

WORLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

旅客所說的故事
TALES OF A TRAVELLER

WASHINGTON IRVING 著

伍 光 建 選 譯

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旅客所說的故事

Tales of A Traveller

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(本書校對者 吳麟璋 王重慶)

作者傳略

伊爾文以一七八三年生於紐約。他的父親是長老會的一個教士；他的母親是一個和藹人，是一個有知識人。他只是在家讀英文及拉丁文，他所讀過的書卻是很多的。一八〇二年他當一個律師的書記。他因為體弱遊覽過許多地方。一八〇四年他渡海遊歷法蘭西，義大利，荷蘭，與英吉利。一八〇六年他回國，入律師公會。一八〇二年他初以著作登報。一八〇七年他與他的哥哥及一個朋友刊行『Salmagun』報，他所作的文章頗倣 Addison 與 Goldsmith。一八〇九至一八一五年他做過好幾件事：他有意無意的當了幾時政客，他看見政客們那樣卑汙狡詐，不久他就不當了；他當過一個雜誌的主筆，當過紐約州長的軍事祕書，也當得不久。一八一五年他又到英國，於是在外十七年，一八一九年他的 Sketch Book 第一期出版。一八二〇至一八二六年他遊歷德法兩國，又刊行兩部著作。一八二六年他遊西班牙三年，注意於史學，撰了三部書。一八二九年他回英國，當美國使署的祕書；得文學會的寶星，與牛津大學的文學博士。一八三二年他回美國，又著了好幾部書。一八四二至一八四六年他當西班牙公使。一

一八五五至一八五九年他的華盛頓傳出版。他終身不娶，死於一八五九年。他爲人和藹誠實，是一個最可愛的人；他的人格頗流露於他的著作裏頭。他很有機會可以當紐約市長，國會議員，及大總統的閣員，他因爲不喜歡政界生活，他都不就。他的著作並不討論什麼哲學問題，與深奧問題，他以歡樂，忠誠，高貴做他的哲學的基本元素。他的文章顯明雅健，音節諧和，最善用字與比喻，有諧趣而無毒螫，善引人入勝而不汙穢。今所譯的「旅客所說的故事」(Tales of a Traveller)是一八二四年出版的，敘事極有精神，又極其雍容大雅，據他自己說，及批評家說，這裏頭有他的最好文章。當他遊歷義大利的時候，他乘舟往 Genoa 往 Sicily 被海盜所劫，強盜們是有聲有勢的，手執大刀，腰間插小刀與手槍，他們好像是很談諧的，搶了東西之後，還寫一張收條交與船主，另外寫一封信給 Messina 的英國領事，請他照單償還船主。作者所寫的義大利強盜故事，大約是由這次閱歷得來的。

伍光建記

TALES OF A TRAVELLER

THE ADVENTURE OF MY AUNT

My aunt was a lady of large frame, strong mind, and great resolution; she was what might be termed a very manly woman. My uncle was a thin, puny little man, very meek and acquiescent, and no match for my aunt. It was observed that he dwindled and dwindled gradually away, from the day of his marriage. His wife's powerful mind was too much for him; it wore¹ him out. My aunt, however, took all possible care of him; had half the doctors in town to prescribe for him; made him take all their prescriptions, and dosed him with physic enough to cure a whole hospital. All was in vain. My uncle grew worse and worse the more dosing and nursing he underwent, until in the end he added another to the long list of matrimonial victims who have been killed with kindness.

"And was it his ghost that appeared to her?" asked the inquisitive gentleman, who had questioned the former story-teller.

"You shall hear," replied the narrator. "My aunt took on mightily for the death of her poor dear husband. Perhaps she felt some compunction² at having given him so much physic, and nursed him into the grave. At any rate, she did all that a widow could do to honor his memory. She spared no expense in either the quantity or quality of her mourning weeds;³ wore a miniature of him about her

¹ wore, 折磨. ² compunction, 良心過不去. ³ weeds, 喪服.

