

- 原著 / [美]爱蒂斯·沃尔腾
- 改写 / 思马得学校
- 总策划 / 苑涛 杨恒达 樊一听

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纯真年代

The Age of Innocence

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纯真年代

The Age of Innocence

Edith Wharton

[美]爱蒂斯·沃尔腾 著

苑 涛 杨恒达 樊一昕 丛书总策划

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世界图书出版公司

上海·西安·北京·广州

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

纯真年代:英文/(美)爱蒂斯·沃尔腾(Edith Wharton)著;思马得学校改写.
—上海:上海世界图书出版公司, 2004. 3
(思马得掌上名著英语系列丛书)
ISBN 7-5062-6161-8

I. 纯... II. ①爱... ②思... 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(2003)第 125293 号

纯真年代

思马得学校 改写

上海世界图书出版公司 出版发行

(上海市尚文路 185 号 B 楼, 邮编: 200010)

常熟市大宏印刷有限公司印刷

如发现印装质量问题, 请与印刷厂联系调换

(质检科电话: 0512-52621873)

各地新华书店经销

开本: 880 × 1230 1/32 印张: 8 字数: 229 500

2004 年 3 月第 1 版 2005 年 1 月第 2 次印刷

印数: 4 001 - 7 000 册

ISBN 7-5062-6161-8/H·440

定价: 10.00 元

前 言

阅读英文名著是提高英文水平的最佳方式,但很多学生往往会走入追求故事情节的误区,读完之后收获甚微。

我们的调查结果令人瞠目:大多数学生在读完英文名著之后却不能正确拼出书名、作者名与主要人物名,更不知道其中的经典名句。因此,思马得呼吁读者要走上正确的阅读之路,这套“引导式”的掌上名著便应运而生了。

本书的特点与使用方法如下:

1. 特别设有“背诵部分”,精选出了背诵与记忆要点,要求读者将此部分完全背熟;
2. 将复杂且难以理解的句子用下划 波浪线 标出,并加以中文注释;
3. 将难词标出并进行注释,省去查字典的麻烦;
4. 将好句子用 **黑体加斜体** 标出,让读者随时得到“老师”的指导;
5. 编排方式上采取左右对照的方式,特设“**读书笔记**”区,不仅有全方位的注释,还可以让读者做好属于自己的笔记。

由于时间有限,疏忽之处在所难免,欢迎读者指正。

思马得学校图书编辑部

2004 年 3 月



Brief comment and general introduction

简 评 与 梗 概

Somewhere in this book, Wharton observes that clever liars always come up with good stories to back up their fabrications, but that really clever liars don't bother to explain anything at all. This is the kind of insight that makes *The Age of Innocence* so indispensable. Wharton's story of the upper classes of Old New York, and Newland Archer's impossible love for the disgraced Countess Olenska, is a perfectly wrought book about an era when upper-class culture in this country was still a mixture of American and European extracts, and when "society" had rules as rigid as any in history.



背 诵 部 分

1. 书名: The Age of Innocence 纯真年代
2. 作者: Edith Wharton 爱蒂斯·沃尔腾(1862~1937)
3. 主要人物:
 Newland Archer 纽兰·阿切尔
 Countess Olenska 奥兰斯卡公爵夫人
 May Welland 梅·温兰德
4. 叙述方式: Third person narration (第三人称)
5. Good Quotations: (好句子)
 - (1) *The visit was breaking up in a vein of mild pleasantry when the door opened to admit the Countess Olenska.*
 - (2) *With a new sense of awe he looked at the frank forehead, serious eyes and gay innocent mouth of the young creature whose soul's custodian he was to be.*
 - (3) *She had appeared there first, in Newland Archer's boyhood, as a brilliantly pretty little girl of nine or ten, of whom people said that she ought to be painted.*



- (4) Archer was angry : so angry that he came near scribbling a word on his card and going away .**
- (5) To let her talk about familiar and simple things was the easiest way of carrying on his own independent train of thought .**
- (6) She took the congratulations of her rivals and of the rest of the company with the simplicity that was her crowning grace .**
- (7) Archer sat silent , with the sense of clinging to the edge of a sliding precipice .**
- (8) “Good-bye , dearest ,” she said , her eyes so blue that he wondered afterward if they had shone on him through tears .**
- (9) The clanging and groaning of the train came nearer , and it staggered slowly into the station like a prey-laden monster into its lair .**
- (10) The snow was over , and a tingling wind had sprung up , that lashed his face as he stood gazing . Suddenly he felt something stiff and cold on his lashes , and perceived that he had been crying , and that the wind had frozen his tears .**



Chapter 1

On a January evening of the early seventies, Christine Nilsson was singing in Faust^① at the Academy of Music in New York.

