

射象记

Shooting an Elephant

作者简介

乔治·奥威尔

乔治·奥威尔(George Orwell, 1903—1950),原名埃里克·亚瑟·布莱尔(Eric Arthur Blair),英国著名小说家、散文家、记者和社会评论家。他出生在英属殖民地印度,回英国就学于伊顿公学,且在缅甸做过警察。20世纪30年代,前去参加西班牙内战,后流亡法国。二战中,在英国从事反法西斯宣传工作。乔治·奥威尔一生颠沛流离,疾病缠身,47岁时死于困扰其数年的肺病。他以敏锐的洞察力和犀利的文笔审视和记录着他所生活的那个时代,做出了许多超越时代的预言。他的作品中,最为人熟知的是政治讽喻寓言《动物庄园》(*Animal Farm*, 1945)和反乌托邦政治小说《1984》(*Nineteen Eighty-Four*, 1949),两者都是反极权主义的经典名著。他以冷峻的笔调勾画出人类阴暗的未来,令读者心中震颤。他将悲喜剧融为一体,使作品具有极强的张力。时至今日,他的思想和作品仍具有巨大的影响力和强烈的现实性。



In **Moulmein**¹, in Lower Burma, I was hated by large numbers of people — the only time in my life that I have been important enough for this to happen to me. I was sub-divisional police officer of the town, and in an aimless, petty kind of way anti-European feeling was very bitter. No one had the **guts**² to raise a riot, but if a European woman went through the **bazaars**³ alone somebody would probably spit **betel**⁴ juice over her dress. As a police officer I was an obvious target and was baited whenever it seemed safe to do so. When a nimble Burman tripped me up on the football field and the referee (another Burman) looked the other way, the crowd yelled with **hideous**⁵ laughter. This happened more than once. In the end the sneering yellow faces of young men that met me everywhere, the insults **hooted**⁶ after me when I was at a safe distance, **got badly on my nerves**⁷. The young Buddhist priests were the worst of all. There were several thousands of them in the town and none of them seemed to have anything to do except stand on street corners and jeer at Europeans.

All this was perplexing and upsetting. For at that time I had already made up my mind that imperialism was an evil thing and the sooner I **chucked up**⁸ my job and got out of it the better. Theoretically — and

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| 1. Moulmein <i>n.</i> 毛淡棉, 缅甸南部港口城市 | 5. hideous <i>adj.</i> 令人厌恶的; 丑陋的 |
| 2. guts <i>n.</i> 勇气; 胆量 | 6. hoot <i>v.</i> 发出大声; 喊叫 |
| 3. bazaar <i>n.</i> 集市, 市场 | 7. get on one's nerves 使……心烦意乱 |
| 4. betel <i>n.</i> 槟榔叶 | 8. chuck up 放弃; 抛弃 |



secretly, of course — I was all for the Burmese and all against their oppressors, the British. As for the job I was doing, I hated it more bitterly than I can perhaps make clear. In a job like that you see the dirty work of Empire **at close quarters**⁹. The wretched prisoners huddling in the stinking cages of the **lock-ups**¹⁰, the grey, cowed faces of the long-term convicts, the scarred buttocks of the men who had been **flogged**¹¹ with bamboos — all these oppressed me with an intolerable sense of guilt. But I could **get** nothing **into perspective**¹². I was young and ill-educated and I had had to think out my problems in the utter silence that is imposed on every Englishman in the East. I did not even know that the British Empire is dying, still less did I know that it is a great deal better than the younger empires that are going to **supplant**¹³ it. All I knew was that I was stuck between my hatred of the empire I served and my rage against the evil-spirited little beasts who tried to make my job impossible. With one part of my mind I thought of the British **Raj**¹⁴ as an unbreakable tyranny, as something **clamped down**¹⁵, **in saecula saeculorum**¹⁶, upon the will of **prostrate**¹⁷ peoples; with another part I thought that the greatest joy in the world would be to drive a bayonet into a Buddhist priest's guts. Feelings like these are the normal by-products of imperialism; ask any Anglo-Indian official, if you can catch him off duty.

One day something happened which in a **roundabout**¹⁸ way was enlightening. It was a tiny incident in itself, but it gave me a better glimpse than I had had before of the real nature of imperialism — the real

9. at close quarters 近距离地

10. lock-up *n.* (短期关押犯人的)监狱

11. flog *v.* 鞭笞,鞭打

12. get into perspective 正确恰当地对待

13. supplant *v.* 代替;取代

14. raj *n.* (1947年前英国对印度的)统治

15. clamp down 管制;压制

16. in saecula saeculorum <拉丁>
永远

17. prostrate *adj.* 被压迫的

18. roundabout *adj.* 间接的;迂回的





motives for which **despotic**¹⁹ governments act. Early one morning the sub-inspector at a police station the other end of the town rang me up on the phone and said that an elephant was ravaging the bazaar. Would I please come and do something about it? I did not know what I could do, but I wanted to see what was happening and I got on to a pony and started out. I took my rifle, an old .44 Winchester and much too small to kill an elephant, but I thought the noise might be useful **in terrorem**²⁰. Various Burmans stopped me on the way and told me about the elephant's doings. It was not, of course, a wild elephant, but a tame one which had gone "must." It had been chained up, as tame elephants always are when their attack of "must" is due, but on the previous night it had broken its chain and escaped. Its **mahout**²¹, the only person who could manage it when it was in that state, had set out in pursuit, but had taken the wrong direction and was now twelve hours' journey away, and in the morning the elephant had suddenly reappeared in the town. The Burmese population had no weapons and were quite helpless against it. It had already destroyed somebody's bamboo hut, killed a cow and raided some fruit-stalls and devoured the stock; also it had met the municipal rubbish van and, when the driver jumped out and **took to his heels**²², had turned the van over and inflicted violences upon it.

The Burmese sub-inspector and some Indian constables were waiting for me in the quarter where the elephant had been seen. It was a very poor quarter, a labyrinth of squalid bamboo huts, thatched with palmleaf, winding all over a steep hillside. I remember that it was a cloudy, stuffy morning at the beginning of the rains. We began questioning the people as to where the elephant had gone and, as usual, failed to get any definite

19. despotic *adj.* 专制的

20. in terrorem 震慑; 威慑

21. mahout *n.* 驯象人

22. take to one's heels 溜之大吉, 逃之夭夭



information. That is invariably the case in the East; a story always sounds clear enough at a distance, but the nearer you get to the scene of events the vaguer it becomes. Some of the people said that the elephant had gone in one direction, some said that he had gone in another, some **professed**²³ not even to have heard of any elephant. I had almost made up my mind that the whole story was a pack of lies, when we heard yells a little distance away. There was a loud, **scandalized**²⁴ cry of “Go away, child! Go away this instant!” and an old woman with a switch in her hand came round the corner of a hut, violently **shooing**²⁵ away a crowd of naked children. Some more women followed, clicking their tongues and exclaiming; evidently there was something that the children ought not to have seen. I rounded the hut and saw a man’s dead body sprawling in the mud. He was an Indian, a black **Dravidian**²⁶ coolie, almost naked, and he could not have been dead many minutes. The people said that the elephant had come suddenly upon him round the corner of the hut, caught him with its trunk, put its foot on his back and ground him into the earth. This was the rainy season and the ground was soft, and his face had scored a trench a foot deep and a couple of yards long. He was lying on his belly with arms **crucified**²⁷ and head sharply twisted to one side. His face was coated with mud, the eyes wide open, the teeth bared and grinning with an expression of unendurable agony. (Never tell me, by the way, that the dead look peaceful. Most of the corpses I have seen looked devilish.) The friction of the great beast’s foot had stripped the skin from his back as neatly as one skins a rabbit. As soon as I saw the dead man I sent an orderly to a friend’s house nearby to borrow an elephant rifle. I had already sent back the pony,

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23. profess v. 声称

24. scandalize v. 使震惊;使愤慨

25. shoo v. (尤指发出嘘声并挥手)赶走, 轰走

26. Dravidian *adj.* 达罗毗图人的

27. crucify v. 交叉;把(某人)钉死在十字架上





not wanting it to go mad with fright and throw me if it smelt the elephant.

The orderly came back in a few minutes with a rifle and five **cartridges**²⁸, and meanwhile some Burmans had arrived and told us that the elephant was in the paddy fields below, only a few hundred yards away. As I started forward practically the whole population of the quarter flocked out of the houses and followed me. They had seen the rifle and were all shouting excitedly that I was going to shoot the elephant. They had not shown much interest in the elephant when he was merely ravaging their homes, but it was different now that he was going to be shot. It was a bit of fun to them, as it would be to an English crowd; besides they wanted the meat. It made me vaguely uneasy. I had no intention of shooting the elephant — I had merely sent for the rifle to defend myself if necessary — and it is always **unnerving**²⁹ to have a crowd following you. I marched down the hill, looking and feeling a fool, with the rifle over my shoulder and an ever-growing army of people jostling at my heels. At the bottom, when you got away from the huts, there was a **metalled**³⁰ road and beyond that a miry waste of paddy fields a thousand yards across, not yet ploughed but soggy from the first rains and dotted with coarse grass. The elephant was standing eight yards from the road, his left side towards us. He took not the slightest notice of the crowd's approach. He was tearing up bunches of grass, beating them against his knees to clean them and stuffing them into his mouth.

I had halted on the road. As soon as I saw the elephant I knew with perfect certainty that I ought not to shoot him. It is a serious matter to shoot a working elephant — it is comparable to destroying a huge and

28. cartridge *n.* 子弹

29. unnerving *adj.* 使人紧张不安的；让人不舒服的

30. metalled *adj.* (尤指乡间道路)以碎石铺面的



costly piece of machinery — and obviously one ought not to do it if it can possibly be avoided. And at that distance, peacefully eating, the elephant looked no more dangerous than a cow. I thought then and I think now that his attack of “must” was already passing off; in which case he would merely wander harmlessly about until the mahout came back and caught him. Moreover, I did not in the least want to shoot him. I decided that I would watch him for a little while to make sure that he did not turn savage again, and then go home.

But at that moment I glanced round at the crowd that had followed me. It was an immense crowd, two thousand at the least and growing every minute. It blocked the road for a long distance on either side. I looked at the sea of yellow faces above the **garish**³¹ clothes-faces all happy and excited over this bit of fun, all certain that the elephant was going to be shot. They were watching me as they would watch a **conjurer**³² about to perform a trick. They did not like me, but with the magical rifle in my hands I was momentarily worth watching. And suddenly I realized that I should have to shoot the elephant after all. The people expected it of me and I had got to do it; I could feel their two thousand wills pressing me forward, irresistibly. And it was at this moment, as I stood there with the rifle in my hands, that I first grasped the hollowness, the **futility**³³ of the white man’s **dominion**³⁴ in the East. Here was I, the white man with his gun, standing in front of the unarmed native crowd — seemingly the leading actor of the piece; but in reality I was only an absurd puppet pushed to and fro by the will of those yellow faces behind. I perceived in this moment that when the white man turns tyrant it is his own freedom that he destroys. He becomes a sort of hollow, posing dummy, the

31. *garish* *adj.* 花哨的; 俗艳的

32. *conjurer* *n.* 魔术师

33. *futility* *n.* 无用; 徒劳

34. *dominion* *n.* 统治





conventionalized figure of a **sahib**³⁵. For it is the condition of his rule that he shall spend his life in trying to impress the “natives,” and so in every crisis he has got to do what the “natives” expect of him. He wears a mask, and his face grows to fit it. I had got to shoot the elephant. I had committed myself to doing it when I sent for the rifle. A sahib has got to act like a sahib; he has got to appear resolute, to know his own mind and do definite things. To come all that way, rifle in hand, with two thousand people marching at my heels, and then to trail feebly away, having done nothing — no, that was impossible. The crowd would laugh at me. And my whole life, every white man’s life in the East, was one long struggle not to be laughed at.

