

SFLEP-MACMILLAN CLASSICS READERS

轻松读经典丛书

(英语课程标准五级之十)

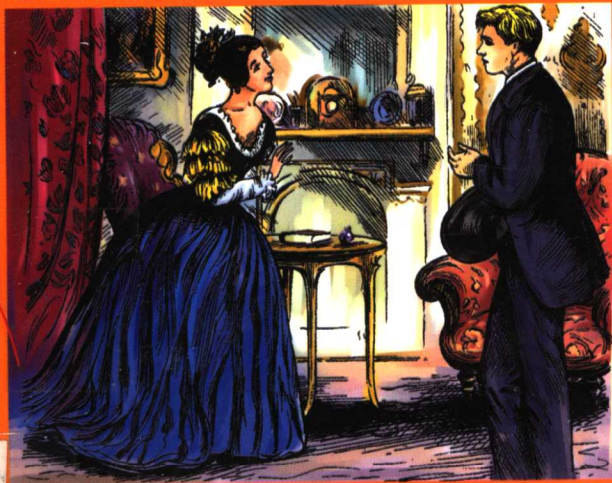
The Mayor of Easterbridge

卡斯特桥市长

THOMAS HARDY

原著 托马斯·哈代

小说讲述了一个竭力忘掉他的过去，但却最终未能摆脱命运，而只能在深深的痛苦中孤独地了却余生的人的故事。作为卡斯特桥市长，迈克·亨察尔是一位举足轻重的人物。但他以前曾以五几尼卖给一个水手的妻子又回来了，并且带回了她的女儿。不过，这个女儿真是同她妈妈一起被亨察尔卖掉的那个伊丽莎白·简吗？亨察尔会再次失去她，让她落入自己的敌人之手吗？



WU
外教社

上海外语教育出版社

SHANGHAI FOREIGN LANGUAGE EDUCATION PRESS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHINA PRESS

剑桥大学出版社

100 Brook Hill Drive, West Nyack, NY 10994-2133

*The Mayor of
Cambridge*

卡斯特桥市长

THE MAYOR OF
CAMBRIDGE

作者：WILLIAM WATTS

卡斯特桥市长是剑桥大学历史上最著名的人物之一。他以其卓越的领导才能和对学术自由的坚定支持而闻名。在担任市长期间，他推动了多项重要的改革，使剑桥大学在学术和研究方面达到了新的高度。他的任期充满了挑战和成就，为剑桥大学的发展做出了巨大的贡献。



100 Brook Hill Drive, West Nyack, NY 10994-2133

100 Brook Hill Drive, West Nyack, NY 10994-2133

SFLEP-MACMILLAN CLASSICS READERS

—— 轻松读经典丛书 ——

(英语课程标准五级之十)

The Mayor of Casterbridge

卡斯特桥市长

THOMAS HARDY

Abridged and adapted by

E. F. Dodd, B.A.

原著 托马斯·哈代

注释 陈 荣



上海外语教育出版社



MACMILLAN

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

卡斯特桥市长=The Mayor of Casterbridge / (英)
哈代 (Hardy, T.) 著; 陈荣注. —上海: 上海外语
教育出版社, 2003
(轻松读经典丛书)
ISBN 7-81080-684-X

I. 卡… II. ①哈… ②陈… III. 英语—语言读物,
小说 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2002) 第092729号
图字: 09-2002-684号

出版发行: **上海外语教育出版社**

(上海外国语大学内) 邮编: 200083

电 话: 021-65425300 (总机), 35051812 (发行部)

电子邮箱: bookinfo@sflep.com.cn

网 址: <http://www.sflep.com.cn> <http://www.sflep.com>

特约编辑: 张 颖

责任编辑: 谢 宇

印 刷: 常熟市华顺印刷有限公司
经 销: 新华书店上海发行所
开 本: 787×965 1/32 印张 4.875 字数 86 千字
版 次: 2003 年 2 月第 1 版 2003 年 5 月第 2 次印刷
印 数: 20 000 册

书 号: ISBN 7-81080-684-X / I · 055
定 价: 6.20 元

本版图书如有印装质量问题, 可向本社调换

出版说明

为了促进我国中学生的英语学习,培养他们的文化素养和文学修养,上海外语教育出版社经过长时间的酝酿和市场调研,决定将英国麦克米伦出版公司的一套文学名著简写本引荐给我国的中学生。

