



学与研究出版社



牛津大学出版社

经典世界文学名著丛书

苔 丝

TESS OF
THE D'URBERVILLES
THOMAS HARDY

英语经典世界文学名著丛书

苔丝

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

Thomas Hardy

Introduction by Simon Getrell

Explanatory Notes by Nancy Barribeau

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING & RESEARCH PRESS

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

外语教学与研究出版社·牛津大学出版社

(京)新登字 155 号

京权图字 01—1995—591

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

苔丝 = TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES / (英)哈代 (Hardy, T.) 著。—北京:外语教学与研究出版社, 1994

(英语经典世界文学名著丛书)

ISBN 7-5600-0906-9

I. 苔… II. 哈… III. 长篇小说-英国-现代-英文 IV. I561.45

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(94)第 09476 号

本书由牛津大学出版社授权出版,限在中华人民共和国境内发行

This reprint has been authorized by Oxford University Press for sale in the People's Republic of China only and not for export therefrom

苔丝

* * *

外语教学与研究出版社出版发行

(北京西三环北路 19 号)

华利国际合营印刷有限公司印刷

新华书店总店北京发行所经销

开本 736×960 1/32 14.25 印张

1994 年 10 月第 1 版 1996 年 7 月第 3 次印刷

印数: 55001—65000 册

* * *

ISBN 7-5600-0906-9/H·483

定价: 13.80 元

作者简介

托马斯·哈代，英国小说家，1840年6月2日生于英国南部多塞特郡，1928年1月11日在家乡去世。哈代的父亲是建筑业小业主，爱好音乐，母亲则培养了哈代对文学的兴趣。1856年哈代辍学当学徒学习建筑，业余攻读文学和神学。1862年到伦敦做建筑绘图员，同时继续钻研文学和哲学，并在伦敦大学皇家学院进修语言。1866年开始写诗，因诗歌创作无法维持生计，翌年回故乡重操建筑业，同时从事小说创作。1871年开始发表长篇小说。1874年结婚，此后成为职业作家。

哈代的一生基本上是在家乡度过的，所以十分熟悉英国农村。他的作品主要反映了19世纪后期在工业资本主义侵袭下，英国南部农村残存的宗法制社会迅速走向崩溃所带给人民的无穷灾难，揭露了资产阶级道德、法律和宗教观念的虚伪性质。但是他认为支配宇宙的是一种不知善恶，冷酷无情，没有知觉的“内在意志”，而人的命运总是受着它的摆布与捉弄，经常处在痛苦忧虑中。这种宿命论观点给哈代的作品蒙上悲观主义色彩，在一定程度上削弱了它们的社会意义。

哈代著有十多部长篇小说，其中最著名的有《还乡》(1878)，《卡斯特桥市长》(1886)，和《德伯家的苔丝》(1895)等。

哈代在英国文坛上曾一度被忽视，20世纪以来他的声誉逐渐上升，晚年备受英国人推崇，被公认为英国文学史上重要的小说家之一，死后葬于伦敦威斯敏斯特教堂诗人之角。

内 容 简 介

《苔丝》不但是作者著名的“威塞克斯文丛”里最有力的作品，而且，也是哈代最好的小说。

苔丝是一个俊俏的农村姑娘，为生活所迫，去给与自己同姓的地主德伯家打工，被主人家的儿子亚雷·德伯诱奸以后，生了一个私生子。因为这桩“罪过”，苔丝极受鄙视。在贫困和舆论的重压下，再加上孩子的夭折所带来的打击，苔丝离家来到一个牛奶场工作，在那儿她遇到了牧师的儿子安玎·克莱。安玎不顾家庭的反对，勇敢地爱上了苔丝并和她结婚。然而在新婚之夜，当苔丝向他坦露了自己的过去之后，安玎竟弃她而去，后远走巴西。备受侮辱、陷于孤独的苔丝苦苦等待安玎的回头而不得，无奈又成了亚雷的情妇。几年之后，安玎忏悔自己的无情，拖着病躯千里寻归，想和妻子破镜重圆，这时的苔丝杀死了亚雷。然而，谋杀案很快暴露，苔丝和安玎在逃脱途中遭警察追捕。苔丝终于被判了绞刑。



经典世界文学名著丛书

双城记

艰难时世

茶花女

基度山伯爵

包法利夫人

理智与情感

妻子与女儿

还乡

苔丝

卡斯特桥市长

红字

野性的呼唤

红与黑

名利场

战争与和平

爱玛

呼啸山庄

月亮宝石

大卫·科波菲尔

安娜·卡列尼娜

¥:13.80

ISBN 7-5600-0906-9



9 787560 009063 >

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES .

A PURE WOMAN
FAITHFULLY PRESENTED BY
THOMAS HARDY



" . . . Poor wounded name! My bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee."—W. SHAKESPEARE.

EXPLANATORY NOTE

TO THE

FIRST EDITION

THE main portion of the following story appeared—with slight modifications—in the *Graphic* newspaper: other chapters, more especially addressed to adult readers, in the *Fortnightly Review* and the *National Observer*, as episodic sketches. My thanks are tendered to the editors and proprietors of those periodicals for enabling me now to piece the trunk and limbs of the novel together, and print it complete, as originally written two years ago.

I will just add that the story is sent out in all sincerity of purpose, as an attempt to give artistic form to a true sequence of things; and in respect of the book's opinions and sentiments, I would ask any too genteel reader, who cannot endure to have said what everybody nowadays thinks and feels, to remember a well-worn sentence of St Jerome's: If an offence come out of the truth, better is it that the offence come than that the truth be concealed.

November 1891.

T. H.

PREFACE
TO THE
. FIFTH AND LATER EDITIONS

THIS novel being one wherein the great campaign of the heroine begins after an event in her experience which has usually been treated as fatal to her part of protagonist, or at least as the virtual ending of her enterprises and hopes, it was quite contrary to avowed conventions that the public should welcome the book, and agree with me in holding that there was something more to be said in fiction than had been said about the shaded side of a well-known catastrophe. But the responsive spirit in which *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* has been received by the readers of England and America, would seem to prove that the plan of laying down a story on the lines of tacit opinion, instead of making it to square with the merely vocal formulae of society, is not altogether a wrong one, even when exemplified in so unequal and partial an achievement as the present. For this responsiveness I cannot refrain from expressing my thanks; and my regret is that, in a world where one so often hungers in vain for friendship, where even not to be wilfully misunderstood is felt as a kindness, I shall never meet in person these appreciative readers, male and female, and shake them by the hand.

I include amongst them the reviewers—by far the majority—who have so generously welcomed the tale. Their words show that they, like the others, have only too largely repaired my defects of narration by their own imaginative intuition.

Nevertheless, though the novel was intended to be neither didactic nor aggressive, but in the scenic parts to be representative simply, and in the contemplative to be oftener charged with impressions than with convictions, there have been objectors both to the matter and to the rendering.

The more austere of these maintain a conscientious difference of opinion concerning, among other things, subjects fit for art, and reveal an inability to associate the idea of the sub-title adjective with any but the artificial and derivative meaning which has resulted to it from the ordinances of civilization. They ignore the meaning of the word in Nature, together with all æsthetic claims upon it, not to mention the spiritual interpretation afforded by the finest side of their own

Christianity. Others dissent on grounds which are intrinsically no more than an assertion that the novel embodies the views of life prevalent at the end of the nineteenth century, and not those of an earlier and simpler generation—an assertion which I can only hope may be well founded. Let me repeat that a novel is an impression, not an argument; and there the matter must rest; as one is reminded by a passage which occurs in the letters of Schiller to Goethe on judges of this class: "They are those who seek only their own ideas in a representation, and prize that which should be as higher than what is. The cause of the dispute, therefore, lies in the very first principles, and it would be utterly impossible to come to an understanding with them." And again: "As soon as I observe that any one, when judging of poetical representations, considers anything more important than the inner Necessity and Truth, I have done with him."

In the introductory words to the first edition I suggested the possible advent of the genteel person who would not be able to endure something or other in these pages. That person duly appeared among the aforesaid objectors. In one case he felt upset that it was not possible for him to read the book through three times, owing to my not having made that critical effort which "alone can prove the salvation of such an one." In another, he objected to such vulgar articles as the Devil's pitchfork, a lodging-house carving-knife, and a shame-bought parasol, appearing in a respectable story. In another place he was a gentleman who turned Christian for half-an-hour the better to express his grief that a disrespectful phrase about the Immortals should have been used; though the same innate gentility compelled him to excuse the author in words of pity that one cannot be too thankful for: "He does but give us of his best." I can assure this great critic that to exclaim illogically against the gods, singular or plural, is not such an original sin of mine as he seems to imagine. True, it may have some local originality; though if Shakespeare were an authority on history, which perhaps he is not, I could show that the sin was introduced into Wessex as early as the Heptarchy itself. Says Glo'ster in *Lear*, otherwise Ina, king of that country:

