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【名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版】



Tess of the d'Urbervilles

苔丝

[英] 托马斯·哈代 著
孔胤皓 编译

清华大学出版社

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内 容 简 介

《苔丝》(也译《德伯家的苔丝》)是英国著名作家哈代最杰出的作品,也是英语文学中最伟大的作品之一。小说主人公苔丝这一形象是哈代对全人类的最伟大贡献,她已成为世界文学长廊中最优美迷人的女性形象之一。苔丝是一个美丽善良的姑娘,由于因年轻无知而失身于富家恶少亚历克。后来与牧师的儿子克莱尔相爱,新婚之夜她向克莱尔坦白了自己的不幸遭遇,反被克莱尔所弃。苔丝被遗弃后,来到另一家农场做苦工。在因家庭遭受变故而沦落街头时,苔丝只好“舍身救家”,亚历克趁机重新占有了苔丝。克莱尔悔悟归来,欲同苔丝破镜重圆。苔丝悔恨交加,怒不可遏地刺死了亚历克。在与丈夫度过了几天幸福生活后,苔丝被捕并被判处以极刑。

该书自出版以来,至今被译成世界上几十种文字。书中所展现的故事感染了一代又一代青少年读者的心灵。无论作为语言学习的课本,还是作为通俗的文学读本,全文引进该书对当代中国的青少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。本书配有纯正的英文朗读,供读者免费学习使用。

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

苔丝=Tess of the d'Urbervilles: 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版/(英)哈代著;孔胤皓编译. —北京:清华大学出版社,2016
ISBN 978-7-302-41423-0

I. ①苔… II. ①哈… ②孔… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②长篇小说—英国—近代
IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2015)第209157号

责任编辑:柴文强 李 晔

封面设计:傅瑞学

责任校对:徐俊伟

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

质 量 反 馈:010-62772015, 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:28

字 数:468千字

版 次:2016年6月第1版

印 次:2016年6月第1次印刷

印 数:1~3000

定 价:59.00元

产品编号:064334-01



前言

托马斯·哈代(Thomas Hardy, 1840—1928),英国著名小说家、诗人,是一位跨世纪的文学巨匠。哈代是拥有最多读者的维多利亚时代作家之一,是英国十九世纪后期批判现实主义小说的重要代表,二十世纪大胆探索 and 开拓的“现代诗歌之父”,还被誉为英国最杰出的乡土小说家。

1840年6月2日,哈代出生于英国西南部的一个小村庄,那里毗邻多塞特郡大荒原,这里的自然环境日后成了哈代作品的主要背景。他的父亲是石匠,但非常重视对哈代的教育。1856年哈代离开学校,给一名建筑师当学徒。1862年哈代前往伦敦,任建筑绘图员,并在伦敦大学进修语言,开始文学创作。

哈代的文学生涯开始于诗歌,因作品无法发表转而进行小说创作。1871年,他出版了第一部长篇小说《计出无奈》。1874年,《远离尘嚣》一经出版,立即引起轰动,由此确立了他在英国文学界的地位。从此,他放弃了建筑职业,全身心地致力于小说创作。哈代一生共出版了近20部长篇小说,除《远离尘嚣》外,著名的小说还有《苔丝》、《无名的裘德》、《还乡》和《卡斯特桥市长》;还出版8部诗集,共918首。此外,还有许多以“威塞克斯故事”为总名的中短篇小说,以及长篇史诗剧《列王》。

在哈代的众多作品中,《苔丝》是他最重要的代表作,也是英语文学中最伟大的作品之一。小说主人公苔丝这一形象已成为世界文学长廊中最优美迷人的女性形象之一。苔丝所拥有的人性与灵魂深处的巨大魅力和魄力使她成为文学画廊中最动人的女性形象之一,哈代则通过纯洁美丽的苔丝短暂一生的悲惨遭遇淋漓尽致地展现了他深入骨髓的悲剧命运观和宽广深邃的人文悲悯情怀。该书出版一百多年来,至今被译成世界上几十种文字,是全世界公认的文学名著之一。在中国,《苔丝》是最受广大读者欢迎的经典小说之一。基于以上原因,我们决定编译《苔丝》,并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中,我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓,



也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。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内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该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。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，贝拉国际教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在 TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由孔胤皓编写。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。

