

【 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版 】



*The Selected Short Stories of Hawthorne*

# 霍桑短篇小说精选

[美] 霍桑 著  
赵之雄 等 编译

清华大学出版社





名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版



*The Selected Short Stories of Hawthorne*

# 霍桑短篇小说精选

[美] 霍桑 著  
赵之雄 等 编译



清华大学出版社  
北京

## 内 容 简 介

本书精选了美国著名作家纳撒尼尔·霍桑的9篇短篇小说,其中包括《人面巨石》、《牧师的黑面纱》、《小伙子布朗》、《能预言的画像》和《胎记》等公认的短篇小说经典名篇。它们被翻译成各种文字,影响了一代又一代世界各地的读者,并且被改编成戏剧、电影、电视剧和卡通片等。无论作为语言学习的课本,还是作为通俗的文学读本,这些经典名篇对当代中国的读者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,在每篇的开始部分增加了中文导读。

本书封面贴有清华大学出版社防伪标签,无标签者不得销售。

版权所有,侵权必究。侵权举报电话:010-62782989 13701121933

## 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

霍桑短篇小说精选= The Selected Short Stories of Hawthorne: 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版/(美)霍桑(Hawthorne, N.)著;赵之雄等编译. --北京:清华大学出版社,2014  
ISBN 978-7-302-33860-4

I. ①霍… II. ①霍… ②赵… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②短篇小说—小说集—美国—近代 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2013)第 215820 号

责任编辑:柴文强 李 晔

封面设计:傅瑞学

责任校对:胡伟民

责任印制:杨 艳

出版发行:清华大学出版社

网 址: <http://www.tup.com.cn>, <http://www.wqbook.com>

地 址:北京清华大学学研大厦 A 座 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 装 者:清华大学印刷厂

经 销:全国新华书店

开 本:170mm×260mm 印 张:11.75

字 数:240千字

版 次:2014年1月第1版

印 次:2014年1月第1次印刷

印 数:1~4000

定 价:23.00元

产品编号:055796-01



纳撒尼尔·霍桑（Nathaniel Hawthorne，1804—1864），19 世纪上半叶美国最伟大的作家。他的文学作品及其艺术成就对美国文学史上一批卓有成就的作家，诸如海明威、菲茨杰拉德、福克纳等都产生了深远的影响，故有人称其为“作家的作家”。

1804 年 7 月 4 日，霍桑出生于美国马萨诸塞州塞勒姆镇的一个没落世家。霍桑四岁时，父亲病逝，他与两个姐妹一起由母亲独自抚养。十四岁时，霍桑到祖父的庄园住了一年。他经常到庄园附近打猎、钓鱼、读书，充分享受着自然风光。据他晚年回忆，这是他一生中最自由、愉快的一段时光，他的诗人气质也是在这里形成的。霍桑在大学读书期间，深为同学所推崇，著名诗人朗费罗、美国前总统皮尔斯以及海军将军布里奇等是他的同窗好友。这几位同学都对他后来的生活和创作产生了较大的影响。

霍桑在 1825 年大学毕业后即开始从事写作。由于不满意自己的作品，他最初的几篇短篇小说都是匿名发表的，他甚至还焚毁了一些原稿。1837 年，霍桑出版了第一部短篇小说集《重讲一遍的故事》，从此以善于写短篇小说而著称。他的短篇小说《小伙子布朗》（Young Goodman Brown）、《牧师的黑面纱》（The Minister's Black Veil）、《拉伯西尼医生的女儿》（Rappaccini's Daughter）、《人面巨石》（The Great Stone Face）等已成为世界文学宝库中的经典名篇。1850 年，霍桑出版了他的第一部长篇小说《红字》，并一举成名，成为当时公认的最有影响的作家。霍桑曾两度在海关任职，1853 年任美国驻英国利物浦领事，1857 年后侨居意大利，1860 年回国专门从事创作。1864 年 5 月 19 日霍桑与皮尔斯结伴旅游途中，在美国新罕布什尔州朴茨茅斯去世。

