

SELECTED STORIES OF THOMAS HARDY

道德宽容的倡导者

哈代短篇小说选

The Three Strangers

Among the few features of agricultural England which retain an appearance but little modified by the lapse of centuries, may be reckoned the long, grassy and furzy downs, coombs, or ewe-leases, as they are called according to their kind, that fill a large area of certain counties in the south and south-west. If any mark of human occupation is met with hereon, it usually takes the form of the solitary cottage of some shepherd.

Fifty years ago such a lonely cottage stood on such a down, and may possibly be standing there now. In spite of its loneliness, however, the spot, by actual measurement, was not three miles from a country-town. Yet that affected it little. Three miles of irregular upland, during the long inimical seasons, with their sleets, snows, rains, and mists, afford withdrawing space enough to isolate a Timon or a Nebuchadnezzar; much less, in fair weather, to please that less repellent tribe, the poets, philosophers, artists, and others who “conceive and meditate of pleasant things.”

Some old earthen camp or barrow, some clump of trees, at least some starved fragment of ancient hedge is usually taken advantage of in the erection of these forlorn dwellings. But, in the present case, such a kind of shelter had been disregarded. Higher Crowstairs, as the house was called, stood quite detached and undefended. The only reason for its precise situation seemed to be the crossing of two footpaths at right angles hard by, which may have crossed there and thus for a good five hundred years. Hence the house was exposed to the elements on all sides. But, though the wind up here blew unmistakably when it did blow, and the rain hit hard whenever it fell, the various weathers of the winter season were not quite so formidable on the down as they were imagined to be by dwellers on low ground. The raw rimes were not so pernicious as in the hollows, and the frosts were scarcely so severe. When the shepherd and his family who tenanted the house were pitied for their sufferings from the exposure, they said that upon the whole they were less inconvenienced by “wuzzes and flames” (hoarses and phlegms) than when they had lived by the stream of a snug neighbouring valley.

三生客

英格兰农业地区的独特景致，虽历经数百年而变化甚微；其中首要的几种各具其名：有狭长的长满青草和荆豆的“山包儿”，有山侧的“山坳儿”，有供放牧的“羊地”。在英格兰南部和西南部的某些郡里，大部分地区的景致都是如此。人类盘据的痕迹若在此地偶得一见，通常是某个牧羊人居住的孤零零的农舍。

50年前，曾有这样一间孤零零的农舍立在这样一个山包儿上，很可能这会儿依旧立在那里。尽管它前不巴村，后不巴店，但它所处的位置若实际丈量起来，离郡城不过3英里之遥。距离虽短，却于事无补。3英里崎岖不平的山路在雨雪频仍、雾气蒙蒙、天公与人作对的漫长时节所造成的闭塞，即使将泰门^①或尼布甲尼撒^②与世隔绝也绰绰有余；而在天气晴好的时候，这3英里路若使那不太讨人嫌的一群——那些性喜沉思默念美好事物的骚人墨客、哲人画师远离尘嚣，又嫌不足。

这一类孤独的住宅多依傍古时的土寨子或坟丘而建，要不就靠着一丛树，起码也得有一段枯死的古树篱来遮风蔽雨。可是这所宅子却不同，此类的地利一概被忽视了。这所名为“高老鸦楼”的宅子孑然独立，一无遮蔽。恰恰选定这一位置建宅的唯一原因，似乎是由于它位于两条小路垂直的交叉处附近，这一叉口自其形成之日至今已足足有500年了。就这样，这所宅子完全暴露在四面八方袭来的风雨之中。不过，虽说只要刮风下雨，这里总要首当其冲，丘陵地带冬季里的各种天气却并不像平地居民想象的那么糟。雾凇造成的损害不如洼地上那么大，霜害也很少如洼地上那么严重。当人们对这所宅子里的牧羊人一家备受风雨之苦表示同情时，他们却说当初他们住在附近的那个避风的山谷里的小溪边时，因咳嗽多痰吃了不少苦头，到了这里以后，总的说来，病倒少了许多。

The night of March 28, 182-, was precisely one of the nights that were wont to call forth these expressions of commiseration. The level rainstorm smote walls, slopes, and hedges like the clothyard shafts of Senlac and Crecy. Such sheep and outdoor animals as had no shelter stood with their buttocks to the winds; while the tails of little birds trying to roost on some scraggy thorn were blown inside-out like umbrellas. The gable-end of the cottage was stained with wet, and the eavesdroppings flapped against the wall. Yet never was commiseration for the shepherd more misplaced. For that cheerful rustic was entertaining a large party in glorification of the christening of his second girl.

