

英美古典文学注释丛书



乔治·埃利奥特著

*George Eliot*

# SILAS MARNER

塞拉斯·马纳



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# SILAS MARNER

*by*

George Eliot

With Introduction and Notes

*by*

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## 内 容 简 介

本书是十九世纪英国批判现实主义女作家乔治·埃利奥特的主要小说之一，列入近代英国文学名著。它描述一位天性淳朴、生活节俭的工匠，他因青年时代笃信宗教为人陷害、被迫离乡、孑身去远方织布谋生的经过。他在异乡，遭到盗劫，多年来积蓄尽去。最后由于他收养了一个弃婴并把她养大成家，才找到了生命中爱的对象和尝到了人生乐趣。与主人公成对比的是当时英国乡村地主阶级的没落奢侈、甚至罪恶的生活。在某种程度上，本书也反映了英国产业革命时代，小手工业者受排挤的经过。

本书可供中、高级英语程度的读者阅读。

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**塞拉斯·马纳**

〔英〕乔治·埃利奥特 著

陆佩弦 注释

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禾 禾 绘

... when the blue eyes . . . fixed themselves  
on the weaver's queer face, . . . (pp. 152-153)

## 关于乔治·埃利奥特和她的 《塞拉斯·马纳》

乔治·埃利奥特 (George Eliot) 是十九世纪后半期英国著名女小说家，声誉仅在狄更斯、萨格雷之后。她原名 Mary Ann Evans (1819—1880)，出身于英国农民家庭。她的祖父和父亲都是华立克郡 (Warwickshire) 乡村小镇的农民和工匠。家庭中浓厚的传统宗教思想使埃利奥特从青年时代起就对生活中的某些思想意识问题发生怀疑。她没有受过正规的高等教育。对十九世纪的英国妇女来说，受高等教育是不可能的。但是通过勤奋自学，她还是获得了很好的教育，对哲学、语言，(希腊文、拉丁文、德文、意大利文) 和音乐均有造谐。经过独立研究，她开始反对当时的英国国教，觉得宗教信仰是不应该由牧师“教”的，而应该是一种经人们探索而形成的思想体系。为此她不上教堂做礼拜，成为一个不奉国教者 (Dissenter)。在一段时期内，竟因此和她的父亲意见不合而离开家庭。

埃利奥特开始为当时的进步刊物 *Westminster Review* 撰稿，后来并担任该刊的副编辑。她的初期创作生活始于 1857—8 年。主要作品有 *Scenes from Clerical Life* (1858)，*Adam Bede* (1859)，*The Mill on the Floss* (1860) 和 *Silas Marner* (1861)。这几部小说都以她本人所熟悉的英国乡村生活为背景。其中第一本是一部短篇小说集。在 *Adam Bede* 一书中，作者把一个正直勤恳的木工和一个骄傲自私的贵族作了

比。主人公Adam Bede在某些方面可能是作者父亲的写照。*The Mill on the Floss*的开始部份略带自传性，Tom和Maggie兄妹俩就是作者和她的哥哥。故事以华立克郡的农村为背景，叙述了一个怀有理想的姑娘在一个贪婪自满、追求物质的社会中的不幸遭遇。

埃利奥特的后期小说有 *Romola* (1863)，*Felix Holt* (1866)，*Middlemarch* (1872) 和 *Daniel Deronda* (1876)。*Romola* 是作者经过极长时期研究历史背景后的创作。它以十五世纪意大利文艺复兴时代文化名城佛罗伦萨 (Florence) 为背景。它描写主人公希腊人 Tito Melema 追求物质享受，在道德上逐步堕落的过程。与他成对比是他的妻子 Romola。这部小说是作者精心之作。她说过：“I began it (指 *Romola* —— 注释者) a young woman — I finished it an old woman.” 它是作者通过大量阅读研究，熟悉了当时时代气息后写成的，其中哲理性的描写也较多。这时期中最值得一提的作品是 *Felix Holt*。此书以当时英国的宪章运动 (The Chartist Movement) 为时代背景，描述1832年改革法案 (The Reform Bill) 之后的英国国内的经济政治斗争。通过主人公 Felix Holt，作者表达了她对资本主义社会剥削制度的坚决反对。作者在小说中虽然没有提出以武力向资本家作斗争，可是她已经看出光靠改革法案，光靠选票，广大工人群众是得不到政权的。主人公 Felix Holt 在小说里讲过：

“I want the working men (十九世纪英国称劳动人民之名 —— 注释者) to have power. I am a working man myself, and I don't want to be anything else, .... I hope we, or

the children that come after us, will get plenty of political power some time . . . . But I should like to convince you that votes will never give you political power worth having while things are as they are now, and that if you go the right way to work, you may get power sooner without votes.”

