

商务英语佐料读物

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

傲慢与偏见

JANE AUSTEN



外语教学与研究出版社

简易英语注释读物

Pride and Prejudice

傲慢与偏见

Jane Austen 原著

Evelyn Attwood 简写
吴袂薇 注释

外语教学与研究出版社

本书原文根据英国朗曼公司
1977年版 1978年重版本印刷

傲慢与偏见
AO MAN YU PIAN JIAN
吴祯福 注释

外语教学与研究出版社出版

(北京西三环北路 19 号)

北京印刷三厂排版

华利国际合营印刷有限公司印装

新华书店北京发行所发行

开本 736×965 1/32 5 印张 95 千字

1988 年 3 月第 1 版 1988 年 3 月北京第 1 次印刷

印数 1—31,000 册

ISBN 7-5600-0283-8/H·112

定价: 1.10 元

前 言

GI-55/21

简·奥斯汀是19世纪初最早发表现实主义小说的作家之一。当时英国社会正从封建社会发展成资本主义社会，出现了大量迎合资产阶级庸俗趣味的“感伤小说”、“恐怖小说”。奥斯汀对这类小说进行了讽刺，无情地戳穿了其中的虚伪与造作。此外，奥斯汀的作品中有许多关于18世纪末、19世纪初英国乡间的阶级关系、风俗人情和社会面貌的生动描述，反映出了那个社会的闭塞与停滞。

奥斯汀一生共写了六部小说，除《傲慢与偏见》之外，还有《理性与感伤》(Sense and Sensibility, 1811年)、《诺桑觉寺》(Northanger Abbey, 1818年)、《曼斯菲尔德花园》(Mansfield Park, 1814年)、《爱玛》(Emma, 1815年)、《劝导》(Persuasion, 1818年)。奥斯汀的作品不涉及时代的重大事件，描写的多是她所熟悉的乡间有闲者的日常生活、身边琐事、家庭风波以及青年男女的爱情、婚姻等。《傲慢与偏见》即是一部以少女爱情与婚姻为主题的小说。在这部小说中，她对这个主题做了独特的喜剧性的处理，小说的第一章描写班奈特太太一听说有个有钱的单身汉搬到了附近，就盘算着如何把一个女儿嫁给他。富有风趣幽默，是奥斯汀喜剧风格的典范。奥斯汀对于这位最大心愿就是嫁出五个女儿的班奈特太太的弱点刻划得极为细腻。对那位滑稽可笑、自以为是的柯林斯牧师

在德·勃尔夫人家中作客时的描写也是一段著名的喜剧性插曲，这不仅是对阿谀奉承、奴颜卑膝者的无情讥讽，还反映了当时英国社会中的教会对大地产阶层的依附。

《傲慢与偏见》中关于达西家族的描写说明了乡间大地产所有者在当时社会、政治、乃至文化生活中拥有的特权与势力。达西情不自禁地爱上了一个与自己的社会地位、财产悬殊极大的伊丽莎白，他们之间的爱情波折正是这种矛盾的反映。为了解决这种矛盾，奥斯汀创造出了一个美丽、活泼的少女伊丽莎白，使她以自己聪明的头脑、端庄的举止、特有的风度与教养，越过社会障碍，达到理想的幸福。但是，对小说人物的这种处理也反映了奥斯汀本人思想的局限性，奥斯汀生长在一个乡间的基督教牧师家庭里，她所受的教育主要是靠阅读父亲的古典文学藏书和流行小说，她的社会活动限于绅士阶层和教会内部亲戚朋友之间的一点交往。她的思想深度的局限性正是她一辈子坐在温室里写作的反映。

Persons in the story

MR BENNET, a country gentleman.

MRS BENNET, his wife.

MISSSES JANE, ELIZABETH (Eliza or Lizzy), MARY, CATHERINE (Kitty), and **LYDIA BENNET**, daughters of the above.

MR COLLINS, a distant cousin of Mr Bennet.

MR GARDINER, brother of Mrs Bennet, a London business man.

