

## 十二月

December



周四, 1日, 小商人

Thursday, 1st. The Trader

基本上在每个假日我都会邀请别人来我家做客, 或者去别的同学家做客。今天来我家的是加罗非, 我们玩游戏玩得很开心。加罗非就是那个长着精明的小眼睛、整天忙着和同学做生意的同学。他特别会计算和攒钱, 知道所有的东西的价格。他总是捡起他认为有用的东西, 他的长披风的口袋总是满满的。他在学校里跟同学换东西, 或者卖彩票和其他玩意儿。他说自己以后要开个新型店铺做生意。加罗非最喜爱他的集邮册, 已经搜集好几年邮票了, 说是搜全了以后可以卖个好价钱。

*M*y father wishes me to have some one of my schoolmates come to our house every holiday, or that I should go to see one of them, in order that I may gradually become friends with all of them. Sunday I shall go to walk with Votini, the well-dressed boy who is always brushing himself up, and who is so envious of Derossi. In the meantime, Garoffi came to the house today, that long, lank boy, with the nose like an owl's beak, and small, knavish eyes, which seem to be ferreting everywhere. He is the son of a grocer, and is a queer fellow; he is always counting the soldi in his pocket; he reckons them on his fingers very, very rapidly, and goes through some process of multiplication

without any tables; and he hoards his money, and already has a book in the Scholars' Savings Bank. He never spends a soldo, I am positive; and if he drops a centesimo under the benches, he is likely to hunt for it a week. He does as magpies do, so Derossi says. Everything that he finds—worn-out pens, postage-stamps that have been used, pins, candle-ends—he picks up. He has been collecting postage-stamps for more than two years now; and he already has hundreds of them from every country, in a large album, which he will sell to a bookseller later on, when he has got it quite full. Meanwhile, the bookseller gives him his copybooks, because he takes a great many boys to the shop.

In school, he is always bartering; he effects sales of little articles every day, and gets up lotteries and exchanges; then he regrets the trade, and wants his stuff back again. He buys for two and sells for four; he plays at pitch-penny, and never loses; he sells old newspapers over again to the tobacconist; and he keeps a little blank-book, full of figures, in which he sets down his transactions. At school he studies nothing but arithmetic; and if he desires the medal, it is only that he may have a free entrance into the puppet-show.

But he pleases me; he amuses me. We played at keeping a market, with weights and scales. He knows the exact price of everything; he understands weighing, and quickly makes handsome paper horns, like shopkeepers. He declares that as soon as he has finished school he shall set up in business—in a new business which he has invented himself. He was very much pleased when I gave him some foreign postage-stamps; and he informed me exactly how each one sold for collections. My father pretended to be reading the newspaper; but he listened to him, and was greatly diverted. His pockets are bulging, full of his little wares; and he covers them up with a long, black cloak, and always appears thoughtful and preoccupied with business, like a merchant.

But the thing that he has nearest his heart is his collection of postage-stamps. This is his treasure; and he always speaks of it as though he were going to get a fortune out of it. The boys accuse him of miserliness and usury. I do not know: I like him; he teaches me a great many things; he seems a man to me. Coretti, the son of the wood-merchant, says that Garoffi would not give him his postage-stamps to save his mother's life. My father does not

believe it.

“Wait a little before you condemn him,” he said to me, “he has this passion, but he has heart as well.”

### 周一，5日，虚荣心

### Monday, 5th. Vanity

昨天，我和沃蒂尼、沃蒂尼的爸爸一起散步，我和沃蒂尼先在街边的椅子上坐了下来。椅子边坐着一个一直低着头的男孩。沃蒂尼穿得非常考究，他想向旁边的男孩炫耀一下，就跟我说起话来，让我看他的靴子和海狸皮帽子，还打开了怀表。沃蒂尼发现，从始至终旁边的男孩都没有朝他这边看一眼，就生气地吵嚷起来。这时，沃蒂尼的爸爸到了，他发现旁边的男孩是个盲人，连忙让沃蒂尼道歉。沃蒂尼很羞愧，回来时再没笑过。

*Y*esterday I went for a walk along the Rivoli road with Votini and his father. As we were passing through the Dora Grossa Street we saw Stardi, the boy who kicks at those who bother him, standing stiffly in front of the window of a book-shop, with his eyes fixed on a map; and no one knows how long he had been there, because he studies even in the street. He barely returned our salute, the rude fellow!

Votini was well dressed — even too much so. He had on morocco boots embroidered in red, an embroidered coat, small silken tassels, a white beaver hat, and a watch; and he strutted. But his vanity was to come to a bad end this time. After having gone a tolerably long distance up the Rivoli road, leaving his father, who was walking slowly, a long way in the rear, we halted at a stone seat, beside a modestly clad boy, who appeared to be weary and moody, and who sat with drooping head. A man, who must have been his father, was walking to and fro under the trees, reading the newspaper. We sat down. Votini placed himself between me and the boy. All at once he recollected that he was well dressed, and wanted to make his neighbor admire and envy him.

He lifted one foot, and said to me, “Have you seen my officer’s boots?” He said this in order to make the other boy look at them; but the latter paid no attention.

