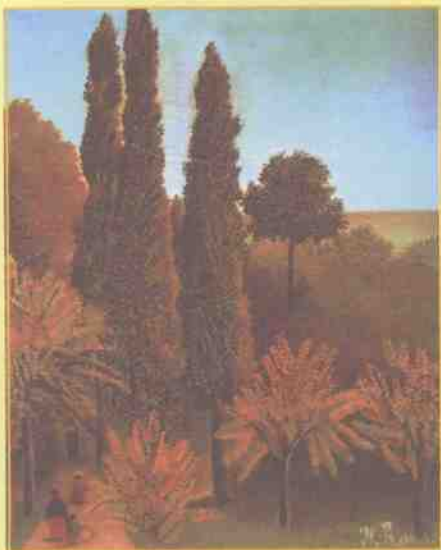




超级畅销书双语彩色插图本

中英对照 彩色插图 难词解释



# *The Land of Little Rain* 少雨的土地

——玛丽·奥斯汀随笔

[美] 玛丽·奥斯汀 著

马永波 译

一部壮美神秘的沙漠经典

中国国际广播出版社



《少雨的土地》是美国著名女作家玛丽·奥斯汀的代表作之一。本书以作者在沙漠小镇十二年的生活经历为背景写作而成。它改变了人们对沙漠的认识。在她的笔下，干燥少雨，空旷贫瘠的沙漠像新英格兰的瓦尔登湖畔，像加利福尼亚的优胜美地山一样，成为一种有生命、有活力的迷人风景。作家在书中向我们传递了一个信息，即现代人应当逐渐放弃以人为中心的观念，以平等的身份去接近自然，经历自然，融入自然，过一种更为简朴，也更为精神化的生活。

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## 译者序

### 走向西部的先知：奥斯汀

1934年8月13日，奥斯汀去世以后，依据她的遗愿，她的骨灰被葬在皮卡霍峰顶，她在自己家里就能望见这座山峰。人们朗读了她的《去西部》一诗，在诗中她沉思了死亡和对生命的确信，她相信去了西部以后，她就能“闻到鼠尾草的气息”，看见灰尘在群山笼罩下的漫长风景线上舞蹈。她暗示说，在那个时刻，她将融入一个新的形式之中。奥斯汀走向西部的旅程，不仅仅揭示了自然的力量，而且揭示了整个西部不同种族人群与环境融合的多种方式。她经由自己的切身经验和写作，终得以融入了西部的沙漠，与生生不息的永恒力量合为一体。

作为一位在校罗传统下写作的自然文学作家，玛丽·奥斯汀在有生之年被誉为领先的女权主义理论家、美国土著文化专家，但是在1934年她去世之后，她便基本被遗忘了，到1968年，她的书中只有《少雨的土地》还在印行。然而，20世纪80年代初，她那混合着女权主义、环境伦理、社会批判、对土著美国人和西班牙裔、欧洲裔美国人的神话传统的阐释和改造，以打破常规的姿态和难以明确归化为任何门类的特性吸引了读者。尤其是女权主义者发现，她作品中的风景充满了非凡的各种各样的妇女，她们往往是在彼此的关系、与土地的关系中定义自己的身份，而不是单单依靠与男性的关系。在她大部分作品中，尤其是最为有名的《少雨的土地》（1903）、《无界之地》（1909）、《旅行尽头的土地》（1924）和《地平线：自传》（1932）中，奥斯汀将



她多样的兴趣编织起来，显示了对于那些适应了西南部沙漠环境的人来说，生活也可以是多么的完满和滋润。土著美国人的这种适应已经有了相当长的历史，于是，她经常翻译和评价他们的口语传统，把自己放在了文化调停人的位置上，因此，一些批评家称她为先知式的人物，她的言论、她对环境与社会公正的双重关注，对迷信语言塑造真实的能力的现代读者具有超乎以往的影响力。

奥斯汀热爱西部，她视西部观念为本质的和必要的。因为西部的自然特征能为人类在它身上实现冲动提供一种检验尺度，作为各种民族和传统的家园，它的古老而现代的历史促进了文化的融合，作家相信，西部能为一种正在涌现的美国文化提供基础，这种文化将是联合统一的，但同时又保持着每股纤维的独立性。对于奥斯汀来说，美国西部正是这样一只正在被编织的篮子。

奥斯汀非常规的、勇于打破界限的个性在她的早年即已现出端倪，她是个早熟、富有想象力、好奇心强、有点反叛的孩子。她在自传中曾经写到，在她五岁半的时候，在自家果园的“栗子树下遭遇过上帝”，当时她获得了一种与“大地、天空、树木、风吹动的青草和青草中的孩子”联合的感觉，一种每一个个体与整体之间那种包容性的感觉，“我在它们之中，而它们亦在我之中，我们大家全都在一个生动温暖，闪着光的幻影之中”。这种经验启发她通过神秘方式毕生追求精神真理。在这以后的部分童年时光中，奥斯汀失去了这种精神现实的感觉，但是当她迁移到加利福尼亚，最初经历那里的环境时，这种感觉又回到她身上。婚后，她在欧文斯河谷居住多年，与那里的派尤特人和肖肖尼人接触，这对她的精神生活和写作产生了重大影响，她宣称就是这种有关整体的精神信念，为了重新获得“那终极真实温暖弥漫的甜蜜感”促使她写作。

在《少雨的土地》中，奥斯汀的叙述者用十四幅速写记录了她对土地及其居民的观察，追溯了她从最初的家开始，穿过欧文

斯河谷，直到莫哈韦沙漠的旅程，从不同的侧面，向人们展示了这个自由的、无拘无束的前工业化世界的魅力。提及该书的写作背景时，奥斯汀写道：“只用了一个月，我就写完了它。可在动手写它之前，我却仔细观察了十二年。”在她笔下，干燥少雨、空旷贫瘠的沙漠像新英格兰的瓦尔登湖畔，像加利福尼亚的优胜美地山一样，成为一种有生命、有活力的迷人风景。作家在书中向我们传递了一个信息，即现代人应当逐渐放弃以人为中心的观念，以平等的身份去接近自然，经历自然，融于自然，过一种更为简朴、也更为精神化的生活。

此书的信条在开篇即已声明——“不是法律，而是土地本身设置了界限”——贯穿全书的焦点是探测土地是用什么方式在人、动物和自然环境中间培养起坚韧、适应和节俭的品质。与约翰·缪尔对牧羊人及羊群的公开蔑视相反，她则描述了牧羊人和羊群是如何适应环境条件的。奥斯汀也对文化的形成方式怀有兴趣，她关注土著人和欧洲裔、西班牙裔美国人，这些人的代表往往是艺术家，他们是自己社区与土地之间的调停者。

于是，奥斯汀不仅向“有毛和有羽毛的族类”学习追踪沙漠的“水径”，而且也向沙漠上的人类学习去发现土地的本质。她追溯了“寻矿人”的生活，一个孤独的寻找金矿的人，偶尔发现了一个可观的矿脉，便去英格兰过“伦敦中产阶级”的生活了。当他重新回到矿山时，奥斯汀注意到，“似乎土地对他的怀念还比不上对他的介意”，这种观察让她认识到，“没有人能比他的命运更强大”。她在肖肖尼人的巫医温尼那普身上认识到，一个人与其等待来生的天堂，不如把此时此地化为天堂。

在采矿小镇吉姆维尔的居民中，她察觉到“完全被接受了的本能获得了解息，它把激情和死亡作为犒赏”。在这些居民中，弥漫着一种在现代社会已经失传的“纯粹的希腊精神”：

“不知为什么，这片土地的粗糙原始有助于人们培养起与超自然的个人关系。在你和有组织的力量之间，没有太多庄稼、城

市、衣服和行为方式的干扰来切断这种交流。所有这一切在吉姆维尔引发了一种超越解释的状态，除非你能接受一种超越信仰的解释。伴随着杀人、酗酒、贪恋女人、慈善、单纯，还存在着一种冷漠、茫然、空虚……那不是没有精神价值的。那里面有纯粹的希腊精神，表现出要避开无价值之物的勇气。在那之外，是没有哭泣的忍耐，没有自怜的放弃，不恐惧死亡，在事物的秩序中不把自己放在太伟大的位置上；野兽是如此，沙漠中的圣杰罗姆也是如此，在更为古老的岁月中，众神也是如此。生活，它的演出和终止，都不是什么需要吃惊和奇怪的新鲜事。”

在编篮子的人赛雅韦的生活中，奥斯汀注意到，“编织者和藤条都是靠近土地生活的，都浸透了同样的元素”，从而学会了用那片土地及其居民所提供的自然和文化材料的藤条编织起她的故事。她在邻居的田地上看见了一个这样的地方，“令人赞赏地由各种事物和乐趣组成——一点沙子，一点沃土，一片草地，一两座石头小丘，一条满溢的棕色溪流，一抹人类的迹象，一条被莫卡辛踩出的小径”。她在“葡萄藤小镇”上发现了一种“友善、凡俗、安逸”，它提醒人们不要“着迷于你在万物计划中的重要性”，而是要接受土地的礼物，甚至那些“你没有为之流汗的”东西。同样，在这个故事中，奥斯汀回到了几个重要主题上来，包括一个独立女性艺术家的探索，土著美国人艺术及其价值，文化差异造成的距离。赛雅韦在一个不欣赏她的作品之美的文化中出售她的篮子。尽管与赛雅韦有着文化上的隔膜，奥斯汀的叙述者仍努力去理解赛雅韦的艺术创造哲学，这种哲学强调了美的实用性。

奥斯汀宣称她是靠观察派尤特人编织篮子而学会写作的，所以我们应当对她的故事的组织方式给予关注。《肖肖尼人的土地》和《葡萄藤小镇》中宣扬了一种融合了土著人与圣经故事和传统的宗教想象，一种由当地居民所塑造的不同宗教信仰的调和。《我邻居的田地》和《台地小径》分别提供了关于写作或万

物关联性的核心隐喻。《编篮子的人》有助于理解作为女性艺术的奥斯汀的写作。

人类的思维范式决定了事物如何呈现。按照传统的二元对立的思维模式，世界是人的一种“异己的存在”，一种与人分离和对立的“他者”。而一旦消解了人与世界之间的对立，将世界看作人类生活整体中的“人的存在”，同时不再把人视为超越环境之上的绝对精神，而是一种“自然的存在”，仅仅把自然看成是经济源泉而对自然进行征服、改造、占有和利用的片面关系就将转变为人与自然和谐共处、相互包容的关系。对自然（环境）的尊重就是尊重和保护人类自身。在奥斯汀的写作中，我们也不难发现，同样体现出这种超越二元对立思维、主客观不分的本原性和谐的生态整体观。而为了达到这种本原性和谐，他们都以美为向导，去体验人与自然的共同实体性，将体验的深度与世界的内在关系融会于一体，去感受而不是理性地分析与整体的浑融。这也就是梅洛·庞蒂所主张的，世界不是客观的对象，只是“我的一切思想和我的一切外观知觉的自然环境和场所”。将人与世界看作一个统一整体，在这样的关系中去考察人和世界，从单纯的自我走向与环境融为一体的自我，是生态文学的一个主要追求。

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超级畅销书双语彩色插图本



*The Land of Little Rain*

# 少雨的土地

——玛丽·奥斯汀随笔

[美] 玛丽·奥斯汀 著 ◆ 马永波 译

一部壮美神秘的沙漠经典

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## Preface

I confess to a great liking for the Indian fashion of name-giving: every man known by that phrase which best expresses him to **whoso** names him. Thus he may be Mighty-Hunter, or Man-Afraid-of-a-Bear, according as he is called by friend or enemy, and Scar-Face to those who knew him by the eye's grasp only. No other fashion, I think, sets so well with the various natures that inhabit in us, and if you agree with me you will understand why so few names are written here as they appear in the geography. For if I love a lake known by the name of the man who discovered it, which endears itself by reason of the close-locked pines it **nourishes** about its borders, you may look in my account to find it so described. But if the Indians have been there before me, you shall have their name, which is always beautifully fit and does not originate in the poor human desire for perpetuity.

Nevertheless there are certain peaks, cañons, and clear meadow spaces which are above all compassing of words, and have a certain fame as of the nobly great to whom we give no familiar names. Guided by these you may reach my country and find or not find, according as it lieth in you, much that is set down here. And more. The earth is no wanton to give up all her best to every comer, but keeps a sweet,



## 前言

whoso

[ˈhu:səʊ]

pron. 不管是谁, 无论是谁

nourish

[ˈnʌrɪʃ]

v. 滋养, 使健壮

我承认, 我对印第安人的命名方式很感兴趣: 任何人都可以使用最有代表性的短语称呼一个人。所以, 根据叫他名字的是朋友还是敌人, 他可以是“强大的猎手”或者“怕熊的人”, 而那些仅仅通过眼睛来认识他的人则称他为“疤痢脸”。我认为, 没有任何其他命名方式与我们内在的各种本性如此吻合一致的了, 如果你同意我的说法, 你就会理解, 为什么在涉及到地理学的时候, 这里写到的名字是如此之少。如果喜欢一座以发现者的名字为人所知的湖泊, 因为它滋润了湖周围茂密的松林而越发为人喜爱, 你可以在我的叙述中看到它就是这么被发现的。但如果印第安人在我之前到了那里, 这湖就会拥有他们所取的名字, 那总是美妙而恰当的, 绝不是从可怜的人类对永恒的欲望中产生出来的。

不过, 有一些山峰、河流与明亮的草地完全是词语所不及的, 它们的声望高尚而伟大, 我们无法赋予它们熟悉的名字。由这些做引导, 你可以抵达我的国土, 根据它在你心中的地位, 发现它的大部分已经确定下来了, 或者是什么也没有发现。而且, 大地不是对每个来客都奉献出她所有美好的荡妇, 而是仅仅和一个人保持甜蜜、单

separate intimacy for each. But if you do not find it all as I write, think me not less dependable nor yourself less clever. There is a sort of pretense allowed in matters of the heart, as one should say by way of illustration, "I know a man who..." and so give up his dearest experience without betrayal. And I am in no mind to direct you to delectable places toward which you will hold yourself less tenderly than I. So by this fashion of naming I keep faith with the land and annex to my own estate a very great territory to which none has a surer title.

The country where you may have sight and touch of that which is written lies between the high Sierras south from Yosemite—east and south over a very great assemblage of broken ranges beyond Death Valley, and on illimitably into the Mojave Desert. You may come into the borders of it from the south by a stage journey that has the effect of involving a great lapse of time, or from the north by rail, dropping out of the overland route at Reno. The best of all ways is over the Sierra passes by pack and trail, seeing and believing. But the real heart and core of the country are not to be come at in a month's vacation. One must summer and winter with the land and wait its occasions. Pine woods that take two and three seasons to the ripening of cones, roots that lie by in the sand seven years awaiting a growing rain, firs that grow fifty years before flowering, —these do not scrape acquaintance. But if ever you come beyond the borders as far as the town that lies in a hill dimple at the foot of Kearsarge, never leave it until you have knocked at the door of the brown house under the willow-tree at the end of the village street, and there you shall have such news of the land, of its trails and what is astir in them, as one lover of it can give to another.

annex

[ə'neks]

v. 附加, 添加

assemblage

[ə'semblidʒ]

n. 聚集

astir

[əs'tɜ:]

adj. 活动的

独的亲密关系。但如果你没有发现它完全如我所写,也不要以为我不值得信赖,或者是你自己不够聪明。在关乎心灵的事情上允许有某种借口,就像一个人会用举例子的方式说,“我认识一个人……”,就这样泄露了他最宝贵的经历,而又没有背叛。而且我不介意指引你去赏心悦目的地方,对这些地方,你会比我更残酷地约束住自己。所以,凭借这种命名方式,我信守与土地的誓约,为我自己的产业增添了一片非常辽阔的领土,它还没有一个更为确切的头衔。

在那片国土上,你将能够看见和接触到我所写下的东西,它位于优胜美地山和内华达山脉之南,东南方是一大片断续的山脉,越过死谷,无穷无尽地延伸到莫哈韦沙漠。你可以走驿路,从南边进入它的边界,结果会花费大量的时间,或者从北边乘火车,在里诺放弃陆路。在所有路线中,最好的是背着背包沿小路翻越内华达山,看一看你就知道了。但是,在一个月的假期内,这片土地真实的心和内核是不会显现的。你必须和土地一起度过春夏秋冬,等待它的时机。松林要经过两三个季节才能长出成熟的松果,扎在沙中的根为了一场缓慢形成的雨要等待七年,枞树要生长五十年才能开花——这些都不是勉强能够了解的。可是,如果你一旦超越边界,来到远在基萨奇山脚下一处山窝里的小镇,在村路尽头的柳树下有一座褐色的房子,在你敲开它的门之前不要离开,在那里你将得到有关这片土地的消息,它的道路和道路上活动的东西的消息,因为一个热爱它的人能够把它说给另外一个它的热爱者。

## The Land of Little Rain

East away from the Sierras, south from Panamint and Amargosa, east and south many an uncounted mile, is the Country of Lost Borders.

Ute, Paiute, Mojave, and Shoshone inhabit its frontiers, and as far into the heart of it as a man dare go. Not the law, but the land sets the limit. Desert is the name it wears upon the maps, but the Indian's is the better word. Desert is a loose term to indicate land that supports no man; whether the land can be bitted and broken to that purpose is not proven. Void of life it never is, however dry the air and villainous the soil.

This is the nature of that country. There are hills, rounded, blunt, burned, squeezed up out of chaos, chrome and vermilion painted, aspiring to the snow-line. Between the hills lie high level-looking plains full of intolerable sun glare, or narrow valleys drowned in a blue haze. The hill surface is streaked with ash drift and black, unweathered lava flows. After rains water accumulates in the hollows of small closed valleys, and, evaporating, leaves hard dry levels of pure desertness that get the local name of dry lakes. Where the mountains are steep and the rains heavy, the pool is never quite dry, but dark and bitter, rimmed about with the

## 少雨的土地

从内华达山脉往东，巴纳敏特和阿马戈萨岭以南，向东方和南方延伸无数英里的就是“无界之地”。

犹他人、派尤特人、莫哈韦和肖肖尼人居住在它的边疆，并远至人类敢于深入的腹地。不是法律，而是土地本身设置了界限。沙漠是它在地图上标明的名字，印第安人对它的称呼更贴切。沙漠是一个含糊的术语，表示不适合人类生存的土地；土地是否可以为了那个目的被制服，那是没有得到证明的。它从来就不缺乏生命，无论空气多么干燥，土质多么恶劣。

这就是那片土地的性质。有山峦，圆的，钝的，烧过的，从混乱中挤出，升起，染成了黄色和绛红色，渴望着雪线。山峦之间横卧着平坦的高原，充满了难以忍受的炽热阳光，或者是狭窄的山谷，沉溺在蓝色的雾霭中。山体表面是灰烬和未风化的黑色熔岩流形成的条纹。雨后，水积在封闭的小山谷中，蒸发成水汽，留下坚硬干燥的地面，纯然是一片荒芜，由此被当地人称作干湖。山峰陡峭、雨水很多的地方，这样的池塘不会完全干涸，而是黑暗苦涩，湖边都是白花含

void

[vɔɪd]

adj. 空的, 没有的

villainous

['vɪləniəs]

adj. 极坏的, 恶劣的

vermillion

[və'mɪljən]

adj. 朱红色的

lava

['lɑ:və]

n. 熔岩

efflorescence of alkaline deposits. A thin crust of it lies along the marsh over the vegetating area, which has neither beauty nor freshness. In the broad wastes open to the wind the sand drifts in hummocks about the stubby shrubs, and between them the soil shows saline traces. The sculpture of the hills here is more wind than water work, though the quick storms do sometimes scar them past many a year's redeeming. In all the Western desert edges there are essays in miniature at the famed, terrible Grand Canon, to which, if you keep on long enough in this country, you will come at last.

Since this is a hill country one expects to find springs, but not to depend upon them; for when found they are often brackish and unwholesome, or maddening, slow dribbles in a thirsty soil. Here you find the hot sink of Death Valley, or high rolling districts where the air has always a tang of frost. Here are the long heavy winds and breathless calms on the tilted mesas where dust devils dance, whirling up into a wide, pale sky. Here you have no rain when all the earth cries for it, or quick downpours called cloud-bursts for violence. A land of lost rivers, with little in it to love; yet a land that once visited must be come back to inevitably. If it were not so there would be little told of it.

This is the country of three seasons. From June on to November it lies hot, still, and unbearable, sick with violent unrelieving storms; then on until April, chill, quiescent, drinking its scant rain and scatterer snows; from April to the hot season again, blossoming, radiant, and seductive. These months are only approximate; later or earlier the rain-laden wind may drift up the water gate of the Colorado from the Gulf, and the land sets its seasons by the rain.

efflorescence

[ˌefloː'rensəns]

n. 风化

alkaline

[ˈælkəlaɪn]

adj. 碱的, 碱性的

saline

[ˈseɪlɪn]

adj. 盐的

brackish

[ˈbrækɪʃ]

adj. 有盐味的, 可厌的

mesa

[ˈmeɪsə]

n. 台地

seductive

[si'dʌktɪv]

adj. 诱人的

碱的沉淀物。在生长绿色植被的地区, 沼泽上都结着一层薄薄的壳。在向风敞开的宽阔荒地, 沙子在一簇簇低矮结实的灌木周围形成沙丘, 沙丘之间的土壤显示出含盐的痕迹。这里, 把山雕塑成这种模样的是风, 而不是水, 尽管迅速的风暴有时给它们留下许多年才能愈合的伤疤。在所有西部沙漠的边缘, 都有众多的峡谷, 就像那著名的、可怕的“大峡谷”的缩微品一样, 如果你在这片地区逗留得足够久, 你早晚会碰见它们。

既然这是一片山地, 你期望能发现泉水, 但是别指望它们; 因为当你发现的时候, 它们往往是含盐的、不卫生的, 让人恼火, 在干渴的土壤中缓慢地滴着。这里, 你能找到死谷灼热的落水坑, 或者起伏不平的高原, 那里的空气中总是有一股强烈的霜的气味。倾斜的台地上长时间刮着大风, 寂静得让人无法呼吸, 灰尘的魔鬼在那里舞蹈, 旋转着升上辽阔的灰色天空。这里或者没有雨, 当所有的土地都在渴求雨的时候, 或者就是破坏性的倾盆大雨。一片没有河流的土地, 根本没有什么值得去爱, 但它也是你一旦拜访过, 就一定会再次回来的土地。如果不是这样, 那就没有什么好说的了。

这是一片只有三个季节的土地。从6月一直到11月, 天气一直炎热, 寂静, 难以忍受, 猛烈的风暴毫不间断, 令人厌倦; 而后一直到4月, 寒冷, 静止, 饮着它缺乏的雨水, 雪更为稀少; 从4月再到炎热的季节, 是开花, 绚烂, 迷人的季节。这些月份仅仅是近似的; 或早或晚, 满载雨水的风会越过科罗拉多的水闸, 从海湾吹来, 而土地是用雨来设定它的季节的。

The desert **floras** shame us with their cheerful adaptations to the seasonal limitations. Their whole duty is to flower and fruit, and they do it hardly, or with tropical luxuriance, as the rain admits. It is recorded in the report of the Death Valley expedition that after a year of abundant rains, on the Colorado desert was found a specimen of *Amaranthus* ten feet high. A year later the same species in the same place matured in the drought at four inches. One hopes the land may breed like qualities in her human offspring, not tritely to "try, " but to do. Seldom does the desert **herb** attain the full stature of the type. Extreme **aridity** and extreme altitude have the same dwarfing effect, so that we find in the high Sierras and in Death Valley related species in **miniature** that reach a comely growth in mean temperatures. Very fertile are the desert plants in expedients to prevent evaporation, turning their foliage edgewise toward the sun, growing silky hairs, **exuding viscid** gum. The wind, which has a long sweep, harries and helps them. It rolls up dunes about the stocky stems, encompassing and protective, and above the dunes, which may be, as with the mesquite, three times as high as a man, the blossoming twigs flourish and bear fruit.

There are many areas in the desert where drinkable water lies within a few feet of the surface, indicated by the mesquite and the bunch grass (*Sporobolus airoides*). It is this nearness of unimagined help that makes the tragedy of desert deaths. It is related that the final breakdown of that hapless party that gave Death Valley its forbidding name occurred in a locality where shallow wells would have saved them. But how were they to know that? Properly equipped it is possible to go safely across that **ghastly** sink, yet every year it takes its toll of



flora

[ˈflɔ:rə]

n. 植物群

herb

[hə:b]

n. 草

aridity

[æˈriditi]

n. 干旱

miniature

[ˈmɪnjətʃə]

adj. 微型的, 缩小的

exude

[ɪgˈzju:d]

v. 渗出

viscid

[ˈvisɪd]

adj. 黏的, 黏质的

ghastly

[ˈgɑ:stli]

adj. 可怕的

沙漠植物以它们对季节性限制的快乐的适应让我们羞愧。它们全部的责任就是开花结果, 它们或者很难做到, 或者是像热带一样丰饶, 这要视雨的允许。据死谷探险队报告记载, 在一年丰富的雨水之后, 科罗拉多沙漠上发现了十英尺高的苋属植物样本。一年后, 在干旱中, 同类植物在同样地方只生长到四英寸。人们希望土地会在她的人类子孙中繁育类似的品质, 不是老一套地去“尝试”, 而是去实现。沙漠里草本植物的身高很少能发育完全。极度的干旱和极高的海拔具有同样的矮化效果, 以致我们在高高的内华达山脉和死谷中都发现, 有亲缘关系的矮小物种在普通温度下都长得很标致。沙漠植物用来防止蒸发的对策很发达, 它们把叶子边缘巧妙地转向太阳, 生满了绒毛, 渗出黏质的胶。席卷范围很宽的风匆忙而过, 帮助着它们。它在矮壮的茎秆周围堆积起沙丘, 把茎秆包围起来保护起来, 沙丘可能有人身高的三倍, 沙丘顶上, 就像牧豆树那样, 开花的嫩枝茂盛地结满了果实。

沙漠中有许多地区, 那里可以饮用的水就在表面几英尺之下, 由牧豆树和丛生禾草标志出来。就是这种救援的近在咫尺而又难以想象造成了沙漠死亡的悲剧。据说, 无助的旅人最后崩溃了, 使死谷获得了它令人生畏的名字, 此事发生的当地就有浅井, 他们本应该能够获救。但是他们怎么能知道呢? 如果有合适的装备, 就有可能安全穿越那条恐怖的沟壑, 可每年它都造成死亡

death, and yet men find there sun-dried mummies, of whom no trace or recollection is preserved. To underestimate one's thirst, to pass a given landmark to the right or left, to find a dry spring where one looked for running water—there is no help for any of these things.

Along springs and sunken watercourses one is surprised to find such water-loving plants as grow widely in moist ground, but the true desert breeds its own kind, each in its particular habitat. The angle of the slope, the frontage of a hill, the structure of the soil determines the plant. South-looking hills are nearly bare, and the lower tree-line higher here by a thousand feet. Canons running east and west will have one wall naked and one clothed. Around dry lakes and marshes the herbage preserves a set and orderly arrangement. Most species have well-defined areas of growth, the best index the voiceless land can give the traveler of his whereabouts.

If you have any doubt about it, know that the desert begins with the creosote. This immortal shrub spreads down into Death Valley and up to the lower timberline, *odorous* and medicinal as you might guess from the name, wandlike, with shining fretted foliage. Its vivid green is grateful to the eye in a wilderness of gray and greenish white shrubs. In the spring it exudes a *resinous* gum which the Indians of those parts know how to use with pulverized rock for cementing arrow points to shafts. Trust Indians not to miss any virtues of the plant world!

Nothing the desert produces expresses it better than the unhappy growth of the tree yuccas. Tormented, thin forests of it stalk drearily in the high mesas, particularly in that triangular slip that fans out eastward from the meeting of the Sierras and

的损失，人们依然能在那里发现晒干的木乃伊，没有留下任何的痕迹或回忆。轻视一个人的干渴，离一处设定的路标偏左偏右一点，寻找一处干涸的泉水，期望有泉水涌流，这些都是毫无助益的。

沿着泉水和沉没的水道，你吃惊地发现广泛生长着喜水植物，和在潮湿土地上一样，但是真正的沙漠哺育着它自己的品种，每一种都有自己独特的自然环境。斜坡的角度，山的正面，土壤的结构决定了植物的生长情况。朝南的山坡几乎是光秃的，树木线在这里高了一千英尺。东西走向的峡谷，一面谷壁是赤裸的，一面穿了衣服。干湖和沼泽周围，牧草保持着固定不变的整齐格局。大多数植物有着特定的生长范围，那是无声的土地能给旅人提供的最好的位置标志。

如果你对此有任何的怀疑，你要知道，沙漠是从三齿拉瑞阿开始的。这种永生的灌木向下蔓延到死谷，向上蔓延到下林木线，从它的名字你能猜测出，它芳香而有药性，像魔杖一样，有着闪光的磨损的叶子。在荒野中灰色和白中带绿的灌木中，它生动的绿色让眼睛为之欣喜。春天，它渗出一种树脂胶，那些地方的印第安人知道如何用它和石粉来把箭头粘在箭杆上。信任印第安人吧，不要错过植物界任何的优点！

没有任何东西能比丝兰树不幸的生长更充分地表现沙漠了。饱受折磨的稀疏的丝兰树林单调地散布在高高的台地上，尤其是从内华达山脉与沿海山峦会合之处，向东扇形展开的三角形斜

odorous

[ˈɔdəərəs]

adj. 有气味的

resinous

[ˈrezinəs]

adj. 树脂的

coastwise hills where the first swings across the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley. The yucca bristles with bayonet-pointed leaves, dull green, growing shaggy with age, tipped with panicles of fetid, greenish bloom. After death, which is slow, the ghostly hollow network of its woody skeleton, with hardly power to rot, makes the moonlight fearful. Before the yucca has come to flower, while yet its bloom is a creamy cone-shaped bud of the size of a small cabbage, full of sugary sap, the Indians twist it deftly out of its fence of daggers and roast it for their own delectation. So it is that in those parts where man inhabits one sees young plants of *Yucca arborensis* infrequently. Other yuccas, cacti, low herbs, a thousand sorts, one finds journeying east from the coastwise hills. There is neither poverty of soil nor species to account for the sparseness of desert growth, but simply that each plant requires more room. So much earth must be preempted to extract so much moisture. The real struggle for existence, the real brain of the plant, is underground; above there is room for a rounded perfect growth. In Death Valley, reputed the very core of desolation, are nearly two hundred identified species.

Above the lower tree-line, which is also the snowline, mapped out abruptly by the sun, one finds spreading growth of pinon, juniper, branched nearly to the ground, lilac and sage, and scattering white pines.

There is no special preponderance of self-fertilized or wind-fertilized plants, but everywhere the demand for and evidence of insect life. Now where there are seeds and insects there will be birds and small mammals and where these are, will come the slinking, sharp-toothed kind that prey on them.

panicle  
 ['pænikl]  
 n. [植]圆锥花序  
 fetid  
 ['fetid]  
 adj. 有恶臭的

preempt  
 [pri(:)'empt]  
 v. 先占

lilac  
 ['lailək]  
 n. 紫丁香

坡，在那里，最初的树林摇摆着穿过圣华金河谷南端。丝兰的刺毛短而硬，生着刺刀一样尖的叶子，沉闷的绿色，长着经年的粗毛，顶着恶臭、发绿的圆锥花序。在缓慢的死亡之后，它的木质骷髅那幽灵般的空洞网络，几乎没有力量腐烂，使月光变得恐怖。丝兰盛开之前，在它的花朵还是奶黄色圆锥形、有小卷心菜那么大的蓓蕾时，满盈着甜蜜的汁液，印第安人把它从匕首般的篱笆上灵巧地拧下来，烘烤后当作美味的享受。所以，在那些有人居住的地区，你很少看见年轻的丝兰树。从沿海山峦东行，一路上你都能看到其他的丝兰、仙人掌、低矮的草本植物，有上千种。沙漠植物的稀少既不是因为土壤的贫瘠，也不是物种的缺少，而纯粹是每种植物都需要更大的空间所致。为了榨取多的水分，就必须抢先占用多的土地。真正的生存斗争，植物真正的大脑，是在地下；地面之上是用于完全发育的空间。在死谷，这个公认的荒漠中心，有接近两百种可鉴别的植物。

在下林木线以上，亦即被太阳断然划分的雪线，你能发现到处生长着矮松、杜松，枝条几乎贴近地面，还有紫丁香、鼠尾草，以及东一片西一片的白松林。

没有任何自株传粉或风力传粉植物的特殊优势，但到处都显示出昆虫活动的要求和迹象。现在，哪里有种子和昆虫，哪里就有鸟类和小型哺乳动物，有哺乳动物的地方，就会有捕猎它们的脚步轻悄、尖牙利齿的动物。尽你勇气之所能，

Go as far as you dare in the heart of a lonely land, you cannot go so far that life and death are not before you. Painted lizards slip in and out of rock crevices, and pant on the white hot sands. Birds, hummingbirds even, nest in the cactus scrub; woodpeckers befriend the demoniac yuccas; out of the stark, treeless waste rings the music of the night-singing mockingbird. If it be summer and the sun well down, there will be a burrowing owl to call. Strange, furry, tricky things dart across the open places, or sit motionless in the conning towers of the creosote. The poet may have "named all the birds without a gun," but not the fairy-footed, ground-inhabiting, furtive, small folk of the rainless regions. They are too many and too swift; how many you would not believe without seeing the footprint tracings in the sand. They are nearly all night workers, finding the days too hot and white. In mid-desert where there are no cattle, there are no birds of carrion, but if you go far in that direction the chances are that you will find yourself shadowed by their tilted wings. Nothing so large as a man can move unspied upon in that country, and they know well how the land deals with strangers. There are hints to be had here of the way in which a land forces new habits on its dwellers. The quick increase of suns at the end of spring sometimes overtakes birds in their nesting and effects a reversal of the ordinary manner of incubation. It becomes necessary to keep eggs cool rather than warm. One hot, stifling spring in the Little Antelope I had occasion to pass and repass frequently the nest of a pair of meadowlarks, located unhappily in the shelter of a very slender weed. I never caught them sitting except near night, but at mid-day they stood, or drooped above it, half fainting with pitifully parted bills,

crevice

['krevɪs]

n. 裂缝

cactus

['kæktəs]

n. 仙人掌

incubation

[ˌɪŋkjʊ'beɪʃən]

n. 孵蛋, 抱蛋

深入一片孤独的土地，你无法远到你面前没有生命和死亡的地方。色彩鲜明的蜥蜴在岩石裂缝里爬进爬出，在灼热的白沙上喘息。鸟类，甚至蜂鸟，在低矮的仙人掌丛中筑巢；啄木鸟与魔鬼似的丝兰为伍；从僵硬的、没有一棵树的荒野中，响起夜晚歌唱的嘲鸫的歌声。如果是夏天，而且太阳已经西沉，就会有一种穴鸱来访。陌生的、带毛的、顽皮的东西在空地上飞奔，或者一动不动地坐在三齿拉瑞阿指挥塔上。诗人也许“不用枪就能叫出所有鸟类的名字”，但不是无雨的地区那些有着仙女的脚、在地上居住的、偷偷摸摸的小东西。它们数量太多了，行动也太迅速了；如果没有看到沙上的脚印，你不会相信有这么多。它们几乎整夜工作，因为白昼太热、太亮。在沙漠中央没有牛，没有食腐鸟，但如果你沿着那个方向远行，你就有机会发现你自己被它们倾斜的翅膀遮住。没有任何像人这么大的东西能在那片土地上移动而不被侦察到，它们非常清楚土地会怎样对待陌生人。这里有一些线索表明了一片土地是怎样迫使新来的居住者养成新的习惯。暮春开始迅速增强的阳光有时迫使鸟儿留在巢中，使它们颠倒了正常的昼伏夜出的习惯。必要的不是让鸟卵保温，而是让它保持凉爽。一个炎热、让人窒息的春天，在小安蒂洛普，我偶尔发现了一对草地鸨的巢穴，后来我经常路过那里，真是不幸，它的庇护所居然是一丛非常纤细的杂草。除了入夜时分，我从来没有看见过它们趴在巢中，中午它们就站着，或者垂在巢上，可怜地

between their treasure and the sun. Sometimes both of them together with wings spread and half lifted continued a spot of shade in a temperature that constrained me at last in a fellow feeling to spare them a bit of canvas for permanent shelter. There was a fence in that country shutting in a cattle range, and along its fifteen miles of posts one could be sure of finding a bird or two in every strip of shadow; sometimes the sparrow and the hawk, with wings trailed and beaks parted, drooping in the white **truce** of noon.

If one is inclined to wonder at first how so many dwellers came to be in the loneliest land that ever came out of God's hands, what they do there and why stay, one does not wonder so much after having lived there. None other than this long brown land lays such a hold on the affections. The rainbow hills, the tender **bluish** mists, the luminous radiance of the spring, have the lotus charm. They trick the sense of time, so that once inhabiting there you always mean to go away without quite realizing that you have not done it. Men who have lived there, miners and cattlemen, will tell you this, not so fluently, but emphatically, cursing the land and going back to it. For one thing there is the **divinest**, cleanest air to be breathed anywhere in God's world. Some day the world will understand that, and the little oases on the windy tops of hills will harbor for healing its ailing, house-weary broods. There is promise there of great wealth in ores and earths, which is no wealth by reason of being so far removed from water and workable conditions, but men are bewitched by it and tempted to try the impossible.

You should hear Salty Williams tell how he used to drive eighteen and twenty-mule teams from the borax marsh to



truce

[ˈtruːs]

n. 休战

bluish

['bluːɪʃ]

adj. 带蓝色的

divine

[diˈvaɪn]

adj. 神圣的

张着嘴，几乎半昏迷了，在它们的宝贝和太阳之间。有时，它们两个一起伸开翅膀，举起到一半，在高温中维持一小片阴影，这情景终于迫使我同情地分给它们一块粗帆布作为永久的庇护。在那片地区有一个篱笆围成的放牛场，沿着它十五英里长的外缘，你肯定能发现，每条篱笆桩的阴影中都有一两只鸟；有时是麻雀和鹰，在白色的正午，它们也停战了，无精打采地张着嘴，拖着翅膀。

如果你刚开始时有些奇怪，这么多的生灵怎么会在这片上帝创造的最为孤独的土地上生活，它们在那里干什么，为什么留在那里，当你在那里生活过之后你就不会这么疑惑了。不是别的，正是这片辽阔的褐色土地上存在着这般的慈爱。披着彩虹的山峦，温柔的蓝色雾霭，春天灿烂的阳光，都具有让人忘忧的魔力。它们愚弄了你的时间感，以致一旦在那里住下，你就总是想离开，但从不会很清醒地认识到你实际上还没有行动。生活在那里的人们，矿工和牧民，会告诉你，不要这么犹豫，而是要果断，你诅咒这片土地，却会一次次地回到它身边。因为那里有一件最为神圣的事物，在上帝的世界中你可以呼吸到最为纯净的空气。终有一天，世界将会明白，那些多风山顶上的小小绿洲，将成为港口，来治愈它病弱的、厌倦了呆在屋子里的孩子。它许诺着巨大的财富，矿物与土地，因为远离水源和可行的工作条件，它还根本不是财富，但是，人们会被它诱惑，去尝试不可能的事情。

你应该听过萨尔蒂·威廉姆斯讲到过，他过去如何赶着十八头或二十头骡子，从有便宜货的

Mojave, ninety miles, with the trail wagon full of water barrels. Hot days the mules would go so mad for drink that the clank of the water bucket set them into an uproar of hideous, maimed noises, and a tangle of harness chains, while Salty would sit on the high seat with the sun glare heavy in his eyes, dealing out curses of pacification in a level, uninterested voice until the clamor fell off from sheer exhaustion. There was a line of shallow graves along that road; they used to count on dropping a man or two of every new gang of coolies brought out in the hot season. But when he lost his swamper, smitten without warning at the noon halt, Salty quit his job; he said it was "too durn hot." The swamper he buried by the way with stones upon him to keep the coyotes from digging him up, and seven years later I read the penciled lines on the pine head-board, still bright and unweathered.

But before that, driving up on the Mojave stage, I met Salty again crossing Indian Wells, his face from the high seat, tanned and **ruddy** as a harvest moon, looming through the golden dust above his eighteen mules. The land had called him.

The **palpable** sense of mystery in the desert air breeds fables, chiefly of lost treasure. Somewhere within its stark borders, if one believes report, is a hill strewn with nuggets; one seamed with virgin silver; an old clayey water-bed where Indians scooped up earth to make cooking pots and shaped them reeking with grains of pure gold. Old miners drifting about the desert edges, weathered into the semblance of the **tawny** hills, will tell you tales like these convincingly. After a little sojourn in that land you will believe them on their own account. It is a question whether it is not better to be bitten by

clamor  
['kleɪmə]  
n. 喧闹

ruddy  
['rʌdi]  
adj. 红的, 红润的

palpable  
['pælpeɪbl]  
adj. 可触知的, 明显的

tawny  
['tɔ:ni]  
adj. 茶色的

沼泽地去往莫哈韦沙漠, 行程九十英里, 拖车上载满水桶。天热的时候骡子会渴得发疯, 水桶的叮当声让它们发出可恶的号叫, 震耳欲聋的喧闹, 把马具搅成一团, 这时, 萨尔蒂就坐在高高的座位上, 太阳猛烈地晃着他的眼睛, 用单调冷漠的声音咒骂着牲口, 试图安抚它们, 直到喧嚣纯粹是由于精疲力竭而低落下去。那条路沿途有一排浅浅的坟墓; 每一帮炎热季节出行的新苦力中都常常有一两个人被抛在里面。但是, 当他失去了他的沼泽苦力, 因为中午休息时没有接到警告而遭到了惩罚, 萨尔蒂就放弃了他的工作; 他说天气“热得该死”。他在路边埋葬了沼泽苦力, 用石头把他盖住, 以防郊狼把他刨出来, 七年后我读到坟头的松木板上铅笔写下的字迹, 还很清晰, 没有褪色。

但是在驾车驶上莫哈韦舞台之前, 我再次遇见了萨尔蒂, 他正在穿越印第安“水井”, 在高高座位上, 他棕褐色的脸红扑扑的, 像收获季节的月亮, 在他的十八头骡子扬起的金色灰尘中隐约浮现。土地召唤着他。

沙漠空气中可以察觉的神秘感哺育了寓言, 主要是丢失的财宝的寓言。在它僵硬边界内的某处, 如果你相信人们的报道, 有一座撒满了金块的山; 一座纯银缝合起来的山; 一个古老的黏土的水床, 印第安人从那里把土挖出来, 做成煮饭的锅, 用它们装满纯金的颗粒。老矿工们游荡在沙漠边缘, 经受风吹日晒, 外表和棕黄色的山一样, 他们将向你讲述这些令人信服的故事。在那片土地上逗留一段时间, 你就会相信他们。被侧身行走、攻击时不用盘起的沙漠中的有角小蛇

the little horned snake of the desert that goes sidewise and strikes without coiling, than by the tradition of a lost mine.

And yet—and yet—is it not perhaps to satisfy expectation that one falls into the tragic key in writing of desertness? The more you wish of it the more you get, and in the mean time lose much of pleasantness. In that country which begins at the foot of the east slope of the Sierras and spreads out by less and less lofty hill ranges toward the Great Basin, it is possible to live with great *zest*, to have red blood and delicate joys, to pass and repass about one's daily performance an area that would make an Atlantic seaboard State, and that with no peril, and, according to our way of thought, no particular difficulty. At any rate, it was not people who went into the desert merely to write it up who invented the fabled Hassaympa, of whose waters, if any drink, they can no more see fact as naked fact, but all radiant with the color of romance. I, who must have drunk of it in my twice seven years' wanderings, am assured that it is worth while.

For all the toll the desert takes of a man it gives compensations, deep breaths, deep sleep, and the communion of the stars. It comes upon one with new force in the pauses of the night that the Chaldeans were a desert-bred people. It is hard to escape the sense of mastery as the stars move in the wide clear heavens to risings and settings *unobscured*. They look large and near and palpitant; as if they moved on some stately service not needful to declare. Wheeling to their stations in the sky, they make the poor world-fret of no account. Of no account you who lie out there watching, nor the lean coyote that stands off in the scrub from you and howls and howls.

咬，还是被一个失踪金矿的传说所困扰，哪一个更糟糕，这是个问题。

但是，但是，一个人在有关沙漠的写作中注入悲惨的因素，难道就不可能是为了满足某种期待？你对它期望得越多，你得到的就越多，同时你也失去了很多乐趣。那片土地从内华达山脉的东坡开始，地势越来越低，向外延伸到大盆地，在那上面，是有可能带着极大的热忱生活的，有可能拥有热血和微妙的快乐，有可能一遍又一遍地重复一个人的日常行为，那片地区将形成一个大西洋沿海州，没有危机，并且，根据我们的思维方式，也没有特别的困难之处。无论如何，那些进入沙漠的人不仅仅是为了详细记述是谁发明了虚构的哈西扬帕河，那些水域，任何饮了那里的水的人，都不再能够把事实仅仅看成是事实，而是闪耀着全部罗曼司的色彩。我，在十四年的漫游中一定饮过它的人，确信那是值得的。

沙漠让一个人付出的全部代价都是有补偿的，那深沉的呼吸，深沉的睡眠，以及与群星的融洽无间。在夜晚的停顿中，它以新的力量与人遭遇，它让你相信占星术士都是沙漠哺育出来的。你很难逃脱被控制的感觉，当群星在广阔清澈的天宇移动，清楚地升起和落下。它们显得很大，清晰而颤抖；仿佛带着庄严的、无需宣布的使命在移动。向它们天空中的车站行驶着，它们使可怜的苦恼的世界变得一点都不重要了。躺在外面观察动静的你不重要，在灌木丛中不停号叫的瘦棱棱的郊狼也不重要了。

zest

[zest]

n. 热情

unobscured

[ˌʌnəb'skjuəd]

adj. 清楚的

## Water Trails of the Ceriso

By the end of the dry season the water trails of the Ceriso are worn to a white ribbon in the leaning grass, spread out faint and fanwise toward the homes of gopher and ground rat and squirrel. But however faint to man-sight, they are sufficiently plain to the furred and feathered folk who travel them. Getting down to the eye level of rat and squirrel kind, one perceives what might easily be wide and winding roads to us if they occurred in thick plantations of trees three times the height of a man. It needs but a slender thread of barrenness to make a mouse trail in the forest of the sod. To the little people the water trails are as country roads, with scents as signboards.

