

名著双语读物  
中文导读+英文原版

*The Rainbow*

# 虹

[英] 劳伦斯 著  
纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社





名著双语读物

中文导读+英文原版



*The Rainbow*

# 虹

[英] 劳伦斯 著

纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社

北 京

## 内 容 简 介

《虹》是二十世纪最伟大的长篇巨著之一，它代表了劳伦斯作品的最高成就。它既是一部社会批判小说，又是一部心理分析小说。说通过布朗温一家三代人的感情纠葛来表现人们对完美自然，和谐家庭关系的追寻。布朗温是这个家族的第一代，他娶了一个带着孩子的波兰寡妇，这个孩子就是第二代的代表人物安娜。由于文化背景和个性上的差异，布朗温与妻子的婚姻平凡无奇。长大成人的安娜嫁给了布朗温的侄子威尔成。他们在思想上敢于追求和谐的性和理想的婚姻，由于思想观念和信仰上的分歧，他们虽然维系着完整的婚姻，但在精神上是空虚的。与父母不同，第三代人乌尔苏拉敢于在行动上追求和谐、完美的两性关系，她与青年军官虽然经历着青春的热恋，但因缺乏精神上的和谐而勇敢地放弃了婚姻。

该书自出版以来，被译成世界上多种文字，还被多次改编成电影。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为文学读本，本书对当代中国的青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。

本书封面贴有清华大学出版社防伪标签，无标签者不得销售。

版权所有，侵权必究。侵权举报电话：010-62782989 13701121933

### 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

虹=The Rainbow: 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版 / (英) 劳伦斯著; 纪飞等编译.  
—北京: 清华大学出版社, 2017  
ISBN 978-7-302-41426-1

I. ①虹… II. ①劳… ②纪… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②长篇小说—英国—现代  
IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2015) 第 209153 号

责任编辑: 柴文强 李 晔

封面设计: 傅瑞学

责任校对: 胡伟民

责任印制: 宋 林

出版发行: 清华大学出版社

网 址: <http://www.tup.com.cn>, <http://www.wqbook.com>

地 址: 北京清华大学学研大厦 A 座 邮 编: 100084

社总机: 010-62770175 邮 购: 010-62786544

投稿与读者服务: 010-62776969, [c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn](mailto:c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn)

质 量 反 馈: 010-62772015, [zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn](mailto:zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn)

印 装 者: 清华大学印刷厂

经 销: 全国新华书店

开 本: 170mm×260mm 印张: 34.25 插页: 1 字 数: 700 千字

版 次: 2017 年 4 月第 1 版

印 次: 2017 年 4 月第 1 次印刷

印 数: 1~3000

定 价: 59.00 元

产品编号: 064331-01





戴维·赫伯特·劳伦斯（David Herbert Lawrence，1885—1930），英国著名小说家、诗人、散文家，被誉为“英国文学史上最伟大的人物之一”。

1885年9月11日，劳伦斯出生在英国诺丁汉郡的一个矿工家庭。他的父亲是一位矿工，接受的教育很少；母亲出身于中产阶级家庭，受过良好的教育。父亲喜欢纵欲享乐，母亲却刻板拘谨，这种不和谐的家庭结构对劳伦斯日后的创作产生了深远的影响。劳伦斯自幼身体孱弱、性格敏感，他是在母亲的庇护下长大成人的，他的成名作《儿子和情人》正是带有他独特家庭经历印记的自传体小说。在1912年开始专门从事文学创作之前，劳伦斯做过会计、工人、雇员和小学教师等工作。1911年，劳伦斯出版了第一部长篇小说《白孔雀》，1913年发表第一部重要小说《儿子与情人》，1915年出版了小说《虹》，1921年出版《恋爱中的女人》，1928年出版《查泰莱夫人的情人》。这些小说的核心内容都是围绕着性展开的，劳伦斯把人对性的追求，看成是引起一切生活现象的根源。其中，长篇小说《查泰莱夫人的情人》由于对性爱的毫不隐晦和直白的描写，被斥为淫秽作品，曾受到英国当局的抨击和查禁。除以上这些作品外，劳伦斯还出版了《亚伦之杖》（1922）、《袋鼠》（1923）等其他题材的小说；出版的诗集有《爱诗及其他》（1913）、《爱神》（1916）、《如意花》（1929）等。劳伦斯长期旅居国外，除到过德国、法国、意大利等欧洲国家之外还到过澳洲和美洲等地区。1930年3月2日，劳伦斯病逝于法国旺斯。

