

中文导读英文版

*Northanger Abbey*

# 诺桑觉寺

[英] 简·奥斯丁 著

清华大学出版

( 中 文 导 读 英 文 版 )

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## 内 容 简 介

*Northanger Abbey*, 中文译名为《诺桑觉寺》, 19 世纪最有影响的经典小说之一, 由英国著名作家简·奥斯丁编著。女主人公凯瑟琳是牧师的女儿, 是位心地善良、单纯的姑娘。乡绅艾伦夫妇无儿无女, 凯瑟琳陪伴他们来到矿泉疗养地巴斯。在那里凯瑟琳结交了虚情假意的索珀兄妹, 并与正直英俊的青年牧师亨利一见钟情。心术不正的索珀以为凯瑟琳要做艾伦夫妇的财产继承人, 便因财“打定主意要娶凯瑟琳为妻”。仅凭索珀的介绍, 亨利的父亲蒂尔尼, 一位充满金钱和门第观念的将军, 误以为凯瑟琳家很富有, 于是他竭力怂恿儿子去追求凯瑟琳, 并邀请她去他们位于诺桑觉寺的官邸做客, 把她视为自家人。后来, 索珀追求凯瑟琳的奢望破灭, 恼羞成怒的他不但贬损凯瑟琳, 而且还把她家说成一贫如洗。气急败坏的蒂尔尼将军把凯瑟琳赶出了家门, 并勒令儿子把她忘掉。但是两位青年恋人并没有屈服, 他们历经磨难, 有情人终成眷属。

该书自出版以来, 一直畅销至今, 已被译成世界上几十种文字。小说还被多次改编成电影、电视剧。书中所展现的爱情故事感染了一代又一代读者, 特别是青年读者的心灵。无论作为语言学习的课本, 还是作为通俗的文学读本, 本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况, 进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平, 在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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简·奥斯丁（Jane Austen，1775—1817），英国著名女作家。1775 年 12 月生于英国的一个乡村小镇斯蒂文顿，父亲是当地教区的牧师。奥斯丁虽然没有上过正规学校，但是家庭优越的读书环境给了她自学的条件。在父母的指导下，她阅读了大量文学作品，由此培养了她对写作的兴趣。她不到 20 岁的时候就开始写作，一生共发表了 6 部长篇小说，这些小说都是世界文学中的经典。正因为如此，文学评论家甚至把她与莎士比亚相提并论。她终生未婚，1817 年 7 月 18 日因病去世。

21 岁时，奥斯丁写成了第一部小说，题名《最初的印象》（正式出版时改为《傲慢与偏见》），但当时并没有出版。1811 年，她以匿名的方式正式出版了第一部小说《理智与情感》，之后是《傲慢与偏见》（1813 年）、《曼斯菲尔德花园》（1814 年）。1816 年，奥斯丁出版了她在世时的最后一部小说《爱玛》。在她去世之后，《诺桑觉寺》和《劝导》也相继出版。她的作品格调轻松诙谐，富有喜剧性冲突。奥斯丁尤擅描写绅士淑女间的婚姻和爱情风波，其作品深受读者欢迎。

《诺桑觉寺》是奥斯丁的早期作品，初稿写于 1798—1799 年，取名《苏珊》，1803 年完成修订。这是一部极富文学色彩的长篇爱情小说。与她的其他作品不同的是，除了爱情纠纷之外，小说自始至终还贯穿着对哥特式小说的嘲讽。虽然《诺桑觉寺》的书名与哥特式小说相类似，但它却是一部与哥特式小说截然不同的现实主义作品。1817 年 12 月，奥斯丁去世后，本书与《劝导》一起作为四卷本的头两卷正式出版。该书出版近两百年来，一直畅销至今，已被译成世界上几十种文字，是公认的世界文学名著之一。

在中国，《诺桑觉寺》是最受广大读者欢迎的经典小说之一。目前，在国内出版的《诺桑觉寺》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是英文原版。其中的英文原版越来越受到读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看，直





接使用纯英文素材更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《诺桑觉寺》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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# 第一章

