

WORLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

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By
GEORGE ELIOT

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英漢對照名家小說選

阿 當 貝 特

A d a m B e d e

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原 著 者 George Eliot

選 譯 者 伍 光 建

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阿當貝特

作者傳略

作者的名姓是瑪理安伊文斯(Mary Ann Evans),佐治愛略脫(George Eliot)是假名姓。她是一八一九至一八八〇年間人。她生於英國的中原。她的父親是個木匠及營造人,很有辦事才幹。他是個保守派,他的宗教見解和政治見解是很謹嚴的。她的母親生於中等人家,是個聰明女人。作者的心中有她父母的很深印像。她所受的教育在當時算是很好的,卻不算是最高等的,她卻很有機會讀書及反省。她很得益於布累斯(Brays)一家人,與一個哲學家留埃斯(G. H. Lewes),這個人是英文及德文的文學家,又是批判家,由是她的宗教見解及人生見解擴充許多。她最初在報館撰文,同時兼譯德文著作。一八五八年她的傑作阿當貝特出版,立享大名,銷路極暢,她先後得了一千二百鎊。有人恭維她這部書,說自從莎士比亞以來,以這部小說為最好。此外她尚有幾部名作。她的文章有諧趣,她寫風景風俗寫得最翔實。她的文字淺白清潔,自從哥德士米特(Goldsmith)以來,以她的文字為最清潔。她又是心理派小說家的先導,她的心理是非常的準確,有兩個最

偉大的心理派小說家詹木斯(Henry James)及佐治梅列
笛斯(George Meredith)傳她的衣鉢。她貌寢不像女人；
斯賓塞爾(Herbert Spencer)曾想娶她，因嫌他貌醜，不曾
提婚。那個批判家留埃斯反不重美貌，與她同居。他死於
一八七八年，其後她嫁與克洛斯(Cross)，嫁後不久就了。
民國二十二年癸酉處暑日伍光建記

阿當貝特

第六回 荷爾田舍

據現在看來，這所田舍的歷史是顯明的了。有過一度是一個鄉紳的住宅，很許是這一家人的入口慢慢減少了，只剩了一個不出閣的閨女，就失了本來的名稱，與唐尼托安（Donnithorne）地名，混而為一。從前有過一度，是地主的第宅，現在是荷爾（譯義是地主第宅，譯音作荷爾——譯者注）田舍，這就同一個海邊市鎮的生活一樣，從前有過一度原是海濱避暑地方，現在變作一個通商海口，從前鄉紳們所住的大街，現作變作寂靜無聲，街上長草，船廠及棧房卻變作熱鬧，第宅的生活改變了中心點（原文作焦點——譯者注），光線不從客廳射出，卻從廚房及田場射出。

生活是忙得很啦！現在卻是最冷清的時候，正在割馬草之前；又是一天裏頭最冷清的時候，看太陽的所在，是快到三點鐘了，看裴沙爾太太（Mrs. Poyser 據說作者描寫裴沙爾太太，就是描寫她自己的母親；有許多批評家說這部小說以她為主要人物，說得她諸趣百出。——譯者注）的好看的走入天的鐘，卻是三點半鐘了。但是在雨後太陽很光的的時候，人們常覺得更活潑，現在太陽如同倒水一般倒下光線來，沾了水的乾草上有許多發亮的水點，又照着牛棚上的紅瓦所生的一片的很光的綠苔，還把在漏槽上流得很快流入溝裏的濁水，變作一片明鏡，黃嘴鴨子趁着這個機會，盡其所能，深入溝中喝水（善於寫景

——譯者注)。這裏很有會唱的聲音；鎖在馬棧的大狗，看見一隻公雞忘其所以的走近狗屋的口，就發狂的大怒，發出一片如雷鳴的吠聲，有兩隻獵狗被關在對面的牛棚裏，也在那裏叫，同大狗唱和；有幾隻結頂的老母雞，帶着幾隻小雞在乾草上扒取食料，當那隻無法可想，或不得過志的公雞走來的時候，那幾隻母雞也鬧萬鬧萬的叫，以表同情；有一頭母豬領着好幾隻小豬，腳上全是泥，小尾巴是捲曲的，叫喊的聲音深而陡，也要湊趣；我們的朋友們，就是說小牛們，在小農場叫；耳聰的人在這種種聲音之下，還聽得見接連不斷哄哄的人聲。

因為糧倉的門大開，有幾個人，在製鞍人哥比(Goby)的監督之下，在那裏忙於修補鞍子等物，他是從提拉爾斯屯(Treddleston)來的，說那裏最新的新聞，給他們聽。牧人阿立克(Alick)選擇今天叫修鞍子的人們來，選得不好，因為早上下過大雨；當吃飯的時候，有額外許多人的泥鞋走入屋子，地方弄得很醜，裏沙爾太太很生氣，說了許多責難的話。現在是吃飯之後三點鐘，地板是擦得很乾淨的了，她還是不安帖，這所奇異的房舍是很乾淨的，地板的乾淨與在屋內的其他東西的乾淨一樣，只有一處有惟一的機會聚着幾顆塵土，你試爬上籬箱，用手指摸摸

