

...friend The servant The  
...the wise lion The two hermits  
...giving and taking the great selves  
...the lot The king Ambition  
...the new pleasure the other fantasy The  
...the three The three The three  
...the grave danger the steps of the  
...The blessed with The good and  
...the evil god "Demer" "Night" and  
...the woman "The young sea" "The  
...The young sea" "The young sea"  
...the blade of the eye The two  
...the men "What my sorrow was born  
...the world"



• 典藏版 •

# 四季随笔

文思博要·英汉对照



The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft

【英】乔治·吉辛

编译：李健

追踪世界思想大师的人生之路  
记录思想史的珍贵文庫  
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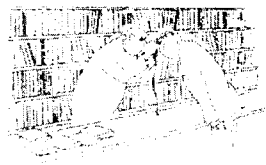
# 悠着读书

——编者的话

当我们离“粗茶半盏、藏书满架”的境界越来越远，当“采菊东篱下，悠然见南山”的自得永远定格成历史画面，当文化快餐、影视快餐成为生活的主流，你是不是也向往着那山高水远、风清云淡、从容品书的写意日子？

我们选编这套英汉对照丛书的初衷也正在于此。卢梭的《忏悔录》、培根的《论人生》、蒙田的《蒙田随笔》、梭罗的《瓦尔登湖》、纪伯伦的《沙与沫》、帕斯卡尔的《思想录》、华盛顿·欧文的《见闻札记》、乔治·吉辛的《四季随笔》、房龙的《人类的故事》、爱默生的《爱默生随笔选》这十种哲理散文，或浓墨重彩，或轻描淡写，无不饱含理性的思考，堪称世界名著中的经典之作，其中闪烁的智慧与美的光芒，足以跨越时空，打动一代又一代读者的心灵。

身处这个讲求速度和效率的世界，利益的驱动让人们无法忍受时间的考验，语言的学习人人都想找到速成的捷径。而在自然界的法则中，耐心潜伏的慢鱼可以吃掉莽撞的快鱼，一年长成的树木决不能做房屋的主梁，因此，积累变成永恒的主题。除少数天赋异禀的人外，我们并不相信某一种方法可以让人迅速地脱胎换骨。而读这些书，你可以悠着读，慢慢地读，细细地品，静静地想，体味中文与英文异曲同工的精致与流畅。悠着读的那种随心所欲，那种自然惬意，那种从容不迫，让你可以更深地思，更好地想。

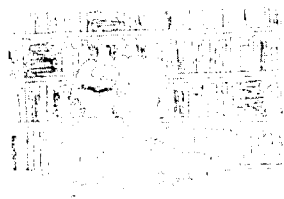


我们愿这套书能给你的思绪插上翅膀，让它自由地翱翔，我们愿为你推开一扇门，打开一扇窗，让你看到另外一个世界的景象。

乔治·吉辛（George Gissing, 1857-1903）并不是一位我们耳熟能详的知名作家。的确，相对于他自己所推崇的莎士比亚、狄更斯等英国作家，吉辛声名有限。但是这并不影响他为我们留下众多的文学作品，它们经过了一个多世纪的时间洗礼，至今依然散发着魅力。在这些作品中，既有数量不菲的小说，也有见解独到的文学批评，而影响最为深远的却是这部篇幅并不算长的《四季随笔》。正如吉辛自己所评价的那样，这是他在有生之年所能写出的最好作品。在他看来，当其他作品可能随着他生命的逝去而消失时，这部作品多半仍会存在。

事实则证明，它不仅仍然存在，而且作为文学随笔的精品之一，在世界文学领地中存有一席之地。本书英文名《亨利·莱克罗夫特杂记》，随已有译本的译名定名为《四季随笔》。这也是符合吉辛在序言最后对本书基本结构的说明的。在序言中，乔治·吉辛还以编纂者的口吻指出本书是一位名为亨利·莱克罗夫特的作家的遗作。事实上，本书是吉辛自己撰写的带有自传性质的随笔。因此，序言中对于此人的描述皆为杜撰，或者说是吉辛对自己以及本书的某种阐释。虽然吉辛的一生与他在序言中所交代的情况不尽相同，但是就其基本走向来说还是一致的。吉辛一生经历了两次失败的婚姻，曾为救助他人而偷窃并获罪入狱，他几乎终生以卖文为生，长期生活在贫困与忧患之中。其晚年景况稍微有所好转，身体却日渐败坏，终于在四十六岁时早早离开人世。而他在生命的最后阶段为我们留下的这部作品，也为我们理解这位茕茕孑立的作家的思想，提供了最好的读本。