## Chapter 1



凯瑟琳·冒兰是我们这个故事中平凡的女主人公。她的父亲理查德是一个牧师，母亲是一个脾气很好的家庭主妇。冒兰一家有十个子女，每一个都平平常常，没有什么出众的地方，凯瑟琳就是其中之一。凯瑟琳缺乏成为一名女主人公应有的气质，她不喜欢花草，不喜欢诗歌，不喜欢音乐，也不喜欢绘画；但是她脾气很好，待人很和气。到了十五岁的时候，凯瑟琳长大了，也知道要打扮自己，也开始讲究穿着，讲究时髦了。等她长到十七岁，凯瑟琳开始憧憬恋爱，希望有一位可爱的青年能够打动她的心。可是冒兰一家所居住的富勒顿是一个平凡的小村庄，并没有那样的青年存在。好在我们的凯瑟琳很讨人喜欢，艾伦先生和太太要到巴斯去疗养，并且邀请凯瑟琳一同去。这对于凯瑟琳来说无疑是太好的消息了。

No one who had ever seen Catherine Morland in her infancy, would have supposed her born to be an heroine. Her situation in life, the character of her father and mother, her own person and disposition, were all equally against her. Her father was a clergyman, without being neglected, or poor, and a very respectable man, though his name was Richard—and he had never been handsome. He had a considerable independence, besides two good livings—and he was not in the least addicted to locking up his daughters. Her mother was a woman of useful plain sense, with a good temper, and, what is more



remarkable, with a good constitution. She had three sons before Catherine was born; and instead of dying in bringing the latter into the world, as anybody might expect, she still lived on—lived to have six children more—to see them growing up around her, and to enjoy excellent health herself. A family of ten children will be always called a fine family, where there are heads and arms and legs enough for the number; but the Morlands had little other right to the word, for they were in general very plain, and Catherine, for many years of her life, as plain as any. She had a thin awkward figure, a sallow skin without colour, dark lank hair, and strong features; —so much for her person; —and not less unpropitious for heroism seemed her mind. She was fond of all boys' plays, and greatly preferred cricket not merely to dolls, but to the more heroic enjoyments of infancy, nursing a dormouse, feeding a canary-bird, or watering a rose-bush. Indeed she had no taste for a garden; and if she gathered flowers at all, it was chiefly for the pleasure of mischief—at least so it was conjectured from her always preferring those which she was forbidden to take. —Such were her propensities—her abilities were quite as extraordinary. She never could learn or understand anything before she was taught; and sometimes not even then, for she was often inattentive, and occasionally stupid. Her mother was three months in teaching her only to repeat the 'Beggar's Petition'; and after all, her next sister, Sally, could say it better than she did. Not that Catherine was always stupid, —by no means; she learnt the fable of 'The Hare and many Friends', as quickly as any girl in England. Her mother wished her to learn music; and Catherine was sure she should like it, for she was very fond of tinkling the keys of the old forlorn spinet; so, at eight years old she began. She learnt a year, and could not bear it; —and Mrs Morland, who did not insist on her daughters being accomplished in spite of incapacity or distaste, allowed her to leave off. The day which dismissed the music-master was one of the happiest of Catherine's life. Her taste for drawing was not superior; though whenever she could obtain the outside of a letter from her mother, or seize upon any other odd piece of paper, she did what she could in that way, by drawing houses and trees, hens and chickens, all very much like one another. —Writing and accounts she was taught by her father; French by her mother: her proficiency in either was not remarkable, and she shirked her lessons in both whenever she

could. What a strange, unaccountable character!—for with all these symptoms of profligacy at ten years old, she had neither a bad heart nor a bad temper; was seldom stubborn, scarcely ever quarrelsome, and very kind to the little ones, with few interruptions of tyranny; she was moreover noisy and wild, hated confinement and cleanliness, and loved nothing so well in the world as rolling down the green slope at the back of the house.

