

感动世界的文字

Words that Moved a Nation

散文卷

The Essays



{ 千年沧桑锻造出的不朽篇章 }
{ 百年风雨涤荡出的优美文字 }

徐翰林◎选译



武汉出版社
WUHAN PUBLISHING HOUSE

英汉对照

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(鄂)新登字 08 号

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

感动世界的文字：散文卷：汉英对照 /徐翰林选译. —武汉：武汉出版社，2009.5

ISBN 978-7-5430-4202-5

I.感… II.徐… III.①英语—汉语—对照读物②散文—作品集—世界 IV.H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2009) 第063232号

书 名：感动世界的文字：散文卷

编 著：徐翰林 选译

责任编辑：方胜香

封面设计：晨旭光华

出 版：武汉出版社

社 址：武汉市江汉区新华下路103号 邮 编：430015

电 话：(027)85606403 85600625

http://www.whcbs.com E-mail:wuhanpress@126.com

印 刷：北京东海印刷有限公司 经 销：新华书店

开 本：720mm×1000mm 1/16

印 张：18

版 次：2009年6月第1版 2009年6月第1次印刷

定 价：19.80元

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第一卷 大自然的赞歌

The Glories of Nature

我很少自己呆在这般安详静谧的环境中，也很少超脱于物欲世界之外。屋外的世界——尽管我们从野外钻回各自的家——最终却还像个温暖舒适的住处；上帝在旷野中维护着一间敞开的房屋，一夜又一夜，铺好了床，期待着人们的光临。我想自己又体会到了一条真理，一条授予野蛮人但却不为政治经济学家所知的真理：至少我找到了一种新的自我娱乐。





河谷寻幽

[英国]威廉·科贝特

威廉·科贝特(1762—1835),英国散文家、记者。出身农民家庭,后来办报评论时政,是改革派的竭力支持者,但同时又眷恋中世纪的英国社会,思想颇有些矛盾复杂,因此被马克思称为“大英帝国最保守和最激进的人——英国最纯粹的体现者和最英勇的青年创始人”。其代表作有《马背上的游乡记》,记录了他行游英国乡村时的所见所闻。他的作品思想犀利,文笔朴实无华,在19世纪初,浪漫主义美文风靡之时,重新带给人们18世纪笛福的朴实文风。



我大清早就出了门,在马尔博罗公路上走了两三英里,然后拐向西北,翻过一处高地去寻找阿文河的源头。阿文河流向索尔兹博。我曾经在河谷中一个称为下阿文的村庄里住过一些日子,不止一次听说,这条河算得上是整个英国众多胜地中最好的一处。那谷地不过30公里长一英里宽,可上面竟然耸立着大约30座教区教堂。我决定去探究一番,究竟是什么原因促使我们的先人们建造了这么多的教堂,更何况直到最近几年以前英格兰的人口还非常少——苏格兰人一直力求让我们相信这一点。

沿着高地走,我来到一座巨大的庄园附近,一位牧人告诉我这是米尔顿山庄。庄园建在高地上,距离阿文河还有一些路程。这个河谷就是我“想抵达的地方”,或者至少是一个令人期待的地方。因为我实在是难以想象为什么人们会无缘无故地把这30座教堂建在这么一条30英里长的小河

旁(而这条小河的大部分并没有什么特色鲜明的地方)。牧人把通向米尔顿村的道路指给了我。差不多走了一英里,我来到直达谷地的一个陡峭坡上。终于第一次见到了阿文河谷——多么美丽的河谷呀!这里有村落、庄园、塔楼、田野、草地、果园,还有郁郁葱葱的树木。这里的地形是这样的:河谷的周围都是高地,有些地方陡峭险峻,向前绵延数英里;有的地方坡度比较平缓。在河谷和高地交汇的地方,是一大片肥沃的田地,有的甚至顺着高地向上爬了一二英里远。玉米地紧紧地挨着两边的草地,向下一直延伸到水边。在靠近草地的田地里,座落着大部分的农屋、农院和村屯。

