

90年代英语系列丛书
简易世界文学名著系列

卡斯特桥市长

The Mayor
of Casterbridge



外语教学与研究出版社

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史明
译

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE

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《90年代英语系列丛书》特邀顾问：

(按姓氏笔划为序)

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“90年代英语系列丛书” 出版前言

送您一轮风车，朋友！不是为了怀旧——

90年代，跨入下世纪的最后一级台阶，新世纪的风迎面吹来。这轮风车——新世纪风的信使，将在您手中变幻成一轮轮多彩的旋律，为您的征程增添情趣；它乘风飞旋——热烈，执着，顽强，或许能为您的跋涉增添鼓舞和力量。

是故，我们这套系列丛书以风车为标记。

在国内英语界名家指导下，经过全面调查，深入研究以确定书目，由北京外国语大学等院校一批中青年专家学者进行编撰或译注，采用全新的编排设计、全新的风格，力求内容的实用和装璜的精美。我们把这套大型英语丛书作为跨世纪的礼物奉献给读者。

近代学者王国维先生说，作学问要经过三种境界。学好外语也不能例外。也许您时下正有一种“望尽天涯路”的迷惘与焦灼，也许您“衣带渐宽”，“为伊消得人憔悴”，……我们的目的是要设计一个多姿多彩的英语天地，通过大量阅读和实践，帮助您发展兴趣，开拓视野，改进方法，提高信心，比较顺利地渡入学习的第三种境界。我们相信，这套丛书是您感受英语、学习英语、提高英语、实践英语的新世界。

本丛书首批出版六大系列：

第一辑：世界文学名著系列（原版注释本）

选入这一辑的都是世界上享有盛誉的英美文学名著（已选入我社出版的“学生英语文库”者除外），

并附有汉语注释，初步确定为 30 种。以后还计划适当选入一些最有声望的世界文学名（如法国文学和俄罗斯文学）的英译本。

第二辑：世界畅销书系列（原版注释本）

我们从当代风靡世界的英语文学著作中选拔其佼佼者，并附有详细的注释。使读者在学习和熟悉当代英语的同时了解欧美的社会、风习、生活、事业、爱情等

第三辑：实用英语系列（英汉对照本）

包括书信英语、报刊英语、电话电报电传英语、公关秘书英语、广告英语等一系列培养英语交际能力和指导性、方法性的实用图书。

第四辑：娱乐英语系列（英汉对照本）

这一辑包括幽默英语、奇联趣事、锦言妙语、名歌金曲等等。它将开阔您的视野，丰富您的话题，装点您的言谈，赋予您 90 年代不可或缺的素质和风度。

第五辑：中学英语读物系列（英汉对照本）

本系列面向英语初学者，尤其是广大中学生和自学者，题材多样，语言简明、规范，循序渐进。它包括小说、散文、童话、寓言、冒险故事等，其中不乏广为传诵的世界文学宝库中的名篇。我们希望它成为有志于掌握英语的初学者的良师益友。

第六辑：简易世界文学名著系列（英汉对照本）

选入本辑的都是世界文学名著的英语简写本，计划出版 30 种。为了满足初级和中级学习者的需要，我们用英汉对照的形式出版。

我们还将陆续推出第七辑、第八辑……

这套丛书希望能得到读者的喜爱，并诚恳希望读者提出宝贵意见。

《90 年代英语系列丛书》

编辑委员会

本书作者及内容简介

汤玛斯·哈代(Thomas Hardy, 1840—1928)是英国现实主义作家。他生于英国南部多塞特郡首府多尔切斯特附近的一个农村。他的父亲是一个没落贵族,当过建筑工程的小包工头。哈代十六岁时跟一个建筑师当助手,往来于英国南部各乡村间,对当地风土人情比较熟悉。一八六一年哈代到伦敦去学习建筑,在伦敦的六年间,他除攻读专业外,还去大学听课,从事文学、哲学和神学的研究,并开始写作。学成回乡后,当了几年建筑师,六十年代中,转向文学创作活动。哈代的一生基本上是在家乡度过的。他的作品反映了资本主义势力深入农村经济生活后,英国宗法制农村的巨大变化以及资本主义制度下乡镇人民的悲惨命运。所写作品对人民贫穷不幸的生活充满同情,对资产阶级文明、道德、宗教观念等作了深刻的揭露,具有不可否认的社会意义。他的小说往往遭到当时资产阶级评论界的攻击。二十世纪以来,哈代的作品才逐渐受到重视,被多次搬上银幕,他现已被公认为是英国重要的小说家之一。

