

H/319.4/27:11

ENGLISH ON SUNDAY

星期日英语

4

1982

中央电视台电教部编

广播出版社出版

中央电视台电视教育节目用书

星 期 日 英 语
ENGLISH ON SUNDAY

82—4（总11）

中央电视台电视教育部编

广 播 出 版 社

星期日英语82—4

〈总第11期〉

广播出版社出版

外文印刷厂印刷

新华书店北京发行所发行

1982年12月第1版 1982年12月第一次印刷

787×1092毫米 16开 印张4.75 · 字数95千字 印数1—26,000

统一书号: 9236·013 定价: 0.54元

目 录

本期专登

The Mayor of Casterbridge

卡斯特桥市长

1. Episode One	第一集	(1)
2. Episode Two	第二集	(20)
3. Episode Three	第三集	(37)
4. Episode Four	第四集	(56)

下期继续刊登后三集

中央电视台《星期日英语》每周星期日下午14:00向全国播送。

The Mayor of Casterbridge

Episode One

卡斯特桥市长

第一集

(Susan and her daughter Elizabeth Jane walk tiredly along a country road.)

ELIZABETH JANE: Do you know where we are going, mother?

SUSAN: Onwards.

ELIZABETH JANE: Yes, but where to?

SUSAN: The next village.

ELIZABETH JANE: Oh I wish we could rest up a bit.¹

SUSAN: We will, before long.

ELIZABETH JANE: We don't even know where he is. We don't know if we're going towards him or away from him or what.

SUSAN: But we have to find him, Elizabeth Jane. No matter how long it takes.

ELIZABETH JANE: Do you remember this road? Do you know where we are?

(Susan recalls. Susan and her husband Henchard walking together on the same country road eighteen years before.)

SUSAN: We'll have to find lodging soon, Michael. Shh! Shh! Elizabeth Jane'll be wanting her food afore long.² It's all right, my baby.

ELIZABETH JANE: Mother? Mother?

SUSAN: Wh-what?

ELIZABETH JANE: You didn't hear a word I said, did you? You didn't hear a single word.³

SUSAN: N-No — I was — thinking...

ELIZABETH JANE: Are you feeling all right, Mother?

SUSAN: Yes.

ELIZABETH JANE: You were thinking about poor father, weren't you?

SUSAN: I — yes, Elizabeth Jane — in a way⁴ I was...

ELIZABETH JANE: You mustn't upset yourself.

SUSAN: No.

ELIZABETH JANE: Father would have wanted us to do what we're doing...⁵

SUSAN: Dead and drowned and can't tell us yes or no or nothing.

ELIZABETH JANE: Look. A signpost.

(Henchard and Susan walking on the same road eighteen years before.)

SUSAN: Look, Michael. We've still got a couple of miles.⁶

HENCHARD: Any trade doing here? Hay-trussing,⁷ or that sort o'job⁸ . . . ?

TURNIP HOER: Ent⁹ nothing like that. No.

HENCHARD: Is there ern a house to let up ahead¹⁰—a small cottage just builded, or —

TURNIP HOER: They'd be pulling houses down nowadays, not building them. And folks nowhere to go.

HENCHARD: And no work?

TURNIP HOER: No work, no.

HENCHARD: I was told back up the road a bit there is a fair or suchlike in the village . . .¹¹

TURNIP HOER: Ay. 'Tis Fair Day.¹² Getting the money from children and fools.

SUSAN: I be tired,¹³ Michael. And Elizabeth Jane wants feeding.

HENCHARD: And Michael Henchard wants working!

(Susan and Elizabeth Jane come to a fairground in a field.)

ELIZABETH JANE: Why are we wasting time here, mother! I thought you wanted to get on further . . . ?

SUSAN: I wanted to come here.

ELIZABETH JANE: Here? Why?

SUSAN: It was here I first met Newson.

ELIZABETH JANE: First met father here?

SUSAN; On a day such as this.

ELIZABETH JANE: Wasn't he a sailor in those days or —

SUSAN: He was always a sailor.

ELIZABETH JANE: But who are you looking for? Father can't be here, when he's at the bottom of the sea.

SUSAN: And it was here I last saw that — that relation we are trying to find.