尽管对这里的田园风光我原本就抱有很高的期望,却没有想到眼前的景色比我所想象的更美妙。以前我曾在汉普郡的伊饮、伯恩以及特斯特等一些地方见过溪谷,包括南高地的溪谷,可是没有一处像阿文河这样让我心动的。我端骑在马上,仰头眺望米尔顿、伊斯和佩塞,足足有半个小时,居然忘记了自己还没有吃早餐。我所站的这个山丘地势险峻,一条小径从旁边斜出而下,狭窄而陡峭,再加上雨水长年累月地冲洗,深凹难走。我既没有胆量骑马下山,也不想牵着马下山。就在这个时候,我看见一个小男孩正赶着猪群向茬子地走去,于是我招手把他叫过来,让他帮我把马牵下去。在继续我的山谷寻幽之前,还是好好介绍一下我给阿文河谷画的一张草图或者称之为地图吧。我是这样画的:我从朋友那里借来一张威尔特郡的旧地图,在上面盖上一层薄纸,描出河流,用数字代表教堂,用星号代表庄园和房宅的旧址。把这个河谷包围起来的高地可真是姿态各异。有时山坡比较平缓,田地顺畅地向远方延伸;有时高地陡然陷入河谷,好像是探入海中的码头长堤,四面都是峭壁:实际上并没有任何背面,而是与整个高地连接在一起。另外,河谷的宽度和草地的宽度也都有很大的变化。但是无论怎样看,这里的土地都称得上是上等的良田,这是毋庸置疑的,因为当地的农民也是这样说的。

如今,流传着一些莫名其妙的古怪言论:人口的增长速度总是比所需要食物的增长速度快,基于此理论要求英格兰向外移民。这些理论不过是那些狂妄而又不学无术、无聊卑鄙的人从妖怪马尔萨斯那里的摘文引句,是那些暴君的统治和某些奴颜媚骨者鼓吹的托辞罢了。如果要彻底揭露这些家伙的愚昧蠢笨、稀里糊涂、言行武断和让人难以忍受的浅薄无知、蛮横骄纵,还有疯疯癫癫以及对神灵的亵渎,最有效的一种方法也许就是赶上收获时节来这个地方看看——看看这年收成、人丁状况和种种变化。

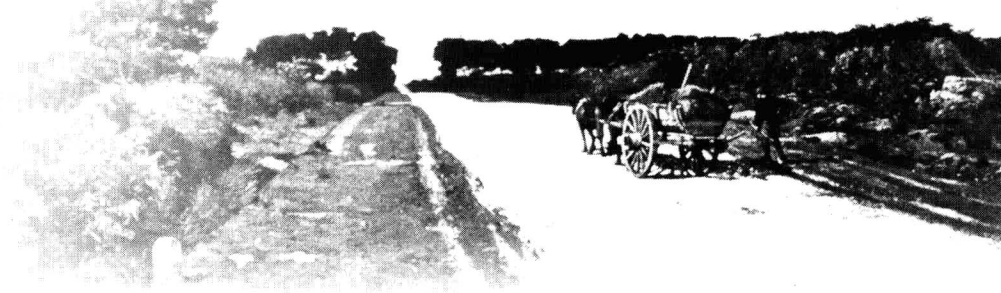
上帝对这个地方真是倾囊恩赐了。

从山顶之巅举目远望,我吃惊地发现在河谷中,有大量的瑞典芜菁在大部分的田地里生长。从盐山到纽泊里,这一路上我都看见很多长势良好的英国和瑞典芜菁;但自纽伯里到伯克莱、海克莱、厄赫斯本与唐格里一带,却很少见到这些东西,而到了卢德加什和埃弗里周围地区,几乎见不到芜菁的踪迹。可是我早上到达米尔顿山庄时,却见到了一大片郁郁葱葱的瑞典芜菁。而河谷中的芜菁长得更好,田野的色彩也变得艳丽多了,真是美不胜收。这景象正好与今年收拾得格外干净的休耕地和茬子地形成了鲜明的对比。