劳伦斯一生共创作了十多部小说、三本游记、三本短篇小说集，另有诗歌、散文、评论等多篇。在种类繁多的作品中，小说最能代表他的文学成就。其中《恋爱中的女人》、《查泰莱夫人的情人》、《虹》、《儿子与情人》等小说已成为二十世纪世界文学的经典名作，这些小说被译成几十种文字在全世界发行，并被多次搬上银幕，广为流传。时至今日，劳伦斯仍然是全世界最受欢迎的作家之一，他的小说在世界范围内拥有广泛的读者。在



中国，劳伦斯的作品同样深受欢迎，他的小说几乎都已被引进，并多次再版。基于以上原因，我们决定编译劳伦斯的四大经典之作——《查泰莱夫人的情人》《虹》《恋爱中的女人》《儿子与情人》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使语言贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的风格。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，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，这些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科学素养和人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书是英汉双语版名著系列丛书中的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT 还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

本书中文导读内容由纪飞编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



## CONTENTS

### 第一章 汤姆·布朗温和波兰女人的婚姻/

Chapter 1 How Tom Brangwen Married a Polish Lady .....1

### 第二章 在马石农庄的生活/Chapter 2 They Live at the Marsh .....48

### 第三章 安娜·兰斯珂的童年时代/

Chapter 3 Childhood of Anna Lensky .....82

### 第四章 安娜·布朗温的少女时代/

Chapter 4 Girlhood of Anna Brangwen .....101

### 第五章 在马石农庄举行的婚礼/

Chapter 5 Wedding at the Marsh .....139

### 第六章 安娜是胜利者/Chapter 6 Anna Victrix .....152

### 第七章 教堂/Chapter 7 The Cathedral .....210

### 第八章 孩子/Chapter 8 The Child .....225

### 第九章 马石农庄和洪水/Chapter 9 The Marsh and the Flood .....257

### 第十章 扩展的圈子/Chapter 10 The Widening Circle .....280

### 第十一章 第一次恋爱/Chapter 11 First Love .....303

### 第十二章 耻辱/Chapter 12 Shame .....358

### 第十三章 男人们的世界/Chapter 13 The Man's World .....380

### 第十四章 圈子更大了/Chapter 14 The Widening Circle .....444

### 第十五章 欢乐中的痛苦/Chapter 15 The Bitterness of Ecstasy .....461

### 第十六章 虹/Chapter 16 The Rainbow .....521

# 第一章 汤姆·布朗温 和波兰女人的婚姻

## Chapter 1 How Tom Brangwen Married a Polish Lady



布朗温家族一直生活在马石农庄，他们拥有属于自己的一大片肥沃的土地，相比城市生活，他们的生活不算富裕；不过在马石，他们从来没觉得缺钱花。他们出于习惯，从来不会浪费食物，也不会乱花一分钱。他们与大自然为伴，随着一年四季的循环周而复始地劳作，男女之间分工协作，生活有条不紊。男人负责犁地，照看牲畜，眼里只有天空、庄稼和牲畜；女人负责家务，总是站在门口凝视远方，与男人眼中所看的世界有所区别。她想知道远方发生了什么，想知道那里的男人是如何奋斗的。

女人往往会羡慕牧师的生活，牧师比她的丈夫更加思维敏捷，见多识广。既然在自己身上无法实现这样的愿望，女人就把所有的希望寄托到孩子身上，希望他们能够走出这里，见识更广的世界。

