

中文导读英文版

不断进取的信念
顽强奋斗的精神
百折不挠的勇气
坚忍不拔的毅力

Hector's Inheritance

赫可特的继承权

[美] 霍瑞修·爱尔杰 原著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社



(中 文 导 读 英 文 版)

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北京

内 容 简 介

Hector's Inheritance, 中文译名为《赫可特的继承权》, 由美国著名教育家、小说家霍瑞修·爱尔杰编著。主人公赫可特是一个富家子弟, 从小过着无忧无虑的生活。一天, 灾难突然落在他的身上, 他的父亲不幸去世。不仅如此, 在父亲去世后不久, 他的叔叔通过证据证明赫可特不是他父亲的亲生儿子, 从此失去了对父亲巨额财产的继承权。年少的赫可特不得不离家在一所寄宿学校读书。在校期间, 正直的赫可特跟校长的侄子发生了冲突, 不得已他离开了学校并开始了流浪生活。由于他的善良和勇敢, 赫可特赢得了别人的帮助, 经过不懈的努力, 叔叔的骗局被揭穿, 赫可特重新赢回了对父亲财产的继承权。

书中所展现的励志故事伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。无论作为语言学习的课本, 还是作为通俗的文学读本, 本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况, 进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平, 在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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霍瑞修·爱尔杰（Horatio Alger，1832—1899），美国著名教育家、小说家。一生共创作了一百多部以“奋斗、成功”为主题的励志小说，其代表作有《菲尔是如何成功的》、《小贩保罗》、《衣衫破烂的迪克》、《赫可特的继承权》、《乔伊历险记》、《沃尔特的考验》、《格兰特的勇气》和《格兰特·萨顿的愿望》等，这些小说被译成多种文字，在世界上广为流传。

霍瑞修·爱尔杰于1832年1月13日出生在马萨诸塞州的一个牧师家庭。自小受到良好的教育，19岁毕业于哈佛大学。他做过家庭教师、记者，1868年开始从事文学创作。在其作品中，爱尔杰塑造了一系列出身卑微，但依靠自身的勇气、信念和努力，终于获得成功的少年形象。这些形象也是对“美国梦”的生动诠释，激励着一代又一代人。正因为如此，爱尔杰被数届美国总统赞誉为“美国精神之父”，人们将他与马克·吐温并列为“对今日美国影响最深的两位作家”。

在中国，爱尔杰的作品也广受读者的欢迎。目前，国内已出版的爱尔杰作品的形式主要有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是中英文对照版。而其中的中英文对照读本比较受读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看，直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译爱尔杰作品中的经典，其中包括《菲尔是如何成功的》、《小贩保罗》、《衣衫破烂的迪克》、《乔伊历险记》、《格兰特的勇气》、《沃尔特的考验》、《赫可特的继承权》和《格兰特·萨顿的愿望》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读

前言



英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，这些经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的科学素养和人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、左新杲、黄福成、冯洁、徐鑫、马启龙、王业伟、王旭敏、陈楠、王多多、邵舒丽、周丽萍、王晓旭、李永振、孟宪行、熊红华、胡国平、熊建国、徐平国、王小红等。限于我们的文学素养和英语水平，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一章 罗斯克先生收到两封信

Chapter 1 Mr. Roscoe Receives Two Letters



罗斯克先生是一个富有的人，他住在一座雄伟的城堡里，他坚信“大胆就是成功的开始”，所以他成功了。一天，仆人给罗斯克先生送来了两封信，一封来自于寄读学校，是向他索要寄宿学生的费用的，信中对学校的优越环境和教师的素质极尽吹嘘，目的是为了能够收到高昂的学费。这让罗斯克非常愤怒，他觉得学校实在是太贪婪了。第二封信是装在一个廉价的黄色信封里的，这同样是一封关于寄宿学生收费的信件，信中也对于学校进行了非常细致的宣传，力图让人觉得高额的学费并不过分。罗斯克对比了两所学校的情况，最后为自己的侄子选择了较便宜的那一所。心里打定主意之后，罗斯克坐下来写回信，第一封是回绝第一所学校的信，信中对于学校的高昂费用表达了由衷的不满，同时指出绝不会让自己的侄子去学校就读。在信中罗斯克还说出了一个惊人的事实，那就是他的侄子并不是他哥哥亲生的，罗斯克继承的遗产正是他哥哥的。第二封信的措辞就柔和多了，他同意让赫可特也就是他的侄子去学校就读，同时也再一次指出赫可特并非他兄长真正的孩子，只是养子。

Mr. Roscoe rang the bell, and, in answer, a servant entered the library, where he sat before a large and commodious desk.

