

中央电视台电视教育用书

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〈星期日英语〉每周星期日下午14:00—15:00由中央电视台第一套节目播送。

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE

Episode Five

第五集

卡斯特桥市长

COMMISSIONER: Which concludes this hearing¹ in the bankruptcy of Michael Henchard, formerly hay and barn merchant of this town, Casterbridge. And unless there are any other matters which...

HENCHARD: Begging your pardon....

COMMISSIONER: Mr. Henchard.

HENCHARD: (*Stands up, advances towards the table on which he puts his watch.*) Gentlemen — over and above² the assets about which are laid down in the balance sheet — the sale of the business house and such — there's this, too.

COMMISSIONER: Mr. Henchard?

HENCHARD: It belongs to ye, as much as anything else I've got, and I don't wish to keep it from you, not I. There — now you have all I've got in the world. And I wish for your sakes twas more.³

FARMER: No, no, — Henchard — we don't want that — no. Not the watch. Tis honourable in ye, but — keep it, keep it. What do you say neighbours⁴ — do you agree?

CREDITOR: Ay, sure we don't wish it.

SECOND CREDITOR: Let him keep it!

VOICES: Ay, put it away, man, keep it.

HENCHARD: Thank ye, thank ye. But — there's the watch. Tis a good gold watch. Sell it off — I've been walking about Casterbridge the last few weeks wi' my eyes cast down, and I've seen more leggings yhan faces!⁵ But — this — is the end on't. I came to this town as a journeyman⁶ hay trusser with nothing but a wible⁷ and knife in my basket and nothing else to speak of. So be it.⁸ That's what I'll be again. Now you've got everything I owned. I've tried not to hold back not one jot nor title⁹ 'ont.¹⁰

COMMISSIONER: Well, though the case is a desperate one I am bound to admit that in my experience as a Commissioner in bankruptcy — I have never met a debtor who behaved more fairly.

VOICES: Ay — true —

COMMISSIONER: I've proved the balance sheet to be as honestly made out as it possible could be. We've had no trouble. There have been no evasions, and no conceal-

ments. The rashness of the dealing which led to this unhappy situation is obvious enough. But as far as I can see every attempt has been made to avoid wronging anybody.

VOICES: Quite right.

HENCHARD: Thank ye.

COMMISSIONER: Which concludes these proceedings. Unless . . . , Mr. Henchard?

Unless there are any remaining questions you would like to put to the commissioner?

HENCHARD: Well — there is something.

COMMISSIONER: Then — please.

HENCHARD: About my business, sir.

COMMISSIONER: Your former business, Mr. Henchard.

HENCHARD: Aye. A slip o' the tongue — but for sentiment's sake if ye understand —

I would like to know by whom it has been bought, if that's . . .

SECOND COMMISSIONER: Strictly speaking the property in question is no longer any concern of your whatsoever.¹¹

HENCHARD: I know that. I . . .

COMMISSIONER: But you'll know soon enough I dare say. The business now belongs to Mr. Donald Farfrae.

HENCHARD: And the house?

COMMISSIONER: To the same gentleman.

HENCHARD: And the furniture?

COMMISSIONER: Also to Mr. Farfrae.

HENCHARD: Thank ye. And can ye tell me . . .

COMMISSIONER: Come now, Mr. Henchard, that is enough.

HENCHARD: (*Coming up to the commissioner*) Can you tell me if he likely to buy me body¹² and soul as well.

COMMISSIONER: There's no saying he won't¹³ — if you're willing to sell.

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(*At Henchard's lodging, Elizabeth Jane knocks at the door. No answer, she pushes the door open and enters.*)

HENCHARD: Go away! Go away!

ELIZABETH JANE: But Father —

HENCHARD: I don't like to see 'ee!

ELIZABETH JANE: But you are not well, Father, and I —

HENCHARD: Tis only a chill!¹⁴

ELIZABETH JANE: Damp.

