

典藏版

# 宽容

文思博要·英汉对照

Tolerance

【美】房龙

编译：侯皓元

追踪世界思想大师的人生之路

记录思想史的珍贵文库

品质魅力永存的经典作品

汇集最权威的文思信息

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宽 容



Tolerance

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## 编者的话

在帝国主义国家以坚船利炮轰开中国大门之前，我们几乎还不知道有这样一种与我们迥异的人存在。他们与我们外貌不同，这让我们产生了种种仇恨的联想。我们视其为妖魔，用故老相传抵御妖魔的手段与之对抗。今日，我们难免会想，在当日的侵略者眼中，我们所采用的是否是一种巫术？以巫术对抗现代文明，难怪我们会一败涂地，只是当年，有多少志士空耗了血泪？

痛定思痛，有识之士开始思考，使东西方的发展差距如此之大，其根本原因何在？答案就是理性精神。

西方的理性精神源自古希腊，古希腊哲学中所谓的“爱智慧”，即体现了对理性的推崇。理性精神在西方持续发展，虽有中世纪的低迷，但在文艺复兴和启蒙时代后冲破了种种精神钳制，使西方爆发了真正意义上的思想革命。自此，人类对自身的理性产生了极大的信赖，人类理性代替上帝的意志成为“万物的尺度”。理性意识的高涨使人们重视现世人生价值，造就了自由进行创造的进取精神，使得西方无论在理论还是在实践上，都踏上了健康蓬勃的发展道路。

与西方重视个人价值与实践的理性精神相比，中国的传统思想太过于“内求于心”。我们所强调的个人体验与涵养缺乏思辨、超越、分析、实证，除了提升个人修养，为社会定制道德规范外，对社会实践并不具有指导意义。

这种东方式的精神，使得17、18世纪，当西方世界在理性精神指导下蒸蒸日上时，中国却陷入了柏杨先生所谓的“文化酱缸”之中，思想界是“一塌糊涂的污泥”，看不到些微的光芒。而相应的，科学与文化也只有承袭，难得创新。毋庸讳言，若无外力介入，强迫国人“睁眼看世界”，或许今日的中国，仍然以为自己处于不与外界通人烟的“桃花源”中呢！

回顾来路，感喟再三。为此，在《文思博要》首批十种获得良好的反响之后，我们又择取十种图书：《理想国》《乌托邦》《人性论》《权利意志》《菊花与刀》《人口原理》《艺术哲学》《宽容》《人类理解论》《伦理学》，汇为《文思博要》第二批，以馈读者。这十种图书为不同时代、不同文化领域的杰作，但都

闪耀着西方理性精神的光芒。相信阅读之后，读者非但能在语言学习上更进一步，其思维的宽度与广度也将会得到极大的拓展。

威廉·亨德里克·房龙（1882—1944），荷兰裔美国作家，1882年1月14日生于荷兰鹿特丹，先后就读于美国康奈尔大学、德国慕尼黑大学，并取得了博士学位。曾在美国几所大学任教，后来从事过记者、编辑等工作。1913年，出版了第一部专著《荷兰共和国衰亡史》。1921年，《人类的故事》一书出版，使他开始受到人们的关注。他的成就集中体现在历史和传记方面，主要作品有《宽容》《圣经的故事》《发明的故事》《人类的家园》《伦勃朗的人生苦旅》等。

在房龙内心深处，也许会为自己偏离理想的道路而感到遗憾，因为他更渴望成为一名伟大的哲学家或历史学家。但是，他那渊博的学识、富于启发性的思想和亲切的文笔最终使他成为了一个畅销书作家，并且是一位如此声名显赫的畅销书作家，这可能是他本人始料未及的。

