

浓咖啡双语经典



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Nathaniel Hawthorne
[美] 纳撒尼尔·霍桑 著



红字

The Scarlet Letter



配电影光盘



双盘装



中国对外翻译出版公司



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THE SCARLET LETTER

Nathaniel Hawthorne

[美] 纳撒尼尔·霍桑 著
于世华 译



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读“浓咖啡”双语经典

我们正面临着一个各种各样的思维方式和价值取向杂陈并存的众声喧哗的时代，我们需要塑造属于我们自己的时代的经典之作。殊不知，经典之所以成为经典，是历经了一个漫长而艰辛的过程，如同大浪淘沙。在一个相对短促的时期内，我们检验经典的成效自然大打折扣。因此，拥抱经典，无疑是我们获取有益人生经验的捷径！

“浓咖啡”双语经典丛书，将引领你与文学经典亲密接触。不知不觉间，你将沉浸在阅读的欢娱中爱不释手。在体味经典淡雅、隽永的芳香之时，你芜杂的心绪能得到最妥帖的慰藉。沉思移时，你将感谢大师们所馈赠的多汁、味美的精神食粮。面对当下物欲横流、日益喧嚣的世界，借助经典的辉光，你将会以从容的姿态寻找到最适合你的生存方式。

“浓咖啡”对原著进行必要的“节录”“浓缩”，既不失原著的主旨，又体现出巨著的精髓。同时配上经典影视光盘，并对名著中人物的不同汉译名称统一加注，使您在快节奏的今天，能在短时间内品味经典，体味人生。

让文学经典伴随我们漫漫人生路！

让我们在经典中沉醉，在经典中沉静，在经典中明心见性！

编 者



《红字》简介

纳撒尼尔·霍桑 (Nathaniel Hawthorne)，生于1804年，卒于1864年，美国著名作家，美国文学史上浪漫主义小说和心理分析小说的先驱。《红字》是他的代表作。

《红字》讲述的是一出发生在北美殖民时期的恋爱悲剧。女主人公海丝特·白兰嫁给了医生齐灵渥斯，他们之间却没有爱情。在孤独中白兰与牧师丁梅斯代尔相恋并生下女儿珠儿。白兰被当众惩罚，戴上标志“通奸”的红色A字示众。然而白兰坚贞不屈，拒不说出孩子的父亲。

白兰的丈夫从英国来到北美，目睹了白兰受罚的一幕，遂决定找出孩子的父亲，进行报复。当时，丁梅斯代尔由于其出色的工作倍受当地居民的爱戴，只是他在沉重的良心债务压榨下身体日渐衰颓。人民于是安排齐灵渥斯与牧师合住以治疗他的病。白兰由于有愧于丈夫，因此答应了齐灵渥斯不公开他们之间的合法夫妻关系。于是一场残忍的复仇行动展开了。

最终丁梅斯代尔不堪良心的谴责，公开认罪，死在了白兰的怀里。齐灵渥斯却沦为魔鬼的奴隶，成为真正的罪人。

目 录

CONTENTS

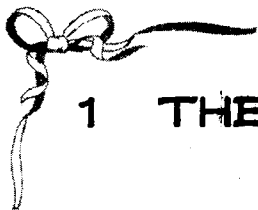
- 1 THE PRISON-DOOR/1
一、狱门/2
- 2 THE MARKET-PLACE/3
二、市场/7
- 3 THE RECOGNITION/10
三、相认/14
- 4 THE INTERVIEW/17
四、会面/24
- 5 HESTER AT HER NEEDLE/30
五、海丝特做针线/32
- 6 PEARL/33
六、珠儿/35
- 7 THE ELF-CHILD AND THE
MINISTER/37
七、小鬼和牧师/43
- 8 THE LEECH/48
八、医生/53
- 9 THE LEECH AND HIS PATIENT/57
九、医生和病人/64
- 10 THE INTERIOR OF A HEART/70
十、内心/74
- 11 THE MINISTER'S VIGIL/77
十一、牧师的夜游/83
- 12 ANOTHER VIEW OF HESTER/88
十二、海丝特的另一面/90
- 13 HESTER AND THE
PHYSICIAN/91
十三、海丝特和医生/98
- 14 HESTER AND PEARL/104
十四、海丝特和珠儿/107

- 15 A FOREST WALK/110
十五、林中散步/114
- 16 THE PASTOR AND HIS PARISHIONER/117
十六、教长和教民/126
- 17 A FLOOD OF SUNSHINE/134
十七、一片阳光/138
- 18 THE CHILD AT THE BROOK-SIDE/141
十八、溪边的孩子/147
- 19 THE MINISTER IN A MAZE/152
十九、迷惘的牧师/158

目 录

CONTENTS

- 20 THE NEW ENGLAND HOLIDAY/163
二十、新英格兰的节日/167
- 21 THE PROCESSION/171
二十一、游行/176
- 22 THE REVELATION OF THE SCARLET LETTER/180
二十二、红字的显露/187
- 23 CONCLUSION/193
二十三、尾声/195



1 THE PRISON-DOOR

A THRONG of bearded men, in sad-colored garments and gray, steeple-crowned hats, intermixed with women, some wearing hoods, and others bareheaded, was assembled in front of a wooden edifice, the door of which was heavily timbered with oak, and studded with iron spikes.