HENCHARD: Not good enough for you eh?

ELIZABETH JANE: Not while it's so dirty and messy, it isn't.¹⁵

HENCHARD: Lady Jane!

ELIZABETH JANE: No, Father, not any more.

HENCHARD: Are ye still at—

ELIZABETH JANE: I live on my own now and have done so for some time.¹⁶

HENCHARD: How d'ye live?

ELIZABETH JANE: With needle and thread.

HENCHARD: Why have you come?

ELIZABETH JANE: Why wouldn't you let me come and see you Father?

HENCHARD: Look about.

ELIZABETH JANE: But I am your daughter. Why do you look at me like that?

HENCHARD: Leave me be.¹⁷

ELIZABETH JANE: I heard you were ill so I thought I would come when you could not prevent it. I've brought some blackcurrant jelly for your cold —

HENCHARD: Tcha!¹⁸

ELIZABETH JANE: And I must sweep this place out and wash some of your things. Why have you come to this place? To Jopp's?

HENCHARD: Tis only a staging post.¹⁹ I shall be going to—America, anywhere —

ELIZABETH JANE: Father?

HENCHARD: P'raps²⁰.

ELIZABETH JANE: But Mr. Jopp—!

HENCHARD: Because Mr. Jopp is the one person in Casterbridge whose thoughts and opinions I don't care about one jot.

ELIZABETH JANE: But he's no friend of you, Father, and I don't like to think of you living here like this...

HENCHARD: Then don't. Don't think of me at all!

ELIZABETH JANE: You will let me come and see you though sometimes, won't you? Father?

HENCHARD: I can't stop ye.

ELIZABETH JANE: Thank you! I will come! And I'll go down now and find a broom to sweep this place out. (Jane leaves the room.)

*

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(Henchard stands on the bridge and looks down at the water below, deep in thought.)

SUSAN: Not your Elizabeth Jane...

(Farfrae is driving a cart over the bridge.)

FARFRAE: Mr. Henchard! Mr. Henchard...? I wanted to have a word with you. I wanted to ask if...

HENCHARD: 'Tis turn and turn about,²¹ isn't it?

FARFRAE: What?

HENCHARD: Why — you come to me without a chackel to your name,²² and I was the

master of the house in Corn Street. But now I stand wi'out a stick or a rag,²⁵ and the master of the house is you.

FARFRAE: Aye. That's so. It's the way of the world.

HENCHARD: Aye, up and down eh? Up and down! What's the odds eh?²⁶ I'm used to it all the same.

FARFRAE: Ay — It's a merry-go-round! I wanted to ask ye if y'want want to come²⁶ and live in your old house.

HENCHARD: You what?

FARFRAE: We can spare some rooms very well — I am sure my wife would not mind at all — until there's some opening in business for ye.

HENCHARD: We should quarrel.

FARFRAE: You should have your own room, nobody to interfere wi' you. It will be a great deal healthier down there.

HENCHARD: You don't know what you ask.

FARFRAE: Well it's...

HENCHARD: But I can do no less than thank ye!²⁷

FARFRAE: By-the-bye,²⁸ I bought a good deal of your furniture.

HENCHARD: So I heard.

FARFRAE: Well it's not that I wanted it so very much for myself. But I wish ye to pick out all that ye care to have — such things as are endeared to ye by associations or such — and have them.

HENCHARD: What — give them to me...?

FARFRAE: Well it will not be depriving me. We can do with less very well — and I'll have plenty of opportunities of getting more.

HENCHARD: Give it to me? For nothing? You paid the creditors good money for it!²⁹

FARFRAE: Ah, but maybe it's worth more to you than it is to me.

HENCHARD: I — sometimes think I've — I won't have it but I — thank you. You're still not so strong in the arm eh?

FARFRAE: Are you sure you won't take it — the furniture?

HENCHARD: No. But thank ye —

FARFRAE: Then there's nothing I can do for ye...?