Then he dropped his foot, and showed me his silk tassels, glancing slyly at the boy the while, and said that these tassels did not please him, and that he wanted to have them changed to silver buttons; but the boy did not look at the tassels either.

Then Votini fell to twirling his handsome white hat on the tip of his forefinger; but the boy—and it seemed as though he did it on purpose — did not deign even a glance at the hat.

Votini, who began to be irritated, drew out his watch, opened it, and showed me the wheels; but the boy did not turn his head.

“Is it of silver gilt?” I asked him.

“No,” he replied, “it is gold.”

“But not entirely of gold,” I said, “there must be some silver with it.”

“Why, no!” he retorted, and in order to compel the boy to look, he held the watch before his face, and said to him, “Say, look here! Isn’t it true that it is entirely of gold?”

The boy replied briefly, “I don’t know.”

“Oh! Oh!” exclaimed Votini, full of wrath, “What pride!”

As he was saying this, his father came up, and heard him; he looked steadily at the lad for a moment, then said sharply to his son, “Hold your tongue!” and, bending down to his ear, he added, “he is blind!”

Votini sprang to his feet, with a shudder, and stared the boy in the face: the latter’s eyeballs were glassy, without expression, without sight.

Votini stood humbled, speechless, with his eyes fixed on the ground. At length he stammered, “I am sorry; I did not know.”

But the blind boy, who had understood it all, said, with a kind, sad smile, “Oh, it’s no matter!”

Well, Votini is vain; but his heart is not bad. He never laughed again during the whole of the walk.

## 周六，10日，第一场大雪

### Saturday, 10th. The First Snow-storm

纷纷扬扬的大雪下起来了，除了倔强的斯达蒂仍在专心学习以外，所



第一场大雪

有的人都兴奋地看着窗外。放学后，大家在街上手舞足蹈，有的扔雪球，有的啃雪球，有的把雪装进了口袋。女老师高兴地走出学校，女学生在雪地上嬉闹。警察、老师和门卫也很开心。爸爸在信上说，我们应该想到：对有些无家可归、衣不蔽体的人，或是条件不好的山村学生来说，冬天和大雪带来的只是痛苦和死亡。

*F*arewell, walks to Rivoli! Here is the beautiful friend of the boys! Here is the first snow! Ever since yesterday evening it has been falling in thick flakes as large as gillyflowers. It was a pleasure this morning at school to see it beat against the panes and pile up on the window-sills: even the master watched it and rubbed his hands; and all were glad, when they thought of making snowballs, and of the ice which will come later, and of the hearth at home. Stardi, entirely absorbed in his lessons, and with his fists pressed to his temples, was the only one who paid no attention to it.

What beauty! What a celebration there was when we left school! All danced down the streets, shouting and tossing their arms, catching up handfuls of snow, and dashing about in it, like poodles in water. The umbrellas of the parents, who were waiting outside, were all white; the policeman's helmet was white; all our satchels were white in a few moments. Everyone appeared to be beside himself with joy—even Precossi, the son of the blacksmith, that pale boy who never laughs. And Robetti, the lad who saved the little child from the omnibus, poor fellow! jumped about on his crutches. The Calabrian, who had never touched snow, made himself a little ball of it, and began to eat it, as though it had been a peach. Crossi, the son of the vegetable-vendor, filled his satchel with it. And "Muratorino" made us burst with laughter, when my father invited him to come to our house tomorrow. He had his mouth full of snow, and, not daring either to spit it out or to swallow it, he stood there choking and starting at us, and made no answer. Even the schoolmistress came out of school on a run, laughing; but my mistress of the upper first, poor little thing! ran through the drizzling snow, covering her face with her green veil, and coughing. Meanwhile, hundreds of girls from the neighboring schoolhouse passed by, screaming and frolicking on that white carpet. And the masters and the beadles

and the policemen shouted, "Home! Home!" swallowing flakes of snow, and whitening their moustaches and beards. But they, too, laughed at this wild romp of the scholars, as they celebrated the winter.

You hail the arrival of winter; but there are boys who have neither clothes nor shoes nor fire. There are thousands of them, who descend to their villages, over a long road, carrying in hands bleeding from chilblains a bit of wood to warm the schoolroom. There are hundreds of schools almost buried in the snow, bare and dismal as caves, where the boys suffocate with smoke or chatter their teeth with cold as they gaze in terror at the white flakes which descend unceasingly, which pile up constantly on their distant cabins threatened by avalanches. You rejoice in the winter, boys. Think of the thousands of creatures to whom winter brings misery and death.

