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老残游记

THE TRAVELS OF
LAO TS'AN

II

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The Travels of Lao Ts'an

II



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第十二回

寒风冻塞黄河水 暖气催成白雪辞

话说申子平一觉睡醒，红日已经满窗，慌忙起来。黄龙子不知几时已经去了。老苍头送进热水洗脸，少停又送进几盘几碗的早饭来。子平道：“不用费心，替我姑娘前道谢，我还要赶路呢。”

说着，玳姑已走出来，说道：“昨日龙叔不说吗，倘早去也是没用，刘仁甫午牌时候方能到关帝庙呢，用过饭去不迟。”

子平依话用饭，又坐了一刻，辞了玳姑，径奔山集上。看那集上，人烟稠密。店面虽不多，两边摆地摊，售卖农家器具及乡下日用物件的，不一而足。问了乡人，才寻着了关帝庙。果然刘仁甫已到，相见叙过寒温，便将老残书信取出。

仁甫接了，说道：“在下粗人，不懂衙门里规矩，才具又短，恐怕有累令兄知人之明，总是不去的为是。因为接着金二哥捎来铁哥的



CHAPTER 12

Winter wind freezes over Yellow River water;
Warm air inspires "White Snow Song."

THE STORY tells that when Shen Tzu-p'ing woke, the red sunlight was already filling the window, so he hurriedly got up. Yellow Dragon had already gone, he didn't know how long before. The old grayhead brought in hot water for him to wash with, and after a while brought some plates and bowls of food for his breakfast. Tzu-p'ing said, "Don't worry about me, but go and express my thanks to your young lady. I must get on the road."

As he was saying this, Yü Ku came out and said, "Didn't Uncle Dragon tell you last night? There's no use your going early. Liu Jen-fu will only get to the Temple of Kuan Ti by noon. If you don't go till you've had breakfast, you still won't be late."

Hearing this Tzu-p'ing had his breakfast and sat a while longer. He then took his leave of Yü Ku and hurried off to the market place. The market was thick with people. There were not many shops, but on both sides the ground was covered with things for sale—farm implements and things of every possible kind for everyday use in the country. Having inquired of some country people he soon found the Temple of Kuan Ti, where Liu Jen-fu had already arrived. They met, talked a little about the weather, and then Tzu-p'ing took out Lao Ts'an's letter.

Jen-fu read it and then said, "I'm a rough fellow and don't understand the formalities of yamen life. Besides I have little ability, and I'm afraid I should only cause your honorable cousin to lose his reputation as a judge of men. All in all it is best for me not to go. I received a letter from brother T'ieh brought by second brother Chin, asking me to be sure to go, and expressing the fear that it would be

信，说一定叫去，又恐住的地方柏树峪难走，觅不着，所以迎候在此面辞。一切总请二先生代为力辞方好。不是躲懒，也不是拿乔，实在恐不胜任，有误尊事，务求原谅。”子平说：“不必过谦。家兄恐别人请不动先生，所以叫小弟专诚敦请的。”

刘仁甫见辞不掉，只好安排了自己私事，同申子平回到城武。申东造果然待之以上宾之礼，其余一切均照老残所嘱咐的办理。初起也还有一两起盗案，一月之后，竟到了“犬不夜吠”的境界了。这且不表。

却说老残由东昌府动身，打算回省城去。一日，走到齐河县城南门觅店，看那街上，家家客店都是满的，心里诧异道：“从来此地没有这么热闹，这是甚么缘故呢？”

正在踌躇，只见门外进来一人，口中喊道：“好了，好了！快打通了！大约明日一早晨就可以过去了！”

老残也无暇访问，且找了店家，问道：“有屋子没有？”店家说：“都住满了，请到别家去罢。”老残说：“我已走了两家，都没有屋子，你可以对付一间罢，不管好歹。”店家道：“此地实在没法了。东隔壁店里，午后走了一帮客，你老赶紧去，或者还没有住满呢。”



difficult for you to go to Cypress Tree Valley where I live, and not easy to find the place; I have therefore come to meet you here to decline in person. I must ask you please to pass on my firm refusal. It's not that I am lazy or that I want to seem proud, but I'm really afraid I cannot undertake the responsibility and might mismanage your business for you. I sincerely beg your pardon." Tzu-p'ing said, "You don't need to be so modest. My cousin was afraid that nobody else would be able to persuade you and therefore sent me, his cousin, to give you a most sincere and respectful invitation."