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

The remaining two or three manipulators of *Tess* were of the predetermined sort whom most writers and readers would gladly forget; professed literary boxers, who put on their convictions for the occasion; modern "Hammers of Heretics"; sworn Discouragers, ever on the watch to prevent the tentative half-success from becoming the whole

success later on; who pervert plain meanings, and grow personal under the name of practising the great historical method. However, they may have causes to advance, privileges to guard, traditions to keep going; some of which a mere tale-teller, who writes down how the things of the world strike him, without any ulterior intentions whatever, has overlooked, and may by pure inadvertence have run foul of when in the least aggressive mood. Perhaps some passing perception, the outcome of a dream-hour, would if generally acted on, cause such an assailant considerable inconvenience with respect to position, interests, family, servant, ox, ass, neighbour, or neighbour's wife. He therefore valiantly hides his personality behind a publisher's shutters, and cries "Shame!" So densely is the world thronged that any shifting of positions, even the best warranted advance, galls somebody's kibe. Such shiftings often begin in sentiment, and such sentiment sometimes begins in a novel.

July 1892.

The foregoing remarks were written during the early career of this story, when a spirited public and private criticism of its points was still fresh to the feelings. The pages are allowed to stand for what they are worth, as something once said; but probably they would not have been written now. Even in the short time which has elapsed since the book was first published, some of the critics who provoked the reply have "gone down into silence", as if to remind one of the infinite unimportance of both their say and mine.

In the present edition it may be well to state, in response to inquiries from readers interested in landscape, pre-historic antiquities, and especially old English architecture, that the description of these backgrounds in this and its companion novels has been done from the real. Many features of the first two kinds have been given under their existing names; for instance, the Vale of Blackmoor or Blakemore, Hambledon Hill, Bulbarrow, Nettlecombe Tout, Dogbury Hill, High-Stoy, Bubbs-Down Hill, The Devil's Kitchen, Cross-in-Hand, Long-Ash Lane, Benvill Lane, Giant's Hill, Crimmercrock Lane, and Stonehenge. The rivers Froom or Frome, and Stour, are, of course, well known as such. And in planning the stories the idea was that large towns and points tending to mark the outline of Wessex—such as Bath, Plymouth, The Start, Portland Bill, Southampton, &c.—should be named outright. The scheme was not greatly elaborated, but, whatever its value, the names remain still.

In respect of places described under fictitious or ancient names—for

reasons that seemed good at the time of writing—discerning persons have affirmed in print that they clearly recognize the originals: such as Shaftesbury in "Shaston", Sturminster Newton in "Stourcastle", Dorchester in "Casterbridge", Salisbury in "Melchester", Salisbury Plain in "The Great Plain", Cranbourne in "Chaseborough", Cranbourne Chase in "The Chase", Bearnminster in "Emminster", Bere Regis in "Kingsbere", Woodbury Hill in "Greenhill", Wool Bridge in "Wellbridge", Hartfoot or Harput Lane in "Stagfoot Lane", Hazelbury in "Nuttlebury", Bridport in "Port-Bredy", Maiden Newton in "Chalk Newton", a farm near Nettlecombe Tout in "Flintcomb-Ash", Sherborne in "Sherton Abbas", Milton Abbey in "Middleton Abbey", Cerne Abbas in "Abbot's Cernel", Evershot in "Evershead", Taunton in "Toneborough", Bournemouth in "Sandbourne", Winchester in "Wintoncester", and so on. I shall not be the one to contradict them; I accept their statements as at least an indication of their real and kindly interest in the scenes.