旅客所說的故事

我的姨母(或伯母)所遇的奇事

「有幾個人冬夜圍爐閒談，先有一個人說他的姨丈(或伯父)的故事，隨後就有一個人接着說他的姨母所遇的奇事。——譯者注」我的姨母是一個身軀碩大，心性強硬，極有決斷的女人；我們可以稱她是一個很有男子氣概的女人。我的姨丈卻是一個身體短小孱弱的男人，性情柔順，很聽我姨母的話，不是姨母的敵手。有人說自從他結婚的那一天起，他就逐漸縮小，越縮越小。他受不了他的夫人的強硬心性，把他折磨壞了。我的姨母卻儘她的可能照應他；請本市鎮的醫生來看他，本市有許多醫生，有一半都開過藥方治他的病；她叫他把他們所開的方藥都吃遍了，她叫他所吃的藥，足夠治療全個醫院的病人。他只管吃了這許多藥，他的病還是治不好。姨母越叫他吃藥，越看護他，他的病越久越重，後來他竟死了，世人被夫人愛護死的犧牲很多，從此這種鬼錄上又添上一個人。

坐中有一個好問的人，他已經問過前一個說故事的人，現在又問這個說故事的人道，『死鬼曾在她面前出現麼？』

說故事的人道，『你聽後文。我的姨母因為她的可憐的寶貝丈夫死了，很傷心。也許她因為叫他吃那許多藥，又把他愛護到死，覺得良心有點過不去。無論她心裏怎樣難過，她卻盡了一個寡婦所能盡的力量，辦理他的後事。她毫不惜費置備許多的或各式各樣的喪服；她的頸子上掛她丈夫的小照，足有一個小日規那麼大，還請人畫了她

neck as large as a little sundial, and had a full-length portrait of him always hanging in her bedchamber. All the world extolled her conduct to the skies; and it was determined that a woman who behaved so well to the memory of one husband deserved soon to get another.

It was not long after this that she went to take up her residence in an old country-seat in Derbyshire, which had long been in the care of merely a steward and a house-keeper. She took most of her servants with her, intending to make it her principal abode. The house stood in a lonely, wild part of the country, among the gray Derbyshire hills, with a murderer hanging in chains on a bleak height in full view.

The servants from town were half frightened out of their wits at the idea of living in such a dismal, pagan-looking place; especially when they got together in the servants' hall in the evening, and compared notes¹ on all the hobgoblin stories picked up in the course of the day. They were afraid to venture alone about the gloomy, black-looking chambers. My lady's maid, who was troubled with nerves, declared she could never sleep alone in such a 'gashly rummaging old building'; and the footman, who was a kind-hearted young fellow, did all in his power to cheer her up.

My aunt was struck with the lonely appearance of the house. Before going to bed, therefore, she examined well the fastenings of the doors and windows; locked up the plate with her own hands, and carried the keys, together with a little box of money and jewels, to her own room; for she was a notable² woman, and always saw to all things

¹ compared notes, 交換意見. ² notable, 善于理家.

丈夫的全身像，常掛在她的臥室裏。世人無不極力稱讚她；人家就得了結論，說一個寡婦對一個已死的丈夫既然這樣盡禮，她值得不久再嫁一個丈夫。

後來不久她遷居於 Derby 州的一所舊第宅，這所宅子久已無人居住，只有一個總管事與一個管家婆看守。她帶走一大部份她的僕人，意在拿這所房子作正宅。這所房子坐落在寂寞空曠地方，在該州的灰色山中，荒涼的山頂上用鐵鏈吊着一個殺人兇犯，四處都可以看見。

僕人們一想到住在這樣陰沉可怕的鄉下地方，害怕到糊塗了一半；當他們晚上聚集在僕人屋裏，彼此對於當天所聽說的妖怪故事交換意見的時候，他們更害怕。他們不敢獨自一人走入黑暗房子。太太的女僕犯了神經弱的毛病，她說她不能獨自一個在這樣一所有鬼的雜亂屋子裏睡覺，那個男僕原是一個好心的少年，竭力振作她的精神。

我的姨母也覺得這所宅子的孤寂情狀。所以她在未上床睡覺之先很細心查看門戶與窗子的門，親手鎖好她的金銀器皿，把一堆鎖匙與一小箱的銀錢及珠寶都放在她自己屋裏；因為她是一個善於理家的女人，無論什麼事

herself. Having put the keys under her pillow, and dismissed her maid, she sat by her toilet arranging her hair; for being, in spite of her grief for my uncle, rather a buxom widow, she was somewhat particular about her person. She sat for a little while looking at her face in the glass, first on one side, then on the other, as ladies are apt to do when they would ascertain whether they have been in good looks; for a roistering country squire of the neighborhood, with whom she had flirted when a girl, had called that day to welcome her to the country.

