

SELF-SELECTED STORIES OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

英汉对照 ● 英美文学精品



霍

“心理罗曼史”的开创者
桑短篇小说选

胡允桓 译

出 外文出版社

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图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

霍桑短篇小说选/ (美) 霍桑 (Hawthorne, N.) 著; 胡允桓译.

-北京: 外文出版社, 1999. 3

(英汉对照英美文学精品)

ISBN 7-119-02302-0

I. 霍… II. ①霍… ②胡… III. 小说-美国-对照读物-英、汉 IV. H319. 4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (98) 第 35315 号

外文出版社网址:

<http://www.flp.com.cn>

外文出版社电子信箱:

info@flp.com.cn

sales@flp.com.cn

英汉对照英美文学精品

霍桑短篇小说选

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封面设计 蔡 荣

出版发行 外文出版社

社 址 北京市百万庄大街 24 号

邮政编码 100037

电 话 (010) 68326644 - 2331/2307/2332 (编辑部)

(010) 68329514/68327211 (推广发行部)

印 刷 煤炭工业出版社印刷厂印刷

经 销 新华书店/外文书店

开 本 大 32 开 (203 × 140 毫米)

字 数 203 千字

印 数 0001—8,000 册

印 张 8.5

版 次 2000 年第 1 版第 1 次印刷

装 别 平

书 号 ISBN 7-119-02302-0/I·S71 (外)

定 价 12.80 元

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“心理罗曼史”的开创者

霍桑

纳撒尼尔·霍桑(Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1804-1864)出生于新英格兰一名门望族。他家世代都是虔诚的加尔文教(即清教或新教)信徒,其两代先祖曾是马萨诸塞殖民地政教合一的权力机构中的要人,参与过1692年萨莱姆驱巫案及其后迫害教友派的活动。家族和社会环境中浓重的加尔文教气氛深深地感染了霍桑,使他自幼性格阴郁,耽于思考;而祖先在迫害异端中的那种狂热,则使他产生了负罪感。长大成人之后,他受新英格兰的超验主义哲学思想影响,刻意追求一种完美的理想,曾投身空想社会主义式的布鲁克合作农场的活动。霍桑由此形成的世界观是复杂矛盾的:一方面自幼浸润了“命定论”与“原罪观”这样的宗教保守思想,另一方面又希冀能有一个充满爱的人类社会。

因此,贯穿霍桑全部作品的创作思想便是对人类灵魂中隐匿的“恶”的挖掘和对构成真与美的基础的“善”的向往。按照加尔文教的教义,人皆有罪,无论明暗;而依据超验主义的观点,万物均有灵性。所以,他在作品中便刻意描绘荒谬可怖的现象,竭力挖掘阴暗怪诞的心理。然而,正因为这种晦涩的神秘主义倾向,反而使他的作品产生了一种曲径通幽的意境和余音绕梁的效果,引导我们透过种种象征去探究人物深藏的心理和主题背后的哲理。

霍桑的作品多以新英格兰为背景。这是以马萨诸塞为中心、北起缅因南至康涅狄格的现今美国东北部六州的总称,是17世纪英国清教徒在本国受迫害而移民美洲时最早开辟的定居地区。从那时起直到独立战争,这里始终是英属北美殖民地的政治中心,许多重大历史事件都在波士顿(马萨诸塞首府)附近发生。19世纪这

里又成了超验主义文人荟萃的大本营，延续至今仍不失为文化中心（由于商业活动的发展，纽约市逐渐被包容进这一地区）。史家公认这里是美国传统文化及文学的发祥地。因此，阅读霍桑的作品时首先映入我们眼帘的便是当年的历史背景和风土人情，而由于当时特定的政治和宗教斗争形势，很多情节又牵涉到17世纪英国资产阶级——清教徒革命前后的重大事件，其认识价值是显而易见的。

由于霍桑相信“一切都有灵性，恰如灵魂与肉体的关系一般”，他在写作中便大量运用了象征比喻的手法。如苍发勇士，教长的黑色面纱，英格兰（并非我们今天所说的英国，那是包括英格兰、苏格兰、威尔士和北爱尔兰在内的联合王国的简称）国旗上的红十字、巨石人面等等，读者尚不难理解其背后的含义。至于一些细微之处，则需仔细揣摩。

