

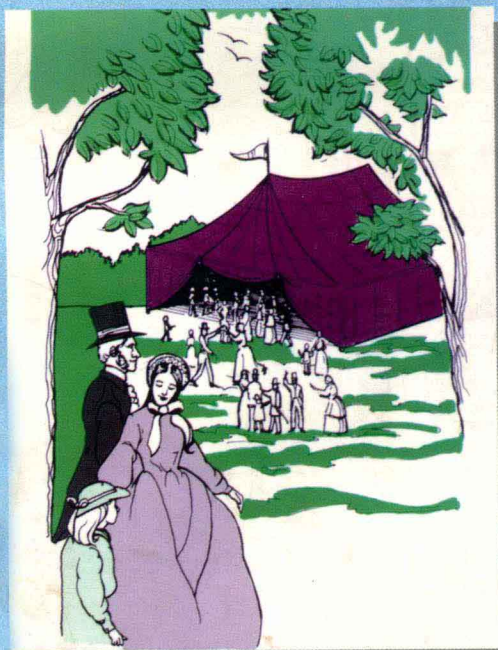
有声名著精选

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The Mayor of Casterbridge

卡斯特桥市长

Thomas Hardy



西蒙与舒斯特国际出版公司
世界图书出版公司

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序

世界图书出版公司北京公司出版的《有声名著精选》乃是很好的泛读及听说材料,适合高中及大学低年级学生学英语之用,对于自学英语的人也非常合适。其特点大致有四:

一、简写本出自西方语言学专家之手,文字流畅,语言规范,用词造句都是经过深思熟虑的,完全合乎现代英语习惯。改写者极为重视词汇、语法及修辞的基本用法,力求文字清新流畅,浅显易懂,准确而且实用。很多句子本身便是某一词汇、语法用法的很好的例句。

二、简写本多为欧美文学经典作品,这些作品在不同程度上反映欧美社会的各个方面。尤其是一些进步作家如:狄更斯、马克·吐温,他们在作品中深刻地剖析了他们自己所处的社会,读这些作品比读西方政治经济学还有益处。文化背景知识不是可有可无的,只有较广泛地了解欧美社会的各个方面,欧美人的生活、风俗、习惯,以及各种价值观念,才有可能在实际工作中得心应手地使用语言,应付裕如。

三、简写本的中文前言分别对原著作者、时代背景、内容梗概及作品特点作了介绍,并附有人物表,相信对读者进一步理解作品会有所帮助。

四、与简写本配套的朗读磁带,语音语调纯正,可以作为学习发音的楷模。

广泛阅读是学习英语的必由之径。精泛并举,“两条腿走路”,方能掌握语言。精读提供理性知识,泛读提供感性知识,二者不可或缺。通过泛读,许多语言现象会被自然而然地吸收、掌握。这些

词汇及语法现象在泛读中重复出现多次,读者不需强记便能正确地掌握它们,而且不会忘记。所以广泛阅读乃是学习外语的重要环节,不可忽视。简写本为泛读提供了方便。

这些简写本的出版非常及时,希望以后还有更多的简写本出版,以飨读者。

上海复旦大学外文系教授

索天章

1997年5月

前 言

本书原著作者托马斯·哈代(Thomas Hardy, 1840 ~ 1928)是19世纪末、20世纪初英国著名的小说家和诗人。

1840年,哈代出生于英国西南部多塞特郡的一个小村庄。父亲是个石匠,母亲从小培养他对文学和音乐的兴趣,并鼓励他广泛阅读。少年时的哈代作过当地建筑师的学徒,1862年去伦敦学习建筑,同时进行诗歌创作。5年后,因健康原因哈代回到故乡,继续从事建筑工作,并开始写小说。

1874年《远离尘嚣》(*Far From the Madding Crowd*)的出版获得成功,哈代决定放弃建筑,专心致力于小说创作。其早期作品还有《计出无奈》(*The Desperate Remedies*, 1871)和《绿荫下》(*Under the Greenwood Tree*, 1872)。1878 ~ 1895年是哈代小说创作的高峰期。其间他先后发表了《还乡》(*The Return of the Native*, 1878)、《卡斯特桥市长》(*The Mayor of Casterbridge*, 1886)、《德伯家的苔丝》(*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, 1891)和《无名的裘德》(*Jude the Obscure*, 1895)等小说。由于后两部作品揭露了当时英国社会道德观、婚姻观和法律制度的陈腐和虚伪,作家遭到批评家的猛烈攻击。哈代因此放弃写小说而潜心诗歌创作,写成了关于拿破仑帝国兴衰的史诗剧《统治者》(*The Dynasts*, 1904 ~ 1908)。