麦克米伦出版公司是从20世纪初开始陆续出版这套文学名著简写本的。为了满足世界各地英语为非母语国家、也包括英语国家不同程度中学生的阅读需要,他们请专家对一些大家耳熟能详的世界文学名著进行了改写,在保留原著的故事情节和原著者的创作风格的同时,适当地降低了语言的难度,至今已经推出了200多本。若干年过去了,这些书仍然受到世界各地读者的欢迎。

外教社从麦克米伦出版公司的这套文学名著简写本中精心挑选了40本,汇成一套“轻松读经典丛书”,难易程度跨越“英语课程标准”的3级—8级。这套丛书选编了英、美、法等国文学大师的经典之作,包括莎士比亚、狄更斯、马克·吐温、哈代、大仲马等著名作家的作品。为了让中学生在阅读过程中更好地把握原书的精髓和作家的创作历程,外教社还特地对读物中的语言难点做了注释;并加入了一篇关于作家、作品的背景介绍。

我们衷心希望“轻松读经典丛书”能够有助于提高我国中学生的文学欣赏水平,陶冶他们的道德情操,增强他们的英语阅读能力,成为开启中学生英语文学名著阅读之门的金钥匙。

外教社编辑部

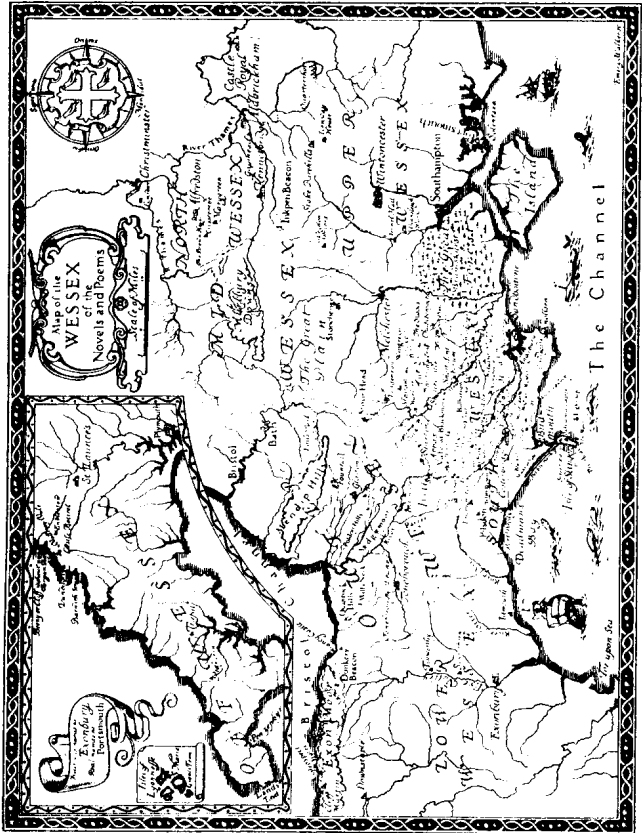
2002年11月

简介

托马斯·哈代(1840—1928)出生于英国南部多塞特郡的一个典型的英国乡村,他在小说创作中,常以这一地区为作品的背景,其著名的“威塞克斯小说”中的威塞克斯就是通过半真实、半虚构的方式取自于此的。哈代是19世纪后期的一位文学大师,他用艺术的手法概述了这一时期英国乡村的风土人情和社会风貌,并在小说和诗歌方面都取得了辉煌成就,促使英国的现实主义创作再度繁荣。《卡斯特桥市长》也取自于他至爱的威塞克斯,它叙述的是一个人的故事,围绕其生活和命运,说明一个人的性格与环境冲突的悲剧。

该简写本中包括一幅威塞克斯的地图,以示该故事在英格兰发生的具体地理位置。

威塞克斯地图



CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
Chapter 1	1
Chapter 2	13
Chapter 3	21
Chapter 4	28
Chapter 5	38
Chapter 6	54
Chapter 7	65
Chapter 8	75
Chapter 9	83
Chapter 10	93
Chapter 11	104
Chapter 12	112
Chapter 13	123
Chapter 14	132
Points for Understanding	143

CHAPTER 1

ONE summer evening in the early nineteenth century, a young man and woman, the latter carrying a child, were walking towards the large village of Weydon-Priors, in Upper Wessex¹. They were plainly dressed, and their clothes and shoes were covered with dust, for they had travelled a long way on foot. The man was tall and good-looking, with a proud, serious face, but there was an angry sadness in his expression. He carried a basket on his back, which contained a hay-knife and various other tools, and his clothes were those of a farm worker.