MRS GARDINER, his wife.

MRS PHILIPS, sister of Mrs Bennet, married to a country lawyer.

SIR WILLIAM LUCAS, a successful merchant, now retired.

LADY LUCAS, his wife, a friend of Mrs Bennet.

MISS CHARLOTTE LUCAS, eldest daughter of the above, a special friend of Elizabeth Bennet.

MISS MARIA LUCAS, second daughter of the above.

MR BINGLEY, a wealthy gentleman.

MRS HURST (Louisa), his elder sister, a friend of Jane Bennet.

MISS BINGLEY (Caroline), his younger sister, who keeps house for him, a friend of Jane Bennet.

MR DARCY, a gentleman of noble family, a friend of Mr Bingley.

MISS GEORGIANA DARCY, his young sister.

LADY CATHERINE DE BOURGH, his aunt.

MISS ANNE DE BOURGH, daughter of Lady Catherine, cousin of Mr Darcy.

COLONEL FITZWILLIAM, nephew of Lady Catherine, cousin of Mr Darcy.

COLONEL FORSTER, officer commanding the regiment stationed at Meryton.

MRS FORSTER (Harriet), his young wife, a great friend of Lydia Bennet.

MR DENNY, an officer in the above regiment.

MR WICKHAM, another officer, godson of Mr Darcy's father, and son of his estate agent.

Real places mentioned in the story

Brighton a seaside town on the south coast that had recently come into fashion at this time.

Derbyshire a district (county) in the centre of England that contains some fine scenery.

Gracechurch Street a street in the business quarter of London.

Gretna Green a village just over the Scottish border, where runaway pairs of lovers frequently went to get married without formality or delay, because Scottish laws are simpler than the English ones.

Hertfordshire a pleasant English district (county) north of London.

Kent a district (county) to the south-east of London.

Lake District (or the **Lakes**) a beautiful district of mountains, lakes, streams and waterfalls in the north-west of England.

Ramsgate a healthy seaside town on the east coast of Kent.

Chapter One

'My dear Mr Bennet,' said his wife to him one day, 'have you heard that Netherfield Park has been let¹ at last?'

Mr Bennet replied that he had not.

'But it has,' she repeated. 'Mrs Long has just been here, and she told me all about it.'

Mr Bennet made no answer.

¹ 'Do you not want to know who has taken it?' cried his wife impatiently.

'You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it.'²

This was quite enough encouragement.³

'Well, my dear, Mrs Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England, that he came down on Monday to see the place and was so delighted with it that he agreed to take possession immediately, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of the week.'

'What is his name?'

'Bingley.'

'Is he married?'

'Oh, no, my dear, surely not! An unmarried man of large fortune, four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!'

'How can that be? What difference does it make to them?'

'My dear Mr Bennet,' replied his wife, 'How can you be so annoying? You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them.'

'Is that his intention in settling here?'

'Intention? Nonsense, how can you talk like that! But it is likely that he *may* fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes.'

'I see no reason for that. You and the girls may go, or,

even better, you may send them by themselves, because as you are as good-looking as any of them. Mr Bingley might like you the best of the party.⁴

'My dear, you praise me too highly. I certainly *have* had my share of beauty,⁵ but when a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give up thinking of her own appearance. But you must indeed go and see Mr Bingley when he comes.'

'It is more than I promise.'⁶

'But consider your daughters. Indeed, you must go, because it will be impossible for *us* to visit him, if you do not.'

'You are too anxious to do what is proper, surely. I dare say Mr Bingley will be very glad to see you, and I will send him a few words by you⁷ to inform him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever of the girls he chooses, though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy.'⁸

'I hope you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others, but you are always giving *her* the preference.'

'They have none of them much to recommend them,'⁹ he replied. 'They are all silly and empty-headed like other girls, but Lizzy is a little more intelligent than her sisters.'

'Mr Bennet, how can you speak of your own daughters in such a way? You take delight in annoying me. You have no pity on my poor nerves.'

'You are mistaken, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them for the last twenty years.'

