

EVERYDAY ENGLISH SNACK  
FAMOUS TRAVELS OF CELEBRITIES

每天读点英文  
名人游记全集

马钟元 ◎主编

典藏英文全集

超值  
白金版

365天享受阅读

 中国宇航出版社



# 每天读点英文。 名人游记全集

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中国对外翻译出版有限公司

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

每天读点英文名人游记全集：英汉对照 / 马钟元主编. --北京：中国宇航出版社，2014.5

ISBN 978-7-5159-0666-9

I. ①每… II. ①马… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物  
②游记—作品集—世界 IV. ①H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2014)第 092304 号

策划编辑 李莹  
责任编辑 李莹

装帧设计 文道思  
责任校对 刘杰

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出版 中国宇航出版社

社址 北京市阜成路 8 号  
(010)68768548

邮编 100830

网址 [www.caphbook.com](http://www.caphbook.com)

经销 新华书店

发行部 (010)68371900  
(010)68768541

(010)88530478(传真)  
(010)68767294(传真)

零售店 读者服务部  
(010)68371105

北京宇航文苑  
(010)62529336

承印 北京中新伟业印刷有限公司

版次 2014 年 5 月第 1 版

2014 年 5 月第 1 次印刷

规格 787 × 1092

开本 1/16

印张 24

字数 532 千字

书号 ISBN 978-7-5159-0666-9

定价 39.80 元

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本书如有印装质量问题,可与发行部联系调换

# 前言

## Preface

阿兰·德波顿在《旅行的艺术》中曾经说道：“人生就是一场旅行，不在乎终点，在乎的是沿途的风景以及看风景的心情。”人们喜欢旅行，很大程度上是期望借助旅行改变现有的场域，改变生活环境，脱离原来的时空，让习惯有所变化，获得全新的感受。很多人都厌恶都市，想亲近自然，逃离原有的规则，希望在旅行中追逐自由。同时，人们对于异国的想象，常常充满诸如此类已被深埋于心底的沉积因素，这些因素即使在阅历或常识已将它们冲淡时，也照样会继续徘徊在心头。

旅行者游走山水之间，寄情千里之外。旅者笔尖的游记如同环球地图上一页页标号书签，将履历装进旅者的行囊。在路上，在路上，这是一种迫切的心情，更是一种自由的信仰。旅者试图用文字搭建一座美丽的空中楼阁或是一片迷幻的海市蜃楼，将时间凝固于纸，将风景暗藏于画，将读者编织入景，多维度的观照，探索行走的奥秘。重新踏上这条奶与蜜的路，无论东方曙光抑或欧陆迷情，无论北美风景抑或极地冒险，都是金凤凰般的吸引。阅读游记，开阔视野，于逐目换行间怡然妙悟。

本书最大之特色，在于选材“全”而“精”，范围广，题材多。全书涵盖马克·吐温、奥斯卡·王尔德、笛福、毛姆、萨克雷、狄更斯、福克纳、梭罗、亨利·詹姆斯、史蒂文生、萨缪尔·约翰逊等众多英美名家游历之佳作，亦有达尔文乘“小猎犬号”对加拉帕格斯群岛进行科学考察开启人类起源学说的新纪元，以及马可·波罗旅行途中对中国真假参半的记述，演绎着东西方文化交流的又一段传奇。值得一提的是，美国第26任总统西奥多·罗斯福、美国著名飞行探险家查尔斯·林登伯

格、攀上珠峰第一人埃德蒙·希拉里等人的探险故事系首次译为中文，为读者揭开了发现世界的神秘面纱。

于阅读中体味英文之美，于阅读中掌握英语之道。本书出版之初衷，正是在于为广大读者提供美文，在英文的泱泱大海之中为读者撑一叶小舟，带领读者开阔视野，引导读者坚持阅读。全书的编纂工作，由天津外国语大学滨海外事学院英语系系主任马钟元教授倾力组织，全书选材、编排、翻译、加注各个环节，均由马教授悉心指导，事无巨细。马钟元教授作为国内英美文学研究的资深专家，凭借多年对于英文的鉴赏力，带领其教师团队，全情投入，最终奉献给您这一册《每天读点英文名人游记全集》。本书付梓之际，编者不胜惶恐，虽倾注有十二分的专心致志，却也无奈编者水平有限，个中难免些许疏漏瑕疵，还请广大读者批评指正，不吝赐教！