The guests had arrived before the rain began to fall, and they were all now assembled in the chief or living room of the dwelling. A glance into the apartment at eight o'clock on this eventful evening would have resulted in the opinion that it was as cosy and comfortable a nook as could be wished for in boisterous weather. The calling of its inhabitant was proclaimed by a number of highly-polished sheep-crooks without stems that were hung ornamentally over the fireplace, the curl of each shining crook varying from the antiquated type engraved in the patriarchal pictures of old family Bibles to the most approved fashion of the last local sheep-fair. The room was lighted by half-a-dozen candles, having wicks only a trifle smaller than the grease which enveloped them, in candlesticks that were never used but a high-days, holy-days, and family feasts. The lights were scattered about the room, two of them standing on the chimney-piece. This position of candles was in itself significant. Candles on the chimney-piece always meant a party.

On the hearth, in front of a back-brand to give substance, blazed a fire of thorns, that crackled "like the laughter of the fool."

Nineteen persons were gathered here. Of these, five women, wearing gowns of various bright hues, sat in chairs along the wall; girls shy and not shy filled the window-bench; four men, including Charley Jake the hedge-carpenter, Elijah New the parish-clerk, and John Pitcher, a neighbouring dairyman, the shepherd's father-in-law, lolled in the settle; a young man and maid, who were blushing over tentative *pourparlers* on a life-companionship, sat beneath the corner-cupboard; and an elderly engaged man of fifty or upward wove restlessly about from spots where his betrothed was not to the spot where she was. Enjoyment was pretty general, and so much the more prevailed in being unhampered by conventional restrictions. Ab-

18世纪20年代某年的3月28日夜，正是这样一个使人们对牧人之家深表同情的夜晚。疾风骤雨像是森莱克^①和克雷西^②战场上使用的长柄利箭平直地击打在墙壁、山坡和树篱上。无处避雨的羊和户外的牲畜将臀部迎风站着；小鸟儿试图在荆棘的细枝上歇息，尾巴被风吹得像一把翻转过来的伞。茅屋的山墙已是湿漉漉的一片，从屋檐上流下的雨水被风吹得拍打着墙壁。然而，若此时对牧羊人心生怜悯，这份怜悯绝对用错了地方。因为那个快活的乡下人为了庆贺二女儿的受洗命名正在大宴宾客呢。

客人们在雨下起来之前就已经赶到，现在聚集在用作客厅的最大的房间里。在这个发生了一系列事件的夜晚，若在8点钟时往屋里瞥上一眼，就会得出结论说，在这个风雨交加的时刻，这里是个不可多得的安乐窝。壁炉上方悬挂着一排排擦得锃亮的牧羊杖的曲柄用作装饰，向人们宣示着宅主的职业。这些闪闪发亮的曲柄的弯曲的形状各不相同，从古老的家用圣经上雕刻铜版印刷的主教图上的那种旧式的，直至在上届当地绵羊交易会上最流行的新款的，一应俱全。房间里点着五六支蜡烛，烛芯比周围的蜡油细不了多少，插在只有在节日、圣日和家庭喜庆的场合才偶尔一用的烛台上。蜡烛散放在室内各处，两支立在壁炉架上。蜡烛这样摆放有其含义。蜡烛摆在壁炉架上历来就是举行宴会的标志。

在壁炉里的深处有一段只在喜庆日子里才烧的木头作底火，前方则有荆棘在熊熊燃烧发出噼噼啪啪的声音，好像“愚人的笑声”^③。

有19个人会聚在这里。其中有5个是女人，身着各种色彩鲜艳的长裙，坐在靠墙的一排椅子上；女孩子们，腼腆的和不腼腆的，挤坐在窗子下面的长凳上；4个男人懒洋洋地靠在高背长靠椅上，他们中间有修树篱的木匠查利·杰克，有教区执事以利亚·纽，还有住在附近的奶农、牧羊人的岳父约翰·品彻。一个小伙子和一个姑娘，坐在角落里的壁橱下，红着脸就他们的终身大事进行试探性的磋商。还有一个50来岁的订了婚的男人，只要未婚妻走到哪里他就跟到哪里，总也安顿不下来。本来大多数人都很开心，加上没有传统的清规戒律的束缚，整个聚会沉浸在一片欢乐的气氛之中。每个人都绝对相信他人对自己有好

solute confidence in each other's good opinion begat perfect ease, while the finishing stroke of manner, amounting to a truly princely serenity, was lent to the majority by the absence of any expression or trait denoting that they wished to get on in the world, enlarge their minds, or do any eclipsing thing whatever — which nowadays so generally nips the bloom and *bon-homie* of all except the two extremes of the social scale.