火爐上的高架，架上有銅爐臺，現時無事可做，在那裏歇夏呢；因為到了這個時候，人人都自然是天還未黑就睡覺，不然至少也微微還有點亮光，足夠使你在物件上碰損你的脛骨之後，看見物件的外廓。無論在其他那裏地方，都不能有用手擦得那樣光滑的一個橡木鐘盒及一張橡木桌子（據說作者雖是個文學家，難得她好理家務，頗有母風。——譯者注）：裴沙爾太太稱為真是『用手磨光的』，因為她謝過上帝，她的家裏絕無油漆過的東西。亥提素理爾（Hetty Sorrel 她是馬丁裴沙爾的外甥女，年十七歲，也是本小說的一個主要人物——譯者注）只要她的舅母掉過臉去，就把光滑的臉面當鏡子，看看她自己的令人歡喜的影子，因為橡木桌面居多都是豎起來，如同一座圍屏，用作裝飾品的時候多，用作應用品的時候少；她還能夠在大而圓的白臘盤子面上看她自己，這些盤子是擺在長的杉木飯桌上的架子上，不然就是擺在壁爐上的鐵檯上，擦到光亮，如同一塊碧玉。

這個時候，無一樣東西不是極其光亮的，因為陽光正照在白臘的盤子上，反射的悅人的一片一片的光，照在磨熟的橡木及發光的銅活上；——還照在比這些東西還要可愛的人臉上，因為有幾條光線落在狄娜（Dinah 是裴沙爾太太的外甥女，亦是本書的主要人物，她善於講經，是美以美教會中人——譯者注）的模範得很好的兩頰上，照着她的淡紅頭髮變作金黃色，因為她這時候垂頭在一塊厚的家用的細布上，她在那裏替她的姨母補綻。假使不是裴沙爾太太在那裏熨星期一所洗過的餘下來熨的東西，往往碰得熨斗響，當她要熨斗冷的時候，往來搖動，再沒有別的情景能夠比這時候的情景更平靜；她有時用她的藍而灰的眼睛從廚房看到牛奶房，亥提那時候正在那裏弄

奶油，她又從牛奶房看到後廚房，南塞(Nancy)正在那裏從爐裏取出糕餅來。讀者勿猜裴沙爾太太是個年紀大的人，或好罵人的；她是個好看的女人，不過三十八歲，臉白髮黃，身材好，腳步輕：她所穿的衣服以一件棋子細布的寬帷身爲最顯著，這件東西幾乎遮住她的裙腳；她的帽子及長衣是不能更樸素及更不惹人注意的了，因爲她所最不能容忍的就是婦女們好裝飾，及婦女們只喜歡好看，不講究用處。她的臉與她的外甥女狄娜馬立斯(Morris)的臉相同，看出是一家人的臉，不過也有不同的地方，裴沙爾太太的神色是很精明的，狄娜的神色是最高等的安琪兒的溫柔，這是最好的題目可以啓迪一個畫師畫一個馬大(Martha)及一個瑪理(Mary)。(一個是好做事的，一個是好沉思的，參觀新約路加 10:40 及約翰 11:1,5——譯者注)她們兩個人的眼睛顏色是一樣的，但是作用各有不同，其不同的一種驚人的試驗在乎玳瑁狗特立普(Trip)的態度，無論什麼時候只要這隻飽受嫌疑的狗自不小心，被裴沙爾太太的如同北冰洋那麼冷的凍死人的眼光一看，你看那條狗的態度，就曉她的眼色。她的舌也有她的眼那麼鋒利，無論什麼時候，一個少年女子走到能夠聽見這個太太說話的地方，就好像受她的一種還未說完的教訓，有如一座手搖的風琴接着搖一個腔調一般，恰好在方才離開的點接上。

又因當日是搖奶油的日子，這又是一個理由，爲什麼不便喊修鞍子的人們來，爲什麼裴爾沙太太非常嚴厲的責罵女僕摩理(Molly)。從外表看來，摩理把飯後的雜事全作完了，作得很好很可以當表率，又很快的把自己打扮得很乾淨，現在進來，低聲下氣的問，是不是該去坐下紡

紗，紡到擠牛奶的時候。但是從裴沙爾太太的眼睛看來，這樣的無可責備的行爲，包藏着一種祕密的縱任不應該存的思想，她於是用傷人的辭令都拖出來，給摩理石看。

裴沙爾太太說道，『真是紡紗嗎！我很曉得你的意思並不是要紡紗，你要自己喜歡做什麼就做什麼。我向未見過如你這樣配間綾的女人。你這樣年輕的女子單喜歡同六七个男人坐在一起！假使我是你，我若讓那些說話從我口中出來，我是會覺得難爲情的。我在提拉特斯 (Treddles) 的地方，並無保單就立雇約用你，你自從前一個秋祭節起，你就到我這裏來，以至如今——如我所說，你被一個體面人家這樣所雇用，你該感謝；你來的時候，你並不曉得作事，如同田上磨烏的布紮的假女人一樣。我向來未見過這樣不中用的有兩手的人，你也曉得你自己無用。我卻要曉得，誰教你磨刷地板？我若不教你，你就會把垃圾堆在四角裏——無論什麼人都會猜着，你不是在基督教人羣裏頭養大的。說到紡紗，當你學紡紗的時候，你所賺的工錢只抵得過你所糟塌的麻。你該曉得你是這樣，你就不該只是走來走去，張着大嘴打呵欠，又毫無思想的，好像是不感謝人的。你想替補鞍子的人理羊毛呀！你喜歡做這樣的事，是不是？這是你的路數——你喜歡走這條路，你要一直走到毀了你自己爲止。你要找着一個同你自己一樣的大傻子做愛人，你才得安心。我敢說，你以爲你嫁了人就過好日子，那時候你只有一把三腳凳子坐坐，蓋身的毯

子一塊也沒有，只有一片大麥餅當飯吃，還有三個孩子同你搶。』

摩理很被她的女主人所描寫她將來所過的地獄生活的情狀所嚇倒，一面涕泣，一面說道『我很曉得我不願意同補鞍子的人們在一起，不過當我在倭特利 (Ottley) 先生家裏的時候，我們常替修鞍匠理羊毛；所以我才問你。我不要再看見他們；我若再看他們，我永遠不動。』

