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大学生必读

睡谷的传说 The legend of— Sleepy yollow

Washington Irving

青岛出版社

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

睡谷的传说

Washington Irving

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序言

一个民族由于文学的产生,语言的色彩因而更丰富,语言的表现力更生动了。在文学的民族宝库中蕴藏着民族语言的精华。在不同的人生场合,我们有所感悟、有所感慨时,往往会感激古人,把我们想倾吐而又不知该怎么说的,表达得那么贴切、精辟,如同自己的肺腑之言。例如:"同是天涯沦落人,相逢何必曾相识。""不识庐山真面目,只缘身在此山中。"

我们甚至不曾意识到我们的日常谈吐中已融入了代代相传、都有来历的语言,而且多不胜举,像"割鸡焉用牛刀"(《论语·阳货》),"人言可畏"(《诗·郑风·将仲子》),"战战兢兢"(《诗·小雅·小旻》),"勾心斗角"(《阿房官赋》),"三思而行"(《论语·公冶长》)等等。孔子自述"三十而立,四十而不惑,五十而知天命"(《论语·为政》);我们借以表达人已进入某一阶段时,就说"而立之年"、"不惑之年"、"知命之年"。

英美文学中的佳句、警句,同样显示出进入日常语言的亲和力。例如:美国期刊《时代》(Time,

2002,12,23)发表专文推荐可能为奥斯卡年度最佳外语片的《对她说》(Talk to Her),文章标题脱胎于《第十二夜》开头第一句"If music be the food of love,play on",作者巧妙地把它改为"If Conversation Be the Food of Love,Talk On"("如果谈话是爱情的食粮,谈下去吧")。

第二次世界大战期间,英国首相邱吉尔访美,呼吁大力援助战争物资,引用了狄更斯笔下的孤儿奥列佛·退斯特,在儿童收容所中饥饿难忍,端起一只空碗,向掌勺的人发出的那一声迫切的呼吁:"Give me more!"(再添一些吧!)借助于这文学背景,在座的议员们为之动容,演讲收到了非常好的效果。

明白了一个民族的语言精华蕴藏在他们优秀的文学作品中,也就可以理解我们编写这套"英美文学经典丛书"的宗旨所在了。因为对于广大英语学习者来说,掌握了基本词汇量,攻克了语法等难点,具备了一定的阅读能力,又有志于进一步提高自己的英语修养,从而对于英语能有更深入、更亲切的认知,那么广泛阅读,尤其是有选择地精读优秀的英美文学,可说是不二法门了。



导 读

华盛顿·欧文(Washington Irving, 1783—1859)是19世纪美国浪漫主义文学的代表作家,也是美国文坛享誉世界的第一人,被称为"美国文学之父"。

欧文1783年4月3日出生于纽约一个富商家庭。他自幼酷爱读书,很早就尝试写作诗歌、散文和戏剧。学过法律,当过见习律师,但他的心思主要是在写作上。1809年发表处女作《纽约外史》,声名大振。1815年前往英国打理家族的生意,后来经商失败,他就靠写作谋生。他的代表作《见闻札记》(The Sketch Book 1819—1820)就是在这个时期陆续写成的,出版后引起轰动,广为流传。1826年出任美国驻西班牙大使馆专员,为他后来出的《哥伦布生平事迹与航海经历》(1828)、《格拉纳达征服记》(1829)和《阿尔罕布拉》(1832)搜集材料。1829年至1832年间,他出任美国驻伦敦大使馆书记。欧文在50岁时回到了阔别17年的祖国,在哈德逊河畔的逗留镇(Tarrytown)购置别墅定居不来。1842年

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再次赴欧,做了4年美国驻西班牙大使,回国后潜心著述,撰写了《哥尔德斯密斯传》(1840)和5卷本的《华盛顿传》(1855—1859)。该书写完不到3个月,他便与世长辞,享年76岁。欧文终身未娶。

欧文的声誉主要建立在他的传世佳作《见闻札记》这部散文、游记和故事集上。这部作品共有34篇,内容长短不一,多姿多彩。短篇故事是依据美国和德国的民间传说写成的,散文主要是写了作者旅英时的所见所闻、风土人情,抒发思古之幽情。

本书所选4篇全都出自《见闻札记》。《作者自述》是作者的夫子自道,写了他创作《见闻札记》的原委,阐述了他的游历观。他以为,旅游不仅是为了领略自然胜景,更在于激发怀古幽情,感受一方风土人情和历史变迁。美国美则美矣,但历史短暂,在文化底蕴上远不及欧洲。《妻子》是一则短篇故事,在文化底蕴上远不及欧洲。《妻子》是一则短篇故事,在文也或者一位在丈夫身处逆境时,帮助他振作精神渡平的生活气息,亲切感人。《里普·范·温克尔》和《睡谷的传说》是欧文最受推崇的两篇故事,常被选进各种教材及读物。

