

美丽英文系列丛书

# 多彩的异域风光

COLORFUL EXOTIC LANDSCAPE

蓝天，碧水，风景，名胜，人人都热望饱览，亲临其境。然而看到这些美景每个人都会有不同的感受，智者就更加不同。

励志美文 英汉对照

余平姣◎编著

C14012517

美丽

H319.4:1

1650

# 多彩的异域风光

COLORFUL EXOTIC LANDSCAPE

励志美文 英汉对照

余平姣◎编著



H319.4:1  
1650



北航

C1698902



企业管理出版社

ENTERPRISE MANAGEMENT PUBLISHING HOUSE

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

多彩的异域风光: 英汉对照/余平姣编著. —北京: 企业管理出版社, 2013. 10  
ISBN 978-7-5164-0539-0

I. ①多… II. ①余… III. ①英语-汉语-对照读物②游记-作品集-世界  
IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2013) 第 234278 号

---

书 名: 多彩的异域风光

作 者: 余平姣

选题策划: 申先菊

责任编辑: 申先菊

书 号: ISBN 978-7-5164-0539-0

出版发行: 企业管理出版社

地 址: 北京市海淀区紫竹院南路 17 号 邮编: 100048

网 址: <http://www.emph.com>

电 话: 总编室 (010) 68701719 发行部 (010) 68701073

编辑部 (010) 68456991

电子信箱: [emph003@sina.cn](mailto:emph003@sina.cn)

印 刷: 三河市兴国印务有限公司

经 销: 新华书店

规 格: 160 毫米×230 毫米 16 开本 13 印张 160 千字

版 次: 2013 年 10 月第 1 版 2013 年 10 月第 1 次印刷

定 价: 30.00 元

---

版权所有 翻印必究·印装有误 负责调换

# Contents

## 目录

A Visit to Westminster Abbey / 1

游西敏大寺 / 7

The Church Of The Holy Sepulchre / 13

圣墓堂记 / 29

On Going a Journey / 40

论出游 / 53

Thoughts in Westminster Abbey / 64

西敏寺内的遐想 / 69

A Day's Ramble in London / 72

伦敦一日游 / 79

Down the Valley / 85

河谷寻幽 / 90

American Notes / 93

游美札记 / 115

Pictures of Italy / 132

意大利风光 / 148

An Inland Voyage / 161

内陆旅行记 / 177

Impressions of America / 189

美国印象 / 198



## A Visit to Westminster Abbey

Oliver Goldsmith

奥列弗·哥尔斯密 (Oliver Goldsmith, 1730-1774), 英国诗人、剧作家、小说家。1762年发表《世界公民》(本文选自此书)后,他被公认为一位天才作家。这部散文有意模仿法国启蒙作家孟德斯鸠的《波斯人信札》,借一个旅居英国的中国人的通信,讽刺英国社会的虚伪和矫揉造作;它的文体口语化,流畅自然,同时又充满幽默和智慧,是英国杰出散文之一。哥尔斯密的小说代表作有《威克菲尔德的牧师》等。

I am just returned from Westminster Abbey, the place of sepulture for the **philosophers**, heroes, and kings of England. What a gloom do monumental inscriptions, and all the venerable remains of deceased merit inspire! Imagine a temple marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, ling colonnades, and dark ceilings. Think, then, what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene. I stood in the midst of the temple, and threw my eyes round on the walls, filled with the statues, the inscriptions, and the monuments of the dead.

Alas! I said to myself, how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to the grave! Even humble as I am, I possess more consequence in the present scene than the greatest hero of them all: they have toiled for an hour to gain a **transient** immortality, and are at length retired to the grave, where they have no attendant but the worm, none to flatter but the epitaph.

As I was indulging such reflections, a gentleman, dressed in black, perceiving me to be a stranger, came up, entered into conversation, and politely offered to be my instructor and guide through the temple. "If any monument," said he, "should particularly excite your curiosity, I shall endeavour to satisfy your demands." I accepted with thanks the gentleman's offer, adding, that "I was come to observe the policy, the wisdom, and the justice of the English, in conferring rewards upon deceased merit." "If adulation like this," continued I, "be properly **conducted**, as it can no ways injure those who are flattered, so it may be a glorious incentive to those who are now capable of enjoying it. It is the duty of every good government to turn this monumental pride to its own advantage; to become strong in the aggregate from the weakness of the individual. If none but the truly great have a place in this awful repository, a temple like this will give the finest lessons of morality, and be a strong incentive to true ambition. I am told, that none have a place here but characters of the most distinguished merit." The man in black seemed impatient at my observations; so I discontinued my remarks and we walked on together to take a view of every particular monument in order as it lay.

