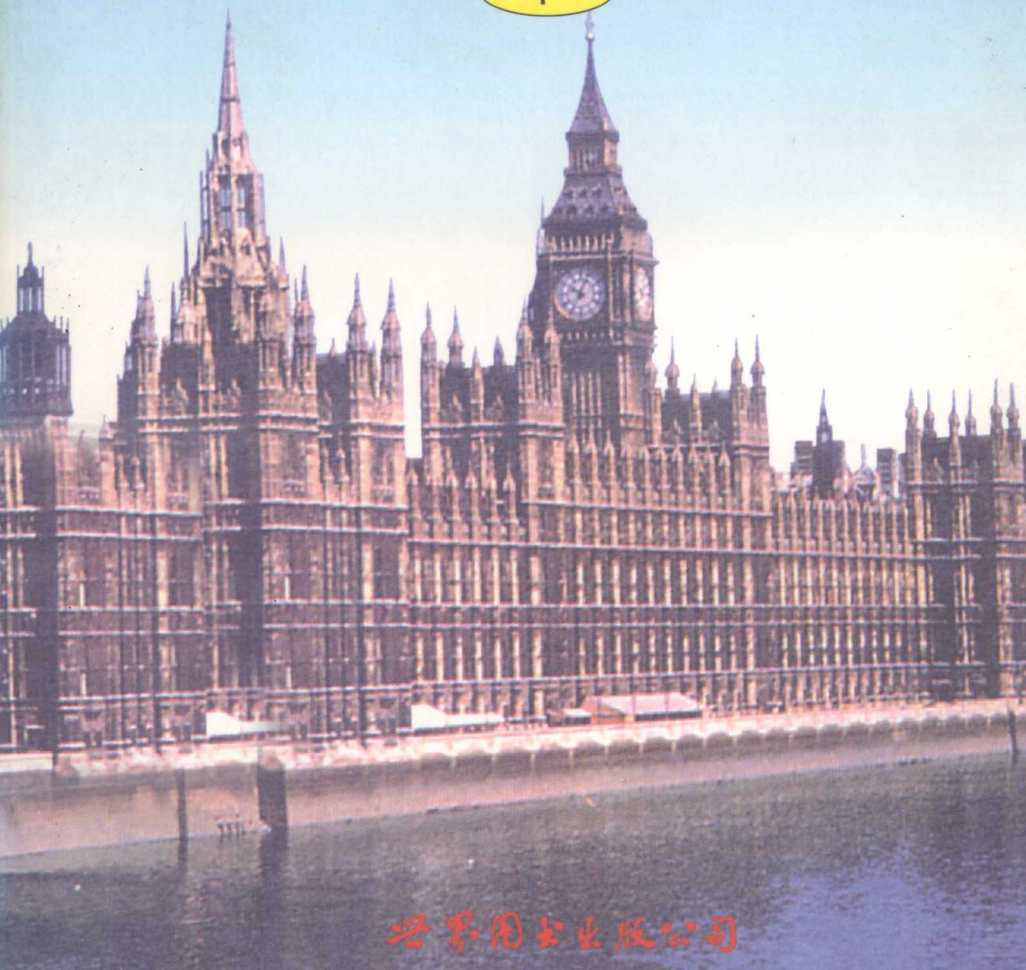


新编英国文学教程

李公昭 主编 高继海 副主编

下



世界图书出版公司

TWENTIETH-CENTURY ENGLISH LITERATURE

【背景介绍】

与19世纪相比,20世纪的英国文学有内倾、非理性和试验等特点。世纪之初,一些小说家继续维多利亚时代的批判现实主义传统。如高尔斯华绥(John Galsworthy, 1867—1933)在《福尔赛世家》(*The Forsyte Saga*, 1922)中剖析了资产阶级的财产意识;本内特(Arnold Bennet, 1867—1931)在《老妇谭》(*The Old Wives' Tale*, 1908)中描写了英国小镇的风土人情;毛姆(William Somerset Maugham, 1874—1965)在自传性小说《人性的枷锁》(*Of Human Bondage*, 1915)中探索人性的善与恶以及人生的意义;威尔斯(H. G. Wells, 1866—1946)写了众多科幻小说,并预示了一幅幅可怖的未来图景。但与此同时,另一些小说家开始对小说这一文学形式作一番理论上的思考,企图表现一种他们认为更真实的体验。詹姆斯(Henry James, 1843—1916)首先对小说作出系统的理论阐述,第一次提出小说中的叙述视点问题,并且在他自己的创作实践中表现出对小说作为一种艺术的充分尊重和献身精神。康拉德(Joseph Conrad, 1857—1924)和福特(Ford Madox Ford, 1873—1939),在各自的小说里,也像詹姆斯一样,使用复杂的叙述结构和多重叙述视点,表现文明与原始的对立、现代人的孤独与异化等主题,取得了令人瞩目的成就,成为20世纪现代主义文学的先驱。

