

三位合一阶梯阅读

高 级 篇

苑 涛 樊一昕 丛书总策划

思马得学校 主 编

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Essays

作者与原作简介:

弗兰西斯·培根(Francis Bacon, 1561-1626)是文艺复兴时期英国著名的哲学家和散文家。生于伦敦贵族家庭,受教育于剑桥大学,二十四岁进入议会,同时开始撰写有关宗教和政治问题的文章。曾历任掌玺大臣、大法官等职,因受贿被削官入狱,后来以其余年专事文学和哲学著述。

培根的主要著作有《学术的进展》(Advancement of Learning, 1605)、《新工具》(Novum Organum, 1620)、《新大西洋岛》(New Atlantis, 1627)、《论说文集》(Essays, 1597, 1612, 1625)。

培根对文学的主要贡献是《论说文集》,共含五十八篇。这些文章以贵族、资产阶级世家子弟为对象,谈论社会风尚,处世哲学,治学方法,人生经验等许多方面,从个人生活到邦国大事,无所不包。他的文章常用一事一议的写法,或旁征博引,纵横议论,或多方推究,层层剖析,寓深刻的思想于浅显的事例之中,读来引人深思。培根文笔简洁,不论以小喻大,或以大概小,都能鞭辟入里,往往有独到的见解。他的文章常用排句、类比,以特别富于警句格言著称,机智精辟的文句几乎俯拾即是,有些已成为英语中家喻户晓的明言。然而,培根仍逃脱不出资产阶级道德标准的羁绊,在论及处事接物等问题时也显示出了庸俗的一面。

培根在论述探究知识的著作中提出了知识就是力量这一著名论断,为后人所推崇。培根还是近代英国唯物主义哲学的奠基人和近代实验科学的先驱。他崇尚科学方法,提倡从研究事实中归纳出结论,反对从概念到概念的演绎。这一朴素的唯物主义原则对十七、十八世纪的英国以至整个西欧的哲学思想都产生了十分有益的影响。马克思称他为“英国唯物主义和整个现代实验科学的真正始祖”(《马克思恩格斯全集》第2卷,第163页)。

片断欣赏

Of Studies

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment, and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best, from those that are learned.

Ornament: 装饰

marshal: 引导



To spend too much time in studies is *sloth*; to use them too much for ornament, is *affectation*; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need *proyning*, by study; and studies themselves, do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. *Crafty* men *contemn* studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and *confute*; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by *deputy*, and *extracts* made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books, else *distilled* books are like common *distilled* waters, flashy things.

Reading *maketh* a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he *confer* little, he had need have a present wit: and if he read little, he had need have much *cunning*, to seem to know, that he doth not.

Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtile; natural philosophy deep; moral *grave*; logic and *rhetoric* able to contend. Abeunt studia in mores.

Nay, there is no *stond* or impediment in the wit, but may be *wrought* out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body, may have appropriate exercises. *Bowling* is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in

sloth:迟钝的
affectation:虚饰

proyning:修剪

crafty:狡猾的
contemn:蔑视

confute:驳倒

deputy:代表
extract:摘录

distill:精炼, 浓缩

maketh:make 的第
三人称过去式用法

confer:给予
cun:猾头, 狡猾

grave:庄重的
rhetoric:修辞

nay:而且
stond:宝石
wrought:work 的过
去式及过去分词
bowling:滚木球





demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; for they are cymini sectores. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind, may have a special receipt.

apt: 易于……的

Sons and Lovers

作者与原作简介:

劳伦斯(David Herbert Lawrence, 1885-1930)是英国当代小说家。他出生在诺丁汉郡的一个煤乡, 父亲是煤矿工人, 母亲当过小学教师。劳伦斯受他母亲影响很大, 这在他一生的作品中都隐约可见。十六岁中学毕业以后, 劳伦斯弃学两年, 当过职员和小学教师。在大学读书时, 劳伦斯开始了第一部小说的创作。这部以儿女之情为主题的小说受到他的母亲和校方的严厉批评, 直到 1911 年才出版, 定名为《白孔雀》(The White Peacock)。从此, 劳伦斯放弃教师职位, 专门从事创作。劳伦斯对当时英国生活中的工业化物质文明和商业精神感到厌恶, 为了逃避现实, 他一生的大部分时间都是在国外度过的, 先后到过意大利、澳大利亚、新西兰、美国、墨西哥等地, 后来在欧洲大陆过着漂泊不定的生活, 于 1930 年因肺病在法国南部去世。

劳伦斯的主要长篇小说有:《儿子与情人》(Sons and Lovers, 1913)、《虹》(The Rainbow, 1915)、《恋爱中的妇女》(Women in Love, 1920)、《恰泰莱夫人的情妇》(Lady Chatterley's Lover)等。此外, 劳伦斯还写了许多短篇小说和诗歌。

劳伦斯的不少长篇和短篇小说都以他熟悉的矿区生活为素材。他把弗洛伊德的心理学区运用到小说创作之中, 认为人的行为是性欲受到压抑的表现, 因此他的小说以潜在的性心理作为人物行为的动力, 直接描写了性生活。他强调人的原始本能, 把理性作为压抑天性的因素加以摒弃, 主张让本能得到充分的发挥, 以达到完美的人性。劳伦斯的小说一直引起很大的争论。他的小说在二十年代问世时, 就被认为有伤风化, 使舆论哗然, 直到 1960 年伦敦法庭审理一起“诲淫”案件时, 他的小说《恰泰莱夫人的情妇》还被称为“淫书”而受到抨击。但也有人认为, 劳伦斯不过是努力发掘人的下意识的一个侧面, 从主观出发, 对人的动机的世俗概念提出了不同的看法而已。

《儿子与情人》是劳伦斯的自传体长篇小说。作品通过现实主义和心理分析的写作方法描写了十九世纪末叶英国工业社会中下层人民的生活和特定环境下母子间和两性间的复杂而多少有些变态的感情。书中的两个主题基本上交织在一起: 母爱对保罗感情的消极影响和保罗对待两个女性的爱情态度。小说背景是诺丁汉郡矿区。父亲莫瑞尔是矿工, 心地不坏, 但时常酒后使性, 动不动就打骂妻子, 而他的这种性格是当时的工人悲惨境遇所造成的。母亲出身中产阶级, 有一定教养。与莫瑞尔结婚后, 两人情趣不投, 婚后不久, 她就开始厌弃丈夫, 因此把感

高
级
篇





情倾注在孩子，特别是第二个男孩保罗身上。他与母亲的奥狄浦斯(Oedipus)式的感情是小说前半部的主要内容，后半部则着重写了保罗与情人克拉拉和米里艾姆的两种恋爱关系。前者是情欲爱的代表，后者是精神爱的化身。保罗是个人主义色彩很浓的人，不愿像父亲那样无声无息地生活，一心想奔出个好前程，成为艺术家，但母亲在世时，他无法摆脱母亲的影响和母爱的羁绊，直到母亲病故后，他才挣脱了过去生活的襁褓，离别故土和情人，奔向城市，开始了生活的新一页。

片断欣赏

PART ONE

Chapter I

THE EARLY MARRIED LIFE OF THE MORELS

"THE BOTTOMS" succeeded to "Hell Row".

Hell Row was a block of *thatched*, *bulging* cottages that stood by the *brookside* on Greenhill Lane. There lived the *colliers* who worked in the little *gin-pits* two fields away. The brook ran under the *alder* trees, scarcely soiled by these small mines, whose coal was drawn to the surface by *donkeys* that *plodded* wearily in a circle round a gin. And all over the countryside were these same pits, some of which had been worked in the time of Charles II, the few colliers and the donkeys *burrowing* down like ants into the earth, making queer *mounds* and little black places among the corn-fields and the *meadows*. And the cottages of these coal-miners, in blocks and pairs here and there, together with odd farms and homes of the stockings, straying over the parish, formed the village of Bestwood.

