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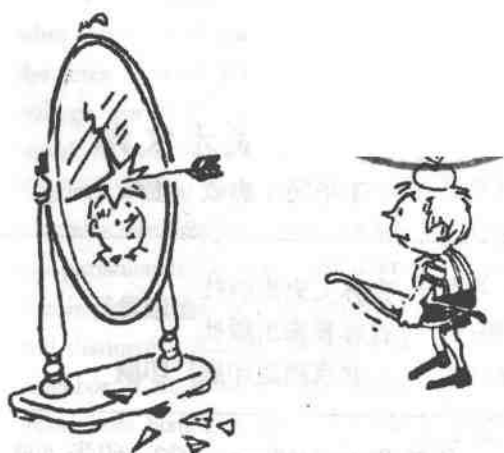
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青少年成才宝典

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# 外国名家散文(下)

主 编 丁华民 志敏



吉林文史出版社  
吉林音像出版社

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丁华民 志敏 主编

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## 外国名家散文

### A WINTER WALK

Henry David Thoreau

### 冬日漫步

梭 罗

The wind has gently murmured through the blinds, or puffed with feathery softness against the windows, and occasionally sighed like a summer zephyr lifting the leaves along, the livelong night. The meadow mouse has slept in his snug gallery in the sod, the owl has sat in a hollow tree in the depth of the swamp, the rabbit, the squirrel, and the fox have all been housed. The watch-dog has lain quiet on the hearth, and the cattle have stood silent in their stalls. The earth itself has slept, as it were its first, not its last sleep, save

风欢快地轻轻吹过百叶窗,要末吹在窗上,轻轻柔柔的,好像羽毛一般;有时候声声叹息,似乎叫人想起夏季漫漫长夜和风吹树叶的声音。田鼠已经舒服服地在地底下的楼房中酣睡,猫头鹰定居在沼地深处一棵空心树里面,兔子、松鼠、狐狸都躲在家里安居不动。看家的狗在火炉边悄无声息地躺着,牛羊在栏圈里一声不响地回想。大地也睡着了——这不是安息,这似乎是它劳苦一年以来的第一次安然入睡。时虽半夜,大自然还是不断的忙着,只有街上商店

when some street sign or woodhouse door has faintly creaked upon its hinge, cheering forlorn nature at her midnight work—the only sound awake twixt Venus and Mars—advertising us of a remote inward warmth, a divine cheer and fellowship, where gods are met together, but where it is very bleak for men to stand. But while the earth has slumbered, all the air has been alive with feathery flakes descending, as if some northern Ceres reigned, showing her silvery grain over all the fields.

We sleep, and at length awake to the still reality of a winter morning. The snow lies warm as cotton or down upon the window sill; the broadened sash and frosted panes admit a dim and private light, which enhances the snug cheer within. The stillness of the morning is impres-

牌子或是小屋的门轴上,时而轻轻的发出嘎吱嘎吱的声音,给寂寥的大自然添一些抚慰。茫茫宇宙,在金星和火星之间,只有这些声音表示天地万物还没有全都沉寂——我们想起了远处(就在心里头吧?)还有温暖,还有神圣的鼓舞和朋友相聚之喜,可是这种意境是天神们互相往来时才能感受,凡人是不胜其苍茫的。大地现在是睡着了,可是空气中还是充满了活力,鹅毛片片,不断地落下,犹如有一个北方的五谷女神,正在我们的田亩上撒下无数金银的谷粒。

我们也睡着了,等到醒来,正是冬天的早晨。万籁俱寂,雪厚厚地堆着,窗槛上像铺了轻软的棉花或羽绒;窗格子显得加宽了,玻璃上结了冰纹,光线阴暗而隐秘,更加强了屋内舒适温暖的感觉。早晨的寂静咄咄逼人。我们走到窗口——脚下的地板

sive. The floor creaks under our feet as we move toward the window to look abroad through some clear space over the fields. We see the roofs stand under their snow burden. From the eaves and fences hang stalactites of snow, and in the yard stand stalagmites covering some concealed core. The trees and shrubs rear white arms to the sky on every side; and where were walls and fences, we see fantastic forms stretching in frolic gambols across the dusky landscape, as if Nature had strewn her fresh designs over the fields by night as models for man's art.

