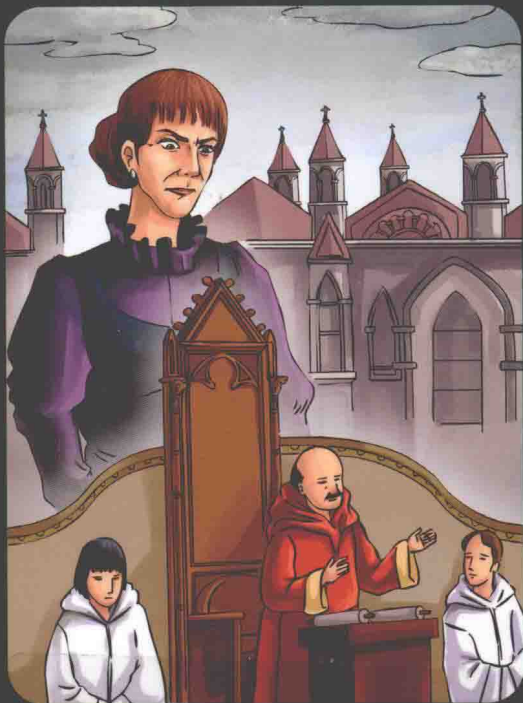


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书虫·牛津英汉双语读物

- Anthony Trollope (英) 著
- Clare West (英) 改写



Barclay Flowers

巴彻斯特教堂尖塔

外语教学与研究出版社

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS



Barchester Towers

巴彻斯特教堂尖塔

- A
- Classic novel (英) 汉与
- 曾真译

外语教学与研究出版社

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

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内容简介

在英格兰的大教堂城市，教会和政治的关系密不可分。政府任命这些城市教会的首领——主教，主教之下还有执事长、教士长、代牧、堂区牧师以及特遣牧师——级别、重要性、影响力和收入都不尽相同的各类神职人员。

这一切已经够复杂的了，然而，普劳蒂博士被委任为巴彻斯特新主教一事，颠覆了这座宁静城市的既定等级，权力斗争由此而起，反抗对象是新任主教的妻子——令人生畏的普劳蒂太太。再加上新任主教的特遣牧师奥巴代亚·斯洛普，一个油滑的野心家，战争的要素就算齐备了。

除了教会内部的权力斗争，爱情的游戏也因参与者的不同，按照各自迥异的规则进行。埃莉诺·博尔德太太是一位年轻漂亮的寡妇，真诚、实在是她与人交往的信条，但她免不了被男人的欺骗行径迷惑。相反，马德琳·内罗尼太太对男人了如指掌，她的美貌、智慧和魅力让男人为她神魂颠倒，如同飞蝇投网一般……

BARCHESTER TOWERS

In the great cathedral cities of England, the church and politics go hand in hand. The government appoints the bishop, who is the head of the church in that city, and below him come archdeacons, deans, vicars, parsons, chaplains – all kinds of clergymen, of differing degrees of rank, importance, influence, and income.

All this is complicated enough, but the appointment of Dr Proudie as the new Bishop of Barchester overturns the old established order in that peaceful city, and a struggle for power begins against the new bishop's wife, the fearsome Mrs Proudie. And when you also add to the mixture the new bishop's chaplain, the oily and ambitious Obadiah Slope, you have a recipe for war.

And as well as the struggle for power in the church, there is also the game of love, which is played by very different rules, according to the player. Mrs Eleanor Bold, a pretty young widow, believes in honest and truthful ways of dealing with people, but she does not always understand the deceitful ways of men. The Signora Madeline Neroni, on the other hand, understands men only too well, and her beauty and her wit and her charm draw men to her, like flies into a spider's web . . .