Your father

### 周日，11日，“小泥瓦匠”

#### Sunday, 11th. Muratorino, the Little Mason

今天，“小泥瓦匠”来我们家玩。他穿着爸爸穿剩的旧衣服，上面还沾着泥灰。他打量着我们家，朝墙上挂的一副驼背小丑画做了个兔子脸，引得大家哈哈大笑。“小泥瓦匠”一边和我玩积木，一边告诉我他家里的情况：他爸爸是位泥瓦匠；妈妈是洗衣工，特别心灵手巧。下午，我们一起吃完面包、奶酪，又看了几本漫画集，“小泥瓦匠”很高兴。“小泥瓦匠”走了以后，爸爸在信中告诉我，他不让我擦掉“小泥瓦匠”无意中留在沙发上的灰，是不要我当面责怪他脏。我不仅不该觉得劳动的人脏，还应该关爱这位工人的儿子。

The "little mason" came today, in a hunting-jacket, entirely dressed in the cast-off clothes of his father, which were still white with lime and plaster. My father was even more anxious than I that he should come. How much pleasure he gives us! No sooner had he entered than he pulled off his ragged cap, which was all soaked with snow, and thrust it into one of his pockets. He came forward with his listless gait, like a weary workman, turning his face, as smooth as an apple, with its ball-like nose, from side to side; and when he

entered the dining-room, he cast a glance round at the furniture and fixed his eyes on a small picture of Rigoletto, a hunchbacked jester, and made a “hare’s face”. It is impossible to keep from laughing when he makes that hare’s face.

We went to playing with bits of wood. He is good at making towers and bridges, which seem to stand as though by a miracle, and he works at it quite seriously, with the patience of a man. Between one tower and another he told me about his family: they live in a garret; his father goes to the evening school to learn to read, and his mother is a washerwoman. And they must love him, of course, for he is clad like a poor boy, but he is well protected from the cold, with neatly mended clothes, and with his necktie nicely tied by his mother. His father, he told me, is a fine man, a giant, who has trouble in getting through doors; but he is kind, and always calls his son “hare’s face”: the son, on the contrary, is rather small.

At four o’clock we lunched on bread and goat’s-milk cheese, as we sat on the sofa; and when we rose, I do not know why, but my father did not wish me to brush off the back, which the little mason had spotted with white, from his jacket: he held my hand, and then rubbed it off himself on the sly. While we were playing, the little mason lost a button from his hunting-jacket, and my mother sewed it on, and he grew quite red, and began to watch her sew, in perfect amazement and confusion, holding his breath the while. Then we gave him some albums of caricatures to look at, and he, without being aware of it himself, imitated the grimaces of the faces there so well, that even my father laughed. He was so much pleased when he went away that he forgot to put on his tattered cap; and when we reached the landing, he made a hare’s face at me once more in sign of his gratitude. His name is Antonio Rabucco, and he is eight years and eight months old.

Do you know, my son, why I did not wish you to wipe off the sofa? Because to wipe it while your friend was looking on would have been almost the same as reproving him for having soiled it. And this was not well, in the first place, because he did not do it intentionally, and in the next, because he did it with the clothes of his father, who had covered them with plaster while at work; and what comes from work is not dirt; it is dust, lime, varnish, whatever you like, but it is not dirt. Labor does not soil one. Never say of a laborer



coming from his work, “He is filthy.” You should say, “He has on his clothes the signs, the traces, of his toil.” Remember this. And you must love the little mason, first, because he is your comrade; and next, because he is the son of a workingman.

Your father

周五，16日，雪球  
**Friday, 16th. A Snowball**

雪仍在下，但雪花变得又湿又沉。中午放学后，我们一帮孩子在街上扔雪球，随着一声惊叫，一个雪球砸中了一位老人的眼睛，我们立刻一哄而散，躲进了书店。人们纷纷责问是谁干的，我旁边的加罗非害怕不安起来，在加罗内的鼓励下，加罗非出去承认了错误。校长过来说，加罗非能鼓起勇气承认错误，大家就不应该羞辱他了。之后，加罗非泪流满面地向老人道了歉。

And still it snows. A bad accident happened because of the snow this morning when we came out of school. A crowd of boys had no sooner got into the Corso than they began to throw balls of wet snow which makes missiles as solid and heavy as stones. Many persons were passing along the sidewalks. A gentleman called out, “Stop that, you little rascals!” and just then a sharp cry rose from another part of the street, and we saw an old man who had lost his hat and was staggering about, covering his face with his hands, and beside him a boy who was shouting, “Help! Help!”

People instantly ran from all directions. He had been struck in the eye with a ball. All the boys dispersed, fleeing like arrows. I was standing in front of the bookseller’s shop, into which my father had gone, and I saw several of my schoolmates coming at a run, mingling with others near me, and pretending to be engaged in staring at the windows: there was Garrone, with his penny roll in his pocket, as usual; Coretti; “Muratorino”; and Garoffi, the boy with the postage-stamps. In the meantime a crowd had formed around the old man, and a policeman and others were running to and fro, threatening and demanding:

“Who was it? Who did it? Was it you? Tell me who did it!” and they looked at the boys’ hands to see whether they were wet with snow.

Garoffi was standing beside me. I noticed that he was trembling all over, and that his face was as white as that of a corpse. “Who was it? Who did it?” the crowd continued to cry. Then I overheard Garrone say in a low voice to Garoffi, “Come, give yourself up; it would be cowardly to allow any one else to be arrested.”

“But I did not do it on purpose,” replied Garoffi, trembling like a leaf.

“No matter; do your duty,” repeated Garrone.

“But I have not the courage.”

“Take courage, then; I will accompany you.”

And the policeman and the other people were crying more loudly than ever: “Who was it? Who did it? One of his glasses has been driven into his eye! He has been blinded! The ruffians!”