第一次世界大战给英国人的传统信念以毁灭性的打击,现代主义文学在一战后的精神废墟上挺拔而起。艾略特(T. S.

Eliot, 1888—1965) 的长诗《荒原》 (*The Waste Land*, 1922) 表现了一战后西方世界价值体系土崩瓦解的残酷现实, 乔伊斯 (James Joyce, 1882—1941) 在《尤利西斯》 (*Ulysses*, 1922) 里展示了现代人在这样的世界里的精神漫游。这首长诗和这部小说成为 20 世纪世界文学中里程碑式的经典作品, 吸引了广泛的兴趣和众多的研究。女作家伍尔夫 (Virginia Woolf, 1882—1941) 以独特的女性视角探察了女性在这个物欲横流的世界里的深层意识, 运用意识流的手法创作出具有多重含义、高度象征的《黛洛维夫人》 (*Mrs Dalloway*, 1925) 和《到灯塔去》 (*To the Lighthouse*, 1927)。这些现代主义的作品呈现的不再是理性的人和有序的世界, 相反, 是生活在封闭的自我意识中的扭曲和变态的人。詹姆斯和康拉德等人所企图展示的更真实的世界在乔伊斯和伍尔夫等人的作品中实现了。这种把主观的意识或潜意识世界作为唯一值得表现的内容的倾向是 20 世纪英国文学的一个基本特点。劳伦斯 (D. H. Lawrence, 1885—1930) 和福斯特 (E. M. Forster, 1879—1970) 虽然是现代主义文学处于鼎盛时期的现代派作家, 但他们在题材和技法上与康拉德和福特比较接近。劳伦斯试图通过建立两性间亲密和谐的关系改善人际关系, 在此基础上建立健全合理的社会制度; 福斯特则侧重表现异质文化的冲突, 探讨人与人之间的理解与互谅问题。

20 世纪初一个不容忽视的文学现象是伴随着爱尔兰人民争取民族独立的斗争而出现的爱尔兰文艺复兴, 在诗歌领域以叶芝 (W. B. Yeats, 1865—1939) 及其诗人俱乐部为代表, 在小说领域有乔治·穆尔 (George Moore, 1852—1933) 和乔伊斯, 在戏剧方面有萧伯纳 (Bernard Shaw, 1856—1950) 和叶芝, 以及阿比剧团上演的许多优秀剧作。叶芝的诗歌感情真挚且富含哲理, 充满象征和神话的隐喻, 他由于其“富于灵感的诗歌以精美的艺术形式展现了整个民族的精神”而获 1923 年度的诺贝尔文学奖。萧伯纳有自己一套完整的戏剧理论, 他将这套理论付诸创作实

践，写出了既有浓重现实生活气息又有强烈喜剧色彩的大量剧作，对中国的戏剧也产生了积极的影响。他由于其“作品中所具有的理想主义和人道主义精神”获1925年的诺贝尔文学奖。

30年代世界性资本主义经济危机造成的大萧条促使人们又一次面对现实，现实主义文学传统抬头，整个英国文学出现了左转倾向，涌现出不少反映工人阶级和下层人民痛苦经历和斗争精神的作品。诗人奥登（W. H. Auden, 1907—1973）、斯彭德（Stephen Spender, 1909—）、麦克迪尔米德（Hugh MacDiarmid, 1892—1978）、迪伦·托马斯（Dylan Thomas, 1914—1953），小说家衣修午德（Christopher Isherwood, 1904—1986），戏剧家普瑞斯特利（J. B. Priestley, 1894—1984）是这个时期这一倾向的代表人物。奥登无疑是继艾略特和叶芝之后又一重要诗人，是30年代新诗的代表人物，其诗作融汇了马克思主义和弗洛伊德主义，将堂皇和不雅的字眼并置，用现代口语的节奏，创造了新的意境。衣修午德的早期小说使用现代主义的创作方法，但自柏林小说集之后转向现实主义。奥登和衣修午德曾于1938年一同来到中国，对中国人民的抗日战争表示同情和支持。