But I did not want to shoot the elephant. I watched him beating his bunch of grass against his knees, with that **preoccupied**³⁶ grandmotherly air that elephants have. It seemed to me that it would be murder to shoot him. At that age I was not **squeamish**³⁷ about killing animals, but I had never shot an elephant and never wanted to. (Somehow it always seems worse to kill a large animal.) Besides, there was the beast’s owner to be considered. Alive, the elephant was worth at least a hundred pounds; dead, he would only be worth the value of his tusks, five pounds, possibly. But I had got to act quickly. I turned to some experienced-looking Burmans who had been there when we arrived, and asked them how the elephant had been behaving. They all said the same thing: he took no notice of you if you left him alone, but he might charge if you went too close to him.

It was perfectly clear to me what I ought to do. I ought to walk up to

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35. **sahib** *n.* 先生; 老爷; 阁下; 大人(印度人对有权人的尊称, 尤指在英国统治时期对白人官员的称呼)
36. **preoccupied** *adj.* 心事重重的; 全神贯注的
37. **squeamish** *adj.* 容易受惊的; 神经质的



within, say, twenty-five yards of the elephant and test his behavior. If he charged, I could shoot; if he took no notice of me, it would be safe to leave him until the mahout came back. But also I knew that I was going to do no such thing. I was a poor shot with a rifle and the ground was soft mud into which one would sink at every step. If the elephant charged and I missed him, I should have about as much chance as a toad under a steam-roller. But even then I was not thinking particularly of my own skin, only of the watchful yellow faces behind. For at that moment, with the crowd watching me, I was not afraid in the ordinary sense, as I would have been if I had been alone. A white man mustn't be frightened in front of "natives"; and so, in general, he isn't frightened. The sole thought in my mind was that if anything went wrong those two thousand Burmans would see me pursued, caught, **trampled**³⁸ on and reduced to a grinning corpse like that Indian up the hill. And if that happened it was quite probable that some of them would laugh. That would never do.

There was only one alternative. I shoved the cartridges into the magazine and lay down on the road to get a better aim. The crowd grew very still, and a deep, low, happy sigh, as of people who see the theatre curtain go up at last, breathed from innumerable throats. They were going to have their bit of fun after all. The rifle was a beautiful German thing with cross-hair sights. I did not then know that in shooting an elephant one would shoot to cut an imaginary bar running from ear-hole to ear-hole. I ought, therefore, as the elephant was **sideways**³⁹ on, to have aimed straight at his ear-hole, actually I aimed several inches in front of this, thinking the brain would be further forward.

When I pulled the trigger I did not hear the bang or feel the kick — one never does when a shot goes home — but I heard the devilish roar of

38. trample v. 践踏

39. sideways adv. 以侧面对着





glee that went up from the crowd. In that instant, in too short a time, one would have thought, even for the bullet to get there, a mysterious, terrible change had come over the elephant. He neither stirred nor fell, but every line of his body had altered. He looked suddenly stricken, shrunken, immensely old, as though the frightful impact of the bullet had paralysed him without knocking him down. At last, after what seemed a long time — it might have been five seconds, I dare say — he sagged **flabbily**⁴⁰ to his knees. His mouth **slobbered**⁴¹. An enormous **senility**⁴² seemed to have settled upon him. One could have imagined him thousands of years old. I fired again into the same spot. At the second shot he did not collapse but climbed with desperate slowness to his feet and stood weakly upright, with legs sagging and head drooping. I fired a third time. That was the shot that did for him. You could see the agony of it jolt his whole body and knock the last **remnant**⁴³ of strength from his legs. But in falling he seemed for a moment to rise, for as his hind legs collapsed beneath him he seemed to tower upward like a huge rock **toppling**⁴⁴, his trunk reaching skyward like a tree. He trumpeted, for the first and only time. And then down he came, his belly towards me, with a crash that seemed to shake the ground even where I lay.

I got up. The Burmans were already racing past me across the mud. It was obvious that the elephant would never rise again, but he was not dead. He was breathing very rhythmically with long rattling gasps, his great mound of a side painfully rising and falling. His mouth was wide open — I could see far down into caverns of pale pink throat. I waited a long time for him to die, but his breathing did not weaken. Finally I fired

40. flabbily *adv.* 软弱地；无生气地

41. slobber *v.* 流口水；垂涎

42. senility *n.* 衰老的状态

43. remnant *n.* 残余；剩余部分

44. topple *v.* 倾倒；摇摇欲坠



my two remaining shots into the spot where I thought his heart must be. The thick blood welled out of him like red velvet, but still he did not die. His body did not even jerk when the shots hit him, the tortured breathing continued without a pause. He was dying, very slowly and in great agony, but in some world remote from me where not even a bullet could damage him further. I felt that I had got to put an end to that dreadful noise. It seemed dreadful to see the great beast Lying there, powerless to move and yet powerless to die, and not even to be able to finish him. I sent back for my small rifle and poured shot after shot into his heart and down his throat. They seemed to make no impression. The tortured gasps continued as steadily as the ticking of a clock.

In the end I could not stand it any longer and went away. I heard later that it took him half an hour to die. Burmans were bringing **dahs**⁴⁵ and baskets even before I left, and I was told they had stripped his body almost to the bones by the afternoon.

Afterwards, of course, there were endless discussions about the shooting of the elephant. The owner was furious, but he was only an Indian and could do nothing. Besides, legally I had done the right thing, for a mad elephant has to be killed, like a mad dog, if its owner fails to control it. Among the Europeans opinion was divided. The older men said I was right, the younger men said it was a damn shame to shoot an elephant for killing a coolie, because an elephant was worth more than any damn Coringhee coolie. And afterwards I was very glad that the coolie had been killed; it put me legally in the right and it gave me a sufficient pretext for shooting the elephant. I often wondered whether any of the others grasped that I had done it solely to avoid looking a fool.

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45. dah *n.* (缅甸的)大刀



这件事发生在缅甸南方的毛淡棉，当时我遭到很多人忌恨——
这我这辈子从来没重要到让人忌恨的地步，这是唯一的一次。那时我是镇上警察分局的一名警官。镇上仇恨欧洲人的情绪非常强烈，这种情绪漫无目的，在一些琐碎事情上表现出来。没人有胆子挑起一场骚乱，但要是有一个欧洲女人独自穿过市场，很可能会有人往她裙子上吐槟榔汁。作为一名警官，我是很明显的目标。在他们觉得安全的时候，就会给我下套。有一次，一个身手敏捷的缅甸人在踢足球时将我绊倒，裁判（也是缅甸人）装作没看见，围观人群则大笑大嚷，丑态百出。这样的事不是第一回了。到后来，我实在是烦透了，因为走到哪儿，都能碰上年轻人那写满嘲讽的黄色嘴脸。当我到了一个安全距离，他们仍在我身后高声辱骂。那些年轻的和尚尤其讨厌。他们在镇上有好几千人，除了站在街角嘲笑欧洲人，好像没有别的事儿可干。

所有这一切都让我费解，让我苦恼。因为在那时我已经认定帝国主义是邪恶的，所以我越早扔了这份差事越好。从理论上来说（当然是私底下说说）我全力支持缅甸人，全力反对他们的压迫者——英国人。至于我干的这份差事，我简直是深恶痛绝，也许恨它的程度我无法用语言表达清楚。干这样一份工作，你能近距离真切地了解大英帝国扮演的肮脏角色。可怜的囚犯在散发着恶臭的监狱牢房里挤成一团，长期服刑的罪犯脸色苍白、惊恐不安，一些人的屁股被竹竿抽打得伤痕累累——这些全都让我备感压抑，让我有种无法忍受的罪恶感。可我无法正确地看待这些事情。我很年轻，没有受过好的教育，不得不在强加于每个在东方的英国人身上的这种绝对沉默中，仔细思考我的问题。我甚至都不知道大英帝国正在分崩瓦解，更不知道，和那些想要取而代之



的更年轻的帝国相比,它的状况要好得多。我所知道的,就是我既深恨我为之效力的帝国,又对那些试图阻挠我工作的生性邪恶的小兔崽子们充满愤怒。我被这两种情绪所困,不能自拔。一方面,我认为英国的统治是铁腕的专制,是长期罔顾被压迫民族的意愿,强行实施的暴虐行为;另一方面,我又觉得世界上最快意的事,莫过于将刺刀插入一个和尚的腹中。这些互相矛盾的想法是帝国主义导致的正常结果,你可以去找任何一个英属印度官员求证,如果你可以在下班后找到他。

一天,发生了一件事,从某种角度看,这件事是有启发意义的。它本身是一件小事,然而它让我比从前更清楚地窥见帝国主义的本质——独裁政权行事的真正动机。在一个大清早,小镇另外一边一个警察局的副巡官给我打电话,告诉我说一头大象把集市弄得一团糟。他问我是否可以到场采取一点措施。我不知道我能做些什么,但我知道事情的原委,于是便跨上一匹小矮马出发了。我带上了步枪,一支老旧的0.44口径温彻斯特。要杀死一头大象,这支枪的威力是太小了点,但我觉得它发出的枪声说不定可以吓唬吓唬它。一路上各种各样的缅甸人把我拦下,告诉我这头大象的所作所为。它当然不是野象,而是驯养的,只是发了“翻”(疯)。这头大象原先是用链子系着锁起来的,驯养的象发“翻”之后,都是这么处置的。但在前一天晚上,它挣脱了锁链,逃之夭夭了。它的看象人(他是在它处于那种状态时唯一能搞得定它的人)出发去追捕这头大象,却走错了方向,要走上12个小时才能回来,而这头大象今天早上突然在镇上再次出现了。这些缅甸人手里没有武器,对它毫无办法。它已经捣毁了某人的竹棚子,弄死了一头母牛,袭击了一些水果摊,吞吃了那里的货物。它还遇上了市里的垃圾车,司机跳下车逃之夭夭,它则把车弄了个底朝天并对其实施了暴力。

在大象出没的那个区,那位缅甸副巡官和几个印度警察正等着我。这个区很是贫穷,一大片肮脏的棕榈叶做顶的竹棚,如迷宫般在陡峭的山坡上蜿蜒铺开。我记得那天早晨正值雨季来临之初,天气阴沉,让人透不过气来。我们开始向人们打听大象跑到哪里去了,和往常一样,没有得到任何明确的信息。在东方永远都是这样。一件事隔开一





段距离,总是听得明明白白,但你离事发现场越近,事情就越是云山雾罩。一些人说,大象是往东去了,另一些人又说是往西去了,一些人甚至声称根本没听说过什么大象的事。我正准备认定这整个一件事就是一连串的谎言时,我们突然听到稍远处传来喊叫声。有人惊惶地高喊:“孩子,走开!马上走开!”一个老年妇女手里拿着软鞭子,从一个棚屋角转过来,用力驱赶一群赤身裸体的孩子。还有一些女人跟在她后面,舌头发出“咔嚓咔嚓”的声音,大声喊叫。显然有什么东西是孩子们不应该看的。我绕过棚屋走过去,看见一个死去的男人四仰八叉地躺在泥水里。他是印度人,一个皮肤黝黑的达罗毗图苦力,几乎全身赤裸,死了没几分钟。人们说,在棚屋角那边,大象突然向他扑了过去,用象鼻子卷住了他,用脚踩住他的脊背,把他在地上磨来蹭去。现在正值雨季,地面湿软,他的脸在地上压出了一道一英尺深、两米长的沟。他腹部着地,双手交叉,头部陡然扭向一侧。他的脸被泥浆包裹,眼睛圆睁,牙齿露出,咧着嘴,像是遭受了无法忍受的巨大痛苦。(顺便提一句,千万不要告诉我,死去的人面相很平静。我见过的大多数尸体看上去都狰狞可怕。)这头巨象脚部的摩擦力把他背部的皮肤都撕掉了,撕得就像剥兔子皮那样整整齐齐的。我一看见那个人的尸首,就派了一个传令员,去附近一个朋友家借一支专门射杀大象的长枪。之前我已经让人把小矮马送回去了,因为要是它嗅到大象的气味,它可能因惊恐而发疯,并把我摔倒在地。我可不希望发生这样的事。

