

英语原著版·第五辑

经典文库·世界文学名著

★★★★★ 托马斯·哈代“灵与肉的生死搏斗”的悲剧经典



# JUDE THE OBSCURE

(UNABRIDGED)

## 无名的裘德

■ Thomas Hardy

《无名的裘德》可以说是《德伯家的苔丝》的姊妹篇。小说以悲怆的笔调叙述了乡村青年裘德一生的悲剧。哈代自称这部小说要“把一个壮志不遂的悲惨身世，剖切沉痛地加以诠释”。小说带有鲜明的社会批判色彩，指出了社会道德、法律、婚姻等陈规陋习的桎梏如何扼杀了人们的自由意志和愿望。

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## 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 年完成第一部小说《穷人与贵妇》，但未能出版。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》，诗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》。

《无名的裘德》是哈代最优秀的作品之一，哈代自称要写出“灵与肉的生死搏斗”。小说以悲怆的笔调叙述了乡村青年裘德一生的悲剧。裘德年仅十一岁就父母双亡，由穷亲戚抚养成人。他贫困孤苦而又多愁善感，但在他幼小的心灵里早已深深地立下了求索上进的宏志大愿。他最初做乡村面包店的小厮，后为石匠学徒。他好学深思，在艰苦劳作之余刻苦自修，克服重重障碍，来到他视为知识圣地的基督寺。他梦想进入基督寺，将来成为牧师，却始终被拒之于大学门外。后来他遇到表妹淑。淑的社会地位与裘德大同小异，她继承父业，是圣像工艺师，同时还受过师范教育。淑聪颖美貌，具有独立的人格和思想，蔑视世俗和僵化的宗教。裘德和淑情投意合，经过内心激烈的斗争，排除种种困难，二人同居，生有子女。但终因不结婚而同居，他们的爱情为教会所不容、为世俗所不齿。这对青年男女，几经奋斗，付出高昂而又惨痛的代价，最终却成为一对失败者：裘德壮志不遂、求职无路、告贷无门，他的长子在绝望中与弱妹幼弟一同吊死。淑遭此惨变后终于向命运和教会屈服，离开了深爱的裘德，回到原夫身边忍受屈辱的命运，独立的人格和思想遭到毁弃；裘德终日纵酒，郁郁成疾，未满三十却含恨而终。

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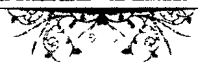
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**PART FIRST**  
**AT MARYGREEN**

*'Yea, many there be that have run out of their wits for women, and become servants for their sakes. Many also have perished, have erred, and sinned, for women. . . . O ye men, how can it be but women should be strong, seeing they do thus?'*

ESDRAS

## CHAPTER I



**T**he schoolmaster was leaving the village, and everybody seemed sorry. The miller at Cresscombe lent him the small white tilted cart and horse to carry his goods to the city of his destination, about twenty miles off, such a vehicle proving of quite sufficient size for the departing teacher's effects. For the schoolhouse had been partly furnished by the managers, and the only cumbersome article possessed by the master, in addition to the packing-case of books, was a cottage piano that he had bought at an auction during the year in which he thought of learning instrumental music. But the enthusiasm having waned he had never acquired any skill in playing, and the purchased article had been a perpetual trouble to him ever since in moving house.

The rector had gone away for the day, being a man who disliked the sight of changes. He did not mean to return till the evening, when the new school-teacher would have arrived and settled in, and everything would be smooth again.

The blacksmith, the farm bailiff, and the schoolmaster himself were standing in perplexed attitudes in the parlour before the instrument. The master had remarked that even if he got it into the cart he should not know what to do with it on his arrival at Christminster, the city he was bound for, since he was only going into temporary lodgings just at first.

A little boy of eleven, who had been thoughtfully assisting in the packing, joined the group of men, and as they rubbed their chins he spoke up, blushing at the sound of his own voice:

'Aunt have got a great fuel-house, and it could be put there, perhaps, till you've found a place to settle in, sir.'

'A proper good notion,' said the blacksmith.

It was decided that a deputation should wait on the boy's aunt—an old maiden resident—and ask her if she would house the piano till Mr. Phillotson should send for it. The smith and the bailiff started to see the

practicability of the suggested shelter, and the boy and the schoolmaster were left standing alone.

'Sorry I am going, Jude?' asked the latter kindly.

Tears rose into the boy's eyes; for he was not among the regular day scholars who came unromantically close to the schoolmaster's life, but one who had attended the night school only during the present teacher's term of office. The regular scholars, if the truth must be told, stood at the present moment afar off, like certain historic disciples, indisposed to any enthusiastic volunteering of aid.