Silently we unlatch the door, letting the drift fall in, and step abroad to face the cutting air. Already the stars have lost some of their sparkle, and a dull, leaden mist skirts the horizon. A lurid brazen light in the east proclaims the ap-

在吱吱地响——挑了一处没有冰霜封住的地方,远看田野的景色。窗外一幢幢房子都是白雪覆盖;屋檐下、篱笆上莫不闪亮地挂满了钟乳石似的冰雪;院子里像石笋似的站着很多雪笋,雪里藏的是什么东西,却看不出来。大树小树四面八方伸出白色的枝杆,指向天空;原来是墙壁和篱笆的地方,形状更是美观,在昏暗的大地上,它们向左右扩展,如跳如跃,似乎一夜之间,大自然把田野景物重新设计过,好让人间的画师来写意。

我们静静地拔去了门闩,雪花飞舞,立刻落到屋子里来;走出屋外,寒风迎面扑来,好像刀割。星光已经不那么闪烁明亮,地平线上笼罩了一层深重晦暗的薄雾。东方露出一片奇妙的古铜色的光彩,表示天快要亮



proach of day, while the western landscape is dim and spectral still, and clothed in a somber Tartarean light, like the shadowy realms. They are Infernal sounds only that you hear—the crowing of cocks, the barking of dogs, the chopping of wood, the lowing of kine, all seem to come from Pluto's barnyard and beyond the Styx—not for any melancholy they suggest, but their twilight bustle is too solemn and mysterious for earth. The recent tracks of the fox or otter, in the yard, remind us that each hour of the night is crowded with events, and the primeval nature is still working and making tracks in the snow. Opening the gate, we tread briskly along the lone country road, crunching the dry and crisped snow under our feet, or aroused by the sharp, clear creak of the wood sled, just starting for the distant market,

了;可是西边的景物,还是一片模糊,一片幽暗,杳然无声,好像幽灵,到处阴光闪烁,鬼影憧憧,不像是人间。耳边的声响,也带鬼气——鸡啼狗吠,木柴的断裂声,牛群的呼叫声——这一切好像阴阳河两岸冥王的农场里发出的声响;声音本身并没有特别凄惨之处,只是天色未明,这种种活动显得太严肃了,太神奇了,不像人间所有。院子里,雪地上,狐狸和水獭所留下的印迹犹新,这使我们想起:即使在冬夜最安静的时候,自然界生物没有一个钟点不在活动,它们还在雪上留下足印。把院子门打开,我们以轻快的脚步,跨上安静的乡村小路,雪干而脆,脚踏上去发出吱吱的声音;早起的农夫,驾着雪橇,到远处的集市去赶早市。这辆雪橇一夏天都在农夫的门口空闲着,与木屑稻梗作伴,现在可有了用武之地。它的

from the early farmer's door, where it has lain the summer long, dreaming amid the chips and stubble; while far through the drifts and powdered windows we see the farmer's early candle, like a paled star, emitting a lonely beam, as if some severe virtue were at its matins there. And one by one the smokes begin to ascend from the chimneys amid the trees and snows.

