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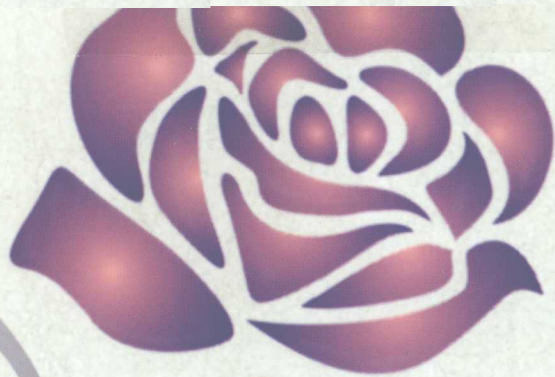
最纯洁、最真挚的爱情
献给情人最美的礼物

The Scarlet Letter

红 字

【美】霍桑 Nathaniel Hawthorne

王 金 译



陕 西 出 版 集 团
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序

两千五百多年前,遥远而神秘的东方土地上,一个美丽的姑娘收拾好自己的行装,准备出发。看着自己成长的地方,到处都留下点点滴滴成长的记忆。突然心里弥漫着一种说不出的怅惘,从此之后,这里再也不是属于她的地方了。而且她在这一瞬间明白了一个道理,那就是——这里从来就没有属于过她,因为今天她才真正要回归到属于自己的家园。前半生就是为了这一天的到来,这一天到来之际,自己的生活才真正开始。

那天,是她一生中最美好最灿烂最绚丽的一天,阳光明媚,爱抚的光芒洒遍每一个角落。放眼望去,满眼都是灼灼的桃花,开得那样的热情而又热烈,好像她的命运与这桃花有着某种默契。耳畔传来了悠扬的歌声:“桃之夭夭,灼灼其华。之子于归,宜其室家。”

她终于找到了自己的归宿,阳光下,一切都是那么美丽,充满了色彩的生机。所以,没有人愿意去想,桃花开到最艳丽的时候,等待着它们的将会是什么。没有人肯承认,桃花的艳丽是一个姿态优雅的谶语,阳光背后隐藏着它的忧郁。所以,古今中外美丽的神话传说最后总是用千篇一律的一句话收尾——从此,他们过上了幸福的生活。总之,花开花落,一时的繁华过后,等待着守候的人儿,期待着沉甸甸的果实,饱满而甜蜜。就像《诗经·桃夭》中的那个女孩子,春华秋实,回到了属于自己的家。从此,日复一日,年复一年,时光流逝,爱情的基调却就这样固着了一般,新翻的曲子永远在这个调子上婉转流动,始终无法摆脱它的纠缠。

然而,我们也许是习惯了在美丽虚幻中麻痹自己,不想去面对桃之夭夭过后还可能出现的其他情形,比如雨打桃花、落红满地,比如华而不实、有花无果,甚至有始无终、始乱终弃,那些悲悲凄凄的惨状,有谁愿意面对?何况还有更加令人痛心疾首惨不忍闻的故事。现实中受够了痛苦的人,怎么会愿意在别人故事里再去揭开刚刚复原的伤口。所以,无数人面桃花相映红的故事在流传着,鲜艳欲滴的花儿旁边播出的是满心欢喜的爱情剧,戏里戏外的人都在快乐地欢笑中忘掉了悲与愁。

可是,在遥远的西方却有着完全不同的爱情故事。在那里,故事里的花是断了根、剪了枝、打了包、带了修饰的,故事里的人却是真真实实的存在。人生无常,命运多蹇,该是什么就是什么,没有粉饰没有遮掩。本来,爱情就难得看到一个圆圆满满的收梢,何必非要让它粉墨登场呢?