Liu Jen-fu, seeing it was impossible to refuse, could but settle his private affairs and go back to Ch'engwu with Tzu-p'ing. Sheng Tung-tsao did indeed treat him as a most honorable guest and in all other ways acted as Lao Ts'an had told him. At first there were still one or two cases of robbery, but after a month or so conditions were such that "at night no dog barked."

However, we won't say any more about that.

It is further told that Lao Ts'an started out from Tungch'angfu, planning to return to the provincial city. One day he came to the south gate of Ch'ihohsien and looked for an inn. Finding that every inn on the main street was full, he was greatly surprised and said to himself, "Surely there has never been as much commotion in this place before; what's the cause of it all?"

He was just standing there, wondering what to do, when a man came through the gate shouting, "All's well! All's well! It will soon be broken through. We'll probably be able to cross tomorrow morning."

Lao Ts'an had no time to ask what it meant, but found an innkeeper, of whom he asked, "Do you have a room?" The innkeeper said, "We're full up. You'll have to go somewhere else." Lao Ts'an said, "I've already been to two places and neither of them have rooms. Can't you give me a makeshift? Never mind whether it's good or bad." The innkeeper said, "It's quite impossible for us to manage it. But a group of guests left the inn to the east of us this afternoon. If

老残随即到东边店里，问了店家，居然还有两间屋子空着，当即搬了行李进去。店小二跑来打了洗脸水，拿了一枝燃着了的线香放在桌上，说道：“客人抽烟。”

老残问：“这儿为甚么热闹？各家店都住满了。”店小二道：“刮了几天的北风，打大前儿，河里就淌凌，凌块子有间把屋子大，摆渡船不敢走，恐怕碰上凌，船就要坏了。到了昨日，上湾子凌插住了，这湾子底下可以走船呢，却又被河边上凌，把几只渡船都冻的死的。昨儿晚上，东昌府李大人到了，要见抚台回话，走到此地，过不去，急的甚么似的，住在县衙门里，派了河夫、地保打冻。今儿打了一天，看看可以通了，只是夜里不要歇手，歇了手，还是冻上。你老看，客店里都满着，全是过不去河的人。我们店里今早晨还是满满的。因为有一帮客，内中有个年老的，在河沿上看了半天，说是‘冻是打不开的了，不必在这里死等，我们赶到锥口，看有法子想没有，到那里再打主意罢。’午牌时候才开车去的，你老真好造化。不然，真没有屋子住。”店小二将话说完，也就去了。

老残洗完了脸，把行李铺好，把房门锁上，也出来步到河堤上看，见那黄河从西南上下来，到此却正是个湾子，过此便向正东去



Your Honor will go there quickly, they may not be filled up."

Lao Ts'an then went to the inn to the east and asked the landlord. By good luck there was still a two-*chien* room empty, so he moved his baggage in. The inn boy ran in with some water for washing and brought a lighted stick of incense, which he put on the table saying, "Will you smoke, Sir?"

Lao Ts'an asked, "Why is there so much stir in the town? All the inns are full." The inn boy answered, "A strong north wind has been blowing for several days, and for three days blocks of ice as big as a house have been floating down the river. The ferryboat didn't dare to cross, afraid of striking a piece of ice and getting damaged. Yesterday the upper bend of the river became packed tight, and while below the bend boats could have gone across, the ferryboats were all frozen solid in the ice at the edge of the river. Last night His Excellency, Prefect Li of Tungch'angfu, arrived on his way to report to the Governor. When he reached this place and couldn't cross, he was very impatient. He stayed at the *hsien* yamen and had the river workers and local headmen break the ice. They have been breaking it all day today, and it looks as though they will get through. But they can't rest their hands during the night, for if they once stop it will freeze again. So you see, Sir, the inns are all full of people who can't get across the river. Our inn was full up this morning. But among one group of guests there was an old man who watched on the river bank for half a day and then said, 'They can't break through that ice. There's no sense in waiting here forever. Let's go on to Lok'ou and see what we can do there. We can make up our minds when we get there.' So at noon they started off in carts. You are really very fortunate, Sir! Otherwise there would be absolutely no rooms free!" Having said all this, the inn boy went out.