“Has the mail yet arrived?” he asked.

“Yes, sir; John has just come back from the village.”

“Go at once and bring me the letters and papers, if there are any.”

John bowed and withdrew.

Mr. Roscoe walked to the window, and looked thoughtfully out upon a smooth, luxuriant lawn and an avenue of magnificent trees, through which carriages were driven to what was popularly known as Castle Roscoe. Everything, even to the luxuriously appointed room in which he sat, indicated wealth and the ease which comes from affluence.

Mr. Roscoe looked around him with exultation.

“And all this may be mine,” he said to himself, “if I am only bold. What is it old Pindar says? ‘Boldness is the beginning of victory.’ I have forgotten nearly all I learned in school, but I remember that. There is some risk, perhaps, but not much, and I owe something to my son...”

He was interrupted by the entrance of the servant with a small leather bag, which was used to hold mail matter, going from or coming to the house.

The servant unlocked the bag, and emptied the contents on the desk. There were three or four papers and two letters. It was the last which attracted Mr. Roscoe’s attention.

We will take the liberty of looking over Mr. Roscoe’s shoulder as he reads the first. It ran as follows:

“DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your favor, asking my terms for boarding pupils. For pupils of fifteen or over, I charge five hundred dollars per year, which is not a large sum considering the exceptional advantages presented by Inglewood School. My pupils are from the best families, and enjoy a liberal table. Moreover, I employ competent teachers, and guarantee rapid progress, when the student is of good, natural capacity, and willing to work.

“I think you will agree with me that it is unwise to economize when the proper training of a youth is in question, and that a cheap school is little better than no school at all.

“I have only to add that I shall be most happy to receive your young nephew, if you decide to send him to me, and will take personal pains to promote his advancement.

“I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant,

“DIONYSIUS KADIX.”

Mr. Roscoe threw the letter down upon the desk with an impatient gesture.

“Five hundred dollars a year!” he exclaimed, “What can the man be thinking of? Why, when I went to school, twenty-five years since, less than half this sum was charged. The man is evidently rapacious. Let me see what this other letter says.”

The second letter was contained in a yellow envelope, of cheap texture, and was much more plebeian in appearance than the first.

Again we will look over Mr. Roscoe’s shoulder, and read what it contains. It was postmarked Smithville, and the envelope was disfigured by a blot. It commenced:

“DEAR SIR:—It gives me pleasure to answer your inquiries respecting my school. I have about fifty pupils, part of whom, say one-third, are boarders. Though I say it myself, it will be hard to find any school where more thorough

that head I shall soon undeceive him. I will let him understand that I am the proprietor of the estate, and that he is only a dependent on my bounty. I wonder how he will take it. I dare say he will make a fuss, but he shall soon be made to understand that it is of no use. Now to answer these letters."

Mr. Roscoe sat down in a luxurious armchair, and, drawing pen and paper toward him, wrote first to Dr. Radix. I subjoin the letter, as it throws some light upon the character of the writer:

"ROSCOE HALL, Sept. 10th

"DR. DIONYSIUS RADIX

"MY DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your letter of the 8th instant, answering my inquiries in regard to your school. Let me say at once that I find your terms too high. Five hundred dollars a year for forty weeks' board and schooling seems to me an exorbitant price to ask. Really, at this rate, education will soon become a luxury open only to the wealthy.

