

World's Great Speeches

英语名人演说精选

英汉对照

孙爱玲 徐胜炎 编译

东方出版中心

郝振益 樊振帼 主编



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内 容 提 要

本书收录世界历史上著名人物的演说词 26 篇,以英汉对照的形式编排,向读者介绍富兰克林、林肯、泰戈尔、马克·吐温、甘地、肖伯纳、卡耐基、曼德拉等政治家、文学家、科学家的演说风采。这些名篇或脍炙人口,传诵一时;或情真意切,富有哲理,启发人们的思考,揭示社会和人生的真谛,具有令人震撼的说服力,充分展示了名人对真理的追求、人生的热爱及美好生活的向往。

本书可供大中学生及英语爱好者阅读欣赏,也可供一般读者使用。

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Speech in the Convention, at the Conclusion of Its Deliberations

Benjamin Franklin

Mr. President,

I confess, that I do not entirely approve of this Constitution at present; but, Sir, I am not sure I shall never approve it, for, having lived long, I have experienced many instances of being obliged, by better information or fuller consideration, to change my opinions even on important subjects, which I once thought right, but found to be otherwise. It is therefore that, the older I grow, the more apt I am to doubt my own judgment of others. Most men, indeed, as well as most sects in religion, think themselves in possession of all truth, and that wherever others differ from them, it is so far error, Steele, a Protestant, in a dedication, tells the Pope, that the only difference between our two churches in their opinions of the certainty of their doctrine, is, the Romish Church is *infallible*, and the Church of England is *never in the wrong*. But, though many private Persons think almost as highly of their own infallibility as of that of their Sect, few express it so naturally as a certain French Lady, who, in a little dispute with her sister, said, "But

I meet with nobody but myself that is *always* in the right.”“Je ne trouve que moi qui aie toujours raison.”

In these sentiments, Sir, I agree to this Constitution, with all its faults, —if they are such; because I think a general Government necessary for us, and there is no form of government but what may be a blessing to the people, if well administered; and I believe, farther, that this is likely to be well administered for a course of years, and can only end in despotism, as other forms have done before it, when the people shall become so corrupted as to need despotic government, being incapable of any other. I doubt, too, whether any other Convention we can obtain, may be able to make a better constitution, for, when you assemble a number of men, to have the advantage of their joint wisdom, you inevitably assemble with those men all their prejudices, their passions, their errors of opinion, their local interests, and their selfish views. From such an assembly can a perfect production be expected? It therefore astonishes me, Sir, to find this system approaching so near to perfection as it does; and I think it will astonish our enemies, who are waiting with confidence to hear, that our councils are confounded like those of the builders of Babel, and that our States are on the point of separation, only to meet hereafter for the purpose of cutting one another's throats. Thus I consent, Sir, to this Constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that it is not the best. The opinions

I have had of its *errors* I sacrifice to the public good. I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad. Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die. If every one of us, in returning to our Constitutions, were to report the objections he has had to it, and endeavour to gain Partisans in support of them, we might prevent its being generally received, and thereby lose all the salutary effects and great advantages resulting naturally in our favour among foreign nations, as well as among ourselves, from our real or apparent unanimity. Much of the strength and efficiency of any government in procuring and securing happiness to the people, depends on *opinion*, on the general opinion of the goodness of that government, as well as of the wisdom and integrity of its governors. I hope, therefore, for our own sakes, as a part of the people, and for the sake of our posterity, that we shall act heartily and unanimously in recommending this Constitution, wherever our Influence may extend, and turn our future thoughts and endeavours to the means of having it *well administered*.

On the whole, Sir, I cannot help expressing a wish, that every member of the Convention who may still have objections to it, would with me on this occasion doubt a little of his own infallibility, and, to make manifest our unanimity, put his name to this Instrument.

制宪商讨会结束时的讲话

本杰明·富兰克林^①

总统先生，

我承认，目前我不完全赞同这部宪法；但是，先生们，我不敢肯定我是否将永远不赞同。因为，活在世上这么久了，我经历过多次这样的情形：经过更好的了解和更全面的考虑后，甚至在重大问题上改变了观点。我原以为这些观点是正确的，可后来发现并不是这样。因此，年纪越大，我也就越容易怀疑自己对别人的判断。其实，大多数的人和大多数教派一样，都自认为掌握了真理，别人如有异议，那就是谬误。新教教徒斯蒂尔在一次奉献典礼上对主教说：我们两个教派都认为各自的教义是可信的，唯一的分歧是：天主教是一贯正确无误的，而英国国教从不出错。不过，尽管许多人几乎像赞扬教派那样高度赞扬自己的一贯正确，却很少有人像一位法国女士在与她妹妹的一次小争论时说得那么坦然：“除我自己外，我还从没见过谁永远是正确的。”

^① 本杰明·富兰克林(1706~1790)，著名政治家、科学家、发明家。在费城制宪会议的最后一天(1787年9月17日)，富兰克林以这篇演说，并以其年高德劭和远见卓识，博得了与会者的尊重和响应，从而帮助了乔治·华盛顿扭转了众说纷纭的局面，使合众国宪法得以顺利通过。

