

黛 絲 · 密 勒

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三冠大酒店

在瑞士的一個小城——費維，有一家特別舒適的旅館。事實上，費維根本就有許多家旅館，因為這是一個專靠旅業以維持繁榮的名勝區。許多到過瑞士的遊客都會記得，費維在一個藍得非常可愛的湖邊上——這湖是每個遊客總要一遊的地方。湖岸一帶有各式各樣的旅舍，櫛比鱗次，排列成行。從最新型的「大酒店」（屋前粉飾得雪白一片，凸出成百個小洋台，屋頂上飄揚着十幾面旗幟）到舊式的瑞士式小公寓（公寓的名字漆在粉紅或黃色的牆上，字體畧帶德國風味，花園的一角築着簡陋的涼亭）都應有盡有。但是費維的許多旅館中，有一家却特別出名，甚至可以說睥睨同業，因為和附近那些有暴發戶氣息的旅館相形之下，這一家既豪華舒適，又有悠久的歷史；它簡直洋溢着一種高貴和成熟的美。每年六月間，總有無數美國遊客從各處湧到這裏來消暑。這時費維就會呈現出某些美國避暑勝地的特色。那裏所見所聞的一切，時常給人一個印象，彷彿大家又回到了美國的紐坡特或薩拉拓加。裝束入時的姑娘們脚步輕盈地在人叢中穿來穿去，細布製成的衣裙碎縷有聲；夜深還響着的興奮的舞曲；一天到晚都聽得見的高音嗓子……這

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You receive an impression of these things at the excellent inn of the Trois Couronnes, and are transported in fancy to the Ocean House or to Congress Hall. But at the Trois Couronnes, it must be added, there are other features that are much at variance with these suggestions: neat German waiters, who look like secretaries of legation, Russian princesses sitting in the garden; little Polish boys walking about, held by the hand, with their governors; a view of the sunny crest of the Dent du Midi and the picturesque towers of the Castle of Chillon.

I hardly know whether it was the analogies or the differences that were uppermost in the mind of a young American, who, two or three years ago, sat in the garden of the Trois Couronnes, looking about him, rather idly, at some of the graceful objects I have mentioned. It was a beautiful summer morning, and in whatever fashion the young American looked at things they must have seemed to him charming. He had come from Geneva the day before by the little steamer ^{the} to see his aunt, who was staying at the hotel — Geneva having been for a long time his place of residence. But his aunt had a headache — his aunt had almost always a headache — and now she was shut up in her room, smelling camphor, so that he was at liberty to wander about. He was some seven-and-twenty years of age. When his friends spoke of him, they usually said that he "was at Geneva studying"; when his enemies spoke of him, they said — but, after all, he had no enemies;

些在三冠大酒店常有的景象，總使人想起海洋大廈或國會飯店來。可是我還要附帶聲明一下，除了上述的情形之外，三冠大酒店還有些迥然不同的特點：那裏有許多衣履整潔的侍者，看來活像公使館裏的秘書；俄羅斯皇室女眷，坐在園裏休憩；波蘭小男孩，攙着教師的手，在園中散步。從酒店眺望遠處，可以看得見丹特·杜·米地山上陽光絢爛的山頂，還有希龍古堡那些富於畫趣的樓塔。

兩三年前，有一個美國青年獨自坐在三冠大酒店的花園裏，懶洋洋地看着上述的一些悅目的景色。我不知道他心裏認為這些景象究竟像還是不像他在祖國所見的。那是一個晴朗的夏日早晨。可是不管他怎樣想，我猜他一定覺得邁圖的一切都非常迷人。他一向住在日內瓦，前一天才乘了小汽船到費維來探望他的姑母。這姑母就住在三冠大酒店。但是這天她頭痛得很厲害——她似乎三朝兩日總在頭痛——所以自己關在房裏，嗅着樟腦以減少痛苦，而這姪子就隨意在外面閒蕩。他名叫溫德明，年約二十七歲。當他的朋友提到他時，他們總是說他在日內瓦「讀書」；而他的仇人提到他時，他們却說——不過，事實上他並沒有什麼仇人。他人緣極好，大家都喜歡他。我意思說，有些人提到他時，總堅持他之所以長期滯留在日內瓦是

