

中学英语拾级读物

GRADED ENGLISH READERS

第七级

Selected Works
of Thomas Hardy

哈代作品选

第 2 册

中学英语拾级读物

Graded English Readers

第七级 第二册

Stage VII No. 2

Selected Works of Thomas Hardy

哈代作品选

(简写本)

叶林 编注

《中学英语拾级读物》 第七级 第二册

哈代作品选

叶 林 编注

• • •
外语教学与研究出版社出版发行

(北京市西三环北路19号)

北京第二新华印刷厂排版

北京怀柔燕东印刷厂印刷

新华书店总店北京发行所经销

开本787×1092 1/32 7.75印张 120千字

1989年4月第一版 1989年4月北京第一次印刷

印数 1—10000册

• • •
ISBN7-5600-0425-3/H·179

定价: 2.75元

前 言

受国家教育委员会中学司委托,由上海外国语学院、北京外国语学院、北京师范大学、华东师范大学所属的四家大学出版社联合编辑、出版的《中学英语拾级读物》(简称《拾级读物》或《GE》)与读者见面了,这是我国中学英语教学的一项重要配套工程,旨在促进中学英语教学的改革。

取名《拾级读物》,不仅因为它有十个级别五十本书,而且还寓有“循序渐进,拾级而上”之意。中学生从初二开始阅读,逐级向上攀登,便可达到借助词典读懂浅近原著的水平。

《拾级读物》每册的词汇量、字数及对应年级大致如下:

级别	词汇量	每册大约字数	对应年级
一	500—700	10万	初二
二	600—900	10万	初二、初三
三	800—1200	12万	初三
四	1000—1500	12万	高一
五	1400—1800	12万	高一、高二
六	1700—2000	12万	高二、高三
七	2000—2500	14万	重点中学高三
八	2500—3000	16万	外国语学校高三
九	3000—3500	18万	高材生、中学教师
十	3000—3500	18万	高材生、中学教师

阅读是学好任何一种语言的必由之路,也是获取信息的主要渠道。只做习题,不大量阅读是学不好英语的。近年来不少

学生为了应付考试，花费大量的精力和时间去做各种各样的复习题、模拟试题，但收效甚微，对外语能力的提高并无多大益处，这是外语教学中的一种偏向。《拾级读物》的出版正是为了给中学英语教学提供一套可读性与系统性相结合的课外读物。

《拾级读物》主要供学生自己阅读，但教师可根据学生的实际水平帮助他们选择使用，并进行适当的辅导。特别在阅读方法上教师可作示范性的讲示，引导学生逐步摆脱语法和汉语的束缚，在此过程中，一是抓篇章大意和故事情节；二是注意学过语言现象的再现和在新环境下的发展。对不易理解之处，要启发学生先根据上下文去琢磨，实在影响阅读时再查阅词典。对不影响理解全文的语言难点则要舍得放过。只有这样，才能培养学生良好的阅读习惯，保持他们阅读的兴趣，提高他们阅读的速度。

《拾级读物》的级别是衡量中学生英语阅读水平的客观尺度。为了便于检查，我们还准备编写一套相应的测试材料和教学参考书。

《拾级读物》除供中学生使用外，还可作为中学英语教师培训、进修的教材。

第七级共五册；书目如下：(1)《欧·亨利短篇故事》；(2)《哈代作品选》；(3)《英美短篇小说》；(4)《中国现代故事》；(5)《世界名人小传》。

本册承北京外国语学院英语系张中载教授审阅，谨致谢忱。

鉴于编者水平有限，本读物在选材、注释等各方面肯定有不少缺点，敬请广大师生、各界读者不吝指正，供我们再版时参考。

《中学英语拾级读物》编辑委员会

一九八七年五月

中学英语拾级读物 第七级 第二册

哈代作品选

(简写本)

