

名著選讀

字彙 · 片語 · 句型解析

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雲 譯 註

名著選讀

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人物誌（名人語錄）

故富蘭克林（馬克吐溫）

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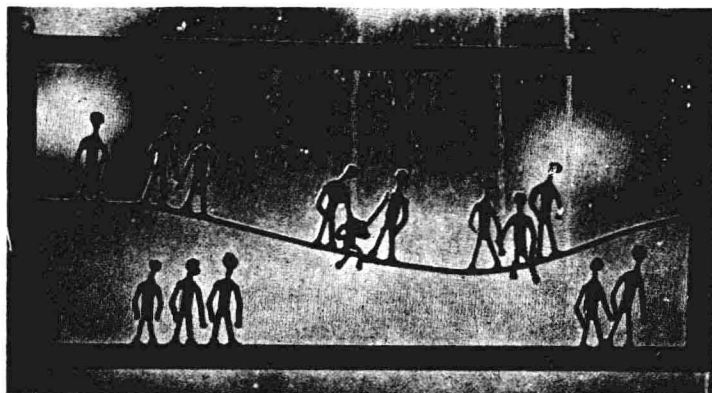
譯序

這套散文集的文章大部分出自威廉·貝克(William D. Baker)編的「散文焦點」(Focus on Prose)一書，小部分出自丹尼生和海頓編的「外國學生英文讀本」(Reading in English for student of English as a second language)。爲了適應散文欣賞和英語學習的雙重需要，除了中英文對照刊出外，每篇文章篇末還附了「研讀提示」，包括「字彙及片語」，字音註KK音標，字義以每一個字在該篇文章裏的意思爲主，「句型解析」、「介紹與評賞」、「習題」等部分。每冊由四個單元所構成，每一單元都以八到十則名人語錄做序言，各收錄三到五篇文章。

本集的四個單元是「人物誌」、「都市生活」、「教育的功用」、「文如其人」。內容相當豐富：有馬克吐溫奚落富蘭克林的妙文，元老詩人卡爾山堡的拓荒者小傳，存在主義鼻祖齊克果的介紹，培根字字珠璣的短論，梭羅「湖濱散記」的選文，莫泊桑現身說法談創作技巧，幽默大師勞勃·本契利諷刺「名人訪問記」之類的文章或節目而寫的「我如何創作」……此外還有紐約等大都市的遊記和生活體驗，退職市長的甘苦談……等等，一共是十六篇。

我的心願和信念是：讀者會覺得這本書「不虛此讀」！

HUMAN BEINGS



A human being: an ingenious assembly of portable plumbing.

—Christopher Morley, *Human Being*, 1932

If a man could say nothing against a character but what he can prove, history could not be written.

—Samuel Johnson, *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, 1791

You can tell the character of every man when you see how he receives praise.

—Seneca (4 B.C.—65 A.D.), *Epistles*

When writing a novel a writer should create living people; people, not characters. A character is a caricature.

—Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon*, 1932

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality.

—Charles Phillips, *The Character of Napoleon, 1817*

“Annyhow, I bet no wan iver took Benjamin Franklin f’r a waiter.” “I wondher why?” asked Mr. Hennessy. “I don’t know,” said Mr. Dooley, “onless it was that even in th’ prisince iv a king Benjamin Franklin niver felt like a waiter.”

—Finley Peter Dunne, *Diplomatic Uniforms, 1906*

It is in trifles, and when he is off his guard, that a man best shows his character.

—Schopenhauer, *Parerga and Paralipomena, 1851*

I am accounted by some people a good man. How cheap that character is acquired! Pay your debts, don’t borrow money, nor twist your kitten’s neck off, nor disturb a congregation, etc. and your business is done. I know things (thoughts or things, thoughts are things) of myself, which would make every friend I have fly me as a plague patient.