As the eye is naturally caught by the finest objects, I could not avoid being particularly curious about one monument, which appeared more beautiful than the rest. "That," said I to my guide, "I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the **workmanship**, and the magnificence of the design, this must be a trophy raised to the memory of some king who has saved his country from ruin, or law-giver, who has reduced his fellow-citizens from anarchy into just subjection." "It is not requisite," replied my companion smiling, "to have such qualifications in order to have a very fine monument here. More humble abilities will suffice." "What! I suppose then, the gaining two or three battles, or the taking half a score towns, is thought a sufficient qualification?" "Gaining battles, or taking towns," replied the man in black, "may be of service; but a gentleman may have a very

fine monument here without ever seeing a battle or a siege.” “This, then, is the monument of some poet, I presume, of one whose wit has gained him immortality?” “No, sir,” replied my guide, “the gentleman who lies here never made verses; and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself.” “Pray tell me then in a word,” said I **peevishly**, “what is the great man who lies here particularly remarkable for?” “Remarkable, sit!” said my companion; “why, sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable for a tomb in Westminster Abbey.” “But, head of my ancestors! How has he got here? I fancy he could never bribe the guardians of the temple to give him a place. Should he not be ashamed to be seen among company, where even moderate merit would look like infamy?” “I suppose,” replied the man in black, “the gentleman was rich, and his friends, as is usual in such a case, told him he was great. He readily believed them; the guardians of the temple, as they got by the self-delusion, were ready to believe him too; so he paid his money for a fine monument; and the workman, as you see, has made him one of the most beautiful. Think not, however, that this gentleman is singular in his desire of being buried among the great; there are several others in the temple, who, hated and shunned by the great while alive, have come here, fully **resolved** to keep them company now they are dead.”

As we walked along to a particular part of the temple, “There,” says the gentleman, pointing with his finger, “that is the ‘Poets Corner’: there you see the monuments of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Prior, and Drayton.” “Drayton!” I replied, “I never heard of him before; but I have been told of one Pope; is he there?” “It is time enough,” replied my guide, “these hundred years; he is not long dead; people have not done hating him yet.” “Strange,” cried I, “can any be found to hate a man, whose life was wholly spent in entertaining and instructing his fellow-creatures?” “Yes,” says my guide, “they hate him for that very reason. There are a set of men called answerers of books, who take upon them to watch the republic of letters, and

distribute reputation by the sheet; they somewhat resemble the eunuchs in a seraglio, who are incapable of giving pleasure themselves, and hinder those that would. These answerers have no other employment but to cry out Dunce, and Scribbler; to praise the dead, and revile the living; to grant a man of confessed abilities some small share of merit; to applaud twenty blockheads, in order to gain the reputation of candour; and to revile the moral character of the man whose writings they cannot injure, Such wretches are kept in pay by some mercenary bookseller, or more frequently the bookseller himself takes this dirty work off their hands, as all that is required is to be very abusive and very dull. Every poet of any genius is sure to find such enemies; he feels, though he seems to despise, their malice; they make him miserable here, and in the **pursuit** of empty fame, at last he gains solid anxiety."

"Has this been the case with every poet I see here?" cried I. "Yes, with every mother's son of them," replied he, "except the happened to be born a mandarine. If he has much money, he may buy reputation from your book answerers, as well as a monument from the guardians of the temple."

"But are there not some men of distinguished taste, as in China, who are willing to patronize men of merit, and soften the rancour of malevolent dullness?" "I own there are many," replied the man in black, "but, alas, Sir, the book-answerers crowd about them, and call themselves the writers of books; and the patron is too indolent to distinguish; thus poets are kept at a distance, while their enemies eat up all their rewards at the mandarine's table."