当然 Felix Holt 生活在一个手工业生产正向机械工业生产演变的时代里，他只能是一个初步形成的被剥削阶级里的一份子，还远不是一个自为的无产阶级战士。但就作家本人来讲，在当时的时代背景下，立场如此鲜明的议论，在一般作品里是极难见到的。

最后两本小说 *Middlemarch* 和 *Daniel Deronda* 据称是埃利奥特最感满意之作。两书都以资产阶级社会中的婚姻问题为中心内容。作者通过许多典型人物的塑造，揭穿资本主义社会中婚姻制度的本质，说明在英国社会中，贫富悬殊和种族（指犹太人——注释者）歧视给婚姻带来的悲惨结局。因为书中对道德问题的说理太多太深，作为文学作品来说，不免逊色。

概括地讲，埃利奥特的前期作品主要基于作者本人对当时客观现实的直接观察，而其后期作品往往是经过研究和理性分析的产物，哲理性较浓。从这些后期作品来看，埃利奥特不但是小说家，在某些程度上也是伦理家及道德家。

《塞拉斯·马纳》*Silas Marner* 是埃利奥特作品中比较著名的一部。以十八世纪初英国产业革命蓬勃发展的时代为背景。主人公马纳是一个贫穷的犹太族织匠，高度近视，并且患癫痫症，有时会无端昏厥。

他是一个除了能读圣经之外没有什么文化，非常忠厚质朴的人。因为生长在一个狭隘的、宗教气氛很浓，近于清教 Puritanism 的小镇里，渐渐变成一个极为虔诚的教徒。他把织布所得，除了生活必需外，全部捐献给教堂。但也正因为他的诚实可欺，在那种伪善的社会里就被另一个教友诬陷。他说马纳偷窃了一位死去的教堂执事的钱。使马纳最为痛心的是诬陷他的人正是从小和他一起长大，被人家目为德行高洁的一个年青人。非但如此，经过祈祷上帝，用抽签方式决定谁是窃盗的手续后，“神意”也竟宣判马纳为罪人。马纳本来即将结婚，这事发生后，他的未婚妻就和那位青年人结了婚。这就是为什么他要诬陷马纳的原因。

绝望之余，马纳在全村人们谴责的目光下离开故乡，流亡到很远的一个小村去谋生。在那里，他长期受到当地人的猜忌。除了业务联系外，他和外界没有任何接触。他生活节俭，只身活了十多年后，靠织布积起了二百多镑钱，不知不觉地把生命寄托在这些金币上去了。每晚干完活，就从屋角砖底下取出这袋钱，摸弄着它们，看它们慢慢增多，作为唯一乐事。

可是他的积蓄不久就被村里地主的小儿子偷了去。他偷钱之后就失踪了，永远也没有回来。尽管这人在村里是声名狼藉的，但也没有人猜到他的失踪和马纳藏金的被盗有任何关联。马纳再遭此不幸之后，要不是村里人们对他开始表示些同情的话，他简直没有勇气继续生活下去了。

地主的大儿子也是一个纨绔子弟。二年前他瞒了父亲和邻村一个酒店女招待秘密结了婚，生了一个女儿。但此刻他已决定要把她抛弃，同一位门第相当的



姑娘结婚。他心里顾虑极大，因为他的妻子一直在威胁着要来看他的父亲，揭穿秘密。

那年大除夕，正当地主家大宴亲友的时候，这个被遗弃的妻子正抱着婴儿，冒着大雪走向地主家来认亲。她染上鸦片瘾，在路上吞服过量，结果昏倒在雪地里冻死了。她的女儿却爬进了邻近的马纳所住的小屋里。

马纳把孩子领养了。他发现孩子的金黄头发比金币更美。孤独的生活从此有了新的意义。

地主的大儿子的秘密没有被发现。人们只知道一个过路的穷女人倒毙在雪地里。她抱着的孩子成了马纳的养女。地主的大儿子不久就结了婚。他们生过一个孩子，可是一出生就夭折了，以后就再没有生过孩子。

