

The voyage
Roscoe
The wife
Rip van Winkle
Rural life in
The broken he
The country c
The widow and
A Sunday in
Rural Funera
The sketchbook

The voyage
Roscoe
The wife
Rip van Winkle
Rural life in
The broken he
The country c
The widow and
A Sunday in
Rural Funera
The sketchbook

· 典藏版 ·

见闻札记

文思博要·英汉对照



The Sketchbook

【美】华盛顿·欧文

编译：费解 苏勇强

追踪世界思想大师的人生之路
记录思想史的珍贵文库
品赏魅力永存的经典作品
汇集最权威的文思信惠

陕西人民出版社
Shaanxi People's Publishing House

追踪世界思想大师的人生之路
记录思想史的珍贵文库
品赏魅力永存的经典作品
汇集最权威的文思信息

The Sketchbook

【美】 华盛顿·欧文
编译：费 解 苏勇强



Shaanxi People's Publishing House



图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

见闻札记: 原著〔美〕Washington Irving 华盛顿·欧文; 编译 费解 苏勇强

—西安: 陕西人民出版社, 2004

(文思博要·英汉对照系列丛书)

书名原文: The Sketchbook

ISBN 7-224-07213-3

I. 见… II. ①欧…②费…③苏… III. 英语-对照读物, 随笔

-英、汉 IV. H319.4

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2004) 第114327号

见闻札记



The Sketchbook

作者: 〔美〕Washington Irving 华盛顿·欧文

编译: 费解 苏勇强

责任编辑: 关宁

整体设计: 王晓勇

内文设计: 易玉秦

图文制作: 王博

出版发行: 陕西人民出版社

地址: 西安市北大街147号 邮编: 710003

制版: 陕西华夏电脑设计制版有限公司

印刷: 西安百花印刷厂

开本: 787mm×1092mm 16开 20.25印张 3插图

字数: 345千字

版次: 2005年5月第1版 2005年5月第1次印刷

印数: 1-5000

书号: ISBN7-224-07213-3/H·288

定价: 22.80元



悠着读书

——编者的话

当我们离“粗茶半盏、藏书满架”的境界越来越远，当“采菊东篱下，悠然见南山”的自得永远定格成历史画面，当文化快餐、影视快餐成为生活的主流，你是不是也向往着那山高水远、风清云淡、从容品书的写意日子？

我们选编这套英汉对照丛书的初衷也正在于此。卢梭的《忏悔录》、培根的《论人生》、蒙田的《蒙田随笔》、梭罗的《瓦尔登湖》、纪伯伦的《沙与沫》、帕斯卡尔的《思想录》、华盛顿·欧文的《见闻札记》、乔治·吉辛的《四季随笔》、房龙的《人类的故事》、爱默生的《爱默生随笔选》这十种哲理散文，或浓墨重彩，或轻描淡写，无不饱含理性的思考，堪称世界名著中的经典之作，其中闪烁的智慧与美的光芒，足以跨越时空，打动一代又一代读者的心灵。

身处这个讲求速度和效率的世界，利益的驱动让人们无法忍受时间的考验，语言的学习人人都想找到速成的捷径。而在自然界的法则中，耐心潜伏的慢鱼可以吃掉莽撞的快鱼，一年长成的树木决不能做房屋的主梁，因此，积累变成永恒的主题。除少数天赋异禀的人外，我们并不相信某一种方法可以让人迅速地脱胎换骨。而读这些书，你可以悠着读，慢慢地读，细细地品，静静地想，体味中文与英文异曲同工的精致与流畅。悠着读的那种随心所欲，那种自然惬意，那种从容不迫，让你可以更深地思，更好地想。

我们愿这套书能给你的思绪插上翅膀，让它自由地翱翔，我们愿为你推开一扇门，打开一扇窗，让你看到另外一个世界的景象。

华盛顿·欧文（Washington Irving, 1783—1859），美国著名作家，被誉为“美国文学之父”。他于1783年4月3日出生于纽约。幼年体弱多病，16岁辍学，先后在几个律师事务所学法律，但对法律并没有兴趣，却喜爱文学与漫游。1804年因病赴欧洲休养。1807年，他和兄长等人共同创办一种不定期刊物《杂拌》，开始了他的文学创作活动，显露出他幽默、风趣和含蓄的讽刺才能。1819年，欧文陆续发表许多散文、随笔和故事，共32篇，于1820年结集为《见闻札记》出版，引起欧洲和美国文学界的重视，并获得了极大的成功，也就是这部作品，奠定了欧文在美国文学史上的地位。