几分钟之后,传令员回来了,带了一支长枪和五颗子弹。与此同时,一些缅甸人到了这里,告诉我们那头大象就在下面的稻田里,离我们只有几百米远。我开始往前走,几乎所有这个区的居民从屋里蜂拥而出,跟在我身后。他们见过步枪,都激动不安地叫嚷起来,说是我要射杀那头大象了。在它捣毁他们的家园时,他们并没有显得对它有多少兴趣,但现在就不一样了,因为它要被射杀了。对他们来说,这事有点意思;一群英国人也会一样觉得这事有意思。另外,他们也想得到大象肉。这事让我隐约有些心神不宁。我无意杀死这头大象——我让人取来这支步枪,只是想在情急之时作自卫之用——有那么一大帮人跟



在身后总是让人不安的。我走下山坡，肩上扛着步枪，身后跟着一大帮推来搡去的人，而且这队伍还在不断壮大，感觉自己看上去像一个傻瓜。离开那些棚屋之后，在坡底会看到一条碎石路，过了那条路，就是一片泥泞的废弃稻田，有一千码宽。地还没犁过，但被刚下过的雨浸透了，满是杂草。那头大象站在那儿，离路边有八码，身体左侧对着我们，根本没注意到我们这一大帮人在靠近它。它正用鼻子把一丛丛野草从地里扯出来，在膝盖上拍拍打打，把那些草弄干净，然后塞到自己嘴里。

我在路边停了下来。一看见那头大象，我就百分之百确定，我不应该射杀它。射杀一头有工作能力的大象可是很严重的一件事——相当于毁坏一台价格昂贵的巨型设备。很显然，如果可以避免，你就不应该做这件事。隔了那么长的距离，正在安安静静吃东西的大象并不比一头奶牛危险。我当时认为（现在还这么认为）它发“翻”（疯）后的攻击行为已经渐渐消失了。在这种情况下，它只会四处闲逛，不会构成任何威胁，等看象人回来，就可以将其制服。再说，我根本不想把它打死。我决定，先观察它一会儿，确定它不再有攻击性，然后就回家。

可就在那时，我扫视了一眼跟在我身后的人群。这是一个庞大的人群，至少有两千人，而且每时每刻人数都在增加。人群堵住了那条路，从一头到另一头有很长的距离。我看着那些穿着各色艳俗衣服的人的无数张脸——因为这点小小的乐趣，所有人都又快乐又激动，所有人都很肯定，这头大象一定会被射杀。他们看着我，就像看着一个马上就要变出一个戏法的魔术师。他们并不喜欢我，可是我手里有这杆神奇的长枪，于是我这会儿还值得一看。突然之间我意识到，不管怎样，我都得杀死这头大象。人们指望着我这么做，那我就得这么干。我能感觉他们两千人的意志不可抗拒，迫使我采取行动。就在这个瞬间，当我手持步枪站在那儿的时候，一种空虚无力的感觉第一次袭上我心头，就是那种白人在东方的统治徒劳无功的感觉。我，一个白人，手里拿着武器，站在手无寸铁的当地民众面前——貌似一出戏的主角，但实质上只是一个荒唐可笑的傀儡，被我身后的那些黄脸看客随意操纵。在这一刻，我终于明白，当白人变成独裁者之时，毁掉的是自己的自由。他





变成了一种外强中干、只会摆姿势的假人，传统的“大人”形象。因为他统治的条件便是他一辈子都得努力让“本地人”对他钦佩有加，这样，每一次遇到险情，他都必须符合“本地人”对他的期待。他戴着面具，他的脸也随之调整。我必须杀死这头大象。我派人去取步枪时，便注定了要这样做。一个大人就应该做大人该做的事。他必须表现得坚定果断，知道自己要干什么，绝不含糊。大老远地跑过来，手持长枪，两千人跟在我屁股后面，结果最后到头来就一走了之，啥都没干成——不不不，这种情况让人难以接受。那些人都会笑话我。我这一辈子，每一个在东方的白人的一辈子，就是努力不让别人笑话自己的漫长过程。

但我还是不想杀死这头大象。我看着它卷起一束野草在膝盖上拍打，带着大象特有的那种祖母般的专注神态。对我来说，向它开枪无异于谋杀。在我那个年龄，对于杀死动物这样的事情并没那么大惊小怪，可是，我从来没有杀死过一头大象，也从不那么干。（不知怎的，杀死一个大家伙似乎总是感觉更糟。）另外，还要考虑到大象主人的情况。要是活着，这头大象至少值一百英镑；要是死了，只有象牙值点钱，也许就五英镑吧。但是，我得赶紧采取行动。我转向几个看上去比较有经验的缅甸人，我们刚到的时候他们就在那儿了。我问他们，大象状态怎么样。他们说的都一样：要是你不去招惹它，它就不会注意到你；可要是你离它太近，它就有可能攻击你。

我已经非常清楚该怎么做了。我应该走近大象，离它近到一定的距离（比方说25码），看看它的反应。如果它向我冲过来，我就可以向它射击；如果它根本没注意到我，那么，安全的做法应该是不管它，等看象人回来再说。可我也知道我是不会这么做的。我步枪射击很没准头，地上也都是泥泞，松软不堪，每走一步都可能会陷进泥里。如果大象攻击我而我又没打中它，那我就和蒸汽压路机下的蟾蜍一样，逃脱的机会微乎其微。但即使在那个时候我还是没怎么考虑自身的安危，而是想到了身后那些神情专注的黄色面孔。因为在那一刻，众人观察着我的一举一动，我并没有感到通常意义上的那种害怕；要是我独自一人的话，就不一样了。一个白人绝不能在“本地人”面前表现得胆怯。



因此,一般说来,他是不害怕的。此时我脑中唯一的想法就是,万一出了什么差错,那两千个缅甸人就会看着我被大象追逐、抓住、践踏,最后成为一具咧着嘴的尸首,就和山坡上那个印度人一样。万一那样的情况发生,很可能他们当中的一些人会发笑。那可不成。

现在没有别的选择了。我把子弹推进弹仓,在路上趴下以更好地瞄准。人群变得异常安静,无数喉咙轻轻发出低沉、快乐的叹息声,就像人们看见剧场的大幕最后终于开启一般。他们终于就要享受到他们的那点乐子了。那支来复枪是很漂亮的德国造,装有十字线瞄准器。那时我还不知道,在射杀大象的过程中,你要想象,射出的子弹会劈开置于两个耳孔之间的长木条。因为那头大象侧面对着我,所以我本应当直接瞄准它的耳孔,但实际上我把目标往前挪了几英寸,因为我觉得它的脑部位置应该再靠前一些。

我扣动扳机,却并没有听到枪响,也没有感觉到后坐力——如果准确命中,那你就不会听到——不过我听到人群中爆发出猛烈的欢呼声。在那一瞬间,在极短的时间之内,即使子弹还没射中目标,你会想到,在大象身上发生了一种奇怪而可怕的变化。它身体没有动一下,也没有倒下,可是它身体的每一根线条都发生了变化。只见它一下子呆住了,萎缩了,老了很多,就好像子弹的巨大冲击力没把它击倒,而是使它瘫痪了。最后,似乎过了很久——我想也许有五秒钟——它身体无力地下垂,跪倒在地,嘴里流着口水。它似乎一下子变得极其衰老。你也许会猜它有几千岁了。我往同样的位置又开了一枪。第二枪射出后,它没有倒下,而是极慢地起身,又勉强站直了,不过四肢下垂,脑袋也耷拉着。我开了第三枪,这一枪有了很明显的效果。可以看到它的整个身体因痛苦而抖动不已,四肢失去了最后仅剩的一点力气。但在瘫倒的过程中,它似乎有那么一小会儿想站起来,因为当它的两条后腿跪倒在地时,它像一块巨石坍塌,头部陡然耸起,长鼻像一棵树那样昂然挺向空中。它哀号一声,第一次也是唯一的一次。接着它便瘫倒了,腹部朝着我,发出一声巨响,像是把我趴着的地方都弄得地动山摇。

我站起身来。那些缅甸人已从我身边经过,穿过泥泞向前奔去。





显然,大象再也不会起身了,但是它还没咽气。此时它正有节奏地慢慢喘着气,发出咔嚓咔嚓的声音。它身体的一侧堆成的小丘痛苦地一起一伏。它的嘴张得很大——我能看到里面深处淡粉色的喉咙形成的空洞。我等了很长时间,等它咽气,可它的呼吸还是没有减弱。最后我把剩下的两发子弹射向我认为它的的心脏所在的位置。浓稠的鲜血从它身体里涌了出来,像是红色的天鹅绒。但它还是没死。那两发子弹击中它时,它动都没动,痛苦的喘息一会儿都没停。它正在死去,很慢很痛苦,但它现在身处某个远离我的世界,连子弹都不能给它带来更大的伤害。我觉得我应该让那可怕的声音停歇下来了。看着那头庞然大物躺在那里,无力挪动,也无力死去,我们也没有办法了结它的痛苦,这似乎太可怕了。我派人取回我的那支小型步枪,把子弹一颗颗地射入它的的心脏和喉咙。好像还是不起作用。那痛苦的喘息仍然有规律地继续着,就和钟的嘀嗒声一样。

最后,我再也无法忍受,于是离开了那里。我后来听说,又过了半个小时它才咽气。在我离开之前,那些缅甸人就带去了大刀和篮子。他们告诉我说,那天下午之前,他们把它的尸体分割殆尽,几乎拆到骨头为止。

后来,大家当然都在不停地议论射杀大象的事儿。大象主人很生气,但他只是印度人,什么事都做不了。另外,从法律的角度说我做得没错,因为大象发疯就应该被杀死,就好比要是疯狗的主人无法控制它,那它就应该被杀死一样。欧洲人的意见有分歧:年岁较大的人说我做得对;年纪较轻的人说,因为大象弄死了一个苦力就把它杀了,简直是可耻,因为大象要比任何一个该死的科林西苦力更值钱。过后我很高兴那个苦力死了。因为这让我的行为合法了,让我杀死大象的行为有了充足的理由。我常常想知道,是否有其他任何人明白,我那么干仅仅是因为不想被别人看成傻瓜。

散步

(节选)

Walking

作者简介

亨利·大卫·梭罗

亨利·戴维·梭罗(Henry David Thoreau, 1817—1862),美国作家、哲学家、超验主义代表人物,毕业于哈佛大学。其思想深受爱默生影响,提倡回归本心,亲近自然。曾在距离康科德两英里的瓦尔登湖畔隐居两年,自耕自食,体验简朴和接近自然的生活,以此为题材写成的长篇散文《瓦尔登湖》(*Walden*, 1854),成为超验主义经典作品。梭罗才华横溢,一生共创作了二十多部散文集,被称为自然随笔的创始者。其文笔清新晓畅,简练准确,富有思想性,在美国19世纪的散文中独树一帜。



I took a walk on Spaulding's Farm the other afternoon. I saw the setting sun lighting up the opposite side of a stately pine wood. Its golden rays straggled into the aisles of the wood as into some noble hall. I was impressed as if some ancient and altogether admirable and shining family had settled there in that part of the land called **Concord**¹, unknown to me—to whom the sun was servant—who had not gone into society in the village—who had not been called on. I saw their park, their **pleasure-ground**², beyond through the wood, in Spaulding's cranberry-meadow. The pines **furnished**³ them with gables as they grew. Their house was not obvious to vision; the trees grew through it. I do not know whether I heard the sounds of a suppressed **hilarity**⁴ or not. They seemed to **recline**⁵ on the sunbeams. They have sons and daughters. They are quite well. The farmer's cart-path, which leads directly through their hall, does not in the least put them out, as the muddy bottom of a pool is sometimes seen through the reflected skies. They never heard of Spaulding, and do not know that he is their neighbor,—notwithstanding I heard him whistle as he drove his team through the house. Nothing can equal the **serenity**⁶ of their lives. Their **coat-of-arms**⁷ is simply a **lichen**⁸. I saw it painted on the pines and oaks.

