

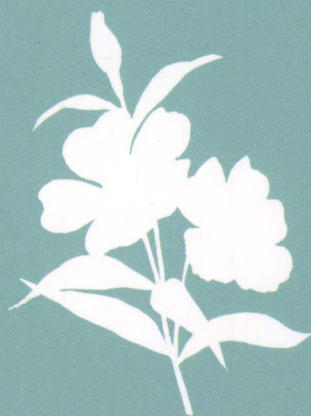
世界名著 • 经典电影 • 双语阅读

无名的裘德

Jude the Obscure

◆ [英] 托马斯·哈代 著

◆ 张谷若 译



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Jude the Obscure



Part First

Act Marygreen

"Yea, many there be that have run out of their wits for women, and become servants for their sakes. Many also have perished, have erred, and sinned, for women... O ye men, how can it be but women should be strong, seeing they do thus?"

—ESDRAS.

1

The schoolmaster was leaving the village, and everybody seemed sorry. The miller at Cresscombe lent him the small white tilted cart and horse to carry his goods to the city of his destination.

A little boy of eleven, thoughtfully assisted in the packing.

"Sorry I am going, Jude?" asked the latter kindly.

Tears rose into the boy's eyes, for he was not among the regular day scholars, who came unromantically close to the schoolmaster's life, but one who had attended the night school only during the present teacher's term of office.

The boy awkwardly opened the book he held in his hand, which Mr. Phillotson had bestowed on him as a parting gift, and admitted that he was sorry.

"So am I," said Mr. Phillotson.

"Why do you go, sir?" asked the boy.

"Well—don't speak of this everywhere. You know what a university is, and a university degree? It is the necessary hall-mark of a man who wants to do anything in teaching. My scheme, or dream, is to be a university graduate, and then to be ordained. By going to live at Christminster, or near it, I shall be at headquarters, so to speak, and if my scheme is practicable at all, I consider that being on the spot will afford me a better chance of carrying it out than I should have elsewhere."

"I sha'n't forget you, Jude," he said, smiling, as the cart moved off. "Be a good boy, remember; and be kind to animals and birds, and read all you can. And if ever you come to Christminster remember you hunt me out for old acquaintance' sake."

第一部 在玛丽格伦^①

不错，有许多男子，因为女人而丧失了神智，因为她们而做了奴仆；又有许多男子，因为女人而丧了命，栽了跟头，犯了罪恶。……啊，诸位啊，女人既然有这样的本领，那怎么能说女人不厉害呢？

——艾司德拉司

1

学校的老师就要离开这个村子了，每个人都好像有些难过的样子。水芹谷^②一个开磨坊的，把他那辆带白篷的小车，连马一块儿借给了老师，好把他的东西运到他要去的那个城市。

一个十一岁的孩子，满腹心事的样子，帮着收拾行李。

“裘德，我要走了，你心里不好过吧？”老师和蔼地问。

那孩子一听这个话，满眼都是泪；因为他并不是白天上课的正式学生，能够理所当然地按时和老师的生活接触；他只是一个限于这位老师任期以内的夜校学生。

那孩子当时很难为情的样子把手里拿着的一本书打开了（那是费劳孙先生送给他作临别纪念的礼物），承认心里不好过。

“我心里也不好过，”费劳孙先生说。

“你为什么要走哪，老师？”那孩子问。

“好吧——我跟你说啦，你可不要到处嚷嚷去。大学和大学学位是怎么一回事你都知道吧？凡是想干教书这一行的，就都得有大学毕业的招牌。我的计划，也可以说，我的梦想，就是先取得大学毕业的资格，然后再在教会里弄一名圣职做一做^③。我上基督寺^④本城去住着，或者上基督寺附近去住着，那我就好比是到了老家一样了。我的计划，如果不完全是捕风捉影的话，那我在基督寺，总要比在别的地方，更能得到近水楼台的好处。”

“我会老想着你的，裘德，”车往前走动的时候他微笑着说。“记住啦，做一个好孩子，对于畜类和鸟儿都要仁慈；好好地用功念书。你要是万一有上基督寺那一天，那你看老朋友的面，千万可要去找我去。别忘啦。”

bestow

[bi'stau]

v. 把…赠予，把…给予

ordain

[ɔ:'dein]

v. 任命…为牧师（或神父等），授…以圣职

Jude the Obscure

The cart creaked across the green, and disappeared round the corner by the rectory-house. The boy returned to the draw-well at the edge of the greensward, where he had left his buckets when he went to help his patron and teacher in the loading.

"Bring on that water, will ye, you idle young harlican! "

It came from an old woman who had emerged from her door towards the garden gate of a green-thatched cottage not far off. The boy quickly waved a signal of assent, drew the water with what was a great effort for one of his stature, landed and emptied the big bucket into his own pair of smaller ones, and pausing a moment for breath, started with them across the patch of clammy greensward whereon the well stood—nearly in the centre of the little village, or rather hamlet.

It was as old-fashioned as it was small, and it rested in the lap of an **undulating** upland adjoining the North Wessex downs.

Slender as was Jude Fawley's frame he bore the two brimming house-buckets of water to the cottage without resting. Over the door was a little rectangular piece of blue board, on which was painted in yellow letters, "Drusilla Fawley, Baker."

While emptying the buckets at the back of the house he could hear an animated conversation in progress within-doors between his great-aunt, the Drusilla of the sign-board, and some other villagers. Having seen the schoolmaster depart, they were summing up particulars of the event, and **indulging** in predictions of his future.

"And who's he?" asked one, comparatively a stranger, when the boy entered.

"Well ye med ask it, Mrs. Williams. He's my great-nephew—come since you was last this way. He come from Mellstock, down in South Wessex, about a year ago—worse luck for 'n, Belinda" (turning to the right) "where his father was living, and was took wi' the shakings for death, and died in two days, as you know, Caroline" (turning to the left). "It would ha' been a blessing if Goddy-mighty had took thee too, wi' thy mother and father, poor useless boy! But I've got him here to stay with me till I can see what's to be done with un, though I be obliged to let him earn any penny he can. Just now he's a-scaring of birds for Farmer Troutham. It keeps un out of mischty. Why do ye turn away, Jude?" she continued, as the boy, feeling the impact of their glances like slaps upon his face, moved aside.

"To kip 'ee company in your loneliness, fetch water, shet the winder-shetters o' nights, and help in the bit o' baking." The local washerwoman replied.

Miss Fawley doubted it.... "Why didn't ye get the schoolmaster to take 'ee to Christminster wi' un, and make a scholar of 'ee," she continued, in **frowning** pleasantry. "I'm sure he couldn't ha' took a better one. The boy is crazy for books, that he is. It runs in our family rather. His cousin Sue is just the same —so I've heard; but I have not seen the chile for years, though she was born in this place, within these four

大车噤噤吱吱地从青草地^⑤上走过去，到了教区长的住宅那儿，一拐弯儿就再看不见了。那孩子又回到青草地边儿上的汲水井那儿了，他原先帮着他的恩人兼老师装车的时候，就把自用水桶摆在那儿。

“你这个懒骨头，快把水提回来，听见了没有？”

这声音是由一个老太婆嘴里发出来的，那时候她正由离得不远的一所房顶上绿苔斑驳的草房里面走了出来，要往庭园的门那儿去。那孩子急忙对她一招手，表示她的话他已经听见了，跟着用了很大的力气，才把一桶水从井里提上来，因为他本来身小力薄么。他把那一大桶水先放在地上，然后把它倒在自己那两个小桶里，歇了一下，喘了喘气，才提着水穿过了水井所在的那片湿漉漉的草地，那片草地差不多正占据那个村庄——或者说三家村——的中心。

这个村庄不但年代古老，并且人家稀少。它坐落在和北维塞司^⑥的丘陵相连的那片起伏高原中间一个山坳里。

裘德·范立的身躯虽然那样瘦小，他却一点都没停顿，就把那两只装满了水的家常水桶，提回了草房。只见草房的门框上，有一块长方形的蓝色小木牌，上面彩画着“祝西拉·范立面包房”几个黄色的字样。

裘德在房子的后部倒那两桶水的时候，能听见他老姑太太——就是招牌上那个祝西拉——和村子里另外几个人，有声有色地在那儿谈天儿。他们曾看见学校的老师动身，现在正在那儿谈这件事的详细情节，同时信口开河地推测老师的将来。

“这是谁？”裘德进了屋子的时候，一个比较生的街坊问。

“你倒是该问这句话，维廉太太。他是我的侄孙儿。他到这儿来的时候，你刚刚走，他大约是一年以前从南维塞司的梅勒寨^⑦到这儿来的——他真倒霉，贝林达，”（说到这儿，她把脸转到左边）“他爸爸那时候正住在梅勒寨，得了要命的疟疾，两天的工夫就死了。这是你知道的，珈罗琳。”（说到这儿，又把脸转到右边）“要是全能的上帝，让你跟着你爸爸和你妈一块儿去了，那才是有福气的哪，你这个可怜的累赘东西！我只好把他弄到我这儿，先跟我住着，再慢慢给他想办法；我可得让他挣几个钱，能挣一个钱也好。这阵儿他正给农夫晁坦在地里轰鸟儿^⑧。这免得他在家淘气。你怎么跑到一边儿去啦，裘德？”她接着问，因为那时那个孩子，觉得她们一齐射到他脸上的眼光，好像是打到脸上的巴掌，所以往一旁躲开了。

那个给人家洗衣服的本地女人就说：“你一个人太孤单了，那孩子可以跟你作个伴儿，给你打打水，晚上关关窗户，帮着你做做面包。”

范立姑娘却不以为然。“你为什么不叫学校的老师把你带到基督寺，也去做一个念书的人儿哪？”她带着开玩笑的样子皱着眉头，接着说，“我敢保他决找不出比你更好的孩子来。这孩子简直是书迷，一点不错是书迷。我们家里就兴这个。他表妹也跟他一样，就是爱念书——不过我这可只是从别人那儿听来的，因为我有好多年

undulating

[ˈʌndʒuleɪtɪŋ]

adj. 波浪起伏的;波浪形的

indulge

[ɪnˈdʌldʒ]

v. 沉迷于;满足(欲望等)

frown

[fraʊn]

v. 皱眉;表示不满

Jude the Obscure

walls, as it happened. My **niece** and her husband, after they were married, didn't get a house of their own for some year or more; and then they only had one till—Well, I won't go into that. Jude, my chile, don't you ever marry. 'Tisn't for the Fawleys to take that step any more. She, their only one, was like a chile o' my own, Belinda, till the split come! Ah, that a little maid should know such changes! ”

Jude, finding the general attention again centering on himself, went out to the bakehouse, where he ate the cake provided for his breakfast. The end of his spare time had now arrived, and **emerging** from the garden by getting over the hedge at the back he pursued a path northward, till he came to a wide and lonely depression in the general level of the upland, which was sown as a corn-field. This vast concave was the scene of his labours for Mr. Troutham the farmer, and he descended into the midst of it.

The brown surface of the field went right up towards the sky all round, where it was lost by degrees in the mist that shut out the actual verge and **accentuated** the solitude. The only marks on the uniformity of the scene were a rick of last year's produce standing in the midst of the **arable**, the rooks that rose at his approach, and the path **athwart** the fallow by which he had come.

The boy stood under the rick before mentioned, and every few seconds used his clacker or rattle briskly. At each clack the rooks left off pecking, and rose and went away on their leisurely wings, **burnished** like **tassets** of mail, afterwards wheeling back and regarding him warily, and descending to feed at a more respectful distance.

He sounded the clacker till his arm ached, and at length his heart grew sympathetic with the birds' **thwarted** desires. They seemed, like himself, to be living in a world which did not want them. Why should he frighten them away? They took upon them more and more the aspect of gentle friends and pensioners—the only friends he could claim as being in the least degree interested in him, for his aunt had often told him that she was not. He ceased his rattling, and they **alighted** anew.

“Poor little dears! ” said Jude, aloud. “You shall have some dinner—you shall. Eat, then, my dear little birdies, and make a good meal! ”

They stayed and ate, inky spots on the nut-brown soil, and Jude enjoyed their appetite.

His clacker he had by this time thrown away from him, as being a mean and sordid instrument, offensive both to the birds and to himself as their friend. All at once he became conscious of a smart blow upon his buttocks, followed by a loud clack, which announced to his surprised senses that the clacker had been the instrument of offence used. The birds and Jude started up simultaneously, and the dazed eyes of the latter beheld the farmer in person, the great Troutham himself, his red face glaring down upon Jude's cowering frame, the clacker swinging in his hand.

niece

[ni:s]

n. 侄女

emerge

[i'mə:dʒ]

v. 出现; 摆脱

accentuate

[æk'sentʃueit]

v. 加强; 使更突出

arable

['ærəbl]

n. 耕地

athwart

[ə'θwɔ:t]

prep. 横跨

burnished

['bɜ:nɪʃt]

adj. 铮亮的; 光洁的

tasset

['tæsɪt]

n. (盔甲的)腿甲, 腿罩

thwart

[θwɔ:t]

v. 阻挠; 使受挫折

alight

[ə'laɪt]

v. (鸟等)飞落

没见那孩子了。倒是不错, 她就是在这儿生的, 就在这个屋子里生的。我侄女和她丈夫结了婚以后, 有一年的工夫, 也许有一年多的工夫, 自己老没有个家, 后来他们自己有了家, 可又正——罢, 罢, 我提这个话干什么呀? 裘德, 我的孩子, 你长大了, 可千万别结婚。咱们范立家可不该再做那样的事了。我侄女和她丈夫, 就生了淑一个孩子。她一直到他们两个打吵子的时候, 都老跟我自己孩子一样。哎, 真想不到, 那么一丁点儿的孩子, 就遭到了那样惨的变故!”

裘德一看大家的注意又都集中到他身上, 就离开了那个屋子, 往面包房里去了。他在那儿把留给他作早点的糕吃了, 现在他空闲的时间已经完了。他攀过树篱, 离了后园, 顺着一条小路往北走去, 一直走到平衍的高原上一块宽广而僻静的洼地, 那儿种着小麦。他就在那块地里, 给农夫晃坦工作。现在他走到了那块地的正中间。

那一片褐色的地面, 四周围都一直往上高起, 和天空连接, 但是现在, 却在迷雾里慢慢地消失了, 因为迷雾把它的边缘抹掉, 同时使这一片大地上原来的寂静加强。在那片到处一律的景物上唯一突出的东西, 就是去年的麦子在耕种地的中间堆成的麦垛。看见他走近前来就飞去了的乌鸦和他刚刚走过的那条横穿休作地的小路。

那孩子就站在前面说过的那个麦垛下面, 每隔几秒钟, 就把他那个哗啦板儿轻快地一摇。那个哗啦板儿一响, 那些山老鸦都停止了啄食, 展开了翅膀(翅膀都亮得像连锁甲上的“靠腿子”一样), 悠悠闲闲地飞到空中远一点儿的地方, 待一会儿, 又飞回来, 一面很小心地看着他, 一面落到离他更远一些的地方上, 又啄食起来。

他不停地摇他那个哗啦板儿, 后来摇得膀子都疼起来了。于是那些鸟儿屡次想啄食而屡次受挫折的情况, 到底引起了他的同情心了。它们也正跟他自己一样, 本是生在一个不需要它们的世界上的啊! 他为什么要把它们吓飞了哪? 它们越来越像是态度温和的朋友、靠他吃饭的食客了; 他可以说, 世界之大, 在他身上感兴趣的, 可只有这些鸟儿; 因为他老姑太太就常说, 她在他身上是并不感兴趣的。他住了手, 不摇哗啦板儿了, 那些鸟儿跟着就又落了下来。

“可怜的小东西!” 裘德高声说, “我请你们吃一顿饱饭吧, 请你们吃一顿饱饭吧。来吧, 你们吃吧, 亲爱的小鸟儿, 你们饱饱地吃一顿吧!”

于是它们(一片深褐色的大地上一些墨黑的小点儿)就不再飞走了, 当真大吃起来了。裘德看到它们的胃口那样好, 觉得很好玩儿。

那时候, 他把哗啦板儿扔到一边儿去了, 因为那是一件卑鄙、龌龊的工具, 不但让那些鸟儿看着不舒服, 让他这个鸟儿的朋友, 看着也不舒服。突然之间, 他觉得他的屁股上很疼地挨了一下打, 跟着听见了哗啦板儿一响, 他那突然吃惊的感官才明白过来, 哗啦板儿就是使他发疼的工具。鸟儿和裘德, 同时惊得跳起来, 跟着裘德那两只眩晕的眼睛, 就看见那个农夫本人——那个伟大的农夫晃坦自己——在他面前出现, 那个农夫是红脸膛, 正满面怒容往下瞅着裘德蜷缩哆嗦的身躯, 农夫的手里正把哗啦板儿哗啦哗啦地摇动。

Jude the Obscure

"So it's 'Eat, my dear birdies,' is it, young man? 'Eat, dear birdies,' indeed! I'll tickle your breeches, and see if you say, 'Eat dear birdies,' again in a hurry! And you've been idling at the schoolmaster's too, instead of coming here, ha'n't ye, hey? That's how you earn your sixpence a day for keeping the rooks off my corn! "

Whilst saluting Jude's ears with this impassioned rhetoric, Troutham had seized his left hand with his own left, and swinging his slim frame round him at arm's-length, again struck Jude on the hind parts with the flat side of Jude's own rattle, till the field **echoed** with the blows, which were delivered once or twice at each revolution.

"Don't 'ee, sir—please don't 'ee!" cried the whirling child, as helpless under the **centrifugal** tendency of his person as a hooked fish swinging to land, and beholding the hill, the rick, the plantation, the path, and the rooks going round and round him in an amazing circular race. "I—I—sir—only meant that—there was a good crop in the ground—I saw 'em sow it—and the rooks could have a little bit for dinner—and you wouldn't miss it, sir—and Mr. Phillotson said I was to be kind to 'em—O, O, O! "

This truthful explanation seemed to exasperate the farmer even more than if Jude had stoutly denied saying anything at all; and he still **smacked** the whirling urchin, the clacks of the instrument continuing to resound all across the field, and as far as the ears of distant workers—who gathered thereupon that Jude was pursuing his business of clacking with great assiduity.

Presently Troutham grew tired of his punitive task, and depositing the **quivering** boy on his legs, took a sixpence from his pocket and gave it him in payment for his day's work, telling him to go home and never let him see him in one of those fields again.

Jude leaped out of arm's reach, and walked along the trackway weeping.

On entering the cottage his aunt said, "Well, how do you come to be back here in the middle of the morning like this?"

"I'm turned away."

"What?"

"Mr. Troutham have turned me away because I let the rooks have a few peckings of corn. And there's my wages—the last I shall ever hae! "

He threw the sixpence **tragically** on the table.

"Ah!" said his aunt, suspending her breath. And she opened upon him a lecture on how she would now have him all the spring upon her hands doing nothing. "If you can't skeer birds, what can ye do? There! don't ye look so deedy! Farmer Troutham is not so much better than myself, come to that. But 'tis as Job said, 'Now they that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have **disdained** to have set with the dogs of my flock.' His father was my father's journeyman, anyhow, and I must have been a fool to let 'ee go to work for 'n, which I shouldn't ha' done but to keep 'ee out of mischty."

echo

[ˈekəʊ]

v. 发出回声, 产生回响

centrifugal

[senˈtrɪfʃʊɡəl]

adj. 离心的

smack

[smæk]

v. 打

quiver

[ˈkwɪvə]

v. 颤抖

tragically

[ˈtrædʒɪkəli]

adv. 悲剧地, 悲惨地

disdain

[disˈdeɪn]

v. 蔑视, 不屑

“‘吃吧, 亲爱的小鸟儿!’ 这是你说的, 是不是, 你这个小杂种? 又吃啦, 又; 又亲爱的小鸟儿啦, 又! 我先给你的屁股挠痒痒, 看你还敢不敢再顾头不顾尾地说‘吃吧, 亲爱的小鸟儿’ 啦! 你还跑到老师那儿磨工夫, 不一直地就上这儿来, 是不是吧? 这就是你一天赚我六便士, 给我轰的好老鸨, 看的好麦地, 啊!”

晁坦一面用这样一些感情激烈的辞令, 对裘德的耳朵致敬, 一面用他的左手, 把裘德的左手抓住了, 把裘德瘦小的身躯使劲抡起来, 同时用裘德自己那个哗啦板儿的平面, 往裘德的屁股上打, 每抡一圈, 就打一下或者两下, 到后来, 地里各处, 都能听见啪啪的声音。

“饶了我吧, 饶了我吧, 先生!” 那个旋转的孩子喊着说。那时他在那种离心力的控制下, 一点办法都没有, 跟一条鱼挂在钩子上让人往岸上甩的情况正一样。同时在他眼里, 那座小山、那个麦垛、那片人造林、那条小路、还有那些老鸨, 都以令人可怕的速度, 在他四围直转圈儿。“我——我——的意思——先生——只是说——地里种的种子有的是——我看见他们种来着——那些老鸨可以吃一点儿当一顿饭——它们吃了, 你先生决不会觉出来地里的种子少啦——费劳孙先生又告诉过我, 说叫我对鸟儿仁慈——哦, 哦, 哦!”

这样说老实话, 让那个农夫更火了, 反倒好像不如干脆不承认他说过任何话好。农夫仍旧一刻不停地打那个旋转的孩子, 那件打他的东西哗啦哗啦的声音, 一刻不停地传到那片地的各处, 一直传到远处工人的耳朵里——他们听到这种声音, 还以为那是裘德自己在那儿勤奋地摇哗啦板儿哪。

待了一会儿, 晁坦对于这种惩罚工作感到腻了, 就住了手, 让那个全身哆嗦的孩子两脚落地, 从口袋里掏出六便士来给了他, 算是他那一天的工资, 同时告诉他, 叫他一直回家, 以后永远也不许他再到那块地里去。

裘德一下跳到农夫够不着他的地方, 哭着往小路上走去。

他进了那所草房的时候, 他老姑太太说, “喂, 上午刚过一半, 你怎么就回来啦?”

“他不要我啦。”

“怎么?”

“晁坦先生因为我让老鸨吃了他几粒麦子, 不要我啦。这就是我的工钱——我最后挣的一笔工钱。”

他很伤心的样子, 把钱放在桌子上。

“啊,” 他老姑太太憋住了气说。接着她就教训起他来, 说他怎样这整个一春天, 都要闲待着白吃她。“你瞧, 你连赶鸟儿都不会, 那你还会干什么? 瞧你! 还那么往心里去! 那倒不必! 因为要讲真个的, 农夫晁坦比我也好不了多少。他只像约伯说的那样: ‘如今那些比我年轻的人都嘲笑我, 其实他们的父亲当年, 连跟给我看羊的狗在一起, 我都认为不配哪。’ 反正不管怎么说, 他爸爸是给我爸爸做小工的; 我当初就不该叫你去给他干活儿, 我叫你去, 那是我糊涂; 我要不是因为怕你在家淘气, 我压根儿就不该让你去。”

Jude the Obscure

More angry with Jude for demeaning her by coming there than for dereliction of duty, she rated him primarily from that point of view, and only secondarily from a moral one.

"Not that you should have let the birds eat what Farmer Troutham planted. Of course you was wrong in that. Jude, Jude, why didstn't go off with that schoolmaster of thine to Christminster or somewhere? But, O no—poor or'nary child—there never was any sprawl on thy side of the family, and never will be!"

"Where is this beautiful city, aunt—this place where Mr. Phillotson is gone to?" asked the boy, after meditating in silence.

"Lord! you ought to know where the city of Christ minster is. Near a score of miles from here. It is a place much too good for you ever to have much to do with, poor boy, I'm a-thinking."

During the remainder of the morning Jude helped his aunt, and in the afternoon, when there was nothing more to be done, he went into the village. Here he asked a man whereabouts Christminster lay.

"Christminster? O, well, out by there yonder; though I've never bin there—not I. I've never had any business at such a place."

The man pointed north-eastward, in the very direction where lay that field in which Jude had so disgraced himself. So, stealing out of the hamlet he descended into the same hollow which had witnessed his punishment in the morning, and climbing up the long and tedious ascent on the other side, till the track joined the highway by a little clump of trees. Here the ploughed land ended, and all before him was bleak open down.

Not a soul was visible on the hedgeless highway, or on either side of it, and the white road seemed to ascend and diminish till it joined the sky.

The boy immediately looked back in that direction.

Some way within the limits of the stretch of landscape, points of light like the topaz gleamed. The air increased in **transparency** with the lapse of minutes, till the topaz points showed themselves to be the vanes, windows, wet roof slates, and other shining spots upon the spires, domes, freestone-work, and varied outlines that were faintly revealed. It was Christminster, unquestionably; either directly seen, or miraged in the peculiar atmosphere.

The spectator gazed on and on till the windows and vanes lost their shine, going out almost suddenly like **extinguished** candles. The vague city became veiled in mist. Turning to the west, he saw that the sun had disappeared.

Jude continued his walk homeward alone, pondering so deeply that he forgot to feel timid. He suddenly grew older. It had been the **yearning** of his heart to find something to anchor on, to cling to—for some place which he could call admirable. Should he find that place in this city if he could get there? Would it be a spot in which, without

这个老太婆，因为裘德到地里干活把她寒碜了，比因为他玩忽职守还要生气，所以她骂他的时候，把寒碜的观点，作为第一义，而只把道德的观点，作为第二义。

“可是，我这并不是说，你应该让那些鸟儿，去吃农夫晁坦种的粮食。关于这一点，你当然不对。裘德，裘德呀，你为什么跟不上你那个老师到基督寺，或者不管到哪儿去哪？不过，哦，那是不会的，你这个可怜的糟孩子——咱们这一家人里，过去的时候，就是你们那一支老没出息，就是以后，也不会有出息！”

“老姑太太，那个美丽的城市——费劳孙先生去的那个城市，在什么地方哪？”那孩子静静地琢磨了一会儿问。

“天啊，你该知道基督寺在什么地方啊，离这儿差不多有二十英里吧。我这儿想，那个地方太好了，不大会跟你有什么交道的，可怜的孩子。”

裘德在那天上午剩下的时光里，帮着他老姑太太做了些事，下午没有什么事可做，就上村子里，找到一个人，问他基督寺在哪儿。

“基督寺？啊，哦，就在那边儿；不过我可从来没有到那儿去过，从来没有。我从来没有有什么得在那个地方办的事儿。”

那个人往东北指去，那正是裘德丢尽了脸那块地所在的那一面。他悄悄地出了那个小村子，走下了早晨看着他挨打的那个山坳；走到山坳最低的部分，又上了对面那段长而走起来很吃力的斜坡，一直走到小路在一小丛树旁边和大道连接起来的地方。到了那儿，庄稼地就到了尽头了，在他面前，只是一片荒凉、空旷的丘原了。

在这条没有树篱遮断的大路上面和大路两旁，连一个人影儿都看不见，同时那条白色的大路本身就往前伸展，越远越高，越远越细，最后仿佛和天空相连。

那孩子于是立刻往先前指点出来的那个方向看去。

那片绵延的景物上，在一定的范围内，有那么一块地方，上面有星星点点的亮光，像红黄宝石一样，闪烁明灭。时光一分钟一分钟过去了，空气的透明度也跟着增加了，顶到后来，那些星星一般的红黄宝石，分明能看出来，是一些风信旗、窗户、湿润的石板房顶和其他发亮的小点，在隐约出现的尖阁、圆屋顶、砂石建筑物以及楼形台影上面，乍隐乍显。那毫无疑问就是基督寺了；若不是直接用眼睛看出来的，就是间接由奇特的大气反映出来的。

那个孩子睁大了眼睛看了又看，一直看到那些窗户和风信旗都不亮了的时候；它们都好像要灭的蜡那样，几乎一下就消失了。那个隐约模糊的城市，让一片雾笼罩起来了。他转脸往西方看去，只见太阳已经不见了。

裘德自己一个人往家里走去，走的时候，因为沉思深念，都顾不得害怕了。他一下就长了好几岁了。他心里一向憧憬的，是一种可以使他安身立命的东西，一种可以使他的精神有所寄托的东西——一个可以说是令人景仰的地方。如果他能到那个城市里去，那么，他能够发现，那个城市就是那样一种地方吗？那么，那个城

transparency

[træns'pærənsɪ]

n. 透明,透明度

extinguish

[iks'tɪŋgwɪʃ]

vt. 熄灭(火等);使(热情、希望等)破灭;使消失

yearn

[jɜ:n]

v. 思念;渴望;同情;怜悯

fear of farmers, or **hindrance**, or **ridicule**, he could watch and wait, and set himself to some mighty undertaking like the men of old of whom he had heard?

"It is a city of light," he said to himself.

"The tree of knowledge grows there," he added a few steps further on.

"It is a place that teachers of men spring from and go to."

"It is what you may call a castle, manned by scholarship and religion."

After this figure he was silent a long while, till he added:

"It would just suit me."

2

During the three or four succeeding years a quaint and singular vehicle might have been discerned moving along the lanes and by-roads near Marygreen, driven in a quaint and singular way.

The singularity aforesaid lay, after all, less in the conveyance itself than in Jude's manner of conducting it along its route. Its interior was the scene of most of Jude's education by "private study." As soon as the horse had learnt the road and the houses at which he was to pause awhile, the boy, seated in front, would slip the reins over his arm, ingeniously fix open, by means of a strap attached to the tilt, the volume he was reading, spread the dictionary on his knees, and plunge into the simpler passages from Caesar, Virgil, or Horace, as the case might be, in his purblind stumbling way, and with an **expenditure** of labour that would have made a tender-hearted **pedagogue** shed tears; yet somehow getting at the meaning of what he read, and divining rather than beholding the spirit of the original, which often to his mind was something else than that which he was taught to look for.

Though Jude may have had little chance of becoming a scholar by these rough and ready means, he was in the way of getting into the groove he wished to follow.

When Fawley was getting quite advanced, being now about sixteen, thither he resolved as firmly as ever to go.

But how live in that city? At present he had no income at all. He had no trade or calling of any dignity or stability whatever on which he could subsist while carrying out an intellectual labour which might spread over many years.

He thought of his unknown uncle, his cousin Susanna's father, an ecclesiastical worker in metal. He could not go far wrong in following his uncle's footsteps, and engaging himself awhile with the carcasses that contained the scholar souls.

There was a stone-cutter of a humble kind in Alfred ston, and as soon as he had found a substitute for himself in his aunt's little business, he offered his services to this man for a trifling wage. Here Jude had the opportunity of learning at least the rudiments

hindrance

['hindrəns]

n. 妨碍, 障碍物

ridicule

['ridikju:l]

n. 嘲笑, 戏弄

市, 能够使他不怕有农夫作践、不怕有别人嗤笑、不怕有任何阻挠, 而使他可以在那儿守望、等候, 并且像他听说的那些古人那样, 按照志愿, 完成巨大的任务吗?

“那是一座光明的城市,” 他自言自语地说。

“知识之树就长在那儿,” 又走了几步之后, 他加上了这一句。

“那座城市, 是人类的导师出现的地方, 也是他们荟萃的地方。”

“那是一座你可以叫作是用学问和宗教来守卫着的城堡。”

他说了这些比喻以后, 老半天没再作声, 一直到后来才又补充了这样一句:

“那正是于我适合的地方。”

2

在这件事发生了以后三四年里, 可以看到一辆稀奇古怪的车, 在玛丽格伦附近一带的篱路和支路上往来, 这辆车, 不但样子稀奇古怪, 赶车的方式也稀奇古怪。

说到究竟, 前面提过的那种古怪情况, 与其说是由于那辆车本身的样式, 还不如说是由于裘德在路上赶车的方式。那辆车的内部, 就是裘德用“自学方法”教育自己的主要场所。那匹马不久就认得了它都要在哪些路上走, 都要在哪些人家门口停一下了; 这样一来, 马既然不用人照管了, 那孩子就坐在车的前面, 把马缰绳顺在胳膊上, 把他要读的书打开, 用一根连在篷上的皮带很巧妙地把它拴住了, 把字典摊在膝盖上, 这样安置好了, 他可就钻到凯撒、维吉尔、或者贺拉斯(看情况而定)比较容易的篇章里去了; 钻的时候, 用的是他自己那种瞎撞乱碰的方法; 他费的力量, 简直都能让一个心肠软的教师看着伤心落泪; 虽然这样, 他却也能或多或少地了解他所读的东西里面的意义, 连猜带蒙地看出原文的精神; 不过他所了解的和猜出来的, 跟书里要他学的, 往往不是一回事。

裘德用的这种不很精细的学习方法, 虽然不太容易能使他成为一个学者, 但是却也使他慢慢地走上了他所要走的路子。

在范立快要十六岁那一年里, 他仍旧和以前一样, 很坚决地想要到那个城市去。

但是他到那个城市去, 怎样生活呢? 他现在是一点收入都没有的。他没有任何体面或者固定的职业, 既可以使他生活, 又可以使他从事也许要费多年的工夫才能有所成就的学术研究。

于是他就想起他没见过面的姑父来了, 那就是他表妹淑珊娜的父亲, 他是一个用金属制造圣物的匠人。他要是学他姑父那样, 暂时在学者的灵魂所依附的躯壳方面从事工作, 是不会有大的错的。

阿尔夫锐屯^⑨有一个只会做低贱活儿的石匠; 他先很快地想法找了一个人, 替他帮着他老姑太太做事, 跟着他自己就投到那个石匠名下, 给他工作, 只拿一点点工资。在那个石匠那儿, 他至少有机会学

expenditure

[iks'penditʃə]

n. 消费, 支出, 经费

pedagogue

['pedəgɔ:g]

n. 文学教师(蔑称), 教育者