It seems that man-height is the least fortunate of all heights from which to study trails. It is better to go up the front of some tall hill, say the spur of Black Mountain, looking back and down across the hollow of the Ceriso. Strange how long the soil keeps the impression of any continuous treading, even after grass has overgrown it. Twenty years since, a brief heyday of mining at Black Mountain made a stage road across the Ceriso, yet the parallel lines that are the wheel traces show from the height dark and well defined. Afoot in the Ceriso one looks in vain for any sign of it. So all the paths that wild creatures use going down to the Lone Tree Spring are mapped out whitely from this level, which is also the level of the hawks.

fanwise  
[ˈfænwaɪz]  
adv. 成扇形地

afoot  
[əˈfʊt]  
adj. 徒步的

## 塞里索的水径

到了干燥季节的末尾，塞里索的水径就被磨成了一条白色的缎带，在倾斜的草中，模糊地成扇形通向黄鼠、地鼠和松鼠的家。但是，无论对于人眼来说它们有多么模糊，对于在上面旅行的有毛和有羽的族类，它们是足够清晰的。如果能有老鼠和松鼠那样低的视线，你就能明白，在比人高三倍的浓密树林中，这些路径对于我们很可能就是宽阔、弯曲的道路。在草的森林中，只需要一条光秃的细线就能形成一条鼠路。对于小人来说，这些水径就是乡村大道，水的气息就是路标。

似乎人的身高是所有高度中最不利于研究路径的。最好是爬上高山的前坡，比如说黑山的山嘴，向下回望空空的塞里索。奇怪，土壤是多么长久地保持着连续践踏的印象，甚至在青草把它湮没之后。此后二十年，是在黑山采矿的短暂的全盛期，平行的路径是车辙，从那个高度看去，它们显得漆黑而轮廓清晰。你想在塞里索徒步寻找其踪迹，那是徒劳的。所以，在这个高度看去，所有野生动物用来去“孤树泉”的路径都是白色的，那也是鹰隼的高度。

There is little water in the Ceriso at the best of times, and that little brackish and smelling vilely, but by a lone juniper where the rim of the Ceriso breaks away to the lower country, there is a perpetual rill of fresh sweet drink in the midst of lush grass and watercress. In the dry season there is no water else for a man's long journey of a day. East to the foot of Black Mountain, and north and south without counting, are the burrows of small rodents, rat and squirrel kind. Under the sage are the shallow forms of the jackrabbits, and in the dry banks of washes, and among the strewn fragments of black rock, lairs of bobcat, fox, and coyote.

The coyote is your true water-witch, one who snuffs and paws, snuffs and paws again at the smallest spot of moisture-scented earth until he has freed the blind water from the soil. Many water-holes are no more than this detected by the lean hobo of the hills in localities where not even an Indian would look for it.

It is the opinion of many wise and busy people that the hill-folk pass the ten-month interval between the end and renewal of winter rains, with no drink; but your true idler, with days and nights to spend beside the water trails, will not subscribe to it. The trails begin, as I said, very far back in the Ceriso, faintly, and converge in one span broad, white, hard-trodden way in the gully of the spring. And why trails if there are no travelers in that direction?

I have yet to find the land not scarred by the thin, far roadways of rabbits and what not of furry folks that run in them. Venture to look for some seldom-touched water-hole, and so long as the trails run with your general direction make sure you are right, but if they begin to cross yours at never so



vilely

adv. 讨厌地

在最好的时候，塞里索的水也很少，那很少的水还是含盐的，散发出恶臭，但在一棵孤独的杜松旁边，塞里索的边缘向更低处沉降，那里有一条永远的小溪，清新甜蜜，在鲜嫩的青草和水田芥中间流淌。在干旱季节，此外就没有为白昼的长途旅行者准备的水源了。黑山山脚以东，北边和南边不计在内，是小啮齿类动物、老鼠和松鼠的藏身处。鼠尾草下面是长耳大野兔浅浅的窝，在干燥的沙岸边，在到处散布着的黑色岩片中，是短尾猫、狐狸和郊狼的巢穴。

郊狼是你真正的卜水巫师，它在有潮气的地方又闻又刨，又刨又闻，直到它把盲目的水从土地里解放出来。许多水源就是这样被这瘦棱棱的山地流浪汉在印第安人也不会找水的地方探测出来的。

许多聪明而忙碌的人们认为，在冬雨结束和再次开始落下之间的十个月中，山地动物是不喝水的；但是你这真正的懒汉，把白天和黑夜都消磨在水径旁，你是不会赞同这一点的。正如我所说过的，这些模糊的路径在塞里索的深处开始，在春天的溪谷中，渐渐汇聚成一条宽阔的、踩得结实实的白色道路。那么，如果没有旅人，在那个方向为什么会有路径呢？

我还没有发现一片土地没有被兔子们纤细、漫长的小径留下伤痕的，跑在上面的都是些有毛的族类。寻找某个很少接触的水洞是冒险的，只要那些路径的走向与你的总体方向一致，你就能确认你是对的，但如果它们开始与你的路线交叉，哪怕以从来没有过的微小角度，在你的目标

scar

[ska:]

v. 使留下伤痕

slight an angle, to converge toward a point left or right of your objective, no matter what the maps say, or your memory, trust them; they know.

It is very still in the Ceriso by day, so that were it not for the evidence of those white beaten ways, it might be the desert it looks. The sun is hot in the dry season, and the days are filled with the glare of it. Now and again some unseen coyote signals his pack in a long-drawn, **dolorous** whine that comes from no determinate point, but nothing stirs much before mid-afternoon. It is a sign when there begin to be hawks skimming above the sage that the little people are going about their business.

We have fallen on a very careless usage, speaking of wild creatures as if they were bound by some such limitation as hampers clockwork. When we say of one and another, they are night **prowlers**, it is perhaps true only as the things they feed upon are more easily come by in the dark, and they know well how to adjust themselves to conditions wherein food is more plentiful by day. And their accustomed performance is very much a matter of keen eye, keener scent, quick ear, and a better memory of sights and sounds than man dares boast. Watch a coyote come out of his lair and cast about in his mind where he will go for his daily killing. You cannot very well tell what decides him, but very easily that he has decided. He trots or breaks into short gallops, with very perceptible pauses to look up and about at landmarks, alters his tack a little, looking forward and back to steer his proper course. I am persuaded that the coyotes in my valley, which is narrow and beset with steep, sharp hills, in long passages steer by the pinnacles of the sky-line, going with head cocked to one side

dolorous

['dɒləərəs]

adj. 忧伤的

prowler

n. 徘徊者, 小偷

的左边或右边一点汇聚, 无论地图上怎么显示, 无论你有怎样的记忆, 请信任它们; 它们知道情况。

白天, 塞里索非常寂静, 以致如果不是有那些白色的醒目路径为证, 它看起来就像是沙漠。干燥季节的太阳是炎热的, 白昼充满了闪耀的光芒。不时有看不见的郊狼, 用拖长的、悲伤的哀号, 从某个确定不了的地点对同伴发出信号, 但是在中午之前, 没有什么东西活动。当鹰隼开始在鼠尾草上面滑翔时, 那表明小人们就要开始它们的奔忙了。

我们偶然发现了一个非常粗心的惯用法, 我们谈起野生动物就仿佛它们受到某种钟表一般的限制。当我们说起某些种类的动物, 说它们是夜晚的觅食者, 那也许只有当它们赖以生存的东西在黑暗中更容易发现时才是真实的, 它们非常清楚如何调整自己, 以适应食物更为丰富的白昼环境。而且它们的习惯性行为很大程度上, 与锐利的眼睛、发达的嗅觉、敏锐的耳朵, 和比人所敢于吹嘘的对影像和声音的更好的记忆有关。观察一只郊狼如何从巢穴里出来, 脑袋里想着要去哪里进行它日常的捕猎。你无法很清楚地说明是什么让它决定的, 但是它已经很轻松地决定了。它慢跑着, 或者是突然开始短距离的奔驰, 中间很明显地停顿数次, 到处寻找路标, 改变一下它的前进方向, 前后张望, 把握恰当的路线。有人说服我, 在被陡峭、锋利的山峰封闭着的狭窄山谷中, 郊狼排着长队, 以地平线的顶点为基准前

to keep to the left or right of such and such a promontory.

I have trailed a coyote often, going across country, perhaps to where some slant-winged scavenger hanging in the air signaled prospect of a dinner, and found his track such as a man, a very intelligent man accustomed to a hill country, and a little cautious, would make to the same point. Here a **detour** to avoid a stretch of too little cover, there a pause on the rim of a gully to pick the better way, —and it is usually the best way, —and making his point with the greatest economy of effort. Since the time of Seyavi the deer have shifted their feeding ground across the valley at the beginning of deep snows, by way of the Black Rock, fording the river at Charley's Butte, and making straight for the mouth of the cañon that is the easiest going to the winter pastures on Waban. So they still cross, though whatever trail they had has been long broken by ploughed ground; but from the mouth of Tinpah Creek, where the deer come out of the Sierras, it is easily seen that the creek, the point of Black Rock, and Charley's Butte are in line with the wide bulk of shade that is the foot of Waban Pass. And along with this the deer have learned that Charley's Butte is almost the only possible ford, and all the shortest crossing of the valley. It seems that the wild creatures have learned all that is important to their way of life except the changes of the moon. I have seen some prowling fox or coyote, surprised by its sudden rising from behind the mountain wall, slink in its increasing glow, watch it **furtively** from the cover of near-by brush, unprepared and half uncertain of its identity until it rode clear of the peaks, and finally make off with all the air of one caught napping by an ancient joke. The moon in its wanderings must be a sort of

promontory

['prɒməntəri]

n. 岬, 海角

scavenger

['skævɪndʒə]

n. 清道夫, 食腐动物

detour

[di:tʊə(r)]

n. 绕路

furtively

['fɜ:tɪvli]

adj. 暗中地

进, 脑袋斜向一边, 以保持在此岬角的左侧或右侧。

我跟踪过一头郊狼, 它经常穿过荒野, 也许是要去某个地方, 空中倾斜着翅膀悬浮的食腐鸟类发出前面有晚餐的信号, 我发现它的轨迹和人的一样, 就像一个习惯了山地荒野的非常聪明的人, 还留有一点谨慎, 这使它能实现同样的目的。它在这里绕开, 避免暴露在遮蔽物很少的开阔地上, 在那里, 它又停顿了一下, 在一条沟壑边缘, 选择更好的路线——那通常是最好的路线——用最小的努力获取最大的优势。因为这个时节, 塞亚维的鹿已经换了吃草的地方, 在大雪开始时就穿越了峡谷, 取道黑岩, 在查利地垛涉过河流, 径直奔向峡谷口, 那是去往瓦班冬季草原的最便捷路线。所以, 它们依然沿此路穿越, 尽管它们的路线已经被耕地中断很久了; 从汀帕河口, 鹿群涌出内华达山脉, 很容易看见河流、黑岩峰顶和查利地垛与瓦班垭口的巨大阴影构成了一条直线。沿此路线, 鹿群知道查利地垛几乎是唯一可以涉水过河的地方, 是峡谷中最短的捷径。似乎除了月亮的变化, 野生动物已经学会了所有对它们的生活方式有重要作用的东西。我曾经见过一只觅食的狐狸或郊狼, 它被山背后突然升起的月亮吓了一跳, 那月亮偷偷走动, 光辉逐渐增强。郊狼躲在附近的灌木丛中警惕地观察着月亮, 毫无准备, 对月亮的身份半信半疑, 直到月亮清晰地跨上山顶, 最后用一个古老的笑话驱散了让人打瞌睡的空气。漫游中的月亮一定让狡

**exasperation** to cunning beasts, likely to spoil by untimely risings some fore-planned mischief.

But to take the trail again; the coyotes that are **astir** in the Ceriso of late afternoons, harrying the rabbits from their shallow forms, and the hawks that sweep and swing above them, are not there from any mechanical promptings of instinct, but because they know of old experience that the small fry are about to take to seed gathering and the water trails. The rabbits begin it, taking the trail with long, light leaps, one eye and ear cocked to the hills from whence a coyote might descend upon them at any moment. Rabbits are a foolish people. They do not fight except with their own kind, nor use their paws except for feet, and appear to have no reason for existence but to furnish meals for meat-eaters. In flight they seem to rebound from the earth of their own **elasticity**, but keep a sober pace going to the spring. It is the young watercress that tempts them and the pleasures of society, for they seldom drink. Even in localities where there are flowing streams they seem to prefer the moisture that collects on herbage, and after rains may be seen rising on their haunches to drink delicately the clear drops caught in the tops of the young sage. But drink they must, as I have often seen them mornings and evenings at the rill that goes by my door. Wait long enough at the Lone Tree Spring and sooner or later they will all come in. But here their matings are accomplished, and though they are fearful of so little as a cloud shadow or blown leaf, they **contrive** to have some playful hours. At the spring the bobcat drops down upon them from the black rock, and the red fox picks them up returning in the dark. By day the hawk and eagle overshadow them, and the coyote has all times and seasons for his own.

exasperation  
[ig,zə:spə'reifən]  
n. 恼怒  
astir  
[əs'tɜ:]  
adj. 活动的

elasticity  
[ilæs'tisiti]  
n. 弹力, 弹性

contrive  
[kən'traiv]  
v. 设法做到

猾的野兽们生气，它不准时地出乎意料地升起，就像恶作剧一样容易败坏它们的兴致。

但是让我们回到路径上来；塞里索的下午，郊狼是不安分的，它们把兔子从浅浅的栖身处赶出来，鹰隼掠过，在它们上空摇摆着，那并不是出于机械本能，而是因为它们通过古老的经验知道，那些小动物们就要开始出来采集种子，要出来喝水了。兔子开始活动，沿着道路轻盈地、长距离地跳跃着，一只眼睛和一只耳朵向山坡那边倾斜着，郊狼可以随时从那里向它们扑下来。兔子是愚蠢的族类。它们只和同类战斗，除了走路从不使用它们的爪子，它们似乎没有理由存在，似乎仅仅是为食肉动物准备的食物。在战斗中它们能依靠本身的弹力从地面上弹起来，但在去往泉水的路上却保持着适度的步伐。是鲜嫩的水田芥和集体的快乐诱惑着它们，因为它们很少喝水。甚至在有溪水流淌的地方，它们也更喜欢草叶上积攒的潮湿，雨后，能够看见它们后腿立起，巧妙地饮着嫩鼠尾草尖上清澈的水滴。但是它们必须喝水，早晨和傍晚，在我门边的水沟里，我经常看见它们。如果你在“孤树泉”等待足够长的时间，早晚它们会全部出现在那里。它们在这里完成交配，尽管云影或棕色树叶这么小的东西都让它们害怕，它们依然能设法度过一些游戏的时光。在泉边，短尾猫会从黑色岩石上跳到它们身上，红狐会攫住它们，返回黑暗之中，白天，鹰隼在上空投下阴影，而一年四季都是郊狼的时辰。

Cattle, when there are any in the Ceriso, drink morning and evening, spending the night on the warm last lighted slopes of neighboring hills, stirring with the peep o'day. In these half wild spotted steers the habits of an earlier lineage persist. It must be long since they have made beds for themselves, but before lying down they turn themselves round and round as dogs do. They choose bare and stony ground, exposed fronts of westward facing hills, and lie down in companies. Usually by the end of the summer the cattle have been driven or gone of their own choosing to the mountain meadows. One year a maverick yearling, strayed or overlooked by the vaqueros, kept on until the season's end, and so betrayed another visitor to the spring that else I might have missed. On a certain morning the half-eaten carcass lay at the foot of the black rock, and in moist earth by the rill of the spring, the foot-pads of a cougar, puma, mountain lion, or whatever the beast is rightly called. The kill must have been made early in the evening, for it appeared that the cougar had been twice to the spring; and since the meat-eater drinks little until he has eaten, he must have fed and drunk, and after an interval of lying up in the black rock, had eaten and drunk again. There was no knowing how far he had come, but if he came again the second night he found that the coyotes had left him very little of his kill.

Nobody ventures to say how infrequently and at what hour the small fry visit the spring. There are such numbers of them that if each came once between the last of spring and the first of winter rains, there would still be water trails. I have seen badgers drinking about the hour when the light takes on the yellow tinge it has from coming slantwise through the hills.



maverick

[ˈmævərɪk]

adj. 闹独立的, 离群的

moist

[mɔɪst]

adj. 潮湿的

tinge

[tɪndʒ]

n. 色调

slantwise

[ˈslɑːntwaɪz]

adv. 倾斜地

塞里索有牛的时候, 它们会在黎明和黄昏饮水, 在被最后的夕光照亮的附近温暖的山坡上过夜, 因白昼的窥视而惊起。这些半野生的动物体内, 是更早时候延续下来的宗族习惯起着作用。很久以前它们就一定都是自己铺床了, 但在躺下前, 它们像狗一样一圈圈地旋转。它们选择光秃有石头的地面, 面向山峦, 头朝西, 成双结伴地躺下。通常, 在夏末, 牛群会被赶往山间草地, 或者是出于它们自己的选择。有一年, 一头一岁的离群牛犊, 迷路了, 或是被牧牛人忽略了, 一直到季节结束还没有找到, 如果不是另一个去过泉边的人透露了消息, 我也可能会错过。某个早晨, 被吃了一半的小牛尸骸躺在黑岩石脚下, 在泉边潮湿的地上, 有一头美洲狮, 或者随便什么名字恰当的野兽。屠杀一定是在刚刚黄昏的时候发生的, 因为美洲狮显然来过泉边两次; 而既然这个肉食动物在进食前很少喝水, 它一定是已经吃饱了, 也喝过水了, 在黑岩石中躺了一会儿之后, 它又来吃喝了。没人知道它从多远的地方来, 但假如它第二天夜里又来了, 它会发现郊狼已经把它的猎物吃得只剩下不多了。

没有人敢说那些小动物什么时候来泉边喝水, 来得有多么频繁。它们的数目如此众多, 在春末和冬雨开始降落之间, 每一只来上一次, 就仍然会有水径存在。大约在微黄的阳光斜漫过山冈的时辰, 我见过獾在饮水。它们找到水浅的地方, 它们不喜欢弄湿自己的脚。迟到早晨九点的

They find out shallow places, and are loath to wet their feet. Rats and chipmunks have been observed visiting the spring as late as nine o'clock mornings. The larger spermophiles that live near the spring and keep awake to work all day, come and go at no particular hour, drinking sparingly. At long intervals on half-lighted days, meadow and field mice steal delicately along the trail. These visitors are all too small to be watched carefully at night, but for evidence of their frequent coming there are the trails that may be traced miles out among the crisping grasses. On rare nights, in the places where no grass grows between the shrubs, and the sand silvers whitely to the moon, one sees them whisking to and fro on innumerable errands of seed gathering, but the chief witnesses of their presence near the spring are the elf owls. Those burrow-haunting, speckled fluffs of greediness begin a twilight flitting toward the spring, feeding as they go on grasshoppers, lizards, and small, swift creatures, diving into burrows to catch field mice asleep, battling with chipmunks at their own doors, and getting down in great numbers toward the long juniper. Now owls do not love water greatly on its own account. Not to my knowledge have I caught one drinking or bathing, though on night wanderings across the mesa they flit up from under the horse's feet along stream borders. Their presence near the spring in great numbers would indicate the presence of the things they feed upon. All night the rustle and soft hooting keeps on in the neighborhood of the spring, with seldom small shrieks of mortal agony. It is clear day before they have all gotten back to their particular hummocks, and if one follows cautiously, not to frighten them into some near-by burrow, it is possible to trail them far up the slope.

shrub

[ʃrʌb]

n. 灌木丛

fluff

[flʌf]

n. 软毛

mortal

['mɔ:tl]

adj. 临终的

时候，还能观察到老鼠和花栗鼠来泉边喝水。住在泉水附近的较大的欧黄鼠，整个白天都醒着，工作，喝水很节约。在半明半暗的白昼，间隔很长时间，草地和田野里的老鼠沿水径偷偷地谨慎行走。在夜里，这些访客都小得难以被仔细地观察到，但是作为它们经常去水边的证明，这些水径可以在嫩草中追溯到几英里远。在珍贵的夜晚，在灌木丛之间不长草的地方，银沙在月光下白光闪耀，你能看见它们轻捷地来回忙着采集种子的无尽杂务，但是它们在泉水边存在的主要目击者是小猫头鹰。那些善于掘洞、有斑点的贪婪的软毛动物，黄昏时就开始轻快地飞向泉边，一路上捕食蚂蚱、蜥蜴和反应迅速的小生灵，俯冲到沟里捕捉睡觉的田鼠，在洞口边与花栗鼠搏斗，大群地降落在高高的杜松林中。现在猫头鹰因为水本身的原因非常不喜欢水。就我所言，我还没看见过一只猫头鹰喝水或者洗澡，尽管在夜晚穿过台地的漫游中，沿着溪流边缘，它们从马蹄下轻快地飞起。它们在泉水附近的大量存在表明它们赖以生存的东西的存在。泉水周围整夜都有沙沙声和柔和的鸣叫，偶尔伴随着细小的临终痛苦的尖叫。晴朗的白昼它们都返回特定的山丘，如果小心地跟踪，别把它们惊吓得躲到附近的洞里，你有可能跟踪它们到远远的斜坡上。

The crested quail that troop in the Ceriso are the happiest **frequenters** of the water trails. There is no furtiveness about their morning drink. About the time the burrowers and all that feed upon them are addressing themselves to sleep, great flocks pour down the trails with that peculiar melting motion of moving quail, twittering, shoving, and shouldering. They **splatter** into the shallows, drink daintily, shake out small showers over their perfect coats, and melt away again into the scrub, preening and pranking, with soft contented noises.

After the quail, sparrows and ground-inhabiting birds bathe with the utmost frankness and a great deal of splutter; and here in the heart of noon hawks resort, sitting panting, with wings **aslant**, and a truce to all hostilities because of the heat. One summer there came a road-runner up from the lower valley, peeking and prying, and he had never any patience with the water baths of the sparrows. His own **ablutions** were performed in the clean, hopeful dust of the chaparral; and whenever he happened on their morning splatterings, he would depress his glossy crest, slant his shining tail to the level of his body, until he looked most like some bright **venomous** snake, daunting them with shrill abuse and feint of battle. Then suddenly he would go tilting and balancing down the gully in fine disdain, only to return in a day or two to make sure the foolish bodies were still at it.

Out on the Ceriso about five miles, and wholly out of sight of it, near where the **immemorial** foot trail goes up from Saline Flat toward Black Mountain, is a water sign worth turning out of the trail to see. It is a laid circle of stones large enough not to be disturbed by any ordinary hap, with an opening flanked by two parallel rows of similar stones, between which were an

frequenter

n. 常客

splatter

[ˈsplætə]

v. 泼溅

aslant

[əˈslɑːnt]

adv. 倾斜地

ablution

[əˈbluːʃən]

n. 清洗

venomous

[ˈvenəməs]

adj. 有毒的

immemorial

[ˌimiˈmɔːriəl]

adj. 古老的, 远古的

在塞里索群集的有羽冠的鹌鹑是水径最幸福的常客。它们早晨喝水时绝无一丝一毫的偷偷摸摸。大约在这个时辰, 穴居动物和所有以其为食者都把注意力放在睡觉上面, 大群的鹌鹑则蜂拥到水径上, 它们行进时独特地混成一团, 噉噉喳喳, 推推搡搡, 摩肩接踵。它们在浅水中泼溅, 文雅地饮水, 激起小小的阵雨, 淋在它们完美的外套上, 然后消失在灌木丛中, 整理羽毛, 互相嬉戏, 发出柔和满足的喧闹声。

鹌鹑之后, 麻雀和地面栖居的鸟类开始洗澡, 以最大的勇敢, 发出大量的泼溅声; 中午, 鹰隼在这里出没, 蹲着喘息, 斜着翅膀, 因为炎热和所有敌人休战了。一年夏天, 从低处的山谷中来了一只走鹃, 偷窥着, 刺探着, 它从来没有耐心和麻雀一起洗澡。它自己的沐浴是在荆棘丛干净的、充满希望的灰尘中进行的; 每当它碰见麻雀在早晨戏水, 它会把有光泽的冠子低下, 把闪耀的尾巴倾斜到与身体齐平, 直到显得就像明亮的毒蛇一般, 装出战斗姿态, 尖叫着吓唬麻雀。然后它会突然倾斜而平衡地走下山谷, 带着不屑的神气, 仅仅是为了在一两天后回来, 确定那些愚蠢的尸体还在那里。

塞里索之外大约五英里, 完全看不见塞里索的地方, 古老的人行小径从萨林平原向黑山延伸, 那附近有一个水源标记, 值得离开道路去看一看。那是一个垒起的石头圈, 大得足以不为任何普通机缘所扰动, 有一个开口, 侧面是两排平行的相似的石头, 中间放着一枝箭, 箭头触到圆

arrow placed, touching the opposite rim of the circle, thus it would point as the crow flies to the spring. It is the old, **indubitable** water mark of the Shoshones. One still finds it in the desert ranges in Salt Wells and Mesquite valleys, and along the slopes of Waban. On the other side of Ceriso, where the black rock begins, about a mile from the spring, is the work of an older, forgotten people. The rock hereabout is all volcanic, fracturing with a crystalline whitish surface, but weathered outside to furnace blackness. Around the spring, where must have been a gathering place of the tribes, it is scored over with strange pictures and symbols that have no meaning to the Indians of the present day; but out where the rock begins, there is carved into the white heart of it a pointing arrow over the symbol for distance and a circle full of wavy lines reading thus: "In this direction three [units of measurement unknown] is a spring of sweet water; look for it."

indubitable

[in'dju:bitəbl]

adj. 不容置疑的

volcanic

[vɒl'kænik]

n. 火山岩

圈对面的边缘，这样，当乌鸦飞向泉水时，它就能指示出来。那是肖肖尼人古老的、不容置疑的水标。在盐井和梅斯基特谷范围的沙漠中，沿着瓦班的斜坡，你还能发现这样的水源标记。在塞里索的另一面，在黑岩石开始的地方，大约离泉水一英里，是一个更加古老的、已经被遗忘的民族的作品。那里的岩石全是火山石，晶莹发白，布满裂痕，但是外表因风吹日晒成了炉渣一样的黑色。泉水周围，一定是部落聚集的地点，刻着对于今天的印第安人来说毫无意义的奇怪的图形和符号；但是在岩石开始的地方，有一块石头雕刻成白色的心形，一个指示距离的箭头，还有一个满是波浪线的圆，写着：“在此方向三[陌生的测量单位]是一眼甜水泉；找吧。”

## The Scavengers

Fifty-seven buzzards, one on each of fifty-seven fence posts at the rancho El Tejon, on a mirage-breeding September morning, sat solemnly while the white tilted travelers' vans lumbered down the Canada de los Uvas. After three hours they had only clapped their wings, or exchanged posts. The season's end in the vast dim valley of the San Joaquin is palpitatingly hot, and the air breathes like cotton wool. Through it all the buzzards sit on the fences and low hummocks, with wings spread fanwise for air. There is no end to them, and they smell to heaven. Their heads droop, and all their communication is a rare, horrid croak.

The increase of wild creatures is in proportion to the things they feed upon: the more carrion the more buzzards. The end of the third successive dry year bred them beyond belief. The first year quail mated sparingly; the second year the wild oats matured no seed; the third, cattle died in their tracks with their heads towards the stopped watercourses. And that year the scavengers were as black as the plague all across the mesa and up the treeless, tumbled hills. On clear days they betook themselves to the upper air, where they hung motionless for hours. That year there were vultures among them, distinguished by the white patches under the



rancho  
[ˈræntʃəu]  
n. 大牧场

croak  
[krəʊk]  
n. 呱呱叫

## 食腐动物

五十七只红头美洲鹭，各自蹲在埃尔特隆牧场的五十七根篱笆桩上，在一个繁殖海市蜃楼的9月的黎明，庄严地蹲着，当倾斜的旅行者的货车笨重地隆隆驶过加拿大人聚居区。三个小时后，它们也仅仅是拍动拍动翅膀，或者是换换篱笆桩。圣华金广阔暗淡的山谷中，季节的末尾热得不同寻常，空气呼吸起来就像棉花一样。自始至终，所有的红头美洲鹭都蹲在篱笆上和低矮的小丘上，为了透气把翅膀扇形展开。它们没有终点，它们的气味弥漫在天空中。它们的脑袋垂下，它们所有的交流仅仅是偶尔的可怕的呱呱声。

野生动物的增多是与它们赖以生存的东西成比例的：腐肉越多，红头美洲鹭就越多。连续三年干燥的结果，就使它们繁殖得超乎想象。第一年鹌鹑交配很少；第二年野燕麦不长种子；第三年，牛死在路上，脑袋向着已经消失的水径。那一年，食腐动物像瘟疫一样黑压压布满整个台地和没有树木的、坍塌的山冈。晴天的时候，它们就飞到高空中，静止不动地悬浮上几个小时。那一年有兀鹰混在它们中间，从翅膀底下的白色斑

wings. All their offensiveness notwithstanding, they have a stately flight. They must also have what pass for good qualities among themselves, for they are social, not to say **clannish**.

It is a very **squalid** tragedy, —that of the dying brutes and the scavenger birds. Death by starvation is slow. The heavy-headed, rack-boned cattle totter in the fruitless trails; they stand for long, patient intervals; they lie down and do not rise. There is fear in their eyes when they are first stricken, but afterward only intolerable weariness. I suppose the dumb creatures know nearly as much of death as do their betters, who have only the more imagination. Their even-breathing submission after the first agony is their tribute to its inevitableness. It needs a nice discrimination to say which of the basket-ribbed cattle is likeliest to afford the next meal, but the scavengers make few mistakes. One stoops to the quarry and the flock follows.

Cattle once down may be days in dying. They stretch out their necks along the ground, and roll up their slow eyes at longer intervals. The buzzards have all the time, and no beak is dropped or talon struck until the breath is wholly passed. It is doubtless the economy of nature to have the scavengers by to clean up the carrion, but a wolf at the throat would be a shorter agony than the long stalking and sometime perchings of these **loathsome** watchers. Suppose now it were a man in this long-drawn, hungrily spied upon distress! When Timmie O'Shea was lost on Armogosa Flats for three days without water, Long Tom Basset found him, not by any trail, but by making straight away for the points where he saw buzzards stooping. He could hear the beat of their wings, Tom said, and trod on their shadows, but O'Shea was past recalling

clannish

['klæniʃ]

adj. 宗族排外的, 团结心很强的

squalid

['skwɒlɪd]

adj. 肮脏的, 悲惨的

loathsome

['ləʊðsəm]

adj. 讨厌的

点能分辨出来。尽管它们具有攻击性, 它们的飞行却很庄严。一些优良的品质一定在它们中间流传, 因为它们很合群, 更别提排他的门户之见。

这是一场很凄惨的悲剧——是垂死的禽兽和食腐鸟类上演的悲剧。死于饥饿是缓慢的。头颅沉重、骨瘦如柴的牛在毫无结果的路径上步履蹒跚、摇摇欲坠; 它们能很耐心地支撑很长的时间; 它们躺倒, 不再起来。它们最初遭受打击时眼睛中满是恐惧, 但后来就只有无法忍受的疲倦了。我猜测这些无言的动物几乎知道死亡对它们更有利, 它们的想象更为丰富。在最初的巨痛之后, 它们均匀的呼吸和屈服是对不可避免的死亡的献礼。需要非常好的辨别力才能确定哪一头肋骨嶙峋的牛最适合当作下一餐, 但是食腐动物很少犯错。一个扑上去, 一群跟上来。

倒下的牛可能有几天的弥留时间。它们把脖子在地上伸开, 缓慢地转动着眼睛, 时间间隔越来越长。红头美洲鹭始终在场, 但在牛的呼吸完全停止之前, 它们不会用嘴啄, 不会用爪子攻击。无疑, 是自然的经济学让食腐动物来清理腐臭的肉, 但是, 与漫长的悄悄的追踪, 有时甚至栖息下来的这些可恶的观望者相比, 狼在喉咙上的一咬是短暂得多的痛苦。假设现在是一个人置身于这漫长拖延的、饥饿的窥视之中, 那该多么悲惨! 当梯米·奥谢伊在阿莫戈萨平原断水、失踪三天后, “长人” 汤姆·巴塞发现了他, 不是凭借任何痕迹, 而仅仅是径直前往他看见有红头美洲鹭俯冲的地方。汤姆说, 他能听见它们翅膀

what he thought about things after the second day. My friend Ewan told me, among other things, when he came back from San Juan Hill, that not all the carnage of battle turned his bowels as the sight of slant black wings rising flockwise before the burial squad.

There are three kinds of noises buzzards make, —it is impossible to call them notes, —**raucous** and elemental. There is a short croak of alarm, and the same syllable in a modified tone to serve all the purposes of ordinary conversation. The old birds make a kind of throaty chuckling to their young, but if they have any love song I have not heard it. The young yawp in the nest a little, with more breath than noise. It is seldom one finds a buzzard's nest, seldom that grown-ups find a nest of any sort; it is only children to whom these things happen by right. But by making a business of it one may come upon them in wide, quiet cañons, or on the lookouts of lonely, table-topped mountains, three or four together, in the tops of **stubby** trees or on rotten cliffs well open to the sky.

It is probable that the buzzard is **gregarious**, but it seems unlikely from the small number of young noted at any time that every female incubates each year. The young birds are easily distinguished by their size when feeding, and high up in air by the worn primaries of the older birds. It is when the young go out of the nest on their first foraging that the parents, full of a crass and simple pride, make their indescribable chucklings of gobbling, gluttonous delight. The little ones would be amusing as they tug and tussle, if one could forget what it is they feed upon.

One never comes any nearer to the vulture's nest or nestlings than **hearsay**. They keep to the southerly Sierras,

raucous

['rɒkəs]

adj. 沙哑的

stubby

['stʌbi]

adj. 粗矮的

gregarious

[gre'ɡeəriəs]

adj. 群居的

hearsay

['hiəsei]

n. 传闻,道听途说

的扑打声，他甚至能踩到它们的影子，但是奥谢伊已经无法回忆起第二天之后他都想了什么。我的朋友伊万还告诉我，当他从圣胡安山回来，当他看到送葬队伍前面升起大片倾斜的黑色翅膀，战场上大屠杀都不完全令他揪心了。

红头美洲鹫发出的喧闹声有三种——不可能称它们为音符——粗哑而原始。有一种简短的呱呱声作为警报，同样的音节在声调上加以改良，用于所有普通交谈。老鸟对它们的小鸟发出一种咯咯的喉音，但是否它们会唱情歌，我还没有听到过。小鸟在巢穴里有点吵闹，但是呼吸多于喧闹。很少有人发现红头美洲鹫的巢穴，很少有成年人能发现任何种类的巢穴：按理，这样的事情只能落在孩子们头上。但是如果刻意去寻找，你会在宽阔、宁静的峡谷遇见它们，或是看见它们在孤独的、桌子一样平坦的山顶上守望，三四只聚在一起，在粗矮的树顶，或者向天空敞开的风化的悬崖上。

红头美洲鹫也许是群居的，但是从每年每只雌鹫孵化的幼雏数量很少上看，这似乎又是可能的。喂食的时候很容易凭大小把雏鸟分辨出来，而在高空则可以通过大鸟的羽毛颜色来分辨。当小鸟第一次出巢觅食，做父母的会充满愚蠢而简单的骄傲，发出难以描述的急切的咕咕声，快乐不已。小鸟将食物又拖又扭的时候会很有趣，如果你能忘记它们吃的是什么。

人要靠近兀鹰的巢穴或者尚未离巢的小鸟，可比谣传中的还难。它们都在山脉的南面，它们

and are bold enough, it seems, to do killing on their own account when no carrion is at hand. They dog the shepherd from camp to camp, the hunter home from the hill, and will even carry away offal from under his hand.

The vulture merits respect for his bigness and for his bandit airs, but he is a sombre bird, with none of the buzzard's frank satisfaction in his offensiveness.

The least objectionable of the inland scavengers is the raven, frequenter of the desert ranges, the same called locally "carrion crow." He is handsomer and has such an air. He is nice in his habits and is said to have likable traits. A tame one in a Shoshone camp was the butt of much sport and enjoyed it. He could all but talk and was another with the children, but an arrant thief. The raven will eat most things that come his way, —eggs and young of ground-nesting birds, seeds even, lizards and grasshoppers, which he catches cleverly; and whatever he is about, let a coyote trot never so softly by, the raven flaps up and after; for whatever the coyote can pull down or nose out is meat also for the carrion crow.

And never a coyote comes out of his lair for killing, in the country of the carrion crows, but looks up first to see where they may be gathering. It is a sufficient occupation for a windy morning, on the lineless, level mesa, to watch the pair of them eying each other furtively, with a tolerable assumption of unconcern, but no doubt with a certain amount of good understanding about it. Once at Red Rock, in a year of green pasture, which is a bad time for the scavengers, we saw two buzzards, five ravens, and a coyote feeding on the same carrion, and only the coyote seemed ashamed of the company.

offal

[ˈɒfəl]

n. 废弃物

bandit

[ˈbændɪt]

n. 匪徒

足够勇敢莽撞，在附近没有腐肉时，它们似乎会实施杀戮。它们跟踪牧人，从营地到营地，跟踪从山上回家的猎手，甚至会从他手底下叼走废弃的东西。

兀鹰因其身量大和匪气而值得尊重，但它是一种阴沉的鸟，没有红头美洲鹫对自己的进攻性的坦率的满足感。

内陆最不让人反感的食腐鸟是渡鸦，沙漠中的常客，被当地人称作“食腐乌鸦”。它更漂亮一些，很有气质。它的习惯令人愉快，据说有可爱的特征。肖肖尼人营地里一只驯化的渡鸦是很多运动的目标，它也很喜欢做这样的靶子。它差不多会讲话，是孩子的同类，但却是个彻头彻尾的小偷。渡鸦几乎遇见什么就吃什么——卵和地面筑巢的鸟类的幼雏，甚至种子，蜥蜴和蚂蚱，它能很聪明地捕捉它们；无论它在干什么，只要郊狼从旁边悄悄跑过，渡鸦就会拍翅飞起，紧随其后；因为郊狼能够拖出来或闻出来的任何东西，也都是食腐乌鸦的食物。

而在食腐乌鸦的势力范围内，郊狼绝不从巢穴里出来去猎杀，而是要先看看食腐乌鸦会在哪里聚集。在有风的早晨，在没有道路的平坦台地，观察这两种族类彼此谨慎地瞄着，带着可以容忍的漫不经心的样子，但无疑非常明白彼此是怎么回事，这是一项足够负担的工作。有一次在红石，那是牧草茂盛的一年，但却是食腐动物处境糟糕的一年，我们看见两只红头美洲鹫、五只渡鸦和一头郊狼在分享同一块腐肉，只有郊狼显出对这种与人为伍的羞愧来。

Probably we never fully credit the interdependence of wild creatures, and their **cognizance** of the affairs of their own kind. When the five coyotes that range the Tejon from Pasteria to Tunawai planned a relay race to bring down an antelope strayed from the band, beside myself to watch, an eagle swung down from Mt. Pinos, buzzards materialized out of invisible ether, and hawks came trooping like small boys to a street fight. Rabbits sat up in the chaparral and cocked their ears, feeling themselves quite safe for the once as the hunt swung near them. Nothing happens in the deep wood that the blue jays are not all **agog** to tell. The hawk follows the badger, the coyote the carrion crow, and from their aerial stations the buzzards watch each other. What would be worth knowing is how much of their neighbor's affairs the new generations learn for themselves, and how much they are taught of their elders.

So wide is the range of the scavengers that it is never safe to say, eyewitness to the contrary, that there are few or many in such a place. Where the carrion is, there will the buzzards be gathered together, and in three days' journey you will not sight another one. The way up from Mojave to Red Butte is all desertness, affording no pasture and scarcely a rill of water. In a year of little rain in the south, flocks and herds were driven to the number of thousands along this road to the **perennial** pastures of the high ranges. It is a long, slow trail, ankle deep in bitter dust that gets up in the slow wind and moves along the backs of the crawling cattle. In the worst of times one in three will pine and fall out by the way. In the defiles of Red Rock, the sheep piled up a stinking lane; it was the sun smiting by day. To these shambles came buzzards, vultures, and coyotes from all the country round, so that on



cognizance

['kɒgnɪzəns]

n. 认识

agog

[ə'gɒg]

adj. 渴望的, 热切的

perennial

[pə'renjəl]

adj. 永久的, 长期的

也许我们从来没有充分相信野生动物之间的彼此依存, 它们对自身事物的认识。当五头郊狼从帕斯特利亚漫游到图那威, 谋划猎捕一头离群羚羊的接力赛时, 除了作为观察者的我自己, 还有一头雕从皮诺斯山扶摇而下, 红头美洲鹭从无形的以太中现身, 鹰俯冲而下, 就像小男孩奔向一场街头斗殴。兔子在灌木丛中坐起来, 斜着耳朵, 当狩猎在它们附近进行时, 感到这次自己很安全。在什么也没有发生的树林深处, 蓝松鸦根本不想说什么。鹰跟随着獾, 郊狼跟随食腐乌鸦, 而从它们的航空站上, 红头美洲鹭彼此观察着。值得了解的是, 从邻居的事情上, 新一代们学到了多少, 它们的长辈又教给了它们多少。

食腐动物的活动范围非常之广, 和人眼所见的正相反, 在这样的地方, 说食腐动物很少或很多, 都是不牢靠的。有腐肉的地方, 就会有红头美洲鹭聚在一起, 而你旅行上三天也不会再看见一只。从莫哈维到红地垛, 一路上都是沙漠, 没有草地, 也几乎没有水沟。在雨水很少的一年中, 在南方, 畜群数以千计地沿着此路被赶往高地的永久牧场。那是一条漫长、缓慢的道路, 没踝深的刺鼻灰尘, 在缓慢的风中浮起, 在爬行的牛群的背上移动。在最糟糕的时辰, 三头牲畜中就有一头会衰竭, 倒在路旁。在红岩的隘路上, 绵羊堆积在发臭的小径上; 那是白昼的太阳击倒的。红头美洲鹭、兀鹰和郊狼从这个地区的各个角落聚集到这些屠宰场来, 所以, 特隆、塞

the Tejon, the Ceriso, and the Little Antelope there were not scavengers enough to keep the country clean. All that summer the dead mummified in the open or dropped slowly back to earth in the **quagmires** of the bitter springs. Meanwhile from Red Rock to Coyote Holes, and from Coyote Holes to Haiwai the scavengers gorged and gorged.

The coyote is not a scavenger by choice, preferring his own kill, but being on the whole a lazy dog, is apt to fall into carrion eating because it is easier. The red fox and bobcat, a little pressed by hunger, will eat of any other animal's kill, but will not ordinarily touch what dies of itself, and are exceedingly shy of food that has been man-handled.

Very clean and handsome, quite **belying** his relationship in appearance, is Clark's crow, that scavenger and plunderer of mountain camps. It is permissible to call him by his common name, "Camp Robber": he has earned it. Not content with refuse, he pecks open meal sacks, **filches** whole potatoes, is a gormand for bacon, drills holes in packing cases, and is daunted by nothing short of tin. All the while he does not neglect to vituperate the chipmunks and sparrows that whisk off crumbs of comfort from under the camper's feet. The Camp Robber's gray coat, black and white barred wings, and slender bill, with certain tricks of perching, accuse him of attempts to pass himself off among woodpeckers; but his behavior is all crow. He frequents the higher pine belts, and has a noisy strident call like a jay's, and how clean he and the frisk-tailed chipmunks keep the camp! No crumb or paring or bit of eggshell goes amiss.

High as the camp may be, so it is not above timberline, it is not too high for the coyote, the bobcat, or the wolf. It is the

quagmire  
 ['kwægmaɪə]  
 n. 沼泽, 湿地

belying  
 [bi'laɪɪŋ]  
 v. 掩饰

filch  
 ['fɪlʃ]  
 v. 窃取

amiss  
 [ə'mɪs]  
 adj. 有毛病的, 出差错的

里索和“小羚羊”这些地方没有足够多的食腐动物来保持清洁。整个夏天死动物在露天风干, 或者是慢慢沉到苦涩泉水形成的沼泽里。与此同时, 从红岩到郊狼洞, 从郊狼洞到海威, 食腐动物在不停地狼吞虎咽地饕餮。

凭爱好, 郊狼不是食腐动物, 它更喜欢自己捕猎, 但在总体上它很懒惰, 适合吃腐肉, 因为这样比较容易。红狐和短尾猫, 有点迫于饥饿, 会吃任何其他动物杀死的東西, 但通常不会碰自己死的東西, 并且对人沾过的食物极其顾虑。

非常干净和漂亮, 外表总是大致保持不变, 那就是克拉克的乌鸦, 山间营地的食腐鸟和掠夺者。你可以称呼它的通用名字, “营地窃贼”。它赢得了这个称号。对遭到拒绝心怀不满, 它会啄开米袋, 偷走所有的土豆, 它是喜欢熏肉的美食家, 在装好的箱子上打洞, 除了罐头什么都不怕。它始终忘不掉痛斥花栗鼠和麻雀, 它们匆忙叨走宿营者脚下安慰的面包屑。“营地窃贼”的灰色外套, 黑白条纹的翅膀, 纤细的喙喙, 栖息的技巧, 使它有伪装成啄木鸟的嫌疑; 但是它的行为完全是乌鸦的行为。它经常飞到较高的松树上, 发出粗糙的喧闹声, 像一只松鸦, 它和欢快地摇着尾巴的花栗鼠让营地多么干净啊! 没有忽略一点碎屑、剥下的皮和蛋壳。

也许营地的位置很高, 但还没有高过林木线, 而对于郊狼、短尾猫或狼来说, 那并不太

complaint of the ordinary camper that the woods are too still, **depleted** of wild life. But what dead body of wild thing, or neglected game untouched by its kind, do you find? And put out offal away from camp over night, and look next day at the foot tracks where it lay.

Man is a great blunderer going about in the woods, and there is no other except the bear makes so much noise. Being so well warned beforehand, it is a very stupid animal, or a very bold one, that cannot keep safely hid. The cunningest hunter is hunted in turn, and what he leaves of his kill is meat for some other. That is the economy of nature, but with it all there is not sufficient account taken of the works of man. There is no scavenger that eats tin cans, and no wild thing leaves a like **disfigurement** on the forest floor.

deplete

[di'pli:t]

v. 耗尽, 使衰竭

disfigurement

[dis'figəmənt]

n. 毁容, 畸形

高。一般的宿营者抱怨树林太静, 没有什么野生动物。但是, 你发现那是野物的死尸, 还是其同类没有碰过的被忽略的猎物? 晚上把废物抛在营地外面, 第二天你再看看它是否还躺在人行道上。

在林中漫游的人类是最为愚蠢无知的, 除了熊, 没有什么像人那样弄出这么多的噪音。事先得到严重警告, 熊还是非常愚蠢或者卤莽, 仍无法安全地藏身。最狡猾的猎手反过来被猎捕, 它留下的猎物是其他动物的美味。那是自然的经济学, 但是人类的索取永无止境。没有任何食腐动物像人那样吃锡罐头, 没有任何野生动物会给森林造成这样的破坏。

## The Pocket Hunter

I remember very well when I first met him. Walking in the evening glow to spy the marriages of the white gilies, I sniffed the unmistakable odor of burning sage. It is a smell that carries far and indicates usually the nearness of a campoodie, but on the level mesa nothing taller showed than Diana's sage. Over the tops of it, beginning to dusk under a young white moon, trailed a wavering ghost of smoke, and at the end of it I came upon the Pocket Hunter making a dry camp in the friendly scrub. He sat tailorwise in the sand, with his coffee-pot on the coals, his supper ready to hand in the frying-pan, and himself in a mood for talk. His pack burros in hobbles strayed off to hunt for a wetter mouthful than the sage afforded, and gave him no concern.