It was Madame Nilsson's first appearance that winter, and what the daily press had already learned to describe as "an exceptionally brilliant audience" had gathered to hear her. When Newland Archer opened the door at the back of the club box the curtain had just gone up on the garden scene. There was no reason why the young man should not have come earlier, for he had dined at seven, alone with his mother and sister, and had lingered afterward over a cigar in the Gothic library.

The second reason for his delay was a personal one. He had dawdled^② over his cigar because he was at heart a dilettante^③, and thinking over a pleasure to come often gave him a subtler satisfaction than its realisation.

Leaning against the wall at the back of the club box, Newland Archer turned his eyes from the stage and scanned the opposite side of the house. Directly facing him was the box of old Mrs. Manson Mingott, accompanied by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Lovell Min-

① [faust] *n.* 歌剧《浮士德》

② ['dɔ:dl] *v.* 游手好闲,混日子

③ [dɪlɪ'tæntɪ] *n.* 业余艺术爱好者



读书笔记

gott, and her daughter, Mrs. Welland; and slightly withdrawn behind these brocaded^① matrons sat a young girl in white with eyes ecstatically^② fixed on the stage lovers. As Madame Nilsson's "M' ama!" thrilled out above the silent house (the boxes always stopped talking during the Daisy Song) a warm pink mounted to the girl's cheek, mantled her brow to the roots of her fair braids, and suffused^③ the young slope of her breast to the line where it met a modest tulle tucker fastened with a single gardenia. She dropped her eyes to the immense bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley on her knee, and Newland Archer saw her white-gloved finger-tips touch the flowers softly. He drew a breath of satisfied vanity and his eyes returned to the stage.

In the centre of this enchanted garden Madame Nilsson, in white cashmere slashed with pale blue satir^④, a reticule^⑤ dangling from a blue girdle, and large yellow braids carefully disposed on each side of her muslin chemisette^⑥, listened with downcast eyes to M. Capoul's impassioned wooing, and affected a guileless^⑦ incomprehension of his designs whenever, by word or glance, he persuasively indicated the ground floor window of the neat brick villa projecting obliquely from the right wing.

"The darling!" thought Newland Archer, his glance flitting^⑧ back to the young girl with the lilies-of-

① [brə'keɪd] *a.* 织成锦缎的, 穿锦缎的, 用浮雕法织锦的

② [ɪk'stætɪkəlɪ] *ad.* 心醉神迷地, 入神地

③ [sə'fjuːz] *v.* 充满

④ ['sæɪn] *n.* 缎子, 假缎, 缎纹

⑤ ['retɪkjʊl] *n.* (女用)手提袋, 网袋

⑥ [ɪ'femi:'zet] *n.* 紧胸内衣

⑦ ['gaɪllɪs] *a.* 不狡诈的, 坦率的, 正直的

⑧ [flɪt] *v.* 调拨, 搬运, 搬移



读书笔记

the-valley. "She doesn't even guess what it's all about." And he contemplated her absorbed young face with a thrill of possessorship in which pride in his own masculine initiation was mingled with a tender reverence for her abysmal purity. "We'll read Faust together... by the Italian lakes..." he thought, somewhat hazily confusing the scene of his projected honey-moon with the masterpieces of literature which it would be his manly privilege to reveal to his bride. It was only that afternoon that May Welland had let him guess that she "cared", and already his imagination, leaping ahead of the engagement ring, the betrothal^① kiss and the march from Lohengrin, pictured her at his side in some scene of old European witchery^②.

He did not in the least wish the future Mrs. Newland Archer to be a simpleton^③. He meant her (thanks to his enlightening companionship) to develop a social tact and readiness of wit enabling her to hold her own with the most popular married women of the "younger set," in which it was the recognised custom to attract masculine homage^④ while playfully discouraging it.

How this miracle of fire and ice was to be created, and to sustain itself in a harsh world, he had never taken the time to think out; but he was content to hold his view without analysing it, since he knew it was that of all the carefully-brushed, white-waistcoated, button-hole-flowered gentlemen who succeeded each other in the club box, exchanged friendly greetings with

[他注视着地全神贯注的稚嫩面庞,心中不由涌起一阵拥有者的激动,其中有对自己萌动的丈夫气概的自豪,也有对她那深不可测的纯洁的温馨敬意。]

①[bɪ'traʊðəl] n. 婚约, 订婚礼

②['wɪtʃəri] n. 巫术, 魅力

③['sɪmptən] n. 笨蛋, 傻子

④['hɒmɪdʒ] n. 敬意



读书笔记

him, and turned their opera-glasses critically on the circle of ladies who were the product of the system. In matters intellectual and artistic Newland Archer felt himself distinctly the superior of these chosen specimens of old New York gentility^①; he had probably read more, thought more, and even seen a good deal more of the world, than any other man of the number. Singly they betrayed their inferiority; but grouped together they represented "New York," and the habit of masculine solidarity made him accept their doctrine on all the issues called moral. He instinctively felt that in this respect it would be troublesome—and also rather bad form—to strike out for himself.

