

英漢對照·世界名著

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歐文短篇小說選

Selections From
Washington Irving
by WASHINGTON IRVING

華盛頓·歐文著
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歐文短篇小說選

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李伯大夢

“華盛頓·歐文給讀者的提示：底下的故事是在紐約的一位老紳士尼克包克的文件中發現的。這位老紳士平生對當地的荷蘭掌故非常有興趣。他雖然不能從書本上找到許多有關荷蘭的掌故，可是却從城裡老一輩的人那裡聽到了許多，尤其是從那些老年人的老婆那兒聽得更多。所以不管他什麼時候發現一家真正的荷蘭人家庭，他總認為那就像故事書一樣的充滿有價值的資料，而很熱誠的研究。

這種研究的結果就成了荷蘭執政該地區的一部歷史，那是他幾年前出版的。對於他的著作的藝術價值，有許多不同的意見，可是說真的，這些意見對於該著作所應有的地位並沒有稍許的好處。因為該書的主要貢獻祇在於詳盡真實的報導事實，而且被公認是歷史的寶貴資料。

這位老紳士在他的著作出版後不久就去世了。如今他人已經逝去了，如果說他或許可以把時間花費在更重要的事物上，對他似乎也沒有多大傷害了。然而，他寧願隨心所欲的做他所

though he sometimes troubled and angered some of his neighbors and friends, his deeds are now remembered "more in sorrow than in anger." Most people now think that he never intended to do any harm.

ANYONE who has made a voyage up the Hudson River surely remembers the Kaatskill mountains. They are part of the great family of mountains in the Eastern section of our country, called the Appalachians, though the Kaatskills are separated from the other members of the Appalachian group. The Kaatskill mountains rise on the west of the Hudson River, high above the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the colors and shapes of these mountains. By looking at the Kaatskills from time to time, the people of the region can guess what the weather is going to be. When the weather is fair and fine, the mountains are a deep blue, and the tops of the mountains can be clearly seen against the evening sky. But sometimes, when there are no clouds anywhere else, the mountains seem to wear a loose gray cap, which glows like a crown of glory in the light of the setting sun.

Just below these strange mountains, the voyager may have observed the thin smoke curling up from a village among the trees. It is a little village many years old; the Dutch settled there in the early years of the colony. Until recently, some of the houses of the original settlers were still there, built in the Dutch fashion, and with materials brought from Holland.

In that same village, and in one of those houses, Rip Van Winkle lived. He lived there many years ago, while our country still belonged to England. Rip Van Winkle was a simple, good-natured fellow, whose *ancestors* had fought bravely in the days of the Dutch governor, Peter

感興趣的事；儘管他有時候對於他的一些隣居和朋友會感到煩惱和發怒。他的作為現在回想起來是「悲哀多於發怒」。大多數的人現在都認為他從沒有想到要做傷天害理的事。”

凡是曾經逆航而上哈德遜河的人，必定記得卡茲吉爾山脈。它們實際上是我國東部阿巴拉契山系的一部份，雖然看上去卡茲吉爾山脈好像跟阿巴拉契山系分開來。卡茲吉爾山脈聳立於哈德遜河的西面，俯視週圍的地域。這山脈的形色永遠隨着季節的變換，氣候的陰晴，甚至旦夕的不同而千變萬化，因此該地區的人都以觀察卡茲吉爾山脈來猜測天氣的變化。當天氣晴朗的時候，山色是呈深藍色，而把分明的輪廓印在傍晚清明的天空上。可是有時萬里無雲，山頂就罩着一圈灰霧，在落日的餘輝下，像煞一頂燦爛的榮冠。

就在這些奇異的山脈下，航行的人可以看到樹林間的村落中島島升起輕烟。這是一個年代久遠的小村落；荷蘭人在殖民的早期定居於此。直到現在，初來墾荒的人所建造的房子還有些仍然存在，那都是用從荷蘭運來的建材所蓋成的荷蘭式的房子。

在這個村落裡，就在這幾座房子的一間，住了一個名叫李伯的人。他許多年前就住在那兒，當時我們的國家還是在英國的屬下。李伯是一個單純而心地善良的人，他的祖先彼得在荷

Stuyvesant. Rip, however, had little of his ancestors' military character. I have said that he was a simple, good-natured man. He was, in addition, a kind neighbor, and a husband who humbly obeyed his wife. Being firmly controlled by his wife at home, he seemed to have formed the habit of being agreeable to all. As a result, he was thought highly of by everyone except his wife.

