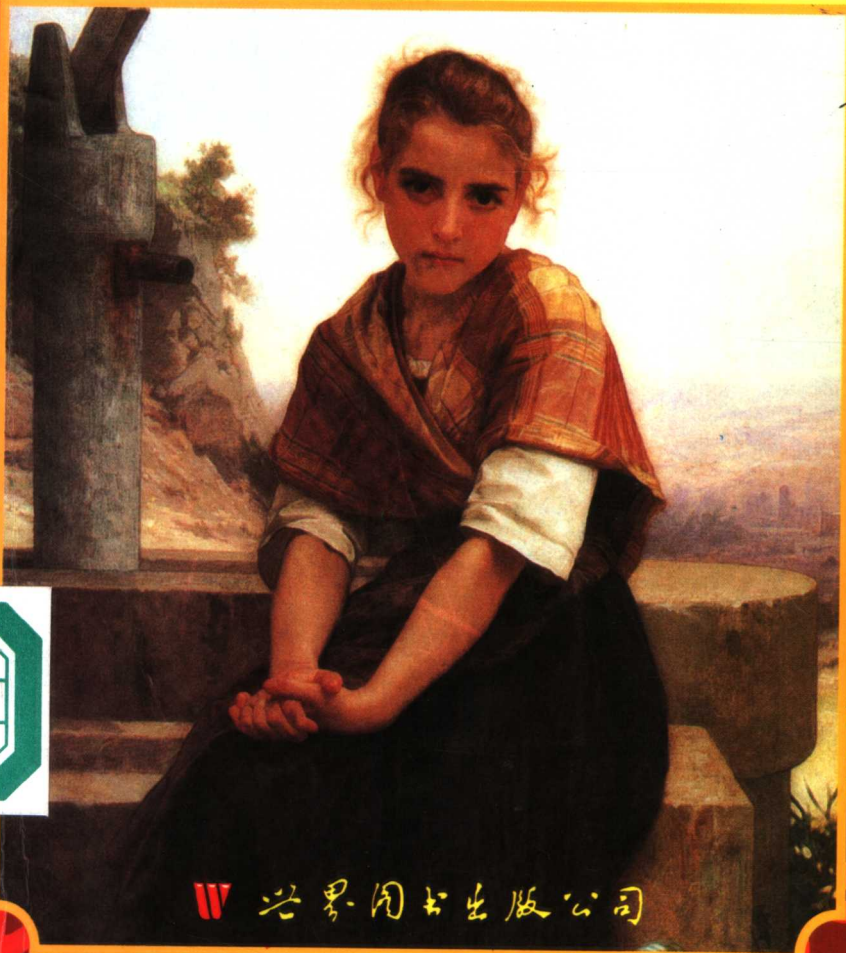


世·界·文·学·经·典·名·著·文·库

THOMAS HARDY

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

德伯家的苔丝



世界图书出版公司

V319.4  
258

世·界·文·学·经·典·名·著·文·库

德伯家的苔丝

刘颖勤 注释

TESS OF  
THE D'URBERVILLES

[英] THOMAS HARDY

世界图书出版公司

西安 北京 广州 上海

(陕)新登字 014 号

责任编辑·张群刚

封面设计·王晓勇

内文插图·刘学训

世界文学经典名著文库

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

德伯家的苔丝

[英]哈代 著 郑振铎 注释

世界图书出版公司 出版发行

(西安市南大街 17 号 邮编 710001)

各地新华书店、外文书店经销

西安建筑科技大学印刷厂印刷

开本: 787×1092 1/32 印张: 12.5 字数: 450 千字

1997 年 1 月第 1 版 1997 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

1999 年 10 月第 2 版 2000 年 10 月第 2 次印刷

印数: 10001—13000

ISBN 7-5062-2207-8/H·71

Wx2207 定价: 12.80 元



托马斯·哈代 像

# “世界文学经典名著文库”编委会

(按姓氏笔划为序)

## 顾问

李赋宁(北京大学英语教授)

孙天义(西安外国语学院英语教授)

## 主编

刘海平(南京大学外国语学院英美文学教授)

杜瑞清(西安外国语学院英美文学教授、英语博士)

余宝珠(西安外国语学院英语教授)