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PEOPLE IN THIS STORY

IN BARCHESTER

Dr Proudie, *Bishop of Barchester*
Mrs Proudie, *the bishop's wife*
Olivia Proudie, *the bishop's eldest daughter*
Mr Obadiah Slope, *the bishop's chaplain*
Dr Trefoil, *Dean of Barchester*
Mr Septimus Harding, *once warden of Hiram's Hospital*
Eleanor Bold, *Mr Harding's younger daughter and a widow*
Johnny Bold, *Eleanor's baby son*
Mary Bold, *Eleanor's sister-in-law*
Dr Vesey Stanhope, *a clergyman*
Bertie Stanhope, *Dr Stanhope's son*
Charlotte Stanhope, *Dr Stanhope's elder daughter*
Madeline Stanhope, *also called Signora Neroni, Dr Stanhope's
younger daughter*

AT PLUMSTEAD

Dr Grantly, *the archdeacon*
Susan Grantly, *Mr Harding's elder daughter and the archdeacon's
wife*
Mr Francis Arabin, *an Oxford clergyman*

AT PUDDINGDALE

Mr Quiverful, *a poor country vicar*
Mrs Quiverful, *his wife*

AT ULLATHORNE

Mr Thorne, *the squire of Ullathorne*
Miss Thorne, *the squire's sister*
Lady de Courcy, *a titled neighbour of the Thornes*

人 物 表

巴彻斯特

- 普劳蒂博士——巴彻斯特主教
- 普劳蒂太太——主教的妻子
- 奥利维娅·普劳蒂——主教的长女
- 奥巴代亚·斯洛普先生——主教的特遣牧师
- 特雷弗尔博士——巴彻斯特教士长
- 塞普蒂默斯·哈丁先生——曾任海勒姆养老院院长
- 埃莉诺·博尔德——哈丁先生的次女，寡妇
- 约翰尼·博尔德——埃莉诺的幼子
- 玛丽·博尔德——埃莉诺的大姑子
- 维西·斯坦诺普博士——神职人员
- 伯蒂·斯坦诺普——斯坦诺普博士的儿子
- 夏洛特·斯坦诺普——斯坦诺普博士的长女
- 马德琳·斯坦诺普——也称内罗尼太太，斯坦诺普博士的次女

普拉姆斯特德

- 格兰特利博士——执事长
- 苏珊·格兰特利——哈丁先生的长女，执事长的妻子
- 弗朗西斯·阿拉宾先生——来自牛津的神职人员

帕丁戴尔

- 奎沃夫先生——贫穷的乡村代牧
- 奎沃夫太太——奎沃夫先生的妻子

乌拉索恩

- 索恩先生——乌拉索恩的乡绅
- 索恩小姐——乡绅索恩的姐姐
- 德·库西夫人——索恩家的邻居，拥有爵位

PART ONE: WAR IN BARCHESTER

1

The new bishop

During the last ten days of July in the year 1852, in the ancient cathedral city of Barchester, a most important question was asked every hour and answered every hour in different ways – ‘Who is to be the new bishop?’

Old Dr Grantly, who had for many years occupied the bishop’s chair, was dying, just as the government of the country was about to change. The bishop’s son, Archdeacon Grantly, had recently taken on many of his father’s duties, and it was fairly well understood that the present prime minister would choose him as the new bishop. It was a difficult time for the archdeacon. The prime minister had never promised him the post in so many words, but those who know anything of government will be well aware that encouragement is often given by a whisper from a great man or one of his friends. The archdeacon had heard such a whisper, and allowed himself to hope.

A month ago, the doctors had said the old man would live just four more weeks. Only yesterday they had examined him again, expressed their surprise, and given him another two weeks. Now the son was sitting by his father’s bedside, calculating his chances. The government would fall within five days, that much was certain; his father would die within – no, he refused to think that. He tried to keep his mind on other matters, but the race

第一部： 巴彻斯特的战争

1

新任主教

一八五二年七月下旬，在古老的大教堂城市巴彻斯特，有一个很重要的问题人们时刻都在问，而回答也是五花八门。这个问题就是：“谁将成为新任主教？”