哈代是英国最具代表性的乡土小说家。他的作品一直以故乡多塞特郡及其附近的荒原——哈代称之为“韦塞克斯”——为背景。《卡斯特桥市长》就是著名的“韦塞克斯”小说中的一部。主人公亨查德(Michael Henchard)本是个打草工人。在一次集市上,他因酗酒以5

英镑将妻子苏珊(Susan)和幼女卖给过路的水手纽森(Newsen)。酒醒后,他追悔莫及,并发誓20年滴酒不沾。此后,亨查德来到卡斯特桥市。他发奋工作,成了该市的富商,并被选为市长。然而命运开始惩罚亨查德。先是分离多年的妻子携女重新出现在他面前。为了弥补当年的过错,他与妻子再次结婚,但苏珊不久病逝。继而亨查德与合伙人法尔弗雷(Farfrae)反目成仇,并禁止女儿与其交往。后来,他意外发现女儿的生父是纽森,亲生之女早已夭折。紧接着,亨查德又因投机失败而破产,法尔弗雷却飞黄腾达,取而代之成为卡斯特桥市长,并且娶了亨查德的情人露赛塔(Lucetta)。随之而来的是他当年出卖妻女的丑闻被泄露,而此时,养女又被生父认领,他失去了唯一的安慰。在接踵而来的打击下,亨查德孤身一人回到荒原重操打草工旧业,最后在一间草屋里孤独地死去,结束了悲凉苦涩的一生。

哈代的作品反映了维多利亚时代(1837~1901)英国的农村社会和农民的不幸生活。当时的英国虽然国力昌盛,不断扩张海外殖民地,但是下层人民的生活极其悲惨。工业资本主义对农村的渗透使大批农民破产,在贫困中挣扎。然而哈代并不注重揭示这些问题的社会原因,而把人物的悲剧归结为冥冥之中神的意志的安排。他笔下的主人公总是被某种无法控制的、超自然的力量支配,最终被冷酷无情的命运摧毁。就如本书中的主人公虽然竭力弥补当年的过错,仍无法逃脱厄运。

哈代作品的语言富于诗意,故事情节曲折动人,加上人物震撼人心的命运,使他的小说读起来饶有趣味,如诗如画。

北京外国语大学英语系 范悦

1997年4月

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Cast of Characters

Michael Henchard	A common hay cutter who rises to prominence as a businessman and town mayor
Susan Henchard	Michael's wife whom he sells to a sailor, then remarries 18 years later
Elizabeth-Jane	Susan's daughter who is formal, conservative, and proper but deeply loving
Donald Farfrae	A young, charming, and kind Scotsman, who at first becomes Henchard's employee and later a successful businessman on his own
Lucetta Templeman	A fighty and impetuous young woman who has had a previous relationship with Henchard and later becomes Farfrae's wife
Newson	The sailor who buys Susan and her daughter
Jopp	One of the townspeople who becomes an employee of Henchard's
Abel Whittle	One of Henchard's workmen

1 **The Sale, the Oath, the Search**

It was a late summer evening in the year 1830. A young man and woman were walking along a dusty road on the way to the village of Weydon-Priors. Both were dressed simply but not badly. The man was strong, dark, and stern looking. On his back he carried a basket of tools for cutting hay. The woman was plain. She was carrying a small baby girl in her arms. She plodded along as if time and chance might bring anything upon her—except fair play.

What was odd about the couple was the way they walked in perfect silence. At every step, the man ignored the woman. The woman seemed to expect this silence. She did not speak, either. Once in a while she would look down at the baby and smile. When she smiled at the baby, her face became pretty.

The hay cutter and his wife met a stranger as they neared town. "Is there any hay-cutting work here?" the young man asked.

The stranger said there was no work at all. "It's fair day," he added.