We came upon him often after that, threading the windy passes, or by water-holes in the desert hills, and got to know much of his way of life. He was a small, bowed man, with a face and manner and speech of no character at all, as if he had that faculty of small hunted things of taking on the protective color of his surroundings. His clothes were of no fashion that I could remember, except that they bore liberal markings of pot black, and he had a curious fashion of going about with his mouth open, which gave him a vacant look until

## 寻矿人

我非常清楚地记得我最初遇见他是什么时候。我在闪耀的黄昏中散步，刺探着白色吉莉属植物的婚礼，我闻到了燃烧的鼠尾草确凿无疑的臭气。这种气味传得很远，通常表明附近有人宿营，但是在平坦的台地上，没有比戴安娜的鼠尾草更高的东西了。在白色的新月下，台地上面开始变得昏暗，烟雾的鬼影在摇摆，在烟雾的尽头，我遇见寻矿人正在友好的灌木丛中开辟一块干燥的营地。他像裁缝一样坐在沙子里，咖啡壶放在煤块上，煎锅里的晚餐已经准备就绪，他自己也有心情交谈。他的驮驴一瘸一拐地游荡开去，寻找比鼠尾草更为潮湿的植物，并不劳他操心。

在那以后，在曲折的路上，或是在沙漠群山的水洞边，我们经常遇见他，我逐渐了解了他的生活方式。他是个低头弓背的小个子，他的脸、举止和言谈根本没有特征，仿佛他具有遭猎捕的小东西从周围环境获取保护色的才能。我记得，他的衣服一点都不时兴，除了它们带有锅底灰慷慨的痕迹，他还有一个奇怪的习惯，张着嘴到处走动，这使他的表情显得愚蠢，直到你离他足够

windy

[ˈwindi]

adj. 多变的

vacant

[ˈveikənt]

adj. 愚蠢的，无知的

you came near enough to perceive him busy about an endless hummed, wordless tune. He traveled far and took a long time to it, but the simplicity of his kitchen arrangements was elemental. A pot for beans, a coffee-pot, a frying-pan, a tin to mix bread in—he fed the burros in this when there was need—with these he had been half round our western world and back. He explained to me very early in our acquaintance what was good to take to the hills for food; nothing sticky, for that “dirtied the pots”; nothing with “juice” to it, for that would not pack to advantage; and nothing likely to ferment. He used no gun, but he would set snares by the water-holes for quail and doves, and in the trout country he carried a line. Burros he kept, one or two according to his pack, for this chief excellence, that they would eat potato parings and firewood. He had owned a horse in the foothill country, but when he came to the desert with no forage but mesquite, he found himself under the necessity of picking the beans from the briers, a labor that drove him to the use of pack animals to whom thorns were a relish.

I suppose no man becomes a pocket hunter by first intention. He must be born with the faculty, and along comes the occasion, like the tap on the test tube that induces crystallization. My friend had been several things of no moment until he struck a thousand-dollar pocket in the Lee District and came into his vocation. A pocket, you must know, is a small body of rich ore occurring by itself, or in a vein of poorer stuff. Nearly every mineral ledge contains such, if only one has the luck to hit upon them without too much labor. The sensible thing for a man to do who has found a good pocket is to buy himself into business and keep away from the hills. The



burro

[ˈbʌrəʊ]

n. 驴子(尤指美国西南部用作驮畜的驴)

sticky

[ˈstɪki]

adj. 黏的,黏性的

ferment

[ˈfɜ:mənt]

v. 发酵

faculty

[ˈfækəlti]

n. 才能,本领

ore

[ɔ:(r)]

n. 矿石

近时才能发觉,原来他在忙着哼唱一支没完没了、嗡嗡响的无词小调。他旅行得很远,花费大量时间,但是他的烹饪设施简单而必要。一个煮豆子的壶,一个咖啡壶,一口煎锅,一个用来混面包的锡罐——在需要时也用来喂驴——就是凭借这些东西,他走遍了西部世界的一半,并且安然返回。我们刚认识的时候,他曾向我解释,去山里带什么样的食物为好:不要发黏的,那会“把锅弄脏”;不要“带汁的”,那样不好包装携带;不要容易发酵的。他不用枪,但是他会在水洞边设网捕鹌鹑和鸽子,在有鳟鱼的地方则携带鱼线。他使用驴子,根据载重情况使用一两头,因为驴子有一个主要优点,它们能吃土豆皮和木头。在山麓丘陵地区,他曾经有一匹马,但是在去没有饲料只有牧豆树的沙漠时,他发现自己需要从欧石楠上采摘豆子,这项劳动迫使他使用把荆棘也当作美味的驮畜。

我推测,没有人一开始就想做寻矿人的。他一定是生来就具有这种才能,还有机遇,就像诱发结晶的试管上的塞子。我的朋友以前很长时间一直做几种其他工作,直到他撞见了一个一千美元的矿穴,并从此操持起这个行当。矿穴,你一定知道,就是一小块自然形成的富矿,或者是贫乏材料中的一条矿脉。几乎每一处矿脉中都含有这样的东西,只要你有运气不费太大力气就能撞上它们。发现了一个好矿穴的人要做的有意义的事情,就是出钱入股,并离开群山。合乎逻辑的事情是开始寻找另一处矿穴。我的朋友寻矿人已

logical thing is to set out looking for another one. My friend the Pocket Hunter had been looking twenty years. His working outfit was a shovel, a pick, a gold pan which he kept cleaner than his plate, and a pocket magnifier. When he came to a watercourse he would pan out the gravel of its bed for "colors", and under the glass determine if they had come from far or near, and so spying he would work up the stream until he found where the drift of the gold-bearing outcrop fanned out into the creek; then up the side of the cañon till he came to the proper vein. I think he said the best indication of small pockets was an iron stain, but I could never get the run of miner's talk enough to feel instructed for pocket hunting. He had another method in the waterless hills, where he would work in and out of blind gullies and all windings of the manifold strata that appeared not to have cooled since they had been heaved up. His itinerary began with the east slope of the Sierras of the Snows, where that range swings across to meet the coast hills, and all up that slope to the Truckee River country, where the long cold forbade his progress north. Then he worked back down one or another of the nearly parallel ranges that lie out desertward, and so down to the sink of the Mojave River, burrowing to oblivion in the sand, —a big mysterious land, a lonely, inhospitable land, beautiful, terrible. But he came to no harm in it; the land tolerated him as it might a gopher or a badger. Of all its inhabitants it has the least concern for man.

There are many strange sorts of humans bred in a mining country, each sort despising the queernesses of the other, but of them all I found the Pocket Hunter most acceptable for his clean, companionable talk. There was more color to his

outfit

[ˈaʊtfit]

n. 用具

stratum

[ˈstreɪtəm]

n. 地层

itinerary

[aiˈtɪnərəri]

n. 路线

经寻找了二十年。他全部的工作装备是一把铁锹，一把鹤嘴锄，一口金锅，保养得比他的盘子还要干净，还有一个袖珍放大镜。当他抵达水道时，他会淘洗河床上的沙砾，看看“成色”，用放大镜来确定它们是来自远处还是近处，就这样刺探着，沿水道逐步前进，直到发现含金的飘聚物在溪流中成扇形展开的地方；然后攀上峡谷一侧，直到最终找到合适的矿脉。我记得他说过，小矿穴的最好标记是铁锈色，但是我从来也无法充分领会矿工们的交谈，学会有关寻矿的知识。在没水的山间，他有另一套方法，他会在眩目的溪谷中进进出出，在弯弯曲曲层叠的地层中工作，它们似乎从被堆积起来之后就没有冷却下来。他的旅行路线从内华达山脉积雪的东坡开始，在那里，山脉起伏穿过，与海岸山峦会合，沿斜坡直到特拉基河流域，那里漫长的严冬季节阻碍他继续向北。然后他沿附近一条平行的向沙漠方向延伸的山脉返回，这样一直来到莫哈韦河的落水洞，在沙子中忘我地挖掘——那一片广袤神秘的土地，孤独、冷漠、美丽、可怕。但是他的到来对它没有危害性；土地忍受他，就像它忍受一只囊鼠或獾一样。在所有的居民中，它对人类最不关心。

采矿区哺育了很多种奇奇怪怪的人，每一种都蔑视其他人的古怪，但在他们之中，我发现寻矿人最容易受人接纳，因为他整洁，因为他谈话友善。关于他的回忆更为丰富多彩，胜过了褪色

reminiscences than the faded sandy old miners "kyoteing", that is, tunneling like a coyote (kyote in the vernacular) in the core of a lonesome hill. Such a one has found, perhaps, a body of tolerable ore in a poor lead, —remember that I can never be depended on to get the terms right, —and followed it into the heart of country rock to no profit, hoping, burrowing, and hoping. These men go harmlessly mad in time, believing themselves just behind the wall of fortune—most likable and simple men, for whom it is well to do any kindly thing that occurs to you except lend them money. I have known "grub stakers" too, those persuasive sinners to whom you make allowances of flour and pork and coffee in consideration of the ledges they are about to find; but none of these proved so much worth while as the Pocket Hunter. He wanted nothing of you and maintained a cheerful preference for his own way of life. It was an excellent way if you had the constitution for it. The Pocket Hunter had gotten to that point where he knew no bad weather, and all places were equally happy so long as they were out of doors. I do not know just how long it takes to become saturated with the elements so that one takes no account of them. Myself can never get past the glow and exhilaration of a storm, the wrestle of long dust-heavy winds, the play of live thunder on the rocks, nor past the keen fret of fatigue when the storm outlasts physical endurance. But prospectors and Indians get a kind of a weather shell that remains on the body until death.

The Pocket Hunter had seen destruction by the violence of nature and the violence of men, and felt himself in the grip of an All-wisdom that killed men or spared them as seemed for their good; but of death by sickness he knew nothing except

reminiscence

[ˌremɪˈnɪsns]

n. 回忆,回想

的满身沙子的老矿工“科约特”，那就是说，他们像郊狼（土话中叫作科约特）一样在孤独的山中矿穴里挖掘。也许，就是这样的人在很差的铅中发现了一块尚好的矿石——记住，永远不能依赖我把术语说准确——并随之进入没有收益的围岩核心，希望着，挖掘着，希望着。这些人到时会变得疯狂，但没有危害性，他们相信自己就在财富之墙的后面——他们大多是可爱而单纯的人，你可以为他们做任何善意的事情，除了借钱给他们，我也认识一些以分享探得矿藏为条件的“探矿装备提供者”，那些善于游说的恶棍，考虑到他们即将发现的矿脉，你供应给他们面粉、猪肉和咖啡；但是与寻矿人相比，结果证明这些人非常不值得信赖。寻矿人不向你索取任何东西，他保持着对自己生活方式的快乐的偏爱。如果你了解了它的本质，你会认为那是一种非常优秀的方式。寻矿人已经达到了那样一种程度，他不懂得什么是恶劣的天气，他们在所有地方都同样快乐，只要是在户外。我恰恰不知道需要多久才能被这些元素充满，以致你根本不考虑它们。我自己永远不能经受住炎热和风暴的兴奋，漫长的灰尘弥漫的风的搏斗，岩石上燃烧的雷霆的游戏，以及风暴超出生理承受力时的那种疲惫的激动和苦恼。但是探矿者和印第安人的身体上至死都保留着一种天气防护外壳。

exhilaration

[ɪgˌzɪləˈreɪʃən]

n. 令人高兴,愉快

grip

[ɡrɪp]

n. 掌握,控制

寻矿者目睹过自然的暴力和人的暴力所造成的破坏，感觉自己落入一种“全能智慧”的掌握，它杀人和饶恕人似乎是为了他们好；但是关于死于疾病，他一无所知，他相信自己永远不会

that he believed he should never suffer it. He had been in Grape-vine Canon the year of storms that changed the whole front of the mountain. All day he had come down under the wing of the storm, hoping to win past it, but finding it travelling with him until night. It kept on after that, he supposed, a steady downpour, but could not with certainty say, being securely deep in sleep. But the weather instinct does not sleep. In the night the heavens behind the hill dissolved in rain, and the roar of the storm was borne in and mixed with his dreaming, so that it moved him, still asleep, to get up and out of the path of it. What finally woke him was the crash of pine logs as they went down before the unbridled flood, and the swirl of foam that lashed him where he clung in the tangle of scrub while the wall of water went by. It went on against the cabin of Bill Gerry and laid Bill stripped and broken on a sand bar at the mouth of the Grape-vine, seven miles away. There, when the sun was up and the wrath of the rain spent, the Pocket Hunter found and buried him; but he never laid his own escape at any door but the unintelligible favor of the Powers.

The journeyings of the Pocket Hunter led him often into that mysterious country beyond Hot Creek where a hidden force works mischief, mole-like, under the crust of the earth. Whatever agency is at work in that neighborhood, and it is popularly supposed to be the devil, it changes means and direction without time or season. It creeps up whole hillsides with insidious heat, unguessed until one notes the pine woods dying at the top, and having scorched out a good block of timber returns to steam and spout in caked, forgotten crevices of years before. It will break up sometimes blue-hot and

foam  
[fəʊm]  
n. 泡沫

devil  
['devl]  
n. 魔鬼  
insidious  
[in'sidiəs]  
adj. 阴险的

遭受这样的痛苦。这一年，风暴改变了整个山体的前面，他一直在葡萄藤峡谷里。整个白天他都在风暴羽翼的笼罩下行进，希望能胜过它，但是发现它一路跟随，直到夜晚。那以后，他猜测，一场倾盆大雨一直在继续，他无法确定，他睡得很安稳很沉。但是他身上的天气本能没有入睡。夜里，山峰后面的天空消失在雨里，风暴的咆哮传了进来，混合在他的梦中，以致使他移动起来，他仍在睡着，却起身避开了风暴。最后让他苏醒的是松树树干的撞击，它们在猛烈的洪水前倒下，泛着泡沫的漩涡抽打着，水墙经过时，他紧紧地挂在纠结的灌木丛中。洪水涌过，冲击比尔·格里的小屋，把比尔冲到了葡萄藤谷口的沙滩上，一丝不挂，奄奄一息。太阳升起，暴雨的愤怒平息，寻矿人在那里发现了他，掩埋了他的尸体；但是他从来没有把自己的逃生归结为任何人为因素，仅仅是归功于那不可理解的“力量”的恩赐。

寻矿人的旅行路线常常把他引入“热溪”以外的神秘地带，那里，一种暗藏的力量像鼯鼠一样，在地表之下搞恶作剧。无论在那邻近地区是什么力量在起作用，通常人们假定那是恶魔，它不分时辰和季节，随意改变它的手段和方向。它带着隐伏的热量悄悄爬过所有的山坡，难以猜测，直到你注意到山顶的松林开始死亡，它烧焦一大片上好的树林，变成水蒸汽，从多年前已经被遗忘的、结了壳的裂缝中喷发出来。它有时会

bubbling, in the midst of a clear creek, or make a sucking, scalding quicksand at the ford. These outbreaks had the kind of morbid interest for the Pocket Hunter that a house of unsavory reputation has in a respectable neighborhood, but I always found the accounts he brought me more interesting than his explanations, which were compounded of fag ends of miner's talk and **superstition**. He was a perfect gossip of the woods, this Pocket Hunter, and when I could get him away from "leads" and "strikes" and "contacts," full of fascinating small talk about the ebb and flood of creeks, the pinon crop on Black Mountain, and the wolves of Mesquite Valley. I suppose he never knew how much he depended for the necessary sense of home and companionship on the beasts and trees, meeting and finding them in their wonted places, —the bear that used to come down Pine Creek in the spring, pawing out trout from the shelters of sod banks, the juniper at Lone Tree Spring, and the quail at Paddy Jack's.

There is a place on Waban, south of White Mountain, where flat, wind-tilted cedars make low tents and coves of shade and shelter, where the wild sheep winter in the snow. Woodcutters and prospectors had brought me word of that, but the Pocket Hunter was accessory to the fact. About the opening of winter, when one looks for sudden big storms, he had attempted a crossing by the nearest path, beginning the ascent at noon. It grew cold, the snow came on thick and blinding, and wiped out the trail in a white smudge; the storm drift blew in and cut off landmarks, the early dark obscured the rising drifts. According to the Pocket Hunter's account, he knew where he was, but couldn't exactly say. Three days before he had been in the west arm of Death Valley on a short water allowance, ankle-deep in shifty sand; now he was on



superstition  
[ˌsju:pə'stɪʃən]  
n. 迷信

ebb  
[eb]  
n. 退潮

smudge  
[smʌdʒ]  
n. 污迹

打破酷热，在清澈的溪流中央冒泡，或者在浅滩上形成能吞人的滚烫流沙。寻矿人对这些爆发有着一种不健康的兴趣，他的房子在一个可敬地区有着令人讨厌的名声，但是我总是发现他的叙述比他的解释更有趣，这些叙述是由矿工们兴味索然的谈话与迷信组成的。这个寻矿者是林中最好闲谈的碎嘴子，只要我能让他离开“引路”、“好运”和“接触”，我们会聊到迷人的退潮和发洪水的小河，黑山上矮松的长势，还有牧豆树谷的狼群。我推测他从来不知道，他有多么依赖野兽和树木来获得那必不可少的家和友爱的感觉，在它们习惯的地方遇见它们，发现它们——习惯在春天下到松树溪，在草皮溪岸的掩蔽处抓鲑鱼的熊，孤树泉的杜松和帕迪·杰克的鹌鹑。

在瓦班，白山南边，有一个地势平坦之处，被风吹斜的杉树形成了一个低低的帐篷，有阴影和遮蔽物的小海湾，野绵羊就在那里的雪中过冬。伐木人和探矿者向我说起过那个地方，但是寻矿人补充了事实。大约在入冬的时候，随时会有突如其来的风暴季节，他试图沿最近的路径穿越，他从中午开始攀登。天气变冷，积雪厚而耀眼，用白色抹去了道路；暴风雪吹来，切断了路标，早早降临的黑暗模糊了风刮起的雪片。根据寻矿人的叙述，他知道自己在哪里，却不能精确地确定。三天前他一直在死谷西部，在缺水的情况下于没踝的流沙中跋涉；现在他在瓦班高地

the rise of Waban, knee-deep in sodden snow, and in both cases he did the only allowable thing—he walked on. That is the only thing to do in a snowstorm in any case. It might have been the creature instinct, which in his way of life had room to grow, that led him to the cedar shelter; at any rate he found it about four hours after dark, and heard the heavy breathing of the flock. He said that if he thought at all at this juncture he must have thought that he had stumbled on a storm-belated shepherd with his silly sheep; but in fact he took no note of anything but the warmth of packed fleeces, and snuggled in between them dead with sleep. If the flock stirred in the night he stirred drowsily to keep close and let the storm go by. That was all until morning woke him shining on a white world. Then the very soul of him shook to see the wild sheep of God stand up about him, nodding their great horns beneath the cedar roof, looking out on the wonder of the snow. They had moved a little away from him with the coming of the light, but paid him no more heed. The light broadened and the white pavilions of the snow swam in the heavenly blueness of the sea from which they rose. The cloud drift scattered and broke billowing in the cañons. The leader stamped lightly on the litter to put the flock in motion, suddenly they took the drifts in those long light leaps that are nearest to flight, down and away on the slopes of Waban. Think of that to happen to a Pocket Hunter! But though he had fallen on many a wished-for hap, he was curiously inapt at getting the truth about beasts in general. He believed in the venom of toads, and charms for snake bites, and—for this I could never forgive him—had all the miner's prejudices against my friend the coyote. Thief, sneak, and son of a thief were the friendliest words he had for this little gray dog of the wilderness.

junction

[ˈdʒʌŋktʃən]

n. 时刻

fleece

[fli:s]

n. 羊毛

pavilion

[pəˈvɪljən]

n. 大帐篷

inapt

[inˈæpt]

adj. 不适宜的, 不恰当的

上, 在潮湿的齐膝深的雪中, 两种情况下他只容许做一件事——继续走下去。无论如何, 在暴风雪中那是唯一要做的事。也许是动物的本能, 这种本能在他的生活方式中有成长的空间, 把他引导到杉树掩蔽所; 天黑四个小时后, 他终于找到了它, 他听到羊群沉重的呼吸。他说, 如果他在这个时刻想到了什么, 那一定是以为他碰见了被暴风雪耽搁的牧人和他愚蠢的绵羊; 但是事实上, 他根本没注意到任何东西, 除了挤在一起的羊散发的温暖, 他钻到羊群中, 依偎着它们, 昏睡过去。夜晚, 羊群骚动时, 他也打着瞌睡跟着移动, 以保持与羊群的靠近, 避开风暴。就那样一直到早晨使他苏醒, 晨光开始在一个白色世界上闪耀。那时, 他的灵魂震撼地看见上帝的野绵羊站在周围, 在杉树篷顶下点着头, 巨大的羊角微微颤抖, 注视着外面雪的奇观。随着光明的出现, 它们离开了他一点, 但根本没有注意他。弥漫的光和白雪的亭子游弋在大海天堂般的蓝色中, 雪和光就是从那里升起的。云彩散开, 在峡谷中汹涌流动。头羊轻轻地在枯枝落叶上跺脚, 让羊群准备行动, 它们突然开始了奔跑, 长距离轻盈地跳跃, 几乎是飞行一般, 奔下山坡, 离开了瓦班。想一想那是发生在一个寻矿者身上! 可是很奇怪, 尽管他有过很多人梦寐以求的幸运, 但在总体上对野兽的了解却很不恰当。他相信蟾蜍的毒液, 用魔法防止蛇咬, 还有, 他对我的朋友郊狼怀有矿工的偏见, 这一点让我永远不能原谅。小偷, 偷偷摸摸, 小偷的儿子, 这是他在这荒野小灰狗身上最友好的词汇了。

Of course with so much seeking he came occasionally upon pockets of more or less value, otherwise he could not have kept up his way of life; but he had as much luck in missing great ledges as in finding small ones. He had been all over the Tonopah country, and brought away float without happening upon anything that gave promise of what that district was to become in a few years. He claimed to have chipped bits off the very outcrop of the California Rand, without finding it worth while to bring away, but none of these things put him out of countenance.

It was once in roving weather, when we found him shifting pack on a steep trail, that I observed certain of his belongings done up in green canvas bags, the veritable "green bag" of English novels. It seemed so incongruous a reminder in this untenanted West that I dropped down beside the trail overlooking the vast dim valley, to hear about the green canvas. He had gotten it, he said, in London years before, and that was the first I had known of his having been abroad. It was after one of his "big strikes" that he had made the Grand Tour, and had brought nothing away from it but the green canvas bags, which he conceived would fit his needs, and an ambition. This last was nothing less than to strike it rich and set himself up among the eminently bourgeois of London. It seemed that the situation of the wealthy English middle class, with just enough gentility above to aspire to, and sufficient smaller fry to bully and patronize, appealed to his imagination, though of course he did not put it so crudely as that.

It was no news to me then, two or three years after, to learn that he had taken ten thousand dollars from an abandoned claim, just the sort of luck to have pleased him,

countenance

['kauntinəns]

n. 支持

veritable

['veritəbl]

adj. 真正的

eminent

['eminənt]

adj. 显赫的

patronize

['pætrənaiz]

v. 资助

当然，凭借这样的搜寻，他偶尔会碰上或多或少有价值的矿穴，否则他就无法维持他的生活方式了；但是在发现小矿穴的同时，他也有同样多的机会错过大矿脉。他走遍了整个托诺帕地区，没有碰见任何几年后能给这个地区带来希望的东西。他声称在加利福尼亚金矿区刮下过露出地面的岩石碎片，没有发现值得带走的東西，但是这些事情都没有让他失去人们的支持。

有一次，在反复无常的天气里，我们发现他在一条陡峭的路上运行李，我确实观察到他的行李都装在绿帆布的袋子里，那是英国小说中所写的真正的“公事包”。在这无人租用的西部，它似乎是一件如此不合时宜的东西，让我想起我曾在路边卧倒，俯视着广阔暗淡的山谷，想知道有关绿帆布的事情。他说，他是多年前在伦敦弄到的，那是我第一次知道他曾经去过国外。那是在一次“大大的好运”之后，他进行了那次“伟大之旅”，除了绿帆布袋子什么都没带回来，他认为那次旅行会满足他的需要和野心。这次旅行只不过是让他对英国的富裕有了很深印象，并让他自己置身于伦敦显赫的中产阶级中间。似乎英国富裕中产阶级的境况，他所渴望的足够的文雅，要去欺负和保护的足够小的小孩子，吸引了他的想象力，尽管他没有那么未加掩饰地表达过。

从那时起我就没有他的消息了，两三年之后，我得知他从一项所有权的放弃中获得了一万美元，这恰恰是那种曾经让他高兴的幸运，他去

and gone to London to spend it. The land seemed not to miss him any more than it had minded him, but I missed him and could not forget the trick of expecting him in least likely situations. Therefore it was with a pricking sense of the familiar that I followed a twilight trail of smoke, a year or two later, to the *swale* of a dripping spring, and came upon a man by the fire with a coffee-pot and frying-pan. I was not surprised to find it was the Pocket Hunter. No man can be stronger than his destiny.

swale

[swel]

n. 沼泽地, 洼地

伦敦花这笔钱了。似乎土地对他的怀念还比不上对他的介意, 但是我怀念他, 我无法忘记在最不可能的处境下他有可能做出的恶作剧。所以, 就是凭着一种熟悉的直觉, 一两年后的一个黄昏, 我循着一道烟缕, 来到一处滴着泉水的洼地, 遇见了一个人带着咖啡壶和煎锅坐在火边。我毫不吃惊地发现, 那正是寻矿人。没有人能比他的命运更强大。

## Shoshone Land

It is true I have been in Shoshone Land, but before that, long before, I had seen it through the eyes of Winnenap\* in a rosy mist of reminiscence, and must always see it with a sense of intimacy in the light that never was. Sitting on the golden slope at the campoodie, looking across the Bitter Lake to the purple tops of Mutarango, the medicine-man drew up its happy places one by one, like little blessed islands in a sea of talk. For he was born a Shoshone, was Winnenap\*; and though his name, his wife, his children, and his tribal relations were of the Paiutes, his thoughts turned homesickly toward Shoshone Land. Once a Shoshone always a Shoshone. Winnenap\* lived gingerly among the Paiutes and in his heart despised them. But he could speak a tolerable English when he would, and he always would if it were of Shoshone Land.

He had come into the keeping of the Paiutes as a hostage for the long peace which the authority of the whites made **interminable**, and, though there was now no order in the tribe, nor any power that could have lawfully restrained him, kept on in the old usage, to save his honor and the word of his vanished kin. He had seen his children's children in the borders of the Paiutes, but loved best his own miles of sand and rainbow-painted hills. Professedly he had not seen them



## 肖肖尼人的土地

我真的到了肖肖尼人的土地，但在那之前，很久以前，在回忆的玫瑰红薄雾中，我就通过温尼那普的眼睛看见了它，并一定会永远带着一种亲密感，在从未有过的光中看见它。坐在营地的金色山坡上，越过“苦湖”的水面，望向穆塔兰格紫色的峰顶，这名巫医把那些幸福的地方一一提起，就像谈话海洋中一个个有福的小岛。因为他生来就是一个肖肖尼人，是温尼那普；尽管他的名字，他的妻子，他的孩子，和他部族的亲戚都属于派尤特人，他的思想却充满乡愁地转向肖肖尼人的土地。一旦生为肖肖尼人，就永远是肖肖尼人。温尼那普小心翼翼地在派尤特人中间生活，而他的心是蔑视他们的。但是，当他愿意的时候，他能说一口差强人意的英语，而如果那是肖肖尼人的土地，他会始终愿意的。

他是作为人质与派尤特人一起生活的，为了保持被白人当局弄得冗长无尽的和平，而且，现在部落里没有任何命令，也没有任何力量能够合法地使他信守过去的惯例，阻止他拯救自己的荣誉和他已经消失的同族的语言。他在派尤特人的边疆见到过他孩子的孩子，但是他最爱的是他自

interminable

[in'tə:miɪəbl]

adj. 无限的, 冗长的

since the beginning of his hostage; but every year about the end of the rains and before the strength of the sun had come upon us from the south, the medicine-man went apart on the mountains to gather herbs, and when he came again I knew by the new **fortitude** of his countenance and the new color of his reminiscences that he had been alone and unspied upon in Shoshone Land.

To reach that country from the campoodie, one goes south and south, within hearing of the lip-lip-lapping of the great tideless lake, and south by east over a high rolling district, miles and miles of sage and nothing else. So one comes to the country of the painted hills, —old red cones of craters, wasteful beds of mineral earths, hot, **acid** springs, and steam jets issuing from a leprous soil. After the hills the black rock, after the craters the spewed lava, ash strewn, of incredible thickness, and full of sharp, winding rifts. There are picture writings carved deep in the face of the cliffs to mark the way for those who do not know it. On the very edge of the black rock the earth falls away in a wide sweeping hollow, which is Shoshone Land.

South the land rises in very blue hills, blue because thickly wooded with ceanothus and manzanita, the haunt of deer and the border of the Shoshones. Eastward the land goes very far by broken ranges, narrow valleys of pure desertness, and huge mesas uplifted to the sky-line, east and east, and no man knows the end of it. It is the country of the **bighorn**, the wapiti, and the wolf, nesting place of buzzards, land of cloud-nourished trees and wild things that live without drink. Above all, it is the land of the creosote and the mesquite. The mesquite is God's best thought in all this desertness. It grows

fortitude  
[ˈfɔːtɪtjuːd]  
n. 坚韧

acrid  
[ˈækrid]  
adj. 辛辣的

bighorn  
[ˈbiːhɔːn]  
n. 加拿大盘羊

已那延伸几英里的沙地和彩虹涂抹的山冈。他假装从做人质那天起就再没看见过它们；但是每年大约雨季结束时，在太阳的力量从南方影响到我们之前，这巫医会去山顶采集草药，当他再次出现，从他面容上新增添的坚忍，他的回忆中出现的新色彩上，我知道他是孤独的，在肖肖尼人的土地没有受到监视。

要从营地抵达那片地区，你要向南再向南，耳中能听到无潮汐的大湖轻轻的波浪声，向东南方越过一片山峦起伏的高地，那里除了几英里几英里蔓延的鼠尾草，什么都没有。就这样，你来到多彩的群山之地——火山口古老的红色圆锥，破坏了的矿床，灼热、辛辣的泉水，从鳞状土壤中喷发的蒸汽。群山后面是黑色的岩石，火山口后面是喷发的熔岩，散落的灰烬，厚得难以置信，满是锋利、曲折的裂口。悬崖上深深雕刻着图形，为那些不了解情况的人标出道路。在黑色岩石的边缘，大地陷落成一条宽阔的一览无遗的空谷，那就是肖肖尼人的土地。

这片土地的南方耸立着非常蓝的群山，蓝是因为山上浓密地覆盖着美洲茶树和熊果树，那是鹿群出没的地方，是肖肖尼人的边疆。往东，土地延伸得非常远，到处是参差不齐的山脉，绝对荒凉的狭窄山谷，巨大的台地向地平线升起，向东，再向东，没有人知道它的尽头。这是加拿大盘羊、美洲赤鹿和狼的国土，是红头美洲鹭筑巢之地，云彩滋润的树木和没有水喝的野生动物的家园。最重要的，它是三齿拉瑞阿和牧豆树的土地。在这不毛之地，牧豆树是上帝最好的创意。

in the open, is thorny, stocky, close grown, and iron-rooted. Long winds move in the draughty valleys, blown sand fills and fills about the lower branches, piling **pyramidal** dunes, from the top of which the mesquite twigs flourish greenly. Fifteen or twenty feet under the drift, where it seems no rain could penetrate, the main trunk grows, attaining often a yard's thickness, resistant as oak. In Shoshone Land one digs for large timber; that is in the southerly, sandy exposures. Higher on the table-topped ranges low trees of juniper and **pinon** stand each apart, rounded and spreading heaps of greenness. Between them, but each to itself in smooth clear spaces, tufts of tall feathered grass.

This is the sense of the desert hills, that there is room enough and time enough. Trees grow to **consummate** domes; every plant has its perfect work. **Noxious** weeds such as come up thickly in crowded fields do not flourish in the free spaces. Live long enough with an Indian, and he or the wild things will show you a use for everything that grows in these borders.

The manner of the country makes the usage of life there, and the land will not be lived in except in its own fashion. The Shoshones live like their trees, with great spaces between, and in pairs and in family groups they set up wattled huts by the infrequent springs. More **wickiups** than two make a very great number. Their shelters are lightly built, for they travel much and far, following where deer feed and seeds ripen, but they are not more lonely than other creatures that inhabit there.

The year's round is somewhat in this fashion. After the pinon harvest the clans **foregather** on a warm southward slope for the annual adjustment of tribal difficulties and the medicine

pyramidal  
[pi'ræmidl]  
adj. 锥体的

pinon  
n. 矮松

consummate  
['kɒnsʌmeɪt]  
adj. 圆满的, 完美的  
noxious  
['nɒkʃəs]  
adj. 有害的

wickiup  
['wikiʌp]  
n. 草棚

foregather  
[fɔ:'gæðə]  
v. 相遇

它长在开阔地上，满是荆棘，粗壮，根须坚硬，彼此长得很近。长风在干涸的山谷中吹拂，吹起的沙子一遍又一遍地掩埋住较低的树枝，堆积着金字塔形的沙丘，沙丘顶上，牧豆树的嫩枝葱绿繁茂。在沙子下面十五到二十英尺处，似乎雨水无法渗透的地方，生长着牧豆树的主干，往往长到一码粗细，和橡树一样坚韧。在肖肖尼人的土地，你能发掘出大量木材；那是在南面，开阔的沙地。在更高的山脉平顶上，杜松和矮松对面而立，一丛丛浑圆而绵延。在它们中间，是平静清澈的空间，是有羽状花纹的深草形成的草地。

这就是沙漠山丘的感觉，有足够的空间和时间。树木长成完整的拱顶；每种植物都有自己完美的作品。在拥挤的田野里密麻麻生长的有害杂草，在自由的空间是不会繁茂起来的。和一个印第安人生活足够长的时间，他或者野生动物就会向你展示这些在边疆生长的种种植物的用途。

这片土地的风格形成了那里的生活习惯，除非顺应它的方式，否则这片土地是无法居住的。肖肖尼人像他们的树一样生活着，他们之间留有很大的空间，他们成对地或以家庭为单位，在稀少的泉水边搭起枝条编筑的茅屋。超过两座的椭圆形草棚就是一个非常大的数目了。他们的遮蔽物建造得很轻盈，因为他们旅行很多，行程很远，鹿群在哪里吃草，种子在哪里成熟，他们就跟随到哪里，但是他们不比居住在那里的其他生灵更孤独。

每一年都是以这种方式循环的。在矮松果收获完之后，氏族的人聚集在温暖朝南的斜坡上，对部落的难事进行每年一度的调解，跳驱魔舞，

dance, for marriage and mourning and vengeance, and the exchange of serviceable information; if, for example, the deer have shifted their feeding ground, if the wild sheep have come back to Waban, or certain springs run full or dry. Here the Shoshones winter flockwise, weaving baskets and hunting big game driven down from the country of the deep snow. And this brief intercourse is all the use they have of their kind, for now there are no wars, and many of their ancient crafts have fallen into disuse. The solitariness of the life breeds in the men, as in the plants, a certain well-roundedness and sufficiency to its own ends. Any Shoshone family has in itself the man-seed, power to multiply and replenish, potentialities for food and clothing and shelter, for healing and beautifying.

When the rain is over and gone they are stirred by the instinct of those that journeyed eastward from Eden, and go up each with his mate and young brood, like birds to old nesting places. The beginning of spring in Shoshone Land—oh the soft wonder of it! —is a mistiness as of incense smoke, a veil of greenness over the whitish stubby shrubs, a web of color on the silver sanded soil. No counting covers the multitude of rayed blossoms that break suddenly underfoot in the brief season of the winter rains, with silky furred or prickly viscid foliage, or no foliage at all. They are morning and evening bloomers chiefly, and strong seeders. Years of scant rains they lie shut and safe in the winnowed sands, so that some species appear to be extinct. Years of long storms they break so thickly into bloom that no horse treads without crushing them. These years the gullies of the hills are rank with fern and a great tangle of climbing vines.

Just as the mesa twilights have their vocal note in the love call of the burrowing owl, so the desert spring is voiced by the

为婚礼、悲悼仪式和复仇做准备，交换有用的信息；例如，鹿群是否改变了吃草的地方，野绵羊是否回到了瓦班，或者某些泉眼是满了还是干了。肖肖尼人群集在这里过冬，编篮子，狩猎大型动物，把它们赶到深深的雪野里。而这种短暂的交流对同类是完全有用的，因为现在没有战争，他们许多古老的手艺已经荒废了。生活的孤独在人们中间，就像在植物中间一样，培育起一种完美和自足。任何肖肖尼人家庭自身都有种子男人，有权繁殖后代和休养生息，有潜力准备食物、衣物和住所，治疗疾病和美化环境。

当雨霁云收，从伊甸园向东旅行的本能让他们激动起来，他们每个人都带着配偶和孩子，像鸟儿一样向过去筑巢的地方出发。春天在肖肖尼人的土地上开始了——哦，那温柔的奇迹！——那是芳香的烟雾，发白的矮灌木上一层绿色的薄纱，银色沙地上一张彩色的网。没人能数得清大量闪光的野花，它们在短暂的冬雨季节中突然在脚下绽放，叶子带着丝绸般的绒毛，或者多刺而发黏，或者根本就没有叶子。它们主要在早晨和傍晚开花，它们是强壮的播种者。少雨的年份它们就躺在吹动的沙子里，安全地闭合着，以致有些品种似乎已经灭绝了。风暴漫长的年份，它们密集地绽放，以致马蹄的每一次践踏都会踩到它们。这些年山谷茂密地生满了羊齿植物和大量纠缠攀缘的藤蔓。

就像台地的黄昏在穴鸱求爱的呼唤中拥有它们的音色，沙漠的春天也由悲伤的鸽子发出声

foliage

['fəuliidʒ]

n. 树叶，植物

fern

[fɜ:n]

n. [植] 蕨类植物

mourning doves. Welcome and sweet they sound in the smoky mornings before breeding time, and where they frequent in any great numbers water is confidently looked for. Still by the springs one finds the cunning brush shelters from which the Shoshones shot arrows at them when the doves came to drink.

Now as to these same Shoshones there are some who claim that they have no right to the name, which belongs to a more northerly tribe; but that is the word they will be called by, and there is no greater offense than to call an Indian out of his name. According to their traditions and all proper evidence, they were a great people occupying far north and east of their present bounds, driven thence by the Paiutes. Between the two tribes is the residuum of old hostilities.

Winnenap', whose memory ran to the time when the boundary of the Paiute country was a dead-line to Shoshones, told me once how himself and another lad, in an unforgotten spring, discovered a nesting place of buzzards a bit of a way beyond the borders. And they two burned to rob those nests. Oh, for no purpose at all except as boys rob nests immemorially, for the fun of it, to have and handle and show to other lads as an exceeding treasure, and afterwards discard. So, not quite meaning to, but breathless with daring, they crept up a gully, across a sage brush flat and through a waste of boulders, to the rugged pines where their sharp eyes had made out the buzzards settling.

The medicine-man told me, always with a quaking relish at this point, that while they, grown bold by success, were still in the tree, they sighted a Paiute hunting party crossing between them and their own land. That was mid-morning, and all day on into the dark the boys crept and crawled and slid,



northerly

['nɔ:ðəli]

adj. 北方的, 来自北方  
的

thence

[ðens]

adv. 从那时起

residuum

[ri'zɪdjuəm]

n. 剩余

音。它们甜蜜怡人的叫声在孵卵时间之前那烟雾腾腾的早晨响起，它们经常光顾的地方肯定能找到大量的水。同样是在泉边，你能发现狡猾的灌木掩蔽物，肖肖尼人就在那里向来喝水的鸽子放箭。

现在，对这些同样的肖肖尼人来说，有人声称他们无权使用这个名字，它属于一个居住在更北方的部落；但是他们就叫这个名字，而且没有比不用他的名字称呼一个印第安人更大的冒犯了。根据他们的传统以及所有合适的证据，他们过去是一个伟大的民族，占据着遥远的北方和他们现今领土以东的大片土地，后来他们被派尤特人赶走了。在这两个部落之间，是那些宿敌的残余力量。

温尼那普的记忆延伸到派尤特人的领土是肖肖尼人的死亡线的时候，他告诉我，他自己曾怎样和另一个小伙子，在一个无法忘怀的春天，发现了红头美洲鹭筑巢的地方，就在边界以外一条道路的旁边。他们俩兴奋想去洗劫那些巢穴。哦，根本没有任何目的，只是像过去男孩子们洗劫巢穴那样，仅仅是为了娱乐，为了占有、触摸，向其他小伙伴们显示一份非凡的财宝，随后就把它丢弃在一旁。就这样，不是非常有意地，他们勇敢地屏住呼吸，爬上一道溪谷，穿过一片鼠尾草平原，一片砾石的荒野，来到高高低低的松林，他们锐利的眼睛发现有红头美洲鹭安家的地方。

巫医告诉我，这样的時候他总是带着颤抖享受的神情，成功让他们变得冒失，当他们还在树上时，他们看见一支派尤特人狩猎队从他们中间穿过，而且是在他们自己的领土上。那是上午九

from boulder to bush, and bush to boulder, in cactus scrub and on naked sand, always in a sweat of fear, until the dust caked in the nostrils and the breath sobbed in the body, around and away many a mile until they came to their own land again. And all the time Winnenap' carried those buzzard's eggs in the slack of his single buckskin garment! Young Shoshones are like young quail, knowing without teaching about feeding and hiding, and learning what civilized children never learn, to be still and to keep on being still, at the first hint of danger or strangeness.

As for food, that appears to be chiefly a matter of being willing. Desert Indians all eat chuck-wallas, big black and white lizards that have delicate white flesh savored like chicken. Both the Shoshones and the coyotes are fond of the flesh of *Gopherus agassizii*, the turtle that by feeding on buds, going without drink, and burrowing in the sand through the winter, contrives to live a known period of twenty-five years. It seems that most seeds are foodful in the arid regions, most berries edible, and many shrubs good for firewood with the sap in them. The mesquite bean, whether the screw or straight pod, pounded to a meal, boiled to a kind of mush, and dried in cakes, sulphur-colored and needing an axe to cut it, is an excellent food for long journeys. Fermented in water with wild honey and the honeycomb, it makes a pleasant, mildly intoxicating drink.

Next to spring, the best time to visit Shoshone Land is when the deer-star hangs low and white like a torch over the morning hills. Go up past Winnedumah and down Saline and up again to the rim of Mesquite Valley. Take no tent, but if you will, have an Indian build you a wickiup, willows planted in a circle, drawn over to an arch, and bound cunningly with

点，整个白天直到天黑，这两个男孩蹑手蹑脚地悄悄攀缘、滑行，从砾石到灌木丛，从灌木丛到砾石，直到灰尘在鼻孔里结了块，抽抽噎噎地呼吸着，绕了很远的路才再次回到自己的领土。而温尼那普始终用他的鹿皮裤子携带着那些红头美洲鹫的卵！年轻的肖肖尼人就像年轻的鹌鹑，不用教就懂得如何吃东西、隐藏，学习文明化的孩子永远学不会的东西，在最初觉察危险迹象和陌生事物时，保持安静并继续保持安静。

至于食物，那似乎主要是一件是否心甘情愿的事情。沙漠印第安人都吃食用大蜥蜴，黑白两色的大蜥蜴肉白而鲜美，味道像鸡肉。肖肖尼人和郊狼都喜欢沙漠地鼠龟的肉，这种龟靠嫩芽为生，不喝水，在沙子里掘洞过冬，能够活上二十五年。在不毛之地，似乎大部分种子都可充当食物，大部分的浆果是可食的，许多有汁液的灌木适合做烧柴。牧豆树结的豆子，豆荚无论是弯的还是直的，捣成粉，煮成糊，晾干成饼，呈硫磺色，要用斧子才能砍开，是长途旅行的绝佳食品。放在水里和野蜜与蜂窝一起发酵，就成了一种柔和而令人陶醉的饮料。

除了春天以外，访问肖肖尼人土地的最佳时间是在“鹿星”低垂的时候，它在早晨的山冈上白得像一支火炬。向上，越过温尼杜马，下到萨林河谷，再攀上牧豆树谷的边缘。不要带帐篷，但如果你愿意，你可以让一个印第安人为你搭一所椭圆形草棚，周围插一圈柳树，在上面结成一

intoxicating

[in'tɒksikeitɪŋ]

adj. 醉人的，使人兴奋的

withes, all the leaves on, and chinks to count the stars through. But there was never any but Winnenap' who could tell and make it worth telling about Shoshone Land.

And Winnenap' will not any more. He died, as do most medicine-men of the Paiutes.

Where the lot falls when the campoodie chooses a medicine-man there it rests. It is an honor a man seldom seeks but must wear, an honor with a condition. When three patients die under his ministrations, the medicine-man must yield his life and his office.

Wounds do not count; broken bones and bullet holes the Indian can understand, but measles, pneumonia, and smallpox are **witchcraft**. Winnenap' was medicine-man for fifteen years. Besides considerable skill in healing herbs, he used his **prerogatives** cunningly. It is permitted the medicine-man to decline the case when the patient has had treatment from any other, say the white doctor, whom many of the younger generation consult. Or, if before having seen the patient, he can definitely refer his disorder to some supernatural cause wholly out of the medicine-man's **jurisdiction**, say to the spite of an evil spirit going about in the form of a coyote, and states the case convincingly, he may avoid the penalty. But this must not be pushed too far. Winnenap' did this the time of the measles epidemic. Returning from his yearly herb gathering, he heard of it at Black Rock, and turning aside, he was not to be found, nor did he return to his own place until the disease had spent itself, and half the children of the campoodie were in their shallow graves with beads sprinkled over them.

个拱门，用藤条巧妙地捆住，保留所有的叶子，留个缝来数星星。但是永远不会有人像温尼那普那样，能讲述肖肖尼人的土地，并使之值得讲述。

而温尼那普不会再讲了。他死了，就像大多数派尤特人的巫医一样。

当营地选择了一位巫医，命运的签子就落下并静止在那里了。那是一个男人很少会寻求的荣誉，而是必须承受的，一种有条件的荣誉。当有三名病人在他手下死亡，巫医就必须放弃自己的生命和职位。

受伤不算什么；印第安人能理解骨折和弹孔，但是麻疹肺炎和天花是巫术。温尼那普做了十五年的巫医。除了在治疗草药方面相当出色的技巧，他还狡猾地使用了他的特权。如果病人已经由别人治疗过，比如白人医生，许多年轻一辈医生会向其请教，巫医是可以拒绝治疗该病人的。或者是，如果在见到病人之前，他能明确地陈述因为某种超自然原因，他的失常使他完全不能履行巫医的职责，比如说有充满怨恨的邪灵以郊狼的形体在周围出没，如果他的陈述让人信服，他会免于受罚。但是这可能也无法将事情拖延太久。所有其他时候他没出现的情况，他都瞒住了。在爆发麻疹流行病的时候，温尼那普就是这么做的。从每年一次采集草药的远行中归来，他在黑岩听到了瘟疫的消息，他避开了，他没有被发现，他也没有回到自己的地方，直到瘟疫自行平息，营地一半的儿童都躺进了浅浅的坟墓，汗珠在他们身上闪耀。

witchcraft  
[ˈwɪtʃkrɑːft]  
n. 魔法, 巫术  
prerogative  
[priˈrɒɡətɪv]  
n. 特权

jurisdiction  
[ˌdʒʊərɪsˈdɪkʃən]  
n. 权限

It is possible the tale of Winnenap's patients had not been strictly kept. There had not been a medicine-man killed in the valley for twelve years, and for that the perpetrators had been severely punished by the whites. The winter of the Big Snow an epidemic of pneumonia carried off the Indians with scarcely a warning; from the lake northward to the lava flats they died in the sweathouses, and under the hands of the medicine-men. Even the drugs of the white physician had no power.