All of a sudden she thought she heard something move behind her. She looked hastily round, but there was nothing to be seen,—nothing but the grimly painted portrait of her poor dear man, hanging against the wall.

She gave a heavy sigh to his memory, as she was accustomed to do whenever she spoke of him in company, and then went on adjusting her night-dress, and thinking of the squire. Her sigh was re-echoed, or answered by a long-drawn breath. She looked round again, but no one was to be seen. She ascribed these sounds to the wind oozing through the rat-holes of the old mansion, and proceeded leisurely to put her hair in papers, when, all at once, she thought she perceived one of the eyes of the portrait move."

"The back of her head being towards it!" said the storyteller with the ruined head,—“good!”

“Yes, sir!” replied dryly the narrator, “her back being towards the portrait, but her eyes fixed on its reflection in the glass. Well, as I was saying, she perceived one of the eyes of the portrait move. So strange a circumstance, as you may well suppose, gave her a sudden shock. To assure herself of the fact, she put one hand to her forehead

都要必躬必親的。她把鎖匙放在枕頭底下，打發她的女僕走了，坐在梳妝台畔，理她的頭髮，她雖然喪夫憂戚，卻是一個美貌寡婦，還是頗留意打扮的。她坐了一會照鏡子，起先坐在這邊，隨後坐在那邊，女人家要看看她自己美不美，都是這樣的；因為她當做閨女的時候，曾獻媚引誘過一個住在附近的一個好吵好吹的鄉紳，他當天曾來拜訪她，歡迎她到這裏住。

她忽然以為她聽見有東西在她背後動。她匆匆四圍一看，看不見什麼東西——只看見她丈夫的畫得可怕的像，掛在牆上。

她追想他，就重重的歎了一口氣，她向來當衆一提起她的丈夫，總歎一口氣的，她是歎慣的了，她隨即整理她的睡衣，卻想鄉紳。她的歎氣聲作回響，不然就是有一聲長歎作答。她再向四圍看看，看不見什麼人。她以為這樣的聲音是風從這所舊宅的老鼠洞穿過的聲音，她還是從從容容的把她的頭髮用紙包好，她又忽然以為看見畫像的一隻眼在那裏動。』

那個破頭的說故事人說道，『她的背向着那幅畫像呀！好嗎！』

說這段故事的人冷冷的答道，『是呀，她的背向着畫像，她的兩眼卻釘在鏡裏的影。我說她看見畫像的一隻眼睛動。你們很可以猜着這樣一件怪事使她忽然受了一驚。她為的是要曉得這是不是實在的事，她把手放在額上，好

as if rubbing it; peeped through the fingers, and moved the candle with the other hand. The light of the taper gleamed on the eye, and was reflected from it. She was sure it moved. Nay, more, it seemed to give her a wink, as she had sometimes known her husband to do when living! It struck a momentary chill to her heart; for she was a lone woman, and felt herself fearfully situated.

The chill was but transient. My aunt, who was almost as resolute a personage as your uncle, sir (turning to the old story-teller), became instantly calm and collected. She went on adjusting her dress. She even hummed an air, and did not make even a single false note. She casually overturned a dressing-box; took a candle and picked up the articles one by one from the floor; pursued a rolling pin-cushion that was making the best of its way under the bed; then opened the door; looked for an instant into the corridor, as if in doubt whether to go; and then walked quietly out.

She hastened down stairs, ordered the servants to arm themselves with the weapons first at hand, placed herself at their head, and returned almost immediately.