Then, some sixty years ago, a sudden change took place. The gin-pits were elbowed aside by the large mines of the *financiers*. The coal and iron field of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire was discovered. Carston, Waite and Co. appeared. Amid *tremendous* excitement, Lord Palmerston formally opened the company's first mine at Spinney Park, on the edge of Sherwood Forest.

thatch:用稻草盖屋顶

bulge:塞满

brookside:小河旁

collier:煤矿工人

gin-pits:陷阱

alder:赤杨

donkey:驴

plod:辛苦地做事

burrow:掘穴

mound:土堆

meadow:草地

financier:资本家

tremendous:巨大的



About this time the *notorious* Hell Row, which through growing old had *acquired* an evil *reputation*, was burned down, and much dirt was cleansed away.

Carston, Waite & Co. found they had struck on a good thing, so, down the valleys of the brooks from Selby and Nuttall, new mines were sunk, until soon there were six pits working. From Nuttall, high up on the *sandstone* among the woods, the railway ran, past the ruined *priory* of the Carthusians and past Robin Hood's Well, down to Spinney Park, then on to Minton, a large mine among corn-fields; from Minton across the farmlands of the valleyside to Bunker's Hill, *branching* off there, and running north to Begg arlee and Selby, that looks over at Crich and the hills of Derbyshire: six mines like black *studs* on the countryside, linked by a *loop* of fine chain, the railway.

To *accommodate* the *regiments* of miners, Carston, Waite and Co. built the Squares, great *quadrangles* of dwellings on the hillside of Bestwood, and then, in the brook valley, on the site of Hell Row, they *erected* the Bottoms.

The Bottoms consisted of six blocks of miners' dwellings, two rows of three, like the dots on a blank-six *domino*, and twelve houses in a block. This double row of dwellings sat at the foot of the rather sharp slope from Bestwood, and looked out, from the *attic* windows at least, on the slow climb of the valley towards Selby.

The houses themselves were *substantial* and very decent. One could walk all round, seeing little front gardens with *auriculas* and *saxifrage* in the shadow of the bottom block, sweet-williams and pinks in the sunny top block; seeing neat front windows, little *porches*, little *privet* hedges, and dormer windows for the attics. But that was outside; that was the view on to the uninhabited *parlours* of all the colliers' wives. The dwelling-room, the kitchen, was at the back of the house, facing inward between the blocks, looking at a *scrubby* back garden, and then at the ash-pits.

notorious: 恶名昭彰的

acquire: 获得
reputation: 名声

sandstone: 沙岩
priory: 小女隐修院

branch: 发展

stud: 马群
loop: 环成圈

accommodate:
供给住宿

regiment: 大群
quadrangle: 四方形

erect: 建立

domino: 一种骨牌游戏

attic: 阁楼

substantial: 牢固的

auriculas: 报春花
saxifrage: 虎耳草

porch: 门廊

privet: 水蜡树

parlour: 起居室

scrubby: 树丛繁茂的

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And between the rows, between the long lines of ash-pits, went the alley, where the children played and the women gossiped and the men smoked. So, the actual conditions of living in the Bottoms, that was so well built and that looked so nice, were quite *unsavoury* because people must live in the kitchen, and the kitchens opened on to that nasty *alley* of ash-pits.

Mrs. Morel was not anxious to move into the Bottoms, which was already twelve years old and on the downward path, when she descended to it from Bestwood. But it was the best she could do. Moreover, she had an end house in one of the top blocks, and thus had only one neighbour; on the other side an extra *strip* of garden. And, having an end house, she enjoyed a kind of *aristocracy* among the other women of the "between" houses, because her rent was five shillings and sixpence instead of five shillings a week. But this *superiority* in station was not much *consolation* to Mrs. Morel.