霍桑以写短篇小说著称，一个多世纪以来他的短篇小说作品被译成世界上几十种语言，受到一代又一代读者的喜爱。在中国，霍桑的短篇小说作品同样广受欢迎，同时也是最早传入中国的西方经典文学作品。基于以



上原因，我们决定精选、编译霍桑短篇小说中的经典之作，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，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。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，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。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT 还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在 TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由赵之雄编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有王勋、纪飞、郑佳、刘乃亚、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，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。

啄木鸟教育

([www.zmnedu.com](http://www.zmnedu.com))

2014 年 1 月



CONTENTS

1. 牧师的黑面纱/	
The Minister's Black Veil .....	1
2. 有野心的远行客/	
The Ambitious Guest.....	19
3. 大红宝石——白山的秘密/	
The Great Carbuncle—A Mystery of the White Mountains .....	32
4. 胎记/	
The Birthmark.....	49
5. 小伙子布朗/	
Young Goodman Brown.....	71
6. 人面巨石/	
The Great Stone Face .....	89
7. 藏在手稿里的恶魔/	
The Devil in Manuscript .....	112
8. 会预言的画像/	
The Prophetic Pictures .....	124
9. 拉帕西尼的女儿/	
Rappaccini's Daughter .....	142

# 1. 牧师的黑面纱

## The Minister's Black Veil



福柏牧师一出现，所有礼拜堂的人都不约而同地吃了一惊。他一如往常那样风度翩翩，但一块黑面纱却遮住了他的脸，像是给一切有生命和无生命的东西蒙上一层阴影。

虔诚的福柏牧师戴着黑面纱，从容地缓步前进，对等候在礼拜堂台阶上的教友们亲切点头。但是，吃惊的人们几乎没有一个还礼的。一直到他出现在布道坛上，那个神秘的标志也没有摘下来过。当他领唱赞美诗时，黑面纱随着均匀的呼吸而颤抖；当他朗读《圣经》时，它在圣书上投下阴影；当他祈祷时，黑面纱沉沉地贴在他仰起的脸上——他试图向正与之对话的可畏的上帝隐藏他的脸么？

整个礼拜堂都震动了。这一块小小的黑纱，让不止一位神经脆弱的女人被迫离去。这天的布道也成为会众们听到的最有力的布道，它具有福柏先生温和忧郁的性情，主题涉及隐秘的罪孽，以及对最亲密的人、自己的良心都想要隐藏的某些秘密。一种微妙的力量注入到他的言辞中，每一位教众——无论是天真烂漫的少女，还是铁石心肠的男人，都仿佛感到躲在可怕面纱后的牧师已经悄悄逼近他们，并发现了他们思想背后隐藏的邪恶。

礼拜刚结束，人们都一窝蜂似的匆匆而散，他们一不见了那面纱，心情也顿感轻松。虔诚的福柏牧师也跟着教众走了出来，如同精神导师和朋友一般，用蒙着黑面纱的脸向每一个人和蔼庄重地致意，然而回敬他的却是奇怪而迷惑的神情。一丝忧郁的笑容在黑面纱下隐约闪现，掠过了牧师的嘴角。





戴着黑面纱的牧师



第二天，米尔德福全村几乎都在讨论福柏牧师的黑面纱，但没有一个人敢向他询问这个简单问题：他为什么要这么做。黑纱仿佛成为横在福柏与教众之间的一种可怕象征，只要没有扯去，就无法畅所欲言。

只有一个人不畏惧。作为牧师的未婚妻，伊丽莎白决心驱散笼罩在牧师周围的怪异乌云。当牧师来访时，她目不转睛地盯着那块双层黑纱，微笑着大声说道：

“不，这块黑面纱没有什么可怕的，只不过挡住了我一向乐意看的脸。来吧，虔诚的先生，让太阳从乌云后出现吧。”

福柏先生微微一笑：“那个时刻总会来的，到时候我们都会撩开面纱。”

“但请你至少在言语上撩开面纱。”

“伊丽莎白，”他说，“这块面纱是一个标志、一个象征，无论是众目睽睽还是独身自处，我都将永远佩戴它。这道凄凉的帘幕必须将我与世人隔开，甚至连你——伊丽莎白——也永远看不到它的后面！”