ELIZABETH JANE: Mr. Henchard.

SUSAN: Michael Henchard. I last saw him at this fair.

ELIZABETH JANE: Well, he won't be here now, will he . . . ?

SUSAN: What?

ELIZABETH JANE: Did he ever know me, mother?

SUSAN: Who?

ELIZABETH JANE: This Mr. Henchard.

SUSAN: Of course not.

ELIZABETH JANE: People come and go, mother. It's not much use looking here after all this time.

SUSAN: I'm not so sure of that. I think I — wait here, Elizabeth Jane.

ELIZABETH JANE: Mother —?

SUSAN: No. Wait here.

(Susan comes into Mrs Goodenough's small tent.)

MRS. GOODENOUGH: Come in dear. Good furmity¹⁴ here.

SUSAN: Just a taste then.

MRS. GOODENOUGH: There! Do you the world of good that will.¹⁵

SUSAN: You are Mrs. Goodenough . . . ?

MRS. GOODENOUGH: That I be.

SUSAN: Didn't you once have a — well, a bigger tent than this?

MRS. GOODENOUGH: Great Pavilion tent — aye! The attraction of the fair.¹⁶

SUSAN: You've seen all sorts of things then?

MRS. GOODENOUGH: Nobody could come, nobody could go, without having a taste of Mrs. Goodenough's furmity.

* * *

(Henchard and Susan in Mrs. Goodenough's big tent eighteen years before.)

HENCHARD: Oops -a- daisy.¹⁷

SUSAN: Oh don't, Michael.

HENCHARD: Don't what!

SUSAN: Don't you drink no more o' that rum.¹⁸ You know how bad it takes you.

HENCHARD: Ah shut th'up for pity sake!¹⁹ Anybody'd think I had too much.

SUSAN: You have. You know you have.

HENCHARD: And bent I 'titled to, walking all day — and for what?²⁰ For damn all!

SUSAN: What about our lodging? We'll have trouble finding it if we don't go soon.

HENCHARD: What's the odds.²¹ There's no work here anyway.

SUSAN: We've got to find lodging. Think of Elizabeth Jane.

HENCHARD: On your feet all day,²² and for what. For what?

SUSAN: Stop shouting.

HENCHARD: Listen to it. Just listen to it. Don't give tha²³ a chance, women don't.

MAN: Alway the same on a fair day.

HENCHARD: Oy — or an a fowl un!²⁴

MAN: Fair day or fowl un. That's a good 'un,²⁵ that is!

SECOND MAN: True, though. It's true. Women can bring a man down.²⁶

HENCHARD: You think so.

SECOND MAN: I know so.

HENCHARD: I got married at eighteen, the fool that I was — and this is the consequence on't!²⁷

MAN: You bent the first neither.²⁸

SECOND MAN: There's many another that have done just as bad.²⁹

MAN: Aye. Sometimes.

SECOND MAN: Always.

HENCHARD: They be selling horses byun 'em?³⁰ Outside. Them gypsies selling horses.

SECOND MAN: Horses?

HENCHARD: Horses as 'em don't want.³¹

SECOND MAN: What about it then?

SUSAN: Come on, Michael. Have you finished?

HENCHARD: Well now. I don't see why man who have got wives and don't want 'em —

SECOND MAN: More than half, I should say.

HENCHARD: No, listen. Listen. Horses.

SECOND MAN: Horses?

HENCHARD: I don't see why men shouldn't get rid of their wives same way as these gypsy fellow get rid of their horses. Eh? Eh?

SECOND MAN: Put 'em up for auction d'you mean?

HENCHARD: Every time! Just like an old hoss!*

MAN: Hark at the rum talking.³²

HENCHARD: Auction 'em. Auction 'em. Aye! I'd sell mine this minute!

SUSAN: Michael.

HENCHARD: If anyone would have her.

MAN: Oh there's them as would too.³³

HENCHARD: Well, now their chance!

VOICE: How much?

HENCHARD: How much? That's up to anyone on* you! I be open to offers.³⁴

VOICE: What about the babby.

HENCHARD: Babby an' all!³⁵ Come in, then. Who'll bid³⁶ for 'em? Which on you'll start the bidding?