本书选收英国著名作家托马斯·哈代原著长篇小说《德伯家的苔丝》和《卡斯特桥市长》的简写本以及改写过的优秀短篇小说四篇。为适应中学英语读物的要求，各篇基本上按循序渐进、由易到难的原则编排，并作了进一步的删节。内容生动，节奏明快，文字浅易，注释详明。书后附有原书作者哈代的简介。可供重点中学高中三年级学生、大学一年级学生及具有中等程度的自学英语者选读。

中学英语拾级读物是受国家教育委员会中学司委托编注的。

Contents

Tess of the d'Urbervilles	1
The Mayor of Casterbridge	97
Netty Sargent and the Dead Man's Hand	188
Tony Kytes, the Great Deceiver	196
The Grave by the Signpost	208
The Winters and the Palmleys	220

Tess of the d'Urbervilles*

1

On an evening in late May, a middle-aged man was walking home from Shaston¹ to the village of Marlott.² Near the village he met an old vicar³ riding on a grey horse.

"Goodnight to you," said the man.

"Goodnight, Sir John," said the vicar.

"We met last market-day on this road at about this time. I said 'Goodnight', and you replied 'Goodnight, Sir John', as you did just now."

"I did," said the vicar.

"Then why do you keep calling me 'Sir John'? I am plain Jack Durbeyfield."⁴

"It's because of something I discovered recently, while I was studying local history. I am Mr Tringham,⁵ the historian. Don't you know that you are the direct descendant of the ancient and noble d'Urberville⁶ family? This great family began with Sir Pagan⁷ d'Urberville. He came to England from Normandy⁸ in 1066, along with King William.⁹ Later, others of your family

* Adapted by Tim Hall, Oxford University Press, 1979.

owned land over all this part of England. Some of them helped kings in their times of trouble. Oh yes, there have been many Sir Johns among your family."

"Is that so?"

"In fact," said the vicar, "the d'Urbervilles are one of England's greatest families."

"I can't believe it," said Durbeyfield. "How long have these facts about me been known?"

"One day last spring I noticed the name Durbeyfield on the side of your waggon.¹⁰ That made me want to find out more about your father and grandfather. Now I have no doubt that you are a descendant¹¹ of the d'Urbervilles. I thought you might perhaps know already."

"Well, I've sometimes heard that my family was richer once. But I took no notice of such stories. It was said that my grandfather had secrets. He didn't like to say where he came from. So, where do we d'Urbervilles live now?"

"You don't live anywhere. . You are finished as a noble family. The d'Urberville men all died."

"Then where are we buried?"

"At Kingsbere-sub-Greenhill."¹²

"And where are our family houses and lands?"

"You haven't any."

"Oh? None at all?"

"None; although you once had many, as I said. There were d'Urbervilles in many parts of the country."

"What ought I to do about it, sir?" asked Durbeyfield.

"Oh—nothing, nothing. It is an interesting but useless fact. Goodnight."

With this, the vicar rode on his way. When he was gone, Durbeyfield walked a few steps as if in a dream. In a few minutes a young man appeared, walking in the same direction as Durbeyfield had been.

"Boy, take my basket! I want you to do something for me."

"Don't order me about like that, John Durbeyfield."

"Fred,¹³ I don't mind telling you my secret. I'm part of a noble family. I have just found out this afternoon."

The young man looked at him from head to toe.

"Sir John d'Urberville — that's who I am," continued Durbeyfield. "I'm in all the history books. No man in South Wessex¹⁴ has greater and richer ancestors than I."

"Oh?"

"Now take my basket, and go on to Marlott. When you come to The Pure Drop,¹⁵ tell them to send a horse and carriage to me immediately."

As the young man looked doubtful, Durbeyfield put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out a shilling.

"This is for you, boy, if you take the message."

"Yes, Sir John. Thank you. Anything else I can do for you?"

"Tell them at home that I should like the best supper of the year."

"Yes, Sir John."

The young man took up the basket. As he set out, they

heard the sound of music coming from the direction of the village.

“What’s that?” said Durbeyfield.

“It’s the women’s club, out walking, Sir John. Your own daughter belongs to the club.”