I thought that Garoffi would fall to the earth. “Come,” said Garrone, resolutely, “I will defend you.” and grasping him by the arm, he thrust him forward, supporting him as though he had been a sick man. The people saw, and instantly understood, and several persons ran up with their fists raised; but Garrone thrust himself between, crying: “Do ten men of you set on one boy?”

Then they ceased, and a policeman seized Garoffi by the hand and led him, pushing aside the crowd as he went, to a pastry-cook’s shop, where the wounded man had been carried. On catching sight of him, I suddenly recognized him as the old employee who lives on the fourth floor of our house with his grandnephew. He was stretched out on a chair, with a handkerchief over his eyes.

“I did not do it on purpose!” sobbed Garoffi, half dead with terror; “I did not do it on purpose!”

Two or three persons thrust him violently into the shop, crying: “Down to the earth! Beg his pardon!” and they threw him to the ground. But all at once two vigorous arms set him on his feet again, and a resolute voice said: “No, gentlemen!” It was our principal, who had seen it all. “Since he has had the courage to give himself up,” he added, “no one has the right to humiliate him.” All stood silent. “Ask his forgiveness,” said the principal to Garoffi. Garoffi, bursting into tears, embraced the old man’s knees, and the latter, having felt for

the boy's head with his hand, caressed his hair. Then all said: "Go, boy! Go, return home."

And my father drew me out of the crowd, and said as we passed along the street, "Enrico, would you have had the courage, under similar circumstances, to do your duty, to go and confess your fault?"

I told him that I should. And he said, "Give me your word, as a lad of heart and honor, that you would do it."

"I give you my word, father!"

### 周六，17日，女老师

#### Saturday, 17th. The Schoolmistresses

今天，我们的老师没有来。给我们上课的是一位头发花白的女老师，她因为儿子病了，心情很低落。我们学校有好几位女老师，有一位总是穿黑色衣服，长得特别瘦小，声音很细弱，她的课堂就像教堂般严肃安静，大家都叫她“小修女”；还有一位我很喜欢，她总是很快乐活泼，她的帽子上插着大红羽毛，对孩子特别亲切。

Today Garoffi stood in fear and dread of a severe punishment from the teacher; but the master did not appear; and as the assistant was also missing, Signora Cromi, the oldest of the schoolmistresses, came to teach the school. She has two grown-up children, and she has taught several women to read and write, who now come with their sons to the Baretti school-house.

She was sad today, because one of her sons is ill. No sooner had the boys caught sight of her, than they began to make an uproar. But she said, in a slow and calm tone, "Respect my white hair; I am not only a school-teacher, I am also a mother"; and then no one dared to speak again, in spite of that brazen face of Franti, who contented himself with jeering at her on the sly.

Signora Delcati, my brother's teacher, was sent to take charge of Signora Cromi's class, and to Signora Delcati's was sent the teacher who is called "the little nun", because she always dresses in dark colors, with a black apron, and has a small white face, hair that is always smooth, very bright eyes, and a delicate voice, that seems to be forever murmuring prayers. It is hard to

understand, my mother says; she is so gentle and timid, with that thread of a voice, which is always even, which is hardly audible, and she never speaks loud nor flies into a passion; but, nevertheless, she keeps the boys so quiet that you cannot hear them, and the most roguish bow their heads when she merely admonishes them with her finger, so that her school seems like a church; and it is for this reason, also, that she is called “the little nun”.

But there is another one I like, the young mistress of the lower first, the girl with the rosy face, who has two pretty dimples in her cheeks, and who wears a large red feather on her little bonnet, and a small cross of yellow glass on her neck. She is always cheerful, and keeps her class cheerful. She is always calling out with that silvery voice of hers, which makes her seem to be singing, and tapping her little rod on the table, and clapping her hands to impose silence. When they come out of school, she runs after one and another like a child, to bring them back into line. She pulls up the cape of one, and buttons the coat of another, so that they may not take cold. She follows them even into the street, in order that they may not fall to quarrelling. She begs the parents not to whip them at home. She brings lozenges to those who have coughs. She lends her muff to those who are cold. And she is continually tormented by the smallest children, who caress her and demand kisses, and pull at her veil and her mantle; but she lets them do it, and kisses them all with a smile, and returns home all rumpled and with her throat all bare, panting and happy, with her beautiful dimples and her red feather. She is also the girls’ drawing teacher, and she supports her mother and a brother by her earnings.

## 周日，18日，受伤的老人

### Sunday, 18th. The Wounded Man

那位被加罗非打伤眼睛的老人就住在我们这幢楼。今天，我和爸爸一起去看望了他，老人和他的侄子住在一起，他的眼睛已经快好了。我们正谈论着这个意外时，门铃响了，加罗非出人意料地走了进来。他来到了老人身边，但不知说些什么好，老人告诉他不要担心。离开时，加罗非很快拿出一个东西，往老人侄子的手里一塞，就跑走了。原来是那本集邮册，加罗非想用他最心爱的东西来换取老人的原谅！



看望受伤的老人

The grandnephew of the old employee who was struck in the eye by Garoffi's snowball is in the room of the schoolmistress who has the red feather: we saw him today with his uncle, who treats him like a son. I had finished writing out the monthly story for the coming week, The Little Florentine Scribe, which the master had given to me to copy; and my father said to me: "Let us go up to the fourth floor, and see how that old gentleman's eye is."