“是什么痛苦的折磨降临到了你的身上？”她诚恳地问，“你可知有人对此窃窃私语，认为你意识到了自己的罪恶，才遮住了自己的脸庞！”

“如果这是哀伤的记号，也许我和其他大多数人一样足以用黑面纱遮挡；就算我因为隐秘的罪恶而遮住脸，谁又不可以这么做呢？”

他是这样温和而固执地拒绝了她的恳求。伊丽莎白沉默不语，泪珠从脸颊上滚落下来。然而，仿佛有一种新的感觉代替了忧伤：黑面纱的恐怖如同空中突然出现的一道光，倾泻下来笼罩了她。

她站起身，浑身哆嗦。

“这么说，你终于也感受到了？”他悲哀地问，又热切地抓住了她的胳膊，“要对我有信心，伊丽莎白！尽管今生今世这块面纱都将永远隔在我们俩之间，但请不要抛下我！来世我就不再有什么面纱，我们的灵魂之间也不再有任何秘密！噢，你不知道，我独自待在黑面纱之后，是多么孤独恐惧！”

“那么就把面纱掀开，看着我。”

“不！绝不！”

“那就再见吧！”伊丽莎白从他的手里抽开胳膊，慢慢退下，浑身颤抖地久久凝视着黑面纱。

从那时开始，再也没有人试图让福柏先生取下面纱。一团乌云从黑纱下滚出来，遮住了阳光，不知是罪过还是忧伤包围了可怜的牧师，以至于爱与同情从此再也无法近身。据说幽灵与魔鬼在黑面纱后陪伴着他，面对内心的颤抖与外界的恐惧，福柏先生始终走在黑面纱的阴影里，在自己灵

魂深处隐秘地摸索。但当他走过熙来攘往的人群时，依然会向那些苍白的脸庞微笑。

这块黑面纱也使得福柏先生成为最称职的牧师。借助这个神秘标志，他对因罪恶而极度痛苦的灵魂们产生了可怕的威力。一些垂死的罪人大声呼唤着福柏先生，直到他出现才会咽气。而当他弯腰低声安慰他们，那张蒙着黑纱的脸一靠近时，他们就浑身哆嗦，像见到死神一样害怕！有一次，福柏先生在首席法官、委员会和议员们面前留下了深刻印象，因此那年通过的立法措施，都具有最早期统治的一切阴郁与虔诚的特征。

就这样，福柏先生度过了漫长的一生。他的名声传遍了新英格兰的一座座教堂，可他的生活却被笼罩在阴沉的疑云之下。当他沉入垂垂暮年之时，他的灵屋的昏暗烛光下没有一个亲人，在场的只有那位礼貌庄重的医生，那些极为虔诚的教友，还有那个护理员——她平静的感情在凄清的岁月里忍耐了这么久，即使在临终时刻也不会消失，她就是伊丽莎白！

虔诚的福柏神父的一头白发横在死亡之枕上，黑面纱依然垂下来遮住脸庞，每次微弱呼吸都令它微微颤动。终其一生，这块黑面纱都挡在了他和世人之间，将他与手足情谊和爱情隔离开，禁锢在最可悲的牢笼——他的心灵之中！如今它依然蒙在他的脸上，仿佛要挡住他来世的阳光。

牧师走近床边，问：“尊敬的福柏神父，你解脱的时刻即将来临，预备掀起这块挡住今生和来世的面纱了吗？”

他竭尽全力地开口说：“是的，我的灵魂早已等着揭开面纱了。”

牧师接着劝道：“尊敬的师长，我请求你在得到报答时，让我们一睹你喜悦的容颜吧！在揭掉来世的面纱前，让我从你脸上揭开黑纱吧！”

牧师正要俯身揭开这多年的秘密，但福柏神父却从床单下猛地抽出双手，用力按在黑面纱上，让所有的人都目瞪口呆。

“绝不！今生今世绝不！”福柏神父气喘吁吁，他坐起身来，在死神的怀抱里瑟瑟发抖，而那块黑面纱凝聚整整一生的恐怖，在此时看起来尤为可怕。他脸上浮现出淡淡笑容，环顾着脸色苍白的围观者：

