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# The Warden 养老院院长

Anthony Trollope (英) 著  
孙妍 注




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外语教学与研究出版社

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## 养老院院长

Anthony Trollope (英) 著

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# 前言

亲爱的老师们、同学们，“外研社·企鹅英语分级有声读物”丛书是由外语教学与研究出版社和培生教育出版集团联合推出的又一力作。本丛书为广大学生提供了充分享受阅读乐趣的大平台！

我们做此套分级读物的宗旨是为了给学习者提供大量的、不同题材的阅读材料。材料不仅要适合读者的语言能力水平，更要能够激发阅读兴趣——让读者感到自己是在读故事、听故事，而不是在学（study）英语，从而卸去教材课本中枯燥的语法知识的沉重负担，真正做到寓教于乐。更重要的一点是，读完一本小册子后你会很有成就感，觉得学习英语就是这么轻松、愉快！

本套丛书内容丰富，由易渐难，主要突出了以下特色：

**分级明确** 结合最新颁布的国家《英语课程标准》划分适用年级，遵循语言学习的规律，充分考虑到不同年龄段学生生理和心理发展的特点和需求；

**配有音带** 有助于提高听力水平，加强学生对语言的理解力；

**插图生动** 带你进入“读图时代”，意向直观、准确；

**题材丰富** 涵盖现代流行、经典名著和精彩原创三大类别，内容还涉及名人、名著、电影、戏剧等不同的领域；

**注释简洁** 帮助减少阅读过程中可能遇到的阻力，并激发学习者的自信心；

**配有练习** 理解题目按照阅读图式认知理论精心设计，为阅读提供了方向性指导与检测手段。

如果你们喜欢这套读物，请把它推荐给朋友们。如果你们对这套读物有什么意见和建议，也请告诉我们。愿这套读物让广大的读者受益匪浅，成为大家课外的良师益友！

很多具有丰富教学经验的中小学教师为这套读物做了注释和相关练习，我们也在表示衷心的感谢！

# Introduction

*“If it can be proved that I have an honest right to my income, I am just as ready as any other person to enjoy it. But if it cannot be proved, I will give up my position here. I cannot suffer all this pain.”*

For nearly ten years, Septimus Harding has been the warden\* of the hospital for old men at Barchester. It is a well-paid job, although there isn't very much to do. The men have a comfortable home, good meals and some money – and they are happy. But suddenly the Church and its ways are under attack. Young John Bold begins to look closely at the warden's job and believes that Harding should be paid less and the old men more. A powerful national newspaper joins the attack on the Church. Harding would love to resign\* but his masters won't let him. Can this bitter argument\* somehow be settled?

Anthony Trollope was born in 1815 in London. His family was poor because of his father's failure in business. Trollope worked for the post office and rose to a high position. He was sent to Ireland in 1841 and wrote his first novel there. But his first real success was *The Warden* (1855), based on a real case concerning\* the Hospital of St Cross, near Winchester. This was the first of six “Barsetshire” novels, set in a cathedral\* town in the southwest of England. These novels are still very popular, especially *Barchester Towers* (1857). Trollope was a very energetic\* writer and produced over sixty books. Forty-seven of these are novels. He died in 1882.

# 内 容 简 介

“如果能够证实我的收入是清白的，我会像其他人一样继续高兴地享用。否则的话，我会辞职。我受不了这样的折磨了。”

塞普蒂莫斯·哈丁先生已经在巴切斯特养老院当了近十年的院长了。这份工作很清闲，却有着优厚的待遇。养老院里的老人们吃得饱、住得好，手里还有几个小钱，他们生活得快活惬意。但是教会及其行事方式受到了突如其来的攻击。年轻的约翰·伯德开始密切关注养老院的情况。他认为哈丁先生薪水丰厚是侵占了老人们应得的利益。一份权威的全国性报纸也加入到攻击教会的行列。哈丁先生递上辞呈却被主教拒绝。这场让人心力交瘁的争论怎样才能有个了结？

安东尼·特罗洛普1815年出生于伦敦。由于父亲的生意失败而家境贫困。特罗洛普在邮局工作而且升到较高的职位。1841年他被派往爱尔兰，在那里开始了他的第一部小说创作。但是他第一部成功的小说是《养老院院长》(1855)，这本书是以温切斯特附近圣十字养老院的真实个案为背景的，也是他的“巴塞特郡”小说系列（共六本）的第一本。这些小说至今仍然脍炙人口，尤其是《巴切斯特塔楼》(1857)。特罗洛普是一位精力充沛的作家。他一生中著有六十多部作品，其中有47部是小说。他1882年去世。

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## Chapter 1 Hiram's Hospital

A few years ago there was a clergyman\* called Septimus Harding, who lived in the quiet cathedral town of Barchester, in the west of England. Barchester is more famous for its beautiful cathedral and various fine old buildings than as a commercial\* centre; and its most important citizens are considered to be the bishop\* and the other clergymen of the cathedral, together with their wives and daughters.

