



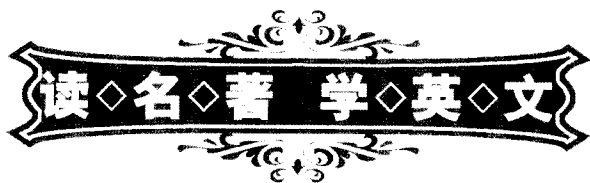
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德伯维尔家的苔丝
*Tess of the
D'Urbervilles*

〔英〕托马斯·哈代 原著

贾志刚 编译

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图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

德伯维尔家的苔丝 / (英) 哈代 (Hardy, T.) 著; 贾志刚编译.

—北京: 中国书籍出版社, 2006.9

(读名著学英文丛书)

书名原文: Tess of The D'urbervilles

ISBN 7-5068-1458-7

I. 德... II. ①哈... ②贾... III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物 ②长篇小说—英国—近代 IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2006) 第 097938 号

责任编辑 / 毕磊

责任印制 / 熊力 武雅彬

封面设计 / 李栋设计工作室 → 徐波

出版发行 / 中国书籍出版社

地 址 / 北京市丰台区三路居路 97 号 (邮编: 100073)

电 话 / (010) 51259192 (总编室) (010) 51259186 (发行部)

电子邮箱: chinabp@vip.sina.com

经 销 / 全国新华书店

印 刷 / 北京高岭印刷有限公司

开 本 / 787 毫米 × 1092 毫米 1/24

印 张 / 15

字 数 / 339 千字

版 次 / 2006 年 8 月第 1 版 2006 年 8 月第 1 次印刷

印 数 / 0001—8000 册

定 价 / 29.80 元

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Tess of the D'Urbervilles

德伯维尔家的苔丝



1

On an evening in late May, a middle-aged man was walking home from Shas-ton to the village of Marlott. He was drunk and he could not walk in a straight line. An empty egg-basket was slung upon his arm, and his hat was old and worn. Presently he was met by an elderly parson who rode on a gray mare.

“Good night to you,” said the man with the basket.

“Good night, Sir John,” said the parson.

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

“Now, sir, begging your pardon; then what your mean be in calling me, ”Sir John.“ when I be plain Jack Durbeyfield, the haggler?”

The parson rode a step or two nearer.

“It was on account of a discovery I made some little time ago, I thought you have known it. I am Parson Tringham, the antiquary, of Stagfoot Lane, and I am compiling the new local history. Don’t you really know, Durbeyfield, that you are the direct descendant of the ancient and knightly family of the D’Urberville? The family derived their descent from Sir Pagan D’Urberville, that renowned knight who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror.”

“I have never heard it before, sir!”

“Well it’s true. Throw up your chin a moment, so that I may see your face



五月下旬的某个傍晚，一个中年男子正从沙斯屯回家往马洛特村走去。他已经喝醉了，一路上东倒西歪。他手臂上挎着一只装鸡蛋用的空篮子，帽子又旧又破。不一会儿，他遇到了一个骑着一匹灰色母马的老牧师。

“晚上好。”挎着篮子的男子说。

“晚上好，约翰爵士。”牧师说。

男子继续向前走了一两步，站住了，转过身来。

“喂，对不起，先生。您称呼我是‘约翰爵士’是什么意思啊？可我杰克·德贝菲尔不过是一个平平常常的人，一个小贩而已。”

牧师骑着马向他走近一两步。

“这是我前不久才发现的，我还以为你是知道的。我是鹿脚路的考古学家特林汉姆牧师，我正在编写新的地方志。德伯维尔，你就是那个古老的骑士世家德伯维尔氏的嫡系后代呀，你真的不知道吗？那个家族是佩根·德伯维尔爵士的后裔。这位骑士大名鼎鼎，是跟随征服者威廉王一起从诺曼底来的。”

“这我过去可从没听说过，先生！”

“但这是真的。你把下巴抬起来一点，让我好好看看你的脸。不错，这正

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better. Yes, that's the D'Urberville nose and chin. D'Urbervilles have owned land and served their King for hundreds of years. In short, "concluded the parson, "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,... Well, Parson Tringham, about this news, I have heard once or twice, it's true, that my family had lived better days before they came to Blackmoor. But I took no notice it, thinking it to mean that we had once kept two horses but we now keep only one. I've got an old silver spoon, and an old graven seal at home, too; ... now, parson, where do we D'Urbervilles live?"