"You are probably under a misapprehension in reference to my young ward. Nephew he is not, in a strict sense of the term. He was adopted—not legally, but practically—by my brother, when he was only a year old, and his origin has been concealed from him. My brother, being childless, has allowed him to suppose that he was his own son. Undoubtedly he meant to provide for him in his will, but, as often happens, put off will-making till it was too late. The estate, therefore, goes to me, and the boy is unprovided for. This does not so much matter, since I am willing to educate him, and give him a fair start in life, if he acts in a manner to suit me. I do not, however, feel called upon to pay an exorbitant price for his tuition, and, therefore, shall be obliged to forego placing him at Inglewood School.

"Yours, etc.,

"ALLAN ROSCOE."

"When this letter is sent, I shall have taken the decisive step," thought Mr. Roscoe, "I must then adhere to my story, at whatever cost. Now for the other."

His reply to the letter of Socrates Smith, A. M., was briefer, but likely to be more satisfactory to the recipient. It ran thus:

"SOCRATES SMITH, A. M.

"DEAR SIR:—Your letter is at hand, and I find it, on the whole,

satisfactory. The price you charge—three hundred dollars per annum—is about right. I hope you are a firm disciplinarian. I do not want Hector too much indulged or pampered, though he may expect it, my poor brother having been indulgent to excess.

“Let me add, by the bye, that Hector is not my nephew, though I may inadvertently have mentioned him as such, and had no real claims upon my brother, though he has been brought up in that belief. He was adopted, in an informal way, by my brother, when he was but, an infant. Under the circumstances, I am willing to take care of him, and prepare him to earn his own living when his education is completed.

“You may expect to see me early next week. I will bring the boy with me, and enter him at once as a pupil in your school.

“Yours, etc.,

“ALLAN ROSCOE.”

“There, that clinches it!” said Mr. Roscoe, in a tone of satisfaction, “Now for an interview with the boy.”

第二章 令人愤慨的侮辱

Chapter 2 Resenting An Insult



赫可特，本书的主人公，15岁，长得很结实，是一个沉静、果决、坚强的孩子，他不是逆来顺受的人，相反他会很好地保护自己的权益。这天他来到马房，发现属于他的那辆轻便马车被盖依驾出去了，而且罗斯克已经答应把马车给盖依了。这让赫可特十分生气，他觉得他的监护人也就是罗斯克先生对自己行使的权力太过分了。赫可特还发现他的叔叔要求仆人都要听他的话而不是自己的，这让赫可特觉得非常震惊，他察觉到侵犯自己权利的人是他的叔叔。当盖依回来的时候，赫可特非常明确地表达了自己对于盖依未经自己允许驾车出去的愤怒，但是盖依并不在意，而且盖依说他父亲认为赫可特是养子，没有资格继承遗产，这让赫可特十分生气，他拿起马鞭狠狠地揍了盖依。

A stone's throw from the mansion was a neat and spacious carriage house. The late master of Castle Roscoe had been fond of driving, and kept three horses and two carriages. One of the latter was an old-fashioned coach; while there was, besides, a light buggy, which Hector was accustomed to consider his own. It was he, generally, who used this, for his father preferred to take a driver, and generally took an airing, either alone or with Hector, in the more stately carriage, drawn by two horses.

Hector walked across the lawn and entered the carriage house, where

Edward, the coachman, was washing the carriage. As the former is to be our hero, we may pause to describe him.

He was fifteen, slenderly but strongly made, with a clear skin and dark eyes and a straightforward look. He had a winning smile, that attracted all who saw it, but his face could assume a different expression if need be. There were strong lines about his mouth that indicated calm resolution and strength of purpose. He was not a boy who would permit himself to be imposed upon, but was properly tenacious of his rights.

As he entered the carriage house, he looked about him in some surprise.

"Where is the buggy, Edward?" he asked.

"Master Guy is driving out in it."

"How is that?" said Hector, "Doesn't he know that it is mine? He might, at least, have asked whether I intended to use it."

"That is what I told him."

"And what did he say?"

"That it was just as much his as yours, and perhaps more so."

"What could he mean?"

"He said his father had promised to give it to him."

"Promised to give him my buggy!" exclaimed Hector, his eyes flashing.