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| 1. Concord 康科德, 美国城市, 位于新罕布什尔州 | 5. recline v. 依赖; 依靠 |
| 2. pleasure-ground n. 游乐场 | 6. serenity n. 宁静; 平静 |
| 3. furnish v. 陈设; 布置家具 | 7. coat-of-arms n. (用作家族、城镇、组织等标志的) 盾形纹章, 盾徽 |
| 4. hilarity n. 欢闹; 狂欢 | 8. lichen n. 地衣, 苔藓 |



Their attics were in the tops of the trees. They are of no politics. There was no noise of labor. I did not perceive that they were weaving or spinning. Yet I did detect, when the wind **lulled**⁹ and hearing was done away, the finest imaginable sweet musical hum,—as of a distant hive in May, which **perchance**¹⁰ was the sound of their thinking. They had no idle thoughts, and no one **without**¹¹ could see their work, for their industry was not as in knots and **excrescences**¹² **embayed**¹³.

But I find it difficult to remember them. They fade **irrevocably**¹⁴ out of my mind even now while I speak and endeavor to recall them, and recollect myself. It is only after a long and serious effort to recollect my best thoughts that I become again aware of their **cohabitancy**¹⁵. If it were not for such families as this, I think I should move out of Concord.

We are accustomed to saying in New England that few and fewer pigeons visit us every year. Our forests furnish no mast for them. So, it would seem, few and fewer thoughts visit each growing man from year to year, for the **grove**¹⁶ in our minds is laid waste,—sold to feed unnecessary fires of ambition, or sent to mill, and there is scarcely a twig left for them to perch on. They no longer build nor breed with us. In some more genial season, perchance, a faint shadow **flits**¹⁷ across the landscape of the mind, cast by the wings of some thought in its **vernal**¹⁸ or autumnal migration, but, looking up, we are unable to detect the substance of the thought itself. Our winged thoughts are turned to poultry. **They no longer soar, and they no longer attain to the height of their past grandeur.**¹⁹ Those gra-a-ate thoughts, those gra-a-ate men you hear of!

9. lull *v.* 平息; 停止

10. perchance *adv.* (旧时用法) 可能, 也许

11. without *adv.* 在外边, 在外部

12. excrescence *n.* 赘生物; 多余之物

13. embay *v.* 围绕

14. irrevocably *adv.* 不可改变地

15. cohabitancy *n.* 共居

16. grove *n.* 小树林; 树丛

17. flit *v.* 飞过; 掠过

18. vernal *adj.* 春天的, 春季的

19. 此处原文可能让人不快, 产生歧义, 现已做少许改动。





We hug the earth—how rarely we mount! **Methinks**²⁰ we might elevate ourselves a little more. We might climb a tree, at least. I found my account in climbing a tree once. It was a tall white pine, on the top of a hill; and though I got well **pitched**²¹, I was well paid for it, for I discovered new mountains in the horizon which I had never seen before,—so much more of the earth and the heavens. I might have walked about the foot of the tree for threescore years and ten, and yet I certainly should never have seen them. But, above all, I discovered around me,—it was near the end of June,—on the ends of the topmost branches only, a few minute and delicate red conelike blossoms, the fertile flower of the white pine looking heavenward. I carried straightway to the village the topmost **spire**²², and showed it to stranger jurymen who walked the streets,—for it was court week—and to farmers and lumber-dealers and wood-choppers and hunters, and not one had ever seen the like before, but they wondered as at a star dropped down. Tell of ancient architects finishing their works on the tops of columns as perfectly as on the lower and more visible parts! Nature has from the first expanded the minute blossoms of the forest only toward the heavens, above men's heads and unobserved by them. We see only the flowers that are under our feet in the meadows. The pines have developed their delicate blossoms on the highest twigs of the wood every summer for ages, as well over the heads of Nature's red children as of her white ones; yet scarcely a farmer or hunter in the land has ever seen them.

...

We had a remarkable sunset one day last November. I was walking in a meadow, the source of a small brook, when the sun at last, just before setting, after a cold grey day, reached a clear **stratum**²³ in the horizon, and

20. methinks *adv.* (旧时用法)(无人称
动词)我想,我认为

21. pitch *v.* 跌;扔

22. spire *n.* (教堂的)尖塔,尖顶

23. stratum *n.* 地层;岩层



the softest, brightest morning sunlight fell on the dry grass and on the stems of the trees in the opposite horizon and on the leaves of the shrub-oaks on the hillside, while our shadows stretched long over the meadow eastward, as if we were the only **motes**²⁴ in its beams. It was such a light as we could not have imagined a moment before, and the air also was so warm and serene that nothing was **wanting**²⁵ to make a paradise of that meadow. When we reflected that this was not a solitary phenomenon, never to happen again, but that it would happen forever and ever, an infinite number of evenings, and cheer and reassure the latest child that walked there, it was more glorious still.

The sun sets on some retired meadow, where no house is visible, with all the glory and splendor that it lavishes on cities, and perchance as it has never set before,—where there is but a solitary marsh hawk to have his wings gilded by it, or only a **musquash**²⁶ looks out from his cabin, and there is some little black-veined brook in the midst of the marsh, just beginning to **meander**²⁷, winding slowly round a decaying stump. We walked in so pure and bright a light, gilding the withered grass and leaves, so softly and serenely bright. I thought I had never bathed in such a golden flood, without a ripple or a murmur to it. The west side of every wood and rising ground gleamed like the boundary of **Elysium**²⁸, and the sun on our backs seemed like a gentle herdsman driving us home at evening.

So we saunter toward the Holy Land, till one day the sun shall shine more brightly than ever he has done, shall perchance shine into our minds and hearts, and light up our whole lives with a great awakening light, as warm and serene and golden as on a bank-side in Autumn.

24. mote *n.* 尘埃;微粒

25. wanting *adj.* 欠缺的,不足的

26. musquash *n.* 麝鼠

27. meander *v.* (溪流、河流等)蜿蜒而流

28. Elysium *n.* 极乐世界,至福之境



有一天下午，我在斯伯丁家的农场散步。我看见落日照亮了一个庄严的松林的另外一边。金色的阳光散乱地射进林间空地，仿佛照进了某个高贵堂皇的大厅。这一幕深深打动了我，好像某个历史悠久、值得钦敬的杰出家庭，定居在那块叫康科德的地方，然而却不为我所知。太阳只是他们的奴仆——他们也没有和村里人交往——也没有人拜访他们。我看到他们的庭园、他们的玩乐场，位于松林以外，在斯伯丁家的蔓越莓地里。松树生长时，便装点了他们的山墙。他们的房子并不显眼，掩映在一些树丛中。我不知道我是否听到一种被抑制住的欢快的声音。他们似乎很依赖于阳光。他们有儿有女。他们很不错。乡民们走的大车道，正好从他们的庭园穿过，但一点也没有使他们更显眼，就像我们在水面看到天空的倒影时，有时也会看见池塘底部的泥泞一样。他们从没听说过斯伯丁，不知道他是他们的邻居——而当他带领着他的人马经过这栋房子时，我还听到他吹口哨呢。没有什么能比他们的生活更加平静安详的了。他们的家族纹章只是一片青苔。我看见在松树和橡树上画着这个图案。他们的阁楼就在树顶。他们不参与政治，也没有劳作的吵闹声。我觉得他们也不纺线或编织。然而，当风停歇下来，你不再侧耳倾听时，我确乎察觉到，你可以想到的最为优美动听的哼唱声——如从五月天远处的蜂巢传来，那或许是他们思想的声音吧。他们没有什么闲散的想法，没有外人可以看见他们在干着什么活，因为他们的勤奋并不体现在绳结和身边那些无用之物上。

但我发现，要记住他们很难。即使是现在，当我边说边苦思冥想，试图回忆起他们时，他们还是不可挽回地从我记忆中渐渐消失了。只



有在我花了很长时间，认认真真的整理我最美好的思绪后，我才又一次意识到，他们和我们生活在同一片天空下。要不是因为有像这样的家庭存在，我觉得我应该搬出康科德。

在新英格兰，我们总是说，每年鸽子来拜访我们的次数不多了，而且一年比一年少了。我们的森林不再为它们提供栖息之地。因此，是否可以这么说，来拜访我们每个正在成长的人的思想也是一年比一年少了，因为我们心灵中可供栖息的树林已日渐荒废——它们被出卖，点燃那些毫无必要的欲望之火，或被送往磨坊。因此，可供鸽子们驻足停歇的树枝已所剩无几。它们不再筑巢，不再在我们身边生儿育女。也许在某个更加温暖和煦的季节，一个模糊的影子会飞掠过头脑中的风景画；在春季或秋季迁徙中产生了某些思想，这些思想的羽翼便投下了那些暗影。可是，仰望天空，我们已经无法找到那些思想的实质了。我们扶摇万里的思想已经堕落成了家禽。它们再也不会展翅高飞，再也达不到过去的高度和辉煌。那些伟大的思想，那些你听说过的伟大的人！

我们和大地拥抱——我们绝少往上攀登！我想也许我们应该让自己站得更高一些。我们至少可以爬到树顶吧。我找到关于一次爬树经历的记述。那是一株高大的白松，长在一座小山的山顶上。尽管我摔得不轻，我觉得还是很值，因为我在远处地平线上发现了新的山峰，以前可从没见过——如此广阔的新天地。我也许可以在树底下绕着走上七十年，但我一定不会见到那些新天地。不过，最重要的是，我发现了我身边的奇迹——那是快到六月末的时候——有几朵极小而精致的圆锥形红花，只长在最高处的树枝末端，那是白松的花儿，生气勃勃，仰望苍穹。我把最高处的树枝径直拿到村里，给街上那些素不相识的陪审员看——因为那是开庭的一周——还给农夫、买卖木材的生意人、伐木工和猎人们看。没有一个人看见过类似的东西，但他们无比惊诧，就像看到星星从天上掉了下来。这和古代的建筑师如出一辙！他们在石柱顶端的工作收尾时，干的活儿和下面更容易看见的部分一样漂亮！大自然从一开始便使得森林里的那些小小的花朵面向天空，高于人们的





头顶，也不为大家注意。我们只看见草场中我们脚下的那些花儿。很久很久以来，每年夏天森林里的松树都在最高的树枝上长出那些精巧美丽的花朵，和那些红色的、白色的花儿一样，都是大自然的子民，一样的生机盎然。然而，在这片土地上，几乎没有一个农夫或猎人见到过这些。

……

去年十一月的一天，我们看到了一次壮观的日落。我正漫步在一片草地上，它是一条小溪的源头。这时，在一整天的阴冷灰暗之后，在黄昏之前，太阳落到了地平线上一条狭长的晴空中。如晨曦一般，那最为轻柔、最为明亮的阳光照到干干的草地上，照到对面地平线上那些树的枝干上，照到山坡上橡树林的叶片间。而我们则在东边的草地上留下长长的身影，好像我们是阳光下仅有的尘埃。我们在片刻之前简直无法想象，竟会有如此美好的阳光。空气也如此温暖静谧，什么都不缺，那片草地就可以是一个天堂。当我们想到这奇景并不是只会出现一次，而是会在今后数不尽的傍晚，永远永远不断出现，使得走到那里的最小的孩子得到慰藉与快乐，就更感到美妙无比了。

太阳在某一片僻静的草地上沉落，那里看不见任何房屋。太阳把所有的灿烂辉煌都慷慨地给予了城市，也许它以前从未落过山——那片草地上只有一只孤独的泽鹰，翅膀被余晖镀成了金色，或者只有一只麝鼠从它的棚屋中探头张望。在沼泽之间，有那么一条带着黑色纹理的小溪，缓缓地绕着一根正在腐烂的树桩盘旋而来，正要蜿蜒而去。我们在如此纯净灿烂的阳光下漫步，阳光把枯黄的草地和叶子都镀得金黄，如此轻柔，如此宁静而充满生气。我觉得自己从来没有沐浴过金黄如许的潮水，没有一丝涟漪，没有一声低语。在西边，每片树林和高起的地表都散发着柔和的光，如同至福之境的边界，阳光就在我们身后，好似一个脾性极好的牧人在傍晚赶着我们回家。