"You don't live anywhere. Your ancestors lived at Kingsbere-sub-Greenhill." "And shall we ever come into our own again? I mean, where be our family manors and estates? And lands?"

"Ah, You haven't any. 'How are the mighty fallen'. You are extinct-as a county family. But, it was only my whim to tell you. Good night."

"But you'll turn back and have a quart of beer with me, ok? "

"No, thank you, Durbeyfield. You've had enough already." The parson rode on his way, with doubts if he should told the legend to the man.

When he was gone, Durbeyfield sat down upon the grass by the roadside, putting his basket before him. And then he lay on the grass in the evening sun. Nobody passed that way for a long while.

The Vale of Blackmoor is a rich and sheltered land. The fields are never brown and the streams never dry. Arable lands are few and limited; with but slight

是德伯维尔家族的鼻子和下巴。德伯维尔家族拥有大片土地，而且数百年来效忠于国王。总之，”牧师下结论说，“在英格兰，你们这样的家族简直找不出第二个。”

“我是不是头发昏了，在英格兰找不出第二家吗？”德贝菲尔说，“可是我一直在这一带到处漂泊，一年又一年的，到处受气，……啊，特林汉姆牧师，关于我们家族的消息，我也听说过一两回。是的，说我们这个家族在搬到黑荒原谷以前，也曾经风光过一阵子。可是我却没有在意，心想，那只是说我们现在只有一匹马，而过去我们曾经有过两匹马。我家里还保存着一把古老的银汤匙和一方刻有纹章的古印；……噢，牧师，我们德伯维尔家族住在哪儿？”

“哪儿也没有你们家族了。你的祖先们都埋在青山下的金斯贝尔。”

“可我家还会过上好日子吗？我是说，我家的庄园和房产在哪儿呢？还有土地呢？”

“噢，你家里什么都没有了。三十年河东，三十年河西，作为一郡的世族，你的家族已经败落了。我只是一时冲动才告诉你的。告辞了。”

“可是，你会回来跟我喝一大杯啤酒，不是吗？”

“谢谢你，我不喝了，德贝菲尔。你已经喝得够多了。”牧师骑着马继续上路，心里有些怀疑该不该把这个传说告诉他。

牧师走后，德贝菲尔就在路边的草坡上坐下来，把篮子放在面前。接着他就躺在草地上，沐浴在的夕阳中。很久很久，那条路上没有一个人走过。

黑荒原谷是一片在层峦叠嶂的丰饶之地，田野从不枯黄，溪流永不干涸。这儿的耕地很少，面积不大；只见那些广阔的生长茂盛的大片草地和树

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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 and the village of Marlott lay in it.

On the same afternoon, Marlott was keeping the old custom of the women's club-walking. The women in the train all wore white dresses and carried a bunch of white flowers. The young girls formed the majority of the train. They were all plain country girls, and lose their nerve to many eyes. But each and all of them had a private little sun for her soul to bask in: some dream, some affection, some interest, at least some distant uncertain hope. Thus they were all cheerful, and many of them merry.

When they started to move into the meadows, one of the women said:

"Why, Tess Durbeyfield, isn't there your father? He's riding home in a carriage!"

A young girl turned her head at these words. She was a fine and handsome girl, with large innocent eyes. As she looked round, Durbeyfield was moving along the road in a carriage. Durbeyfield, leaning back, and with his eyes closed comfortably, was waving his hand above his head, and singing:

"I've-got-a-great-family-buried-at-Kingsbere..."