The founders of a new colony, whatever Utopia of human viture and happiness they might originally project, have invariably recognized it among their earliest practical necessities to allot a portin of the virgin soil as a cemetery, and another portion as the site of a prison. In accordance with this rule, it may safely be assumed that the forefathers of Boston had built the first prison-house, somewhere in the vicinity of Cornhill, almost as seasonably as they marked out the first burial-ground, on Isaac Johnson's lot, and round about his grave, which subsequently became the nucleus of all the congregated sepulchres in the old church-yard of King's Chapel.

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THE SCARLET LETTER





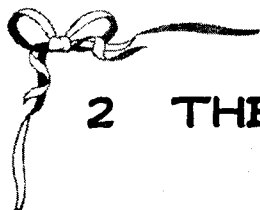
一、狱 门

一群留着胡须的男人，身穿黯色长袍、头戴灰色尖帽、与一些蒙着兜头帽或脑袋上什么也没戴的女人混在一起，聚在一所木头大房子前面，房门是用厚重的橡木制成，上面钉满大铁钉。

新殖民地的创建者们，无论他们起初对人类品德和幸福的美妙理想是什么，都毫无例外地认为应该划出一块处女地当墓地，另一片土地用来修建监狱，这是最基本的需要之一。根据这一惯例可以正确地推断：波士顿的创建者在谷山一带的某处地方修建了第一座监狱，几乎与此同时，人们在艾萨克·约翰逊地段划出一块墓地，后来便在他的坟墓周围，以它为中心，形成了王家教堂的那一大片墓地。

.....





2 THE MARKET-PLACE

...

"Goodwives," said a hard-featured dame of fifty, "I'll tell ye a piece of my mind. It would be greatly for the public behoof, if we women, being of mature age and church-members in good repute, should have the handling of such malefactresses as this Hester Prynne. What think ye, gossips? If the hussy stood up for judgment before us five, that are now here in a knot together, would she come off with such a sentence as the worshipful magistrates have awarded? Marry, I trow not!"

"People say," said another, "that the Reverend Master Dimmesdale, her godly pastor, takes it very grievously to heart that such a scandal should have come upon his congregation."

"The magistrates are God-fearing gentlemen, but merciful overmuch, — that is a truth," added a third autumnal matron. "At the very least, they should have put the brand of a hot iron on Hester Prynne's forehead. Madam Hester would have winced at that, I warrant me. But she — the naughty baggage — little will she care what they put upon the bodice of her gown! Why, look you, she may cover it with a brooch, or such like heathenish adornment, and so walk the streets as brave as ever!"

"Ah, but," interposed, more softly, a young wife, holding a child by the hand, "let her



THE SCARLET LETTER



cover the mark as she will, the pang of it will be always in her heart."

"What do we talk of marks and brands, whether on the bodice of her gown, or the flesh of her forehead?" cried another female, the ugliest as well as the most pitiless of these self-constituted judges. "This woman has brought shame upon us all, and ought to die. Is there not law for it? Truly there is both in the Scripture and the statute-book. Then let the magistrates, who have made it of no effect, thank themselves if their own wives and daughters go astray!"

"Mercy on us, goodwife," exclaimed a man in the crowd, "is there no virtue in woman, save what springs from a whole-some fear of the gallows? That is the hardest word yet! Hush, now, gossips! for the lock is turning in the prison-door, and here comes Mistress Prynne herself."

The door of the jail being flung open from within, there appeared, in the first place, like a black shadow emerging into the sunshine, the grim and grisly presence of the town-beadle, with a sword by his side and his staff of office in his hand. This personage prefigured and represented in his aspect the whole dismal severity of the Puritanic code of law, which it was his business to administer in its final and closest application to the offender. Stretching forth the official staff in his left hand, he laid his right upon the shoulder of a young woman, whom he thus drew forward; until, on the threshold of the prison door, she repelled him, by an action marked with natural dignity and force of character, and stepped into the open air, as if by her own free will. She bore in her arms a child, a baby of some three months old, who winked and turned aside its little face from



the too vivid light of day; because its existence, heretofore, had brought it acquainted only with the gray twilight of a dungeon, or other darksome apartment of the prison.