霍桑笔下的形象既然都有其寓意，他所写的故事也就不着眼于情节本身，而是要揭示暗藏的哲理了。这一点正是他有别于通俗小说家而成为文学大师的根本所在。任何作家都会有时代及环境的局限性，霍桑当然也不例外；但今天重读他的作品，虽然时过境迁，仍使我们受到启迪，这正说明了他的作品具有隽永的魅力。我们尽管可以对他这样那样的观点保持异议，但正因为他写出了人类社会共性的一面，我们读起来仍像他在与我们促膝侃谈。

从霍桑的作品中我们最初感受到的，是他那种渲染氛围、烘托环境的能力。他所叙述的故事虽然从时间和空间上同我们距离遥远，但我们很快就被带入了那种特定的情景之中，甚至同书中的人物同命运、共呼吸了。诸如《苍发勇士》和《恩迪科特和红十字》中的群情激昂，《教长的黑色面纱》和《年轻的好男儿布朗》中的阴森神秘，《优雅少年》中的压抑痛苦，《通天的铁路》中的轻松讽刺，等等，无不使我们如身临其境。霍桑的写作手法中还有一大特色是叙述和议论都不直白。像《拉帕西尼之女》中青年男女的爱情，几乎全是从人物的行动及心理来抒发的，读者甚至难以找到一个爱情的字眼，但那种抑制不住的冲动却跃然纸上。这固然符

合当时人物的特定身分，但更主要的仍是出于作家本人写法的个性。而一部出色的作品，无论人物还是笔法，是万万不可缺乏个性的；否则就会成了千人一面的干瘪的货色。

霍桑所处的时代，正是美国独立后经济高速发展、思想异常活跃、文学欣欣向荣的时期。迟于英国及欧洲大陆发展起来的浪漫主义，构成了当时的文学主流，成为后来被美国文学史称为“第一次文艺复兴”的文学高潮。在那——“横看成岭侧成峰”的群星灿烂的时期，霍桑首先是以短篇小说而闻名的。上面概述的那些笔法，后来被很多作家所效仿，对美国文坛乃至世界文坛产生了深远的影响。

霍桑勤奋但不多产。其原因是对创作抱着极其认真的态度。他对自己要求严格，很多稿子都烧掉而不肯给人看，最初一些作品还是匿名发表的。即使在他成名之后，仍然对作品精益求精，一丝不苟。单单这种精神也值得我们学习借鉴；当然，也为我们选材提供了方便。

有人称美国为短篇小说的王国。我们虽不能说霍桑开创了这一体裁（因为爱伦·坡比他实践更早，并奠定了理论基础），但他所谓的“心理罗曼史”的手法和追求深意的主题，确实有其里程碑的意义，促进了后来美国短篇小说的蓬勃发展。

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故事歌颂了敢于与强权抗争的新英格兰人民，并以正义获胜的结尾鼓舞读者。作者仅仅截取了人民群众与统治集团在街头对峙的紧要关头，却把历史背景这一纵断面和在场的各派力量这一横断面作了浓缩式的交待，并突出了苍发勇士的高大形象。这一神秘人物虽然并非真实存在，但正如结尾处所点出的：这位勇士每逢危难时刻就会到来，他所代表的正是人民的凛然正气和必胜信念。

The Minister's Black Veil

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教长的黑色面纱

胡珀教长一出场便在脸上遮着一层黑色面纱。这位一向德高望重、备受教民尊敬的牧师为什么会有此惊人之举呢？这件事引起书中人物的纷纷猜测，也造成了贯穿整个故事的悬念，使读者难以释卷。随着故事的层层深入，我们终于领悟了这同黑纱中隐蔽的罪孽有关，而那桩罪孽隐隐地是男女私情，女方就是当天下葬的少女。作品通过种种影射和暗示，表达了清教教义中的“原罪”观，而黑纱正是其象征。诚如胡珀教长临终时那一声高呼：“在每一张脸上都有一幅黑色面纱！”——这绕梁的余音有着何等的震撼力啊！

The Gentle Boy

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优雅少年

这是一篇血泪的控诉，却自有其动人的力量。在英格兰故土饱受迫害的清教徒，竟然在新英格兰转而迫害教友派。这种同根相煎的现象我们似曾相识，因此对作者所抱的博爱理想也就格外理解。