HENCHARD: I'm not finished y'know!

FARFRAE: No.

HENCHARD: I'll make out again here as I did once afore.³⁰

FARFRAE: Yes?

HENCHARD: As a journeyman haytrusser.

FARFRAE: Yes? But are you saying — ?³¹

HENCHARD: Aye, I'd like you to take me on.

FARFRAE: In the yard where you were master!

HENCHARD: Aye.

FARFRAE: But surely ye . . .

HENCHARD: Honest work is nothing to be ashamed of.

FARFRAE: No, no, but . . .

HENCHARD: Besides I can do nothing else, man! 'Tis the only way I got to keep body and soul together.³²

FARFRAE: Well . . .

HENCHARD: Will ye not do that for me?

FARFRAE: Oh yes, of course. If you don't think—yes. Come when you like. And . . .

HENCHARD: No favours, mind. None at all.

FARFRAE: Business is business.

HENCHARD: 'Tis agreed then?

FARFRAE: 'Tis agreed. Good day, Mr. Henchard.

HENCHARD: Good day, Mr. Farfrae.

(Farfrae continues on his way.)

(At Henchard's yard)

CARTER: Steady up, Abel!

WHITTLE: Farfrae's around, mind. Let's get on wi't.

CARTER: Kip us busy don't a?³³

HENCHARD: Aye.

CARTER/WHITTLE/OTHERS: Mr. Farfrae . . . A'ternoon sir.³⁴

HENCHARD: Only a dozen days!

CARTER: Why d'ye say that? Only a dozen days?

HENCHARD: With twelve days' time I shall be released from my oath.

CARTER: What oath?

HENCHARD: The gospel oath to drink no spiritual liquid! In twelve days it'll be twenty one years since I swore it.

CARTER: As long as that.

HENCHARD: And then I mean to enjoy myself, please God!³⁵

(At the large public bar)

HENCHARD: By gar!³⁶ That's the way!

LANDLORD: The long drought's³⁷ over eh, Mr. Henchard?

HENCHARD: Not by a long chalk,³⁸ so I'll have the same again, if you please!

LANDLORD: Aye — a moment.

HENCHARD: What's all these for eh? Ali Baba and the forty thieves?

LANDLORD: Church choir. The musicians. They always come in here after evenin' service — and they always have just one half pint, no more and no less, week in, week out.

HENCHARD: Well, that won't do for me — I've waited more in a week, so hurry theesel' up, landlord!

(The choir comes in.)

LANDLORD: Evening gentlemen, all ready for you. Have a good service this evening? Did you sing the right notes?

FIDDLER: How be ye,³⁹ Mr. Henchard! Quite a stranger in the Three Mariners!

HENCHARD: True, true. But this brew has been worth the waiting. I've been a bit down in spirit — but this'll make any man feel better!

OTHERS: Evenin', Mr. Henchard.

HENCHARD: How do, all.⁴⁰ How do. Got your instruments, then?

FIDDLER: Oh aye.

HENCHARD: How about a bit of a tune then? 'Twill get me out of my minor key,⁴¹ I can tell tha'!

FIDDLER: A tune?

HENCHARD: Please!

FIDDLER: With all my heart Mr; Henchard. Why not? Sound A,⁴² neighbours, and give the man a stave.

HENCHARD: I don't give a cuss what the words be!⁴³ Hymns, ballets or rantipole⁴⁴ rubbish — the Rogues March or the Cherubin's Warble — just let's have a good bit of harmony and well put out eh?⁴⁵

FIDDLER: Well — heh! Heh! — we can do that, right enough.

MUSICIAN: There's not a man among us who 'ant sat⁴⁶ in that church gallery less than twenty year.

HENCHARD: I know that. I've heard ye! And fine it is too! I want a bit of a tune. Come on!