侯维瑞(上海外国语学院英美文学教授)

## 副主编

王艾芬(西北大学英美文学教授)

王监龙(西安交通大学人文学院英语教授)

孙 宏(西北大学英美文学副教授、英语博士)

李天舒(西北大学英美文学教授)

张亚伦(西安外国语学院英美文学教授)

郝克琦(西安交通大学英语教授)

## 作者简介

托马斯·哈代 (Thomas Hardy, 1840—1928) 是英国杰出的现实主义小说家和诗人。他出生于英国南部多塞特郡。哈代的父亲是一名石匠，有音乐天赋；母亲是家庭妇女，爱好文学，对哈代的成长有很大的影响。1856年，哈代离开学校，跟随本地一建筑师学习建筑，并业余自修文学、神学以及拉丁文和希腊文。1862年，哈代来到伦敦，成为一名建筑师的助手。在此期间，他开始从事有关建筑方面的论文写作，并继续自修文学、哲学和诗歌。1867年，因健康状况不佳，哈代回到了家乡，一边从事建筑，一边从事长篇小说的创作。1871年，哈代的第一部小说《计出无奈》获得出版（匿名发表）。1873年，哈代放弃建筑，成为职业作家。

哈代的创作时期也正是英国工业资本主义侵袭农村的时期。小土地所有者日益衰败，农村破产，相沿已久的经济关系和社会关系趋于瓦解。哈代目睹了这一时期他的故乡多塞特郡和附近地区农民的悲惨生活，刻意描写这一地区农民所遭受的不幸和灾难，并对他们的遭遇寄予深切的同情。哈代对于现实的态度，表现在人生注定是一场悲剧这样一种思想里，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”，它的冲动几乎总是造成灾难；因此，哈代的小说具有浓厚的悲观色彩。

哈代最动人的小说都以“韦塞克斯”（英国西南部他的家乡多塞特郡一带）一带为背景。这些小说被称作“韦塞克斯文丛”。第一部是《绿林荫下》（1873），接着是《一双湛蓝的眼睛》（1872—1873）和《远离尘嚣》（1874），后者是哈代的

第一部成功之作。1878—1895年是哈代作为小说家获得光辉成就的阶段。在此期间他发表了《还乡》、《号兵长》、《卡斯特桥市长》、《林地居民》、《德伯家的苔丝》和《无名的裘德》。《苔丝》是“韦塞克斯文丛”里最有力的作品，也是哈代最成功的小说。《苔丝》和《无名的裘德》问世后，哈代受到了当时舆论界的攻击和敌视，对此，哈代深感厌恶，从此决心不再写小说，转而以全部精力写诗，其中代表作有《韦塞克斯诗集》（1898）、《今昔诗篇》（1902）和关于拿破仑战争的三卷诗剧《列王》。

哈代于1928年1月11日在家乡去世，骨灰被安葬在威斯敏斯特教堂。

## 故事梗概

《德伯家的苔丝》是英国杰出的小说家、诗人托马斯·哈代最著名的小说，于1891年出版。

书中描写了贫穷的农家女子苔丝一生的遭遇。苔丝美丽、善良、勤劳纯朴，天资聪慧。她渴望凭自己的劳动过幸福生活，但是，在当时的社会中她的善良愿望很难实现，厄运接踵而来。

一天，苔丝的父亲约翰·德比，一个贫穷的农民，从一个牧师口中获悉，自己本是当地骑士世家德伯家的嫡系子孙，十分兴奋，便派苔丝去附近一个富户德伯太太家认本家。其实，这个德伯家原本是外乡的一个商人，搬来本地后，为了安家立业，当个富绅，这才选了望族德伯的姓加在自己身上；而今，德伯先生已去世，家中只剩下瞎眼的德伯太太和一个轻浮的独子亚雷。亚雷是个道德败坏、经常勾引玩弄女性的家伙，一见苔丝后就存心不良。他设下种种圈套，最终污辱了苔丝。涉世未深的苔丝只好饮恨回家，后生了一个私生子，成为一个“失了身的女子”，为此，她忍受了周围人们的歧视和道德偏见的压力。后来，孩子病死，生活中感到十分压抑和苦闷的苔丝为了改换环境，再次离家去当一名挤奶女工。在牛奶场，苔丝与一个特殊的工人安基·克莱相遇，两人很快产生了爱情。安基是一位牧师的儿子，但却对宗教的神圣性持怀疑态度。于是就来奶场实习，准备以后办一个自己的农场。安基认识了苔丝后，便拒绝了一个门当户对的小姐。而苔丝爱上安基后，也感到内心产生了新的力量和希望。然而，失身的往事却常常折磨着她的心。她想将沉痛的历史和盘托