The women laughed, except the girl called Tess. Her face went red for she realized 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 today."

"I am afraid that he's drunk. Haw-haw!" said her partners.

"Look here, I won't walk another inch with you, if you say any jokes about

木覆盖着大山中间的山峦和小谷。黑荒原谷就是这种风光。马洛特村就坐落在那里。

就在那天下午，马洛特村正延续着古老的风俗，举行着妇女乡社游行。队伍中的妇女们都穿着白色长袍，手里则拿着一束白色的鲜花。年轻的姑娘们在游行的队伍中占了大多数。她们都是朴素的乡村姑娘，在众目睽睽之下，她们显得手足无措。但是她们的灵魂都沐浴在各自的小太阳的光芒之中，那是一种梦想，一种纯情，一种兴味，至少也是一种遥远而渺茫的希望。所以，她们每个人都精神振奋，兴高采烈。

就在她们准备走进草地时，有个妇女说：

“哎呀，苔丝·德贝菲尔，那不是你爸爸吗？他坐马车回家！”

听到这话，一个年轻的姑娘扭头看去。她是一个俊俏姑娘，生着一双天真无邪的大眼睛。她回头看时，德贝菲尔正坐着一辆马车沿道而来。他仰靠在车背上，舒服地闭着眼睛，一只手不停地在头顶上舞动着，仰头唱着：

“金斯贝尔埋葬着我们的伟大家族！”

女人们都大笑起来，只有那个叫做苔丝的姑娘除外。她意识到她的父亲是在众人眼里出丑，脸都羞红了。

“他只是累了，没有别的，”她急忙说，“他是搭别人的便车回家，因为我们家的马今天得休息。”

“恐怕他是喝醉了吧，哈哈！”她的同伴们说。

“听着，你们要是拿他开玩笑，那我就一步也不再和你们往前走了！”苔

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him!" Tess cried. In a moment her eyes grew wet, and her glance drooped to the ground. Seeing that they had really pained her they said no more, and the train moved again.

Tess had recovered her calmness when they reached the dancing spot. At this time of her age, she was a mere vessel of emotion untouched by experience. Phases of her childhood lurked in her aspect still. As she walked along today, you could sometimes see her twelfth year in her cheeks, or her ninth sparkling from her eyes.

The dancing began. As there were no men in the company the girls danced at first with each other. Later, the young men of the village, together with and some passers gathered round the spot.

Among these on-lookers were three young men of a superior class, in fact, they were brothers. The eldest was curate; the second was the normal undergraduate; the position of the third and youngest was hard to guess, maybe he was a student that wanted to learn a bit from everything. These three brothers were spending their holidays in a walking tour through the Vale of Blackmoor.

The youngest man, who was attracted by the dancing obviously, took off his pack, put it, with his stick, on the hedge-bank, and opened the gate.

"What are you going to do, Angel?" asked the eldest.

"I want to go and have a fling with them—just for a minute or two—it will not detain us long?"

"No—no; nonsense!" said the first. "Dancing in public with a troop of country girls—suppose we should be seen! Come along, or it will be dark before we get to Stourcastle, and there's no place we can sleep at nearer than that."

丝叫起来。不一会儿，她的眼睛湿润了，目光垂到了地上。看到这些，她们真是心痛，就住口不再说了，队伍继续往前走着。

当她们走到跳舞场地的时候，苔丝已经恢复了平静。在她这个年龄，她还仅仅是满腔纯情，不通世故。童年时代的特征，现在仍然还留在她的身上。在她今天一路走着的时候，有时候你在她的双颊上还能够看到她十二岁时的影子，或者从她的眼睛里看到她九岁时的神情。