Her hastily levied army presented a formidable force. The steward had a rusty blunder-buss, the coachman a loaded whip, the footman a pair of horse-pistols, the cook a huge chopping-knife, and the butler a bottle in each hand. My aunt led the van with a red-hot poker, and in my opinion she was the most formidable of the party. The waiting-maid, who dreaded to stay alone in the servants' hall, brought up the rear, smelling at a broken bottle of volatile salts, and expressing her terror of the ghostesses. 'Ghosts!' said my aunt, resolutely. 'I'll singe their whiskers for them!'

像要搓她的額；她一手移動蠟燭，一面兩眼從那隻手的指縫看過去。燭光照在那隻眼上，還有光反射出來。

她實在相信是那隻眼睛動啦。那隻眼睛不獨動，還對着她瞬一眼，當他丈夫在世的時候，她有過幾次曉得他同她這樣瞬眼！她的心有一會子冰冷了；因為她是一個孤獨的女人，覺得她所處的境地很可怕。

好在那一陣冰冷不過是暫時的。我的姨母是個很剛決的人，幾乎同你的姨丈一樣（他是掉過頭來對那個年老的說故事的人說），她立刻變作鎮定。她還是整齊她的衣服。她還哼一個調，一韻也不差。她偶然碰翻一個梳妝盒；她拿一枝蠟燭，把掉在地下的東西逐一拾起來；有一個針插滾到床下，她還趕着去拾；她隨後開了房門；看了過道一會子，好像在那裏遲疑是否走出去；隨後她很安靜的走出來。

她趕快下樓，吩咐僕人們執器械，那樣東西便就抓那樣，她先行，領着他們，幾乎立刻就回去。

她所匆匆募集的軍隊，現出是一枝很可怕的軍隊。總管抓住一枝生鏽的短身大膛的槍，車夫抓了一條帶着重物的馬鞭，跟人抓了一對小馬槍，廚子拿了一把大菜刀，管酒庫的侍役每手拿一個酒瓶。我的姨母當先鋒，拿了一根燒紅的鐵棒，據我看來，這堆人裏頭還是她最可怕。女僕不敢獨自一人在僕人的起坐屋子裏，只好殿後，一面嗅一個裝聞藥的破瓶子，她說她害怕女鬼。我的姨母很勇決的說道，「鬼呀！我將拿燒紅的鐵棒燻焦他們的鬍子！」

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They entered the chamber. All was still and undisturbed as when she had left it. They approached the portrait of my uncle.

'Pull down that picture!' cried my aunt. A heavy groan, and a sound like the chattering of teeth, issued from the portrait. The servants shrunk back; the maid uttered a faint shriek, and clung to the footman for support.

'Instantly!' added my aunt, with a stamp of the foot.

The picture was pulled down, and from a recess behind it, in which had formerly stood a clock, they hauled forth a round-shouldered, black-bearded varlet, with a knife as long as my arm, but trembling all over like an aspen leaf."

"Well, and who was he? No ghost, I suppose," said the inquisitive gentleman.

"A Knight of the Post,"¹ replied the narrator, "who had been smitten with the worth of the wealthy widow; or rather a marauding Tarquin, who had stolen into her chamber to violate her purse, and rifle her strong box, when all the house should be asleep. In plain terms," continued he, "the vagabond was a loose idle fellow of the neighborhood, who had once been a servant in the house, and had been employed to assist in arranging it for the reception of its mistress. He confessed that he had contrived this hiding-place for his nefarious purpose, and had borrowed an eye from the portrait by way of a reconnoitring-hole."

"And what did they do with him?—did they hang him?" resumed the questioner.