出，求得谅解，但又怕失去安基，心情十分矛盾。新婚之夜，苔丝终于向丈夫诉说了自己的不幸经历。不料，也同样犯有前科的安基立刻认定自己被欺骗了，不仅没有宽恕苔丝，反而独自离去，远走巴西。安基的出走给苔丝的生活和精神都带来了沉重的打击。她重新陷入困境，为生活所迫而四下觅活打工，但她默默地忍受着这一切苦难，盼望有朝一日能与丈夫言归于好。可是，安基一走便杳无音信，苔丝的希望也完全破灭了。与此同时，已成牧师的亚雷又来纠缠苔丝。身披宗教外衣的亚雷虽满口仁爱正义，但邪恶本质依然未改。苔丝在父亲病死，全家人被撵出租期已满的住宅，流落街头，走投无路的情况下，为生活所迫，屈从了亚雷。然而，就在这时，安基怀着悔恨的心情，拖着病躯，从巴西归来，想同妻子和好。安基的突然出现，使苔丝受到极大的刺激，她完全绝望了，加之亚雷又用恶语中伤安基，这一切终于酿成了苔丝杀死亚雷的悲剧，她认为亚雷是使她不幸的罪魁。很快案情败露，苔丝与安基在荒野中度过了几天逃亡生活，最后被警方逮捕，并被判处绞刑。

# PHASE THE FIRST

## THE MAIDEN

### I

ON an evening in the latter part of May a middle-aged man was walking homeward from Shaston to the village of Marlott, in the adjoining Vale of Blakemore or Blackmoer. The pair of legs that carried him were rickety, and there was a bias in his gait which inclined him somewhat to the left of a straight line. He occasionally gave a smart nod, as if in confirmation of some opinion; though he was not thinking of anything in particular. An empty egg-basket was slung upon his arm, the nap of his hat was ruffled, a patch being quite worn away at its brim where his thumb came in taking it off. Presently he was met by an elderly parson astride on a grey mare, who, as he rode, hummed a wandering tune.

"Good-night t' ee," said the man with the basket.

"Good-night, Sir John," said the parson.

The pedestrian, after another pace or two, halted, and turned round.

"Now, sir, begging your pardon, we met last market-day on this road about this time, and I said 'Good-night,' and you made reply '*Good-night, Sir John*', as now."

"I did," said the parson.

"And once before that—near a month ago."

"I may have."

"Then what might your meaning be in calling me '*Sir John*' these different times, when I be plain Jack Durbeyfield *the haggler*?"

The parson rode a step or two nearer. "It was only my whim," he said; and, after a moment's hesitation, "It was on account of a discovery I made some little time ago, whilst I was hunting up pedigrees for the new county history. I am Parson Tringham, the antiquary, of Stagfoot Lane. Don' t you really know, Durbeyfield, that you are the lineal representative of the ancient and knightly family of the d' Urbervilles, who derive their descent from Sir Pagan d' Urberville,

that renowned knight who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror, as appears by Battle Abbey Roll?"

"Never heard it before, sir!"

"Well—it's true.... Throw up your chin a moment, so that I may catch the profile of your face better. Yes, that's the d'Urberville nose and chin—a little debased. —Your ancestor was one of the twelve knights who assisted the Lord of Estremavilla in Normandy in his conquest of Glamorganshire. *Branches of your family held manors over all this part of England*; their names appear in *the Pipe Rolls in the time of King Stephen*. In the reign of King John one of them was rich enough to give a manor to *the Knights Hospitallers*; and in Edward the Second's time your forefather Brian was summoned to Westminster to attend the great Council there. You declined a little in Oliver Cromwell's time, but to no serious extent, and in Charles the Second's reign you were made *Knights of the Royal Oak* for our loyalty. Aye, there have been generations of Sir Johns among you, and if knighthood were hereditary like a baronetcy—as it practically was in old times, when men were knighted from father to son—you would be Sir John now."

