

## Autumn in Peiping

### 《故都的秋》

Autumn, wherever it is, always has something to **recommend** itself. In North China, however, it is particularly **limpid**, **serene** and **melancholy**.

秋天，无论在什么地方的秋天，总是好的；可是啊，北国的秋，却特别地来得清，来得静，来得悲凉。

To enjoy its atmosphere to the full in the onetime capital, I have, therefore, made light of travelling a long distance from Hangzhou to Qingdao, and thence to Peiping.

我的不远千里，要从杭州赶上青岛，更要从青岛赶上北平来的理由，也不过想饱尝一尝这“秋”，这故都的秋味。

There is of course autumn in the South too, but over there plants **wither** slowly, the air is **moist**, the sky **pallid**, and it is more often rainy than windy. While muddling along all by myself among the **urban** dwellers of Suzhou, Shanghai, Xiamen, Hong Kong or Guangzhou, I feel nothing but a little chill in the air, without ever relishing to my heart's content the flavour, colour, mood and style of the season.

江南，秋当然也是有的，但草木凋得慢，空气来得润，天的颜色显得淡，并且又时常多雨而少风；一个人夹在苏州上海杭州，或厦门香港广州的市民中间，混混沌沌地过去，只能感到一点点清凉，秋的味，秋的色，秋的意境与姿态，总看不饱，尝不透，赏玩不到十足。

Unlike famous flowers which are most **attractive** when half opening, good wine which is most tempting when one is half-drunk, autumn, however, is best **appreciated** in its **entirety**.

秋并不是名花，也并不是美酒，那一种半开、半醉的状态，在领略秋的过程上，是不合适的。

It is more than a **decade** since I last saw autumn in North. When I am in the South, the arrival of each autumn will put me in mind of Peiping's Tao Ran Ting with its **reed** catkins, Diao Yu Tai with its shady willow trees, Western Hills with their chirping insects, Yu Quan Shan Mountain on a moonlight evening and Tan Zhe Si with its reverberating bell.

不逢北国之秋，已将近十余年了。在南方每年到了秋天，总要想起陶然亭的芦花，钓鱼台的柳影，西山的虫唱，玉泉的夜月，潭柘寺的钟声。

Suppose you put up in a **humble** rented house inside the **bustling imperial** city, you can, on getting up at dawn, sit in your **courtyard** sipping a cup of strong tea, leisurely watch the high azure skies and listen to pigeons circling overhead.

在北平即使不出门去吧，就是在皇城人海之中，租人家一椽破屋来住着，早晨起来，泡一碗浓茶，向院子一坐，你也能看得到很高很高的碧绿的天色，听得到青天下驯鸽的飞声。

Saunter eastward under locust trees to closely **observe** streaks of sunlight filtering through their foliage, or quietly watch the **trumpet**-shaped blue flowers of morning glories climbing halfway up a **dilapidated** wall, and an **intense** feeling of autumn will of itself well up inside you.

从槐树叶底，朝东细数着一丝一丝漏下来的日光，或在破壁腰中，静对着像喇叭似的牵牛花（朝荣）的蓝朵，自然而然地也能够感觉到十分的秋意。

As to morning glories, I like their blue or white flowers best, dark purple ones second best, and pink ones third best. It will be most **desirable** to have them set off by some tall thin grass planted underneath here and there.

说到了牵牛花，我以为以蓝色或白色者为佳，紫黑色次之，淡红色最下。最好，还要在牵牛花底，教长着几根疏疏落落的尖细且长的秋草，使作陪衬。

Locust trees in the North, as a **decorative embellishment** of nature, also **associate** us with autumn. On getting up early in the morning, you will find the ground strewn all over with flower-like pistils fallen from locust trees. Quiet and smell-less, they feel tiny and soft underfoot.

北国的槐树，也是一种能使人联想起秋来的点缀。像花而又不是花的那一种落蕊，早晨起来，会铺得满地。脚踏上去，声音也没有，气味也没有，只能感出一点点极微细极柔软的触觉。

After a street cleaner has done the sweeping under the **shade** of the trees, you will discover countless lines left by his broom in the dust, which look so fine and quiet that somehow a feeling of forlornness will begin to creep up on you. The same depth of **implication** is found in the ancient saying that a single fallen leaf from the wutong tree is more than enough to **inform** the world of autumn's **presence**.

扫街的在树影下一阵扫后，灰土上留下来的一条条扫帚的丝纹，看起来既觉得细腻，又觉得清闲，潜意识下并且还觉得有点儿落寞，古人所说的梧桐一叶而天下知秋的遥想，大约也就在这些深沉的地方。