

英汉对照



世界名著

(英) 哈代 著

# 苔 丝



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时代文艺出版社

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

苔丝 / (英) 哈代著. — 长春: 时代文艺出版社,  
2002. 9

(英汉对照 世界名著)

ISBN 7 - 5387 - 1518 - 5

I. 苔… II. 哈… III. 英汉一对照读物, 小说—英  
—现代 IV. 1512.45

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2001) 第 12463 号

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出 版: 时代文艺出版社

(长春市人民大街 124 号 邮编: 130021 电话: 5638648)

发 行: 时代文艺出版社

印 刷: 长春新华印刷厂

开 本: 850 × 1168 毫米 32 开

印 张: 246

版 次: 2002 年 9 月第 1 版

印 次: 2002 年 9 月第 1 次印刷

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书 号: ISBN 7 - 5387 - 1518 - 5/I·1463

定 价: 全套定价 380.00 元

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英汉对照 世界名著

# 苔 丝

(英)哈代

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## Chapter 1

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 derived 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 West-

## 第一章

五月下旬的一个傍晚，一个中年男子正从沙斯顿向靠近布莱克莫尔谷（也叫黑荒原谷）的马洛特村里的家中走去。他走路的一双腿摇摇晃晃的，走路的姿态不能保持一条直线，老是朝左边歪着。他偶尔还轻快地点一下头，仿佛对某个意见表示同意，其实他心里一点儿也没有想到什么特别的事。他的胳膊上挎着一只装鸡蛋的空篮子，头上戴的帽子的绒面皱皱巴巴的，摘帽子时大拇指接触帽沿的地方也被磨变了色一大块。不一会儿，一个骑着一匹灰色母马一边随口哼着小调的老牧师迎面走来——

“您好。”挎着篮子的男子说。

“您好，约翰爵士。”牧师说。

步行的男子又向前走了一两步，站住了，转过身来。

“喂，对不起，先生；大约上个集市日的这个时候，我们在这条路上遇见了，我说‘您好’，你也回答说‘您好，约翰爵士’，就像刚才说的一样。”

“我是这样说的。”牧师说。

“在那以前还有一次——大约一个月以前。”

“我也许说过。”

“我只不过是一个普通的流动小贩，名叫杰克·德北菲尔德，那你反复叫我‘约翰爵士’是什么意思？”

牧师骑着马向他走近一两步。

“那只是因我的一时高兴，”他说；然后又稍稍迟疑了一会儿：“那是因为不久前我为了编写新的郡史在查考家谱时的一个发现。我是鹿脚路的考古学家特林汉姆牧师。德北菲尔德，你真的不知道你是德贝维尔这个古老骑士世家的嫡传子孙吗？德贝维尔家是从著名的骑士帕根·德贝维尔爵士传下来的，据纪功寺文档记载，他是跟随征服者威廉王从诺曼底来的。”

“过去我从没听说过，先生！”

“啊，不错。你把下巴抬起来一点点，让我好好看看你的脸的侧面。不错，这正是德贝维尔家族的鼻子和下巴——但有一点儿衰落。辅佐诺曼底的埃斯彻玛维拉勋爵征服格拉摩甘郡的骑士一共有十二个，你的祖先是他们中间的一个。在英格兰这一带地方，到处都有你们家族分支的采地；在斯蒂芬王时代，派普名册记载着他们的名字。在约翰王时代，他们的分支中有一支很富有，曾给救护骑士团赠送了一份采地；在爱德华二世时代，你的祖先布里恩也应召到威斯敏斯特参加过大会。

minster 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 wagon, 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'-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?'

你们家族在奥利弗·克伦威尔时代就有点儿开始衰落，不过没有到严重的程度，在查理斯二世时期，你们家族又因为对王室忠心，被封为皇家橡树爵士。唉，你们家族的约翰爵士已经有好几代了，如果骑士称号也像从男爵一样可以世袭的话，你现在就应该是约翰爵士了，其实在过去的时代里都是世袭的，骑士称号由父亲传给儿子。”

“可你没有这样说过呀！”

“简而言之，”牧师态度坚决地用马鞭抽了一下自己的腿，下结论说，“在英格兰，你们这样的家族简直找不出第二家。”

“真令我吃惊，在英格兰找不出第二家吗？”德北菲尔德说，“可是我一直在这带四处漂泊，一年又一年的，糟糕透顶了，好像我同这个教区里的最普通的人没有什么两样……特林汉姆牧师，关于我们家族的这件事，大家知道得有多久了？”