"Well—upon my soul!" exclaimed Lawrence Lefferts, turning his opera-glass abruptly away from the stage. Lawrence Lefferts was, on the whole, the foremost authority on "form" in New York. He had probably devoted more time than any one else to the study of this intricate and fascinating question; but study alone could not account for his complete and easy competence. One had only to look at him, from the slant^② of his bald forehead and the curve of his beautiful fair moustache to the long patent-leather feet at the other end of his lean and elegant person, to feel that the knowledge of "form" must be congenital^③ in any one who knew how to wear such good clothes so carelessly and carry such height with so much lounging^④ grace. As a young admirer had once said of him: "If

①[dʒen'tɪlɪtɪ] n. 有教养, 文雅

②[slɑnt] n. 倾斜

③[kən'dʒenɪtəl] a. 天生的, 先天的, 天赋的

④[laʊndʒɪŋ] v. 闲荡, 懒洋洋地躺卧



读书笔记

anybody can tell a fellow just when to wear a black tie with evening clothes and when not to, it's Larry Lefferts."

"My God!" he said; and silently handed his glass to old Sillerton Jackson. Newland Archer, following Lefferts's glance, saw with surprise that his exclamation had been occasioned by the entry of a new figure into old Mrs. Mingott's box. It was that of a slim young woman, a little less tall than May Welland, with brown hair growing in close curls about her temples^① and held in place by a narrow band of diamonds. The suggestion of this headdress, which gave her what was then called a "Josephine look," was carried out in the cut of the dark blue velvet gown rather theatrically caught up under her bosom by a girdle with a large old-fashioned clasp. The wearer of this unusual dress, who seemed quite unconscious of the attention it was attracting, stood a moment in the centre of the box, discussing with Mrs. Welland the propriety of taking the latter's place in the front right-hand corner; then she yielded with a slight smile, and seated herself in line with Mrs. Welland's sister-in-law, Mrs. Lovell Mingott, who was installed in the opposite corner.

Mr. Sillerton Jackson had returned the opera-glass to Lawrence Lefferts. The whole of the club turned instinctively, waiting to hear what the old man had to say; for old Mr. Jackson was as great an authority on

①['templ] n. 鬓角

[这种发型使她具有一种时下称作“约瑟芬式”的模样,这一联想在她那件深蓝色丝绒晚礼服的款式上得到了印证,那礼服用一条带老式大扣子的腰带在她胸下十分夸张地挽住。]



读书笔记

"family" as Lawrence Lefferts was on "form". He knew all the ramifications^① of New York's cousinships, and could enumerate the leading characteristics of each family: as, for instance, the fabulous^② stinginess of the younger lines of Leffertses (the Long Island ones); or the fatal tendency of the Rushworths to make foolish matches; or the insanity recurring in every second generation of the Albany Chiverses, with whom their New York cousins had always refused to intermarry—with the disastrous exception of poor Medora Manson, who, as everybody knew... but then her mother was a Rushworth.

In addition to this forest of family trees, Mr. Sillerton Jackson carried a register of most of the scandals and mysteries that had smoldered^③ under the unruffled surface of New York society within the last fifty years. He was supposed to be the only man who could have told you who Julius Beaufort, the banker, really was, and what had become of handsome Bob Spicer, old Mrs. Manson Mingott's father, who had disappeared so mysteriously (with a large sum of trust money) less than a year after his marriage, on the very day that a beautiful Spanish dancer who had been delighting thronged audiences in the old Opera-house on the Battery had taken ship for Cuba. But these mysteries, and many others, were closely locked in Mr. Jackson's breast; for not

- ① [*ˌræmɪfɪˈkeɪʃən*] *n.* 分枝, 分叉, 衍生物, 支流
 ② [*ˈfæbjʊləs*] *a.* 惊人的, 难以置信的

- ③ [*ˈsməʊldə*] *v.* 潜伏



读书笔记

only did his keen sense of honour forbid his repeating anything privately imparted^①, but he was fully aware that his reputation for discretion^② increased his opportunities of finding out what he wanted to know.

The club box, therefore, waited in visible suspense while Mr. Sillerton Jackson handed back Lawrence Lefferts' s opera-glass. For a moment he silently scrutinized^③ the attentive group and said simply: "I didn't think the Mingotts would have tried it on."

