



# 一个富有想像力的女人

## 托马斯·哈代 著

丛书主编：李华田

李华田 杜峰 余继英 编译

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这位年轻的太太擅长微妙丰富的想像，一知道丈夫那天晚上不回来了，便抑制住自己的感情，不轻易冲上楼去打开那个相框，宁愿把一睹风采的机会留待夜阑人静独自一人时，而不愿在午后炫目的阳光下。

武汉测绘科技大学出版社

英汉对照·文学大师作品精选/主编 李华田

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# 前 言

为了满足广大青少年朋友对英美语言文学知识的渴望，让广大青少年朋友能够更好地学习英语，了解英美文学，认识英美文化，于轻松的阅读中拾取知识的珍宝，在休闲的学习中攀登科学的高峰，我们特意组织一批从事英美文学教学和研究的英语老师编写了这套丛书，名曰《英汉对照·文学大师作品精选》。

在本丛书的编撰过程中，我们主要就如下几个方面做了努力：

1. 知识性 本丛书所选作品中既有诗歌、散文，也有游记、小说，还有书信、日记等，可谓内容丰富，题材广泛。通过阅读，读者可以在学习英语语言时熟悉英美文学，可以从一个侧面理解英国人为什么是英国人、美国人为什么是美国人，认识英美民族及其社会文化，了解其历

史背景、社会习俗、人文心理和价值观念，从而既学习语言文学，又了解社会文化，达到一箭双雕的目的。

2. 趣味性 本丛书所选作品，形式多样，风格各异。有的严肃庄重，有的诙谐幽默；有的饱含哲理，有的情感丰富；有的尖锐深刻，有的滑稽风趣。读起来，或妙趣横生，或发人深思，或催人泪下，或令人捧腹，广大读者定能从中获得无穷乐趣。

3. 丰富性和代表性 本丛书中几位作家生活时代不尽相同，作品风格也迥然各异。所选作品在体裁、主题、表现手法等方面也不一样。所以说，内容丰富、形式多样是本丛书的又一大特色。当然，面对那么多的英美文学巨匠，每位大师又有那么多的优秀作品，我们不得不忍痛割爱，只选录了中国人比较熟悉的七位大师作为代表，每位大师的作品也各只选收了十余篇（段）。而且我们在选收作品时，既要考虑本丛书的经典地位，又要防止与市场上同类书籍内容重复，所以本书并不能全面反映各作家的创作风貌，而只能选收一些有代表性的作品。

4. 优美性和可读性 本丛书所选作品主题突出,结构严谨。这些作品大多经过千锤百炼、世代传诵,不少现代作品也是脍炙人口,让人爱不释手。他们语言生动、文字优美,不愧为英美文学的典范。因而,本丛书完全适合我国广大的大中专学生和中等水平的英语爱好者。

5. 注释和翻译 本丛书采用英汉对照的形式把七位文学大师的作品原汁原味地展现在读者面前,并且通过注释,辨义析疑。这样,英语专业出身的读者可以只看原文,品尝纯正的英语风味;非英语专业出身的读者通过借助注释和译文也同样可以含英咀华,升堂入室,陶醉于几位文学巨匠所创造的真、善、美的境界里。当然,文学翻译并不是一件容易的事,要求同时把握好信、达、雅的字三标准,使译文表述既忠实原文,又通顺流畅。而信、达、雅本身又是相互矛盾的,如何处理好三者之间的相互关系,始终是我们翻译过程中的一大难题。为了信,我们尽量忠实原作的内容,保持原作的风格;为了达,我们力求充分表达原作的本意,不任意增删或篡改;为了雅,我们努力寻找最恰当的词语,让

译文也同原文一样优美动人。当信、达、雅出现矛盾时,我们则采用转译、增词、省略、注解、重复等方法,尽力满足读者对译文的欣赏要求。

本丛书先出版七本,分别为《王子与贫儿》(马克·吐温著)、《太阳照样升起》(海明威著)、《丽姬娅》(爱伦·坡著)、《嘉莉妹妹》(德莱塞著)、《温莎的风流娘儿们》(莎士比亚著)、《一个富有想像力的女人》(哈代著)和《内帕斯的女郎》(司各特著)。