We entered a room which was almost dark, where the old man was sitting up in bed, with a great many pillows behind his shoulders; by the bedside sat his wife, and in one corner his nephew was amusing himself. The old man's eye was bandaged. He was very glad to see my father; he made us sit down, and said that he was better, that his eye was not only not ruined, but that he should be quite well again in a few days.

"It was an accident" he added. "I regret the terror which it must have caused that poor boy." Then he talked to us about the doctor, whom he expected every moment to attend him. Just then the door-bell rang.

"There is the doctor," said his wife.

The door opened—and whom did I see? Garoffi, in his long cloak, standing, with bowed head, on the threshold, and without the courage to enter.

"Who is it?" asked the sick man.

"It is the boy who threw the snowball," said my father.

And then the old man said: "Oh, my poor boy! Come here; you have come to inquire after the wounded man, have you not? But he is better; be at ease; he is better and almost well. Come here."

Garoffi, who did not see us in his confusion, approached the bed, forcing himself not to cry; and the old man caressed him, but could not speak.

"Thank you," said the old man, "go and tell your father and mother that all is going well, and that they are not to think any more about it."

But Garoffi did not move, and seemed to have something to say which he dared not utter.

"What have you to say to me? What do you want?"

"I? —Nothing."

"Well, goodbye, until we meet again, my boy; go with your heart in

peace.”

Garoffi went as far as the door; but there he halted, turned to the nephew, who was following him, and who gazed curiously at him. All at once he pulled some object from beneath his cloak, put it in the boy's hand, and whispered hastily to him, “It is for you,” and away he went like a flash. The boy carried the object to his uncle. He saw that on it was written, “I give you this.” He looked inside, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was the famous album, with his collection of postage-stamps, which poor Garoffi had brought, the collection about which he was always talking, upon which he had founded so many hopes, and which had cost him so much trouble. It was his treasure, poor boy! It was the half of his very blood, which he had given in exchange for his pardon.

### 佛罗伦萨的小抄写员（每月故事）

#### The Little Florentine Scribe (Monthly Story)

朱里奥是个成绩优异的小学生，他的爸爸十分宠爱他，只是对他的学习要求特别严格。朱里奥全家就靠着爸爸的铁路职业工资生活，过得十分拮据。这次，他的爸爸又找了份额外的抄写兼职，每抄写五百份报酬三里拉。这份工作耗尽了爸爸的精力，也损耗了爸爸的视力，而爸爸又不让朱里奥替他抄写。于是，朱里奥便在每天半夜，等爸爸走了以后偷偷地抄写起来。爸爸以为那一堆都是自己抄写的，还以为是自己精力十足。很快，朱里奥上课提不起精神了，爸爸严厉地批评了他。到了月底，爸爸多挣了三十二里拉，开心地买来糖果分给全家人，但对朱里奥说他很失望。朱里奥想让爸爸高兴，决定继续抄写下去。但是，夜以继日的疲倦让他难以坚持下去，他的成绩逐渐下降，爸爸对他的态度也越发冷淡了。朱里奥很难过，正打算告诉爸爸实情时，听到爸爸说这个月的奖金拿不到了，于是，朱里奥又抄写起来。有一天，爸爸说再也不要管朱里奥了。晚上，朱里奥伤心地走到门口，看到桌子上的纸和灯，便又习惯性地走了进去，抄写起来。夜里，爸爸走了进来。他静静地站在朱里奥的身后看了很久，心中充满了愧疚和温情。最后，爸爸把朱里奥紧紧地搂在了怀里。

*H*e was in the fourth elementary class. He was a graceful Florentine

lad of twelve, with black hair and a pale face, the eldest son of an employee on the railway, who, having a large family and but small pay, lived in straitened circumstances. His father loved him and was kind and indulgent to him—indulgent in everything except in what concerned school: on this point he required a great deal, and was severe, because his son was obliged to attain such a rank as would enable him soon to obtain a place and help his family; and in order to accomplish anything quickly, it was necessary that he should work a great deal in a very short time. So although the lad studied, his father was always exhorting him to study more.

His father was advanced in years, and too much toil had aged him before his time. Nevertheless, in order to provide for the necessities of his family, in addition to the toil which his occupation imposed upon him, he obtained special work here and there as a copyist, and passed a good part of the night at his writing-table. Lately, he had undertaken, in behalf of a house which published journals and books in parts, to write upon the parcels the names and addresses of their subscribers, and he earned three lire for every five hundred of these paper wrappers, written in large and regular characters. But this work wearied him, and he often complained of it to his family at dinner.

“My eyes are giving out,” he said, “this night work is killing me.” One day his son said to him, “Let me work instead of you, papa; you know that I can write like you, and fairly well.” But the father answered: “No, my son, you must study; your school is a much more important thing than my wrappers; I would hate to rob you of a single hour; I thank you, but I will not have it; do not mention it to me again.”

