

## <<远离尘嚣>>

### 图书基本信息

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### 内容概要

《远离尘嚣》是哈代最优秀的作品之一。  
故事发生在19世纪中叶英格兰西南部的威塞克农村地区，那儿的农业生产是由大小不等的农场主雇用农业工人经营的。  
少女芭西芭·艾维汀父母双亡，寄住在姑母家，后来继承舅父的遗产担任了威热坝上农场的农场主。她年轻、美丽、有才干，但虚荣心强，希望得到男人们的倾慕。  
年轻人奥克曾是一个小小牧场的农场主，一次突然事件使他破了产，于是他受雇做了芭西芭农场的牧人。  
奥克爱上了芭西芭，但不善表达自己的感情，爱慕虚荣的芭西芭拒绝了他。  
此时，另一位与芭西芭相邻的农场主威廉·博尔德伍德也疯狂追求芭西芭。

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### 作者简介

托马斯·哈代（1840--1928）：英国最杰出的乡土小说家、诗人。  
1840年6月生于英国西南部的多西特郡。  
主要作品有《远离尘嚣》、《德伯家的苔丝》、《无名的裘德》、《塔中恋人》、《三怪客》等。  
他的作品承上启下，既继承了英国批判现实主义的优秀传统，也为20世纪的英国文学开拓了道路。

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## 章节摘录

BOLDWOOD was tenant of what was called Little Weatherbury Farm, and his person was the nearest approach to aristocracy that this remoter quarter of the parish could boast of. Genteel strangers, whose god was their town, who might happen to be compelled to linger about this nook for a day, heard the sound of light wheels, and prayed to see good society to the degree of a solitary lord, or squire at the very least, but it was only Boldwood going out for the day. They heard the sound of wheels yet once more, and were re-animated to expectancy: it was only Mr Boldwood coming home again. His house stood recessed from the road, and the stables, which are to a farm what a fireplace is to a room, were behind, their lower portions being lost amid bushes of laurel. Inside the blue door, open half way down, were to be seen at this time the backs and tails of half a dozen warm and contented horses standing in their stalls; and as thus viewed, they presented alternations of roan and bay in shapes like a Moorish arch, the tail being a streak down the midst of each. Over these, and lost to the eye going in from the outer tight, the mouths of the same animals could be heard busily sustaining the above-named warmth and plumpness by quantifies of oats and hay. The restless and shadowy figure of a colt wandered about a loose-box at the end, whilst the steady grind of all the eaters was occasionally diversified by the rattle of a halter or the stamp of a foot.

Pacing up and down at the heels of the animals was Farmer Boldwood himself. This place was his almonry and cloister in one: here after looking to the feeding of his four-footed dependents, the celibate would walk and meditate of an evening till the moons rays streamed in through the cob-webbed windows or total darkness enveloped the scene. His square-framed perpendicularity showed more fully now than in the crowd and bustle of the market-house. In this meditative walk his foot met the floor with heel and toe simultaneously, and his fine, reddish-fleshed face was bent downwards just enough to render obscure the still mouth and the well-rounded though rather prominent and broad chin. A few clear and thread-like horizontal lines were the only interruption, to the otherwise smooth surface of his large forehead. THE village of Weatherbury was quiet as the graveyard in its midst, and the living were lying well-nigh as still as the dead. The church clock struck eleven. The air was so empty of other sounds that the whirr of the clockwork immediately before the strokes was distinct, and so was also the click of the same at their close. The notes flew forth with the usual blind obtuseness of inanimate things—flapping and rebounding among walls, undulating against the scattered clouds spreading through their interstices into unexplored miles of space. Bathshebas crannied and mouldy halls were to-night occupied only by Maryann, Liddy being, as was stated, with her sister, whom Bathsheba had set out to visit. A few minutes after eleven had struck, Maryann turned in her bed with a sense of being disturbed. She was totally unconscious of the nature of the interruption to her sleep. It led to a dream, and the dream to an awakening, with an uneasy sensation that something had happened. She left her bed and looked out of the window. The paddock abutted on this end of the building, and in the paddock she could just discern by the uncertain gray a moving figure, approaching the horse that was feeding there. The figure seized the horse by the forelock, and led it to the corner of the field. Here she could see some object which circumstances proved to be a vehicle, for after a few minutes pent apparently in harnessing she heard the trot of the horse down the road, mingled with the sound of light wheels. Two varieties only of humanity could have entered the paddock with the ghost-like glide of that mysterious figure. They were a woman, and a gipsy man. A woman was out of the question in such an occupation at this hour, and the comer could be no less than a thief, who might probably have known the weakness of the household on this particular night, and have chosen it on that account for his daring attempt. More-over, to raise suspicion to conviction itself, there were gipsies in Weatherbury Bottom. Maryann, who had been afraid to shout in the robbers presence, having seen him depart had no fear. She hastily slipped on her clothes, stumped down the disjointed stair-case with its hundred creaks, ran to Coggans, the nearest houses and raised an alarm. Coggan called Gabriel, who now again lodged in his house as at first, and together they went to the paddock. Beyond all doubt the horse was gone. BATHSHEBA underwent the enlargement of her husbands absence from hours to days with a slight feeling of surprise, and a slight feeling of relief; yet neither sensation rose at any time far above the level commonly designated as indifference. She belonged to him: the certainties of that position were

