

美国19世纪文学选读



外语教学与研究出版社

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

美国19世纪文学选读

Selected Readings of the 19th Century American Literature

—— 金莉 编 ——

江苏工业学院图书馆
藏书章



外语教学与研究出版社

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

北京 BEIJING

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

美国 19 世纪文学选读 = Selected Readings of the 19th Century American Literature: 英文 / 金莉编. — 北京: 外语教学与研究出版社, 2008.12

ISBN 978-7-5600-8079-6

I. 美… II. 金… III. ①英语—阅读教学—高等学校—教材 ②文学—作品—简介—美国—19 世纪 IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2008) 第 210658 号

出 版 人: 于春迟

责任编辑: 徐传斌

装帧设计: 张 峰

出版发行: 外语教学与研究出版社

社 址: 北京市西三环北路 19 号 (100089)

网 址: <http://www.fltrp.com>

印 刷: 北京大学印刷厂

开 本: 650×980 1/16

印 张: 26

版 次: 2009 年 1 月第 1 版 2009 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

书 号: ISBN 978-7-5600-8079-6

定 价: 49.00 元

* * *

如有印刷、装订质量问题出版社负责调换

制售盗版必究 举报查实奖励

版权保护办公室举报电话: (010)88817519

物料号: 180790001

前 言

美国文学只有 200 多年的历史，与源远流长的欧洲文学相比，还十分年轻。但通过短短两个世纪的发展，美国文学已经确立了自身的民族及美学特色，崛起为世界文学中的一支劲旅，其成就为世人所瞩目。本书为一本原文选读，而全部为原文的外国文学选读在国内还不多见。选读内容涵盖了美国文学的全过程，即从美国文学发展的初期至 20 世纪 80 年代。选读的对象为大学英语专业高年级学生、研究生及有英语基础的美国文学爱好者，可以用作教材，也可用作读本。目的在于介绍美国文学经典作品，为我国读者理解美国文学以及文化提供一定的指导和帮助，以提高读者的文学阅读水平、鉴赏能力和人文素养。

本选读根据美国文学较为明显的历史分期分为上下两卷，以美国文学发展初期到 19 世纪末的作品为上卷，20 世纪美国文学为下卷。本书为上卷，收入 20 位重要美国作家的作品，所选作品以小说和诗歌为主。

19 世纪为美国人建立自己的民族文学的重要发展时期，有许多脍炙人口的精品。本书旨在呈现文学作品本身，不强求将之归类，因此不以时代和文学流派进行编排。为帮助读者更好地理解所学习和阅读的作品，编者在选择作品时着重考虑经典性和完整性。所选篇目都是经典作家的经典作品；凡是能够找到可以反映作家思想和写作风格的短篇，一般便不再使用长篇作品中的节选，以保持作品的完整性。

选读每一篇内容包括作家生平简介、作品选篇、作品注释和讨论题四部分。选读以文学作品为中心；作家简介包括对于作家生平、创作生涯和文学地位的简略介绍；注释为读者理解作品中的难点提

供帮助；讨论题以有助于读者理解作品的主题思想或语言风格为目的而设，并希望帮助读者在阅读作品之后进行更深层次的思考。为了提高读者的英语阅读水平，作家生平、作品注释和讨论题全部使用英语。

上卷一共收入 20 位作家的作品，与学期安排时间一致。编者希望此举能为任课教师提供便利和充分的选择余地。任课教师可以把该教材作为一学年的教学内容，也可从中挑选部分作家的作品作为半学年的教学内容。