FIDDLER: As 'tis Sunday, neighbours, suppose we raise the fourth psalm to Samuel Wakely's tune, as improved by me.

OTHERS: Aye — right you are —

HENCHARD: Hang Samuel Wakely's tune as improved by thee! Chuck across⁴⁷ one of your psalters — Old Wiltshire is the only tune with singing⁴⁸ — got the right ebb and flow for I⁴⁹ — here, I'll find some words to fit 'em.

FIDDLER: There's nothing wrong wi' Samuel Wakely's tune, but ay well⁵⁰ Old Wiltshire's a good 'un⁵¹ too.

ANOTHER: Make up thee mind—either'll do.

HENCHARD: Now, then. Here't is. Psalm the Hundred and ninth to the tune of Wiltshire. Verses ten to fifteen. I gi' ye the words now.

FIDDLER: No — I'd know that psalm!

HENCHARD: His seed shall orphans be, his wife
A widow plunged in grief;

His vagrant children beg their bread,
Where none can give relief,
His ill got riches shall be made
To usurers a prey.⁵²
The fruit of all his toil shall be
By strangers borne away!

FIDDLER: Mr. Henchard!

HENCHARD: None shall be found that to his wants
Their mercy will extend.
Or to his hopeless orphan seed,
The least assistance lend.
A swift destruction shall soon seize
On his unhappy race.
And the next age his hated name
Shall utterly deface!

FIDDLER: 'Twasn't made for singing that psalm.

HENCHARD: What d'ye mean? 'Course it is.

FIDDLER: Whatever kind David⁵³ was thinking about when him made a psalm,⁵⁴ nobody
can sing without disgracing himself, I can't fathom!⁵⁵ Now then — the fourth psalm.

HENCHARD: No!

FIDDLER: The fourth psalm, to Samuel Wakely's tune — ready then?

HENCHARD: 'Od damn your sauce!⁵⁶ No I say!

FIDDLER: Mr. Henchard!

HENCHARD: I said the hundred and ninth to Wiltshire — and that's what it'll be.

FIDDLER: Now see here — I...

HENCHARD: Not a single one of all the droning crew of ye goes out of this room till that
psalm is sung! Now then — go ahead, if you don't want to have your cust heads
broke!⁵⁷

FIDDLER: Hey, hey. Don't 'ee take on so.⁵⁸

ANOTHER: Let's do it, eh? 'Tis King David's words — shall us?

HENCHARD: Don't you blame David. He knew what he was about when he wrote that.

FIDDLER: Come on then. Let's get it done and out of here.

* * *

(Elizabeth Jane and an old woman hurry up Casterbridge Street.)

OLD WOMAN: You can't busy out drinking like that⁵⁹ a'ter all this time wi'out asking
for trouble.

* * *

HENCHARD: Thank ye! Thank ye! Be hanged if I wouldn't keep ye all at my own
expense to sing for me whenever I wanted.

VOICE: If you could afford it.

HENCHARD: There was a time when I could be dammed.⁶⁰

FIDDLER: Language!⁶¹

HENCHARD: And if it warn't for him you was just singing about — Mist — er Donald Farfrae, that is.

FIDDLER: If I'd knowed 'twas meant for a living man,⁶² nothing'd have made me play a breath of that psalm, so help me.⁶³

HENCHARD: Ah my boys, you've sung it — and as for him — Farfrae — I could break him up just like that. But I don't.

(Jane and the old woman appear at the door of the bar.)

WOMAN: Get him out of there. That's the first thing my girl.

ELIZABETH JANE: *(Jane enters.)* Father.

HENCHARD: What are you doing here?

ELIZABETH JANE: I've come to bring you home.

HENCHARD: Home? This'll do for my home.⁶⁴

ELIZABETH JANE: Please don't — no more drink.

HENCHARD: I'm a man of my word. I've kept an oath for twenty one years and now I can drink what I like with a good conscience!

ELIZABETH JANE: But you're not used to it!