he was an extremely amiable fellow, and universally liked. What I should say is, simply, that when certain persons spoke of him they affirmed that the reason of his spending so much time at Geneva was that he was extremely devoted to a lady who lived there — a foreign lady — a person older than himself. Very few Americans — indeed, I think none — had ever seen this lady, about whom there were some singular stories. But Winterbourne had an old attachment for the little metropolis of Calvinism; he had been put to school there as a boy, and he had afterwards gone to college there — circumstances which had led to his forming a great many youthful friendships. Many of these he had kept, and they were a source of great satisfaction to him.

After knocking at his aunt's door, and learning that she was indisposed, he had taken a walk about the town, and then he had come in to his breakfast. He had now finished his breakfast; but he was drinking a small cup of coffee, which had been served to him on a little table in the garden by one of the waiters who looked like an attaché. At last he finished his coffee and lit a cigarette. Presently a small boy came walking along the path—an urchin of nine or ten. The child, who was diminutive for his years, had an aged expression of countenance: a pale complexion, and sharp little features. He was dressed in knickerbockers, with red stockings, which displayed his poor little spindle-shanks; he also wore a brilliant red cravat. He carried in his hand a long alpenstock, the sharp point of which he thrust into

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因為捨不得那裏的一個外國女人——一位風韻猶存的半老徐娘。很少美國人——恐怕根本沒有一個美國人——看見過這女人，不過大家都聽見過各種關於她的流言蜚語。實際上，溫德朋的確對這個作為卡爾文教派(註)發祥地的城市懷着根深蒂固的好感。他從小在那裏讀書，一直讀到大學。在這情形之下，他自然結識了不少當地的人士。有許多他幼年時期的朋友到現在還同他保持着親密的友誼。這一點是他每一念及，總深為得意的。

溫德朋敲過他姑母的房門，知道她身體不適後，就獨自到外面的街道上去逛了一會，然後回來吃早餐。這時他已經吃完早餐，不過還坐在園中的一張小桌旁邊喝咖啡。這一小杯咖啡是一個參贊模樣的侍者替他送來的。他喝掉了最後一口咖啡，才開始悠閒地抽煙。過了一會，小徑上出現了一個十歲左右的小男孩。這孩子身材雖然畧嫌矮小，面目却有點像個大人：臉色蒼白，輪廓細緻而清楚。他穿着膨起的燈籠褲，細瘦的腿上裹着紅襪子，胸前還垂着一條鮮艷奪目的大紅領帶。他手裏拿着一根很長的登山杖。他一路走着，一路把長杖的尖端插到任何碰得着的東西上——包括園裏的花壇，椅子，和女人的長裙。他走到溫德朋面前時，忽然停下脚步，用一雙明亮而銳利

【註】卡爾文為十六世紀法國宗教改革家，曾在日內瓦居留多時。

everything that he approached—the flower-beds, the garden-benches, the trains of the ladies' dresses. In front of Winterbourne he paused, looking at him with a pair of bright, penetrating little eyes.

"Will you give me a lump of sugar?" he asked, in a sharp, hard little voice—a voice immature, and yet, somehow, not young.

Winterbourne glanced at the small table near him, on which his coffee-service rested, and saw that several morsels of sugar remained. "Yes, you may take one," he answered; "but I don't think sugar is good for little boys."

This little boy stepped forward and carefully selected three of the coveted fragments, two of which he buried in the pocket of his knickerbockers, depositing the other as promptly in another place. He poked his alpenstock, lance-fashion, into Winterbourne's bench, and tried to crack the lump of sugar with his teeth.

"Oh, blazes; it's har-r-d!" he exclaimed, pronouncing the adjective in a peculiar manner.

Winterbourne had immediately perceived that he might have the honor of claiming him as a fellow-countryman. "Take care you don't hurt your teeth," he said, paternally.