在这部随笔中，我们首先可以看到一个醉心于湖光山色的田园归隐者的所思所想、所感所言。作者在描述这种归隐生活时所流露出的恬静怡然，或许是最能打动同样有着敏感心灵的读者的。作为一个天分颇高的作家，吉辛敏感而又细腻。他将那种归隐山林的惬意，交织在四季的



变迁中，自然而然地传递给了用心阅读的读者，令之心动神往。他笔下那些隐居生活的美好情景，很容易让我们想起陶渊明笔下“采菊东篱下，悠然见南山”的景象。但是这一主题，又与另一个同样伴随本书始终的主题相辅相成。这就是雷蒙德·威廉斯指出的所谓“个体在人群中的孤独寂寞”，它构成了全书挥之不去的另一种情绪——一种潜藏在作者内心深处的焦虑感。他在书中对于英国人现代生活变迁的讨论无不与此相关。

西方社会发展到吉辛的时代，已经在摆脱传统、迈向现代的道路上越走越远。一方面，现代文明借助于马克斯·韦伯所谓的合理化途径，获得了前所未有的物质成就；另一方面，这种成就却并没有带给人们自启蒙时代以来所预期的幸福生活。相反，伴随它而来的却是个体的自由与行动意义的丧失，社会生活——尤其是城市生活，逐渐变成了韦伯所洞察到的“铁的牢笼”。吉辛的敏感与细腻也同样体现在这个方面，他笔下的莱克罗夫特从喧哗的都市迁移到寂寥的乡间，从某种意义上可以说就是对这个牢笼的逃离。怎样在理想与现实之间做出选择，怎样在纷繁复杂的现代社会中保持个体的独立自由，这实际上也是吉辛为我们设下的一道难题。因为我们今天所面临的境况，并不比吉辛在一个多世纪前所面对的更加轻松。

吉辛最终就自己所出的这道难题给了一个归隐山林、独善其身的解答方案。虽然这未必是最佳的方案，也不是唯一的方案，但是他却在娓娓道来的随笔杂记中，将这一思想演绎得无比动人。这不仅得益于他深厚的文学功力，同时也离不开他思想中那些积极的人生态度的激励。虽然他的政治立场、价值取向未必一定正确，但是在他的字里行间所流露出的对自由、独立的渴望和追求，却成为他的作品能以智慧的光芒打动读者的基本保障。这也是我们回答他所设下的难题的一把钥匙：在一个物质至上的社会中，个体的自由与独立虽然愈加难以获得，但也因此而显得弥足珍贵。

## Spring

### 1

For more than a week my pen has lain untouched. I have written nothing for seven whole days, not even a letter. Except during one or two bouts of illness, such a thing never happened in my life before. In my life; the life, that is, which had to be supported by anxious toil; the life which was not lived for living's sake, as all life should be, but under the goad of fear. The earning of money should be a means to an end; for more than thirty years – I began to support myself at sixteen – I had to regard it as the end itself.

I could imagine that my old penholder feels reproachfully towards me. Has it not served me well? Why do I, in my happiness, let it lie there neglected, gathering dust? The same penholder that has lain against my forefinger day after day for – how many years? Twenty, at least; I remember buying it at a shop in Tottenham Court Road. By the same token I bought that day a paper – weight, which cost me a whole shilling – an extravagance which made me tremble. The penholder shone with its new varnish, now it is plain brown wood from end to end. On my forefinger it has made a callosity.