哈代善于细致深入地刻划人物复杂的内心活动,人物形象丰满;风格多样化,戏剧性较强,景物描写富有诗意,语言机智诙谐,在英国文学史上是一位艺术造诣较高的作家。但是哈代常把人们的灾难归结为一种凌驾于现实世界之上的神秘力量敌视人类的结果,作品往往带有宿命论的悲观色彩。

哈代的主要著作是几部长篇小说:《绿荫下》

(1872),《远离尘嚣》(1874),《还乡》(1878),《卡斯特桥市长》(1886),《德伯家的苔丝》(1891),《无名的裘德》(1895)等,哈代称之为“性格和环境的小説”。故事背景都发生在英国南部农村,哈代命名为威塞克斯的地区,因此这类小说又叫“威塞克斯”小说。

《卡斯特桥市长》是哈代的代表作之一。书中主人公打草工人亨查德酒醉时在市集上把妻女卖给水手纽森,酒醒后发誓滴酒不沾,此后经营粮食干草致富,后因深孚众望,当选为卡斯特桥市长。他原来的妻子获悉纽森已在海上丧生,便带着女儿来到卡斯特桥市,亨查德觉得对不起妻子,就和她重新结婚。妻子死后,他发现女儿不是自己的,而是纽森的,接着又同合伙人法尔弗雷分手,后者成了他商业上的竞争对手。亨查德对资本主义经营方式一窍不通,又投机失败,因而破产,多年前出卖妻女的丑闻也张扬出去了,亨查德破戒饮起酒来,女儿成了他唯一的安慰。这时,纽森突然回来认领女儿,法尔弗雷又和她结了婚,最后亨查德在荒原上的一所小屋中悲惨地死去。

英国广播公司根据《卡斯特桥市长》这部小说改编的同名电视连续剧由我国中央电视台译制组译出,曾于一九八一年十月连续播映。

本书的这个简写本保留了原著的基本情节,用两千个单词改写,文字浅显易懂,可供中等程度的英语学习者阅读。

卡斯特桥市长

One evening of late summer, before the nineteenth century had run a third of its course, a young man and woman were approaching the large village of Weydon-Priors on foot.

They were plainly but not badly dressed, though the thick powdery dust of an obviously long journey was no advantage to their appearance. The man was a fine figure. His short brown jacket was newer than the remainder of his suit. At his back he carried a basket, at one end of which stood out the handle of a knife for cutting hay.

The couple walked side by side in perfect silence. The wife was carrying a child, and she enjoyed no society whatever from the presence of the man. When she looked down sideways to the child, she became pretty, and even handsome. When she marched on in the sun, she had the hard expression of one who no longer expects fair play from Time or Chance.

When the houses of Weydon-Priors could just be seen in the distance, the family was met by a villager with a dinner-bag over his shoulder.

"Any trade here?" the man asked him. "Any work with the hay?"

The villager had already begun shaking his head.

"Then is there any house to let—a little small new cottage just built or such-like?" said the other.

十九世纪三十年代初，一个夏末的傍晚，一对青年男女，徒步走近大村庄韦敦·普赖尔斯。

他们衣着朴素，但并不破旧，不过他们显然由于长途跋涉，蒙上厚厚的灰尘，外表有些难看。这个男人身材魁梧。他那棕色的短上衣比身上别的衣服要新一些。他背上背着一只篮子，篮子口上露出一把刈草刀的柄。

这对夫妻默默地并排走着。妻子抱着一个孩子，虽然男人就在身旁，却不因为有他作伴而感到愉快。在她侧着脸低头注视孩子的时候，显得容貌秀丽，甚至很漂亮。她在阳光下前进时，脸色冷漠，就象一个不再指望时来运转得到公平对待的人那样。

刚刚看得见远处韦敦·普赖尔斯村房屋，这一家人就遇上一个肩上挂着饭袋的村民。

“这儿有什么活儿可干吗？”男人问道，“有没有打草的活儿？”

村民连忙摇了摇头。

“那么有没有房子出租——一间新盖的小屋什么的？”另一个问道。

"Pulling houses down is more in the nature of Weydon than building them."