HENCHARD: Just you wait till I be roused!⁶⁵

ELIZABETH JANE: Oh, Father...

HENCHARD: He's taken everything from me, my house, my business, my furniture and my what-you-may-call wife—everything.

ELIZABETH JANE: Shh! Father! People are listening!

HENCHARD: Let 'em!

ELIZABETH JANE: Think of my poor mother!

HENCHARD: What?

ELIZABETH JANE: And let me take you to your home. *(They leave the bar)*

(Jane and Henchard enter Jopp's home.)

HENCHARD: Jopp's home! Jopp's. I'll do for him by heavens,⁶⁶ girl, if I get the chance. I won't answer for what I'll do to him!

* * *

(In Henchard's yards)

LUCETTA: Have you seen my husband?

CARTER: Last I saw Mr. Farfrae was in that barn over there Misses.

(Lucetta leaves.)

* * *

WHITTLE: I hear you was merry again last night Michael.

HENCHARD: Mind thee own⁶⁷ Whittle.

WHITTLE: You baint master non so⁶⁸.

HENCHARD: No. But I can break your neck.

WHITTLE: Sorry, Mr. Henchard.

(Lucetta comes.)

WHITTLE: A'ternoon ma'am.

LUCETTA: Good afternoon, have you seen my husband?

HENCHARD: I beg your pardon ma'am?

LUCETTA: I said good afternoon.

HENCHARD: Oh yes. Good afternoon, madam. I am very glad to see you madam.

LUCETTA: I was look-...

HENCHARD: We humble workmen here, we feel it is a great honour that such a grand lady such as yourself should look in and take an interest in us. Can you tell me the time madam? I do not possess a watch.

LUCETTA: It — it's half past four.

HENCHARD: Thank 'ee madam. An hour and a half eh, we are released from work. Ah, madam, we of the lower classes, we know nothing of the gay leisure such as you enjoy.

LUCETTA: G-good afternoon.⁶⁹ *(She exits.)*

HENCHARD: That's very kind of you to say that madam.

WHITTLE: That's a telling of her.⁷⁰

HENCHARD: You shut thee mouth!

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(Farfrae, Lucetta and Joyce are having dinner.)

FARFRAE: No, but since it's come up Mr. Joyce — that little seedman's shop overlooking the churchyard — it's to let — isn't it?

JOYCE: Surely you don't want it Mr. Farfrae? It's a poky little place.

FARFRAE: It's not for myself, but for Henchard.

JOYCE: Henchard? Surely he hasn't got the wherewithal — even for a place such as that?

FARFRAE: No. But it would be a new beginning for him. A small one, ay, but suitable.

JOYCE: He's not the man he was, not by any means.

FARFRAE: Well, I'd like to get up a private subscription⁷¹ among the members of the council and set him up⁷² in it.

JOYCE: Oh, now they can't be...

FARFRAE: I'd be willing to put up fifty pounds if the other councillors would put up the other fifty between them⁷³. What d'ye think? You know them better than I after all your years as town clerk.

JOYCE: Listen Farfrae. Others see Henchard as you don't.

FARFRAE: But if I...

LUCETTA: Please listen to Mr. Joyce, Donald.

JOYCE: Henchard hates you. Ay — hates you! And it is right that you should know it.

FARFRAE: He may not like what has...

LUCETTA: No. Please listen Donald. Go on, Mr. Joyce.

JOYCE: I think you should be warned, there's no telling what a man like that might do. He has a foul temper. To my knowledge, he was at the Three Mariners again last night threatening to — ah — saying in public that about you which no man ought to say about another.

FARFRAE: But why should he do it? What harm have I done him, that he should want to wrong me?

JOYCE: God only knows! I wonder that you keep him in your employ. I wouldn't put up with it.⁷⁴

FARFRAE: But I cannot discharge a man who was once a good friend to me.

LUCETTA: I...

FARFRAE: Yes?