里普·范·温克尔是一个率真质朴、好心肠、怕老婆的庄稼汉。他整日无所事事,逍遥自在,从不关心自己的庄稼,经常受到妻子的唠叨训斥。为了躲避家中的不安宁,他常带了爱犬上山打猎解闷。一

天下午,他在山上遇见了一群古怪的老头玩九柱地滚球游戏,一边玩一边喝着酒。里普本来就贪杯,再加上出于好奇,他偷喝了他们的酒,昏睡过去。等他醒来时,爱犬不见了,猎枪也生锈了。回到村里,他发觉一切都变了,自己家的房子已破败不堪,原先常去的小酒店已经变成"联合旅店"了,门外还飘扬着星条旗。一群人在那儿聚会,谈论着什么"选举"啦、"自由"啦这些他压根儿听不懂的话题。最后,年长的村民总算认出了他。里普·范·温克尔见到了已长大成人的子女,他妻子不久前已离开人世。原来他这一觉意睡了20年。

有的评论家认为这篇故事反映了欧文思想保守的一面。里普昏睡的这 20 年正是美国独立战争时期,他醒来后有今不如昔的感觉。原先宁静悠闲的乡村生活被打破了,代之而起的是喧嚣和吵闹。里普高兴的并不是美国挣脱了英国的殖民统治,获得独立,而是自己摆脱了悍妻的压迫。这篇故事在某种程度上表明了欧文对变革和革命的态度——它们破坏了自然的秩序。

《睡谷的传说》讲述的是发生在哈得逊河畔一个名叫"睡谷"的地方的故事。这个地方鬼气森森,流传着许多恐怖故事,其中无头骑士的故事最为可怕。传说在美国独立战争时期的一次战役中,一个赫塞骑兵的头被炮弹打飞了。死后,他的阴魂常在

夜里骑马飞奔,到战场上去寻找自己的头颅。故事 的主人公是一个名叫伊卡包德·克莱恩的小学教 师。他是一个贪婪、迷信、自负、懦弱而又愚蠢的家 伙。他看上了当地一户富裕的荷兰人家的女儿卡特 琳娜·凡·塔塞尔,对她的美貌,尤其是她家的财产, 垂涎不已。在他的情敌中,有一个叫布鲁姆・凡・布 兰特的年轻人最为难缠。布鲁姆为人仗义,粗犷豪 放,身强力壮,大有豪侠之风。克莱恩自知不敌,尽 量避免和他正面冲突,采取低调的迂回策略。一天 晚上,克莱恩夫参加塔塞尔家的晚会,全村男女老少 汇聚一堂,当然还有布鲁姆。人们开始讲鬼故事。 布鲁姆讲了他半夜遇到无头骑士的故事,说他是自 己的手下败将。晚会后克莱恩留下向卡特琳娜求 爱,遭到拒绝,失魂落魄地走了。在小河边遇到了无 头骑十,经过一番角逐,始终没有摆脱他。最后,无 头骑士用手中的头颅把他砸倒在地。后来,人们在 桥头发现了他的帽子和一个摔得稀烂的南瓜,但始 终没有克莱恩的踪影。人们以为他已死去。几年后 一个到过纽约的老农说克莱恩还活着,并且做了法 官。布鲁姆在克莱恩失踪不久,如愿以偿地和卡特 琳娜结了婚。每当人们说起那个南瓜的事,他总是 捧腹大笑,人们不得不怀疑是他捣的鬼。

克莱恩和布鲁姆的冲突可以看成是新兴的美国 佬和庄稼汉的冲突。克莱恩是一个有着商业头脑、

精明的外来侵入者,读书反而让他变得圆滑和自私,最后被驱除出这块本来就不属于他的地方。布鲁姆则是地地道道的庄稼汉,粗鲁、霸道、任性,但骨子里却很纯朴率真,不乏可爱之处。最后,他用自己的智慧击败了情敌,令人忍俊不禁。

欧文的小说秉承欧洲哥特小说的传统,开了美国浪漫主义文学的先河。他的作品通过想像和幻想揭示了一个充满了疑云和神秘的世界,那是理性和常识所无法解释的,是超自然的。在营造场景和氛围上,本书所选的后两部作品——特别是《睡谷的传说》——匠心独运,悬念迭出,具有浓郁的浪漫气息。

欧文可以称得上是一个文体家。他的文笔优美典雅,舒卷自如。写景状物竭尽描绘之能事,能够很好地调动人们的视觉、听觉和嗅觉的感受。尤其值得一提的是他幽默诙谐的笔调,比如《睡谷的传说》中克莱思看着地里的牲畜家禽,想像着它们在饭桌上让人美餐的情景等等,读来令人忍俊不禁。

欧文的文风模仿中有创新,形成了自己独特的 风格。中国学生如果想学优雅、自如、简洁、精确的 英文,不妨读一读他的作品。

顾韶阳

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THE SKETCH BOOK

THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

by Washington Irving

"I am of this mind with Homer, that as the snaile that crept out of her shel was turned eftsoons into a toad, and thereby was forced to make a stool to sit on; so the traveller that stragleth from his owne country is in a short time transformed into so monstrous a shape, that he is faine to alter his mansion with his manners, and to live where he can, not where he would."