布朗温太太强烈地想了解那些有更多生活阅历的人，村里的女人和布朗温在一起会很自在，但如果没有了牧师，她们的生活就丧失了想象力，变得毫无生气和希望。在 19 世纪前期，马石农庄被一条运河隔成了两半，布朗温一家得到了一笔可观的耕地补偿收入。运河一端的煤矿迅速发展，使小镇逐渐繁华起来，布朗温一家人也几乎变成了商人。马石农庄仍然保持着它最初的那份安宁，大自然的美好风光并没有受到破坏。刚开始时，布朗温一家对于外界的繁华喧闹有些不适应，但现在已经习以为常。农民们经常见到全身散发着矿渣味道的矿工，也能够接受火车刺耳的鸣笛



布朗温家族生活的地方



声了。

这段时期，布朗温的二儿子艾尔弗雷德·布朗温与一位嗓门奇特的希腊姑娘结了婚。这位姑娘总是不停地唠叨，不过艾尔弗雷德却很享受这份甜蜜。艾尔弗雷德从小深受母亲的宠爱，虽然他很用功学习，但除了绘画之外其他毫无长进。他对每件事情都抱怨，最后父母对他也彻底绝望放弃了；他很用心工作，因为设计了精美的绘画而渐渐富裕起来。绘画工作有时候使他身心憔悴，不过他却坚持做下去，生活中他总是沉默寡言，脾气古怪。他的妻子爱慕虚荣，艾尔弗雷德受其影响，逐渐变得热衷于房屋装饰。到后来孩子长大后，他却不顾家庭，开始到处寻欢作乐。

布朗温的三儿子是自小厌学的弗兰克。弗兰克有些独特，从小就喜欢在屠宰场里游逛，英俊的他在十八岁的时候便和同厂的女工结婚了。那姑娘能说会道，很能博得他的欢心，每年都为他生一个孩子。当弗兰克接手家族的屠宰生意时，已经对屠宰没有什么兴趣了，变得开始酗酒，总是信口雌黄，像疯子一样。

布朗温的两个女儿，大女儿爱丽丝嫁给了矿工，小女儿艾菲仍在家中。汤姆是最小的孩子，也最受大家的宠爱。在母亲的支持下，汤姆在十二岁的时候去了德比郡的文法学校读书。其实汤姆内心觉得自己在学校肯定一事无成，但由于是母亲的期望他才去的，他从不后悔这样的选择。坐在教室里的汤姆很难集中精神听课，学习几乎没什么进步；情感上他却十分成熟，渐渐瞧不起自己的无能，变得很自卑。汤姆对数学有点兴趣，喜欢用情感启发他人，学校里的老师虽然对他不抱任何希望，但还是非常肯定他的诚恳。拉丁文老师总是欺侮汤姆，这导致最后汤姆用石板砸伤了老师的头。离开学校时，汤姆十分开心。虽然在学校的时候曾经和一个男孩结成了好朋友，但分开后再也没有任何联系，这也成为汤姆在学校的快乐的回忆。

汤姆回到了自由自在的农场，他乐意在田里劳作。在田里干活时他总是保持精力充沛，对人也十分随和。在汤姆十七岁那年，老父亲摔断了脊椎骨，母亲带着孩子们继续生活。老三弗兰克对现实十分不满，经常找茬，尤其看不惯汤姆，艾菲站在汤姆这边，反对弗兰克的无礼。但艾尔弗雷德从外面回家后，家里的女性们又都撇下汤姆，站到了艾尔弗雷德那边。后来汤姆才渐渐了解，哥哥身上的那种绅士气质是吸引女人们重要的原因。

汤姆接手了农场，他对生活充满了热情，在十九岁的时候竟然喝醉后和一个妓女上了床，这让他对女人的看法变得彷徨。不过他很快又和从前

一样若无其事，事实上外出的次数越来越少了。他变得沉默寡言，开始节制喝酒，初次和女人接触的场景总是浮现在他眼前。他没有再放荡自己，因为想到第一次的单调乏味让他打了退堂鼓。汤姆不知道自己到底哪里发生了变化，却时常会想起女人，这让他十分烦躁。每次一出现他心仪的正经女孩，他就会变得束手无策。想到女孩裸体的场景，他整个人会惊恐不已。遇到那些放荡的女孩，他会想到自己第一次的经历，发誓不能娶那些女人。