我们就这样朝着神圣之地走去，直到某一天，阳光会比以往任何时候都更加灿烂，也许会照进我们的头脑和心灵，以它那伟大的光芒使我们觉醒，点燃我们的整个生命，如秋日河岸边一般温暖、安谧和金色耀眼。

和国王的会面

(节选自《约翰逊传》)

The Meeting with the King

作者简介

詹姆士·鲍斯维尔

詹姆斯·鲍斯维尔 (James Boswell, 1740—1795), 英国作家。出生于苏格兰爱丁堡, 学过法律, 当过律师, 热心于政治活动, 曾支持科西嘉的独立活动。他的作品中, 最负文名的是他写英国文坛领袖约翰逊 (Samuel Johnson, 1709—1784) 的传记《约翰逊传》(*The Life of Samuel Johnson*, 1791)。这部传记不仅材料详实, 选材精当, 而且生动还原了约翰逊及周围人的音容笑貌, 兼具文学和史料价值。问世后即受到欢迎和好评, 是传记文学发展的里程碑。



In February, 1767, there happened one of the most remarkable incidents of Johnson's life, which gratified his **monarchical**¹ enthusiasm, and which he loved to relate with all its circumstances, when requested by his friends. This was his being honoured by a private conversation with his Majesty, in the library at the Queen's house. He had frequently visited those splendid rooms and noble collection of books, which he used to say was more numerous and curious than he supposed any person could have made in the time which the King had employed. Mr. Barnard, the librarian, took care that he should have every accommodation that could contribute to his ease and convenience, while indulging his literary taste in that place; so that he had here a very agreeable resource at leisure hours.

His Majesty having been informed of his occasional visits, was pleased to signify a desire that he should be told when Dr. Johnson came next to the library. Accordingly, the next time that Johnson did come, as soon as he was fairly engaged with a book, on which, while he sat by the fire, he seemed quite intent, Mr. Barnard stole round to the apartment where the King was, and, **in obedience to**² his Majesty's commands, mentioned that Dr. Johnson was then in the library. His Majesty said he was at leisure, and would go to him; upon which Mr. Barnard took one of the candles that stood on the King's table, and lighted his Majesty through a suite of rooms, till they came to a private door into the library, of which his Majesty had the key. Being entered, Mr. Barnard stepped forward

1. **monarchical** *adj.* 君主的; 帝王的

2. **in obedience to** 依照, 遵照



hastily to Dr. Johnson, who was still in a profound study, and whispered him, ‘Sir, here is the King.’ Johnson started up, and stood still. His Majesty approached him, and at once was courteously easy.

His Majesty began by observing, that he understood he came sometimes to the library; and then mentioning his having heard that the Doctor had been lately at Oxford, asked him if he was not fond of going thither. To which Johnson answered, that he was indeed fond of going to Oxford sometimes, but was likewise glad to come back again. The King then asked him what they were doing at Oxford. Johnson answered, he could not much commend their diligence, but that in some respects they were mended, for they had put their press under better regulations, and were at that time printing **Polybius**³. He was then asked whether there were better libraries at Oxford or Cambridge. He answered, he believed the **Bodleian**⁴ was larger than any they had at Cambridge; at the same time adding, ‘I hope, whether we have more books or not than they have at Cambridge, we shall make as good use of them as they do.’ Being asked whether **All-Souls**⁵ or **Christ-Church library**⁶ was the largest, he answered, ‘All-Souls library is the largest we have, except the Bodleian.’ ‘Aye, (said the King,) that is the **publick**⁷ library.’

His Majesty enquired if he was then writing any thing. He answered, he was not, for he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowledge. The King, as it should seem with a view to urge him to rely on his own stores as an original writer, and to

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3. Polybius 波利比乌斯(公元前203—公元前121年),古罗马历史学家,著有史学名著《通史》。
 4. Bodleian 博德利图书馆,英国牛津大学总图书馆,于1602年开始开放,是欧洲最古老的图书馆。
 5. All-Souls (library)指牛津大学万灵学院图书馆。
 6. Christ-Church library 指牛津大学基督教堂学院图书馆。
 7. publick 同 public





continue his labours, then said ‘I do not think you borrow much from any body.’ Johnson said, he thought he had already done his part as a writer. ‘I should have thought so too, (said the King,) if you had not written so well.’—Johnson observed to me, upon this, that ‘No man could have paid a handsomer compliment; and it was fit for a King to pay. It was decisive.’ When asked by another friend, at Sir Joshua Reynolds’ s, whether he made any reply to this high compliment, he answered, ‘No, Sir. When the King had said it, it was to be so. It was not for me to **bandy**⁸ civilities with my **Sovereign**⁹.’ Perhaps no man who had spent his whole life in courts could have shewn a more nice and **dignified**¹⁰ sense of true politeness, than Johnson did in this instance.

His Majesty having observed to him that he supposed he must have read a great deal; Johnson answered, that he thought more than he read; that he had read a great deal in the early part of his life, but having fallen into ill health, he had not been able to read much, compared with others: for instance, he said he had not read much, compared with Dr. Warburton. Upon which the King said, that he heard Dr. Warburton was a man of such general knowledge, that you could scarce talk with him on any subject on which he was not qualified to speak; and that his learning resembled Garrick’ s acting, in its universality. His Majesty then talked of the **controversy**¹¹ between **Warburton**¹² and **Lowth**¹³, which he seemed to have read, and asked Johnson what he thought of it. Johnson answered, ‘Warburton has most general, most **scholastick**¹⁴ learning; Lowth is the more correct scholar. I do not know which of them **calls names**¹⁵ best.’

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|---------------------------------------|---|
| 8. bandy <i>v.</i> 争论; 斗嘴 | ton, 1698—1779), 作家和文艺评论家, 曾任主教。 |
| 9. sovereign <i>n.</i> 君主 | |
| 10. dignified <i>adj.</i> 庄重的; 庄严的 | 13. Lowth 洛思 (Robert Lowth, 1710—1787), 牛津大学教授, 曾任主教。 |
| 11. controversy <i>n.</i> (公开的)论战; 辩论 | |
| 12. Warburton 沃布顿 (William Warbur- | 14. scholastick 同 scholastic |



The King was pleased to say he was of the same opinion; adding, ‘You do not think, then, Dr. Johnson, that there was much argument in the case.’ Johnson said, he did not think there was. ‘Why truly, (said the King,) when once it comes to calling names, argument is pretty well at an end.’

His Majesty then asked him what he thought of Lord Lyttelton’s *History*, which was then just published. Johnson said, he thought his style pretty good, but that he had blamed **Henry the Second**¹⁶ rather too much. ‘Why, (said the King,) they seldom do these things **by halves**¹⁷.’ ‘No, Sir, (answered Johnson,) not to Kings.’ But fearing to be misunderstood, he proceeded to explain himself; and immediately **subjoined**¹⁸, ‘That for those who spoke worse of Kings than they deserved, he could find no excuse; but that he could more easily conceive how some might speak better of them than they deserved, without any ill intention; for, as Kings had much in their power to give, those who were favoured by them would frequently, from gratitude, exaggerate their praises; and as this proceeded from a good motive, it was certainly excusable, as far as **errour**¹⁹ could be excusable.’

The King then asked him what he thought of Dr. Hill. Johnson answered, that he was an ingenious man, but had no **veracity**²⁰; and immediately mentioned, as an instance of it, an assertion of that writer, that he had seen objects magnified to a much greater degree by using three or four microscopes at a time, than by using one. ‘Now, (added Johnson,) everyone acquainted with microscopes knows, that the more of them he looks through, the less the object will appear.’ ‘Why, (replied the King,) this is not only telling an untruth, but telling it clumsily; for, if that be the

15. call names 骂人; 咒骂

16. Henry the Second 英格兰国王亨利二世, 1154年—1189年在位。

17. by halves 马虎地; 不完全地

18. subjoin v. 补充; 增加

19. errour 同 error

20. veracity n. 真实性



case, every one who can look through a microscope will be able to detect him.’

‘I now, (said Johnson to his friends, when relating what had passed) began to consider that I was **depreciating**²¹ this man in the estimation of his Sovereign, and thought it was time for me to say something that might be more favourable.’ He added, therefore, that Dr. Hill was, notwithstanding, a very curious observer; and if he would have been contented to tell the world no more than he knew, he might have been a very considerable man, and needed not to **have recourse to**²² such mean **expedients**²³ to raise his reputation.

The King then talked of literary journals, mentioned particularly the *Journal des Savans*²⁴, and asked Johnson if it was well done. Johnson said, it was formerly very well done, and gave some account of the persons who began it, and carried it on for some years; enlarging, at the same time, on the nature and use of such works. The King asked him if it was well done now. Johnson answered, he had no reason to think that it was. The King then asked him if there were any other literary journals published in this kingdom, except the *Monthly* and *Critical Reviews*; and on being answered there were no other, his Majesty asked which of them was the best: Johnson answered, that the *Monthly Review* was done with most care, the *Critical* upon the best principles; adding that the **authours**²⁵ of the *Monthly Review* were enemies to the Church. This the King said he was sorry to hear.

The conversation next turned on the *Philosophical Transactions*, when Johnson observed, that they had now a better method of arranging

21. depreciate v. 贬低;轻视

22. have recourse to 求助于;借助于

23. expedient n. 权宜之计;应急办法

24. Journal des Savans 《萨文思杂志》,

创办于1665年的法国,是欧洲最早的学术性期刊。

25. authour 同 author



their materials than formerly. ‘Aye, (said the King,) they are obliged to Dr. Johnson for that;’ for his Majesty had heard and remembered the circumstance, which Johnson himself had forgot.

His Majesty expressed a desire to have the literary biography of this country ably executed, and proposed to Dr. Johnson to undertake it. Johnson signified his readiness to **comply with**²⁶ his Majesty’s wishes.

During the whole of this interview, Johnson talked to his Majesty with profound respect, but still in his firm manly manner, with a **sonorous**²⁷ voice, and never in that **subdued**²⁸ tone which is commonly used at the **levee**²⁹ and in the drawing-room. After the King withdrew, Johnson shewed himself highly pleased with his Majesty’s conversation, and **gracious**³⁰ behaviour. He said to Mr. Barnard, ‘Sir, they may talk of the King as they will; but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen.’ And he afterwards observed to Mr. Langton, ‘Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Lewis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second.’

At Sir Joshua Reynolds’s, where a circle of Johnson’s friends was collected round him to hear his account of this memorable conversation, Dr. Joseph Warton, in his frank and lively manner, was very active in pressing him to mention the particulars. ‘Come now, Sir, this is an interesting matter; do favour us with it.’ Johnson, with great good humour, complied.

He told them, ‘I found his Majesty wished I should talk, and I made it my business to talk. I find it does a man good to be talked to by his Sovereign. In the first place, a man cannot be in a passion—’ Here some question interrupted him, which is to be regretted, as he certainly would

26. comply with 遵从; 听从

27. sonorous *adj.* (声音) 圆润浑厚的

28. subdued *adj.* (声音) 压低的; 小声的

29. levee *n.* 正式的接见或招待会

30. gracious *adj.* 亲切的, 和蔼的



have pointed out and **illustrated**³¹ many circumstances of advantage, from being in a situation, where the powers of the mind are at once excited to vigorous exertion, and tempered by **reverential**³² awe.