"I haven't got any teeth to hurt. They have all come out. I have only got seven teeth. My mother counted them last night, and one came out right afterwards. She said she'd slap me if any more came out. I can't help it. It's this old Europe. It's the climate that makes them come out. In America they didn't come out. It's these hotels."

的小眼睛，骨碌骨碌地盯着他看。

「給我一塊方糖，好不好？」他輕輕地嘆聲問道。這聲音是生硬的，可是聽上去並不像年青人的喉嚨。

溫德朋回頭看了看小桌上的茶具，瞥見糖罐裏面還剩着幾塊方糖。「好，你就拿一塊吧。」他回答。「不過我想小孩子最好不要多吃糖。」

那男孩子走近前來，小心地選了三塊他所垂涎的食物。他匆匆把兩塊藏在褲袋裏，然後以同樣的速率把其餘一塊塞到另一個地方去。接着他把那登山杖當長矛似的往溫德朋的椅子上戳過去，一面開始格格作響地嚼着那塊方糖。

「噢，見鬼，那麼硬！」他用一種特別的口音高聲喊起來。

一聽這口音，溫德朋立刻知道這孩子大概也是美國人，「小心別咬壞了你的牙齒，」他用長者的口吻警告他。

「沒關係，我根本沒有什麼牙齒。全掉了。只剩七顆。昨天晚上母親替我數過，那知道剛數完又掉了一顆。她說我的牙齒再掉下去，她要打我了。我自己也沒有辦法。都是這倒霉的歐洲不好。這種天氣叫人掉牙齒。在美國時候還好好的。都是這些旅館不好。」

Winterbourne was much amused. "If you eat three lumps of sugar, your mother will certainly slap you," he said.

"She's got to give me some candy, then," rejoined his young interlocutor. "I can't get any candy here—and American candy. American candy's the best candy."

"And are American little boys the best little boys?" asked Winterbourne.

"I don't know. I'm an American boy," said the child.

"I see you are one of the best!" laughed Winterbourne.

"Are you an American man?" pursued this vivacious infant. And then, on Winterbourne's affirmative reply—"American men are the best!" he declared.

His companion thanked him for the compliment; and the child, who had now got astride his alpenstock, stood looking about him, while he attacked a second lump of sugar. Winterbourne wondered if he himself had been like this in his infancy, for he had been brought to Europe at about this age.

"Here comes my sister!" cried the child, in a moment. "She's an American girl."

Winterbourne looked along the path and saw a beautiful young lady advancing. "American girls are the best girls!"

溫德朋聽得很有趣。「倘使你吃了這三塊方糖，你母親一定更要打你。」他說。

「那她就應該給我點糖菓吃。」對方答道。「在這裏，我從來吃不到糖菓——美國糖菓。美國糖是全出界最好的糖菓。」

「告訴我，美國男孩是不是全世界最好的男孩？」溫德朋問他。

「那我可不知道。我自己是個美國男孩。」

「我早已看出你是個最好的男孩！」溫德朋笑起來。

「你是美國人嗎？」那活潑的孩子反問他。在溫德朋承認自己的國籍後，他連忙接下去，「美國男人是全世界最好的男人！」

溫德朋向他道謝，說：「承蒙你看得起。」於是孩子把兩腿跨在登山杖上當馬騎，眼睛往四處張望着，同時用力咬第二塊方糖。溫德朋對這小朋友，不禁想，「我小時候也是這樣的嗎？」因為當年他從美國搬到歐洲來時，也不過這個年紀。

「我姐姐來了！」一會兒，孩子嚷起來。「她是個美國女人。」

溫德朋看見一個美麗的少女正從小徑上施施然走來。「美

he said, cheerfully, to his young companion.

"My sister ain't the best!" the child declared. "She's always blowing at me."

"I imagine that is your fault, not hers," said Winterbourne. The young lady meanwhile had drawn near. She was dressed in white muslin, with a hundred frills and flounces, and knots of pale-colored ribbon. She was bareheaded; but she balanced in her hand a large parasol, with a deep border of embroidery; and she was strikingly, admirably pretty. "How pretty they are!" thought Winterbourne, straightening himself in his seat, as if he were prepared to rise.