After two weeks of this plague the Paiutes drew to council to consider the remissness of their medicine-men. They were sore with grief and afraid for themselves; as a result of the council, one in every campoodie was sentenced to the ancient penalty. But schooling and native shrewdness had raised up in the younger men an unfaith in old usages, so judgment halted between sentence and execution. At Three Pines the government teacher brought out influential whites to threaten and cajole the stubborn tribes. At Tunawai the conservatives sent into Nevada for that pacific old humbug, Johnson Sides, most notable of Paiute orators, to harangue his people. Citizens of the towns turned out with food and comforts, and so after a season the trouble passed.

But here at Maverick there was no school, no oratory, and no alleviation. One third of the campoodie died, and the rest killed the medicine-men. Winnenap expected it, and for days walked and sat a little apart from his family that he might meet it as became a Shoshone, no doubt suffering the agony of dread deferred. When finally three men came and sat at his fire without greeting he knew his time. He turned a little from them, dropped his chin upon his knees, and looked out over

这也许是温尼那普的病人们没有严格保密的故事。谷中已经有二十年没有一位巫医被杀，因此犯罪者遭到了白人的严厉惩罚。大雪的冬天；一场流行肺炎几乎没有警告就夺走了印第安人的生命；从湖边向北，一直到熔岩平原，他们死在了蒸汽浴室里，在巫医的手下。甚至白人医生的药物也无济于事。

瘟疫爆发两周后，派尤特人召开会议，讨论巫医的过错。他们恼火而悲伤，而且还担心自己；会议的结论是，每个营地中都必须有一人被判接受古老的惩罚。但是，他们所受的教育和本地人的精明，在更年轻的人们中间激起了对旧习俗的不信任，于是审判停顿在判决和执行之间。在“三棵松”，政府的教师抬出有影响的白人，对顽固的部落实施威胁和好言哄骗。在图那威，保守分子派人去内华达，请那个温和的老骗子，约翰逊·赛兹，最著名的派尤特演说家，去向他的人民慷慨陈词。城镇的公民带着食物和安慰离开，就这样，一个季度之后，麻烦过去了。

但是在马弗里克这里，没有学校，没有演说家，也没有缓和剂。营地中三分之一的人都死了，剩下的人杀死了巫医。温尼那普预见到了这种情况，走了好几天，在一个远离家的地方呆着，这样可以以一个肖肖尼人的身份露面，无疑，他忍受着巨大的拖延的痛苦。最后，来了三个男人，没有打招呼就坐在他的火堆旁，他知道他的时辰到了。他把身体稍微向他们转开，把下

remissness

n. 怠慢, 不小心

harangue

[hə'reɪŋ]

n. 长篇大论, 夸张的话

alleviation

[əli:vi'eɪʃən]

n. 缓和

Shoshone Land, breathing evenly. The women went into the wickiup and covered their heads with their blankets.

So much has the Indian lost of savageness by merely desisting from killing, that the executioners braved themselves to their work by drinking and a show of quarrelsomeness. In the end a sharp hatchet-stroke discharged the duty of the campoodie. Afterward his women buried him, and a warm wind coming out of the south, the force of the disease was broken, and even they acquiesced in the wisdom of the tribe. That summer they told me all except the names of the Three.

Since it appears that we make our own heaven here, no doubt we shall have a hand in the heaven of hereafter; and I know what Winnenap''s will be like; worth going to if one has leave to live in it according to his liking. It will be tawny gold underfoot, walled up with jacinth and jasper, ribbed with chalcedony, and yet no hymnbook heaven, but the free air and free spaces of Shoshone Land.



巴靠在膝盖上，望着肖肖尼人的土地，平静地呼吸着。女人们走进圆锥型草棚，用毯子蒙住了头。

就这样，从停止杀人开始，印第安人抛弃了多少野蛮，以致刽子手需要喝酒和吵架，才能有勇气完成他们的工作。最后，锋利斧头的一击解除了营地的责任。后来，他的女人们埋葬了他，一阵温暖的风从南方吹来，疾病的力量被打破了，甚至它们也默认了部落的智慧。那年夏天他们告诉了我一切，除了那三个人的名字。

既然我们在这里建造了自己的天堂，无疑我们也将参与此后的天堂；我知道温尼那普的心愿是这样的：如果一个人是按照自己的意愿离开的，那么他去往的地方就是值得去生活的地方。那天堂将以黄金铺地，以橘红色宝石和碧玉为墙，以玉髓为柱，那是没有赞美诗的天堂，只有肖肖尼人的土地上那自由的空气和自由的空间。

tawny

[ˈtɔːni]

adj. 茶色的

## Jimville—A Bret Harte Town

When Mr. Harte found himself with a fresh palette and his particular local color fading from the West, he did what he considered the only safe thing, and carried his young impression away to be worked out untroubled by any newer fact. He should have gone to Jimville. There he would have found cast up on the ore-ribbed hills the bleached timbers of more tales, and better ones.

You could not think of Jimville as anything more than a survival, like the herb-eating, bony-cased old tortoise that pokes cheerfully about those borders some thousands of years beyond his proper epoch. Not that Jimville is old, but it has an atmosphere favorable to the type of a half century back, if not "forty-niners" of that breed. It is said of Jimville that getting away from it is such a piece of work that it encourages permanence in the population; the fact is that most have been drawn there by some real likeness or liking. Not however that I would deny the difficulty of getting into or out of that cove of reminder, I who have made the journey so many times at great pains of a poor body. Any way you go at it, Jimville is about three days from anywhere in particular. North or south, after the railroad there is a stage journey of such interminable monotony as induces forgetfulness of all previous states of existence.

## 吉姆维尔——一座布利特·哈特<sup>1</sup>镇

palette

[ˈpæliːt]

n. 调色板, 颜料

epoch

[ˈi:pək]

n. 新纪元, 时代

monotony

[məˈnɒtəni]

n. 单调, 千篇一律

当哈特先生发现自己拥有了一个新的调色板, 他独特的局部色彩正在西方消退的时候, 他做了他认为唯一牢靠的事情, 带着他年轻时代的印象离开, 去完善它, 不被任何更新的事实打扰。他应该去吉姆维尔。在那里, 他会从抛在矿山上的漂白的木头中发现更多更好的故事。

你只能把吉姆维尔想成一种存在, 就像吃草的、瘦骨嶙峋的老龟, 在那些边界周围快乐地伸出头来, 在距离适合它的时代的几千年之后。吉姆维尔并不古老, 但是它的气氛更适合半个世纪以前, 如果它没有哺育出“四十矿工”。据说在吉姆维尔, 离开它这样的事情能够在居民中间产生永久的激励; 事实上大部分人是被真正的热爱或兴趣吸引来的。不过, 我绝不会否认进出那个小海湾的艰难, 它让我想起, 忍受着糟糕体质的巨大痛苦, 我曾旅行过这么多次。无论你从哪条路线前往, 吉姆维尔离任何特定的地方都有三天的距离。北边或南边, 乘火车之后, 还有冗长单调的路程需要乘坐马车, 这样的旅行会诱使你忘记所有以前的存在状态。

The road to Jimville is the happy hunting ground of old stage-coaches bought up from **superseded** routes the West over, rocking, lumbering, wide vehicles far gone in the odor of romance, coaches that Vasquez has held up, from whose high seats express messengers have shot or been shot as their luck held. This is to comfort you when the driver stops to **rummage** for wire to mend a failing bolt. There is enough of this sort of thing to quite prepare you to believe what the driver insists, namely, that all that country and Jimville are held together by wire.

First on the way to Jimville you cross a lonely open land, with a hint in the sky of things going on under the horizon, a **palpitant**, white, hot land where the wheels gird at the sand and the midday heaven shuts it in breathlessly like a tent. So in still weather; and when the wind blows there is occupation enough for the passengers, shifting seats to hold down the windward side of the wagging coach. This is a mere **trifle**. The Jimville stage is built for five passengers, but when you have seven, with four trunks, several parcels, three sacks of grain, the mail and express, you begin to understand that proverb about the road which has been reported to you. In time you learn to engage the high seat beside the driver, where you get good air and the best company. Beyond the desert rise the lava flats, scoriae strewn; sharp-cutting walls of narrow cañons; league-wide, frozen puddles of black rock, intolerable and forbidding. Beyond the lava the mouths that spewed it out, ragged-lipped, ruined craters shouldering to the cloud-line, mostly of red earth, as red as a red heifer. These have some comforting of shrubs and grass. You get the very spirit of the meaning of that country when you see Little

supersede

[ˌsju:pə'si:d]

v. 代替, 取代

rummage

['rʌmɪdʒ]

v. 到处翻寻

palpitant

['pælpɪtənt]

adj. 颤抖的

trifle

['traɪfl]

n. 小事, 琐事

通往吉姆维尔的路是古老驿车的快乐狩猎场, 这些马车是从整个西部的替代路线买来的, 那些摇晃的、笨重的、宽大的交通工具已经远远消逝在罗曼司的臭气中了。马车由瓦斯克斯驾驶, 从它高高的座位上, 信使们射击别人还是被人射中, 那全凭运气。当车夫停下来, 到处找铁丝来修补脱落的螺栓, 这是为了安慰你。这种事多得足以让你相信车夫所坚持的, 也就是, 那片地区和吉姆维尔都是用铁丝固定在一起的。

在去往吉姆维尔的路上, 你首先穿过一片孤独开阔的土地, 天空中有迹象表明, 地平线下面有什么事情在继续, 一片颤抖的、白色的、灼热的土地, 车轮嘲弄着沙子, 中午的天空窒息地笼罩在头顶, 像一顶帐篷。平静的天气里也是这样; 而起风的时候, 旅客们就有足够的消遣了, 他们转移座位, 以压住摇摆的马车向风的一面。这仅仅是小事。吉姆维尔的驿车是为五名乘客建造的, 但当你有七个人时, 四个大旅行箱, 一些包裹, 三袋谷子, 信件和货物, 你就能逐渐明白人们向你说的有关道路的谚语了。你终于明白了要预定车夫旁边的高座位, 在那里你能呼吸到好的空气, 获得最好的伙伴。在沙漠之外, 升起了熔岩平原, 火山渣散落各处; 狭窄山谷两侧, 绝壁高耸、锋利; 三英里宽结冻的黑岩泥坑, 难以忍受, 令人生畏。曾经喷出熔岩的火山口, 边缘参差不齐, 已经毁坏, 它们向云彩耸起, 大部分是红土, 红得就像红色的小母牛。这些火山口有的长着给人安慰的灌木和杂草。当你看见小皮特在红色的、无底洞一样令人窒息 of 古老火山口放

Pete feeding his sheep in the red, choked maw of an old vent, —a kind of silly pastoral gentleness that glozes over an elemental violence. Beyond the craters rise worn, auriferous hills of a quiet sort, tumbled together; a valley full of mists; whitish green scrub; and bright, small, panting lizards; then Jimville.

The town looks to have spilled out of Squaw Gulch, and that, in fact, is the sequence of its growth. It began around the Bully Boy and Theresa group of mines midway up Squaw Gulch, spreading down to the smelter at the mouth of the ravine. The freight wagons dumped their loads as near to the mill as the slope allowed, and Jimville grew in between. Above the Gulch begins a pine wood with sparsely grown thickets of lilac, azalea, and odorous blossoming shrubs.

Squaw Gulch is a very sharp, steep, ragged-walled ravine, and that part of Jimville which is built in it has only one street, —in summer paved with bone-white cobbles, in the wet months a frothy yellow flood. All between the ore dumps and solitary small cabins, pieced out with tin cans and packing cases, run footpaths drawing down to the Silver Dollar saloon. When Jimville was having the time of its life the Silver Dollar had those same coins let into the bar top for a border, but the proprietor pried them out when the glory departed. There are three hundred inhabitants in Jimville and four bars, though you are not to argue anything from that.

Hear now how Jimville came by its name. Jim Calkins discovered the Bully Boy, Jim Baker located the Theresa. When Jim Jenkins opened an eating-house in his tent he chalked up on the flap, "Best meals in Jimville, \$1.00," and the name stuck.

pastoral

['pɑːstərəl]

adj. 田园的

auriferous

[ɔː'rifərəs]

adj. 产金的, 含金的

lizard

['lɪzəd]

n. [动] 蜥蜴

sequence

['si:kwəns]

n. 连续

ravine

[rə'vi:n]

n. 峡谷, 溪谷

牧他的羊群, 你就领会了这片土地的精髓——一种愚蠢的田园的柔和掩盖着一种自然力的暴力。在火山口之外, 耸立着破烂的、产金子的山峦, 宁静, 连绵; 一处充满雾气的山谷; 发白的绿色灌木; 斑斓的、喘息着的小蜥蜴; 然后就是吉姆维尔。

镇子看上去已经超出了“老婆谷”的范围, 实际上, 那是它连续的增长所致。在通往“老婆谷”半路上的“打手”矿和特雷萨矿群附近, 就是镇子边缘, 向下延伸到谷口的熔炼厂。运货马车在坡度允许的情况下把货物卸到离熔炼厂最近的地方, 吉姆维尔就在这中间发展着。山谷上面蔓延着松林, 稀疏地生长着紫丁香、杜鹃和芬芳的开花灌木。

“老婆谷”是一处非常锋利、陡峭、悬崖凸凹不平的山谷, 建在它里面的那部分吉姆维尔只有一条街道——夏天铺着骨头一样白的大卵石, 在潮湿的月份, 满街流着起泡沫的黄色洪水。在矿石堆和孤独的小屋之间, 散落着锡罐和行李箱, 人行道通向“银圆”酒店。吉姆维尔兴旺的时候, “银圆”酒店把同样的真银圆嵌在栅栏顶上作为边界, 但是当光荣一去不返, 业主就把它撬了出来。吉姆维尔有三百个居民, 四个酒吧, 但是你不能从此证明任何事情。

现在来听听吉姆维尔名字的由来吧。吉姆·卡尔金斯发现了“打手”矿, 吉姆·巴克探测出了特雷萨矿。当吉姆·詹金斯在他的帐篷里开办了食堂, 他在活动门板上用粉笔写上, “吉姆维尔最好的伙食, 一美元”, 小镇之名由此确定。

There was more human interest in the origin of Squaw Gulch, though it tickled no humor. It was Dimmick's squaw from Aurora way. If Dimmick had been anything except New Englander he would have called her a mahala, but that would not have bettered his behavior. Dimmick made a strike, went East, and the squaw who had been to him as his wife took to drink. That was the bald way of stating it in the Aurora country. The milk of human kindness, like some wine, must not be uncorked too much in speech lest it lose savor. This is what they did. The woman would have returned to her own people, being far gone with child, but the drink worked her bane. By the river of this ravine her pains overtook her. There Jim Calkins, prospecting, found her dying with a three days' babe nozzling at her breast. Jim heartened her for the end, buried her, and walked back to Poso, eighteen miles, the child poking in the folds of his denim shirt with small mewling noises, and won support for it from the rough-handed folks of that place. Then he came back to Squaw Gulch, so named from that day, and discovered the Bully Boy. Jim humbly regarded this piece of luck as *interposed* for his reward, and I for one believed him. If it had been in mediaeval times you would have had a legend or a ballad. Bret Harte would have given you a tale. You see in me a mere recorder, for I know what is best for you; you shall blow out this bubble from your own breath.

You could never get into any proper relation to Jimville unless you could slough off and swallow your acquired prejudices as a lizard does his skin. Once wanting some womanly attentions, the stage-driver assured me I might have them at the Nine-Mile House from the lady barkeeper. The



tickle

[ˈtɪkl]

v. 搔, 使高兴

bane

[beɪn]

n. 毒药, 祸害

interpose

[ˌɪntə(ɪ)'pəʊz]

v. 提出

人们对“老婆谷”的起源更有兴趣, 尽管它挑不起任何幽默感。迪米克的老婆是从奥罗拉那边来的。如果迪米克不是新英格兰人, 他会称她为“王后”, 可那不会让他的行为变得更好。迪米克罢工了, 去了东部, 一直做他妻子的这个老婆就开始喝酒。在奥罗拉地区, 说起这种事是不加掩饰的。人类仁慈的奶, 就像酒不能拔出瓶塞一样, 不应该在言语中过多泄露, 以免走味。而他们正是这么做的。这个女人应该回到她自己人那里, 带着孩子远离, 但是酗酒给她种下了祸根。在这条山谷的河边, 她的痛苦突然降临了。正在探矿的吉姆·卡尔金斯发现了她, 已经奄奄一息, 一个出生三天的婴儿在吸吮她的乳房。吉姆一直鼓励她, 直到最后, 他掩埋了她的尸身, 走回了波索, 走了十八英里, 把婴儿裹在他的粗斜纹棉布衬衫里, 婴儿露出脑袋, 小猫一样喵喵叫, 赢得了镇子上双手粗糙的人们的支持。然后他返回“老婆谷”, 并且发现了“打手”矿, 从那天起山谷就得了这个名字。吉姆谦卑地把这运气归结为对他行善的回报, 我是相信他的人中的一个。如果是在中世纪, 你会拥有一个传奇或一首歌谣。布利特·哈特会给你讲一个故事。你明白我仅仅是一个记录者, 因为我知道什么最适合你; 你会因为自己的呼吸而把这个泡泡吹灭。

你永远不能和吉姆维尔发生恰当的关联, 除非你能蜕皮, 并吞下你后天习得的偏见, 就像蜥蜴蜕皮一样。如果你想引起女性的注意, 驿车车夫向我保证, 我会在女士经营的“九里房”得到。这句话把我所有餐后咖啡的幽默感变成了对

phrase tickled all my after-dinner-coffee sense of humor into an anticipation of Poker Flat. The stage-driver proved himself really right, though you are not to suppose from this that Jimville had no conventions and no *caste*. They work out these things in the personal equation largely. Almost every latitude of behavior is allowed a good fellow, one no liar, a free spender, and a backer of his friends' quarrels. You are respected in as much ground as you can shoot over, in as many pretensions as you can make good.

That probably explains Mr. Fanshawe, the gentlemanly *faro* dealer of those parts, built for the role of Oakhurst, going white-shirted and frock-coated in a community of overalls; and persuading you that whatever shifts and tricks of the game were laid to his deal, he could not practice them on a person of your penetration. But he does. By his own account and the evidence of his manners he had been bred for a clergyman, and he certainly has gifts for the part. You find him always in possession of your point of view, and with an evident though not *obtrusive* desire to stand well with you. For an account of his killings, for his way with women and the way of women with him, I refer you to Brown of Calaveras and some others of that stripe. His improprieties had a certain sanction of long standing not accorded to the gay ladies who wore Mr. Fanshawe's favors. There were perhaps too many of them. On the whole, the point of the moral distinctions of Jimville appears to be a point of honor, with an absence of humorous appreciation that strangers mistake for dullness. At Jimville they see behavior as history and judge it by facts, untroubled by invention and the dramatic sense. You glimpse a crude equity in their dealings with Wilkins, who had shot a man at

caste

[kɑːst]

n. 社会等级制度

faro

['fɛərəʊ]

n. 一种纸牌游戏，  
法罗

obtrusive

[əb'truːsɪv]

adj. 鲁莽的

“扑克平原”的期望。驿车车夫证明自己真的是对的，但是你不能从此设想吉姆维尔就没有任何公约和等级制度。他们很大程度上是以个人方程式计算这些事情的。几乎每个自由行动的人都声称自己是好人，不撒谎，可以随便花钱，支持朋友们争吵。你枪的射程有多远，你有多少能够维持的伪装，你就能受到多大的尊重。

那可能解释了为什么范肖先生，有绅士风度的法罗牌发牌者，为奥克赫斯特培养的角色，却要穿着白衬衫和长外衣在一群穿工装裤的人中走来走去；并且劝你，牌戏中任何换牌和诡计都是他的责任，他无法在一个你这样明察秋毫的人面前干这种事情。但是他干了。他自己的说法和行为方式证明，他本来是被培养做神职人员，他肯定也有那方面的天赋。你发现他总是拥有你的观点，有一种想和你站在一边的明显而不冒失的愿望。关于他杀人的故事，他与女人在一起的方式，以及女人和他在一起的方式，我请你去咨询卡拉韦勒斯的布朗以及那个地区的其他人。他不得体的举止因为长期占有一个位置而得到了某种认可，这与那些得到过范肖先生恩惠的快乐女士的意愿不相一致。也许这样的女人太多了。整体上看，吉姆维尔的道德特征似乎主要关乎荣誉，缺乏富于幽默的欣赏，以致陌生人会把这误认为沉闷。在吉姆维尔，他们把行为看作历史，并且凭事实来裁决，不受虚构和戏剧感的干扰。在他们对威金斯的处理上你能看见一种残忍的公正，在“孤树”的一场公开争执中，威金斯很正当地开枪打死了一个人。在威金斯逃跑之前，消息传

Lone Tree, fairly, in an open quarrel. Rumor of it reached Jimville before Wilkins rested there in flight. I saw Wilkins, all Jimville saw him; in fact, he came into the Silver Dollar when we were holding a church fair and bought a pink silk pincushion. I have often wondered what became of it. Some of us shook hands with him, not because we did not know, but because we had not been officially notified, and there were those present who knew how it was themselves. When the sheriff arrived Wilkins had moved on, and Jimville organized a posse and brought him back, because the sheriff was a Jimville man and we had to stand by him.

I said we had the church fair at the Silver Dollar. We had most things there, dances, town meetings, and the kinetoscope exhibition of the Passion Play. The Silver Dollar had been built when the borders of Jimville spread from Minton to the red hill the Defiance twisted through. "Side-Winder" Smith scrubbed the floor for us and moved the bar to the back room. The fair was designed for the support of the circuit rider who preached to the few that would hear, and buried us all in turn. He was the symbol of Jimville's respectability, although he was of a sect that held dancing among the cardinal sins. The management took no chances on offending the minister; at 11:30 they tendered him the receipts of the evening in the chairman's hat, as a delicate intimation that the fair was closed. The company filed out of the front door and around to the back. Then the dance began formally with no feelings hurt. These were the sort of courtesies, common enough in Jimville, that brought tears of delicate inner laughter.

There were others besides Mr. Fanshawe who had walked out of Mr. Harte's demesne to Jimville and wore names that

posse

[ˈpɒsi]

n. 民兵队, 武装团

sect

[sekt]

n. 宗教, 教派

demesne

[di'mein]

n. 领地, 私有地

到了吉姆维尔。我看见过威金斯, 所有人都看见过威金斯; 事实上, 他走进“银圆”酒店的时候我们正在举行一次教堂集会, 他买了一个粉红色丝绸针垫。我经常很纳闷, 那个针垫变成了什么样子。我们中有些人和他握手, 不是因为我们不认识, 而是因为我们还没有正式得到通知, 在场的那些人知道那是怎么回事。警察局长来时, 威金斯已经搬走了, 吉姆维尔组织了一支地方武装团队, 把他带了回来, 因为警察局长是吉姆维尔人, 我们必须站在他一边。

我说过我们在“银圆”酒店举行教堂集会。我们的大部分事情都在那里进行, 舞会, 居民会议, 用活动物体的连续照片放映机放“激情戏”。“银圆”酒店建起的时候, 吉姆维尔的边界从敏顿延伸到红山, 迪法恩斯河从山中蜿蜒穿过。“保镖”史密斯为我们擦地板, 把酒吧搬到后屋。集会的目的是为了支持巡回布道者, 他为听他布道的少数人讲道, 将来他会把我们全部埋葬。他是吉姆维尔尊严的象征, 但是他所属的派系禁止在犯重罪的人中间跳舞。集会组织者绝不允许有任何机会冒犯牧师; 十一点半的时候, 他们用主席的帽子把当天晚上的进项还给他, 微妙地暗示集会结束了。伙伴们从前门鱼贯而出, 绕到后面。然后舞会正式开始, 不伤害任何人的感情。这种形式的谦恭在吉姆维尔是非常普遍的, 它往往能让内心敏感的人笑出眼泪来。

除了范肖先生, 还有其他人走出了哈特先生的领域, 来到吉姆维尔, 得到了带有泥土味的名

smacked of the soil, —“Alkali Bill”, “Pike” Wilson, “Three Finger”, and “Mono Jim”; fierce, shy, profane, sun-dried derelicts of the windy hills, who each owned, or had owned, a mine and was wishful to own one again. They laid up on the worn benches of the Silver Dollar or the Same Old Luck like beached vessels, and their talk ran on endlessly of “strike” and “contact” and “mother lode”, and worked around to fights and hold-ups, villainy, haunts, and the hoodoo of the Minietta, told austere without imagination.

Do not suppose I am going to repeat it all; you who want these things written up from the point of view of people who do not do them every day would get no savor in their speech.

Says Three Finger, relating the history of the Mariposa, “I took it off’n Tom Beatty, cheap, after his brother Bill was shot.”

Says Jim Jenkins, “What was the matter of him? ”

“Who? Bill? Abe Johnson shot him; he was fooling around Johnson’s wife, an’ Tom sold me the mine dirt cheap.”

“Why didn’t he work it himself? ”

“Him? Oh, he was laying for Abe and calculated to have to leave the country pretty quick.”

“Huh! ” says Jim Jenkins, and the tale flows smoothly on.

Yearly the spring fret floats the loose population of Jimville out into the desolate waste hot lands, guiding by the peaks and a few rarely touched water-holes, always, always with the golden hope. They develop prospects and grow rich, develop others and grow poor but never embittered. Say the hills, It is

profane  
[prə'feɪn]  
adj. 亵渎的

villainy  
['viləni]  
n. 恶行

embitter  
[ɪm'bitə]  
v. 使受苦, 使难受

字——“含碱的比尔”、“梭子鱼”威尔森、“三指”和“单音吉姆”；这些被多风的群山抛弃的人，狂热、羞怯、粗鄙，被太阳晒得干巴巴的，每一个都拥有，或曾经拥有一座矿山，并且有望再次拥有。他们躺在“银圆”酒店或者“同样古老的运气”酒吧那破烂的长凳上，像海滩上的船只，他们没完没了地谈论“运气”、“接触”和“母脉”，然后将话题转到打仗、抢劫、恶行、闹鬼和不祥之物上面来，他们讲得很是朴素，没有掺杂想象。

不要以为我会把它都重复出来；如果你们需要这些事情以不会每天做这些事的人的角度来写，你们就不会从这样的言谈中尝到滋味。

比如说“三指”，他这样叙述马里波萨的历史，“我是从汤姆·贝蒂手里买下的，很便宜，那是在他兄弟比尔被枪打死之后。”

吉姆·詹金斯说：“他出什么事了？”

“谁？比尔？阿贝·约翰逊射死了他；他调戏约翰逊的妻子，所以汤姆就把矿非常便宜地卖给了我。”

“为什么他不自己开采？”

“他？哦，他正在埋伏着等待阿贝，算计着尽快离开这个地方。”

“酷！”吉姆·詹金斯说，故事就这样平稳地进行下去。

每一年春天，吉姆维尔的松散居民都会烦躁不安地向灼热的荒原游荡，以山峰和少数鲜被触及的水源为引导，自始至终，他们一直怀着金色的希望。他们张望前程，他们变富，再发展其他的，再变穷，但从不为此痛苦。就拿山来说吧，

all one, there is gold enough, time enough, and men enough to come after you. And at Jimville they understand the language of the hills.

Jimville does not know a great deal about the crust of the earth, it prefers a "hunch". That is an intimation from the gods that if you go over a brown back of the hills, by a dripping spring, up Coso way, you will find what is worth while. I have never heard that the failure of any particular hunch disproved the principle. Somehow the rawness of the land favors the sense of personal relation to the supernatural. There is not much intervention of crops, cities, clothes, and manners between you and the organizing forces to cut off communication. All this begets in Jimville a state that passes explanation unless you will accept an explanation that passes belief. Along with killing and drunkenness, coveting of women, charity, simplicity, there is a certain indifference, blankness, emptiness if you will, of all vaporings, no bubbling of the pot, —it wants the German to coin a word for that, —no bread-envy, no brother-fervor. Western writers have not sensed it yet; they smack the savor of lawlessness too much upon their tongues, but you have these to witness it is not mean-spiritedness. It is pure Greek in that it represents the courage to sheer off what is not worth while. Beyond that it endures without sniveling, renounces without self-pity, fears no death, rates itself not too great in the scheme of things; so do beasts, so did St. Jerome in the desert, so also in the elder day did gods. Life, its performance, cessation, is no new thing to gape and wonder at.

Here you have the repose of the perfectly accepted



crust

[krʌst]

n. 外壳, 硬壳

beget

[bi'get]

v. 招致, 产生

山始终还是同一座山, 有足够的金子, 足够的时间, 在你之后还会有足够多的人到来。在吉姆维尔, 他们懂得山的语言。

吉姆维尔对地壳了解不多, 它更喜欢“直觉”。那是一种来自诸神的暗示, 如果你越过一道棕色山坡, 在一眼滴水的泉边, 在科索那边, 你会发现有价值的东西。我从来没有听说过不能证明这个原则的任何特定直觉。不知为什么, 这片土地的粗糙原始有助于人们培养起与超自然的个人关系。在你和有组织的力量之间, 没有太多庄稼、城市、衣服和行为方式的干扰来切断这种交流。所有这一切在吉姆维尔引发了一种超越解释的状态, 除非你能接受一种超越信仰的解释。伴随着杀人、酗酒、贪恋女人、慈善、单纯, 还存在着一种冷漠、茫然、空虚, 如果你愿意, 你可以把这些看成是浮夸, 是不冒泡的壶——需要德国人来为此杜撰一句话——没有值得嫉妒的面包, 没有值得热诚的兄弟。西方作家对此还没有感觉; 他们的舌头上带有无法无天的味道, 但是你亲眼目睹了这一切, 那不是没有精神价值的。那里面有纯粹的希腊精神, 表现出要避开无价值之物的勇气。在那之外, 是没有哭泣的忍耐, 没有自怜的放弃, 不恐惧死亡, 在事物的秩序中不把自己放在太伟大的位置上; 野兽是如此, 沙漠中的圣杰罗姆<sup>2</sup>也是如此, 在更为古老的岁月中, 众神也是如此。生活, 它的演出和终止, 都不是什么需要吃惊和奇怪的新鲜事。

这里, 你让完全被接受了的本能获得休息,

instinct which includes passion and death in its perquisites. I suppose that the end of all our hammering and yawping will be something like the point of view of Jimville. The only difference will be in the decorations.

perquisite

['pækwɪzɪt]

n. 额外补贴, 临时津贴

它把激情和死亡作为犒赏。我设想我们所有的锤打和喧闹到最后都会带有吉姆维尔的特征。唯一的区别就在于装饰不同。

## My Neighbor's Field

It is one of those places God must have meant for a field from all time, lying very level at the foot of the slope that crowds up against Kearsarge, falling slightly toward the town. North and south it is fenced by low old glacial ridges, boulder strewn and untenable. Eastward it butts on orchard closes and the village gardens, brimming over into them by wild brier and creeping grass. The village street, with its double row of unlike houses, breaks off abruptly at the edge of the field in a footpath that goes up the streamside, beyond it, to the source of waters.

The field is not greatly esteemed of the town, not being put to the plough nor affording firewood, but breeding all manner of wild seeds that go down in the irrigating ditches to come up as weeds in the gardens and grass plots. But when I had no more than seen it in the charm of its spring smiling, I knew I should have no peace until I had bought ground and built me a house beside it, with a little wicket to go in and out at all hours, as afterward came about.

Edswick, Roeder, Connor, and Ruffin owned the field before it fell to my neighbor. But before that the Paiutes, mesne lords of the soil, made a campoodie by the rill of Pine Creek; and after, contesting the soil with them, cattle-men, who found its foodful pastures greatly to their advantage; and

glacial  
['gleisjəl]  
adj. 冰的, 冰川的

ditch  
[ditʃ]  
n. 沟, 沟渠

wicket  
['wɪkɪt]  
n. 小门, 边门

## 我邻居的田地

上帝一定是一直想把这个地方作为田地, 它低低地躺在向基萨奇山口涌起的斜坡脚下, 向镇子方向微微倾斜。它的北边和南边围绕着低矮而古老的冰川山脉, 到处布满砾石, 不适合居住。往东, 它与果园和村庄的花园毗连, 边缘上生长着野欧石楠和攀缘的野草。村中的街道, 两边是不一样的房屋, 在田地边缘突然中断, 一条小路通往溪边, 在更远处, 向水源延伸。

这片田地不太受镇上人的尊敬, 它没有耕过, 也不出产烧柴, 但却哺育了各种野生种子, 它们沉入灌溉渠中, 作为杂草出现在花园和草坪上。但是, 当我只不过是看见了它春天迷人的微笑, 我就知道, 不把它买下来, 在旁边盖一座房子, 有小门供随时进出, 就像后来那样, 我是不会安生的。

这片田地落入我邻居名下之前, 曾属于埃兹威克、罗德、康诺和拉芬。但在那之前, 派尤特人, 土地的中间领主<sup>1</sup>, 在松树溪建立了一个营地; 后来, 牧牛人发现那是片食物丰富的牧场, 对他们极有好处, 就开始与派尤特人争夺土地; 一群群骚动的畜群由野蚕、毛发蓬乱、少言

bands of blethering flocks shepherded by wild, hairy men of little speech, who attested their rights to the feeding ground with their long staves upon each other's skulls. Edswick homesteaded the field about the time the wild tide of mining life was roaring and rioting up Kearsarge, and where the village now stands built a stone hut, with loopholes to make good his claim against cattlemen or Indians. But Edswick died and Roeder became master of the field. Roeder owned cattle on a thousand hills, and made it a recruiting ground for his bellowing herds before beginning the long drive to market across a shifty desert. He kept the field fifteen years, and afterward falling into difficulties, put it out as security against certain sums. Connor, who held the securities, was cleverer than Roeder and not so busy. The money fell due the winter of the Big Snow, when all the trails were forty feet under drifts, and Roeder was away in San Francisco selling his cattle. At the set time Connor took the law by the forelock and was adjudged possession of the field. Eighteen days later Roeder arrived on snowshoes, both feet frozen, and the money in his pack. In the long suit at law ensuing, the field fell to Ruffin, that clever one-armed lawyer with the tongue to wile a bird out of the bush, Connor's counsel, and was sold by him to my neighbor, whom from envying his possession I call Naboth.

Curiously, all this human occupancy of greed and mischief left no mark on the field, but the Indians did, and the unthinking sheep. Round its corners children pick up chipped arrow points of obsidian, scattered through it are kitchen middens and pits of old sweat-houses. By the south corner, where the campoodie stood, is a single shrub of "hoopee" (*Lycium andersonii*), maintaining itself hardly among alien

blether

[ˈbleðə]

v. 胡说

attest

[əˈtest]

v. 证明

wile

[ˈwaɪl]

v. 欺骗, 诱骗

occupancy

[ˈɒkjupənsi]

n. 占有

寡语的人放牧着, 很长时间中, 他们用打碎彼此的脑壳来确证自己对这片牧场的权利。埃兹威克在此定居的时候, 正值开矿的狂潮在基萨奇汹涌高涨之时, 他在现在的村庄所在位置盖了一座石头小屋, 有枪眼来击退牧牛人和印第安人的攻击。但是埃兹威克死了, 罗德成了土地的主人。罗德在很多山头上都有牛群, 在穿过变动的沙漠, 经过漫漫长途把牛群赶往市场之前, 他把田地当成了他怒吼的牛群征募站。他占有了田地十五年, 后来遇到了困难, 把它作为抵押卖了出去, 抵销了一些账目。拥有土地为担保的康诺, 比罗德要聪明一些, 他不这么着急。大雪的冬天让钱贬值了, 所有的道路都埋在四十英尺深的雪下, 罗德卖掉了牛群, 去了旧金山。在规定的时  
间, 康诺把握住了法律时机, 获得了田地的所有权。十八天后, 罗德穿着雪鞋来了, 两条腿都冻僵了, 袋子里背着钱。在接下来的漫长法律程序中, 田地落到了拉芬手里, 康诺的那个聪明的独臂律师, 有一张能把鸟儿哄出灌木丛的嘴, 田地通过他卖给了我的邻居, 因为嫉妒他拥有这片土地, 我把他叫作拿伯<sup>2</sup>。

很奇怪, 所有这些人类贪婪的占有和损害都没有在田地上留下痕迹, 但是印第安人和没有思想的羊群做到了。在它的角落里, 孩子们拾拣破碎的黑曜岩箭头, 散布在田地上的是贝丘<sup>3</sup>和古老的蒸汽浴室留下的坑。在南边一角, 营地所在之处, 是一丛“欹櫛”灌木, 艰难地在陌生的灌木中维持着, 而附近, 有三棵漂亮的矮朴树, 它

shrubs, and near by, three low rakish trees of hackberry, so far from home that no prying of mine has been able to find another in any cañon east or west. But the berries of both were food for the Paiutes, eagerly sought and traded for as far south as Shoshone Land. By the fork of the creek where the shepherds camp is a single clump of mesquite of the variety called "screw bean." The seed must have shaken there from some sheep's coat, for this is not the habitat of mesquite, and except for other single shrubs at sheep camps, none grows freely for a hundred and fifty miles south or east.

Naboth has put a fence about the best of the field, but neither the Indians nor the shepherds can quite forego it. They make camp and build their wattled huts about the borders of it, and no doubt they have some sense of home in its familiar aspect.

As I have said, it is a low-lying field, between the mesa and the town, with no hillocks in it, but a gentle swale where the waste water of the creek goes down to certain farms, and the hackberry-trees, of which the tallest might be three times the height of a man, are the tallest things in it. A mile up from the water gate that turns the creek into supply pipes for the town, begins a row of long-leaved pines, threading the watercourse to the foot of Kearsarge. These are the pines that puzzle the local **botanist**, not easily determined, and unrelated to other conifers of the Sierra slope; the same pines of which the Indians relate a legend mixed of brotherliness and the **retribution** of God. Once the pines possessed the field, as the worn stumps of them along the streamside show, and it would seem their secret purpose to regain their old footing. Now and then some seedling escapes the devastating sheep a rod or



们远离自己的家园，在峡谷东部或西部，任何采矿人都不能再找到另外一棵了。但是这两种浆果都是派尤特人的食物，他们热切地搜寻这些东西，到远在南方的肖肖尼人的土地上去卖。在牧人宿营的溪流分叉处，有一丛牧豆树，是各种牧豆树中叫作“弯豆”的那种。树种一定是从羊身上抖落下来的，因为这里不是牧豆树生长的自然环境，除了牧羊人营地上其他一些灌木之外，东方和南方一百五十英里的距离内都没有任何灌木自由生长。

拿伯给这片最好的土地围上了篱笆，但是印第安人和牧人都无法放弃它。在田地边界上，他们筑起营地，用枝条搭建起茅屋，无疑，这片土地的熟悉外貌让他们有了一种家的感觉。

如我前面所言，它是一片低地，在台地和镇子中间，上面没有小丘，只有一片低湿地，溪流的废水从那里流向一些农场和朴树，这些树中最高的可能有人身高的三倍，那是田地中最高的东西了。从把溪流引到镇子的供水管的水门那里开始，一英里之外就是一排长叶松树，在水道边连成一线，一直延伸到基萨奇山脚。这些松树让当地的植物学家迷惑不已，它们不易确定，并且与内华达山脉的其他针叶树毫无关联；就是同样的松树，印第安人将它与一个混合着兄弟情谊和上帝的报应的传奇联系起来。溪边破烂的树桩表明，松树曾经一度拥有这片土地，而且它们的秘密意图似乎就是重新获得它们过去的立足点。不时有一些幼苗逃过了羊群的破坏，在溪流下游一

forego

[fə:'gəʊ]

n. 走在...之前, 居先

botanist

['bɒtənɪst]

n. 植物学家

retribution

[ˌretri'bju:fən]

n. 报偿

two down-stream. Since I came to live by the field one of these has tiptoed above the gully of the creek, beckoning the procession from the hills, as if in fact they would make back toward that skyward-pointing finger of granite on the opposite range, from which, according to the legend, when they were bad Indians and it a great chief, they ran away. This year the summer floods brought the round, brown, fruitful cones to my very door, and I look, if I live long enough, to see them come up greenly in my neighbor's field.

It is interesting to watch this retaking of old ground by the wild plants, banished by human use. Since Naboth drew his fence about the field and restricted it to a few wild-eyed steers, halting between the hills and the shambles, many old *habitués* of the field have come back to their haunts. The willow and brown birch, long ago cut off by the Indians for wattles, have come back to the streamside, slender and virginal in their spring greenness, and leaving long stretches of the brown water open to the sky. In stony places where no grass grows, wild olives sprawl; close-twigged, blue-gray patches in winter, more translucent greenish gold in spring than any aureole. Along with willow and birch and brier, the clematis, that shyest plant of water borders, slips down season by season to within a hundred yards of the village street. Convinced after three years that it would come no nearer, we spent time fruitlessly pulling up roots to plant in the garden. All this while, when no coaxing or care prevailed upon any transplanted slip to grow, one was coming up silently outside the fence near the wicket, coiling so secretly in the rabbit-brush that its presence was never suspected until it flowered delicately along its twining length. The horehound

gully  
 ['gʌli]  
*n.* 溪谷, 集水沟  
 granite  
 ['grænit]  
*n.* 花岗岩

banish  
 ['bæniʃ]  
*v.* 流放, 驱逐

habitué  
 [hə'bitʃuei]  
*n.* 常客

translucent  
 [trænz'ljʊ:snt]  
*adj.* 半透明的, 透明的

两杆远的地方生长。自从我在这片田地边住下, 这些树苗已经在溪谷中踮起了脚, 向来自山峦的队伍招手, 仿佛它们能逃离对面山脉上指向天空的花岗岩手指, 根据传说, 这些山脉过去是恶毒的印第安人, 那花岗岩是大首领。这一年夏天, 洪水把圆圆的、结了松子的棕色松塔冲到了我的门前, 如果我活得足够久, 我就有望看见它们在我邻居的田地上出现, 一身翠绿。

观察被人类滥用所驱逐的野生植物重新占据过去的土地, 是一件很有趣的事情。自从拿伯给田地围上了篱笆, 限制一些眼睛疯狂的小公牛进入, 让它们在山丘和屠宰场之间徘徊, 许多田地过去的常客已经返回了它们的地盘。柳树和棕色赤杨, 很久以前被印第安人切断来搭建茅屋, 现在已经回到了溪边, 纤细而清新, 在春天披上了新绿, 把长长的棕色溪水无遮拦地留给了天空。在石头多的地方, 寸草不生, 却有野橄榄蔓生; 它们的嫩枝紧靠在一起, 在冬天形成一块块蓝灰色, 在春天, 它们发绿的金色比任何光环都要透明。和柳树、橄榄与欧石楠一道, 铁线莲, 水边最害羞的植物, 一个又一个季节, 悄悄开遍了一百码的村中街道。我们相信三年后它就不能再向前蔓延了, 我们徒劳地花时间把它们连根拔起, 种在花园中。与此同时, 当没有人再关心任何移植幼苗的生长, 小门附近, 一种植物悄悄出现在篱笆外面, 如此秘密地缠绕在金花矮灌木上, 它的存在从来没人觉察到, 直到盘曲的藤蔓精巧地开满了花朵。欧夏至草突破篱笆, 从篱笆下面长

comes through the fence and under it, shouldering the pickets off the railings; the brier rose mines under the horehound; and no care, though I own I am not a close weeder, keeps the small pale moons of the **primrose** from rising to the night moth under my apple-trees. The first summer in the new place, a clump of *cypripediums* came up by the irrigating ditch at the bottom of the lawn. But the *clematis* will not come inside, nor the wild almond.

I have forgotten to find out, though I meant to, whether the wild **almond** grew in that country where Moses kept the flocks of his father-in-law, but if so one can account for the burning bush. It comes upon one with a flame-burst as of revelation; little hard red buds on leafless twigs, swelling unnoticeably, then one, two, or three strong suns, and from tip to tip one soft **fiery** glow, whispering with bees as a singing flame. A twig of finger size will be furred to the thickness of one's wrist by pink five-petaled bloom, so close that only the blunt-faced wild bees find their way in it. In this latitude late frosts cut off the hope of fruit too often for the wild almond to multiply greatly, but the spiny, tap-rooted shrubs are resistant to most plant evils.

It is not easy always to be attentive to the maturing of wild fruit. Plants are so unobtrusive in their material processes, and always at the significant moment some other bloom has reached its perfect hour. One can never fix the precise moment when the rosy tint the field has from the wild almond passes into the inspiring blue of **lupines**. One notices here and there a spike of bloom, and a day later the whole field royal and ruffling lightly to the wind. Part of the charm of the lupine is the continual stir of its plumes to airs not suspected

primrose

[ˈprɪmrəʊz]

n. 樱草花, 报春花

almond

[ˈɑːmənd]

n. [植] 杏树

fiery

[ˈfaɪəri]

adj. 火的, 火焰的

lupine

[ˈljuːpaɪn]

n. 羽扇豆属植物

进来, 把篱笆从尖木桩上顶开; 欧石楠在欧夏至草下面挖洞; 不要担心, 尽管我承认我不是一个严格的除草人, 我仍然能让樱草苍白的小月亮够不到我苹果树下的夜蛾。在新地方的第一个夏天, 一丛杓兰出现在草地边缘的灌溉渠边。但是铁线莲还没有长进来, 野杏树也没有。

尽管我有心想, 但还是忘记了去弄明白, 在摩西放牧他岳父羊群的那片土地上, 是否有野杏树生长, 可即便没有, 我们也可以指望卫矛属植物, 也就是“火焰中的荆棘”<sup>4</sup>。它带着启示一样迸发的火焰与人遭遇; 没有叶子的嫩枝上, 红色的蓓蕾又小又坚硬, 不被人注意地膨胀着, 然后变成一个、两个、三个强大的太阳, 每个枝头都闪耀着柔和的火花, 低语的蜜蜂则像是歌唱着的火焰。手指粗的嫩枝会被粉红色的五瓣花朵变成手腕粗细, 花瓣紧凑, 只有厚脸皮的野蜂能在里面找到道路。在这个纬度, 晚霜过于频繁地粉碎结果的希望, 让野杏树无法大量繁殖, 但是那多刺的、直根的灌木依然在反抗着大部分对植物的破坏。

始终关注野果的成熟不是件容易的事。植物成熟的过程是如此不引人注目, 总是在重要的一瞬间, 有其他的花达到了完美时刻。你从来就不能确定到底是什么时候, 染遍田野的野杏树的玫瑰红变成了羽扇豆激动人心的蓝色。你到处都能注意到穗状花序, 但在一天之后, 整个田野都变得庄严, 被风轻轻地吹皱。羽扇豆的魅力之一就在于它的羽毛不停地随风摇曳, 在别处你是不能

otherwhere. Go and stand by any crown of bloom and the tall stalks do but rock a little as for drowsiness, but look off across the field, and on the stillest days there is always a **trepidation** in the purple patches.

From midsummer until frost the prevailing note of the field is clear gold, passing into the rusty tone of bigelowia going into a decline, a succession of color schemes more admirably managed than the transformation scene at the theatre. Under my window a colony of cleome made a soft web of bloom that drew me every morning for a long still time; and one day I discovered that I was looking into a rare fretwork of fawn and straw colored twigs from which both bloom and leaf had gone, and I could not say if it had been for a matter of weeks or days. The time to plant cucumbers and set out cabbages may be set down in the **almanac**, but never seed-time nor blossom in Naboth's field.

