

大学英语阶梯阅读系列教程

Band 3

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Tess of the D'Urbervilles

苔 丝

附注释、练习、答案



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前 言

在进入新世纪的时候,大学生们无不在通过各种途径提高英语水平,以使自己拥有一个得心应手的交际工具,在激烈的人才竞争中占据有利位置。强烈的学习欲望应该令人称道,但也容易出现饥不择食、把别人成功的方法不加分析地照搬过来,或是人云亦云,受一些商业广告的诱惑,尝试那些似乎是有效的作法。这样做,其学习成效之低犹如寒流到来,学习愿望也会一下子降到零度。这的确令人十分遗憾。究其原因,恐怕是浮躁的学习心态使然。

语言知识的学习是一个认知过程,语言技能的掌握是一个在大量实践活动中一点一滴积累的过程。指导学习活动的方法只有符合了语言能力形成的规律才会发生作用。既然语言能力的形成是个相对漫长的过程,因而不能将提高英语水平寄希望于什么“捷径”或“速成”上。学好一种语言,非得下苦功不可,学好英语除了要多听、多说外,还要大量阅读。在阅读中,可以巩固课堂里学过的知识;可以扩大眼界;可以实践各种各样的阅读技巧;可以熟悉了解西方文化、社会习俗、风土人情、最新科技动态;可以了解英语各种文体的写作方法……一句话,你可以在轻松自然的状态下吸收语言,获得乐趣。何乐而不为!

在大学阶段,教师的主导作用逐渐转化为指导作用,语言环境和学习材料的重要性相对上升,学习者的能动性将发挥很大的作用。英语教学将从单纯课堂教学的模式,转化为大学英语课堂教学与学生课外自主学习相结合的双渠道模式。北京航空航天大学面向 21 世纪,在双渠道教学模式方面进行了探索和实践,要求学生每月读一本外语书,并且以不同方式进行检查。实践证明这不仅可行,而且得到学生的认同。

基于上述认识,我们组织编写了这套阶梯阅读系列教程。由学生根据个人兴趣爱好选读。由于不是指令性阅读,在很大程度上要靠阅读材料本身能够吸引学生。因此每一级读物有若干本,使学生有选择余地。在每一级读物中,有经典名著的简写本,有英

美短篇小说选,有介绍最新科技的科技荟萃,有汇集西方社会热门话题的时文选读。此外,由于课外阅读的目的是巩固扩展语言知识,实践阅读技巧,熟悉了解西方文化,因此我们每四、五千字设计了一个练习。练习分为内容理解和语言知识两部分,以主观题为主,题型多样。在适当的时候,有的书还要配上磁带,把文字阅读和有声阅读结合起来。

编 者

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导 读

哈代, T. (Thomas Hardy 1840~1928) 英国诗人、小说家。1866年开始文学创作,直至1928年逝世。他早期和中期的创作发展了维多利亚时代的英国文学,以小说为主;晚年则随20世纪之开始,又以他的诗作开始英国20世纪的文学,因此可以称为横跨两个世纪的作家。

哈代于1840年6月2日生于英国西南部多塞特郡多切斯特一个小村庄上博克汉普顿,紧邻多塞特郡的大荒原。多塞特郡是农业郡,在哈代幼年和中年时期,几无近代工业。郡城之外即有牛鸣羊咩,鸟语花香。这样的自然环境日后成为哈代作品的主要背景。

哈代的文学创作以诗歌开始,后因无法以写诗维持生活,转而从事小说创作。他于1867至1868年开始写小说,1871年发表第1部长篇小说《计出无奈》。一般批评者认为,这部小说受了一个前辈小说家的劝告和当时的流行小说的影响,以情节曲折、耸人听闻为主。1872年发表的第2部小说《绿林荫下》不事粉饰地反映了威塞克斯(哈代用作其绝大部分小说背景的英国西南部一个地区的总称)农村的生活。在哈代的小说中,以圆满的爱情作结束的很少,此为其中一例。这部作品开始了一系列哈代称之为“人物与环境”的小说。

《德伯家的苔丝》(一译《苔丝》,1891)是哈代最优秀的长篇小说,也是一部震撼人心的悲剧作品。女主角苔丝短促的一生中无时不向往人生的真和善,也无时不遭到伪和恶的打击。她生于乡村贫苦的小贩家庭,少年时即开始负起家庭生活的重担。但她刚一踏上社会,就遭到恶少的侮辱。后在一个牛奶场当女工时,与青年克莱相爱,并答应克莱的求婚。成婚之夕,她出于对克莱的忠诚与热爱,自白了往事。克莱貌似开明,但也不能脱去习俗的偏见。虽然他过去也有同样所谓不贞的生活,而对苔丝的遭遇不但不表同情,反而将她遗弃。几经曲折,苔丝出于激情,杀死恶少,因而被处绞刑。

虽然哈代把女主人公的不幸解释成命运的捉弄,但从小说描写里可以看出造成苔丝的悲惨命运的完全是社会原因。哈代本人的态度也是鲜明的,他公然把这样一个所谓失去贞节的女孩子作为小说主角,还在副标题里称她为“一个纯洁的女人”,从而公开向维多利亚时代英国资产阶级道德发出挑战。他不但揭露了这种道德的虚伪性,而且也抨击了法律的不公正。哈代的这部小说引起了强烈反响,不少读者来信要求他不要给苔丝以悲剧结局,对苔丝的命运表示关怀和同情。

《无名的裘德》(1896)可以说是《德伯家的苔丝》的姐妹篇。哈代自称这部小说要“把一个壮志不遂的悲惨身世割切沉痛地加以诠释”,尤其是“把一个用古代耶稣门徒拚却一切的精神对灵和肉作的生死斗争毫不文饰地加以叙说”。裘德是孤儿,由穷亲戚抚养成人,充当石匠的学徒。梦想进入基督寺大学(影射牛津大学),将来成为牧师。后与表妹相遇,情投意合,经过内心剧烈的斗争,排除了种种困难,二人同居,生有子女。但终因不结婚而同居,为礼法所不容,为习俗所不许,处处遭人白眼,求职无路,壮志不遂,连住宿都为公寓老板所不容,表妹终于重回原夫身边忍受屈辱的命运,裘德则以慢性自杀殉情。

哈代其它的作品还有《绿林荫下》、《一双湛蓝的秋波》、《远离尘嚣》、《还乡》等。

哈代所创造的人物,尤其是妇女形象,如《远离尘嚣》中的拔示巴、《还乡》中的游苔莎、《德伯家的苔丝》中的苔丝、《无名的裘德》中的淑·布莱德赫,都各有鲜明的个性,给人留下不可磨灭的印象。哈代写景的技巧尤为突出,在他笔下的景物都具有自己的个性,景与人化,情景交融,在作品中景物描写起到了重要的作用,尤其是被哈代命名为威塞克斯地区的自然风光。虽然哈代的文笔有些拖沓,夹用拉丁文,对话不太自然,但作品结构精密,含有诗意,能使读者开卷后不忍释手。

哈代在英国文学史上作为重要作家的地位早已确立,但一度受到忽视。20世纪以来,哈代的作品愈来愈受到重视,研究哈代的学者不断出现,他的作品也不断被改编成电影上映。哈代的作品已有几种被翻译介绍到我国。

——摘自《中国大百科全书》

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On an evening in late May, a middle-aged man was walking home from Shaston to the village of Marlott. His legs were weak, and he found it difficult to walk in a straight line. He appeared to be deep in thought, but in fact he was thinking about very little. Near the village he met an old *vicar*¹ riding on a grey horse.

"Goodnight to you," said the man.

"Goodnight, Sir John," said the vicar.

The man, after another step or two, stopped, and turned round. "Now, sir, I beg your pardon," he said. "we met last *market-day*² on this road at about this time. I said 'Goodnight', and you replied 'Goodnight, Sir John', as you did just now."

"I did," said the vicar.

"And once before that — nearly a month ago."

"I may have."

"Then why do you keep calling me 'Sir John'? I am plain Jack Durbeyfield."

The vicar rode a step or two nearer.

"It's because of something I discovered recently, while I was studying local history. I am Mr. Tringham, the historian, of Stag-foot Lane. Don't you know, Durbeyfield, that you are the direct *descendant*³ of the ancient and noble D'Urberville family? This great family began with Sir Pagan D'Urberville. He came to England from Normandy in 1066, along with King William."

"I've never heard of this before!"

"Well it's true. Raise your head for a moment. I want to see your face better. Yes, that's the D'Urberville nose and mouth. Later, others of your family owned land over all this part of England. Some of them were rich enough to give land to the Church. They helped kings in their times of trouble. Oh yes, there have been many Sir Johns among your family."

"Is that so?"

"In fact," said the vicar, "the D'Urbervilles are one of England's greatest families."

"I can't believe it," said Durbeyfield. "And I've been living like any ordinary man for all these years. How long have these facts about me been known, Mr. Tringham?"

"They're completely forgotten. I am one of the few people who do know the story of the D'Urbervilles. One day last spring I noticed the name Durbeyfield on the side of your *waggon*⁴. That made me want to find out more about your father and grandfather. Now I have no doubt that you are a descendant of the D'Urbervilles. At first I didn't want to tell you such a useless fact. However, I found it difficult to keep silent when I passed you on the road. I thought you might perhaps know already."

"Well, I've sometimes heard that my family was richer once. But I took no notice of such stories. I thought they meant that we used to have two horses instead of one. I've got an old silver spoon at home, but that doesn't mean much. . . . It was said that my grandfather had secrets. He didn't like to say where he came from. . . . so, where do we D'Urbervilles live now?"

"You don't live anywhere. You are finished as a noble family."

"That's sad."

"Yes. The D'Urberville men all died."

"Then where are we buried?"

"At Kingsbere-sub-Greenhill. Line after line of you in your *graves*⁵."

"And where are our family houses and lands?"

"You haven't any."

"Oh? None at all?"

"None; although you once had many, as I said. There were D'Urbervilles in many parts of the country. In this district there was a house of yours at Kingsbere, and others at Sherton,

Millpond, Lullstead, and at Wellbridge."

"And shall we never get them back?"

"Ah — I don't know that!"

"What ought I to do about it, sir?" asked Durbeyfield, after a while.

"Oh — nothing, nothing. It is an interesting but useless fact. Goodnight."

"Will you turn back and have a *pint*⁶ of beer with me, Mr. Tringham? There's some nice *stuff*⁷ at The Pure Drop, though not as good as at Rolliver's."

"No, thank you — not this evening, Durbeyfield. You've had enough already."

With this, the vicar rode on his way. When he was gone, Durbeyfield walked a few steps as if in a dream. He then sat down upon the grass by the roadside. In a few minutes a young man appeared, walking in the same direction as Durbeyfield had been.

"Boy, take my basket! I want you to do something for me."

"Don't order me about like that, John Durbeyfield. You know my name as well as I know yours!"

"Do you, do you? That's the secret, that's the secret! Now follow my orders, and take the message I'm going to give you. Well, Fred, I don't mind telling you my secret. I'm part of a noble family. I have just found out this afternoon." And as he said this, Durbeyfield lay down on the grass and looked up with pleasure at the sky.

The young man stood before Durbeyfield, and looked at him from head to toe.

"Sir John D'Urberville — that's who I am," continued Durbeyfield. "I'm in all the history books. Do you know of a place, boy, called Kingsbere-sub-Greenhill?"

"Yes, I've been there."

"Well, in that city's church there lie —"

"It's not a city, the place I mean. At least it wasn't when I was there. It was a little sort of place."

"It doesn't matter about the place, that's not the question. In Kingsbere church there are hundreds of my *ancestors*⁸. No man in South Wessex has greater and richer ancestors than I."

"Oh?"

"Now take my basket, and go on to Marlott. When you come to The Pure Drop, tell them to send a horse and carriage to me immediately. I wish to be carried home. And when you've done that, go on to my house with the basket. Tell my wife to stop her washing, because she needn't finish it. I've got news to tell her."

As the young men looked doubtful, Durbeyfield put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out a *shilling*⁹. It was one of the few that he had.

"This is for you, boy, if you take the message."

This made a difference in the young man's thoughts on the matter.

"Yes, Sir John. Thank you. Anything else I can do for you, Sir John?"

"Tell them at home that I should like the best supper of the year."

"Yes, Sir John."

The young man took up the basket. As he set out, they heard the sound of music coming from the direction of the village.

"What's that?" said Durbeyfield. "It's not because of my news, is it?"

"It's the women's club, out walking, Sir John. Your own daughter belongs to the club."

"Oh yes, you're right. I'd forgotten it in the middle of all my excitement. Well, go on to Marlott will you, and order my carriage."

The young man left, and Durbeyfield lay waiting on the grass

in the evening sun. Nobody passed that way for a long time. The far-off music from the village was the only human sound in the valley.

The village of Marlott lay in the north-eastern corner of the beautiful *Vale*¹⁰ of Blackmoor. It was a rich and sheltered land. The fields were never brown and the streams never dry. To the south were the high *chalk*¹¹ hills of Hambledon, Bulbarrow and Bubb Down. They were corn-lands, large and open. In the valley, the world seemed to be smaller and sleepier beneath the deep blue sky.

That same afternoon, Marlott was keeping the ancient custom of the women's club walk. The women dressed themselves in white, and carried little white flowers as they marched around the village. There were a few older women, but young girls formed most of the band. In the bright sunlight their fresh hair shone in every *shade*¹² of gold, black, and brown. Some had beautiful eyes, others a beautiful nose or mouth. Few, if any, had all these. Each had some private dream, some love, some interest, or at least a distant hope. So each was happy in her way.

They came round by the pub called The Pure Drop. As they left the road and started to move into the fields, a woman said, "Tess! Look at your father. He's riding home in a carriage!"

A young girl turned her head at these words. She was fine and very pretty, with a face full of expression. On looking round she saw Durbeyfield being driven along in the carriage that he had ordered from The Pure Drop. He was leaning back, with his eyes closed, and singing in a slow voice.

"I've got great relations buried at Kingsbere," he sang, "Oh yes, they're all so noble!"

The women laughed, except the girl called Tess. Her face went red as she saw her father making a fool of himself.

"He's tired, that's all," she said quickly. "He has got a carriage because our horse needs a rest today."

"Oh, you're so simple, Tess," said her companions. "He got drunk at the market."

"Look here," Tess cried, "I won't walk another inch with you, if you tell any more jokes about him!" In a moment her eyes grew wet, and she looked at the ground. The others saw that they had really hurt her and said no more. They all moved on into the field.

Tess Durbeyfield was full of strong feelings, but untouched by experience. The child she had been sometimes appeared in her face. At times you could see her twelfth year in her cheeks, or her ninth in her bright eyes.

Once the club was in the field, dancing began. At first the girls danced with each other, but after work the men of the village joined them. Some started to dance immediately; others just stood around, talking and looking.

Among this group there were three young brothers. They were too well-dressed to be villagers. The oldest was a vicar. The second was obviously a student. It was more difficult to guess the job of the third brother. Probably he was too young to have started anything yet. These three brothers were on a walking holiday in the Vale of Blackmoor. They leant over the gate by the road, and asked someone about the meaning of the club dance. The two older brothers plainly wanted to move on quickly, but the sight of a group of girls dancing without men seemed to *amuse*¹³ the third. He didn't want to leave in a hurry. So he took off his *pack*¹⁴, put it on the grass, and opened the gate.

"What are you going to do, Angel?" asked the oldest.

"I want to go and have a dance with them. Why don't we all go in? Just for a minute or two — it won't take long."

"No, no. *Nonsense*¹⁵!" said the first. "Dancing in public with

a lot of country girls! I'm surprised that you could even think of it. Come along, or it will be dark before we get to Stourcastle. That's the only place we can stay tonight."

"All right. I'll catch up with you and Cuthbert in five minutes. Don't stop. I promise that I will, Felix."

The two older brothers then left, and the youngest entered the field.

"This is a great shame," he said, to two girls near him. "where are your men, my dears?"

"They haven't finished work yet," answered one of the bravest. "They'll be here soon. Would you dance with us, until they come?"

"Certainly. But what is one man among so many girls?"

"Better than none. It's sad work dancing with one of your own sex. Now, pick and choose."

The young man looked at the group of girls, and attempted to choose someone. But because they were all so new to him, he didn't know where to start. So he took the nearest. This was not the speaker, as she had hoped; nor was it Tess Durbeyfield. Her noble D'Urberville blood had not yet started to help Tess. The example of this stranger made all the other young men quickly choose a girl. Soon even the ugliest woman in the club was dancing with a man.

The sound of the church clock suddenly *reminded*¹⁶ the young man that he ought to leave. As he left the dance, he saw Tess Durbeyfield. She looked at him, and he felt sorry, then, that he had not danced with her. When he had climbed the hill above the field he looked back. He could see the white shapes of the girls dancing on the grass. They all seemed to have forgotten him already.

All of them, except perhaps one. This white shape stood apart by the gate alone. He knew it was the pretty girl with whom he had not danced. Unimportant as the matter was, he felt that she was

hurt by this. He wished that he had asked her to dance, and that he knew her name. She was so sweet, so soft-looking in her thin white dress. The young man felt he had acted foolishly. However, there was nothing he could do about it now. He turned and walked away, forgetting the matter.

1 vicar 牧师	9 shilling 先令
2 market-day 赶集日	10 vale 山谷
3 descendant 后裔	11 chalk 白垩
4 waggon 马车	12 shade (色彩的) 浓淡
5 grave 坟墓	13 amuse 使…开心
6 pint 品脱	14 pack 背包
7 stuff 东西	15 nonsense 胡说
8 ancestor 祖先	16 remind 使想起, 提醒

Exercise One

Part One Understanding

I. True or False

1. Tess' father was very proud when he knew that he was a descendant of a noble family.
2. Tess' father ordered a carriage home because their horse needed a rest that day.
3. The out-walking of the women's club was one of the ancient customs of Marlott village.
4. Tess was too young to be a member of the women's club.
5. Tess felt ashamed when she saw her father in the carriage drunk.
6. The three brothers were on a business trip when they happened to pass the village where Tess lived.
7. Angel, the youngest of the three brothers, stopped at the dancing field because he was very tired from walking.
8. All girls were dancing with men from the beginning of the

dance.

9. Angel started dancing with the girl who talked to him.
10. Angel felt regretful for having not danced with Tess.

I. Answer the following questions.

1. Why did the vicar keep calling Durbeyfield "Sir John" each time he met him?
2. What did the three brothers come to the Vale of Blackmoor for?
3. Why did the young boy whom Durbeyfield asked to send messages for him change his attitude from reluctance to willingness?
4. Why did Tess' face turn red at the sight of his father drunk in carriage?
5. Why did Angel, the youngest of the three brothers, stopped at the dancing field instead of walking on with his brothers?
6. Did Angel dance with Tess? And how did he feel later?
7. Did Angel's brothers agree to his proposal of dancing in public with the girls? Why or why not?
8. Did the girls feel sorry for Angel's leaving?
9. Why did Tess stood apart by the gate of the dance field alone when Angel was leaving?
10. Were the three brothers come from another village? Why or why not?

II. Translate the following sentences into Chinese.

1. This made a difference in the young man's thoughts on the matter.
2. The far-off music from the village was the only human sound in the valley.
3. Each had some private dream, some love, some interest, or at least a distant hope. So each was happy in her way.
4. On looking round she saw Durbeyfield being driven along in the carriage that he had ordered from The Pure Drop.
5. Tess Durbeyfield was full of strong feelings, but untouched by experience.

6. The child she had been sometimes appeared in her face. At times you could see her twelfth year in her cheeks, or her ninth in her bright eyes.
7. They were too well-dressed to be villagers. The oldest was a vicar.
8. The two older brothers plainly wanted to move on quickly, but the sight of a group of girls dancing without men seemed to amuse the third.
9. The example of this stranger made all the other young men quickly choose a girl.
10. Unimportant as the matter was, he felt that she was hurt by this.

Part Two Vocabulary and Structure

I. Fill in the blanks with the phrases and expressions given below.

Change the forms where necessary.

order about	along with	from head to toe
make a difference	begin with	at times
remind... that	to be deep in thought	take notice of
make a fool of		

1. He appeared to _____, but in fact he was thinking about very little.
2. The proud young man _____ them _____ as if they were his servants.
3. He belonged to a great noble family which _____ Sir Pagan D'Urberville in the ancient times.
4. The sound of the church clock suddenly _____ the young man _____ he ought to leave.
5. Nobody _____ her though she was trying to attract their attention.
6. The poor boy didn't realize that they were _____ of him.
7. The mother's earnest advice didn't _____ in the son's de-

