

(英语原著版·第四辑)
中译经典文库·世界文学名著



为梦想错把婚姻当翅膀 因婚姻梦想破灭人身亡



THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE

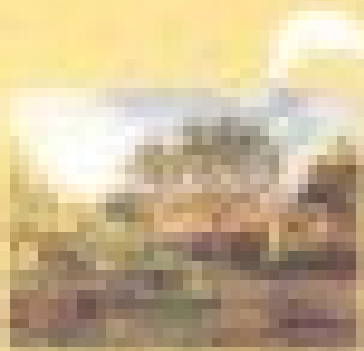
(UNABRIDGED)

还乡

■ Thomas Hardy

中国出版集团公司
中国对外翻译出版有限公司

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE

BY JENNIFER EAGLES

HE &

• TRANSLATED

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

中译经典文库·世界文学名著（英语原著版）

The Return of the Native

还 乡

Thomas Hardy

中国出版集团公司
中国对外翻译出版有限公司

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

还乡: 英文/(英)哈代(Hardy, T.)著. — 北京: 中国对外翻译出版有限公司, 2011. 8

(中译经典文库·世界文学名著: 英语原著版)

ISBN 978-7-5001-2970-7

I. ①还… II. ①哈… III. ①英语-语言读物 ②长篇小说-英国-近代 IV. ①H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2011)第124092号

出版发行/中国对外翻译出版有限公司

地址/北京市西城区车公庄大街甲4号(物华大厦六层)

电话/(010)768359376 68359303 68359719

邮编/100044

传真/(010)68357870

电子邮箱/book@ctpc.com.cn

网址/http://www.ctpc.com.cn

总经理/林国夫

出版策划/张高里

责任编辑/章婉凝

封面设计/奇文堂·潘峰

排版/竹页图文

印刷/保定市市中画美凯印刷有限公司

经销/新华书店北京发行所

规格/787×1092毫米 1/32

印张/11.5

版次/2011年8月第一版

印次/2011年8月第一次

ISBN 978-7-5001-2970-7 定价: 23.00元



版权所有 侵权必究
中国对外翻译出版有限公司

出版前言

一部文学史是人类从童真走向成熟的发展史，是一个个文学大师用如椽巨笔记载的人类的心灵史，也是承载人类良知与情感反思的思想史。阅读这些传世的文学名著就是在阅读最鲜活生动的历史，就是在与大师们做跨越时空的思想交流与情感交流，它会使一代代的读者获得心灵的滋养与巨大的审美满足。

中国对外翻译出版有限公司以中外语言学习和中外文化交流为自己的出版方向，向广大读者提供既能提升语言能力，又能滋养心灵的精神大餐是我们的一贯宗旨。尽管随着网络技术和数字出版的发展，读者获得这些作品的途径更加便捷，但是，一本本装帧精美、墨香四溢的图书仍是读书人的最爱。

“熟读唐诗三百首，不会做诗也会吟”，汉语学习如此，外语学习尤其如此。要想彻底学好一种语言，必须有大量的阅读。这不仅可以熟能生巧地掌握其语言技能，也可了解一种语言所承载的独特文化。“中译经典文库·世界文学名著（英语原著版）”便是这样一套必将使读者受益终生的读物。

PREFACE

A history of literature is a phylogeny of human beings growing from childhood to adulthood, a spiritual history of masters in literature portraying human spirit with great touch, as well as a thinking history reflecting human conscience and emotional introspection. Reading these immortal classics is like browsing through our history, while communicating across time and space with great writers into thinking and feelings. It bestows spiritual nutrition as well as aesthetic relish upon readers from generation to generation.

China Translation and Publishing Corporation (CTPC), with a publishing mission oriented toward readings of Chinese and foreign languages learning as well as cultural exchange, has been dedicated to providing spiritual feasts which not only optimize language aptitude but also nourish heart and soul. Along with the development of Internet and digital publication, readers have easier access to reading classic works. Nevertheless, well-designed printed books remain favorite readings for most readers.

“After perusing three hundred Tang poems, a learner can at least utter some verses, if cannot proficiently write a poem.” That is true for learning Chinese, more so for learning a foreign language. To master a language, we must read comprehensively, not only for taking in lingual competence, but also for catching the unique cultural essence implied in the language. “World Literary Classics (English originals)” can surely serve as a series of readings with everlasting edifying significance.

