

华东师范大学  
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Translate into Chinese the following extract from "The Rose," written by Logan Pearsall Smith in 1918.

The old lady had always been proud of the great rose-tree in her garden, and was fond of telling how it had grown from a cutting she had brought years before from Italy, when she was first married. She and her husband had been travelling back in their carriage from Rome (it was before the time of railways), and on a bad piece of road south of Siena they had broken down, and had been forced to pass the night in a little house by the road-side. The accommodation was wretched of course; she had spent a sleepless night, and rising early had stood, wrapped up, at her window, with the cool air blowing on her face, to watch the dawn. She could still, after all these years, remember the blue mountains with the bright moon above them, and how a far-off town on one of the peaks had gradually grown whiter and whiter, till the moon faded, the mountains were touched with the pink of the rising sun, and suddenly the town was lit as by an illumination, one window after another catching and reflecting the sun's beams, till at last the whole little city twinkled and sparkled up in the sky like a nest of stars.

That morning, finding they would have to wait while their carriage was being repaired, they had driven in a local conveyance up to the city on the mountain, where they had been told they would find better quarters; and there they had stayed two or three days.

The Café of the simple inn where they stayed was the meeting-place of the notabilities of the little city; and among them they noticed a beautiful, slim, talkative old man, with bright black eyes and snow-white hair -- tall and straight and still with the figure of a youth, although the waiter told them with pride that the *Conte* was *polo vecchio* -- would in fact be eighty in the following year. He was the last of his family, the waiter added -- they had once been great and rich people -- but he had no descendants; in fact the waiter mentioned with complacency, as if it were a story on which the locality prided itself, that the *Conte* had been unfortunate in love, and had never married.

The old gentleman, however, seemed cheerful enough; and it was plain that he took an interest in the strangers, and wished to make their acquaintance. This was soon effected by the friendly waiter; and after a little talk the old man invited them to visit his villa and garden which were just outside the walls of the town. So the next afternoon, when the sun began to descend, and they saw in glimpses through doorways and windows, blue shadows beginning to spread over the brown mountains, they went to pay their visit. It was not much of a place, but what gave a glory to it was a gigantic rose-tree which clambered over the house, almost smothering the windows, and filling the air with the perfume of its sweetness. Yes, it was a fine rose, the *Conte* said proudly when they praised it, and he would tell the Signora



2. Conte: (Italian) Earl

4. Signora: (Italian) madam

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“哈佛建校三百六十年来，培养出许多杰出政治家、科学家、文学家和企业家，曾出过六位美国总统，三十多位诺贝尔奖获得者。先有哈佛，后有美利坚合众国，这说明了哈佛在美国历史上的地位。”

“哈佛是最早接受中国留学生的美国大学之一。中国教育界、科学界、文化界一直同哈佛大学保持着学术交流。哈佛为促进中美两国人民的相互了解作出了有益的贡献。”

“我们的先人历来把独立自主视为立国之本。中国作为人类文明发祥地之一，在几千年的历史进程中，文化传统始终没有中断。近代中国虽屡遭列强欺凌，国势衰败，但经过全民族百年抗争，又以巨人的姿态重新站立起来。这充分说明，中国人独立自主的民族精神具有坚不可摧的力量。”

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