先生们，这样看来，我同意这部宪法，尽管它仍有不足之处——如果它们确实有的话。因为我认为，一个常规政府对我们是必需的。如果管理得好，任何政体都是人民的幸事；另外，我相信，这个政府可能会在一段时间内管理得很好，而且像它以前的其他政体，当人民堕落到需要专制的政府时，它也只能以专制，而无法以其他政体告终。我还怀疑，我们召开另一个大会是否就能制订出一部更好的宪法。因为，当你召集了一批人，在享有集思广益的优势的同时，不可避免地汇集了他们所有的偏见、情绪、错误意见、地方利益和自私的观点。难道能指望这样的—一个会议产生出完美无缺的结果吗？因此，先生们，我惊讶地发现这个制度竟然如此近乎完善。我想敌人也会惊讶的。他们正信心百倍地等着看到我们的决策者们像巴别塔建造者们那样混乱不堪，想看到我们的各个州将四分五裂，除非为了相互残杀才见面。所以，先生们，我同意这部宪法，因为我不指望有更好的了；因为我也不能肯定它不是最好的一部。为了公众的利益，我捐弃对这部宪法的缺点的意见。我从未将这些意见向外透露一丁点儿。它们在这个大厅里产生，也应该在这个大厅里消亡。如果我们每个人回去见到选民，都汇报自己对宪法的反对意见，并竭力争取人们支持这些意见，那么我们就可能阻挠这部宪法被人们广泛接受，进而丧失使我们能够自然在其他国之间处于有利地位的，随着我们真正的或明显的一致而产生的那些有益影响和大好优势。在为人民谋取幸福并保障幸福时，政

府的力量和效率,除了取决于它的执政者的明智和廉政外,还取决于人民是否普遍认为这是个良好的政府。所以,我希望为了我们自己,作为人民的一部分,也为了我们的子孙后代,我们都能衷心地、一致地行动起来,在我们的影响范围内推荐这部宪法,并把我们的未来的想法和行动,都变为使这部宪法得以很好实施的手段。

先生们,总的来说,我情不自禁地要表达一个愿望:让每一个仍然反对这部宪法的与会者,与我一同在这个场合,稍稍怀疑一下自己是否一贯正确,并且,为了表明意见一致,都在这份文件上签上自己的名字。

Reply to the U.S. Government

Chief Seattle

Our good father at Washington — for I presume he is now our father as well as yours, since King George has moved his boundaries further north — our great good father, I say, sends us word that if we do as he desires he will protect us. His brave warriors will be to us a bristling wall of strength, and his wonderful ships of war will fill our harbors so that our ancient enemies far to the northward — the Hydats and Tsimpsons — will cease to frighten our women, children, and old men. Then in reality will he be our father and we his children. But can that ever be? Your God is not our God! Your God loves your people and hates mine. He folds his strong and protecting arms lovingly about the paleface and leads him by the hand as a father leads his infant son — but He has forsaken His red children — if they really are his. Our God, the Great Spirit, seems also to have forsaken us. Your God makes your people wax strong every day. Soon they will fill the land. Our people are ebbing away like a rapidly receding tide that will never return. The white man's God cannot love our people, or He would protect them. They seem to be orphans who can look nowhere for

help. How then can we be brothers? How can your God become our God and renew our prosperity and awaken in us dreams of returning greatness? If we have a common heavenly father. He must be partial — for He came to his paleface children. We never saw Him. He gave you laws but He had no word for His red children whose teeming multitudes once filled this vast continent as stars fill the firmament. No, we are two distinct races with separate origins and separate destinies. There is little in common between us.

To us the ashes of our ancestors are sacred and their resting place is hallowed ground. You wander far from the graves of your ancestors and seemingly without regret. Your religion was written upon tables of stone by the iron finger of your God so that you could not forget. The Red Man could never comprehend nor remember it. Our religion is the traditions of our ancestors — the dreams of our old men, given them in solemn hours of night by the Great Spirit; and the visions of our sachems; and it is written in the hearts of our people.

Your dead cease to love you and the land of their nativity as soon as they pass the portals of the tomb and wander way beyond the stars. They are soon forgotten and never return. Our dead never forget the beautiful world that gave them being.

Day and night cannot dwell together. The Red man has ever fled the approach of the White Man, as the

morning mist flees before the morning sun. However, your proposition seems fair and I think that my people will accept it and will retire to the reservation you offer them. Then we will dwell apart in peace, for the words of the Great White Chief seem to be the words of nature speaking to my people out of dense darkness.

It matters little where we pass the remnant of our days. They will not be many. A few more moons; a few more winters — and not one of the descendants of the mighty hosts that once moved over this broad land or lived in happy homes, protected by the Great Spirit, will remain to mourn over the graves of a people once more powerful and hopeful than yours. But why should I mourn at the untimely fate of my people? Tribe follows tribe, and nation follows nation, like the waves of the sea. It is the order of nature, and regret is useless. Your time of decay may be distant, but it will surely come, for even the White Man whose God walked and talked with him as friend with friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all. We will see.

We will ponder your proposition, and when we decide, we will let you know. But should we accept it, I here and now make this condition that we will not be denied the privilege without molestation of visiting at any time the tombs of our ancestors, friends and children. Every part of this soil is sacred in the estimation of my people. Every hillside, every valley, every plain and

grove, has been hallowed by some sad or happy event in days long vanished... The very dust upon which you now stand responds more lovingly to their footsteps than to yours, because it is rich with the blood of our ancestors and our bare feet are conscious of the sympathetic touch... Even the little children who lived here and rejoiced here for a brief season will love these somber solitudes and at eventide they greet shadowy returning spirits. And when the last Red Man shall have perished, and the memory of my tribe shall have become a myth among the White Men, these shores will swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe, and when your children's children think themselves alone in the field, the store, the shop, upon the highway, or in the silence of the pathless woods, they will not be alone... At night when the streets of your cities and villages are silent and you think them deserted, they will throng with the returning hosts that once filled and still love this beautiful land. The White Man will never be alone.

Let him be just and deal kindly with my people, for the dead are not powerless. Dead, did I say? There is no death. only a change of worlds.