LUCETTA: I would rather he wasn't in the yard, Donald.

FARFRAE: But how can I forget that when I first came here 'twas him that allowed me to get a footing for myself. No, no. As long as I've a day's work to offer, he shall do it if he chooses. 'Tis not up to me to deny him as little as that!

JOYCE: 'Tis up to you of course. But I should be careful.⁷⁵ That's all. Be careful.

FARFRAE: Of what? (*Farfrae and Lucetta stare, somewhat nervously, at each other.*)

* * *

(*In Farfrae's yard*)

FARFRAE: Take the strain.⁷⁶ Lift. Steady, steady. Don't put too much strain on the rope.

HENCHARD: Still the same eh?

FARFRAE: Ay. But are you?

* * *

(*Lucetta is playing the piano as the maid comes in.*)

MAID: A Mr. Jopp to see you ma'am.

LUCETTA: Who?

JOPP: Jopp.

LUCETTA: What do you want?

JOPP: I — ah — I've heard that Mr Farfrae has asked to recomend a working partner to a corn merchant out of town and...

LUCETTA: This is nothing to do with me. Please see my husband in the office.

JOPP: I was hoping that you would put in a word for me Mrs. Farfrae.

LUCETTA: I know nothing about such things!

JOPP: Well no one could testify to my trustworthiness as you could ma'am. You see I was in Jersey several years. Patatoes.⁷⁷ I know you there by sight.

LUCETTA: Really. I knew nothing of you.

JOPP: Oh yes, I knew you by sight. Very well. Very well indeed.

LUCETTA: I don't think I'm in any position to help.

JOPP: Michael Henchard's living with me now, ma'am, living in my home.

LUCETTA: I cannot help you.

JOPP: He's not the man he was. He's not the man who used to go to Jersey.

LUCETTA: I can do nothing for you. Nothing whatsoever.

JOPP: Are you sure you wouldn't like to think it over and ...

LUCETTA: Please go.

JOPP: You are a bit nasty ma'am. (*She exits.*)

(*Farfrae comes in and kisses Lucetta.*)

FARFRAE: Who has called? Any folk for me?

LUCETTA: No — what's the matter?

FARFRAE: Oh it's nothing worth talking about.

LUCETTA: No, but there is something ...

FARFRAE: It's Henchard. He hates me. And I cannot find a reason for the intensity of it. A wee bit of envy,⁷⁸ that's understandable. But it's more like old-fashioned rivalry in love than a little bit of rivalry in trade. Can you understand it Lucetta?

LUCETTA: No.

FARFRAE: I can't blind myself to the fact that a man of his passion not — this is no safeguard for his conduct!⁷⁹

LUCETTA: What have you heard. Is it ...

FARFRAE: No, no — it's nothing as serious as ye fancy!

LUCETTA: Why do we stay here!

FARFRAE: This is where my business is Lucetta.

LUCETTA: We have plenty of money. Why should we stay! Give up the business and let's go away from here.

FARFRAE: We'll see. We'll see.

LUCETTA: Pro-mise?

FARFRAE: I promise to think about it. Ye are nervous today, aren't ye?

LUCETTA: I — yes —

(*The maid comes in, Joyce following her.*)

MAID: Mr. Joyce ma'am.

FARFRAE: Oh? What brings you here Mr. Joyce?

JOYCE: I'm sorry to drop in without warning, Farfrae. You've heard the bad news?

LUCETTA: What has happened?

JOYCE: Doctor Chalkfield died this morning at five o'clock.

FARFRAE: Oh, dear. I'm sorry. He was a very good Mayor and a good friend to the town.

JOYCE: A change from Henchard.⁸⁰ And a change for the better. But he's gone to meet his maker.⁸¹ But his family is well provided for — we must take it all as it is in this life.⁸²

FARFRAE: True enough.

JOYCE: But I've called to ask ye this — quite privately. If you were nominated to succeed him, will you accept the chair?