十六年后，幸福的马纳快要有赘婿的时候，他的藏金被窃的原委出人意外地真相大白。那时地主早已死去。大儿子觉得他一家所为非常对不起马纳。因为自己没有子女，他首先向妻子承认马纳的养女就是他自己的女儿。夫妻俩人就商定想不揭穿秘密，向马纳建议把女儿领养过来，将来承继他们这份家产，而马纳本人也当然会分得余润。

这一幕是十分感人的。即使地主的大儿子最后不得不将全部秘密交代后，马纳的女儿还是毫不动摇。有钱的人们总以为穷人是见钱眼开的，但他们错了。这个十八岁的农村姑娘坚决不做富家小姐，她只认识匠是她的父亲，而且她也快要同一个青年园艺工人结婚了。

马纳不但失金复得，而且女儿女婿的婚礼钟声也引进了他幸福的晚年。

我们可以看出这部小说总的来讲具有一定的进步意义。作者在第一章里，就对当时十九世纪初年及紧接下来的维多利亚女皇时代的伪善作迎头痛击。而且她提出的是当时人们争论得很多的宗教问题。宗教已沦为迷信。通过祈神求签来决定谁偷了钱这回事，她强烈指控，在那时代里，宗教是坏人可以利用了来诬陷好人的手段，特别是象马纳那样愚昧而又诚朴的人。这里值得提出的是埃利奥特的描写是十分大胆的。当神签宣布马纳犯了罪，群众要他交出盗金，坦白悔过才能再进教堂时，他气得发抖地说：“There is no just God that governs the earth rightcously, but a God of lies, that bears witness against the innocent.”当然，埃利奥特不是无神论者。但利用故事情节，将问题的本质如此尖锐地提出，在当时的文学作品中是极少见到的。

第二点，小说主要情节是以马纳的藏金被盗和他的抚养女儿成人为枢纽而发展的。而这两件事都同地主的两个儿子有关。一个是自食其果的赌徒窃盗，一个虽未堕落至此，至少是一个玩弄女性的纨绔子弟。尽管作家未有只字正面谴责，但再明显不过，这就是她对地主家庭的批判。

第三点，书里对马纳以外的其他村里人，尤其象对马纳的未来亲家 Dolly Winthrop 等人的描写十分同情，十分感人。把他们之间的交往，与地主家里父子之间，兄弟之间的勾心斗角的关系作一对比，就不难看出，埃利奥特认为真诚的爱情还是在穷人家里才找得到。在第十九章里，当地主大儿子夫妇俩向马纳要还女儿时，Eppie 回答，“I can't think o' no other home. I wasn't brought up to be a lady, and

I can't turn my mind to it. I like the working-folks and their victuals and their ways. And,"... "I'm promised to marry a working man,..." 这段话简单的话可以作为埃利奥特在这部小说里对劳动人民真诚朴实的品格和感情的最高赞誉。难道地主的大儿子真的是想念女儿，才向马纳要她的吗？他只是需要一个继承人罢了。

但是话还得说回来，埃利奥特虽有一定的进步性，但她终究是一个资产阶级改良主义作家。小说在思想性方面也还有缺点。最主要的是，小说里主要人物是以地主 Cass 一家，包括他的亲友为一方和马纳及村里其它劳动人民为另一方。阵线甚为鲜明。但由于作者对人物形象塑造有明显的人性论倾向，所以全书中所描写的矛盾，只存在于个人与个人之间，不存在于阶级和阶级之间。主人公马纳被描写成为一个本性善良的工匠，一生好象在寻找爱的对象。由于环境关系，青年时代就把宗教作为生命的寄托。结果行善反得恶报。于是他缩进了更狭小、更孤独和苦闷的境界里去，不知不觉地把生命之爱愚蠢地再次寄托到那些金币上去。结果是再次受到打击。只有当他找到了孩子，把他作为爱的对象时，才获得了生命的安慰。作者在这里着重描写的是一个异常厚道诚挚的性格，而不是一个在伪善的阶级社会中受尽欺压和折磨，有爱但也必有恨的活生生的人。因此，象第十一章后半部所描写的那样，新年里穷人吃过自己的年夜饭，来到乡绅老爷家的大厅里，站在屋角，看少爷小姐们翩翩起舞，贫富共度佳节，就埃利奥特看来，好似也没有什么不合理或不自然的地方。