本分册为《一个富有想像力的女人》,收录了托马斯·哈代的短篇小说、诗歌和长篇小说节选共十余篇(段)。

托马斯·哈代(Thomas Hardy, 1840~1928年)是英国文学史上的又一座丰碑,在世界文学中也占有相当重要地位,被誉为“英国小说中的莎士比亚”。哈代于1840年6月出生于英国多塞特郡的多切斯特市。他的家乡到处是绿树成荫的林地和石楠丛生的荒原,远离工业文明,而且还一直保持着封建的宗法传统。哈代热爱大自然,对大自然有着特殊的感受。而且在家庭的熏陶下,从小对音乐产生浓厚的兴趣,并

且喜欢听故事。哈代虽未上过大学，但在少年时代就喜欢阅读文学著作，并培养了对文学的浓厚兴趣。22岁时，哈代来到伦敦，跟随亚瑟·布鲁姆菲尔德学习建筑业，从而接触了一个崭新的艺术天地，受到了高层次的艺术熏陶，并激发了对艺术的渴望和追求，也培养了一个未来艺术家所特有的气质。

哈代一生共创作了15部长篇小说、4个短篇小说集、8卷诗集和2部诗剧。其作品既散发着浓浓的乡土人情味，又闪烁着耀眼的智慧和悟性之光。哈代的作品中，最有影响的是小说，特别是性格和环境小说代表了哈代小说现实主义的最高成就。

哈代的思想发展经历了一个复杂的过程：他从信仰上帝发展到抛弃上帝；他最初受达尔文的生物进化论和斯宾塞的社会进化论的影响，后来又受叔本华的内在意志力论的影响，最后形成自己的进化向善论和社会向善论。哈代创作的时代正是英国工业迅速发展的时期，封建宗法制的社会经济秩序正逐步被资本主义的工业化和商业化所替代，逸静的乡村田园风光不断被破

坏。哈代一方面对此无法接受，另一方面又认识到这是社会发展的必然。这种理智与情感的相互摩擦，产生了哈代式的宿命论。他用浪漫主义的笔触无限留恋地描绘出乡村的自然风光，产生出哈代式的阴郁悲伤的文学作品。

哈代以自己的现实主义创作继承和发扬了英国文学的伟大传统，又以自己独特的创作模式融合了现代意识和现代情愫。他的文学作品早已超出了他所生活的维多利亚时代，提前跨入了20世纪中叶。他在婚姻、道德、宗教、教育、妇女解放等问题上所持的观点与现代人的观点有惊人的相似之处。正是这种独特的传统与现代的糅和使哈代的作品能经久不衰，常读常新。

哈代已经成为世界范围内研究家加以研究的重要文学现象之一。他的作品具有永恒的艺术魅力，他代表着英国文学的伟大传统。作为英国杰出的现实主义作家，哈代不仅属于英国，而且属于全世界；不仅属于维多利亚时代，而且属于千秋万代。

为了让广大的中国读者更好地认识哈代和他笔下的那个世界，了

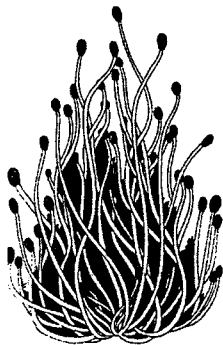
解英国文学,学习英语语言,熟悉英国文化,我们选录部分哈代的作品辑成此书,奉献给大家。

当然,我们只是初涉外国文学的小生,在本书的编译过程中,有幸借鉴了诸多文学大家的研究成果,在此,特向张谷若、张玲、王佐良、张中载、伍蠡甫、顾仲彝、郑启吟、陈焘宇、罗书肆、陈亦君、聂珍钊、李肇华、侍桁等表示最诚挚的谢意。没有他们披荆斩棘的先期探索,就没有我们这本菲薄之作的问世。

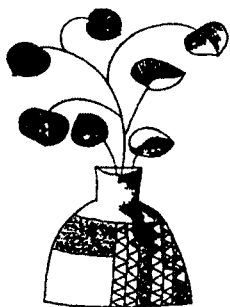
本书由华中师范大学李华田老师组稿,由首都师范大学杜峰老师和上海交通大学余继英老师合作编译完成。本书倾注了我们火一样的热情和殷切的希望。但由于我们才疏学浅,选材和编译方面若有疏漏和不足之处,还望广大专家学者和读者朋友批评指正。

李华田

1999年12月于武汉



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## *An Imaginative Woman*

When William Marchmill had finished his inquiries for lodgings at the well-known watering-place of Solentsea in Upper Wessex, he returned to the hotel to find his wife. She, with the children, had rambled along the shore, and Marchmill followed in the direction indicated by the military-looking hall-porter.