裴沙爾太太說道，『你說倭特利家裏！你在他家所作的事才好聽呢。我那裏曉得，也許你的舊主人願意馬鞍匠弄壞她的地板。我們那裏曉得人們不喜歡什麼——我會聽說過他們的路數！我雇用的女孩子多啦，卻並無一個曉得怎樣打掃乾淨的；據我看來，有許多人過的是豬的生活。貝提 (Betty) 在特倫特 (Trent) 家裏的時候，原是伺候牛奶房的，她到了我這裏的時候，接連幾個星期不搖動乳腐；我害了一場病，醫師說是發炎，幸虧我的病好了，等到我病好下樓的時候，我可以在牛奶房的僕役人們身上寫我的名字。摩理，你到我這裏有九個月了，還是不曉得，況且我並不是不曾同你說過——你為什麼站在這裏不動，好像轉動燒肉鐵叉的機器走完了的一般，為什麼不去把紡輪拿出來？你是個怪物，應該把所作的活放在一邊的時候，你還要坐在那裏再作一會。』……

第七回 牛奶房

(小房東唐尼托安名亞格爾 (Arthur)，是個陸軍營官，他來探察裴沙爾太太，要看她的牛奶房，亞格爾先行，裴太太在後，這個少年就是在這裏初次看見美艷的亥提——譯者註)

當營官唐尼托安進來牛奶房，同亥提說話的時候，亥提臉上發紅，作深紅玫瑰色；卻並不是一種覺得難過的良

羞發紅，因為紅中還帶着微笑和笑窩，從長而灣的黑睫毛底下露出光來；她的舅母同他談論，只要小牛還未斷奶的時候，只能用有限的牛奶製黃油及乳腐，她買幾條短角牛作試驗，出奶雖多，奶質卻不好，又談其他事體，這原是一個少年鄉紳將來有一天要做地主的所樂聞的，亥提只管帶着很從容鎮靜及逗引男人的神氣，在那裏弄她那一磅的奶油，偷偷的覺得她每一搖頭，那個少年男子都看見。

女人的美貌有種種的不同，都能使男人變作各式各樣的傻子，從變作拚命戀愛的起，以至變作羞怯的止；其中有一種美貌女人，不獨使男人變作糊塗，而且令全數有知性的乳哺類及女人，都變糊塗了。這種美貌女子如同小貓的美或如極小的初出嫩毛的鴨子，用他們的軟嘴戲水作溫和札札聲音，或如初學走路的孩子，有意作淘氣的事——你對於這樣的美，是絕不能生氣的，這樣的美使你處於一種心境是你所不能明白的，你覺得你快要被壓倒了。亥提素理爾的美，就是這樣的美。她的舅母裴沙爾太太自命為看不起全數能引動人的美貌，又立意要作最嚴厲的糾正人，也不由自主的，被她的外甥女所迷，接連偷看亥提的迷人的美貌；她因為她是丈夫的外甥女，可憐她又是無母的孩子，很想她好，常時責備她，不料責備之後，等到

亥提不在面前，她往往對丈夫承認，她很相信，『這個小妮子越淘氣，越好看。』

我們若告訴讀者，說亥提的臉如一片玫瑰花瓣，她的笑窩在她的稍微掀着的兩唇邊或隱或現，她的兩隻大黑眼在長的睫毛底下藏着一種溫柔的淘氣神色，她的鬚髮當她作活的時候，雖是全往後抹，藏在她的圓帽底下，卻還偷偷垂下來，作黑而細的圈子，覆在額上，她的白色的如貝的兩耳；我只管這樣告訴讀者，也是無用；我若告訴讀者，說她的紅白色頸巾，塞在她的梅子色的短胸衣裏頭，那條頸巾的外線是多麼可愛，我若告訴讀者，說她製奶油時所披的細布圍身，連同一塊護胸，好像是公爵夫人們都要學她，不過改用袖子罷了，因為蓋在她的身上，變成這樣能迷人的曲線，我若告訴讀者，說她的褐色襪子及厚底有帶鉤的鞋子，本來是笨重東西，有她那樣的腳及踝穿上，卻並不笨重；——我把這些情狀告訴讀者也是無用，除非你看見過如同亥提那樣引動觀者的女人，不然的話，你雖然可以幻想一個美人的形影，這個美人絕不會像這個迷人的如同一隻小貓的女子。我可以舉出一個晴明春日的全數天賜的美麗，但是假使你生平絕未曾試過因為用盡你的目力看高飛的天鵝，完全忘記了你自己，或當新開的花朵以一種神聖的不響的美，如同有花紋的廊子的美充塞寂靜的田徑，我只管逐樣的描寫，有什麼用處？我只管說一個晴明的春日，我絕不能使你明白我的意思。

亥提的美是一種春令的美；她的美在乎少年活潑，四肢豐滿，好跳，好戲，用一種假的老實神氣，使你奈何不得她——她的假老實好像一種小牛，他想走出圈子去玩耍，引你跳籬笆，跳溝，他走到一個泥坑中間才站住。

一個美女製黃油，做出種種最好看的態度及舉動——攪打的舉動，使手臂成爲可愛的曲線，使圓而白的頸頸子斜向一邊；用手掌拍，用手掌搓，還要細緻的邊就及雕琢，無不賣弄她的微皺的嘴唇，及一雙黑眼，不然，是不能辦到的；黃油既潔淨，又噴香，好像發出一種新鮮的可愛之處；從模子倒出來，帶着一片好看而結實的平面，好像在一片淡黃光中的雲石！況且亥提製黃油，有特別的聰明；她的舅母惟對於她這樣的手段無間言，不去嚴厲批評她；所以她做這件事，用盡大作家的全數巧妙手段。