《每天读点英文名人游记全集》编委会

2014年4月

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美 游 记

## 美 游 记





## Once More to the Lake 再度游湖

埃尔文·布鲁克斯·怀特 Elwyn Brooks White

埃尔文·布鲁克斯·怀特 (Elwyn Brooks White, 1899—1985)，美国当代著名散文家、评论家，以散文名世，“其文风冷峻清丽，辛辣幽默，自成一格”。怀特生于纽约蒙特弗农，毕业于康奈尔大学。作为《纽约客》主要撰稿人，怀特开创了影响深远的“《纽约客》文风”。怀特对这个世界上的一切都充满关爱，他的道德与他的文章一样山高水长。除了他终生挚爱的随笔之外，他还为孩子们写了三本书：《斯图尔特鼠小弟》（又译《精灵鼠小弟》）、《夏洛的网》与《吹小号的天鹅》，同样成为儿童与成人共同喜爱的文学经典。

One summer, along about 1904, my father rented a camp on a lake in Maine and took us all there for the month of August. We all got ringworm from some kittens and had to rub Pond's Extract on our arms and legs night and morning, and my father rolled over in a canoe with all his clothes on; but outside of that the vacation was a success and from then on none of us ever thought there was any place in the world like that lake in Maine. We returned summer after summer—always on August 1st for one month. I have since become a salt-water man, but sometimes in summer there are days when the restlessness of the tides and the fearful cold of the sea water and the **incessant**<sup>①</sup> wind which blows across the afternoon and

时间大概是1904年的夏天，我的父亲在缅因州的一个湖畔租了一座木屋，并将我们所有人都带到了那里，共同度过了整整一个月。我们几个都被小猫传染了皮癣，所以不得不从早到晚不停地往胳膊和腿上涂抹旁氏药膏，我的父亲还一不小心穿戴整齐地从船上落入了湖里。不过抛开这些不愉快的经历，我们的整个假期都是在愉快和欢笑中度过的，而且自此以后，大家便达成共识，一致认为这个世界上没有任何一个地方能与缅因州的那个小湖相提并论。之后每年夏天——通常是八月一日，我们都会来到这个湖畔，而且一待就是一个月。再之后我爱上了海滨生活，但盛夏时节总有那么几天不得不忍受无息的巨浪、冰冷的海水，以及一刮就是一下

① incessant *adj.* 不停的

into the evening make me wish for the placidity of a lake in the woods. A few weeks ago this feeling got so strong I bought myself a couple of bass hooks and a spinner<sup>①</sup> and returned to the lake where we used to go, for a week's fishing and to revisit old haunts.

I took along my son, who had never had any fresh water up his nose and who had seen lily pads only from train windows. On the journey over to the lake I began to wonder what it would be like. I wondered how time would have marred this unique, this holy spot—the coves and streams, the hills that the sun set behind, the camps and the paths behind the camps. I was sure that the tarred road would have found it out and I wondered in what other ways it would be desolated. It is strange how much you can remember about places like that once you allow your mind to return into the grooves<sup>②</sup> which lead back. You remember one thing, and that suddenly reminds you of another thing. I guess I remembered clearest of all the early mornings, when the lake was cool and motionless, remembered how the bedroom smelled of the lumber it was made of and of the wet woods whose scent entered through the screen. The partitions in the camp were thin and did not extend clear to the top of the rooms, and as I was always the first up I would dress softly so as not to wake the others, and sneak out into the sweet outdoors and start out in the canoe, keeping close along the shore in the long shadows of the pines. I remembered being very careful never to rub my paddle against the gunwale for fear of disturbing the stillness of the cathedral.