①[im'pɑ:tɪd] a. 给予的, 授予的

②[dis'kreʃən] n. 判断力

③['skrutɪnaɪz] v. 细察



Chapter 2

Newland Archer felt it hard to imagine why her presence created such excitement among the initiated. Their low-toned comments behind him left no doubt in Archer's mind that the young woman was May Welland's cousin, the cousin always referred to in the family as "poor Ellen Olenska." Archer knew that she had suddenly arrived from Europe a day or two previously; he had even heard from Miss Welland (not disapprovingly) that she had been to see poor Ellen, who was staying with old Mrs. Mingott. Archer entirely approved of family solidarity^①, but to receive Countess Olenska in the family circle was a different thing from producing her in public.

He knew, of course, that whatever man dared (within Fifth Avenue's limits) that old Mrs. Manson Mingott would dare. He had always admired the high and mighty old lady, who, with neither money nor position, had allied herself with the head of the wealthy Mingott line, married two of her daughters to "foreigners" (an Italian marquis and an English banker), and put the crowning touch to her audacities^② by building a large house of pale cream-coloured stone in an inaccessible wilderness near the Central Park.

Old Mrs. Mingott's foreign daughters never came

① [ˌsɒlɪˈdærəti] *n.* 团结

② [ɔːˈdæsɪti] *n.* 大胆, 厚颜



读书笔记

back to see their mother. The latter did, but the cream-coloured house (supposed to be modelled on the private hotels of the Parisian aristocracy^①) was there as a visible proof of her moral courage.

Agreed by everyone that she was not a beauty, Mrs. Mingott had won her way to success by strength of will and hardness of heart, and a kind of haughty^② effrontery^③ that was somehow justified by the extreme decency and dignity of her private life. Mr. Manson Mingott had died when she was only twenty-eight, and had "tied up" the money with an additional caution; but his bold young widow went her way fearlessly, mingled freely in foreign society, married her daughters in heaven knew what corrupt and fashionable circles, hobnobbed^④ with Dukes and Ambassadors, associated familiarly with Papists^⑤, entertained Opera singers, and was the intimate friend of Mme. Taglioni; and all the while (as Sillerton Jackson was the first to proclaim) there had never been a breath on her reputation; the only respect, he always added, in which she differed from the earlier Catherine.

Mrs. Manson Mingott had long since succeeded in untying her husband's fortune, and had lived in affluence for half a century; but memories of her early straits^⑥ had made her excessively thrifty^⑦. Therefore, for totally different reasons, her food was as poor as Mrs. Archer's. Newland Archer, as he mused on these things, had once more turned his eyes toward

①[ˈærisˈtɒkrəsi] n. 贵族, 贵族政府, 贵族统治

②[ˈhɑːti] a. 傲慢的

③[eˈfrantəri] n. 厚颜无耻, 厚颜无耻的行为

[他那位年轻、大胆的遗孀勇敢地走着自己的路, 她无拘无束地混迹在外国的社交界, 把女儿嫁到天知道何为腐化时髦的圈子里, 与公爵大使们开怀畅饮, 与教皇政治家亲密交往, 款待歌剧演员, 并做了芭蕾舞名门之后塔士里奥尼夫人的密友。]

④[ˈhɒnbɒb] v. 对酌, 共饮, 亲切, 交谈

⑤[ˈpeɪpɪst] n. 教皇制信奉者, 天主教徒

⑥[ˈstreɪt] a. 艰难的, 苦恼的, 窘迫的

⑦[ˈθrɪfti] a. 节约的



读书笔记

the Mingott box. He saw that Mrs. Welland and her sister-in-law were facing their semicircle of critics with the Mingottian aplomb which old Catherine had inculcated^① in all her tribe, and that only May Welland betrayed, by a heightened colour (perhaps due to the knowledge that he was watching her) a sense of the gravity of the situation.

Madame Olenska's pale and serious face appealed to his fancy as suited to the occasion and to her unhappy situation; but the way her dress (which had no tucker) sloped away from her thin shoulders shocked and troubled him.

"After all," he heard one of the younger men begin behind him (everybody talked through the Mephistopheles-and-Martha scenes), "after all, just what happened?"

"Well—she left him; nobody attempts to deny that."

"He's an awful brute, isn't he?" continued the young enquirer.

"The very worst; I knew him at Nice," said Lawrence Lefferts with authority. "A half-paralysed white sneering fellow—rather handsome head, but eyes with a lot of lashes. Well, I'll tell you the sort: when he wasn't with women he was collecting china. Paying any price for both, I understand."

There was a general laugh, and the young champion said: "Well, then—?"

"Well, then; she bolted^② with his secretary."

①[ɪn'kʌlkət] v. 谆谆劝导

②[bɔʊlt] v. 逃跑