The young family kept going and soon came

upon the fairgrounds. The fair was just ending. The animal pens were empty; the best horses and sheep had already been sold. Yet the crowd was larger now than it had been in the morning. Everyone was enjoying the vendors, peep shows, toy stands, waxworks, and fortune-tellers.

The hay cutter and his wife did not care for those things, so they looked for something to eat or drink. The wife pointed to a tent with a sign that read, Good Furmity Sold Hear. They went in. '

"I always like furmity," the wife said. "So does Elizabeth-Jane. And so will you."

"I've never tasted it," said the man. Then he learned that furmity was a thick, cooked liquid made from wheat, flour, milk, raisins, and other things. He ordered a bowl for himself and one for his wife. Then he winked at the hag who was making and selling the furmity, and she nodded back. With that she brought out a bottle of rum and poured some into his bowl.

The hay cutter decided that he liked furmity. That is, he liked the way the old hag had fixed it up for him. He had several more bowls, though this was making his wife uneasy.

The wife said over and over, "Michael, let's go find some lodgings."

The man ignored his wife and his tired child. Instead, he kept eating. After his first bowl of

furmity, he was still himself. After his second, he became jolly. After his third, he began to argue with people; and after his fourth, he became rude.

"I married at 18, like a fool," he said. "Now this is all I have." He pointed at himself and his family. At the same time, he could hear a man outside selling the last of the old horses at the fair.

"Men who have wives and don't want them should be able to get rid of them like those old horses," he went on. "I'd sell mine this minute if anybody would buy her!"

At first, people thought the man was joking. But his wife was angry.

"Michael, a joke is a joke," she said. "But you may make it once too often."

"I know I've said it before," he said. "But I meant it. All I want is five guineas." Then the man had another bowl of furmity, with more rum in it.

"Will anybody buy my wife?" he asked the others in the tent. "She can take the child and go her own way. I'll take my tools and go my way. Does anybody want her? Yes or no?"

"Yes," said a loud voice from the doorway. All eyes turned. Standing there was a sailor.

"You say you do?" asked the husband.

"I say so," answered the sailor.

"Where is your money?"

The sailor took out five clean bills and threw them

on the table. "I want her only if she is willing," he said calmly. "I don't want to hurt her feelings."

"She is willing if she can take the child," said the husband. "She said so the other day."

"Do you swear?" the sailor asked her.

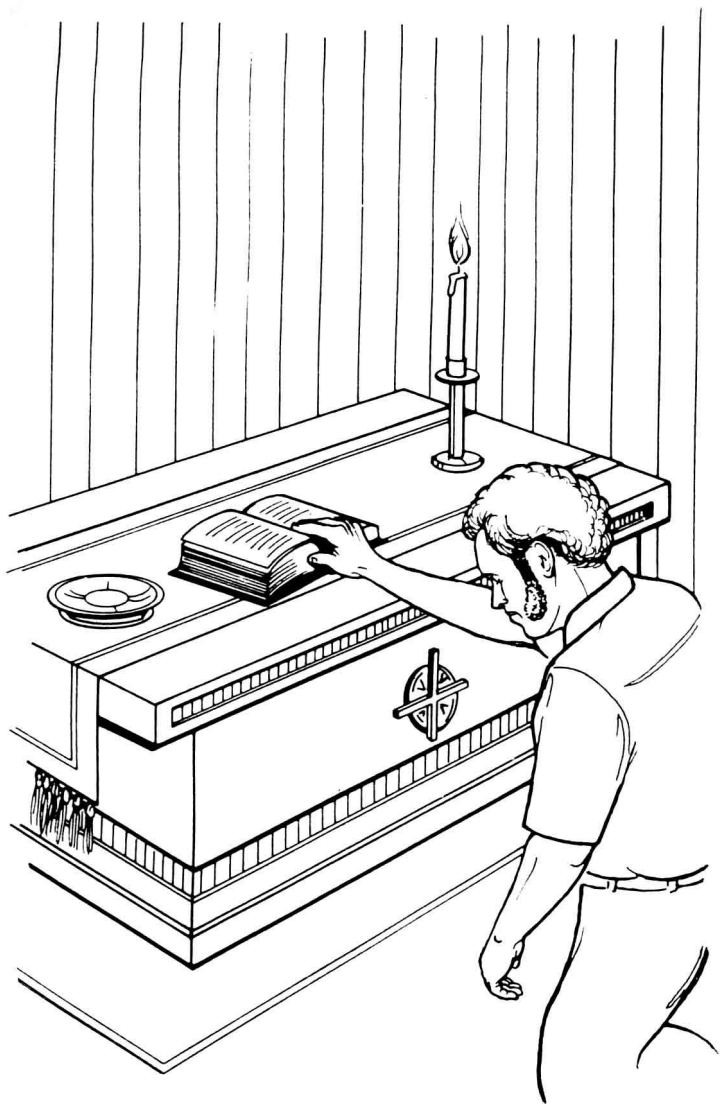
The woman looked at her husband. He didn't look at all sorry. "I swear," she said to the sailor. Then she turned to the hay cutter and flung her wedding ring in his face.