We hear the sound of wood-chopping at the farmers' doors, far over the frozen earth, the baying of the house-dog, and the distant clari-on of the cock—though the thin and frosty air conveys only the finer particles of sound to our ears, with short and sweet vibrations, as the waves subside soonest on the purest and lightest liquids, in which gross substances sink to the bottom. They come clear and bell-like, and from a

尖锐、清晰、刺耳的声音,对于早起赶路的人,也有提神醒脑的效果。农舍窗上虽然积雪丰厚,但是屋里的农夫早把蜡烛点起,孤寂的烛光照射进来,像一颗晦暗的星,宛如某种朴素的美德正在作着晨祷。树际和雪堆之间,炊烟也是一处处地依次从屋顶里开始升起。

大地冰封,到处鸡啼狗吠;从各处农家门口,不时传来丁丁劈柴的声音。空气稀薄干寒,只有比较纤细尖锐的声音才能传入我们的双耳,听来短促而悦耳地抖动;凡是至清至轻的液体,波动总是稍发即止,由于里面精粒硬块,很快沉到底下去了。声音从地平线的远处传来,激越响亮,犹如钟声,冬天的空气清爽,不像夏天那样有众多杂质阻隔,因此声音听来也不像夏天那样

greater distance in the horizons, as if there were fewer impediments than in summer to make them faint and ragged. The ground is sonorous, like seasoned wood, and even the ordinary rural sounds are melodious, and the jingling of the ice on the trees is sweet and liquid. There is the least possible moisture in the atmosphere, all being dried up or congealed, and it is of such extreme tenuity and elasticity that it becomes a source of delight. The withdrawn and tense sky seems groined like the aisles of a cathedral, and the polished air sparkles as if there were crystals of ice floating in it. As they who have resided in Greenland tell us that when it freezes "the sea smokes like burning turf-land, and a fog or mist arises, called frost-smoke," which "cutting smoke frequently raises blisters on the face and hands, and is very pernicious to the health." But

的刺耳而模糊。脚上的土地，铿锵有声，如叩击坚硬的木块；一切乡村间平凡的声响，此刻听来都美妙悦耳；树上的冰条，互相撞击，其声淙淙如流水，如雅乐。空气里面一点水分都没有，水蒸气不是干化，就是冻结成冰霜了。空气十分稀少而似有弹性，人呼吸其中，感到心旷神怡，天空似乎是绷紧了的，往后移动，人从下上望，很像处身大教堂中，顶上是一块连一块弧形的屋顶；擦得晶光明亮的空气，好像有冰晶沉浮其间，正如在格陵兰住过的人告诉我们的<sup>①</sup>，那边结冰的时候，“海就冒烟，像大火发威；而且有雾气升腾，名叫烟雾；这烟雾有害健康，伤人肌肤，能使手脸生疮肿胀。”我们这里的寒气，虽然寒冷透骨，然而质地清纯，可提神，可清肺。我们决

① “格陵兰”云云可能引自博斯爵士(Sir John Boss)所著的 *Narrative of a Second Voyage in Search of a North-West Passage*, 1835 年伦敦出版。

this pure, stinging cold is an elixir to the lungs, and not so much a frozen mist as a crystallized midsummer haze, refined and purified by cold.

The sun at length rises through the distant woods, as if with the faint clashing, swinging sound of cymbals, melting the air with his beams, and with such rapid steps the morning travels, that already his rays are gilding the distant western mountains. Meanwhile we step hastily along through the powdery snow, warmed by an inward heat, enjoying an Indian summer still, in the increased glow of thought and feeling. Probably if our lives were more conformed to nature, we should not need to defend ourselves against her heats and colds, but find her our constant nurse and friend, as do plants and quadrupeds. If our bodies were fed with pure and simple elements, and

不会把它看作冻结的雾,只能认为它是仲夏的朝雾的结晶,经过寒冷的凝结,变得越发清纯了。

太阳最终总算从远处的林间慢慢上升。阳光照处,空中的冰霜都在消失,隐隐之中似乎有铙钹伴奏,铿锵有声,节奏有力。随着铙钹不断敲响,阳光的威力渐渐增强,黎明很快变成白昼,它的光线把西面远处的山头镀上一层金色。在此期间,我们始终在匆匆地踏着细碎的干雪前进,因为思想情感更为激跃,内心发出一种热力,天气也好像变得像十月小阳春似地暖和。假如我们能改造我们的生活,使它和大自然更为和谐一致,我们也许就不必畏惧寒暑侵袭,而将和草木走兽一样,使大自然成为我们的益师和良友,永远关爱着我们。如果我们的身体的发育,靠的不是那些令人激动和富于热量的食品,而

not with a stimulating and heating diet, they would afford no more pasture for cold than a leafless twig, but thrive like the trees, which find even winter genial to their expansion.