Old companion, yet old enemy! How many a time have I taken it up, loathing the necessity, heavy in head and heart, my hand shaking, my eyes sick-dazzled! How I dreaded the white page I had to foul with ink! Above all, on days such as this, when the blue eyes of spring laughed from between rosy clouds, when the sunlight shimmered upon my table and made me long, long all but to madness, for the scent of the flowering earth, for the green of hillside larches, for the singing of the skylark above the downs. There was a time – it seems further away than childhood – when I took up my pen with eagerness; if my hand trembled it was with hope. But a hope that fooled me, for nev-

## 春

## 1

我已经搁笔一个多星期了，整整七天里我什么也没写，甚至连一封信也不曾写过。在我这一生中，除了那么一两次生病之外，这样的事以前可从未发生过呀。在我的一生中，在我那不得不靠令人焦心的辛苦劳作维持生计的一生中，我不是为了生活本身而生活——如一切应该如此的生活那样，而是在恐惧煎熬中惶惶度日。挣钱本来应该是达到目的的一种手段，然而三十余年来——从十六岁起，我就开始自食其力——我不得不一直将挣钱当作目的。

我能够想象得到，我的老笔杆对我有责难之意。难道它没有很好地为我效劳吗？为什么我在快乐时，却将它冷落一边，任尘土堆积呢？这一杆笔，已经日复一日地夹在我的指间，一共有——多少年呢？至少有二十年光阴了吧；我还记得它是在托特纳姆的科特路一家商店里买的。同一天，我还买了一个镇纸，足足花了我一个先令——一个令我颤抖的奢侈行为。那会儿这支笔闪烁着新漆的光泽，如今则上下都露出普通的棕色木质了。它已在我的食指上磨出了一层老茧。

老伙计，却又是老对头！我有多少次被迫拿起它，心怀怨恨，头重心累，手颤眼花呀！我是多么害怕用墨水在那白纸上涂鸦呀！尤其是像现在这样的日子，当春天的精灵在玫瑰红的云朵间露出笑脸，当阳光在我的书桌上闪烁，我渴望，发疯般地渴望：那百花绽放的大地的芳香，那山坡上落叶松的葱郁，还有那高地上云雀的鸣唱。曾经有一个时期——似乎比童年还要久远——我充满渴望地拿起笔来；如果我的手在颤抖，那也只是因为希望的缘故。然而这种希望却愚弄了我，因为我所写的每一页文字，都没有留存人间的价值。如今，我已经



er a page of my writing deserved to live. I can say that now without bitterness. It was youthful error, and only the force of circumstance prolonged it. The world has done me no injustice; thank heaven I have grown wise enough not to rail at it for this! And why should any man who writes, even if he write things immortal, nurse anger at the world's neglect? Who asked him to publish? Who promised him a hearing? Who has broken faith with him? If my shoemaker turn me out an excellent pair of boots, and I, in some mood of cantankerous unreason, throw them back upon his hands, the man has just cause of complaint. But your poem, your novel, who bargained with you for it? If it is honest journey-work, yet lacks purchasers, at most you may call yourself a hapless tradesman. If it come from on high, with what decency do you fret and fume because it is not paid for in heavy cash? For the work of man's mind there is one test, and one alone, the judgment of generations yet unborn. If you have written a great book, the world to come will know of it. But you don't care for posthumous glory. You want to enjoy fame in a comfortable arm-chair. Ah, that is quite another thing. Have the courage of your desire. Admit yourself a merchant, and protest to gods and men that the merchandise you offer is of better quality than much which sells for a high price. You may be right, and indeed it is hard upon you that fashion does not turn to your stall.

## 2

The exquisite quiet of this room! I have been sitting in utter idleness, watching the sky, viewing the shape of golden sunlight upon the carpet, which changes as the minutes pass, letting my eye wander from one framed print to another, and along the ranks of my beloved books. Within the house nothing stirs. In the garden I can hear singing of birds, I can hear the rustle of their wings. And thus, if it please me, I may sit all day long and into the profounder quiet of the night.

My house is perfect. By great good fortune I have found a housekeeper no less to my mind, a low-voiced, light-footed woman of discreet age, strong and deft enough to render me all the service I require, and not afraid of solitude. She rises very early. By my breakfast-time there remains little to be done under the roof save dressing of meals. Very rarely do I hear even a clink of crockery; never the closing of a door or window. Oh, blessed silence!