Distant sounds and laughter reached their ears from the village, and the husband waved a hand in that direction.

"There's something going on there, is there not?"

"Yes. 'Tis Fair Day. Though what you hear now is the noise of getting money away from children and fools. The real business was done earlier than this."

The husband and his family continued on their way, and soon entered the Fair-field, which showed standing-places where hundreds of horses and sheep had been sold before noon. Yet the crowd was thicker now than during the morning.

Our visitors looked for a refreshment tent among the many that stood on the green. In front of one of them appeared the notice: "Good furmity sold here."

"I always like furmity," said the woman to her husband, "and so does Elizabeth-Jane—and so will you. It's good for you after a long, hard day."

"I've never tasted it," said the man, but they entered the furmity tent right away.

A rather numerous company appeared within, seated at the long narrow table that ran down the tent on each side. At the upper end stood a stove containing a good fire. An old woman of about fifty slowly stirred a pot. The dull scrape of a large spoon sounded throughout the tent as she stirred the mixture of corn, milk, and so on that composed the ancient stuff she dealt in.

The young man and woman ordered a basin each of the mixture, steaming hot, and sat down to eat it. But the man was watching the old woman from the corner of his eye, and saw the game she played. He raised

“拆房子比盖房子多，韦敦村就是这样。”

从村子里传来隐隐约约的笑声，丈夫朝那个方向挥挥手。

“那里有什么事儿，是不是？”

“是呀，今天是赶集的日子。但是眼下你听见的，是骗小孩子和傻瓜们钱的声音。真正的买卖早收摊啦。”

丈夫和他的妻儿继续赶路，很快来到市场上。这里有牲口栏，上午已经卖出几百匹马和羊了。然而，现在人群倒比上午密得多。

我们说的这一家人在草地上支起的许多帐篷中寻找小吃店。在一个帐篷前有块招牌，上面写着：“出售上等甜牛奶麦粥。”

“我一向喜欢吃甜牛奶麦粥，”那女人对她的丈夫说，“伊丽莎白·简也一样，你也会喜欢的。你累了一整天，喝碗粥好。”

“我从来不吃那东西。”男人说道，但他们还是立刻走进卖粥的帐篷里。

里面的人很多，都坐在帐篷两边长条的桌子边。帐篷的里端，摆着一个炉子，炉火很旺。一个五十来岁的老婆子慢慢搅动着锅里的东西。当她搅动着她卖的小麦、牛奶等制成的古老食物时，那只大杓子刮着锅子，发出沉闷的响声，全帐篷里都听得见。

这对青年男女，各叫了一碗热气腾腾的粥，坐下来吃。可是这个男人却用眼角瞄着老太婆，看出了她搞的

an eyebrow, and passed up his basin in reply to her nod.

She took a bottle from under the table, secretly measured out a quantity of strong drink, and poured it into the man's furmity. Just as secretly, the man sent back money in payment. Now he found the mixture much more to his satisfaction. He finished his basin and called for another, signalling for an even stronger mixture.

His wife sadly noticed the results in his manner, and more than once she said to him, "Michael, how about a place to stay the night? We may not find one if we don't go soon."

But he turned a deaf ear, and talked loud to the company. At the end of the third basin he was argumentative, and after the fourth, quarrelsome.

"I married at eighteen," he informed the company, "like the fool that I was. I haven't more than fifteen shillings in the world, and yet I'd challenge England to beat me in the grain business. If I was a free man again I'd be worth a thousand pounds. When men have wives and don't want 'em, why shouldn't they get rid of 'em—like selling horses? Why shouldn't they sell 'em to men that are in need of such articles? By God, I'd sell mine this minute if anybody would buy her! This is your chance—I am open to offers for this jewel among women."

