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George Gissing

THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF HENRY RYECROFT

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总序

外研社自创立之日起就一贯秉承“记载人类文明，沟通世界文化”的宗旨。上世纪九十年代以来，我们陆续出版了“九十年代英语系列丛书”、“大师经典文库”、“英美文学文库”等系列经典图书，在最大限度满足国内英语学习者阅读需求的同时，也为中华民族引进和吸收海外优秀文化发挥了重要的桥梁纽带作用。

在多年出版实践中我们发现，对原版图书简单地以外语形式呈现，会使一些初级和中级学习者望而却步，而纯粹的译著，在翻译过程中又容易失掉原著中的某些精妙之笔，甚至丢失信息，因为每种语言都蕴含着其他语言无法精确对应的情致、智慧和真善美的洞见。文化交流是一个双向互动的过程，因此在大量引入外文作品的同时，我们也不能忽略本民族文化在世界范围内的推广和传播，即把中国传递给世界。

基于上述考虑，我们应时推出“外研社双语读库”，立足经典，涵盖中外名家名作，涉及社会科学各个领域，以书系划分，采用双语编排，对文化背景附有注释。旨在积累世界各民族精粹文化的同时，向世界传递中国文化，也为广大英语学习者提供更为丰富和实用的学习读物。

读库第一批收录的20部西方经典，多出自十九、二十世纪著名作家、学者、思想家和哲学家笔下，作品题材丰富，类型多样，包括学术作品1部、传记2种、小说3本、游记4部、杂文9辑以及回忆录1册。文章难度介于普及性读物与专业性读物之间，可作为由一般英语学习者向专业英语使用者过渡时的教材使用。

翻开书，这边厢波涛荡荡，那边厢涟漪漾漾。在英语的海洋里戏水，水性再好的人也难免精疲力竭，那就到汉语的礁岛上歇歇脚吧。

买了书是缘，翻开书，则是海边度假了。

译者 序

乔治·吉辛，英国小说家、散文家。《四季随笔》是他的一部半自传性质的文集，体裁介于日记和随笔之间，作者借亨利·赖克罗夫特，一个归隐乡野的暮年文人之口，抒发对大自然和恬静生活的向往，对书籍的热爱，对往昔美好时光的眷恋，更有一些有智慧闪光的思想片段。本书文笔优美精炼，文字朴实亲切，一段段写来，独立成篇，很多时候，扫一眼开头，便让人不忍释卷。虽然距离它的写作有一个多世纪那么久，但读来却没有丝毫的距离感。有人评价，这本集子表现的是一个人在纷繁复杂的社会中保持个体独立和自由的努力。而人性中深沉的东西确实是超越时间和国界的。吉辛也曾在致友人的信中说：“在我的其他无益作品随着我的无益生命逝去时，这作品多半还会存在。”而这本书在我看来，也可以视为一位智者对人生经验的总结，其中有些文字醍醐灌顶，有些发人深省，每每读到“与我心有戚戚焉”之处，便会令人心感欣然满足。

这本书的本名为《亨利·赖克罗夫特杂记》，而以《四季随笔》的译名广为中文读者所知。它曾有四个译本，最早的是中华书局民国三十七年版，由时任山东大学外文系讲师的水天同译注，定名《乡居杂记》，可惜只译注了“春”的部分。最完整也最权威的是李霁野先生的译本，虽然其“硬译”为现代读者所诟病，但瑕不掩瑜，先生娴熟的文字驾驭能力和严谨的学术态度是我们这些后辈学习的

榜样。另外一种郑翼棠先生的译本，湖南人民出版社出版，市面上已很难买到。最近的是陕西人民出版社 2005 年出版的《四季随笔》编译本，对原著进行了某些删节。这样看来，现代读者可以接触到的《四季随笔》中文完整版，只有李霁野先生的译本了，而先生 1944 年译完此书，距今已经过去半个多世纪，期间语文习惯的变迁让这部经典文集有了重译的必要。念及此，我感觉自己的翻译是有价值的。这是一个全译本，将作品完整地呈现给读者；同时，这又是一本双语读物，如果读者感到译文不尽如人意，可以比照原文来读，更能把握作品的精髓。

限于时间和水平，译文一定有不少纰漏，如果受到读者的严厉批评，我会感觉惭愧，但更多的是兴奋，因为这意味着吉辛在中国拥有了更多认真的读者，而作为他的译者，我该感到无比的荣幸。

胡晓凯

2009 年 3 月 21 日

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George Gissing

THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF HENRY RYECROFT



PREFACE

The name of Henry Ryecroft never became familiar to what is called the reading public. A year ago obituary paragraphs in the literary papers gave such account of him as was thought needful: the date and place of his birth, the names of certain books he had written, an allusion to his work in the periodicals, the manner of his death. At the time it sufficed. Even those few who knew the man, and in a measure understood him, must have felt that his name called for no further celebration; like other mortals, he had lived and laboured; like other mortals, he had entered into his rest. To me, however, fell the duty of examining Ryecroft's papers; and having, in the exercise of my discretion, decided to print this little volume, I feel that it requires a word or two of biographical complement, just so much personal detail as may point the significance of the self-revelation here made.