— LYLY'S EUPHUES

I WAS always fond of visiting new scenes, and observing strange characters and manners. Even when a mere child I began my travels, and made many tours of discovery into foreign parts and unknown regions of my native city, to the frequent alarm of my parents, and the emolument of the town-crier. As I grew into boyhood, I

extended the range of my observations. My holiday afternoons were spent in rambles about the surrounding country. I made myself familiar with all its places famous in history or fable. I knew every spot where a murder or robbery had been committed, or a ghost seen. I visited the neighboring villages, and added greatly to my stock of knowledge, by noting their habits and customs, and conversing with their sages and great men. I even journeyed one long summer's day to the summit of the most distant hill, whence I stretched my eye over many a mile of terra incognita, and was astonished to find how vast a globe I inhabited.

This rambling propensity strengthened with my years. Books of voyages and travels became my passion, and in devouring their contents, I neglected the regular exercises of the school. How wistfully would I wander about the pier-heads in fine weather, and watch the parting ships, bound to distant climes — with what longing eyes would I gaze after their lessening sails, and waft myself in imagination to the ends of the earth!

Further reading and thinking, though they brought this vague inclination into more reasonable bounds, only served to make it more decided. I visited various parts of my own country; and had I been merely a lover of fine scenery, I should have felt little desire to seek elsewhere its gratification, for on no country have the charms of nature been more prodigally lavished. Her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver; her mountains, with their bright aerial tints; her valleys, teeming with wild fertility; her tremendous cataracts, thundering in their solitudes; her boundless plains, waving with spontaneous verdure; her broad deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence; her skies, kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine; — no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery.

But Europe held forth the charms of storied and poetical association. There were to be seen the master-pieces of art, the refinements of highly-cultivated society, the quaint peculiarities of ancient and local custom. My native country was full of youthful promise; Europe was rich in the accumulated treasures of age. Her very ruins told the history of times gone by, and every mouldering stone was a chronicle. I longed to wander over the scenes of renowned achievement — to tread, as it were, in the footsteps of antiquity — to loiter about the ruined castle — to meditate on the falling tower — to escape, in short, from the commonplace realities of

the present, and lose myself among the shado

the present, and lose myself among the shadowy grandeurs of the past.

I had beside all this, an earnest desire to see the great men of the earth. We have, it is true, our great men in America: not a city but has an ample share of them. I have mingled among them in my time, and been almost withered by the shade into which they cast me; for there is nothing so baleful to a small man as the shade of a great one, particularly the great man of a city. But I was anxious to see the great men of Europe; for I had read in the works of various philosophers, that all animals degenerated in America, and man among the number. A great man of Europe, thought I, must therefore be as superior to a great man of America, as a peak of the Alps to a highland of the Hudson; and in this idea I was confirmed, by observing the comparative importance and swelling magnitude of many English travellers among us, who, I was assured, were very little people in their own country. I will visit this land of wonders, thought I, and see the gigantic race from which I am degenerated.

It has been either my good or evil lot to have my roving passion gratified. I have wandered through different countries, and witnessed many of the shifting scenes of life. I cannot say that I have studied them



with the eye of a philosopher, but rather with the sauntering gaze with which humble lovers of the picturesque stroll from the window of one print-shop to another; caught sometimes by the delineations of beauty, sometimes by the distortions of caricature, and sometimes by the loveliness of landscape. As it is the fashion for modern tourists to travel pencil in hand, and bring home their portfolios filled with sketches, I am disposed to get up a few for the entertainment of my friends. When, however, I look over the hints and memorandums I have taken down for the purpose, my heart almost fails me at finding how my idle humor has led me aside from the great objects studied by every regular traveller who would make a book. I fear I shall give equal disappointment with an unlucky landscape painter, who had travelled on the continent, but, following the bent of his vagrant inclination, had sketched in nooks, and corners, and by-places. His sketchbook was accordingly crowded with cottages, and landscapes, and obscure ruins; but he had neglected to paint St. Peter's, or the Coliseum; the cascade of Terni, or the bay of Naples; and had not a single glacier or volcano in his whole collection.

THE END

THE WIFE

The treasures of the deep^① are not so precious

As are the conceal'd comforts of a man

Locked up in woman's love^②. I scent the air

Of blessings^③, when I come but near the house.

What a delicious breath^④ marriage sends forth...

The violet bed's not sweeter.

- MIDDLETON®

I HAVE often had occasion to remark[®] the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune[®]. Those disasters which break down

① the treasures of the deep:深藏的宝藏

② the conceal'd...love:女人的爱恋中隐藏的对男人的 慰藉

③ scent the air of blessings:嗅到了幸福的气息

④ delicious breath:温馨的气息

⑤ Middleton(1570-1627):米德尔顿,英国剧作家。

⑥ remark:见到,目睹

⑦ sustain...fortune:忍受巨大的挫折