另有一批“牛津才子”则继承了英国文学的讽刺传统，写出了意味隽永的作品。赫胥黎（Aldous Leonard Huxley, 1894—1936）的《针锋相对》（*Point Counter Point*, 1928）借用多声部音乐及对偶的方法，表现玩世不恭的中产阶级知识分子心灵的空虚。伊夫林·沃（Evelyn Waugh, 1903—1966）的早期小说讽刺一战后那些“才华横溢的青年”在道德沦丧的年代过的那种花天酒地、醉生梦死的生活。亨利·格林（Henry Green, 1905—1973）的早期小说反映工人阶级的生活，但他并没有对他们的境况表示同情，他后来的小说愈加难懂，属于“阳春白雪”、“曲高和寡”的艺术家。与他相反，格雷厄姆·格林（Graham Greene, 1904—1991）则以赢得读者为创作目的，写了不少他称之为“消遣品”的小说，但他探索人的自然天性与天主教义冲突的小说《权力与

荣耀》（*The Power and the Glory*, 1940），《问题的核心》（*The Heart of the Matter*, 1948）等，使他在 20 世纪英国文学中占有一个突出地位。戈尔丁（William Golding, 1911—1993）由于其寓意深刻的小说《蝇王》（*Lord of the Flies*, 1954）而获诺贝尔文学奖。

第二次世界大战给英国人的精神震撼远不如一战强烈，但二战结束后工党执政推行的一系列改革措施并不成功，“福利国家”并没有给人民带来真正的福利，反而引起上层阶级的不满。另一方面，大英帝国的前殖民地纷纷独立，英国在国际事务中的地位一落千丈，在美苏的冷战中成为旁观者。这一切使英国人产生了浓重的悲观主义情绪，存在主义哲学大受欢迎。贝克特（Samuel Beckett, 1906—1989）的小说与剧作以非现实的抽象手法表现人类生存的哲学困境，深刻地反映了当时人们的精神危机，以他为代表的荒诞戏剧是二战后的重要文学现象，《等待戈多》（*Waiting for Godot*, 1955）已成为 20 世纪的经典之作，贝克特也因此获诺贝尔文学奖。奥威尔（George Orwell, 1903—1950）以类似斯威夫特的辛辣讽刺笔法，写出了讽喻斯大林统治的政治小说《动物庄园》（*Animal Farm*, 1945）和《一九八四年》（1984, 1949），为稍后不久出现的“愤怒的青年”（“Angry Young Men”）提供了尽情发泄怨恨的范例。

“愤怒的青年”指 50 年代中期一批出身下层阶级又受过高等教育的戏剧家和小说家，主要有奥斯本（John Osborne, 1929—1994）、威斯克（Arnold Wesker, 1932—）、艾米斯（Kinsley Amis, 1922—）、韦恩（John Wain, 1925—1994）、西利托（Sillitoe）等。奥斯本的剧本《愤怒的回顾》（*Look Back in Anger*, 1957），艾米斯的小说《幸运的吉姆》（*Lucky Jim*, 1954），韦恩的《每况愈下》（*Hurry on Down*, 1957），西利托的《长跑运动员的孤独》（*The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, 1959）等，表现出身低微的小人物对现存秩序的不满和

反抗。这些作品的基调是现实主义的，常见的一个模式是出身低贱的青年男子与身份高贵的女人睡觉或结婚，玩弄她们的感情以泄阶级差异之愤，或借此跻身上层社会。而他们一旦达到目的，愤怒就随之消失。这批作者也像他们作品中的男主人公一样，获得声名后即与现存秩序握手言和，和平共处。

50年代的英国诗坛出现了运动派诗人，以拉金（Philip Arthur Larkin, 1922—1985）、戴维（Donald Alfred Davie, 1922—）和冈恩（Thomson Gunn, 1929—）为代表。这些诗人抛弃艾略特、庞德（Ezra Pound, 1885—1972）的试验性诗品，反对现代主义诗歌的抽象晦涩，表现出回归传统的倾向。60年代的重要诗人是泰德·休斯（Ted Hughes, 1930—），他以象征的方法歌颂原始的自然激情，立意新奇，结构严谨。另有一群“小组派”（The Group）诗人在50年代和60年代也十分活跃。