During all the time in which Dr. Johnson was employed in relating to the circle at Sir Joshua Reynolds's the particulars of what passed between the King and him, Dr. Goldsmith remained unmoved upon a **sopha**³³ at some distance, **affecting**³⁴ not to join in the least in the eager curiosity of the company. He assigned as a reason for his gloom and seeming inattention, that he apprehended Johnson had **relinquished**³⁵ his purpose of furnishing him with a **Prologue**³⁶ to his play, with the hopes of which he had been flattered; but it was strongly suspected that he was **fretting**³⁷ with **chagrin**³⁸ and envy at the singular honour Dr. Johnson had lately enjoyed. At length, the frankness and simplicity of his natural character prevailed. He sprung from the sopha, advanced to Johnson, and in a kind of flutter, from imagining himself in the situation which he had just been hearing described, exclaimed, 'Well, you **acquitted**³⁹ yourself in this conversation better than I should have done; for I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it.'

31. illustrate *v.* 说明; 解释

32. reverential *adj.* 满怀敬意的; 恭敬的

33. sopha 同 sofa

34. affect *v.* 假装

35. relinquish *v.* 放弃

36. prologue *n.* 序幕; 序言

37. fret *v.* 烦躁; 苦恼

38. chagrin *n.* 懊恼; 悔恨

39. acquit *v.* 表现(得好)



1767年2月,发生了约翰逊生命中最非同寻常的一件事。这件事大大满足了他对君主的尊崇热忱。日后当他的朋友们问及此事时,他也非常乐意将事情的原委细节一一道来。这件事就是:他在女王宫的图书馆里,荣幸地得以和国王陛下单独见面谈话。他经常去那些华美辉煌的房间,阅读那些皇家藏书。他常说,国王使用的这段时间,他认为那些书要比任何人的藏书数量更多,更加奇妙。图书馆馆长巴纳德先生认为,应该尽力为他进行各种调整和安排,使他在这里安享文学趣味时,感到自在和便利。因此,闲暇时他在这里就有了非常惬意的消遣。

国王陛下听说他偶尔拜访这里,欣然表示,下次约翰逊博士光临图书馆时,希望能告诉他一下。因而,这次约翰逊真的来了以后,当他坐在炉火边,马上开始专心致志地读一本书时,伯纳德先生悄悄地转到国王陛下所在的房间,遵照他的圣意,告知约翰逊博士此时正在图书馆。国王陛下说他正好有空,愿意去见见他。于是巴纳德先生拿起国王陛下桌上的一支蜡烛,给他照明引路,穿过一套房间,来到通往图书馆的一扇秘密的门前。国王陛下有这扇门的钥匙。进入图书馆之后,巴纳德先生匆忙走到仍在潜心研究的约翰逊博士身边,对他低语道:“先生,国王陛下来了。”约翰逊博士惊跳起来,站在那里,一动不动。国王陛下走近他,他马上便变得既彬彬有礼又从容悠闲了。

国王陛下首先说,他知道约翰逊博士有时会来图书馆,接着又说,他听说博士最近去过牛津,不知他是否喜欢去那里。约翰逊答道,他确实喜欢偶尔去牛津看看,但同样喜欢再次回来。国王陛下接着问他,他们在牛津做什么。约翰逊回答说,他不可以过分称赞他们的刻苦勤奋,





不过就某些方面来说,他们已有了改善,因为他们的出版社已有更好的规章加以管理,在那段时间,他们正在出版波利比乌斯的作品。国王陛下接着问他,牛津或剑桥是否有更好的图书馆。他回答说,他认为博德利图书馆要比剑桥的任何一家图书馆都要大。接着他又添了一句:“不管我们的书是否比剑桥多,我希望我们能和他们一样充分利用那些书。”当被问及是万灵学院图书馆还是基督教堂学院图书馆更大,他答道:“万灵学院图书馆是我们牛津除博德利之外最大的图书馆。”“是的,(国王陛下说,)它是公共图书馆。”

国王陛下问他是否在写作。他回答说,他不在写作,因为他已经将其所知详尽地告知世人,现在应当多读书以获取更多知识。国王陛下的想法可能是要激励他,作为独创性的作家,他应该对自己的知识储备有信心,应该继续努力写作,于是说了一句“我认为你没有从任何人那里借鉴过什么”。约翰逊说,他已经完成了作为一名作家的使命。国王陛下说:“即使你写得没有那么好,我也会这么想。”关于这点,约翰逊事后对我说“没有人能够给予更为慷慨的赞美了。这样的赞美出自一位国王之口,非常合适。它是决定性的。”当另一位朋友在乔舒亚·雷诺兹爵士家里问到,他是否对这至高评价做出回应时,他答道:“没有,先生。既然国王这么评价了,那就确实是如此了。我可不应该和我的君主客气来客气去。”也许没有哪个在宫廷生活中浸淫一生的人,能比约翰逊这次的表现更为出色。他是那种真正的彬彬有礼,既和颜悦色,又庄重自持。

国王陛下对他说,他认为他一定读了很多书。约翰逊答道,他更多的时间是用在思考,而不是阅读上。他年轻时读过很多书,但因为健康状况不佳,无法像别人那样读很多书。比方说,和沃布顿博士相比,他读过的书不算多。国王陛下听闻此言后说,他听说沃布顿博士学识非常渊博,几乎没有什么话题是他没有资格和你谈论的;他的学识包罗万象,在这一点上很像加里克的表演。国王陛下随后谈到了沃布顿和洛思之间的论战(他似乎读到过),并问约翰逊对此有何看法。约翰逊答道:“沃布顿涉猎极广,学术造诣深厚;而洛思的学术则更加合乎法度。”



我不知道哪一位更长于骂战。”国王陛下欣然表示，他亦有同感，随后说：“那么约翰逊博士，你认为在这件事情上没有什么好争的咯？”约翰逊说，他认为没什么好争的。国王陛下说：“确实如此，一旦到了开骂的地步，就没有说理什么份了。”

国王陛下接着问他，他对利特尔顿爵士的《历史》有何看法。这本书是新近出版的。约翰逊说，他认为他的文风非常好，但他对亨利二世指摘过多。国王陛下说：“对呀，他们几乎都是不遗余力地做这样的事。”约翰逊应道：“不，先生，对国王可不能这样。”因担心对方误解，他继续解释自己的意思，随即接着说了下面这番话：“有些人把国王说得比实际情况更糟，这我无法理解其中的缘由。但我更容易不怀任何恶意地理解，为什么有些人会把国王说得比实际情况好。这是因为，帝王们手中有很大的权力可以支配，那些受其恩宠眷顾的人出于感激之心会常常不吝惜其溢美之词。由于这样的行为源于良善的动机，自然是可以原谅的，只要过失能被原谅。”

接着，国王陛下问他对希尔博士有何评价。约翰逊回答说，他聪敏有天赋，但他的真实性有问题。随即他便举了一个例子，来说明他对那位作家的评价。他说，他观察事物不是用一个显微镜，而是会同时使用三到四个，因此他看到的東西是被放大了很多倍的。约翰逊接着又说：“您知道，每个熟悉显微镜的人都知道，他同时使用的显微镜越多，看到的東西会越小。”国王答道：“啊，这样的话，他不仅说的是虚假情况，而且他说得很拙劣，因为如果他确实有那样的问题，能用显微镜来观察事物的人都会察觉到他的问题所在。”

事后约翰逊讲述会面情况时，对他的朋友们说：“这时我开始意识到我正在国王陛下面前贬低这个人，觉得我应该为他说点好话了。”因此，他补充说，尽管如此，希尔博士是一位求知欲很强的观察者。如果他满足于只告诉世人他所知道的，也许他已经是个很了不起的人，就不需要依靠这种不值一提的手段来吸引眼球。

国王陛下接着谈起文学期刊，着重提到《萨文思杂志》，并且问约翰逊该杂志是否办得很好。约翰逊说，从前办得极好。他接着介绍了创





办该杂志并经营数年的一些人，同时详尽说明了这些人所做的工作有什么样的意义和作用。国王问他该杂志现在是否仍办得很好。约翰逊答道，他没有理由那么认为。国王陛下接着问他，除了《每月评论》和《评论家》之外，在英国是否有其他的文学期刊出版发行。得到否定回答后，国王陛下问两份杂志中哪一份更为出色。约翰逊答道，《每月评论》编得非常用心，《评论家》则有很好的方针和宗旨。最后补充说，《每月评论》的创办者与英国教会为敌。国王陛下对此表示很遗憾。

他们的话题转向《哲学会刊》。约翰逊说，比起以往他们现在有了更好的整理材料的办法。国王说：“是的，他们为此感谢约翰逊博士。”因为国王陛下听说并记住了有关情况，而约翰逊本人却忘记了。

国王陛下表示，他希望能有人主持编纂本国文学史，并建议约翰逊博士担当此任。约翰逊表示他乐意遵从国王陛下的圣意。

在整个会面过程中，约翰逊以一种极为尊崇的态度和国王陛下交谈，但他仍旧从容不迫，气度不凡，嗓音饱满浑厚，从未像在会客厅里或接受召见时惯常见到的那样柔声细语。国王陛下离开以后，约翰逊对国王的谈话以及他的和蔼亲切感到非常高兴。他对巴纳德先生说：“先生，他们可以随意评论国王陛下，但我认为他是我见过的最温文尔雅的绅士。”后来他又对朗顿先生说：“先生，他真是风度仪态绝佳，也许可以和路易十四和查理二世那样的翩翩君子相媲美。”

在乔舒亚·雷诺兹爵士家里，约翰逊的一帮朋友聚集在他身边，聆听他细说这次难忘的对话。约瑟夫·沃顿博士生性直率活跃，急切地要求他多谈点细节。他说：“先生，行行好吧，这件事太有意思了，求你给我们讲讲吧。”约翰逊心情极好，欣然同意。

他对他们说：“我发现国王陛下希望我多谈，于是我就奉旨尽力多谈。我发现和国王陛下交谈是很有好处的。首先，一个人不可能那么热爱——”这时，有人问了个问题，打断了他的话。这实在让人惋惜，因为他本来一定会谈到并举例说明很多有利的情况。在那种情况下，一个人智慧的力量因兴奋而生气勃勃，同时因敬畏而稍稍缓解。

在乔舒亚·雷诺兹爵士家里，约翰逊博士在专心致志地为朋友们讲



述他和陛下谈话的详情。在这整个过程中,戈尔德斯密博士坐在离他们较远的一个沙发上,身体没有挪过窝,假装对众人的急切好奇毫不在意。他闷闷不乐,看起来漫不经心,他对此的解释是,担心约翰逊不再想为他的剧本写序幕。他先前对此满怀希望,因此特别开心。但大家很是怀疑他是在为恼恨和嫉妒所折磨,因为约翰逊博士最近获得了极大的荣耀。最后,他天性中的坦诚和率直还是占了上风。他从沙发上跳起来,走到约翰逊身边。那会面的场景他已听人描述过,此刻他想象着自己身处其间,于是用一种激动不安的语气高喊道:“啊,你在这次谈话中表现得很不错,肯定比我强。我要是在场的话,一定会全程都结结巴巴,不停鞠躬。”



烤猪说

Upon Roast Pig

作者简介

查尔斯·兰姆

查尔斯·兰姆(Charles Lamb, 1775—1834),英国散文家、诗人。长期在东印度公司任职。其文学作品大都于工作之余写成。终身未娶。与塞缪尔·泰勒·柯勒律治(Samuel Taylor Coleridge)、威廉·伍兹华斯(William Wordsworth)、威廉·哈兹列特(William Hazlitt)等人交好。与其姐姐合著的《莎士比亚戏剧故事集》(*Tales from Shakespeare*, 1807),文字浅近却内容深刻,已成为全世界莎剧初学者必读的入门书。他长于散文,代表作品收录于《伊利亚随笔》(*Essays of Elia*, 1823)和《伊利亚续笔》(*The Last Essays of Elia*, 1833)中。《梦中的天使》(*The Child Angel, a Dream*)、《烤猪说》(*Upon Roast Pig*)、《古瓷》(*Old China*)、《扫烟囱童工赞》(*The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers*)、《梦中儿女》(*Dream-Children; A Reverie*)等都是传颂已久的名作。他以城市里的芸芸众生和日常生活中的琐屑小事为描写对象,善于从中发掘出诗意和浪漫。叙事、抒情、议论有机融为一体,文白互现,亦庄亦谐,在幽默谐谑之中暗含着个人的辛酸。



Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was **obliging**¹ enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in **Abyssinia**² to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his **Mundane Mutations**³, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather **broiling**⁴ (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following: The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out in the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect masts for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great **lubberly**⁵ boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the **conflagration**⁶ over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage, (a sorry **antediluvian**⁷ **makeshift**⁸ of a building, you may think

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| 1. obliging <i>adj.</i> 乐于助人的 | 者也是道听途说,似是而非,因此我们也不必去细究了。 |
| 2. Abyssinia <i>n.</i> 阿比西尼亚(埃塞俄比亚旧称) | 4. broil <i>v.</i> 烤;焙 |
| 3. Mundane Mutations 字面意思是“世俗的变迁”,作者所指孔子的著作,应为《春秋》。不过,《春秋》中并无作者所言内容。考虑到本文的谐趣特性,文中关于中国的一些内容,作 | 5. lubberly <i>adj.</i> 笨拙的;笨手笨脚的 |
| | 6. conflagration <i>n.</i> 大火 |
| | 7. antediluvian <i>adj.</i> 古老的;陈旧的 |
| | 8. makeshift <i>n.</i> 临时替代品 |





it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs had been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost **consternation**⁹, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the **tenement**¹⁰, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young **firebrand**¹¹. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A **premonitory**¹² moistening at the same time overflowed his **nether**¹³ lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his **booby**¹⁴ fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—crackling! Again he felt and **fumbled**¹⁵ at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his finger from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh

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9. consternation *n.* 惊恐; 惊慌失措

10. tenement *n.* 房屋

11. firebrand *n.* 闯祸的人

12. premonitory *adj.* 预兆的

13. nether *adj.* 下面的

14. booby *n.* (旧时用法) 傻子; 傻子

15. fumble *v.* 胡乱摸索



next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his **sire**¹⁶ entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with **retributory**¹⁷ **cudgel**¹⁸, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young **rogue**¹⁹'s shoulders, as thick as **hailstones**²⁰, which Bo-bo **heeded**²¹ not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite **callous**²² to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

“You graceless **whelp**²³, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?”

“O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.”

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should **beget**²⁴ a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, “Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord,”—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

16. sire *n.* 父亲

17. retributory *adj.* 惩罚的

18. cudgel *n.* 粗短棍

19. rogue *n.* 小淘气;调皮鬼

20. hailstone *n.* 冰雹

21. heed *v.* 留心;注意到

22. callous *adj.* 麻木的;冷漠的

23. whelp *n.* 小崽子(对男性青少年的贬称)

24. beget *v.* (旧时用法)生(子女);成为……的父亲





Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable things wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had **despatched**²⁵ all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the **sow**²⁶ **farrowed**²⁷, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of **chastising**²⁸ his son, seemed to grow more **indulgent**²⁹ to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable **assize**³⁰ town. Evidence was given, the **obnoxious**³¹ food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the **culprits**³² stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and

25. despatch v. 迅速处理

26. sow n. 母猪

27. farrow v. 产小猪

28. chastise v. 惩罚; 惩戒

29. indulgent adj. 宽容的; 纵溺的

30. assize n. 巡回审判; 法令

31. obnoxious adj. 令人憎厌的; 可恶的

32. culprit n. 罪犯; 肇事者



they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the **manifest**³³ **iniquity**³⁴ of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had **for love or money**³⁵. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter everyday, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our **Locke**³⁶, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt, as they call it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must

33. manifest *adj.* 明显的;显而易见的

34. iniquity *n.* 极不公正

35. for love or money 不顾一切;不管

怎样

36. Locke 指约翰·洛克(John Locke, 1632—1704),英国哲学家、政治家。



be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any **culinary**³⁷ object, that pretext and excuse might be found in roast pig.

Of all the delicacies in the whole **mundus edibilis**³⁸, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—**princeps obsoniorum**³⁹.

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the **amor immunditiae**⁴⁰, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble, and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *præludium*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior **tegument**⁴¹!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, **tawny**⁴², well-watched, not over-roasted, crackling, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive **oleaginous**⁴³—O call it not fat—but an **indefinable**⁴⁴ sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and **quintessence**⁴⁵ of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal **manna**⁴⁶—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

37. *culinary adj.* 烹饪的

38. *mundus edibilis* <拉丁> 饮食世界

39. *princeps obsoniorum* <拉丁> 至味

40. *amor immunditiae* <拉丁> 喜欢肮脏

41. *tegument n.* 表皮

42. *tawny adj.* 黄褐色的

43. *oleaginous adj.* 油质的

44. *indefinable adj.* 难以言表的; 无法定义的

45. *quintessence n.* 精髓; 精华

46. *manna n.* 吗哪; 天赐之物



Behold him, while he is doing—it **seemeth**⁴⁷ rather a refreshing warmth, then a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string!—Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars—

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and **indocility**⁴⁸ which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a **glutton**⁴⁹, a **sloven**⁵⁰, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—**wallowing**⁵¹ in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—**Ere**⁵² sin could **blight**⁵³, or sorrow fade, Death came with timely care—his memory is **odoriferous**⁵⁴—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no **coalheaver**⁵⁵ bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair **sepulchre**⁵⁶ in the grateful stomach of the **judicious**⁵⁷ **epicure**⁵⁸—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of **sapors**⁵⁹. Pineapple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too **ravishing**⁶⁰ for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her—like lover's kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the

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| 47. seemeth 在古英语中, 动词后面加上
th 相当于现在加 s, 表示第三人称
单数 | 54. odoriferous <i>adj.</i> 散发气味(通常是香
味)的 |
| 48. indocility <i>n.</i> 不顺从; 桀骜 | 55. coalheaver <i>n.</i> 运煤工人; 煤夫 |
| 49. glutton <i>n.</i> 贪吃者 | 56. sepulchre <i>n.</i> 坟墓, 墓穴 |
| 50. sloven <i>n.</i> 邋遢的人 | 57. judicious <i>adj.</i> 有见识的; 明智的 |
| 51. wallow <i>v.</i> (在泥水里)打滚 | 58. epicure <i>n.</i> 美食家; 讲究饮食的人 |
| 52. ere <i>prep.</i> 在……之前 | 59. sapor <i>n.</i> (常用复数)美味; 珍馐 |
| 53. blight <i>v.</i> 损害; 毁坏 | 60. ravishing <i>adj.</i> 异常美丽的; 销魂的 |



fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might **barter**⁶¹ her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less **provocative**⁶² of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may **batten**⁶³ on him, and the **weakling**⁶⁴ refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, **pheasants**⁶⁵, **partridges**⁶⁶, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame **villatic**⁶⁷ fowl"), **capons**⁶⁸, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an **ingratitude**⁶⁹ to the Giver of all good flavours, to extradomiciliate, or send out of the house, slightingly (under pretext of

61. barter *v.* 交换; 以物易物

66 partridge *n.* 山鹑; 鹌鹑

62. provocative *adj.* 挑逗食欲的; 诱人的

67. villatic *adj.* 别墅的

63. batten *v.* 享乐; 养肥自己

68. capon *n.* (育肥以供食用的) 阉公鸡

64. weakling *n.* 瘦弱的人; 弱不禁风的人

69. ingratitude *n.* 忘恩负义

65. pheasant *n.* 野鸡; 野鸡肉



friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate—It argues an **insensibility**⁷⁰.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a **counterfeit**⁷¹). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very **coxcombry**⁷² of charity, schoolboy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, **buoyed up**⁷³, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present—and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of **almsgiving**⁷⁴, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again

70. insensibility *n.* 麻木; 无知觉

71. counterfeit *n.* 冒牌货; 伪造物

72. coxcombry *n.* 虚浮; 浮夸

73. buoy up 得意扬扬

74. almsgiving *n.* 施舍; 救济

75. insidious *adj.* 阴险的; 狡猾的

76. impostor *n.* 骗子; 假冒者





of that **insidious**⁷⁵, good-for-nothing, old gray **impostor**⁷⁶.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other **obsolete**⁷⁷ custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards **intenerating**⁷⁸ and **dulcifying**⁷⁹ a substance, naturally so mild and **dulcet**⁸⁰ as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto—

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (per flagellationem extremam) **superadded**⁸¹ a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But, **banish**⁸², dear Mrs. Cook, I **beseech**⁸³ you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in **shallots**⁸⁴, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

77. obsolete *adj.* 废弃的;过时的

78. intenerate *v.* 软化,使变软

79. dulcify *v.* 柔化,使变柔和

80. dulcet *adj.* 甜美的;美妙的

81. superadd *v.* 添加

82. banish *v.* 排除

83. beseech *v.* 恳求;祈求

84. shallot *n.* 葱



份中文手稿上说(我的朋友M.乐于助人,给我朗读并加以解释),在最初的七万年人类是生食肉类的,将肉从动物身上活生生地撕扯或咬啮下来。阿比西尼亚人直到今天还这么做呢。中国伟大的孔夫子在《春秋》的第二章中,明确地提及这段时期,用Cho-fang这个词说明了某种黄金年代,字面意思是大厨的节日。那份手稿还说,烘烤或烧烤(我认为后者先于前者面世)的方法是偶然间发现的。下面我将展开详情。一个养猪人名叫霍弟,有天早上,他和往常一样,去林子里为他的猪采集坚果,留下他的大儿子波波照看木屋。波波是个高大蠢笨的孩子,和同龄人一样喜欢玩火。他把几点火星弄进了一捆稻草,于是草很快烧了起来,火势蔓延,烧到他们可怜的小屋的每个角落,最后全部烧成灰烬。和小屋(你可以认为,那是又老又旧、临时搭建的建筑)同样付之一炬的,是一窝刚生下来的很好的小猪,数目不少于九只,它们可比那小屋重要多了。在整个东方,从有记载的最久远的时期开始,中国的猪一直被视为奢侈稀有之物。就像你能想到的那样,波波惊恐万分,与其说是因为烧掉了屋子,不如说是因为损失了小猪。他和他父亲可以在任何时候,花上一两个小时,用一些干树枝很容易地再搭建起一个屋子来。这些小猪不幸受难夭折,他双手紧握,面对其中一只小猪冒着烟的遗体,想着该如何向父亲交代。这时,一阵香气扑鼻,和他闻过的任何味道都不同。这味道会是从哪里来的呢?不是小屋烧焦了的味道,那味道他以前闻过。这个年轻人很不走运,因粗心大意而闯祸造成类似事故绝不是头一回了。这味道更不像是任何已知的药草、杂草或是花儿。与此同时,一丝口水从他嘴角溢了出来。他不知道该如何是好。他蹲下身去摸那只小猪,查看是否还有生命的迹象。他的





手指被烫到了,于是很傻气地放到嘴里降温。他的手指上沾了一点烤焦的小猪皮,于是,他平生头一回(实际是世上头一回,因为在他之前还没人知道这种美味)尝到了——烤猪的脆皮!他继续在猪身上摸来动去。这会儿烫得不那么厉害了,不过他还是习惯性地舔自己的手指。他终于慢慢悟出来了,原来那香味是小猪散发出来的,小猪的肉吃起来鲜美无比。沉浸在这新发现的快乐之中,他开始撕扯满手的焦脆猪皮和与之相连的肉,穷凶极恶地塞进自己的喉咙。这时,他的父亲进来了,站在遍地冒着青烟的椽子间,手持作惩罚之用的短棒。在发现事情缘由后,棒子像雨点般落在年轻淘气鬼的肩上。而波波却不以为意,并不觉得和被苍蝇叮有什么两样。肚里的美食带给他的愉悦,使他对那些遥远部位遭受的不便相当麻木。他的父亲可以继续责打他,可是在他差不多吃完之前,挨打也不能阻止他享受美味。后来他父亲有些意识到这个状况,于是便产生了类似下面这样的对话:

“你这个不懂礼貌的小兔崽子,你在那里狼吞虎咽吃什么呢?你像狗一样爱玩那些把戏,都烧掉我三座房子了,你还嫌不够吗?该死的!你一定是在吃火吧?我不知道那个什么——我说,你吃的是什么呢?”