When first I knew him, Ryecroft had reached his fortieth year; for twenty years he had lived by the pen. He was a struggling man, beset by poverty and other circumstances very unpropitious to mental work. Many forms of literature had he tried; in none had he been conspicuously successful; yet now and then he had managed to earn a little more money than his actual needs demanded, and thus was enabled to see something of foreign countries. Naturally a man of independent and rather scornful outlook, he had suffered much from defeated ambition, from disillusion of many kinds, from subjection to grim necessity; the result of it, at the time of which I am speaking, was certainly not a broken spirit, but a mind and temper so sternly disciplined that in ordinary intercourse with him one did not know but



序

亨利·赖克罗夫特（Henry Ryecroft）的名字不曾为所谓的读者大众熟知。一年前，文学报纸上登出一则讣告，对他的生平做了简要回顾，包括他的出生日期和地点，几部作品的书名，期刊中提及他作品的话，以及他死亡的情形。这在当时已经够了。即使是不多的几个认识并多少了解他的人，一定也觉得他的声名不需更多溢美之词；他和普通人一样，生活过，辛苦过；和普通人一样，他已经长眠地下。然而，整理赖克罗夫特遗稿的责任落在了我身上。在决定将这本小书付梓之时，为慎重起见，我觉得有必要补充一两句介绍作者的话，希望这些私人细节有助于彰显书中心灵独白的意义。

初识赖克罗夫特时，他四十岁。其时，他卖文谋生已二十年。他生活艰难，常身陷贫困和与脑力工作很不适宜的恶劣境遇中。他尝试过许多文学形式的创作，但都没取得瞩目的成就；不过，他有时也能挣些裹腹蔽体之外的钱，可以到国外游历一番。这个生来崇尚独立、自视甚高的人吃足了苦头，他雄心受挫，幻想破灭，不得不向严酷的现实低头；然而——在我所说的那些日子——他并没有变得意志消沉，反而练就了一副严格自律的心志和性情，在日常交往中，我只知道他私下里过着平静满足的生活。和他相交几年后，我才对他的遭遇或实际的生活状态有了确切的了解。逐渐地，他养成了比较勤奋的工作习惯。他

that he led a calm, contented life. Only after several years of friendship was I able to form a just idea of what the man had gone through, or of his actual existence. Little by little Ryecroft had subdued himself to a modestly industrious routine. He did a great deal of mere hack-work; he reviewed, he translated, he wrote articles; at long intervals a volume appeared under his name. There were times, I have no doubt, when bitterness took hold upon him; not seldom he suffered in health, and probably as much from moral as from physical overstrain; but, on the whole, he earned his living very much as other men do, taking the day's toil as a matter of course and rarely grumbling over it.

Time went on; things happened; but Ryecroft was still laborious and poor. In moments of depression he spoke of his declining energies, and evidently suffered under a haunting fear of the future. The thought of dependence had always been intolerable to him; perhaps the only boast I at any time heard from his lips was that he had never incurred debt. It was a bitter thought that after so long and hard a struggle with unkindly circumstance he might end his life as one of the defeated.

A happier lot was in store for him. At the age of fifty, just when his health had begun to fall and his energies to show abatement, Ryecroft had the rare good fortune to find himself suddenly released from toil and to enter upon a period of such tranquility of mind and condition as he had never dared to hope. On the death of an acquaintance, more his friend than he imagined, the way-worn man of letters learned with astonishment that there was bequeathed to him a life annuity of three hundred pounds. Having only himself to support (he had been a widower for several years, and his daughter, an only child, was married), Ryecroft saw in this income something more than a competency. In a few weeks he quitted the London suburb where of late he had been living, and turning to the part of England which he loved best, he presently established himself in a cottage near Exeter, where, with a rustic housekeeper to look after him, he was soon thoroughly at home. Now and then some friend went down into Devon to see him; those who had that pleasure will not forget the plain little house amid its half-wild garden, the cosy book-room with its fine view across the valley of the Exe to Haldon, the host's cordial, gleeful hospitality,