"Hang him!—how could they?" exclaimed a beetle-browed barrister, with a hawk's nose. "The offence was

¹ A Knight of the Post. 以當假見證爲生的人; 拐子; 騙子。

他們進臥室。屋裏並無動靜，並無擾亂，如同她出來的時候一樣。他們走近我的姨丈的畫像。

我的姨母喊道，「把這幅畫拉下來！」一陣很重的呻吟聲，與一陣如同牙齒戰動聲，從畫像出來。（說得來可怕，真像是有活鬼。——譯者註）僕人們往後退縮；女僕微微的叫了一聲，抓住跟人，以扶自己。

我的姨母蹣跚說道，「立刻扯下來！」

果然把畫像扯下來。原來畫幅後面有一個牆洞，從前是掛鐘的地方，現在他們從牆洞拖出一個黑鬍子蛇背的賊來，手執一把刀有我的手臂那麼長，渾身發抖，如同白楊樹葉一般。』

那個好詰問的人問道，「他究竟是什麼人，我猜並不是鬼。』

說故事的人答道，「是個騙子，曉得這個寡婦有錢，不然就是一個可怕的竊賊，〔Tarquin（塔爾昆）是一個極可怕的人，羅馬乳母用他的名字嚇小孩子。——譯者註〕偷偷走入臥室，等到衆人都睡了的時候，要搶她的錢袋，要打開她的結實箱子偷東西。』他接連說道，「我說句淡白話，這個流氓就是附近地方的一個遊手好閒的人，從前在這個宅子當過僕人，前幾時曾用過他收拾屋子以便接待女主人。他供認他想出法子躲藏在洞裏以便行竊，借用畫像的一隻眼以便相度地勢。』

那個好問的人又問道，「他們怎樣處置他？他們會否把他吊死？」

有一個臥蟲眉鷹鉤鼻的律師喊道，「吊死他呀！——他們怎樣能吊死他呀？他所犯的罪不至死。他既不會犯搶

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not capital. No robbery, no assault had been committed. No forcible entry or breaking into the premises——”

“My aunt,” said the narrator, “was a woman of spirit, and apt to take the law in her own hands. She had her own notions of cleanliness also. She ordered the fellow to be drawn through the horse-pond, to cleanse away all offences, and then to be well rubbed down with an oaken towel.”

“And what became of him afterwards?” said the inquisitive gentleman.

“I do not exactly know. I believe he was sent on a voyage of improvement to Botany Bay.”

“And your aunt,” said the inquisitive gentleman; “I’ll warrant she took care to make her maid sleep in the room with her after that.”

“No, sir, she did better; she gave her hand shortly after to the roistering squire; for she used to observe that it was a dismal thing for a woman to sleep alone in the country.”

“She was right,” observed the inquisitive gentleman, nodding sagaciously; “but I am sorry they did not hang that fellow.”

THE INN AT TERRACINA

Crack! crack! crack! crack! crack!

“Here comes the estafette¹ from Naples,” said mine host of the inn at Terracina; “bring out the relay.”

The estafette came galloping up the road according to custom, brandishing over his head a short-handled whip, with a long, knotted lash, every smack of which made a

¹ estafette, 遞信與另一個信差的信差。

劫，又不曾行兇。他並不曾破門進去——』

說故事的人說道，『我的姨母原是一個有氣魄的人，她會自己執行法律的。她又有她自己的潔淨見解。她吩咐人們把這個賊放在洗馬池中，洗乾淨他的罪惡，還用橡木巾同他擦乾淨。（作者意思是說用橡木棒打他一頓。——譯者註）

那個好問的人說道，『後來這個人怎麼樣呀？』

『我曉得不的確。我相信曾遞解他往玻敦尼（Botany）海灣走一次，使他學好。』（這是說充軍當苦工。——譯者註）

那個好問的又說道，『我很有理由猜度你的姨母以後很小心要她的女僕在屋裏睡。』（這一問卻妙。——譯者註）

『先生，不是的，她的辦法，比你所猜度的好得多，她不久就嫁了那個好吵好吹的鄉紳；因為她常說，一個女人獨自睡在鄉下，是一件很寂寞無聊的事。』

那個好問的點頭表示他的聰明，說道，『她辦得很對；但是我很可惜他們不曾吊死那個人。』

特拉吉那（Terracina）的客店

喀啦！喀啦！喀啦！喀啦！喀啦！

特拉吉那的客店的店主東說道，『從那不勒斯（Naples）來的信差到了，把替換的驛馬帶出來。』

信差照着老規矩在路上飛跑前來，在頭上舞一條短柄馬鞭，綁上一條長而多結的軟鞭，每揮一次，作一次如