可以毫无辛酸地这样说了。这是青年时期犯的错，也仅仅是环境迫使我延长了这种错误。这个世界对我并没有什么不公平；谢天谢地，我已变得足够明智，再不会因此而抱怨什么了！任何写作者，即使他写出了不朽之作，就该对世人的冷落心存怨恨吗？谁要求他出版作品了吗？谁允诺倾听他的声音了吗？还是谁失信于他了吗？倘若鞋匠为我制作了一双极好的靴子，而我却因一时性起，没由来地将靴子扔还给他，他是有正当理由抱怨的。然而你的诗歌，你的小说，又是谁与你约定创作的呢？倘若你的作品是诚恳的卖文之作，却找不到买主，那你最多也只能怨自己是一个倒霉的商贩罢了。如果你的作品来自上天的点化，那么仅仅因为没有得到高额报偿而恼怒，合适吗？对于那些用心灵创作的作品，有一种——也仅仅只有一种评判标准，那就是让后人去判断。倘若你写出了一部伟大的著作，后世自然会知道。然而你并不关心这死后的荣耀；你是想在舒适的扶手椅上，享受那生时的名望。哈，这就完全是另外一回事了。那你就鼓起勇气，要求满足你的欲望吧。承认自己是一个商人，并向神与人提出抗议，告诉他们你所兜售的货物，比许多售价很高的货物品质更佳。那么你也也许是对的，的确，假如这样人们都没有趋之若鹜地光顾你的售货摊，那真是件令人痛苦的事了。

## 2

这屋中绝妙的恬静呵！我一直无所事事地坐着，望着天空，看着金色阳光照耀在地毯上留下的瞬息万变的形状，我的眼睛随着一幅幅装框的版画，随着一排排心爱的书籍扫视过去。屋内悄无声息。花园中我能够听到鸟儿的歌唱声，能够听见它们拍动翅膀的沙沙声。如果我愿意，我可以就这样整天都坐着，一直坐到更为宁静的深夜。

我的房子是完美无瑕的。因为运气实在是好，我还找到了一位称心如意的女管家——一位轻言细语、步履轻快、已到不惑之年的妇女，她健壮而灵活，足以应付我要求她做的所有家务，而且也不必担心孤单了。她起得非常早。等到我吃早饭时，除了摆弄一餐的调味品外，就再没有什么可做了。我很少听到过陶器发出的丁当声，更没有听到过门窗的关闭声。哦，这幸福的恬静呵！

There is not the remotest possibility of any one's calling upon me, and that I should call upon any one else is a thing undreamed of. I owe a letter to a friend; perhaps I shall write it before bed-time; perhaps I shall leave it till tomorrow morning. A letter of friendship should never be written save when the spirit prompts. I have not yet looked at the newspaper. Generally I leave it till I come back tired from my walk; it amuses me then to see what the noisy world is doing, what new self-torments men have discovered, what new forms of vain toil, what new occasions of peril and of strife. I grudge to give the first freshness of the morning mind to things so sad and foolish.

My house is perfect. Just large enough to allow the grace of order in domestic circumstance; just that superfluity of intramural space to lack which is to be less than at one's ease. The fabric is sound; the work in wood and plaster tells of a more leisurely and a more honest age than ours. The stairs do not creak under my step; I am waylaid by no unkindly draught; I can open or close a window without muscle-ache. As to such trifles as the tint and device of wall-paper, I confess my indifference; be the walls only unobtrusive and I am satisfied. The first thing in one's home is comfort; let beauty of detail be added if one has the means, the patience, the eye.

To me this little book-room is beautiful, and chiefly because it is home. Through the greater part of life I was homeless. Many places have I inhabited, some which my soul loathed and some which pleased me well; but never till now with that sense of security which makes a home. At any moment I might have been driven forth by evil hap, by nagging necessity. For all that time did I say within myself: Someday, perchance, I shall have a home; yet the "perchance" had more and more of emphasis as life went on, and at the moment when fate was secretly smiling on me, I had all but abandoned hope. I have my home at last. When I place a new volume on my shelves, I say: Stand there whilst I have eyes to see you; and a joyous tremor thrills me. This house is mine on a lease of a score of years. So long I certainly shall not live; but if I did, even so long should I have the wherewithal to pay my rent and buy food.