作家与作品

托马斯·哈代(1840—1928)是英国小说家、诗人。他是横跨两个世纪的作家,早期和中期的创作以小说为主,继承和发扬了维多利亚时代的文学传统;晚期以出色的诗歌开拓了英国20世纪的文学。哈代生于英国西南部的一个小村庄,他父亲是石匠,但爱好音乐,父母都重视对哈代的文化教育。哈代8岁开始在村里上学,一年后转到郡城一所学校,学习拉丁文和拉丁文学。1856年,哈代离开学校给一名建筑师当学徒;1862年,他前往伦敦给建筑师当绘图员,并在伦敦大学进修语言,开始文学创作。哈代从伦敦回到家乡当了几年建筑师后放弃了建筑职业,专门从事文学创作。他最初写作诗歌,后因无缘发表,改事小说创作。1867—1868年,他完成了第一部小说《穷人与贵妇》,但未能出版。哈代首次发表的小说是《计出无奈》(1871),接着是《绿林荫下》(1872)、《一双湛蓝的眼睛》(1873),他的成名作是第四部小说《远离尘嚣》(1874)。一些评论家认为1878年发表的《还乡》是他最出色的作品。他的另一部重要作品是《卡斯特桥市长》(1886),他最优秀的小说是《德伯家的苔丝》(1891),而《无名的裘德》(1896)却招致强烈的攻击,这使哈代发誓再不写小说,自此全力作诗,发表了《威塞克斯诗集》(1898)、《今昔诗篇》(1901)等8个诗集。此外还有《林地居民》(1887)等许多长篇小说和4个短篇小说集。哈代一生共发表了近20部长篇小说,其中最著名的当推《德

伯家的苔丝》、《无名的裘德》、《还乡》和《卡斯特桥市长》；发表诗8集，共918首，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》。

《还乡》讲述这样一个故事：女主人公游苔莎高傲、耽于空想，她嫁给在巴黎当过钻石商店经理的青年克林·姚伯，希望他带着自己离开荒原，但未能如愿。在发生了一连串误会和不幸事件后，她在黑夜出走，失足溺水身亡。而姚伯回乡想为乡里谋福利，却得不到人们谅解与支持，最后做了传教士。小说以男主人公回归故乡为契机展开，但女主人公游苔莎却是作家着墨更多的人物。由于她对繁华世界梦寐以求、对爱情婚姻朝秦暮楚，因此被视为轻浮虚荣女子的典型。她美丽聪颖，富有艺术气质，特立独行，勇于冒险和追求，同时又深怀运蹇命乖、遇人不淑的忧思和哀怨，荒原人视她为女巫，姚伯太太称她为坏女人，连克林·姚伯也以局限的眼光褒贬她；她明艳夺目，像女神般尊贵超凡，与利他、克己、圣者型的姚伯相比，游苔莎是利己、享乐的，是一尊具有凡人七情六欲的异教女神。她有“现代人”的烦恼、叛逆与追求，有对未来向往、追求、困惑和希望的幻灭。这部小说反映了工业资本侵入农村宗法制社会后产生的种种矛盾。

CONTENTS

++ ++

BOOK FIRST — THE THREE WOMEN

Chapter 1	A Face on Which Time Makes but Little Impression	1
Chapter 2	Humanity Appears upon the Scene, Hand in Hand with Trouble	4
Chapter 3	The Custom of the Country	10
Chapter 4	The Halt on the Turnpike Road	28
Chapter 5	Perplexity among Honest People	33
Chapter 6	The Figure against the Sky	44
Chapter 7	Queen of Night	56
Chapter 8	Those Who Are Found Where There Is Said to Be Nobody	62
Chapter 9	Love Leads a Shrewd Man into Strategy	66
Chapter 10	A Desperate Attempt at Persuasion	75
Chapter 11	The Dishonesty of an Honest Woman	82

BOOK SECOND — THE ARRIVAL

Chapter 1	Tidings of the Comer	90
-----------	----------------------	----

Chapter 2	The People at Blooms-End Make Ready	94
Chapter 3	How a Little Sound Produced a Great Dream	98
Chapter 4	Eustacia Is Led on to an Adventure	102
Chapter 5	Through the Moonlight	110
Chapter 6	The Two Stand Face to Face	117
Chapter 7	A Coalition between Beauty and Oddness	126
Chapter 8	Firmness Is Discovered in a Gentle Heart	134

BOOK THIRD — THE FASCINATION

Chapter 1	“My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is”	144
Chapter 2	The New Course Causes Disappointment	148
Chapter 3	The First Act in a Timeworn Drama	155
Chapter 4	An Hour of Bliss and Many Hours of Sadness	168
Chapter 5	Sharp Words Are Spoken, and a Crisis Ensues	174
Chapter 6	Yeobright Goes, and the Breach Is Complete	181
Chapter 7	The Morning and the Evening of a Day	187
Chapter 8	A New Force Disturbs the Current	198