牧师解释说，据他所知，这件事早让人忘光了，很难说有什么人知道。他对家系的调查，是从去年春天开始的。他一直在对德贝维尔家族的盛衰史进行研究，在马车上看见了德北菲尔德的名字，因而才引起他展开对德北菲尔德的父亲和祖父的调查，最后才确定了这件事。

“起初我决心不拿这种毫无用处的消息打扰你，”他说，“可是，我们的冲动有时候太强烈，控制不住我们的理智。我还一直以为你也许对这件事已经知道一些了。”

“啊，是的，我也听说过一两次，说我这家人在搬到黑荒原谷以前，也经历过富裕的日子。可是我却没有在意，心想只是说我们现在只有一匹马，而过去我们曾经有过两匹马。我家里还保存着一把古老的银匙和一方刻有纹章的古印；可是，天啦，一把银匙和一方古印算得了什么？……想想吧，我一直同这些高贵的德贝维尔血肉相连。听别人说，我的曾祖父有些不肯告人的秘密，不肯谈论他的来历……噢，牧师，我想冒昧地问一句，现在我们家族的炊烟又升起在哪儿呢？我是说，我们德贝维尔家族住在哪儿？”

“哪儿也没有你们家族了。作为一个郡的家族，你们家族是已经灭绝了。”

“真是遗憾。”

“是的——那些虚假的家谱所说的男系灭绝，就是说衰败了，没落了。”

“那么，我们的祖先又埋在哪儿呢？”

“埋在青山下的金斯比尔：一排一排地埋在你们家族的地下墓室里，在用佩比克大理石做成的华盖下面，还刻有你们祖先的雕像。”

“还有，我们家族的宅地和房产在哪儿呢？”



‘ 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 Milipond, and another at Lullstead, and another at Well-bridge. ’

‘ 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? ’

“你们没有宅第和房产了。”

“啊？土地也没有了？”

“也没有了；虽然像我说的那样，你们曾经拥有过大量的宅地和房产，因为你们的家族是由众多的枝系组成的。在这个郡，过去在金斯比尔有一处你们的房产，在希尔屯还有一处，在磨房池有一处，在拉尔斯德有一处，在井桥还有一处。”“我们还会恢复我们自己的家族吗？”

“噢——不行了，不行了；‘大英雄何竟死亡’，你除了用这句话责罚你自己外，别无它法。这件事对本地的历史学家和家谱学家还有些兴趣，但没有其它什么了。在本郡居住的农户里，有差不多同样光荣历史的还有好几家。再见。”

“可是，特林汉姆牧师，为了这件事，你转回来和我去喝一夸脱啤酒好不好？”

在纯酒酒店，正好开了一桶上好的佳酿——虽然我敢说它还是不如罗利弗酒店的酒好。”

“不喝了，谢谢你——德北菲尔德，今天晚上不喝了。你已经喝得够多了。”

牧师这样把话说完以后，就骑着马走了，心里有些怀疑，该不该把这个多少有点奇怪的传说告诉他。

牧师走了，德北菲尔德陷入沉思，走了几步路，就把篮子放在面前，然后在路边的草坡上坐下来。不一会儿，远方出现了一个年轻人，正朝先前德北菲尔德走路的方向走着。德北菲尔德一看见他，就把手举起来，小伙子紧走几步，来到他的跟前。

“小伙子，把那个篮子拿起来！我要你为我走一趟。”

那个像板条一样瘦长的小伙子有点不高兴：“你是什么人，约翰·德北菲尔德，你竟要使唤我，叫我‘小伙子’？我们谁不知道谁呀！”

“你认识我，认识我？这是秘密——这是秘密！现在你就听我的吩咐，把我让你送的信送走……好吧，弗里德，我不在乎把这个秘密告诉你，我是一家贵族的后裔，——我也是午后，今天这个下午才知道的。”德北菲尔德一边宣布这则消息，一边从坐着的姿势向后倒下去，舒舒服服地仰卧在草坡上的雏菊中了。

小伙子站在德北菲尔德的面前，把他从头到脚仔细地打量了一番。

“约翰·德贝尔菲尔爵士——这才是我的名字。”躺着的人接着说。“我是说，如果骑士听男爵的话——它们本来就是一样的呀。我的一切都记录在历史中。小伙子，你知道不知道青山下的金斯伯尔这个地方？”

‘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 immediately, 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 hwome, 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 dater 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.