Certainly he was a great *favorite* among all the good wives of the village. Whenever they discussed the Van Winkle family's quarrels, they always decided that Rip was right, and that *Dame* Van Winkle was wrong. The children of the village, too, always shouted with joy when Rip Van Winkle approached. He watched them at their sports, made playthings for them, taught them how to play various games, and told them long stories of the most exciting kind. Wherever he went, he was usually surrounded by a crowd of children; and no dog in the village ever *barked* at him.

Rip Van Winkle had one great fault: he disliked—indeed, he hated—any kind of profitable labor. It is hard to understand just why he did not like to work, for he had plenty of patience and the ability to continue one form of activity for a long time. Often, for example, he sat on a wet rock, with a heavy fishing pole, and fished all day without a murmur, even though he might not succeed in catching a single fish. He was willing to carry a hunting gun on his shoulder, hour after hour, up and down hills, just to shoot a few rabbits and birds. He never refused to help a neighbor, even with the roughest sort of work, such as helping people build stone walls. The women of the village, too, often used him to carry messages for them, or to do small jobs that their husbands were not willing to do. In other words, Rip was ready to take care of anybody's business except his own.

蘭人執政的時代以英勇聞名。然而李伯却少有他的祖先那種尚武的性格。我說過，他是個單純而心地善良的人。同時他是個和藹可親的好鄰居，和馴良懼內的丈夫。由於在家裡受妻子的呼來喚去，所以他似乎養成了一種隨和的習慣。結果使他到處受人歡迎，除了他妻子之外。

的確，村子裡的婦女都對他很有好感。每次她們一討論李伯夫婦的爭吵，總是說李伯對，而他的妻子丹姆不對。村子裡的小孩子，每次看到李伯走近前來，也都會歡呼雀躍。他看着他們說玩各項運動，替他們做玩具，教他們怎麼玩各種遊戲，還講了許多最令人興奮的長篇故事。他不管到那裡，總有一群孩子圍着他；連村子裡的狗也沒有一隻會對他吠叫。

李伯有一個最大的缺點：他討厭一切正經的份內工作。他不喜歡工作，這是很令人費解的事，因為他很有耐心，有能力從事長時期的單調活動。譬如說，他經常會拿着沉重的釣竿，坐在潮濕的石頭上垂釣終日，即使魚兒始終不來咬一口，他也不吭一聲。他會祇爲了打幾隻兔子和小鳥，而情願揹着獵槍，一小時又一小時的爬山涉水。他從來不拒絕鄰居的要求幫忙，即使是像幫人砌石牆的粗重工作，他也都不拒絕。村子裡的婦女也時常要他跑腿，叫他做些自己的丈夫不屑動手的零碎差使。總而言之，李伯除了自己家裡的工作外，任何人的工作他都樂於効勞。至於爲他自己的家幹活，或者料理農場，他就不肯

As for his family duties, and for keeping his farm in order, he found such work impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the worst little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it was wrong. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow was always getting lost or else eating up the vegetables in the garden. Nothing ever grew well in his fields; and the rain always started just as soon as he had begun to do some work outside. As a result, although he had lost much of his family's land during years of bad management until very little remained, yet his small farm was in worse condition than any neighboring farm.

His children, too, went about looking as poor as his farm. His son Rip, who was very much like him, ran around wearing a pair of his father's old trousers, which he had to hold up with one hand in order to prevent them from falling.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those fortunate people, with foolish, well-oiled natures, who take the world easy and cheerfully, eat fine food or poor, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble. If permitted, he would have sat whistling his life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually reminding him about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was ceaselessly going. Everything he said or did was sure to produce more angry talk.

Rip had just one way of replying to his wife's talk; by frequent use it had become a habit. He merely put his head back on his shoulders, looked up toward heaven, and said nothing. This, however, always produced a fresh burst of anger from his wife. There was nothing for Rip to do then except to leave the house.