欧文是散文大师，是美国文学的奠基人之一。他的文学才能集中体现在《见闻札记》一书中，这是一部真实与虚构并存，以高超的技巧、丰富的想像力来反映新旧世界的作品。在此书中，作者撷取自己在美国及旅欧时所闻所见的种种逸事，以小说家的手法，哲学家的冷静思辨，将之一一述来。其中最为精彩的是充满传奇色彩的《瑞普·凡·温克尔》、《幽灵新郎》与《睡谷的传说》，它们被称为“最早的短篇小说”，成为世界文坛一个非常重要的里程碑。作者以漫画手法勾勒人物，懒散的瑞普、富于浪漫激情的鬼新郎和利欲熏心的乡村教师克兰，都已成为世界文学宝库的经典形象。我们从躲避悍妻而在山中一睡二十年的瑞普身上，隐约可见我国古代“刘阮天台遇仙”这一故事的影子，只是前者那种温和的讽刺使人物形象更为生动丰满罢了；而《睡谷的传说》则因其中魔幻色彩与悬念设置而受到电影人的青睐，自1912年首次搬上银幕以来，已有多部电影版本相继面世，其中最负盛名的便是《无头骑士》。

《见闻札记》中的纪实与游记类作品中，贯穿着作者浓厚的人文主义思想。在《妻子》与《破碎的心》中，作者对温柔、纯洁、高尚的女性进行了赞美；在《乡村葬礼》中，作者极力讴歌失去独子的乡间老妪：



“这座忧伤的活纪念碑比得上所有堂皇的纪念。”在《威斯敏斯特大教堂》中，作者说，“不朽的声名是无益的夸耀”；而在《艾冯河畔的斯特拉特福德》中，作者则客观地指出，“命运的翻云覆雨如同赌博，天才会变成无赖还是伟大的诗人，不可预测”；在《印第安人的品性》中，作者则推翻成见，大胆地为印第安人的不幸命运提出申诉。

欧文的文笔清新优雅，富于浪漫主义情调。在谈及自己的祖国时，他不妄自菲薄：“美国湖泊浩淼，流光溢彩；群山连绵，黛色参天；峡谷中土地丰饶，鸟兽众多；百丈瀑布发出雷鸣般的声响打破寂静；无垠的原野上，自生的草木起伏不定；苍穹中，多姿多彩的夏云与灿烂的阳光交相辉映。”但他也承认别国的优点：“欧洲也具有迷人的魅力，能让人产生诗意的联想。那里的艺术珍品、上流社会的优雅风姿、古老的本土风俗的奇异处处可见……她的废墟也在诉说着流逝的时光，每块坍塌的石头都记录着远古的事件”。（《作者自述》）在《妻子》一文中，他描写女性，“犹如藤蔓，它优雅的枝叶缠绕着橡树，并借此沐浴阳光，但当霹雳劈开坚硬的树干，藤蔓仍会以爱抚的卷须与其相依，紧紧环拥着那破碎的枝干。”其感觉之细腻，描写之准确，体现了作者浪漫的天性与娴熟的创作技巧。

欧文一生创作极丰，除使他声名鹊起的《见闻札记》外，还有《纽约外史》（1909）、《布雷斯布里奇田庄》（1822）、《旅客谈》（1824）、《哥伦布的生平和航行》（1928）、《攻克格拉纳达》（1929）、《阿尔罕伯拉》（1832）等。欧文曾任美国驻英公使馆秘书。牛津大学曾授予他名誉法学博士学位，英国皇家学会也向他颁发了勋章。晚年他的主要作品是三部传记：《哥尔德斯密斯传》（1840）、《穆罕默德及其继承者》（1849—1850）和5卷本《华盛顿传》（1855—1859）。