The couple walked in complete silence. They were quite close together, and from a dis-

¹ *Wessex*: 现今在英格兰找不到一个叫做威塞克斯的郡,但在几百年前确有一个称作威塞克斯的延伸整个英格兰西南部的古撒克逊王国。托马斯·哈代采用这一古名来代表他至爱的这个区,他的作品也多以威塞克斯地区为背景。卷首的地图可用于与现在的英格兰南部地图作比较

tance gave the impression of talking together in an easy, friendly way; but on closer view it could be seen that the man was reading, or pretending to read, a paper which he held in front of his eyes. His silence was unbroken, and the woman enjoyed no society whatever from his presence. She might have been walking alone, except for the child she was carrying. The only words which were spoken by the group were an occasional quiet word of the woman to the child, and the baby talk of the little girl in reply.

As they approached the village, the man closed his paper and looked about him. They heard the sound of music and voices in the distance, which seemed to come from some field on the edge of Weydon-Priors, but thick trees hid the field from their view. As they hesitated, wondering whether to go on to the village or enter the field, a farmer came towards the little group and nodded his head to them in friendly fashion.

The traveller spoke at once. 'Is there any work here?' he asked, waving his hand towards the village. 'Anything in the hay-trussing line¹?'

The farmer shook his head. 'You've come at the wrong time of year to find that sort of

1 line: 行业



work,' he said.

The hay-trusser¹, which he obviously was, looked towards the village and said: 'There's something going on here, however, is there not?'

'Yes, 'tis Fair Day², the farmer answered, 'but the real business is done earlier than this. The villagers are out for a bit of amusement now.'

The farmer went his way, and the trusser and his family walked to the village and soon entered the Fair-field, which showed stands and enclosures where many hundreds of horses and sheep had been shown and sold that morning. The animals had all been taken away, but the crowd was thicker now than during the morning hours. Now that the real business of the day was over, everyone was enjoying the fun of the Fair.

The newcomers looked around for a refreshment tent, as they were tired and thirsty after their long walk. The man went towards a tent which bore the notice: 'Good Home-brewed Beer³, ' but the woman pointed to a smaller tent, in front of

1 hay-trusser: 干草切割捆扎者 2 'tis Fair Day: 今天是一个集市日。'tis 是 "it is" 的古用法, 表示 "它是" 的意思。集市通常是在一个固定的日期, 一年举行一次或两次, 那一天该区的所有农民都来聚会, 买卖马、羊及其他牲畜。在那儿也有杂耍穿插表演和娱乐表演, 以吸引人群 3 Good Home-brewed Beer: 自制的优质啤酒

which was the sign: 'Good Furnity¹ Sold Here.'

'No — no — this one,' she said. 'I always liked furnity; and so does Elizabeth-Jane.'

'I've never tasted it,' said the man. However, he gave way to her request and they entered the furnity tent.

There were a number of people inside, all seated at the long narrow tables at each side of the tent. At the upper end stood a stove containing a charcoal fire, over which hung a large metal pot. An untidy woman of about fifty years old stood beside the pot, slowly stirring its contents. The dull scrape of her large spoon could be heard throughout the tent as she kept the furnity mixture from burning. The young man and woman ordered a basin each of the mixture, and sat down at a table.

But although the furnity was nourishing, it was not particularly enjoyable; and the man, after taking a few mouthfuls, sat and watched the old woman at the pot. He soon saw the game she played, and passed up his basin in reply to her nod. She took a bottle from under the table, and poured some of its contents into the man's furnity. The liquor poured in was rum², and the man found the mixture much more to his liking. He

1 furnity: 香甜牛奶麦粥 2 rum: 朗姆酒, 一种甜酒



finished his basin and called for another, signalling for an even stronger allowance of rum, and it soon became obvious that he was having too much. His wife realised sadly that the furmity tent was proving more dangerous than the beer tent would have been.

The child began to cry, and the wife said more than once to her husband: 'Michael, how about our room for the night? We may have trouble in finding anywhere to sleep if we don't go soon.'

But he would not listen to her. He talked loudly to the company, and at the end of his fourth bowl of furmity he had reached the angry and quarrelsome stage. He began to complain about his marriage. 'I did for myself thoroughly,' he said bitterly. 'I married at eighteen, like the fool that I was, and this is the result.' He pointed at his family. 'I've a wife and child to support, and no money nor work.'