Mr Harding had come to Barchester early in life. He had a fine singing-voice and a deep love of church music. For many years he remained an unimportant member of the cathedral staff, where his work was light but not well paid. At the age of forty he was put in charge of a small church close to the town, which increased both his work and his income, and at the age of fifty he was appointed\* precentor\* of the cathedral.

Mr Harding had married young and was the father of two daughters. The elder, Susan, was born soon after his marriage; the younger, Eleanor, not till ten years later. At the time when this story begins, Mr Harding was already the precentor at Barchester and was living with his younger daughter, having been a widower\* for many years. His elder daughter had married the bishop's son just before her father's appointment, and unkind tongues in Barchester whispered that his daughter's good looks had got him his job as precentor; but in this they were probably wrong. The fact remains that Susan Harding had married Dr Theophilus Grantly, the son of the bishop, archdeacon\* of



Barchester and the clergyman responsible\* for the church at Plumstead Episcopi, a village outside the town.

There are unusual circumstances\* connected with the position of the precentor which must be explained. In the year 1434 a rich man called John Hiram died, having made his money as a buyer and seller of wool. In his will\* he left his house and some of his lands near the town as a charity\* for the support of twelve old men. His will said that these men must be people who had lived all their lives in Barchester and who had worked in the wool business before old age and ill health forced them to retire\*. John Hiram also ordered the building of a hospital, or old people's home, for the twelve to live in, and, beside it, a house suitable for a warden for the hospital, who would also receive annually\* a certain amount of money from the rents of Hiram's land. Finally the will said that the position of warden should be filled by the cathedral precentor, if the bishop agreed to the appointment.

Ever since that time this arrangement\* had continued. The wool industry no longer existed in the town, so the bishop, the archdeacon and the warden took turns in choosing suitable old men – old workmen who were grateful\* to receive a comfortable home and one shilling\* and fourpence a day, the amount fixed by John Hiram's will. About fifty years earlier they had received only sixpence a day as well as their meals, but, by general agreement, the change to a daily figure of one shilling and fourpence a day was made.

This then was the situation at the time when Mr Harding became warden, and the old men thought themselves lucky to be so well fed and looked after. But the situation of the warden himself was even more fortunate. The lands once owned by Hiram had greatly increased in value over the centuries and were

now covered with houses. A gentleman called Mr Chadwick was employed as the manager of Hiram's land and buildings, and the money received in rents\* from these was paid to the warden. After making the daily payments to the twelve old men and giving them their meals, the warden was left with an income of eight hundred pounds a year, not including the value of his house; by contrast\*, his position as precentor brought him only eighty pounds annually. Some people did sometimes whisper that John Hiram's money was not fairly divided, and such whispers had come to Mr Harding's ears; but being a fair-minded\*, generous\* man, and feeling that there might be some truth in these observations\*, he had decided to give each man another twopence a day, paying this amount from his own pocket. He explained to the men that this extra money was a gift from himself and that future wardens would not perhaps continue it; but the men expressed themselves quite satisfied with the new arrangement. Mr Harding's generous decision, however, did not please everyone: Mr Chadwick, for example, considered it to be unwise, and the warden's strong-minded son-in-law\*, the archdeacon (the one person whom Mr Harding was really rather afraid of), was violently\* against it. But the warden had already informed\* the men at the hospital about the increase, so it was too late for the archdeacon to interfere\*.

Hiram's Hospital, as the place is generally known, is a pleasant old building which stands on the bank of a little river that runs near the cathedral. Beside it sits the handsome old house of the warden, with a pretty garden round it, and here Mr Harding lived at the age of nearly sixty, his hair beginning to turn grey, dressed always in black, with his glasses on his nose or in his hand. He was not exactly a hard-working person, although he had written a book about old church music, which was his greatest love. He had greatly improved the singing in Barchester cathedral, which was now as good

as any in England; and his strong voice led the church services. More than anything he loved to play the cello\* – with or without an audience\*. Mr Harding did have one weakness, however, he had no head for money matters. He was generous to all and especially to the twelve old men in his care; yet he lived in continual fear of Archdeacon Theophilus Grantly, his son-in-law, who watched over\* his finances\* with the greatest attention.

Mr Harding had been precentor at Barchester for ten years when rumours\* about Hiram's Hospital and its finances began again, as part of a movement by various people in different parts of the country to criticize\* the Church of England. Mr Harding himself had no guilty\* feelings either about his work as warden or about the eight hundred pounds he received for it, but two of the old men in the hospital were beginning to say that, if old John Hiram's will was carried out properly, they would each be enjoying a hundred pounds a year. One of this discontented\* pair was called Abel Handy, a man to whom the warden himself had given the first vacant\* place that appeared at the hospital.

