

# The Mayor of Casterbridge

## 卡斯特桥镇长

英语世界名著简读丛书

江苏教育出版社

**The Mayor of Casterbridge**

**卡斯特桥镇长**

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## 说 明

《卡斯特桥镇长》是英国著名作家哈代(1840—1928)的一部很有影响的长篇小说。哈代出生于英格兰多塞特郡。幼年家道贫寒,早年学过建筑,当过绘图员,并获英国皇家建筑院银质奖章,但始终孜孜不倦地阅读文学作品,后来得到霍雷肖·莫尔的指点,开始进行文学创作。1862年出版了《绿荫下》,后来出版了《远离尘嚣》(1874)、《还乡》(1878)、《卡斯特桥镇长》(1886)、《德伯家的苔丝》(1891)、《无名的裘德》(1895)等15部小说,还有《威塞克斯诗集》(1898)等数部诗集。

哈代对故乡怀有一种特殊的感情。他的作品常取材于家乡的风土人情和传说,人物原型也大多来自家乡的亲朋和普通人民。《卡斯特桥镇长》这部小说即以假托的英格兰某乡村集镇卡斯特桥为背景,描写了一位农民出身的镇长的曲折人生经历。作品主人公年轻时背井离乡,酒后糊里糊涂卖掉妻子和女儿,尔后发誓改邪归正,来到卡斯特桥,至不惑之年,成为大粮商和镇长,后来妻子女儿突然回到身边,并且得到一位聪明能干的助手,家庭益趋美满,生意蒸蒸日上。但不久妻子病故,助手被他一怒之下解雇,女儿也因为他的粗暴离开身边,本欲与他结合的情人转而与他所解雇的助手相爱,囤积粮食挤垮对方的行动惨遭失败,最后失去了他曾拥有的一切,

包括女儿的爱,孤苦伶仃地离开卡斯特桥,绝食而死于荒山野岭。

作品情节起伏跌宕,人物形象颇具个性。例如性情暴躁、做事鲁莽的镇长亨查德,聪明能干、朝气蓬勃的苏格兰青年法夫瑞,忠厚善良的妻子苏珊,稳重体贴的女儿伊丽莎白-简,水性杨花的情人露赛特,生性狡黠的后一位助手乔普等,个个性格分明,跃然纸上。其中镇长的形象尤为鲜明。

这本简易读物由罗斯玛丽·瓦格纳女士改写,词汇量 1500 左右,适合中等英语水平的广大读者阅读。为更利于理解欣赏,我们加了中文注释,并提供了参考译文。具体分工是:第 1—6 章由胡娅莉译注,第 7—12 章由王晓燕译注,全书译注均由钱厚生教授审订。书中不当之处敬请读者指正。

译注者

1994. 9.

## Chapter 1

It was growing late. Yet still they walked on in silence. The young man was tall and strongly built, with a dark and determined face. His clothes were those of a countryman, good and plain, but covered in dust from their long journey. On his back he carried a basket of farm tools; in his hand he held a song-sheet which he seemed to be reading.

His wife walked close by his side, and carried their child. She seemed used to the man's silence — her face had a tired and sad look, as if she had known difficult times<sup>①</sup>. Now and then she looked down at her little girl. 'There, there,' she said softly to comfort the child, 'not long now.' At those moments her face became almost pretty, lit up by the red glow of the setting sun.

It was late summer in the early 1830s. The

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① as if she had known difficulties: 好像经历过艰难的岁月

trees at the roadside had lost their brightness and were a dark and dusty green. The woman looked up again and saw houses in the distance<sup>①</sup>. A village at last, she thought. That must be Weydon Priors.

A man was coming up the road from the village. At once the husband lifted his eyes from the song-sheet. 'Any work here?' he asked, pointing to the village. 'I'm an experienced farm man.'

The other shook his head. 'Not at this time of year, not in Weydon, no, I should say not.'

'Is there a small house anywhere we could stay in?'

Still the man shook his head. 'Not one.'

'What's all that noise I can hear?' The traveller turned his head in the direction of a field.

'It's the fair. Though most of the real business is over now. Hundreds of horses and sheep were sold there today, I believe. Now there's only children and fools left; parting with<sup>②</sup> their money, I don't doubt.'

The family moved on, and soon entered the fair-field. It was crowded with people from the

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① in the distance: 在远处

② parting with: 把(钱)花掉

village, and visitors on holiday, all laughing and enjoying themselves at the games and sideshows.

The man and his wife were in no mood for<sup>①</sup> fun, however. 'Here, let's have a drink,' said the man, walking towards the beer-tent.

'No—no,' said the woman quickly. 'I'd like some furmity. It'll do us much more good. And Elizabeth-Jane likes it too.' She went towards another tent which had a sign outside saying 'Good Furmity Sold Here.'

'I've never tasted it,' said her husband, but followed her in.