午甚至半夜都不停息的海风，所有这些都让我分外怀念林间湖水的平静。几周前，这种感情变得异常强烈，于是我就买了几个鲈鱼钓钩还有一个旋式诱饵，来到我们之前常去的那个湖畔，准备重游旧地，垂钓一周。

我带上了儿子一同前往，他长这么大从未在淡水湖中游过泳，也只透过行驶的火车车窗见过睡莲叶子罢了。在前往湖畔的途中，我开始猜想它会变成什么样子。随着时间的流逝，这个独特、神圣的地方到底会有怎样的巨变——那里的海湾、小溪掩蔽着落日的群山，屋舍还有屋后的小径又会有怎样的遭遇。我确信沿着这条柏油路一定能找到当年的湖畔，同时又继续思忖着它还会受到怎样的破坏。奇怪的是，一旦你允许自己的思绪顺着记忆的轨迹向回追溯，你便会回想起许多和它有关的事情。你记起了其中一件，而这一件又会突然让你想到另一件。我想，最清晰地刻在我记忆里的是那一个个清晨，那时的湖水清凉平静，还有卧室里散发的木屋的清香，以及那从纱帘透进来的湿木的芬芳。茅屋内的隔墙很薄，而且没有完全延伸到屋顶，又因为我总是第一个起床，所以为了不把其他人吵醒，我总是轻轻地穿上衣服，悄悄地溜到芬芳馥郁的野外，在岸边松树长长的树阴下，沿着湖畔泛舟前行。我记得自己当时非常小心，尽量不让船桨碰到船舷的上缘，以免扰乱了教堂的宁静。



① spinner *n.* 旋式诱饵

② groove *n.* (细长的)沟(文中指记忆的“轨迹”。)

The lake had never been what you would call a wild lake. There were cottages **sprinkled**<sup>①</sup> around the shores, and it was in farming although the shores of the lake were quite heavily wooded. Some of the cottages were owned by nearby farmers, and you would live at the shore and eat your meals at the farmhouse. That's what our family did. But although it wasn't wild, it was a fairly large and undisturbed lake and there were places in it which, to a child at least, seemed infinitely remote and primeval.

I was right about the tar: it led to within half a mile of the shore. But when I got back there, with my boy, and we settled into a camp near a farmhouse and into the kind of summertime I had known, I could tell that it was going to be pretty much the same as it had been before—I knew it, lying in bed the first morning, smelling the bedroom, and hearing the boy sneak quietly out and go off along the shore in a boat. I began to sustain the illusion that he was I, and therefore, by simple transposition, that I was my father. This sensation persisted, kept **cropping up**<sup>②</sup> all the time we were there. It was not an entirely new feeling, but in this setting it grew much stronger. I seemed to be living a dual existence. I would be in the middle of some simple act, I would be picking up a bait box or laying down a table fork, or I would be saying something, and suddenly it would be not I but my father who was saying the words or making the gesture. It gave me a creepy sensation.

We went fishing the first morning. I felt the same damp moss covering the worms in the bait can, and saw the dragonfly alight on the tip of my rod as it hovered a few inches from

这片湖并不是你想象中的那种荒野湖泊。两岸零星地散落着些许农舍，尽管岸边树木繁茂，但仍有许多农田。其中的一些农舍为周边的农民所有，所以你可以住在湖边，然后在农舍解决一日三餐。我们这一家子就是这么做的。不过，尽管这片湖并不荒芜，但也算得上是大而平静，至少对一个孩子来说，这里的很多地方足够偏僻，足够原始。

我对柏油马路的猜测是正确的：它把我们带到了离岸边不到半英里的地方。但是当我带着儿子重新回到这里，在一座农舍附近的木屋中安顿下来，沉浸在那份熟悉的夏日时光中，我知道这里的一切都将和以前一样——我确信这一点。第一天早上，我躺在床上，闻着卧室散发的清香，听着儿子悄悄地溜出木屋，沿着湖岸泛舟前行。我开始产生幻觉，感觉他就是我，而通过简单的换位，我则变成了我的父亲。在我们住在湖边的那段日子里，这种感觉不断地在我的脑海中浮现。我并不是第一次产生这种幻觉，只是在这个特定的场景下，这种感觉变得愈加浓烈。我似乎在扮演着双重角色。有时我正在做着一些简单的动作，比如捡起一个饵料盒，或是放下一只餐叉，有时我正说着一些话，突然之间竟会感觉说话的人或是做这些动作的人不是我，而是我的父亲。这种感觉常常令我毛骨悚然。