汤姆二十三岁那年，母亲去世了，家里只剩下他和艾菲。他有一段时间无法接受母亲去世的事实，开始对命运更加担忧。他和艾菲的关系很紧张，虽然两人都认为对方很重要，却经常吵架。汤姆再次出去放荡喝酒，又和一个水性杨花的女人上了床。在汤姆还沉浸于事后的美妙感觉，希望能够整天和那个女人一起时，女人告诉她自己天黑之前必须回家陪自己的男人。这以后，汤姆整天沉浸于自己的遐想之中，他享受着自己梦中的快乐，却又在现实中被对女人的欲望折磨着。他又开始毫无节制地喝酒，希望能够找个年轻的女人结婚，可始终没能如愿。

艾菲已经结婚了，留下了孤独的汤姆和女佣在一起。汤姆每天晚上到酒馆喝得醉醺醺地回家，早晨起来想到前一天的失态又觉得惭愧，日子就这样一天天重复着。二十八岁的汤姆已经是一个身强力壮的男子汉了，一次在马车行至山坡拐弯处时，他看到一个女人朝自己走过来。对方穿着黑衣，急冲冲地向前走着，丝毫没有注意到周围。当她听到马车声时，抬起头看了一眼；汤姆看清楚了对方的容貌之后，心里不由自主地认定了对方。在他们交换眼神的那一刻，汤姆的心已经被那个女人夺走了，可是转眼间那个女人便继续朝前走了。接下来的几天，汤姆整个人精神恍惚，几天后，他再次在家里看到那个女人从门前经过，他急切地想认识她，询问女佣蒂丽，蒂丽告诉他那个女人是牧师家新来的管家，据说是外国人，身边还带着一个三四岁的小女孩。当天晚上，汤姆来到酒馆，这次的主要目的是打听有关那个女人的消息。他得知那个女人是一个波兰医生的遗孀，名叫兰斯珂太太，汤姆顿时信心十足，仿佛那个女人已经注定属于自己。

一天，他看到兰斯珂太太领着女儿在散步，但他并没有上前打招呼，而是装着若无其事地继续往前走。等到艾菲到马石短住的那段时间，汤姆和她去了一次教堂，他远远地看着兰斯珂太太，被她的气质完全迷住。她身边的小女孩注意到汤姆的眼睛总是盯着她们，眼睛里流露出敌视的目光。艾菲注意到汤姆的不同，她不喜欢那对母女，不过并不反对弟弟娶那

一个女人。出乎汤姆意料的是，不久之后的一天，兰斯珂太太竟然主动找他借黄油。汤姆十分慷慨地将家里所有的黄油都给了她，这惹得蒂丽十分不满。兰斯珂太太对汤姆的坦率和热情感到有些惊讶，当她得知整个农场和房子全都属于汤姆时，更是惊讶万分。两个人的目光对视时，她感到一些不自在，和陌生人如此的靠近让她内心很矛盾，但平静地回答了汤姆有关她生活的提问。兰斯珂太太走后，汤姆整个人变得恍惚不安，他放任着自己，似乎又在等待着新生。之后，兰斯珂太太带着孩子又来过两次，但他们之间的关系没有突破。有时候，兰斯珂太太的冷淡和茫然让汤姆感到气愤，他也曾用这样的心情接待过这对母女，这让对方从麻木中惊醒。汤姆成功地闯进了兰斯珂太太的心中，她也想重新开始生活，重新接纳一个新的生命。