There were many people inside seated at long narrow tables. At the top end of the tent an ugly woman of about fifty sat beside a large pot over a fire.

The young man and woman asked for a cup of furmity each. It was a hot thick drink made from milk and corn. 'That's better,' said the woman as they sat down and began to drink. But her husband was watching the other men. They seemed very lively, he thought.

He looked back at the old woman. Ha ha, he thought, I see what game she's playing. She's got

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① in no mood for: 没有兴致或心思做某事

a bottle under the table. Well, I'd like some of that too. While his wife fed the baby, he sent his cup and some money up to the woman. She poured rum into it and sent it back.

'Yes, that's better,' he said with pleasure when he had finished, and called for more.

His wife watched him drink with a sad expression. 'Michael—it's time we went to look for a place to stay<sup>①</sup>,' she said more than once.

But he took no notice, and was soon on his fourth cup, talking loudly with the other men all the while, his face on fire. The subject turned to marriage.

'I was a fool that way,' the man said. 'I married at eighteen. And this is the result.' He waved his hand towards his wife and child. 'I'll be poor for ever with so many mouths to feed.' He stopped for a moment to drink, and had a thought.

'All this buying and selling here at the fair has given me an idea. Why shouldn't I sell my wife like a horse? Someone else may want her, and I certainly don't! What a good arrangement. Now, who'll have her?'

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① it's time we went to...: 我们该找个地方住下来了(句中 go 使用过去式,表示婉转的建议)



The men all looked at each other, and then at the young woman.

‘She’s not bad at all,’ said one man, thinking it was a joke. ‘With a little care she could be made quite nice.’

Michael looked surprised at these words. Then he went on quickly, ‘Well then, now is your chance. I am open to an offer for<sup>①</sup> this—beauty.’

His wife turned to him and said quickly, ‘Enough now, Michael. A joke is a joke, but you may make it once too often<sup>②</sup>, mind!’

‘I know I’ve said it before. I meant it. Now who will buy?’

Nobody spoke.

‘Will anybody buy her?’ the young man continued.

‘I hope somebody will,’ his wife said firmly, ‘for she doesn’t care for her present owner one bit.’

‘Nor I for you,’ said the husband. ‘There you are, gentlemen. You see we are agreed to part. She’ll take the girl if she wants and go her way. I’ll take my tools and go mine. What could

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① I am open to ... :我愿意考虑(你们)为……开价

② once too often:多次

be more simple? Now stand up, Susan, and show yourself. '

'Don't, my dear,' said an old woman near her. 'Your good man doesn't know what he's saying. '

The woman, however, did stand up.

'Now,' said Michael, 'who will make an offer for this lady?'

'Five shillings!' shouted someone.

'I'm serious!' replied the husband.

'Two pounds!' said someone else.

'Not enough,' said the young man. 'Good God, she's cost me fifty times as much. No, I tell you what. I'll sell her for five pounds to any man who will pay me the money and be good to her. He shall have her for ever. Now does anybody want her? Yes or no?'

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

All eyes turned. There at the door of the tent stood a sailor.

'You say you do?' asked the husband.

'I say so,' replied the sailor.

'Have you got the money?'

The sailor looked again at the woman, then threw five pound notes on to the table-cloth.

The smiles left everyone's face. Suddenly this

was serious.

‘Now,’ said the woman, breaking the silence, ‘before you go further<sup>①</sup>, Michael, listen to me. If you touch that money, I and this girl go with the man. It is a joke no longer.’

‘A joke, of course it’s not a joke!’ shouted her husband angrily, and he took up the sailor’s notes, and put them in his pocket.

The sailor looked at the woman and smiled. ‘Come along!’ he said kindly. ‘The little one too!’

She looked closely at him, then took up the child and followed him to the door. On reaching it, she turned and, pulling off her wedding-ring, threw it across the tent into her husband’s face. ‘Mike,’ she said, ‘I’ve lived with you for two years and had nothing but bad moods and angry words! Now I’m nothing to you. I’ll try my luck elsewhere. It’ll be the better for me and Elizabeth-Jane. So goodbye!’

She took the sailor’s arm with her right hand, and went out of the tent, her face wet with tears.

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① before you go further: 趁你还没走得更远(即做出下一步不该做的事)

Warm sunlight woke the man next morning. 'Where am I?' he thought. His head ached painfully. He looked round at the tent and the empty tables, and slowly began to remember the events of the night before. I drank too much again, he thought. It was the rum that did it. Then I fell asleep here at the table. Now, where have Susan and the child got to?

The light shone on something small and golden on the grassy floor. He picked it up. It was his wife's wedding ring. Then he remembered all. I sold her—my wife—to that sailor. She's gone—Susan's gone, and Elizabeth-Jane! He rested his aching head in his hands for a moment. He became angry for a moment. Now what am I to do? Oh, why did she take it seriously—fool of a woman, she's so simple in such things!