作者用细腻的笔触描绘的种种场面十分哀婉感人，所刻画的人物更于真实中显示其高大。作者在表面的讽刺口吻下流露着深沉的同情，实际也是对其在马萨诸塞政教合一的权力机构中担任要职的先祖迫害教友派的行为的谴责和追悔。

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恩迪科特和红十字

与《优雅少年》不同，本篇写的是清教徒初到北美殖民地后英勇对抗英王查理一世和坎特伯雷大主教劳德迫害的故事。作者在突出约翰·恩迪科特的英雄气概的同时，也为我们展现了早期清教徒统治下的殖民地的一幅风俗画；单是广场上的种种惩罚手段就足以显示清教徒的两个侧面了：一面提倡勤俭，注重理智，推崇理想，反对罗马教皇专制和社会腐败风气；一面却保守成性，排斥感情，禁绝欲望，不但迫害一切不同教派，也不准进行任何文娱活动甚至儿童嬉戏。短短的篇幅包含了丰富的史实。

Young Goodman Brown

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年轻的好男儿布朗

单纯善良的青年布朗怀着志愿的心情去森林中赴密约，却发现那些平素道貌岸然的显要也是魔鬼的贵客，而魔鬼的那篇讲话更是揭示了种种耸人听闻的隐秘罪行。如果说《教长的黑色面纱》仅仅用牧师脸上蒙着的一幅黑纱暗示了他的罪孽并影射人皆有罪的话，本篇则以活生生的人物和具体的场景表现了同一主题。虚也罢，实也罢，暗也罢，明也罢，简也罢，繁也罢，自有异曲同工之妙。

Rappaccini's Daughter

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拉帕西尼之女

这是一个爱情悲剧。沉溺于医药科学的拉帕西尼为了使女儿有对抗邪恶的能力，赋予她的身体以剧毒，却使她孤立于人类社会之外，最终扼杀了她的爱情和生命。其中既反映了深受宗教保守观

念影响的作者对科学的疑虑，更表明了他对邪恶的警觉。对于乔万尼和贝雅特丽奇之间纯真的爱情，描写的笔法十分含蓄，这对堕入爱河的青年的行动和心理无不受爱的驱使，作家却始终不肯明言，这无疑增添了一种哀婉的力量。如果我们从本篇中抽象出来因爱致害这一主观愿望和客观结果的对立，亦不为过。

The Celestial Railroad

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通天的铁路

本篇手法极具特色，如同班扬那部《天路历程》的续篇。那部17世纪的英国名著，通过一个基督徒朝圣中的历程，他所见到的人世间各种品德和邪恶的人形化身，总结了奔向天国亦即人生的种种考验。在本篇中，作家以梦境的形式叙述重新走过这条天路历程的感受。时过境迁，人类社会已进入了资本和科技的时代。以作者深受宗教观影响的保守的世界观，自然对这一切变化在惊愕之余颇多疑虑，但对于物质条件改善之后人们在精神上的堕落的批判，却是跃然纸上的。其深刻程度至今仍发人深省。

The Great Stone Face

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巨石人面

山崖一侧似是人的面孔，庄严而仁慈地俯瞰人间，仿佛抱着美好的希冀；而诚实纯朴的人仰望这巨石人面，犹如读出了上天的垂训。从远古传下来的一个预言说，将有一个伟人在本地出现。于是那些自命不凡的人物纷纷登场，发了横财的富豪聚金先生、战功累累的老血腥霹雳将军、欺世盗名的政客老石面总统，都来愚弄善良的百姓，然而历史验证了他们的真实面目。最后则是默默无闻、辛劳一生的穷苦人厄内斯特才显现了其朴实无华的伟大，这一点首先是由阐释世界的诗人发现的，而厄内斯特似乎并不在意，这样的结尾令人深思。

SELECTED STORIES OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

“心理罗曼史”的开创者

霍桑短篇小说选

The Gray Champion

THERE was once a time when New England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II., the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny: a Governor and Council, holding office from the King, and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and, finally, disaffection overawed by the first band of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission by that filial love which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a Parliament, Protector, or Popish Monarch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length a rumor reached our shores that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise, the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper: it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and, in either case, the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances at their oppressors; while far and wide there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councillors, being warm with