The son knew that it was useless to insist on such a matter with his father, and he did not persist; but this is what he did. He knew that exactly at midnight his father stopped writing, and quitted his workroom to go to his bedroom; he had heard him several times: so soon as the twelve strokes of the clock had sounded, he had heard the sound of a chair drawn back, and the slow step of his father. One night he waited until the latter was in bed, then dressed himself very, very softly, and felt his way to the little workroom, lighted the petroleum lamp again, seated himself at the writing-table, where lay a pile of white wrappers and the list of addresses, and began to write, imitating exactly his



father's handwriting. And he wrote with a will, gladly, a little in fear, and the wrappers piled up. From time to time he dropped the pen to rub his hands, and then began again with increased alacrity, listening and smiling. He wrote a hundred and sixty—one lira! Then he stopped, placed the pen where he had found it, put out the light, and went back to bed on tiptoe.

At noon the next day his father sat down to the table in a good humor. He had noticed nothing. He did the work mechanically, measuring it by the hour, and thinking of something else, and only counted the wrappers he had written on the following day. Slapping his son on one shoulder, he said to him:

"Eh, Giulio! Your father is even a better workman than you thought. In two hours I did a good third more work than usual last night. My hand is still nimble, and my eyes still do their duty." And Giulio, silent but content, said to himself, "Poor daddy, besides the money, I am giving him some satisfaction in the thought that he has grown young again. Well, courage!"

Encouraged by these good results, when night came and twelve o'clock struck, he rose once more, and set to work. And this he did for several nights. And his father noticed nothing; only once, at supper, he remarked, "It is strange how much oil has been used in this house lately!" This was a shock to Giulio; but the conversation ceased there, and the nightly labor went on.

However, on account of breaking his sleep every night, Giulio did not get sufficient rest: he rose in the morning fatigued, and when he was doing his school work in the evening, he had difficulty in keeping his eyes open. One evening, for the first time in his life, he fell asleep over his copybook.

"Courage! Courage!" cried his father, clapping his hands, "To work!" He shook himself and set to work again. But the next evening, and on the days following, the same thing occurred, and worse: he dozed over his books, he rose later than usual, he studied his lessons in a languid way, he seemed disgusted with study. His father began to observe him, then to reflect seriously, and at last to reprove him. He should never have done it!

"Giulio," he said to him one morning, "you put me out of patience; you are no longer as you used to be. I don't like it. Take care; all the hopes of your family rest on you. I am dissatisfied; do you understand?"

At this reproof, the first severe one, in truth, which he had ever received,

the boy grew troubled. "Yes," he said to himself, "it is true; it cannot go on so; this deceit must come to an end."

But at dinner, on the evening of that very same day, his father said with much cheerfulness, "Do you know that this month I have earned thirty-two lire more at addressing those wrappers than last month!" and so saying, he drew from under the table a paper package of sweets which he had bought, that he might celebrate with his children this unusual profit, and they all hailed it with clapping of hands.

Giulio took courage again, and said in his heart, "No, poor papa, I shall not cease to deceive you; I shall make greater efforts to work during the day, but I shall continue to work at night for you and for the rest." And his father added, "Thirty-two lire more! I am satisfied. But that boy there," pointing at Giulio, "is the one who displeases me." And Giulio received the reprimand in silence, forcing back two tears which tried to flow; but at the same time he felt a great pleasure in his heart.

And he continued to work by main force; but fatigue added to fatigue rendered it ever more difficult for him to resist. Thus things went on for two months. The father continued to reproach his son, and to gaze at him with eyes which grew constantly more wrathful. One day he went to make inquiries of the teacher, and the teacher said to him: "Yes, he gets along, because he is intelligent; but he no longer has the good will which he had at first. He is drowsy, he yawns, his mind is distracted. He writes short compositions, scribbled down in all haste, and badly. Oh, he could do a great deal, a great deal more."

That evening the father took the son aside, and spoke to him words which were graver than any the latter had ever heard. "Giulio, you see how I toil, how I am wearing out my life, for the family. You do not second my efforts. You have no heart for me, nor for your brothers, nor for your mother!"

"Ah no! Don't say that, father!" cried the son, bursting into tears, and opening his mouth to confess all. But his father interrupted him, saying: "You are aware of the condition of the family; you know that good will and sacrifices on the part of all are necessary. I myself, as you see, have had to double my work. I counted on a gift of a hundred lire from the railway company this

month, and this morning I have learned that I shall receive nothing!”

At the news, Giulio repressed the confession which was on the point of escaping from his soul, and repeated resolutely to himself: “No, papa, I shall tell you nothing; I shall guard my secret for the sake of being able to work for you; I shall recompense you in another way for the sorrow I am causing you; I shall study enough at school to win promotion; the important point is to help you to earn our living, and to relieve you of the fatigue which is killing you.”

And so he went on, and two months more passed, of labor by night and weakness by day, of desperate efforts on the part of the son, and of bitter reproaches on the part of the father. But the worst of it was, that the latter grew gradually colder towards the boy, only spoke to him rarely, as though he had been a recreant son, of whom there was nothing any longer to be expected, and almost avoided meeting his glance. And Giulio perceived this and suffered from it, and when his father’s back was turned, he threw him a furtive kiss, stretching forth his face with a sentiment of sad and dutiful tenderness; and between sorrow and fatigue, he grew thin and pale, and he was forced to neglect his studies still further. He knew full well that there must be an end to it some day, and every evening he said to himself, “I will not get up tonight”; but when the clock struck twelve, at the moment when he should vigorously have reaffirmed his resolution, he felt remorse, it seemed to him, that by remaining in bed he should be failing in a duty, and robbing his father and the family of a lira. He would rise, thinking that some night his father would wake up and discover him, or that he would find the deception by accident, by counting the wrappers twice; and then all would come to a natural end, without any act of his will, which he did not feel the courage to exert. And thus he went on.