Leaving this part of the temple, we made up to an iron gate, through which my companion told me we were to pass, in order to see the monuments of the kings. Accordingly I marched up without; further ceremony, and was going to enter, when a person who held the gate in his hand told me I must pay first. I was surprised at such a demand; and asked the man, whether the people of England kept a show? Whether the paltry sum he demanded was not a nation reproach? Whether it was not more to the honour of the country to let their



magnificence or their antiquities be openly seen, than thus meanly to tax a curiosity which tended to their own honour? “As for your questions,” replied the gate-keeper, “to be sure they may be very right because I don’t understand them; but, as for that there threepence, I farm it from one—who rents it from another—who hires it from a third—who leases it from the guardians of the temple, and we all must live.” I expected, upon paying here, to see something extraordinary, since what I had seen for nothing filled me with so much surprise; but in this I was disappointed; there was little more within than black coffins, rusty armour, tattered standards, and some few **slovenly** figures in wax. I was sorry I had paid, but I comforted myself by considering it would be my last payment. A person attended us, who, without once blushing, told an hundred lies; he talked of a lady who died by pricking her finger; of a king with a golden head, and twenty such pieces of absurdity. “Look ye there, gentlemen,” says he, pointing to an old oak chair, “there’s a curiosity for ye; in that chair the kings of England were crowned; you see also a stone underneath, and that stone is Jacob’s pillow. I could see no curiosity either in the oak chair, or the stone; could I, indeed, behold one of the old kings of England seated in this, or Jacob’s head laid upon the other, there might be something curious in the sight; but in the present case there was no more reason for my surprise than if I should pick a stone from their streets, and call it a curiosity, merely because one of the kings happened to tread upon it as he passed in a procession.

Front hence our conductor led us through several dark walks and winding ways, uttering lies, talking to himself, and flourishing a wand which he held in his hand. He reminded me of the black magicians of Kobi. After we had been almost fatigued with a variety of objects, he at last desired me to consider attentively a certain suit of armour, which seemed to show nothing remarkable. “This armour,” said he, “belonged to General Monk. Very surprising, that a general should wear armour. And pray,” added he, “observe this cap, this is General Monk’s cap.” “Very strange indeed, very strange, that a general

should have a cap also. Pray, friend, what might this cap have cost originally?" "That, sir," says he, "I don't know; but this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble." "A very small recompense truly," said I. "Not so very small," replied he, "for every gentleman puts some money into it, and I spend the money." "What, more money! Still more money!" "Every gentleman gives something, Sir." "I'll give thee nothing," returned I, "the guardians of the temple should pay you your wages, friend, and not permit you to squeeze thus from every spectator. When we pay our money at the door to see a show, we never give more as we are going out. Sure, the guardians of the temple can never think they get enough. Show me the gate; if I stay longer, I may probably meet with more of those ecclesiastical beggars."

Thus leaving the temple **precipitately**, I returned to my lodgings, in order to ruminate over what was great, and to despise what was mean, in the occurrences of the day.



### 热词空间



philosopher n. 哲学家, 哲人

transient n. 短期居留者

adj. 短暂的; 瞬间的; 一时的; 暂住的, 路过的

conduct n. 行为, 指导, 举动

v. 引导, 管理, 指挥; 带领;

workmanship n. 手艺, 技巧

peevishly adv. 易发脾气地, 急躁地

resolved adj. 下定决心的; 断然的

pursuit n. 追踪, 追击; 继续进行, 从事; 追求;

slovenly adj. 懒散的; 不修边幅的

precipitately adv. 猛进地



## 游西敏大寺

[英] 奥列弗·哥尔斯密

西敏大寺是英国的哲人、英雄和国王的墓地，我刚从那里参观归来。那些墓碑和已故的伟大人物的遗骸，在我心中激起一层阴郁的云！寺庙装修得古色古香，庄严得像神灵一样使人肃然起敬。各种各样原始的艺术装饰使它显得格外宏伟壮丽：幽雅的窗户，雕花的廊柱，高高擎起的游廊与昏暗的屋顶。置身此地，我心中的感觉可想而知。在寺庙中举目四望，我看到的只是墙上到处嵌着的死者的雕像、铭文和墓碑。

呜呼！不由自语，微不足道的凡人到死都还要妄自尊大！渺小如我，此时此地比他们中最伟大的角色还更为重要呢：奔忙劳碌中度过了短暂的一生，赢得暂时的盛名之后他们便遁入了坟墓，与蛆虫为伴，借墓志铭吹嘘自己。