然而，房龙与大多数畅销书作家的不同之处在于，尽管他是在一贫如洗的状况下希望用写作来改变自己的生活，但他却不急功近利，决不用那些充满娱乐和谄媚的东西来取悦读者。只是在将自己最熟悉的历史知识和写作技巧结合起来，将自己的哲学思想与历史事实融为一体，以一种独特的方式叙述出来，正如郁达夫在评论中所写的：“房龙的这一种方法，实在巧妙不过，干燥无味的科学常识，经他那么的一写，无论大人小孩，读他的书的人，都觉得娓娓忘倦了。”因此，轻松的笔调丝毫没有能掩盖住厚重的思想光芒。在大多数人心目中，房龙都是一个严肃、认真的思想启蒙者和布道者，《人类的故事》中的进化论思想，《圣经的故事》中反对神化耶稣，《宽容》中对专制思想的反叛等等，都有种思想先驱的味道在里面。而走在前面的人总是会遇到种种阻力，畅销过程中也不断地有反对者的呼声。

《宽容》虽然试图在思想领域中将“宽容”这个词作为一种范畴，然而它那抨击专制、倡导自由的锋芒还是触痛了很多人的脆弱之处，在当时竟被指责为“矫揉造作”，“令人失望”。房龙却并不为之所动，他坚持自己的自由信念和理想，坚信通过“知识和理解”可以建立一个更合理、更理性的人类社会。在书中，他通过人类社会思想发展的历史，指出现代的不宽容可以分为三种：一是处于懒惰的不宽容，二是处于无知的不宽容，三是处于自私自利的不宽容。人类早期的不宽容是出于懒惰和无知，而自私自利的不宽容根源则在于“恐惧”，所以他在《宽容》一书中写道：“只要这个世界还被恐怖所笼罩，谈论黄金时代，谈论现代化和发展，完全是浪费时间。”而且“只要不宽容是我们的自我保护法则

中必不可少的一部分，要求宽容简直是犯罪。”事实上，不宽容与社会的进步和人类的发展密切相关，思想上前进的每一小步，都留下了不宽容的记载。因此，反对愚昧偏执，主张宽容、和平始终伴随着人类的发展历程。

在对宽容的呼声中，我们会发现，房龙并不是一个温和的人文主义者或者自由主义者，他不认为宽容就意味着没有斗争的和平相处。恰恰相反，在他眼中，宽容来自于斗争。因为真理从本质上说是富于斗争性的，所以，人类的“宽容”历史也是一部为“宽容”而斗争的历史。宽容不是毫无原则的纵容。提倡宽容，就意味着要与不宽容进行艰苦的斗争。事实上，人类历史上所有的不宽容都是打着某种神圣的旗帜，以追求真理的名义扼杀个人的权利和个性的自由。要实现宽容，除了斗争外别无选择。在房龙看来，人类对宽容的需要超过了其他一切。“使用地牢和缓慢燃烧的火刑柱”的中世纪的不宽容，它不会很快消亡，只会随着历史的进步，以其他的方式表现出来。也就是说，不宽容还会在我们这个世界中存在很长时间，正如他说的：“现今距离宽容一统天下的日子需要一万年，或者十万年。”

但是，清醒地认识宽容与宽容的实现是两个不同的概念。对于现代人来说，宽容并不是一种乌托邦式的幻想。而房龙认为“宽容这个词从来就是一个奢侈品，购买它的只是智力特别发达的人”，这显然是由专制与愚昧数千年来的暧昧关系造成。今天，当宽容日渐与自由、民主、理性具有了共同的价值追求，它不应再是一个奢侈品，而应该成为人类的现实追求目标。

房龙作品最引人注目的不是他对于历史事件的忠实记录或者细致入微的分析，而是他精致的写作手法，这也正是他的作品畅销的原因。晦涩难懂的哲学在他笔下变得清晰明了，千头万绪的历史在他手中变得井然有序，任何一名普通读者都能轻松快乐地从他那里体味历史的意义，智慧的妙语和真知灼见更是让人获益匪浅。



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## Prologue

Happily lived Mankind in the peaceful Valley of Ignorance.

To the north, to the south, to the west and to the east stretched the ridges of the Hills Everlasting.

A little stream of Knowledge trickled slowly through a deep worn gully.

It came out of Mountains of the Past.

It lost itself in the Marshes of the Future.