But one evening at dinner his father spoke a word which was decisive so far as he was concerned. His mother looked at him, and it seemed to her that he was more ill and weak than usual. She said to him, “Giulio, you are ill.” And then, turning to his father, with anxiety. “Giulio is ill. See how pale he is! Giulio, my dear, how do you feel?”

His father gave a hasty glance, and said: “It is his bad conscience that produces his bad health. He was not thus when he was a studious scholar and a loving son.”

“But he is ill !” exclaimed the mother.

“I don’t care anything about him any longer!” replied the father.

This remark was like a stab in the heart to the poor boy. Ah! He cared nothing any more. His father, who once had trembled at the mere sound of a cough from him! He no longer loved him; there was no more doubt about it; he was dead in his father’s heart.

“Ah, no! My father,” said the boy to himself, his heart oppressed with anguish, “now all is over indeed; I cannot live without your affection; I must have it all back. I will tell you all; I will deceive you no longer. I will study as of old, come what may, if you will only love me once more, my poor father! Oh, this time I am quite sure of my resolution!”

Nevertheless he rose that night again, by force of habit more than anything else; and when he was once up, he wanted to go and greet and see once more, for the last time, in the quiet of the night, that little chamber where he had toiled so much in secret with his heart full of satisfaction and tenderness. And when he beheld again that little table with the lamp lighted and those white wrappers on which he was never more to write those names of towns and persons, which he had come to know by heart, he was seized with a great sadness, and with an impetuous movement he grasped the pen to recommence his accustomed toil. But in reaching out his hand he struck a book, and the book fell. The blood rushed to his heart. What if his father had waked! Certainly he would not have discovered him in the commission of a bad deed: he had himself decided to tell him all, and yet—the sound of that step approaching, in the darkness, the discovery at that hour, in that silence, his mother, who would be awakened and alarmed, and the thought, which had occurred to him for the first time, that his father might feel humiliated in his presence on thus discovering all; —all this terrified him almost. He bent his ear, with suspended breath. He heard no sound. He laid his ear to the lock of the door behind him—nothing. The whole house was asleep. His father had not heard.

He recovered his composure, and set himself again to his writing, and wrapper was piled on wrapper. He heard the regular tread of the policeman below in the deserted street; then the rumble of a carriage which gradually died

away; then, after an interval, the rattle of a file of carts, which passed slowly by; then a profound silence, broken from time to time by the distant barking of a dog.

And he wrote on and on: and meanwhile his father was behind him. He had risen on hearing the fall of the book, and had remained waiting for a long time: the rattle of the carts had drowned the noise of his footsteps and the creaking of the door casing; and he was there, with his white head bent over Giulio's little black head, and he had seen the pen flying over the wrappers, and in an instant he had divined all, remembered all, understood all, and a despairing penitence, but at the same time an immense tenderness, had taken possession of his mind and had held him nailed to the spot and choking behind his child. Suddenly Giulio uttered a piercing shriek; two arms had pressed his head convulsively.

"Oh, papa, papa! Forgive me, forgive me!" he cried, recognizing his parent by his weeping.

"Do you forgive me!" replied his father, sobbing, and covering his brow with kisses. "I have understood all, I know all; it is I who ask your pardon, my blessed child; come, come with me!" and he pushed or rather carried him to the bedside of his mother, who was awake, and throwing him into her arms, he said: "Kiss this little angel of a son, who has not slept for three months, but has been toiling for me, while I was saddening his heart, and he was earning our bread!" The mother pressed him to her breast and held him there, without the power to speak; at last she said: "Go to sleep at once, my baby, go to sleep and rest. Carry him to bed."

The father took him from her arms, carried him to his room, and laid him in his bed, still breathing hard and caressing him, and arranged his pillows and coverlets for him.

"Thanks, papa," the child kept repeating, "thanks; but go to bed yourself now; I am content; go to bed, papa."

But his father wanted to see him fall asleep: so he sat down beside the bed, took his hand, and said to him, "Sleep, sleep, my little son!" and Giulio, being weak, fell asleep at last, and slumbered many hours, enjoying, for the first time in months, a tranquil sleep, enlivened by pleasant dreams; and as he opened his

eyes, when the sun had already been shining for some time, he first felt, and then saw, close to his breast, and resting upon the edge of the little bed, the white head of his father, who had passed the night thus, and who was still asleep, with his brow against his son's heart.