SUSAN: Sit down, Michael.

HENCHARD: No, I shan't!

SUSAN: A joke's a joke. But you'll make it once too often mind.³⁷

HENCHARD: Aye, if I were a free man again —

VOICE: Oh, aye!

HENCHARD: I'd challenge all England an the fodder* business. And if I were a free man again — I'd be worth a — a thousand pounds before I'd done! What you all laughing at!

SUSAN: Stop making a fool of yourself, Mike.³⁸ Sit down — or else I'll stand alongside thee!

HENCHARD: What about it folks. What about it. This woman here—stand up, then, see if I care! This woman here is no good to me. Who'll have her? Will any Jack Rag or Tom Straw³⁹ among you buy my goods? What am I offer?⁴⁰

VOICE: Five shilling!

HENCHARD: No insults! No call for that!

SUSAN: Michael!

HENCHARD: Serious — serious offers, if you please. Will anybody buy her? Anybody at all?

MAN: Her don't want⁴¹ to be sold.

SUSAN: Yes I do! I wish somebody'd make the right offer! I'm sick of this — this nonsense —!

HENCHARD: Sit down.

SUSAN: I will when you do.

HENCHARD: There! See now it's an agreement to part. Simple as scripture history.⁴² I'd want to sell her and her'd want to go. That's the way. Susan — stand up — aye — show theeself!⁴³

MRS. GOODENOUGH: Don't my chie!⁴⁴ Yer good man don't know what he's saying.

MAN: It's the rum talking.

HENCHARD: I d'know. I d'know, right enough! Now then — who'll be the auctioneer?

AUCTIONEER: I be!⁴⁵

HENCHARD: You'll do. Get the offers. Do it proper.

AUCTIONEER: All right! All right! Let's have a bit of order here! This is a serious business!

HENCHARD: Order! Order!

AUCTIONEER: Now then, now then, that's better. Now you can all see the goods. So who'll, who'll, who'll, we'll say one guinea?

HENCHARD: Set it up higher! I ant got but fifteen shillings in the whole world.⁴⁶

AUCTIONEER: All right, all right then. Let's try three guineas. Come along now. You can see what the lady is worth. Who'll offer me three guineas . . . !

HENCHARD: Tell tha' what — I'll sell her for five guineas to any man here who will put money in my hand right here and now — and who'll treat her right. But I shan't go for less.⁴⁷

AUCTIONEER: Five guineas? Are you sure?

HENCHARD: Susan—do you agree?

AUCTIONEER: I thought this were just a bit of fun.

HENCHARD: Fun? Fun? What do you mean, fun?

AUCTIONEER: Are you serious? Are you?

SECOND MAN: It's been done before. This ent⁴⁸ the first time a wife's been put up for sale.

HENCHARD: See. See. Now, then, call for bids, auctioneer, or sit theesil⁴⁹ down.

AUCTIONEER: Well, now, I —

HENCHARD: Five guineas, it is five guineas the last time, or the goods'll be withdrawn!

Five guineas — yes or no. Who is going to offer me five guineas?

(Newson comes into the big tent.)

NEWSON: I will.

HENCHARD: Who is that? What's his name?

NEWSON: The name's Newson. And I'm saying yes.

HENCHARD: You say you'll buy?

NEWSON: That's what I'm saying.

HENCHARD: Saying is one thing. Paying is another.⁵⁰

NEWSON: I have got the money.

HENCHARD: Where is it then? Five guineas in my hand, I said. Five guineas here in my hand.

NEWSON: Five pounds.

HENCHARD: Guineas, I said guineas.

NEWSON: Guineas.

SUSAN: If you lay a finger on that money, Michael Henchard, this girl and me'll go with the man.

HENCHARD: You keep out of it.⁵¹ I take the money — the sailor takes you! That's plain enough.

NEWSON: Only if this young woman is willing. I wouldn't hurt her feelings.

HENCHARD: She's 'willing.

NEWSON: You swear to that?

SUSAN: Michael?

HENCHARD: He asked you a question!

SUSAN: I do. I swear to't*

HENCHARD: That's it then. The bargain's complete.

