

中英双语本



# TOLERANCE

[美] 房龙 著 秦立彦 冯士新 译

## 宽容



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## 作者简介

房龙(1882-1946),美国著名作家。毕生写了多部通俗历史著作,教育了一整代青年人,其中包括许多老一辈的中国读者。

郁达夫曾说,房龙的笔有一种“魔力”,“干燥无味”的科学常识经他那么地一写,无论大人小孩,读他书的人都会娓娓忘倦。



## 内容简介

宗教史上的对立与融合、迫害与反迫害，历来是个复杂而敏感的问题。房龙以他犀利的眼光，从不同宗教派别的冲突中寻找背后的深层根源。最终他看到：历史上的宗教改革家假以“宗教改革”的名义，对一切不利于自己发展的思想创新进行残酷迫害，这种精神上的不宽容导致的恰是他们的“敌人”犯下的那些错误。借助于房龙的“宽容”之眼，我们不难对宗教史乃至一切精神文化现象的发展有一个清晰的轮廓。

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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 the 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.

序 言 1

## 序 言

在宁静的无知之谷中，人类快乐地生活着。

永恒之山向四面八方延伸。

一条知识小溪从深壑幽谷中缓缓流过。

它从往昔的山脉中流来。

它消失在未来的沼泽中。

溪水不大，不及河水滚滚，但它足以应付村民们那微薄的需求了。

晚上，当他们饮罢牲口、灌满水桶之后，就坐下来心满意足地享受生活。

见多识广的老人们从阴凉的角落里出来了。整个白天他们都呆在那儿，对着一本古书上的神秘文字沉思。

他们嘴里嘟哝着奇怪的话语，对着孙儿们喋喋不休。而孙儿们更愿意把玩那些从遥远的异乡带回的美丽小石子。

古书上的语言含义不清。



无知山谷

But they were written 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.  
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."

## 2 宽容 TOLERANCE

但它们是一个被人遗忘的种族一千年以前写就的,因此它们是神圣的。  
因为在无知之谷里,古老的东西总是可敬的。对那些胆敢反驳先辈们智慧的人,正人君子  
们总是避之惟恐不及。  
就这样,人们平静地生活着。  
恐惧总是陪伴着人们。要是分不到园中的那一份果实,该如何是好呢?  
夜晚,在小镇的狭窄街道上,人们低声谈论着一些模糊的往事,讲述着关于胆敢质疑先辈  
们的人的故事。  
自他们离开后,再没人见过他们。  
有几个人曾尝试攀越那遮天蔽日的陡壁。  
他们留下的是悬崖脚下的一堆白骨。  
春去秋来,年复一年。  
人类在宁静的无知之谷中快乐地生活着。  
从黑暗中,爬过来一个男人。  
他的指甲已被磨破。  
他的脚上包裹着破布,由于长途跋涉,血已将破布染红。  
他踉踉跄跄来到离他最近的小茅屋的门外,敲了敲门。  
而后他就晕眩过去。在摇曳的烛光下,他被抬到小床上。  
第二天一早,全村人都知道:"他回来了。"



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 sinned 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.

11月 3

邻居们站在他周围，不住地摇头。他们早就知道，结局必定如此。

失败和屈服等待着那些胆敢越过山脚的人们

在村子一角，老人们摇着头，低声热烈地讨论着

他们本无意残暴，但律令就是律令。他违背了先知的意愿，罪孽深重。

他的伤口一旦愈合，就必须接受审判。

他们也曾想宽大为怀。

他们想到了他母亲那不同寻常的闪亮的眼眸。他们忆起了他父亲的悲剧，他三十年前在沙漠中走失。

但无论如何，律令就是律令。律令必须被遵守。

先知们必须保证戒律被遵守。

他们将这个游历者带到集市，人群肃穆地围着他。

他又饥又渴，十分虚弱，老者们允许他坐下。

但他拒绝了。

他们命令他静默。

但他说话了。



孤独的漫游者

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.

"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 Men 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.

他转过身去,背对着先知们。他的目光在人群中搜寻,寻找那些不久前还与自己志同道合的人们。

"听我说,"他祈求道,"听我说,高兴起来吧。我从群山之外走来,我的双脚已经踏上了一片新奇的土地,我的双手感受到了异族人群的触摸,我的双眼看见了奇异的风景

"在我孩提时,我的整个世界就是父亲的那个园子

"东南西北四面,从创世之初就定下了疆界

"当我问及边界之外的世界是什么样时,人们轻轻地发出嘘声,不住地摇头。当我刨根问底时,人们就把我带到石崖下,指给我看那些胆敢凌神的叛逆者的累累白骨

"我大叫道,'这是撒谎!诸神钟爱那些勇敢的人们!'这时,先知们走过来,向我宣读他们的圣书。他们解释说,律令对天地万物都做了规定。山谷为我们所有,归我们支配。这里的飞禽走兽、花卉果实都是我们的,服从我们的安排。但群山是诸神的,山外面究竟是什么样的,直至世界末日我们都无权知晓。

"他们就是这么说的,这是一派谎言!他们欺骗了我,也欺骗了你们

"那些山中有牧场。草地像别处的一样肥美。那儿的男女有着和我们一样的血肉。辉煌的城市映现出千年劳作的荣光。



"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 written their most Holy Chapters.