Rip's only friend in the Van Winkle home was his

幹了。

事實上，他總說在自己的農場上工作是沒有用的；那是全村最多災多難的一塊地；一切都不對勁。他的籬笆總是倒塌下來；他的牛不是走失了，就是跑到菜園裡去吃菜。他的田裡總是長不出好東西；而雨也老在他預備到田裡去工作的時候落下來。結果雖然他因經營不善，土地年年的縮減下去，還是剩有一小塊田地，但他這片小農場還是附近一帶情況最壞的一個農場。

他的子女也像他的農場一樣的貧瘠。他的兒子小李伯非常的像他；小李伯穿着他父親的舊褲子到處跑，那褲子必須用手撩起，以免掉了下來。

然而李伯是個最幸運的人，他頭腦簡單，隨遇而安樂天知命，好壞食物都吃，只看那一種最容易到手。要是沒有人干涉他的話，他原可以滿足地度過他這一生，可是他老婆從來不放鬆他，埋怨他太懶惰，太粗心，會給家庭帶來滅亡。不管日日夜夜，她的舌頭總是喋喋不休的。他的一舉一動，一言一語都會引起她滔滔不絕的責罵。

李伯對於他太太的嘮叨只有一個對付的方法，而這種方法由於經常使用，已經成爲一種習慣了。他祇是聳聳肩，兩眼朝天，不發一言。然而，這樣子總是使他老婆火上加火。所以李伯除了逃到外面去外，別無辦法。

dog, whose name was Wolf. Wolf was often the object of Dame Van Winkle's displeasure, for she considered the two of them companions in idleness; indeed, she sometimes even blamed the dog for Rip's wandering ways. True, in the woods Wolf was as brave as an honorable dog should be; but what dog is ever brave enough to stand firm against the terrors of a woman's tongue? As soon as Wolf entered the house, his head bent low, his tail lay on the ground or curled between his legs. He went around the house with a guilty look, watching Dame Van Winkle out of the corner of his eye, ready to run from the room at the slightest sign of her displeasure.

Rip Van Winkle's troubles increased as the years of his marriage passed. A hard woman never becomes softer with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that cuts better with *constant* use. For a long while he used to comfort himself by sitting with other idle men, when Dame Van Winkle's talk had forced him out of the house. He and these other idle persons used to sit in front of the village *inn*, a small hotel whose name was suggested by a picture of *His Majesty* George the Third. Here they often sat in the shade through a long summer day, telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. Sometimes, by chance, one of the men found an old newspaper which had been left behind by some passing traveler. Then how seriously they would listen to the contents, as the newspaper was read aloud by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolteacher, a man of great learning, who was not afraid of the longest word in the dictionary. And how wisely they would discuss the public events which had occurred several months before.

The opinions of this group were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, the oldest man in the village, who owned the inn. He sat at the door of the

李伯在家裡唯一的知己是一隻名叫「狼」的狗。「狼」也經常是丹姆洩怒的對象，因為她認為他們是一對懶惰的伙伴；的確，她有時候也把李伯的遊手好閒遷怒在「狼」的身上。說真的，「狼」在森林裡也像其他聲名好的狗一樣的勇敢；可是世上有什麼狗勇敢得足夠抵擋得住女人喋喋不休的舌槍呢？因此「狼」一走進家門，就會垂頭喪氣，把尾巴拖在地上，或捲在兩腿之間。牠帶着犯人臨刑的神情，不時用眼角偷窺丹姆的動靜，只要看到她稍有不悅的樣子，就準備往外跑。

李伯的煩惱隨着婚後歲月的過去，一年一年的增加。頑固的女人從來不會因年歲的增長而變得溫和，鋒利的舌頭却是唯一越用越鋒利的工具。有一段很長的時期，每當他被丹姆的嘮叨逐出家門時，他總是與其他的一些懶人閒坐，以求自悞。他和那些懶人通常都坐在村中一家小旅店的前面，那家小旅店是用喬治三世的肖像做招牌的。他們常在樹蔭下消磨一個冗長的夏日，談着毫無意義的催人入睡的故事。如果有時候有人偶然撿到過往行人留下來的舊報紙，然後當小學教員戴立克大聲的朗讀這些報紙時，他們是如何恭肅地聆聽呀！而且他們也會多麼有先見之明地討論着幾個月前發生的時事！

這群人的意見完全受着村中的宿老，也是旅店的主人維德

inn from morning till night, moving just enough to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree. It is true that he almost never spoke, but smoked his pipe continually. His admirers, however, understood him perfectly, and knew how to get his opinions on any subject. When anything that was read or told displeased him, he smoked his pipe angrily; but when he was pleased, he smoked slowly and calmly. Sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, he let the smoke curl about his nose and moved his head up and down as a sign of agreement with what was being said.