NEWSON: Come along! The little 'un too. The more the merrier.⁵²

SUSAN: Mike — I've lived with thee a couple of years now, and had nothing but temper all the time. So now I'm no more to thee. I'll try my luck elsewhere.

HENCHARD: Hey now! Susan!

SUSAN: Good bye!

NEWSON: Don't worry none,⁵³ lady. Don't cry — there's no need to —

(Newson and Susan leave the tent.)

HENCHARD: Is she gone?

MRS. GOODENOUGH: Aye, she's gone right enough, you silly fool!

HENCHARD: What, Susan? Gone? And Elizabeth Jane?

SECOND MAN: You got the money though.

MAN: And got your ring back.

(Henchard rises from the floor.)

HENCHARD: What've I done? Susan! Susan!

(Susan talks with Mrs. Goodenough.)

SUSAN: I heard tell it was eighteen years ago — the selling of a wife.

MRS. GOODENOUGH: The selling?

SUSAN: Wasn't it?

MRS. GOODENOUGH: A man in a cord jacket.⁵⁴

SUSAN: And a basket of tools?

MRS. GOODENOUGH: A basket of tools?

SUSAN: So I heard tell

MRS. GOODENOUGH: Lord bless ye, we fairground people don't gi'e it headroom, we don't, not such as that.⁵⁵ Only reason I can mind the man⁵⁶ is that he come back to the next fair and — and — what was it now?

SUSAN: He said something?

MRS. GOODENOUGH: If ever a woman was to come asking after him, we was to say he had gone some place.⁵⁷ But Lord's my life, I shouldn't have thought of it again!

SUSAN: Can you remember what place it was?

MRS. GOODENOUGH: Why?

SUSAN: It's — oh it's such — well, a strange tale.

MRS. GOODENOUGH: Oh, it was a long way off. Where wasn't? Casterbridge, I think.

Ay, that's the place, him said. Gone to Casterbridge. A long long way from here.

SUSAN: And many years ago.

MRS. GOODENOUGH: You sure you wouldn't like two penn'orth⁵⁸ of rum in that? You look as though you need it.

(In a hall. Henchard is dining with some other people.)

HENCHARD: Haven't you learnt it yet? I don't drink. I never touch a drop never!

WAITER: But it be Loyal toast,⁵⁹ Mr. Mayor sir.

HENCHARD: I said I don't drink. And that is a gospel oath.⁶⁰ If you know what that means. Do you?

WAITER: Yes, Mr. Henchard. Sorry.

HENCHARD: I swore it nineteen years ago and I ant⁶¹ let a drop pass my lips since. So take it away. Take it away! I'll make do with water.⁶²

(Susan and Elizabeth Jane get down from a cart.)

CARTER: Here you be then, Missis. Casterbridge.

ELIZABETH JANE: Thank you. It's very kind of you to help us on our journey.

SUSAN: Is — this the only place to stay in Casterbridge?

CARTER: No, but for two ladies on their own . . . well, I though.*

SUSAN: Oh — but it looks too good for us — we can't meet it⁶³

ELIZABETH JANE: But we must be respectable in case our . . . Don't thee know of a Mr. Henchard in this town, sir? A Mr. Michael Henchard?

CARTER: Know? Aye. I should think I do.

SUSAN: Is he in some sort of troub— . . .

CARTER: I d'work for* Mr. Henchard.

ELIZABETH JANE: Does he employ men, then?

CARTER: You must have come a good long way not to know such a thing as that.

ELIZABETH JANE: Has he a business here then, does he?

CARTER: Has a business? There's never a big dealing in wheat, hay, barely, oats, roots and such like but the Mayor of Casterbridge a' got a hand in it!⁶⁴

(Susan remembers . . .)

HENCHARD: I'd challenge England to beat me in the fodder business. And if I were a free man again-by God! I'd be worth a thousand pounds . . .

(Outside king's arms)

CARTER: You'd better go in and find somewhere to lie down ma'am.

ELIZABETH JANE: Mother? What is it?

SUSAN: I'm just a bit tired . . . I don't know.