同时，埃利奥特笔底下的 Godfrey，虽然是一个

典型的公子哥儿，但从另一方面看，他也是一个优柔寡断，易受引诱，但还不是全无心肝的人。青年时期的行为失检，中年时想领回女儿，也是人之常情吧！不但如此，他的妻子 Nancy 被描写为很典型的贤妻。如果 Eppie 愿意的话，Nancy 还差一点儿当得上良母哩。

除此之外，从故事情节的发展看，如盗金者自溺，受人欺侮的善良的人们终有幸福的结局，无辜的孤儿会得到爱护，不承认自己女儿的人将没有后代，小说还有似乎天道论的味道，好象在说明冥冥之中自有主宰(divine retribution)。这种意识的概括可在第十六章后半部，马纳和Dolly Winthrop闲谈所讲There's dealings with us 中的there's dealings 感觉到。

当然，埃利奥特的这种缺点，也较普遍地存在于其他资产阶级小说家的作品中。作为一个在一定程度上受到时代的局限性，但仍能通过写作，揭露某些社会问题，而大胆提出自己看法的创作者来讲，埃利奥特对维多利亚女皇时代的英国文学是有一定贡献的。

## PART I

### CHAPTER I

In the days when the spinning-wheels hummed busily in the farmhouses — and even great ladies, clothed in silk and thread-lace, had their toy spinning-wheels of polished oak — there might be seen in districts far away among the lanes, or deep in the bosom of the hills, certain pallid undersized men, who by the side of the brawny country-folk looked like the remnants of a disinherited race. The shepherd's dog barked fiercely when one of these alien-looking men appeared on the upland, dark against the early winter sunset; for what dog likes a figure bent under a heavy bag? — and these pale men rarely stirred abroad without that mysterious burden. The shepherd himself, though he had good reason to believe that the bag held nothing but flaxen thread, or else the long rolls of strong linen spun from that thread, was not quite sure that this trade of weaving, indispensable though it was, could be carried on entirely without the help of the Evil One. In that far-off time superstition clung easily round every person or thing that was at all unwonted, or even intermittent and occasional merely, like the visits of the peddler or the knife-grinder. No one knew where wandering men had their homes or their origin; and how was a man to be explained unless you at least knew somebody who knew his father and mother? To the peasants of old times, the world outside their own direct experience was a region of vagueness and mystery; to their untravelled thought a state of wandering was a conception as dim as the

winter life of the swallows that came back with the spring; and even a settler, if he came from distant parts, hardly ever ceased to be viewed with a remnant of distrust, which would have prevented any surprise

5 if a long course of inoffensive conduct on his part had ended in the commission of a crime — especially if he had any reputation for knowledge, or showed any skill in handicraft. All cleverness, whether in

10 the rapid use of that difficult instrument the tongue, or in some other art unfamiliar to villagers, was in itself suspicious; honest folk, born and bred in a visible manner, were mostly not otherwise or clever — at least, not beyond such a matter as knowing the signs of the weather; and the process by which

15 rapidity and dexterity of any kind were acquired was so wholly hidden that they partook of the nature of conjuring. In this way it came to pass that those scattered linen-weavers — emigrants from the town into the country — were to the last regarded as aliens

20 by their rustic neighbours, and usually contracted the eccentric habits which belong to a state of loneliness.

In the early years of this century such a linen-weaver, named Silas Marner, worked at his vocation in a stone cottage that stood among the nutty

25 hedgerows near the village of Raveloe, and not far from the edge of a deserted stone-pit. The questionable sound of Silas's loom, so unlike the natural cheerful trotting of the winnowing machine or the simpler rhythm of the flail, had a half-fearful fascination

30 for the Raveloe boys, who would often leave off their nutting or bird's-nesting to peep in at the window of the stone cottage, counterbalancing a certain awe at the mysterious action of the loom by a pleasant sense of scornful superiority, drawn from the mockery of

