

双语美文悦读馆

心灵的驿站

(名人游记)

主编 执云 / 高芬 译

SHELTER FOR HEART

日行千里，终需停靠，心灵驿站，为你呈现甘冽清泉。

光明日报出版社

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主编寄语

每一次的相遇都会发生一些故事，相遇可以是人，亦可是物。如伯牙之于子期、陆游之于唐婉、伯乐之于千里马，而人与好书的相遇，也定会携带醉人的故事。

与一本好书相遇，如同十字路口寻获了地标，减少了些许的迷茫。

与一本好书相遇，如同都市尘嚣偶得了清茗，涤荡了几多的倦怠。

与一本好书相遇，如同夜深枯灯瞥见了后窗，增加了无限的遐思。

与一本好书相遇，如同历史遗迹发掘了珍宝，开拓了未知的视野。

每个人会与许多不同的好书相遇，这是人与物的牵绊，也是人与人的牵绊。每个人与好书相遇都在上演着各自不同的故事。当然你也不例外，现在你也与一本好书相遇了。这本书中有优美的英文及美丽的中文，她会给你山泉般甘甜的知识，待你畅游你未曾游览过的景致，而你又将与她上演怎样精彩的故事呢……





Thoughts in Westminster Abbey (excerpted)

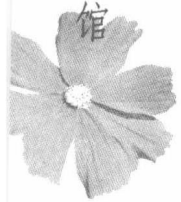
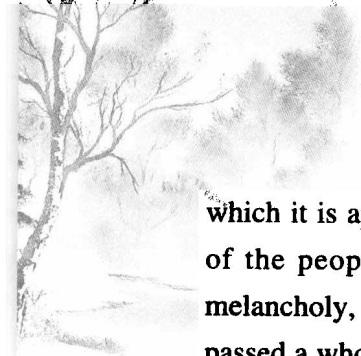
Joseph Addison

约瑟夫·艾迪生 (Joseph Addison, 1672-1719年) , 英国文学评论家、著名散文家、剧作家、诗人, 曾任副国务大臣, 议会议员等职。他是英国期刊文学的创始人之一。艾迪生于1672年5月1日, 在英国西南部的威尔特郡 (Wiltshire) 出生, 父亲是立斯菲尔德 (Lichfield) 的教长。1693年艾迪生寄给著名诗人约翰·德莱顿 (John Dryden) 一首诗, 1694年艾迪生撰写的一部有关英国诗人生平的书获得出版。1699年艾迪生开始为从事外交工作接受训练, 游历欧洲各国, 同时研究政治。1705年他在哈利法克斯的政府中工作, 出任副国务秘书, 1708年当选国会议员, 之后被派往爱尔兰, 在那里度过一年, 并结识了乔纳森·斯威夫特 (Jonathan Swift) 。

回到英国后他与斯蒂尔合作创办杂志《闲谈者》, 两人在1711年创办了另一份杂志《旁观者》, 艾迪生此时成为一名非常成功的剧作家。在这些刊物上发表的作品, 使他在写作技巧上把英语散文提高到前所未有的完美境界。艾迪生对生活的观察客观、深入, 并对一些严肃重大的主题发表过发人深省的评论, 他的文风洗练、整肃、精确, 是英国迄今为止最好的散文作家之一, 主要作品有《科弗莱的罗杰爵士在家中》《罗杰爵士和威尔·温伯》《罗杰爵士在教堂》等等。

1716年, 艾迪生与沃里克伯爵夫人结婚, 1717年至1718年, 他担任了国务秘书, 后因健康原因被迫辞职, 但是直到去世, 他一直都担任国会议员。1719年6月艾迪生去世, 被埋葬在西敏寺。

When I have a heary heart, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to



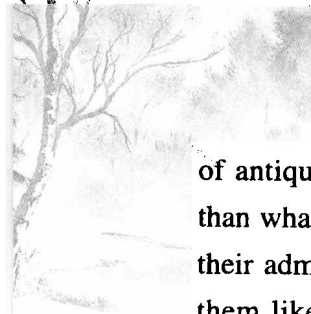
which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head. The life of these men is finely described in Bible by the path of an arrow, which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovelful of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixt with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it

were, in the lump; I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war has filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance of politeness of a nation, from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius, before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesly Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence: instead of the brave rough English Admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for deficient of genius, show an infinitely greater taste



of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of seaweed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day; when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow, when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.