But even the comforting companionship of this group was finally taken from the unlucky Rip. His wife suddenly broke in upon the pleasant discussion-club and gave its members her opinion of their worthlessness. Not even the great Nicholas Vedder himself was safe from the tongue of this daring woman, who blamed him directly for much of her husband's idleness.

Poor Rip was thus driven almost to despair. His only remaining means of escape was to take his gun and walk away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree with his faithful dog and fellow-sufferer, Wolf. "Poor Wolf," he would say. "Your life is hard and sad indeed, but never fear. While I live there will always be one friend to stand beside you!" Wolf would *wag* his tail and look sadly into his master's face. If dogs can feel pity, I truly believe he pitied Rip with all his heart.

After a long, wandering walk of this kind on a certain autumn day, Rip found that he had climbed to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was engaged in his favorite sport of hunting, and the *lonely* stillness of the woods had often been broken by the sound of his gun. Tired and breathless, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a little green hill at the

一人的操縱。他一天到晚坐在旅店的門前，只有太陽晒到身上，才移動一下，而一移到了大樹蔭裡，又不動了。他的確很少說話，總是坐着不住的抽煙斗。然而，他的信徒卻徹底瞭解他，並且知道怎麼去揣測他的意見。如果別人讀出來的新聞或報告的消息使他不快，他就狠命的抽煙斗；如果他心裡高興，他就慢條斯理地抽着。有時他也會把煙斗從嘴裡取出，讓煙霧縈繞於鼻際，一面擺擺頭，表示同意。

不幸的李伯雖然躲在這群快樂的同伴裡，還是不安全。他老婆照樣會突然的打斷這個愉快的討論會，並把在場的人罵得體無完膚。就連偉大的維德本身，遇上這悍婦的舌槍也難免遭殃，他會老實不客氣的指責他帶壞了她丈夫。

可憐的李伯幾乎被逼得走頭無路了。他唯一的逃避方法就是帶着槍到樹林裡去散步。在那兒，他有時會跟他那患難之交的「狼」坐在一棵樹底下。「可憐的『狼』，」他時常說：「你的生活的確艱苦憂慮，可是不要怕。只要我在世一天，你就一天不會沒有朋友幫助你！」於是「狼」會搖搖尾巴，憂傷地望着他主人的臉。如果狗也能憐憫人的話，我敢說牠一定會全心全意地憐憫牠的主人。

有個晴朗的秋日，也是在這樣散步的時候，李伯不知不覺走到卡茲吉爾山脈的一個高峯上。他那時正從事於他所喜歡的打獵運動，他的槍聲已經一再的發出迴聲，響徹了那片寧靜的樹林。天色漸晚，他喘着氣，精疲力竭的就在山巖上頭，一個

highest point of land. From an opening between the trees he could see all the lower country for many miles of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson River, far, far below.

On the other side he looked down into a deep valley, wild, lonely, and covered with trees. The bottom was filled with pieces of broken rock from the stony mountain side. For some time Rip lay observing this scene. Evening had almost come; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he sighed deeply when he thought of Dame Van Winkle's angry face.

Just as he was about to do down the mountain, he heard a voice from the distance calling, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing except a large bird winging its lonely flight across the mountain. He decided he had merely imagined the voice, and had turned again to climb down, when he heard the same cry ring through the quiet evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time, the hairs on his dog's back stood up straight, and the dog moved to his master's side, looking fearfully into the valley. Rip now felt the same fear within him, and he looked anxiously in the same direction. There he saw a strange figure slowly climbing up the rocks, bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. Rip was surprised to see any human being in this lonely place. But supposing it was some neighbor in need of help, he hurried down to give it.