“为什么你们单单看见我才发抖？是什么让这块黑纱如此可怕？若是朋友之间推心置腹，情人之间坦诚相待，人类不再徒劳地避开上帝的目光，那就因为我这块标志而把我视作怪物吧！我环顾四周，看啊！人人脸上都有一块黑面纱！”

当听众们互相害怕而躲避之时，福柏神父倒在了枕上，成为了一具戴着黑面纱的死尸。



人们把他埋进了坟墓，随着岁月流逝，那座坟墓上草荣草枯，墓碑上爬满青苔。虔诚的福柏先生的脸庞已化作尘埃，但一想到那张脸是在那块黑面纱下腐烂，依然令人心生畏惧！

*T*he sexton stood in the porch of Milford meeting-house pulling lustily at the bell-rope. The old people of the village came stooping along the street. Children with bright faces tripped merrily beside their parents or mimicked a graver gait in the conscious dignity of their Sunday clothes. Spruce bachelors looked sidelong at the pretty maidens, and fancied that the Sabbath sunshine made them prettier than on week-days. When the throng had mostly streamed into the porch, the sexton began to toll the bell, keeping his eye on the Reverend Mr. Hooper's door. The first glimpse of the clergyman's figure was the signal for the bell to cease its summons.

"But what has good Parson Hooper got upon his face?" cried the sexton, in astonishment.

All within hearing immediately turned about and beheld the semblance of Mr. Hooper pacing slowly his meditative way toward the meeting-house. With one accord they started, expressing more wonder than if some strange minister were coming to dust the cushions of Mr. Hooper's pulpit.

"Are you sure it is our parson?" inquired Goodman Gray of the sexton.

"Of a certainty it is good Mr. Hooper," replied the sexton. "He was to have exchanged pulpits with Parson Shute of Westbury, but Parson Shute sent to excuse himself yesterday, being to preach a funeral sermon."

The cause of so much amazement may appear sufficiently slight. Mr. Hooper, a gentlemanly person of about thirty, though still a bachelor, was dressed with due clerical neatness, as if a careful wife had starched his band and brushed the weekly dust from his Sunday's garb. There was but one thing remarkable in his appearance. Swathed about his forehead and hanging down over his face, so low as to be shaken by his breath, Mr. Hooper had on a black veil. On a nearer view it seemed to consist of two folds of crape, which entirely concealed his features except the mouth and chin, but probably did not intercept his sight further than to give a darkened aspect to all living and

inanimate things. With this gloomy shade before him good Mr. Hooper walked onward at a slow and quiet pace, stooping somewhat and looking on the ground, as is customary with abstracted men, yet nodding kindly to those of his parishioners who still waited on the meeting-house steps. But so wonder-struck were they that his greeting hardly met with a return.

"I can't really feel as if good Mr. Hooper's face was behind that piece of crape," said the sexton.

"I don't like it," muttered an old woman as she hobbled into the meeting-house. "He has changed himself into something awful only by hiding his face."

"Our parson has gone mad!" cried Goodman Gray, following him across the threshold.

A rumor of some unaccountable phenomenon had preceded Mr. Hooper into the meeting-house and set all the congregation astir. Few could refrain from twisting their heads toward the door; many stood upright and turned directly about; while several little boys clambered upon the seats, and came down again with a terrible racket. There was a general bustle, a rustling of the women's gowns and shuffling of the men's feet, greatly at variance with that hushed repose which should attend the entrance of the minister. But Mr. Hooper appeared not to notice the perturbation of his people. He entered with an almost noiseless step, bent his head mildly to the pews on each side and bowed as he passed his oldest parishioner, a white-haired great-grandsire, who occupied an arm-chair in the centre of the aisle. It was strange to observe how slowly this venerable man became conscious of something singular in the appearance of his pastor. He seemed not fully to partake of the prevailing wonder till Mr. Hooper had ascended the stairs and showed himself in the pulpit, face to face with his congregation except for the black veil. That mysterious emblem was never once withdrawn. It shook with his measured breath as he gave out the psalm, it threw its obscurity between him and the holy page as he read the Scriptures, and while he prayed the veil lay heavily on his uplifted countenance. Did he seek to hide it from the dread Being whom he was addressing?