Certain winged and mailed **denizens** of the field seem to reach their heyday along with the plants they most affect. In June the leaning towers of the white milkweed are jeweled over with red and gold beetles, climbing dizzily. This is that milkweed from whose stems the Indians flayed fibre to make snares for small game, but what use the beetles put it to except for a displaying ground for their gay coats, I could never discover. The white butterfly crop comes on with the bigelowia bloom, and on warm mornings makes an airy twinkling all across the field. In September young linnets grow out of the rabbit-brush in the night. All the nests discoverable in the neighboring orchards will not account for the numbers of them. Somewhere, by the same secret process by which the field matures a million more seeds than it needs, it is maturing

trepidation

[ˈtrepɪˈdeɪʃən]

n. 颤抖

almanac

[ˈɔːlmənæk]

n. 历书, 年鉴

denizen

[ˈdenɪzn]

n. 居民

想象的。站在任何一朵花冠旁边，它的长茎在微微摇晃，仿佛昏昏欲睡，但是向田野对面望去，在最宁静的日子，也总是有成片的紫色在战栗。

从仲夏开始，直到霜降，田野上流行的色调是明亮的金色，逐渐转变成盘花属植物的铁锈色，然后开始衰退，一连串的色彩变化，比舞台布景的变换更令人赞赏。在我的窗下，一丛醉蝶花形成了一张柔软的花网，每天早晨都吸引我静静观赏好长时间；有一天我发现了一个罕见的浅黄色嫩枝组成的格子细工，枝条上无花无叶，我无法说这样一件作品需要几周还是几天。种黄瓜和卷心菜的时间可以在日历上查到，但是在拿伯的土地上，开花和结籽都没有固定的时间。

田地上某些有翅膀和丰满胸羽的居民，似乎和受它们影响最大的植物一起达到了自己的全盛时期。6月，白色马利筋的斜塔上镶满了宝石般的红色和金色的甲虫，它们眼花缭乱地爬着。就是从这种马利筋茎秆上，印第安人剥下纤维，做成捕小猎物的罗网，但是甲虫们拿它做什么用呢，除了做它们鲜亮外衣的展示背景，我永远想不出来什么。白蝴蝶来了，在盘花属植物的花上收获，在温暖的早晨，在整个田野上空闪闪发光。9月的夜里，小朱顶雀从金花矮灌木中飞出。邻近果园里所有的巢穴都可以发现，但这也说明不了它们的数目。田野培养了超过它所需的成百万的种子，但在某个地方，以同样秘密的过程，它也培养着正在长大的红顶雀来吞食它们。有一

red-hooded linnets for their devouring. All the purlieus of bigelowia and artemisia are noisy with them for a month. Suddenly as they come as suddenly go the fly-by-nights, that pitch and toss on dusky barred wings above the field of summer twilights. Never one of these nighthawks will you see after linnet time, though the **hurtle** of their wings makes a pleasant sound across the dusk in their season.

For two summers a great red-tailed hawk has visited the field every afternoon between three and four o'clock, swooping and soaring with the airs of a gentleman adventurer. What he finds there is chiefly conjectured, so secretive are the little people of Naboth's field. Only when leaves fall and the light is low and slant, one sees the long clean flanks of the jackrabbits, leaping like small deer, and of late afternoons little cotton-tails scamper in the runways. But the most one sees of the burrowers, gophers, and mice is the fresh earthwork of their newly opened doors, or the pitiful small shreds the butcher-bird hangs on spiny shrubs.

It is a still field, this of my neighbor's, though so busy, and admirably compounded for variety and pleasantness, —a little sand, a little **loam**, a grassy plot, a stony rise or two, a full brown stream, a little touch of humanness, a footpath trodden out by moccasins. Naboth expects to make town lots of it and his fortune in one and the same day; but when I take the trail to talk with old Seyavi at the campoodie, it occurs to me that though the field may serve a good turn in those days it will hardly be happier. No, certainly not happier.



hurtle

[ˈhɜːtl]

v. 急飞

个月时间，所有邻近地区的盘花属植物和蒿属植物都因这些鸟而喧闹不已。这些夜间飞行的鸟类，来去都同样突然，它们黑黝黝有条纹的翅膀，在夏天薄暮的田野上倾斜翻飞。在红顶雀的时刻之后，你不会看见一只夜鹰，尽管在它们的季节，穿过黄昏，它们碰撞的翅膀发出令人愉快的声响。

连续两个夏天，每天下午三四点钟之间，一只巨大的红尾鹰都会拜访这片田野，它俯冲着、高翔着，一副优雅的冒险者气派。它在那里发现的东西，凭推测主要是拿伯的田地上那些遮遮掩掩的小家伙。只有在树叶落尽，光线低斜的时候，你才能看见长耳大野兔那长长的干净肋腹，像小鹿一样跳跃着，还有下午晚些时候小路上闪动的棉花样的小尾巴。但是最多见的是穴居动物，囊鼠和老鼠新掘出的洞口，或者是伯劳挂得多刺灌木上的可怜碎尸。

这是一片宁静的田野，属于我的邻居，但是却如此繁忙，令人赞赏地由各种事物和乐趣组成——一点沙子，一点沃土，一片草地，一两座石头小丘，一条满溢的棕色溪流，一抹人类的迹象，一条被莫卡辛<sup>5</sup>踩出的小径。拿伯期望把它变成城镇，同时期望值着它发财；但是当我沿着小径去营地和老赛雅韦聊天时，我突然想到，那些日子里，尽管这片田野变化很大，它也几乎不能更幸福了。是，它肯定不能更幸福了。

loam

[ləʊm]

n. 肥土

## The Mesa Trail

The mesa trail begins in the campoodie at the corner of Naboth's field, though one may drop into it from the wood road toward the cañon, or from any of the cattle paths that go up along the streamside; a clean, pale, smooth-trodden way between spiny shrubs, comfortably wide for a horse or an Indian. It begins, I say, at the campoodie, and goes on toward the twilight hills and the borders of Shoshone Land. It strikes diagonally across the foot of the hill-slope from the field until it reaches the larkspur level, and holds south along the front of Oppapago, having the high ranges to the right and the foothills and the great Bitter Lake below it on the left. The mesa holds very level here, cut across at intervals by the deep washes of dwindling streams, and its treeless spaces uncramp the soul.

Mesa trails were meant to be traveled on horseback, at the jiggling coyote trot that only western-bred horses learn successfully. A foot-pace carries one too slowly past the units in a decorative scheme that is on a scale with the country round for bigness. It takes days' journeys to give a note of variety to the country of the social shrubs. These chiefly clothe the benches and eastern foot-slopes of the Sierras, —great spreads of artemisia, coleogyne, and spinosa, suffering no other woody stemmed thing in their purlieus; this by election

spiny

[ˈspaini]

adj. 多刺的, 刺状的

clothe

[kləʊð]

v. 覆盖

purlieu

[ˈpɜːljʊː]

n. 界限, 范围

## 台地小径

台地小径从拿伯的田野一角的营地开始,但是你能从通往峡谷的林间道路上不知不觉地走到它上面去,或者沿溪而上的任何牛群行走的路线;这是一条干净、平坦、灰色的小径,在多刺的灌木中间延伸,宽度足以让一匹马或一个印第安人舒服地通过。我说,它的开端是在营地那里,并继续向微明的山冈和肖肖尼人的土地边界延伸。它成对角线穿过田野,一直延伸到山坡底下,直到抵达翠雀属植物的高度,然后沿奥帕帕戈的正面向南,一路上有高高的山脉在右,有山麓小丘和低于它的大“苦湖”在左。这里的台地非常平坦,不时地被溪水减少形成的深泥塘切断,它没有树的空间让灵魂自由无碍。

台地小径是要在马背上走的,只有西部繁殖出的马匹才能成功地学会吉格舞一样的郊狼式慢跑。常规步速会让你走得太慢。需要几天的旅行才能了解这片地区丛生灌木的多样性。这些灌木主要覆盖了阶地和内华达山脉东坡山脚——大片的蒿属植物,鞑果,酸枣,苦于附近没有任何其他木本植物生长;这显然是没有选择的空间所致;有些灌木都各自拥有开花的草本植物为门

apparently, with no elbowing; and the several shrubs have each their **cliente** of flowering herbs. It would be worth knowing how much the devastating sheep have had to do with driving the tender plants to the shelter of the prickly-bushes. It might have begun earlier, in the time Seyavi of the campoodie tells of, when antelope ran on the mesa like sheep for numbers, but scarcely any foot-high herb rears itself except from the midst of some stout twigged shrub; larkspur in the coleogyne, and for every spinosa the purpling coils of phacelia. In the shrub shelter, in the season, flock the little stemless things whose blossom time is as short as a marriage song. The larkspurs make the best showing, being tall and sweet, swaying a little above the shrubbery, scattering pollen dust which Navajo brides gather to fill their marriage baskets. This were an easier task than to find two of them of a shade. Larkspurs in the **botany** are blue, but if you were to slip rein to the stub of some black sage and set about proving it you would be still at it by the hour when the white gillias set their pale disks to the westering sun. This is the gillia the children call "evening snow", and it is no use trying to improve on children's names for wild flowers.

From the height of a horse you look down to clean spaces in a **shifty** yellow soil, bare to the eye as a newly sanded floor. Then as soon as ever the hill shadows begin to swell out from the sidelong ranges, come little flakes of whiteness fluttering at the edge of the sand. By dusk there are tiny drifts in the lee of every strong shrub, rosy-tipped **corollas** as riotous in the sliding mesa wind as if they were real flakes shaken out of a cloud, not sprung from the ground on wiry three-inch stems. They keep awake all night, and all the air is heavy and musky sweet because of them.

clientele

[ˌkli:ə:n'teɪl]

n. 顾客,主顾

botany

[ˈbɒtəni]

n. 植物学

shifty

[ˈʃɪfti]

adj. 变化的

lee

[li:]

n. 庇荫,保护

corolla

[kə'ɒlə]

n. 花冠

客。有必要了解,是什么把脆弱的植物驱赶到多刺灌木的保护之下,在这方面,有破坏力的羊群起了多大作用。那可是在更早的时候就已经开始了,在营地的赛雅韦所说的时代,那时,大批羚羊在台地上像绵羊一样奔跑,几乎没有任何高过一英尺的草本植物能够立起来的,除非藏身矮壮茂密的灌木中间;翠雀属植物生长在蒿属植物中间,每一棵酸枣下面都缠绕着绚烂的法色草。在灌木丛的遮蔽下,季节到来时,没有茎的小东西大量生长出来,它们的花期和婚礼上的歌一样短暂。翠雀属植物的表现最好,又高又甜蜜,在灌木丛上方轻轻摇曳,抛散花粉,纳瓦霍新娘会收集它们,装满她们结婚的篮子。这是一项比在一个阴影里找到两棵翠雀属植物还要容易的工作。在植物学中,翠雀属植物是蓝色的,但如果你为黑色鼠尾草的残根勒住缰绳,并想去证实它,到了白吉莉把灰色圆盘朝向斜阳的时候,你可能还在研究它。这种吉莉就是孩子们所谓的“黄昏雪”,试图改进孩子们为野花取的名字是徒劳无益的。

在马背上,你俯视一片多变的黄土,干净的空间,呈现在眼中,就像新铺了沙子的地板。然后,当山影刚刚开始从侧面的山脉膨胀起来,白色小雪片就开始在沙地边缘飘动。到了黄昏,每一丛结实灌木的背阴处,都有小东西在吹拂,那是尖上呈玫瑰红的花冠在平滑台地的风中喧闹,仿佛它们是真正的雪片,从云彩上摇下,而不是从地上挺拔的三英寸花茎上萌发出来的。它们整夜醒着,空气中始终弥漫着浓重的麝香味。

Farther south on the trail there will be poppies meeting ankle deep, and singly, peacock-painted bubbles of calochortus blown out at the tops of tall stems. But before the season is in tune for the gayer blossoms the best display of color is in the lupin wash. There is always a lupin wash somewhere on the mesa trail, —a broad, shallow, cobble-paved sink of vanished waters, where the hummocks of *Lupinus ornatus* run a delicate gamut from silvery green of spring to silvery white of winter foliage. They look in fullest leaf, except for color, most like the huddled huts of the campoodie, and the largest of them might be a man's length in diameter. In their season, which is after the gilies are at their best, and before the larkspurs are ripe for pollen gathering, every terminal whorl of the lupin sends up its blossom stalk, not holding any constant blue, but paling and purpling to guide the friendly bee to virginal honey sips, or away from the perfected and depleted flower. The length of the blossom stalk conforms to the rounded contour of the plant, and of these there will be a million moving indescribably in the airy current that flows down the **swale** of the wash.

There is always a little wind on the mesa, a sliding current of cooler air going down the face of the mountain of its own momentum, but not to disturb the silence of great space. Passing the wide mouths of cañons, one gets the effect of whatever is doing in them, openly or behind a screen of cloud, —thunder of falls, wind in the pine leaves, or rush and roar of rain. The rumor of tumult grows and dies in passing, as from open doors gaping on a village street, but does not **impinge** on the effect of solitariness. In quiet weather mesa days have no parallel for stillness, but the night silence breaks

再向南，小径上将会有没踝高的罂粟，有单枝的百合，在高高的茎端吹出孔雀一般艳丽的泡泡。但在更为鲜艳的花朵开放之前，最好的色彩展览是在羽扇豆泥沼里。在台地小径上，总会有羽扇豆泥沼在某处存在——那是一种宽而浅的、大卵石铺底的、水消失后留下的泥坑，那里有成堆的羽扇豆属植物，颜色微妙，覆盖了从春天的银绿色到冬天的银白色之间的全部色彩范围。除了颜色，它们在长满叶子的时候，看上去就像营地中拥挤在一起的茅屋，其中最大的直径可能有一个人的身高那么长。它们的季节，在吉莉属植物开花之后达到顶峰，在翠雀属植物成熟到可以采集花粉之前，每棵羽扇豆最后的轮生体都会伸出它的花茎，它们不会保持任何不变的蓝色，而是逐渐变灰，变紫，引导友善的蜜蜂来品尝新蜜，或者是引导它们离开完全用尽的花。花茎的长度与植物的粗细相和谐，从这些花茎上，将有成百万的花瓣难以描述地随气流飘落在洼地上。

swale

[sweil]

n. 沼泽地，洼地

台地上总是刮着微风，一股较为凉爽的平静气流以自己的动力吹过山体表面，但不会扰乱巨大空间的寂静。经过宽宽的峡谷口，你就能领略到山谷中的一切活动的影响，它们一览无余，或是在云层的掩护下——落下的雷霆，松针中的风，雨的奔突和吼叫。附带着还有骚乱的传闻起起灭灭，就像来自敞开的门，这些门在村中街道上张嘴打着呵欠，但并不影响孤独的效果。在宁静的天气里，台地的白昼寂静无比，但是在夜里，寂静中会迸发出一些或柔和或激烈的音符。

impinge

[im'pindʒ]

v. 撞击

into certain mellow or poignant notes. Late afternoons the burrowing owls may be seen blinking at the doors of their hummocks with perhaps four or five elfish nestlings arow, and by twilight begin a soft whoo-oo-ing, rounder, sweeter, more incessant in mating time. It is not possible to **disassociate** the call of the burrowing owl from the late **slant** light of the mesa. If the fine vibrations which are the golden-violet glow of spring twilights were to tremble into sound, it would be just that mellow double note breaking along the blossom-tops. While the glow holds one sees the thistle-down flights and pouncings after prey, and on into the dark hears their soft pus-ssh! clearing out of the trail ahead. Maybe the pinpoint shriek of field mouse or kangaroo rat that pricks the wakeful pauses of the night is extorted by these mellow-voiced plunderers, though it is just as like to be the work of the red fox on his twenty-mile constitutional.

Both the red fox and the coyote are free of the night hours, and both killers for the pure love of **slaughter**. The fox is no great talker, but the coyote goes garrulously through the dark in twenty keys at once, gossip, warning, and abuse. They are light treaders, the split-feet, so that the solitary camper sees their eyes about him in the dark sometimes, and hears the soft intake of breath when no leaf has stirred and no twig snapped underfoot. The coyote is your real lord of the mesa, and so he makes sure you are armed with no long black instrument to spit your teeth into his vitals at a thousand yards, is both bold and curious. Not so bold, however, as the badger and not so much of a **curmudgeon**. This short-legged meat-eater loves half lights and lowering days, has no friends, no enemies, and disowns his offspring. Very likely if he knew



disassociate

[ˌdɪsə'səʊʃieɪt]

v. 使分离

slant

[slɑːnt]

n. 倾斜

slaughter

['slɔːtə]

n. 屠杀

curmudgeon

[kɜː'mʌdʒən]

n. 脾气坏的人

下午晚些时候，可以看见穴鸱在它们小丘的巢穴旁闪耀，也许还有四五只尚未离巢的调皮小鸟，一个挨着一个，黄昏的时候，它们开始发出一种柔和的“呼呼”声，比交配期的叫声更圆润、甜蜜，连续不断。要想把穴鸱的叫声同台地倾斜的夕光分开是不可能的。如果春天黄昏那金紫色闪光的美丽震颤要变成声音，就一定是那种柔和的双音符，在开花的树顶传出来。当夕光停止闪耀，你看见它们轻盈地飞行，跳跃着追逐猎物，在黑暗中你能听到它们柔和的扑扑声从前面的道路上清晰传来。田鼠和袋鼠细小的尖叫将夜晚短暂地刺醒，也许就是被这些叫声柔和的掠夺者所逼，尽管那同样可能是进行二十英里健身散步的红狐的工作。

红狐和郊狼在夜里都是自由自在的，它们都是纯粹喜欢屠杀的杀手。狐狸不是健谈者，可郊狼在黑暗中却是个饶舌的家伙，同时有多种音调，它喋喋不休，又是警告又是辱骂。它们走路很轻，脚趾分开，以致孤独的宿营者有时在黑暗中看见它们的眼睛在周围，听见轻轻的吸气声，而并没有惊扰一片树叶，脚下也没有踏响一条嫩枝。郊狼是台地真正的主人，它确信你没有远程致命的武器，在一千码以外就能要它的命，所以它又冒失又好奇。但是，它没有獾那么大胆，脾气也不是很坏。这种吃肉的短腿动物喜欢半明半暗的阴沉天气，它没有朋友，没有敌人，也不认自己的后代。如果它知道鹰和乌鸦跟随它是为了晚餐，它很可能会不满。但是獾天生就视力差，

how hawk and crow **dog** him for dinners, he would resent it. But the badger is not very well contrived for looking up or far to either side. Dull afternoons he may be met nosing a trail hot-foot to the home of ground rat or squirrel, and is with difficulty persuaded to give the right of way. The badger is a pot-hunter and no sportsman. Once at the hill, he dives for the central chamber, his sharp-clawed, splayey feet splashing up the sand like a bather in the surf. He is a swift trailer, but not so swift or secretive but some small sailing hawk or lazy crow, perhaps one or two of each, has spied upon him and come drifting down the wind to the killing.

No burrower is so unwise as not to have several exits from his dwelling under protecting shrubs. When the badger goes down, as many of the furry people as are not caught napping come up by the back doors, and the hawks make short work of them. I suspect that the crows get nothing but the gratification of curiosity and the pickings of some secret store of seeds unearthed by the badger. Once the **excavation** begins they walk about expectantly, but the little gray hawks beat slow circles about the doors of exit, and are wiser in their generation, though they do not look it.

There are always solitary hawks sailing above the mesa, and where some blue tower of silence lifts out of the neighboring range, an eagle hanging dizzily, and always buzzards high up in the thin, **translucent** air making a merry-go-round. Between the coyote and the birds of carrion the mesa is kept clear of miserable dead.

The wind, too, is a **besom** over the treeless spaces, whisking new sand over the litter of the scant-leaved shrubs, and the little doorways of the burrowers are as trim as city fronts. It takes man to leave unsightly scars on the face of the

dog

[dɒg]

v. 跟踪, 尾随

excavation

[ˌɛkskə'veɪʃən]

n. 挖掘

translucent

[trænz'luːsnt]

adj. 半透明的, 透明的

besom

[ˈbiːzəm]

n. 长扫帚

向上方和两侧都看不太远。沉闷的下午, 你会遇见它嗅着小路上还热着的脚印, 寻找地鼠或松鼠的家, 你很难使它让道。獾是无视狩猎规则的猎手, 不是运动员。有一次在山边, 它潜水回它的主巢穴, 它锋利的爪子、宽而扁平的脚, 把沙子扬了起来, 就像一个人在激流中洗澡。它是个敏捷的跟踪者, 但不那么迅速和隐秘, 飘荡的小鹰或懒惰的乌鸦, 也许各有一两只, 会侦察到它, 并随风扑下, 把它捕杀。

没有任何穴居动物愚蠢到不给自己留几个出口的, 它们居住在灌木的保护之下。獾来了的时候, 没有被捉到的打瞌睡的有毛动物会尽可能多地从后门逃跑, 而鹰就会把它们迅速解决掉。我怀疑乌鸦什么也得不到, 但是它们的好奇心得到了满足, 它们还能采到被獾掘出来的秘密储藏的种子。一旦獾开始挖掘, 它们就在周围充满期待地走动, 但是灰色的小鹰却在出口附近慢慢兜着圈子, 而且它们一代比一代聪明, 尽管它们自己不明白这点。

总会有孤独的鹰在台地上飘荡, 附近山脉上, 有蓝色高塔静静耸立之处, 一头大雕眩目地悬挂着, 空气稀薄、透明的高空, 总有红头美洲鹫在快乐地兜着圈子。在郊狼和食腐鸟之间, 台地上干干净净, 看不到任何悲惨的死尸。

在没有树木的空间里, 风, 也是一把扫帚, 它轻轻地把新鲜的沙子撒在乱糟糟光秃的灌木上, 让穴居动物的小门整齐得就像城市的正面。它让人无法在土地表面留下看得见的伤疤。在台

earth. Here on the mesa the abandoned campoodies of the Paiutes are spots of desolation long after the **wattles** of the huts have warped in the brush heaps. The campoodies are near the watercourses, but never in the swale of the stream. The Paiute seeks rising ground, depending on air and sun for purification of his dwelling, and when it becomes wholly **untenable**, moves.

A campoodie at noontime, when there is no smoke rising and no stir of life, resembles nothing so much as a collection of **prodigious** wasps' nests. The huts are squat and brown and chimneyless, facing east, and the inhabitants have the faculty of quail for making themselves scarce in the underbrush at the approach of strangers. But they are really not often at home during midday, only the blind and incompetent left to keep the camp. These are working hours, and all across the mesa one sees the women whisking seeds of **chia** into their spoon-shaped baskets, these emptied again into the huge conical carriers, supported on the shoulders by a leather band about the forehead.

Mornings and late afternoons one meets the men singly and afoot on unguessable errands, or riding shaggy, browbeaten ponies, with game slung across the saddle-bows. This might be deer or even antelope, rabbits, or, very far south towards Shoshone Land, lizards.

There are **myriads** of lizards on the mesa, little gray darts, or larger salmon-sided ones that may be found swallowing their skins in the safety of a prickly-bush in early spring. Now and then a palm's breadth of the trail gathers itself together and scurries off with a little rustle under the brush, to resolve itself into sand again. This is pure witchcraft. If you succeed in catching it in transit, it loses its power and becomes a flat,

wattle

[ˈwɒtl]

*n.* 枝条, 编条

untenable

[ˈʌnˈtenəbl]

*adj.* 不能维持的

prodigious

[prəˈdɪdʒəs]

*adj.* 巨大的

chia

[ˈtʃiːə]

*n.* [植] 芡欧鼠尾草

myriad

[ˈmɪrɪəd]

*adj.* 无数的

地, 派尤特人废弃已久的营地一片荒凉, 那些藤条小屋歪扭着, 被灌木丛包裹起来。营地靠近水道, 但从来不在河水留下的低洼地上。派尤特人寻找高地, 他们依靠风和太阳净化自己的居所, 一旦变得完全不适合居住, 就会搬家。

中午的营地, 如果没有炊烟升起, 没有生命的活动, 就酷似一堆巨大的黄蜂巢。棚屋低矮, 呈棕色, 没有烟囱, 正面朝东, 居民们天生就有鹌鹑的本领, 当有陌生人靠近时, 会躲在灌木丛中。白天的时候, 他们确实不常在家, 只有盲人和不称职的人留下来看守营地。白天是工作时间, 整个台地上都能看见妇女们把芡欧鼠尾草种子迅速塞进她们的勺形篮子里, 然后再倒入很大的圆锥形运输工具里, 那工具用一根绕在前额上的皮带勒着, 用双肩扛着。

早晨和下午, 你能遇见单独的徒步男子, 在忙着猜不出来的杂务, 或者是骑着多粗毛的、战战兢兢的小马, 鞍桥上横挂着猎物。那可能是鹿, 甚至有羚羊、兔子, 在靠近肖肖尼人土地的非常远的南方, 还会有蜥蜴。

台地上有无数的蜥蜴, 灰色的小蜥蜴, 或者侧面像鲑鱼的大些的。初春, 你能发现它们在安全的多刺灌木丛中吞食自己的皮。不时地, 有一根手掌宽的尾巴缩起来, 沙沙地响着, 迅速隐入灌木丛下面, 消失在沙子中。这是纯粹的巫术。如果它蜕皮时你能成功地抓到它, 那时它已失去了力量, 成了一个扁平、有角、蟾蜍一样的生

horned, toad-like creature, horrid-looking and harmless, of the color of the soil; and the curio dealer will give you two bits for it, to stuff.

Men have their season on the mesa as much as plants and four-footed things, and one is not like to meet them out of their time. For example, at the time of rodeos, which is perhaps April, one meets free riding **vaqueros** who need no trails and can find cattle where to the layman no cattle exist. As early as February bands of sheep work up from the south to the high Sierra pastures. It appears that shepherds have not changed more than sheep in the process of time. The shy hairy men who herd the tractile flocks might be, except for some added clothing, the very **brethren** of David. Of necessity they are hardy, simple livers, superstitious, fearful, given to seeing visions, and almost without speech. It needs the bustle of shearings and **copious** libations of sour, weak wine to restore the human faculty. Petite Pete, who works a circuit up from the Ceriso to Red Butte and around by way of Salt Flats, passes year by year on the mesa trail, his thick hairy chest thrown open to all weathers, twirling his long staff, and dealing brotherly with his dogs, who are possibly as intelligent, certainly handsomer.

A flock's journey is seven miles, ten if pasture fails, in a windless blur of dust, feeding as it goes, and resting at noons. Such hours Pete weaves a little screen of twigs between his head and the sun—the rest of him is as **impervious** as one of his own sheep—and sleeps while his dogs have the flocks upon their consciences. At night, wherever he may be, there Pete camps, and fortunate the trail-weary traveler who falls in with him. When the fire kindles

灵，样子可怕，实际上全然无害，呈现出土地的颜色；古董商人就会用两枚小钱买下，把它剥制成标本。

vaquero  
[væ'keɪrəʊ]  
n. 牧者

brethren  
['breðrən]  
n. 兄弟们, 同胞  
copious  
['kəʊpiəs]  
adj. 很多的, 丰富的

impervious  
[im'pə:vjəs]  
adj. 密封的

和植物、四足动物一样，台地上的人类也有自己的季节，时机如果不恰当，你很难遇见他们。例如，在放牧人竞技会上，那可能是在4月，你能遇见自由自在骑着马的牧牛人，他们不需要任何痕迹，就能在外行觉得根本没有牛存在的地方找到牛。早在2月份，从南方到高山牧场，羊群就开始兴奋起来。在时序的转变中，似乎牧羊人还没有羊群敏感呢。这些羞怯、多毛的男人，放牧着可以扩大的畜群，除了多了身衣服以外，也许就是大卫的同道。他们坚韧耐劳，生活简朴，满脑子迷信，容易害怕，常常看见幻象，几乎从不说话。需要剪剪毛发、多喝点酸东西和淡酒，才能恢复他们的人类能力。巡回放牧的珀蒂·皮特，从塞里索到红地垛，绕道盐沼，每年都要经过台地小径，他厚厚的毛蓬蓬的胸膛，无论什么天气都敞着，捻动着他的长棒子，兄弟一般地对待他的狗群，它们也许和他一样聪明，并且肯定比他漂亮。

羊群的路程是七英里，如果没有找到牧场，就要走十英里，在没有风也让一切模糊的灰尘中，边走边吃草，中午休息。这样的时刻，皮特就用嫩枝编一个小帽子戴在头上，挡住太阳——他身体的其余部分就和他的羊一样晒不透——他睡觉的时候，他的狗群就会尽责地守护着羊群。夜晚，无论他走到哪里，皮特就在哪里宿营，行旅疲惫的旅客，如果幸运，会偶然遇见他。当火

and savory meat seethes in the pot, when there is a drowsy blether from the flock, and far down the mesa the twilight twinkle of shepherd fires, when there is a hint of blossom underfoot and a heavenly whiteness on the hills, one harks back without effort to Judaea and the Nativity. But one feels by day anything but good will to note the shorn shrubs and cropped blossom-tops. So many seasons' effort, so many suns and rains to make a pound of wool! And then there is the loss of ground-inhabiting birds that must fail from the mesa when few herbs ripen seed.

Out West, the west of the mesas and the unpatented hills, there is more sky than any place in the world. It does not sit flatly on the rim of earth, but begins somewhere out in the space in which the earth is **poised**, hollows more, and is full of clean winey winds. There are some odors, too, that get into the blood. There is the spring smell of sage that is the warning that sap is beginning to work in a soil that looks to have none of the juices of life in it; it is the sort of smell that sets one thinking what a long furrow the plough would turn up here, the sort of smell that is the beginning of new leafage, is best at the plant's best, and leaves a **pungent** trail where wild cattle crop. There is the smell of sage at sundown, burning sage from campoodies and sheep camps, that travels on the thin blue wraiths of smoke; the kind of smell that gets into the hair and garments, is not much liked except upon long acquaintance, and every Paiute and shepherd smells of it indubitably. There is the palpable smell of the bitter dust that comes up from the alkali flats at the end of the dry seasons, and the smell of rain from the wide-mouthed cañons. And last the smell of the salt grass country, which is the beginning of other things that are the end of the mesa trail.



光点燃，香喷喷的肉在锅里翻腾，当羊群在昏昏欲睡中微微骚乱，远方台地闪耀着牧人微弱的火光，当脚下有开花的迹象，山冈上泛起天堂一般的白色，你很容易回到朱迪亚<sup>1</sup>，回到耶稣诞生的那一天。但是在白天，你所有的美好意愿就只是观察修剪过的灌木和收割过的花茎。这么多季节的努力，这么多的阳光和雨水，才能培养出一磅羊毛！而地面栖居的鸟类数量减少一定是因为台地上很少有种子能够成熟的草本植物。

向西，台地和不受专有权保护的山峦以西，有比世界上任何地方都广阔的天空。它不是沉闷地靠在地球边缘，而是在空间某处开始，地球就在这空间中平衡着，这天空更为广阔，充满了干净的带酒香的风。也有一些臭气进入血液。有春天鼠尾草的气味，那是在警告有树液在土壤中就要开始工作了，那土壤看起来好像根本没有任何生命的汁液；这种气味让人想起，犁铧会在这里翻出怎样长长的犁沟，这种气味是新叶在萌发，那是植物最好的部分，在野牛咀嚼过的地方留下辛辣的痕迹。有日落时分鼠尾草的气味，从营地和羊群栖息地传来燃烧鼠尾草的气味，它随着淡蓝色鬼魂般的烟雾飘荡；这种气味能进入头发和衣服里面，除非长时间已经习惯了，你不会太喜欢它，当然，每个派尤特人和牧人身上都散发着这种气味。干燥季节末尾，能够觉察到苦涩灰尘的气味从碱地传来，雨的气味则来自谷口宽阔的峡谷。最后是盐草的气味，那是台地小径的终点，是另一些事物的开始。

poise

[poiz]

v. 使平衡

pungent

['pʌndʒənt]

adj. 刺激性的，辛辣的

## The Basket Maker

"A man," says Seyavi of the campoodie, "must have a woman, but a woman who has a child will do very well."

That was perhaps why, when she lost her mate in the dying struggle of his race, she never took another, but set her wit to **fend** for herself and her young son. No doubt she was often put to it in the beginning to find food for them both. The Paiutes had made their last stand at the border of the Bitter Lake; battle-driven they died in its waters, and the land filled with cattle-men and adventurers for gold; this while Seyavi and the boy lay up in the **caverns** of the Black Rock and ate tule roots and fresh-water clams that they dug out of the slough bottoms with their toes. In the interim, while the tribes swallowed their defeat, and before the rumor of war died out, they must have come very near to the bare core of things. That was the time Seyavi learned the sufficiency of mother wit, and how much more easily one can do without a man than might at first be supposed.

To understand the fashion of any life, one must know the land it is lived in and the procession of the year. This valley is a narrow one, a mere **trough** between hills, a draught for storms, hardly a crow's flight from the sharp Sierras of the Snows to the curled, red and ochre, uncomforted, bare ribs

## 编篮子的人

“一个男人，”营地的赛雅韦说，“必须有女人，可一个女人有孩子就很好了。”

也许就是这个原因，当她在部落的垂死斗争中失去了她的配偶，她没有再找一个男人，而是把她的心志用来保护自己和她的年幼的儿子。无疑，在一开始，她经常要被迫为他们两人寻找食物。派尤特人在“苦湖”边界建立了他们最后的根据地；他们战死在水里，土地上满是牧牛人和寻找金子的冒险者：这时，赛雅韦和她的儿子就藏在黑岩的大山洞里，吃曲尔百合花根和他们用脚趾从泥塘底挖出来的淡水蛤。在过渡时期，当每个部落忍受着各自的失败，在战争的谣言平息之前，他们一定非常靠近事物赤裸的核心。就在那段时间，赛雅韦学会了为人母的足够的技巧，没有男人，一个女人的生活要比最初预想的容易得多。

要理解任何一种生活方式，你必须了解人们所生活的土地，以及岁月的进程。这座峡谷非常狭窄，仅仅是山间的一道槽谷，几场风暴就能把它填满，几乎没有一只乌鸦从锋利的内华达雪山飞到光秃卷曲、红色和赭石色的、不舒服的瓦班

fend

[fend]

*v.* 保护, 谋生

cavern

['kævən]

*n.* 巨洞, 深处

trough

['trɔ:f]

*n.* 槽, 水槽

of Waban. Midway of the groove runs a burrowing, dull river, nearly a hundred miles from where it cuts the lava flats of the north to its widening in a thick, tideless pool of a lake. Hereabouts the ranges have no foothills, but rise up steeply from the bench lands above the river. Down from the Sierras, for the east ranges have almost no rain, pour glancing white floods toward the lowest land, and all beside them lie the campoodies, brown wattled brush heaps, looking east.

In the river are mussels, and reeds that have edible white roots, and in the soddy meadows tubers of joint grass; all these at their best in the spring. On the slope the summer growth affords seeds; up the steep the one-leaved pines, an oily nut. That was really all they could depend upon, and that only at the mercy of the little gods of frost and rain. For the rest it was cunning against cunning, caution against skill, against quacking hordes of wild-fowl in the tulares, against pronghorn and bighorn and deer. You can guess, however, that all this warring of rifles and bowstrings, this influx of overlording whites, had made game wilder and hunters fearful of being hunted. You can surmise also, for it was a crude time and the land was raw, that the women became in turn the game of the conquerors.

There used to be in the Little Antelope a she dog, stray or outcast, that had a litter in some forsaken lair, and ranged and foraged for them, slinking savage and afraid, remembering and mistrusting humankind, wistful, lean, and sufficient for her young. I have thought Seyavi might have had days like that, and have had perfect leave to think, since she will not talk of it. Paiutes have the art of reducing life to its lowest ebb and yet saving it alive on grasshoppers, lizards,

的肋骨上。山谷中间，流着一条挖出的、沉闷的河，几乎有一百英里长，越来越宽，从北方的熔岩平原开始，一直流向一个浑浊的没有潮汐的湖。在这一带，山脉没有山麓，而是从河边的阶地笔直耸起。因为东部的山脉几乎从不下雨，白色洪水就从内华达山脉迅速地倾泻而下，涌向地势最低处，在这一切的旁边就坐落着营地，棕色的藤条棚屋拥挤在一起，朝向东方。

soddy

['sɒdi]

adj. 草皮的

oily

['ɔili]

adj. 油的，油滑的

河里有河蚌，有根可食用的白色芦苇，在草地上有木贼属植物的块茎；这些东西春天时最好。山坡上有夏天赐予的种子；陡峭的坡顶有单叶松，多油的坚果。他们真正能够依赖的就是这些，那也需要霜、雨的小神灵的怜悯。其他的就是狡猾对狡猾，谨慎对技巧，对付樱桃树上成群嘎嘎叫的野禽，对付叉角羚、盘羊和鹿。然而，你能猜出来，这些东西引来了步枪和弓箭，白人超负荷的涌入，已经使猎物的范围放宽，让狩猎者害怕自己被捕猎。你还能猜到，因为这是个残忍的时代，土地原始，女人就成了统治者的猎物。

surmise

['sə:maɪz]

v. 猜测

在“小羚羊”，过去有一条母狗，迷路了或是被抛弃了，住在一个被遗弃的巢穴里，到处漫游，翻寻垃圾，偷偷摸摸地走路，野蛮而胆怯，认得人，但不信任人，愁眉苦脸，瘦骨嶙峋，但对它的孩子却很尽职。我想，赛雅韦可能就有过类似的日子，她完全有权利这么想，既然她不会再谈起它。派尤特人拥有把生命缩减到最低潮但仍能靠蚂蚱、蜥蜴和奇怪草药救活自己的本领；

and strange herbs; and that time must have left no shift untried. It lasted long enough for Seyavi to have evolved the philosophy of life which I have set down at the beginning. She had gone beyond learning to do for her son, and learned to believe it worth while.

In our kind of society, when a woman **ceases** to alter the fashion of her hair, you guess that she has passed the crisis of her experience. If she goes on crimping and uncrimping with the changing mode, it is safe to suppose she has never come up against anything too big for her. The Indian woman gets nearly the same personal note in the pattern of her baskets. Not that she does not make all kinds, carriers, water-bottles, and cradles, —these are kitchen **ware**, —but her works of art are all of the same piece. Seyavi made flaring, flat-bottomed bowls, cooking pots really, when cooking was done by dropping hot stones into water-tight food baskets, and for decoration a design in colored bark of the procession of plumed crests of the valley quail. In this pattern she had made cooking pots in the golden spring of her wedding year, when the quail went up two and two to their resting places about the foot of Oppapago. In this fashion she made them when, after **pillage**, it was possible to **reinstate** the housewifely crafts. Quail ran then in the Black Rock by hundreds, —so you will still find them in fortunate years, —and in the famine time the women cut their long hair to make snares when the flocks came morning and evening to the springs.

Seyavi made baskets for love and sold them for money, in a generation that preferred iron pots for **utility**. Every Indian woman is an artist, —sees, feels, creates, but does not philosophize about her processes. Seyavi's bowls are wonders of technical precision, inside and out, the palm finds

cease

[si:s]

v. 停止, 终了

ware

[weə]

n. 陶器, 器皿

pillage

['pɪlɪdʒ]

v. 掠夺

reinstate

['ri:ɪn'steɪt]

v. 恢复

utility

[ju:'tɪlɪti]

n. 效用, 有用

那一定是别无选择的时刻。这样的日子对于赛雅韦来说持续得太久了, 以致她发展出了一种我从一开始就记录下来的生活哲学。为了她的儿子, 她已经无师自通, 并学会了相信它的价值。

在我们的社会中, 如果一个女人不再改变她的发型, 你会猜测她已经渡过了她所经历的危机。如果她继续改变发型, 你就可以安全地猜测, 她从来没有遭遇到太大的事情。印第安妇女在篮子的式样上表现出几乎同样的个人标记。她什么都编, 运输工具, 水瓶, 摇篮, 厨房用具——而且这些东西同时也是她的艺术作品。赛雅韦制作艳丽的平底碗, 实际上是烹饪的锅, 做完饭就把灼热的石头丢到防水的食物篮里, 还装饰了山鹑羽毛和彩色树皮组成的图案。在她成亲的那个金色春天, 她用这种图案制作了很多烹饪的锅, 那时, 鹌鹑成双结对走向它们在奥帕帕戈的休息地。在掠夺之后, 能够恢复家庭主妇的手艺之时, 她把它们做成这种样式。那时, 鹌鹑成百成百地在黑岩奔跑——在幸运的年份, 你还能发现它们——而在饥荒的年代, 当大群鹌鹑在黎明和黄昏来到泉边, 妇女们把她们的长发剪下, 编成罗网。

在一个为了实用而更喜欢铁锅的时代, 赛雅韦编篮子是出于热爱, 卖篮子是为了钱。每一个印第安女人都是艺术家——观看, 感觉, 创造, 但从不对她的工艺进行理性思考。赛雅韦的碗是技术精密的奇迹, 里面和外观, 用手摸去发现不

no fault with them, but the subtlest appeal is in the sense that warns us of humanness in the way the design spreads into the flare of the bowl. There used to be an Indian woman at Olancha who made bottle-neck trinket baskets in the rattlesnake pattern, and could accommodate the design to the swelling bowl and flat shoulder of the basket without sensible disproportion, and so cleverly that you might own one a year without thinking how it was done; but Seyavi's baskets had a touch beyond cleverness. The weaver and the warp lived next to the earth and were saturated with the same elements. Twice a year, in the time of white butterflies and again when young quail ran neck and neck in the chaparral, Seyavi cut willows for **basketry** by the creek where it wound toward the river against the sun and sucking winds. It never quite reached the river except in far-between times of summer flood, but it always tried, and the willows encouraged it as much as they could. You nearly always found them a little farther down than the trickle of eager water. The Paiute fashion of counting time appeals to me more than any other calendar. They have no stamp of heathen gods nor great ones, nor any succession of moons as have red men of the East and North, but count forward and back by the progress of the season; the time of taboo, before the trout begin to leap, the end of the pinon harvest, about the beginning of deep snows. So they get nearer the sense of the season, which runs early or late according as the rains are forward or delayed. But whenever Seyavi cut willows for baskets was always a golden time, and the soul of the weather went into the wood. If you had ever owned one of Seyavi's golden **russet** cooking bowls with the pattern of plumed quail, you would understand all this without saying anything.



flare

[flɛə]

n. 展开, 打开

basketry

['bɑ:skɪtri]

n. 篮筐

russet

['rʌsɪt]

adj. 金黄色的

了任何瑕疵，而最为微妙的感染力在于一种感觉，它用碗上展开的华丽图案向我们提示着人性。奥兰查曾经有一个印第安女人，她能做有响尾蛇图案的瓶颈口似的装饰用小篮子，还能让这种图案适应鼓胀的碗和平扁的篮子，不会觉察到一点不匀称，巧妙得你可能放了一年也没有想到它是怎么做出来的；但是赛雅韦的篮子除了巧妙，还别有动人之处。编织者和藤条都是靠近土地生活的，都浸透了同样的元素。一年两次，一次是白蝴蝶出现的时候，另一次是年轻的鹌鹑并排在灌木丛中奔跑的时候，赛雅韦在小溪边割柳条，准备编篮子，这条小溪朝向河的方向而去，是为了抵抗太阳和吮吸的风。它从来没有非常靠近河流，除了在夏天罕见的发洪水的时候，但是它总是在尝试，而柳树尽己所能地鼓励它。你几乎总能发现它们比那热切的小溪更靠前一点。派尤特人计算时间的方式比任何其他日历都更吸引我。他们没有任何种类的异教神祇或伟大的神明，也没有东部和北方红人的那种月相；鳟鱼开始跳跃之前是禁忌的时间，矮松果收获结束，大约就是大雪开始落下的时候。所以他们对季节的感觉更准，季节的早晚就和雨水的提前和推后一样。但是，赛雅韦割柳条准备编篮子的时候总是黄金时代，天气的灵魂融进了树木之中。如果你曾经拥有一只赛雅韦编制的金黄色饭碗，带有鹌鹑羽毛的图案，什么都不用说，你就会明白这一切。

Before Seyavi made baskets for the satisfaction of desire, —for that is a house-bred theory of art that makes anything more of it, —she danced and dressed her hair. In those days, when the spring was at flood and the blood pricked to the mating fever, the maids chose their flowers, wreathed themselves, and danced in the twilights, young desire crying out to young desire. They sang what the heart prompted, what the flower expressed, what boded in the mating weather.

“And what flower did you wear, Seyavi? ”

“I, ah, —the white flower of twining (clematis), on my body and my hair, and so I sang: —

*I am the white flower of twining,  
Little white flower by the river,  
Oh, flower that twines close by the river;  
Oh, trembling flower!  
So trembles the maiden heart.”*

So sang Seyavi of the campoodie before she made baskets, and in her later days laid her arms upon her knees and laughed in them at the recollection. But it was not often she would say so much, never understanding the keen hunger I had for bits of lore and the “fool talk” of her people. She had fed her young son with meadowlarks’ tongues, to make him quick of speech; but in late years was loath to admit it, though she had come through the period of unfaith in the lore of the clan with a fine appreciation of its beauty and significance.

“What good will your dead get, Seyavi, of the baskets you burn? ” said I, coveting them for my own collection.

赛雅韦在为了满足欲望编制篮子之前——因为那是家庭培育出的艺术理论，它使任何事物都具有超出自身的意义——她要跳舞，梳头。那些日子里，泉水正在泛滥，血液为交合的兴奋而高涨，少女们选择自己的鲜花，亲手编成花环，在黄昏中舞蹈，年轻的欲望召唤着年轻的欲望。她们歌唱心灵所激励的、鲜花所表达的、交合的天气所预示的一切。

“你戴什么花，赛雅韦？”

“我，哦——缠绕的白色铁线莲，身上和头发上，我还要唱——

我是缠绕的白花，  
河边的小白花，  
啊，在河边紧紧缠绕的花；  
啊，颤抖的花！  
少女的心也这般颤抖。”

recollection

[ˌrekəˈleɪʃən]

n. 回忆, 记忆

loath

[ləʊθ]

adj. 不情愿的, 勉强的

covet

['kʌvɪt]

v. 垂涎, 觊觎

在开始编篮子之前，营地的赛雅韦就这样歌唱着，后来每当回忆起来时，她都会把双手放在膝盖上，把脸埋在手心里大笑。但是她往往不会说这么多，她从来不明白我为什么这么渴望一星半点的知识和她族人“愚蠢的谈话”。她给她年幼的儿子吃草地鹑的舌头，让他敏于言谈；但是后来又不喜欢承认这个，尽管她经过了对民族的知识不信任的阶段，也很是欣赏它的美和意义。

“赛雅韦，你把篮子烧掉，你的死者能从中得到什么好处呢？”我说，妄想着把它们变为我的收藏。

Thus Seyavi, "As much good as yours of the flowers you strew."