She was thirty-one years old, and had been married eight years. A rather small woman, of *delicate mould* but resolute bearing, she shrank a little from the first contact with the Bottoms women. She came down in the July, and in the September expected her third baby.

Her husband was a miner. They had only been in their new home three weeks when the wakes, or fair, began. Morel, she knew, was sure to make a holiday of it. He went off early on the Monday morning, the day of the fair. The two children were highly excited. William, a boy of seven, fled off immediately after breakfast, to prowling round the wakes ground, leaving Annie, who was only five, to whine all morning to go also. Mrs. Morel did her work. She *scarcely* knew her neighbours yet, and knew no one with whom to trust the little girl. So she promised to take her to the wakes after dinner.

William appeared at half-past twelve. He was a very active lad, *fair-haired*, *freckled*, with a touch of the Dane or Norwegian about him.

unsavoury: 不好的
alley: 小径

strip: 细长片
aristocracy: 骄傲自大

superiority: 优越
consolation: 安慰

delicate: 细致的
mould: 身材

scarcely: 几乎不

fair-haired: 金发的
freckled: 长雀斑的



"Can I have my dinner, mother?" he cried, rushing in with his cap on. "'Cause it begins at half-past one, the man says so."

"You can have your dinner as soon as it's done," replied the mother.

"Isn't it done?" he cried, his blue eyes staring at her in *indignation*. "Then I'm going to be-out it."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. It will be done in five minutes. It is only half-past twelve."

"They'll be beginning," the boy half cried, half shouted.

"You won't die if they do," said the mother. "Besides, it's only half-past twelve, so you've a full hour."

The lad began *hastily* to lay the table, and directly the three sat down. They were eating *batter-pudding* and *jam*, when the boy jumped off his chair and stood perfectly stiff. Some distance away could be heard the first small *braying* of a merry-go-round, and the *tooting* of a horn. His face quivered as he looked at his mother.

"I told you!" he said, running to the dresser for his cap.

"Take your pudding in your hand—and it's only five past one, so you were wrong—you haven't got your two pence," cried the mother in a breath.

The boy came back, bitterly disappointed, for his twopence, then went off without a word.

"I want to go, I want to go," said Annie, beginning to cry.

"Well, and you shall go, *whining*, wizening little *stick*!" said the mother. And later in the afternoon she *trudged* up the hill under the tall *hedge* with her child. The hay was gathered from the fields, and cattle were turned on to the eddish. It was warm, peaceful.

Mrs. Morel did not like the wakes. There were two sets of horses, one going by steam, one pulled round by a *pony*; three organs were *grinding*, and there came odd cracks of pistol-shots, fearful screeching of the *cocoanut* man's rattle, shouts of the Aunt Sally man, screeches from the peep-show lady. The mother perceived her son gazing *enraptured* outside the Lion Wallace booth, at the

indignation: 愤慨

hastily: 匆忙地

batter-pudding:

牛奶鸡蛋布丁

jam: 果酱

bray: 嘶叫

toot: 鸣声

whine: 发出悲哀的声音

stick: 固执的人

trudge: 吃力地走

hedge: 篱笆

pony: 小马

grind: 碾磨

cocoanut: 椰子

enrapture: 使出

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pictures of this famous lion that had killed a *negro* and *maimed* for life two white men. She left him alone, and went to get Annie a *spin of toffee*. Presently the lad stood in front of her, wildly excited.

"You never said you was coming—isn't there a lot of things?—that lion's killed three men—I've spent my *tuppence-an'* look here."

He pulled from his pocket two egg-cups, with pink moss-roses on them.

"I got these from that stall where you have they get them marbles in them holes. And I got these two in two goes—one penny a go—they've got moss-roses on, look here. I wanted these."

She knew he wanted them for her.

"Hmm!" she said, pleased. "They ARE pretty!"