贝拉国际教育

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第一阶段 纯真少女

Phase The First The Maiden

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骑士的牧师。牧师称呼他为约翰爵士，他告诉牧师自己只是本国的公爵杰克·杜伯菲尔德（杰克是约翰的昵称）。杜伯菲尔德说杜伯菲尔家族是佩甘·杜伯菲尔爵士（杜伯菲尔为法语，以示高贵，法语化后即为杜伯菲尔德）的后裔，并告诉他古代骑士的称号是可以继承的，而在英格兰，只有杜伯菲尔一家是这样的家族。杜伯菲尔告诉牧师他曾听说自己家族曾当过酋长，并问起自己的家族现在住在哪儿。牧师告诉他，本国的世家已经灭绝，他们祖先的墓地在青山下的金斯贝尔，又介绍了该家族的几个支派。杜伯菲尔邀请牧师跟他回去喝一杯啤酒，牧师拒绝了，独自往回走去。

几分钟后，一个年轻人路过这里，杜伯菲尔想打听他有什么事，并说自己约翰·杜伯菲尔爵士。他让这个年轻人到马厩里把马牵出来，并给他带来一匹马，并放上一小瓶酒，放在他的腿上，又让这个年轻人告诉他有什么事。杜伯菲尔告诉他自己有好消息告诉他，随后他从口袋里掏出一封信，并交给这个年轻人。年轻人提起杰克的帽子走了。牧师在牧师的房间里，很长时间也没有人走过，只听到远处妇女们在谈论着什么。

第一阶段 纯真少女

Phase The First The Maiden



1

五月下旬的一个黄昏，一个中年男子挎着篮子，从沙斯顿返回马洛特村的家中，途中碰到一位骑马的牧师。牧师称呼他为约翰爵士，他告诉牧师自己只是卖鸭的小贩杰克·杜伯菲尔德（杰克是约翰的昵称）。牧师说他考证出杜伯维尔家族是佩甘·杜伯维尔爵士（杜伯维尔是法语，以示高贵，英语化后即为杜伯菲尔德）的后裔，并告诉他在古代骑士的称号是可以继承的，而在英格兰，只有杜

伯维尔一家是这样的家族。杜伯菲尔德告诉牧师也曾听说自己家族搬来前曾风光过一阵，并问起自己的家族现在住在哪里；牧师告诉他，本郡的世家已经灭绝，他们祖先的墓地在青山下的金斯贝尔，又介绍了该家族的几个支脉。杜伯菲尔德邀请牧师跟他回去喝一杯啤酒，牧师拒绝了，独自往前走去。

几分钟后，一个年轻人路过这里，杜伯菲尔德吩咐他办件事，并说自己是约翰·杜伯维尔爵士。他让这个年轻人到马洛特村清酿酒店，让他们派来一辆马车，并放上一小瓶酒，记在他的账上，又让这个年轻人到他家告诉他老婆，自己有好消息告诉她。随后他从口袋里仅有的几先令里拿出一先令给了这个年轻人，小伙子提起杰克的篮子走了。杜伯菲尔德躺在雏菊丛里，很长时间也没有人走过，只听到远处妇女乡社游行的铜管音乐声。

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 gray 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 said '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."

"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 Stagfoot 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 Hospitallers; 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 grandfather 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 judgement 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-granfer 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."

"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 you family consisted of numerous branches. In this county there was a seat of yours at Kingsbere, and another at Sherton, and another in 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 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 announcement, 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 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; leastwise ‘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 hhome, as I've news to tell her."

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 hhome 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 within the rim of blue hills.

2

坐落在布莱克摩尔谷（或称黑原谷）东北丘陵中的马洛特村，道路狭窄、弯曲而泥泞，夏季干旱，它的大部分地区旅行者和画家都没有来过。田野里，草木从不干枯，当年流行的风俗还保留着。下午，妇女们的五月节舞会就是一种喜庆的表现，当地人叫它“乡社游行”。参加游行的妇女们都穿着白袍，排成两列绕教区游行一周，每人右手拿一根剥皮的柳条，左手捧一束野花。

她们从清酿酒店前走过正要离开大路时，一位妇女惊呼苔丝·杜伯菲尔德的名字，原来，这位名叫苔丝的美丽姑娘的父亲正坐着马车从这里经过，嘴里还唱着记叙调，引来了女人们的笑声。伙伴们打趣说她的父亲是