由于二战后存在主义哲学的影响和语言学研究的深入，后现代主义文学出现。后现代主义文学作为后现代主义文化的一部分，是后工业社会的必然产物，它与现代主义文学有若干明显的不同。首先，后现代主义者认为“文学性”是人为的语言艺术的效果，不是一种先验的自然物。其次，后现代主义者否认作品存在客观的意义和价值，认为文本需要经过读者积极的参与阅读才能获得意义，而不同的读者由于修养、爱好的差异对作品的理解就不会相同。后现代主义小说家默多克（Iris Murdoch, 1919—）、斯巴克（Muriel Spark, 1918—）、莱辛（Doris Lessing, 1919—）、福尔斯（John Fowles, 1926—）等在自己的作品中强调小说的虚构性，有时候甚至站出来直接与书中的人物交谈，与读者商量如何安排主人公的命运。

80年代和90年代英国文学的一个显著特点是回归传统。在经历了现代主义和后现代主义的种种试验之后，许多文学家注意到了为读者接受和喜爱的重要性，一种融合了现代主义和后现代主义精神和形式革新的新现实主义成为文学主流。巴恩斯（Julian

Barnes, 1946—)、波义德 (William Boyd, 1952—) 和卡特 (Angela Carter, 1940—1992) 等人是这种新潮流的主要代表人物。因写作《撒旦诗篇》(The Satanic Verses, 1988) 而轰动一时的拉什迪 (Salman Rushdie, 1947—) 也属于这一主流。从目前的情况预测, 这种现象将持续到 21 世纪。

【推荐书目】

1. Temple, Ruth Z. *Twentieth-Century British Literature: A Reference Guide and Bibliography*, 1968.
2. Tindall, William Y. *Forces in Modern British Literature*, 1947, 1956.
3. Stewart, J. I. M. *Eight Modern Writers*, 1963. 本书为 *Oxford History of English Literature* 第十二卷, 其中包括讨论 Hardy, Shaw, Conrad, Kipling, Yeats, Joyce, Lawrence 等人的章节, 并附有详尽书目。
4. Ford, B. *The Modern Age*, 1961. 本书为 *The Pelican Guide to English Literature* 第七卷, 介绍现代重要英国作家, 并附书目。
5. Hynes, Samuel, *The Auden Generation: Literature and Politics in England in the 1930s*, 1976. 将以英国诗人 Auden 为代表的文学现象放在 30 年代的政治背景下进行评价, 是此类评论的经典之作。

THOMAS HARDY

(1840—1928)

【作者简介】

托马斯·哈代生于英国南部多塞特郡附近的一个小村庄里。父亲是建筑师，母亲家境富裕。哈代在家乡上学。16岁时，他拜寺院建筑师海克斯为师，在故乡小镇里度过了六年的学徒生活。后来又在伦敦的生活漩涡里度过了六年孤立无助的学徒生涯，同时从事文学、哲学和神学研究。这六年是年轻的哈代思想成熟的时期。资本主义文明发达的都市生活使他开阔了眼界，丰富了阅历，他成了一个“自由思想者”。1867年夏，哈代返回故乡，花了10个月的时间完成了他的第一部长篇小说《穷人与贵妇》(*The Poor Man and the Lady*, 1868)，但未能出版。哈代写了《非常手段》(*Desperate Remedies*)于1871年第一次出版。随后，《绿荫下》(*Under the Greenwood Tree*, 1872)和《一双蓝眼睛》(*A Pair of Blue Eyes*, 1873)相继出版，哈代便决定放弃建筑业而专事写作。1874年，34岁的哈代与J. A. Gifford结婚，丧妻后于1914年和Florence Emily Dugdale结婚。1928年1月11日，哈代逝世，享年88岁。

哈代一生创作颇丰，写了14部长篇，44部短篇和大量诗歌。他本人将自己的作品分为三类：“罗曼史和幻想”（“Romances and Fantasies”），“爱情阴谋故事”（“Novels of Ingenuity”）和“性格和环境小说”（“Novels of Character and Environment”）。第三类小说包括：《绿荫下》、《远离尘嚣》（*Far from the Madding Crowd*, 1874）、《还乡》（*The Return of the Native*, 1878）、《卡斯特桥市