"Shall you carry 'em, 'cause I'm frightened of breaking them?" He was tipful of excitement now she had come, led her about the ground, showed her everything. Then, at the *peep*-show, she explained the pictures, in a sort of story, to which he listened as if *spellbound*. He would not leave her. All the time he stuck close to her, *bristling* with a small boy's pride of her. For no other woman looked such a lady as she did, in her little black *bonnet* and her cloak. She smiled when she saw women she knew. When she was tired she said to her son:

"Well, are you coming now, or later?"

"Are you going already?" he cried, his face full of *reproach*.

"Already? It is past four, I know."

"What are you going already for?" he *lamented*.

"You needn't come if you don't want," she said.

And she went slowly away with her little girl, whilst her son stood watching her cut to the heart to let her go, and yet unable to leave the wakes. As she crossed the open ground in front of the Moon and Stars she heard men shouting, and smelled the beer, and hurried a little, thinking her husband was probably in the bar.

At about half-past six her son came home, tired now, rather pale, and somewhat *wretched*. He was

negro:黑人

maim:使残废

spin:旋转

toffee:太妃糖

tuppence-an:等同于

tw-opence, 两便士

peep:窥视

spellbound:受魔术控制的

bristle:发怒

bonnet:女帽

reproach:遣责

lament:悲伤

wretched:可怜的



miserable, though he did not know it, because he had let her go alone. Since she had gone, he had not enjoyed his wakes.

"Has my dad been?" he asked.

"No," said the mother.

"He's helping to wait at the Moon and Stars. I seed him through that black tin stuff with holes in, on the window, with his *sleeves* rolled up."

"Ha!" exclaimed the mother shortly. "He's got no money. And he'll be satisfied if he gets his *allowance*, whether they give him more or not."

When the light was fading, and Mrs. Morel could see no more to sew, she rose and went to the door. Everywhere was the sound of excitement, the *restlessness* of the holiday, that at last *infected* her. She went out into the side garden. Women were coming home from the wakes, the children hugging a white lamb with green legs, or a wooden horse. *Occasionally* a man *lurched* past, almost as full as he could carry. Sometimes a good husband came along with his family, peacefully. But usually the women and children were alone. The stay-at-home mothers stood *gossiping* at the corners of the alley, as the *twilight* sank, folding their arms under their white *aprons*.

Mrs. Morel was alone, but she was used to it. Her son and her little girl slept upstairs; so, it seemed, her home was there behind her, fixed and stable. But she felt wretched with the coming child. The world seemed a dreary place, where nothing else would happen for her—at least until William grew up. But for herself, nothing but this *dreary endurance*—till the children grew up. And the children! She could not afford to have this third. She did not want it. The father was serving beer in a public house, swilling himself drunk. She *despised* him, and was tied to him. This coming child was too much for her. If it were not for William and Annie, she was sick of it, the *struggle* with poverty and ugliness and meanness.

She went into the front garden, feeling too heavy to take herself out, yet unable to stay indoors. The heat *suffocated* her. And looking ahead, the prospect of her life made her feel as if she were buried alive.

miserable: 不幸的

sleeve: 袖子

allowance: 津贴

restlessness: 得不到休息的

infect: 使受影响

occasionally: 偶然

lurch: 蹒跚

gossip: 闲谈

twilight: 薄暮

apron: 围裙

dreary: 阴沉的

endurance: 忍耐力

despise: 藐视

struggle: 斗争

suffocate: 使窒息

高级篇





The front garden was a small square with a *privet* hedge. There she stood, trying to *soothe* herself with the *scent* of flowers and the fading, beautiful evening. Opposite her small gate was the stile that led uphill, under the tall hedge between the burning glow of the cut *pastures*. The sky overhead *throbbed* and *pulsed* with light. The glow sank quickly off the field; the earth and the hedges smoked dusk. As it grew dark, a *ruddy glare* came out on the hilltop, and out of the glare the *diminished commotion* of the fair.

Sometimes, down the trough of darkness formed by the path under the *hedges*, men came *lurching* home. One young man *lapsed* into a run down the steep bit that ended the hill, and went with a crash into the *stile*. Mrs. Morel *shuddered*. He picked himself up, swearing *viciously*, rather *pathetically*, as if he thought the stile had wanted to hurt him.