FARFRAE: Be Mayor?

JOYCE: Aye! Mayor of Casterbridge, Farfrae.

FARFRAE: Oh, now. There are folk who turn is before mine.⁸³ I might be thought young and over pushing.⁸⁴

JOYCE: Not at all. That's why I'm here. Several members wish it. You ~~won't~~ refuse?

LUCETTA: (*Coming closer*) We thought of going away from here.

FARFRAE: 'Twas only a fancy. No — I wouldn't refuse the honour. If it is the wish of a respectable majority of the council.

JOYCE: Then consider yourself elected! We have had older men long enough.

* * *

(*Henchard is drinking liquor.*)

HENCHARD: Mayor, eh, what's a Mayor?

CONEY: And a Scotch Mayor and all.

HENCHARD: He's pushing. Always push-push pushing. That's your true born Scotchman through and through.⁸⁵

LONGWAYS: 'Tis the snow and the wolves that make 'em like that. Scotchmen.

HENCHARD: Wolf. Ah, wolf it is. Coming down on the fold.⁸⁶ Only — only — only one thing to be done about wolves. Cut their damn blasted throats! (*Grabs Longways by the collar.*)

* * *

(*Farfrae is trying on the mayor's chain.*)

FARFRAE: Y'see — I'm no so big — one of the links'll have to be taken out!⁸⁷

LUCETTA: Mmm. I suppose so...

MAID: (*coming in*) Pardon ma'am. 'Tis Mr. Henchard.

LUCETTA: Oh!

FARFRAE: Och now. He won't eat you! Show him in.

LUCETTA: Into the dining room!

FARFRAE: Not here?

LUCETTA: No! Please — no.

FARFRAE: Show him into the dining room.

MAID: He's — his clothes are a bit rough sir.

FARFRAE: Never mind. Show him in. I'll be through shortly. (*The maid leaves.*)

Wonder what he wants? Well I'd better not keep him waiting.

LUCETTA: Your chain! (*Takes the chain off.*)

FARFRAE: Oh yes! No red rag for the bull eh? ⁸⁸

(*Farfrae leaves the room while Lucetta puts the chain on the table.*)

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(*In the dining room*)

FARFRAE: As ye can see, this room has not been changed over much.

HENCHARD: No. 'Tis very familiar.

FARFRAE: Well — was there something particularly... ?

HENCHARD: So they made you the Mayor?

FARFRAE: Yes.

HENCHARD: Ye really are in my shoes eh? ⁸⁹

FARFRAE: I — yes. It sometimes seems we — ah —

HENCHARD: Congratulations.

FARFRAE: Thank you! Would you — ah — would y'like to sit down?

HENCHARD: In one of my old chairs, aye.

(*Both go over to the fireside.*)

FARFRAE: If there's anything...

HENCHARD: You remember that young woman, that young lady a while back, I told you about a long time back as I was going to marry? ⁹⁰

FARFRAE: Yes. The lady from Jersey, wasn't it?

HENCHARD: I told you — if you remember — how she nursed me when I fell sick on a buying trip over there — and one thing led to another and — you know the way of the world.

FARFRAE: A man and a maid. Ay.

HENCHARD: Oh she was compromised. ⁹¹ I don't deny that. Well, then I offered to marry her, well I told you that and we were going to be wed, didn't I now?

FARFRAE: Why are you telling me this now?

HENCHARD: But then of course my wife came back as though from the 'dead: Poor Susan.

FARFRAE: 'Tis getting late Henchard.

HENCHARD: And then Susan — poor woman — she passes on. ⁹² Which leaves the question of the earlier lady, shall we say?

FARFRAE: What became of her?

HENCHARD: Ho — how they do go on, the ladies. You wouldn't believe how bitter and — how upset she was when I wrote to tell her of Susan's return.

FARFRAE: She must have been disappointed. In the circumstance.