赶完了集又刚喝完酒，苔丝很尴尬，红着脸说她们再开玩笑就不跟她们走了，大家这才都住了嘴，一起来到举行舞会的草场上。

不懂任何世故、清纯的苔丝虽上过村里的学校，但仍带着浓厚的乡音而且像个小孩。她和伙伴们进入场地后，便跳起舞来。一些男子也跃跃欲试，想上来跳一跳。舞场周围有三个身份较高的青年，像是三兄弟，他们是圣诞旅行路过黑原谷的。青年学生打扮的老三对姑娘中没有男舞伴的产生兴趣，不顾两个哥哥的劝阻让他们先行一步，并说自己随后赶上，然后就进了舞场，和第一个到他身边的姑娘跳起舞来。

周围的小伙纷纷进场跳了起来。教堂钟声响起，那位“青年学生”退出舞伴圈，独自赶路去了。苔丝没有被他选中，眼中流露出一丝哀怨。

*T*he village of Marlott lay amid the north-eastern undulations of the beautiful Vale of Blakemore or Blackmoor aforesaid, and 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 upon fields so large as to give an unenclosed character to the landscape, the lanes are white, the hedges low and plashed, the atmosphere colourless. Here, in the valley, the world seems to be constructed upon a smaller and more delicate scale; the fields are mere paddocks, so reduced that from this height their hedgerows appear a network of



dark green threads overspreading the paler green of the grass. The atmosphere beneath is languorous, and is so tinged with azure that what artists call the middle distance partakes also of that hue, while the horizon beyond is of the deepest ultramarine. Arable lands are few and limited; with but slight exceptions the prospect is a broad rich mass of grass and trees, mantling minor hills and dales within the major. Such is the Vale of Blackmoor.

The district is of historic, no less than of topographical interest. The Vale was known in former times as the Forest of White Hart, from a curious legend of King Henry III's reign, in which the killing by a certain Thomas de la Lynd of a beautiful white hart which the king had run down and spared, was made the occasion of a heavy fine. In those days, and till comparatively recent times, the country was densely wooded. Even now, traces of its earlier condition are to be found in the old oak copses and irregular belts of timber that yet survive upon its slopes, and the hollow-trunked trees that shade so many of its pastures.

The forests have departed, but some old customs of their shades remain. Many, however, linger only in a metamorphosed or disguised form. The May-Day dance, for instance, was to be discerned on the afternoon under notice, in the guise of the club revel, or "club-walking," as it was there called.

It was an interesting event to the younger inhabitants of Marlott, though its real interest was not observed by the participators in the ceremony. Its singularity lay less in the retention of a custom of walking in procession and dancing on each anniversary than in the members being solely women. In men's clubs such celebrations were, though expiring, less uncommon; but either the natural shyness of the softer sex, or a sarcastic attitude on the part of male relatives, had denuded such women's clubs as remained (if any other did) of this their glory and consummation. The club of Marlott alone lived to uphold the local Cerealia. It had walked for hundreds of years, if not as benefit-club, as votive sisterhood of some sort; and it walked still.

The banded ones were all dressed in white gowns — a gay survival from Old Style days, when cheerfulness and May-time were synonyms — days before the habit of taking long views had reduced emotions to a monotonous average. Their first exhibition of themselves was in a processional march of two and two round the parish. Ideal and real clashed slightly as the sun lit up

their figures against the green hedges and creeper-laced house-fronts; for, though the whole troop wore white garments, no two whites were alike among them. Some approached pure blanching; some had a bluish pallor; some worn by the older characters (which had possibly lain by folded for many a year) inclined to a cadaverous tint, and to a Georgian style.

In addition to the distinction of a white frock, every woman and girl carried in her right hand a peeled willow wand, and in her left a bunch of white flowers. The peeling of the former, and the selection of the latter, had been an operation of personal care.

There were a few middle-aged and even elderly women in the train, their silver-wiry hair and wrinkled faces, scourged by time and trouble, having almost a grotesque, certainly a pathetic, appearance in such a jaunty situation. In a true view, perhaps, there was more to be gathered and told of each anxious and experienced one, to whom the years were drawing nigh when she should say, "I have no pleasure in them," than of her juvenile comrades. But let the elder be passed over here for those under whose bodices the life throbbed quick and warm.

The young girls formed, indeed, the majority of the band, and their heads of luxuriant hair reflected in the sunshine every tone of gold, and black, and brown. Some had beautiful eyes, others a beautiful nose, others a beautiful mouth and figure: few, if any, had all. A difficulty of arranging their lips in this crude exposure to public scrutiny, an inability to balance their heads, and to dissociate self-consciousness from their features, was apparent in them, and showed that they were genuine country girls, unaccustomed to many eyes.