When Lao Ts'an had washed his face and arranged his baggage, he locked his room and walked out to the river dike to see what was happening. The Yellow River came from the southwest and, making a bend here, went due east. The bed of the river was not very wide, the two banks being not more than two

了。河面不甚宽，两岸相距不到二里。若以此刻河水而论，也不过百把丈宽的光景，只是面前的冰，插的重重叠叠的，高出水面有七八寸厚。再望上游走了一二百步，只见那上流的冰，还一块一块的漫漫价来，到此地，被前头的拦住，走不动就站住了。那后来的冰赶上他，只挤得“嗤嗤”价响。后冰被这溜水逼的紧了，就窜到前冰上头去；前冰被压，就渐渐低下去了。看那河身不过百十丈宽，当中大溜约莫不过二三十丈，两边俱是平水。这平水之上早已有冰结满，冰面却是平的，被吹来的尘土盖住，却像沙滩一般。中间的一道大溜，却仍然奔腾澎湃，有声有势，将那走不过去的冰挤的两边乱窜。那两边平水上的冰，被当中乱冰挤破了，往岸上跑，那冰能挤到岸上有五六尺远。许多碎冰被挤的站起来，像个小插屏似的。看了有点把钟工夫，这一截子的冰又挤死不动了。

老残复行往下游走去，过了原来的地方，再往下走，只见有两只船。船上有十来个人都拿着木杵打冰，望前打些时，又望后打。河的对岸，也有两只船，也是这么打。看看天色渐渐昏了，打算回店。再看那堤上柳树，一棵一棵的影子，都已照在地下，一丝一丝的摇动，原来月光已经放出光亮来了。回到店里，开了门，喊店小二来，点上了灯，吃过晚饭，又到堤上闲步。这时北风已息，



li apart. Lao Ts'an saw piled up before him layers of packed ice which rose seven or eight inches above the surface. He wandered up the river a couple of hundred paces. The ice from above kept coming down block after block, until at this point it was caught by the ice in front, couldn't move, and came to a standstill. More ice came and pressed it with a rustling sound, *ch'ih-ch'ih*, until the ice behind, pressed harder by the flowing water, simply jumped on top of the ice in front. Pressed down in this way the ice in front gradually went under. The surface of the water was not more than a hundred *chang* wide. In the middle the main stream was not more than twenty or thirty *chang*, and on both sides was smooth water. This smooth water had long before been frozen over completely and the surface of the ice was smooth but had been covered with dust by the wind so that it looked like a sandy desert. The main stream in the middle, however, continued to roar on with noise and power, pushing the packed ice so that it jumped away on both sides, until the ice on the smooth water was crushed by the pieces from the main stream and driven five or six feet up on the shore. Many broken pieces of ice were stood on end by the pressure, forming a low screen. Lao Ts'an watched it for about an hour, until the packed ice was wedged solid.

He wandered back down the river past the first place he had come to, and went on down to where there were two boats. On the boats ten or more men were breaking the ice with wooden clubs. They would break their way forward for a while, and then backward. On the opposite bank of the river were two boats breaking the ice in the same way. Seeing that night was falling, Lao Ts'an prepared to return to his inn. He then noticed that each willow tree on the dike cast a shadow of moving threads on the ground, for the moon was already shining brightly. Back at the inn, he opened his door, called the boy to come and light a lamp, and had his supper. Then he wandered out to the dike again.

