

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

世界文学经典名著

英文原版·注释本
(英) Thomas Hardy 著

苔丝



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PREFACE

前言



托马斯·哈代(Thomas Hardy 1840—1928)是英国屈指可数的几位优秀小说家之一。1840年,哈代出生于英国南部一个小建筑业主家庭,16岁那年辍学,进入建筑业当学徒,业余时间学习文学和神学。哈代的初期创作以诗歌为主,后迫于生计而改写小说。1874年,婚后的哈代不再打理建筑业,而成为一位职业作家。1928年,68岁的哈代辞别人世,被葬在英国著名的威斯敏斯特大教堂的诗人之角,作为英国国民精英中的精英,与前辈优秀的诗人作家长眠一处。

哈代一生蹉跎,晚年得享大名,而且,随着时间的推移,哈代的作品如陈年古酿,其日益久,其香愈远,越来越受到广泛的推崇,具有了世界性的意义。

《苔丝》(*Tess of the d'Urbervilles*)是哈代最好的小说之一,它的副题是“一个纯洁的女人”(A pure woman),从中可以看出作者对本书主人公苔丝深挚的同情和对残酷现实的一种无奈——苔丝出生于一个多子女的贫困家庭,为了生计不得不到同一姓氏的贵族德伯家做佣工,不幸的是,毫无涉世经验的苔丝被德伯家的少爷,一位花花公子亚历克·德伯诱奸,并生下了一个私生子,苔丝旋即被赶出了这个贵族之家;带着耻辱的印记——那位私生子,苔丝开始了她苦难的单身母亲生涯——在家庭和社会的双重歧视中,在贫困和舆论的重压下,从事繁重的田间劳作。不久,孩子夭折,苔丝只身一人到一个牛奶场做工,在这儿,

苔丝遇见了一位青年,他就是牧师的儿子安吉尔·克莱尔。生活,似乎对苔丝露出了它难得的一丝笑容。经过了一段时间的恋爱之后,安吉尔不顾家庭的反对和苔丝结婚。但是,新婚之夜,善良且毫无城府的苔丝向安吉尔坦白了自己过去的经历。此刻,似乎连上帝也在惩罚这个说真话的年轻女子了——安吉尔接受不了这一无情的现实,痛心、失望、愤闷中远走巴西。苔丝重新陷入了屈辱孤独之中。恶棍亚历克趁机重新霸占了苔丝。几年过去了,在痛苦中受尽煎熬的苔丝终于等来了自己的丈夫——安吉尔。贫病交加的安吉尔,怀着愧悔的心情从美洲回来寻找昔日的情人和妻子苔丝。但是,亚历克为了达到继续占有苔丝的卑劣目的,妄图阻挠苔丝回到丈夫的身边。于是,苔丝怀着半是绝望,半是希冀的心情杀死了这个毁了自己一生幸福的恶棍。苔丝与安吉尔在逃亡途中被捕,最后,苔丝被判绞刑。

女人为爱而生,也为爱而死,对于不幸的苔丝来说,最可怕不是死,而是摆脱不掉现世的恶——恶棍亚历克的纠缠折磨和人世虚伪的舆论对她的羞辱,同时,她更恐惧的是失去自己的真爱——安吉尔。或许,死,对于苔丝来说是最好的归宿和解脱——

请让我安睡! 爱的美酒已使我的心灵沉醉。

请让我长眠! 我的灵魂已经尝够了岁月的辛酸。^①

这是侨居美国的阿拉伯诗人纪伯伦写下的诗句,恰好,纪伯伦生活的年代与哈代大致相同。

① 纪伯伦《泪与笑·死之美》,见《纪伯伦散文诗全集》,128页。浙江文艺出版社,1990年10月第1版。

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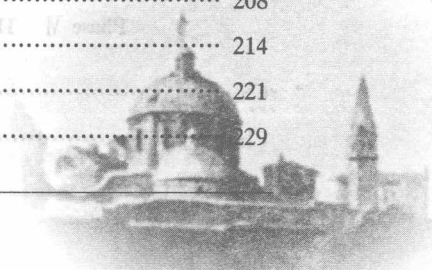
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Phase I The Maiden

Chapter 1

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 Blackmoor. 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 gray mare, who, as he rode, hummed a wandering tune.

“Good night t’ee,” said the man with the basket.

“Good night, Sir John^①,” 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^②, the haggler?”

① Sir John: 称呼爵士时,要姓名同提,或单提名,不能单提姓。

② Jack Durbeyfield: Jack 是 John 的昵称。

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 derived their descent from Sir Pagan d'Urberville, that renowned knight who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror^①, as appears by Battle Abbey Roll^②?"

"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^③ in the time of King Stephen^④. In the reign of King John^⑤ one of them was rich enough to give a manor to the Knights Hospitallers^⑥; and in Edward the Second's^⑦ time your forefather Brian was summoned to Westminster^⑧ to attend the great Council there. You declined a

① William the Conqueror: 征服者威廉(1027—1087), 原为法国诺曼底公爵, 1066年率兵打败英国人, 成为英国国王。

② Battle Abbey Roll: 记载当时跟随征服者威廉到英国的诺曼贵族姓氏的名册, 十四世纪时所编。Battle Abbey 是为征服者威廉所建的大教堂。

③ the Pipe Rolls: 英国财政部档案, 始于1131年, 止于1842年。

④ King Stephen: 斯蒂芬, 英国国王(1135—1154年在位)。

⑤ King John: 约翰, 英国国王(1199—1216年在位)。

⑥ the Knights Hospitallers: 僧兵团, 始于十一世纪耶路撒冷医院, 为救护朝圣者所设, 后采用军事组织形式, 成为基督教的重要力量。

⑦ Edward the Second: 爱德华二世, 英国国王(1307—1327年在位)。

⑧ Westminster: 威斯敏斯特, 伦敦市的一个行政区, 英国议会所在地。

little in Oliver Cromwell's^① time, but to no serious extent, and in Charles the Second's^② reign you were made Knights of the Royal Oak^③ for your 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."

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- ① Oliver Cromwell: 奥利弗·克伦威尔(1599—1658),英国军人、政治家和宗教领袖,在英国内战时(1642—1649)率领国会军队取得了胜利并要求处死查理一世。之后他作为英格兰的护国公(1653—1658),实际上实行独裁统治。
- ② Charles the Second: 查理二世,英国国王(1660—1685年在位)。
- ③ Knights of the Royal Oak: 御橡爵士,爵士的一级。查理二世尚未即位时,曾战败逃亡,藏身于橡树中躲过追兵。后为纪念此事,创设这一级爵士。

“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-grandfer had secrets, and didn't care to talk of where he came from. . . And where do we raise our smoke, 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 Milipond, 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'^①. 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.

① how are the mighty fallen: 一世之雄, 而今安在。见《旧约·撒母耳下》(2 Samuel) 第一章第十九节。出自大卫(David)为以色列国王扫罗(Saul)和他的儿子约拿单(Jonathan)所作的挽歌, 此处 Tringham 牧师用以表达对德伯家由盛而衰的感伤。

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^① 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 immediately, 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.

① in gr’t lead coffins: gr’t, 即 great。根据英国中古时代的风俗,尊贵的人去世后,尸体先放入金柜,外面罩上橡木棺材,再罩以铅棺,是地位的一种象征。

"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^①, Sir John. Why, your dater 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.

① club-walking: 当地传统活动, 由互助团体每年举行的游行会。绕区游行是其形式之一。

Chapter 2

The village of Marlott lay amid the north-eastern undulations of the beautiful Vale of Blakemore 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 droughts 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