Shepherd Fennel had married well, his wife being a dairyman's daughter from a vale at a distance, who brought fifty guineas in her pocket — and kept them there, till they should be required for ministering to the needs of a coming family. This frugal woman had been somewhat exercised as to the character that should be given to the gathering. A sit-still party had its advantages; but an undisturbed position of ease in chairs and settles was apt to lead on the men to such an unconscionable deal of toping that they would sometimes fairly drink the house dry. A dancing-party was the alternative; but this, while avoiding the foregoing objection on the score of good drink, had a counterbalancing disadvantage in the matter of good victuals, the ravenous appetites engendered by the exercise causing immense havoc in the buttery. Shepherdess Fennel fell back upon the intermediate plan of mingling short dances with short periods of talk and singing, so as to hinder any ungovernable rage in either. But this scheme was entirely confined to her own gentle mind: the shepherd himself was in the mood to exhibit the most reckless phases of hospitality.

The fiddler was a boy of those parts, about twelve years of age, who had a wonderful dexterity in jigs and reels, though his fingers were so small and short as to necessitate a constant shifting for the high notes, from which he scrambled back to the first position with sounds not of unmixed purity of tone. At seven the shrill tweedle-dee of this youngster had begun, accompanied by a booming ground-bass from Elijah New, the parish-clerk, who had thoughtfully brought with him his favourite musical instrument, the serpent. Dancing was instantaneous, Mrs. Fennel privately enjoining the players on no account to let the dance exceed the length of a quarter of an hour.

But Elijah and the boy in the excitement of their position quite forgot the injunction. Moreover, Oliver Giles, a man of seventeen, one of the dancers, who was enamoured of his partner, a fair girl of thirty-three rolling years, had recklessly handed a new crown-piece to the musicians, as a bribe to keep going as long as they had muscle and wind. Mrs. Fennel see-

感于是一种无比自在的感觉油然而生。这年头儿 除去社会阶梯的上下两端，人们的青春年华和温厚的稟性都让名利二字给糟蹋了。而这里的人的言谈举止中没有任何迹象表明他们想出人头地，增长才智，或成就什么大业，以使别人自愧弗如。这一点便将他们当中大多数人固有的平和心态提升到一种不亚于帝王的恬谧的满足感，最终使这一聚会的气氛和谐之极。

牧羊人芬诺尔娶了一门好亲。他妻子是个奶农的女儿，曾住在一个山沟里，离这里有一段路程。她嫁过来的时候口袋里带来 50 个畿尼——一直就留在那儿，以应付生儿育女之需。这次聚会应采取何种形式，这个节俭的女人对此着实动了一番脑筋。若办成一个坐着吃喝的宴会自有其长处；可是舒舒坦坦地坐在椅子上不动，往往会使男人们一通狂喝滥饮，有时会喝得家中滴酒不剩。举行舞会也是个办法，可是这样一来酒固然省了 却费了饭菜 好处也就抵消了。跳舞之后人们的胃口如狼似虎，会把食品储藏室扫荡一空。牧羊人的妻子只得退而求其次 采用一种折衷方案 让人们跳一会儿舞 谈一会儿话 唱一会儿歌儿 几项活动穿插进行 使每项活动都不致火爆得失去控制。不过这一方案只在这个温和的女人心中盘算；而牧羊人却有心将客人们好好款待一番 罄其所有 在所不惜。

拉小提琴的是当地的一个男孩，12 岁上下，拉吉格舞曲和里尔舞曲灵巧纯熟 只是手指短小了些 不得不经常换把位来拉高音 在从高音匆匆返回第一把位时，拉出的声音就不那么准了。7 点钟一到 这孩子就开始咿咿呀呀地拉起琴来。教区执事以利亚·纽是个有心人 他随身带来了他心爱的乐器蛇形管，用轰鸣的低音为小提琴伴奏。舞马上跳了起来，芬诺尔太太私下里叮嘱乐师们无论如何不得让一轮舞超过一刻钟。