“Oh yes, you’re right. Well, go on to Marlott will you, and order my carriage.”

The village of Marlott lay in the north-eastern corner of the beautiful Vale of Blackmoor.¹⁶ It was a rich land.

That same afternoon, Marlott was keeping the ancient custom of the women’s club walk. The women dressed themselves in white, and carried little white flowers as they marched around the village. There were a few older women, but young girls formed most of the band. Each had some private dream. So each was happy in her way. As they left the road and started to move into the fields, a woman said, “Tess!¹⁷ Look at your father. He’s riding home in a carriage!”

A young girl turned her head at these words. She was fine and very pretty, with a face full of expression. On looking round she saw Durbeyfield being driven along in the carriage. He was leaning back, with his eyes closed, and singing in a low voice.

The women laughed, except the girl called Tess. Her face went red as she saw her father making a fool of himself.

“He’s tired, that’s all,” she said quickly.

“Oh, you’re so simple, Tess,” said her companions. “He got drunk at the market.”

"Look here," Tess cried, "I won't walk another inch with you, if you tell any more jokes about him!" In a moment her eyes grew wet, and she looked at the ground. The others saw that they had really hurt her and said no more.

Once the club was in the field, dancing began. At first the girls danced with each other, but after work the men of the village joined them. They just stood around, talking and looking.

Among this group there were three young brothers. They were too well-dressed to be villagers. The oldest was a vicar. The second was obviously a student. It was more difficult to guess the job of the third brother. Probably he was too young to have started anything yet. These three brothers were on a walking holiday in the Vale of Blackmoor. They asked someone about the meaning of the club dance. The two older brothers wanted to move on quickly, but the sight of a group of girls dancing without men seemed to amuse the third. He didn't want to leave in a hurry. So he took off his pack, put it on the grass.

"What are you going to do, Angel?"¹⁸ asked the oldest.

"I want to go and have a dance with them. Why don't we all go in? Just for a minute or two — it won't take long."

"No, no. Nonsense!" said the first. "Come along, or it will be dark before we get to Stourcastle."¹⁹ That's the only place we can stay tonight."

"All right. I'll catch up with you."

The two older brothers then left, and the youngest entered the field.

"This is a great shame," he said, to two girls near him. "Where are your men, my dears?"

"They haven't finished work yet," answered one of the bravest. "They'll be here soon. Would you dance with us?"

"Certainly. But what is one man among so many girls?"

"Better than none. It's sad work dancing with one of your own sex. Now, pick and choose."

The young man looked at the group of girls, and attempted to choose someone. But because they were all so new to him, he didn't know where to start. So he took the nearest. The example of this stranger made all the other young men quickly choose a girl.

The sound of the church clock suddenly reminded the young man that he ought to leave. As he left the dance, he saw Tess Durbeyfield. She looked at him, and he felt sorry, then, that he had not danced with her. When he had climbed the hill above the field he looked back. He could see the white shapes of the girls dancing on the grass. They all seemed to have forgotten him already.

All of them, except perhaps one. This white shape stood apart by the gate alone. He knew it was the pretty girl with whom he had not danced. He wished that he had asked her to dance, and that he knew her name. She was so sweet, so soft-looking in her thin white dress.

Tess Durbeyfield did not forget the young man quite so easily. She had no wish to dance again, though many of the men came up and asked her. None of them spoke so nicely as

the strange young man had done. Her sadness only passed when he had disappeared over the hill. She then returned to the dancing.

At sunset she went home. As usual Tess found her mother singing, and surrounded by young children and washing. Joan²⁰ Durbeyfield loved to sing, even now, in the middle of her daily cares. Tess immediately felt guilty that she had not come back to help earlier.

"I'll look after the baby for you, mother," said the daughter gently. "Or should I help you with the washing? I thought you had finished long ago."

Her mother was not angry with Tess for being out so long. Tonight, however, she was in an even happier mood than usual.

"Well, I'm glad you've come," her mother said. "I want to go and fetch your father. But there's more than that, I want to tell you what has happened."