營長唐尼托安稱讚牛奶房，稱讚夠了，又關於瑞士蘿蔔及短角的牛，發了幾句臨時的議論之後，就說道，「裴沙爾太太，七月三十日是一個重大的放假日，我希望你預備來。你曉得那一天有什麼熱鬧，我望你是第一個先到最後才走的一個來賓。亥提姑娘，你答應同我跳兩場麼？我若現在得不着你的答應，我曉得到了那一天，我是沒得機

會的了，因為全數的少年佃戶們，會留心先定了你。』

亥提微笑，臉上發紅，但是她還未答復，裴沙爾太太先打叉，她說少年鄉紳那裏能夠被任何身分較低的跳友所刷出，她連這種話都不願聽。

她說道，『先生，你這樣注意她，已經是很看重她了。我很曉得，無論什麼時候你喜歡同她跳舞，她就覺得得意而且感謝你，那怕同你跳完之後，她終夜站在那裏不動，也是快樂的。』

營長打定主意要亥提看看他，同他說話，於是接着說道，『不可不可，這就未免太虐待全數能跳舞的少年們了；但是你肯答應同我跳兩場麼？』

亥提對他行個小小的最好看的禮，一半畏羞，一半引逗他，偷偷看他一眼，說道——

『先生，我肯，謝謝你。』

小鄉紳又說道，『裴沙爾太太，你必定把全數你的兒女帶來，男孩子們及你的小陀提（Tolty 小女孩名——譯者注）。我要全數住在我的田地上的最小的兒女們來——這些孩子們，等到我變作禿頭的老頭子時，都變作盛年的男女了。』

裴沙爾太太說道，『先生，先要過許許多多年你才會老啦。』她聽見他把自己說得這樣輕，很被他所動，一面想到隨後她把貴人這樣的可以注意的講趣的樣本，述給她丈夫聽，他是會覺得很有趣味的。本地人以營長是『滿肚子的笑話』，又因他態度自由，不事拘束，住在這裏的人們都極喜歡他。凡是住戶都很相信只要他大權在手，許多事體都要改變，與前不同——他們相信將來有一個很

長時期多造新閘門，多任他們取石灰用，還有一分錢的利息收入。

他說，『今天陀提在那裏，我要看她。』

裴沙爾太太說道，『亥提，那個小的那裏去了？不久以前，她曾進來過。』

亥提答道，『我不曉得。我猜她走入釀酒房找南塞。』

這個得意的母親，禁不住不把她的陀提給他看，立刻走入後廚找她，但是心裏卻有點不放心，恐怕這個女孩子闖了什麼禍，使她的面目及衣服不堪見客。

這時候營長問亥提，說道，『你製好黃油，是不是送到市上賣？』

『先生，不是的，太重的時候，我弄不動，就由阿立克騎馬送到市上。』

營長說道，『不是你去，我很曉得你的兩隻細嫩膀子不是拿重物的。但是當現在傍晚天氣怡人的時候，你有時出門散步，是不是？你有時爲什麼不在獵地上走走？現在是一片綠草，很好散步的。我只在你家裏及教堂裏看見你，在別處幾乎看不見你。』

亥提說道，『舅母只許我當往某處時在路上走走。但是我有時在獵地上走過。』

『你不往管家婆貝士特奶奶(Mrs. Best)那裏麼？我猜我有一次曾看見你在管家婆屋裏。』

『我去看的不是貝士特奶奶，是逢符列 (Pomfret) 奶奶，她是貴夫人的女僕。她教我作針線，和補花邊。明日午後我到她那裏吃茶點。』

我們惟有往後廚房看，才能夠曉得他們兩個人爲什麼有時候兩個人對談，因爲陀提拿着一個隨便放在那裏的裝藍靛袋子，磨她自己的鼻子，同時又讓許多任意流出來的靛汁滴在她的午後穿的圍胸上。但是現在她拿住她母親的手——因爲新近才匆匆用肥皂和水洗鼻子，她的鼻子尖還是發亮的。……

〔亞搭爾抱陀提，給她幾個小銀錢，說聲暫別，對亥提看了一眼，對她鞠躬，就走出牛奶房——譯者注〕

第九回 亥提的世界

亥提常常想到男人們喜歡看她。布洛士屯 (Broxten) 的少年路加布列屯 (Luke Britton) 星期日午後來哈斯路普 (Hayslope) 教堂原爲的是來看她，她並不是盲目無睹：假使不是她的舅舅裘沙爾不甚看重這個少年，因爲他父親的田地不好，所以禁止她的舅母，不許她以禮相待以鼓勵他，不然的話，他當然會作更有決定的進步。她又曉得在獵場的園丁名克列 (Craig) 的很戀愛她，並且新近他還作過不能誤會的承認，送他極甜的草莓，和極大的小豆子。她曉得更清楚的還是阿當貝特 (Adam Bede)——¹⁷，正直，聰明，勇敢的阿當貝特——四圍的人都聽他的話，她的舅父常喜歡在午後見他，說道，『阿當很曉得事理，