CARTER: Here — let me take that there bundle o' yours on into the King's Arms. You d'look wore out.⁶⁵

ELIZABETH JANE: Come on, now, mother. We've got here at last. You just need a good sleep in a comfortable bed. Thank you. Thank you very much. I can manage now.

CARTER: Right you are, Miss. Go right on down the passage, way past the Assembly Room . . . Have him got a business?

(Susan and Elizabeth Jane come into a hall.)

SUSAN: No, Elizabeth Jane, we can't. We haven't the money.

ELIZABETH JANE: If we can't afford it, then we won't stay more'n a night.⁶⁶ But you've got to rest whether or no.⁶⁷

SUSAN: Oh, dear.

ELIZABETH JANE: What is it?

SUSAN: I look so old. So old.

ELIZABETH JANE: It's all the travelling we've done. You'll feel better by the mourn⁶⁸ — mother?

SUSAN: Henchard!

ELIZABETH JANE: What? Where?

SUSAN: In there. Look. The man who is talking at the top of the table. With the gold chain . . .

ELIZABETH JANE: The gold chain. That man?

SUSAN: Don't let him see...

HENCHARD: I'm not responsible for the weather. I know some of you thinks so, but I bent⁶⁹ and you've got to bear in mind that the weather just at harvest time was worse than we've known it for many a good year.

A FEW: Hear... hear....!

HENCHARD: So anybody who has got any complaints'd do better to put them to me, to my face!⁷⁰ However, I have mended my business arrangements on account of it. I have found the business too large for me to look after to be well by myself alone, so I've advertised about and I've engaged a thorough good man as a manager of the corn department — buying, selling, all of it... As a matter of fact I've asked him along here this evening. He starts on Monday, but you can meet him before that. A thorough good fellow that man at the far end of the table there. Mr. Donald Farfrae, a Scotchman, he's a long way from home. But he knows this corn as well as his oats! Mr. Farfrae was on his way to ship at Bristol and then off to America where I waylaid him t'other evening⁷¹ after listening to the way he talked about wheat. A man of science! And that's how it should be, gentlemen. In the business of life and the general life of Casterbridge you find owt's* what's wrong — and what's to be done — and then put it right!

ELIZABETH JANE: O, what a fine gentleman he is, isn't he? Look not his studs?⁷² They shine like diamonds. Perhaps they are diamonds. How strange that we should be related to a man like that! When will you call him? Mother?

SUSAN: I don't know.

ELIZABETH JANE: What is it? What has happened? Why are you so down?⁷³

SUSAN: I don't know what to do.

ELIZABETH JANE: Oh, Mother. I'm sorry. Are you feeling ill? I was so excited chattering on.

SUSAN: I have seen him. And that is enough for me.

ELIZABETH JANE: Enough? Just to see him?

SUSAN: You don't understand.

ELIZABETH JANE: Not see him — after all these weeks and weeks and weeks on the road, looking here, there and everywhere for him!

SUSAN: I don't think I can ever meet Mr. Henchard. He is not how I thought he would be — he overpowers me.⁷⁴

(Susan and Elizabeth Jane talking in a hotel room)

ELIZABETH JANE: Shall I go down and see if I can get you a hot drink?

SUSAN: We can't afford it. We shouldn't be in this place. We haven't the means.⁷⁵

ELIZABETH JANE: But if this Mr. Henchard is our relative —

SUSAN: I don't think I can ever meet Mr. Henchard.

ELIZABETH JANE: Why have we come then?

SUSAN: 'Tis a mistake. I can't explain.

ELIZABETH JANE: Mother? What's wrong?

SUSAN: He is not how I thought he would be. I cannot go and meet him.

ELIZABETH JANE: Are you afraid of him? But he looks such a generous man, with his studs and his gold chain and, isn't he, relation of yours?

SUSAN: Yes . . . well . . . yes.

ELIZABETH JANE: Then I'm not afraid of him! I'll go and see him — all he can say is that he doesn't want to know us because we're poor. I don't understand. I just don't understand. Why are we in this state.⁷⁶ Oh — how I wish poor father's ship had not gone down!

SUSAN: Don't!

(Susan is crying and Elizabeth Jane bends over her.)