And as each and all of them were warmed without by the sun, so each had a private little sun for her soul to bask in; some dream, some affection, some hobby, at least some remote and distant hope which, though perhaps starving to nothing, still lived on, as hopes will. They were all cheerful, and many of them merry.

They came round by The Pure Drop Inn, and were turning out of the high road to pass through a wicket-gate into the meadows, when one of the women said —

"The Load-a-Lord! Why, Tess Durbeyfield, if there isn't thy father riding

hwoome in a carriage!”

A young member of the band turned her head at the exclamation. She was a fine and handsome girl — not handsomer than some others, possibly — but her mobile peony mouth and large innocent eyes added eloquence to colour and shape. She wore a red ribbon in her hair, and was the only one of the white company who could boast of such a pronounced adornment. As she looked round Durbeyfield was seen moving along the road in a chaise belonging to The Pure Drop, driven by a frizzle-headed brawny damsel with her gown-sleeves rolled above her elbows. This was the cheerful servant of that establishment, who, in her part of factotum, turned groom and ostler at times. Durbeyfield, leaning back, and with his eyes closed luxuriously, was waving his hand above his head, and singing in a slow recitative —

“I’ve-got-a-gr’t-family-vault-at-Kingsbere — and knighted-forefathers-in-lead-coffins-there!”

The clubbists tittered, except the girl called Tess — in whom a slow heat seemed to rise at the sense that her father was making himself foolish in their eyes.

“He’s tired, that’s all,” she said hastily, “and he has got a lift home, because our own horse has to rest today.”

“Bless thy simplicity, Tess,” said her companions. “He’s got his market-nitch. Haw-haw!”

“Look here; I won’t walk another inch with you, if you say any jokes about him!” Tess cried, and the colour upon her cheeks spread over her face and neck. In a moment her eyes grew moist, and her glance drooped to the ground. Perceiving that they had really pained her they said no more, and order again prevailed. Tess’s pride would not allow her to turn her head again, to learn what her father’s meaning was, if he had any; and thus she moved on with the whole body to the enclosure where there was to be dancing on the green. By the time the spot was reached she has recovered her equanimity, and tapped her neighbour with her wand and talked as usual.

Tess Durbeyfield at this time of her life was a mere vessel of emotion untinged by experience. The dialect was on her tongue to some extent, despite the village school: the characteristic intonation of that dialect for this

district being the voicing approximately rendered by the syllable UR, probably as rich an utterance as any to be found in human speech. The pouted-up deep red mouth to which this syllable was native had hardly as yet settled into its definite shape, and her lower lip had a way of thrusting the middle of her top one upward, when they closed together after a word.

Phases of her childhood lurked in her aspect still. As she walked along today, for all her bouncing handsome womanliness, you could sometimes see her twelfth year in her cheeks, or her ninth sparkling from her eyes; and even her fifth would flit over the curves of her mouth now and then.

Yet few knew, and still fewer considered this. A small minority, mainly strangers, would look long at her in casually passing by, and grow momentarily fascinated by her freshness, and wonder if they would ever see her again: but to almost everybody she was a fine and picturesque country girl, and no more.

Nothing was seen or heard further of Durbeyfield in his triumphal chariot under the conduct of the ostleress, and the club having entered the allotted space, dancing began. As there were no men in the company the girls danced at first with each other, but when the hour for the close of labour drew on, the masculine inhabitants of the village, together with other idlers and pedestrians, gathered round the spot, and appeared inclined to negotiate for a partner.

Among these on-lookers were three young men of a superior class, carrying small knapsacks strapped to their shoulders, and stout sticks in their hands. Their general likeness to each other, and their consecutive ages, would almost have suggested that they might be, what in fact they were, brothers. The eldest wore the white tie, high waistcoat, and thin-brimmed hat of the regulation curate; the second was the normal undergraduate; the appearance of the third and youngest would hardly have been sufficient to characterize him; there was an uncribbed, uncabined aspect in his eyes and attire, implying that he had hardly as yet found the entrance to his professional groove. That he was a desultory tentative student of something and everything might only have been predicted of him.

These three brethren told casual acquaintance that they were spending their Whitsun holidays in a walking tour through the Vale of Blackmoor, their course being southwesterly from the town of Shaston on the north-east. dh