She went indoors, wondering if things were never going to alter. She was beginning by now to *realise* that they would not. She seemed so far away from her girlhood, she wondered if it were the same person walking heavily up the back garden at the Bottoms as had run so lightly up the *breakwater* at Sheerness ten years before.

"What have I to do with it?" she said to herself. "What have I to do with all this? Even the child I am going to have! It doesn't seem as if I were taken into account."

Sometimes life takes hold of one, carries the body along, *accomplishes* one's history, and yet is not real, but leaves oneself as it were *slurred* over.

"I wait," Mrs. Morel said to herself—"I wait, and what I wait for can never come."

Then she *straightened* the kitchen, lit the lamp, mended the fire, looked out the washing for the next day, and put it to soak. After which she sat down to her sewing. Through the long hours her needle flashed regularly through the *stuff*. Occasionally she sighed, moving to relieve herself. And all the time she was thinking how to make the most of what she had, for the children's sakes.

At half-past eleven her husband came. His cheeks were very red and very shiny above his black *moustache*. His head nodded slightly. He was please

privet: 水蜡树
soothe: 抚慰
scent: 香气

pasture: 牧草
throb: 震动
pulse: 振动
ruddy: 红的
glare: 闪耀
diminish: 减少
commotion: 骚乱
hedge: 篱笆
lurch: 蹒跚
lapse: 滑落
stile: 台阶
shudder: 发抖
viciously: 邪恶地
pathetically: 可怜地
realise: (等同于 realize) 了解
breakwater: 防洪堤

accomplish: 完成
slur: 马虎地做

straighten: 整理

stuff: 毛织品

moustache: 髭



with himself.

"Oh! Oh! waiting for me, lass? I've bin 'elpin' Anthony, and what's think he's gen me? Nowt b'r a *lousy* hae'f-crown, and that's *ivory* penny—"

"He thinks you've made the rest up in beer," she said shortly.

"An' I haven't—that I haven't. You believe me, I've had very little this day, I have not all." His voice went tender. "Here, and I brought thee a bit of *brandy* snap, and a cocoanut for the children." He laid the *gingerbread* and the cocoanut, a hairy object, on the table. "Nay, they never said thank you for nowt i' thy life, did they?"

As a *compromise*, she picked up the cocoanut and shook it, to see if it had any milk.

"It's a good un, you may back your life of that. I got it from Bill Hodgkisson. Bill, " I says, "they not wants them three nuts, does they? Arena ter for gi'ein' me one for my bit of a lad and *wench*?" "I ham, Walter, my lad," He says; "ta'e which on them there's a mind." And so I took one, and thanked him. I didn't like they shake it *afore* his eyes, but he says, "They had better make sure it's a good un, Walt. And so, you see, I knowed it was. He's a nice chap, is Bill Hodgkisson, It's a nice *chap*!"

"A man will part with anything so long as he's drunk, and you're drunk along with him," said Mrs. Morel.

"Eh, tha *mucky* little 'ussy, who's drunk, I sh'd like ter know?" said Morel. He was *extraordinarily* pleased with himself, because of his day's helping to wait in the Moon and Stars. He chattered on.

Mrs. Morel, very tired, and sick of his babble, went to bed as quickly as possible, while he raked the fire.

Mrs. Morel came of a good old *burgher* family, famous *independents* who had fought with Colonel Hutchinson, and who remained *stout* Congregationalists. Her grandfather had gone bankrupt in the lace-market at a time when so many lace-manufacturers were ruined in Nottingham. Her father, George Coppard, was an engineer—a large, handsome, haughty man, proud of his fair skin and blue eyes, but more proud still of his *integrity*.

lousy: 贫穷的

ivory: 象牙(色)

brandy: 白兰地

gingerbread: 姜饼

compromise: 和解

wench: 少妇

afore: 在前

chap: 小伙子

mucky: 令人讨厌的

extraordinarily: 格外地

burgher: 自治市镇之公民

independents:

无党派人士

stout: 坚决的

integrity: 正直





Gertrude resembled her mother in her small build. But her temper, proud and *unyielding*, she had from the Coppards.