Oppapago looks on Waban, and Waban on Coso and the Bitter Lake, and the campoodie looks on these three; and more, it sees the beginning of winds along the foot of Coso, the gathering of clouds behind the high ridges, the spring flush, the soft spread of wild almond bloom on the mesa. These first, you understand, are the Paiute's walls, the other his furnishings. Not the wattled hut is his home, but the land, the winds, the hill front, the stream. These he cannot duplicate at any **furbisher's** shop as you who live within doors, who, if your purse allows, may have the same home at Sitka and Samarcand. So you see how it is that the homesickness of an Indian is often unto death, since he gets no relief from it; neither wind nor weed nor sky-line, nor any aspect of the hills of a strange land sufficiently like his own. So it was when the government reached out for the Paiutes, they gathered into the Northern Reservation only such poor tribes as could devise no other end of their affairs. Here, all along the river, and south to Shoshone Land, live the clans who owned the earth, fallen into the **deplorable** condition of hangers-on. Yet you hear them laughing at the hour when they draw in to the campoodie after labor, when there is a smell of meat and the steam of the cooking pots goes up against the sun. Then the children lie with their toes in the ashes to hear tales; then they are merry, and have the joys of **repletion** and the nearness of their kind. They have their hills, and though jostled are sufficiently free to get some fortitude for what will come. For now you shall hear of the end of the basket maker.

In her best days Seyavi was most like Deborah, deep bosomed, broad in the hips, quick in counsel, slow of

赛雅韦这么回答：“和你撒鲜花一样的好处。”

奥帕帕戈注视着瓦班，瓦班注视着科索和“苦湖”，而营地注视着这三者；而且，它也看见了科索脚下开始刮起的风，高高的山脉后聚集的云彩，春天的激流，台地上柔和蔓延的野杏树花。你明白，这些首先是派尤特人的墙，然后是他的家具。枝条搭起的小屋不是他的家，他的家是土地，风，山峦，溪流。他不能在任何抛光工的商店复制这一切，就像住在室内的你，你，如果你的钱包允许，能在锡特卡和萨马坎德拥有一模一样的家。所以你明白，一个印第安人往往至死都会思念自己的家乡，因为他无法摆脱它；陌生土地上的风、青草、地平线、山峦的样子，都无法和他的家乡足够相像。所以，当政府争取派尤特人时，他们聚集到了北方的保留地，只有贫困得想不出任何办法的部落才会如此。这里，沿着河边，肖肖尼人的土地以南，居住着拥有土地却堕落到可悲的扈从处境的氏族。但是，在劳动之后，当他们回到营地的时候，当肉味和锅里的蒸汽向太阳升起时，你依然能听到他们的笑声。然后是孩子们躺在地上，把脚趾伸在灰烬里听故事；然后他们快乐开怀，为填饱了肚子，为有同类在身边而快乐。他们拥有自己的山峦，其次是有足够的自由获得应付未来的坚忍。至于现在，你将听到编篮子的人的结局。

在她最美好的时日里，赛雅韦最像底波拉<sup>1</sup>，深胸，宽臀，判断谨慎，语言迟钝，受族人的尊

ridge

[ridʒ]

n. 山脉

furber

n. 抛光工，磨工

deplorable

[di'plɔ:rəbl]

adj. 可叹的

repletion

[ri'pli:fən]

n. 充满，饱满

speech, esteemed of her people. This was that Seyavi who reared a man by her own hand, her own wit, and none other. When the townspeople began to take note of her—and it was some years after the war before there began to be any towns—she was then in the quick maturity of primitive women; but when I knew her she seemed already old. Indian women do not often live to great age, though they look incredibly steeped in years. They have the wit to win sustenance from the raw material of life without intervention, but they have not the sleek look of the women whom the social organization conspires to nourish. Seyavi had somehow squeezed out of her daily round a spiritual ichor that kept the skill in her knotted fingers along after the accustomed time, but that also failed. By all counts she would have been about sixty years old when it came her turn to sit in the dust on the sunny side of the wickiup, with little strength left for anything but looking. And in time she paid the toll of the smoky huts and became blind. This is a thing so long expected by the Paiutes that when it comes they find it neither bitter nor sweet, but tolerable because common. There were three other blind women in the campoodie, withered fruit on a bough, but they had memory and speech. By noon of the sun there were never any left in the campoodie but these or some mother of wearlings, and they sat to keep the ashes warm upon the hearth. If it were cold, they burrowed in the blankets of the hut; if it were warm, they followed the shadow of the wickiup around. Stir much out of their places they hardly dared, since one might not help another; but they called, in high, old cracked voices, gossip and reminder across the ash heaps.

Then, if they have your speech or you theirs, and have an hour to spare, there are things to be learned of life not set

primitive

['prɪtɪv]

adj. 原始的, 质朴的

sustenance

['sʌstɪnəns]

n. 食物, 生计

wickiup

['wikiʌp]

n. 窝棚

敬。就是这样一个赛雅韦, 用自己的手和智慧养育了一个男人, 别无其他。当镇上的人开始注意到她时——那是在战争过去几年以后——她那时正在迅速发育成质朴的女人; 但是我认识她的时候, 她似乎已经老了。印第安妇女的寿命往往不是很长, 尽管她们仿佛不可思议地浸透了岁月。她们有能力不受干预地从生活原材料中获得营养, 但她们没有社会组织协力滋养的女人的那种光洁外观。不知怎么, 赛雅韦从日常活动中榨取了一种精神之血, 让她的手指在久已习惯之后仍能保持编织技巧, 但是那也失败了。当轮到她坐在圆锥形棚屋朝阳一面的灰尘中, 剩下的力气什么都做不了只能观望的时候, 她可能已经六十岁了。这时她也受到了烟雾腾腾的棚屋的危害, 成了瞎子。这样的事情派尤特人盼望已久, 当它降临时, 他们发现它既不痛苦, 也不甜蜜, 而是由于普遍而可以忍受。营地里还有三个瞎女人, 一根枝上枯萎的果实, 但是她们有记忆和语言。阳光明媚的中午, 营地除了这些瞎女人和一位刚断奶的婴儿的母亲, 就没有人留下了, 她们坐着, 让炉子里的灰烬保持温暖。天冷的时候, 她们会钻到棚屋的毯子里; 如果天暖和, 她们就随着棚屋的阴影移动。她们几乎不敢离开自己的地方太远, 因为可能谁也帮不了谁; 但是她们彼此呼唤, 声音很高, 苍老而粗哑, 她们隔着灰堆闲谈, 彼此提示。

那么, 如果她们拥有你的语言, 或者是你拥有她们的语言, 并且有一小时的空闲, 你就会学

down in any books, folk tales, famine tales, love and long-suffering and desire, but no **whimpering**. Now and then one or another of the blind keepers of the camp will come across to where you sit gossiping, tapping her way among the kitchen middens, guided by your voice that carries far in the clearness and stillness of mesa afternoons. But suppose you find Seyavi retired into the privacy of her blanket, you will get nothing for that day. There is no other privacy possible in a campoodie. All the processes of life are carried on out of doors or behind the thin, twig-woven walls of the wickiup, and laughter is the only corrective for behavior. Very early the Indian learns to possess his countenance in **impassivity**, to cover his head with his blanket. Something to wrap around him is as necessary to the Paiute as to you your closet to pray in.

So in her blanket Seyavi, sometime basket maker, sits by the unlit hearths of her tribe and digests her life, nourishing her spirit against the time of the spirit's need, for she knows in fact quite as much of these matters as you who have a larger hope, though she has none but the certainty that having borne herself courageously to this end she will not be reborn a coyote.



whimper

['(h)wɪmpə]

v. 呜咽, 哀诉

impassivity

n. 平静, 泰然自若

到很多有关生活的事情, 任何书本中都没有记录的东西, 民间故事, 饥荒故事, 爱情和长期的痛苦, 以及欲望, 但是没有哭诉。不时地, 营地的这些盲人守护者中的一位会走到你坐的地方来闲聊, 啪嗒啪嗒地穿过贝丘, 被你的声音引导着, 这声音在台地下午的晴朗和寂静中传得很远。但是假如你发现赛雅韦在她的毯子里躲清静, 那一天你就什么都得不到。营地里不可能有其他清静之地。生活的所有过程都在户外进行, 或是在薄薄的、枝条编织的棚屋墙壁之后, 而笑声是唯一能纠正行为的东西。印第安人很早就学会了让自己的脸上没有表情, 把脑袋蒙在毯子里。对于派尤特人来说, 有什么东西裹着他, 就和你要有密室来祈祷一样必要。

于是, 在她的毯子里, 赛雅韦, 这曾经的编篮子的巧匠, 坐在她部落没有点燃的炉边, 用灵魂所需要的时间来滋养她的灵魂, 事实上, 她和更有希望的你同样了解这些事情, 尽管她什么都没有, 除了确信她不会转世成郊狼, 这种信念勇敢地支撑她走到最后。

## The Streets of the Mountains

All streets of the mountains lead to the **citadel**; steep or slow they go up to the core of the hills. Any trail that goes elsewhere must dip and cross, sidle and take chances. Rifts of the hills open into each other, and the high meadows are often wide enough to be called valleys by courtesy; but one keeps this distinction in mind, —valleys are the sunken places of the earth, cañons are scored out by the glacier ploughs of God. They have a better name in the Rockies for these hill-fenced open glades of pleasantness; they call them parks. Here and there in the hill country one comes upon blind gullies fronted by high stony barriers. These head also for the heart of the mountains; their **distinction** is that they never get anywhere.

All mountain streets have streams to thread them, or deep **grooves** where a stream might run. You would do well to avoid that range uncomforted by singing floods. You will find it forsaken of most things but beauty and madness and death and God. Many such lie east and north away from the mid Sierras, and quicken the imagination with the sense of purposes not revealed, but the ordinary traveler brings nothing away from them but an intolerable thirst.

The river cañons of the Sierras of the Snows are better worth while than most Broadways, though the choice of them

## 山中街市

citadel

[ˈsɪtədəl]

n. 根据地, 大本营

distinction

[dɪs'tɪŋkʃən]

n. 区别, 差别

groove

[ɡru:v]

n. 沟, 槽

山中的所有街道都通往城堡; 陡峭、迂缓, 它们向群山中心上升。走别处的小径你可能要浸水, 穿越, 侧身而行, 冒风险。山的裂口彼此相通, 高处的草地往往宽得可以被大家称作山谷; 但是你心里知道其中的差别——山谷是大地下陷而成, 峡谷是上帝的冰川之犁划出来的。落基山脉中, 这些群山围绕的开阔地令人愉快, 它们有更好听的名字; 人们叫它们公园。山野中, 你到处能遇见令人目眩的隘谷, 前面是高高的石头屏障。这些隘谷也通向群山, 但区别在于它们永远抵达不了任何地方。

所有的山中街道都有溪流贯穿, 或者是可能有溪水流淌的深沟。你最好是避开被歌唱的洪水弄得很不舒服的山脉。你会发现它屏弃了大多数的事物, 除了美、疯狂、死亡和上帝。许多这样的山脉位于内华达山中部以东和以北的地方, 它们用还没有展露的目的感刺激着想象, 但是普通旅行者从中得不到任何东西, 只有不可忍受的干渴。

内华达雪山的河谷比大多数百老汇式的街道都有价值, 尽管对它们的选择就和选择街道一

is like the choice of streets, not very well determined by their names. There is always an amount of local history to be read in the names of mountain highways where one touches the successive waves of occupation or discovery, as in the old villages where the neighborhoods are not built but grow. Here you have the Spanish Californian in Cero Gordo and pinon; Symmes and Shepherd, pioneers both; Tunawai, probably Shoshone; Oak Creek, Kearsarge, —easy to fix the date of that christening, —Tinpah, Paiute that; Mist Canon and Paddy Jack's. The streets of the west Sierras sloping toward the San Joaquin are long and winding, but from the east, my country, a day's ride carries one to the lake regions. The next day reaches the passes of the high divide, but whether one gets passage depends a little on how many have gone that road before, and much on one's own powers. The passes are steep and windy ridges, though not the highest. By two and three thousand feet the snow-caps overtop them. It is even possible to wind through the Sierras without having passed above timber-line, but one misses a great **exhilaration**.

The shape of a new mountain is roughly **pyramidal**, running out into long shark-finned ridges that interfere and merge into other thunder-splintered sierras. You get the saw-tooth effect from a distance, but the near-by **granite** bulk glitters with the terrible keen polish of old glacial ages. I say terrible; so it seems. When those glossy domes swim into the alpenglow, wet after rain, you conceive how long and imperturbable are the purposes of God.

Never believe what you are told, that midsummer is the best time to go up the streets of the mountain—well—perhaps for the merely idle or sportsmanly or scientific; but for seeing and understanding, the best time is when you have the

样，不完全是由它们的名字来决定的。总是有一些人会因为山中公路的名字而去读当地史志，在那里你能接触到连续不断的占领或发现的浪潮，就像在古老的村庄，它的邻里情谊不是建立起来的，而是生长出来的。在这里，塞罗戈多有西班牙裔加利福尼亚人；赛密斯和谢泼德，两者都是先锋；图那威，可能是肖肖尼人；橡树溪，基萨奇——很容易确定命名的日期——汀帕，那是派尤特人；薄雾峡谷和帕迪·杰克。内华达西侧山脉的街道向圣华金倾斜延伸，长而曲折，但是从东边，我的土地上，骑马走一天就能抵达湖区。第二天抵达高高分开的垭口，但是否能通过，很少取决于那条路你以前走过多少次，而大部分取决于你的体力。垭口是陡峭而曲折的山脊，尽管不是最高的。两三千英尺以上都覆盖着白雪。甚至能够曲折穿过内华达山脉，而无需从林木线以上经过，但是那样你就会错过极大的乐趣。

新形成的山状如粗糙的金字塔，蔓延成鲨鱼鳍一样长长的山脊，与其他雷霆劈裂的山脉交叉、融和。从远处看，它们呈锯齿状，但是附近的花岗岩却闪耀着古代冰川纪那强烈而恐怖的色彩。我说是恐怖；它也显得仿佛如此。当那些光滑的圆顶在霞彩中游弋，在雨后变得潮湿，你可以设想，上帝的意图是多么长久而沉着。

永远不要相信别人告诉你的事，仲夏是去山中街道的最好时机——也许仅仅是闲逛，运动，或是科学考察；但是，要想观察和理解，最好的时机是你能停留最久的时候。如果你想尝试最为

exhilaration

[ɪgˌzɪlə'reɪʃən]

n. 令人高兴，愉快

pyramidal

[pi'ræmɪdɪl]

adj. 金字塔形的，锥体的

granite

['grænɪt]

n. 花岗岩

longest leave to stay. And here is a hint if you would attempt the stateliest approaches; travel light, and as much as possible live off the land. **Mulligatawny** soup and tinned lobster will not bring you the favor of the woodlanders.

Every cañon commends itself for some particular pleasantness; this for pines, another for trout, one for pure bleak beauty of granite buttresses, one for its far-flung irised falls; and as I say, though some are easier going, leads each to the cloud shouldering citadel. First, near the cañon mouth you get the low-heading full-branched, one-leaf pines. That is the sort of tree to know at sight, for the **globose**, resin-dripping cones have palatable, nourishing kernels, the main harvest of the Paiutes. That perhaps accounts for their growing accommodately below the limit of deep snows, grouped sombrely on the valleyward slopes. The real procession of the pines begins in the rifts with the long-leafed *Pinus jeffreyi*, sighing its soul away upon the wind. And it ought not to sigh in such good company. Here begins the manzanita, adjusting its **tortuous** stiff stems to the sharp waste of boulders, its pale olive leaves twisting edgewise to the sleek, ruddy, chestnut stems; begins also the meadowsweet, burnished laurel, and the million unregarded trumpets of the coral-red pentstemon. Wild life is likely to be busiest about the lower pine borders. One looks in hollow trees and hiving rocks for wild honey. The drone of bees, the chatter of jays, the hurry and stir of squirrels, is incessant; the air is odorous and hot. The roar of the stream fills up the morning and evening intervals, and at night the deer feed in the buckthorn thickets. It is worth watching the year round in the **purlieus** of the long-leafed pines. One month or another you set sight or trail of most roving mountain dwellers as they follow the limit of forbidding

mulligatawny

[ˈmʌlɪgəˈtɔːni]

n. 咖喱肉汤

globose

[ˈglɔːbəʊs]

adj. 球状的, 球形的

purlieu

[ˈpɜːljʊː]

n. 边缘地区, 邻近地区

庄重地靠近它，这里有一个提示——轻装旅行，尽可能靠土地生活。咖喱鸡汤和罐装龙虾是不会给你带来林地居民的帮助的。

每条峡谷都以其独特的怡人之处给人好印象：有的是松树，有的是鳟鱼，有的是花岗岩拱壁纯净寒冷的美，有的是向远处倾泻的闪耀虹彩的瀑布；如我所言，尽管有些峡谷比较容易行走，但每一条都通向云雾笼罩的城堡。首先，在谷口附近，你看见低矮的、树枝茂密的单叶松。这种松树一看见就能认识，因为它的球形松果滴着松脂，果仁味美、富有营养，是派尤特人主要的收成。那也许说明了为什么它们适合生长在深雪线以下，阴沉地聚集在峡谷的斜坡上。裂口里真正的松树行列是以长叶的杰弗里松开始的，在风中，它的灵魂叹息悲鸣着。有这么好的伙伴不应该叹息。在这里，熊果树开始出现，它弯曲而坚硬的树枝依据锋利的砾石滩而调整，它灰橄榄色的树叶缠绕在光滑、红色的栗树枝上；这里也有绣线菊，光滑的月桂树，红珊瑚色的钓钟柳那无数不受人注意的小喇叭。野生动物活动最频繁的是在松树线以下。在中空的树上和有蜂窝的岩石中你能找到野蜜。蜜蜂的嗡鸣，松鸦的喊喳，松鼠的匆忙和兴奋，无休无止，从不中断；空气芳香而灼热。溪流的水声充满了早晨和黄昏，夜里，鹿在鼠李丛中吃草。在长叶松附近，最适合观察岁序的循环。在一两个月内，你能看见或追踪到大多数漫游的山地动物，它们沿令人生畏的

snows, and more bloom than you can properly appreciate.

Whatever goes up or comes down the streets of the mountains, water has the right of way; it takes the lowest ground and the shortest passage. Where the rifts are narrow, and some of the Sierra cañons are not a stone's throw from wall to wall, the best trail for foot or horse winds considerably above the watercourses; but in a country of cone-bearers there is usually a good strip of swardy sod along the cañon floor. Pine woods, the short-leafed Balfour and Murryana of the high Sierras, are sombre, rooted in the litter of a thousand years, hushed, and corrective to the spirit. The trail passes insensibly into them from the black pines and a thin belt of firs. You look back as you rise, and strain for glimpses of the tawny valley, blue glints of the Bitter Lake, and tender cloud films on the farther ranges. For such pictures the pine branches make a noble frame. Presently they close in wholly; they draw mysteriously near, covering your tracks, giving up the trail indifferently, or with a secret grudge. You get a kind of impatience with their locked ranks, until you come out lastly on some high, windy dome and see what they are about. They troop thickly up the open ways, river banks, and brook borders; up open swales of dribbling springs; swarm over old moraines; circle the peaty swamps and part and meet about clean still lakes; scale the stony gullies; tormented, bowed, persisting to the door of the storm chambers, tall priests to pray for rain. The spring winds lift clouds of pollen dust, finer than frankincense, and trail it out over high altars, staining the snow.

No doubt they understand this work better than we; in fact they know no other. "Come," say the churches of the



雪线而行，你也能比平时欣赏到更多的野花。

在山中街道上，无论是向上还是向下，水的路线都是最正确的；它选择最低的地方和最短的路线。裂口狭窄之处，以及山脉的峡谷不过一投石宽的地方，徒步或骑马的最好路径是沿着水道蜿蜒而行；但是在结球果的地方，峡谷底通常也会有很长的草皮地带。松林，高高的内华达山脉的短叶贝尔福松和黑松，阴沉暗淡，扎根在千年的废物之中，沉默不语，对灵魂有纠正作用。道路从黑松林和一窄条的枞树林中延伸而来，不知不觉地从中穿过。当你站起身，努力向后回望，你看见棕黄色的山谷，“苦湖”的蓝色波光，更远山脉上温柔的云翳。而松枝为这幅画面镶上了庄严的画框。现在它们完全闭合起来；它们不可思议地靠在一起，遮蔽你的道路，满不在乎地让出道路，或是怀着一种秘密的不舍之情。你对它们封锁的队列感到不耐，直到你终于走出来，来到高处，在有风的圆顶上，才能明白它们要干什么。它们密集地向开阔的方向进军，向河岸与溪流边缘；向清泉流淌的开阔的洼地蔓延；密集地越过古老的冰碛；围绕着泥炭沼泽，在清澈、宁静的湖边，时而靠近，时而远离；在多石的溪谷攀登；这些高高的牧师，饱受折磨，但依然朝向风暴之门，鞠躬，祈雨。春风撩起花粉的云彩，比乳香更浓烈，并把它撒在高高的祭坛上，在雪上留下印记。

无疑，它们明白这工作比我们做得更好；事实上，它们别的都不知道。“来吧，”山谷的教

moraine

[mɔ'rein]

n. 冰碛

valleys, after a season of dry years, "let us pray for rain." They would do better to plant more trees.

It is a pity we have let the gift of lyric improvisation die out. Sitting islanded on some gray peak above the encompassing wood, the soul is lifted up to sing the *Iliad* of the pines. They have no voice but the wind, and no sound of them rises up to the high places. But the waters, the evidences of their power, that go down the steep and stony ways, the outlets of ice-bordered pools, the young rivers swaying with the force of their running, they sing and shout and trumpet at the falls, and the noise of it far outreaches the forest spires. You see from these conning towers how they call and find each other in the slender gorges; how they fumble in the meadows, needing the sheer nearing walls to give them countenance and show the way; and how the pine woods are made glad by them.

Nothing else in the streets of the mountains gives such a sense of pageantry as the conifers; other trees, if they are any, are home dwellers, like the tender fluttered, sisterhood of quaking asp. They grow in clumps by spring borders, and all their stems have a permanent curve toward the down slope, as you may also see in hillside pines, where they have borne the weight of sagging drifts.

Well up from the valley, at the confluence of cañons, are delectable summer meadows. Fireweed flames about them against the gray boulders; streams are open, go smoothly about the glacier slips and make deep bluish pools for trout. Pines raise statelier shafts and give themselves room to grow, —gentians, shinleaf, and little grass of Parnassus in their golden checkered shadows; the meadow is white with violets

improvisation  
[ˌɪmprəˈvaɪˈzeɪʃən]  
n. 即兴创作

slender  
[ˈslendə]  
adj. 细长的

pageantry  
[ˈpædʒəntri]  
n. 华丽  
conifer  
[ˈkɒnɪfə]  
n. [植] 松类, 针叶树

bluish  
[ˈbluːɪʃ]  
adj. 带蓝色的

堂说, 在多年的干旱之后, “让我们来祈雨吧。”  
它们最好是多种些树。

可惜的是我们已经让即席赋诗的天赋灭绝了。独坐树木环绕的灰色峰顶, 灵魂升起, 唱出松树的《伊利亚特》史诗。它们没有声音, 只有风, 而没有任何风声能传到高处。但是流水, 风的力量证明, 泻下陡峭石径, 以冰为边界的湖泊的出口。年轻的河流摇摆着, 带着奔涌的力量, 歌唱、呐喊着, 在瀑布边轰鸣着, 喧腾的水声远达森林中的塔尖。从这些瞭望塔上, 你看见这些河流, 如何在细长的峡谷中互相呼唤、寻找; 它们如何在草地上摸索, 渴望附近的山壁给予它们支撑并展示道路; 松林怎样因它们而变得快乐。

山中街道上没有任何东西像针叶树那样给人一种华丽、炫耀的感觉; 其他的树, 如果还有的话, 都和温柔摇曳、形同姐妹的颤杨一样, 是本地生的。它们在泉边成群生长, 所有的枝干都永远弯向下坡, 你在山坡上的松树身上也能看见这种情况, 它们背负着积雪的重量。

沿山谷上行, 在峡谷汇流之处, 是赏心悦目的夏天的草地。火草在四周喷吐火焰, 衬着灰色的砾石; 无遮无拦的溪流, 在冰川斜坡上平静流淌, 为鳟鱼形成蓝色的深池。松树抬起庄严的枝干, 给自己争取到生长的空间——在它们多变的金色阴影中, 生长着黄龙胆、鹿蹄草和帕纳塞斯<sup>1</sup>的小草; 草地是白色的, 开满紫罗兰, 所有户外

and all outdoors keeps the clock. For example, when the ripples at the ford of the creek raise a clear half tone, —sign that the snow water has come down from the heated high ridges, —it is time to light the evening fire. When it drops off a note—but you will not know it except the Douglas squirrel tells you with his high, fluty chirrup from the pines' aerial gloom—sign that some star watcher has caught the first far glint of the nearing sun. Whitney cries it from his vantage tower; it flashes from Oppapago to the front of Williamson; LeConte speeds it to the westering peaks. The high rills wake and run, the birds begin. But down three thousand feet in the cañon, where you stir the fire under the cooking pot, it will not be day for an hour. It goes on, the play of light across the high places, rosy, purpling, tender, glint and glow, thunder and windy flood, like the grave, **exulting** talk of elders above a merry game.

Who shall say what another will find most to his liking in the streets of the mountains. As for me, once set above the country of the silver firs, I must go on until I find white columbine. Around the **amphitheatres** of the lake regions and above them to the limit of perennial drifts they gather flock-wise in splintered rock wastes. The crowds of them, the airy spread of sepals, the pale purity of the petal spurs, the quivering swing of bloom, obsesses the sense. One must learn to spare a little of the pang of inexpressible beauty, not to spend all one's purse in one shop. There is always another year, and another.

Lingering on in the alpine regions until the first full snow, which is often before the **cessation** of bloom, one goes down in good company. First snows are soft and clogging and make laborious paths. Then it is the roving inhabitants range down to

活动都应时而动。例如，当涟漪在小河的浅滩上发出清晰的半音——就标志着雪水已经从炎热的高高的山脊下来了，那是升起晚炊的时候了。当它降低一个音——但是你不会知道，除非道格拉斯松鼠在松树黑暗的树顶，用高高的、长笛般柔和而清澈的尖叫告诉你——这标志着观星者已经捕捉到了太阳最初的遥远的闪烁。太阳从耸出众山之上的惠特尼山上升起，从奥帕帕戈向威廉姆森山前闪烁，勒孔特山又使它加速向西边的山峰运行。高山小溪苏醒，流动，群鸟开始歌唱。但是在三千英尺深的峡谷中，在你搅动饭锅下的火焰的地方，白昼不会持续一小时。太阳继续升起，玫瑰红和紫色的光影，交错穿过高地，柔和，闪耀，雷霆和蜿蜒的洪水，像一场快乐游戏中，严肃、喜悦的长者的谈话。

任何人在山中街道上都能发现他最喜欢的东西。至于我，一旦涉足那银枞树的土地，我就必须继续，直到发现白色的耒斗菜。在湖区的圆形剧场周围和上方，直到长年积雪的地方，在开裂的岩石地带，它们成片地聚集着。它们拥挤在一起，萼片轻盈地展开，花瓣苍白而纯净，花朵颤抖地摇摆着，让人着迷。你必须学会节省一点不可表达的美的痛苦，别把所有的钱花在一个商店里。总会有来年，总会有的。

在高山地区徘徊流连，直到最初的满雪降下，那往往是在花季终止之前，这样的雪是一个好伴侣。最初的雪洁白柔软，堵塞了道路，让人难行。然后，那些漫游的动物走到树林的边缘，

exult

[ɪg'zʌlt]

v. 非常高兴，欢跃

amphitheatre

n. 圆形剧场

cessation

[sə'seɪʃən]

n. 停止

the edge of the wood, below the limit of early storms. Early winter and early spring one may have sight or track of deer and bear and bighorn, cougar and bobcat, about the thickets of buckthorn on open slopes between the black pines. But when the ice crust is firm above the twenty foot drifts, they range far and forage where they will. Often in midwinter will come, now and then, a long fall of soft snow piling three or four feet above the ice crust, and work a real hardship for the dwellers of these streets. When such a storm portends the weather—wise blacktail will go down across the valley and up to the pastures of Waban where no more snow falls than suffices to nourish the sparsely growing pines. But the bighorn, the wild sheep, able to bear the bitterest storms with no signs of stress, cannot cope with the loose shifty snow. Never such a storm goes over the mountains that the Indians do not catch them floundering belly deep among the lower rifts. I have a pair of horns, inconceivably heavy, that were borne as late as a year ago by a very monarch of the flock whom death overtook at the mouth of Oak Creek after a week of wet snow. He met it as a king should, with no vain effort or trembling, and it was wholly kind to take him so with four of his following rather than that the night prowlers should find him.

There is always more life abroad in the winter hills than one looks to find, and much more in evidence than in summer weather. Light feet of hare that make no print on the forest litter leave a wondrously plain track in the snow. We used to look and look at the beginning of winter for the birds to come down from the pine lands; looked in the orchard and stubble; looked north and south on the mesa for their migratory

cougar

['kʊ:gə]

n. [动] 美洲狮

monarch

['mɒnək]

n. 君主

migratory

['maɪgrətəri]

adj. 迁移的, 流浪的

走到早早出现的风暴边缘。初冬和初春时节, 你能看见或追踪到鹿、熊、盘羊、美洲狮和短尾猫, 在黑松林之间开阔斜坡上的泻鼠李树丛周围。但是, 当大约二十英尺厚积雪上的冰层变得坚固, 它们会漫游得更远, 在所到之处随心所欲地翻寻食物。往往在隆冬, 不时地, 会出现长长的柔软雪瀑, 在冰层上堆积到三四英尺高, 给山中街道的居民们造成真正的困难。当这样的一场风暴预示着未来的天气, 黑尾鹿会向下穿越山谷, 攀上瓦班的草地, 那里, 落下的雪还不足以滋养稀疏的松树。盘羊、野绵羊能够忍受最猛烈的暴风雪, 没有一点紧张迹象, 却应付不了松散多变的雪。每当这样的暴风雪刮过群山, 印第安人总能看见它们的肚子深藏在低处的裂缝中, 痛苦地挣扎着移动。我有一对羊角, 重得难以置信, 一年前还顶在羊群君主的头上, 一场湿雪落下的一周后, 死亡就在橡树谷口攫住了它。它像一位君王那样迎接了死亡, 没有徒劳的挣扎, 也没有颤抖, 死亡把它和它的四个同伴这样一起带走, 完全是仁慈的, 否则, 夜晚的觅食者会发现它。

冬天的山上总有比你期望发现的要多的生命, 也有比夏日天气里多得多的证据。在林间废物上不留痕迹的野兔, 它轻盈的脚却在雪上留下奇妙清晰的轨迹。我们过去习惯于盼望, 盼望冬天开始, 鸟儿从松树的土地上降临; 我们注视着果园和残株; 注视着北方和南方的台地, 盼望鸟

passing, and wondered that they never came. Busy little grosbeaks picked about the kitchen doors, and woodpeckers tapped the eaves of the farm buildings, but we saw hardly any other of the frequenters of the summer cañons. After a while when we grew bold to tempt the snow borders we found them in the street of the mountains. In the thick pine woods where the overlapping boughs hung with snow-wreaths make wind-proof shelter tents, in a very community of dwelling, winter the bird-folk who get their living from the persisting cones and the larvae harboring bark. Ground inhabiting species seek the dim snow chambers of the chaparral. Consider how it must be in a hill-slope overgrown with stout-twigged, partly evergreen shrubs, more than man high, and as thick as a hedge. Not all the cañon's sifting of snow can fill the intricate spaces of the hill tangles. Here and there an overhanging rock, or a stiff arch of buckthorn, makes an opening to communicating rooms and runways deep under the snow.

The light filtering through the snow walls is blue and ghostly, but serves to show seeds of shrubs and grass, and berries, and the wind-built walls are warm against the wind. It seems that live plants, especially if they are evergreen and growing, give off heat; the snow wall melts earliest from within and hollows to thinness before there is a hint of spring in the air. But you think of these things afterward. Up in the street it has the effect of being done consciously; the buckthorns lean to each other and the drift to them, the little birds run in and out of their appointed ways with the greatest cheerfulness. They give almost no tokens of distress, and even if the winter tries them too much you are not to pity them. You of the house



grosbeak

['grəʊsbɪ:k]

n. 雀科

儿移动、经过，并奇怪它们总也没有出现。忙碌的小松雀在厨房门边剥啄，啄木鸟轻拍农舍的屋檐，但是我们几乎看不见任何其他夏日峡谷的常客。过了一段时间，我们变得勇敢了，接受了雪的边界的诱惑，于是，我们在山中街道上发现了它们。在浓密的松林中，重叠的树枝垂挂着雪的花环，形成防风的帐篷，就在这样的聚居地，过冬的鸟儿以保存良好的松果和寄居在树皮里的幼虫为生。地面栖息的鸟类会寻找灌木丛的阴暗雪窝。考虑一下，一处山坡长满结实的、一人多高的灌木，有一部分是常绿灌木，浓密得像树篱一样，那会是怎样的情景。经过峡谷过滤的雪无法填满山坡灌木丛中那些错综复杂的空间。这里和那里，到处都是悬空的岩石，泻鼠李僵直的拱门，通往深埋在雪下的相通的房间和跑道。

从雪瀑滤下的光是蓝色的，幽灵一般，但能照亮灌木和草的种子，浆果，而风堆积起的雪墙也足够温暖，抵挡着冷风。似乎任何活着的植物，尤其是常绿灌木和正在生长的植物，都在释放着热量；在空气中出现春天的迹象之前，雪墙最初是从里面开始融化的，慢慢变空，变薄。但是这些事情是你事后才想到的。街道上留下了有意完成的效果；泻鼠李彼此斜倚着，被雪片压斜，小鸟在它们指定的道路上跑来跑去，快乐无比。它们几乎没有一点悲伤的痕迹，即使冬天对它们有过太多的考验，你也无需怜悯它们。你这

habit can hardly understand the sense of the hills. No doubt the labor of being comfortable gives you an exaggerated opinion of yourself, an exaggerated pain to be set aside. Whether the wild things understand it or not they adapt themselves to its processes with the greater ease. The business that goes on in the street of the mountain is **tremendous**, world-formative. Here go birds, squirrels, and red deer, children crying small wares and playing in the street, but they do not obstruct its affairs. Summer is their holiday; "Come now," says the lord of the street, "I have need of a great work and no more playing."

But they are left borders and breathing-space out of pure kindness. They are not pushed out except by the **exigencies** of the nobler plan which they accept with a dignity the rest of us have not yet learned.

tremendous

[tri'mendəs]

adj. 极大的, 巨大的

exigency

['eksɪdʒənsi]

n. 紧急情况

习惯在房中居住的人几乎无法理解山的感受。无疑,为了舒适所付出的劳动让你有了一种夸张的自我意识,一种应该放在一边的夸张的痛苦。无论野生动物是否理解,它们都更容易让自己适应冬天的过程。山中街道上发生的事情是非凡的、有普遍影响的。鸟儿、松鼠和红鹿从这里出发,孩子们在为小商品哭泣,在街道上游戏,但是他们不会截断它的进程。夏天是他们的假日:“现在就来吧,”街道的主人说,“我有大量的工作要做,不要再游戏了。”

但是,出于纯粹的好意,他们被留在边界之外,暂时休息。他们不受催迫,除了他们以一种我们其他人还没有领会的庄严所接受的更为高尚的计划。

## Water Borders

I like that name the Indians give to the mountain of Lone Pine, and find it pertinent to my subject, —Oppapago, The Weeper. It sits eastward and **solitary** from the lordliest ranks of the Sierras, and above a range of little, old, blunt hills, and has a bowed, grave aspect as of some woman you might have known, looking out across the grassy barrows of her dead. From twin gray lakes under its noble brow stream down incessant white and tumbling waters. “Mahala all time cry,” said Winnenap’, drawing **furrows** in his rugged, wrinkled cheeks.

The origin of mountain streams is like the origin of tears, patent to the understanding but mysterious to the sense. They are always at it, but one so seldom catches them in the act. Here in the valley there is no cessation of waters even in the season when the **niggard** frost gives them scant leave to run. They make the most of their midday hour, and tinkle all night thinly under the ice. An ear laid to the snow catches a muffled hint of their eternal busyness fifteen or twenty feet under the cañon drifts, and long before any appreciable spring thaw, the sagging edges of the snow bridges mark out the place of their running. One who ventures to look for it finds the immediate source of the spring freshets—all the hill fronts

## 水界

solitary  
['sɒlɪtəri]  
adj. 孤独的

furrow  
['fʌrəʊ]  
n. 犁沟

niggard  
['nɪɡəd]  
adj. 吝啬的

我喜欢印第安人给“孤松山”取的名字，而且我发现它很适合我的主题——奥帕帕戈，哭泣者。它面东而坐，孤独于内华达山脉最壮丽的行列，超出一列古老而圆钝的小山形成的山脉，样子像一个你可能认识的弯腰曲背、严肃的妇人，在她死去亲人青草茸茸的坟边守望。从它高贵的眉毛下的一对灰色湖泊中，颤抖的白色水流奔流不息。“马哈拉一直在哭泣，”温尼那普说，牵动着它凸凹不平、满是皱纹的脸颊上的犁沟。

山中溪流的起源就和眼泪的起源一样，对理智是显而易见的，但对感觉却是神秘的。它们总是存在，但你很少能捕捉到它们的行动。在这里的山谷中，水流终年不断，甚至在吝啬的寒霜让它们水量匮乏难以流动的季节。它们最为充分地利用正午时分，整夜在冰下发出微弱的叮咚之声。把一只耳朵贴在雪上，能捕捉到峡谷十五到二十英尺积雪下压抑的声音，证明它们在永恒地奔忙，而早在春天解冻的迹象被人觉察之前，雪桥下陷的边缘就标志出了它们流动的位置。冒险去寻找它的人会发现它们直接起源于春天的洪水——所有山坡正面都蒸汽腾腾，有积雪融化犁

furrowed with the reek of melting drifts, all the gravelly flats in a swirl of waters. But later, in June or July, when the camping season begins, there runs the stream away full and singing, with no visible reinforcement other than an icy trickle from some high, belated dot of snow. Oftenest the stream drops bodily from the **bleak** bowl of some alpine lake; sometimes breaks out of a hillside as a spring where the ear can trace it under the rubble of loose stones to the neighborhood of some blind pool. But that leaves the lakes to be accounted for.

The lake is the eye of the mountain, jade green, **placid**, unwinking, also unfathomable. Whatever goes on under the high and stony brows is guessed at. It is always a favorite local tradition that one or another of the blind lakes is bottomless. Often they lie in such deep cairns of broken boulders that one never gets quite to them, or gets away unhurt. One such drops below the plunging slope that the Kearsarge trail winds over, perilously, nearing the pass. It lies still and wickedly green in its sharp-lipped cap, and the guides of that region love to tell of the packs and pack animals it has swallowed up.

But the lakes of Oppapago are perhaps not so deep, less green than gray, and better befriended. The **ousel** haunts them, while still hang about their coasts the thin undercut drifts that never quite leave the high altitudes. In and out of the bluish ice caves he flits and sings, and his singing heard from above is sweet and uncanny like the Nixie's chord. One finds butterflies, too, about these high, sharp regions which might be called desolate, but will not by me who love them. This is above timber-line but not too high for comforting by **succulent** small herbs and golden tufted grass. A granite mountain does

bleak

[bli:k]

adj. 寒冷的

placid

['plæsid]

adj. 平静的

ousel

['u:zl]

n. 乌鸦

succulent

['sʌkjʊlənt]

adj. 多汁的

出的沟，所有的沙砾浅滩都卷入了水的漩涡。但是后来，在6月或7月，当宿营季节开始，那里流淌的溪流都满满的，一路歌唱着，没有任何明显可见的援兵，除了来自高处、推迟融化的小片残雪流下的冰冷细流。往往，溪流整个儿是从某座寒冷的高山湖泊坠落的；有时在山坡边迸发为一股泉水，在那里，耳朵能追踪到它，在零散的碎石下面流向附近眩目的池塘。湖泊不计在这样的池塘之内。

湖是山的眼睛，绿如翡翠，安静，没有涟漪，也没有泡沫。在高的石头眉毛下面，有什么事情在继续，只能凭猜测。当地人总是喜欢认为某座眩目的湖泊是没有底的。它们往往躺在如此深的碎石堆中，你永远无法靠它们太近，或者是不受伤害地离开。在基萨奇山路从上面蜿蜒穿过的陡峭斜坡下面，就有这样一座深陷的湖泊，危险地靠近山口。它静静地躺着，在它锋利的帽檐下，绿得居心叵测，那个地区的向导们喜欢讲述行李和驮畜如何被它吞噬。

但是奥帕帕戈的湖泊也许没有这么深，颜色发灰，没有那么绿，而且更为友善。当湖岸上还聚集着从来没有离开过高纬度的浮雕般的薄雪时，乌鸦在湖边出没了。它轻快地在蓝色冰洞中飞进飞出，歌唱着，它的歌声从上面听去显得甜美而神秘，宛如水妖的和弦。在这些高高的、陡峭的地区，你也能发现蝴蝶。这些地区可谓荒芜，但热爱它们的我不会如此称呼。这是在林木线以上，但还不是太高，有多汁的小型草本植物和金色草皮，足以让人安慰。一座花岗岩山头不

not crumble with **alacrity**, but once resolved to soil makes the best of it. Every handful of loose gravel not wholly water leached affords a plant footing, and even in such unpromising surroundings there is a choice of locations. There is never going to be any communism of mountain herbage, their affinities are too sure. Full in the tunnels of snow water on gravelly, open spaces in the shadow of a drift, one looks to find buttercups, frozen knee-deep by night, and owning no desire but to ripen their fruit above the icy bath. **Soppy** little plants of the portulaca and small, fine ferns shiver under the drip of falls and in dribbling crevices. The bleaker the situation, so it is near a stream border, the better the cassiope loves it. Yet I have not found it on the polished glacier slips, but where the country rock cleaves and splinters in the high windy headlands that the wild sheep frequents, hordes and hordes of the white bells swing over matted, **mossy** foliage. On Oppapago, which is also called Sheep Mountain, one finds not far from the beds of cassiope the ice-worn, stony hollows where the big-horns cradle their young.

These are above the wolf's quest and the eagle's wont, and though the heather beds are softer, they are neither so dry nor so warm, and here only the stars go by. No other animal of any pretensions makes a habitat of the alpine regions. Now and then one gets a hint of some small, brown creature, rat or mouse kind, that slips secretly among the rocks; no others adapt themselves to desertness of **aridity** or altitude so readily as these ground inhabiting, graminivorous species. If there is an open stream the trout go up the lake as far as the water breeds food for them, but the ouzel goes farthest, for pure love of it.



alacrity  
[ə'ləkɹɪtɪ]  
n. 欣然同意

soppy  
['sɒpi]  
adj. 湿透的

mossy  
['mɒsi]  
adj. 生苔的

aridity  
[æ'ɹɪdɪtɪ]  
n. 干旱, 乏味

会欣然崩塌, 但一旦化为泥土, 那就是最好的土壤。每一捧没有完全被水滤掉的松散沙砾, 都为棵植物提供了立足之处, 甚至在这样不乐观的环境里, 也可以选择场所。山地牧草永远不会有共产主义可言, 它们的关联过于确定了。在满是碎石的开阔地, 雪水灌满了坑道, 在雪堆的阴影里, 你可望发现毛茛, 夜里齐膝深的冰冻, 它没有别的欲望, 只想在寒冷的沐浴中结出自己的果实。湿淋淋的马齿苋属小植物和又小又漂亮的羊齿植物, 在瀑布飞溅的水滴下和滴滴答答的裂缝里颤抖着。离溪流越近就越冷, 而环境越是寒冷, 岩须就越喜欢。我还没有在光滑的冰川斜坡上发现它, 但是, 在碎石占据的多风高地, 野绵羊经常光顾之处, 在垫子一样的苔藓状叶簇上, 有大片大片的白色铃铛随风摇晃。在奥帕帕戈, 它也被叫作“野羊山”, 在离成片岩须不远的地方, 能发现被冰磨穿的石头洞穴, 盘羊就在那里抚育后代。

这些地方高出狼和鹰惯于出没狩猎的地方, 尽管荒地比较柔软, 可它们既不干燥, 也不温暖, 经过这里的只有星星。没有任何其他自命不凡的动物在这样的高山地区居住。不时地, 你能看到棕色的小生灵出没的迹象, 麝鼠或老鼠之类的东西, 悄悄地在岩石中间溜来溜去; 别无其他动物能适应这种干旱的荒凉或者这个高度, 而那些在地面栖居的食草类动物却毫无困难。如果有露天的溪流, 鲑鱼就会逆流而上, 远远地游到为它们哺育了食物的湖中, 但是乌鸦会飞得更远, 纯粹是因为喜欢。

Since no lake can be at the highest point, it is possible to find plant life higher than the water borders; grasses perhaps the highest, gillias, royal blue trusses of polymonium, rosy plats of Sierra primroses. What one has to get used to in flowers at high altitudes is the bleaching of the sun. Hardly do they hold their virgin color for a day, and this early fading before their function is performed gives them a pitiful appearance not according with their hardihood. The color scheme runs along the high ridges from blue to rosy purple, carmine and coral red; along the water borders it is chiefly white and yellow where the mimulus makes a vivid note, running into red when the two schemes meet and mix about the borders of the meadows, at the upper limit of the columbine.

Here is the fashion in which a mountain stream gets down from the perennial pastures of the snow to its proper level and identity as an irrigating ditch. It slips stilly by the glacier scoured rim of an ice bordered pool, drops over sheer, broken ledges to another pool, gathers itself, plunges headlong on a rocky ripple slope, finds a lake again, reinforced, roars downward to a pothole, foams and bridles, glides a tranquil reach in some still meadow, tumbles into a sharp groove between hill flanks, curdles under the stream tangles, and so arrives at the open country and steadier going. Meadows, little strips of alpine freshness, begin before the timberline is reached. Here one treads on a carpet of dwarf willows, downy catkins of creditable size and the greatest economy of foliage and stems. No other plant of high altitudes knows its business so well. It hugs the ground, grows roots from stem joints where no roots should be, grows a

既然最高点不可能有湖泊，那就有可能在比水边更高的地方发现植物；草也许是最高的，吉莉属植物，草葱属植物高贵的蓝色花束，玫瑰红色的高山樱草。太阳漂白了高山花卉，对此你必须习惯。它们原来的颜色很难保持住一天，在它们完成自己的功能之前就早早地褪色了，这使得它们的外观显得非常可怜，与它们的勇敢完全不符。在高高的山脊上，花卉的颜色排列从蓝色到玫瑰红、洋红和珊瑚红；在水边，主要是白色和黄色，沟酸浆属植物在那里形成了一种生动鲜明的色调，当这两种颜色在草地边缘相遇并融合起来，它会变成红色，上限则是耧斗菜。

以下面的方式，高山溪流从积雪的永久牧场而下，降落到合适的高度，变成一条灌溉渠。它平静地在冰川冲击出的冰池边缘流淌，坠落到破碎的岩脊上，流到另一个池塘里，聚集起来，一头扎下岩石层叠的斜坡，再次找到一座湖泊，加强力量，咆哮着泻向一个洞穴，泡沫四溅，控制住自己，在宁静的草地上平静地滑动一段距离，翻腾着进入山腹之间一处陡峭的深沟，在灌木山下变稠，然后就这样抵达开阔地，更平稳地前进。草地，清新的小条带状的高山草地，在抵达林木线之前开始出现。在这里，你脚下踩着的是矮柳树的地毯，毛茸茸的柔荑花序大得值得称赞，它的叶和茎最为经济。没有任何其他高纬度植物这么了解自己的事情。它拥抱着大地，从不应该生根的茎节处长出根须，长出一两片纤细的

ditch

[di:tʃ]

n. 沟, 沟渠

pothole

[ˈpɒθəʊl]

n. [地] 壑穴

slender leaf or two and twice as many erect full catkins that rarely, even in that short growing season, fail of fruit. Dipping over banks in the inlets of the creeks, the fortunate find the rosy apples of the miniature manzanita, barely, but always quite sufficiently, borne above the **spongy** sod. It does not do to be anything but humble in the alpine regions, but not fearful. I have **pawed** about for hours in the chill sward of meadows where one might properly expect to get one's death, and got no harm from it, except it might be Oliver Twist's complaint. One comes soon after this to shrubby willows, and where willows are trout may be confidently looked for in most Sierra streams. There is no accounting for their distribution; though provident anglers have assisted nature of late, one still comes upon roaring brown waters where trout might very well be, but are not.