The wife turned to him and whispered, "Michael, you have talked this nonsense in public places before. A joke is a joke, but you may make it once too often."

"I meant it," he said. "All I want is a buyer."

The man went on drinking stronger and stronger basins of furmity, and a quarter of an hour later he

把戏。他向她扬起一边的眉毛，她一点头，他就把碗递过去了。

她从桌子下面拿出一个瓶子，偷偷地量出一些酒，把它倒在男人的粥里。男人也偷偷地付了钱。现在他觉得粥里掺了酒，味道好多了。他喝完一碗，又要了一碗，还暗示要掺更多的酒。

他的妻子痛苦地注意到酒对他的行为举止所起的影响。她不止一次地对他说：“迈克尔，过夜的地方怎么办？要是我们不马上就走，很可能找不到了。”

可是他根本不听，和邻座的人大声说话。喝完第三碗，他就爱和人争辩，喝完第四碗，他就爱跟人吵架了。

“我十八岁结婚，象个傻瓜那样。”他告诉大家，“我一共只有十五先令，却敢向全英国挑战，在粮食买卖上我敢和任何人较量。如果我再成为一个单身汉，我会有一千镑的财产。男人娶了老婆，又不要她了，为什么不能象卖掉马那样，把她卖掉呢？为什么不把她卖给需要这种货色的人呢？老天爷作证，如果有人要买我的老婆，我马上就把她卖了！这是你们的好机会——买主出个价，我考虑考虑，把这个女人当中的宝贝儿卖啦。”

妻子小声对他说：“迈克尔，你以前当着好多人就这样胡说八道。笑话归笑话，可不能老说啊。”

“我就是这个意思，”他说，“我就是要找个买主。”

这个人继续喝掺酒的粥，酒越掺越多，过了一刻

came back to the same subject.

"I am waiting to know about this offer of mine. This woman is no good to me. Who'll have her?"

Anxiously the women whispered, "Come, it's getting dark. If you don't come along, I shall go without you."

She waited, yet he did not move.

"Mike, Mike," she said, "this is getting serious."

"Will any one among you buy my goods?" said the man.

"I wish somebody would," she said firmly. "Her present owner is not at all to her liking!"

"So we are agreed about that," said he. "Gentlemen—you hear? 'Tis an agreement to part. She'll take the girl if she wants to, and go her ways. I'll take my tools and go my ways. Now then, stand up, Susan, and show yourself."

The woman did stand up.

"Now, who'll be the salesman?" said the husband.

"I will," answered a short man with a nose like a copper knob, and a damp voice. "Who'll make an offer for this lady?"

"Five shillings," said someone, and there was a laugh.

"Serious offers only," said the husband. "Who'll say a pound?"

Nobody answered.

"Set the price higher," said the man.

"Two pounds," said the salesman, and no one replied.

"Very well," said the husband, "if they don't

钟，他又提起这事儿来。

“有人要吗，我等着呢。这个女人对我没有用处。谁要她？”

女人不安地低声说：“得啦，天快黑了。你不走，那我就一个人走了。”

她等了等，而他却不动。

“迈克，迈克，”她说，“越来越不象话啦。”

“你们当中有谁愿意买我的货？”那男人说。

“我希望有人买，”她坚定地说，“她一点儿也不喜欢她现在的主人！”

“那么我们的意见一致了，”他说，“先生们，你们听见了吗？同意分手啦。如果她愿意，可以带上女孩儿走她的路。我拿着我的家伙走我的路。喂，苏珊，站起来，让大家看看。”

这女人果真站了起来。

“好了，谁愿意当拍卖人？”丈夫说。

“我来，”一个矮个子回答说。他的鼻子象个铜疙瘩，声音低沉。“谁给这位太太出个价？”

“五先令，”有人说，引起一阵哄笑。

“要认真出价才行，”丈夫说，“谁出一镑？”

没有人回答。

“把价钱抬高一点。”男人说。

“两镑。”拍卖人说，还是没有人回答。

“很好，”丈夫说，“如果这个价钱没人要，那就得多