这本选读肯定还有诸多有待完善之处。编者衷心希望读者不吝赐教。

金 莉

2008 年 12 月于北京

CONTENTS

1. ANNE BRADSTREET	1
The Prologue	2
The Author to Her Book	4
In Memory of My Dear Grandchild Elizabeth Bradstreet, Who Deceased August, 1665, Being a Year and Half Old	5
Here Follows Some Verses upon the Burning of Our House July 10th, 1666	6
As Weary Pilgrim	8
2. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN	10
<i>From The Autobiography</i>	11
3. WASHINGTON IRVING	34
Rip Van Winkle	35
4. JAMES FENIMORE COOPER	54
<i>From The Pioneers</i>	55
5. RALPH WALDO EMERSON	67
<i>From Self-Reliance</i>	68
6. HENRY DAVID THOREAU	83
<i>From Walden</i>	85
7. EDGAR ALLAN POE	102
Ligeia	103
The Cask of Amontillado	119
8. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE	127
Young Goodman Brown	128

The Minister's Black Veil	143
9. HERMAN MELVILLE.....	158
<i>From Moby-Dick</i>	160
10. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE	179
<i>From Uncle Tom's Cabin</i>	181
11. FREDERICK DOUGLASS	198
<i>From My Bondage and My Freedom</i>	199
12. WALT WHITMAN	211
I Hear America Singing.....	212
I Saw In Louisiana a Live-Oak Growing	212
One's-Self I Sing.....	213
Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking.....	213
When Lilacs Last In the Dooryard Bloom'd.....	221
13. EMILY DICKINSON.....	231
Poems (67, 214, 288, 303, 328, 435, 449, 465, 632, 709, 712, 1129).....	232
14. MARK TWAIN	240
<i>From The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn</i>	241
15. HENRY JAMES.....	266
<i>From Daisy Miller</i>	267
16. SARAH ORNE JEWETT	306
A White Heron	307
17. MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN	319
Old Woman Magoun	320

CONTENTS

18. STEPHEN CRANE.....	341
The Open Boat	342
19. CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.....	370
The Yellow Wall-Paper	371
20. KATE CHOPIN.....	390
Désirée's Baby	391
The Story of an Hour.....	397
A Pair of Silk Stockings	400

Anne Bradstreet

(c.1612-1672)

In 1650, a book of poems entitled *The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung Up in America* was published in London and immediately became a success. It was the first book of poems published by a poet in the American colonies and what is more remarkable, by a woman.

The author of this book is Anne Bradstreet, who was born in England and raised on the estate of the Earl of Lincoln where her father, Thomas Dudley, was steward. As a result Anne had access to the Earl's fine library and had read early and widely. In 1628, when she was 16, she married Simon Bradstreet, a Puritan and a graduate of Cambridge University. Two years later, she sailed with her husband and her parents to settle on Massachusetts Bay. Both Anne's father and husband became prominent leaders in the new colony.

In spite of the hardships of early colonial life, her arduous household duties, and the care of her eight children, Bradstreet stole time to read and write poetry. Her brother-in-law, without her knowledge, took her poems to London and had them published in 1650. The first American edition of this work, with the author's own additions and corrections, was issued at Boston in 1678, six years after her death.

Bradstreet was the first noteworthy American poet. As a Puritan, her poems show her concern for spiritual growth. But what attracts present-day readers is her more personal poems about such subjects as her daily life, and especially her woman's experiences in colonial America.

The Prologue

1

To sing of wars, of captains, and of kings,
Of cities founded, commonwealths begun,
For my mean¹ pen are too superior things:
Or how they all, or each their dates have run
Let poets and historians set these forth,
My obscure lines shall not so dim their worth.

2

But when my wond'ring eyes and envious heart
Great Bartas'² sugared lines do but read o'er,
Fool³ I do grudge the Muses⁴ did not part
'Twixt him and me that overfluent store;
A Bartas can do what a Bartas will
But simple I according to my skill.

3

From schoolboy's tongue no rhet'ric we expect,
Nor yet a sweet consort⁵ from broken strings,
Nor perfect beauty where's a main defect:
My foolish, broken, blemished Muse so sings,
And this to mend, alas, no art is able,
'Cause nature made it so irreparable.

4

Nor can I, like that fluent sweet tongued Greek,⁶

1. Humble.

2. Guillaume Bartas (1544-1590) was a French poet whose epic on the creation of the world, *The Divine Weeks and Works* (1578-1584), was translated into English in 1605-1607 by Joshua Sylvester.

