

中文导读英文版

Tess of the D'Urbervilles

苔丝

[英] 托马斯·哈代 著

清华大学出版社



(中 文 导 读 英 文 版)

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H319.4:I

H002-5

H002.02

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北京

内 容 简 介

Tess of the d'Urbervilles, 中文译名为《苔丝》或《德伯家的苔丝》, 是 19 世纪最有影响的经典小说之一, 由英国著名小说家、诗人哈代编著。主人公苔丝是一个美丽善良的农家姑娘, 由于家境贫寒, 在父母的劝说下到地主庄园去做工, 不幸的是被地主少爷亚历克奸污。她不甘凌辱, 离开了亚历克家的庄园, 来到一家奶牛场当挤奶工。在奶牛场, 她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, 苔丝被捕并被判处死刑。该书自出版以来, 一直畅销至今, 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人青少年读者的心灵。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。

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

苔丝: 中文导读英文版/ (英) 哈代(Hardy, T.) 著; —北京: 清华大学出版社, 2010.1

ISBN 978-7-302-21299-7

I. 苔… II. 哈… 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(2009)第 182098 号

责任编辑: 李玮琪

责任校对: 梁毅

责任印制: 李红英

出版发行: 清华大学出版社

地 址: 北京清华大学学研大厦 A 座

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

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 刷 者: 清华大学印刷厂

装 订 者: 三河市新茂装订有限公司

经 销: 全国新华书店

开 本: 170×260 印 张: 27.75 字 数: 469 千字

版 次: 2010 年 1 月第 1 版 印 次: 2010 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

印 数: 1~5000

定 价: 46.00 元

本书如存在文字不清、漏印、缺页、倒页、脱页等印装质量问题, 请与清华大学出版社出版部联系调换。联系电话: (010)62770177 转 3103 产品编号: 031708-01



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。哈代以自己的现实主义创作风格继承和发扬了英国文学传统，又以独特的创作模式把传统和当代文学联系起来，在英国文学史上起到了桥梁的作用。作为一个跨世纪的文学家，哈代是英国 19 世纪最后一位小说大家，同时也是 20 世纪英国“现代诗歌之父”。

哈代出生于英国西南部的一个小村庄，毗邻多塞特郡大荒原，这里的自然环境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，因作品无法发表改而进行小说创作。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，便立即引起轰动，由此确立了他在英国文坛的地位。从此，他放弃了建筑职业，全身心地投入小说创作中。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》；出版了 8 部诗集，共 918 首诗歌。此外，还有以“威塞克斯故事”为总名的许多中短篇小说，以及长篇史诗剧《列王》。哈代是 19 世纪英国文学史上最重要的作家之一。他的作品通常围绕英国农村展开，讲述 19 世纪后期崛起的工业社会对传统社会的冲击。与许多作家不同的是，哈代的作品中很少出现皆大欢喜的结局。

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。该书出版一百多年来，一直畅销至今，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。目前，在国内数量众多的《苔丝》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种，一种是中文翻译版，

前言



另一种是英文原版。而其中的英文原版越来越受到读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看，直接使用纯英文素材更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。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。

本书主要内容由刘乃亚、纪飞编译。参与本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、王勋、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中一定会有一些不当之处，我们衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。

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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。

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 judgment 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-grandfer 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 your family consisted of numerous branches. In this county there was a seat of yours at Kingsbere, and another at Sherton, and another at 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-subGreenhill?”

“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 home. 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 home, 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 hwome 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，排成两行绕教区游行一周，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, an 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, NettlecombeTout, 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 hollowtrunked 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