走到山脚下,我决定去米尔顿村,在我的地图上,这个村里教堂的代号是(3)。我把伊斯顿(2)甩在了右后方,也没有去寻找阿文河的源头沃顿河(1),这条河与马尔博罗森林的西南角为邻,离马尔博罗镇只有五六英里远的距离。我记得有个大农场主朋友就住在阿文河的下游,于是决定前去拜访。平时我出门总是喜欢先问路,于是便向这个小猪倌打探我那个朋友的住所,让人惊喜的是朋友就住在米尔顿教区里。我策马来到村子中心的教堂,紧接着就直奔向朋友家,他的房子就盖在通向河谷的路边上。我曾见过许多惊喜交织的场面,然而在我一生的记忆之中,从来没有哪一次像农场主及其家人见到我时的惊喜样子。人们见面时通常都说“很高兴见到你”;一般来说,这句话是出于真心的。我一向很谨慎,除非有十足的把握能够受到热诚的欢迎,否则决不会轻易登门造访,以免有一点打扰的嫌疑。但是,对于我的光临,住在费非尔德(米尔顿教区内)的朋友及其家人表露出的惊喜,确实是用言语表达不了的。



《河谷寻幽》是一篇意境优美的散文,文章清晰地刻画了作者在河谷的所见所感。文章开篇介绍前往河谷的道路——如梦如幻,仿佛跟随读者一起领略了河谷的风采。随后对河谷进行了生动的描述,犹如一幅幅栩栩如生、苍翠欲滴的风景画。所有的景致构成了一个和谐的整体,毫无散漫之感,同时也深化了文章的主题:在河谷里,寻找一份悠然的心境。

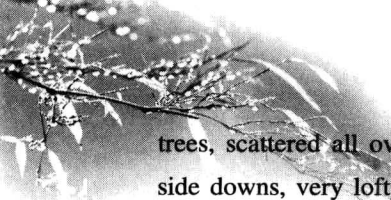


Down the Valley

William Cobbett

I came off this morning on the Marlborough road about two miles, or three, and then turned off, over the downs, in a northwesterly direction, in search of the source of the Avon river, which goes down to Salisbury. I had once been at Netheravon, a village in this valley, but I had often heard this valley described as one of the finest pieces of land in all England; I knew that there were about thirty **parish**¹ churches, standing in a length of about thirty miles, and in an average width of hardly a mile; and I was resolved to see a little into the reasons that could have induced our fathers to build all these churches, especially if, as the Scotch would have us believe, there were but a mere handful of people in England until of late years.

In steering across the down, I came to a large farm, which a shepherd told me was Milton Hill Farm. This was upon the high land, and before I came to the edge of this Valley of Avon, which was my land of promise, or at least, of great expectation; for I could not imagine that thirty churches had been built for nothing by the side of a brook (for it is no more during the greater part of the way) thirty miles long. The shepherd showed me the way towards Milton; and at the end of about a mile, from the top of a very high part of the down, with a steep slope towards the valley, I first saw this Valley of Avon; and a most beautiful sight it was! Villages, **hamlets**², large farms, towers, steeples, fields, meadows, orchards, and very fine timber



trees, scattered all over the valley. The shape of the thing is this: on each side downs, very lofty and steep in some places, and sloping miles back in other places; but each outside of the valley are downs. From the edge of the downs begin capital **arable**³ fields generally of very great dimensions, and, in some places, running a mile or two back into little crossvalleys, formed by hills of downs. After the cornfields come meadows on each side, down to the brook or river. The farmhouses, mansions, villages, and hamlets are generally situated in that part of the arable land which comes nearest the meadows.