于是,一幕幕的悲剧开始上演……

虽然真实与虚幻没有严格的界限,但爱情的果子一定不会只有一种,酸、甜、苦、辣,五味俱陈,而它之所以让人心驰神往,就在于着了魔的人正处于期待中。桃之夭夭给予人的是启示,表明爱情都有那浓艳耀眼的一刻;同时它也有暗示,群芳过后必然是狼藉残红,谁也无法遮住爱情的无奈和凄凉。

这次,我们选取国外多篇著名爱情小说,汇编成《罗密欧与朱丽叶·奥塞罗》《卡门·高龙巴》《红字》《曼依》《傲慢与偏见》《呼啸山庄》《麦琪的礼物》《了不起的盖茨比》《魔沼》《野姑娘黛茜·密勒》十种,并做成英汉对照版,以期使读者在阅读一篇篇震撼人心的爱情故事的同时,也能潜移默化地提高自己的英文水平。

纳撒尼尔·霍桑(1804—1864)是美国19世纪最具影响力的浪漫主义小说家、心理小说家。霍桑出生于没落的殖民官僚家庭,全家笃信基督教清教。四岁丧父后,他随母亲迁至萨莱姆外公家,由亲戚资助上大学。萨莱姆浓厚的宗教气氛、激烈的宗教派别斗争以及家庭的宗教传统都对霍桑的思想和他后来的创作产生了极大影响。他从小爱好文艺,毕业后曾一度像隐士一样避免与外界联系,闭门专事写作。1850年,其代表作——长篇小说《红字》出版,该书不仅是美国浪漫主义小说的代表作,同时也被称作美国心理分析小说的开创篇。霍桑因此一举成名。

小说以17世纪尚属英殖民地的美国波士顿为背景。女主人公海丝特·白兰原本生活在英国,婚后与身体有残疾的学者罗杰·齐灵渥斯过着平淡无奇的日子,后来她按丈夫的吩咐前往波士顿。齐灵渥斯本打算随后也赴北美与妻子一道谋生,但中途被印第安人俘虏。海丝特只身到美国之后,结识了年轻的牧师丁梅斯代尔,两人相知相爱,隐秘地维系着爱情。一年后,他们的女儿珠儿出世了。此事被当地的清教徒视为大逆不道,海丝特成为众矢之的,被投入监狱,游街示众,还要终生佩戴象征耻辱的红色A字(Adultery:通奸),并站在示众台上受审。在审讯中,丁梅斯代尔,这位被公众视为最高道德典范的牧师,也劝说她招出奸夫。然而,海丝特宁愿一人受辱,誓死也不招供。在被孤立、受屈辱的处境中,海丝特带着孩子靠做针线活维持生计,孤苦顽强地生活着。

获释后的齐灵渥斯来到波士顿,发誓要找出珠儿的生父。于是,他隐瞒了自己真实的身份,以行医为业暗中寻访。与此同时,丁梅斯代尔备受自身宗教伦理观念的禁锢与煎熬,身心交瘁。而一直在暗中侦察底细的齐灵渥斯医生终于发现了实情,开始想方设法折磨丁梅斯代尔。万般无奈之下,丁梅斯代尔同意了海丝特出逃的计划,但终未成功。最后,丁梅斯代尔携海丝特和珠儿走上示众台,承认他就是珠儿的生父,并死在海丝特怀中。后来,齐灵渥斯也过世了,海丝特则以其善良正直的品格以及对生活的坚定信念重新得到社会的承认。若干年后,珠儿长大成人,安家立业。海丝特去世后,人们按照她的遗愿将她安葬在丁梅斯代尔牧师的墓旁。

小说以殖民地时代的美洲为题材,刻画了清教环境中的三种罪人,即犯“私通”之罪的海丝特、犯欺骗之罪的丁梅斯代尔以及犯仇恨报复之罪的齐灵渥斯,深刻地探讨了清教社会的本质,揭露了资本主义发展时代美国社会法典的残酷、宗教的欺骗和道德的虚伪。