—Charles Lamb, *Letter to Bernard Barton, 1824*

人物誌 名人語錄

人：一套活動管具的巧妙組合。

——克里斯多夫·莫雷，〔人〕，一九三二年

一個人若說不出任何評斷某一人物，却無法證實的話語，
歷史就寫不成了。

——約翰生，〔鮑斯威爾的約翰生傳〕，一七九一年

你看每一個人如何接受讚美，便可說出他的性格。

——西尼卡（西元前四年—西元六十五年），〔書信〕

寫小說的時候，作家該創造活生生的人；是人，而不是角色。角色不過是人的模型而已。

——海明威，〔午後之死〕，一九三二年

崇高，陰鬱，古怪，他坐在寶座上像一個握有王權的隱士，
封在他自己獨特的荒僻世界中。

——查理士·菲利普，〔拿破崙的個性〕，一八一七年

「不知怎麼，我打賭沒有人曾經把富蘭克林當做侍者。」
我不懂為什麼。」漢內西先生說。

「我不知道，」都利先生說，「莫非因為富蘭克林即使在國王面前，都從來不自覺是侍者。」

——芬利·彼得·鄧內，〔外交的服式〕，一九〇六年

在瑣事方面，在他不提防的時候，一個人最能顯出他的性格。

——叔本華，〔補述集〕，一八五一年

我被某些人視為好人。這份美譽得來多麼廉價！償清債務，
不要借錢，別擰斷你的小貓的脖子，也別打擾一個聖會……等等，
你的責任就完了。我知道自己的一些事情（算思想也算事情，
思想就是事情），足以使我擁有的每一個朋友像逃避瘟疫病人一樣逃避我。

——查理士·蘭姆，〔致伯納巴頓書〕，一八二四年

The Late Benjamin Franklin

MARK TWAIN



*"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do day
after to-morrow just as well."*

—B.F.

This party was one of those persons whom they call

Philosophers. He was twins, being born simultaneously in two different houses in the city of Boston. These houses remain unto this day, and have signs upon them worded in accordance with the facts. The signs are considered well enough to have, though not necessary, because the inhabitants point out the two birthplaces to the stranger anyhow, and sometimes as often as several times in the same day. The subject of this memoir was of a vicious disposition, and early prostituted his talents to the invention of maxims and aphorisms calculated to inflict suffering upon the rising generation of all subsequent ages. His simplest acts, also, were contrived with a view to their being held up for the emulation of boys forever—boys who might otherwise have been happy. It was in this spirit that he became the son of a soapboiler, and probably for no other reason than that the efforts of all future boys who tried to be anything might be looked upon with suspicion unless they were the sons of soapboilers. With a malevolence which is without parallel in history, he would work all day, and then sit up nights, and let on to be studying algebra by the light of a smouldering fire, so that all other boys might have to do that also, or else have Benjamin Franklin thrown up to them. Not satisfied with these proceedings, he had a fashion of living wholly on bread and water, and studying astronomy at mealtime—a thing which has brought affliction to millions of boys since, whose fathers had read Franklin's pernicious biography.

His maxims were full of animosity toward boys.

Nowadays a boy cannot follow out a single natural instinct without tumbling over some of these everlasting aphorisms and hearing from Franklin on the spot. If he buys two cents' worth of peanuts, his father says, "Remember what Franklin has said, my son—'A groat a day's a penny a year,' " and the comfort is all gone out of those peanuts. If he wants to spin his top when he has done work, his father quotes, "Procrastination is the thief of time." If he does a virtuous action, he never gets anything for it, because "Virtue is its own reward." And that boy is hounded to death and robbed of his natural rest, because Franklin said once, in one of his inspired flights of malignity:

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise.

As if it were any object to a boy to be healthy and wealthy and wise on such terms. The sorrow that that maxim has cost me through my parents' experimenting on me with it, tongue cannot tell. The legitimate result is my present state of general debility, indigence, and mental aberration. My parents used to have me up before nine o'clock in the morning sometimes when I was a boy. If they had let me take my natural rest where would I have been now? Keeping store, no doubt, and respected by all.