‘By Jove, how far you’ ve gone! I am quite out of breath,’ Marchmill said, rather impatiently, when he came up with his wife, who was reading as she walked, the three children being considerably further ahead with the nurse.

Mrs. Marchmill started out of the reverie into which the book had thrown her. ‘Yes,’ she said, ‘You’ ve been such a long time. I was tired of staying in that dreary hotel. But I am sorry if you have wanted me, Will.’

/ˈrevəri/

遐想

'Well, I have had trouble to suit myself. When you see the airy and comfortable rooms heard of, you find they are stuffy and uncomfortable. Will you come and see if what I've fixed on will do? There is not much room, I am afraid; but I can light on nothing better. The town is rather full.'

The pair left the children and nurse to continue their ramble, and went back together.

In age well-balanced, in personal appearance fairly matched, and in domestic requirements conformable, in temper this couple differed, though even here they did not often clash, he being equable, if not lymphatic, and she decidedly nervous and sanguine. It was to their tastes and fancies, those smallest, greatest particulars, that no common denominator could be applied. Marchmill considered his wife's likes and inclinations somewhat silly; she considered his sordid and material. The husband's business was that of a gunmaker in a thriving city northwards, and his soul was in that business always; the lady was best characterized by that superannuated phrase of elegance 'a votary of the muse.' An impressionable, palpitating creature was Ella,

1. 易受感动的  
1. 'paelpiteitl 悸动

退缩. 回避

shrinking humanely from detailed knowledge of her husband's trade whenever she reflected that everything he manufactured had for its purpose the destruction of life. She could only recover her equanimity by assuring herself that some, at least, of his weapons were sooner or later used for the extermination of horrid <sup>害虫</sup> vermin and animals almost as cruel to their <sup>下等的</sup> inferiors in species as human beings were to theirs.

ˌɪkwəˈnɪmɪti  
沉着. 镇定.

ˌæptɪˈsɪːdəntli 在前. 在先.

She had never antecedently regarded this occupation of his as any objection to having him for a husband. Indeed, the necessity of getting life-leased at all cost, a cardinal virtue which all good mothers teach, kept her from thinking of it at all till she had closed with William, had passed the honeymoon, and reached the reflecting stage. Then, like a person who has stumbled upon <sup>偶然发现</sup> some object in the dark, she wondered what she had got; mentally walked round it, estimated it; whether it were rare or common; contained gold, silver, or lead; were a clog or a pedestal, everything to her or nothing.

ˌɔkjuˈpeɪʃən  
占有. 工作. 消遣  
主要的. 首要的

She came to some vague conclusions, and since then had kept her heart alive by pitying her proprietor's obtuseness and want of refinement, pitying herself, and letting off

her delicate and ethereal emotions in imaginative occupations, day-dreams, and night-sighs, which perhaps would not much have disturbed William if he had known of them.

Her figure was small, elegant, and slight in build, tripping, or rather bounding, in movement. She was dark-eyed, and had that marvellously bright and liquid sparkle in each pupil which characterizes persons of Ella's cast of soul, and is too often a cause of heartache to the possessor's male friends, ultimately sometimes to herself. Her husband was a tall, long-featured man, with a brown beard; he had a pondering regard; and was, it must be added, usually kind and tolerant to her. He spoke in squarely shaped sentences, and was supremely satisfied with a condition of sublunary things which made weapons a necessity.

Husband and wife walked till they had reached the house they were in search of, which stood in a terrace facing the sea, and was fronted by a small garden of wind-proof, and salt-proof evergreens, stone steps leading up to the porch. It had its number in the row, but, being rather larger than the rest, was in addition sedulously distinguished as



Coburg House by its landlady, though everybody else called it 'Thirteen, New Parade'. The spot was bright and lively now; but in winter it became necessary to place sandbags against the door, and to stuff up the keyhole against the wind and rain, which had worn the paint so thin that the priming and knotting showed through.

The householder, who had been watching for the gentleman's return, met them in the passage, and showed the rooms. She informed them that she was a professional man's widow, left in needy circumstances by the rather sudden death of the husband, and she spoke anxiously of the conveniences of her establishment.