By now the north wind had abated, but surprisingly enough the cold air was even more severe than the north wind had been. Luckily Lao Ts'an had long

谁知道冷气逼人，比那有风的时候还利害些。幸得老残早已换上申东造所赠的羊皮袍子，故不甚冷，还支撑得住，只见那打冰船，还在那里打。每个船上点了一个小灯笼，远远看去，仿佛一面是“正堂”二字，一面是“齐河县”三字，也就由他去了。抬起头来，看那南面的山，一条雪白，映着月光分外好看。一层一层的山岭，却不大分辨得出，又有几片白云夹在里面，所以看不出是云是山。及至定神看去，方才看出那是云、那是山来。虽然云也是白的，山也是白的，云也有亮光，山也有亮光，只因为月在云上，云在月下，所以云的亮光是从背面透过来的。那山却不然，山上的亮光是由月光照到山上，被那山上的雪反射过来，所以光是两样子的。然只就稍近的地方如此，那山往东去，越望越远，渐渐的天也是白的，山也是白的，云也是白的，就分辨不出甚么来了。

老残对着雪月交辉的景致，想起谢灵运的诗，“明月照积雪，北风劲且哀”两句。若非经历北方苦寒景象，那里知道“北风劲且哀”的个“哀”字下的好呢？这时月光照的满地灼亮，抬起头来，天上的星，一个也看不见，只有北边，北斗七星，开阳摇光，像几个淡白点



before this changed into the sheepskin gown presented to him by Shen Tung-tsau, so he was able to endure the cold. He found that the boats were still there breaking the ice. On each boat a small lantern had been lit, and in the distance he thought he could make out on one side "Magistrate's Boat" and on the other, "Ch'ihohsien"; this satisfied his curiosity. He raised his head and looked up at the hills to the south. The snow-white line reflected the light of the moon; it was extraordinarily beautiful. The mountain ranges rose tier on tier, but they could not be clearly distinguished. A few white clouds lay in the folds of the hills so that you could hardly tell cloud from hill unless you looked intently. The clouds were white, and the hills were white; the clouds were luminous, and the hills were luminous too. Yet because the moon was above the clouds and the clouds beneath the moon, the clouds were luminous with a light which had penetrated from behind. This was not true, however, of the hills; the light there flowed directly from the moon and was then reflected by the snow, so that the light was of two kinds. But only the nearer parts were like this. The hills stretched away to the east farther and farther until gradually the sky was white, the hills were white, and the clouds were white, and nothing could be distinguished from anything else.

Faced with this landscape where the brightness of snow and moon met, Lao Ts'an recalled the two lines of Hsieh Ling-yün's¹ poem:

Clear moon lights up snow drifts;
North wind strong and doleful.

If you haven't experienced the bitter cold of the north, you cannot know how well chosen the word "doleful" is, in the line: "North wind strong and doleful." By this time the moonlight was making the whole earth bright. Lao Ts'an looked up. Not one star appeared in the sky except for the seven stars of the Dipper which could be seen clearly, gleaming and twinkling like several pale points. The

子一样，还看得清楚。那北斗正斜倚在紫微垣的西边上面，杓在上，魁在下。心里想道：“岁月如流，眼见斗杓又将东指了，人又要添一岁了。一年一年的这样瞎混下去，如何是个了局呢？”又想到《诗经》上说的“维北有斗，不可以挹酒浆。”——“现在国家正当多事之秋，那王公大臣只是恐怕耽处分，多一事不如少一事，弄得百事俱废，将来又是怎样个了局？国是如此，丈夫何以家为！”想到此地，不觉滴下泪来，也就无心观玩景致，慢慢回店去了。一面走着，觉得脸上有样物件附着似的，用手一摸，原来两边着了两条滴滑的冰。初起不懂什么缘故，既而想起，自己也就笑了。原来就是方才流的泪，天寒，立刻就冻住了，地下必定还有几多冰珠子呢。闷闷的回到店里，也就睡了。

282

次日早起，再到堤上看看，见那两只打冰船，在河边上，已经冻实在了。问了堤旁的人，知道昨儿打了半夜，往前打去，后面冻上；

Dipper was resting slantwise on the west side of the "Imperial Enclosure,"² the handle on top, the bowl below. He thought to himself, "Months and years pass like a stream; the eye sees the handle of the Dipper pointing to the east again; another year is added to man's life.³ So year after year rolls along blindly. Where is an end to be found?" Then, remembering the words of the *Book of Odes*,

In the North there is a Dipper
But it cannot scoop wine or sauce,⁴

he mused, "Now indeed is a time when many things are happening to our country; the nobles and officials are only afraid of bringing punishment on themselves; they think it is better to do nothing than to risk doing something, and therefore everything is allowed to go to ruin. What will the final result be? If this is the state of the country how can an honest man devote himself to his family?" When he reached this point in his thinking, unconsciously tears began to trickle down his face, and he had no heart left for the enjoyment of the scenery. He went slowly back to his inn. As he walked along, he felt that there was something sticking to his face. He touched it with his hand and felt on each cheek a strip of smooth ice. At first he couldn't understand it. Then he understood and smiled to himself. The tears he had just shed had immediately frozen solid in the cold air. There must have been many other "frozen pearls" on the ground. He returned to his inn feeling very melancholy and immediately went to bed.