As he approached more closely, he was still more surprised at the oddness of the stranger's appearance. He was a short old fellow, built quite square, with thick bushy hair and a grayish *beard*! His clothes were in the old Dutch fashion—a short cloth jacket with a belt, and

綠茵茸茸的小丘上躺下來。從樹隙間，他可以睇視一片綿延數里的茂盛森林。再看過去，就是那雄偉的哈德遜河遠遠地在下面流着。

另外一面是一個荒野、孤寂的深谷，佈滿了樹林。谷底則積滿了從石崖上掉下去的碎石塊。李伯躺在那兒瀏覽了眼前的景色好一會。夜幕即將低垂了，群山開始把藍色的長影罩住附近的山谷；他知道回到村子的時候一定很晚，一想到丹姆漲怒的臉，不禁深深地嘆了一口氣。

正當他要下山的時候，他突然聽到遠處有一個聲音叫着：「李伯！李伯！」他回顧四周，却看不到什麼東西，只見一隻大鳥孤伶伶地振翼渡山而過。他以為自己聽錯了，正準備再下山，却又聽到同樣的聲音在寧靜的薄暮中叫喊着：「李伯！李伯！」同時那條狗背上的毛都豎了起來，並且躲到牠主人的身邊，畏縮地看着山谷。李伯此刻心裡也同樣的懼怕，他的眼光也焦急地看着同一個方向。他看那兒有一個形狀古怪的人，背上背着一件沉重的東西，緩慢的沿着岩石爬上山來。李伯在這荒無人跡的地方看到了人，心裡很驚訝。可是他還以為那是附近的居民找他幫忙，就匆忙趕上前去。

等到他走近時，他發現那個陌生人的外貌十分古怪，使他更為詫異。那個人是個身軀矮濶的老頭子，長着一頭蓬鬆的濃髮，蓄着一把灰色的鬚鬚！他穿的是古荷蘭式的衣服——一件

several pairs of trousers. The outer trousers were wide and loose, with rows of buttons down the sides. On his shoulder he carried a wooden *keg* which seemed full of liquor; and he motioned to Rip to approach and help him with his load.

Though not entirely trusting this odd-looking stranger, Rip advanced to aid him. They carried the keg together up a narrow cut in the mountain side which might once have been made there by a mountain stream. As they climbed, Rip began to notice some unusual sounds. They were somewhat like the sounds of distant thunder, and they seemed to rise out of a deep and narrow valley among the towering rocks toward which their rough path led.

He paused for an instant to listen, but decided there must be a passing thunderstorm not far away. Satisfied with this explanation of the noises, he proceeded. Passing through the cut in the mountain, they came to a small hollow, like one of the theaters cut into the earth in ancient Greece. During this whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though Rip wondered why anyone should carry a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, he lacked the courage to question his strange new friend.

When they entered the hollow, new objects of wonder could be seen. On a level spot in the center, a group of odd-looking persons were playing *ninepins*. The players were dressed in a most unusual fashion. Some had knives in their belts, and most of them had long, loose trousers similar to those worn by Rip's guide. Their faces, too, were odd. The face of one seemed to consist entirely of a nose, topped by a large white hat. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the leader of the group. He was a thick-bodied old gentleman, wearing a broad belt, a tall hat with a feather,

束腰的短布夾克，以及幾條褲子。外面的褲子很鬆大，側邊鑲着扣子。他肩上背着一個木桶，好像還裝滿了酒。他對李伯招招手，叫他過去幫忙。

李伯雖然不完全信任這個長相古怪的陌生人，不過還是過去幫忙他。他們扛着酒桶，爬上一條顯然是由山澗乾涸而成的棧道。當他們爬着時，李伯開始注意到一些不尋常的聲音。它們有點像遠處雷鳴似的聲音，似乎是從這條棧道深處傳出來的。

他停下來聽了一回，祇覺得是附近急驟而過的雷雨聲，就繼續前進了。穿過了山峽，他們來到了一個像古希臘時代的小劇場的小山穴。一路上李伯和他的同伴都是沉默不語的；儘管李伯對於這個老人背着酒桶上這荒山來，很覺得納罕，可是他却缺乏勇氣同這位古怪的新朋友攀談。

等他們走進山穴時，李伯看到了許多新奇的事物。在中央的一塊平地上，有一群奇形怪狀的人正在玩九柱球。他們都穿着式樣奇特的衣服。有的腰帶上配着刀子，大多數的人則都穿一條條闊大的褲子，和領路人所穿的式樣相似。他們的相貌也很古怪。有一個的臉上彷彿只看到一個鼻子，戴着一頂白色的大帽子。他們全都留着鬍鬚，不過形狀和顏色各有不同。其中一人似乎是領袖。他是個健碩的長者，身穿綁帶的短褂，頭戴有羽毛的高簷帽，腳穿紅襪子和高跟鞋。這群人使李伯想起一