Mrs. Marchmill said that she liked the situation and the house; but, it being small, there would not be accommodation enough, unless she could have all the rooms.

The landlady mused with an air of disappointment. She wanted the visitors to be her tenants very badly, she said, with obvious honesty. But unfortunately two of the rooms were occupied permanently by a bachelor gentleman. He did not pay season prices, it was true; but as he kept on his apartments all the year round, and was an extremely nice

and interesting young man, who gave no trouble, she did not like to turn him out for a month's 'let', even at a high figure. 'Perhaps, however,' she added, 'he might offer to go for a time.'

They would not hear of this, and went back to the hotel, intending to proceed to the agent's to inquire further. Hardly had they sat down to tea when the landlady called. Her gentleman, she said, has been so obliging as to offer to give up his rooms for three or four weeks rather than drive the newcomers away.

'It is very kind, but we won't inconvenience him in that way,' said the Marchmills.

'O, it won't inconvenience him, I assure you!' said the landlady eloquently. 'You see, he's a different sort of young man from most—dreamy, solitary, rather melancholy—and he cares more to be here when the southwesterly gales are beating against the door, and the sea washes over the Parade, and there's not a soul in the place, than he does now in the season. He'd just as soon be where, in fact, he's going temporarily, to a little cottage on the Island opposite, for a change.' She hoped therefore

that they would come.

The Marchmill family accordingly took possession of the house next day, and it seemed to suit them very well. After luncheon Mr. Marchmill strolled out towards the pier, and Mrs. Marchmill, having despatched the children to their outdoor amusements on the sands, settled herself in more completely, examining this and that article, and testing the reflecting powers of the mirror in the wardrobe door.

In this small back sitting-room, which had been the young bachelor's, she found furniture of a more personal nature than in the rest. Shabby books, of correct rather than rare editions, were piled up in a queerly reserved manner in corners, as if the previous occupant had not conceived the possibility that any incoming person of the season's bringing could care to look inside them. The landlady hovered on the threshold to rectify anything that Mrs. Marchmill might not find to her satisfaction.

'I'll make this my own little room,' said the latter, 'because the books are here. By the way, the person who has left seems to have a good many. He won't mind my reading some of them, Mrs. Hooper, I hope?'

'O dear no, ma'am. Yes, he has a good

many. You see, he is in the literary line himself somewhat. He is a poet—yes, really a poet—and he has a little income of his own, which is enough to write verses on, but not enough for cutting a figure, even if he cared to. ’

‘A poet! Oh, I did not know that. ’

Mrs. Marchmill opened one of the books, and saw the owner’s name written on the title page. ‘Dear me!’ she continued; ‘I know his name very well—Robert Trewe—of course I do; and his writings! And it is his rooms we have taken, and him we have turned out of his home?’

Ella Marchmill, sitting down alone a few minutes later, thought with interested surprise of Robert Trewe. Her own latter history will best explain that interest. Herself the only daughter of a struggling man of letters, she had during the last year or two taken to writing poems, in an endeavour to find a congenial channel in which to let flow her painfully embayed emotions, whose former limpidity and sparkle seemed departing in the stagnation caused by the routine of a practical household and the gloom of bearing children to a commonplace father. These poems, subscribed with a masculine



pseudonym, had appeared in various obscure magazines, and in two cases in rather prominent ones. In the second of the latter the page which bore her effusion at the bottom, in smallish print, bore at the top, in large print, a few verses on the same subject by this very man, Robert Trewe. Both of them had, in fact, been struck by a tragic incident reported in the daily papers, and had used it simultaneously as an inspiration, the editor remarking in a note upon the coincidence, and that the excellence of both poems prompted him to give them together.

After that event Ella, otherwise 'John Ivy', had watched with much attention the appearance anywhere in print of verse bearing the signature of Robert Trewe, who, with a man's unsusceptibility on the question of sex, had never once thought of passing himself off as a woman. To be sure, Mrs. Marchmill had satisfied herself with a sort of reason for doing the contrary in her case; since nobody might believe in her inspiration if they found that the sentiments came from a pusing tradesman's wife, from the mother of three children by a matter-of-fact small-arms manufacturer.

Trewe's verse contrasted with that of the rank and file of recent minor poets in being