本书择取了《见闻札记》中最为精华的部分，基本可见这位杰出的文学家作品的风貌。

目 录
CONTENTS



The author' s account of himself.....	6
The voyage.....	12
Roscoe.....	24
The wife.....	36
Rip Van Winkle.....	50
Rural life in England.....	78
The broken heart.....	90
The country church.....	100
The widow and her son.....	110
A sunday in Lindon.....	124
Rural funerals.....	128
The spectre bridegroom.....	152
Westminster Abbey.....	180
Christmas.....	200
The stage-coach.....	210
Stratford-on-Avon.....	222
Traits of Indian character.....	254
The legend of sleepy hollow.....	272

目 录

CONTENTS

作者自述.....	7
航程.....	13
罗斯科.....	25
妻子.....	37
瑞普·凡·温克尔.....	51
英国的乡村生活.....	79
破碎的心.....	91
乡村教堂.....	101
寡妇和她的儿子.....	111
伦敦的礼拜天.....	125
乡村葬礼.....	129
幽灵新郎.....	153
威斯敏斯特大教堂.....	181
圣诞节.....	201
驿站马车.....	211
艾冯河畔的斯特拉特福德.....	223
印第安人的品性.....	255
睡谷的传说.....	273



The author's account of himself

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 had the charms of nature been more prodigally lavished. Her mighty lakes, her 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

作者自述

我一贯醉心于游览未知之处，欣赏奇人异事。童年时我便开始在家乡游历，多次探幽访奇，这令我父母深感担忧，却让公报传报员获益甚多。等到稍稍长成，我的游历范围更加扩展。假日午后我漫游于故乡的郊野，熟悉了历史与传说中所有著名的地方，了解了何处曾发生过谋杀与抢劫，何处又有鬼魂出没。我游览附近乡村，留心他们的风俗习惯，与智者和见识不凡者交流，知识量得以与日俱增。一个漫长的夏日，我甚至登上了最远的山峰，极目四望，未知的土地展现于眼前，我惊奇地发现自己所居住的地方如此辽阔。

随着年岁的增长，我对漫游的喜好与日俱增。有关游历的书籍令我爱不释手，如饥似渴的阅读使我忽视了学校的日常功课。风和日丽之时，我多么渴望能在码头漫步，看着去帆片片，奔向遥远的地方。帆影远去，我仍然极力眺望，想象着随之飘往海角天涯。

不断的阅读和思考，使我模糊的爱好变得更为理性，更为明确。我游遍了国内各地，如果我只是爱好优美的风光的话，这就足以令我满意了，因为大自然还没有慷慨地施与其他国家更强的魅力呢。美国湖泊浩渺，流光溢彩；群山连绵，黛色参天；峡谷中土地丰饶，鸟兽众多；百丈瀑布发出雷鸣般的声响打破寂静；无垠的原野上，自生的葱茏草木起伏不定；深广的河流肃穆地涌向海洋；人迹罕至的森林中，树木恣意舒展；苍穹中，多姿多彩的夏云与

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 all the charms of storied and poetical association. There were to be seen the masterpieces 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 the times gone by, and every mouldering stone was a chronicle. I longed to wander over the scenes 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 shadowy grandeurs of the past. I had, besides 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 port-

灿烂的阳光交相辉映——对美国人来说，自己国家壮美的景观就足够了，不用舍此他求。

但是，欧洲也具有迷人的魅力，能让人产生历史和诗意的联想。那里的艺术珍品、上流社会的优雅风姿、古老而奇异的本土风俗处处可见。我的祖国青春焕发，欧洲却拥有岁月沉积的财富。她的废墟也在诉说着流逝的时光，每块坍塌的石头都记录着远古的事件。我渴望漫游于久负盛名之所——犹如践履古人的足迹——徘徊于废弃的城堡——面对摇摇欲坠的塔楼冥想，一句话，渴望摆脱庸常的现实，沉迷于辉煌历史的烟尘中。除此而外，我热切期盼着能见到世上的伟人。当然，美国有自己的伟人，他们为数众多，散居于不同的城市。我也曾混迹其间，畏缩地站在他们投下的阴影之中。因为对小人物来说，最感懊丧的莫过于被伟人遮蔽，尤其是同城的伟人。但我急切地想看到欧洲的伟人，因为我读过许多哲学家的著作，据说所有动物在美洲都会退化，人也不例外。因此想必欧洲的伟人优于美国的伟人，高下之别犹如阿尔卑斯山的顶峰与哈得逊河的平原一样。许多我确信在其本国微不足道的旅行者，置身于我们之间就会显得举足轻重，更为高大，这也加深了我的这一想法。我将踏上那片神奇的土地，看到我从中退化出来的那个伟大的民族。