第一天早上，我们一起去湖边垂钓。我感觉饵料盒里的鱼饵上覆盖的还是同当年一样潮湿的苔藓，我看到蜻蜓在距水面几英寸的空中盘旋过后又停落在了我的钓竿梢上。正是这只蜻蜓

① sprinkle v. 使零星分布，点缀

② crop up 意外出现，突然发生

the surface of the water. It was the arrival of this fly that convinced me beyond any doubt that everything was as it always had been, that the years were a mirage and there had been no years. The small waves were the same, chucking the rowboat under the chin as we fished at anchor, and the boat was the same boat, the same color green and the ribs broken in the same places, and under the floor-boards the same freshwater leavings and debris—the dead helgramite, the wisps of moss, the rusty discarded fishhook, the dried blood from yesterday's catch. We stared silently at the tips of our rods, at the dragonflies that came and went. I lowered the tip of mine into the water, tentatively<sup>①</sup>, pensively dislodging the fly, which darted<sup>②</sup> two feet away, poised, darted two feet back, and came to rest again a little farther up the rod. There had been no years between the ducking of this dragonfly and the other one—the one that was part of memory. I looked at the boy, who was silently watching his fly, and it was my hands that held his rod, my eyes watching. I felt dizzy and didn't know which rod I was at the end of.

We caught two bass, hauling them in briskly as though they were mackerel, pulling them over the side of the boat in a businesslike manner without any landing net, and stunning them with a blow on the back of the head. When we got back for a swim before lunch, the lake was exactly where we had left it, the same number of inches from the dock, and there was only the merest suggestion of a breeze. This seemed an utterly enchanted sea, this lake you could leave to its own devices for a few hours and come back to, and find that it had not stirred, this

的到来使我确定无疑，一切都和原来一模一样，岁月就像海市蜃楼，仿佛从未存在过。在我们泊船垂钓的时候，湖面上的微波依旧轻轻敲打着船头。而小船依旧是当年的那只小船，同样绿色的船身，肋拱上有着同样的裂痕，船板之下还是同样的淡水中的残渣遗骸——死掉的翅虫的幼虫，一片片的苔藓，被丢弃的锈迹斑斑的鱼钩，还有前一天捕鱼时留下的已经变干的血渍。我们静静地凝视着钓竿的梢头，注视着那些飞来飞去的蜻蜓。我把钓竿顶端缓缓地浸入湖水之中，试着赶走那只落在上面的蜻蜓，但它匆匆飞出去两英尺后，悬停了片刻，又立马折了回来，重新停落在钓竿上，只是这次的位置稍微靠上一些罢了。眼前的这只蜻蜓躲闪的场景同另一只——那只我记忆中的蜻蜓如出一辙，仿佛岁月不曾流转。我看了看儿子，他正静静地凝视着自己钓竿上的蜻蜓。恍惚之间，突然觉得握住他钓竿的人是我，而注视着那只蜻蜓的人也是我。突然，我感觉头晕目眩，不知道自己手里握着的到底是哪根钓竿。

我们钓到了两条鲈鱼，并轻快地将它们拽进了船内，就像对付马鲛鱼一样。我们有条不紊地从小船的一侧将它们拉了上来，没有使用任何抄网，然后对准鱼头将它们打晕。午饭前，当我们重新回到湖边游泳时，湖水还是刚刚离开时的样子，距离码头仍然是那么几英尺，湖面上依旧只有微风轻轻拂过。这座小湖就像一片被施了魔法的大海，你可以离开它几个小时，任其随心所欲，回来后却发现它依旧是那样一湾永恒可靠的静水，没有丝毫波澜。在浅水处，那些