so well-defined, and the reasonable probabilities of its issue so bounded, that she could not speculate on contingencies. Taking no further interest in herself as a splendid woman she acquired the passive feelings of an outsider in contemplating her probable fate as a singular wretch; for Bathsheba drew herself and her future in colours that no reality could exceed for darkness. Her original vigorous pride of youth had sick-ened, and with it had declined all her anxieties about coming years; since anxiety recognises a better and a worse alternative, and Bathsheba had made up her mind that alternatives on any noteworthy scale had ceased for her. Soon, or later—and that not very late—her husband would be home again. And then the days of their tenancy of the Upper Farm would be numbered. There had originally been shown by the agent to the estate some distrust of Bathshebas tenure as James Ever-denés successor, on the score of her sex, and her youth, and her beauty; but the peculiar nature of her uncles will, his own frequent testimony before his death to her cleverness in such a pursuit, and her vigorous marshalling of the numerous flocks and herds which came suddenly into her hands before negotiations were concluded had won confidence in her powers, and no further objections had been raised. She had latterly been in great doubt as to what the legal effects of her marriage would be upon her position, but no notice had been taken as yet of her change of name, and only one point was clear, that in the event of her own or her husbands inability to meet the agent at the forthcoming January rent-day very little consideration would be shown, and, for that matters very little would be deserved. Once out of the farm the approach of poverty would be sure. Hence Bathsheba lived in a perception that her purpose were broken off. She was not a woman who could hope without good materials for the process, differing thus from the less far-sighted and energetic, though more petted ones of the sex with whom hope goes on as a sort of clockwork which the merest food and shelter are sufficient to wind up; and perceiving clearly that her mistake had been a fatal one she accepted her position, and waited coldly for the end.

## 媒体关注与评论

GENERAL EDITORS PREFACE      THE first concern in The Worlds Classics editions of Hardys Works has been with the texts. Individual editors have com-pared every version of the novel or stories that Hardy might have revised , and have noted variant readings in words , punctuiation , and styling in each of these substantive texts; they have thus been able to exclude much that their experience suggests that hary did not intend. In some cases , this is the first time that the novel has appeared in a critical edition purged of errors and oversights; where possible Hardys manu-script punctuation is used , rather than what his compositors thought he should have written.      Some account of the editors discoveries will be found in the Note on the Text in each volume , while the most interesting revisions their work has revealed are included as an element of the Explanatory Notes. In some cases a Clarendon Press      edition of the novel provides a wealth of further material for the reader interested in the way Hardys writing developed from manuscript to final collected edition.      SIMON GATRELL

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### 编辑推荐

《远离尘嚣》发表于一八七四年，是哈代第一部成功的长篇，也是他此后一系列以威塞克斯乡村为背景的优秀长篇小说的第一部。

其紧凑而扣人心弦的情节、对乡间四季景色的细致观察和独到描写，给读者带来无穷的回味。



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