"Ye don't say so!"

"In short," concluded the parson decisively smacking his leg with his switch, "there's hardly such another family in England!"

"Daze my eyes, and isn't there," said Durbeyfield. "And here have I been knocking about year after year from pillar to post as if I was no more than the commonest feller in the parish.... And how long hev this news about me been knowed; Pa' son Tringham?"

The clergyman explained that as far as he was aware, it had quite died out of knowledge, and could hardly be said to be known at all. His own investigations had begun on a day in the preceding spring when having been engaged in tracing the vicissitudes of the d'Urberville family he had observed Durbeyfield's name on his waggon, and had thereupon been led to make inquiries about his father and grandfather till he had no doubt on the subject. "At first I resolved not to disturb you with such a useless piece of information," said he. "However our impulses are too strong for our judgment sometimes. I thought you might perhaps know something of it all the while."

"Well, I have heard once or twice, 'tis true, that my family had seen better days afore they came to Blackmoor. But I took no notice o' t, thinking it to mean that we had once kept two horses where we now keep only one. I've got a wold silver spoon, and a wold graven seal at home, too; but Lord, what's a spoon and seal?.... And to think that I and these noble d'Urbervilles were one flesh all the time. 'Twas said

that my gr' t-granfer had secrets, and didn' t care to talk of where he come from. . . . And where do we raise our somke now, parson, if I may make so bold; I mean, where do we d' Urbervilles live?"

"You don' t live anywhere. You are extinct—as a county family. "

"That' s bad. "

"Yes — what the mendacious family chronicles call extinct in the male line—that is , gone down—gone under. "

"Then where do we lie?"

"At Kingsbere-sub-Greenhill: rows and rows of you in your vaults, with your effigies, under Purbeck-marble canopies. "

"And where be our family mansions and estates?"

"You haven' t any. "

"Oh? No lands neither?"

"None; though you once had' em in abundance, as I said, for your family consisted of numerous branches. In this county there was a seat of yours at Kingsbere, and another at Sherton, and another at Millpond, and another at Lullstead, and another at Wellbridge. "

"And shall we ever come into our own again?"

"Ah—that I can' t tell!"

"And what had I better do about it, sir?" asked Durbeyfield after a pause.

"Oh—nothing, nothing; except chasten yourself with the thought of '*how are the mighty fallen.*' It is a fact of some interest to the local historian and genealogist, nothing more. There are several families among the cottagers of this county of almost equal lustre. Good-night. "

"But you'll turn back and have a quart of beer wi' me on the strength o' t Pa' son Tringham? There' s a very pretty brew in tap at The Pure Drop—though, to be sure, not so good as at Rolliver' s" "

"No thank you—not this evening Durbeyfield. You've had enough already. " Concluding thus the parson rode on his way, with doubts as to his discretion in retailing this curious bit of lore.

When he was gone Durbeyfield walked a few steps in a profound reverie, and then sat down upon the grassy bank by the roadside depositing his basket before him. In a few minutes a youth appeared in the distance, walking in the same direction as that which had been pursued by Durbeyfield; the latter on seeing him held up his hand, and the lad quickened his pace and came near.

"Boy—take up that basket! I want ' ee to go on an errand for me. "

The lath-like stripling frowned. "Who be you, then, John Durbeyfield, to order me about and call me boy? You know my name as well as I know yours!"

"Do you, do you! That's the secret—that's the secret! Now obey my orders, and take the message I'm going to charge 'ee wi' .... Well, Fred, I don't mind telling you that the secret is that I'm one of a noble race—it has been just found out by me this present afternoon, p. m." And as he made the announcement Durbeyfield, declining from his sitting position, luxuriously stretched himself out upon the bank among the daisies.

The lad stood before Durbeyfield and contemplated his length from crown to toe.

"Sir John d' Urberville—that's who I am," continued the prostrate man; "that is if knights were baronets—which they be. 'Tis recorded in history all about me. Dost know of such a place, lad, as Kingsbere-sub-Greenhill?"

"Ees. I've been there to Greenhill Fair."