好過其自以為比他好的人們』——她曉得這個阿當對於他人往往是頗嚴厲的，向來是不甚追逐女孩子們的，但是無論那一天只要她說一句話，或看他一眼，就能夠使他變作一陣紅一陣白。亥提的比較範圍並不大，但是她不能不曉得阿當多少像個人；他常曉得對什麼事說什麼話，能夠告訴她的舅舅怎樣墊高那個牛棚，一會子就把搖奶油的架子修理好了；他只要一看就曉得大風刮倒的栗樹的價值，又曉得潮濕氣為什麼從牆壁透進來，還曉得必定用什麼方法才能夠堵住老鼠不來；他能夠寫很好的字，你能夠讀得出，他還能夠心算——在這個鄉下裏的最有錢的田舍翁，完全沒得程度這樣高的本事。他並不像那個擡不起頭來的路加布列屯，有一次他陪她走路，從布洛士屯走到哈斯路普，他在路上只說過一句話打破寂寞，他說那隻灰色的鵝起首下蛋了。說到那個當園丁的克列，他誠然很是一個明白人，可惜他兩膝是向內彎的，說話帶着一種很奇怪的唱歌腔調；況且她試作最不肯求的猜度，他必定是快到四十歲了。

亥提很曉得她的舅舅要她鼓勵阿當，她嫁了阿當，舅舅是會高興的。因為這個時候，當佃戶的，與體面的做手工的，並無階級間的謹嚴區別，無論是在家堂裏，抑或是在酒店裏，常可以看見他們在一起喝酒；當佃戶的骨子裏是有資本的，對於本教區的事務有勢力，當會談的時候他

雖然顯居於較低的階級，卻維持他的地位。馬丁裴沙爾不常到酒店，但是他喜歡請朋友喝他的家釀，同朋友敘談；他雖然樂得指揮並不曉得怎樣使他的田地出產最多的一個愚蠢隣居，但是從一個聰明如阿當貝特學多少見識，卻是一種適意的變通。所以自從他監督蓋造新糧倉以來，在最後三年裏頭，他很喜歡阿當來荷蘭田舍探望他，尤其是在冬天晚上，那時候照着家長制的風俗，全家的人，男主人及女主人，兒女們及僕人們，在熱鬧的廚房聚會，各按身分的高下離轟轟的爐火遠近。亥提至少在最後兩年常聽她的舅舅說，『阿當貝特現在雖然是作工求食，但是將來有一天，他會做到東家，雇用他人，這是事實，如我坐在這把椅上事實一樣。阿當的東家波爾治（Burge）要他合股，還要把女兒嫁他，這是不錯的，只要人們所說的是實話；嫁他的女人會走好運，無論嫁的那一天是三月二十五日，抑或是九月二十九日。』——裴沙爾太太每次聽他說這樣的話，必定用同意的話接上去。她說道，『呀，嫁一個現成的富翁，原是很好的，但是這個人也許是現成的一個傻子；倘若你的衣袋的一角有一個洞，用錢裝滿你的衣袋也是無用。你若有一個半傻的人當車夫，你坐在你自己的有彈簧的馬車也不見得怎樣好，因為不久就會翻車，把你送入溝裏。我常說道，我絕不嫁一個無腦筋的人；因為你若被一個蠢人束縛住，人人見笑，你自己有腦筋，有什麼用處？她不如穿上一身好衣服，倒騎在驢

背上。』

這許多說話雖然不過是比喻的話，亦足以表示斐沙爾太太心向阿當；假使亥提是他們自己的女兒，他夫婦兩人也許不是這樣看法，但是我們顯然見得他們肯喜歡阿當娶這個無錢的外甥女。假使亥提的舅舅不收留她，把她撫養成一個女僕，幫她的舅母，（這個舅母自從生下陀提之後，不能作更辛苦的事，只好監督僕人們及兒女們）亥提無論到那裏，除了當女僕之外，還能夠當什麼？但是亥提始終不會給阿當任何有恆的鼓勵。即使當她最透澈的曉得阿當勝過她的其餘喜歡她的人們，她卻絕不想到要嫁他。……亥提所做的，全是繁華夢：她要坐在有地毯的客廳，常要穿白襪子；要戴時髦的大而美的珠子耳環；要用諾定昂（Nottingham）地方所織的花邊圍住她的衣領，還要點東西使她的手帕噴香，如同利狄亞（Lydia）唐尼托安小姐在教堂的時候所掏出來的；還要不必起早，又不要受無論什麼人責罵。她心裏想，假使阿當是個富人，能夠供給她那許多好東西，她就可以愛他，嫁給他。

不料最後幾個星期，有一種新勢力籠罩住亥提——是一種空泛的勢力，是一種空氣，並未成為自己所承認的希望或前程，不過發生一種適意的麻醉效果，使她走路及做事如同在夢中，殊不覺得辛苦或費力，使她如同從一層柔和而流動的薄紗，透視全數的事物，好像她並不是住在

磚石的結實世界裏，卻住在一個極樂世界，好像我們在水裏有陽光照着。亥提曉得亞搭爾唐尼托安肯費許多事找機會見她；曉得他在教堂裏坐在一個地方，以便當她坐着及站着時，看見她的全身；曉得他常藉口種種理由，到荷蘭田舍來，又常想法說句話，以便她同他說話，看看他。可憐這個孩子現時並想不到這個少年鄉紳，不能做她的愛人，亦如一個餅師的美貌女兒，在人叢中，蒙一個皇帝賞識她，賜以微笑，不會想到她不會做了皇后。但是餅師的女兒歸家，夢那個少年美貌皇帝，還許當她一面妄想得了皇帝做丈夫，必定是走入了天堂的好運，會把做餅的麪稱錯了：可憐這個亥提，無論白天作夢或睡覺作夢，總有一個人的臉及一個人在她面前迷惑她；有光的，溫柔的眼光，透射她，使她全身布滿一種奇怪的，歡樂的困倦。其實發射那樣警視的兩眼，並不及阿當的兩眼一半的好，阿當的兩眼看她，有時帶着一種憂戚的及哀求的溫柔神色；但是亞搭爾所看的幾眼，在亥提的小小的糊塗夢想裏頭，有居間的替他說話，阿當所看的幾眼，不能從那層空氣走進去。她的心裏的生活，至少有三個星期，所過的只是追想亞搭爾所指向她的眼色及說話——只是追想她聽見他在房子外邊的說話聲音所發生的感覺，追想他進來的情