The wonderful purity of nature at this season is a most pleasing fact. Every decayed stump and moss-grown stone and rail, and the dead leaves of autumn, are concealed by a clean napkin of snow. In the bare fields and tinkling woods, see what virtue survives. In the coldest and bleakest places, the warmest charities still maintain a foothold. A cold and searching wind drives away all contagion, and nothing can withstand it but what has a virtue in it, and accordingly, whatever we meet with in cold and bleak places, as the tops of mountains, we respect for a sort of study innocence, a Puritan tough-

是洁净而单纯的基本因素,那么我们就会像一根无叶的小枝桠那样一点也不为寒冷提供让它施展其淫威的处所,却会如同树木那样健康成长,即使冬天也会适于它们的欣欣向荣。

在这个季节里,大自然显得格外纯洁,这是使我们感到最为兴奋的。残干枯木,苔痕斑斑的石头和栏杆,秋天的落叶,到如今被大雪覆盖,好像上面盖了一块干净的手帕。在裸露的田野里和丁当作声的树林里,看看还剩下什么美德。在最冷和最凄凉的地方,最最温暖人心的行为犹自坚守阵地。寒风一吹,无孔不入,一切乌烟瘴气全都一扫而空,凡是不能坚贞自守的,都无法抵抗,因此凡是在寒冷荒凉的地方(例如高山之巅),我们能够看见的东西,都值得我们敬仰,因为它们有一种坚强纯朴的性格——一种清教徒式的坚韧。

ness. All things beside seem to be called in for shelter, and what stays out must be part of the original frame of the universe, and of such valor as God himself. It is invigorating to breathe the cleansed air. Its greater fineness and purity are visible to the eye, and we would fain stay out long and late, that the gales may sigh through us, too, as through the leafless trees, and fit us for the winter—as if we hoped so to borrow some pure and steadfast virtue, which will stead us in all seasons.

There is a slumbering subterranean fire in nature which never goes out, and which no cold can chill. It finally melts the great snow, and in January or July is only buried under a thicker or thinner covering. In the coldest day it flows somewhere, and the snow melts around

别的東西都尋求蔽護保護去了，要是卓然獨立於寒風之中者，一定是天地靈氣之所寵，是自然界骨氣的表现，和天神一般勇敢堅強。空氣經過洗滌，呼吸進去相當有勁。空氣的清明純潔，還可以用眼睛都看得出來；我們寧可整天待在外面，不到天黑不回家，我們願意朔風吹過光禿禿的大樹一般地吹徹我們的身體，使我們更能適應寒冬的侵襲。我們希望以此能從大自然學來一點純潔堅強的力量。這種力量對於我們是一年四季都受益不淺的。

地層底下有大火，永遠不熄，酷寒天氣也不能稍減其烈日。大雪雖厚，始終要被它融化。此火終年如一，所變化者，只是正月里掩蓋變密，熱力難透，七月里掩蓋變稀，熱力很快上達而已。在最冷的日子裡，地火奔騰，所經之處，樹邊上的雪

every tree. This field of winter rye, which sprouted late in the fall, and now speedily dissolves the snow, is where the fire is very thinly covered. We feel warmed by it. In the winter, warmth stands for all virtue, and we resort in thought to a trickling rill, with its bare stones shining in the sun, and to warm springs in the woods, with as much eagerness as rabbits and robins. The steam which rises from swamps and pools is as dear and domestic as that of our own kettle. What fire could ever equal the sunshine of a winter's day, when the meadow mice come out by the wall-sides, and the chickadee lisp in the defiles of the wood? The warmth comes directly from the sun, and is not radiated from the earth, as in summer; and when we feel his beams on our backs as we are treading some snowy dell, we are grateful