"Well, under the church of that city there lie—"

"'Tisn't a city—the place I mean, leastwise 'twaddn' when I was there—'twas a little one-eyed blinking sort o' place—"

"Never you mind the place, boy—that's not the question before us. Under the church of that there parish lie my ancestors—hundreds of 'em—in coats of mail and jewels—in gr't lead coffins weighing tons and tons. There's not a man in the county o' South-Wessex that's got grander and nobler skillentons in his family than I."

"Oh?"

"Now take up that basket, and goo on to Marlott, and when you've come to The Pure Drop Inn, tell'em to send a horse-and-carriage to me immed'ately, to carry me hwome. And in the bottom o' the carriage they be to put a noggin o' rum in a small bottle and chalk it up to my account. And when you've done that goo on to my house with the basket, and tell my wife to put away that washing, because she needn't finish it, and wait till I come hwome, as I've news to tell her."

As the lad stood in a dubious attitude Durbeyfield put his hand in his pocket and produced a shilling, one of the chronically few that he possessed. "Here's for your labour, lad."

This made a difference in the young man's estimate of the position. "Yes Sir John. Thank 'ee. Anything else I can do for 'ee, Sir John?"

"Tell 'em at hwome that I should like for supper, well, lamb's fry if they can get it; and if they can't, black-pot; and if they can't get that, well, chitterlings will do."

"Yes, Sir John."

The boy took up the basket and as he set out the notes of a brass

band were heard from the direction of the village. "What's that?" said Durbeyfield. "Not on account o' I?"

"'Tis the women's club-walking, Sir John. Why your da'ter is one o' the members."

"To be sure—I'd quite forgot it in my thoughts of greater things. Well, vamp on to Marlott, will ye, and order that carriage, and maybe I'll drive round and inspect the club."

The lad departed, and Durbeyfield lay waiting on the grass and daisies in the evening sun. Not a soul passed that way for a long while, and the faint notes of the band were the only human sounds audible within the rim of blue hills.

## II

THE village of Marlott lay amid the north-eastern undulations of the beautiful Vale of Blackmore or Blackmoor aforesaid — an engirdled and secluded region, for the most part untrodden as yet by tourist or landscape-painter, though within a four hours' journey from London.

It is a vale whose acquaintance is best made by viewing it from the summits of the hills that surround it — except perhaps during the drougths of summer. An unguided ramble into its recesses in bad weather is apt to engender dissatisfaction with its narrow, tortuous, and miry ways.

This fertile and sheltered tract of country, in which the fields are never brown and the springs never dry, is bounded on the south by the bold chalk ridge that embraces the prominences of Hambledon Hill, Bulbarrow, Nettlecombe-Tout, Dogbury, High-Stoy, and Bubb-Down. The traveller from the coast who, after plodding northward for a score of miles over calcareous downs and corn-lands, suddenly reaches the verge of one of these escarpments, is surprised and delighted to behold, extended like a map beneath him, a country differing absolutely from that which he has passed through. Behind him the hills are open, the sun blazes down upon fields so large as to give an unenclosed character to the landscape, the lanes are white, the hedges low and plashed, the atmosphere colourless. Here in the valley the world seems to be constructed upon a smaller and more delicate scale; the fields are mere paddocks, so reduced that from this height their hedgerows appear a network of dark green threads overspreading the paler green of the grass. The atmosphere beneath is languorous, and is so tinged with azure that what artists call the middle-distance partakes also of that hue, while the horizon beyond is of the deepest ultramarine. Arable lands are few and limited; with but slight exceptions the prospect is a broad rich mass of grass and trees, mantling minor hills and dales within the major. Such is the Vale of Blackmoor.

The district is of historic no less than of topographical interest. The Vale was known in former times as *the Forest of White Hart*, from a curious legend of King Henry the Third's reign, in which the killing by a certain Thomas de la Lynd of a beautiful white hart which the king had run down and spared, was made the occasion of a heavy fine. In those days, and till comparatively recent times, the country

was densely wooded. Even now traces of its earlier condition are to be found in the old oak copses and irregular belts of timber that yet survive upon its slopes, and the hollow-trunked trees that shade so many of its pastures.