跳舞开始了。因为队伍里没有男子，所以开始时姑娘们便彼此配对跳了起来。后来，村子里的年轻小伙子们和一些过路的行人一起聚集到舞场的周围。

围观的人中有三个身份较高的青年，实际上，他们是亲兄弟。年龄最长的一个是助理牧师，第二个是大学生，最小的第三个还很难猜出他的身份，或许他是一个什么东西都想学一点儿的学生呢。这三兄弟正在度假，正要步行游玩黑荒原谷的。

最小的一位显然被这种舞蹈场面吸引住了，因此他取下背包，连棍子一起放在树篱上，打开了门。

“你要干什么呀，安琪尔？”大哥问。

“我想去同她们跳一会儿舞——就一会儿，不会耽误我们太久的。”

“不行——不行；胡说八道！”大哥说，“在公开场合同一群乡下野姑娘跳舞——假如让人看见了怎么办！快走吧，不然我们走不到斯图尔堡天就黑了，走不到那儿我们可找不到地方睡觉。

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"All right—I'll overtake you and Cuthbert in five minutes; don't stop; I give my word that I will, Felix."

The two elder reluctantly left him and walked on taking their brother's pack to relieve him, and the youngest entered the field.

"This is a thousand pities," he said gallantly, to two or three of the girls nearest him, as soon as there was a pause in the dance.

"Where are your partners, my dears?"

"They've not left off work yet," answered one of the boldest.

"They'll be here by and by. Till then, will you be one, sir?"

"Certainly. But what's one among so many!"

"Better than none. It's a gloomy work dancing with one of your own sex. Now, pick and choose."

"Sh—don't be so brass!" said a shyer girl.

The young man, glanced them over, but, as the group were all so new to him, he could not very well choose someone. He took almost the first that came to hand, which was not the speaker, nor was Tess Durbeyfield. Her noble blood had not yet started to help Tess.

The church clock struck, when suddenly the student said that he must leave—he had been forgetting himself—he had to join his companions. As he fell out of the dance his eyes lighted on Tess Durbeyfield, whose own large orbs wore, to tell the truth, the faintest aspect of reproach that he had not chosen her. He, too, was sorry then that, owing to her backwardness, he had not observed her; and with that in his mind he left the pasture.

“好吧——我在五分钟之内赶上你和卡斯贝特；不用等我；你放心，菲力克斯，我会在五分钟内赶上你。”

两个哥哥不情愿地走了。他们带走了背包，好让弟弟赶路时轻松些，而最年轻的弟弟则走进了跳舞的场地。

“真是万分的遗憾，”跳舞稍一停顿，他就对离他最近的两三个姑娘大献殷勤说，“亲爱的，你们的舞伴呢？”

“现在他们还没有收工呢，”有一个最大胆的姑娘回答说“他们马上就都来了。趁他们还没来，你来跳好吗，先生？”

“当然好。可是我一个人怎么同这么多女孩子跳啊！”

“总比没有的好呀。女的跟女的跳，真没劲儿。来，你自己挑一个吧。”

“嘘——别不害臊了吧！”一个害羞的姑娘说。

年轻人把她们打量了一阵，但是，这群姑娘个个都是新面孔，他几乎无法选择了。于是他选择了第一个走到他跟前的女孩子，不是那个大胆姑娘，也不是苔丝·德贝菲尔。她那贵族的血统还没来帮她的忙呢。

教堂的钟声敲响了，那个年轻人突然说他必须离开了——他刚才一直得意忘形——他不得不去追赶他的同伴。在他从跳舞场中退出来时，看到苔丝·德贝菲尔，老实说，因为先前没有选中她，她的一双大眼睛里含有微微的怨恨。此时，由于她的退缩不前，他也为自己没有注意到她而感到遗憾；他心里就带着这种遗憾离开了跳舞场。

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When he had climbed the hill, he paused to get breath, and looked back. He could see the white figures of the girls on the green land whirling about as they had whirled when he was among them. They seemed to have quite forgotten him already.