多年来，稳坐主教宝座的一直是老格兰特利博士，如今他大限将至，正是国内政权即将更迭之时。执事长格兰特利是主教的儿子，最近刚刚接手了父亲的不少职责。普遍认为，现任首相会选他为新主教。对于执事长而言，这段日子很难挨。首相从未对他作出太多言语上的承诺。不过，对政府多少有些了解的人都很清楚，大人物或首相的朋友往往吹吹耳风，就能怂恿他做决定。执事长听说有人为他吹了耳风，就抱了希望。

一个月前，医生就说过老主教只能再撑一个月。可就在昨天，他们又给他检查了一遍，在惊讶之余预测他可以再活两个星期。此刻，做儿子的坐在父亲床边，盘算着自己的机会。本届政府会在五天之内垮台，这一点是肯定的；父亲的大限将在——不，他不愿去想这个。他努力去想别的，但这场权力之

bishop *n.* a priest who is the head of all the churches and priests in a large area 主教

archdeacon *n.* a priest of a high rank who works under a bishop 执事长

was so very close, and the prize so very great. He looked at the dying man's calm face. As far as he and the doctors could judge, life might yet hang there for weeks to come. The old bishop slept for twenty of the twenty-four hours, but during his waking moments he was able to recognize both his son and his dear old friend, Mr Harding, the archdeacon's father-in-law. Now he lay sleeping like a baby. Nothing could be easier than the old man's passing from this world to the next.

But by no means easy were the emotions of the man who sat there watching. He knew it must be now or never. He was already over fifty, and there was little chance that the next prime minister would think as kindly of him as the present one did. He thought long and sadly, in deep silence, and then at last dared to ask himself whether he really desired his father's death.

The question was answered in a moment. The proud man sank on his knees by the bedside, and, taking the bishop's hand in his own, prayed eagerly that his sins would be forgiven.

Just then the door opened and Mr Harding entered. Dr Grantly rose quickly, and as he did so, Mr Harding took both his hands and pressed them warmly. There was a stronger feeling between them than there had ever been before.

'God bless you, my dears,' said the bishop in a weak voice as he woke. 'God bless you!' and so he died.

At first neither the archdeacon nor his father-in-law knew that life was gone, but after a little while Mr Harding said gently, 'I believe it's all over. Our dear bishop is no more – dear, good,

争甚是激烈，战利品又如此丰厚。他看了看这个垂死老人平静的脸。根据他和医生们的判断，父亲可能还会勉强撑上几个星期。老主教一天要睡二十个小时，但在清醒的时候，他还能认出自己和亲爱的老朋友哈丁先生——执事长的岳父。此刻，老主教睡得像一个婴儿。看样子，这位老人去往另一个世界的过程将会无比轻松。

但坐在一旁凝望的这个人心里一点儿也不轻松。他明白机不可失，时不再来。他已经年过半百，而下一任首相十之八九不会像现任首相这么器重他。他陷入了深深的沉默之中，哀伤地想了很久，才终于鼓起勇气问自己，是不是巴望着父亲死。

很快，问题就有了答案。这个心高气傲的人跪倒在床边，握住主教的一只手，热切地祈祷自己的罪恶能被原宥。

就在这时，门开了，哈丁先生走了进来。格兰特利博士一骨碌站起身时，哈丁先生紧紧地握住他的双手。此时此刻，两个人之间产生了从未如此深挚的情谊。

“上帝保佑你们，亲爱的。”主教醒了，用虚弱的声音说，“上帝保佑你们！”他就这样咽了气。

执事长和他岳父一开始还不知道主教已经辞世，但过了一小会儿，哈丁先生轻声说：“我想一切都已经结束了。我们亲爱的主教已经不在人世——一位亲切和蔼、品德



'God bless you, my dears,' said the bishop in a weak voice as he woke.

pray v. to speak to God in order to ask for help or give thanks 祈祷，祷告

excellent old man! Well, it's a great relief, archdeacon. May all our last moments be as peaceful as his!

