<<我的北京花园>>

图书基本信息

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前言

北京是伟大祖国的首都,是名震中外的历史文化名城。

她有着三千多年的建城史和八百多年的定都史,白元朝迄今,北京作为全国的政治、经济、文化中心,积淀了丰厚的历史文化遗存,承载着中华文明的精华,是我国灿烂辉煌的历史文化的伟大象征。 在这里,优美秀丽的风景名胜、巍峨厚重的宫殿城阙、布局齐整的街巷胡同、京腔京调的语言文化、 五方杂厝的社会习俗,以及源远流长的神话传说,使这座千年古都显得神秘而博大。

北京宛若一座盛藏着丰富古董的历史博物馆,堪称东方历史、文化、艺术的璀璨宝库,令人目不暇接 、回味无穷。

自元代以来,世界各地的人们从四方八面来到北京,或旅行游览,或讲经传教,或从事经贸,或供职朝廷,北京开始成为世界人民向往的名都。

元代的"汗八里"城即是一座享誉世界的国际性大都市,是中西文化交流的枢纽。

元朝时有马可·波罗、孟特·科维诺、热拉德、安德鲁、帕烈格利诺、托马斯、彼得、马黎诺里等西方人士先后来到北京,他们大多将自己的经历写成游记,增进了欧洲人民对遥远的中国的了解。 其中意大利人马可·波罗在元大都游历并被任命官职,回国后留下的((马可·波罗游记》详述了大都城的壮丽景象,令西方读者惊羡不已,成为近代西方对外殖民拓展的一大动力。

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内容概要

《我的北京花园》是一部以北京游历为主要题材的回忆录。

作者阿奇博尔德·立德夫人以其西方知识女性的独特视角,生动细致地描绘了北京及周围地区的许多名胜古迹、自然风光和风俗民情,同时还以传神的笔触再现了20世纪初发生在北京的许多社会生活场景和历史事件,是一部不可多得的情景交融、文采飞扬的长篇游记作品。

图书的适用对象:大学生、英语学习者、北京历史文化爱好者

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作者简介

作者:(英国)Mrs.Archibald Little英国人阿奇博尔德·立德夫人(Mrs. Archibald Little, 1845—1926)为英国商人阿奇博尔德·约翰·立德先生(ArchibaldJohn Little, 1838—1908)之妻,随夫婿来华生活长达20年(1887—1907),通过旅行、考察、社会活动等经历,足迹遍布神州大地,是一位非常活跃的外侨夫人和知名作家。

她还曾发起组织中国妇女天足会,是近代中国不缠足运动的先驱人物。

在华期间,她以阿奇博尔德·立德夫人之名,撰写、发表有关中国题材的作品,先后出版了9部英文著作。

其所写游记在西方广受欢迎,她在当时享有"著名的中国问题专家"之美誉。

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章节摘录

When I think of Peking now, I still think first of the awful ruts in the roads and the blinding, choking dust in those parts of the city where ordinary people live; but each day that impression is weakening, and my mind is beginning to rest more and more on the fajry-tale-like kaleidoscope of colour——yellow, green, dark blue , and yet more beautiful azure tiles and bricks in the enchanting regions reserved by the Imperial family for themselves. The Peking station, all dust and rickshas, standing as it does in the wide sandy roadway between the Temple of Heaven and the Hall of Agriculture—every one looking for seats in the train, and watching over luggage, for stealing is contagious, and people, having once begun, do not know how to stop. And then a 1ittle tramp, tramp, and the soft sweet strains of a military band, "Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee! ' and there under the Stars and Stripes something heavy six soldiers are laying on a luggage van . Yesterday evening my friends heard the outcry for a doctor at the camp. A man had fallen from his horse, they were told, but attached no importance to it at the time. Perhaps he had longed to go home to the States. This morning early his body is going home. There are Japanese and cock-tailed Bersaglieri and the other soldiers of many nations all pressing forward to watch the one who is going home. That is the way he is going home after a11 . Poor soldiers! They suffer and they toil, many of them more heroes at heart than we can guite realise, and that is the end of it all in this world! And now again what is this at the Peking station? A clanking of chains! Men shackled together, and shouting shamelessly to cover their shame: "Look at the pride of the American army!' They have been caught red-handed plundering, and are being sent home too, after another fashion. Ah me!Better dead!Better dead! But the Americans are determined to repress looting. They alone policed their quarter in Peking. Yet each nation, after its fashion, is trying to keep its men in order And is it nothing that during nine days in Peking and two in Tientsin, and out of doors from morning to night, I never saw a man the worse for drink, never met anything but the most respectful and kind courtesy from the soldiery of eight nations, nor even saw one man illtreating the vanquished Clhinese?

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