长》（*The Mayor of Casterbridge*, 1886）；《林中人》（*The Woodlanders*, 1887）、《德伯家的苔丝》（*Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, 1891）和《无名的裘德》（*Jude the Obscure*, 1896）。第三类作品最能代表哈代的创作精神，标志着他现实主义创作的最高成就。

哈代是19世纪末英国伟大的现实主义小说家和诗人。他敏锐而深刻地观察他所处的那个金玉其外、败絮其中的社会和时代，撕破了维多利亚王朝虚伪的乐观主义面纱，揭露了资本主义毁灭农民的罪恶。哈代是高尔基所说的“极少令人……怀疑他们描写的事件、人物性格、思想感情逻辑的正确性”的那些诚实艺术家之一。但是，作为一个思想家，哈代缺乏对社会规律的理解。因此，在他的作品中表现出带有宿命论色彩的悲观主义世界观。尽管如此，哈代在他的作品中所显示的现实主义的卓越技巧对后来的小说家产生了积极的影响。

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

【题解】

《德伯家的苔丝》描写的是苔丝的悲惨命运。苔丝是一个乡村小贩的女儿，为了帮助父母养家糊口，她不得不到冒牌本家亚雷·德伯家寻求帮助。15岁的苔丝一踏上社会就成了纨绔子弟亚雷的牺牲品。苔丝失身回家后生了一个孩子，不久夭折。后苔丝到奶牛厂做工，遇上牧师的儿子安玎·克莱，两人一见钟情。新婚之夜，苔丝向自己的丈夫坦白了“罪行”，不料却引起了克莱的鄙视。虽然他自己也并非璧玉无瑕，但还是理直气壮地抛弃了苔丝，只身去了巴西。

苔丝孤身一人，十分凄惨。为了生存，她成了一个四处流浪找活干的农业工人。为了养家，她答应亚雷当他的情妇。这时克

莱开始悔恨自己过于无情，回到英国来找她和解。当苔丝发现是亚雷毁掉了她的一生时，新仇旧恨及对生活的向往激起了她复仇的烈火。她亲手杀死了亚雷，以生命为代价换取了短暂的幸福。哈代在故事结束时用了这样充满激烈讽刺的话：“已经明正典刑了，诸神中的那个主神也结束了对苔丝的玩弄。”因此，小说的副标题《一个纯洁的女人》是对伪善者的抨击，也是对传统道德观念的公开宣战。

第三十四章描述的是自从作者用一根婚姻的红线把苔丝和克莱连在一起的那一刻起，不祥的征兆就一直伴随着他们。在“坦白”的过程中，作者有意地把男女主人公放在同等地位上：克莱在年轻时也曾“陷于罪恶”。但是，根据资产阶级道德的不成文法，男人干了这种事并不认为有罪，而女人一旦失身就永远被钉在了耻辱柱上，再也难翻身。苔丝第二次被推入上天无路入地无门的痛苦深渊。

from *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*¹

Chapter 34

(excerpt)

They drove by the level road along the valley to a distance of a few miles, and, reaching Wellbridge, turned away from the village to the left, and over the great Elizabethan bridge which gives the place half its name. Immediately behind it stood the house wherein they had engaged lodgings, whose exterior features are so well known to all travellers through the Fromm Valley; once portion of a fine manorial residence, and the property and seat of a d'Urberville, but since its partial demolition a farm-house.

“Welcome to one of your ancestral mansions!” said Clare as he

handed her down. But he regretted the pleasantry; it was too near a satire.

On entering they found that, though they had only engaged a couple of rooms, the farmer had taken advantage of their proposed presence during the coming days to pay a New Year's visit to some friends, leaving a woman from a neighbouring cottage to minister to their few wants. The absoluteness of possession pleased them, and they realized it as the first moment of their experience under their own exclusive roof².

But he found that the mouldy old habitation somewhat depressed his bride. When the carriage was gone they ascended the stairs to wash their hands, the charwoman showing the way. On the landing Tess stopped and started.

"What's the matter?" said he.

"Those horrid women!" she answered, with a smile. "How they frightened me."

