



中文导读英文版

哈代作品系列

The Native



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还乡

[英] 哈代 著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社





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内 容 简 介

《还乡》是英国著名小说家、诗人哈代的重要代表作之一。男主人公克莱姆出生在埃顿荒原一个富裕的家庭，后来成为都市巴黎一位事业有成的生意人。出于对故乡的眷恋，也梦想通过自己改变家乡落后的面貌，他毅然回到故乡。在家乡，他结识了美丽的姑娘佑斯塔西亚。佑斯塔西亚出生于城市，由于父母双亡而投靠生活在埃顿荒原上的外公。她厌恶荒原单调的生活，一心向往都市的繁华，因而追求克莱姆，希望克莱姆能把她带到巴黎。尽管遭到克莱姆母亲的强烈反对，佑斯塔西亚最终还是与克莱姆结合了。因为生活目标的不同，他们之间产生了不可调和的矛盾。一次冲突之后，佑斯塔西亚与旧情人离家出走，却双双跌入了湍急的水流不幸遇难，上演了一出爱情悲剧。

书中所展现的故事感染了一代又一代人，无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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托马斯·哈代(Thomas Hardy, 1840—1928),英国著名小说家、诗人,是一位跨世纪的文学巨匠。

哈代出生于英国西南部的一个小村庄,那里毗邻多塞特郡大荒原,这里的自然环境日后成了哈代作品的主要背景。他的父亲是石匠,但非常重视对哈代的教育。1856年哈代离开学校,给一名建筑师当学徒。1862年哈代前往伦敦,任建筑绘图员,并在伦敦大学进修语言,开始文学创作。

哈代的文学生涯开始于诗歌,因作品无法发表转而进行小说创作。1871年,他出版了第一部长篇小说《计出无奈》。1874年,《远离尘嚣》一经出版,立即引起轰动,由此确立了他在英国文学界的地位。从此,他放弃了建筑职业,全身心地致力于小说创作。哈代一生共出版了近20部长篇小说,除《远离尘嚣》外,著名的小说还有《苔丝》、《无名的裘德》、《还乡》和《卡斯特桥市长》;还出版诗集8集,共918首。此外,还有许多以“威塞克斯故事”为总名的中短篇小说,以及长篇史诗剧《列王》。

在哈代的众多作品中,《还乡》是他最重要的作品之一,也是英语文学中最伟大的作品之一。该书出版一百多年来,已被译成世界上几十种语言,是公认的世界文学名著之一。

在中国,《还乡》也是最受广大读者欢迎的经典小说之一。目前,在国内数量众多的外国经典文学书籍中,主要的出版形式有两种:一种是中文翻译版,另一种是英文原版。而其中的英文原版越来越受到读者的欢迎,这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英语的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看,直接使用纯英文素材更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读,使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式,也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排,有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因,我们决定编译《还乡》,并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读



中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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Preface



本书所描述的事件大致发生在一八四〇至一八五〇年间一个叫做“埃顿荒原”的地方。这个地方提供了故事中凄凉忧郁的背景，从这个地方，人们会想到一些更广袤僻远的地域……

The date at which the following events are assumed to have occurred may be set down as between 1840 and 1850, when the old watering place herein called “Budmouth” still retained sufficient afterglow from its Georgian gaiety and prestige to lend it an absorbing attractiveness to the romantic and imaginative soul of a lonely dweller inland.

Under the general name of “Egdon Heath,” which has been given to the sombre scene of the story, are united or typified heaths of various real names, to the number of at least a dozen; these being virtually one in character and aspect, though their original unity, or partial unity, is now somewhat disguised by intrusive strips and slices brought under the plough with varying degrees of success, or planted to woodland.

It is pleasant to dream that some spot in the extensive tract whose southwestern quarter is here described, may be the heath of that traditionary King of Wessex—Lear.

July, 1895.

“To sorrow

I bade good morrow,
And thought to leave her far away behind;
But cheerly, cheerly,
She loves me dearly;
She is so constant to me, and so kind.
I would deceive her,
And so leave her,
But ah! she is so constant and so kind.”

第一卷 三个女人
Book One The Three Women

第一章 岁月变换容貌依旧

Chapter 1 A Face on Which Time Makes but Little Impression



黄昏时分，天空仍发出白昼的光亮，广袤的埃顿荒原已经提前变得昏暗苍茫起来。到了夜晚，万物都昏昏入睡之际，埃顿荒原却开始苏醒，静候着事情的发生。沉沉暮色加上苍茫的景观，形成了埃顿荒原独特的峻冷莽苍的魅力，使得热爱这片土地的人为之魂牵梦绕。荒原对任何外界的进化都置之不理，保持着从古到今的黄褐色的地貌，高低的坡谷披满石南，就像披着年代久远的大衣，任何一种因世事变迁产生的心神不宁、因新事物的发展而心烦意乱的心绪，到了这里都会变得平稳沉静。荒原上有一条寂寥的古道和一座高大的古冢，分散在荒原四处的荒原人便在这里往来生息。

A Saturday afternoon in November was approaching the time of twilight, and the vast tract of unenclosed wild known as Egdon Heath embrowned itself moment by moment. Overhead the hollow stretch of whitish cloud shutting out the sky was as a tent which had the whole heath for its floor.

The heaven being spread with this pallid screen and the earth with the darkest vegetation, their meeting-line at the horizon was clearly marked. In such contrast the heath wore the appearance of an installment of night which had taken up its place before its astronomical hour was come: darkness had to a

great extent arrived hereon, while day stood distinct in the sky. Looking upwards, a furze-cutter would have been inclined to continue work; looking down, he would have decided to finish his faggot and go home. The distant rims of the world and of the firmament seemed to be a division in time no less than a division in matter. The face of the heath by its mere complexion added half an hour to evening; it could in like manner retard the dawn, sadden noon, anticipate the frowning of storms scarcely generated, and intensify the opacity of a moonless midnight to a cause of shaking and dread.