① tentatively adv. 试探性地

② dart v. 猛冲，飞奔，急驰

constant and trustworthy body of water. In the shallows, the dark, water-soaked sticks and twigs, smooth and old, were **undulating**<sup>①</sup> in clusters on the bottom against the clean ribbed sand, and the track of the mussel was plain. A school of minnows swam by, each minnow with its small, individual shadow, doubling the attendance, so clear and sharp in the sunlight. Some of the other campers were in swimming, along the shore, one of them with a cake of soap, and the water felt thin and clear and **insubstantial**<sup>②</sup>. Over the years there had been this person with the cake of soap, this cultist, and here he was. There had been no years.

Up to the farmhouse to dinner through the teeming, dusty field, the road under our sneakers was only a two-track road. The middle track was missing, the one with the marks of the hooves and the splotches of dried, flaky manure. There had always been three tracks to choose from in choosing which track to walk in; now the choice was narrowed down to two. For a moment I missed terribly the middle alternative. But the way led past the tennis court, and something about the way it lay there in the sun reassured me; the tape had loosened along the backline, the alleys were green with plantains and other weeds, and the net (installed in June and removed in September) **sagged**<sup>③</sup> in the dry noon, and the whole place steamed with midday heat and hunger and emptiness. There was a choice of pie for dessert, and one was blueberry and one was apple, and the waitresses were the same country girls, there having been no passage of time, only the illusion of it as in a dropped curtain—the waitresses were still fifteen; their hair had been washed, that was the only difference—they had been to the

被水浸没的黝黑光滑的枯枝，一簇簇地堆积在湖底洁净的呈波纹状的细沙上，随波起伏，而贻贝爬过的痕迹也清晰可见。一群米诺鱼游过，每一条都投下自己独一无二的小巧身影，使得小鱼的数量顿时翻倍，在阳光下显得如此清澈分明。其他一些游客正沿着湖岸游泳，其中的一位拿着一块肥皂。湖水清澈透明，让人觉得不真实。这么多年过去了，还是有人拿着这样一块肥皂，这个痴迷于用肥皂的人，此刻依旧在这里。岁月似乎不曾流逝。

我们穿过那片富饶而又多尘的田野前往农舍就餐，却惊奇地发现脚下的路只剩下两条。中间那条布满马蹄印儿和干裂粪便的小路不见了。过去人们总是可以从三条小路中任选一条，而如今却只剩下两个选择。一时间，我沉浸在对中间的那条小道的深深的思念之中。不过当我们经过网球场时，阳光下静卧着的小路让我重新回过神来。球场底线附近的带子已经有些松弛了，球道上长满了车前草和其他一些杂草，球网（六月份安装，九月份拆除）在这个燥热的正午时分也没精打采地垂了下来。整个球场都散发着正午的热气，让人饥饿，又令人空虚。餐后甜点有两个选择，蓝莓派或者苹果派。女服务员还是些乡村女孩，仿佛时光并没有流逝，一切都只是舞台幕布降落后留给人们的幻觉——那些女孩依旧只有十五岁，唯一的区别是她们的头

① undulate v. 波动，起伏

② insubstantial adj. 幻想的，非真实的

③ sag v. (尤指中间部分)下垂，下沉



movies and seen the pretty girls with the clean hair.

Summertime, oh summertime, pattern of life **indelible**<sup>①</sup>, the fade proof lake, the woods unshatterable, the **pasture**<sup>②</sup> with the sweet fern and the juniper forever and ever, summer without end; this was the background, and the life along the shore was the design, the cottages with their innocent and **tranquil**<sup>③</sup> design, their tiny docks with the flagpole and the American flag floating against the white clouds in the blue sky, the little paths over the roots of the trees leading from camp to camp and the paths leading back to the outhouses and the can of lime for sprinkling, and at the souvenir counters at the store the miniature birch-bark canoes and the post cards that showed things looking a little better than they looked. This was the American family at play, escaping the city heat, wondering whether the newcomers at the camp at the head of the cove were “common” or “nice,” wondering whether it was true that the people who drove up for Sunday dinner at the farmhouse were turned away because there wasn't enough chicken.