“哦,爸爸,是小猪,小猪。快来尝尝烧焦了的小猪有多好吃”。

霍弟吓得耳朵嗡嗡响。他咒骂他的儿子,也咒骂自己,怎么生了这样一个儿子,居然吃烧焦了的猪肉。

波波的嗅觉自早晨起变得更敏锐了,他很快从灰堆里耙出另一只小猪,公平地将其分为两半,把小的那一半一把塞到霍弟的手里,嘴里还大声嚷嚷“吃吧,吃吧,爸爸,尝尝烧焦的小猪,你只要尝一下——哦,天啊!”他一边发出这些粗野的叫喊,一边忙不迭地把小猪肉塞进嘴巴,几乎要噎着。

霍弟抓住那块令人生厌的东西,浑身关节都在颤抖,犹疑不决,不知是否应该将他的儿子当作一个残忍的妖怪处死。这时,和他儿子一样,小猪的脆皮烫了他的手指,他采取了相同的补救措施。这样一来,他也尝到了它的滋味。他本想装作对其无动于衷,然而事实证明,对他而言,那味道其实并不差。总之(因为那手稿在这部分有些啰唆),父子



俩在灰堆前坐下来，一直没有起身离开，直到他们将剩余的小猪们消灭得干干净净。

父亲严令波波不得泄露这个秘密，因为要是他们的邻居得知这个情况，一定会用石头把他们砸死，因为他们这两个可厌的家伙，竟然还想改变上帝赐予他们的那么好的肉。然而，离奇的故事还是在坊间传开了。大家注意到，霍弟家的小屋比以往更频繁地被烧塌了。从那以后一天到晚尽是火灾，有时是在大白天，有时是在夜里。只要霍弟家有母猪下崽，那他家的房子就一定会着火。更加值得注意的是，霍弟非但不责罚他的儿子，对他似乎反而比以往更加宽容。最后他们被人监视，可怕的秘密被发现，父亲和儿子被传唤到北京受审（那时还是个不值得一提的巡回审判的小城镇）。证人提供了证词，那令人憎厌的食物就呈现在大堂之上，即将做出宣判。这时，陪审团团长请求将一些烧焦的小猪（罪犯正是因其被指控）送至陪审席。他摆弄了一会儿，别人也都摆弄了一会儿，他们的手指都烫到了，就和波波和他父亲一样，他们自然而然地采取了相同的补救措施。让整个法庭、市民们、素不相识的人、记者和在场的所有人大为震惊的是，他们罔顾所有的事实真相，罔顾法官做出的最无懈可击的指控，既没有离席，也没有经过任何形式的磋商，一致做出最后的裁决——无罪。

法官大人是个非常精明的人，他对这个明显不公的裁决视而不见。休庭之后，他偷偷地出去，不顾一切买下了他能买到的所有的小猪。不出几天，这位老爷城里的宅子便着了火。这个消息像长了翅膀，于是后来四面八方到处火光冲天。整个地区燃料和小猪的价格一飞冲天。保险公司全部关门大吉。大家的房子盖得一天比一天马虎，到后来大家不由得担忧建筑技术不久便会在世上失传。我的那份手稿介绍说，就这样，这种点燃房子的习俗继续传承。随着时间推移，一位像我们的洛克那样的贤人出现了，他有一个重大发现，猪肉和其他任何动物的肉都可以被烹制（用他们的话说就是烧烤），而并不需要烧塌整幢房子。接着便产生了原始的烤架。烤肉条或烤肉叉在一两个世纪之后也出现了，我忘了是哪个朝代了。那份手稿最后说，就这样，世上最有用、





但也似乎是最了无新意的技艺便慢慢在全人类大行其道了。

即便不必对上述叙述的内容深信不疑，我们也得同意，像点火烧房这样危险的实验（尤其是在以前那些年代），如果要给它找出一个充分的理由，又和烹饪有关，那么这个理由可能就是烤小猪。

在世上所有美味之中，我会坚持说它是最为鲜嫩可口的味中之极品。

我指的不是你们的成年食用猪——不是介于猪和猪肉之间的某种东西——也不是那些还未长成的半大猪——而是幼嫩的乳猪——不足一月——还没有受到猪圈的污染——从祖先那里世代相传的缺陷（肮脏的本性）尚未呈现——它的嗓音尚未进入变声期，是介于小孩的尖细嗓音和嘟哝声之间的一种状态——是咕噜声的轻柔的前奏。

一定要烤了吃才可以。我并不是不知道，我们的祖先把它们用沸水煮了吃——可外面的那层皮真是可惜了！

我一定要强调，没有任何东西的滋味，能和那香脆、焦黄、精心料理的、烤得恰到好处的小猪脆皮相媲美，大家都这么叫的吧——如此至味能诱得那些忸怩、冷淡的人都放弃抵抗，忍不住去享用这份唇齿之间的快乐——再加上紧密相连的油质层——千万别称之为脂肪——而是与其生长在一起的美妙之物，实在是无法言传——那是脂肪柔美的花簇——那是萌芽状态的脂肪——是嫩芽刚露头——最最纯洁无瑕之时——是给乳猪提供营养的最精华和醇美的部分——说是瘦肉，却瘦而不柴，而是一种上天赐予的极美肉食——或者可以这么说吧，脂肪和瘦肉（如果非要这么说的话）如此密不可分、水乳交融，以至于二者浑然一体，共同构成了这种神赐珍馐。

在烤制过程中，好好看着它吧——包裹它的，更像是宜人的温暖，而不是灼人的热力，因而它很依顺地接受了。它就那么安安静静地在铁丝上转动着！——现在它刚刚烤制完毕。仿佛是为了证明年少时代的丰富情感，它漂亮的眼睛都哭红了——像闪亮的啫喱，像流星——

看它装在盘子里的样子，那可是它的第二个摇篮，它就那么乖乖地躺在里面！——你会让这么纯洁动人的孩子长成大猪，变得傻大粗笨、



难以驯服吗？十有八九它会不出所料，变成贪吃、邈遯、倔强、令人讨厌的动物——沉溺于各种肮脏不堪的营生中——而现在这只小猪却快乐地从这些罪恶中抽身解脱——死亡适时来临，使他免遭罪恶侵害，免于痛悔连绵——它留下的是美好的记忆——不会有一个粗人吃到腐臭的腌肉，因难以下咽而咒骂不已——也不会会有一个运煤工匆匆吞咽发臭的香肠——这些都和它无关。它会安然葬身于真正的美食家腹中——有这样一个归宿算得上死得心满意足了。

它是味中之极品。凤梨非常美妙。不过它确乎太优秀了——享用它是美事一桩，虽不算罪恶，也是近乎犯罪的，因而道德谨慎的人很可能会踌躇不前——因为对凡人的味觉来说，它是过于美好了。它会弄伤、弄破接近它的嘴唇——如同一个姑娘亲吻时，会咬她恋人的嘴唇——因为它的风味之中猛烈和狂野的性质，它给人的快感是和疼痛相近的——它的魅力也仅限于味觉——它和食欲无关——一个饥肠辘辘的人不如用它来换取羊排充饥。

让我们来夸夸小猪吧——它能满足所有人的味觉，能使最为挑剔的食客都心满意足。体格健壮者会大快朵颐，身体虚弱者也无法抗拒它那温润平和的汁液。

人类往往品性混杂，美德与恶癖不可思议地交织在一起，不可能截然分开。而它——从里到外都是那么好。身上的每一个部分都同样的好。它竭其所能，用小小的身躯使大家都能尽兴。在所有的佳肴之中，它是最没有嫉妒心的，所有人都喜爱它。

有些人（我就是其中之一）这辈子靠好运得到一些好东西（我的好东西很少属于此类），会毫不吝惜地分给朋友一份。对朋友的兴趣、爱好及正当乐趣和自己的同样看重，我一直坚持这一点。我常说：“你虽不在场，但礼物还是会让别人喜欢你。”野兔、野鸡、鹧鸪、沙锥、谷场鸡（那些“家养的乡间家禽”）、阉鸡、珥鸟、咸猪头、成桶的牡蛎，我都是随手接来，随手送人。可以说，这些东西我是因为朋友喜欢才喜欢品尝的。但凡事应该有个限度。人们不会像李尔王那样“什么都给”。在小猪这个问题上，我是有原则的。在我看来，把这样一种特别合适的、命





中注定的神赐之物看得随随便便,或漫不经心地送出家门(以友情或其他什么我不知道的理由作为借口),这是对所有美味的给予者的忘恩负义——这种行为表明了一种麻木不仁。

我还记得,在读书的时候,我曾有过类似的良心不安。我心地善良的老婶婶,总要在假日结束和我分别时,把一块甜点或其他好东西塞到我口袋里。一天晚上在我离家时,她给了我一块刚从烤箱里出来、热气腾腾的梅子蛋糕。去学校的路上(去学校要先经过伦敦桥),一个头发灰白的老乞丐向我行礼(现在我毫不怀疑他是假冒的)。我身上没有零钱可以给他,于是出于自我牺牲的虚荣心及学生那种施舍于人的浮夸心理影响下,我把一整块蛋糕都送给了他!我往前走了几步,像一个人在这种情况下的反应那样,洋洋自得,心里甜丝丝的。但还没走到桥头,我的正常感觉涌上心头,我突然哭了起来,觉得自己对我善良的婶婶是多么忘恩负义,居然把她那么好的礼物送给了一个陌生人,那人也许还是个坏人。接着,我开始想,要是我自己而不是另外一个人吃了她的美味蛋糕,她该有多么快乐——我还想,下次我见到她我应该对她说什么——我把她那么好的礼物随便给了人,是多么让人伤心——我仿佛又想起了那块蛋糕扑鼻的香气,看她制作时我是多么饶有兴致,她把蛋糕放入烤箱时是多么开心,而我最终连一口都没尝,她该有多么失望——我痛责自己泛滥的同情心,不顾实际的伪善,最重要的是,我希望永远不要再见到那个阴险、无用、头发花白的老骗子。

我们的祖先把这些柔弱的小猪当作祭品,他们的手段是非常仁慈的。正如我们听说的古老风俗,我们读到小猪是要被禾束捆抽打而死的。惩罚和训诫的时代已经过去,否则就可以探究一下(只是就哲学意义而言):对于小猪肉这样天然的柔嫩可爱的物质,这个步骤是否可以使其更加柔软鲜嫩。这个步骤看上去像加工紫罗兰使它变得更加优雅一样。不过,我们谴责那些残酷行为时,应该十分小心,我们如何指责这种行为之中的智慧。这种智慧也许会增加某种兴味——

我记起一个假想,是我在圣奥马尔的时候年轻学子们争论的一个辩题。为讨论这个辩题,双方都旁征博引,不时插科打诨。“一只猪,假



烤猪说

Upon Roast Pig

如被鞭打致死，它的口感要比接受其他我们可能想到的致死方式更好，那么人类是否有正当理由，以鞭打这种方式处死这种动物？”我忘了争论的结果了。

我们应该考虑配它的调料。当然，和猪肝、猪脑搭配的应该是一些面包屑，再洒上些许香气清淡的鼠味草叶。可是，亲爱的厨娘，我恳请你，一定不能用任何和洋葱有关的东西。整个大猪你都可以按你的喜好烤制，把它们浸泡在青葱当中，塞满恶心怪异的蒜头。你不可能坏了它们的味道，或让它们的味道更恶心——但对待乳猪就要仔细考虑了，因为它是娇嫩的小猪——像花一样。