Such was Catherine Morland at ten. At fifteen, appearances were mending; she began to curl her hair and long for balls; her complexion improved, her features were softened by plumpness and colour, her eyes gained more animation, and her figure more consequence. Her love of dirt gave way to an inclination for finery, and she grew clean as she grew smart; she had now the pleasure of sometimes hearing her father and mother remark on her personal improvement. ‘Catherine grows quite a good-looking girl, —she is almost pretty today,’ were words which caught her ears now and then; and how welcome were the sounds! To look almost pretty, is an acquisition of higher delight to a girl who has been looking plain the first fifteen years of her life, than a beauty from her cradle can ever receive.

Mrs Morland was a very good woman, and wished to see her children everything they ought to be; but her time was so much occupied in lying-in and teaching the little ones, that her elder daughters were inevitably left to shift for themselves; and it was not very wonderful that Catherine, who had by nature nothing heroic about her, should prefer cricket, baseball, riding on horseback, and running about the country at the age of fourteen, to books—or at least books of information—for, provided that nothing like useful knowledge could be gained from them, provided they were all story and no reflection, she had never any objection to books at all. But from fifteen to seventeen she was in training for a heroine; she read all such works as heroines must read to supply their memories with those quotations which are so serviceable and so soothing in the vicissitudes of their eventful lives.

From Pope, she learnt to censure those who  
bear about the mockery of woe.

From Gray, that

Many a flower is born to blush unseen,



And waste its fragrance on the desert air.

From Thompson, that

—It is a delightful task

To teach the young idea how to shoot.

And from Shakespeare she gained a great store of information—amongst the rest, that

—Trifles light as air,

Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong,

As proofs of Holy Writ.

That

The poor beetle, which we tread upon,

In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great

As when a giant dies.

And that a young woman in love always looks

—like Patience on a monument

Smiling at Grief.

So far her improvement was sufficient—and in many other points she came on exceedingly well; for though she could not write sonnets, she brought herself to read them; and though there seemed no chance of her throwing a whole party into raptures by a prelude on the pianoforte, of her own composition, she could listen to other people's performance with very little fatigue. Her greatest deficiency was in the pencil—she had no notion of drawing—not enough even to attempt a sketch of her lover's profile, that she might be detected in the design. There she fell miserably short of the true heroic height. At present she did not know her own poverty, for she had no lover to portray. She had reached the age of seventeen, without having seen one amiable youth who could call forth her sensibility; without having inspired one real passion, and without having excited even any admiration but what was very moderate and very transient. This was strange indeed! But strange things may be generally accounted for if their cause be fairly searched out. There was not one lord in the neighbourhood; no—not even a baronet. There was not one family among their acquaintance who had reared and supported a boy accidentally found at their door—not one young man whose origin was



unknown. Her father had no ward, and the squire of the parish no children.

But when a young lady is to be a heroine, the perverseness of forty surrounding families cannot prevent her. Something must and will happen to throw a hero in her way.

Mr Allen, who owned the chief of the property about Fullerton, the village in Wiltshire where the Morlands lived, was ordered to Bath for the benefit of a gouty constitution;—and his lady, a good-humoured woman, fond of Miss Morland, and probably aware that if adventures will not befall a young lady in her own village, she must seek them abroad, invited her to go with them. Mr and Mrs Morland were all compliance, and Catherine all happiness.



## 第二章

### Chapter 2



凯瑟琳要动身去巴斯了，母亲十分担忧，女儿可能遇到的困难和危险让她内心十分不安，所以她把自己所知道的一切办法都教给凯瑟琳了。虽然太太的见识也不见得比凯瑟琳多多少，但是作为母亲对于女儿的爱无疑是十分真挚的。至于冒兰先生则给了女儿十畿尼金币，并答应在女儿需要的时候还会再给。

凯瑟琳登上了旅途，顺利地到了巴斯。凯瑟琳对一切都感到是那么新鲜、那么好奇，她一到这里就感到快活。

邀请凯瑟琳出门的艾伦太太是一个轻率、粗俗的妇人。才貌艺礼她全不具备，但她有一身的淑女相，一副专心于日常琐事的样子。服装是她的爱好，穿衣打扮更是她的最大嗜好。而凯瑟琳就要等艾伦太太买到式样最新的服装之后才得以被介绍到社交界的。

