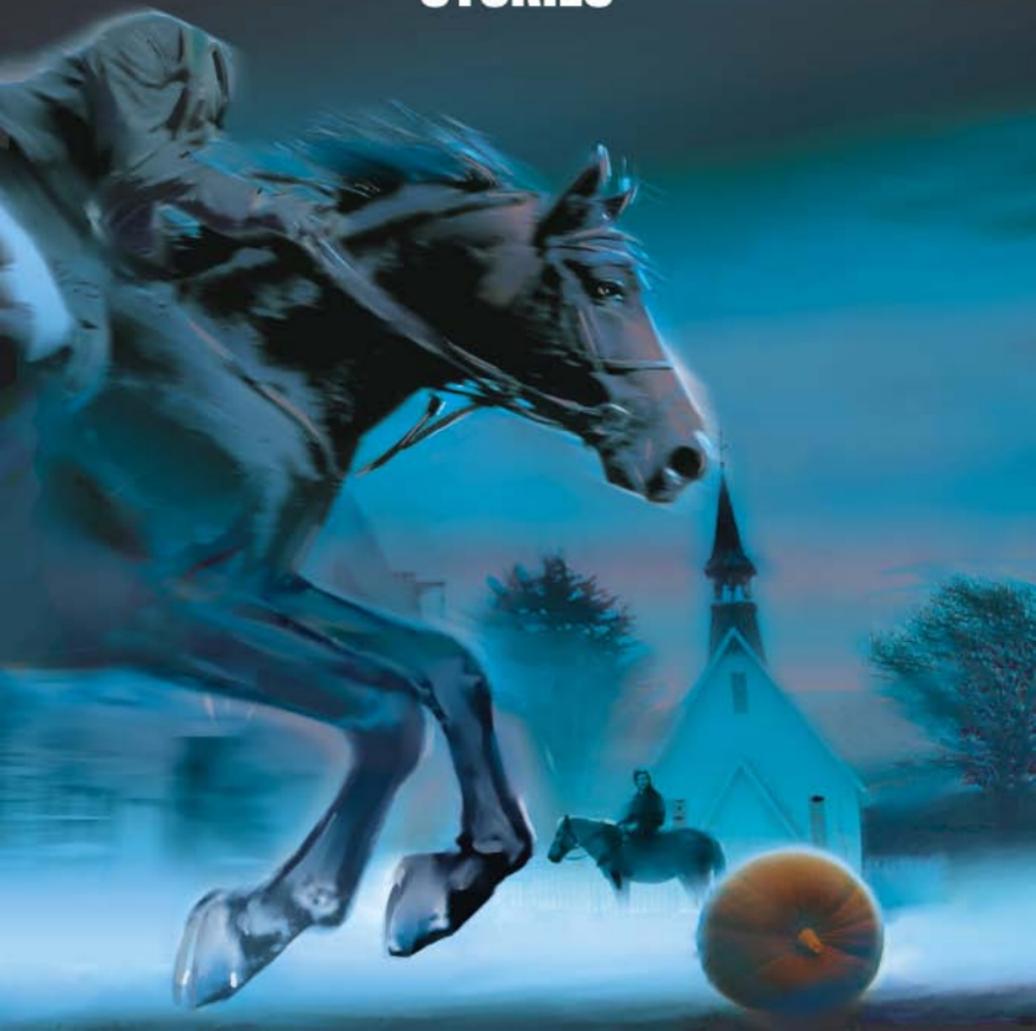


WASHINGTON IRVING

**THE LEGEND
OF SLEEPY HOLLOW**

STORIES



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**THE LEGEND
OF SLEEPY HOLLOW
STORIES**

ENGLISH

CLASSICAL LITERATURE

Подготовка текста, комментарии и словарь
К. Ю. Михно

ИЗДАТЕЛЬСТВО
КАРО
Санкт-Петербург

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Подготовка текста, комментарии и словарь К. Ю. Михно

Ответственный редактор *О. П. Панайотти*

Технический редактор *Я. В. Попова*

Корректор *Е. Г. Тигонен*

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ОБ АВТОРЕ



Вашингтон Ирвинг — классик американской литературы, мастер короткого романтического рассказа и исторических исследований, первый профессиональный литератор США, широко известный и в Европе. Эссеист и поэт, большой любитель легенд и мистики, путешественник и биограф, он писал также под псевдонимами Джонатан Олдстайл, Дидрих Никербоккер, Джефффри Крэйан и Ланселот Лангстафф. В его произведениях переплетаются реализм и мистика, сказки и фантастика.

Вашингтон, одиннадцатый ребенок в семье Ирвингов, родился 3 апреля 1783 г. в Нью-Йорке, бывшем в те годы небольшим полусгоревшим в годы борьбы за независимость городком. Ребенку дали имя в честь одного из основателей США — Джорджа Вашингтона. Когда первый президент приехал в Нью-Йорк, служанка Ирвингов случайно встретила его в магазине и представила ему мальчика. Дж. Вашингтон возложил руку на голову ребенка и благословил его. Отец нации не догадывался, что благословлял будущего отца американской литературы и своего собственного дотошного биографа!