作者灵活运用象征,深化了小说的内涵,使其散发出经久不衰的艺术魅力。整部小说贯穿了红字的象征意象,而且红字的含义也随故事的发展而变化。换言之,海丝特的一生其实是在不断地消解红字的负面意义,同时不断地诠释红字的全新含义。她所佩戴的红字最初意味着“通奸”(Adultery),后来转化为“天使”(Angel)和“才干”(Able),最后她成了世人心中崇高道德的化身。小说到处散落着意味深远的象征意义,例如,以刑台象征着拷问灵魂的道德法庭,以小溪象征着罪恶与纯洁的两极分界,以森林象征着黑暗阴沉的精神荒野,以老迈、身体残疾的齐灵渥斯象征着落伍、腐朽,以珠儿的婚姻象征着某种文化的回归。

霍桑满怀浪漫情结地讲述了一个几个世纪之前的悲凉爱情故事。两人的爱情笼罩在宗教氛围下,注定了“人性”与“神性”的抗争,也注定了一生一世的无奈。生活在旧世界的海丝特不懂爱却遇到了丈夫齐灵渥斯,来到新世界的她遇到了真爱却不能牵手相伴,最后生死相隔,到死两人才能相伴左右。

希望本书能带给繁华生活中的读者一缕久远的阳光,一份不老的爱情馨香,以及一段美丽而悠远的牵挂……



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Chapter 1 The Prison-door

A throng of bearded men, in sad-coloured garments, and grey, steeple-crowned hats, intermixed with women, some wearing hoods, and others bareheaded, was assembled in front of a wooden edifice, the door of which was heavily timbered with oak, and studded with iron spikes.

The founders of a new colony, whatever Utopia of human virtue and happiness they might originally project, have invariably recognized it among their earliest practical necessities to allot a portion of the virgin soil as a cemetery, and another portion as the site of a prison. In accordance with this rule, it may safely be assumed that the forefathers of Boston had built the first prison-house somewhere in the vicinity of Cornhill, almost as seasonably as they marked out the first burial-ground, on Isaac Johnson's lot, and round about his grave, which subsequently became the nucleus of all the congregated sepulchers in the old churchyard of King's Chapel. Certain it is that, some fifteen or twenty years after the settlement of the town, the wooden jail was already marked with weather-stains and other indications of age, which gave a yet darker aspect to its beetle-browed and gloomy front. The rust on the ponderous iron-work of its oaken door looked more antique than anything else in the New World. Like all that pertains to crime, it seemed never to have known a youthful era. Before this ugly edifice, and between it and the wheel-track of the street, was a grass-plot, much overgrown with burdock, pig-weed, apple-peru, and such unsightly vegetation, which evidently found something congenial in the soil that had so early borne the black flower of civilized society, a prison. But, on one side of the portal, and rooted almost at the threshold, was a wild rose-bush, covered, in this month of June, with its delicate gems, which might be imagined to offer their fragrance and fragile beauty to the prisoner as he went in, and to the condemned criminal as he came forth to his doom, in token that the deep heart of Nature could pity and be kind to him.

This rose-bush, by a strange chance, has been kept alive in history; but whether it had merely survived out of the stern old wilderness, so long after the fall of the gigantic pines and oaks that originally overshadowed it or whether, as there is fair authority for believing, it had

第一章 牢门

木制的大房子前聚集着一大群留着胡须、穿着黯色长袍、戴着灰色尖顶帽子的男人，中间混杂着或围着头巾、或光着脑袋的女人。房门由厚实的橡木做成，上面钉满了密密麻麻的大铁钉。