January 1895

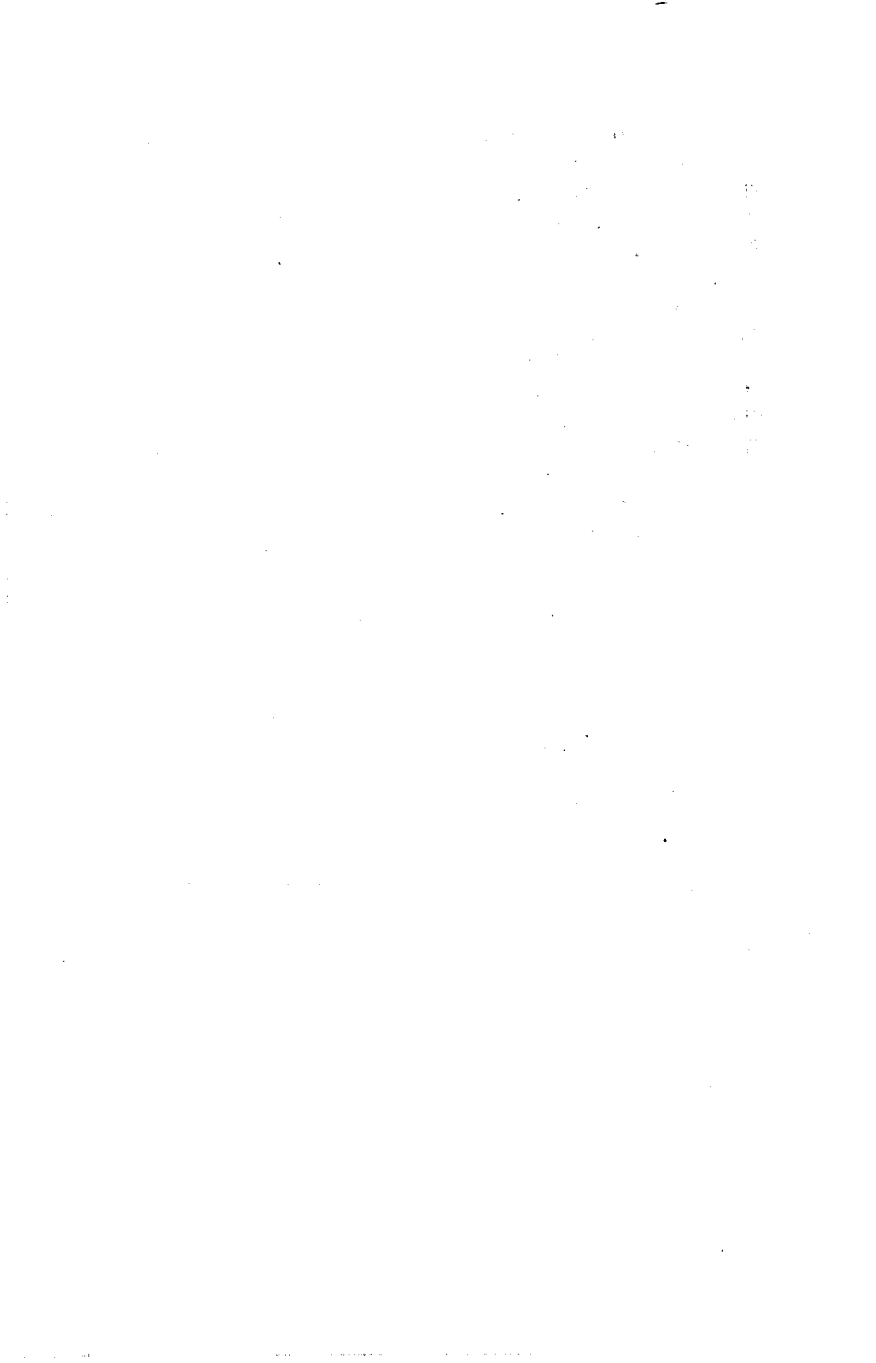
The present edition of this novel contains a few pages that have never appeared in any previous edition. When the detached episodes were collected as stated in the preface of 1891, these pages were overlooked, though they were in the original manuscript. They occur in Chapter X.

Respecting the sub-title, to which allusion was made above, I may add that it was appended at the last moment, after reading the final proofs, as being the estimate left in a candid mind of the heroine's character—an estimate that nobody would be likely to dispute. It was disputed more than anything else in the book. *Melius fuerat non scribere*. But there it stands.

The novel was first published complete, in three volumes, in November 1891.

March 1912.

T. H.



CONTENTS

PHASE THE FIRST

The Maiden, I-XI	11
------------------	----

PHASE THE SECOND

Maiden No More, XII-XV	79
------------------------	----

PHASE THE THIRD

The Rally, XVI-XXIV	105
---------------------	-----

PHASE THE FOURTH

The Consequence, XXV-XXXIV	155
----------------------------	-----

PHASE THE FIFTH

The Woman Pays, XXXV-XLIV	223
---------------------------	-----

PHASE THE SIXTH

The Convert, XLV-LII	295
----------------------	-----

PHASE THE SEVENTH

Fulfilment, LIII-LIX	353
----------------------	-----

PHASE THE FIRST

THE MAIDEN