Некоторое время молодой Ирвинг готовился к адвокатской деятельности. Во время войны с Англией, в

1812 году, был адъютантом при генерале Томпкинсе, потом принял участие в одном торговом предприятии, но так неудачно, что лишился всего своего состояния. Началом литературной деятельности Ирвинга послужили его юмористические очерки под названием «Письма Джонатана Олдстайла». Бросив торговые дела, Ирвинг занялся обработкой путевых заметок, сделанных им во время поездки в Англию в 1815 г. Изданный им сборник очерков и новелл под названием «Книга эскизов» обратил на себя общее внимание. Лучшими произведениями Ирвинга могут считаться «История Нью-Йорка, рассказанная Дидрихом Никербокером», «Легенда о Сонной Лощине», а также «Рип Ван Винкль» — сказка о человеке, проспавшем 20 лет.

Ирвинг никогда не был женат и не имел детей. В течение четверти века он жил со своим младшим братом Эбенезером и его пятью дочерьми, которые и стали его настоящей семьей.

За несколько месяцев до смерти Вашингтон Ирвинг завершил пятитомную биографию Джорджа Вашингтона. Несмотря на то что писатель считал своими самыми значимыми произведениями биографические книги, именно его новеллы, в которых витает дух первых голландских переселенцев, ироничные рассказы об Америке и нравах ее жителей сегодня стали классикой. Умер Вашингтон Ирвинг в своем доме в г. Тарритауне, штат Нью-Йорк, накануне Гражданской войны. В день похорон Ирвинга 1 декабря 1859 г. все магазины были закрыты, город был в трауре. Его похоронили на кладбище Сонной Лощины около Старо-голландской церкви.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

Found Among the Papers
of the Late
Diedrich Knickerbocker



A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky.

*Castle of Indolence*¹

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee²,

¹ *Castle of Indolence* — «Замок лени», поэма английского поэта Д. Томсона (1700–1748)

² **the Tappan Zee** — (голл.) «Затычка моря», голландское название устья р. Гудзон

and where they always prudently shortened sail¹ and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town². This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley or rather lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall

¹ **shortened sail** — убавляли паруса или убирали паруса; замедляли ход

² **Tarry Town** — (букв.) «задержись-город», от **tarry** — медлить, мешкать

walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noontime, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a High German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his pow-wows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that

holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs, are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole ninefold¹, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback, without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper², whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the

¹ **and the nightmare, with her whole ninefold** — слова из песни Глостера, персонажа трагедии Шекспира «Король Лир» (акт III, сцена 4): **“he met the nightmare, and her whole ninefold”**

² **Hessian trooper** — гессенский наемник; в составе армии Великобритании во время Войны за независимость в Америке (1775–1783) сражались солдаты, нанятые английским правительством у герцога Гессен-Дармштадтского

Revolutionary War, and who is ever and anon¹ seen by the country folk hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head, and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

¹ **ever and anon** — (книжн.) время от времени, то и дело

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative, to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud, for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed, while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water, which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane¹, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, “tarried,” in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for

¹ **Ichabod Crane** — говорящее имя: **Ichabod** — редкое библейское имя (букв. бесславный), **Crane** — журавль

the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copybooks. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out, — an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command, or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim,

“Spare the rod and spoil the child.” Ichabod Crane’s scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burden off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Four mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little tough wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called “doing his duty by their parents;” and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that “he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live¹.”

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the

¹ **the longest day he had to live** — до конца своих дней

smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms, helped to make hay, mended the fences, took the horses to water, drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded

it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold¹, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson². Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers

¹ **like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold** — обыгрывается двусторонне из букваря *New England Primer* (конец XVII в.), помещенное под иллюстрацией к букве L: **The lion bold/The lamb doth hold**

² **where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson** — он был уверен, что в этом пальма первенства принадлежит ему, а не священнику

still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the millpond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated “by hook and by crook¹,” the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood; being considered a kind of idle, gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters², therefore, was peculiarly

¹ **by hook and by crook** — всеми правдами и неправдами, так или иначе; ≈ не мытьем, так катаньем

² **man of letters** — литератор, ученый муж

happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays; gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overran the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent millpond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half-itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house, so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's "*History of New England Witchcraft*"¹; in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

¹ was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's "*History of New England Witchcraft*," — досконально изучил «Историю колдовства в Новой Англии» Коттона Мезера; Коттон Мезер (1663–1728) — американский пуританский проповедник и общественный деятель

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spell-bound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his schoolhouse, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination, — the moan of the whip-poor-will from the hillside, the boding cry of the tree toad, that harbinger of storm, the dreary hooting of the screech owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a

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