Also living in Barchester at that time was a young man called John Bold, who did much to encourage the dissatisfaction expressed by some of the old men. He and Mr Harding knew each other well and could even be called old friends, in spite of\* the difference in their ages. Dr Grantly, on the other hand, considered John Bold a trouble-maker and thought of him as his enemy.

John Bold's father had been a successful doctor in London. When he died he left most of his money to his son, who had just finished his medical studies. John, who was then only twenty-four years old, decided to set up house in Barchester with his unmarried sister Mary and to begin work as a doctor in the town. Barchester, however, already had nine other doctors, and

after three years Bold found that he still had very few patients. He was a clever, rather daring\* young man. Having enough money to live on, he interested himself in putting right all sorts of social injustices\*. He defended the poor against the rich, the weak against the strong. He was quick to act and sure of the rightness of his actions, as any well-educated, self-confident\* young man can be.

Dr Grantly observed Bold's actions with alarm and thought him a dangerous rebel\*, but Mr Harding remembered how young Johnny had come to his garden as a child and listened to him playing his cello, and he could not bring himself to dislike him. In fact he was not the only person in his family who took an interest in the young doctor. His daughter Eleanor disliked hearing John criticized by others, though she dared not defend him to her brother-in-law. She encouraged her father to continue receiving Bold, in spite of his political views. She was unwilling to go to houses where she would not meet him and, in a word, she was in love. Nor was there any good reason why Eleanor Harding should not love John Bold, since he had all those qualities likely to touch a girl's heart. He was brave, enthusiastic\* and amusing\*, well-made\* and good-looking, young and active. His character was excellent. He had a large enough income to support a wife; he was her father's friend; and, most important of all, he was in love with her.

Dr Grantly was quick to notice the way the wind was blowing and was not at all happy about it. He had not yet spoken to his father-in-law on the subject because he knew that the warden's love for his daughter was so great that he could not refuse her anything; but he brought the matter up in private with his dear wife, as they lay in bed together in their bedroom at Plumstead Episcopi. Dr Grantly was a gentleman of impressive\* appearance and the highest principles\*.

In public he was a greatly respected figure\*: his forceful manner and strongly held opinions created fear, even terror\*, in the hearts of the people of Barchester. It was only when he took off his shining black clergyman's clothes and put on his nightshirt that he began to talk, look and think like an ordinary man.

"My dear," he said, gathering his nightshirt around him, "that John Bold was at your father's house again today. I must say that your father is most unwise to receive him."

"He has never been very wise," replied Mrs Grantly from her comfortable position under the blankets. "There's nothing new in that."

"No, my dear, I admit that. But at the present time his foolishness is – is – I'll tell you this, my dear: if he's not very careful, young John Bold will be off with Eleanor."

"I think he will too, whether papa is careful or whether he isn't; and why not?"

"Why not!" almost screamed the archdeacon, "Why not! That bad-mannered, interfering adventurer – the least respectful young person I've ever met! Do you know that he's putting his nose in your father the warden's business\* in a completely unacceptable, most –" Unable to find words strong enough to express his feelings, he finished his sentence with "Good heavens!", spoken in a manner which always caused a great impression at church meetings.

"I cannot agree with you, archdeacon, that he is badly behaved\*. I certainly don't like Mr Bold; I think he is much too pleased with himself. But if Eleanor likes him, and they decide to get married, that would be the best possible thing for papa. Bold will never cause trouble over Hiram's Hospital if he's papa's son-in-law." And the lady then turned over in bed in a way which showed that she had no wish to discuss the subject any further that night.

Dr Grantly was not a bad man. He was quite intelligent\* enough for the work he had to do. He carried out his duties at Plumstead Episcopi faithfully\*, but it was as archdeacon that he really shone. In most cases where there is both a bishop and an archdeacon, one does all the work and the other does very little. In the case of Barchester, the worker was the archdeacon. He was confident, a good speaker, quick to make decisions and firmly fixed in his opinions. Above all, he was always determined\* to defend the interests of the Church from outside attack with everything in his power.

As for Mr Harding, he saw no reason why his daughter should not love John Bold. He had noticed her tenderness\* for him, and his main regret over the action which Bold was about to take concerning the hospital was that this might separate him from his daughter, or else separate her from the man she loved. He was certainly not going to turn his back on\* the man his daughter loved just because he held opinions which were different from his own.