当汤姆独自一人在田里劳作时，会突然冒出和兰斯珂太太结婚的打算。考虑了很久，他决定向对方求婚。在这期间，他又打听到一些她的情况，她出身于波兰的名门，但也有一段痛苦的回忆。在三月份一个风雨交加的夜晚，他穿上干净的白色衬衣，梳理好胡须，鼓起勇气来到了那对母女的住处。小女孩正依偎在母亲怀里，听着母亲讲故事，等到故事讲完后，汤姆终于敲了敲门。汤姆的突然到来让兰斯珂太太有些意外，他以平静的口吻直接向她求婚。长时间的沉默后，对方竟然答应了结婚。汤姆喜出望外，紧紧地抱着对方亲吻着，沉浸在喜悦之中。等到一阵甜蜜之后，母亲提到了孩子，汤姆明白她的意思，表示自己很喜欢她的孩子。两个人互相询问了对方的一些基本情况，汤姆再次确定了对方的意见，但从她的眼睛中看到了一丝忧虑。汤姆答应第二天会找牧师谈谈，随即道了晚安离开了。兰斯珂太太脸上依然没有任何表情，他们彼此还很陌生，却要开始为在一起生活做准备。

## I

The Brangwens had lived for generations on the Marsh Farm, in the meadows where the Erewash twisted sluggishly through alder trees, separating Derbyshire from Nottinghamshire. Two miles away, a church-tower stood on a hill, the houses of the little country town climbing assiduously up to it. Whenever one of the Brangwens in the fields lifted his head from his work, he saw the church-tower at Ilkeston in the empty sky. So that as he turned again to the horizontal land, he was

aware of something standing above him and beyond him in the distance.

There was a look in the eyes of the Brangwens as if they were expecting something unknown, about which they were eager. They had that air of readiness for what would come to them, a kind of surety, an expectancy, the look of an inheritor.

They were fresh, blond, slow-speaking people, revealing themselves plainly, but slowly, so that one could watch the change in their eyes from laughter to anger, blue, lit-up laughter, to a hard blue-staring anger; through all the irresolute stages of the sky when the weather is changing.

Living on rich land, on their own land, near to a growing town, they had forgotten what it was to be in straitened circumstances. They had never become rich, because there were always children, and the patrimony was divided every time. But always, at the Marsh, there was ample.

So the Brangwens came and went without fear of necessity, working hard because of the life that was in them, not for want of the money. Neither were they thriftless. They were aware of the last halfpenny, and instinct made them not waste the peeling of their apple, for it would help to feed the cattle. But heaven and earth was teeming around them, and how should this cease? They felt the rush of the sap in spring, they knew the wave which cannot halt, but every year throws forward the seed to begetting, and, falling back, leaves the young-born on the earth. They knew the intercourse between heaven and earth, sunshine drawn into the breast and bowels, the rain sucked up in the daytime, nakedness that comes under the wind in autumn, showing the birds' nests no longer worth hiding. Their life and interrelations were such; feeling the pulse and body of the soil, that opened to their furrow for the grain, and became smooth and supple after their ploughing, and clung to their feet with a weight that pulled like desire, lying hard and unresponsive when the crops were to be shorn away. The young corn waved and was silken, and the lustre slid along the limbs of the men who saw it. They took the udder of the cows, the cows yielded milk and pulse against the hands of the men, the pulse of the blood of the teats of the cows beat into the pulse of the hands of the men. They mounted their horses, and held life between the grip of their knees, they harnessed their horses at the wagon, and, with hand on the bridle-rings, drew the heaving of the



horses after their will.

In autumn the partridges whirled up, birds in flocks blew like spray across the fallow, rooks appeared on the grey, watery heavens, and flew cawing into the winter. Then the men sat by the fire in the house where the women moved about with surety, and the limbs and the body of the men were impregnated with the day, cattle and earth and vegetation and the sky, the men sat by the fire and their brains were inert, as their blood flowed heavy with the accumulation from the living day.

The women were different. On them too was the drowse of blood-intimacy, calves sucking and hens running together in droves, and young geese palpitating in the hand while the food was pushed down their throttle. But the women looked out from the heated, blind intercourse of farm-life, to the spoken world beyond. They were aware of the lips and the mind of the world speaking and giving utterance, they heard the sound in the distance, and they strained to listen.