可是以利亚和那孩子奏起乐来难免忘情其中，竟全然忘记了女主人的吩咐。此外 有个叫奥利佛·贾尔斯的 17 岁的青年也在跳舞 他被自己的舞伴、一位 33 岁的漂亮姑娘迷住了，不假思索就塞给乐师们一枚崭新的 5 先令硬币 以此贿赂两人 使他们只要拉得动 吹得响 就

ing the steam begin to generate on the countenances of her guests, crossed over and touched the fiddler's elbow and put her hand on the serpent's mouth. But they took no notice, and fearing she might lose her character of genial hostess if she were to interfere too markedly, she retired and sat down helpless. And so the dance whizzed on with cumulative fury, the performers moving in their planet-like courses, direct and retrograde, from apogee to perigee, till the hand of the well-kicked clock at the bottom of the room had travelled over the circumference of an hour.

While these cheerful events were in course of enactment within Fennel's pastoral dwelling an incident having considerable bearing on the party had occurred in the gloomy night without. Mrs. Fennel's concern about the growing fierceness of the dance corresponded in point of time with the ascent of a human figure to the solitary hill of Higher Crowstairs from the direction of the distant town. This personage strode on through the rain without a pause, following the little-worn path which, further on in its course, skirted the shepherd's cottage.

It was nearly the time of full moon, and on this account, though the sky was lined with a uniform sheet of dripping cloud, ordinary objects out of doors were readily visible. the sad wan light revealed the lonely pedestrain to be a man of supply frame; his gait suggested that he had somewhat passed the period of perfect and instinctive agility, though not so far as to be otherwise than rapid of motion when occasion required. At a rough guess, he might have been about forty years of age. He appeared tall, but a recruiting sergeant, or other person accustomed to the judging of men's heights by the eye, would have discerned that this was chiefly owing to his gauntness, and that he was not more than five-feet-eight or nine.

Notwithstanding the regularity of his tread there was caution in it, as in that of one who mentally feels his way; and despite the fact that it was not a black coat nor a dark garment of any sort that he wore, there was something about him which suggested that he naturally belonged to the black-coated tribes of men. His clothes were of fustian, and his boots hobnailed, yet in his progress he showed not the mud-accustomed bearing of hobnailed and fustianed peasantry.

By the time that he had arrived abreast of the shepherd's premises the rain came down, or rather came along, with yet more determined violence. The outskirts of the little settlement partially broke the force of wind and rain, and this induced him to stand still. The most salient of the shepherd's

尽管奏下去。芬诺尔太太见客人脸上开始冒热气，便走过去碰碰提琴手的胳膊肘，再把手伸进蛇形管的喇叭里。可是他们没搭理她。她担心自己干预得太露骨，兴许会失去热情好客的好名声，于是退到原先的位置上坐下来，只得听之任之了。于是舞者们嗖嗖地转下去，越转越狂，宛如轨道上的行星，或正转，或逆转，从近日点到远日点，直到房间尽头的那只被颠得不亦乐乎的钟的分针转了整整一圈儿才停下来。

当这些喜庆活动在牧羊人芬诺尔的农舍里进行时，在外面阴沉沉的夜色中发生了一件事，对这场聚会有不小的影响。在芬诺尔太太为越跳越狂的舞而忧心忡忡的那一刻，正好有个人影从远处郡城的方向，朝着高老鸦楼所在的孤零零的山包上走来。此人大步流星地在雨中行进，走的是一条很少有人踏过的路，这条路的前方从牧羊人的农舍附近绕过。

此时已近望日，因此虽说天空被一片均匀的雨云遮蔽得严严实实，户外的那些通常的物件倒还清晰可见。在惨淡的天光下，可以看出那孤独的行人是个肢体矫捷的汉子，他的步态表明他已或多或少超过了最佳年龄，不再具有无可挑剔的自然而然的敏捷；但超也超不了太多，遇到急事，仍能腿脚麻利地应付。粗略估计，这人在40岁上下。他的个头儿看上去不低，不过，一个征兵的中士，或其他惯于目测身高的人，会看出此人显高是因为身子瘦削，其实他不会超过5英尺8、9英寸。