The highest limit of conifers—in the middle Sierras, the white bark pine—is not along the water border. They come to it about the level of the heather, but they have no such **affinity** for dampness as the tamarack pines. Scarcely any bird-note breaks the stillness of the timber-line, but chipmunks inhabit here, as may be guessed by the gnawed ruddy cones of the pines, and lowering hours the woodchucks come down to the water. On a little spit of land running into Windy Lake we found one summer the evidence of a tragedy; a pair of sheep's horns not fully grown caught in the crotch of a pine where the living sheep must have lodged them. The trunk of the tree had quite closed over them, and the skull bones crumbled away from the weathered horn cases. We hoped it was not too far out of the running of night prowlers to have put a speedy end to the long agony, but we could not be sure. I never liked the spit of Windy Lake again.

spongy

[ˈspʌndʒi]

adj. 像海绵的

paw

[pɔː]

v. 费力地前进

affinity

[əˈfɪnɪti]

n. 密切关系

叶子，这些根比许多直立盛开的柔荑花序多出两倍，它们很少有不结果的，即便在那个很少有植物生长的季节。在溪流的水湾边涉水而行，幸运者会发现小型熊果树那玫瑰红的果实，光裸着，但总是非常多，布满海绵样的草地。在高山地区，除了谦卑什么都无济于事，但也无需恐惧。我曾在寒冷的草地几小时地笨拙摸索，在那里，预料自己会死是很恰当的，但是我没有受到伤害。在这之后不久，你就发现了柳树丛，在大多数内华达山脉的溪流中，哪里有柳树，哪里就很可能有鳟鱼。它们的分布没有原因；但是有远见的垂钓者拥有天生直觉，所以你能遇见咆哮的棕色流水，那里本该有鳟鱼，实际上却一无所有。

针叶树的最高极限——在内华达山脉中部，生长在最高处的是白皮松——不是沿着水边。它们的最高极限大约是和荒地一样，但是它们与潮湿的关联没有落叶松那么紧密。几乎没有鸟鸣打破林木线的寂静，但是花栗鼠在此居住，因为从被咬过的红色松果上能猜测出来。太阳落山的时候，旱獭会来到水边。在伸入“多风之湖”的一小片陆地上，有年夏天我们发现了一起悲剧的证据：一对儿还未长成的羊角卡在一棵松树的树杈上，那里一定有活羊曾经暂住。羊角上方的树枝非常密实，羊的颅骨已经粉碎，只剩下风吹日晒的羊角。我们希望夜晚的觅食者没有跑出太远，就快速地终止了这漫长的痛苦，但我们无从确定。从那以后，我再也不喜欢“多风之湖”的岬角了。

It seems that all snow nourished plants count nothing so excellent in their kind as to be forehanded with their bloom, working secretly to that end under the high piled winters. The heathers begin by the lake borders, while little sodden drifts still shelter under their branches. I have seen the tiniest of them (*Kalmia glauca*) blooming, and with well-formed fruit, a foot away from a snowbank from which it could hardly have emerged within a week. Somehow the soul of the heather has entered into the blood of the English-speaking. "And oh! is that heather?" they say; and the most indifferent ends by picking a sprig of it in a hushed, wondering way. One must suppose that the root of their **respective** races issued from the glacial borders at about the same epoch, and remember their origin.

Among the pines where the slope of the land allows it, the streams run into smooth, brown, trout-abounding rills across open flats that are in reality filled lake basins. These are the displaying grounds of the gentians—blue—blue—eye-blue, perhaps, virtuous and likable flowers. One is not surprised to learn that they have tonic properties. But if your meadow should be outside the forest reserve, and the sheep have been there, you will find little but the shorter, paler *G. newberryi*, and in the matted sods of the little tongues of greenness that lick up among the pines along the watercourses, white, scentless, nearly stemless, alpine violets.

At about the nine thousand foot level and in the summer there will be hosts of rosy-winged dodecatheon, called shooting-stars, outlining the crystal tunnels in the sod. Single flowers have often a two-inch spread of petal, and the full, twelve blossomed heads above the slender pedicels have the airy effect of wings.

respective

[ris'pektiv]

adj. 分别的, 各自的

tonic

['tɒnik]

adj. 滋补的

violet

['vaɪələit]

n. 紫罗兰

在及时开花方面, 似乎所有积雪滋养的植物在同类中都不是出色之属, 在高高堆积的冬天下面, 它们秘密地为此目的而工作。欧石楠在湖边出现, 在它们枝条的遮蔽下, 还有小片潮湿的积雪。我曾经见过最小的欧石楠(山月桂)开花, 其果实形状完好, 离雪堤一英尺远, 它几乎不可能在一周内就长出来。不知怎地, 欧石楠的灵魂已经进入了英国人的血液, “哦! 那是欧石楠吗?” 他们常这样说; 而最平庸的结局是沉默而好奇地拣起一根嫩枝。你一定会猜想, 欧石楠和英国人的根都是大约同时代在冰川边缘扎下的, 并且记得他们的起源。

在土地的斜坡允许之处, 在松树间, 溪流流进平静、棕色、盛产鳟鱼的小河, 穿过开阔的平地, 那实际上是填满了的湖泊盆地。这些地方是黄龙胆的舞台——蓝色——蓝色——眼睛一般的蓝色, 也许, 那是品性正直、值得喜爱的花。你会毫不意外地获悉, 它们具有增进健康的功效。但如果你的草地是在森林之外, 而且羊群一直在那里, 你就很少能发现什么, 只有更矮、更苍白的钓钟柳, 而在松间水道上舔吃的绿色小舌头形成的厚草皮上, 是白色、无味、几乎没有茎的高山紫罗兰。

大约在九千英尺高度, 夏天会有许多带玫瑰红翼瓣的流星花, 在草地上勾勒出清澈溪流的轮廓。花瓣往往有两英寸长, 盛开的时候, 纤细的花茎上会有十二朵花, 花上的翼瓣都毛茸茸的。

It is about this level one looks to find the largest lakes with thick ranks of pines bearing down on them, often swamped in the summer floods and paying the inevitable penalty for such encroachment. Here in wet coves of the hills harbors that crowd of bloom that makes the wonder of the Sierra cañons.

They drift under the alternate flicker and gloom of the windy rooms of pines, in gray rock shelters, and by the ooze of blind springs, and their **juxtapositions** are the best imaginable. Lilies come up out of fern beds, columbine swings over meadowsweet, white rein-orchids quake in the leaning grass. Open swales, where in wet years may be running water, are plantations of false hellebore (*Veratrum californicum*), tall, branched candelabra of greenish bloom above the sessile, sheathing, boat-shaped leaves, semi-translucent in the sun. A stately plant of the lily family, but why "false"? It is frankly **offensive** in its character, and its young juices deadly as any hellebore that ever grew.

Like most mountain herbs, it has an uncanny haste to bloom. One hears by night, when all the wood is still, the crepitatious rustle of the unfolding leaves and the pushing flower-stalk within, that has open blossoms before it has fairly uncramped from the sheath. It commends itself by a certain exclusiveness of growth, taking enough room and never elbowing; for if the flora of the lake region has a fault it is that there is too much of it. We have more than three hundred species from Kearsarge Canyon alone, and if that does not include them all it is because they were already collected elsewhere.

One expects to find lakes down to about nine thousand feet, leading into each other by comparatively open ripple slopes and white cascades. Below the lakes are filled basins that are still spongy swamps, or **substantial** meadows, as they get down and down.



juxtaposition

[ˌdʒʌkstəpə'zɪʃən]

n. 毗邻, 并列

offensive

[ə'fensɪv]

adj. 攻击性的

substantial

[səb'stænʃəl]

adj. 丰富的

就是在这个高度, 你有望发现最大的湖泊, 有浓密的松林四周环绕, 在夏天的洪水中常常变成沼泽, 并因为这种入侵遭受不可避免的损失。在这里潮湿的山坳里, 藏着大群的野花, 形成了内华达山脉峡谷的奇观。

在多风的松林间, 它们在闪光与黑暗的交替下飘动, 在灰色岩石的荫蔽中, 在缓慢渗流的眩目泉水旁, 它们的共存是最容易想象的。百合在羊齿植物中出现, 耧斗菜在绣线菊上摇摆, 白色玉凤花在歪斜的草中颤抖。开阔的低洼地, 潮湿年份里那里会有流水, 它们是伪嚏根草属植物的种植园, 高高的、抽枝的灯台大戟的绿色花朵, 在无柄、有鞘膜的船形叶子上, 在阳光中呈半透明。百合家族的庄严一员, 但为什么是“伪”的呢? 那显然是因为它的性格具有进攻性, 它的嫩汁和任何嚏根草属植物一样致命。

和大多数山地草本植物一样, 它的花开得神秘而匆忙。夜里, 当整片树林一片寂静, 你听见, 叶子展开的沙沙声, 花茎里面的推动声, 那是花朵在打开, 在它完全摆脱鞘膜的束缚之前。它孤傲地生长着, 给人印象深刻, 它攫取足够的空间, 从不改变; 如果湖区植物存在某种缺陷, 那就是它们的种类太多了。单是基萨奇峡谷就有三百多种, 如果那还没有把全部植物包括在内, 是因为它们在别处已经被收集过了。

你期望在九千英尺以下的高度发现湖泊, 期望它们以相对开阔的斜坡和白色小瀑布彼此相通。随着高度越来越低, 湖泊下面填满的盆地仍是海绵样的沼泽, 或者是坚固的草地。

Here begin the stream tangles. On the east slopes of the middle Sierras the pines, all but an occasional yellow variety, desert the stream borders about the level of the lowest lakes, and the birches and tree-willows begin. The firs hold on almost to the mesa levels, —there are no foothills on this eastern slope, —and whoever has firs misses nothing else. It goes without saying that a tree that can afford to take fifty years to its first fruiting will repay acquaintance. It keeps, too, all that half century, a virginal grace of outline, but having once flowered, begins quietly to put away the things of its youth. Years by year the lower rounds of boughs are shed, leaving no scar; year by year the star-branched minarets approach the sky. A fir-tree loves a water border, loves a long wind in a draughty cañon, loves to spend itself secretly on the inner finishings of its burnished, shapely cones. Broken open in mid-season the petal-shaped scales show a crimson satin surface, perfect as a rose.

The birch—the brown-bark western birch characteristic of lower stream tangles—is a spoil sport. It grows thickly to choke the stream that feeds it; grudges it the sky and space for angler's rod and fly. The willows do better; painted-cup, cypripedium, and the hollow stalks of span-broad white umbels, find a footing among their stems. But in general the steep plunges, the white swirls, green and tawny pools, the gliding hush of waters between the meadows and the mesas afford little fishing and few flowers.

One looks for these to begin again when once free of the rifted cañon walls; the high note of babble and laughter falls off to the steadier mellow tone of a stream that knows its purpose and reflects the sky.

satin

['setin]

adj. 缎子一般的

从这里，溪流边开始出现灌木。在内华达山脉中部朝东的山坡上，生长着松树，几乎全是偶然的黄色变种，在溪流边缘的荒地上，大约最低的湖泊那样的高度，开始有桦树和柳树生长。枞树几乎总是坚守在台地的海拔高度——在这个朝东的斜坡上没有山麓——无论是谁，只要拥有了枞树就没什么可以错过的了。我们还没有说到，一棵树需要五十年才能结果，才能报答熟悉它的人。在那半个世纪中，它的轮廓也保持着一种处子般的优雅，可是一旦开花，就开始悄悄地告别它的青春。年复一年，低处的树枝蜕去树皮，不留下疤痕；年复一年，星星装饰着树枝，清真寺尖塔一般的树顶靠近天空。枞树喜欢水边，喜欢从峡谷中穿过的长风，喜欢把生命秘密消磨在培养它光滑有形的球果上。季节圆满时，打开那些球果花瓣状的鳞片，就会显示出深红色缎子一样的表面，完美得像一朵玫瑰。

桦树是败兴的家伙——褐色树皮的西部桦树带有低地溪边灌木的特征。它浓密地生长，阻塞了哺育它的溪流；它嫉妒天空，嫉妒为垂钓者的杆和饵准备的空间。柳树要好一些：扁蓐花属植物，杓兰属植物，茎杆中空的白色伞形花序，都能在柳树中间找到立足之处。但是总体上，陡峭的山坡，白色的漩涡，绿色和黄色的池塘，草地和台地之间无声的水流，能够提供的钓鱼处很少，野花也很少。

一旦摆脱了开裂的峡谷峭壁，你就会重新开始寻找这些东西；絮语和欢笑的高音一落而为平稳圆润的溪流之声，它知道自己的目标，并倒映着天空。

## Other Water Borders

It is the proper destiny of every considerable stream in the west to become an irrigating ditch. It would seem the streams are willing. They go as far as they can, or dare, toward the **tillable** lands in their own boulder fenced gullies—but how much farther in the man-made waterways. It is difficult to come into intimate relations with appropriated waters; like very busy people they have no time to reveal themselves. One needs to have known an irrigating ditch when it was a brook, and to have lived by it, to mark the morning and evening tone of its crooning, rising and falling to the excess of snow water; to have watched far across the valley, south to the Eclipse and north to the Twisted Dyke, the shining wall of the village water gate; to see still blue herons stalking the little glinting weirs across the field.

Perhaps to get into the mood of the waterways one needs to have seen old Amos Judson asquat on the headgate with his gun, guarding his water-right toward the end of a dry summer. Amos owned the half of Tule Creek and the other half pertained to the neighboring Greenfields ranch. Years of a "short water crop", that is, when too little snow fell on the high pine ridges, or, falling, melted too early, Amos held that it took all the water that came down to make his half, and maintained it with a Winchester and a deadly aim. Jesus

tillable

adj. 可耕种的

weir

[wiə]

n. 堰, 拦河坝

## 其他水界

西部每一条规模相当的溪流的合适命运都是变成灌溉渠。似乎溪流也愿意如此。它们尽可能远地奔向、或者是敢于奔向可耕作的土地，在砾石为篱的溪谷里——可是在人造的水道里它们能流得更远。要和水建立恰当的亲密关系是很难的；就像非常忙碌的人，它们没有时间展现自己。你需要在灌溉渠还是条溪流的时候就了解它，需要依靠它生活，需要关注它早晨和黄昏的轻声吟唱，它随着雪水水量的涨落变化。需要穿过山谷远眺，伊克里普斯以南和“扭曲的大坝”以北，村庄水闸闪光的墙壁；需要看见安静的苍鹭在田野中闪烁的小低坝上大步行走。

也许，为了了解水道的脾气，你需要观察老阿莫斯·朱迪森带着他的枪蹲在上游闸门，守卫着他的水利权，直到干旱夏季的末尾。阿莫斯拥有半条图勒溪，另半条属于邻近的“绿野”大牧场。“水收成欠收”的年份，也就是落在高山松树上的雪太少，或者是积雪融化得太早的时候，阿莫斯坚持认为所有流下来的水都属于他，并用一把温切斯特步枪和准确致命的枪法来维护它。

Montana, first proprietor of Greenfields, —you can see at once that Judson had the racial advantage, —contesting the right with him, walked into five of Judson's bullets and his eternal possessions on the same occasion. That was the Homeric age of settlement and passed into tradition. Twelve years later one of the Clarks, holding Greenfields, not so very green by now, shot one of the Judsons. Perhaps he hoped that also might become classic, but the jury found for manslaughter. It had the effect of discouraging the Greenfields claim, but Amos used to sit on the headgate just the same, as quaint and lone a figure as the sandhill crane watching for water toads below the Tule drop.

Every subsequent owner of Greenfields bought it with Amos in full view. The last of these was Diedrick. Along in August of that year came a week of low water. Judson's ditch failed and he went out with his rifle to learn why. There on the headgate sat Diedrick's frau with a long-handled shovel across her lap and all the water turned into Diedrick's ditch; there she sat knitting through the long sun, and the children brought out her dinner. It was all up with Amos; he was too much of a gentleman to fight a lady—that was the way he expressed it. She was a very large lady, and a longhandled shovel is no mean weapon. The next year Judson and Diedrick put in a modern water gauge and took the summer ebb in equal inches. Some of the water-right difficulties are more squalid than this, some more tragic; but unless you have known them you cannot very well know what the water thinks as it slips past the gardens and in the long slow sweeps of the canal. You get that sense of brooding from the confined and sober floods, not all at once but by degrees, as one might

quaint

[kweɪnt]

adj. 奇怪的

subsequent

[ˈsʌbsɪkwənt]

adj. 后来的, 并发的

shovel

[ˈʃʌvl]

n. 铲, 铁铲

耶稣·蒙塔纳，“绿野”牧场的第一位主人——你马上能看出朱迪森具有人种优势——与他争夺水权，不慎中了朱迪森五枪，同时失去了他的永久所有权。那正是大规模殖民的时代，这件事很快成了传统。十二年后，克拉克家的一个人拥有了“绿野”牧场，那时它已经不那么绿了，他射杀了朱迪森家的一个人。也许他希望那也会变成经典，但是陪审团裁决为过失杀人。这使“绿野”牧场有些泄气，但是阿莫斯依然习惯坐在上游闸门上，古怪而孤独，像沙丘鹤一样观察着图勒溪中的水蛤蟆。

“绿野”牧场随后的每一位主人都想从阿莫斯那里把溪流买下来。这些人中的最后一位是迪德里克。那一年的8月，出现了一周的低水位。朱迪森的水渠失灵了，他带着枪出去查看原因。就在水闸那里，坐着迪德里克的妻子，一把长柄铁锹横在腿上，所有的水都流进了迪德里克的水渠；她坐在那里，在长长的日影下编织，孩子们给她送饭。事情完全取决于阿莫斯了；他非常绅士，他不能和一位女士打架——他就是这样表现的。她是个块头很大的女人，但长柄铁锹根本不是武器。第二年，朱迪森和迪德里克安装了一个现代水量器，平分夏天的落潮。有些关于水权的争端比这个更凄惨，更有悲剧性；但除非你了解它们，否则你无法清楚地知道水的想法，当它流过花园，在沟渠里长时间地缓慢流淌。受到限制的、适度的洪水让你有了那种感觉，不是一下

become aware of a middle-aged and serious neighbor who has had that in his life to make him so. It is the repose of the completely accepted instinct.

With the water runs a certain following of thirsty herbs and shrubs. The willows go as far as the stream goes, and a bit farther on the slightest provocation. They will strike root in the leak of a flume, or the dribble of an overfull bank, coaxing the water beyond its appointed bounds. Given a new waterway in a barren land, and in three years the willows have fringed all its miles of banks; three years more and they will touch tops across it. It is perhaps due to the early usurpation of the willows that so little else finds growing-room along the large canals. The birch beginning far back in the cañon tangles is more conservative; it is shy of man haunts and needs to have the permanence of its drink assured. It stops far short of the summer limit of waters, and I have never known it to take up a position on the banks beyond the ploughed lands. There is something almost like premeditation in the avoidance of cultivated tracts by certain plants of water borders. The clematis, mingling its foliage secretly with its host, comes down with the stream tangles to the village fences, skips over to corners of little used pasture lands and the plantations that spring up about waste water pools; but never ventures a footing in the trail of spade or plough; will not be persuaded to grow in any garden plot. On the other hand, the horehound, the common European species imported with the colonies, hankers after hedgerows and snug little borders. It is more widely distributed than many native species, and may be always found along the ditches in the village corners, where it is not appreciated. The irrigating ditch is an impartial



repose

[ri'pəuz]

n. 休息, 睡眠

barren

['bærən]

adj. 贫瘠的

usurpation

[ˌju:zə:'peɪʃən]

n. 侵占

impartial

[im'pɑ:fəl]

adj. 公正的, 不偏不倚的

子, 而是逐渐逐渐地, 就像一个人会意识到一个中年的、严肃的邻居, 是他生命中的感觉使他变得如此。那是完全习惯了的本能在沉睡。

跟着水跑的是干渴的草本植物和灌木。溪流去多远, 柳树就去多远, 而且稍微一激还会跑得更远一点。它们会把根扎在有溪流的峡谷裂缝里, 或者是满溢的溪岸上有细流的地方, 诱哄溪水越过它指定的界限。如果荒地上出现了一条新的水道, 三年内, 几英里的岸边就会柳树成行; 再过三年, 树顶的柳枝就会在水道上方交织。也许由于柳树早早霸占了地盘, 其他植物就很少能在大的沟渠边发现生长的空间。桦树更为保守一些, 它在峡谷灌木的大后方扎根; 它羞于在人类经常出没的地方生长, 而且需要拥有有保证的永久水源。在远远还没有达到夏天水量极限的时候, 它就停下了, 我从来没见过它会在耕地以外的堤岸上占据一个位置。几乎就像预先谋划好了一样, 某些水边植物避免大面积生长。铁线莲, 悄悄地把它的叶子和它的宿主混合起来, 和溪边灌木一起蔓延到村庄的篱笆旁, 越过篱笆, 进入很少使用的牧场角落, 和在废水池附近出现的种植园里; 但它从不冒险在锹和犁会经过的路线上生根; 也不会被说服去花园里生长。另一方面, 欧夏至草, 随殖民者一同进口的普通欧洲品种, 渴望灌木树篱和舒适的小边界。它的分布要比许多本地品种要广, 在村庄的角落里, 沟渠边, 那些不欣赏它的地方, 总能发现它的踪迹。灌溉渠是一个公正的分配者。它收集西部花园里所有陌

distributer. It gathers all the alien weeds that come west in garden and grass seeds and affords them harbor in its banks. There one finds the European mallow (*Malva rotundifolia*) spreading out to the streets with the summer overflow, and every spring a dandelion or two, brought in with the blue grass seed, uncurls in the swardy soil. Farther than either of these have come the lilies that the Chinese coolies cultivate in adjacent mud holes for their foodful bulbs. The seegoo establishes itself very readily in swampy borders, and the white blossom spikes among the arrow-pointed leaves are quite as acceptable to the eye as any native species.

In the neighborhood of towns founded by the Spanish Californians, whether this plant is native to the locality or not, one can always find aromatic clumps of yerba buena, the "good herb" (*Micromeria douglassii*). The virtue of it as a febrifuge was taught to the mission fathers by the neophytes, and wise old dames of my acquaintance have worked astonishing cures with it and the succulent yerba mansa. This last is native to wet meadows and distinguished enough to have a family all to itself.

Where the irrigating ditches are shallow and a little neglected, they choke quickly with watercress that multiplies about the lowest Sierra springs. It is characteristic of the frequenters of water borders near man haunts, that they are chiefly of the sorts that are useful to man, as if they made their services an excuse for the intrusion. The joint-grass of soggy pastures produces edible, nut-flavored tubers, called by the Indians taboose. The common reed of the ultramontane marshes (here *Phragmites vulgaris*), a very stately, whispering reed, light and strong for shafts or arrows, affords sweet sap and pith which makes a passable sugar.

adjacent

[ə'dʒeɪsənt]

adj. 邻近的, 接近的

locality

[ləu'kælɪti]

n. 位置, 地点

soggy

['sɒɡi]

adj. 浸水的, 潮湿的

passable

['pɑ:səbl]

adj. 令人满意但不出色的, 尚可的

生的杂草和草籽, 让它们在其岸边容身。在那里, 你发现欧洲锦葵随着夏天泛滥的洪水蔓延到街上, 每年春天, 都会有一两枝药蒲公英, 被蓝草的种子带进来, 在草地上舒展开腰身。比这些植物走得更远的是睡莲, 中国人会在毗连的泥塘里收获它们可食用的块根。慈菇很容易就在沼泽边缘立稳了脚跟, 白色的花朵突出在箭头形的叶子之上, 和任何本地品种一样赏心悦目。

在西班牙裔加利福尼亚人创建的市镇附近, 无论这种植物是否是本地生的, 你总能发现一丛丛芳香的姜味草(“好草药”)。作为退热药, 新信徒把它的优点教给了传教士, 我认识的聪明老妇人用它和多汁的美洲三白草取得了惊人的疗效。后者多生于潮湿的草地, 著名得足以单列为一族。

如果灌溉渠很浅, 稍微忽视一点, 就会迅速被豆瓣菜阻塞, 它们在内华达山脉最低处的泉水边繁殖。它们具有经常在靠近人类居所的水边生长的植物的特征, 是对人类有用的主要种类, 仿佛它们的服务是为了让自己的入侵得到原谅。潮湿牧场上的木贼属植物, 长有可食的、坚果味的块茎, 印第安人称为“野豆”。山那边沼泽地里的普通芦苇(此地叫作大风艾), 一种非常庄重的、瑟瑟低语的芦苇, 轻盈而结实, 适合做箭杆和箭头, 它的甜汁和髓能做成过得去的糖。

It seems the secrets of plant powers and influences yield themselves most readily to primitive peoples, at least one never hears of the knowledge coming from any other source. The Indian never concerns himself, as the botanist and the poet, with the plant's appearances and relations, but with what it can do for him.

It can do much, but how do you suppose he finds it out; what instincts or accidents guide him? How does a cat know when to eat catnip? Why do western bred cattle avoid loco weed, and strangers eat it and go mad? One might suppose that in a time of famine the Paiutes digged wild **parsnip** in meadow corners and died from eating it, and so learned to produce death swiftly and at will. But how did they learn, repenting in the last agony, that animal fat is the best antidote for its virulence; and who taught them that the essence of joint pine (*Ephedra nevadensis*), which looks to have no juice in it of any sort, is efficacious in stomachic disorders. But they so understand and so use. One believes it to be a sort of instinct atrophied by disuse in a complexer civilization. I remember very well when I came first upon a wet meadow of yerba mansa, not knowing its name or use. It looked potent; the cool, shiny leaves, the succulent, pink stems and fruity bloom. A little touch, a hint, a word, and I should have known what use to put them to. So I felt, unwilling to leave it until we had come to an understanding. So a musician might have felt in the presence of an instrument known to be within his province, but beyond his power. It was with the relieved sense of having shaped a long surmise that I watched the Senora Romero make a poultice of it for my burned hand.

On, down from the lower lakes to the village weirs, the brown and golden disks of helenum have beauty as a

parsnip

['pɑ:snɪp]

n. [植] 欧洲防风草

植物的力量与用途的秘密，似乎最容易向原始人显露，至少你从来没有听说过这种知识来自另外的源头。印第安人从来不像植物学家与诗人一样，只关心植物的外观及其关联，而是关心植物的用途。

植物的用途很大，但是你怎么能假定是他发现的，是什么本能或意外引导着他？猫怎么知道什么时候要吃樟脑草？为什么西部培养的牛会避开洛苛草，而陌生人吃了就会发疯？你可能会猜测，在闹饥荒的时候，派尤特人挖草地角落里的野萝卜吃，中毒死了，于是学会了迅速而随心所欲地制造死亡。但是，他们是怎样在最后的痛苦中悟到，动物脂肪是最好的解毒物；是谁教会他们，看似没有汁液的摩门茶的精华，对胃肠紊乱有效。但是他们就是明白，就是这样使用的。你相信那是一种在更复杂的文明中因为滥用而退化了的直觉。我非常清楚地记得，当我最初遇见一片潮湿的美洲三白草，我不知道它的名字和作用。它看起来很有效力，凉爽、闪光的叶子，多汁的粉红色草茎，水果一样的花。稍微接触一下，一个暗示，一句话，我就会知道它们的用途。所以我不愿意离开它，直到我们达至某种理解。所以，一名医生会觉得，就在他的领域之内存在着一种工具，但却无力去把握。就是带着摆脱了长时间臆测的解脱感，我观察塞诺拉·罗梅罗用它做成缓痛的膏药，敷在我烧伤的手上。

从海拔较低的湖泊一直下到村庄的拦河坝，繁缕的棕色和金色圆盘，美得有足够的理由存在。

sufficient excuse for being. The plants anchor out on tiny capes, or mid-stream islets, with the nearly sessile radicle leaves submerged. The flowers keep up a constant **trepidation** in time with the hasty water beating at their stems, a quivering, instinct with life, that seems always at the point of breaking into flight; just as the babble of the watercourses always approaches articulation but never quite achieves it. Although of wide range the helenum never makes itself common through profusion, and may be looked for in the same places from year to year. Another lake dweller that comes down to the ploughed lands is the red columbine. (*C. truncata*). It requires no encouragement other than shade, but grows too rank in the summer heats and loses its wildwood grace. A common enough orchid in these parts is the false lady's slipper (*Epipactis gigantea*), one that springs up by any water where there is sufficient growth of other sorts to give it countenance. It seems to thrive best in an atmosphere of suffocation.

The middle Sierras fall off abruptly eastward toward the high valleys. Peaks of the fourteen thousand class, belted with sombre **swathes** of pine, rise almost directly from the bench lands with no foothill approaches. At the lower edge of the bench or mesa the land falls away, often by a fault, to the river hollows, and along the drop one looks for springs or intermittent swampy swales. Here the plant world resembles a little the lake gardens, modified by altitude and the use the town folk put it to for pasture. Here are cress, blue violets, **potentilla**, and, in the damp of the willow fence-rows, white false asphodels. I am sure we make too free use of this word FALSE in naming plants—false mallow, false lupine, and the like. The **asphodel** is at least no falsifier, but a true lily by all

trepidation  
[ˈtrepɪˈdeɪʃən]  
n. 颤抖

suffocation  
[ˌsʌfəˈkeɪʃən]  
n. 窒息  
swathe  
[ˈsweɪð]  
n. 带子, 绷带

potentilla  
[ˌpəʊtənˈtɪlə]  
n. [植] 委陵菜  
asphodel  
[ˈæsfədəl]  
n. [植] 日光兰

扎根在小岬角或溪中小岛上的植物, 无柄的胚根几乎浸在水里。花朵一直在不停地战栗, 湍急的水流冲击着它们的茎, 一种颤抖的生命本能, 似乎会突然飞起来一样; 就像水流的絮语, 始终在接近清楚的发音, 但一直没有达到。尽管繁缕的范围很宽, 也始终没有让它成为普通而丰富的植物, 年复一年可以在同样的地方找到。另一个出现在耕地上的湖区居民是红耧斗菜。它不需要鼓励, 只需要阴影, 在夏季的炎热中生长得过于茂盛, 以致失去了野生植物的风度。在这些地区, 一种足够普通的兰花是伪拖鞋兰, 它能在任何水边萌生, 只要那里生长着足够多的其他品种来支持它。它似乎在窒息的气候中最为繁盛。

内华达山脉中部陡然向东下陷为深谷。一万四千座山峰, 腰间捆绑着暗淡的松树腰带, 几乎是直接从阶地上耸起, 近处没有任何山麓。阶地或台地的下边, 经常是因为断层, 土地下陷成河流, 沿此下陷之地, 你可以找到泉水或间歇性的沼泽湿地。这里的植物界有点类似于湖畔花园, 因为海拔高度和镇上居民把它用作牧场而有所改变。这里有水田芥、蓝色紫罗兰、委陵菜, 而在柳树围起的潮湿土地上, 则生长着白色的伪百合科草本植物。我敢肯定, 在命名植物时, 我们对这个“伪”字的使用是过于随便了——伪锦葵、伪羽扇豆, 诸如此类。伪百合科草本植物至少不是无根据的, 但是, 凭其天堂赋予的特征, 真正的百合尽管花朵很小, 叶子居多, 也应该拥有一

the heaven-set marks, though small of flower and run mostly to leaves, and should have a name that gives it credit for growing up in such celestial semblance. Native to the mesa meadows is a pale iris, gardens of it acres wide, that in the spring season of full bloom make an airy fluttering as of azure wings. Single flowers are too thin and sketchy of outline to affect the imagination, but the full fields have the misty blue of mirage waters rolled across desert sand, and quicken the senses to the anticipation of things ethereal. A very poet's flower, I thought; not fit for gathering up, and proving a nuisance in the pastures, therefore needing to be the more loved. And one day I caught Winnenap' drawing out from mid leaf a fine strong fibre for making snares. The borders of the iris fields are pure gold, nearly sessile buttercups and a creeping-stemmed composite of a redder hue. I am convinced that English-speaking children will always have buttercups. If they do not light upon the original companion of little frogs they will take the next best and cherish it accordingly. I find five unrelated species loved by that name, and as many more and as inappropriately called cowslips.

By every mesa spring one may expect to find a single shrub of the buckthorn, called of old time *Cascara sagrada*—the sacred bark. Up in the cañons, within the limit of the rains, it seeks rather a stony slope, but in the dry valleys is not found away from water borders.

In all the valleys and along the desert edges of the west are considerable areas of soil sickly with alkali-collecting pools, black and evil-smelling like old blood. Very little grows hereabout but thick-leaved pickle weed. Curiously enough, in this stiff mud, along roadways where there is frequently a little leakage from canals, grows the only western representative of



nuisance

[ˈnjuːsɪns]

n. 讨厌的人或物

cowslip

[ˈkaʊslɪp]

n. 黄花九轮草

stony

[ˈstəʊni]

adj. 多石的

个让它有资格生出此等天国模样的名字。在台地草地上土生土长的是灰色鸢尾，往往一片有几英亩宽，在春天盛开，像蔚蓝的翅膀一样轻盈飘动。单个花朵过于单薄，轮廓过于粗略，难以影响人的想象，但是当整片田野都有流水涌过荒芜的沙地，投射出朦胧的蓝色海市蜃楼，就能刺激感官去展望灵妙的事物了。我想，这是一种非常像诗人的花；不适合集中在一起，结果成了牧场上的讨厌之物，因此需要变得更可爱才行。有一天我看到温尼那普从叶子中抽出一根结实的纤维来做罗网。鸢尾田的边缘是纯金色、几乎无柄的毛茛属植物，它们和一种爬藤植物混合成一种红色。我确信说英语的儿童将一直拥有毛茛。如果他们没偶然碰上小青蛙作最初的伙伴，他们就会接受次之的伙伴，并相应地珍视它。我发现了五个互不相关的品种，都因为那个名字为人所喜爱，还有更多的品种被不恰当地称作黄花九轮草。

在台地，每年春天你都可望发现一丛泻鼠李，回忆起古时候的鼠李皮——神圣的树皮。在峡谷上游，在雨的界限之内，它寻找多石的山坡，但是在干燥山谷中，在离开水边的地方是找不到它的。

在所有山谷中，在西部的沙漠边缘，大片可观的地区布满含碱的池塘，令人作呕，它们颜色发黑，像旧血一样散发邪恶的气味。这里的植物很少，只有叶子很厚的杂草。真够奇怪的，路边经常有从沟渠里渗漏出的东西，就在这僵硬的泥

the true heliotropes (*Heliotropium curassavicum*). It has flowers of faded white, foliage of faded green, resembling the "live-for-ever" of old gardens and graveyards, but even less attractive. After so much schooling in the virtues of water-seeking plants, one is not surprised to learn that its mucilaginous sap has healing powers.

Last and inevitable resort of overflow waters is the tulares, great wastes of reeds (*Juncus*) in sickly, slow streams. The reeds, called tules, are ghostly pale in winter, in summer deep poisonous-looking green, the waters thick and brown; the reed beds breaking into dingy pools, clumps of rotting willows, narrow winding water lanes and sinking paths. The tules grow inconceivably thick in places, standing man-high above the water; cattle, no, not any fish nor fowl can penetrate them. Old stalks succumb slowly; the bed soil is quagmire, settling with the weight as it fills and fills. Too slowly for counting they raise little islands from the bog and reclaim the land. The waters pushed out cut deeper channels, gnaw off the edges of the solid earth.

The tulares are full of mystery and malaria. That is why we have meant to explore them and have never done so. It must be a happy mystery. So you would think to hear the redwinged blackbirds proclaim it clear March mornings. Flocks of them, and every flock a myriad, shelter in the dry, whispering stems. They make little arched runways deep into the heart of the tule beds. Miles across the valley one hears the clamor of their high, keen flutings in the mating weather.

Wild fowl, quacking hordes of them, nest in the tulares. Any day's venture will raise from open shallows the great blue heron on his hollow wings. Chill evenings the mallard drakes

浆里，生长着真正天芥菜的西部唯一代表。它的花是褪色的白，叶子是褪色的绿，类似于老花园和葡萄园的“紫花景天”，可甚至更没有吸引力。在了解到这么多喜水植物的优点之后，你毫不吃惊地发现，它的黏液具有治疗的力量。

最后的、不可避免要求助于溢出之水的是芦苇，大片大片浪费在恶心而缓慢的溪流中。芦苇，也叫灯芯草，冬天苍白如幽灵，夏天绿得像有毒，水流黏稠，呈棕色；长芦苇的土地分裂成肮脏的池塘，一丛丛腐烂的柳树，狭窄蜿蜒的水路和下陷的小径。各地的灯芯草都厚得不可思议，它们立在水面有一人高；除了牛，没有任何鱼和家禽能咬透它们。又老又硬的茎慢慢屈服；根下的沼地因不断增加的重量而变得结实。它们从沼泽中升起小小的岛屿，收回土地，但慢得难以计算。向外推进的水切出更深的沟渠，侵蚀着坚实土地的边缘。

芦苇中充满了神秘和疟疾。那就是为什么我们想要探索它们，又始终没有这么做的缘故。那一定是个幸福的秘密。所以你会认为，听见红翅膀的黑鸟，则表明是晴朗的3月早晨。黑鸟成群，每一群都有无数只，躲在干燥、低语的芦苇中。它们在苇丛深处开辟出有拱门的跑道。穿过几英里的山谷，在求偶的天气里，你能听见它们那高高的、长笛般激越的叫声。

成群的野禽，嘎嘎叫着，在芦苇里筑巢。任何白天的冒险都能从开阔的浅水中惊起蓝色的大苍鹭，拍动它中空的翅膀。寒冷的黄昏，雄野鸭

dingy  
[ˈdɪndʒi]  
adj. 暗黑的

quagmire  
[ˈkwæɡmaɪə]  
n. 沼泽，湿地

clamor  
[ˈklæmə]  
n. 喧闹，叫嚷

cry continually from the glassy pools, the bittern's hollow boom rolls along the water paths. Strange and farflown fowl drop down against the saffron, autumn sky. All day wings beat above it hazy with speed; long flights of cranes glimmer in the twilight. By night one wakes to hear the clanging geese go over. One wishes for, but gets no nearer speech from those the reedy fens have swallowed up. What they do there, how fare, what find, is the secret of the tulares.

不停地从有草的池塘中呼唤，苇鵝空洞的鸣叫声沿水道传来。分布很广的陌生禽类在秋天橘黄色天空的映衬下飘坠而下。整天都有翅膀在空中迅速拍打，使天空变得朦胧；鹤在闪耀的夕光中长久地飞翔。夜里醒来，你听见野鹅尖叫着从头上飞过。你希望更近地了解那些被芦苇的沼泽吞没的禽鸟，结果却一无所获。它们在那里做什么，如何生活，发现了什么，那是属于芦苇的秘密了。

## Nurslings of the Sky

Choose a hill country for storms. There all the business of the weather is carried on above your horizon and loses its terror in familiarity. When you come to think about it, the **disastrous** storms are on the levels, sea or sand or plains. There you get only a hint of what is about to happen, the fume of the gods rising from their meeting place under the rim of the world; and when it breaks upon you there is no stay nor shelter. The terrible mewings and mouthings of a Kansas wind have the added terror of viewlessness. You are lapped in them like uprooted grass; suspect them of a personal grudge. But the storms of hill countries have other business. They **scoop** watercourses, manure the pines, twist them to a finer fibre, fit the firs to be masts and spars, and, if you keep reasonably out of the track of their affairs, do you no harm.

They have habits to be learned, appointed paths, seasons, and warnings, and they leave you in no doubt about their performances. One who builds his house on a water scar or the rubble of a steep slope must take chances. So they did in Overtown who built in the wash of Argus water, and at Kearsarge at the foot of a steep, treeless swale. After twenty years Argus water rose in the wash against the frail houses, and the piled snows of Kearsarge slid down at a thunder peal

disastrous  
[di'zɑ:stɹəs]  
adj. 灾难性的

scoop  
[sku:p]  
v. 挖掘

## 天空的乳婴

为风暴选择一处山区。天气的所有事务都在你的地平线上进行，并因熟悉而失去其恐怖。当你开始思考它时，灾难性的风暴在平地上，海上，沙漠或平原上。你只得到一点即将发生什么事情的暗示，众神的烟气从世界边缘之下它们聚会的地方升起；当它在你头上炸开，你无处停留，无所遮蔽。堪萨斯的风，可怕地喵喵叫着，夸张地咆哮着，更增添了无形的恐惧。你在风中被打拍着，像无根的小草；你推测它们对你怀有个人的仇怨。它们挖掘水道，给松树施肥，把它们拧成更好的纤维，让枞树适合做成桅杆和横梁，而且，如果你理智地避开它们的轨迹，你就不会受到伤害。

它们有你需要熟悉的习惯，指定的路径，季节和警告，而且它们不会让你对它们的表演有丝毫的怀疑。把房子建在水中礁石或者是碎石累累的陡坡上的人，他必须准备冒险。他们在欧弗顿就是这么做的，他们在阿格斯水流的冲击中，在基萨奇陡峭的坡底，没有树的低洼地建筑。二十年后，阿格斯水域在沼泽中升起，冲击着脆弱的房屋，基萨奇堆积的积雪发出雷鸣滑向小屋和

over the cabins and the camp, but you could conceive that it was the fault of neither the water nor the snow.

The first effect of cloud study is a sense of presence and intention in storm processes. Weather does not happen. It is the visible **manifestation** of the Spirit moving itself in the void. It gathers itself together under the heavens; rains, snows, yearns mightily in wind, smiles; and the Weather Bureau, situated advantageously for that very business, taps the record on his instruments and going out on the streets denies his God, not having gathered the sense of what he has seen. Hardly anybody takes account of the fact that John Muir, who knows more of mountain storms than any other, is a **devout** man.

Of the high Sierras choose the neighborhood of the splintered peaks about the Kern and King's river divide for storm study, or the short, wide-mouthed cañons opening eastward on high valleys. Days when the hollows are steeped in a warm, winey flood the clouds came walking on the floor of heaven, flat and pearly gray beneath, rounded and pearly white above. They gather flock-wise, moving on the level currents that roll about the peaks, lock hands and settle with the cooler air, drawing a veil about those places where they do their work. If their meeting or parting takes place at sunrise or sunset, as it often does, one gets the **splendor** of the apocalypse. There will be cloud pillars miles high, snow-capped, glorified, and preserving an orderly perspective before the unbarred door of the sun, or perhaps mere ghosts of clouds that dance to some pied piper of an unfelt wind. But be it day or night, once they have settled to their work, one sees from the valley only the blank wall of their tents stretched along the ranges. To get the real effect of a mountain storm you must be inside.



manifestation

[ˌmænɪfɪs'teɪʃən]

n. 显示, 表现

devout

[di'vaut]

adj. 虔诚的

splendor

[ˈsplendə]

n. 光彩, 壮观

营地, 但是你能设想, 那既不是水也不是雪的过错。

云彩研究的最初效果是感觉到风暴过程的存在和意图。天气不是发生的, 是“精神”的可见表象在虚空中移动自身。它在天空下把自己收集起来; 雨, 雪, 风中的强烈想望, 微笑; 而气象员, 对那项事务占有优势, 在他的设备上敲下记录, 去街上否定他的上帝, 没有收集起对他所见一切的感觉。几乎任何人都不会注意到约翰·缪尔事实上是个虔诚之人, 他比任何人都更了解山区的风暴。

要在高高的内华达山脉进行风暴研究, 你可以选择科恩河与金河分水岭附近开裂的山峰, 或者是高山上向东敞开的宽口的短峡谷。白天, 险峻的峡谷浸在温暖、有酒香的洪水里, 云彩在天堂的地板上漫步而来, 云底平坦, 呈珠灰色, 上部浑圆, 呈珠白色。它们大群地聚集起来, 随山峰周围翻滚的水平气流而移动, 手挽着手, 与更为凉爽的空气和解, 在它们工作的地方拉起一层薄纱。日出或日落时, 如果有云彩聚散, 它们经常如此, 你就能领略到启示录中的壮丽景观。将会有几英里高的云柱, 顶部雪白, 更加艳丽, 保持着井然有序的远景, 在太阳敞开的门前, 或许仅仅是云彩的幽灵在舞蹈, 觉察不到的斑斓的风, 用管乐为之伴奏。可是, 无论是白天还是夜晚, 一旦它们完成了自己的工作, 山谷里就只能看见它们帐篷的空白帷幕, 沿着山脊延伸。要领略山区风暴的真正效果, 你必须置身其中。

One who goes often into a hill country learns not to say: What if it should rain? It always does rain somewhere among the peaks; the unusual thing is that one should escape it. You might suppose that if you took any account of plant **contrivances** to save their pollen powder against showers. Note how many there are deep-throated and bell-flowered like the pentstemons, how many have nodding pedicels as the columbine, how many grow in copse shelters and grow there only. There is keen delight in the quick showers of summer cañons, with the added comfort, born of experience, of knowing that no harm comes of a wetting at high altitudes. The day is warm; a white cloud spies over the cañon wall, slips up behind the ridge to cross it by some windy pass, obscures your sun. Next you hear the rain **drum** on the broad-leaved hellebore, and beat down the mimulus beside the brook.

You shelter on the lee of some strong pine with shut-winged butterflies and merry, fiddling creatures of the wood. Runnels of rain water from the glacier-slips swirl through the pine needles into rivulets; the streams froth and rise in their banks. The sky is white with cloud; the sky is gray with rain; the sky is clear. The summer showers leave no wake.

Such as these follow each other day by day for weeks in August weather. Sometimes they chill suddenly into wet snow that packs about the lake gardens clear to the blossom frills, and melts away harmlessly. Sometimes one has the good fortune from a heather-grown headland to watch a rain-cloud forming in mid-air. Out over meadow or lake region begins a little darkling of the sky, —no cloud, no wind, just a smokiness such as spirits materialize from in **witch** stories.