It was enough for the men, that the earth heaved and opened its furrow to them, that the wind blew to dry the wet wheat, and set the young ears of corn wheeling freshly round about; it was enough that they helped the cow in labour, or ferreted the rats from under the barn, or broke the back of a rabbit with a sharp knock of the hand. So much warmth and generating and pain and death did they know in their blood, earth and sky and beast and green plants, so much exchange and interchange they had with these, that they lived full and surcharged, their senses full fed, their faces always turned to the heat of the blood, staring into the sun, dazed with looking towards the source of generation, unable to turn round.

But the woman wanted another form of life than this, something that was not blood-intimacy. Her house faced out from the farm-buildings and fields, looked out to the road and the village with church and Hall and the world beyond. She stood to see the far-off world of cities and governments and the active scope of man, the magic land to her, where secrets were made known and desires fulfilled. She faced outwards to where men moved dominant and creative, having turned their back on the pulsing heat of creation, and with this behind them, were set out to discover what was beyond, to enlarge their own



scope and range and freedom; whereas the Brangwen men faced inwards to the teeming life of creation, which poured unresolved into their veins.

Looking out, as she must, from the front of her house towards the activity of man in the world at large, whilst her husband looked out to the back at sky and harvest and beast and land, she strained her eyes to see what man had done in fighting outwards to knowledge, she strained to hear how he uttered himself in his conquest, her deepest desire hung on the battle that she heard, far off, being waged on the edge of the unknown. She also wanted to know, and to be of the fighting host.

At home, even so near as Cossethay, was the vicar, who spoke the other, magic language, and had the other, finer bearing, both of which she could perceive, but could never attain to. The vicar moved in worlds beyond where her own menfolk existed. Did she not know her own menfolk: fresh, slow, full-built men, masterful enough, but easy, native to the earth, lacking outwardness and range of motion. Whereas the vicar, dark and dry and small beside her husband, had yet a quickness and a range of being that made Brangwen, in his large geniality, seem dull and local. She knew her husband. But in the vicar's nature was that which passed beyond her knowledge. As Brangwen had power over the cattle so the vicar had power over her husband. What was it in the vicar, that raised him above the common men as man is raised above the beast? She craved to know. She craved to achieve this higher being, if not in herself, then in her children. That which makes a man strong even if he be little and frail in body, just as any man is little and frail beside a bull, and yet stronger than the bull, what was it? It was not money nor power nor position. What power had the vicar over Tom Brangwen-none. Yet strip them and set them on a desert island, and the vicar was the master. His soul was master of the other man's. And why-why? She decided it was a question of knowledge.

The curate was poor enough, and not very efficacious as a man, either, yet he took rank with those others, the superior. She watched his children being born, she saw them running as tiny things beside their mother. And already they were separate from her own children, distinct. Why were her own children marked below the others? Why should the curate's children inevitably take

precedence over her children, why should dominance be given them from the start? It was not money, nor even class. It was education and experience, she decided.

It was this, this education, this higher form of being, that the mother wished to give to her children, so that they too could live the supreme life on earth. For her children, at least the children of her heart, had the complete nature that should take place in equality with the living, vital people in the land, not be left behind obscure among the labourers. Why must they remain obscured and stifled all their lives, why should they suffer from lack of freedom to move? How should they learn the entry into the finer, more vivid circle of life?

Her imagination was fired by the squire's lady at Shelly Hall, who came to church at Cossethay with her little children, girls in tidy capes of beaver fur, and smart little hats, herself like a winter rose, so fair and delicate. So fair, so fine in mould, so luminous, what was it that Mrs. Hardy felt which she, Mrs. Brangwen, did not feel? How was Mrs. Hardy's nature different from that of the common women of Cossethay, in what was it beyond them? All the women of Cossethay talked eagerly about Mrs. Hardy, of her husband, her children, her guests, her dress, of her servants and her housekeeping. The lady of the Hall was the living dream of their lives, her life was the epic that inspired their lives. In her they lived imaginatively, and in gossiping of her husband who drank, of her scandalous brother, of Lord William Bentley her friend, member of Parliament for the division, they had their own Odyssey enacting itself, Penelope and Ulysses before them, and Circe and the swine and the endless web.