When the young woman — the mother of this child — stood fully revealed before the crowd, it seemed to be her first impulse to clasp the infant closely to her bosom; not so much by an impulse of motherly affection, as that she might thereby conceal a certain token, which was wrought or fastened into her dress. In a moment, however, wisely judging that one token of her shame would but poorly serve to hide another, she took the baby on her arm, and, with a burning blush, and yet a haughty smile, and a glance that would not be abashed, looked around at her townspeople and neighbours. On the breast of her gown, in fine red cloth, surrounded with an elaborate embroidery and fantastic flourishes of gold thread, appeared the letter A. It was so artistically done, and with so much fertility and gorgeous luxuriance of fancy, that it had all the effect of a last and fitting decoration to the apparel which she wore; and which was of a splendor in accordance with the taste of the age, but greatly beyond what was allowed by the sumptuary regulations of the colony.

...

"She hath good skill at her needle, that's certain," remarked one of the female spectators; "but did ever a woman, before this brazen hussy, contrive such a way of showing it! Why, gossips, what is it but to laugh in the faces of our godly magistrates, and make a pride out of what they, worthy gentlemen, meant for a punishment?"

"It were well," muttered the most iron-visaged of the old dames, "if we stripped Madam Hester's rich gown off her dainty shoulders; and as for the red letter, which she hath stitched so curiously, I'll bestow a rag of mine own rheumatic flannel, to make a fitter one!"



"O, peace, neighbours, peace!" whispered their youngest companion. "Do not let her hear you! Not a stitch in that embroidered letter, but she has felt it in her heart."

The grim beadle now made a gesture with his staff.

"Make way, good people, make way, in the King's name," cried he. "Open a passage; and, I promise ye, Mistress Prynne shall be set where man, woman, and child may have a fair sight of her brave apparel, from this time till an hour past meridian. A blessing on the righteous Colony of the Massachusetts. Where iniquity is dragged out into the sunshine! Come along. Madam Hester, and show your scarlet letter in the market-place!"

A lane was forthwith opened through the crowd of spectators. Preceded by the beadle, and attended by an irregular procession of stern-browed men and unkindly-visaged women, Hester Prynne set forth towards the place appointed for her punishment.

...

Could it be true? She clutched the child so fiercely to her breast, that it sent forth a cry; she turned her eyes downward at the scarlet letter, and even touched it with her finger, to assure herself that the infant and the shame were real. Yes! — these were her realities — all else had vanished!





二、市场

.....

“好妻子们，”一个五十岁、面目可憎的妇女说，“我跟你们说说我的想法。如果让我们这些上了年纪、名声又好的教会会友来处置像海丝特·白兰那种坏女人对大伙都有好处。你们觉得怎么样，女同胞们？要是那个烂货站在现在聚在一起的五个姐妹面前听候判决，她能像那些可敬的治安官们赏给她的那样的判决轻易过关吗？天啊，我才不信呢！”

“听人说，”另一个女人说，“尊敬的丁梅斯代尔教长，就是她的牧师，对在他的教民中出了这样的丑事而伤心欲绝。”

“那帮官老爷都是敬神的先生，可惜心太软——这是事实，”第三个半老的妇女补充说。

“最起码，他们应该在海丝特·白兰的脑门上用烙铁烙个记号。我保证那能让海丝特太太有点怕。可她——那个破烂货绝不在乎他们在她外套的前襟上贴个什么呢！你们等着瞧，她可能用一个胸针或者像异教徒的首饰这类东西挡住胸口，还像原来那样招摇过市！”

“啊，不过，”一个手里抱着孩子的年轻媳妇轻



声插嘴说，“让她随便盖那个记号吧，她的心里会受折磨的。”

“我们谈论记号和标记在她前襟上还是脑门上有什么用呢？”另一个女人叫嚷着，在这几个自封的法官中她长相最丑，也最无情。“这个女人给我们大伙都丢了脸，应该去死。没有法律管这种事吗？圣经里和法典上全都明明白白写着呢。那些当官的使它失了效，如果他们的妻子、女儿走上邪路，他们还得感谢自己。”

“天哪，女同胞们，”人群中一个男人大叫道，“女人除了看到绞刑架害怕外，身上就没有德性了吗？这话说得太言重了！轻点，女同胞们！牢门的锁在转动，海丝特太太本人就要出来了。”