'Ah! You do not know how I suffer.'

Mr Bennet was such a peculiar mixture of cleverness, sharp humour, silence and unexpected changes of mind, that the experience of twenty-three years had not been long enough to make his wife understand his character. *Her* mind was less difficult to grasp. She was a foolish woman. When she was discontented, she fancied herself to be ill. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its pleasure was visiting and news.

Chapter Two

Mr Bennet was among the first of those who visited Mr Bingley. He had always intended to do so, though he continued to let his wife believe that he would not go. It was made known¹ the following evening.

Observing his second daughter occupied in sewing ribbon on a hat, he suddenly addressed her with:

‘I hope Mr Bingley will like it, Lizzy.’

‘We are not in a position to² know *what* Mr Bingley likes, said her mother bitterly, ‘if we are not to visit him.’

‘But you forget, mamma ,’ said Elizabeth, ‘that we shall meet him at the public balls³, and that Mrs Long has promised to introduce him.’

‘I do not believe Mrs Long will do any such thing. She has two nieces of her own. She is a selfish, insincere woman, and I have no opinion of her.’⁴

‘Neither have I,’ said Mr Bennet, ‘and I am glad to find that you do not depend on her serving you.’

Mrs Bennet would not make any reply, but, unable to control her annoyance, began scolding one of her daughters.

‘Don’t keep coughing so, Kitty, for heaven’s sake! Have a little pity on my poor nerves.’

‘Kitty lacks judgment in her coughs,’ said her father. ‘She chooses the wrong moment.’

‘I do not cough for my own amusement,’ replied Kitty. ‘When is your next ball to be, Lizzy?’

‘In two weeks from tomorrow.’

‘So it is,’ cried her mother, ‘and Mrs Long does not come back till the day before, so it will be impossible for her to introduce him, because she will not know him herself.’

‘Then, my dear, you may have the advantage of⁵ your friend, and introduce Mr Bingley to *her*.’

‘Impossible, Mr Bennet, impossible, when I am not acquainted with him myself. How can you be so annoying!’

‘Well, if you will not perform this duty, I will do it myself.’

The girls stared at their father. Mrs Bennet said:

'Nonsense, nonsense! I am sick of Mr Bingley.'

'I am sorry to hear *that*, but why did you not tell me so before? If I had known it this morning, I certainly would not have gone to see him. It is very unlucky, but as I have actually paid the visit, we cannot escape the acquaintance now.'

The astonishment of the ladies was just what he wished, that of Mrs Bennet being perhaps beyond the rest,⁶ though when the first excitement was over, she began to declare that it was what she had expected all the time.

'How good it was of you! I was sure you loved your girls too well to neglect such an acquaintance. Well, how pleased I am! And it is such a good joke, too, that you should have gone this morning, and never said a word about it till now.'

'Now, Kitty, you may cough as much as you choose,' said Mr Bennet, as he left the room, having had enough of his wife's rejoicings.

'What an excellent father you have, girls,' she said, when the door was shut. 'I do not know how you will ever repay him for his kindness. At our time of life, it is not so pleasant. I can tell you, to be making new acquaintances every day, but for your sakes we would do anything. Lydia, my love, though you *are* the youngest, I dare say Mr Bingley will dance with you at the next ball.'

'Oh,' said Lydia confidently, 'I am not afraid. Though I *am* the youngest, I'm the tallest.'

The rest of the evening was spent in wondering how soon he would return Mr Bennet's visit, and deciding when they should ask him to dinner.

Chapter Three

All that Mrs Bennet, however, together with her five daughters, could ask on the subject, was not enough to draw from¹ her husband any satisfactory description of Mr Bingley. They were forced at last to accept the second-hand

information of their neighbour, Lady Lucas. Her report was highly favourable. He was quite young, wonderfully good-looking, extremely agreeable, and, in addition to all this, he meant to be at the next public ball. Nothing could be more delightful!²

In a few days Mr Bingley returned Mr Bennet's visit, and sat for about ten minutes with him in the library. He had hoped to see the young ladies, of whose beauty he had heard a great deal, but he saw only the father. The ladies were more fortunate. They had the advantage of observing, from an upper window, that he wore a blue coat and rode a black horse.