I think with compassion of the unhappy mortals for whom no such sun will ever rise. I should like to add to the litany a new petition: "For all inhabitants of great towns, and especially for all such as dwell in lodgings, boarding-houses, flats, or any other sordid substitute for home which need or

绝不会有任何人来拜访我的可能性，而我去拜访其他人，更是做梦也没想过的事情。我还有朋友的一封信没有回，或许我会在就寝前回复，或许我会留到明晨再回复。除非我兴致很高，否则我从来不会写信给朋友。我还没有阅读报纸。通常，我会将它留到散步疲倦归来后再读。这样才是一种消遣：看看这个喧闹的世界在做些什么，看看人类又发明了什么自我折磨的新花样，看看有什么新形式的无用功，看看有什么新的危险与冲突场面。我可不想将清晨最为清醒的头脑，用来阅读这样一些愚蠢和令人不快的东西。

我的房子是完美无瑕的。刚刚大到可以将家庭的环境布置得井井有条；室内刚刚能有一块富余的空间，没有这样的空间，可就算不上舒适了。房屋的构造是牢靠的；木材与灰泥的做工都表明，那是一个比我们现在更为从容不迫、更为诚实的时代。楼梯不会在我的脚下吱吱作响；我不会遭到恼人的穿堂风的袭击；我可以开关窗子而不至于肌肉疼痛。至于墙纸的色彩与图案一类的琐碎小事，我承认我是不大关心的；只要墙壁不碍眼，我也就满意了。家的第一要义是舒适；如果一个人有钱有耐心，还有审美眼光，也可以在细节处美化美化。

对我而言，这间小小的书房很美，主要因为它是家。在一生的大部分时间里，我是没有家的。我曾经居住过的许多地方，有些我发自内心地厌恶，有些我很是喜欢；然而在此之前还从来没有一个地方，能给我那种构成家庭的安全感。随时随地，我都可能被厄运、被喋喋不休的必要性所驱逐。在所有这样的时刻，我都在心里对自己说：或许有一天我就会拥有一个家。然而随着生活的继续，“或许”这个词的分量也越来越沉，当命运之神悄悄向我微笑之际，我已经快要放弃这希望了。如今，我终于有了自己的家了。当我将一册新书放到我的书架上时，我说：当我还有暇看你时，就站在那里吧；一种快乐的战栗令我激动。根据租约，这所住宅在二十年内归我所有。我肯定活不了这么久；不过，如果我可以活这么久的话，我也有必要的资金来支付租金和购买食物。

我心怀怜悯地想到了那些幸运之光永远照耀不到的不幸者。我希望在那祷告书中加上一句新的祷文：“为一切大城市的居民，尤其为那些居住在出租房、客栈、公寓，或其他任何因贫困及愚蠢所迫而以污秽之地为家的人们。”





foolishness may have contrived."

In vain I have pondered the Stoic<sup>①</sup> virtues. I know that it is folly to fret about the spot of one's abode on this little earth.

*All places that the eye of heaven visits*

*Are to the wise man ports and happy havens. ②*

But I have always worshipped wisdom afar off. In the sonorous period of the philosopher, in the golden measure of the poet, I find it of all things lovely. To its possession I shall never attain. What will it serve me to pretend a virtue of which I am incapable? To me the place and manner of my abode is of supreme import; let it be confessed, and there an end of it. I am no cosmopolite. Were I to think I should die away from England, the thought would be dreadful to me. And in England, this is the dwelling of my choice; this is my home.

### 3

I am no botanist, but I have long found pleasure in herb-gathering. I love to come upon a plant which is unknown to me, to identify it with the help of my book, to greet it by name when next it shines beside my path. If the plant be rare, its discovery gives me joy. Nature, the great artist, makes her common flowers in the common view; no word in human language can express the marvel and the loveliness even of what we call the vulgarest weed, but these are fashioned under the gaze of every passerby. The rare flower is shaped apart, in places secret, in the artist's subtler mood; to find it is to enjoy the sense of admission to a holier precinct. Even in my gladness I am awed.