3. i.e., like a fool.

4. The nine goddesses of literature and arts in Greek mythology.

5. Harmony, accord.

6. The Greek orator Demosthenes (c. 383 B.C.-322 B.C.), who practised hard to conquered a speech defect.

Who lisped at first, in future times speak plain.
By art he gladly found what he did seek,
A full requital of his striving pain.
Art can do much, but this maxim's most sure:
A weak or wounded brain admits no cure.

5

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
Who says my hand a needle better fits,
A poet's pen all scorn I should thus wrong,
For such despite¹ they cast on female wits:
If what I do prove well, it won't advance,
They'll say it's stol'n, or else it was by chance.

6

But sure the antique Greeks were far more mild
Else of our sex, why feigned² they those nine
And poesy made Calliope's³ own child;
So 'mongst the rest they placed the arts divine:
But this weak knot they will full soon untie,
The Greeks did nought, but play the fools and lie.

7

Let Greeks be Greeks, and women what they are
Men have precedency and still excel,
It is but vain unjustly to wage war;
Men can do best, and women know it well.
Preeminence in all and each is yours;
Yet grant some small acknowledgement of ours.

1. Contempt, scorn.

2. Conceived, invented.

3. Calliope was the muse of epic poetry in Greek mythology.

And oh ye high flown quills¹ that soar the skies,
 And ever with your prey still catch your praise,
 If e'er you deign these lowly lines your eyes,
 Give thyme or parsley wreath, I ask no bays;²
 This mean and unrefined ore of mine
 Will make your glist'ring gold but more to shine.

The Author to Her Book³

Thou ill-formed offspring of my feeble brain,
 Who after birth didst by my side remain,
 Till snatched from thence by friends, less wise than true,
 Who thee abroad, exposed to public view,
 Made thee in rags, halting to th' press to trudge,
 Where errors were not lessened (all may judge).
 At thy return my blushing was not small,
 My rambling brat (in print) should mother call,
 I cast thee by as one unfit for light,
 Thy visage was so irksome in my sight;
 Yet being mine own, at length affection would
 Thy blemishes amend, if so I could:
 I washed thy face, but more defects I saw,
 And rubbing off a spot still made a flaw.
 I stretched thy joints to make thee even feet,⁴
 Yet still thou run'st more hobbling than is meet;
 In better dress to trim thee was my mind,
 But nought save homespun cloth i' th' house I find.

1. Quill pens, made from feathers.

2. Crown or wreath made of laurel leaves, the traditional garland of honor.

3. *The Tenth Muse* was published in 1650 without Anne Bradstreet's knowledge. This poem appears in her corrected second edition, published in Boston in 1678.

4. i.e., metrical feet; to smooth out the lines.

In this array 'mongst vulgars¹ may'st thou roam.
In critic's hands beware thou dost not come,
And take thy way where yet thou art not known;
If for thy father asked, say thou hadst none;
And for thy mother, she alas is poor,
Which caused her thus to send thee out of door.

**In Memory of My Dear Grandchild
Elizabeth Bradstreet, Who Deceased
August, 1665,
Being a Year and Half Old**

Farewell dear babe, my heart's too much content,
Farewell sweet babe, the pleasure of mine eye,
Farewell fair flower that for a space was lent,
Then ta'en away unto eternity.
Blest babe, why should I once bewail thy fate,
Or sigh thy days so soon were terminate,
Sith² thou art settled in an everlasting state.

By nature trees do rot when they are grown,
And plums and apples thoroughly ripe do fall,
And corn and grass are in their season mown,
And time brings down what is both strong and tall.
But plants new set to be eradicate,
And buds new blown to have so short a date,
Is by His hand alone that guides nature and fate.