It seemed to me, as I kept remembering all this, that those times and those summers had been infinitely precious and worth saving. There had been jollity and peace and goodness. The arriving (at the beginning of August) had been so big a business in itself, at the railway station the farm wagon drawn up, the first smell of the pine-laden air, the first glimpse of the smiling farmer, and the great importance of the trunks and your father's enormous authority

发洗得干干净净——她们一定是去看过电影，发现影片里的漂亮姑娘都是一头干净的秀发。

夏天啊夏天，那令人难以忘怀的生活方式，那永不褪色的湖水，那永远不会消失的树林，那长满香蕨杜松的草地，那没有尽头的夏日时光，所有的这些都是背景，惬意的湖边生活才是真正的主题。岸边的农舍给人以惬意宁静的感觉，小小码头的旗杆上，美国国旗在蓝天白云的映衬下随风飘扬，一条条树下的小路通向一座座木屋，然后又折回到屋外的厕所和放置喷涂树木用的石灰罐的地方。店铺内的纪念品柜台上，摆放着用桦树皮雕刻的独木舟模型，另外还有各式各样的明信片，那上面的风景比他们本来的样子显得更好看一些。这就是逃离了城市的喧哗与骚动，尽情享受闲暇时光的美国人。他们猜测着那些刚刚入住湖湾尽头木屋的人们到底是“普通人”还是“上等人”，思索着那些周末专门驾车前来农舍就餐的人们，会不会真的因为没有足够的鸡肉而被拒之门外。

当所有的记忆不断地在脑海中浮现，我突然觉得那些美好的夏日时光对我来说无比珍贵，值得永久珍藏。那里有欢乐，有宁静，还有所有美好的事物。抵达（在八月初）本身就是一件非常了不起的事情。在火车站，你会看到停靠在路边的农用马车，第一次闻到松木的清香，第一次见到笑容可掬的农民。你会深刻地体会到旅行箱的重要性，同时也会发现父亲在处理所有



① indelible *adj.* 难忘的

② pasture *n.* 草地

③ tranquil *adj.* 宁静的

in such matters, and the feel of the wagon under you for the long ten-mile haul, and at the top of the last long hill catching the first view of the lake after eleven months of not seeing this cherished body of water. The shouts and cries of the other campers when they saw you, and the trunks to be unpacked, to give up their rich burden. (Arriving was less exciting nowadays, when you sneaked up in your car and parked it under a tree near the camp and took out the bags and in five minutes it was all over, no fuss, no loud wonderful fuss about trunks.)

Peace and goodness and jollity. The only thing that was wrong now, really, was the sound of the place, an unfamiliar nervous sound of the outboard motors. This was the note that jarred, the one thing that would sometimes break the illusion and set the years moving. In those other summertimes, all motors were inboard; and when they were at a little distance, the noise they made was a **sedative**<sup>①</sup>, an ingredient of summer sleep. They were one-cylinder and two-cylinder engines, and some were make-and-break and some were jump-spark, but they all made a sleepy sound across the lake. The one-lungers throbbed and fluttered, and the twin-cylinder ones purred and purred, and that was a quiet sound too. But now the campers all had outboards. In the daytime, in the hot mornings, these motors made a **petulant**<sup>②</sup>, irritable sound; at night, in the still evening when the afterglow lit the water, they whined about one's ears like mosquitoes. My boy loved our rented outboard, and his great desire was to achieve single-handed mastery over it, and authority, and he soon learned the trick of

事情上都拥有绝对的权威。坐在马车上，感受着十几英里路程的颠簸，翻山越岭后抵达最后一座小山的山顶，此时你便可一览那阔别了十一个月、令你魂牵梦绕的湖水。其他的游客看到你们之后会欢呼呐喊，而你抵达后需要做的第一件事自然是从马车上卸下那些沉重的旅行箱。