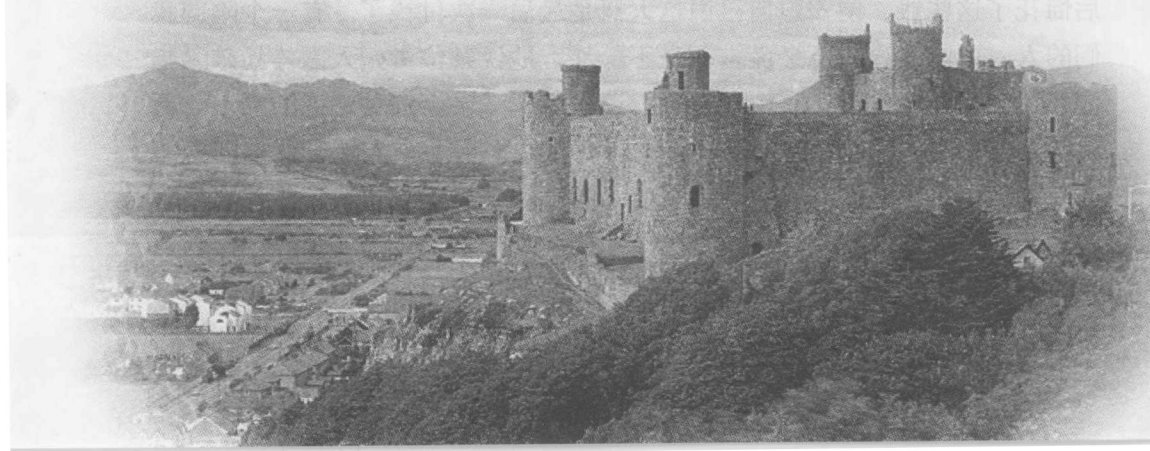
一位穿黑衣的先生看出我是个外乡人，走过来攀谈，将我拉出了深思。他礼貌地提出自愿作为向导带我参观这座寺院。他说：“如果你对哪座墓碑特别感兴趣，我愿尽力满足你的好奇心。”我满怀感激接受了这位先生的好意，并且对他说：“我就是想来看看英国人用什么方式来明智而公正地回报死亡的伟人。”“像这样的回报”，我接着说，“如果使用得当，对于那些被称颂的死者没有什么害处，而对于那些现在能欣赏它的人却不失为一种光荣的鼓舞力量。对这种死后的荣誉，每一个健全政府都

有责任加以利用，使它由个体的虚弱变为集体的强盛。如果只有真正伟大的人物才能在这个肃穆的庙堂里占有一席之地，那么，这样的一座寺院就是一处极好的进行道德教育的场所了。这种强大的力量足以鼓舞正当的雄心壮志。我听说也确实只有那些拥有赫赫功勋的人才能在这里占有一席之地。”对我的这番高谈阔论，黑衣人露出了不耐烦的神色，我也就不再侃侃而谈。两个人一起信步而行，对那些特别的墓碑逐一欣赏。

人眼睛总是自然而然地容易被美丽的东西所吸引，我也不由自主地对一座墓碑产生了特别的兴趣，因为它同其他墓碑相比，显得更精致。“那个”，我对向导说，“我想那该是某位特别伟大的人物的坟墓。你瞧它那罕见的精雕细刻和富丽堂皇的格局，肯定是为了纪念某位危难之中拯救国家的君主而建，或是为了悼念某位乱世之中挽救同胞并将国家纳入正常秩序的立法者。”“不”，我的同伴笑着回答，“想在这里留下一座漂亮的纪念碑，不一定非要有那样了不起的资历。只需具备一些平庸的能力就足够了。”“什么！莫非只要打赢两三场仗，攻下十几座城池，难道就算够格了吗？”“打胜仗或攻占城池或许会有一点作用，”这人回答说，“但是，一位从来没有打过仗、攻过城池的人也可能在这里一留下一座漂亮的纪念碑。”“那么，我猜这也许是某位诗人的墓碑，他的聪明才智给他带来了不朽的盛名吧。”“不，先生，”向导回答说，“长眠在这里的这位绅士从来没有做过诗。至于才能，他根本没有什么才能，只有嫉妒别人的份了。”“拜托了，请直接讲，躺在这里的这位了不起的人物到底擅长什么呢？”我急不可耐地问。“擅长什么，先生？”我的同伴说，“哼，这位大人物确实非常了不起，他最擅长的就是在西敏大寺中留下一座坟墓。”“我的上帝！但是他到底是怎么进来的呢？我想他不至于是贿赂寺院的住持才得到一个穴位吧，埋在这里的人功绩稍小一点的看起来就像是在出丑，难道他不觉得羞耻吗？”“我想”，这人回答说，“这位先生应该很有钱，因此他的亲信们免不了像世俗常有的那样恭维他很了不起，于是他也很轻易地相信了，而寺院的住持也很愿意相信他，因为他们从自欺欺人中得到了利益，所以他就出大价钱在这里买了一座漂亮的坟墓。而且正如你所见的，工匠们也就给他造了一座最漂亮的墓碑。不过你也不要以为世界上只有这