尽管他步子迈得很匀，其中却暗藏谨慎，像是那种用心思摸索道路的人。尽管他穿的不是黑色外套，甚至不是别的深色衣服，但他身上却有某种东西暗示他必属于穿黑外套的那一类人。他的衣服是粗布料儿的，靴子是带大头钉的，可是他行进的步伐中却缺少那种穿大头钉靴子和粗布衣、惯于在泥泞中跋涉的小农的那副神态。

当他走到与牧羊人的农舍平行的位置上时，雨势更狂了；与其说雨由天而降，莫如说它横着袭来。农舍附近形成的屏障减弱了风雨的势头，这使他停下了脚步。牧羊人宅地上的设施中，最显眼的要算是一

domestic erections was an empty sty at the forward corner of his hedgeless garden, for in these latitudes the principle of masking the homelier features of your establishment by a conventional frontage was unknown. The traveller's eye was attracted to this small building by the pallid shine of the wet slates that covered it. He turned aside, and, finding it empty, stood under the pent-roof for shelter.

While he stood the boom of the serpent within the adjacent house, and the lesser strains of the fiddler, reached the spot as an accompaniment to the surging hiss of the flying rain on the sod, its louder beating on the cabbage-leaves of the garden, on the straw hackles of eight or ten beehives just discernible by the path, and its dripping from the eaves into a row of buckets and pans that had been placed under the walls of the cottage. For at Higher Crowstairs, as at all such elevated domiciles, the grand difficulty of housekeeping was an insufficiency of water; and a casual rainfall was utilized by turning out, as catchers, every utensil that the house contained. Some queer stories might be told of the contrivances for economy in suds and dishwaters that are absolutely necessitated in upland habitations during the droughts of summer. But at this season there were no such exigencies; a mere acceptance of what the skies bestowed was sufficient for an abundant store.

At last the notes of the serpent ceased and the house was silent. This cessation of activity aroused the solitary pedestrian from the reverie into which he had lapsed, and, emerging from the shed, with an apparently new intention, he walked up the path to the house-door. Arrived here, his first act was to kneel down on a large stone beside the row of vessels, and to drink a copious draught from one of them. Having quenched his thirst he rose and lifted his hand to knock, but paused with his eye upon the panel. Since the dark surface of the wood revealed absolutely nothing, it was evident that he must be mentally looking through the door, as if he wished to measure thereby all the possibilities that a house of this sort might include, and how they might bear upon the question of his entry.

In his indecision he turned and surveyed the scene around. Not a soul was anywhere visible. The garden-path stretched downward from his feet, gleaming like the track of a snail; the roof of the little well (mostly dry), the well-cover, the top rail of the garden-gate, were varnished with the same dull liquid glaze; while, far away in the vale, a faint whiteness of more than usual extent showed that the rivers were high in the meads. Be-

座空的猪圈，建在园子前方的角落里，而园子却没有树篱遮掩。在此类地区，人们不懂得在自己的宅地正面修建传统的门面，以遮掩建筑物中那些寒碜的部分。猪圈顶上湿淋淋的石板发出淡淡的白光，引起这个旅人的注意。他转身离开小路，看见猪圈是空的，便站在单坡圈顶下避雨。他站在那里时，邻屋里的蛇形管发出的轰鸣的低音和小提琴发出的微弱的曲调传到他那里，其中夹杂着疾飞的雨点打在草地上发出的阵阵唰唰声、打在园子里的白菜叶子上发出的噼啪声、敲在路边依稀可辨的8个或10个蜂房的麦秸顶上发出的沙沙声、以及顺屋檐流下滴入摆在墙根的一排水桶和铁锅里发出的叮咚声。在高老鸦楼，正如在此类高地上建的所有的其他宅子，日常生活中的最大困难是水源不足。偶尔下场雨就要充分利用，把家里所有的坛坛罐罐都通通搬出去接雨水。在夏季干旱的时节，住在高地上的人家连肥皂水和洗碗水也要精打细算地使用。关于这类节水的招数，有不少传闻听起来怪玄乎的。不过在这个季节并无节水的迫切需要；把老天所赐的接受下来就绰绰有余了。