Today I have walked far, and at the end of my walk I found the little white-flowered woodruff. It grew in a copse of young ash. When I had looked long at the flower, I delighted myself with the grace

① 斯多葛学派 (Stoicism), 公元前四世纪创立于古希腊的哲学学派, 主张禁欲主义。

② 引自莎士比亚的《查理二世》, 第一幕, 第三场。

我这样思考着斯多葛学派哲学家的德行，是徒劳无益的。我知道在这短暂的尘世中，为个人的居所而烦恼，是一件荒唐事。

凡是上苍眼睛所看到的一切地方，  
对智者而言，都是避风港与幸福地。

但是我一贯崇敬这远古的智慧。在哲学家铿锵有力的语句中，在诗人美妙悦耳的韵律中，我感到，智慧是一切事物中最迷人的。这种智慧，我永远也无法拥有。假装拥有自己无力具备的优点，对于我能有什么好处吗？对我而言，居住的地点与方式具有至高无上的重要性；让我这样坦白承认，然后就此结束一切吧。我没有四海一家的想法。倘若要我想将死在英格兰以外的地方，我会因这想法而恐惧的。就在英格兰，这是我自己选择的栖居之地；这里就是我的家。

### 3

我不是植物学家，但是长期以来，我总觉得收集花草是一桩乐事。我喜欢碰见自己不认识的植物，然后借助书本来识别它，等下一次它在我经过的路旁摇曳时，我能叫出它的名字向它致意。倘若这种植物是稀有的，发现它尤其令我开心。大自然，这伟大的艺术家，在这个大千世界中创造出了普通的花草；人类的语言中没有什么词汇可以表达出它们——即使是那些被我们视为最普通野草的花草——的美妙与魅力，然而如此被创造出来的花草，还只是路人皆见的。稀奇的花草则是在隐秘的地方，在大自然这个艺术家的更为微妙的心境中，另行创造出来的。发现它，便能够享受那种步入神界之感的快乐。甚至是在这快乐中，我也心怀敬畏。

今天我走得很远，走到终了之处，我发现了开着白色小花的车叶草。它生在年轻的岑树丛中。我久久注视着这些花，为它周围那些优雅修长的岑树而喜悦——它们光亮柔滑，呈橄

of the slim trees about it – their shining smoothness, their olive hue. Hard by stood a bush of wych elm; its tettered bark, overlined as if with the character of some unknown tongue, made the young ashes yet more beautiful.

It matters not how long I wander. There is no task to bring me back; no one will be vexed or uneasy, linger I ever so late. Spring is shining upon these lanes and meadows; I feel as if I must follow every winding track that opens by my way. Spring has restored to me something of the long-forgotten vigour of youth; I walk without weariness; I sing to myself like a boy, and the song is one I knew in boyhood.

That reminds me of an incident. Near a hamlet, in a lonely spot by a woodside, I came upon a little lad of perhaps ten years old, who, his head hidden in his arms against a tree trunk, was crying bitterly. I asked him what was the matter, and after a little trouble – he was better than a mere bumpkin – I learned that, having been sent with sixpence to pay a debt, he had lost the money. The poor little fellow was in a state of mind which in a grave man would be called the anguish of despair; he must have been crying for a long time; every muscle in his face quivered as if under torture, his limbs shook; his eyes, his voice, uttered such misery as only the vilest criminal should be made to suffer. And it was because he had lost sixpence!

I could have shed tears with him – tears of pity and of rage at all this spectacle implied. On a day of indescribable glory, when earth and heaven shed benedictions upon the soul of man, a child, whose nature would have bidden him rejoice as only childhood may, wept his heart out because his hand had dropped a sixpenny piece! The loss was a very serious one, and he knew it; he was less afraid to face his parents, than overcome by misery at the thought of the harm he had done them. Sixpence dropped by the wayside, and a whole family made wretched! What are the due descriptive terms for a state of “civilization” in which such a thing as this is possible?

I put my hand into my pocket, and wrought sixpenny-worth of miracle.