1. Common people.

2. Since.

**Here Follows Some Verses
upon the Burning of Our House
July 10th, 1666**

In silent night when rest I took
For sorrow near I did not look
I wakened was with thund'ring noise
And piteous shrieks of dreadful voice.
That fearful sound of "Fire!" and "Fire!"
Let no man know is my desire.
I, starting up, the light did spy,
And to my God my heart did cry
To strengthen me in my distress
And not to leave me succorless.
Then, coming out, beheld a space¹
The flame consume my dwelling place.
And when I could no longer look,
I blest His name that gave and took,²
That laid my goods now in the dust.
Yea, so it was, and so 'twas just.
It was His own, it was not mine,
Far be it that I should repine;
He might of all justly bereft
But yet sufficient for us left.
When by the ruins oft I past
My sorrowing eyes aside did cast,
And here and there the places spy
Where oft I sat and long did lie:
Here stood that trunk, and there that chest,
There lay that store I counted best.

1. A little while.

2. Job 1:21, *Old Testament*: "The Lord gave, and Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

My pleasant things in ashes lie,
And them behold no more shall I.
Under thy roof no guest shall sit,
Nor at thy table eat a bit.
No pleasant tale shall e'er be told,
Nor things recounted done of old.
No candle e'er shall shine in thee,
Nor bridegroom's voice e'er heard shall be.
In silence ever shall thou lie,
Adieu, Adieu, all's vanity.¹
Then straight I 'gin my heart to chide,
And did thy wealth on earth abide?
Didst fix thy hope on mold'ring dust?
The arm of flesh didst make thy trust?
Raise up thy thoughts above the sky
That dunghill mists away may fly.
Thou hast an house on high erect,
Framed by that mighty Architect,
With glory richly furnished,
Stands permanent though this be fled.
It's purchased and paid for too
By Him who hath enough to do.
A price so vast as is unknown
Yet by His gift is made thine own;
There's wealth enough, I need no more,
Farewell, my pelf,² farewell my store.
The world no longer let me love,
My hope and treasure lies above.

1. Ecclesiastes 1:2, *Old Testament*: "Vanity of vanities; saith the preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

2. Possessions, usually in the sense of being dishonestly gained.

As Weary Pilgrim

As weary pilgrim, now at rest,
Hugs with delight his silent nest,
His wasted limbs now lie full soft
That mirey¹ steps have trodden oft,
Blesses himself to think upon
His dangers past, and travails done.
The burning sun no more shall heat,
Nor stormy rains on him shall beat.
The briars and thorns no more shall scratch,
Nor hungry wolves at him shall catch.
He erring paths no more shall tread,
Nor wild fruits eat instead of bread.
For waters cold he doth not long
For thirst no more shall parch his tongue
No rugged stones his feet shall gall,
Nor stumps nor rocks cause him to fall.
All cares and fears he bids farewell
And means in safety now to dwell.
A pilgrim I, on earth perplexed
With sins, with cares and sorrows vext,
By age and pains brought to decay,
And my clay house mold'ring away.
Oh, how I long to be at rest
And soar on high among the blest.
This body shall in silence sleep,
Mine eyes no more shall ever weep,
No fainting fits shall me assail,
Nor grinding pains my body frail,
With cares and fears ne'er cumb'red be
Nor losses know nor sorrows see.

1. Boggy, mire-like.

What though my flesh shall there consume,
It is the bed Christ did perfume,
And when a few years shall be gone,
This mortal shall be clothed upon.
A corrupt carcass down it lays,
A glorious body it shall rise.
In weakness and dishonor sown,
In power 'tis raised by Christ alone.
Then soul and body shall unite
And of their Maker have the sight.
Such lasting joys shall there behold
As ear ne'er heard nor tongue e'er told.
Lord make me ready for that day,
Then come, dear Bridegroom,¹ come away.

Questions:

1. What is the central idea expressed in *The Prologue*?
2. Give instances to show the various rhetorical devices used by Bradstreet in her poems.
3. What is Bradstreet's attitude toward life on the frontier settlement? What strike you most about her poems?

1. i.e., Christ. The soul is married to him.