蛇形管奏出的曲调终于停息了，屋里静了下来。喧闹声戛然而止使这个陷于沉思的孤独的赶路人清醒过来。他走出猪圈，沿着小径朝宅门走去，心里显然另有打算了。到了门口，他首先做的是在那排水桶旁的一块大石头上跪下来，从一只桶里一口气喝了许多水。解渴以后，他起身举手刚要敲门，却停住了，眼睛盯在门板上。既然那黝黑的木头表面上绝对看不出什么名堂，他显然是在用自己的心力透视着门板，好像以此来忖度此类宅子所能包容的种种可能性，以及当他进入宅子时这些可能性会产生什么后果。

踟蹰之中，他转身四下里打量了一番。连一个人影也看不见。园子里的小径从他脚下向下延伸，像蜗牛爬过的痕迹闪着幽光；一口小井（一年里多半是枯的）的井棚和井盖、菜园门上端的横梁好像涂上了同一种色调暗淡的清漆；远处的山谷里，一片依稀可见的白色表明河水已漫上草地了。更远一些的地方，透过雨幕，闪烁着几点模糊的灯

yond all this winked a few bleared lamplights through the beating drops — lights that denoted the situation of the county-town from which he had appeared to come. The absence of all notes of life in that direction seemed to clinch his intentions, and he knocked at the door.

Within, a desultory chat had taken the place of movement and musical sound. The hedge-carpenter was suggesting a song to the company, which nobody just then was inclined to undertake, so that the knock afforded a not unwelcome diversion.

“Walk in!” said the shepherd promptly.

The latch clicked upward, and out of the night our pedestrian appeared upon the door-mat. The shepherd arose, snuffed two of the nearest candles, and turned to look at him.

Their light disclosed that the stranger was dark in complexion and not unprepossessing as to feature. His hat, which for a moment he did not remove, hung low over his eyes, without concealing that they were large, open, and determined, moving with a flash rather than a glance round the room. He seemed pleased with his survey, and, baring his shaggy head, said, in a rich deep voice, “The rain is so heavy, friends, that I ask leave to come in and rest awhile.”

“To be sure, stranger,” said the shepherd. “And faith, you’ve been lucky in choosing your time, for we are having a bit of a fling for a glad cause — though, to be sure, a man could hardly wish that glad cause to happen more than once a year.”

“Nor less,” spoke up a woman. “For’tis best to get your family over and done with, as soon as you can, so as to be all the earlier out of the fag o’t.”

“And what may be this glad cause?” asked the stranger.

“A birth and christening,” said the shepherd.

The stranger hoped his host might not be made unhappy either by too many or too few of such episodes, and being invited by a gesture to a pull at the mug, he readily acquiesced. His manner, which, before entering, had been so dubious, was now altogether that of a careless and candid man.

“Late to be traipsing athwart this coomb — hey?” said the engaged man of fifty.

“Late it is, master, as you say — I’ll take a seat in the chimney-corner, if you have nothing to urge against it, ma’am; for I am a little moist on the side that was next the rain.”

Mrs. Shepherd Fennel assented, and made room for the self-invited

火——这些灯火指示出郡城的所在，此人似乎就是来自那里。那个方向上没有任何动静，这似乎使他拿定了主意。于是他敲了门。

屋子里，继舞蹈和音乐之后开始了一场漫无边际的闲聊。修理树篱的木匠建议大家唱支歌，但此时无人有意参与，敲门声恰好把话头儿岔开，因此正合大家的心意。

“进来！”牧羊人马上说。门门咔嗒一声抬起来，赶路人从夜色中出现了，站在门边的垫子上。牧羊人站起来，剪去跟前的两支蜡烛的烛芯，然后转过脸来打量他。

烛光下那生客看上去肤色黝黑，相貌并不讨人嫌。他的帽子一时没摘下来，低低地压在眼睛上方；尽管如此，仍可以看出他的眼睛大大的，目光坦诚而果决，一闪之间，便扫视了整个房间，无须用正眼去瞥。他似乎对扫视的结果感到满意，便脱下帽子，露出蓬乱的头发，用浑厚的低音说：“雨太大了，朋友们，请允许我进来歇歇脚。”

“不成问题，生客，”牧羊人说。“说真的，你的运气不错，来得正好。我们正为了一件喜事让自己放肆一下——不过，说实在的，一个男人可并不希望这种喜事一年里头来一次以上。”

“也不希望一年里头少于一次呢，”一个女人说。“最好尽早把生儿育女的事儿干完，早早熬出来，不再受这份苦。”