（如今的抵达已没有往日那激动人心的场面。你只需悄悄地把车开到木屋旁的一棵树下，然后取出旅行袋，五分钟内便可以把所有的事情搞定，没有喧闹声，也没有搬运行李时的忙乱。）

宁静、美好与欢乐。如今这里唯一不对劲儿的就是那湖边的噪音，那陌生又令人精神紧张的舷外发动机发出的声响。它就像刺耳的音符，时常打破人们的幻想，让你意识到岁月的流逝。在以前的那些夏日里，所有游艇的发动机都是内置的。当小船在稍远的距离行驶时，马达发出的声音就像镇静剂一样，自然地融入到夏日的睡梦之中。这些发动机有的是单气缸的，有的是双气缸的，有的采用断电式点火方式，有的采用高压火花点火方式，但是不论是哪种发动机，它们在湖面上发出的声音都催人入眠。单缸游艇发出噗噗的振动声，双缸游艇则发出呜呜的咕噜声，不过这些声音都非常低沉。然而现在的游客普遍使用的都是舷外发动机。在白天，炙热的上午，那些马达发出急躁的、令人心烦意乱的噪音；而在晚上，宁静的傍晚，当落日的余晖照亮平静的水面，那些发动机又像蚊子一样在人们的耳边嗡嗡作响。我的儿子非常喜欢我们租来的配有舷外发动机的游艇，而他最大的心愿就是能够独自操纵它，随心所欲地在湖面上

① sedative *n.* 镇静剂

② petulant *adj.* 急躁的

choking it a little (but not too much), and the adjustment of the needle valve. Watching him I would remember the things you could do with the old one-cylinder engine with the heavy flywheel, how you could have it **eating out of your hand**<sup>①</sup> if you got really close to it spiritually. Motor boats in those days didn't have clutches, and you would make a landing by shutting off the motor at the proper time and coasting in with a dead rudder. But there was a way of reversing them, if you learned the trick, by cutting the switch and putting it on again exactly on the final dying revolution of the flywheel, so that it would kick back against compression and begin reversing. Approaching a dock in a strong following breeze, it was difficult to slow up sufficiently by the ordinary coasting method, and if a boy felt he had complete mastery over his motor, he was tempted to keep it running beyond its time and then reverse it a few feet from the dock. It took a cool nerve, because if you threw the switch a twentieth of a second too soon you would catch the flywheel when it still had speed enough to go up past center, and the boat would leap ahead, charging bull-fashion at the dock.

We had a good week at the camp. The bass were biting well and the sun shone endlessly, day after day. We would be tired at night and lie down in the accumulated heat of the little bedrooms after the long hot day and the breeze would stir almost imperceptibly outside and the smell of the swamp drift in through the rusty screens. Sleep would come easily and in the morning the red squirrel would be on the roof, tapping out his gay routine. I kept remembering everything, lying in bed in the mornings—the small steamboat that had a long

驰骋。他很快便学会了如何稍微控制一下小艇的速度（而不是很多）以及如何调整针形阀。看着他，我不禁想起过去人们如何用沉重的飞轮来操纵单缸发动机，想起只要你真正用心去操作，就一定可以让它对你唯命是从。那些年的摩托艇是没有离合器的，所以停船靠岸的时候一定要在恰当的时间关掉发动机，然后仅凭着船舵将船驶向岸边。但是如果你掌握了窍门，有一种方法可以让船掉头。你可以先关掉开关，然后在飞轮停转的最后时刻再将开关重新打开，这样就可以形成一股强大的反冲力，让船逆向行驶。倘若在靠岸的时候刚好有一股强风吹过，那么想要用普通的方法成功减速是非常困难的。如果哪个小男孩觉得自己可以娴熟地控制汽艇，他便会忍不住让马达继续运转，然后在离码头几英尺的地方调转船头。这需要一个极为冷静的头脑，因为如果你提前将开关打开，哪怕是短短的二十分之一秒，你就必须在飞轮还有足够快的速度转过中线时控制住它，否则游艇便会向前一跃，如公牛一般撞向码头。