第一次参加舞会并不是愉快的经验，凯瑟琳和艾伦太太在拥挤的人群中没有一个人可以攀谈，也没有熟识或是陌生的男士前来邀舞。艾伦太太整场舞会都在无聊地对周围人的衣着品头论足，凯瑟琳则在一旁乖巧地听着。

*I*N addition to what has been already said of Catherine Morland's personal and mental endowments, when about to be launched into all the difficulties and dangers of a six weeks' residence in Bath, it may be stated, for

the reader's more certain information, lest the following pages should otherwise fail of giving any idea of what her character is meant to be; that her heart was affectionate, her disposition cheerful and open, without conceit or affectation of any kind—her manners just removed from the awkwardness and shyness of a girl; her person pleasing, and, when in good looks, pretty—and her mind about as ignorant and uninformed as the female mind at seventeen usually is.

When the hour of departure drew near, the maternal anxiety of Mrs Morland will be naturally supposed to be most severe. A thousand alarming presentiments of evil to her beloved Catherine from this terrific separation must oppress her heart with sadness, and drown her in tears for the last day or two of their being together; and advice of the most important and applicable nature must of course flow from her wise lips in their parting conference in her closet. Cautions against the violence of such noblemen and baronets as delight in forcing young ladies away to some remote farm-house, must, at such a moment, relieve the fullness of her heart. Who would not think so? But Mrs Morland knew so little of lords and baronets, that she entertained no notion of their general mischievousness, and was wholly unsuspecting of danger to her daughter from their machinations. Her cautions were confined to the following points. 'I beg, Catherine, you will always wrap yourself up very warm about the throat, when you come from the Rooms at night; and I wish you would try to keep some account of the money you spend; —I will give you this little book on purpose.'

Sally, or rather Sarah, (for what young lady of common gentility will reach the age of sixteen without altering her name as far as she can?) must from situation be at this time the intimate friend and confidante of her sister. It is remarkable, however, that she neither insisted on Catherine's writing by every post, nor exacted her promise of transmitting the character of every new acquaintance, nor a detail of every interesting conversation that Bath might produce. Everything indeed relative to this important journey was done, on the part of the Morlands, with a degree of moderation and composure, which seemed rather consistent with the common feelings of common life, than with the refined susceptibilities, the tender emotions which the first separation of a

heroine from her family ought always to excite. Her father, instead of giving her an unlimited order on his banker, or ever putting an hundred pounds bank-bill into her hands, gave her only ten guineas, and promised her more when she wanted it.

Under these unpromising auspices, the parting took place, and the journey began. It was performed with suitable quietness and uneventful safety. Neither robbers nor tempests befriended them, nor one lucky overturn to introduce them to the hero. Nothing more alarming occurred than a fear on Mrs Allen's side, of having once left her clogs behind her at an inn, and that fortunately proved to be groundless.

They arrived at Bath. Catherine was all eager delight;—her eyes were here, there, everywhere, as they approached its fine and striking environs, and afterwards drove through those streets which conducted them to the hotel. She was come to be happy, and she felt happy already.

They were soon settled in comfortable lodgings in Pulteney Street.

It is now expedient to give some description of Mrs Allen, that the reader may be able to judge, in what manner her actions will hereafter tend to promote the general distress of the work, and how she will, probably, contribute to reduce poor Catherine to all the desperate wretchedness of which a last volume is capable—whether by her imprudence, vulgarity, or jealousy—whether by intercepting her letters, ruining her character, or turning her out of doors.

Mrs Allen was one of that numerous class of females, whose society can raise no other emotion than surprise at there being any men in the world who could like them well enough to marry them. She had neither beauty, genius, accomplishment, nor manner. The air of a gentlewoman, a great deal of quiet, inactive good temper, and a trifling turn of mind, were all that could account for her being the choice of a sensible, intelligent man, like Mr Allen. In one respect she was admirably fitted to introduce a young lady into public, being as fond of going everywhere and seeing everything herself as any young lady could be. Dress was her passion. She had a most harmless delight in being fine; and our heroine's entrée into life could not take place till after three or four days had been spent in learning what was mostly worn, and her chaperon was provided with a dress of the newest fashion. Catherine too made some



purchases herself, and when all these matters were arranged, the important evening came which was to usher her into the Upper Rooms. Her hair was cut and dressed by the best hand, her clothes put on with care, and both Mrs Allen and her maid declared she looked quite as she should do. With such encouragement, Catherine hoped at least to pass uncensured through the crowd. As for admiration, it was always very welcome when it came, but she did not depend on it.

Mrs Allen was so long in dressing, that they did not enter the ballroom till late. The season was full, the room crowded, and the two ladies squeezed in as well as they could. As for Mr Allen, he repaired directly to the cardroom, and left them to enjoy a mob by themselves. With more care for the safety of her new gown than for the comfort of her protégée, Mrs Allen made her way through the throng of men by the door, as swiftly as the necessary caution would allow; Catherine, however, kept close at her side, and linked her arm too firmly within her friend's to be torn asunder by any common effort of a struggling assembly. But to her utter amazement she found that to proceed along the room was by no means the way to disengage themselves from the crowd; it seemed rather to increase as they went on, whereas she had imagined that when once fairly within the door, they should easily find seats and be able to watch the dances with perfect convenience. But this was far from being the case, and though by unwearied diligence they gained even the top of the room, their situation was just the same; they saw nothing of the dancers but the high feathers of some of the ladies. Still they moved on—something better was yet in view; and by a continued exertion of strength and ingenuity they found themselves at last in the passage behind the highest bench. Here there was something less of a crowd than below; and hence Miss Morland had a comprehensive view of all the company beneath her, and of all the dangers of her late passage through them. It was a splendid sight, and she began, for the first time that evening, to feel herself at a ball: she longed to dance, but she had not an acquaintance in the room. Mrs Allen did all that she could do in such a case by saying very placidly, every now and then, 'I wish you could dance, my dear,—I wish you could get a partner.' For some time her young friend felt obliged to her for these wishes; but they were repeated so often, and proved so



totally ineffectual, that Catherine grew tired at last, and would thank her no more.

They were not long able, however, to enjoy the repose of the eminence they had so laboriously gained. —Everybody was shortly in motion for tea, and they must squeeze out like the rest. Catherine began to feel something of disappointment—she was tired of being continually pressed against by people, the generality of whose faces possessed nothing to interest, and with all of whom she was so wholly unacquainted, that she could not relieve the irksomeness of imprisonment by the exchange of a syllable with any of her fellow captives; and when at last arrived in the tea-room, she felt yet more the awkwardness of having no party to join, no acquaintance to claim, no gentleman to assist them.—They saw nothing of Mr Allen; and after looking about them in vain for a more eligible situation, were obliged to sit down at the end of a table, at which a large party were already placed, without having anything to do there, or anybody to speak to, except each other.

Mrs Allen congratulated herself, as soon as they were seated, on having preserved her gown from injury. ‘It would have been very shocking to have it torn,’ said she, ‘would not it?—It is such a delicate muslin.—For my part I have not seen anything I like so well in the whole room, I assure you.’

‘How uncomfortable it is,’ whispered Catherine, ‘not to have a single acquaintance here!’

‘Yes, my dear,’ replied Mrs Allen, with perfect serenity, ‘it is very uncomfortable indeed.’

‘What shall we do?—The gentlemen and ladies at this table look as if they wondered why we came here—we seem forcing ourselves into their party.’

‘Aye, so we do.—That is very disagreeable. I wish we had a large acquaintance here.’

‘I wish we had any;—it would be somebody to go to.’

‘Very true, my dear; and if we knew anybody we would join them directly. The Skinners were here last year—I wish they were here now.’

‘Had not we better go away as it is? —Here are no tea things for us, you see.’

‘No more there are, indeed. —How very provoking! But I think we had