In his mind Dr Grantly was already travelling from the darkened room of death to the prime minister's study. He had brought himself to pray for his father's life, but now that life was over, every minute counted. However, he did not want to appear unfeeling, so he allowed Mr Harding to lead him downstairs to the sitting room. Then, when a few more moments had passed, he said, 'We should arrange for a telegraph message to be sent to the prime minister immediately.'

'Do you think it necessary?' asked Mr Harding, a little surprised. He did not know how high the archdeacon's hopes of being appointed bishop were.

'I do,' replied Dr Grantly. 'Anything might happen if we delay. Will *you* send it?'

'I? Oh, certainly. Only I don't know exactly what to say.'

Dr Grantly sat down and wrote out this message:

By electric telegraph, for the Prime Minister at 10 Downing Street, London. The Bishop of Barchester is dead. Message sent by Mr Septimus Harding.

'There,' he said, 'just take it to the telegraph office. Here's the money,' and he pulled a coin out of his pocket.

Mr Harding felt very much like a messenger, but he accepted the piece of paper and the coin. 'But you've put my name at the

高尚的老人家！好了，这是极大的解脱，执事长。愿我们所有人都能像他一样，走得如此平静！”

格兰特利博士的思绪已经从这个充满死亡阴影的房间神游到了首相的书房。他曾经为父亲的生命祈祷，但既然生命已逝，就该争分夺秒了。不过，他不想表现出一副没心肝的样子，于是任由哈丁先生把他领进楼下的会客厅。接下来，他又等了一会儿才说：“我们应该立刻派人去给首相发个电报。”

“你觉得有必要吗？”哈丁先生有些诧异地问。他并不知道，执事长有多么希望获得主教的职位。

“有啊。”格兰特利博士回答，“夜长梦多。要不您跑一趟？”

“我？哦，当然可以。只是我不知道究竟该怎么措辞。”

格兰特利博士坐下来，写了这么一张纸条：

发一封电报给首相，地址是伦敦唐宁街十号。内容是：巴彻斯特主教逝世。发信人：塞普蒂默斯·哈丁先生。

“好了，”他说，“把这个送到电报局就行了。给您钱。”说着，他从口袋里掏出一枚硬币。

哈丁先生觉得自己像个送信的，但还是接过了纸条和硬币。“可你在底下落的是我

relief *n.* a feeling of comfort when something bad has ended or has not happened 宽心，轻松

telegraph *n.* an old-fashioned method of sending messages using radio or electrical signals 电报

10 Downing Street the headquarters of the government of Great Britain 唐宁街十号（英国政府所在地）

bottom, archdeacon,' he said.

Dr Grantly hesitated. How could he sign such a note himself? 'Well, yes,' he said, 'there should be the name of some clergyman, and who is more suitable than an old friend like yourself? But I beg you, my dear Mr Harding, not to lose any time.'

Mr Harding got as far as the door of the room, when he suddenly remembered the news which he had come to tell his son-in-law, and which the bishop's death had driven from his mind. 'But archdeacon,' he said, turning back, 'I forgot to tell you – the government has fallen!'

'Fallen!' repeated the archdeacon, in a voice which clearly expressed his anxiety. After a moment's thought he said, 'We had better send the message anyway. Do it at once, my dear friend – a few minutes' time is of the greatest importance.'

Mr Harding went out and sent the message. Within thirty minutes of leaving Barchester, it arrived on the prime minister's desk in London. The great man read it, then sent it on to the man who was to take his place. In this way our unfortunate friend the archdeacon lost his chance of becoming a bishop.

There was much discussion in the newspapers about who would take old Dr Grantly's place. *The Jupiter*, that well-regarded daily paper which is known for the accuracy of its information, was silent for a while, but at last spoke out, saying that Dr Proudie would be chosen.

And so it was. Just a month after the old bishop's death, Dr Proudie became Bishop of Barchester.