“知道。我去过那儿的青山市场。”

“好了，就在那个城市的教堂下面，埋着——”

“那儿哪是一个城市，我是说那儿只是一块地方；至少我去那儿的时候不是一个城市——那儿只不过是一只眼睛般大小的讨厌的地方。”

“你不必管那个地方了，小伙子，那不是我们要说的事。在那个教区的下面，埋着我的祖先——有好几百个——穿着铠甲，满身珠宝，睡的用铅做成的大棺材就有好几吨重。在南威塞克斯这个郡里，没有谁家有我更显赫更高贵的祖先了。”

“是吗？”

“好了，你把篮子拿上，到马洛特村去，走到纯酒酒店的时候，告诉他们立刻给我叫一辆马车，把我接回家去。马车里叫他们放上一小瓶甜酒，记在我的帐上。

你把这件事办完了，就把篮子送到我家里去，告诉我老婆把正在洗的衣服放下来，用不着把衣服洗完，等着我回家，我有话要告诉她。”

小伙子半信半疑，站着没有动身，德北菲尔德就把手伸进口袋，摸出来一个先令，长期以来，那是他口袋中少有的先令中的一个。

“辛苦你了，小伙子，这个给你。”

有了这个先令，小伙子对形势的估计就有所不同。

“好吧，约翰爵士。谢谢你。还有别的事要我为你效劳吗，约翰爵士？”

“告诉我家里人，晚饭我想吃——好吧，要是没有羊杂碎，我就吃油煎羊杂碎；要是没有羊杂碎，我就吃血肠；要是没有血肠，好吧，我就将就着吃小肠吧。”

“是，约翰爵士。”

小伙子拿起篮子，就在他要动身离开的时候，听见一阵铜管乐队的音乐声从村子的方向传过来。

“什么声音？”德北菲尔德说。“不是为了欢迎我吧？”

“那是妇女俱乐部正在游行，约翰爵士。唔，你女儿就是俱乐部的一个会员呀。”

“真是的——我想的都是大事情，把这件事全给忘了。好吧，你去马洛特村吧，给我把马车叫来，说不定我要坐车转一圈，好看看俱乐部的游行。”

小伙子走了，德北菲尔德躺在草地的雏菊中，沐浴着午后的夕照等候着。很久很久，那条路上没有一个人走过，在绿色山峦的四周以内，能够听到的人类声音只有那隐约传来的铜管乐队的音乐声。

## Chapter 2

The 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, 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

## 第二章

在前面说过的美丽的布莱克莫尔谷或者叫做黑荒原谷东北部起伏不平的谷地中间，坐落着马洛特村。布莱克莫尔谷四周环山，是一片幽僻的区域，虽然离伦敦只有不到四个小时的路程，但是直到现在它的大部分地区都还不曾有过旅游者或风景画家的足迹。

从环绕在谷地周围的山峦的顶上往下看，这个山谷可以看得最清楚——不过也许夏天的干旱天气要除外不算。天气不好的时候，没有向导带路而独自漫游到谷内幽深之处的人，容易对蜿蜒其间的狭窄的泥泞小道产生不满情绪。

这是一片远离尘嚣的肥沃原野，泉水从不干涸，土地永不枯黄，一道陡峭的石灰岩山岭在南边形成界线，把汉伯顿山、野牛坟、荨麻岗、道格伯利堡、上斯托利高地和巴布草原环绕其间。那个从海岸走来的游客，向北面跋涉了二十几英里的路程，才走完白垩质的草原和麦地。他突然走到一处悬崖的山脊上，看见一片田野就像一幅地图铺展在下面，同他刚才走过的地方截然不同、不禁又惊又喜。在他的身后，山峦尽收眼底，太阳照耀着广阔的田野，为那片风景增添了气势恢弘的特点，小路是白色的，低矮的树篱的枝条纠缠在一起，大气也是清澈透明的。就在下面的山谷里，世界似乎是按照较小的但是更为精巧的规模建造的；田地只是一些围场，从高处看去，它们缩小了，所以卫面的树篱就好像是用深绿色的线织成的网，铺展在浅绿色的草地上。下面的大气是宁静的，染上了一层浅蓝，甚至连被艺术家称作中景的部分，也染上了那种颜色，但是远方的地平线染上的却是浓重的深蓝。这儿的耕地很少，面积不大；这儿的景物除了很少的例外，只见那些广阔的生长茂盛的大片草地和树木覆盖着大山中间的山峦和小谷。黑荒原谷就是这种风光。