新殖民地的开拓者们尽管起初想创造人类美德与幸福的乌托邦，但还是因实际需要而划出一片处女地来建造墓地，再划出一片来修建监狱。根据这一惯例，我们可以肯定地认为：波士顿的先人在建造艾萨克·约翰逊（北美马萨诸塞英国殖民地的创始人）墓地的同时，在谷山一带的某处修建了第一座监狱。此后就以他的墓地为中心，扩展成了皇家教堂的古老墓地。可以肯定地说，镇子建成后的十五年或二十年，那木制监狱的门面会因日晒雨淋和岁月的考验而变得更加阴森可怕，那门上铁钉的斑斑锈迹仿佛会成为新大陆最古老的东西。和所有与罪恶相关的事物一样，这座监狱似乎从未有过年轻时代。从这座丑陋的大房子门前到轧着车辙的街道间，是一大片草地，上面长满了牛蒡、茨蓼、毒莠等各类恶心的杂草，这些杂草显然与这块土地臭味相投，正是在这块土地上早早诞生了文明社会的黑花——监狱。然而，在大门的一侧，几乎就在门槛处，却绽放着一丛野玫瑰，精致的宝石般的花朵在六月时分盛开，这难免让人联想，它们的芬芳和妩媚是献给步入牢门的囚犯和面临厄运的刑徒的，以此表示大自然对他们心存怜悯和仁慈。

这丛野玫瑰历经磨难而幸存，真是一种奇迹；它们能在严酷古老的原野中侥幸存活，或许是因原先遮蔽着它们的巨松和橡树的倒塌，或许如让人坚信的证据所证



sprung up under the footsteps of the sainted Ann Hutchinson, as she entered the prison-door, we shall not take upon us to determine. Finding it so directly on the threshold of our narrative, which is now about to issue from that inauspicious portal, we could hardly do otherwise than pluck one of its flowers, and present it to the reader. It may serve, let us hope, to symbolise some sweet moral blossom, that may be found along the track, or relieve the darkening close of a tale of human frailty and sorrow.

明的那样，当年圣徒安妮·哈钦逊踏进牢门时，野玫瑰便在她脚下怒放，这些我们就不必考究了。我们要讲述的故事就开始于这个不祥的门口，而门槛处就是这丛野玫瑰，因此我们就摘下一朵玫瑰花，献给读者。这是一个关于脆弱与悲哀的人生的故事，愿这朵玫瑰能象征着甜美的道德之花，让人在故事进程中及读完故事的凄惨结局时，得到一丝安慰。



Chapter 2 The Market-place

The grass-plot before the jail, in Prison Lane, on a certain summer morning, not less than two centuries ago, was occupied by a pretty large number of the inhabitants of Boston; all with their eyes intently fastened on the iron-clamped oaken door. Amongst any other population, or at a later period in the history of New England, the grim rigidity that petrified the bearded physiognomies of these good people would have augured some awful business in hand. It could have betokened nothing short of the anticipated execution of some noted culprit, on whom the sentence of a legal tribunal had but confirmed the verdict of public sentiment. But, in that early severity of the Puritan character, an inference of this kind could not so indubitably be drawn. Because in their eyes, religion and law were almost identical, and both were so thoroughly interfused in their character, that the mildest and the severest acts of public discipline were alike made venerable and awful, and there was very much the same solemnity of demeanour on the part of the spectators. Meagre, indeed, and cold, was the sympathy that a transgressor might look for, from such bystanders, at the scaffold. On the other hand, a penalty which, in our days, would infer a degree of mocking infamy and ridicule, might then be invested with almost as stern a dignity as the punishment of death itself.

It was a circumstance to be noted, on the summer morning when our story begins its course, that the women, of whom there were several in the crowd, appeared to take a peculiar interest in whatever penal infliction might be expected to ensue. The age had not so much refinement, that any sense of impropriety restrained the wearers of petticoat and farthingale from stepping forth into the public ways, and wedging their not unsubstantial persons, if occasion were, into the throng nearest to the scaffold at an execution. There was, moreover, a boldness and rotundity of speech among these matrons, as most of them seemed to be, that would startle us at the present day, whether in respect to its purport or its volume of tone.