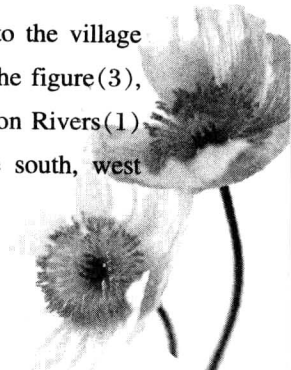
Great as my expectations had been, they were more than fulfilled. I delight in this sort of country; and I had frequently seen the vale of the Itchen, that of the Bourn, and also that of the Teste in Hampshire; I had seen the vales amongst the South Downs; but I never before saw anything to please me like this valley of the Avon. I sat upon my horse and looked over Milton and Easton and Pewsey for half an hour, though I had not breakfasted. The hill was very steep. A road, going slanting down it, was still so steep, and washed so very deep by the rains of ages, that I did not attempt to ride down it, and I did not like to lead my horse, the path was so narrow. So seeing a boy with a drove of pigs going out to the **stubbles**⁴, I beckoned him to come up to me; and he came and led my horse down for me. But now, before I begin to ride down this beautiful vale, let me give, as well as my means will enable me, a plan or map of it, which I have made in this way. A friend has lent me a very old map of Wiltshire describing the spots where all the churches stand, and also all the spots where manor-houses or mansion-houses stood. I laid a piece of very thin paper upon the map, and thus traced the river upon my paper, putting figures to represent the spots where churches stand, and putting stars to represent the spots where manor-houses or mansion-houses formerly stood. Endless is the variety in the shape of the high lands which form this valley. Sometimes the slope is very gentle, and the arable lands go back very far. At others, the downs come out into the valley almost like piers into the sea, being very steep in

their sides; as well as their ends: indeed they have no back ends, but run into the main high land. There is also great variety in the width of the valley; great variety in the width of the meadows; but the land appears all to be of the very best; and it must be so, for the farmers confess it.

It seemed to me that one way, and that not, perhaps, the least striking, of exposing the folly, the **stupidity**⁵, the inanity, the presumption, the insufferable emptiness and insolence and barbarity, of those numerous wretches who have now the audacity to propose to transport the people of England, upon the principle of the monster Malthus, who has furnished the unfeeling oligarchs and their toad-eaters with the pretence that man has a natural propensity to breed faster than food can be raised for the increase; it seemed to me that one way of exposing this mixture of madness and of blasphemy was to take a look, now that the harvest is in, at the produce, the mouths, the condition, and the changes that have taken place, in a spot like this, which God has favoured with every good that he has had to bestow upon man.

From the top of the hill I was not a little surprised to see, in every part of the valley that my eye could reach, a due, a large, portion of fields of Swedish turnips, all looking extremely well. I had found the turnips of both sorts by no means bad from Salt Hill to Newbury; but from Newbury through Burghclere, Highclere, Uphusband, and Tangle, I had seen but few. At and about Ludgarshall and Everley I had seen hardly any. But when I came this morning to Milton Hill Farm, I saw a very large field of what appeared to me to be fine Swedish **turnips**⁶. In the valley, however, I found them much finer, and the fields were very beautiful objects, forming, as their color did, so great a contrast with that of the fallows and the stubbles, which latter are, this year, singularly clean and bright.

Having gotten to the bottom of the hill, I proceeded on to the village of Milton, the church of which is, in the map, represented by the figure(3), I left Easton(2) away at my right, and I did not go up to Watton Rivers(1) where the river Avon rises, and which lies just close to the south, west



corner of Marlborough Forest, and at about 5 or 6 miles from the town of Marlborough. Lower down the river, as I thought, there lived a friend, who was a great farmer, and whom I intended to call on. It being my way, however, always to begin making inquiries soon enough, I asked the pig-driver where this friend lived; and, to my surprise, I found that he lived in the parish of Milton. After tiding up to the church, as being the center of the village, I went on towards the house of my friend, which lay on my road down the valley. I have many, many times witnessed **agreeable**⁷ surprise; but I do not know that I ever in the whole course of my life saw people so much surprised and pleased as this farmer and his family were at seeing me. People often tell you that they are glad to see you; and in general they speak truth. I take pretty good care not to approach any house, with the smallest appearance of a design to eat or drink in it, unless I be quite sure of a cordial reception; but my friend at Fifield (it is in Milton parish) and all his family really seemed to be delighted beyond all expression.



热词空间

1. parish [^ˈpærɪʃ] *n.* 教区
2. hamlet [^ˈhæmlɪt] *n.* 小村庄
3. arable [^ˈærəbl] *adj.* 适于耕种的
4. stubble [^ˈstʌbl] *n.* 作物收割后遗留在地里的残茎, 茬子
5. stupidity [stju(:)'pɪdɪtɪ] *n.* 愚蠢, 糊涂事
6. turnip [tɜːnɪp] *n.* 芜菁
7. agreeable [ə'grɪ:əbl] *adj.* 欣然同意的; 令人愉快的, 惬意的