么一位先生想在死后跟大人物葬在一起。在这座寺里还有许多别的人，他们活着的时候遭到那些大人物的鄙夷，甚至被拒于千里之外，可他们死后却一定要挤到这里来与那些大人物日夜为伴。”

继续向前走，我们到了寺院一个特别的角落。“看呀，”这位先生指着说，“那边就是‘诗人角’：莎士比亚、弥尔顿、普赖尔和德雷顿的墓都在那儿。”“德雷顿！”我答道，“以前从没听说过这个人啊。不过我倒是听人说起过蒲伯，他也在那吗？”“还轮不到他呢，”向导说，“等上一百年再说吧，他刚死了还没多久。人们还没有停止恨他呢。”“太奇怪了，”我大声说，“用尽毕生的精力取悦并教育自己同胞的人，难道还会有人恨他吗？”“当然有，”我的向导说，“他们正是由于这个原因才恨他的。有一伙人专门管书，看管文学界、通过报纸来分配名声被他们当作自己的责任。这些人有点像土耳其皇宫里的阉奴，自己失去了人生乐趣，也不让别人高兴。这些所谓的书评家整天什么事也不干，只会为蠢人和粗制滥造的作家大叫大嚷，赞死人，贬活人，对一致公认有能力的人只承认小有长处，许多木头脑袋瓜子的人却被他们捧上了天，来赚取公正的名声，对某些人的作品实在挑不出毛病时就攻击他的人品。这些小人那些唯利是图的书商们豢养的，或者书商们干脆从他们手上接过这种肮脏的勾当，自己亲自动手，因为干这种事只要语言枯燥并且会骂人就可以了。每一位有天





才的诗人们都会遇上这样的敌人。尽管他们对他们的卑鄙不屑一顾，但却深受其害，甚至到了这个地方也不让他安宁。追求空名，带给他的却只是深深的苦恼。”

“我在这里见到的每一位诗人都是这样的吗？”我大声喊道。“是的，毫无例外，”他答道，“除非他生来就是大官。如果很有钱，他就可以收买书评家为他扬名，也可以收买寺院住持为他树碑立传”。

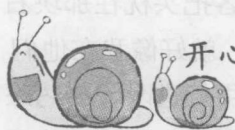
“难道就不能像中国那样，有一些非同一般的明智之士自愿奖赏那些有才能的人，此比消除这种居心不良的愚蠢故意吗？”“我承认确实有许多这种人，”这人答道，“但是，先生，那些书评人把他们围在中间，自称也是作家，而赞助人又懒得去分辨真伪。结果诗人们还是被抛在一边，眼睁睁地看着那些恶人把赞助人给自己的奖赏吞并殆尽。”

我们离开寺院的这一角，走向一座大铁门。我的同伴告诉我要想见到那些国王们的墓碑穿过这道门就可以了。听了这些话我便不再谦让，正当准备进去的时候，一个把门的却叫我先付钱，这个要求让我感到非常惊奇，便问那个人，难道英国人要借办展览来赚钱！他要这种小钱岂不是对国家的一种羞辱？把自己先辈们的光辉功勋敞开让人参观，比起卑鄙地勒索参观的游人，是不是更光荣？“您的这些问题，”守门人答道，“显而易见都是非常对的，因为反正我也听不懂。但是说到这三便士的收费，我是从别人手里包来的——他是从另外一个人手里租来的——此人又是从第三个人手里赁来的——而这人则是从寺院住持处承包的，我们所有这些人过得日子呀！”我交了钱，渴盼从这里看到一些特殊的东西，因为刚才免费参观的那些已经使我充满诧异。但在这里我又大失所望，里面有的，不过是些漆黑的棺木，生锈的铠甲，破烂的军旗和几个粗俗的蜡人。我很后悔花了这些钱，便安慰自己说这大概是最后一次付钱了。有一个陪同我们的人，可以连说一百个谎言而毫不脸红。他说某位贵妇人因为扎破手指便死了，还说某位国王有一颗金头，还有不下二十个这种荒谬的事。“看那儿，先生们，”他指着一把旧橡木椅说，“那可是令人惊奇的东西——英国国王都是坐在那把椅子上加冕的。看那椅子下还有一块石头，那是雅各的枕头”。可我实在瞧不出那把橡木椅和那块石头有什么特殊的地方。

假如我真能看到某位古代国王坐在那把椅子上，或者雅各把头枕在那块石头上，那倒不失为一件新鲜事了。可是像现在这个样子，就好像我在他们的大街上捡起一块石头，而仅仅因为某位国王在仪仗队中行进时曾凑巧踩在这块石头上，于是便可以把它叫做文物了，这根本都是些不可理喻的理由。