35 its alternating noises, along with the bent, treadmill attitude of the weaver. But sometimes it happened that Marner, pausing to adjust an irregularity in

his thread, became aware of the small scoundrels; and though chary of his time, he liked their intrusion so ill that he would descend from his loom, and opening the door would fix on them a gaze that was always enough to make them take to their legs in terror. For how was it possible to believe that those large brown protuberant eyes in Silas Marner's pale face really saw nothing very distinctly that was not close to them, and not rather that their dreadful stare could dart cramp, or rickets, or a wry mouth at any boy who happened to be in the rear? They had perhaps heard their fathers and mothers hint that Silas Marner could cure folk's rheumatism if he had a mind, and add, still more darkly, that if you could only speak the devil fair enough, he might save you the cost of the doctor. Such strange lingering echoes of the old demon-worship might perhaps even now be caught by the diligent listener among the gray-haired peasantry; for the rude mind with difficulty associates the ideas of power and benignity. A shadowy conception of power that by much persuasion can be induced to refrain from inflicting harm is the shape most easily taken by the sense of the Invisible in the minds of men who have always been pressed close by primitive wants, and to whom a life of hard toil has never been illuminated by any enthusiastic religious faith. To them pain and mishap present a far wider range of possibilities than gladness and enjoyment; their imagination is almost barren of the images that feed desire and hope, but is all overgrown by recollections that are a perpetual pasture to fear. "Is there anything you can fancy that you would like to eat?" I once said to an old labouring man who was in his last illness, and who had refused all the food his wife had offered him. "No," he answered; "I've never been used to nothing but common victual, and I

can't eat that." Experience had bred no fancies in him that could raise the phantasm of appetite.

- And Raveloe was a village where many of the old echoes lingered, undrowned by new voices. Not that
- 5 it was one of those barren parishes lying on the outskirts of civilization, inhabited by meagre sheep and thinly-scattered shepherds; on the contrary, it lay in the rich central plain of what we are pleased to call Merry England, and held farms which, speaking
- 10 from a spiritual point of view, paid highly-desirable tithes. But it was nestled in a snug, well-wooded hollow, quite an hour's journey on horseback from any turnpike, where it was never reached by the vibrations of the coach-horn or of public opinion.
- 15 It was an important-looking village, with a fine old church and large churchyard in the heart of it, and two or three large brick-and-stone homesteads, with well-walled orchards and ornamental weather-cocks, standing close upon the road, and lifting more
- 20 imposing fronts than the rectory, which peeped from among the trees on the other side of the churchyard — a village which showed at once the summits of its social life, and told the practised eye that there was no great park and manor-house in the vicinity, but that
- 25 there were several chiefs in Raveloe who could farm badly quite at their ease, drawing enough money from their bad farming in those war times to live in a rollicking fashion, and keep a jolly Christmas, Whitsun, and Easter tide.
- 30 It was fifteen years since Silas Marner had first come to Raveloe; he was then simply a pallid young man, with prominent shortsighted brown eyes, whose appearance would have had nothing strange for people of average culture and experience, but for the
- 35 villagers near whom he had come to settle it had mysterious peculiarities which corresponded with the exceptional nature of his occupation, and his advent



from an unknown region called "North'ard." So  
had his way of life. He invited no comer to step  
across his door-sill, and he never strolled into the  
village to drink a pint at the Rainbow, or to gossip at  
the wheelwright's. He sought no man or woman 5  
save for the purposes of his calling, or in order to  
supply himself with the necessaries; and it was soon  
clear to the Raveloe lasses that he would never urge  
one of them to accept him against her will — quite as  
if he had heard them declare that they would never 10  
marry a dead man come to life again. This view  
of Marner's personality was not without another  
ground than his pale face and unexampled eyes; for  
Jem Rodney, the molecatcher, averred that one  
evening as he was returning homeward he saw Silas 15  
Marner leaning against a stile with a heavy bag on  
his back, instead of resting the bag on the stile as a  
man in his senses would have done; and that on  
coming up to him he saw that Marner's eyes were  
set like a dead man's, and he spoke to him and shook 20  
him, and his limbs were stiff, and his hands clutched  
the bag as if they'd been made of iron; but just as he  
had made up his mind that the weaver was dead, he  
came all right again, like, as you may say, in the  
winking of an eye, and said, "Good-night," and 25  
walked off. All this Jem swore he had seen, more by  
token that it was the very day he had been molecatch-  
ing on Squire Cass's land down by the old sawpit.  
Some said Marner must have been in a "fit"—a word  
which seemed to explain things otherwise incredible; 30  
but the argumentative Mr. Macey, clerk of the  
parish, shook his head, and asked if anybody  
was ever known to go off in a fit and not fall down.  
A fit was a stroke, wasn't it? and it was in the  
nature of a stroke to partly take away the use of a 35  
man's limbs and throw him on the parish, if he'd got  
no children to look to. No, no; it was no stroke