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曾经有一度，新英格兰在比导致革命^①的压城黑云还要沉重的暴政的现实压力下呻吟着。酒色之徒查理国王^②的冥顽不化的继任者詹姆斯二世^③废除了一切殖民地的豁免权，并且委派了一名蛮不讲理的军人攫夺了我们的自由并危及我们的宗教。爱德蒙德·安德罗斯爵士^④极尽肆虐之能事：他身为总督和枢密大臣，受命于国王，大权独揽；不征得其治下民众或其代表的同意，恣意制订法律并强索赋税；居民的私人权利遭到侵犯，全部的土地所有权均宣布废除；报刊受到限制，压抑了怨愤之声；最后，雇佣军的第一批匪徒竟踏上我们自由的土地，恐吓人民使他们敢怒而不敢言。在两年之间，我们的祖先忍气吞声地对母国恭谨温顺，竭尽忠孝之爱，无论是议会、护国公^⑤还是教皇在那里掌权，都始终不贰。然而，直到上述那邪恶时期之前，这种忠心耿耿已经名存实亡，因为殖民地的人民自主自治，享有的自由远比大不列颠本土臣民的特权还要多。

后来有谣言从大西洋彼岸传来，据说奥兰治王子^⑥提出了一项大胆的计划，其成功将是人权和宗教权的胜利并使新英格兰得到拯救。这不过是一种可疑的窃窃私议：或许事出虚妄，或许以失败告终，不管是哪一种情况，向詹姆斯国王滋事的那个人定会人头落地。不过，这一情报倒是在市面上不胫而走。人们在街上神秘地微笑着，对其压迫者投去大胆的目光；到处都隐忍着沉默的激动不安，仿佛一星半点的信号就会把全国从其怠惰的沮丧中唤醒。统治者们觉察到了自身的危险，便决心以显示实力来防患于未然，或许靠更严厉的措施来巩固其专制。1689年4月的一个下午，爱德蒙德·安德罗斯爵士及其得意的议员们趁着酒酣耳热之际，聚集起总督的红衣卫队，在波士顿的大街上招摇过市。他们这一行人出发时，太阳已经要下山了。

wine, assembled the red-coats of the Governor's Guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum at that unquiet crisis seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial music of the soldiers, than as a muster-call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King Street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of another encounter between the troops of Britain, and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and sombre features of their character perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There were the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans, when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct; since there were men in the street that day who had worshipped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here, too, smiling grimly at the thought that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart. Here, also, were the veterans of King Philip's war, who had burned villages and slaughtered young and old, with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence, as if there were sanctity in their very garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them. Meantime, the purpose of the Governor, in disturbing the peace of the town at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment, was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

"Satan will strike his master-stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth that his time is short. All our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison! We shall see them at a Smithfield fire in King Street!"

Hereupon the people of each parish gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upwards and assumed a more apostolic dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honor of his profession, the crown of

在那不平静的关头响彻街巷的滔滔鼓声，与其说是战士的进军乐，不如说是对居民的集合号。人们成群结队地从多条街道涌向国王大街，那地方在一个世纪之后便又成为英国军队和反对其暴政的人民的另一次冲突的现场。此时虽说距“朝圣者”^①来到这里已有60余年，他们的这群后裔，在这一严峻的紧急关头比起愉快的场合，更鲜明地表现出了他们性格中坚强而阴郁的特点。那就是最初的清教徒面临野蛮的威胁时所特有的那种素朴的服饰，凛然的风度，阴沉而坚毅的表情，《圣经》式的语言，以及对上天会赐福于正义事业的信念。确实，传统的精神还没到消失的时候：那天在街上就有曾在树下房前崇拜上帝，却因为上帝建起房屋而遭到流放的人^②。国会的老兵也在这里，他们狞笑着想到，他们手中的老枪或许又能对斯图亚特王室^③开火了。这里还有经历过菲利浦王之战^④的退伍战士，他们曾以虔诚的狂热焚烧乡村，屠杀老幼，而举国上下那些善男信女居然以自己的祈祷帮助他们。人群中还分散着好几位教长，大家毕竟不是一般的乌合之众，对他们敬畏有加，仿佛他们的道袍之下存在着不可侵犯的神圣。这些神职人员对人们施加的影响是平息他们而不是驱散他们。与此同时，在此轻微的骚动即可将全国投入动乱之际扰乱了全城平静的总督，其动机大为可疑，引起众说纷纭。