"Has it anything to do with father riding home in a carriage?"

"It's been found that we are the greatest family in the whole district. Our ancestors²¹ go back for hundreds of years. Our real name is d'Urberville! We had land, houses, and treasures. It was because of this that your father rode home in the carriage."

"I'm glad of that. Will it do us any good, mother?"

"Oh yes! It's thought that great things may come from it."

Your father learnt all this on his way home from Shaston."

"Where is father now?" asked Tess suddenly.

"He called to see the doctor today in Shaston," she said. "It seems he has fat round his heart. The doctor said he could go like a shadow²² at any time. It might be ten years, ten months, or ten days."

Tess looked worried. Her father couldn't die yet!

"But where is father?" she asked again.

"He went out to the pub.²³ He wants to feel stronger for his journey tomorrow with that load of boxes. It's some distance, and he'll have to start soon after twelve o'clock tonight."

"He goes to a pub to get stronger! And you agreed to it!"

"No," said Mrs Durbeyfield. "I did not agree. I've been waiting for you to come home. Now I can go and fetch him."

"I'll go."

"Oh no, Tess. You see, it would be no use."

Tess did not argue. She knew what her mother meant.

Mrs Durbeyfield led a hard and tiring life. There were seven children in the Durbeyfield family. Tess was the oldest, and was nearly seventeen. This sometimes made her more like a mother than a sister. Next came Eliza-Louisa,²⁴ normally called "Liza-Lu"; she was twelve and a half. The first boy was Abraham,²⁵ aged nine. After him came two more girls, Hope²⁶ and Modesty.²⁷ Then there was a boy of three, and then the baby, aged one.

Tess worked about the house after her mother had gone.

It grew later, and neither father nor mother returned.

Tess began to think that her father ought to be home by now. His health was not good, and he had to start on a journey later that night.

"Abraham," she said to her little brother, "put on your hat. Go up to Rolliver's²⁸ and see what has happened to father and mother."

The boy jumped quickly from his seat, and went out into the night. Half an hour passed, yet again nobody returned home.

"I must go myself," she said.

She made her way up the dark street to the pub.

Mrs Durbeyfield had earlier found her husband in the pub singing about his noble family.

"He's told you what's happened to us, I suppose?" asked Mrs Durbeyfield.

"Yes, in a way," said the owner. "Do you think there's any money in it?"

"Ah, that's the secret," said Joan Durbeyfield. She turned to her husband, and spoke in a low voice.

"I've been thinking a lot since you brought the news. There's a great rich lady out by Trantridge,²⁹ and her name is d'Urberville. That lady must be our relation," she continued. "And my plan is to send Tess to see her."

While this question was being discussed, little Abraham came into the room. Neither of them saw him.

"She is rich, and she'd be sure to take notice of the girl." continued Mrs Durbeyfield. "It will be a very good thing. I

'don't see why two parts of one family shouldn't visit each other.'

"Yes, and we'll all be rich!" said Abraham brightly from behind them. "And we'll all go and see her when Tess has gone to live with her."

"How did you get here, child? Well, Tess ought to go to this other part of our family. She'd be sure to please the lady—Tess would. It'd probably lead to some noble gentleman marrying her."

"What does the girl say about going?" asked Durbeyfield.

"I've not asked her. She doesn't know there is any such relation yet. If it takes her to a great marriage, she won't say no."

"Tess is odd."

"Oh, don't worry. Leave her to me."

The conversation had turned to other things when Tess entered the pub. It made her parents feel ashamed. They quickly finished their drinks, and went out with her. The two women had to hold up Durbeyfield on their way home.

"I'm afraid father won't be able to make the journey tomorrow so early."

"I? I shall be all right in an hour or two," said Durbeyfield.

It was eleven o'clock before the family were all in bed. Two o'clock next morning was the latest possible time for starting out with the boxes. They had to be delivered to a shop in Casterbridge³⁰ before the Saturday market began. That was thirty miles away, and the wagon was very slow. At half-past one