It took me half an hour to recover my quiet mind. After all, it is as idle to rage against man's fatuity as to hope that he will ever be less a fool. For me, the great thing was my sixpenny miracle. Why, I have known the day when it would have been beyond my power altogether, or else would have

榄色。近旁还立着一丛山榆树，树皮疙疙瘩瘩，仿佛是用未知文字涂鸦的多余物，使得这些年轻的岑树显得愈发美丽了。

无论漫游多久，我都并不在意。没有什么事要我回去；我闲荡再迟，也不会有人因此而焦急不安。春日的阳光在这些乡间小路和草地上闪耀，我觉得眼前展开的每一条蜿蜒小道，似乎都得走走。春天恢复了我那些久已遗忘的青春活力；我不知疲倦地漫步；像个孩子似的对着自己唱歌，唱的是童年时代所学的歌。

这让我想起了一件小事。在一个村庄附近，一个树林边缘的偏僻处，我偶遇一个大约十岁的男孩，他靠着一处树干，正在抱头痛哭。我问他究竟发生了什么事，费了点周折后——他也就比那纯粹的乡巴佬强点——我了解了，他被差去还六个便士的债，结果却把钱给丢了。这个可怜孩子现在的心境，在一个严肃的成人那里可以称得上是绝望的痛苦了；他一定已经哭了很久了；他脸部的每一处肌肉，都仿佛是在酷刑折磨下一般颤抖着，他的四肢也颤抖着；他的眼睛与他的声音所表现出的悲痛，只有那最可憎的罪犯才应该遭受。而这一切，只不过是丢了他六个便士而已！

我几乎要和他一起流泪了——这场景令人怜悯激动，为之下泪。在这风光无限美好的一天，当地降福于人的灵魂之际，这个孩子——其天性本应使他享受到唯有孩子才能享受到的欢乐——却因为丢失了手中的六个便士而悲痛欲绝！这一损失很严重，他也知道这一点；他是害怕去面对父母，但更是因为想到了他的行为对他们的伤害，让他被痛苦所制服。仅仅在路边丢了六个便士，便令整个家庭陷入不幸之中！对于能够发生这种事情的所谓“文明社会”，该用什么恰当的词语来描述呢？

我将手伸进口袋，创造了一个价值六个便士的奇迹。

花了半个小时的时间，我的心才恢复平静。毕竟，迁怒于人的愚昧无知，与期待他少干点傻事，都是徒劳无益的。对我而言，重要的事是那六个便士的奇迹。我知道有一天我可能完全无能为力，或者这就得花去我一顿饭的钱。为此，让我再一次感到喜悦并心怀感念吧。



cost me a meal. Wherefore, let me again be glad and thankful.

4

How many more springs can I hope to see? A sanguine temper would say ten or twelve; let me dare to hope humbly for five or six. That is a great many. Five or six springtimes, welcomed joyously, lovingly watched from the first celandine to the budding of the rose; who shall dare to call it a stinted boon? Five or six times the miracle of earth reclad, the vision of splendour and loveliness which tongue has never yet described, set before my gazing. To think of it is to fear that I ask too much.

5

For more than six years I trod the pavement, never stepping once upon mother earth – for the parks are but pavement disguised with a growth of grass. Then the worst was over. Say I the worst? No, no; things far worse were to come; the struggle against starvation has its cheery side when one is young and vigorous. But at all events I had begun to earn a living; I held assurance of food and clothing for half a year at a time; granted health, I might hope to draw my not insufficient wages for many a twelvemonth. And they were the wages of work done independently, when and where I would. I thought with horror of lives spent in an office, with an employer to obey. The glory of the career of letters was its freedom, its dignity!

The fact of the matter was, of course, that I served, not one master, but a whole crowd of them. Independence, forsooth! If my writing failed to please editor, publisher, public, where was my daily bread? The greater my success, the more numerous my employers. I was the slave of a multitude. By heaven's grace I had succeeded in pleasing (that is to say, in making myself a source of profit to) certain persons who represented this vague throng; for the time, they were gracious to me; but what justified me in the faith that I should hold the ground I had gained? Could the position of any toiling man be more precarious than mine? I tremble now as I think of it, tremble as I should in watching some one who walked carelessly on the edge of an abyss. I marvel at the recollection that for a good