这块地方不仅地形引人入胜，它的历史也很有趣。在从前的时代里，这个谷被叫作白鹿苑。名字来自国王亨利三世治下的一段离奇传说。据说国王追上了一只美丽的白鹿后把它放了，却被一个名叫托玛斯·德·拉·林的人把白鹿杀了，因此他被国王处罚了一大笔罚金。在那个时代，一直到比较近些的时代，这个地方到处都长着茂密的森林。即使到了现在，从山坡上残存下来的古老的橡树林和错落不齐的树林带上，从为牧场遮荫的许多空心树上，都找得到当年情形的痕迹。

茂密的森林已经消失了，但是森林浓荫下曾经有过的一些古老风俗依然还在。

不过风俗犹存，但许多已经改换了形式，加上了伪装。例如，已经通知下午举行的五朔节舞会，从中就能看见它采用了会社的形式，或者是被当地人称作“会社”。

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 among them. Some approached pure blanching; some were all 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.

游行”的形式。

对马洛特村稍为年轻的居民来说，会社游行是一件使他们感兴趣的事件，尽管参加游行的人看不出它的真正趣味。它的特点主要不在于它保留了每年排队游行和跳舞的古风，而在于参加游行的人全是妇女。在男子会社里，这类庆祝虽然逐渐消失，但还不算特别；但是，由于软弱女子天性羞涩和男性家属方面的讥笑态度，已经把残留下来的妇女会社（如果还有其它会社的话）的荣耀和隆盛剥夺干净了。现在只有马洛特村的妇女会社残存下来，保留着庆祝赛丽斯节的古风。它已经延续了好几年，如果算不上共济会，它也是一种供奉上帝的姐妹会；而且它还要继续存在下去。

队伍中的妇女们都身穿白色长袍——这是一种从罗马旧历时代就开始流行的欢乐遗风，那时候快乐和五月的时光是同义词——那个还没有习惯着眼未来的时代，已经把人的感情降低到了单调乏味的程度。他们最初的表演是排成双行队伍绕着教区游行。太阳照亮了她们的身形，在绿色的树篱和爬满藤萝的房屋前墙的映衬下，理想和现实就稍微显出一些冲突来；因为尽管整个游行的队伍都穿着白色服装，然而她们中间却没有两件的颜色是一样的。有些近乎纯白；有些却是泛蓝的浅白；还有一些已经被妇女会的老会员穿得破旧（它们有可能叠起来存放许多年了）而接近了一种灰白的颜色，式样还是乔治时代的。

除了白色的长袍醒目而外，每一个妇女和姑娘的右手，都拿着一根剥去了外皮的柳树枝条，左手里则拿着一束白色的鲜花。剥去柳枝的外皮，选择白色的鲜花，都是每个人自己细心操作的。

在游行的队伍里，有几个已到中年甚至还要年老的女人，她们遭到时光的蚀刻和痛苦的磨难，银白的鬈发和满是皱纹的面孔在轻快活泼的环境里，显得叫人好笑，也肯定叫人同情。真实地看来，每一个经历过人间沧桑的人同她们年轻的伙伴比起来，也许更值得搜集她们的材料加以叙述，因为她们要说“生命毫无喜悦”的年月就要来到了。不过还是让我们把年长的妇女放在一边，述说那些生命在胸衣下跳动得快速而热烈的妇女吧。

年轻的姑娘们的确在游行的队伍中占了大多数，她们头上厚实的秀发在阳光的照耀下，反射出每一种金黄、乌黑和棕褐的颜色。有的姑娘眼睛漂亮，有的姑娘鼻子好看，有的姑娘嘴巴美观和身材秀美，但是如果说有人能够集众美于一身，那也没有几个人。由于在众目睽睽之下抛头露面，很明显她们对如何安排她们的嘴唇就感到困难了，对如何摆放她们的脑袋，如何使她们的自我意识同她们的形体分开，她们也感到无能为力。这表明她们都是素朴的乡村姑娘，还不习惯被许多眼睛注视。在她们每一个人的胸膛里，她们都有自己的小太阳照耀着灵魂，所以大家



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. Thus 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 Lord - a - Lord! Why, Tess Durbeyfield, if there isn’ t thy fath<sup>er</sup> riding h<sup>is</sup> wome 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 to-day.’

‘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 had 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