George Coppard was bitterly *galled* by his own poverty. He became *foreman* of the engineers in the *dockyard* at Sheerness. Mrs. Morel—Gertrude—was the second daughter. She favoured her mother, loved her mother best of all; but she had the Coppards' clear, defiant blue eyes and their broad brow. She remembered to have hated her father's *overbearing* manner towards her gentle, humorous, kindly-souled mother. She remembered running over the *breakwater* at Sheerness and finding the boat. She remembered to have been petted and flattered by all the men when she had gone to the dockyard, for she was a delicate, rather proud child. She remembered the funny old mistress, whose assistant she had become, whom she had loved to help in the private school. And she still had the Bible that John Field had given her. She used to walk home from *chapel* with John Field when she was nineteen. He was the son of a well-to-do tradesman, had been to college in London, and was to devote himself to business.

She could always recall in detail a September Sunday afternoon, when they had sat under the *vine* at the back of her father's house. The sun came through the *chinks* of the vine-leaves and made beautiful *patterns*, like a lace *scarf*, falling on her and on him. Some of the leaves were clean yellow, like yellow flat flowers.

"Now sit still," he had cried. "Now your hair, I don't know what it IS like!

It's as bright as *copper* and gold, as red as burnt copper, and it has gold threads where the sun shines on it. Fancy their saying it's brown. Your mother calls it mouse-colour."

She had met his brilliant eyes, but her clear face scarcely showed the *elation* which rose within her.

"But you say you don't like business," she pursued.

"I don't. I hate it!" he cried hotly.

unyielding:不屈服的

gall:令(人)厌烦

foreman:工头

dockyard:造船所

overbearing:专制的

breakwater:防洪堤

chapel:自由教堂

vine:葡萄树

chinks:裂缝

pattern:图案

scarf:围巾

copper:铜

elation:得意洋洋





“And you would like to go into the *ministry*,” she half *implored*.

“I should. I should love it, if I thought I could make a first-rate preacher.”

“Then why don't you—why don't you?” Her voice rang with *defiance*. “If I were a man, nothing would stop me.”

She held her head erect. He was rather *timid* before her.

“But my father's so *stiff-necked*. He means to put me into the business, and I know he'll do it.”

“But if you're a MAN?” she had cried.

“Being a man isn't everything,” he replied, *frowning* with puzzled helplessness.

Now, as she moved about her work at the Bottoms, with some experience of what being a man meant, she knew that it was NOT everything.

At twenty, owing to her health, she had left Sheerness. Her father had retired home to Nottingham. John Field's father had been ruined; the son had gone as a teacher in Norwood. She did not hear of him until, two years later, she made determined *inquiry*. He had married his *landlady*, a woman of forty, a *widow* with *property*.

And still Mrs. Morel preserved John Field's Bible. She did not now believe him to be—Well, she understood pretty well what he might or might not have been. So she *preserved* his Bible, and kept his memory *intact* in her heart, for her own sake. To her dying day, for thirty-five years, she did not speak of him.

When she was twenty-three years old, she met, at a Christmas party, a young man from the Erewash Valley. Morel was then twenty-seven years old. He was well set-up, erect, and very smart. He had wavy black hair that shone again, and a *vigorous* black beard that had never been shaved.

ministry:政府部门

implore:恳求

defiance:挑战

timid:胆小的

stiff-necked:固执的

frown:皱眉

inquiry:调查

landlady:女房东, 女地主

widow:寡妇

property:财产

preserve:保留

intact:原封不动的

vigorous:有活力的





His cheeks were ruddy, and his red, *moist* mouth was noticeable because he laughed so often and so heartily. He had that rare thing, a rich, ringing laugh. Gertrude Coppard had watched him, *fascinated*. He was so full of colour and *animation*, his voice ran so easily into comic *grotesque*, he was so ready and so pleasant with everybody. Her own father had a rich fund of humour, but it was *satiric*. This man's was different: soft, *non-intellectual*, warm, a kind of *gambolling*.