Such was the effect of this simple piece of crape that more than one



伊丽莎白抽出手臂

woman of delicate nerves was forced to leave the meeting-house. Yet perhaps the pale-faced congregation was almost as fearful a sight to the minister as his black veil to them.

Mr. Hooper had the reputation of a good preacher, but not an energetic one: he strove to win his people heavenward by mild, persuasive influences rather than to drive them thither by the thunders of the word. The sermon which he now delivered was marked by the same characteristics of style and manner as the general series of his pulpit oratory, but there was something either in the sentiment of the discourse itself or in the imagination of the auditors which made it greatly the most powerful effort that they had ever heard from their pastor's lips. It was tinged rather more darkly than usual with the gentle gloom of Mr. Hooper's temperament. The subject had reference to secret sin and those sad mysteries which we hide from our nearest and dearest, and would fain conceal from our own consciousness, even forgetting that the Omniscient can detect them. A subtle power was breathed into his words. Each member of the congregation, the most innocent girl and the man of hardened breast, felt as if the preacher had crept upon them behind his awful veil and discovered their hoarded iniquity of deed or thought. Many spread their clasped hands on their bosoms. There was nothing terrible in what Mr. Hooper said — at least, no violence; and yet with every tremor of his melancholy voice the hearers quaked. An unsought pathos came hand in hand with awe. So sensible were the audience of some unwonted attribute in their minister that they longed for a breath of wind to blow aside the veil, almost believing that a stranger's visage would be discovered, though the form, gesture and voice were those of Mr. Hooper.

At the close of the services the people hurried out with indecorous confusion, eager to communicate their pent-up amazement, and conscious of lighter spirits the moment they lost sight of the black veil. Some gathered in little circles, huddled closely together, with their mouths all whispering in the centre; some went homeward alone, wrapped in silent meditation; some talked loudly and profaned the Sabbath-day with ostentatious laughter. A few shook their sagacious heads, intimating that they could penetrate the mystery, while one or two affirmed that there was no mystery at all, but only that Mr. Hooper's





eyes were so weakened by the midnight lamp as to require a shade.

After a brief interval forth came good Mr. Hooper also, in the rear of his flock. Turning his veiled face from one group to another, he paid due reverence to the hoary heads, saluted the middle-aged with kind dignity as their friend and spiritual guide, greeted the young with mingled authority and love, and laid his hands on the little children's heads to bless them. Such was always his custom on the Sabbath-day. Strange and bewildered looks repaid him for his courtesy. None, as on former occasions, aspired to the honor of walking by their pastor's side. Old Squire Saunders — doubtless by an accidental lapse of memory—neglected to invite Mr. Hooper to his table, where the good clergyman had been wont to bless the food almost every Sunday since his settlement. He returned, therefore, to the parsonage, and at the moment of closing the door was observed to look back upon the people, all of whom had their eyes fixed upon the minister. A sad smile gleamed faintly from beneath the black veil and flickered about his mouth, glimmering as he disappeared.

"How strange," said a lady, "that a simple black veil, such as any woman might wear on her bonnet, should become such a terrible thing on Mr. Hooper's face!"

"Something must surely be amiss with Mr. Hooper's intellects," observed her husband, the physician of the village. "But the strangest part of the affair is the effect of this vagary even on a sober-minded man like myself. The black veil, though it covers only our pastor's face, throws its influence over his whole person and makes him ghost-like from head to foot. Do you not feel it so?"

"Truly do I," replied the lady; "and I would not be alone with him for the world. I wonder he is not afraid to be alone with himself."

"Men sometimes are so," said her husband.