He looked up, and perceived two life-size portraits on panels built into the masonry. As all visitors to the mansion are aware, these paintings represent women of middle age, of a date some two hundred years ago, whose lineaments³ once seen can never be forgotten. The long pointed features, narrow eye, and smirk of the one, so suggestive of merciless treachery; the bill-hook nose, large teeth, and bold eye of the other, suggesting arrogance to the point of ferocity, haunt the beholder afterwards in his dreams.

"Whose portraits are those?" asked Clare of the charwoman.

"I have been told by old folk that they were ladies of the d' Urberville family, the ancient lords of this manor." she said. "Owing to their being builded into the wall they can't be moved away."

The unpleasantness of the matter was that, in addition to their effect upon Tess, her fine features were unquestionably traceable in these exaggerated forms. He said nothing of this, however, and regretting that he had gone out of his way to choose the house for their bridal time, went on into the adjoining room. The place having been rather hastily prepared for them they washed their hands in one basin. Clare touched hers under the water.

"Which are my fingers and which are yours?" he said, looking up. "They are very much mixed."

"They are all yours," said she, very prettily, and endeavoured to be gayer than she was. He had not been displeased with her thoughtfulness on such an occasion; it was what every sensible woman would show; but Tess knew that she had been thoughtful to excess, and struggled against it.

The sun was so low on that short last afternoon of the year that it shone in through a small opening and formed a golden staff which stretched across to her skirt, where it made a spot like a paint-mark set upon her. They went into the ancient parlour to tea and here they shared their first common meal alone. Such was their childishness, or rather his, that he found it interesting to use the same bread-and-butter plate as herself, and to brush crumbs from her lips with his own. He wondered a little that she did not enter into these frivolities with his own zest.

Looking at her silently for a long time; "She is a dear dear Tess," he thought to himself, as one deciding on the true construction of a difficult passage. "Do I realize solemnly enough how utterly and irretrievably this little womanly thing is the creature of my good or bad faith and fortune? I think not. I think I could not, unless I were a woman myself. What I am in worldly estate,

she is⁴. What I become, she must become. What I cannot be, she cannot be. And shall I ever neglect her, or hurt her, or even forget to consider her? God forbid such a crime!”

They sat on over the tea-table waiting for their luggage, which the dairyman had promised to send before it grew dark. But evening began to close in, and the luggage did not arrive, and they had brought nothing more than they stood in⁵. With the departure of the sun the calm mood of the winter day changed. Out of doors there began noises as of silk smartly rubbed; the restful dead leaves of the preceding autumn were stirred to irritated resurrection, and whirled about unwillingly. and tapped against the shutters. It soon began to rain.

“That cock knew the weather was going to change,” said Clare.

The woman who had attended upon them had gone home for the night, but she had placed candles upon the table, and now they lit them. Each candle-flame drew towards the fireplace.

“These old houses are so draughty,” continued Angel, looking at the flames, and at the grease guttering down the sides. “I wonder where that luggage is. We haven’t even a brush and comb.”

“I don’t know,” she answered, absent-minded.

“Tess, you are not a bit cheerful this evening—not at all as you used to be. Those harridans on the panels upstairs have unsettled you. I am sorry I brought you here. I wonder if you really love me, after all?”

He knew that she did, and the words had no serious intent; but she was surcharged with emotion, and winced like a wounded animal. Though she tried not to shed tears she could not help showing one or two.

“I did not mean it!” said he, sorry. “You are worried at not having your things, I know. I cannot think why old Jonathan has not come with them. Why, it is seven o’clock? Ah, there he is!”

A knock had come to the door, and, there being nobody else to answer it, Clare went out. He returned to the room with a small package in his hand.

“It is not Jonathan, after all,” he said.

“How vexing!” said Tess.

The packet had been brought by a special messenger, who had arrived at Talbothays from Emminster Vicarage immediately after the departure of the married couple, and had followed them hither, being under injunction to deliver it into nobody’s hands but theirs. Clare brought it to the light. It was less than a foot long, sewed up in canvas, sealed in red wax with his father’s seal, and directed in his father’s hand to “Mrs Angel Clare.”

“It is a little wedding-present for you, Tess,” said he, handing it to her. “How thoughtful they are!”

Tess looked a little flustered as she took it.

“I think I would rather have you open it, dearest,” said she, turning over the parcel. “I don’t like to break those great seals; they look so serious, Please open it for me!” He undid the parcel. Inside was a case of morocco leather, on the top of which lay a note and a key.