我们在木屋中度过了愉快的一周。钓到了许多鲈鱼，时间一天天溜走，阳光却灿烂依旧。经过了漫长炎热的一天，夜晚，我们会略感疲惫，静静地躺在积蓄了一整天热气的狭小卧室里，几乎感觉不到任何室外的微风，只能隐隐闻到透过锈迹斑斑的纱帘飘进屋内的沼泽地泥土的芬芳。我们很容易就进入了梦乡，清晨，红松鼠会爬上屋顶，像往常一样欢快地敲醒沉睡中的我们。清晨，躺在床上，我不断地回忆起过去所有美好的事物——想起那艘小小的汽船，它



① eat out of one's hand 受人控制的



rounded stern like the lip of a Ubangi, and how quietly she ran on the moonlight sails, when the older boys played their mandolins and the girls sang and we ate doughnuts dipped in sugar, and how sweet the music was on the water in the shining night, and what it had felt like to think about girls then. After breakfast we would go up to the store and the things were in the same place—the minnows in a bottle, the **plugs**<sup>①</sup> and spinners disarranged and pawed over by the youngsters from the boys' camp, the **fig newtons**<sup>②</sup> and the Beeman's gum. Outside, the road was tarred and cars stood in front of the store. Inside, all was just as it had always been, except there was more Coca Cola and not so much Moxie and root beer and birch beer and sarsaparilla. We would walk out with a bottle of pop apiece and sometimes the pop would backfire up our noses and hurt. We explored the streams, quietly, where the turtles slid off the sunny logs and dug their way into the soft bottom; and we lay on the town wharf and fed worms to the tame bass. Everywhere we went I had trouble making out which was I, the one walking at my side, the one walking in my pants.

One afternoon while we were there at that lake a thunderstorm came up. It was like the revival of an old melodrama that I had seen long ago with childish awe. The second-act climax of the drama of the electrical disturbance over a lake in America had not changed in any important respect. This was the big scene, still the big scene. The whole thing was so familiar, the first feeling of oppression and heat and a general air around camp of not wanting

那长长的圆形船尾就像乌班吉人的嘴唇一般，想起它在月色之下静静行驶的场景。年纪稍大的男孩演奏着曼陀林，女孩则唱着歌，我们正津津有味地吃着蘸糖的甜甜圈。在如此美妙的夜晚，湖面上传来的音乐让人陶醉，而那时那刻我们对女孩们的思念又是别样的滋味。早饭后，我们会去购物店逛逛，东西仍然摆放在原来的位置上——米诺鱼仍装在一个瓶子里，各种人造鱼饵和旋转钓饵被一些男孩翻弄得到处都是，另外还有无花果酥和比曼口香糖。购物店外是一条柏油马路，店门前停满了汽车。购物店内，一切都和原来一模一样，只是可口可乐的数量增多了，而莫克西、根汁饮料、桦树汁和菟葵啤酒的数量减少了。我们从店里出来的时候，各自手里都拎着一瓶汽水，有时汽水会呛到鼻子里，火辣辣的，难受极了。我们静静地沿着溪流搜寻着，看着小乌龟顺着洒满阳光的圆木滑下去，然后一头钻进松软的湖底。我们躺在小镇的码头上，把蠕虫喂给那些听话的鲈鱼。无论走到什么地方，我总是很难分辨出到底哪一个是我，是走在我身边的那一个，还是正穿着我的裤子走路的那一个。

一天下午，当我们还在湖边的时候，突然下起了雷雨。那就像是多年前我曾怀着孩童般幼稚的敬畏之情观看过的古老的情节剧的重现。高潮依旧在这部戏的第二幕，与以前没有什么大的区别，依旧上演的是美国湖面上的电闪雷鸣，狂风暴雨。这曾经是最壮观的场面，现在依旧是最壮观的。所有的一切都是那么熟悉，最初感受到的是令人窒息的闷热和烦躁，木屋周围弥

① plug n. 人造鱼饵

② fig newton 无花果酥