The young lady paused in front of his bench, near the parapet of the garden, which overlooked the lake. The little boy had now converted his alpenstock into a vaulting-pole, by the aid of which he was springing about in the gravel, and kicking it up a little.

"Randolph," said the young lady, "what *are* you doing?"

"I'm going up the Alps," replied Randolph. "This is the way!" And he gave another little jump, scattering the pebbles about Winterbourne's ears.

"That's the way they come down," said Winterbourne.

"He's an American man!" cried Randolph, in his hard little voice.

The young lady gave no heed to this announcement, but looked straight at her brother. "Well, I guess you had better be quiet," she simply observed.

It seemed to Winterbourne that he had been in a manner

「國女人是全世界最好的女人。」他笑盈盈地對小朋友說。

「我姐姐才不算好！」孩子大聲怨道。「她成天罵我。」

「我想一定是你不對，不能怪她。」溫德朋說。這時那位小姐已經走近他們身邊。她穿着一件白色的細布衣裳，上面有無數褶襖，還釘着許多淺色的小綴結。她沒有戴帽子，可是手裏撐着一把考究的大傘，邊上點綴着一大面繡花綢邊。她長得非常之美，艷光四射。「美國姑娘可真漂亮！」溫德朋心裏想着，一面連忙挺直腰背，好像預備起立的樣子。

少女在他椅子面前停上來，站在花園的欄杆旁邊，俯視下面的湖水。孩子却忙着把登山杖當作撐竿，支着它在沙地上跳上跳下，踢得沙泥四濺。

「蘭道夫，」少女忍不住說，「你在幹什麼呀？」

「我在攀登阿爾卑斯山，」蘭道夫答道。「就這樣上去！」他又跳起來，以致腳下的碎石直飛到溫德朋的耳邊。

「那是下山的姿勢。」溫德朋湊趣着說。

「他是個美國人！」蘭道夫生硬的聲音又響了起來。

少女並不理會他的話，目光仍舊直瞪瞪地對着她的弟弟。「你還是安靜一會好。」她簡括地說。

這一來，溫德朋倒覺得好像有人替他們介紹過了。於是他

presented. He got up and stepped slowly towards the young girl, throwing away his cigarette. "This little boy and I have made acquaintance," he said, with great civility. In Geneva, as he had been perfectly aware, a young man was not at liberty to speak to a young unmarried lady except under certain rarely occurring conditions; but here at Vevay, what conditions could be better than these?—a pretty American girl coming and standing in front of you in a garden. This pretty American girl, however, on hearing Winterbourne's observation, simply glanced at him; she then turned her head and looked over the parapet, at the lake and the opposite mountains. He wondered whether he had gone too far; but he decided that he must advance farther, rather than retreat. While he was thinking of something else to say, the young lady turned to the little boy again.

"I should like to know where you got that pole?" she said.

"I bought it," responded Randolph.

"You don't mean to say you're going to take it to Italy?"

"Yes, I am going to take it to Italy," the child declared.

The young girl glanced over the front of her dress, and smoothed out a knot or two of ribbon. Then she rested her eyes upon the prospect again. "Well, I guess you had better leave it somewhere," she said, after a moment.

"Are you going to Italy?" Winterbourne inquired, in a tone of great respect.

The young lady glanced at him again. "Yes, sir," she

站起來，慢慢地走到少女跟前，隨手把烟蒂丟掉。「這孩子已經向我談了一會。」他客氣地說。他知道得很清楚，在日內瓦那種地方，除非經過正式介紹，否則一個青年男子是絕對不可以冒昧同陌生少女攀談的。但是這裏是費維。還有比這更理想的環境嗎？——在花園裏，一個美貌的美國女郎自己走到你面前來。不過這美貌的女郎聽見溫德朋的話後，只瞟了他一眼，又轉過頭去欣賞欄外的湖光山色。他有點懷疑自己的舉動是否太輕率魯莽，以致唐突了佳人；可是事已至此，他却寧可再接再厲，不願半途而廢。他正在暗忖如何另找話題時，少女又回頭看那孩子。