She herself was opposite. She had a curious, *receptive* mind which found much pleasure and amusement in listening to other folk. She was clever in leading folk to talk. She loved ideas, and was considered very intellectual. What she liked most of all was an argument on religion or philosophy or politics with some educated man. This she did not often enjoy. So she always had people tell her about themselves, finding her pleasure so.

In her person she was rather small and delicate, with a large brow, and dropping *bunches* of brown silk curls. Her blue eyes were very straight, honest, and searching. She had the beautiful hands of the Coppards. Her dress was always *subdued*. She wore dark blue silk, with a *peculiar* silver chain of silver *scallop*s. This, and a heavy *brooch* of twisted gold, was

her only *ornament*. She was still perfectly intact, deeply religious, and full of beautiful *candour*.

Walter Morel seemed melted away before her. She was to the miner that thing of *mystery* and *fascination*, a lady. When she spoke to him, it was with a southern *pronunciation* and a purity of English which thrilled him to hear. She watched him. He danced well, as if it were natural and *joyous* in him to dance. His grandfather was a French *refugee* who had married an English *barmaid*—if it had been a *marriage*. Gertrude Coppard watched the young miner as he danced, a certain *subtle exultation* like *glamour* in his movement, and his face the flower of his body, ruddy, with tumbled black hair, and laughing alike whatever

moist:潮湿的

fascinate: 使……着迷

animation:生气

grotesque:怪异

satiric:讽刺的

intellectual:理智的

gambol:蹦蹦跳跳

receptive: 善于理解的

bunches:束

subdue:含蓄的

peculiar:奇怪的

scallop:扇贝

brooch:胸针

ornament:装饰品

religious:虔诚的

candour:圣烛





partner he *bowed* above. She thought him rather wonderful, never having met anyone like him. Her father was to her the type of all men. And George Coppard, proud in his bearing, handsome, and rather bitter; who *preferred theology* in reading, and who drew near in *sympathy* only to one man, the Apostle Paul; who was harsh in government, and in *familiarity ironic*; who ignored all sensuous pleasure:—he was very different from the miner. Gertrude herself was rather contemptuous of dancing; she had not the slightest inclination towards that accomplishment, and had never learned even a Roger de Coverley. She was *puritan*, like her father, high-minded, and really stern. Therefore the dusky, golden softness of this man's *sensuous* flame of life, that flowed off his flesh like the flame from a candle, not *baffled* and gripped into *incandescence* by thought and spirit as her life was, seemed to her something wonderful, beyond her. He came and bowed above her. A warmth *radiated* through her as if she had drunk wine.

“Now do come and have this one with me,” he said *caressively*. “It's easy, you know. I'm pining to see you dance.”

She had told him before she could not dance. She glanced at his *humility* and smiled. Her smile was very beautiful. It moved the man so that he forgot everything.

“No, I won't dance,” she said softly. Her words came clean and ringing. Not knowing what he was doing—he often did the right thing by instinct—he sat beside her, *inclining reverentially*.

“But you mustn't miss your dance,” she *reproved*.

mystery:神秘
fascination:魔力
pronunciation:发音
joyous:快乐的
refugee:难民
barmaid:酒吧女
marriage:婚姻
subtle:精致的
exultation:狂喜
glamour:魔法
bow:鞠躬
prefer:更喜欢
theology:神学
sympathy:同情
familiarity:熟悉
ironic:讥讽的
contemptuous:藐视的
inclination:爱好
puritan:像清教徒的
sensuous:感觉上的
baffle:使迷惑
incandescence:白热
radiate:发出

caressively:爱抚地
humility:谦恭

incline:弯身
reverentially:恭敬地
reprove:非难