种种满足我漫游喜好的事对我有好有坏。我在不同的国家游览，目睹了许多人事变更。我没有用哲学家的眼光对之进行研究，只是如同普通的观景者，在图片店的橱窗一家家地悠闲观赏，时而被优美的绘画吸引，时而注意到变形的讽刺画，时而又看到可爱的风景画。现代旅行者的风尚是旅行时手握铅笔，包中装满沿途所绘素描回家。为博朋友一笑，我也零

folios 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 astray from the great object 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 sketch-book 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.

星记下几笔，但是，当我检点沿途所记的便笺，不由十分懊丧。我发现，懒散的习性使我误入歧途，每个常常出游并欲著书立说者都会细细研究的重大对象，我竟轻易放过。我担心自己会像个不幸的风景画家一样令人失望，他遍游欧洲大陆，却不改喜好游荡的天性，只在荒郊野外、穷乡僻壤作画。他的素描本里充满了农舍、风景画和不知名的遗迹，却忽略了圣彼得大教堂、古罗马圆形大剧场、特尔尼瀑布和那不勒斯海湾，整本册子里竟不见一处冰河和火山。

The voyage

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. The temporary absence of worldly scenes and employments produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. The vast space of waters that separate the hemispheres is like a blank page in existence. There is no gradual transition by which, as in Europe, the features and population of one country blend almost imperceptibly with those of another. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy, until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

In travelling by land there is a continuity of scene, and a connected succession of persons and incidents, that carry on the story of life, and lessen the effect of absence and separation. We drag, it is true, "a lengthening chain" at each remove of our pilgrimage; but the chain is unbroken; we can trace it back link by link; and we feel that the last still grapples us to home. But a wide sea voyage severs us at once. It makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf, not merely imaginary, but real, between us and our homes – a gulf, subject to tempest, and fear, and uncertainty, rendering distance palpable, and return precarious.

Such, at least, was the case with myself. As I saw the last blue lines of my native land fade away like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and had time for meditation, before I opened another. That land, too, now vanishing from my view, which contained all most dear to me in life; what vicissitudes might occur in it – what changes might take place in me, before I should visit it again! Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain currents of existence; or when he may return; or whether it may be ever his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood?

航程

去欧洲观光的美国人，都必须远涉重洋，这不失为一个绝佳的准备期。暂时摆脱纷繁世事，平和的心境能够感知新鲜生动的事物。覆盖半个地球的浩瀚水面空无一物，水天一色，没有丝毫过渡，仿佛欧洲各国，国家的风土及人口相差无几，难以区分。从这一刻起，启程之地远离了你的视线，眼前白茫茫一片，直到踏足彼岸，进入另一个繁嚣新奇的世界。

陆地旅行景色连绵，人事纷呈，生活的活剧还在展开，减轻了惜别之情。的确，在每次的朝圣路上，我们都牵着“悠长的链条”，链条延绵不断，我们能沿此回溯，知道最终它会将我们和家连接到一起。但辽远的海上航程却让我们与家断然分离，意识到自己正从安稳可靠的停泊点解缆起航，漂向一个对之充满疑虑的世界。它在我们和家之间划出深深的海沟，那是真实而非想象的海沟——充满风暴、惊惧、无常，让你明白路途遥远，归家无望。

至少，这是我的亲身感受。看到家乡土地的最后一线蓝色像云彩一样融入地平线的那一刻，我觉得似乎旧世界的人事已经终卷，在打开新的一卷前还有闲暇沉思一番。此刻陆地正逐渐从我眼前消失，它承载着我生活中所有最珍贵的东西。在下次见面之前，它们会有什么变化，我又会有什么变化！谁能说得上来，他何时起程，在何处受不可知的命运驱使，何时归来，是否还能重游孩提时熟见的景观？

I said, that at sea all is vacancy; I should correct the impression. To one given to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing or climb to the main-top, of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; – to watch the gently undulating billows rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down, from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols; shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus, slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting, like a spectre, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention; which has in a manner triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the world into communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; has diffused the light of knowledge, and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, every thing that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drif-