形，還追想她自己覺得他的兩眼注射她，隨後覺得一個身高的人低頭看她，他的兩眼好像靠着她的兩眼，追想他逐漸走近，穿着美麗衣服，香氣撲鼻，如同傍晚的風所送來的花園香氣；她只追想這種種情形，很少追想別的。糊塗思想！……

〔有一天亞搭爾同牧師愛文(Irwine)並馬出行，牧師談及狄娜，忽然問亞搭爾，裴沙爾太太的牛奶房，有什麼迷人的地方，他就答，他特為去看亥提，且很讚美她一番，想同她畫一幅像。——譯者注〕牧師說道，「好呀，我並不反對你用一種美術眼光冥想亥提，但是我必定要切勸你不可長養她的好虛榮心，不要拿妄想塞滿她的小頭，使她自以為是一個大美人，能引逗闊鄉紳，不然的話，你就害了她，使她不願作一個貧人的妻室——例如，使她不願作克列之妻，我曾見他用溫柔的眼看她。那隻小貓，好像已經有了種種神氣，足以使一個丈夫愁苦，一個安詳的人，娶了一個美妻，是要愁苦的，這是一條自然的法律。說到結婚，我希望我們的朋友阿當，現在他的父親死了，可以娶親成家了。將來他只要養他的母親，我想阿當與那個好而老實的瑪理波爾治(她是阿當的東家的女兒——譯者注)多少有點相愛，這是我有一天同老波爾治閒談，聽他流露出來的。但是當我對阿當說這件事的時候，他露出不安的神色來，說話打叉，不談這件事。我猜是他求親不順手，不然，也許是阿當不肯上前，要等到他的景况較好的時候，再進行，他有獨立精神，足夠兩個人的——他並無毛病，若是有的話，就是太過驕傲一點。」……

第十二回 亞搭爾與亥提在樹林相會

亞搭爾唐尼托安在一條兩旁有菩提樹及栲樹的小路

上走。當天下午寂靜無風——黃金色的陽光還在大樹的枝上無甚精神的流連不忍去，陽光只有在那裏或在這裏往下照紫色的小徑，及淡淡的散照着徑邊的綠苔……亞搭爾隨隨便便的在小路上慢走，腋下夾着一本書，並不像好尋思的人們，兩眼看地；他的兩眼只肯看路上的遠遠的轉灣地方，不久就必定有一個小身材的人從那裏轉出來。呀！她來了：初時是一片光鮮顏色；好像一隻熱帶的鳥在樹枝裏，隨後就看見是一個腳走很輕的人，頭戴一頂圓帽，腋下夾着一個小籃子；隨後就看見一個畏羞發紅，幾乎是害怕的，微笑得很樂的，一個女子，當亞搭爾上前歡迎她的時候，她對他行禮，露出慌亂而歡樂的眼色。假使亞搭爾有時候思維的話，他會想到他也覺得慌亂，覺得臉上發紅，這是很奇怪的事——其實他神色糊塗，又覺得糊塗，好像是遇着出其不意的事，並不是遇着他所料到會遇着的人。這兩個可憐東西！可惜他們不是在孩提的黃金時代，兩個人就會面對面的站着彼此相看，帶着多少畏怯的相悅，隨即彼此如小蝴蝶的相吻，同走去嬉戲。亞搭爾回家去，睡在他的網帳的小床，亥提回家枕在家織的枕頭上睡，各人睡各人的無夢的覺，明天起來過生活，幾乎不曉得有昨日。

亞搭爾這時候掉過身子來，不說什麼理由，在亥提身邊走。這是第一次他們兩個人在一起。這是第一次兩個人私會，有多麼推倒一切的大力量呀！在最初的一兩分鐘裏頭，他竟不敢看這個小小的製黃油女子。亥提好像兩腳落在雲頭上，被驚風吹走；她忘記了她的玫瑰紫的帶子；她

不覺得她有手有腳，好像她的稚氣的靈魂，走入一朵荷花裏，躺在一張流質的床上，被盛夏的陽光所燬。亞搭爾從他的畏怯，反得着一種放任不管，及果於自信，這好像是一句自相矛盾的話：這樣的心境同他所預料與亥提相會的心境，整個的不同：他雖然是滿肚子的空泛無定的感覺，當這樣緘默無言的時候，卻還有餘地存一種思想，以爲他從前的推敲及顧忌都是用不着的。