So the women of the village were fortunate. They saw themselves in the lady of the manor, each of them lived her own fulfilment of the life of Mrs. Hardy. And the Brangwen wife of the Marsh aspired beyond herself, towards the further life of the finer woman, towards the extended being she revealed, as a traveller in his self-contained manner reveals far-off countries present in himself. But why should a knowledge of far-off countries make a man's life a different thing, finer, bigger? And why is a man more than the beast and the cattle that serve him? It is the same thing.

The male part of the poem was filled in by such men as the vicar and Lord William, lean, eager men with strange movements, men who had command of the further fields, whose lives ranged over a great extent. Ah, it was something very desirable to know, this touch of the wonderful men who had the power of thought and comprehension. The women of the village might be much fonder of Tom Brangwen, and more at their ease with him, yet if their lives had been robbed of the vicar, and of Lord William, the leading shoot would have been cut away from them, they would have been heavy and uninspired and inclined to hate. So long as the wonder of the beyond was before them, they could get along, whatever their lot. And Mrs. Hardy, and the vicar, and Lord William, these moved in the wonder of the beyond, and were visible to the eyes of Cossethay in their motion.

## II

About 1840, a canal was constructed across the meadows of the Marsh Farm, connecting the newly-opened collieries of the Erewash Valley. A high embankment travelled along the fields to carry the canal, which passed close to the homestead, and, reaching the road, went over in a heavy bridge.

So the Marsh was shut off from Ilkeston, and enclosed in the small valley bed, which ended in a bushy hill and the village spire of Cossethay.

The Brangwens received a fair sum of money from this trespass across their land. Then, a short time afterwards, a colliery was sunk on the other side of the canal, and in a while the Midland Railway came down the valley at the foot of the Ilkeston hill, and the invasion was complete. The town grew rapidly, the Brangwens were kept busy producing supplies, they became richer, they were almost tradesmen.

Still the Marsh remained remote and original, on the old, quiet side of the canal embankment, in the sunny valley where slow water wound along in company of stiff alders, and the road went under ash-trees past the Brangwens' garden gate.

But, looking from the garden gate down the road to the right, there, through the dark archway of the canal's square aqueduct, was a colliery spinning away in the near distance, and further, red, crude houses plastered on



the valley in masses, and beyond all, the dim smoking hill of the town.

The homestead was just on the safe side of civilisation, outside the gate. The house stood bare from the road, approached by a straight garden path, along which at spring the daffodils were thick in green and yellow. At the sides of the house were bushes of lilac and guelder-rose and privet, entirely hiding the farm buildings behind.

At the back a confusion of sheds spread into the home-close from out of two or three indistinct yards. The duck-pond lay beyond the furthest wall, littering its white feathers on the padded earthen banks, blowing its stray soiled feathers into the grass and the gorse bushes below the canal embankment, which rose like a high rampart near at hand, so that occasionally a man's figure passed in silhouette, or a man and a towing horse traversed the sky.

At first the Brangwens were astonished by all this commotion around them. The building of a canal across their land made them strangers in their own place, this raw bank of earth shutting them off disconcerted them. As they worked in the fields, from beyond the now familiar embankment came the rhythmic run of the winding engines, startling at first, but afterwards a narcotic to the brain. Then the shrill whistle of the trains re-echoed through the heart, with fearsome pleasure, announcing the far-off come near and imminent.

As they drove home from town, the farmers of the land met the blackened colliers trooping from the pit-mouth. As they gathered the harvest, the west wind brought a faint, sulphurous smell of pit-refuse burning. As they pulled the turnips in November, the sharp clink-clink-clink-clink-clink of empty trucks shunting on the line, vibrated in their hearts with the fact of other activity going on beyond them.

The Alfred Brangwen of this period had married a woman from Heanor, a daughter of the "Black Horse". She was a slim, pretty, dark woman, quaint in her speech, whimsical, so that the sharp things she said did not hurt. She was oddly a thing to herself, rather querulous in her manner, but intrinsically separate and indifferent, so that her long lamentable complaints, when she raised her voice against her husband in particular and against everybody else after him, only made those who heard her wonder and feel affectionately towards her, even while they were irritated and impatient with her. She railed