“可这喜事是什么呢？”生客问。

“生孩子外加受洗命名呗，”牧羊人说。生客希望主人家经历这样的事件不多不少，遂心如意。看到邀请他喝杯酒的手势，他便欣然接受了。他进屋前的神态令人起疑，而现在则俨然一副无忧无虑、光明磊落的人的派头了。

“这时辰走进山坳可够晚的——啊？”订了婚的那个50岁的男人说。

“是不早了，师傅，说得不错。——我想在壁炉边坐坐，太太，如果你不反对的话。我身上迎着雨的那半边有点湿。”

牧羊人芬诺尔的妻子同意了，为这个不速之客让出地方，而这人整个儿缩进壁炉边的角落里，将四肢舒展开来，像是到了自己的家那

comer, who, having got completely inside the chimney-corner, stretched out his legs and his arms with the expansiveness of a person quite at home.

"Yes, I am rather cracked in the vamp," he said freely, seeing that the eyes of the shepherd's wife fell upon his boots, "and I am not well fitted either. I have had some rough times lately, and have been forced to pick up what I can get in the way of wearing, but I must find a suit better fit for working-days when I reach home."

"One of hereabouts?" she inquired.

"Not quite that — further up the country."

"I thought so. And so be I; and by your tongue you come from my neighbourhood."

"But you would hardly have heard of me," he said quickly. "My time would be long before yours, ma'am, you see."

This testimony to the youthfulness of his hostess had the effect of stopping her cross-examination.

"There is only one thing more wanted to make me happy," continued the new-comer. "And that is a little baccy, which I am sorry to say I am out of."

"I'll fill your pipe," said the shepherd.

"I must ask you to lend me a pipe likewise."

"A smoker, and no pipe about 'ee?"

"I have dropped it somewhere on the road."

The shepherd filled and handed him a new clay pipe, saying, as he did so, "Hand me your baccy-box — I'll fill that too, now I am about it."

The man went through the movement of searching his pockets.

"Lost that too?" said his entertainer, with some surprise.

"I am afraid so," said the man with some confusion. "Give it to me in a screw of paper." Lighting his pipe at the candle with a suction that drew the whole flame into the bowl, he resettled himself in the corner and bent his looks upon the faint steam from his damp legs, as if he wished to say no more.

Meanwhile the general body of guests had been taking little notice of this visitor by reason of an absorbing discussion in which they were engaged with the band about a tune for the next dance. The matter being settled, they were about to stand up when an interruption came in the shape of another knock at the door.

At sound of the same the man in the chimney-corner took up the poker

样无拘无束。

“是呀 我的靴子头裂开了点儿，看到牧羊人妻子的目光落在他的靴子上 他便率直地说，再说这双靴子也不合适。近来营生不大好做，只好有什么穿什么。等到了家 我得找一身适合平日干活的衣服穿。”

“家就在附近吗？”她问。

“说不上近——离城更远些的地方。”

“我想也是。我也是从那边来的。听你的口音你是我老家那边的人。”

“不过你不大可能听说过我，”他连忙说。“太太 要知道 我在那一带住的时候要比你早得多呢。”

由于他断言女主人年纪尚轻，结果堵住了她的嘴，使她不便继续盘问了。

“只差一件东西我就心满意足了，”生客接着说。“就是一点点烟草。只可惜我的抽完了。”

“我来给你装上，”牧羊人说。

“我得求你同时借我用一用烟斗。”

“抽烟的人身上不带烟斗？”

“不知丢在路上什么地方了。”

牧羊人取了一只新的陶烟斗 装上烟草 递给他 同时说，“把你的烟盒也递给我 索性把它也装满吧。”

那人走过场一般把口袋逐个儿翻了一遍。

“烟盒也丢了吗？”主人有点儿惊讶地说。

“恐怕是丢了，”那人说 带着几分狼狈。“给我用纸卷一点儿吧。”他将烟斗对着蜡烛，吸了一口，把整个火焰都吸进了烟斗锅儿，把烟点着了。他在角落里重又安顿下来，低头看着湿裤腿上冒起来的水汽，好像不愿再开口了。

这段时间里，客人中大多对这个不速之客一直不大注意，因为他们在一心一意地与乐师们商议下一轮舞该奏什么曲子。曲子定下来之后，大家正待起身，这时又传来一阵敲门声，打断了他们的计划。

听到这阵敲门声，壁炉边的那人拿起拨火棍，开始拨弄燃烧着的

and began stirring the brands as if doing it thoroughly were the one aim of his existence; and a second time the shepherd said, "Walk in!" In a moment another man stood upon the straw-woven door-mat. He too was a stranger.