"Michael," she said, "I am no longer yours. I'll try my luck somewhere else. It will be better for me and for Elizabeth-Jane, too." She took the sailor's arm and left with him, sobbing.

It was late then, so the rest of the crowd began leaving as well. With that, the man simply put his head down on the table and went to sleep. The furmity woman couldn't wake him, so she left him where he slept.

The next morning the man awoke with the sun shining into the tent. As he looked around, he saw something shiny on the ground. He picked it up; it was his wife's wedding ring. Then he put his hand in his pocket and felt the money. Only then did he remember what had happened the night before.

"Did I tell my name to anybody last night?" he asked to himself. He decided that he had not. Then he thought of his wife. He was surprised and annoyed that she was gone. "She must have thought



the sale was legal," he thought to himself. He knew that she was a simple woman.

Then the man shouted, "Blast her! Why did she go? She knew I was not in my right mind!"

With that, the man started walking down the road to find his wife. As he walked, he began to feel ashamed of himself. When he came to a town with a church, he went inside and made the following promise: "I, Michael Henchard, take an oath before God that I will not drink any strong liquor for 21 years. That is a year without liquor for every year I have lived. May I be struck dumb, blind, and helpless if I break this oath."

With that done, Henchard began searching again for his wife and child. He could not even find out the name of the sailor who had taken her away. It wasn't long before the days began to add up to weeks. Then the weeks began to add up to months. Still he searched on. Of course, he didn't tell people how he had lost his wife. He was too ashamed.

Finally Henchard gave up his hopeless search. He decided instead to settle in one place. He chose to go to the town of Casterbridge, in a far distant part of Wessex.

2 Eighteen Years Later

The road into Weydon-Priors was still covered with dust. Two women, both dressed in black, were walking along the road. One had been Michael Henchard's young wife, Susan. Now she was much older. The other, about 18, was Michael and Susan Henchard's grown-up daughter.

"Why do we waste our time coming here?" asked the girl.

"My dear Elizabeth-Jane, this is where I first met Newson," explained her mother.

"You first met Father here? Oh yes, you have told me so before. And now he's drowned and gone from us!"

"Also, this was the last place where I saw the relative we are now looking for—Mr. Michael Henchard," said her mother.

"How is he related to us, Mother?"

"He is, or was—for he may be dead—a relative by marriage," said her mother.

As they walked toward the fairgrounds, the mother noticed a ragged old woman stooped over a cooking pot. "Good furmity sold here!" called the old woman.

The mother remembered the woman. "I will just say a word to her. Elizabeth-Jane, you stay here."

Making sure that her daughter could not hear her, Susan Henchard asked the old woman, "Do you remember when a man sold his wife in your tent 18 years ago today?"

The old woman did remember. "He came back here the next year," said the old woman. "He asked about his wife. Then he said he was going to Casterbridge. He told me to tell anyone who asked."

Susan Henchard thanked her and returned to Elizabeth-Jane. "I think we'll go to Casterbridge," she said.

Henchard's wife had tried to do what was right. She had almost told Elizabeth-Jane the truth a hundred times. But she never did tell her. The girl grew up believing that her mother and Newson were a normal married couple.

Susan Henchard was a very simple woman. For a long time, she had believed she was Newson's legal wife. However, after many years, Susan told a friend about her past. The friend laughed and told Susan she was not legally married to Newson. Susan then felt ashamed of her life with Newson. She told him she didn't know if she could live with him any longer.

When the season came, Newson left home for a sailing trip to Newfoundland. Soon after, Susan