The next morning he went to the dike again to see what was happening. He found that the two ice-breaking boats had been frozen solid near the bank of the river. He questioned some men on the dike and learned that they had worked half the night, that when they broke the ice in front it froze behind them, and when they broke the ice behind it froze in front of them, so that they were now resting their hands and would not do any more. No doubt they were waiting for the ice

往后打去，前面冻上。所以今儿歇手不打了。大总等冰结牢壮了，从冰上过罢。因此老残也就只有这个法子了。闲着无事，到城里散步一回，只有大街上有几家铺面，其余背街上，瓦房都不甚多，是个荒凉寥落的景象。因北方大都如此，故看了也不甚诧异。回到房中，打开书篋，随手取本书看，却好拿着一本《八代诗选》，记得是在省城里替一个湖南人治好了病，送了当谢仪的，省城里忙，未得细看，随手就收在书箱子里了，趁今天无事，何妨仔细看他一遍？原来是二十卷书：头两卷是四言，卷三至十一是五言，十二至十四是新体诗，十五至十七是杂言，十八是乐章，十九是歌谣，卷二十是杂著。再把那细目翻来看看，见新体里选了谢朓二十八首，沈约十四首；古体里选了谢朓五十四首，沈约三十七首。心里很不明白，就把那第十卷与那十二卷同取出来对着看看，实看不出新体古体的分别处来。心里又想：“这诗是王壬秋闾运选的，这人负一时盛名，而《湘军志》一书做的委实是好，有目共赏，何以这诗选的未惬人意呢？”既而又想：“沈归愚选的《古诗源》，将那歌谣与诗混杂一起，也是大病；王渔洋《古诗选》，亦不能有当人意；算来还是张翰风的



to freeze firm and strong so that people could walk over it. This being the case Lao Ts'an would have to wait too. Having nothing to do, he strolled into the city. There were only a few shops on the main street and the back streets had very few brick buildings. The whole town had a barren and deserted appearance, but since most places in the north are like this he was not greatly surprised. Back in his room he opened his case of books and pulled one out at random. He happened to take out a copy of the *Poetic Anthology of Eight Dynasties*. He remembered that it was given him by a Hunan man in the provincial capital as a token of thanks for curing a sickness. Busy in the city he had been unable to examine it closely and had slipped it into his box. Being free today, why shouldn't he look it over more carefully? It turned out to be in twenty volumes. The first two were poems in four-word lines; volumes three to eleven were five-word lines; twelve to fourteen were in "new-style" verse; fifteen to seventeen were in lines of different lengths; volume eighteen was verses for music; nineteen was folk songs; volume twenty was miscellaneous compositions. As he looked over the detailed table of contents he saw that among the new-style verse selections were twenty-eight pieces by Hsieh T'iao and fourteen by Shen Yüeh, while among the old-style pieces were fifty-four by Hsieh T'iao and thirty-seven by Shen Yüeh.⁵ He couldn't understand this at all, so he took out volumes ten and twelve together in order to compare them. He was unable to distinguish any difference between the new and old styles. He further thought, "These poems were selected by Wang K'ai-yün.⁶ He had a great name at one time and his *History of the Hunan Army* was really well done. All who have eyes for a good book praised it. Why should he have made an anthology which is so unsatisfactory?" Then he remembered how Shen Kuei-yü's anthology, *The Spring of Ancient Poetry*,⁷ throws together in a chaotic way folk songs and regular poems—a serious fault—and that Wang Yü-yang's *Anthology of Early Poems*⁸ too is quite unsatisfactory. After all, Chang Han-feng's *Early Poems Reprinted*⁹ is the most