He stood up slowly and picked up his basket. I must find her, and the child, he said to himself, stepping out into the fresh air. I'll do everything I can to find her. But first there's something else to do.

With quick steps he made for<sup>①</sup> the village church. Nobody saw the young man pass by.

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① made for : 向……走去 (= move in the direction of)

Nobody saw him enter the church. Once inside he fell on his knees and said aloud, 'I, Michael Henchard, will never touch another drop of strong drink for twenty-one years to come<sup>①</sup>. That is a year for every year I have lived. This I promise before God upon the Holy Bible<sup>②</sup>, on this morning of the sixteenth of September.' Then he bent and kissed the big book.

When he had done this he felt better, and he began his search. He looked everywhere for his wife and child. Weeks turned into months and still he searched. At last he heard that they and the sailor had left the country. Sad at heart he tried to forget that he had ever known them. He looked for a place to live and work in, and chose the town of Casterbridge, in a distant part of Wessex.

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① twenty-one years to come: 未来(或今后)的 21 年

② promise before God...: 手按《圣经》面对上帝起誓

## Chapter 2

It was again late summer. Two people walked hand in hand down that same road towards Weydon Priors. One was Susan Henchard, or Newson as she now called herself. She looked thin and older now, and she wore a black dress. Her companion, a well-shaped young woman of about eighteen, also in black, was her daughter.

‘Why are we stopping here, mother?’ the girl asked as they entered the fair-field.

‘It was here, Elizabeth-Jane, that I first met with Newson.’

‘Ah yes, poor father. And now he’s dead, lost at sea, we’ll not see him again.’ Tears came into the girl’s eyes.

‘And it was here I last saw Mr Michael Henchard,’ her mother continued, ‘the relation by marriage<sup>①</sup> who I told you about.’

‘It is Mr Henchard we are looking for, is it

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① the relation by marriage: 姻亲

not? You think he may help us now we are left so poor?’

‘He may and he may not,’ said the older woman, who had told her daughter none of the truth about her and Henchard. It is better for her not to know, she had reasoned. There’s no need to make her unhappy.

‘Oh mother! Don’t buy from her. She’s not at all nice!’ said Elizabeth-Jane, as she saw her mother walking towards an old woman who sold furmity.

‘You wait here then,’ said her mother. She turned to the woman and recognized her at once, even though she looked older and poorer now. ‘A pennyworth of furmity, please,’ she said.

‘Some rum in it, perhaps?’ the old woman’s eyes shone as she looked for the bottle.

‘No, no.’ Mrs Newson shook her head firmly. ‘You’ve seen better days<sup>①</sup>, I think?’

‘That I have<sup>②</sup>, my dear. I had a great big tent once, you know. And business! Business was good, I can tell you!’

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① You’ve seen better days: 你曾经过过富裕的日子

② That I have: 表示肯定对方所说的话, 等于 Yes, I have seen better days.

Mrs Newson looked round. Her daughter was some distance away. 'Do you remember the sale of a wife by her husband, eighteen years ago today?'

The old woman thought for a moment. 'Yes, now I think about it, I do remember. Yes, the man came back a year later and said he was going to live in Casterbridge.'

'Thank you.' Mrs Newson had learned enough. 'Come, Elizabeth,' she called, 'we've a long journey in front of us!'

It was on a Friday evening, near the middle of September, when mother and daughter reached the top of a hill overlooking Casterbridge.

'What an old-fashioned place it seems to be!' said Elizabeth-Jane. 'It is all shut in by a square wall of trees, like a garden!'

Her mother had more anxious thoughts. What would Henchard be like now? Perhaps he was dead. He might have drunk himself into the grave. If he was alive, how would he receive her? Would he be angry? Would he be in a position<sup>①</sup> to help Elizabeth? That's what I want most of all, she thought, looking at her daughter. She's a fine,

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① be in a position to: 能够 (= be able to)



high-minded girl. She would profit from a good education and better company. It's not been easy for her, though Newson was so kind. Twelve years in Canada, living off next to nothing, and then that poor life in Falmouth—no, I want something better for Elizabeth-Jane.

Two men passed them, deep in conversation.

'Why, those men mentioned the name of Hinchard in their talk, I am sure,' said Elizabeth, when they had gone.

'I thought so too,' said Mrs Newson, her hopes rising. 'Perhaps he's well known in the town. We'll go down and ask.'

It was eight o'clock when the travellers entered the High Street, and the shopkeepers were busy closing up for the night. Their windows were full of countrymen's tools and every kind of farm object. In the open space before the church some women were talking loudly.

'Just look at this bread,' one of them was saying. 'Rubbish, that's what it is. Try some.' She passed a loaf around. The women tasted it and shook their heads.

'Really bad, I should say,' said one.

Mrs Newson realized how hungry she was. 'Excuse me,' she said, 'but is there a baker's