“撒旦就要决一死战了，”一些人叫道，“因为他知晓他的时间不多了。我们所有的牧师都要给拖进监狱了！我们将要在国王大街看到他们在史密斯菲尔德^⑤火上熏烤呢！”

于是，每个教区的教民都更紧地聚在他们教长的周围，而教长则平静地仰视着，更有一番布道似的庄重，颇似神职人员最高荣誉——殉道者的候选人。实际上，这在当时是一种幻想：新英格兰将有其自己的一位约翰·罗杰斯^⑥以取代识字祈祷书中的那位名人。

martyrdom. It was actually fancied, at that period, that New England might have a John Rogers of her own to take the place of that worthy in the Primer.

"The Pope of Rome has given orders for a new St. Bartholomew!" cried others. "We are to be massacred, man and male child!"

Neither was this rumor wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the Governor's object somewhat less atrocious. His predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing, that Sir Edmund Andros intended at once to strike terror by a parade of military force, and to confound the opposite faction by possessing himself of their chief.

"Stand firm for the old charter Governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. "The good old Governor Bradstreet!"

While this cry was at the loudest, the people were surprised by the well-known figure of Governor Bradstreet himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door, and, with characteristic mildness, besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.

"My children," concluded this venerable person, "do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare of New England, and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this matter!"

The event was soon to be decided. All this time, the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till with reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks, and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine, that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were his favorite councillors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph, our arch-enemy, that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible curse, through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind, with a downcast look,

“罗马教皇已下令要来一次新的圣·巴多罗马^①!”其余的人叫道。“我们即将遭到屠戮，男人和男孩一概格杀勿论!”

人们对这样的谣言将信将疑，不过比较明智的人相信，总督的目标没有这么残暴。他的前任布拉兹特里特^②按旧的豁免法行事，是首批定居者所尊崇的伙伴，人们都知道他就在镇上。有理由猜测：爱德蒙德·安德罗斯爵士旨在一箭双雕，既靠炫耀武力以造成威慑，又用自己具有的领袖身分使反对派惊惶失措。

“坚决拥护旧豁免法的总督!”人群抓住了一个想法，高声叫道。“老总督布拉兹特里特好!”

就在口号声喊得最高昂的时候，人们惊奇地发现一位年近九旬的长者，布拉兹特里特总督本人那熟悉的身影，出现在一座门洞的台阶上，以他特有的和蔼可亲的态度，恳求他们服从受委派的当局。

“我的孩子们，”这位年高德劭的人最后说，“不要鲁莽行事。不要高声吵闹，要为新英格兰的福祉祈祷，耐心等待我主在此事上的作为!”

事件很快便见端倪。其间，连绵的鼓声穿过玉米山传来，声音越来越响亮，越来越深沉，直到响彻一栋栋住宅，士兵行进的有节奏的脚步声充斥了整条街道。成二路纵队行进的军人露面了，他们占满了路面的宽度，肩上扛着火绳枪，火绳燃烧着，准备在暮色中发射排枪。他们稳步前进，犹如一部机器在运转，会一往无前地轧过一切障碍。之后，随着路面上混乱的得得蹄声，缓缓过来了一队骑在马上的绅士，其中心人物便是爱德蒙德·安德罗斯爵士，他虽然有了一把年纪，却腰板笔挺，有如军人。簇拥着他的是他那些受宠的议员们，新英格兰最刻毒的敌人。骑马走在他右面的，是我们的头号敌人爱德华·伦道尔夫^③，照科顿·马瑟^④的叫法，是“该死的坏蛋”，是他造成了我们传统政府的垮台，于是终身遭人公开咒骂，直至他进入坟墓。安德罗斯爵士的另一侧是布里文特，边骑行边插科打诨。后面跟着的是达德利^⑤，他垂着头，大概是不敢面对

dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor, and two or three civil officers under the Crown, were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representatives of prelacy and persecution, the union of church and state, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, with the high churchman in the midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"O Lord of Hosts," cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a Champion for thy people!"

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry, to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty—a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly, there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the centre of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again, and resumed his way.

"Who is this gray patriarch?" asked the young men of their sires.