITALIAN SCHOOL BOY'S JOURNAL

OCTOBER

1. 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* school-house 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 *ruffed*. 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 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 *sections*, 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 parent 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*, upstairs 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 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.

参考译文

一个意大利小學生的日记

开学第一天

10月17日，星期一

今天是开学第一天。在乡下的3个月假日梦一般地过去了。今天早晨，母亲带我到巴雷蒂学校，让我升初小三年级。然而我心里总想着乡下，不愿去上学。

街上一群群男孩，两个书店挤满了学生的父母，他们在购买书包、书夹和练习本。学校门前已聚集了许多许多人，使校差和警察很难把学校门前维持得畅通无阻。在大门附近，我觉得有人拍了一下我的肩膀，原来是我二年级的老师，他象往象一样那么高高兴兴。他长着一头卷曲红发。他对我说：

“恩里科，我们就这样永远分手吗？”

我很清楚这一点，然而他这么一说倒使我感到很难过。

我们费了很大劲挤了进去。太太、绅士、一般妇女、工人、官员、修女以及仆人都一只手领着孩子，一只手拿着升级簿，挤在接待室和楼梯上，周围一片嘈杂，仿佛进了一座剧院。我高兴地又看到了楼下那个大厅，它的几扇门通向7个班的教室，那是我3年来几乎每天都要经过的地方。老师们出出进进。一年级大班的女老师在教室门口向我招呼，并且说：

“恩里科，今年你该到楼上去上课了。我恐怕再也看不到你从这里经过了。”她难过地凝视着我。

校长被妇女们团团围住，她们非常着急，因为学校没有空位子供她

们的儿子上学。我突然发现,校长的胡子比去年白了点。我还发现,男孩们长得又高又壮了。楼下已分好了班次。一年级最小的孩子们不肯进教室,象毛驴一样向后退缩,因此不得不用力强把他们拖进教室。有的从凳子上站起来跑掉了,还有些看到自己的父母走了,就哭起来。那些当父母的,不得不回来,哄哄他们,或者干脆把孩子带走。这时,老师们大失所望、无能为力了。

我的弟弟被安排在德尔卡蒂女教师的班上。我被分在二楼的佩尔博尼老师的班里。

10点钟的时候,我们分别进了自己的班里。我们班共54人,只有15、6个是我二年级的伙伴,其中有德罗西,他总是考第一。

当我想起度夏看到的树林和高山时,我感到学校是那么小,那么暗!我还想起了我二年级的老师,他是那么和蔼可亲,对我们总是笑容满面。他个子那么小,好象就是我们的同学!我很难过,我再也看不到他和他那卷曲的红头发了。我们现在的老师是个高个子,没有胡子,头发灰白而且很长,前额上有一道直直的皱纹。老师的嗓音宏亮,他死死地盯着我们每一个人,好象要看透我们的心思。他从来也不笑。我心里想,“这是开学的第一天。还有9个多月的时间呢。作业呀,月考呀,烦死人了!”当我下课走出学校时,很想见到母亲,我跑上前,吻她的手!她对我说:

“努力学习吧,恩里科!我们一起学。”我满意地回到了家。但是,我再也不和我的老师在一起了,失去了他那和蔼可亲,愉快乐观的笑容。我觉得学校好象不如以前那么亲切了。

2. 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 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 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 upon 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."

参考译文

我们的老师

10月18日,星期二

从今天早晨起,我也喜欢我的新老师了。我们走进教室时,他已坐在椅子上,这时,他去年教的一些学生不时地在门口窥探,向他打招呼,他们走到他面前,向他问候:

"早上好,老师!" "早上好,佩尔博尼老师!"

有的孩子走进教室,摸摸他的手就跑了。可见,他们都喜欢他,而且一定会很高兴回来跟他学习。他回答说,"早上好,"并且握握他们伸出来的手。然而,他谁也不看,对于每一个招呼 and 问候,他都板着面孔笑一笑,额头上刻着那条深深的皱纹,脸转向窗外,注视着对面房子的屋顶。这些问候不但没有使他感到快慰,反而好象使他感到痛苦。接着,他一个个地打量着我们。作听写时,他走下座位,在板凳间穿来穿去。他看见一个男孩满脸通红,长满小疱疹,他停止听写,双手捧起小家伙的脸,细细察看。然后他问那男孩怎么不好,并且把手放在他的前额上,摸摸是否发烧。这时,他身后的一个男孩从板凳上站起来,玩起木偶。老师突然转过身,那个男孩立即坐下,一动不动了,低着头,害怕被罚。老师把一只手放在他的头上,对他说:

"别再闹了。"他没有再说别的。

接着他回到自己的讲桌前,作完了听写。一切做完后,他默默地看了我们一会儿,然后用他那宏亮但温和的声音慢慢说道:

"你们听着。我们将一起度过一年,让我们愉快地度过这一年吧。要好好学习,做个好孩子。我没有家,你们就是我的家。去年我母亲去世了,只剩我孤身一人。我无亲无故,世界上我只有你们!除了爱你们,我

没有人去爱,没有别的心思。你们就是我的孩子。我祝福你们,你们也要喜欢我。我不忍心责罚你们任何人。让我看到你们都是好孩子。我们学校将是个大家庭,你们就是我的安慰,我的骄傲。我不要求你们给我许下什么诺言,我深信你们心里已经给了我回答,‘是的。’我谢谢你们!”

就在这时,校差进来,宣布放学。我们都尽可能悄悄地离开了座位。那个站在板凳上去的男孩走向老师,声音颤抖地对老师说:

“饶恕我吧,老师。”

老师吻了吻他的额头,说道,“去吧,我的孩子。”

3. 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 school-house. 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* 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 *Gaulio*! 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, 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.

参考译文

意外事故

10月21日,星期五

新学年一开始就出了一件事。今早,在我上学的路上,正向父亲重