「你且告訴我，這根竿子是那裏弄來的？」她說。

「我自己買的。」蘭道夫回答她。

「難道你預備把這東西也帶到意大利去？」

「當然囉，我要把它帶到意大利去。」孩子肯定地宣佈。

少女低頭看看自己的衣裳，用手摩平了一兩個緞結，又繼續賞玩眼前的景色。「你還是把這竿子留下來的好的。」須臾，她加了這麼一句。

「你們還要到意大利去？」溫德朋必恭必敬地問她。

少女再瞟了他一眼。「是的，先生。」她漫應了一聲，又

replied. And she said nothing more.

"Are you-a-going over the Simplon?" Winterbourne pursued, a little embarrassed.

"I don't know," she said. "I suppose it's some mountain. Randolph, what mountain are we going over?"

"Going where?" the child demanded.

"To Italy," Winterbourne explained.

"I don't know," said Randolph. "I don't want to go to Italy. I want to go to America."

"Oh, Italy is a beautiful place!" rejoined the young man.

"Can you get candy there?" Randolph loudly inquired.

"I hope not," said his sister. "I guess you have had enough candy, and mother thinks so, too."

"I haven't had any for ever so long—for a hundred weeks!" cried the boy, still jumping about.

The young lady inspected her flounces and smoothed her ribbons again, and Winterbourne presently risked an observation upon the beauty of the view. He was ceasing to be embarrassed, for he had begun to perceive that she was not in the least embarrassed herself. There had not been the slightest alteration in her charming complexion; she was evidently, neither offended nor fluttered. If she looked another way when he spoke to her, and seemed not particularly to hear him, this was simply her habit, her manner. Yet, as he talked a little more, and pointed out some of the objects of interest in the view,

沉默着。

「你們是不是……打算從辛浦朗山那邊去？」溫德朋稍爲有點窘困地追問下去。

我也不大清楚，」她說，「大概總是個什麼山吧。喂，蘭道夫，我們預備從那一座山過去？」

「到那裏去？」孩子問。

「意大利。」溫德朋插嘴解釋。

「不知道。」蘭道夫說。「我根本不想到意大利去。我情願回美國。」

「啊，意大利是個很可愛的地方！」那青年告訴他。

「那邊買得到糖菓嗎？」蘭道夫高聲問道。

「最好沒有得買，」他姐姐忙說。「我怕你吃得太多。母親也這麼說。」

「我已經好久好久沒有吃糖——足足有一百個星期了！」他嚷着，一面還在蹦跳。

少女重新低頭察看衣服上的褶襠，又掠平了幾個緞結。過了好一會，溫德朋才試着同她說說當地的風景。他的態度逐漸變得自然起來，不像先前那麼窘，因爲他發現對方很落落大方，一點也沒有窘態。她那種令人心醉的臉色始終沒有改變；

with which she appeared quite unacquainted, she gradually gave him more of the benefit of her glance; and then he saw that this glance was perfectly direct and unshrinking. It was not, however, what would have been called an immodest glance, for the young girl's eyes were singularly honest and fresh. They were wonderfully pretty eyes; and, indeed, Winterbourne had not seen for a long time anything prettier than his fair countrywoman's various features—her complexion, her nose, her ears, her teeth. He had a great relish for feminine beauty; he was addicted to *observing* and *analyzing* it; and as regards this young lady's face he made several observations. It was not at all insipid, but it was not exactly expressive; and though it was eminently delicate, Winterbourne mentally accused it—very *forgivingly*—of a want of finish. He thought it very possible that Master Randolph's sister was a coquette; he was sure she had a spirit of her own; but in her bright, sweet, superficial little visage there was no mockery, no irony. Before long it became obvious that she was much disposed toward conversation. She told him that they were going to Rome for the winter—she and her mother and Randolph. She asked him if he was a “real American”; she shouldn't have taken him for one; he seemed more like a German—this was said after a little hesitation—especially when he spoke. Winterbourne,