後來他低頭看亥提，說道，『你揀這條路來獵地，是很對的，比從這間或那間看獵場人所住的小屋子來，風景好看得多，路又短得多。』

亥提聲音抖抖的，幾乎是用附耳說話的聲音答道，『先生，是呀。』她全不曉對如同亞搭爾那樣的一個鄉紳，應該怎樣說話，她的好高攀的心性，使她更不敢說話。

『你每星期都來看逢符列奶奶麼？』

『是的，我每星期四日來看她，除了她同唐尼托安小姐出門，我就不來。』

她教你作針線？是不是？』

『先生，是的，她教我她在外國所學的補花邊，及補襪子——補好了如同原樣，你看不出來是補過的；她還教我剪裁。』

『什麼呀！你要當一個貴婦人的女僕麼？』

『我很想當女僕。』亥提現在說話較響些，卻仍然是抖抖的；她心裏想營長唐尼托安以爲她愚蠢，如同她以

路加布列屯爲愚蠢一樣。

『我猜逢那列奶奶常在這時候盼你來，是不是？』

『她盼我四點鐘到。今天我來遲了，因爲我的舅母不能讓我走開；約定的時候原是四點鐘，因爲這可以給我們時光，在唐尼托安小姐搖鈴之先。』

『呀，既是這樣，我現在必不可以就攔你，不然，我很想帶你去看看那所潛修室。你看見過這個地方麼？』

『先生，我未見過』。

『我們在這條路轉彎，就可以走到。但是我們現時不要去啦。你若喜歡看，隨後我領你看去。』

『是呀，先生，我請你領我去看。』

『你到了傍晚，常是走這條路回來麼？你從這條寂寞的路回來不害怕麼？』

『先生，我不害怕，我向來回來得不遲；我常是八點鐘起身回來，這時候的傍晚，還是很亮的。我若不在九點前到家，我的舅母會對我生氣的。』

『也許是園丁克列來照應你，是不是？』

亥提滿臉及滿頸都通紅。她說道，『我很曉得他不來接我；我很曉得他從未來過；我不讓他來；我不喜歡他。』她說得很快，難受的眼淚落得很快，還未說完話就有一滴透光的眼淚滾到她的熱臉。她因流淚，隨即覺得難爲情到要死，有好一會工夫她的歡樂全消滅了。但是隨後她覺得有一隻手偷偷的摟住她，有一種溫柔聲音說道——

『亥提，爲什麼？什麼事使你哭？我並無心使你難過。你這朵小花，無論怎樣，我都不肯使你難過。來來來，不

要哭；你看看我，不然，我以爲你不肯饒恕我。』

亞搭爾已經抓住與他最近的那隻軟膀子，潤着身子向亥提，帶着安慰的哀求神氣。亥提舉起她的長而濕的睫毛，看他的兩眼，這時候他的兩眼看她，帶着溫柔，畏怯，哀求的神色。這時候他們眼對眼，他的兩隻膀子靠着她，這三分鐘，有多麼長久呀！當男的不過二十一歲，溫柔的女子只有十七歲，在他的眼光之下發抖的時候，戀愛是一件單簡的事，她好像一個花苞向着晨光，帶着以爲奇異的狂樂，開放她的心。這樣的未起過波浪紋的少年靈魂彼此滾過來相會如同兩個毛桃子輕輕的相靠，就停頓下不動了；他們很容易相混合，如同兩條小溪流那樣容易混合，什麼都不要，只要兩相糾纏，作永遠加交的曲線，在樹葉最密的深處作小波浪。當亞搭爾注視亥提的黑而懇求的眼睛時，他不管她所說的是那一種英文：假使那時候的風氣好擦粉好穿捲裙，現在亥提並無這樣貴人的時裝，他很許是不覺得的。

他們嚇了一跳，分開，兩個人的心撲撲的跳：有一樣東西丟在地下，沙沙的響，原來是亥提的籃子；全數她的不多的女紅材料都散丟在路上，有幾樣能夠滾的滾得很遠。費了許多事才拾起來，兩人都不說話；但是當亞搭爾把籃子再掛在她的膀子上的時候，這個可憐的孩子覺得他的神色及態度有一種奇異的不同。他只抓她的手，帶着一種使她覺得其冷如冰的神氣及腔調，說道——

「我已經攔你了；不能再攔你。家裏等你回去。暫別了。」

他並不等她說話，掉過頭來就走，向着往潛修室的路走，剩下亥提在那裏作怪夢像的，走她的路，這一場夢初時令人享迷惑的快樂，現在卻變作相反及愁慘。她想當她回家的時候，他會來同她再相見麼？他所說的話，爲什麼好像是不喜歡她？他爲什麼忽然走開了？她哭，不知爲什麼哭。……

第二十回 阿當訪荷爾田舍

當他們（阿當和亥提——譯者注）摘覆盆子的時候，再不說話了。阿當太裝滿了愛情，反無話說，他以爲亥提全曉得他的心事。原來她見了他，並不表示冷淡；她看見他，臉上就發紅，況且她略帶憂愁神色，這必定是愛情，因爲這是與她向來的態度相反，她向來的態度使他往往得了印像，以爲她表示冷落。當她低頭摘果子的時候，他能夠接連看 ней，那時候有午後的平的陽光，從很密的平果樹枝之間，偷射在她的圓臉及頸子上，好像陽光也戀愛她。自阿當看來，一個人後來所最難忘情的，就是這種時候——他相信這個時候他所戀愛的第一個女子，用極輕微的事物——用一句話說，一種腔調，一種眼色，兩唇微顫或眼

皮微抖，流露出來她至少起首愛他，以相酬答。這樣的示意是很輕微的，幾乎是耳所不聞目所不見的——無論對什麼人，他都不能描寫出來——其輕不過如同烏羽的一觸，卻好像改變了他全個人，把一種不安的渴想，混入一種極其快樂的感覺，這樣的感覺無論什麼都不曉得，只曉得有現在。我們有許多早時的快樂，完全從我們的記性走出，不知所往了：我們當孩提時代，把我們的頭，藏在我們母親的懷裏，或騎在我們父親的背上，這都是快樂，我們絕不能記憶了；很許這樣的快樂化入我們的性情裏頭，如同過去日久的早上的陽光化入杏子的軟熟；但是我們永遠想像不來，我們只能相信孩提時代的快樂。但是在我們第一次戀愛裏頭第一個快樂刹那，是一種情景，一直等到最後的時期，我們都還能記得，這樣情景還帶着一種透骨的濃厚而特別的感覺同來，如同在很遠的歡樂時間所聞的一種香氣所復現的感覺。這是一種記憶，給溫柔情性以一種更為尖利的觸動，供養妒忌的瘋狂，在絕望的傷痛加上最後的鋒利。