离开这里，这位向导又领着我们穿过了几条幽暗的通道和弯曲的小路，继续着他的谎言，不时自言自语，手里不停地挥动着一根棍子。他使我想起了戈壁沙漠中的那些黑魔法师。又看过了几样乱七八糟的东西，我们已经精疲力尽。他后来还叫我仔细看一副盔甲，可我没发现有什么特别之处。“这副盔甲”，他说，“原是蒙克将军的”。真奇怪，将军还要穿盔甲。“请注意，”他又说，“仔细看看这顶帽子，这是蒙克将军的便帽”。“一位将军还需要便帽，真是太奇怪了。请问朋友，这顶便帽当初值多少钱呀？”“噢，先生，”他说，“这我可不知道。不过这顶帽子却是我全部辛苦的报酬。”“这个报酬可不多呀，”我说。“也不算少，”他回答说，“因为每位先生都会在里面放一些钱，这些钱便归我花了。”“什么，交了钱，还要钱呀！”“每位先生都会给一点的，先生。”“我什么也不会给你，”我回答道，“寺院的住持应该给你们发工资的，朋友，而不应该让你们这样勒索游客。我们在中国参观展览，只需要在进门时付钱，出门时决不会再付的。你们寺院的住持也实在是太贪婪了。告诉我大门在哪儿，如果再待下去，还不知道会碰上多少打着教会幌子的乞丐呢！”

我匆匆忙忙离开寺院回到住处，以便仔细回想一下今天所遇到的事情中，到底哪些伟大，哪些渺小。



开心一刻

## I'm Going to Let My Chauffeur Answer it

A famous scientist was on his way to yet another lecture when his chauffeur offered an idea. "Hey, boss, I've heard your speech many times, I bet I could deliver it and give you the night off." "Sounds great," the scientist said. When they got to the auditorium, the scientist put on the chauffeur's hat and settled in the back row. The chauffeur walked to the lectern and delivered the speech. Afterward he asked if there were any questions. "Yes," said one professor—Then he launched into a highly technical question. The chauffeur was panic-stricken for a moment but quickly recovered. "That's an easy one," he replied, "so easy, I'm going to let my chauffeur answer it."

## 让我的司机来回答

一个著名科学家起程去做一个讲座。他的司机出了个主意：“老板，您的讲座我已听了这么多次了。我打赌我能做这个讲座，让您休息一个晚上。”“那太好了。”科学家说。到了礼堂，科学家戴上了司机的帽子，坐在了后排。而司机走上了讲台，做讲演。讲演结束后，他问听众是否有什么问题。一个教授说有，并提出了一个高深的学术问题。司机一时被问懵了，但很快就镇定下来。“这很容易，”他说，“太容易了，我要让我的司机来回答。”

## The Church Of The Holy Sepulchre

Mark Twain

马克·吐温 (Mark Twain, 1835-1910), 原名塞姆·朗赫恩·克列门斯 (Samuel Langhorne Clemens), 是美国的幽默大师、小说家、作家, 著名演说家。他的两部姊妹篇小说《汤姆·索亚历险记》和《哈克贝·芬历险记》深受世界各国读者欢迎, 被公认为美国的不朽名篇。其他作品主要有《王子与贫儿》、《赤道漫游记》、《傻瓜威尔逊》等等。虽然他并不富裕, 却无损其幽默、机智与名气, 是美国最知名人士之一。其交游广阔, 威廉·迪安·豪威尔士、布克·华盛顿、尼古拉·特斯拉、海伦·凯勒、亨利·罗杰等人, 皆为其友。他曾被誉爲: “文学史上的林肯”。

马克·吐温的写作风格熔幽默与讽刺一体, 既富于独特的个人机智与妙语, 又不乏深刻的社会洞察与剖析, 即使幽默辛辣的小的杰作, 又是悲天悯人的严肃。他一生中写了大量的作品, 《百万英镑》、《好运》、《傻子出国记》等都是其的代表之作, 下文选自《傻子出国记》。

马克·吐温于1910年去世, 安葬于纽约州艾玛拉。

A fast walker could go outside the walls of Jerusalem and walk entirely around the city in an hour. I do not know how else to make one understand how small it is. The appearance of the city is **peculiar**. It is as knobby with countless little domes as a prison door is with bolt-heads. Every house has from one to half a dozen of these white plastered domes of stone, broad and low,