“Goodwives,” said a hard-featured dame of fifty, “I’ll tell ye a piece of my mind. It would be greatly for the public behoof, if we women, being of mature age and church-members in good repute, should have the handling of such malefactresses as this Hester Prynne. What think ye, gossips? If the hussy stood up for judgment before us five, that are now here



第二章 市场

二百多年前一个夏日的早上，一群波士顿居民挤在牢房前面街头的草地上，眼睛紧盯着布满铁钉的橡木牢门。若是其他民族的百姓，或在新英格兰的后期，这些长胡子的好心居民们板着阴森的面孔，可能预示着厄运降临，至少意味着某个臭名昭著的罪犯即将受到人们期待已久的制裁，因为那个时候，法庭的判决就是对民众愤怒的认可。然而，早年的清教徒性格严峻，这种推测未必正确。因为他们把宗教和法律视为一体，两者合二为一，深深地植根于他们的品性中，只要是涉及公共纪律的条款，无论是最轻微的还是最严重的，都会让他们变得严肃可怕，无论是什么情况，围观者总会摆出一本正经的庄严姿态。站在刑台上的罪人从这样的旁观者中求得的同情确实是微乎其微且阴冷可怕的。另外，有些惩罚如今看来只意味着会遭人讥笑罢了，而在当时却可能和死刑一样严厉。

有个情况值得一提：在故事发生的那个夏天的早晨，挤在人群中的妇女似乎对可能出现的任何惩罚都特别感兴趣。那个年代根本不讲文明，女人们穿着衬裙和撑裙随意出现在公共场合，丝毫不会感到有伤大雅，只要有可能，她们就扭动着粗壮的躯体，挤到最靠近刑台的人群中去。而且，这些妇女大都是粗喉咙、大嗓门，她们的言谈无论是含义还是音量，在现在看来，绝对让人目瞪口呆。

“婆娘们，”一个长相难看的五十来岁的老女人说，“我来说说我的想法。如果我们这些有一定年纪、名声又好的教会会友，能够处置像海丝特·白兰那种坏女人，就是给大众办好事。婆娘们，你们觉得如何？要是那个贱妇在咱们五个面前听候宣



in a knot together, would she come off with such a sentence as the worshipful magistrates have awarded? I don't think so!"

"People say," said another, "that the Reverend Master Dimmesdale, her godly pastor, takes it very grievously to heart that such a scandal should have come upon his congregation."

"The magistrates are God-fearing gentlemen, but merciful overmuch – that is a truth," added a third autumnal matron. "At the very least, they should have put the brand of a hot iron on Hester Prynne's forehead. Madam Hester would have winced at that, I warrant me. But she – the naughty baggage – little will she care what they put upon the bodice of her gown! Why, look you, she may cover it with a brooch, or such like heathenish adornment, and so walk the streets as brave as ever!"

"Ah, but," interposed, more softly, a young wife, holding a child by the hand, "Let her cover the mark as she will, the pang of it will be always in her heart."

"What do we talk of marks and brands, whether on the bodice of her gown, or the flesh of her forehead?" cried another female, the ugliest as well as the most pitiless of these self-constituted judges. "This woman has brought shame upon us all, and ought to die. Is there not law for it? Truly there is, both in the Scripture and the statute-book. Then let the magistrates, who have made it of no effect, thank themselves if their own wives and daughters go astray!"

"Mercy on us, goodwife," exclaimed a man in the crowd, "is there no virtue in woman, save what springs from a wholesome fear of the gallows? That is the hardest word yet! Hush, now, gossips! The lock is turning in the prison-door, and here comes Mistress Prynne herself."

The door of the jail being flung open, there appeared, in the first place, like a black shadow emerging into sunshine, the grim and grisly presence of the town-beadle, with a sword by his side, and his staff of office in his hand. This personage prefigured and represented in his aspect the whole dismal severity of the Puritanic code of law, which it was his business to administer in its final and closest application to the offender. Stretching forth the official staff in his left hand, he laid his right upon the shoulder of a young woman, whom he thus drew forward; until, on the threshold of the prison-door, she repelled him, by an action marked with natural dignity and force of character, and stepped into the open air, as if by her own

判，她能带着那些尊贵的长官赏给她的判决溜走吗？我才不信呢！”

“听说，”另一个女人说道，“尊敬的丁梅斯代尔教长，就是她的牧师，知道在他的教众中出了这种丑闻，伤心极了。”