It was not much, as rivers go. But it was enough for the humble needs of the villagers.

In the evening, when they had watered their cattle and had filled their casks, they were content to sit down to enjoy life.

The Old Men Who Knew were brought forth from the shady corners where they had spent their day, pondering over the mysterious pages of an old book.

They mumbled strange words to their grandchildren, who would have preferred to play with the pretty pebbles, brought down from distant lands.

Often these words were not very clear.

But they were writ a thousand years ago by a forgotten race. Hence they were holy.

For in the Valley of Ignorance, whatever was old was venerable.

And those who dared to gainsay the wisdom of the fathers were shunned by all decent people.

And so they kept their peace.

Fear was ever with them. What if they should be refused the common share of the products of the garden?

Vague stories there were, whispered at night among the narrow streets of the little town, vague stories of men and women who had dared to ask questions.

They had gone forth, and never again had they been seen.

A few had tried to scale the high walls of the rocky range that hid the sun.

Their whitened bones lay at the foot of the cliffs.

The years came and the years went by.



## 序 言

在宁静的无知之谷，人类过着快乐的生活。

巍峨耸立的永恒山脉，向四面八方绵绵不断地延伸着。

一条知识的涓涓细流蜿蜒曲折，沿着幽深古老的溪谷静静流淌。

它发源于遥远的过去之山。

将消失于冥冥的未来之泽。

虽然它并不丰饶，但对于卑微低下的山野之民来说，满足他们的不时之需已是绰绰有余。

每当夜深人静之时，他们饮毕家畜，蓄水满桶，然后心满意足地坐下来尽享自得之乐。

老顽固们在不见天日的阴暗角落里消磨了白天的时光，颤巍巍地被搀扶出来，开始对着古老的书页上那神秘莫测的内容冥思苦想。

他们对着孙儿们喃喃低语，说着稀奇古怪的话。而孩子们却心有旁骛，他们正在想那些从远方沙滩带回的漂亮石子，才不愿听老人们的絮絮叨叨。

通常这些话是语意晦涩、含混不清的。

但它们是千年前被遗忘的民族所留的记录，因此神圣不可侵犯。

因为在无知之谷中，古老之物理所当然获得尊重。

因此，如果有人胆大妄为到竟敢否定先辈们的至理名言，正派的人们将会对他避之惟恐不及。

他们就这样努力保持着自己的和睦安宁。

恐惧却也如影随形地伴着他们。他们担心着，如果被拒绝分享园中的果实该怎么办？

流言蜚语即产生于此，暗夜里，小镇上狭窄的街道边传来窃窃私语声，人们在议论着那些胆敢提出质疑的男男女女们。

他们离开了，从此杳无音讯，再也没人见过他们。

一些人试图攀越那遮云蔽日的巍峨岩壁。

结果却是无一生还。尸骨累累，堆积在山脚。

年复一年，日复一日。

## Classical Gems

Tolerance

Happily lived Mankind in the peaceful Valley of Ignorance.

Out of the darkness crept a man.

The nails of his hands were torn.

His feet were covered with rags, red with the blood of long marches.

He stumbled to the door of the nearest hut and knocked.

Then he fainted. By the light of a frightened candle, he was carried to a cot.

In the morning throughout the village it was known: "He has come back."

The neighbors stood around and shook their heads. They had always known that this was to be the end.

Defeat and surrender awaited those who dared to stroll away from the foot of the mountains.

And in one corner of the village the Old Men shook their heads and whispered burning words.

They did not mean to be cruel, but the Law was the Law. Bitterly this man had dinned against the wishes of Those Who Knew.

As soon as his wounds were healed he must be brought to trial.

They meant to be lenient.

They remembered the strange, burning eyes of his mother. They recalled the tragedy of his father, lost in the desert these thirty years ago.

The Law, however, was the Law; and the Law must be obeyed.

The Men Who Knew would see to that.

They carried the wanderer to the Market Place, and the people stood around in respectful silence.

He was still weak from hunger and thirst and the Elders bade him sit down.

He refused.

They ordered him to be silent.

But he spoke.