And what an adroit old adventurer the subject of this memoir was! In order to get a chance to fly his kite on Sunday he used to hang a key on the string and let on to

be fishing for lightning. And a guileless public would go home chirping about the "wisdom" and the "genius" of the hoary Sabbath-breaker. If anybody caught him playing "mumble-peg" by himself, after the age of sixty, he would immediately appear to be ciphering out how the grass grew—as if it was any of his business. My grandfather knew him well, and he says Franklin was always fixed—always ready. If a body, during his old age, happened on him unexpectedly when he was catching flies, or making mud pies, or sliding on a cellar door, he would immediately look wise, and rip out a maxim, and walk off with his nose in the air and his cap turned wrong side before, trying to appear absentminded and eccentric. He was a hard lot.

He invented a stove that would smoke your head off in four hours by the clock. One can see the almost devilish satisfaction he took in it by his giving it his name.

He was always proud of telling how he entered Philadelphia for the first time, with nothing in the world but two shillings in his pocket and four rolls of bread under his arm. But really, when you come to examine it critically, it was nothing. Anybody could have done it.

To the subject of this memoir belongs the honor of recommending the army to go back to bows and arrows in place of bayonets and muskets. He observed, with his customary force, that the bayonet was very well under some circumstances, but that he doubted whether it could be used with accuracy at a long range.

Benjamin Franklin did a great many notable things for his country, and made her young name to be honored in many lands as the mother of such a son. It is not the idea of this memoir to ignore that or cover it up. No; the simple idea of it is to snub those pretentious maxims of his, which he worked up with a great show of originality out of truisms that had become wearisome platitudes as early as the dispersion from Babel; and also to snub his stove, and his military inspirations, his unseemly endeavor to make himself conspicuous when he entered Philadelphia, and his flying his kite and fooling away his time in all sorts of such ways when he ought to have been foraging for soap fat, or constructing candles. I merely desired to do away with somewhat of the prevalent calamitous idea among heads of families that Franklin *acquired* his great genius by working for nothing, studying by moonlight, and getting up in the night instead of waiting till morning like a Christian; and that this programme, rigidly inflected, will make a Franklin of every father's fool. It is time these gentlemen were finding out that these execrable eccentricities of instinct and conduct are only the *evidences* of genius, not the *creators* of it. I wish I had been the father of my parents long enough to make them comprehend this truth, and thus prepare them to let their son have an easier time of it. When I was a child I had to boil soap, notwithstanding my father was wealthy, and I had to get up early and study geometry at breakfast, and peddle my own poetry, and do everything just as Franklin did, in the

solemn hope that I would be a Franklin some day. And here I am.

故富蘭克林（馬克吐溫）

「縱使是後天同樣能做的事，也別拖到明天
班傑明·富蘭克林。

此君是人稱為「哲學家」的那些人物之一。他是雙胞胎，同時生在波斯頓城的兩棟屋子裡。這兩棟屋子留存至今，上面都有照事實寫成的招牌。一般公認這些招牌雖然不必要，有也不錯，因為居民隨手向陌生人指出這兩個誕生地，有時候一天多達好幾回。本傳的主角天性刻毒，很早就濫用才華，創造格言和警句，存心讓未來生生世世繼起的一代受苦。他最單純的行動也是打算將來被人保存，讓男孩子永遠競爭——否則男孩們就快活了。他就是以這種精神變成肥皂商的兒子，也許只有一個理由，就是要讓未來一切想出人頭地的男孩子的努力都被人懷疑，除非他們是肥皂商的兒子。懷着史無前匹的惡意，他整天用功，晚上熬夜，透露他正在噙人的火堆邊研究代數，好讓一切男孩子也不得不這麼做，否則就會惹來（大人）對他們大談班傑明·富蘭克林。他這樣還不滿意，他還喜歡只吃麵包和清水過日子，一面用餐一面研究天文學——這件事給往後數百萬計的男孩子帶來苦難，他們的父親都讀過富蘭克林害人的傳記呢。

他的格言對男孩子充滿敵意。現在一個男孩只要貫徹