“那些长官们都很虔诚，但心太软——这可是实话，”第三个人老女人补充说，“最起码，他们应该在海丝特·白兰的脑门上烙个记号。我相信，那总会让海丝特这个女人感到害怕的。可她——那个贱妇——才不在乎他们在她衣服前襟贴个什么玩意儿呢！哼，你们看着吧，她会别上个胸针或异教徒的什么首饰，来遮住胸口，照样毫无顾忌地招摇过市！”

“啊，可是，”一个手里牵着孩子的年轻妇女轻声插嘴说，“她想挡住那记号就随便她吧，她心里总会感到痛苦的。”

“我们管那记号在她衣服前襟上还是脑门上干什么呢？”又一个女人大喊着，她在这几个自命为法官的女人中长相最丑，也最无情，“这个贱妇把我们大伙儿的脸都丢尽了，就该去死。这难道没有法律规定吗？《圣经》里和法典上都明明白白地写着呢。就让那些不依法办事的官爷们的太太女儿们去走邪路吧，那叫自作自受！”

“我的老天，婆娘们，”人群中一个男人大喊道，“除了害怕绞刑，女人身上难道就没有美德了吗？这话说得太重了！嘘，轻点！牢门上的锁动了，海丝特太太马上就要出来了。”

门突然打开了，首先出来的是面目狰狞的狱吏，他腰佩利剑，手持权杖，犹如一个暗影般出现在阳光下。这狱吏就是清教徒法律冷酷无情的象征和代表，他的任务就是对触犯法律者进行最终的也是最直接的执法。这时，他左手举起权杖，右手抓住一个年轻女人的肩膀，拽着她往前走；到了牢门口时，那女人突然推开狱吏，大步走向露天，这一动作似乎是出于她的自愿，显示出她个性的力量和天生的尊严。

free will. She bore in her arms a child, a baby of some three months old, who winked and turned aside its little face from the too vivid light of day; because its existence, heretofore, had brought it acquainted only with the grey twilight of a dungeon, or other darksome apartment of the prison.

When the young woman – the mother of this child – stood fully revealed before the crowd, it seemed to be her first impulse to clasp the infant closely to her bosom; not so much by an impulse of motherly affection, as that she might thereby conceal a certain token, which was wrought or fastened into her dress. In a moment, however, wisely judging that one token of her shame would but poorly serve to hide another, she took the baby on her arm, and, with a burning blush, and yet a haughty smile, and a glance that would not be abashed, looked around at her townspeople and neighbours. On the breast of her gown, in fine red cloth, surrounded with an elaborate embroidery and fantastic flourishes of gold thread, appeared the letter A. It was so artistically done, and with so much fertility and gorgeous luxuriance of fancy, that it had all the effect of a last and fitting decoration to the apparel which she wore; and which was of a splendour in accordance with the taste of the age, but greatly beyond what was allowed by the sumptuary regulations of the colony.

The young woman was tall, with a figure of perfect elegance on a large scale. She had dark and abundant hair, so glossy that it threw off the sunshine with a gleam, and a face, which, besides being beautiful from regularity of feature and richness of complexion, had the impressiveness belonging to a marked brow and deep black eyes. She was ladylike, too, after the manner of the feminine gentility of those days; characterised by a certain state and dignity, rather than by the delicate, evanescent, and indescribable grace, which is now recognized as its indication. And never had Hester Prynne appeared more ladylike, in the antique interpretation of the term, than as she issued from the prison. Those who had before known her, and had expected to behold her dimmed and obscured by a disastrous cloud, were astonished, and even startled, to perceive how her beauty shone out, and made a halo of the misfortune and ignominy in which she was enveloped. It may be true, that, to a sensitive observer, there was something exquisitely painful in it. Her attire, which, indeed, she had wrought for the occasion, in prison, and had modelled much after her own fancy, seemed to express the attitude of her spirit, the desperate recklessness of her mood, by its wild and picturesque peculiarity. But the point which drew all eyes, and, as it were, transfigured the wearer – so