An invitation to dinner was sent soon after, and Mrs Bennet had already planned the meal that was to show the quality of her housekeeping, when an answer arrived which postponed it all. Mr Bingley was under the necessity of being in town the following day,³ and was therefore unable to accept the honour of their invitation. Mrs Bennet was both disappointed and worried. She began to fear that he might always be flying about from one place to another,⁴ and never settled in Netherfield as he ought to be. Lady Lucas quietened her fears a little by starting the idea of his being gone to London only to get a large party for the ball, and a report soon followed that Mr Bingley was to bring twelve ladies and seven gentlemen with him. The girls were unhappy at the thought of such a large number of ladies, but were comforted to find, when the party entered the ballroom, that it was composed of only five altogether: Mr Bingley, his two sisters, the husband of the elder, and another young man.

Mr Bingley was good-looking and gentlemanly. His sisters were fine women, with a fashionable manner. His brother-in-law, Mr Hurst, merely looked a gentleman,⁵ but Mr Darcy soon drew the attention of everyone by his fine tall form, noble features, and the report, which was passed round the room within five minutes of his entrance, that he had ten thousand a year.⁶ He was looked at with great admiration for about half the evening, till his manners

caused a disgust which ended his popularity.

Mr Bingley had soon made himself acquainted with all the important people in the room. He danced every dance, was angry that the ball closed so early, and talked of giving one himself at Netherfield. What a difference between himself and his friend! Mr Darcy danced only once with Mrs Hurst and once with Miss Bingley, refused to be introduced to any other lady, and spent the rest of the evening in walking about the room. Mrs Bennet's dislike of his behaviour was sharpened by his having made one of her daughters appear neglected.

Elizabeth Bennet had been forced, by the scarcity of gentlemen, to sit out for two dances,⁷ and during part of that time, Mr Darcy had been standing near enough for her to hear, against her will, a conversation between him and Mr Bingley, who came from the dance for a few minutes to urge his friend to join it.

'Come, Darcy,' he said, 'I hate to see you standing about by yourself in this stupid manner. You had much better dance.'

'I certainly shall not. Both your sisters already have partners, and there is not another woman in the room with whom I would care to dance.'

'I would not like to be so difficult to please as you are,' cried Bingley. 'Indeed, I have never met with so many pleasant girls in my life.'

'*You* are dancing with the only good-looking one,' said Mr Darcy, looking at the eldest Miss Bennet.

'Oh, she is the most beautiful creature⁸ that I ever saw! But there is one of her sisters sitting down just behind you, who is very attractive, and I dare say very agreeable. Do let me ask my partner to introduce you.'

'Which do you mean?' Darcy asked, and turning round, he looked for a moment at Elizabeth, till, catching her eye,⁹ he looked away, and coldly said: 'She is fairly pretty, but not good-looking enough to tempt *me*.'

He walked off, and Elizabeth remained with no very friendly feelings towards him. She told the story, however.

with great spirit¹⁰ among her friends, because she had a lively, playful nature and a strong sense of humour.

The evening on the whole passed off pleasantly to all the family. Mrs Bennet had seen her eldest daughter much admired by the Netherfield party. Mr Bingley had danced with her twice, and she had been an object of attention by his sisters. Jane was as much pleased by this as her mother, though in a quieter way. Elizabeth shared Jane's pleasure. Lydia and Kitty had never been without partners, and Mary, the least pretty of the family, had heard herself described to Miss Bingley as the most accomplished girl¹¹ in the neighbourhood.

They returned, therefore, in good spirits to Longbourn, the village in Hertfordshire where they lived, and of which they were the most important family.