The boy awkwardly opened the book he held in his hand, which Mr. Phillotson had bestowed on him as a parting gift, and admitted that he was sorry.

'So am I,' said Mr. Phillotson.

'Why do you go, sir?' asked the boy.

'Ah—that would be a long story. You wouldn't understand my reasons, Jude. You will perhaps when you are older.'

'I think I should now, sir.'

'Well—don't speak of this everywhere. You know what a university is, and a university degree? It is the necessary hall-mark of a man who wants to do anything in teaching. My scheme, or dream, is to be a university graduate, and then to be ordained. By going to live at Christminster, or near it, I shall be at headquarters, so to speak, and if my scheme is practicable at all, I consider that being on the spot will afford me a better chance of carrying it out than I should have elsewhere.'

The smith and his companion returned. Old Miss Fawley's fuel-house was dry and eminently practicable; and she seemed willing to give the instrument standing-room there. It was accordingly left in the school till the evening, when more hands would be available for removing it, and the schoolmaster gave a final glance round.

The boy Jude assisted in loading some small articles, and at nine o'clock Mr. Phillotson mounted beside his box of books and other *impedimenta*, and bade his friends goodbye.

'I shan't forget you, Jude,' he said smiling, as the cart moved off. 'Be a good boy, remember; and be kind to animals and birds, and read all you can. And if ever you come to Christminster remember you hunt me out for old acquaintance sake.'

The cart creaked across the green, and disappeared round the corner

by the rectory-house. The boy returned to the draw-well at the edge of the greensward, where he had left his buckets when he went to help his patron and teacher in the loading. There was a quiver in his lip now, and after opening the well-cover to begin lowering the bucket he paused and leant with his forehead and arms against the frame-work, his face wearing the fixity of a thoughtful child's who has felt the pricks of life somewhat before his time. The well into which he was looking was as ancient as the village itself, and from his present position appeared as a long circular perspective ending in a shining disk of quivering water at a distance of a hundred feet down. There was a lining of green moss near the top, and, nearer still the hart's-tongue fern.

He said to himself, in the melodramatic tones of a whimsical boy, that the schoolmaster had drawn at that well scores of times on a morning like this, and would never draw there any more. 'I've seen him look down into it, when he was tired with his drawing just as I do now, and when he rested a bit before carrying the buckets home. But he was too clever to bide here any longer—a small sleepy place like this!'

A tear rolled from his eye into the depths of the well. The morning was a little foggy, and the boy's breathing unfurled itself as a thicker fog upon the still and heavy air. His thoughts were interrupted by a sudden outcry:

'Bring on that water, will ye, you idle young harlican!'

It came from an old woman who had emerged from her door towards the garden gate of a green-thatched cottage not far off. The boy quickly waved a signal of assent, drew the water with what was a great effort for one of his stature, landed and emptied the big bucket into his own pair of smaller ones, and pausing a moment for breath, started with them across the patch of clammy greensward whereon the well stood—nearly in the centre of the little village, or rather hamlet of Marygreen.

It was as old-fashioned as it was small, and it rested in the lap of an undulating upland adjoining the North Wessex downs. Old as it was, however, the well-shaft was probably the only relic of the local history that remained absolutely unchanged. Many of the thatched and dormered dwelling-houses had been pulled down of late years, and many trees felled on the green. Above all the original church, hump-backed, wood-turreted, and quaintly hipped, had been taken down and either cracked up into heaps of road-metal in the lane, or utilized as pig-sty walls, garden seats, guard-stones to fences, and rockeries in the flower-beds of the neighbourhood.

In place of it a tall new building of modern Gothic design, unfamiliar to English eyes, had been erected on a new piece of ground by a certain obliterater of historic records who had run down from London and back in a day. The site whereon so long had stood the ancient temple to the Christian divinities was not even recorded on the green and level grass-plot that had immemorially been the churchyard, the obliterated graves being commemorated by eighteenpenny cast-iron crosses warranted to last five years.

## CHAPTER 2



**S**lender as was Jude Fawley's frame he bore the two brimming house-buckets of water to the cottage without resting. Over the door was a little rectangular piece of blue board, on which was painted in yellow letters, 'Drusilla Fawley, Baker.' Within the little lead panes of the window—this being one of the few old houses left—were five bottles of sweets, and three buns on a plate of the willow pattern.

While emptying the buckets at the back of the house he could hear an animated conversation in progress within-doors between his great-aunt, the Drusilla of the signboard, and some other villagers. Having seen the schoolmaster depart they were summing up particulars of the event, and indulging in predictions of his future.

'And who's he?' asked one, comparatively a stranger, when the boy entered.