All of them, except, perhaps, one. This white shape stood apart by the hedge alone. From her position he knew it to be the pretty maiden with whom he had not danced. Trifling as the matter was, he yet instinctively felt that she was hurt by his oversight. He wished that he had asked her; he wished that he had inquired her name. She was so modest, so soft that he felt he had acted stupidly.

However, it could not be helped, so he turned and walked ahead, forgetting the matter.

Tess Durbeyfield did not forget the strange young man so easily. She had no interest in dancing again for a long time, though she might have had plenty of partners. It was not till the young men had disappeared over the hill that she returned to the dancing.

She might have stayed even later, but her father's odd appearances make her anxious, and so she went home.

There was lighting one candle in the room, but Tess felt a sense with an unspeakable dreariness. As usual, her mother, Joan Durbeyfield was washing clothing, with one foot beside the tub, the other rocking her youngest child.

"I'll rock the cradle for you, mother," said the daughter gently, "I thought you had finished long ago."

"Well, I'm glad you've come," her mother said excitedly, as if she was

爬到小山上时，他停下来喘了一口气，回头看了看。他能够看见姑娘们的白色身影在绿色的舞场上旋转着，就像刚才他在她们中间一起旋转一样。她们似乎已经完全把他忘记了。

她们所有的人都把他忘了，也许有一个姑娘除外。那个白色的身影孤零零地站在树篱旁边。从她站的地方他可以看出来，她就是那个他没有请她跳舞的漂亮姑娘。尽管是件小事，他却本能地感觉到，她因为他的冷落而受到了伤害。他真希望刚才邀请的是她；他也真希望刚才问问她的名字。她是那样的羞怯，那样的温柔，他觉得自己干了一件蠢事。

然而，现在已经于事无补了，于是他转过身继续向前走着，心里不再想这件事了。

苔丝·德贝菲尔却没有那么容易忘掉那个陌生的年轻人。她好久都没有兴趣再去跳舞，虽然有许多人想做她的舞伴。直到那个年轻人翻过山头看不见了，她才返回跳舞场。

她本来可以在那儿玩得更久一些，但是父亲古怪的样子又使她不安起来，于是她就回家了。

房间里点着一支蜡烛，苔丝却感到有一种说不出的凄凉。她的妈妈，琼·德贝菲尔像往常一样洗着衣服，一只脚放在洗衣盆旁，另一只脚摇着最小的孩子。

“我来摇摇篮吧，妈妈，”苔丝轻声说，“我还以为你早已经洗完了呢。”

“噢，你回来得正好，”她母亲今天晚上好像比平时快活一些，兴奋地

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cheerful than usual. "I want to go and fetch your father; but what's more than that, I want to tell you what have happened. You'll be glad enough!"

"Since I've been away?" Tess asked.

"Yes."

"Had it anything to do with father riding home in a carriage this afternoon? I wanted to sink into the ground with shame!"

"That was all a part of the matter! We've been found to be the greatest gentefolk in the whole county—our real name being D'Urberville! Doesn't that make you really happy? It was on this account that your father rode home in the carriage; not because he'd been drinking, as people supposed."

"I'm glad of that. Will it do us any good, mother?"

"Oh yes! It is thought that great things may come from it. No doubt a number of noble men like our own rank will be down here in their carriages as soon as it is known. Your father learnt it on his way home from Shaston, and he has been telling me the whole matter."

"Where is father now?" asked Tess suddenly.

"Now don't you get angry! The poor man—he felt so weak after his uplifting by the parson's news—that he went up to Rolliver's half an hour ago. He want to get up his strength for his journey tomorrow with that load of beehives, which must be delivered, family or no. He'll have to start shortly after twelve tonight, as the distance is so long."

"Get up his strength!" cried Tess, the tears starting to her eyes. "Oh my God! Go to a public-house to get up his strength! And you agreed to it, mother!"