gloominess n. 阴暗; 忧郁

thoughtfulness n. 深思; 体贴, 亲切; 熟虑

memorial n. 纪念物, 请愿书

adj. 纪念的; 记忆的

priest n. 牧师, 僧侣, 神父

epitaph n. 墓志铭; 碑文

periwig n. 假发

contemporary n. 同时代的人

adj. 同时代的, 同时的





西敏寺内的遐想(节选)

[英] 约瑟夫·艾迪生

心情沉重的时候，我常喜欢独自漫步于西敏寺内。那里特有的肃穆气氛和庄严的建筑以及长眠于此的人们的丰功伟绩、身份地位，无不让我充满感伤之情，又或说让我陷入了无尽的遐想之中。昨天，一个下午，我都在教堂、回廊和墓地里，反复地观赏着那几个墓区里的墓碑以及上面的碑文，聊以自娱。多数墓碑上只刻着死者的姓名和生卒年月：这样人们对其一生的了解也不过是他们同常人一样有生有死。这些生死记录无论是雕刻在黄铜牌上还是雕刻在大理石上，我都将其视做是对故去之人的一种嘲讽：除了生与死，他们没有留下任何供人瞻仰的东西。这不禁使我想起了战争史诗中所描写的几个英雄人物，他们声名赫赫，不为别的，只是因为战死沙场；他们为人歌颂，不为别的，也只是因为已不在人间。《圣经》所描写的“如箭般飞过”，是他们一生的真实写照：转瞬即逝。

一进教堂，我就饶有兴致地看着人们在挖着一座坟墓。每挖出一铲新的腐土，都可见骨头或头颅的碎块混杂其中。曾几何时，这些碎块还附于人身呢。此情此景使我不禁浮想联翩：在这座古老的大教堂的地下该混埋着多少人啊！男人和女人，朋友和敌人，教士和士兵，修道士和受俸牧师……他们全都已然粉身碎骨，混杂于一起。无论是怎样美丽优雅，力大无穷或充满青春活力，还是老态龙钟；无论是孱弱多病还是身有残疾的人，都毫无区别地葬在一块，埋成一堆。

在这片混乱拥挤的墓地之中，处处都竖立着纪念碑，大致环视了一下这座古老建筑后，我便开始细细端详起几座墓碑上仅存的铭文。其中一些写得十分夸张。若死者地下有知，听到朋友们对他的溢美之词，想必也会羞红脸的。另有一些碑文则又过于朴实无华，而且还是用希腊文或希伯

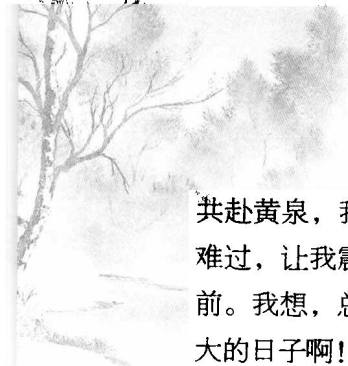


立过世未死的人只。如此一立。现的一年之中也难以被人弄懂一次就不

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共赴黄泉，我不禁反思人类那些微不足道的竞争、内讧和争论，它们让我难过，让我震惊。看着墓碑上的日期，有人故于昨日，有人则亡于六百年前。我想，总有一天，我们大家会同聚上帝的面前，那将会是一个多么伟大的日子啊！

名人名言



No man is born wise or learned.

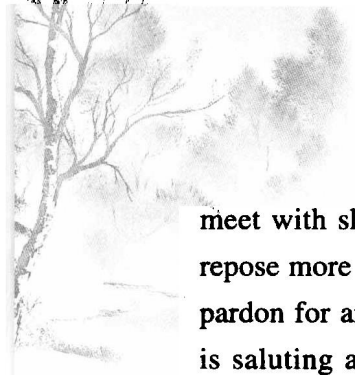
没有生而知之者。



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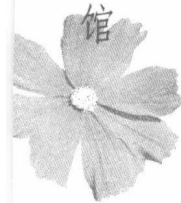


meet with should tire my Imagination, and give me an inclination to a repose more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg people's pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is saluting any person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest pleasure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable person for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a visit of conversation at their own houses.