"It's a shame, Master Hector, so it is," said Edward, sympathetically. He had known Hector since he was a boy of five, and liked him far better than Guy, who was a newcomer, and a boy disposed to domineer over those whom he considered his inferiors.

"I don't intend to submit to it," said Hector, trying, ineffectually, to curb his anger.

"I don't blame you, Master Hector, but I'm afraid you will have a hard time. As your uncle is your guardian, of course he has power over you, and he thinks everything of that boy of his, though, to my mind, he is an unmannerly cub."

"I don't know how much power he has over me, but he mustn't expect me to play second fiddle to his son. I am willing that Guy should enjoy as many privileges as I do, though the estate is mine; but he mustn't interfere with my

"That's right, Master Hector. Why don't you speak to your uncle about it? I would, if I were you."

"So I will, if it is necessary. I will speak to Guy first, and that may be sufficient. I don't want to enter complaint against him if I can help it."

"You didn't see Master Guy ride. out, did you?"

"No; I was reading. If I had seen him, I would have stopped him."

"I am afraid it wouldn't have done any good."

"Do you mean that he would have taken the buggy in spite of me?" asked Hector, indignantly.

"I think he would have tried. To tell the truth, Master Hector, I refused to get the buggy ready for him, till he brought out a paper from his father commanding me to do it. Then, of course, I had no choice."

Hector was staggered by this.

"Have you got the paper?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Edward, fumbling in his vest pocket.

He drew out a small scrap of notepaper, on which was written, "My son, Guy, has my permission to ride out in the buggy. You will obey me rather than Hector."

This was signed, "Allan Roscoe."

"So it seems my uncle is the trespasser," said Hector, "It is he who takes the responsibility. I will go and speak to him at once."

"Wait a minute! There comes Master Guy, returning from his ride. You can have it out with him first."

In fact, Hector had only to look down the avenue to see the rapid approach of the buggy. Guy held the reins, and was seated in the driver's seat with all the air of a master. The sight aggravated Hector, and not without reason. He waited until Guy, flinging the reins to Edward, leaped from the buggy, then he thought it time to speak.

"Guy," he said, calmly, "it seems to me that you owe me an apology."

"Oh, I do, do I?" sneered Guy, "What for, let me ask?"

"You have driven out in my buggy, without asking my permission."

"Oh, it's your buggy, is it?" said Guy, with another sneer.

"Of course it is. You know that as well as I do."

“I don’t know it at all.”

“Then I inform you of it. I don’t want to be selfish; I am willing that you should ride out in it occasionally; but I insist upon your asking my permission.”

Guy listened to these words with a sneer upon his face. He was about the same age and size as Hector, but his features were mean and insignificant, and there was a shifty look in his eye that stamped him as unreliable. He did not look like the Roscoes, though in many respects he was in disposition and character similar to his father.

“It strikes me,” he said, with an unpleasant smile, “that you’re taking a little too much upon yourself, Hector Roscoe. The buggy is no more yours than mine.”

“What do you say, Edward?” said Hector, appealing to the coachman.

“I say that the buggy is yours, and the horse is yours, and so I told Master Guy, but he wouldn’t take notice of it.”

“Do you hear that, Guy?”

“Yes, I do; and that’s what I think of it,” answered Guy, snapping his fingers, “My father gave me permission to ride out in it, and I’ve got just as much right to it as you, and perhaps more.”

“You know better, Guy,” said Hector, indignantly; “and I warn you not to interfere with my rights hereafter.”

“Suppose I do?” sneered Guy.

“Then I shall be under the necessity of giving you a lesson,” said Hector, calmly.

“You will, will you? You’ll give me a lesson?” repeated Guy, nodding vigorously, “Who are you, I’d like to know?”

“If you don’t know, I can tell you.”

“Tell me, then.”

“I am Hector Roscoe, the owner of Roscoe Hall. Whether your father is to be my guardian or not, I don’t know; but there are limits to the power of a guardian, and I hope he won’t go too far.”

“Hear the boy talk!” said Guy, contemptuously.

“I wish to treat my uncle with becoming respect; but he is a newcomer here—I never saw him till three months since—and he has no right to come here, and take from me all my privileges. We can all live at peace together, and