的作品很多都只是为卖文而作；他写评论，翻译，创作，隔很久，会出版一本署有他名字的书。他有些时候会痛苦愤懑，这一点我毫不怀疑；他还经常生病，比起操劳过度可能更多的是精神上遭受的折磨。但总体上说，他和常人一样谋生，将终日的辛苦劳累视为理所当然，很少为此抱怨。

时光流逝，世事变迁；而赖克罗夫特依然辛苦并贫穷着。心情抑郁时，他会谈起自己的精气神一日不如一日，心头显然萦绕着对未来的恐惧。依赖别人的想法一直是 he 不能容忍的；也许至今我从他嘴里听过的唯一自诩就是他不曾欠过债。他在困境中艰难挣扎了这么久，生命走到尽头也许只是一个失败者，这种想法让他郁闷。

他终于等来了命运的眷顾。50岁时，他的健康状况开始走下坡路，精力也在衰减，此时他却突然交了好运，不必再受劳碌之苦，而过上了一段宁静恬淡、衣食无忧的生活，这在之前他是做梦都不敢想的。一个相识去世时，遗赠给他每年300英镑的终身年金，让这位潦倒的文人吃惊不已，这位相识比他想象中更够朋友。由于他孑然一身（他鳏居多年，膝下唯有一女，已嫁为人妇），他认为这笔钱足以让他过上舒适的生活，还绰绰有余。几周后，他离开了当时居住的伦敦郊区，来到他在英格兰最爱的一处地方，很快便在埃克塞特市附近找到一处房舍，雇了一个乡下管家照顾自己，不久就完全适应了那里的生活。不时会有朋友到德文郡去探望他；有幸去过的人不会忘记那所掩映在花园蔓生荒草下的朴素房舍，那间将埃克斯河谷到哈尔登山的美景尽收眼底的舒适书房，主人热情殷勤的招待，一同在小径和草地上的漫步，和乡间静谧夜晚下的长

rambles with him in lanes and meadows, long talks amid the stillness of the rural night. We hoped it would all last for many a year; it seemed, indeed, as though Ryecroft had only need of rest and calm to become a hale man. But already, though he did not know it, he was suffering from a disease of the heart, which cut short his life after little more than a lustrum of quiet contentment. It had always been his wish to die suddenly; he dreaded the thought of illness, chiefly because of the trouble it gave to others. On a summer evening, after a long walk in very hot weather, he lay down upon the sofa in his study, and there — as his calm face declared — passed from slumber into the great silence.

When he left London, Ryecroft bade farewell to authorship. He told me that he hoped never to write another line for publication. But, among the papers which I looked through after his death, I came upon three manuscript books which at first glance seemed to be a diary; a date on the opening page of one of them showed that it had been begun not very long after the writer's settling in Devon. When I had read a little in these pages, I saw that they were no mere record of day-to-day life; evidently finding himself unable to forego altogether the use of the pen, the veteran had set down, as humour bade him, a thought, a reminiscence, a bit of reverie, a description of his state of mind, and so on, dating such passage merely with the month in which it was written. Sitting in the room where I had often been his companion, I turned page after page, and at moments it was as though my friend's voice sounded to me once more. I saw his worn visage, grave or smiling; recalled his familiar pose or gesture. But in this written gossip he revealed himself more intimately than in our conversation of the days gone by. Ryecroft had never erred by lack of reticence; as was natural in a sensitive man who had suffered much, he inclined to gentle acquiescence, shrank from argument, from self-assertion. Here he spoke to me without restraint, and when I had read it all through, I knew the man better than before.

Assuredly this writing was not intended for the public, and yet in many a passage I seemed to perceive the literary purpose — something more than the turn of phrase, and so on, which results from long habit



谈。我们希望这种生活可以继续很多年，当时赖克罗夫特确实看来只需休息和平静就能保持健康。然而，他不知道自己已罹患心脏病，在享受了五年多安逸的生活后，便与世长辞了。他一直希望能突然死去，他惧怕疾病的主要原因是怕给别人添麻烦。一个夏天的傍晚，在炎热天气下长时间散步后，他躺在书房的沙发上，面容安详，在睡梦中陷入了永远的沉默。