The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Westminster by people as different from each other as those who are born in different centuries. Men of six-a-clock give way to those of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve, and they of twelve disappear, and make room for the fashionable world, who have made two-a-clock the noon of the day.

When we first put off from shoar, we soon fell in with a fleet of vegetable growers bound for the several market-ports of London; and it was the most pleasing scene imaginable to see the cheerfulness with which those industrious people ply their way to a certain sale of their goods. The banks on each side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations, as any spot on the earth; but the Thames itself, loaded with the product of each-shoar, added very much to the land skip. It was very easy to observe by their sailing, and the countenances of the ruddy virgins, who were super cargos, the parts of the Town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for Covent-Garden, who frequently converse with morning vagrants, very unlike the seemly sobriety of those bound for stock-market.

Nothing remarkable happened in our voyage; but I landed with ten sail of apricock boats at strand-bridge, after having put in at Nine-Elmes, and taken in melons consigned by Mr. Cuffe of that place, to Sarah



Sewell Company, at their stall in Covent-Garden. We arrived at strand-bridge at six o' clock, and were unloading; when the hackney-coachmen of the foregoing night took their leave of each other at the dark, to go to Bed before the Day was too far spent. Chimney-Sweepers passed by us as we made up to the market, and some raillery happened between one of the fruit-wenchs and those black men, about the Devil and Eve, with allusion to their several professions. I could not believe any place more entertaining than Covent-Garden; where I strolled from one fruit-shop to another, with Crowds of agreeable young women around me, who were purchasing fruit for their respective families. It was almost eight o' clock before I could leave that variety of objects. I took Coach and followed a young lady, who tripped into another just before me, attended by her maid. I saw immediately she was of the family of the vain. There are a sett of these, who of all things affect the play of blind man' s-buff, and leading men into love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This sort of woman is usually a janty Slattern; she hangs on her clothes, plays her head, varies her posture, and changes place incessantly, and all with an appearance of striving at the same time to hide herself, and yet give you to understand she is in humour to laugh at you. You must have often seen the coachmen make signs with their fingers as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that day. They can carry on that language to give intelligence where they are driving. In an instant my coachman took the wink to pursue, and the lady' s driver gave the hint that he was going through Long-Acre towards St. James' s; while he whipped up James-Street, we drove for King Street, to save the pass at St. Martin' s-Lane. The coachmen took care to meet, jumble, and threaten each other for way, and be intangled at the end of Newport-Street and Long-Acre. The fright, you must believe, brought down the lady' s coach door, and obliged her, with her mask

off, to enquire into the bustle, when she sees the man she would avoid. The tackle of the coach-window is so bad she cannot draw it up again, and she drives on sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half-escaped, according to the accident of carriages in her way. One of these ladies keeps her seat in a hackney-coach as well as the best rider does on a managed horse. The laced shoe on her left foot, with a careless gesture, just appearing on the opposite cushion, held her both firm, and in a proper attitude to receive the next Jolt.

As she was an excellent coach-woman, many were the glances at each other which we had for an hour and half in all parts of the town by the skill of our drivers; till at last my lady was conveniently lost with notice from her coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where she went. This chase was now at an end, and the fellow who drove her came to us, and discovered that he was ordered to come again in an hour, for that she was a silk-worm. I was surprised with this phrase, but found it was a cant among the hackney fraternity for their best customers, women who ramble twice or thrice a week from shop to shop, to turn over all the goods in town without buying anything. The silk-worms are, it seems, indulged by the Tradesmen; for thought they never buy, they are ever talking of new silks, laces and ribbands, and serve the owners in getting them customers, as their common dinners do in making them pay.

The day of People of fashion began now to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of show and vanity; when I resolved to walk it out of cheapness; but my unhappy curiosity is such, that I find it always my interest to take coach, for some odd adventure among beggars, ballad-singers, or the like, detains and throws me into expense. It happened so immediately; for at the corner of Warwick-street, as I was listening to a new ballad, a ragged rascal, a beggar who knew me, came