牢狱的大门从里面打开了，最先出现在众人面前的是严酷可怕的狱吏，他的腰边挎着宝剑，手握权杖，像个阴影似地出现在日光底下。这个人的外表所表现出来的就象征和代表着清教徒法典的全部冷酷无情，他的任务就是负责对触犯法律的人最终和最直接执行惩罚。此时他伸出左手举着权杖，用右手抓着一个年轻妇女的肩膀，他就这样往前推着她；到了监狱大门口的门槛边，她用了一个颇能说明她个性的力量和天生的尊严的动作，推开狱吏，像是她自由的意志一般走进露天。她怀里抱着一个孩子，一个差不多三个月左右的婴儿，那孩子眨着眼睛，把她的小脸转到一边躲避着过分刺眼的阳光——因为从她出世到现在为止，只习惯于监狱中的土牢或其他暗室那种阴晦的光线。

当那年轻的妇女——婴儿的母亲——全身站在人群面前时，她的第一个下意识动作似乎是把孩子紧贴胸前；她这么做与其说是出于母爱的激情，不如说她想掩盖身上的某个标记，这个标记是被别人拧在她的衣服上或钉上的。然而，她马上就明白过来了，用一个耻辱的标记来掩盖另一个根本无济于事，她用一条胳膊架着孩子，面孔通红，却露出高傲的微笑，用毫无愧色的目光环视着她的同镇人和街坊。在她的裙袍的前胸上，一个用红色细布做成、周围用金丝线精心绣成奇巧花边的一个字母A露了出来。这个字母制作得非常别致和富有艺术创造性，体现



了那么独具匠心、丰富华美的想象力，佩在衣服上构成尽美尽善的装饰，而她的衣服与她这个年龄的审美观十分得体，只是其艳丽程度大大超出了殖民地的俭朴标准所允许的范畴。

.....

“她擅长做针线，这是肯定的，”一个旁观的女人评论道，“在这个烂货之前，哪个女人会想过用这个办法显白自己？女同胞们，她那不是在当面笑话我们那些好心肠的治安官，借那些绅士认为的刑罚手段来出风头吗？”

一个面孔板得最紧的老太婆嘟囔着，“要是我们能把海丝特太太那件华丽的外衣从她秀气的肩膀上扒下来就好了；至于她绣得那个古怪的红字，我会给她一块我害风湿病用过的法兰绒破布片，用那个做出来更合适！”

“噢，安静，乡邻们，安静！”她们当中最年轻的同伴悄声说；“别让她听见！那个红字不是针绣的，她感觉到都扎在她心上。”

狱吏此时用权杖做了个姿势。

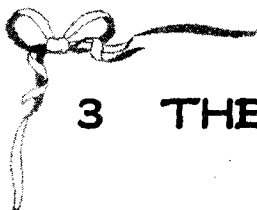
“让开路，好心的人们，让开路，以国王的名义！”他叫嚷着。“让开一条路；我保证，白兰太太要被安排在一个男女老少都可以看清她漂亮衣服的地方，从现在起到午后一点让大家看个够。祝福正确的马萨诸塞殖民地，一切罪恶都得拉出来见见太阳！过来，海丝特太太，在市场上亮亮你的红字吧！”

围观的人群中挤出了一条通路。狱吏在前面开路，不成形的队伍注视着她们，男人眉头紧拧，女人面孔紧板，海丝特·白兰走向指定让她示众的地方。

.....

这是真的吗？她把孩子往胸前猛地一抱，孩子立刻发出哭叫；她垂下眼睛注视着那鲜红的字母，还用指头摸了一下，以便使自己确信婴儿和耻辱都是真的。是啊——这就是她的现实——别的全都消失了！





3 THE RECOGNITION

...

Then, touching the shoulder of a townsman who stood next to him, he addressed him in a formal and courteous manner.

"I pray you, good Sir," said he, "who is this woman? — and wherefore in she here set up to public shame?"

"You must needs be a stranger in this region, friend," answered the townsman, looking curiously at the questioner and his savage companion, "else you would surely have heard of Mistress Hester Prynne, and her evil doings. She hath raised a great scandal, I promise you, in godly Master Dimmesdale's church."

"You say truly," replied the other. "I am a stranger, and have been a wanderer, sorely against my will. I have met with grievous mishaps by sea and land, and have been long held in bonds among the heathen-folk, to the southward; and am now brought hither by this Indian, to be redeemed out of my captivity. Will it please you, therefore, to tell me of Hester Prynne's, — have I her name rightly? — of this woman's offences, and what has brought her to yonder scaffold?"

"Truly, friend, and methinks it must gladden your heart, after your troubles and sojourn in the wilderness," said the townsman, "to find yourself, at length, in a land where



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