He looked angrily at the young woman, who spoke softly to the child and took no notice of her husband's words. The man continued: 'I haven't more than fifteen shillings in the world, and yet I'm a good experienced worker. If I were a free man again, I'd be worth a thousand pounds before long.' He paused, and looked round the tent. 'You've seen many horses bought and sold

today,' he went on, his voice loud with drunken excitement, 'and I don't see why men with unwanted wives shouldn't get rid of them like these fellows get rid of their old horses. Why shouldn't they sell them to men who want wives? Why, I'd sell mine this minute if anyone would buy her!'

His young wife turned to him and said softly: 'Michael, you've talked this nonsense in public places before. A joke is a joke, but you may make it once too often.'

'I know I've said it before; I meant it. All I want is a buyer.' He turned again to the listeners and shouted: 'Here — I'm waiting to know about this offer of mine. The woman is no good to me. Who'll have her?'

The woman's manner changed, and her face grew dark and angry. 'Michael, this is getting serious!' she said.

'Will anybody buy her?' said the man.

'I wish someone would!' she said firmly.

'My present owner is not at all to my liking.'

'Gentlemen, you hear that?' shouted the man. 'It's an agreement to part. She shall take the girl if she wants to, and go her own way. I'll take my tools, and go mine. Now then, Susan, stand up and show yourself.'

'Don't, my dear!' said a fat old woman who sat near her. 'Your good man doesn't know



what he's saying.'

The young woman, however, did stand up.

'Who'll make an offer for this lady?' said the hay-trusser. 'Who'll say a guinea¹?'

No one answered, and the fat old woman cried: 'Behave yourself, young man, for Heaven's love! Ah, what a cruel fellow the poor girl is married to!'

'No offers?' said the husband. 'Why, she has cost me fifty times the money. I'll tell you what — I won't sell her for less than five. I'll sell her for five guineas to any man who'll pay me the money and treat her well. Now then — five guineas, and she's yours. Susan, do you agree?'

She bowed her head with absolute indifference².

'Five guineas,' said the husband. 'Does anyone give it? Yes or no?'

'Yes,' said a loud voice from the doorway.

All eyes were turned. Standing in the opening which formed the door of the tent was a sailor, who, unseen by the rest, had arrived there within the last two or three minutes.

'Saying is one thing, paying is another,'

1 guinea: 几尼,英国的旧金币,值一镑一先令 2 with absolute indifference: 完全漠不关心

said the husband. 'Where's the money?'

The sailor looked again at the young woman, and then came in, unfolded five crisp pieces of paper and threw them down on the tablecloth. They were Bank-of-England notes for five pounds. Then he threw down the shillings, one at a time.

Until this moment, it could not really be said that the husband was in earnest. The listeners had indeed taken the whole matter as a foolish and unkind joke. But now the laughter left their faces, and there was an uneasy silence in the tent.

At last the woman broke the silence and said in a low, hard voice: 'Before you go further, Michael, listen to me. If you take that money, I and the girl go with this man. It is a joke no longer.'

'A joke? Of course it is not a joke!' shouted the man. 'I take the money; the sailor takes you. That's plain enough.'

'It is quite on the understanding that the young woman is willing,' said the sailor quietly. 'I wouldn't hurt her feelings for the world.'

'But she is willing, provided she can have the child,' the husband answered. 'She said so the other day, when I talked of it.'

'Is this true?' the sailor said to her.



‘Yes,’ she answered slowly.

The sailor smiled. ‘Come along, then!’ he said kindly. ‘And bring the little one, too.’ She paused for an instant and looked at him closely. Then dropping her eyes again, she took the child and followed him to the door. There she turned, and pulling off her wedding-ring¹, threw it across the tent in the hay-trusser’s face. The trusser smiled, and picking up the sailor’s notes he folded them, and put them with the shillings into his pocket.

Taking the sailor’s arm with her right hand, and carrying the little girl with her left, the young woman went out of the tent, crying bitterly.

It was now growing late, and the customers left the tent, one by one, without speaking to the hay-trusser. He stretched his elbows forward on the table, leant his face upon his arms, and was soon fast asleep. When the old firmity woman decided to close for the night, she could not wake him; so she left him where he was, with his basket beside him.

The sun was shining brightly when the man woke up next morning. He raised his head and looked about him — at the tables — at his basket

1 **wedding-ring**: 结婚戒指, 在英国, 妻子将结婚戒指戴在左手的无名指上, 表示已婚