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

Winter came.

The village was deserted.

More than half of the populace died from sheer want.

序言 5

"我已经找到了通往更美好家园的路径。我已经看到更幸福的生活在等待着我们 跟随我，让我领你们去吧。诸神的微笑在那儿与在此地一样灿烂。"

他停止说话，人群中发出一声恐怖的大吼

"亵渎!"老者们大叫道，"对神灵的亵渎!给他治罪吧!他简直是疯了，竟敢嘲弄一千年前写下的律法 他死有余辜!"

他们举起了大石块。

他们砸死了他。

他们把他的尸体扔在悬崖脚下，以警示那些胆敢向先知们的智慧质疑的人们。

不久，山谷里发生了大旱灾。知识小溪逐渐干涸 牲畜干渴而死 庄稼在田地里枯死。饥荒降临在无知之谷

不管怎样，先知们还是没有气馁。事情总会变好的——他们预言——因为他们的圣书就是这么写的

况且，他们自己只需要一点点食物。他们已经太老了。

冬天来临。

村落荒芜。

半数以上的村民死于饥寒。



新的家园

111321

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....."

6 宽容 TOLERANCE

生者的唯一希望就在群山之外。

但律令说：“不许！”

律令必须被遵守。

一天夜里，村子发生了叛乱。

绝望给了那些曾因胆怯而沉默的人以勇气。

老者们无力地抗争着。

他们被推到一边。他们抱怨自己的运气太坏。他们大骂不肖子孙，但当最后一辆马车离开村子时，他们拦住了车夫，强迫他把他们带上。

奔向未知世界之旅开始了。

离那个出游者归来的时候已有多多年。要找到他当初标出的路线已相当不易。

在找到他用圆锥形石子堆成的路标之前，已有数千人饥渴而死。

从那时起，旅途变得不那么艰难了。

那个细心的先驱者在丛林和铺满乱石的荒野中，留下了一道清晰的路标。

它把人们轻松地引到了新土地上绿色的牧场。

人们相视无语。



可怕的冬天



"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 days……"

"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.

A hungry jackal had dragged it to his lair.

A small stone was then placed at the foot of the trail (now a magnificent highway). It gave the name of the man who had first defied the dark terror of the unknown, that his people might be guided into a new freedom.

And it stated that it had been erected by a grateful posterity.

As it was in the beginning—as it is now—and as some day (so we hope) it shall no longer be.

"还是他对了,"人们说,"他对了,先知们错了……"

"他说的是真理,先知们说的是谎言……"

"他的尸骨在山崖下腐烂,而先知们却呆在我们的车上,重复着那些陈词滥调……"

"他救了我们,我们却杀了他……"

"发生这样的事可真不幸,当然,当初我们要是知道……"

然后,他们解开马和牛,把牛羊赶进牧场。他们建造了房屋,规划了田地,此后很久都过着幸福生活。

几年后,人们准备将先驱者的遗骨葬在原先为先知们建造的崭新的大厦里去。

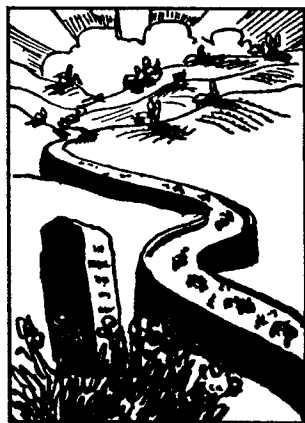
一队肃穆的队伍走向那个如今已经废弃的谷地。但当他们抵达先驱者葬身的山崖下时,却发现他已经尸骨无存了。

一条饥饿的豺狗已经将他拖入了自己的洞穴。

在小路(如今已经是高速公路)的一头,人们立下一块小小的石碑,上面刻着先驱者的名字。是他第一个向恐怖黑暗的未知领域挑战,把他的人民引入了一个全新的自由世界。

石碑上还刻明,这是心怀感激的后代所立。

此事在过去发生过,现在也正在发生,但愿将来不再发生。



纪念的石碑

## CHAPTER I THE TYRANNY OF IGNORANCE

IN the year 527 Flavius Justinianus became ruler of the eastern half of the Roman Empire.

This Serbian peasant (he came from Uskub, the much disputed railroad junction of the late war) had no use for "booklearning". It was by his orders that the ancient Athenian school of philosophy was finally suppressed. And it was he who closed the doors of the only Egyptian temple that had continued to do business centuries after the valley of the Nile had been invaded by the monks of the new Christian faith.