Chapter Four

Within a short walk of Longbourn there lived a family with whom the Bennets were especially friendly. Sir William Lucas had been formerly in trade in the town of Meryton, where he had made a moderate fortune, and risen to the honour of a title of rank. This honour had, perhaps, been felt too strongly. It had given him a disgust for his business and for his home in a small market town, and, leaving them both,¹ he had retired with his family to a house about a mile from Meryton, which he called Lucas Lodge. But though proud of his rank, he was friendly and ready to do anyone a favour.

Lady Lucas was a very good kind of woman,² not too clever to be a valuable neighbour to Mrs Bennet. They had several children. The eldest of them, a sensible young woman, about twenty-seven, was Elizabeth's special friend.

It was absolutely necessary that the Misses Lucas and the Misses Bennet should meet to talk over a ball, and so the following morning brought the former to Longbourn for that purpose.

'You began the evening well, Charlotte,' said Mrs Bennet, with forced politeness, to Miss Lucas. 'You were Mr Bingley's first choice.'

'Yes, but he seemed to like his second³ better.'

'Oh, you mean Jane. I suppose, because he danced with her twice. Certainly that *did* seem as if he admired her. It does seem as if—but, however, it may not lead to anything⁴ you know.'

'But Mr Darcy is not so worth listening to as his friend, is he?' said Charlotte. 'Poor Eliza! To be only just *fairly pretty!*'

'I hope you will not put it into Lizzy's head to be annoyed by his rude treatment.⁵ He is such a disagreeable man that it would be quite a misfortune to be liked by him. Mrs Long told me last night that he sat next to her for half an hour without once opening his lips.'

'Are you quite sure, ma'am ?⁶ Is there not a little mistake?' said Jane. 'I certainly saw Mr Darcy speaking to her.'

'Yes, because she asked him at last how he liked Netherfield, and he could not help answering her, but she said he seemed very angry at being spoken to.'

'Miss Bingley told me,' said Jane, 'that he never speaks much unless among people he knows well. With them he is extremely agreeable.'

'I do not believe a word of it, my dear.'

'I do not mind his not talking to Mrs Long,' said Miss Lucas, 'but I wish he had danced with Eliza.'

'Another time, Lizzy,' said her mother, 'I would not dance with *him*, if I were you.'

'His pride,' said Miss Lucas, 'does not offend *me* so much as pride often does, because there is an excuse for it. One cannot be surprised that such a fine young man, with family, fortune, everything in his favour, should think highly of himself.'

'That is very true,' replied Eliza, 'and I could easily forgive *his* pride, if he had not wounded *mine*.'⁷

Chapter Five

The ladies of Longbourn soon visited those of Netherfield. The visit was formally returned. Miss Bennet's pleasing manners continued to win the approval of Mrs Hurst and Miss Bingley, and though the mother was considered to be unbearable, and the younger sisters not worth speaking to, a wish was expressed to be better acquainted with the two eldest. This attention was received by Jane with the greatest pleasure, but Elizabeth saw pride in their treatment of everybody, even her sister, and could not like them. But it was plain that their brother *did* admire Jane, and Elizabeth observed that Jane was yielding to the preference which she had begun to feel for him from the first,¹ and was beginning to be very much in love.

While Elizabeth was occupied in watching Mr Bingley's attentions to her sister, she did not suspect that she herself was becoming an object of some interest in the eyes of his friend. Mr Darcy had at first scarcely admitted her to be pretty, he had seen her without admiration at the ball, and when they next met, he looked at her only to criticize.² But he had no sooner decided that she had hardly one good feature in her face, than he began to find that it was made uncommonly intelligent by the beautiful expression of her dark eyes.³ She was completely unconscious of this. To her, he was only the man who had made himself agreeable nowhere, and who had not thought her attractive enough to dance with.

He began to wish to know more of her.

One day, a large party was gathered at Sir William Lucas's. A number of young ladies, and two or three army officers, were occupied in dancing at one end of the room. Mr Darcy stood near them, and Sir William was trying to make him talk. As Elizabeth moved towards them at this moment, he was struck with the idea of⁴ doing a very polite thing, and called out to her:

'My dear Miss Eliza, why are you not dancing? Mr Darcy, you must allow me to present this young lady to you as a