### 周三，28日，意志 Wednesday, 28th. Will

今天发生了两件事：一是加罗非的集邮册又还回来了，二是斯达蒂这次考了全班第二名。

斯达蒂矮胖身材，不苟言笑，意志坚强。他爸爸曾说斯达蒂脑子反应慢，请老师多耐心指点。现在，斯达蒂的各门功课都已经学得很好了。他无论何时都坐在那儿一动不动，拳头按着太阳穴。他连报纸的内容都要学习，一攒够钱就去买书。老师和爸爸笑着表扬了斯达蒂，但斯达蒂没有任何得意的样子，也没有笑，估计又想马上开始学习了。

None but Stardi in my school, would have had the force to do what the little Florentine did. This morning two events occurred at the school. Garoffi became wild with delight, because his album had been returned to him, with the addition of three postage-stamps of the Republic of Guatemala, which he had been seeking for three months; and Stardi took the second medal. Stardi the next in the class after Derossi! All were amazed at it. Who could ever have foretold it, when, in October, his father brought him to school bundled up in that big, green coat, and said to the master, in the presence of everyone: "You must have a great deal of patience with him, because he is very hard of understanding!"

Everyone credited him with a wooden head from the very beginning. But he said, "I will burst or I will succeed," and he set to work doggedly, to study day and night, at home, at school, while walking, with set teeth and clenched fists, patient as an ox, obstinate as a mule; and thus, by dint of trampling on every one, disregarding mockery, and dealing kicks to disturbers, this big thickhead passed in advance of the rest. He did not understand the first thing of

arithmetic, he filled his compositions with absurdities, he never succeeded in holding a phrase in his mind; and now he solves problems, writes correctly, and sings his lessons like a song.

And his iron will can be guessed when one sees how he is made, so very thickset and squat, with a square head and no neck, with short, thick hands, and coarse voice. He studies even on scraps of newspaper, and on theatre bills, and every time that he has ten soldi, he buys a book. He has already collected a little library, and in a moment of good humor he allowed the promise to slip from his mouth that he would take me home and show it to me. He speaks to no one, he plays with no one, he is always on hand, on his bench, with his fists pressed to his temples, firm as a rock, listening to the teacher. How he must have toiled, poor Stardi! The master said to him this morning, although he was impatient and in a bad humor, when he bestowed the medals: “Bravo, Stardi! He who endures, conquers.”

But Stardi did not appear in the least puffed up with pride, he did not smile; and no sooner had he returned to his seat, with the medal, than he planted his fists on his temples again, and became more motionless and more attentive than before. But the finest thing happened when he went out of school; for his father, who is as big and squat as himself, with a huge face and a huge voice, was there waiting for him. He had not expected this medal, and he was not willing to believe in it, so that it was necessary for the master to reassure him, and then he began to laugh heartily, and tapped his son on the back of the neck, saying energetically, “Bravo! Good! My dear pumpkin; you’ll do!” and he stared at him, astonished and smiling. And all the boys around him smiled too, except Stardi. He was already running over the lesson for tomorrow morning in that huge head of his.

## 周六，31日，感激（爸爸的信）

### Saturday, 31st. Gratitude

你在日记中写“老师心情不大好，有点儿不耐烦”。老师无怨无悔地为学生操劳，不耐烦是有原因的，你不也会不耐烦吗？孩子，你要尊重老师，是老师启迪了你的智慧；否则，你长大后一定会后悔。你不仅要爱自己的爸爸妈妈，在任何情况下，也都要爱自己的老师。

Your schoolmate Stardi never complains of his teacher; I am sure of that. "The master was in a bad humor, was impatient." you say it in a tone of resentment. Think an instant how often you give way to acts of impatience, and towards whom? Towards your father and your mother, where your impatience is a crime. Your master has very good cause to be impatient at times! Reflect that he has been laboring for boys these many years, and that if he has found many affectionate and noble individuals among them, he has also found many ungrateful ones, who have abused his kindness and ignored his toils; and that, among you all, you cause him far more bitterness than satisfaction. Reflect, that the most holy man on earth, if placed in his position, would allow himself to be conquered by wrath now and then. And then, if you only knew how often the teacher is feeling ill, but teaches, nevertheless, because he is not ill enough to be excused from school; and is impatient on account of his suffering, and is pained to see that the rest of you do not notice it, or abuse it!

Respect, love your master, my son. Love him, also, because your father loves and respects him; because he consecrates his life to the welfare of so many boys who will forget him; love him because he opens and enlightens your intelligence and educates your mind; because, one of these days, when you have become a man, and when neither I nor he shall be in the world, his image will often present itself to your mind, side by side with mine, and then you will see certain expressions of sorrow and weariness in his honest countenance to which you now pay no heed. You will recall them, and they will pain you, even after the lapse of thirty years; and you will feel ashamed, you will feel sad at not having loved him, at having behaved badly towards him. Love your master; for he belong to that vast family of fifty thousand elementary instructors scattered throughout all Italy, who are the intellectual fathers of the millions of boys who are growing up with you; the laborers hardly recognized and poorly paid, who are preparing in our country a people superior to those of the present.

I am not content with the affection which you have for me, if you have it not, also, for all those who are doing you good; and among these, your master stands first, after your parents. Love him as you would love a brother of mine;



love him when he caresses and when he reproves you; when he is just, and when he appears to you to be unjust; love him when he is amiable and gracious; and love him even more when you see him sad. Love him always. And always pronounce with reverence that name of “teacher”, which, after that of “father”, is the noblest, the sweetest name which one man can apply to another man.

Your father