ELIZABETH JANE: Mother, you are worn out with walking and travelling and worrying. I've seen you change over these months . . . It's because we've reached our journey's end that why* you feel so down.

SUSAN: I suppose you could go to him with a message. Now that⁷⁸ we've come this far.

ELIZABETH JANE: But it's you he knows, Mother.

SUSAN: I'll write and say that his relative Susan Newson, a sailor's widow, is in the town. That'll leave it up to him⁷⁹ then, won't it?

ELIZABETH JANE: And if he wants to see you?

SUSAN: Then he can write me a note, too. Saying how and when he will meet us — or me . . .

ELIZABETH JANE: I shall go and see him in the morning. There's no need to write a note.

SUSAN: You'll have to tell him that I fully know I have no claim upon him . . .⁸⁰

ELIZABETH JANE: Yes, yes.

SUSAN: And — and that I'm glad to hear that he is thriving.⁸¹ And if he'd rather we didn't intrude on his position here in Casterbridge, we will leave the town as quietly as we have come.

ELIZABETH JANE: And do what? And what do we do then, mother?

SUSAN: Hope to die.

(Elizabeth Jane comes to the Assembly Room. Farfrae is singing.)

FARFRAE (singing): There's an eye that weeps, and a fair face will be fain, and I pass through annan water with my bennie hands againe.

(The scene of a fairground. Elizabeth Jane walks through.)

(Next morning, Henchard's dining room)

HENCHARD: That's it, come th'on in.⁸²

FARFRAE: If you've nae⁸³ finished, Mr Henchard . . .

HENCHARD: Well, now. You heard the talk last night.

FARFRAE: Aye.

HENCHARD: And the corn is bad this year, I've got to admit it. So if you say you've got some renovating process as'll bring it back near the mark — then I'll bless the day ye came.⁸⁴

FARFRAE: These few grains will be sufficient to show ye. Taste it, mon.⁸⁵

HENCHARD: You've been at work on it already, Donald?

FARFRAE: That's what you hired me for, sir, I'm no one for delay.⁸⁶

HENCHARD: It's complete! Quite restored, or, well, nearly.

FARFRAE: Quite restored enough to make good seconds⁸⁷ out of it.

HENCHARD: Good, good.

(Henchard and Farfrae come out together into the yard.)

HENCHARD: You must be what — five foot nine or ten, I be six foot one and a half out of my shoes, but what of that? In my business 'tis true that strength and bustle⁸⁸ build up a firm knowledge, but knowledge and judgement are what keep it established.

FARFRAE: Ay, ay. That's so.

HENCHARD: I'm bad at science, Farfrae. Bad at figures — a rule o'thumb sort of man.⁸⁹ I was brought up a hay-trusser, and hay is what I understand best. You shall manage the corn department entirely. I'll not interfere.

FARFRAE: You're very liberal — very liberal indeed, Mr. Henchard.

HENCHARD: The business is getting a big* for me and, well, you've come at the right time, Donald.

FARFRAE: 'Tis the way of fate.

HENCHARD: And I've — ah — well, my domestic life has been a bit lonely. I've been thinking of marrying.

FARFRAE: Ah. Well.

HENCHARD: I've been alone too long. I sometimes get these — gloomy fits.⁹⁰ When the whole world seems as black as hell. Do you know what I mean?

FARFRAE: Ah, no. I never feel like that.

HENCHARD: Then pray to God that you never may, young man!

FARFRAE: Aye, I think I'd better.

(Labourers working in the barn. Henchard and Farfrae enter.)

HENCHARD: I can be the most distant fellow in the world when I don't care for a man. But if a man takes my fancy, he takes it strong.⁹¹

FARFRAE: Och. Ye don't know me, sir.

HENCHARD: No — I feel I can talk to you, Farfrae. You've got the same forehead as a young brother of mine. He's dead and gone now. Your nose isn't unlike his either.

You'll be a great help to me. And I don't intend to do so much — and when I'm wed, why should I work so hard, eh?

FARFRAE: Is it a local lass,⁹² Mr. Henchard?

HENCHARD: She's from the Channel Islands.

FARFRAE: Quite a way.⁹³

HENCHARD: I often have to go across to Jersey in the potato and root season.⁹⁴ You'll find we do a large trade wi' them in that line.⁹⁵

FARFRAE: Ay. Well. There's many things for me to learn, no doubt.