离开伦敦后，他便告别了写作生涯。他曾跟我说过，不愿再写一行字来发表了。但是，他去世后，我在他的遗稿中发现了三本手稿，初看以为是日记。一本手稿扉页上的日期显示这是作者在德文郡定居不久后开始写的。我读了几页，发现它并不单是对日常生活的记录。显然这个老家伙不能彻底舍弃笔杆子，便随兴所至地记录下自己的随想、回忆、一点思考，还有对自己心态的描述，这些段落只是按照写作的月份来标记。坐在这间我经常陪伴他的屋子里，我一页一页地翻看这些手稿，有时似乎听见他的声音再次响在耳畔。我看见他憔悴的面孔，有时严肃，有时微笑，我忆起他那熟悉的姿态或手势。然而，他在这本闲谈式的书中，比在往日谈话间，显露出一个更为真实的自己。赖克罗夫特不曾犯过饶舌的错误；他通常会随和地默认证别人的意见，不好辩论，不事张扬。对于一个备受煎熬的敏感的人来说，这是很自然的。而在这本日记里，他对我毫无保留。在读完整本书后，我对他比以前有了更深的了解。

这本书确实并不是为了读者而创作的。然而，在许多段落间——不只是措词等的改变——我好像感觉到一种文学目的，这是长久以来养成的创作习惯所致。尤其是一些

of composition. Certain of his reminiscences, in particular, Ryecroft could hardly have troubled to write down had he not, however vaguely, entertained the thought of putting them to some use. I suspect that in his happy leisure there grew upon him a desire to write one more book, a book which should be written merely for his own satisfaction. Plainly, it would have been the best he had it in him to do. But he seems never to have attempted the arrangement of these fragmentary pieces, and probably because he could not decide upon the form they should take. I imagine him shrinking from the thought of a first-person volume; he would feel it too pretentious; he would bid himself wait for the day of riper wisdom. And so the pen fell from his hand.

Conjecturing thus, I wondered whether the irregular diary might not have wider interest than at first appeared. To me its personal appeal was very strong; might it not be possible to cull from it the substance of a small volume which at least for its sincerity's sake would not be without value for those who read, not with the eye alone, but with the mind? I turned the pages again. Here was a man who, having his desire, and that a very modest one, not only felt satisfied, but enjoyed great happiness. He talked of many different things, saying exactly what he thought; he spoke of himself, and told the truth as far as mortal can tell it. It seemed to me that the thing had human interest. I decided to print.

The question of arrangement had to be considered; I did not like to offer a mere incondite miscellany. To supply each of the disconnected passages with a title, or even to group them under subject headings, would have interfered with the spontaneity which above all I wished to preserve. In reading through the matter I had selected, it struck me how often the aspects of nature were referred to, and how suitable many of the reflections were to the month with which they were dated. Ryecroft, I knew, had ever been much influenced by the mood of the sky and by the procession of the year. So I hit upon the thought of dividing the little book into four chapters, named after the seasons. Like all classifications, it is imperfect, but 'twill serve.

G.G.



回忆的文字，如果他没有隐隐约约地想过出版它们，就根本不会费心记下。我揣测，在他愉快的休闲时刻，内心可能酝酿着再写一本书的愿望，这本书只为自娱自乐而写。显然，如果他真有此想法，那最好不过了。但是他似乎从没尝试整理这些零碎的片段，很可能是因为还没决定采用什么形式。我猜想他一定不愿使用第一人称，那会感觉太自命不凡；他想等到智慧更成熟的那一天。就这样，笔杆从他指间永远地滑落了。

在许多猜想之下，我也在思忖这本“不规范”的日记是否比初看上去有更大的意义。我对这本日记有很强烈的个人感情。如果从中选取一些段落汇集成小书，对那些不仅用眼睛，而且用心灵阅读的读者来说，应该会有一定价值，至少能受益于作者的诚挚。我再次翻开了这些书稿，这里面有一个人，他有欲望，但丝毫不过分；他不仅知足，而且过得非常快乐。他谈到许多事情，叙述着自己的确切感受；他谈到自己，用世间最诚实的笔触展示一个真实的自己。在我看来，这些文字有人性的光芒。因此，我决定将它公开出版。

关于谋篇布局还需要考虑，我不愿向读者提供一锅东拼西凑的大杂烩。如果给每个分散的段落加一个标题，或者以不同的标题将其分类，都会破坏文章情感的自然流露，而这种自然的感觉正是我希望保留的。在阅读我挑选的段落的过程中，我发现其中频繁提到了关于大自然的各方面，许多随想与标注的月份之间非常合拍。我知道，赖克罗夫特是一个心情易受天气和四季变化影响的人。所以，我突发灵感，将这本小书分成四章，分别以四季命名。如所有分类法一样，它并不完美，但还差强人意。

乔治·吉辛