In fact, precisely at this transitional point of its nightly roll into darkness the great and particular glory of the Egdon waste began, and nobody could be said to understand the heath who had not been there at such a time. It could best be felt when it could not clearly be seen, its complete effect and explanation lying in this and the succeeding hours before the next dawn; then, and only then, did it tell its true tale. The spot was, indeed, a near relation of night, and when night showed itself an apparent tendency to gravitate together could be perceived in its shades and the scene. The sombre stretch of rounds and hollows seemed to rise and meet the evening gloom in pure sympathy, the heath exhaling darkness as rapidly as the heavens precipitated it. And so the obscurity in the air and the obscurity in the land closed together in a black fraternization towards which each advanced halfway.

The place became full of a watchful intentness now; for when other things sank blooding to sleep the heath appeared slowly to awake and listen. Every night its Titanic form seemed to await something; but it had waited thus, unmoved, during so many centuries, through the crises of so many things, that it could only be imagined to await one last crisis—the final overthrow.

It was a spot which returned upon the memory of those who loved it with an aspect of peculiar and kindly congruity. Smiling champaigns of flowers and fruit hardly do this, for they are permanently harmonious only with an existence of better reputation as to its issues than the present. Twilight combined with the scenery of Egdon Heath to evolve a thing majestic without severity, impressive without showiness, emphatic in its admonitions, grand in its simplicity. The qualifications which frequently invest the facade of a prison with far more dignity than is found in the facade of a palace double its size lent

to this heath a sublimity in which spots renowned for beauty of the accepted kind are utterly wanting. Fair prospects wed happily with fair times; but alas, if times be not fair! Men have oftener suffered from, the mockery of a place too smiling for their reason than from the oppression of surroundings oversadly tinged. Haggard Egdon appealed to a subtler and scarcer instinct, to a more recently learnt emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming and fair.

Indeed, it is a question if the exclusive reign of this orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. The new Vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule; human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a sombreness distasteful to our race when it was young. The time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, when the chastened sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain will be all of nature that is absolutely in keeping with the moods of the more thinking among mankind. And ultimately, to the commonest tourist, spots like Iceland may become what the vineyards and myrtle gardens of South Europe are to him now; and Heidelberg and Baden be passed unheeded as he hastens from the Alps to the sand dunes of Scheveningen.

The most thoroughgoing ascetic could feel that he had a natural right to wander on Egdon—he was keeping within the line of legitimate indulgence when he laid himself open to influences such as these. Colours and beauties so far subdued were, at least, the birthright of all. Only in summer days of highest feather did its mood touch the level of gaiety. Intensity was more usually reached by way of the solemn than by way of the brilliant, and such a sort of intensity was often arrived at during winter darkness, tempests, and mists. Then Egdon was aroused to reciprocity; for the storm was its lover, and the wind its friend. Then it became the home of strange phantoms; and it was found to be the hitherto unrecognized original of those wild regions of obscurity which are vaguely felt to be compassing us about in midnight dreams of flight and disaster, and are never thought of after the dream till revived by scenes like this.

It was at present a place perfectly accordant with man's nature—neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly; neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame; but,

like man, slighted and enduring; and withal singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony. As with some persons who have long lived apart, solitude seemed to look out of its countenance. It had a lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities.

This obscure, obsolete, superseded country figures in Domesday. Its condition is recorded therein as that of heathy, furzy, briary wilderness—"Bruaria." Then follows the length and breadth in leagues; and, though some uncertainty exists as to the exact extent of this ancient lineal measure, it appears from the figures that the area of Egdon down to the present day has but little diminished. "Turbaria Bruaria"—the right of cutting heath-turf—occurs in charters relating to the district. "Overgrown with heth and mosse," says Leland of the same dark sweep of country.

Here at least were intelligible facts regarding landscape—far-reaching proofs productive of genuine satisfaction. The untameable, Ishmaelitish thing that Egdon now was it always had been. Civilization was its enemy; and ever since the beginning of vegetation its soil had worn the same antique brown dress, the natural and invariable garment of the particular formation. In its venerable one coat lay a certain vein of satire on human vanity in clothes. A person on a heath in raiment of modern cut and colours has more or less an anomalous look. We seem to want the oldest and simplest human clothing where the clothing of the earth is so primitive.

To recline on a stump of thorn in the central valley of Egdon, between afternoon and night, as now, where the eye could reach nothing of the world outside the summits and shoulders of heathland which filled the whole circumference of its glance, and to know that everything around and underneath had been from prehistoric times as unaltered as the stars overhead, gave ballast to the mind adrift on change, and harassed by the irrepressible New. The great inviolate place had an ancient permanence which the sea cannot claim. Who can say of a particular sea that it is old? Distilled by the sun, kneaded by the moon, it is renewed in a year, in a day, or in an hour. The sea changed, the fields changed, the rivers, the villages, and the people changed, yet Egdon remained. Those surfaces were neither so steep as to be destructible by weather, nor so flat as to be the victims of floods and deposits. With the

exception of an aged highway, and a still more aged barrow presently to be referred to—themselves almost crystallized to natural products by long continuance—even the trifling irregularities were not caused by pickaxe, plough, or spade, but remained as the very finger-touches of the last geological change.

The above-mentioned highway traversed the lower levels of the heath, from one horizon to another. In many portions of its course it overlaid an old vicinal way, which branched from the great Western road of the Romans, the Via Iceniana, or Ikenild Street, hard by. On the evening under consideration it would have been noticed that, though the gloom had increased sufficiently to confuse the minor features of the heath, the white surface of the road remained almost as clear as ever.