就消解了。有一种黑麦,晚秋茁芽,入冬成熟,它的热力迅速把田里的积雪消解;黑麦田里,就是地火覆盖最薄的地方,我们看见了,心里都会感到温暖。一到冬天,温暖就成了一切美德的象征;我们如同兔子和知更雀一样,自然而然地寻求温暖;大地已经冰冻,我们就想去看看森林里的山泉,或者是一条不冻的小溪,和在太阳底下闪闪发亮的溪里光秃的石头。沼泽池塘里冒起的雾气,我们看来,如同家里水壶的蒸气一样的可爱,一样的有舒服之感。可是哪一种炉火可以比得上冬日的太阳呢?太阳一出,田鼠从温室钻出来了,山雀也在树林的深处吱吱唧唧地欢唱起来了。夏天的热一半是地面上热气的映射,冬天的温暖,则直接来自太阳。我们在大雪的山凹里走着,觉得太阳的光线直射在背上;地方是很偏远的

as for a special kindness, and bless the sun which has followed us into that byplace.

This subterranean fire has its altar in each man's breast; for in the coldest day, and on the bleakest hill, the traveler cherishes a warmer fire within the folds of his cloak than is kindled on any hearth. A healthy man, indeed, is the complement of the seasons, and in winter, summer is in his heart. There is the south. Thither have all birds and insects migrated, and around the warm springs in his breast are gathered the robin and the lark.

In this glade covered with bushes of a year's growth, see how the silvery dust lies on every seared leaf and twig, deposited in such infinite and luxurious forms as by their very variety atone for the absence of color. Observe the tiny tracks of mice

了,可是和煦的太阳,始终关爱着我们,我们对于这种十分恩典,只有感激在心而已。

地火的圣坛,也筑在每一个人的心里;天不管怎么冷,山不论怎么荒芜,旅人大衣里面所包的火,比之人家壁炉里的火,还要温暖。一个健康的人,他正好补足季候的过错;外面是冬天,他心里就是夏天。人在北方,却是他的心就是南方。禽鸟和昆虫都会搬迁到他的心头来安居;他的心里就流入温泉,在他的身边知更鸟和百灵鸟一只一只飞下来休息。

森林里的空地上,长满已有一年左右历史的树丛;叶都焦了,枝就枯萎,但请看树上的雪多么漂亮!雪像银粉似地积压在上面,姿态万千,形状可观;冬天是看不见色彩的,可是银珠玉叶无穷的形态好像正可以补救



around every stem, and the triangular tracks of the rabbit. A pure elastic heaven hangs over all, as if the impurities of the summer sky, refined and shrunk by the chaste winter's cold, had been winnowed from the heavens upon the earth.

Nature confounds her summer distinctions at this season. The heavens seem to be nearer the earth. The elements are less reserved and distinct. Water turns to ice, rain to snow. The day is but a Scandinavian night. The winter is an arctic summer.

How much more living is the life that is in nature, the furred life which still survives the stinging nights, and, from amidst fields and woods covered with frost and snow, sees the sun rise!

色彩的欠缺。在树干的旁边,请注意田鼠细碎的脚步迹,还有兔子的三角形的脚迹。天空明朗,好像有弹性似地挂在上面;看来夏天的天空,经过坚强的寒冬加以炼就、加以收缩以后,所有的杂物都被筛到地上,现在的天空是经过净化的了。

夏天里生物旺盛,品类众多。到了冬天,一切区别,就没有那么明显,成为相同一体。天似乎也更接近地面。宇宙各种要素并不像以前那么隐晦,也不像以前那么揭然分明:水结成冰,雨化为雪,白天只是斯堪的纳维亚的黑夜,冬天正是北极的夏天。

现在自然界的生命只有更趋灵动。披有皮毛的动物虽经酷寒的煎熬,仍旧未被冻死,现在从霜雪掩盖着的田野树林里面,抬起头来看日出了: