

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

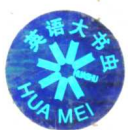
RVILLES TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES



T 苔 丝 *ess of the d'urbervilles*

英语大书虫世界文学名著文库

[英]托·哈代 著 英语学习大书虫研究室



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 de-based. Your ancestor was one of the twelve knights who assisted the Lord of Estrenavilla in Normandy in his conquest of Glamorganshire. Branches of your family still hold manors over all this part of Eng-land, and your name will appear in the Pipe Rolls of every county when, in the reign

“但这是真话。请把下巴翘起来让我仔细看看你的侧面。不错，这是德伯维尔家族的鼻子和下巴。只是有些逊色。你的祖先就是协助诺曼底的埃斯特玛维拉勋爵征服格拉摩根郡的十二个骑士之一。你家支脉的庄园曾经遍布英格兰的这一带地区。他们的名字在斯梯凡士时代的度支总册里都有记载。约翰王时代你们家族一个很富有的庄园捐给了圣多明各修道院。”

英 语 大 书 虫
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苔 丝

(英)托马斯·哈代 著
英语学习大书虫研究室 译

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导 读

托马斯·哈代(1840—1928)是英国著名的小说家和诗人。他青年时代当过建筑师,以后成为职业作家。1874年,哈代的第一部获得普遍赞扬的小说《远离尘嚣》在连载后以单行本形式出版,使他在文坛上确立了地位。接着他又写了几部重要的小说《还乡》(1878年)、《卡斯特桥市长》(1886年)、《森林中人》(1887年)、《苔丝》(1891年)和《无名的裘德》(1895年)。后两部小说冒犯了维多利亚时代的道德观念,受到激烈的攻击,哈代愤而不再写小说,转而重新写诗,直至1928年逝世。

哈代的写作生涯以诗开始,中间经过二十几年的小说阶段,最后仍以写诗告终。他比较著名的诗集有《威塞克斯诗集》(1898年)、《时代的笑柄及其他》(1909年)、《情势的讽刺》(1914年)和《幻想的时刻》(1917年)等,而最重要的是他的关于拿破仑战争的史诗剧《统治者》三卷(分别发表于1903年、1906年和1908年)。他的抒情诗中不乏情节有戏剧性并且语句隽永的作品,有人认为哈代在精神上始终是一位诗人。

《苔丝》是哈代最富盛誉的作品,也是世界文学史上的瑰宝。小说的女主人公苔丝出生于一个贫苦小贩的家庭,父亲有一天被告知他是古代贵族德伯维尔的后代,便得意忘形起来,他和他那浅薄庸俗又羡慕虚荣的老婆决定让女儿到一个自称也是德伯维尔家族后裔的富老太婆家去认亲,以期在经济上得到扶持。苔丝去了以后被老太婆的儿子亚历克诱奸。她怀孕回家,孩子一生下来即夭折。几年后,苔丝再次离家到奶牛场干活,与牧师的儿子安琪儿·克莱尔恋爱并订婚,苔丝十分崇拜和热爱安琪儿,几次想把自己失身的耻辱和盘托出,都因种种缘故而未办到。新婚之夜,她向丈夫坦言相告,却未被谅解。之后,

两人分居,安琪儿独自一人去巴西发展事业。当四处布道的亚历克与苔丝再次相遇时,对苔丝的情欲顿时击败了他那没有根基的宗教信仰,迫于生活,两人同居。不久,安琪儿回国后找到妻子并表示悔恨以往的冷酷无情。苔丝愤然杀死了亚历克。在与安琪儿一起度过幸福、美满的最后几天后,苔丝被捕并被处以绞刑。

在英国文学史上,司各特、狄更斯、乔治·爱略特等都写过以诱奸为题材的小说,但在这些故事中的不幸姑娘都是弱者,她们是小说中处于中心地位的女主角的陪衬人物,比之难免黯然失色。哈代创作《苔丝》,较之他的前辈作家在更高的层次上创造性地塑造了一个被侮辱的、具有反抗性的女性形象苔丝。她不再是小说中的陪衬者,而是完完全全统治整个小说的女主人公。苔丝只是一个想凭自己的双手劳动谋生、追求个人起码幸福权利的纯朴姑娘,社会却把她逼得走投无路,最终酿成了她的悲剧。小说深刻地揭示了平民命运的悲剧性,抨击了虚伪的绅士风尚和道德,成功地塑造了极富个性特征的贫寒而善良、温顺而多情、忍辱而坚韧的乡村姑娘苔丝这个闪烁着人性美的光辉的艺术形象。小说强烈的反宗教、反封建道德、反资产阶级法律的倾向,在当时尽管遭到了英国上流社会的反对,但却得到了广大读者的喜爱。这部小说被多次搬上银幕,给哈代带来了世界声誉,为我们提供了研究这位跨越 19 世纪和 20 世纪的英国诗人和小说家的生动材料,同时也启发我们思考人生的各种问题。

译者

二〇〇〇年十一月

PHASE THE FIRST
THE MAIDEN

第一階段
未婚少女

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 grey mare, who, as he rode, hummed a wandering tune.

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

‘Good night, Sir John,’ 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 zaid “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.’

第一章

在五月下旬的一天傍晚，一位中年男子正走在回家的路上，从沙斯屯到马洛特村。那村子毗邻布莱克摩尔谷或者黑原谷。他两腿摇晃，步伐倾斜，使他总向左边偏去。有时他聪明地点点头，好像在赞同某个想法，尽管实际上他并未思考任何问题。他手臂上挎着一只空空的蛋篮，帽子的绒毛乱糟糟的，帽檐上有一块已磨损得非常破旧，那是拇指摘取帽子时接触的地方。不一会儿，他碰到了一位跨骑着灰色牝马，悠闲地哼着小调的年老的牧师。

“晚安，”挎篮子的男子说。

“晚安，约翰爵士，”牧师说。

步行的人走了一两步之后，停下车，转过身来。

“呃，先生，请原谅；我们上次赶集差不多也在这时在这条路上相遇，我对你说‘晚安’，你回答说‘晚安，约翰爵士’，就像刚才一样。”

“是的，”牧师说。

“在那之前还有一次——大约一个月之前吧。”

‘I may have.’

‘Then what might your meaning be in calling me “Sir John” these different times, when I be plain Jack Durbeyfield, the haggler?’

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 Stag-foot Lane. Don’t you really know, Durbeyfield, that you are the lineal representative of the ancient and knightly family of the d’Urbervilles, who derive their descent from Sir Pagan

d’Urberville, that renowned knight who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror, as appears by Battle Abbey Roll?’

‘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 in the time of King Stephen. In the reign of King John one of them was rich enough to give a manor to the Knights Hospi-

“也许吧。”

“你为什么这几次都叫我‘约翰爵士’，而我只是普普通通的小贩杰克·德贝菲尔。”

牧师骑马靠近了一两步。

“那只是我一时兴致，”他犹豫了一会儿，说：“那是由于我不久前的一个发现，当我为编写新郡志而考查各家谱系时发现的，我是鹿脚巷的古物专家特令厄姆牧师。德贝菲尔，你真的不知道自己是古老尊贵的德伯维尔爵士家族的嫡系子孙么？这个家族是佩甘·德伯维尔爵士的后裔。这位爵士大名鼎鼎，是跟随征服者威廉一起从诺曼底来的。《巴托修道院文卷》上就有记载呢！”

“以前从未听说过，先生！”

“但这是真话。你把下巴翘起来让我仔细看着你的侧面。不错，这正是德伯维尔家族的鼻子和下巴——只是有些逊色。你的祖先就是协助诺曼底的埃斯特玛维拉勋爵征服格拉摩根郡的十二个骑士之一。你家支脉的庄园曾经遍布英格兰的这一带地区。他们的名字在斯梯凡王时代的《度支总册》里都有记载。约翰王时代你们家族一个很富有的支脉曾经把一座庄园捐赠给了救护骑士团。在爱德华二世摄政时，你家的祖宗布

tallers; and in Edward the Second's time your forefather Brian was summoned to Westminster to attend the great Council there. You declined a little in Oliver Cromwell's time, but to no serious extent, and in Charles the Second's reign you were made Knights of the Royal Oak 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 grand-

顿恩应召到威斯敏斯特,参加了那里的重大会议。到了奥立佛·克伦威尔时代,你们家族变得势微,但还不是很厉害。在查理二世统治时代,你们家由于忠于君主,被封为'御橡爵士'。呃,你们家族中已有过好多代约翰爵士了,假如爵士封号也像从男爵那样世代相传,那么,现在你不就是约翰爵士了吗?实际上,从古至今,那些爵士封号就是世代相传的呀。"

"真是这样的吗?"

"总之,"牧师用枝条果断地抽打了一下自己的腿,作出结论,"在英格兰像你们这样的家族很难有第二家了。"

"是吗?真了不得。"德贝菲尔说。"可您瞧我还年复一年地四处碰钉子,到处受气,跟全教区最平常的人家也没什么两样……我们家这消息叫人知道已经有多久了,特令厄姆牧师?"

教士解释说,据他所知人们早把这事给忘光了;就是现在也还没有人知道。他自己的调查也还是从今年春季才开始的。有一天他看到了德贝菲尔马车上的名字,恰好他刚刚研究过德伯维尔家族的兴衰史,因此,他才寻根问底,去考查德贝菲尔的父亲和祖父,一直查到他对这个问题没有疑问的时候。

father 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.’

‘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.’

“开始,我并不想用这么个没什么价值的消息打扰你,”他说,“但是,人们的冲动有时候强于人们的理智,而且我本以为你应该或多或少知道一些情况呢。”

“倒是听说过一两回。是的,说是我们家在搬到黑原谷来之前曾经挺风光过一阵子。可我并没有往心里放。我寻思不过是现在只有一匹马原来有过两匹马什么的。我现在还有一把银勺子,一颗刻了字的印章,都很旧了。但是,天啊,银勺子和印章能说明什么呢?……我怎么也想不到会和高贵的德伯维尔家族是血亲。倒是听说我曾祖父从不肯说他从哪儿知道的许多秘密事。……那么,大胆地问一下,现在我家族的人都在哪儿生火做饭?我的意思是,德伯维尔家的人现在都住在什么地方?”

“哪儿也不住,已经不存在了——作为本郡的世家已经绝灭。”

“这可太糟糕了。”

“不错——这就是那些弄虚作假的家谱上所说的,某家男系绝灭无后,其实不过是衰败了、没落了的意思。”

“我们先人又埋在哪儿呢?”

“在绿山下的金斯贝尔。那儿的地下墓穴里一排一排全是你们的祖先,上面还有他

‘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 Millpond, 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.”’ 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

们的石像,罩着珀贝克大理石的石罩。”

“那么,我家的庄园和土地又在哪儿呢?”

“没有了。”

“啊!连土地也没有了么?”

“没有了,原来倒是很多的——我刚才说过。你们家族有好多个支脉,我们郡里原来就有几家。金斯贝尔有一家;舍顿有一家;磨坊沱有一家;拉尔斯特德有一家;井桥还有一家。”

“我们家还能兴旺发达吗?”

“嗯——我说不准!”

“对于这件事,我最好该怎么办呢,先生?”德贝菲尔停了一会儿问道。

“啊,没办法,没办法喽,只好用《圣经》上的话来鞭策自己了:‘大英雄何竟死亡’,这个问题现在只有本地的史学家和家谱学家感兴趣了。本郡的农户有过差不多同样光荣历史的还有好几家哩!晚安。”

“可是,你不能与我喝一盅儿提提神吗,特令厄姆牧师?‘醇沥酒店’开了桶的酒味道还是很不错的,虽说比‘罗利弗酒店’差一点。”

“不喝了,谢谢——今天晚上不能喝了。德贝菲尔,你已经喝得够多的了。”这样,牧师结束了谈话,继续往前走

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 announcements Durbeyfield, declining from his sitting position, luxuriously stretched himself out upon the bank among the daisies.

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

去,心里却怀疑把这样不着边际的传说随意散布是否得体。

他一走,德贝菲尔便陷入了沉思。他迈了几步,却在路边的草坡上坐了下来,把篮子放在身边。过了几分钟,远处出现了一个年轻人,正走向德贝菲尔要去的路。德贝菲尔一见便举手招呼。年轻人急忙加快步伐来到他身边。

“小子,把这个篮子拿起来!我要你给我办件事。”

眼前那位精瘦的年轻人皱了皱眉头:“约翰·德贝菲尔你算什么人物,有什么资格给我下命令,还叫我‘小子’?我们俩彼此都不认识!”

“真不认得吗?真不认得吗?这还是秘密——这还是秘密!现在听从我的吩咐,好好地去做我让你去干的事情……好吧,弗雷德,我并不在乎把这个秘密讲给你听:我是一个高贵家族的人哩,这是我今儿下半晌,也就是本日午后才知道的!”德贝菲尔一面发布消息,一面把坐着的身子往后一倒,四仰八叉、舒舒服服地躺到了草坡上的雏菊丛里。

那小伙子站在德贝菲尔面前,从头到脚打量着他。

“约翰·德伯维尔爵士——这就是我。”仰卧的德贝

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; least-wise '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 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 immed'ately, 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.'

菲尔说道，“那是说，如果爵士跟从男爵一样的话——本来就是一样嘛。关于我的来历嘛，都记载在册了。小子，你是否知道绿山下的金斯贝尔这个地方？”

“知道。我去那边赶过绿山集呢。”

“哎，那个城里的教堂下面就躺着——”

“那并不是个城，我说的那个地方并不是个城；至少我上那儿去的时候，那不是个城。那是个土里巴唧、不起眼儿的小地方。”

“地方大小就甭管了，小子，我们谈的并不是地方。那教区的教堂底下可是躺着我们家祖先呢，共有好几百！嘿！满身盔甲，浑身珠宝，睡的是铅棺材，好几吨重一个。要讲显赫高贵么，南韦塞克斯全区就没有哪一家的祖先能比得上。”

“哦？”

“现在嘛，挎上这篮子，到马洛特的醇酒酒店，叫他们马上给我赶辆马车来，接我回家。在车厢里他们要摆一小瓶朗姆酒，记在我的帐上。办完这件事儿之后，你再把篮子拎到我家去，叫我老婆先把要洗的衣服搁一搁，因为她不用再干这种活儿了，叫她等我回家，我有要紧的事儿告诉她呐。”

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.

‘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 hwoome 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, Sir John. Why, your da’ter 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

当年轻人半信半疑地站着不动的时候,德贝菲尔把手伸进口袋,从他历来少得要命的先令中掏出了一个。

“这是你的辛苦费,小子。”

这一下年轻人对形势的估计立即大变。

“是,约翰爵士。谢谢您。还有别的事我可以为您效劳的吗;约翰爵士?”

“你告诉我家里,说我晚餐要吃,唔,炒羊杂碎,要是弄得到的话。要是弄不到,血肠也行。要是血肠也没有,唔,小肠也凑合了。”

“是,约翰爵士。”

年轻人拎起篮子,正要迈步动身,这时,忽然听见铜管乐队的乐曲的声音,从村子那方面传了过来。

“这是干什么的?”德贝菲尔说。“不是为我的事吧?”

“这是妇女乡社游行会呀,约翰爵士,您瞧,您女儿还是一个会员哪。”

“当然——我满脑子都是大事,倒把这个给全忘了!好了,你就往马洛特村去吧,给我把马车叫来,兴许我还要坐车逛一圈,视察一下乡社游行呢!”

年轻人走了,夕阳之下,德贝菲尔躺在草坡上的雏菊丛中,静静地等候。过了好久好久,都没有一个人影从这儿路过,那微弱的铜管乐声成了这青山脚下唯一能够听见的

within the rim of blue hills.

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 up-

人间的声音。

第二章

坐落在美丽的布莱克摩尔谷(或称黑原谷)东北绵延起伏的丘陵之中的马洛特村,峰峦环抱,清幽僻静。距离伦敦尽管只有四小时路程,这个村的大部分地区却还是旅游者或风景画家不曾到过的地方。

要想熟悉这个山谷,最好是从环绕四周的群山的顶峰向下俯瞰——夏季的干旱时节也许是个例外。若是没人引导,在天气不好的时候逛到幽深处,很可能对狭窄曲折、满是烂泥的道路产生不快之感。

在这片土地肥沃、群山掩映的乡间地带,田地永不枯黄,泉水永不干涸,一道险峻的石灰岩山岭在山谷的南面环绕,这山岭包括汉勃勒顿山、公牛冢、荨麻谷、多格堡、高斯陀、以及巴勃荡等高地。从海岸徒步北上的旅客,在跋涉了二十多英里路程,越过了白垩质的草原和麦地之后,突然来到这样一座悬崖边上,发现一种跟他适才走过的地方截然不同的景色像地图一样呈现在他的面前时,是免不了会喜出望外的。他的身后是莽莽群山,明媚的阳光倾洒在这一望无际的田野上。一条条小径呈现出灰白色,一排排低矮的小树编成篱笆,空气清新