Until now Bold had not taken any action concerning the hospital, but he had heard of the complaints\* made by some of the old men there. He had also heard that the income from Hiram's land and buildings was very large. He decided therefore to call upon the manager, Mr Chadwick, and ask for information about how the whole organization was financed. He soon discovered that, if he interfered with Mr Chadwick as the manager, he must also interfere with Mr Harding as the warden. This situation was regrettable, but he was not a man who could allow personal considerations to decide his actions.

Having now become interested in the matter, he began to examine it with his usual energy. He got a copy of John Hiram's will and studied the wording\* with great care. He found information about the houses built on Hiram's lands

and their value, and worked out how the income from them was divided up. With this information he called one day on Mr Chadwick and asked for details of the income and of the amounts of money spent on the hospital over the last twenty-five years. Mr Chadwick naturally refused the request and said that he did not have permission to make these facts public.

“And who is able to give this permission?” asked Bold.

Mr Chadwick informed him that he must turn to the hospital’s lawyers, Messrs Cox and Cummins of Lincoln’s Inn. Mr Bold wrote down the address, said the weather was cold for the time of year and wished him good morning. Chadwick agreed about the weather and showed him to the door.

Bold went immediately to his own lawyer, Mr Finney. Finney advised him to write to Cox and Cummins at once, demanding a complete history of the hospital’s finances.

“Should I not see Mr Harding first?” suggested Bold.

“Yes, yes, of course,” agreed Finney. “Mr Harding is not a man with experience of business matters, but I don’t think that seeing him can do any harm.” Mr Finney could see from the expression on John Bold’s face that he intended to do things his own way.

## **Chapter 2 A Shadow of Doubt**

Bold at once set off to the hospital. He knew that Eleanor usually went for a drive at this time, so he would probably find Mr Harding alone. It was a pleasant June evening. The little gate to the warden’s garden stood open and, as Bold went in, he could hear the sweet sound of Mr Harding’s cello. The warden was sitting on a garden chair, playing some of the much-loved

church music he had collected in his book. Around him sat, lay or stood ten of the twelve old men who lived under the hospital roof. The two rebels were not there. Recently they had kept away from the warden, whose music was no longer to their taste.

One of the listeners was Mr Bunce, a big handsome figure of a man, although he was over eighty. Bunce was the unofficial leader of the twelve and made no secret of his loyal\* and affectionate\* feelings for Mr Harding. The warden was equally fond of Bunce and would often ask him in to drink a glass or two of wine with him on cold winter evenings. Bunce now sat listening and looking at the warden admiringly\*, as he played his heavenly\* music.

When he saw Bold walking towards him the warden immediately stopped playing and began to make him welcome.

“Please, Mr Harding, don’t let me interrupt\* you,” said Bold. “You know how fond I am of church music.”

Mr Harding had been expecting a pleasant social chat and he looked rather puzzled and displeased when Bold told him that he had come to discuss business matters. “I wish to speak to you about the hospital,” said Bold, “and most particularly about the hospital finances.”

“My dear friend, I can tell you nothing. I am like a child in such matters. I only know that I am paid eight hundred pounds a year. Go and talk to Chadwick; he knows all about the financial situation. But tell me now, how is Mary Jones with her bad leg?”

“She’s improving. But Mr Harding, I hope you won’t be displeased by listening to what I have to say about the hospital.”

Mr Harding gave a deep sigh\*. He was very much displeased at the idea of discussing this subject with John Bold, but,



not knowing how to avoid\* it, he sighed again and said nothing.

“I have the greatest respect for you, Mr Harding, and I do not want you to think that what I’m going to do comes from any personal dislike on my part . . .”

“Personal dislike! That’s unthinkable!”

“I believe that the Church is not properly carrying out John Hiram’s will and I wish to examine the matter.”

“Very well, I have no reason to refuse you, if that is what you want; and now we need not say another word about it.”

“Just one word more, warden. Chadwick has given me the names of your lawyers and I consider it my duty to ask them for details of the hospital finances. If this seems to you to be interference, I hope you will forgive me.”

“Mr Bold,” said the other, “if you act fairly, speak nothing but the truth and do not try to deceive\* us in carrying out your purpose, I shall have nothing to forgive. I suppose you think that I do not deserve\* the income which I receive from the hospital and that this money should be given to others. Believe me, I shall never think badly of you just because you hold an opinion different from my own. Do what you believe to be your duty. But here comes Eleanor with her horses, so let us go in and have tea.”

Bold, however, felt uncomfortable at the idea of sitting down with Mr Harding and his daughter after such a conversation and so he excused himself with embarrassed\* apologies. He simply lifted his hat to Eleanor in greeting as he passed her, leaving her surprised and disappointed by his departure\*.

Mr Harding’s calm manner impressed\* Bold, making him think that the warden was sure of his position and that he was about to interfere in the private matters of a fair-minded and respectable man. But Mr Harding himself was far from satisfied with his own view of the case. Could it possibly be that John