Upon the Old Men he turned his back and his eyes sought those who but a short time before had been his comrades.

"Listen to me," he implored. "Listen to me and be rejoiced. I have come back from beyond the mountains. My feet have trod a fresh soil. My hands have felt the touch of other races. My eyes have seen wondrous sights.

"When I was a child, my world was the garden of my father.



无知之谷的人们依然快乐地生活着。

黑暗中，一个男人在艰难爬行。

他的手指甲已磨破。

他脚上缠裹着的破布，渗透了长途跋涉留下的鲜红血迹。

他跌跌撞撞地爬向最近的一座棚屋，拼命敲打着大门。

随后他就失去了知觉。在颤动的烛光下，他被人们抬上了小帆布床。

第二天早上，他回来的消息迅速传遍了整个村子。

邻居们环立四周，遗憾地摇着头。他们早有先见之明，知道这是必然的结局。

失败或者屈服一直守候在那儿，等待着那些敢于从山脚下跋涉而上的人们。

而在村子的角落里，老顽固们则摇着他们的头，唠叨着诅咒的字眼。

倒不是说他们生来就刻薄寡情，因为法律就是法律。这个人罪恶滔天，无可宽恕，因为他违背了那些先知的意愿。

他的伤一痊愈，就将被送上法庭接受审判。

虽然他们本来还想慈悲为怀，对他宽大处理。

但是他们清楚地记得他母亲那闪烁着奇异光芒的双眼，而且也很快想起他父亲三十多年前迷失在浩瀚沙漠中的悲惨事件。

法律就是法律，而且法律是必须被恪守的。

老顽固们将亲自负责，执法如山，绝不手软。

他们把漫游者抬到执刑的市场，人们全都环立四周，鸦雀无声。

漫游者饥渴交加的身体依然羸弱不堪，但年长者命令他坐下来。

他拒绝了。

他们吩咐他保持沉默。

他滔滔不绝地讲个不停。

他转过身来，背对着老顽固们。他目光炯炯地搜寻着那些不久以前还和他志同道合的人们。

“听我说说吧，”他恳切地说，“听我说，你们会高兴起来的。我刚刚翻越了那座大山回来。我的脚真切地踏上了全新的土地。我亲手抚摸到了其他种族的人们，我的眼睛看到了前所未有的奇异景观。”

“当我还是一个孩子的时候，对我来说，整个世界也不过意味着父亲的花园。



## Classical Gems

Tolerance

"To the west and to the east, to the south and to the north lay the ranges from the Beginning of Time.

"When I asked what they were hiding, there was a hush and a hasty shaking of heads. When I insisted, I was taken to the rocks and shown the bleached bones of those who had dared to defy the Gods.

"When I cried out and said, It is a lie! The Gods love those who are brave! The Man Who Knew came and read to me from their sacred books. The Law, they explained, had ordained all things of Heaven and Earth. The Valley was ours to have and to hold. The animals and the flowers, the fruit and the fishes were ours, to do our bidding. But the mountains were of the Gods. What lay beyond was to remain unknown until the End of Time.

"So they spoke, and they lied. They lied to me, even as they have lied to you.

"There are pastures in those hills. Meadows too, as rich as any. And men and women of our own flesh and blood. And cities resplendent with the glories of a thousand years of labor.

"I have found the road to a better home. I have seen the promise of a happier life. Follow me and I shall lead you thither. For the smile of the Gods is the same there as here and everywhere."

He stopped and there went up a great cry of horror.

Blasphemy! Cried the Old Men. Blasphemy and sacrilege! A fit punishment for his crime! He has lost his reason. He dares to scoff at the Law as it was written down a thousand years ago. He deserves to die!

And they took up heavy stones.

And they killed him.

And his body they threw at the foot of the cliffs, that it might lie there as a warning to all who questioned the wisdom of the ancestors.

Then it happened a short time later that there was a great drought. The little Brook of Knowledge ran dry. The cattle died of thirst. The harvest perished in the fields, and there was hunger in the Valley of Ignorance.