The afternoon service was attended with similar circumstances. At its conclusion the bell tolled for the funeral of a young lady. The relatives and friends were assembled in the house and the more distant acquaintances stood about the door, speaking of the good qualities of the deceased, when their talk was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Hooper, still covered with his black veil. It was now an appropriate emblem. The clergyman stepped into the room where the corpse was laid, and bent over the coffin to take a last farewell of his



deceased parishioner. As he stooped the veil hung straight down from his forehead, so that, if her eye-lids had not been closed for ever, the dead maiden might have seen his face. Could Mr. Hooper be fearful of her glance, that he so hastily caught back the black veil? A person who watched the interview between the dead and living scrupled not to affirm that at the instant when the clergyman's features were disclosed the corpse had slightly shuddered, rustling the shroud and muslin cap, though the countenance retained the composure of death. A superstitious old woman was the only witness of this prodigy.

From the coffin Mr. Hooper passed into the chamber of the mourners, and thence to the head of the staircase, to make the funeral prayer. It was a tender and heart-dissolving prayer, full of sorrow, yet so imbued with celestial hopes that the music of a heavenly harp swept by the fingers of the dead seemed faintly to be heard among the saddest accents of the minister. The people trembled, though they but darkly understood him, when he prayed that they and himself, and all of mortal race, might be ready, as he trusted this young maiden had been, for the dreadful hour that should snatch the veil from their faces. The bearers went heavily forth and the mourners followed, saddening all the street, with the dead before them and Mr. Hooper in his black veil behind.

"Why do you look back?" said one in the procession to his partner.

"I had a fancy," replied she, "that the minister and the maiden's spirit were walking hand in hand."

"And so had I at the same moment," said the other.

That night the handsomest couple in Milford village were to be joined in wedlock. Though reckoned a melancholy man, Mr. Hooper had a placid cheerfulness for such occasions which often excited a sympathetic smile where livelier merriment would have been thrown away. There was no quality of his disposition which made him more beloved than this. The company at the wedding awaited his arrival with impatience, trusting that the strange awe which had gathered over him throughout the day would now be dispelled. But such was not the result. When Mr. Hooper came, the first thing that their eyes rested on was the same horrible black veil which had added deeper gloom to the funeral and could portend nothing but evil to the wedding. Such was its immediate effect on the guests that a cloud seemed to have rolled duskily from

beneath the black crape and dimmed the light of the candles. The bridal pair stood up before the minister, but the bride's cold fingers quivered in the tremulous hand of the bridegroom, and her death-like paleness caused a whisper that the maiden who had been buried a few hours before was come from her grave to be married. If ever another wedding were so dismal, it was that famous one where they tolled the wedding-knell.

After performing the ceremony Mr. Hooper raised a glass of wine to his lips, wishing happiness to the new-married couple in a strain of mild pleasantry that ought to have brightened the features of the guests like a cheerful gleam from the hearth. At that instant, catching a glimpse of his figure in the looking-glass, the black veil involved his own spirit in the horror with which it overwhelmed all others. His frame shuddered, his lips grew white, he spilt the untasted wine upon the carpet and rushed forth into the darkness, for the Earth too had on her black veil.

The next day the whole village of Milford talked of little else than Parson Hooper's black veil. That, and the mystery concealed behind it, supplied a topic for discussion between acquaintances meeting in the street and good women gossiping at their open windows. It was the first item of news that the tavernkeeper told to his guests. The children babbled of it on their way to school. One imitative little imp covered his face with an old black handkerchief, thereby so affrighting his playmates that the panic seized himself and he wellnigh lost his wits by his own wagery.

It was remarkable that, of all the busybodies and impertinent people in the parish, not one ventured to put the plain question to Mr. Hooper wherefore he did this thing. Hitherto, whenever there appeared the slightest call for such interference, he had never lacked advisers nor shown himself averse to be guided by their judgment. If he erred at all, it was by so painful a degree of self-distrust that even the mildest censure would lead him to consider an indifferent action as a crime. Yet, though so well acquainted with this amiable weakness, no individual among his parishioners chose to make the black veil a subject of friendly remonstrance. There was a feeling of dread, neither plainly confessed nor carefully concealed, which caused each to shift the responsibility upon another, till at length it was found expedient to send a deputation of the