HENCHARD: Right enough. You can start with the ledgers. In my office across the yard. Acquaint theesel' with the business. I'll be along later in the day to answer any questions. Meanwhile we must get the matter of your lodgings settled.

FARFRAE: The Three Mariners ll do fine for the while, sir, and their ale⁹⁶ warms the stomach.

HENCHARD: Maybe so. But take care it doesn't warm your head young man. Go and see what that young woman wants. She looks a bit lost. Right, alone too long.

(Henchard comes to the yard and meets Elizabeth Jane there.)

WORKMAN: A young lady to see you, sir.

ELIZABETH JANE: Mr. Henchard, sir?

HENCHARD: Yes. What is it?

ELIZABETH JANE: I — I was told to come on in.

HENCHARD: Yes, yes.

ELIZABETH JANE: Can I speak to you, sir?

HENCHARD: If it's business, I have an office.

ELIZABETH JANE: It — it's not business sir . . .

HENCHARD: Well the, what is it, young woman? Mmmm?

ELIZABETH JANE: I was sent to tell you, sir, that a relative of yours by marriage, Susan Newson —

HENCHARD: What?

ELIZABETH JANE: Susan Newson, a sailor's widow — that — that she is in the town, and I'm to ask whether you would like to see her, sir.

HENCHARD: Susan, is she still alive?

ELIZABETH JANE: Yes, sir. She is here in Casterbridge, sir.

HENCHARD: And you —

ELIZABETH JANE: I am her daughter, sir.

HENCHARD: Her — only daughter.

ELIZABETH JANE: Yes, sir.

HENCHARD: What — do you call yourself — your christian name?

ELIZABETH JANE: Elizabeth Jane, sir.

HENCHARD: Newson?

ELIZABETH JANE: Elizabeth Jane Newson.

HENCHARD: I am — a good deal interested in your news. Come with me.

(Henchard and Elizabeth Jane open the door and come into the office.)

HENCHARD: Sit down, sit down — Elizabeth Jane.

ELIZABETH JANE: Thank you sir.

HENCHARD: Elizabeth Jane. Elizabeth Jane. A very nice name. Your mother, she is quite well, is she?

ELIZABETH JANE: She is rather worn out, sir, with travelling.

HENCHARD: Oh?

ELIZABETH JANE: We have been a long time getting here, and without much money. Some of the time we've been on farmers' wagons or carriers' vans or, at the end, one of your carts — but most of the time we have been on foot, sir.

HENCHARD: Looking for me?

ELIZABETH JANE: Yes, sir. But we fully understand that if —

HENCHARD: How did you know that I was to be found in Casterbridge?

ELIZABETH JANE: My mother spoke to an old woman at Weydon Fair, sir, and she . . .

HENCHARD: Weydon Fair.

ELIZABETH JANE: Well it was where my mother first met my father, sir. And where she last saw you . . .

HENCHARD: Yes. I see.

ELIZABETH JANE: And because we didn't know what else to do, we kept right on⁹⁷ until we reached Casterbridge. Last night, sir.

HENCHARD: A sailor's widow, you say — when did he die?

ELIZABETH JANE: Father was lost last spring.

HENCHARD: Do you and she come from abroad from America or Australia?

ELIZABETH JANE: No sir. We have been in England for quite some time now. I was twelve when we came here from Canada.

HENCHARD: Ah, Canada. Yes. That is why I couldn't — why we lost touch with each other, your mother and me. And where are you staying?

ELIZABETH JANE: At the King's Arms. For a night more anyway.

HENCHARD: And you are her daughter, Elizabeth Jane.

ELIZABETH JANE: Yes, sir.

HENCHARD: I think — I think you shall take a note from me to your mother, Elizabeth Jane. I should like to see her again and talk over a few things — you sit down there, Elizabeth Jane, while I write this note.

"Meet me at eight o'clock this evening at the ring⁹⁸ on the Budmouth road. The place is easy to find. The girl seems to be in ignorance. Keep her so until I have seen you".

This note to your mother, Elizabeth Jane.