The Old Men Who Knew, however, were not disheartened. Everything would all come right in the end, they prophesied, for so it was writ in their most Holy Chapters.

Besides, they themselves needed but little food. They were so very old.

Winter came.

“从西到东，从南到北，所有的疆界从创世纪伊始就一成不变。

“每当我充满好奇地想弄明白究竟后面隐藏着些什么时，人们总是敷衍了事地摇摇头而不发一言。如果我还执迷不悟地要问下去的话，就会被带到山岩边去看那些竟敢挑衅上帝的人的累累尸骨。

“当我大声呼喊并且说出：‘那是撒谎，上帝喜欢勇敢的人’时，老顽固们就会从他们那所谓的神圣书本中诵读教条的东西给我。他们解释说，法律早已注定了宇宙间万物的命运。这个山谷是属于我们的，我们拥有它，并且将永远享有它。这里的飞禽走兽、花草树木，陆上的果实和水中的游鱼都是我们的，它们服从我们的管辖。但是山却是属于上帝的，至于山那边的事物，我们可以永不必知晓，直到世界末日。

“他们撒了弥天大谎，他们欺骗了我，也欺骗了你们所有的人。

“那边的山上同样有广阔的牧场，丰茂的牧草，那儿的人们和我们一样有血有肉，辉煌的城市则是人们数千年辛勤劳动的结晶。

“我已经找到了通向更美好家园的道路，看到了幸福生活的曙光，跟我来吧，我会把你们带到那儿。上帝的笑容处处都是一样的，无论是在这儿还是在那儿。”

他停了下来，人们充满惊骇的叫声轰然而起。

“亵渎啊，悖理逆天的亵渎啊！”老顽固们忍不住大声地叫了起来，“他已经失去了理智，竟然敢公然蔑视我们的法律，他真是死有余辜，罪有应得啊！”

于是，他们抬起了沉重的巨石。

漫游者的生命结束了。

他们将他的尸体扔在了绝壁之下，杀一儆百，告诫所有的人们，胆敢质疑祖先的智慧会是怎样的下场。

那件事情过去不久，一场前所未有的巨大旱灾降临了。潺潺的知识小溪渐渐干涸。失去了水源，牲畜在干渴中死去，庄稼在田地里枯萎，无知的山谷中尸横遍野。

然而，老顽固们却还没有绝望。他们预言，事情终究会化险为夷，因为在他们那最神圣的书中就是这么写着的。

最主要的是，他们年老体衰，对食物和水所需并不很多。

冬天来了。

## Classical Gems

Tolerance

The village was deserted.

More than half of the populace died from sheer want.

The only hope for those who survived lay beyond the mountains.

But the Law said "No!"

And the Law must be obeyed.

One night there was a rebellion.

Despair gave courage to those whom fear had forced into silence.

Feebly the Old Men protested.

They were pushed aside. They complained of their lot. They bewailed the ingratitude of their children, but when the last wagon pulled out of the village, they stopped the driver and forced him to take them along.

The flight into the unknown had begun.

It was many years since the Wanderer had returned. It was no easy task to discover the road he had mapped out.

Thousands fell a victim to hunger and thirst before the first cairn was found.

From there on the trip was less difficult.

The careful pioneer had blazed a clear trail through the woods and amidst the endless wilderness of rock.

By easy stages it led to the green pastures of the new land.

Silently the people looked at each other.

He was right after all, they said, He was right, and the Old Men were wrong ...

He spoke the truth, and the Old Men lied...

His bones lie rotting at the foot of the cliffs, but the Old Men sit in our carts and chant their ancient lays...

He saved us, and we slew him...

We are sorry that it happened, but of course, if we could have known at the time...

Then they unharnessed their horses and their oxen and they drove their cows and their goats into the pastures and they built themselves houses and laid out their fields and they lived happily for a long time afterwards.

A few years later an attempt was made to bury the brave pioneer in the fine new edifice which had been erected as a home for the Wise Old Men.

A solemn procession went back to the now deserted valley, but when the spot was reached where his body ought to have been, it was no longer there.