'Well ye med ask it Mrs. Williams. He's my great-nephew—come since you was last this way.' The old inhabitant who answered was a tall, gaunt woman who spoke tragically on the most trivial subject, and gave a phrase of her conversation to each auditor in turn. 'He come from Mellstock, down in South Wessex, about a year ago, worse luck for 'n, Belinda' (turning to the right) 'where his father was living, and was took wi' the shakings for death, and died in two days, as you know Caroline' (turning to the left). 'It would ha' been a blessing if Goddy-mighty had

took thee too wi' thy mother and father, poor useless boy! But I've got him here to stay with me till I can see what's to be done with un, though I am obliged to let him earn any penny he can. Just now he's a-scaring of birds for Farmer Troutham. It keeps him out of mischty. Why do ye turn away, Jude?' she continued as the boy, feeling the impact of their glances like slaps upon his face, moved aside.

The local washerwoman replied that it was perhaps a very good plan of Miss or Mrs. Fawley's (as they called her indifferently) to have him with her—'to kip 'ee company in your loneliness, fetch water, shet the winder-shetters o' nights, and help in the bit o' baking.'

Miss Fawley doubted it. . . . 'Why didn't ye get the schoolmaster to take 'ee to Christminster wi' un, and make a scholar of 'ee,' she continued, in frowning pleasantry. 'I'm sure he couldn't ha' took a better one. The boy is crazy for books, that he is. It runs in our family rather. His cousin Sue is just the same, so I've heard, but I have not seen the child for years, though she was born in this place, within these four walls, as it happened. My niece and her husband after they were married didn' get a house of their own for some year or more; and then they only had one till—well, I won't go into that. Jude my child, don't *you* ever marry. 'Tisn't for the Fawleys to take that step any more. She, their only one, was like a child o' my own, Belinda, till the split come. Ah, that a little maid should know such changes!'

Jude, finding the general attention again centering on himself, went out to the bakehouse, where he ate the cake provided for his breakfast. The end of his spare time had now arrived, and emerging from the garden by getting over the hedge at the back, he pursued a path northward, till he came to a wide and lonely depression in the general level of the upland, which was sown as a corn-field. This vast concave was the scene of his labours for Mr. Troutham, the farmer, and he descended into the midst of it.

The brown surface of the field went right up towards the sky all round, where it was lost by degrees in the mist that shut out the actual verge, and accentuated the solitude. The only marks on the uniformity of the scene were a rick of last year's produce standing in the midst of the arable, the rooks that rose at his approach, and the path athwart the fallow by which he had come, trodden now by he hardly knew whom, though once by many of his own dead family.

'How ugly it is here!' he murmured.



The fresh harrow-lines seemed to stretch like the channellings in a piece of new corduroy, lending a meanly utilitarian air to the expanse, taking away its gradations, and depriving it of all history beyond that of the few recent months, though to every clod and stone there really attached associations enough and to spare—echoes of songs from ancient harvest-days, of spoken words, and of sturdy deeds. Every inch of ground had been the site first or last of energy, gaiety, horse-play, bickerings, weariness. Groups of gleaners had squatted in the sun on every square yard. Love-matches that had populated the adjoining hamlet had been made up there between reaping and carrying. Under the hedge which divided the field from a distant plantation girls had given themselves to lovers who would not turn their heads to look at them by the next harvest, and in that ancient cornfield many a man had made love-promises to a woman at whose voice he had trembled by the next seed-time after fulfilling them in the church adjoining. But this neither Jude nor the rooks around him considered. For them it was a lonely place, possessing in the one view only the quality of a work-ground, and in the other that of a granary good to feed in.

The boy stood under the rick before mentioned, and every few seconds used his clacker or rattle briskly. At each clack the rooks left off pecking, and rose and went away on their leisurely wings, burnished like tassets of mail, afterwards wheeling back and regarding him warily, and descending to feed at a more respectful distance.

He sounded the clacker till his arm ached, and at length his heart grew sympathetic with the birds' thwarted desires. They seemed, like himself, to be living in a world which did not want them. Why should he frighten them away? They took upon them more and more the aspect of gentle friends and pensioners—the only friends he could claim as being in the least degree interested in him, for his aunt had often told him that she was not. He ceased his rattling, and they alighted anew.

'Poor little dears!' said Jude, aloud. 'You *shall* have some dinner you shall! There is enough for us all. Farmer Troutham can afford to let you have some. Eat, then, my dear little birdies, and make a good meal!'

They stayed and ate, inky spots on the nut-brown soil, and Jude enjoyed their appetite. A magic thread of fellow-feeling united his own life with theirs. Puny and sorry as those lives were, they much resembled his own.

His clacker he had by this time thrown away from him, as being