The note was for Clare, in the following words:

My Dear Son, —Possibly you have forgotten that on the death of your godmother, Mrs Pitney, when you were a lad, she—vain kind woman that she was—left to me a portion of the contents of her jewel-case in trust for your wife, if you should ever

have one, as a mark of her affection for you and whomsoever you should choose. This trust I have fulfilled, and the diamonds have been locked up at my banker's ever since. Though I feel it to be a somewhat incongruous act in the circumstances, I am, as you will see, bound to hand over the articles to the woman to whom the use of them for her lifetime will now rightly belong, and they are therefore promptly sent. They become, I believe, heirlooms, strictly speaking, according to the terms of your godmother's will. The precise words of the clause that refers to this matter are enclosed.

"I do remember," said Clare; "but I had quite forgotten."

Unlocking the case, they found it to contain a necklace, with pendant, bracelets, and ear-rings; and also some other small ornaments.

Tess seemed afraid to touch them at first, but her eyes sparkled for a moment as much as the stones when Clare spread out the set.

"Are they mine?" she asked incredulously.

"They are, certainly," said he.

He looked into the fire. He remembered how, when he was a lad of fifteen, his godmother, the Squire's wife—the only rich person with whom he had ever come in contact—had pinned her faith to his success; had prophesied a wondrous career for him. There had seemed nothing at all out of keeping with such a conjectured career in the storing up of these showy ornaments for his wife and the wives of her descendants. They gleamed somewhat ironically now. "Yet why?" he asked himself. It was but a question of vanity throughout; and if that were admitted into one side of the equation it should be admitted into the other. His wife was a d'

Urberville; whom could they become better than her?

Suddenly he said with enthusiasm——

“Tess, put them on——put them on!” And he turned from the fire to help her.

But as if by magic she had already donned them——necklace, ear-rings, bracelets, and all.

“But the gown isn’t right, Tess,” said Clare. “It ought to be a low one for a set of brilliants like that.”

“Ought it?” said Tess.

“Yes,” said he.

He suggested to her how to tuck in the upper edge of her bodice, so as to make it roughly approximate to the cut for evening wear; and when she had done this, and the pendant to the necklace hung isolated amid the whiteness of her throat, as it was designed to do, he stepped back to survey her.

“My heavens,” said Clare, “how beautiful you are!”

As everybody knows, fine feathers make fine birds; a peasant girl but very moderately prepossessing to the casual observer in her simple condition and attire, will bloom as an amazing beauty if clothed as a woman of fashion with the aids that Art can render; while the beauty of the midnight crush⁶ would often cut but a sorry figure if placed inside the fieldwoman’s wrapper upon a monotonous acreage of turnips on a dull day. He had never till now estimated the artistic excellence of Tess’s limbs and features.

“If you were only to appear in a ball-room!” he said. “But no——no, dearest; I think I love you best in the wing-bonnet and cotton-frock——yes, better than in this, well as you support these dignities.”

Tess’s sense of her striking appearance had given her a flush of

excitement, which was yet not happiness.

"I'll take them off," she said, "in case Jonathan should see me. They are not fit for me, are they? They must be sold. I suppose?"

"Let them stay a few minutes longer. Sell them? Never. It would be a breach of faith."

Influenced by a second thought she readily obeyed. She had something to tell, and there might be help in these. She sat down with the jewels upon her; and they again indulged in conjectures as to where Jonathan could possibly be with their baggage. The ale they had poured out for his consumption when he came had gone flat⁷ with long standing.

Shortly after this they began supper, which was already laid on a side-table. Ere they had finished there was a jerk in the fire-smoke, the rising skein of which bulged out into the room, as if some giant had laid his hand on the chimney-top for a moment. It had been caused by the opening of the outer door. A heavy step was now heard in the passage, and Angel went out.

"I couldn' make nobody hear at all by knocking," apologized Jonathan Kail, for it was he at last; "and as't was raining out I opened the door. I've brought the things, sir."

"I am very glad to see them. But you are very late."

"Well, yes, sir."

There was something subdued in Jonathan Kail's tone which had not been there in the day, and lines of concern were ploughed upon his forehead in addition to the lines of years. He continued——

"We've all been gallied⁸ at the dairy at what might ha' been a most terrible affliction since you and your Mis'ess⁹—— so to name her now——left us this a' ternoan. Perhaps you ha' nt forgot the