BOOK FOURTH — THE CLOSED DOOR

Chapter 1	The Rencontre by the Pool	206
Chapter 2	He Is Set upon by Adversities but He Sings a Song	212

Chapter 3	She Goes out to Battle against Depression	221
Chapter 4	Rough Coercion Is Employed	231
Chapter 5	The Journey across the Heath	237
Chapter 6	A Conjuncture, and Its Result upon the Pedestrian	241
Chapter 7	The Tragic Meeting of Two Old Friends	250
Chapter 8	Eustacia Hears of Good Fortune, and Beholds Evil	257

BOOK FIFTH — THE DISCOVERY

Chapter 1	“Wherefore Is Light Given to Him That Is in Misery”	264
Chapter 2	A Lurid Light Breaks in upon a Darkened Understanding	270
Chapter 3	Eustacia Dresses Herself on a Black Morning	279
Chapter 4	The Ministrations of a Half-forgotten One	286
Chapter 5	An Old Move Inadvertently Repeated	290
Chapter 6	Thomasin Argues with Her Cousin, and He Writes a Letter	296
Chapter 7	The Night of the Sixth of November	302
Chapter 8	Rain, Darkness, and Anxious Wanderers	309
Chapter 9	Sights and Sounds Draw the Wanderers Together	318

BOOK SIXTH — AFTERCOURSES

Chapter 1	The Inevitable Movement Onward	328
Chapter 2	Thomasin Walks in a Green Place by the Roman Road	336
Chapter 3	The Serious Discourse of Clym with His Cousin	339
Chapter 4	Cheerfulness Again Asserts Itself at Blooms-End, and Clym Finds His Vocation	343

BOOK FIRST — THE THREE WOMEN

CHAPTER I

A Face on Which Time Makes but Little Impression

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 instalment 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 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 half-way.

The place became full of a watchful intentness now; for when other things sank bleeding 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 champagnes 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 façade of a prison with far more dignity than is found in the façade 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 thorough-going 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 the country.

Here at least were intelligible facts regarding landscape—far-reaching proofs productive of genuine satisfaction. The untameable, Ishmaelitic 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.

CHAPTER 2

Humanity Appears upon the Scene, Hand in Hand with Trouble

A long the road walked an old man. He was white-headed as a mountain, bowed in the shoulders, and faded in general aspect. He wore a glazed hat, an ancient boat-cloak, and shoes: his brass buttons bearing an anchor upon their face. In his hand was a silver-headed walking-stick, which he

used as a veritable third leg, perseveringly dotting the ground with its point at every few inches' interval. One would have said that he had been, in his day, a naval officer of some sort or other.

Before him stretched the long, laborious road, dry, empty, and white. It was quite open to the heath on each side, and bisected that vast dark surface like the parting-line on a head of black hair, diminishing and bending away on the furthest horizon.

The old man frequently stretched his eyes ahead to gaze over the tract that he had yet to traverse. At length he discerned, a long distance in front of him, a moving spot, which appeared to be a vehicle, and it proved to be going the same way as that in which he himself was journeying. It was the single atom of life that the scene contained, and it only served to render the general loneliness more evident. Its rate of advance was slow, and the old man gained upon it sensibly.

When he drew nearer he perceived it to be a spring van, ordinary in shape, but singular in colour, this being a lurid red. The driver walked beside it; and, like his van, he was completely red. One dye of that tincture covered his clothes, the cap upon his head, his boots, his face, and his hands. He was not temporarily overlaid with the colour: it permeated him.

The old man knew the meaning of this. The traveller with the cart was a reddleman—a person whose vocation it was to supply farmers with redding for their sheep. He was one of a class rapidly becoming extinct in Wessex, filling at present in the rural world the place which, during the last century, the dodo occupied in the world of animals. He is a curious, interesting, and nearly perished link between obsolete forms of life and those which generally prevail.

The decayed officer, by degrees, came up alongside his fellow-wayfarer, and wished him good evening. The reddleman turned his head, and replied in sad and occupied tones. He was young, and his face, if not exactly handsome, approached so near to handsome that nobody would have contradicted an assertion that it really was so in its natural colour. His eye, which glared so strangely through his stain, was in itself attractive—keen as that of a bird of prey, and blue as autumn mist. He had neither whisker nor moustache, which allowed the soft curves of the lower part of his face to be apparent. His lips were thin, and though, as it seemed, compressed by thought, there was a pleasant twitch at their corners now and then. He was clothed throughout in a tight-fitting suit of corduroy,