This temple stood on a little island called Philae, not far from the first great waterfall of the Nile. Ever since men could remember, the spot had been dedicated to the worship of Isis and for some curious reason, the Goddess had survived where all her African and Greek and Roman rivals had miserably perished. Until finally, in the sixth century, the island was the only spot where the old and most holy art of picture writing was still understood and where a small number of priests continued to practice a trade which had been forgotten in every other part of the land of Cheops.

And now, by order of an illiterate farmhand, known as His Imperial Majesty, the temple and the adjoining school were declared state property, the statues and images were sent to the museum of Constantinople and the priests and the writing-masters were thrown into jail. And when the last of

### 第一章 无知的暴政

公元 527 年，弗雷维厄斯·阿尼西厄斯·查士丁尼成为东罗马帝国的统治者。

这个塞尔维亚农民（他来自斯科普里，这里是刚刚过去的那场战争中双方争夺的铁路枢纽）对“书本知识”相当反感。在他的命令下，古代雅典的哲学流派最终被压制了。也正是他关闭了埃及仅存的一座神庙——尼罗河谷地被新兴基督教的僧侣们侵入之后，该神庙仍然被沿用了好几世纪。

这座神庙坐落在一个名叫菲莱的小岛上，离尼罗河第一大瀑布不远。自人类有历史记载的时候起，这座神庙就是祭拜伊西斯<sup>〔古埃及的女神——译注（本书注均为译者所加，此皆略）〕</sup>的地方。令人惊异的是，当她的非洲、希腊和罗马的对手们不幸消亡之后，这位女神却得以幸存。最终，在公元 6 世纪，这个小岛成为唯一能够理解古老而神圣的象形文字的场所，为数不多的僧侣们还在继续从事那些在埃及其他地方早已被忘却的活动。

但现在，遵照一个被称做“皇帝陛下”的目不识丁的农夫之命，这座神庙及其附近的学园被宣布为国家所有，各种雕刻和塑像被送往君士坦丁堡的博物馆，僧侣和书写大师们被投进了监

them had died from hunger and neglect,the age-old trade of making hieroglyphics had become a lost art .

All this was a great pity.

If Justinian (a plague upon his head! )had been a little less thorough and had saved just a few of those old picture experts in a sort of literary Noah's Ark,he would have made the task of the historian a great deal easier.For while (owing to the genius of Champollion)we can once more spell out the strange Egyptian words,it remains exceedingly difficult for us to understand the inner meaning of their message to posterity.

And the same holds true for all other nations of the ancient world.

What did those strangely bearded Babylonians,who left us whole brickyards full of religious tracts,have in mind when they exclaimed piously,“Who shall ever be able to understand the counsel of the Gods in Heaven?”How did they feel towards those divine spirits which they invoked so continually,whose laws they endeavored to interpret,whose commands they engraved upon the granite shafts of their most holy city? Why were they at once the most tolerant of men,encouraging their priests to study the high heavens,and to explore the land and the sea,and at the same time the most cruel of executioners,inflicting hideous punishments upon those of their neighbors who had committed some breach of divine etiquette which today would pass unnoticed?

Until recently we did not know.

We sent expeditions to Nineveh,we dug holes in the sand of Sinai and deciphered miles of cuneiform tablets.And everywhere in Mesopotamia and Egypt we did our best to find the key that

狱。当他们中的最后一位因饥饿、无人照料而死去时,古老的象形文字绘写手艺成了一门失传的艺术。

所有这些都让人扼腕叹息。

假如查士丁尼(愿灾难降临于他!)当时手下留情,留下哪怕几个象形文字专家,置于某个文学的“诺亚方舟”之中,就将使历史学家的工作变得容易多。因为,尽管我们现在又可以拼写这种奇怪的埃及文字了,这归功于商博良[1790~1832、法国历史学家,埃及学家,译解了埃及象形文字]的天才,但要想理解这些文字传递给后代的内在含义仍然十分困难。

这种现象在古代社会的其他民族中也同样出现过。

那些在造砖厂中留下一段段宗教短文的蓄着奇特胡须的巴比伦人,当他们虔诚地呼喊“有谁能理解天上诸神的旨意”时,他们心里究竟是怎样想的呢?他们不断祈求圣灵,努力阐释其律令,将圣灵们的旨意刻在最神圣的城市的大理石柱上——对这些圣灵,他们内心又是如何看待的呢?为什么他们一方面极为宽容,鼓励僧侣们去研究天宇、探索陆地和海洋,而同时又是残暴的刽子手,仅因为自己的邻居违犯那些在今天看来微不足道的宗教礼节,就对他们大加惩罚呢?

直到不久之前,我们还没弄明白。

我们派了探险队到尼尼微[古代亚述国的首都,遗址在今伊拉克境内],我们在西奈的沙漠里挖掘,