This individual was one of a type radically different from the first. There was more of the commonplace in his manner, and a certain jovial cosmopolitanism sat upon his features. He was several years older than the first arrival, his hair being slightly frosted, his eyebrows bristly, and his whiskers cut back from his cheeks. His face was rather full and flabby, and yet it was not altogether a face without power. A few grog-blossoms marked the neighbourhood of his nose. He flung back his long drab greatcoat, revealing that beneath it he wore a suit of cinder-gray shade throughout, large heavy seals, of some metal or other that would take a polish, dangling from his fob as his only personal ornament. Shaking the water-drops from his low-crowned glazed hat, he said, "I must ask for a few minutes" shelter, comrades, or I shall be wetted to my skin before I get to Casterbridge."

"Make yourself at home, master," said the shepherd, perhaps a trifle less heartily than on the first occasion. Not that Fennel had the least tinge of niggardliness in his composition; but the room was far from large, spare chairs were not numerous, and damp companions were not altogether desirable at close quarters for the women and girls in their bright-coloured gowns.

However, the second comer, after taking off his greatcoat, and hanging his hat on a nail in one of the ceiling-beams as if he had been specially invited to put it there, advanced and sat down at the table. This had been pushed so closely into the chimney-corner, to give all available room to the dancers, that its inner edge grazed the elbow of the man who had ensconced himself by the fire; and thus the two strangers were brought into close companionship. They nodded to each other by way of breaking the ice of unacquaintance, and the first stranger handed his neighbour the family mug — a huge vessel of brown ware, having its upper edge worn away like a threshold by the rub of whole generations of thirsty lips that had gone the way of all flesh, and bearing the following inscription burnt upon its rotund side in yellow letters: —

THERE IS NO FUN UNTILL i CUM.

The other man, nothing loth, raised the mug to his lips, and drank on, and on, and on — till a curious blueness overspread the countenance of the

木柴，那股认真劲儿好像拨火是他人生的唯一目的似的。牧羊人第二次叫道，“进来！”另一个人马上站在麦草编的垫子上了。他也是个生客。

这人与头一个属于完全不同的类型。他的举止较俗气，面部则带着某种惯于以四海为家的人的那种快活心情。他比头一位来客年长几岁，头发略有几分花白，眉毛粗硬，腮上的胡子刮得光光的，只在后侧各留一溜儿。他的脸圆而胖，皮肉松弛，缺少刚劲的气质，但也并非全无毅力。他的鼻子周围有几点酒糟红。他把褐色的大衣一下子敞开，可以看见在大衣下面他穿着一套通体灰色的衣裤，几枚沉甸甸的大印章吊在表链上，作为他唯一的饰物。印章用某种金属制成，由于未擦拭而失去光泽。他一边把光面低顶帽上的水抖掉，一边说：“伙计们 我得请求避会儿雨，不然还没到卡斯特桥就浑身透湿了。”

“师傅 请便吧，”牧羊人说。比起头一次来 这次口气或许少了些热诚。这并非因为芬诺尔的天性里有丝毫的吝啬，而是因为这房间不够大，空余的椅子也不多，身着鲜艳长裙的妇女和姑娘们可一点儿也不愿意有一伙儿浑身湿漉漉的人挨在身边。

不过，这第二个来客还是脱掉了大衣，把帽子随手挂在房梁上的一颗钉子上，好像人家特意请他往那儿挂似的。然后走向前，在桌子旁坐下来。为了给跳舞的人腾出最大空间，桌子已经推到离壁炉很近的地方，桌子的内侧已经蹭到了那个舒舒坦坦地在火边坐着的那人的肘部。这么一来，两个生客便凑在一起了。两人点了点头，以消除陌生人初次见面的尴尬；先来的那个陌生人把那口家传的大酒杯递给对方——那是一只硕大的陶罐，罐口由于已故的世代先人们干渴的嘴唇的磨擦，已经凹下去了，就像是一道磨损了的门槛。杯子的凸肚上烧上了这样几个黄字：——

“缺我无乐”。

而第二个人则来者不拒，把大杯子举到唇边一个劲儿地喝个不停，一直喝到牧羊人妻子脸色发青。头一个生客竟慷他人之慨，把酒大