The forests have departed, but some old customs of their shades remain. Many however linger only in a metamorphosed or disguised form. The May-Day dance, for instance, was to be discerned, on the afternoon under notice, in the guise of the club-revel, or "clubwalking", as it was there called.

It was an interesting event to the younger inhabitants of Marlott, though its real interest was not observed by the participators in the ceremony. Its singularity lay less in the retention of a custom of walking in procession and dancing on each anniversary than in the members being solely women. In men's clubs such celebrations were though expiring, less uncommon; but either the natural shyness of the softer sex, or a sarcastic attitude on the part of male relatives, had denuded such women's clubs as remained (if any other did) of this their glory and consummation. The club of Marlott alone lived to uphold the local *Cerealia*. It had walked for hundreds of years, if not as benefit-club, as votive sisterhood of some sort; and it walked still.

The banded ones were all dressed in white gowns—a gay survival from *Old-Style days*, when cheerfulness and Maytime were synonyms—days before the habit of taking long views had reduced emotions to a monotonous average. Their first exhibition of themselves was in a processional march of two and two round the parish. Ideal and real clashed slightly as the sun lit up their figures against the green hedges and creeper-laced house-fronts; for, though the whole troop wore white garments, no two whites were alike among them. Some approached pure blanching; some had a bluish pallor; some worn by the older characters (which had possibly lain by folded for many a year) inclined to a cadaverous tint, and to a *Georgian style*.

In addition to the distinction of a white frock every woman and girl carried in her right hand a peeled willow-wand, and in her left a bunch of white flowers. The peeling of the former, and the selection of the latter, had been an operation of personal care.

There were a few middle-aged and even elderly women in the train, their silver-wiry hair and wrinkled faces, scourged by time and trouble, having almost a grotesque, certainly a pathetic, appearance in such a jaunty situation. In a true view, perhaps, there was more to be gathered and told of each anxious and experienced one, to whom the years were drawing nigh when she should say, "I have no pleasure in them," than of her juvenile comrades. But let the elder be passed over



here for those under whose bodices the life throbbed quick and warm.

The young girls formed, indeed, the majority of the band, and their heads of luxuriant hair reflected in the sunshine every tone of gold, and black, and brown. Some had beautiful eyes, others a beautiful nose, others a beautiful mouth and figure; few, if any, had all. A difficulty of arranging their lips in this crude exposure to public scrutiny, an inability to balance their heads, and to dissociate self-consciousness from their features, was apparent in them, and showed that they were genuine country girls, unaccustomed to many eyes.

And as each and all of them were warmed without by the sun, so each had a private little sun for her soul go bask in; some dream, some affection, some hobby, at least some remote and distant hope which, though perhaps starving to nothing, still lived on, as hopes will. Thus they were all cheerful, and many of them merry.

They came round by The Pure Drop Inn, and were turning out of the high road to pass through a wicket-gate into the meadows, when one of the women said:

"The Lord-a-Lord! Why, Tess Durbeyfield, if there isn't thy father riding hwome in a carriage!"

A young member of the band turned her head at the exclamation. She was a fine and handsome girl—not handsomer than some others, possibly—but her mobile peony mouth and large innocent eyes added eloquence to colour and shape. She wore a red ribbon in her hair, and was the only one of the white company who could boast of such a pronounced adornment. As she looked round Durbeyfield was seen moving along the road in a chaise belonging to The Pure Drop, driven by a frizzle-headed brawny damsel with her gown-sleeves rolled above her elbows. This was the cheerful servant of that establishment, who, in her part of factotum, turned groom and ostler at times. Durbeyfield, leaning back, and with his eyes closed luxuriously, was waving his hand above his head and singing in a slow recitative, "I've-got-a-gr't-family-vault-at-Kingsbere — and-knighted-forefathers-in-lead-coffins-there!"

The clubbists tittered, except the girl called Tess—in whom a slow heat seemed to rise at the sense that her father was making himself foolish in their eyes. "He's tired, that's all," she said hastily, "and he has got a lift home, because our own horse has to rest to-day."

"Bless thy simplicity, Tess," said her companions. "He's got his market-nitch. Haw-haw!"

"Look here; I won't walk another inch with you, if you say any jokes about him!" Tess cried, and the colour upon her cheeks spread