It rays out and draws to it some floating films from secret

contrivance

[kən'traivəns]

n. 想出的办法

drum

[drʌm]

n. 鼓声

witch

[wɪtʃ]

n. 女巫, 巫婆

经常进山的人学会了不说：万一下雨呢？山峰中间的某处确实一直在下雨：避雨就变成了不平常的事情。你会猜测，植物是否有自己的手段从阵雨中拯救它们的花粉。你注意到多少植物有钓钟柳那样的深喉和钟形花朵，多少植物有耒耜菜那样点头的花梗，多少植物生长在矮林的荫蔽下，并且只在那里生长。夏日峡谷里迅速的阵雨给人强烈的快乐，它让你更舒适，你从经验中得知，高纬度的潮湿不会带来任何伤害。白昼是温暖的；一片白云在峡谷峭壁上窥视，在山脊背后悄悄升起，穿过多风的垭口，模糊你的太阳。接下来，你听到雨的鼓点敲打在嚏根草属植物上，打倒了溪流边的沟酸浆属植物。在强壮松树的荫蔽下，你与合拢翅膀的蝴蝶、林中快乐的小生灵一起躲雨。一股一股的雨水从冰川打着漩涡而下，穿过地下久积的松针，流入小河；小河起着泡沫，在河岸之间涨起。云使天空变白；雨使天空变灰；天空是清澈的。夏天的阵雨不留痕迹。

在8月的天气里，这样的阵雨一场接一场，日复一日，会持续几个星期。有时它们突然变冷，变成潮湿的雪，堆积在湖畔花园中，给花朵装饰上清晰的花边，然后没有任何危害地融化，消失。有时，如果运气好，在生长欧石楠的畦头未耕地上，能观察到雨云在半空中形成。在草地那边，或者是湖区，开始露出一小片迷人的天空——没有云彩，没有风，如烟似雾，就像魔幻故事里正在成形的精灵。

它放射出光芒，从隐秘的峡谷中拉来一些飘

cañons. Rain begins, "slow dropping veil of thinnest lawn"; a wind comes up and drives the formless thing across a meadow, or a dull lake pitted by the glancing drops, dissolving as it drives. Such rains relieve like tears.

The same season brings the rains that have work to do, ploughing storms that alter the face of things. These come with thunder and the play of live fire along the rocks. They come with great winds that try the pines for their work upon the seas and strike out the unfit. They shake down **avalanches** of splinters from sky-line pinnacles and raise up sudden floods like battle fronts in the cañons against towns, trees, and boulders. They would be kind if they could, but have more important matters. Such storms, called cloud-bursts by the country folk, are not rain, rather the spillings of Thor's cup, jarred by the Thunderer. After such a one the water that comes up in the village hydrants miles away is white with forced bubbles from the wind-tormented streams.

All that storms do to the face of the earth you may read in the geographies, but not what they do to our contemporaries. I remember one night of **thunderous** rain made unendurably mournful by the houseless cry of a cougar whose lair, and perhaps his family, had been buried under a slide of broken boulders on the slope of Kearsarge. We had heard the heavy detonation of the slide about the hour of the alpenglow, a pale rosy interval in a darkling air, and judged he must have come from hunting to the ruined cliff and paced the night out before it, crying a very human woe. I remember, too, in that same season of storms, a lake made milky white for days, and crowded out of its bed by clay washed into it by a fury of rain, with the trout floating in it belly up, stunned by the shock of

avalanche

['ævə, lɑ:nʃ]

n. 雪崩

thunderous

['θʌndərəs]

adj. 打雷的

浮的薄纱。雨开始了，“最薄的草地上缓缓垂下的薄纱”；一阵风吹起，驱赶着无形之物穿过草地，沉闷的湖泊被闪亮的雨滴砸得坑坑点点，又被风吹散。这样的雨像眼泪一样让人解脱。

同一季节带来的雨是有工作要做的，耕耘万物的暴风雨改变了事物的面貌。沿着岩石，它们伴随着雷霆和猛烈的火焰而来。它们带来了大风，考验着松树，看它们是否适合海上的工作，并把不适合的树木摧毁。它们从地平线的顶点摇落一场场小雪崩，突然使峡谷里洪水暴涨，就像战役前线，冲向城镇、树木和砾石。如果可能，它们会很友善，但它们有更重要的事情。这样的暴风雨，山地人叫作“云爆”，它们不是雨，而是托尔<sup>1</sup>的酒杯被雷霆震动，溢出的酒。这样的一场暴风雨之后，从几英里外被风折磨的溪流进入村庄水龙头的水，将翻腾着不得已的白色泡沫。

暴风雨对大地外貌的改变，你可以在地理学中读到，但暴风雨对我们现在的影响却不是这样。我记得，一个响着霹雳的雨夜，一头无家可归的美洲狮哭号着，悲哀得让人无法忍受，它的巢穴，或许还有它的家人，已经被基萨奇山坡上滑下的砾石埋葬了。晚霞辉映的时辰，迷人的空中满是灰色和玫瑰红色，我们听到了滑坡的沉重轰鸣声，我们判断它一定是在外面狩猎归来，回到崩塌的悬崖前，在那里整夜徘徊，像一个悲痛的人一样哭号。我还记得，在同一个暴风雨的季节，有好几天，湖里都是一片奶白色，猛烈的雨水冲进湖里的黏土使湖水溢出岸边，水面上漂浮着肚子翻白的鳟鱼，它们是被突如其来的洪水震

the sudden flood. But there were trout enough for what was left of the lake next year and the beginning of a meadow about its upper rim. What taxed me most in the wreck of one of my favorite cañons by cloud-burst was to see a bobcat mother mouthing her drowned kittens in the ruined lair built in the wash, far above the limit of accustomed waters, but not far enough for the unexpected. After a time you get the point of view of gods about these things to save you from being too pitiful.

The great snows that come at the beginning of winter, before there is yet any snow except the perpetual high banks, are best worth while to watch. These come often before the late bloomers are gone and while the migratory birds are still in the piney woods. Down in the valley you see little but the flocking of blackbirds in the streets, or the low flight of mallards over the tulares, and the gathering of clouds behind Williamson. First there is a waiting stillness in the wood; the pine-trees creak although there is no wind, the sky glowers, the firs rock by the water borders. The noise of the creek rises insistently and falls off a full note like a child abashed by sudden silence in the room. This changing of the stream-tone following tardily the changes of the sun on melting snows is most meaningful of wood notes. After it runs a little trumpeter wind to cry the wild creatures to their holes. Sometimes the warning hangs in the air for days with increasing stillness. Only Clark's crow and the strident jays make light of it; only they can afford to. The cattle get down to the foothills and ground-inhabiting creatures make fast their doors. It grows chill, blind clouds fumble in the cañons; there will be a roll of thunder, perhaps, or a flurry of rain, but mostly the snow is born in the

昏的。但是，第二年湖中剩下的鳟鱼仍然够多，而且在湖的上边缘出现了一片新的草地。在我最喜欢的峡谷因“云爆”所造成的破坏中，最让我心情沉重的是看到一只短尾猫母亲，在坍塌的巢穴中叼着它淹死的孩子们，巢穴建在洼地里，远在水界之上，但对于预料不到的洪水却不够远。一段时间之后，你领会了众神对这些事的安排，由此使你摆脱了过度的慈悲。

冬天开始时降下的大雪是最值得看的，在那之前，除了常年积雪的高处的堤岸，还没有什么雪。这些大雪往往是在最后的花消失之前，那时松林里还有候鸟在逗留。山谷里，你看不见什么，街道上只有成群的黑鸟，野鸭在芦苇丛中低飞，云彩在威廉姆森峰后面聚集着。最初，林中是一片等待的寂静；松树在吱嘎作响，虽然没有一丝的风，天空在凝视着，枞树在水边摇晃。溪流的喧闹声急切地响起又沉寂下来，像一个孩子因为房间里突然的寂静而局促不安。太阳融化积雪，其后缓慢跟随的是溪流曲调的变化，这是最富有含义的森林音乐。这之后，是风吹起小喇叭，呼唤野生动物回到它们的洞穴。有时，随着越来越深的寂静，好几天，警告都悬挂在空气中。只有克拉克的乌鸦和糙声鸣叫的松鸦对此毫不在意，也只有它们才能承受得起。牛下到山麓边，地面栖居的动物在快速地修建洞口。天气变得寒冷，盲目的云彩在峡谷中摸索；将会有一阵雷声，也许是一阵雨，但最有可能的是雪在空气

mallard

[ˈmæləd]

n. 野鸭

trumpeter

[ˈtrʌmpɪtə]

n. 喇叭手

fumble

[ˈfʌmbl]

v. 摸索

air with quietness and the sense of strong white pinions softly stirred. It increases, is wet and clogging, and makes a white night of midday.

There is seldom any wind with first snows, more often rain, but later, when there is already a smooth foot or two over all the slopes, the drifts begin. The late snows are fine and dry, mere ice granules at the wind's will. Keen mornings after a storm they are blown out in wreaths and banners from the high ridges sifting into the cañons.

Once in a year or so we have a "big snow". The cloud tents are widened out to shut in the valley and an outlying range or two and are drawn tight against the sun. Such a storm begins warm, with a dry white mist that fills and fills between the ridges, and the air is thick with formless groaning. Now for days you get no hint of the neighboring ranges until the snows begin to lighten and some shouldering peak lifts through a rent. Mornings after the heavy snows are **steely** blue, two-edged with cold, divinely fresh and still, and these are times to go up to the pine borders. There you may find floundering in the unstable drifts "tainted wethers" of the wild sheep, faint from age and hunger; easy prey. Even the deer make slow going in the thick fresh snow, and once we found a wolverine going blind and **feebly** in the white glare.

No tree takes the snow stress with such ease as the silver fir. The star-whorled, fan-spread branches droop under the soft wreaths—droop and press flatly to the trunk; presently the point of overloading is reached, there is a soft sough and muffled drooping, the boughs recover, and the weighting goes on until the drifts have reached the midmost whorls and covered up the branches. When the snows are particularly wet



里悄悄诞生，以及有力的白色翅膀轻轻搅动的感觉。雪越下越大，潮湿发黏，让中午变成了白色的夜晚。

最初的雪很少伴随有风，更多的是伴随着雨，但后来，当所有山坡上都有了一两英尺光滑的积雪，雪片就开始飘落了。晚雪美丽而干燥，仅仅是任风驱使的冰晶。暴风雪之后的早晨寒冷刺骨，从高高山脊上筛落到峡谷中的积雪被吹成花环和旗帜。

一年中有一两次“大雪”。云帐宽宽地伸展开来，遮住山谷和一两条边远的山脊，把太阳挡得严严的。一场暴风雪就这样温暖地开始了，干燥的白雾填满了山脊之间，空气中满是无形的呻吟。现在，一连数日，你得不到邻近山脉的任何暗示，直到雪开始落下，某座突出的山峰从峡谷中耸起。大雪后的早晨是钢蓝色的，寒冷刺骨，神圣，清新，寂静，这是向高处的松林攀登的时间。在那里松软的雪堆中，你能发现“臃肿的去了势的”野羊在痛苦地挣扎，因衰老和饥饿而奄奄一息，它们很容易被捕获。甚至野鹿在厚厚的新雪中也走得很慢，有一次我们发现了一头狼獾在耀眼的白色中盲目而虚弱地挪动着。

没有任何树能像银枞树那样轻松地承受雪的压力。有星形环生体、扇形展开的树枝，戴着柔软的花环垂下——垂下，平平地压在树干上；现在它的枝条重叠，随着一阵柔和的飒飒声和低沉的下垂声，树枝复原，而积雪的重量继续增加，直到雪片堆积到中间的环生体并覆盖了树枝。当

steely

['sti:li]

adj. 似钢的

feebly

['fi:blɪ]

adv. 微弱地

and heavy they spread over the young firs in green-ribbed tents wherein harbor winter loving birds.

All storms of desert hills, except wind storms, are impotent. East and east of the Sierras they rise in nearly parallel ranges, desertward, and no rain breaks over them, except from some far-strayed cloud or roving wind from the California Gulf, and these only in winter. In summer the sky travails with thunderings and the flare of sheet lightnings to win a few blistering big drops, and once in a lifetime the chance of a torrent. But you have not known what force resides in the mindless things until you have known a desert wind. One expects it at the turn of the two seasons, wet and dry, with electrified tense nerves. Along the edge of the mesa where it drops off to the valley, dust devils begin to rise white and steady, fanning out at the top like the genii out of the Fisherman's bottle. One supposes the Indians might have learned the use of smoke signals from these dust pillars as they learn most things direct from the tutelage of the earth. The air begins to move fluently, blowing hot and cold between the ranges. Far south rises a murk of sand against the sky; it grows, the wind shakes itself, and has a smell of earth. The cloud of small dust takes on the color of gold and shuts out the neighborhood, the push of the wind is unsparing. Only man of all folk is foolish enough to stir abroad in it. But being in a house is really much worse; no relief from the dust, and a great fear of the creaking timbers. There is no looking ahead in such a wind, and the bite of the small sharp sand on exposed skin is keener than any insect sting. One might sleep, for the lapping of the wind wears one to the point of exhaustion very soon, but there is dread, in open sand stretches sometimes

impotent

[ˈɪmpəʊnt]

adj. 虚弱的

pillar

[ˈpɪlə]

n. 柱子, 支柱

timber

[ˈtɪmbə]

n. 栋木, 横梁

雪特别厚特别潮湿的时候, 它们会铺展在小枞树上, 形成有绿色支柱的帐篷, 藏着冬天可爱的鸟们。

所有沙漠群山中的暴风雨, 除了风暴, 都是虚弱的。内华达山脉东边, 再往东, 它们几乎在平行的山脉中升起, 朝向沙漠, 但是没有带来雨水, 除了从加利福尼亚海湾远道而来的迷途的云和漫游的风, 而这些仅仅在冬天才会出现。夏天, 天空辛劳苦干, 又是雷鸣, 又是片状闪电, 才只能赢来少量起泡的大雨点, 而一生中也许连一次遇见洪流的机会都没有。但是你不知道, 在这些愚蠢盲目的事物中存在着怎样的力量, 直到你认识了沙漠的风。在干燥与潮湿季节的转折点, 你期望着这样的风, 你充了电的神经紧张而兴奋。沿着台地边缘, 那里大地下陷成山谷, 灰尘的魔鬼开始升起, 苍白而坚定, 在空中扇形展开, 就像渔夫瓶子里出来的魔仆。你猜测印第安人从这些灰柱学会了使用烟雾发信号, 正如他们大多数的事情都是直接向大地学来的。空气开始畅快地流动, 在山脊间或灼热或冰冷地吹着。遥远的南方, 一阵昏暗的沙尘向天空升起; 它增长着, 风在摇撼着它, 发出大地的气味。灰尘的云闪耀着金色, 遮住了周围的一切, 风的催逼严厉无情。所有生灵中只有人才愚蠢得在这样的沙尘中活动, 但是呆在房子里更糟糕; 你摆脱不了灰尘, 和对吱嘎作响的房梁的巨大恐惧。在这样的风中根本看不清前方, 锋利的小沙粒打在裸露的皮肤上, 比任何昆虫的叮咬都更厉害。你可能会睡着, 风的拍打很快就让人精疲力竭了, 但是,

justified, of being over blown by the drift. It is hot, dry, fretful work, but by going along the ground with the wind behind, one may come upon strange things in its tumultuous privacy. I like these truces of wind and heat that the desert makes, otherwise I do not know how I should come by so many acquaintances with furtive folk. I like to see hawks sitting daunted in shallow holes, not daring to spread a feather, and doves in a row by the prickly-bushes, and shut-eyed cattle, turned tail to the wind in a patient doze. I like the smother of sand among the dunes, and finding small coiled snakes in open places, but I never like to come in a wind upon the silly sheep. The wind robs them of what wit they had, and they seem never to have learned the self-induced hypnotic stupor with which most wild things endure weather stress. I have never heard that the desert winds brought harm to any other than the wandering shepherds and their flocks. Once below Pastaria Little Pete showed me bones sticking out of the sand where a flock of two hundred had been smothered in a **bygone** wind. In many places the four-foot posts of a cattle fence had been buried by the wind-blown dunes.

It is enough occupation, when no storm is brewing, to watch the cloud currents and the chambers of the sky. From Kearsarge, say, you look over Inyo and find pink soft cloud masses asleep on the level desert air; south of you hurries a white troop late to some gathering of their kind at the back of Oppapago; nosing the foot of Waban, a woolly mist creeps south. In the clean, smooth paths of the middle sky and highest up in air, drift, unshepherded, small flocks ranging contrarily. You will find the proper names of these things in the reports of the Weather Bureau—cirrus, cumulus, and the like

tumultuous  
[tju'mAltjuəs]  
adj. 喧嚣的

bygone  
['baigɔ:n]  
adj. 过去的, 以前的

你害怕被流沙埋住, 在开阔的沙地上这种担心有时是正当的。天气灼热、干燥、让人焦躁, 但是, 跟在风后面, 你能在喧闹中的僻静处遇见陌生的东西。我喜欢休战的风和沙漠的炎热, 否则我就不会知道, 我怎样才能了解这么多隐秘的族类。我喜欢吓呆了的鹰, 它们坐在浅浅的洞穴里, 不敢展开一根羽毛, 荆棘丛旁鸽子成排, 闭着眼睛的牛, 把尾巴冲着风, 耐心地打着瞌睡。我喜欢沙丘间令人窒息的沙子, 在开阔地上我发现了盘曲的小蛇, 但是我从来不喜欢在风中遇见愚蠢的羊。风剥夺了它们所有的智慧, 它们似乎从未学会自我诱导的催眠的昏迷, 大多数野生动物都靠这个来承受气候的压力。我从来没有听说沙漠的风带来什么危害, 除了漫游的牧人和他们的羊群。有一次在帕斯塔利亚, 小皮特指给我看沙子中支棱出的骨头, 那里有两百只的一群羊被风闷死了。在许多地方, 四英尺高的牛栏被风吹起的沙丘埋住。

没有风暴在酝酿的时候, 观察云彩的变幻和天空是一项足够的消遣。比如说, 从基萨奇山口, 你向因约山眺望, 发现大团粉红色柔软的云彩沉睡在平坦的沙漠上空; 向南, 你看见一列白色的军队匆忙奔向奥帕帕戈山后的某个集合地点; 小心翼翼地沿着瓦班山脚, 一阵羊毛般的雾气悄悄向南爬行。在中天和天顶的那些干净、光滑的小路上, 游荡着没人放牧的小群小群的羊只, 它们逆向而行。在气象局的报告上, 你会发现这些事物的合适的名字——卷云、积云, 诸如

and charts that will teach by study when to sow and take up crops. It is astonishing the trouble men will be at to find out when to plant potatoes, and gloze over the eternal meaning of the skies. You have to beat out for yourself many mornings on the windy headlands the sense of the fact that you get the same rainbow in the cloud drift over Waban and the spray of your garden hose. And not necessarily then do you live up to it.

此类，研究得出的图表将教你什么时候播种，什么时候收割。令人吃惊的是，那些检修工将忙着查明什么时候种马铃薯，并掩盖天空的永恒意义。许多个黎明，在多风的畦头未耕地，你不得不自己弄明白事实的含义，在飘过瓦班的云彩中，和你花园水管喷出的水花中，你得到的是同样的彩虹。你没有必要遵照它行事。

## The Little Town of the Grape Vines

There are still some places in the west where the quails cry "cuidado"; where all the speech is soft, all the manners gentle; where all the dishes have chile in them, and they make more of the Sixteenth of September than they do of the Fourth of July. I mean in particular El Pueblo de Las Uvas. Where it lies, how to come at it, you will not get from me; rather would I show you the heron's nest in the tulares. It has a peak behind it, glinting above the tamarack pines, above a breaker of ruddy hills that have a long slope valley-wards and the shoreward steep of waves toward the Sierras.

Below the Town of the Grape Vines, which shortens to Las Uvas for common use, the land dips away to the river pastures and the tulares. It shrouds under a twilight thicket of vines, under a dome of cottonwood-trees, drowsy and murmurous as a hive. Hereabouts are some strips of tillage and the headgates that dam up the creek for the village weirs; upstream you catch the growl of the arrastra. Wild vines that begin among the willows lap over to the orchard rows, take the trellis and roof-tree.

There is another town above Las Uvas that merits some attention, a town of arches and airy crofts, full of linnets, blackbirds, fruit birds, small sharp hawks, and mockingbirds that sing by night. They pour out piercing, unendurably sweet



## 葡萄藤小镇

西部还有些地方，那里，鹌鹑叫着“要小心啊”，那里所有的言谈都柔声细语，所有的举止都温文尔雅；那里所有的盘子里都有红辣椒，它们在9月16日比7月4日用得更多。我指的是葡萄藤小镇。它在哪，怎么去，你不会从我这里知道；我更愿意向你展示芦苇中苍鹭的窝。小镇后面是一座山峰，在落叶松上面闪耀着，在分开红色山岭的碎浪上面闪耀着，山谷的斜坡很长，朝向内华达山脉近岸的浪很高。

shoreward

[ˈʃɔːwəd]

adj. 朝岸的

在葡萄藤小镇下面，土地下沉，浸入河边牧场和芦苇之中。它隐藏在昏暗密集的藤蔓下，在棉白杨的穹顶下面，昏昏欲睡，蜂窝一样喃喃低语。从这里开始，是一些条带状的耕地，有水闸把溪流堵住，为村庄所用；在上游你能听到粗磨机的轰鸣。野葡萄藤从生着柳树的山坳开始，越过果园，占领了葡萄架和屋梁。

upstream

[ˈʌpˈstriːm]

adv. 向上游

在葡萄藤小镇上面还有一个镇，值得关注，镇子上有很多拱门和通风的小菜园，到处是朱顶雀、黑鸟、吃水果的鸟、敏捷的小鹰，和夜里歌唱的嘲鸫。在花朵的芳香和有麝香的水果气味

cavatinas above the fragrance of bloom and musky smell of fruit. Singing is in fact the business of the night at Las Uvas as sleeping is for midday. When the moon comes over the mountain wall new-washed from the sea, and the shadows lie like lace on the stamped floors of the patios, from recess to recess of the vine tangle runs the thrum of guitars and the voice of singing.

At Las Uvas they keep up all the good customs brought out of Old Mexico or bred in a lotus-eating land; drink, and are merry and look out for something to eat afterward; have children, nine or ten to a family, have cock-fights, keep the **siesta**, smoke cigarettes and wait for the sun to go down. And always they dance; at dusk on the smooth adobe floors, afternoons under the trellises where the earth is damp and has a fruity smell. A betrothal, a wedding, or a christening, or the mere proximity of a guitar is sufficient occasion; and if the occasion lacks, send for the guitar and dance anyway.

All this requires explanation. Antonio Sevadra, drifting this way from Old Mexico with the flood that poured into the Tappan district after the first notable strike, discovered La Golondrina. It was a generous lode and Tony a good fellow; to work it he brought in all the Sevadras, even to the twice-removed; all the Castros who were his wife's family, all the Saises, Romeroes, and Eschobars, —the relations of his relations-in-law. There you have the beginning of a pretty considerable town. To these accrued much of the Spanish California float swept out of the southwest by eastern enterprise. They slacked away again when the price of silver went down, and the ore dwindled in La Golondrina. All the hot eddy of mining life swept away from that corner of the hills,

recess

[ri'ses]

n. 凹进处, 隐蔽处

siesta

[si'estə]

n. 午睡

accrue

[ə'kru:]

v. 自然增加, 产生

中, 它们倾泻出刺耳的、甜蜜得难以忍受的短曲。事实上, 在葡萄藤小镇, 歌唱是晚上的事, 就像正午的睡眠一样。当月亮从山背后升起, 在海里沐浴一新, 阴影像花边躺在有图案的庭院里, 从每一个藤蔓纠结的隐蔽处, 都流泻出轻松随意的吉他声和歌声。

在葡萄藤小镇, 人们保持着所有从古老墨西哥带来的、或者是在食落拓枣<sup>1</sup>的国土培养出来的良好习惯: 饮酒, 然后就是快乐地寻找可吃的东西; 养孩子, 每个家庭九到十个, 玩斗鸡, 午睡, 抽烟, 等待太阳下山。他们总是跳舞; 黄昏时在光滑的泥砖地上跳, 下午在葡萄架下跳, 那里的土地潮湿, 发出水果的气息。订婚、婚礼、洗礼, 或者仅仅是类似的场合, 他们都跳舞, 一把吉他就足够了; 如果没有吉他, 就派人去取, 总之无论如何也要跳舞。

这一切都需要解释。安东尼奥·塞瓦德拉, 随着第一次著名的成功发现矿藏之后注入塔潘地区的人流, 沿此路从旧墨西哥漂泊而来, 是他发现了“燕子”。那是个丰富的矿脉, 托尼也是个好家伙; 为了开采, 他把塞瓦德拉家族的人都带来了, 甚至搬迁了两次; 所有叫卡斯特罗的都是他妻子的家人, 所有的赛西、罗梅罗和埃施霍巴, 都是他亲戚的亲戚。那就是一座有相当规模的小镇的前身。这在很大程度上要归功于加利福尼亚的西班牙人, 他们凭着东部的冒险精神席卷了西南。随着银价下跌, “燕子”矿的储量缩小, 他们再次萧条下来。所有灼热的采矿浪潮都从群山的那个角落消失, 但总是有一些人过于懒

but there were always those too idle, too poor to move, or too easily content with El Pueblo de Las Uvas.

Nobody comes nowadays to the town of the grape vines except, as we say, "with the breath of crying", but of these enough. All the low sills run over with small heads. Ah, ah! There is a kind of pride in that if you did but know it, to have your baby every year or so as the time sets, and keep a full breast. So great a blessing as marriage is easily come by. It is told of Ruy Garcia that when he went for his marriage license he lacked a dollar of the clerk's fee, but borrowed it of the sheriff, who expected reelection and exhibited thereby a commendable thrift. Of what account is it to lack meal or meat when you may have it of any neighbor? Besides, there is sometimes a point of honor in these things. Jesus Romero, father of ten, had a job sacking ore in the Marionette which he gave up of his own accord. "Eh, why?" said Jesus, "for my fam'ly."

"It is so, senora," he said solemnly, "I go to the Marionette, I work, I eat meat—pie—frijoles—good, ver' good. I come home sad'day nigh' I see my fam'ly. I play lil' game poker with the boys, have lil' drink wine, my money all gone. My fam'ly have no money, nothing eat. All time I work at mine I eat, good, ver' good grub. I think sorry for my fam'ly. No, no, senora, I no work no more that Marionette, I stay with my fam'ly." The wonder of it is, I think, that the family had the same point of view.

Every house in the town of the vines has its garden plot, corn and brown beans and a row of peppers reddening in the sun; and in damp borders of the irrigating ditches clumps of

情，贫穷得无法搬走，或者是过于容易地满足了葡萄藤小镇的生活。

现在没有人来葡萄藤小镇了，除非像我们说的，“带着哭腔”，但这也就足够了。所有低矮窗台上都满是小小的脑袋。啊，啊！这里边有一种骄傲，只要你知道，每年你的婴儿都属于你，或者是当时辰到来，让你的胸脯保持饱满。像婚礼这么大的祝福却很容易得到。鲁伊·加西亚告诉我，他去领结婚证的时候，他的手续费缺了一块钱，但是警察局长借给了他，局长盼望能重新当选，因此表现出了值得称赞的节俭。

缺粮或缺肉又有什么值得顾虑的呢，如果你能从任何邻居那里得到这些？此外，有时在这样的事情中还存在着一小点荣誉。耶稣·罗梅罗，十个孩子的父亲，在“木偶”矿做装矿石的工作，他却主动放弃了。“哦，为什么？”耶稣说，“为了我的家庭。”

“是这样，塞诺拉，”他郑重地说，“我去木偶矿，我工作，我吃肉——馅饼——菜豆——好，很好。我星期天晚上回家看我的家人。我和男孩们玩扑克，喝好酒，我的钱全没了。我的家人没有钱，没有东西吃。我一直在矿山工作，我吃，好的，非常好的食物。我觉得对不起我的家人。不，不，塞诺拉，我不工作，不去木偶矿了，我和我的家人在一起。”我觉得奇怪的是，家里人也持同样的观点。

葡萄藤小镇上的每座房子都有菜园子，玉米、褐豆和一排胡椒在阳光中发红；在灌溉渠旁边的湿地上，有一簇簇的山达草、欧夏至草、樟

plot

[plot]

n. 小块土地

yerbasanta, horehound, catnip, and spikenard, wholesome herbs and curative, but if no peppers then nothing at all. You will have for a holiday dinner, in Las Uvas, soup with meat balls and chile in it, chicken with chile, rice with chile, fried beans with more chile, enchilada, which is corn cake with the sauce of chile and tomatoes, onion, grated cheese, and olives, and for a relish chile tepines passed about in a dish, all of which is comfortable and corrective to the stomach. You will have wine which every man makes for himself, of good body and inimitable bouquet, and sweets that are not nearly so nice as they look.

There are two occasions when you may count on that kind of a meal; always on the Sixteenth of September, and on the two-yearly visits of Father Shannon. It is absurd, of course, that El Pueblo de Las Uvas should have an Irish priest, but Black Rock, Minton, Jimville, and all that country round do not find it so. Father Shannon visits them all, waits by the Red Butte to confess the shepherds who go through with their flocks, carries blessing to small and isolated mines, and so in the course of a year or so works around to Las Uvas to bury and marry and christen. Then all the little graves in the Campo Santo are brave with tapers, the brown pine headboards blossom like Aaron's rod with paper roses and bright cheap prints of Our Lady of Sorrows. Then the Senora Sevadra, who thinks herself elect of heaven for that office, gathers up the original sinners, the little Elijas, Lolas, Manuelitas, Joses, and Felipes, by dint of adjurations and sweets smuggled into small perspiring palms, to fit them for the Sacrament.

I used to peek in at them, never so softly, in Dona Ina's living-room; Raphael-eyed little imps, going sidewise on their

inimitable

[i'nimitəbl̩]

adj. 无法模仿的, 独特的

absurd

[əb'sɜ:d]

adj. 荒谬的, 可笑的

smuggle

['smʌgl]

v. 偷运

sacrament

['sækrəmənt]

n. 圣礼

imp

[ɪmp]

n. 小鬼, 小淘气

脑草、甘松香, 以及有益健康、能治病的草本植物, 但如果没有胡椒就什么都不是。如果你在葡萄藤小镇吃假日晚餐, 你将吃到——有红辣椒的肉丸子汤, 有红辣椒的鸡肉, 有红辣椒的米饭, 红辣椒更多的煎豆子, 辣椒肉馅玉米卷饼, 就是用玉米饼浇上辣椒汁和西红柿汁, 洋葱, 磨碎的奶酪和橄榄, 为了调味, 还有非常非常辣的小红胡椒码在盘子里, 一切都很舒服, 对胃肠有益。你会喝到每个人自己酿的酒, 欣赏到漂亮的胴体和无可比拟的花束, 还有不如看上去那么好的甜食。

有两种场合你可以指望吃到那种食物: 每年的9月16日, 和香农神父两年一次的来访。当然, 葡萄藤小镇有一位爱尔兰神父, 那是有些荒唐的, 但是黑岩、敏顿、吉姆维尔以及周围地区都不认为这是荒唐。香农神父访问所有这些地方, 带着羊群经过的牧人在红地堞等待做忏悔, 然后把祝福带到与世隔绝的小矿山, 这样, 需要大约一年的时间才能完成巡回布道, 来到葡萄藤小镇, 主持葬礼、婚礼和洗礼。那时, “圣徒营地”的所有小坟头上都勇敢地燃起了烛光, 棕色的松木墓碑上像亚伦<sup>2</sup>之杖一样开满了纸玫瑰, 贴着漂亮的廉价印刷品《忧伤圣母》。然后, 认为自己是天国选来执行任务的塞诺拉·塞瓦德拉, 就把有原罪的人聚集起来, 那些小埃利亚们、罗拉们、曼努利塔们、约瑟们和菲利普们, 用命令的力量和偷偷放在汗津津小手里的甜食, 让他们配合圣礼。

我过去常常偷看他们, 他们从来没有这么平静过, 在多娜·因娜的起居室里: 长着天使眼睛的小鬼们, 跪着挪到一边, 在光光的地板上休

knees to rest them from the bare floor, candles lit on the mantel to give a religious air, and a great sheaf of wild bloom before the Holy Family. Come Sunday they set out the altar in the schoolhouse, with the fine-drawn altar cloths, the beaten silver candlesticks, and the wax images, chief glory of Las Uvas, brought up mule-back from Old Mexico forty years ago. All in white the communicants go up two and two in a hushed, sweet awe to take the body of their Lord, and Tomaso, who is priest's boy, tries not to look unduly puffed up by his office. After that you have dinner and a bottle of wine that ripened on the sunny slope of Escondito. All the week Father Shannon has shriven his people, who bring clean conscience to the betterment of appetite, and the Father sets them an example. Father Shannon is rather big about the middle to accommodate the large laugh that lives in him, but a most shrewd searcher of hearts. It is reported that one derives comfort from his **confessional**, and I for my part believe it.

The celebration of the Sixteenth, though it comes every year, takes as long to prepare for as Holy Communion. The *senoritas* have each a new dress apiece, the *senoras* a new *rebosa*. The young gentlemen have new silver trimmings to their *sombreros*, unspeakable ties, silk handkerchiefs, and new leathers to their spurs. At this time when the peppers glow in the gardens and the young quail cry "cuidado, " "have a care!" you can hear the plump, plump of the metate from the alcoves of the vines where comfortable old dames, whose experience gives them the touch of art, are pounding out corn for **tamales**.

School-teachers from abroad have tried before now at Las Uvas to have school begin on the first of September, but got nothing else to stir in the heads of the little Castros, Garcias,



息，蜡烛在壁炉架上燃烧着，制造出神圣氛围，《圣家族》前面放着一大束野花。星期天，他们把祭坛摆在校舍里，细缝的祭坛布，锤制的银烛台，还有蜡像，葡萄藤小镇首要的荣耀，是四十年前从旧墨西哥用骡子拉回来的。一身白衣的领受圣餐者一对一对地上前，在沉默、甜蜜的敬畏中接受他们主的圣体，托马索，神父的儿子，努力克制着担当任务的不恰当的骄傲。在那以后是晚餐，和一瓶在埃斯孔迪多阳光明媚的山坡成熟的酒。整个一周，香农神父听取教民的忏悔，他们带着清洁的良心去改善胃口，神父把他们立为典型。香农神父的肚子相当大，以容纳洪亮的笑声，但他是个最为精明的心灵探索者。据说向他忏悔能给人安慰，就我个人来说，我相信这点。

confessional

[kən'feʃən(ə)]

n. 忏悔室

16号的庆祝，尽管年年都举行，却需要和准备圣餐一样长的准备时间。塞诺丽塔们每人一条新裙子，塞诺拉们每人一条新的头肩大披巾。年轻绅士们的阔边帽都加上了新的银边，无法形容的领带，丝手帕，马刺上换了新皮革。这时，胡椒在园子里闪闪发光，鹌鹑在叫着“要当心啊”，你能听见松树掩映中磨盘沉重的扑通扑通声，经验老到的老妇人们，就在那里开心地捣着玉米，准备做玉米粉蒸肉。

tamale

[tə'mɑ:li]

n. 玉米粉蒸肉

来自海外的教师，在此之前，就想让葡萄藤小镇的学校9月1号开学，但是什么都无法让小卡斯特罗们、加西亚们和罗梅罗们的小脑袋瓜子

and Romeros but feasts and cock-fights until after the Sixteenth. Perhaps you need to be told that this is the anniversary of the Republic, when liberty awoke and cried in the provinces of Old Mexico. You are aroused at midnight to hear them shouting in the streets, "Vive la Libertad! " answered from the houses and the recesses of the vines, "Vive la Mexico! " At sunrise shots are fired commemorating the tragedy of unhappy Maximilian, and then music, the noblest of national hymns, as the great flag of Old Mexico floats up the flag-pole in the bare little plaza of shabby Las Uvas. The sun over Pine Mountain greets the eagle of Montezuma before it touches the vineyards and the town, and the day begins with a great shout. By and by there will be a reading of the Declaration of Independence and an address punctured by vives; all the town in its best dress, and some exhibits of horsemanship that make lathered bits and bloody spurs; also a cock-fight.

By night there will be dancing, and such music! old Santos to play the flute, a little lean man with a saintly countenance, young Garcia whose guitar has a soul, and Carrasco with the violin. They sit on a high platform above the dancers in the candle flare, backed by the red, white, and green of Old Mexico, and play fervently such music as you will not hear elsewhere.

At midnight the flag comes down. Count yourself at a loss if you are not moved by that performance. Pine Mountain watches whitely overhead, shepherd fires glow strongly on the glooming hills. The plaza, the bare glistening pole, the dark folk, the bright dresses, are lit ruddily by a bonfire. It leaps up to the eagle flag, dies down, the music begins softly and aside. They play airs of old longing and exile; slowly out of the

horsemanship

['hɔ:smənʃɪp]

n. 马术

exile

['eksail]

n. 流放

激动起来，除了盛宴、斗鸡，直到16日之后。也许你需要知道这是共和国的周年纪念日，是自由在旧墨西哥各省苏醒和呐喊的日子。午夜，你被惊醒，听到他们在街上高喊，“自由万岁！”从房子里和藤蔓的隐蔽处传来回应，“墨西哥万岁！”日出时，人们鸣枪纪念不幸的马克西米连<sup>3</sup>的悲剧，然后是音乐，最崇高的各国国歌，而在破败小镇光秃的小广场上，旧墨西哥的大旗在旗杆上飘扬。太阳在“松树山”上问候蒙特苏马的雄鹰，在它触摸葡萄藤和小镇之前，白昼随着一阵响亮的呼喊开始了。不久，将会有人朗读《独立宣言》，有不断被欢呼声打断的演讲；整个小镇披上了盛装，有些人在表演马术，把马跑得直冒白沫，马刺上鲜血淋淋；也有人在斗鸡。

夜里，有舞会，有音乐！老桑托斯吹笛子，这个是瘦削的小老头，一副圣者容貌，年轻的加西亚，吉他似有灵魂，还有卡拉斯库的小提琴。闪烁的烛光中，他们坐在舞蹈者上面高高的平台上，背后衬着旧墨西哥的红、白、绿三种颜色，热烈地奏出你在别处永远听不到的音乐。

午夜，旗帜降下来。如果你没有被表演感动，那就是你的损失了。发白的“松树山”在头上俯瞰着，牧人的篝火在黑暗的山冈上猛烈闪耀。广场上，光秃闪耀的旗杆，黑色的人群，鲜亮的裙装，被篝火照得发红。火光在鹰旗上跳跃，暗淡下来，音乐开始变得柔和，低落。他们演奏着古老的憧憬和流放；旗帜在黑暗中缓慢降

dark the flag drops down, bellying and falling with the midnight draught. Sometimes a hymn is sung, always there are tears. The flag is down; Tony Sevadra has received it in his arms. The music strikes a barbaric swelling tune, another flag begins a slow ascent, —it takes a breath or two to realize that they are both, flag and tune, the Star Spangled Banner, —a volley is fired, we are back, if you please, in California of America. Every youth who has the blood of patriots in him lays ahold on Tony Sevadra's flag, happiest if he can get a corner of it. The music goes before, the folk fall in two and two, singing. They sing everything, America, the Marseillaise, for the sake of the French shepherds hereabout, the hymn of Cuba, and the Chilian national air to comfort two families of that land. The flag goes to Dona Ina's, with the candlesticks and the altar cloths, then Las Uvas eats tamales and dances the sun up the slope of Pine Mountain.

You are not to suppose that they do not keep the Fourth, Washington's Birthday, and Thanksgiving at the town of the grape vines. These make excellent occasions for quitting work and dancing, but the Sixteenth is the holiday of the heart. On Memorial Day the graves have garlands and new pictures of the saints tacked to the headboards. There is great virtue in an Ave said in the Camp of the Saints. I like that name which the Spanish speaking people give to the garden of the dead, Campo Santo, as if it might be some bed of healing from which blind souls and sinners rise up whole and praising God. Sometimes the speech of simple folk hints at truth the understanding does not reach. I am persuaded only a complex soul can get any good of a plain religion. Your earthborn is a poet and a symbolist. We breed in an

hymn

[him]

n. 圣歌

patriot

['peitriət]

n. 爱国者

hint

[hint]

v. 暗示

下，随着午夜的风鼓荡、坠落。有时，有人唱起一首圣歌，总会有人落泪。旗帜降下了；托尼·塞瓦德拉把旗抱在怀里。音乐撞击出狂野高涨的旋律，另一面旗帜开始缓慢升起——需要歇口气你才能认识到，这旗帜是星条旗，旋律也是《星条旗》——一阵枪弹齐射，如果你乐意，我们又回到了美国的加利福尼亚。每个有爱国热血的年轻人都握住托尼·塞瓦德拉的旗帜，如果能握住一角，那就是最幸福的了。音乐继续如前，人们两两成对，开始唱歌。他们歌唱一切，美国歌曲，马赛曲，因为这一带有法国牧羊人，古巴国歌，还有智利民歌，来安慰小镇上的两家智利人。旗帜传到了多娜·因娜手里，还有烛台和祭坛布，然后小镇居民开始吃玉米粉蒸肉，跳舞，直到太阳在“松树山”上兴起。

你不要以为葡萄藤小镇的人们不庆祝7月4日，那是华盛顿的诞辰，还有感恩节。这些节日是放下工作去跳舞的绝好机会，但是9月16日是心灵的假期。在阵亡将士纪念日，坟墓上会摆放花环，墓碑上钉着圣徒的新画片。一位圣人说，“圣徒营地”里存在伟大的美德。我喜欢这个名字，说西班牙语的人以此称呼死者的墓园，仿佛它是一张病床，盲目的灵魂和罪人在上面重新完整如初，并起身赞美上帝。有时，单纯之人的言谈会暗示出理性无法触及的真理。人们说服我，只有复杂的灵魂才能得到宗教的好处。你天生就是个诗人和象征主义者。我们在柏油马路的

environment of asphalt pavements a body of people whose creeds are chiefly restrictions against other people's way of life, and have kitchens and latrines under the same roof that houses their God. Such as these go to church to be edified, but at Las Uvas they go for pure worship and to **entreat** their God. The logical conclusion of the faith that every good gift cometh from God is the open hand and the finer courtesy. The meal done without buys a candle for the neighbor's dead child. You do foolishly to suppose that the candle does no good.

At Las Uvas every house is a piece of earth—thick walled, whitewashed adobe that keeps the even temperature of a cave; every man is an accomplished horseman and consequently **bowlegged**; every family keeps dogs, flea-bitten mongrels that loll on the earthen floors. They speak a purer Castilian than obtains in like villages of Mexico, and the way they count relationship everybody is more or less **akin**. There is not much **villainy** among them. What incentive to thieving or killing can there be when there is little wealth and that to be had for the borrowing! If they love too hotly, as we say "take their meat before grace," so do their betters. Eh, what! shall a man be a saint before he is dead? And besides, Holy Church takes it out of you one way or another before all is done. Come away, you who are obsessed with your own importance in the scheme of things, and have got nothing you did not sweat for, come away by the brown valleys and full-bosomed hills to the even-breathing days, to the kindliness, earthiness, ease of El Pueblo de Las Uvas.

entreat

[in'tri:t]

v. 恳求

bowlegged

['bəʊlegd]

adj. 弓形腿的

akin

[ə'kin]

adj. 同族的

villainy

['viləni]

n. 坏事, 邪恶

环境中被培养长大,一部分人的信仰主要是对他们人生活方式的限制,在住着他们上帝的同一屋檐下,还有厨房和厕所。就和上教堂去受教化一样,在葡萄藤小镇,人们去教堂纯粹是为了崇拜,为了恳求他们的上帝。每件美好的礼物都来自上帝,这种信念顺理成章的结果便是张开的手和更大的谦卑。没有为邻居死去的孩子买蜡烛就吃了人家的饭。你的确愚蠢地假设蜡烛没有好处。

在葡萄藤小镇,每座房子都是一片土地——厚厚的墙壁,粉刷的土砖,让屋子保持洞穴一样均匀的温度;每个男人都精通骑术,因此也都是弓形腿;每户人家都有狗,遭跳蚤咬的杂种狗懒洋洋躺在土地上。他们的西班牙语比类似的墨西哥村庄更纯,他们珍视每个人都或多或少的亲戚关系。他们中间没有太多的恶行。也许存在能刺激人偷盗或杀人的事情,那就是财富很少,不得不去借债的时候!如果他们爱得过于炽烈,那就像我们说的,“没有祷告就吃”,那样对他们更好。哦,什么!一个人在死前能成为圣徒吗?而且,圣洁的教会会在一切结束之前以某种方式把罪从你那里拿走。请来,着迷于你在万物计划中的重要性的人,不流汗就什么也得不到的人,来吧,从棕色的山谷和开满鲜花的山冈,来到这呼吸均匀的日子,来到这友善、凡俗、安逸的葡萄藤小镇。

## 注 释

### 吉姆维尔——一座布利特·哈特镇

1. 布利特·哈特 (Bret Harte, 1836~1902), 小说家, 生于纽约州的奥尔伯尼。幼时没有受过多少教育, 阅读却很广泛。1854 年随家迁往西部, 做过矿工。1860 年定居旧金山, 担任教员和编辑。1848 年加利福尼亚发现金矿后, 淘金者蜂拥而至。哈特用短篇小说的形式描写了这些淘金者的生活, 写法颇具特色, 被称为“西部幽默小说家”、“乡土文学作家”等。他的代表作是短篇小说集《咆哮营的幸运儿及其他短篇》(1870)。哈特成名后迁居东部, 曾出任美国驻德国和英国的领事, 并继续写作。

2. 圣杰罗姆 (St. Jerome), 亦译为耶柔米, 约于三四七年在达尔马塞 (Dalmatia, 前南斯拉夫境) 的富户出生, 受过良好的教育, 这是他后来可以致力于把整本圣经译成优良拉丁文本的根基。这位圣者律己苛刻, 敦品励行。他曾追寻圣安东尼为榜样, 在沙漠里苦修, 同行的两友受不住苦淡的生活相继死去, 他自己也害了一场大病。

### 我邻居的田地

1. 中间领主, 指本身为上一级领主的封臣而自己也有封臣的封建领主。
2. 拿伯, 《圣经》故事中的葡萄园主, 其葡萄园为亚哈王垂涎夺去。
3. 贝丘, 指古代在沿海或湖滨地区居住的人类所遗留的文化遗物, 如贝壳、陶器等堆积物。
4. 此处原文为 burning bush, 为秋季长红叶或红果的卫矛属植物。同时也有“火焰中的荆棘”之意, 以和上文中的摩西相对应。旧约圣经出埃及记第三章: 摩西在野外牧羊时, 主耶和华在荆棘火焰中向摩西显现, 并呼召摩西把以色列人领出埃及, 带往神所应许的佳美之地。

5. 莫卡辛, 北美印第安人穿的通常用鹿皮制的无后跟软皮鞋。



### 台地小径

1. 朱迪亚，古巴勒斯坦南部地区。

### 编篮子的人

1. 底波拉，《圣经·士师记》中的希伯来女先知。

### 山中街市

1. 帕纳塞斯，希腊中部一山，古时被认作太阳神和文艺女神们的灵地。

### 天空的乳婴

1. 托尔，北欧神话中的雷神，主神奥丁之子。

### 葡萄藤小镇

1. 食落拓枣的人，希腊神话中为奥德赛在北非发现，以懒散、倦慵、安逸、忘却和不思不虑为特点。

2. 亚伦，《圣经》故事人物，摩西之兄，相传为犹太教的第一个大祭司，协助摩西率领以色列人出埃及。亚伦之杖开花象征大权在握。

3. 马克西米连，1832~1867，奥地利大公、墨西哥皇帝[1864~1867]，由墨西哥保守派和法皇拿破仑三世扶助称帝，遭到墨西哥人民反对，法军撤离墨西哥后被墨西哥第一位印第安总统胡亚雷斯击败，被捕处死。