亥提在成球的紅果子上灣着身子，平的陽光透過一層平果樹枝，透過全個多樹的花園，當他看她及相信她在那裏正在想他的時候，又相信他們用不着談話——阿當到死的時候，還記得這個時候的全個情形。

亥提怎麼樣？你很曉得阿當是誤會了她。他同許多其他男人一樣，誤以一個女子戀愛他人為戀愛自己。當阿當

走近她身邊還不曉得的時候，她的全副精神，同向來一樣，被吸收於想亞搭爾回來及急於要曉得他或者可以回來；不獨是阿當的脚步，無論什麼人的脚步，也是一樣的會感動她——她還來不及石的時候，就會覺得或者是亞搭爾，當她被一時間的感情所動，臉上變作無血色，她只要看見任何他人，與看見阿當，那些血也是一樣的流回來。阿當以為亥提改變了，這是猜的不錯；她帶着初次戀愛的着急及害怕，在那裏發抖，其力量大過酷好繁華，這是第一次使她覺得自己無助，要依賴另外一個人的感情，喚起其能夠閱歷的最淺見的女子的依附男人及躲避危險的女人性情，且在她心中創生一種領略仁慈待遇的感覺，從前她的心是很硬的，不會領略的。亥提是第一次覺得在阿當的羞怯而有男子氣概的溫柔裏頭，得了安慰：她要人以親愛待她——唉，受過那幾時如火那麼熱的戀愛之後，現在難以忍受這樣不見面不通信的孤寂，這樣外表的冷淡！她不怕阿當同她的其他愛她的人們一樣，用戀愛及恭維說話麻煩她：他對於她常是寡言的：她曉得這個精壯勇敢人愛她，近着她，她能夠毫無畏懼的享受。她的心絕不會想到阿當也是可憐的——她絕不曾想到將來有一天阿當也要受苦的。

有許多女人因為她自己起首戀愛另一男人，所以更用溫柔的手段對待戀愛她而不為她所戀愛的男人，我們曉得亥提不是第一個做這樣的事的女人。這是我們所習聞的一篇舊故事；可惜阿當全不曉得，把這樣甜而欺人的酒都吃進肚裏了。

過了一會兒之後，亥提說道，「夠啦。舅母要我留些果子在樹上。我現在要拿進去啦。」

阿當說道，「好在有我替你拿籃子，因為你的兩臂小，拿不動這樣重東西。」

「不重；我用兩手卻拿得動。」

阿當微笑說道，「拿是拿得動，不過要耽擱好一會兒工夫，才拿得進去，如同一隻螞蟻拖小蟲。一隻小螞蟻能拖比他大四倍的東西，你會見過麼？」

亥提隨便答道，「我未見過，」她不要曉得螞蟻生活的種種為難。

阿當說道，「當我作小孩子的時候，我常留心看小螞蟻。但是現在，你看我能夠一手拿籃子，好像是一個空的果仁殼，還可以拿一隻手攙扶你。你不要我攙扶麼？如我這樣兩隻大臂膀原為的是如你這樣的小手臂依靠的。」

亥提稍稍微笑，放她的手臂在他的手臂裏。阿當低頭看她，但是她的兩眼如同作夢的一般，向花園的一角看。

當他們慢慢走的時候，亥提說道，「你到過伊格地柱 (Eagledale) 麼？」

阿當聽見他問一句與他自己有相干的話，很高興，答道，「我曾到過；這是十年前了，那時候我還是一個小孩子，我同父親去看那裏的工程。那裏的景緻是奇異的——有山石有山洞，你生平所未見過的。我到過那裏，才真正曉得什麼是山石。」

亥提問道，「要多久才能到那裏？」

阿當答道「幾乎走足兩天才走到的。但是無論什麼人，只要有一匹好馬，用不着一天就可以到了。我敢說營長只要八九點鐘就可以到，因為他是一個會騎馬的。倘若他明天就回來，我並不以為怪；因為他太過好動，不肯獨

自一個人在那個冷清地方耽擱很久的，他去釣魚的地方，什麼都沒有，只有一間小客寓。我很願意他把產業承繼過來；爲他起見，這是一件正經事，因爲這樣一來，就使他有許多事做，而且他會辦得很好的，因爲他年紀還輕；他對於許多事體有更好的見解，好過許多兩倍他的年紀的人。在前有一天，他對我說很好聽的話，他說借錢給我，幫我做生意；我若要做生意的話，我寧願仰仗他，不仰仗他人。』

可憐這個阿當被引而說及亞搭爾，因爲他想亥提一曉得那個少年鄉紳這樣預備幫助他，會很高興的；這件事體，原在他的將來計劃之列的，他願意使亥提看來是有希望的。果然亥提很願意聽，她的兩眼現出新的光彩，她的兩唇上帶點一半的微笑。

阿當接連向前走，站住看玫瑰花，說道，『現時這些玫瑰花有多麼好看呀！你看呀，我偷摘了最好看的一朵，但是我並無意留着給我自己。我想這幾朵都是粉紅的，綠葉較爲細嫩，比有紋的更好看，你看是不是？』

他把籃子放下，從扣圈取出那朵花來。

『這朵花很香，那些有紋的花不香。你插在你的衣服上，隨後你可以放在水裏養着。讓他謝了很可惜。』

亥提把花接過來，一面微笑，卻是因爲她想到亞搭爾若是喜歡回來的話，不久就能夠回來，心裏歡喜，所以微笑。她心裏來了一陣的希望及歡樂，忽然一陣高興起來，

把玫瑰花插在左耳上的頭髮裏，她從前有過好幾次都是這樣戴花的。阿當臉上原有溫柔的愛慕她的神色，卻不以她戴花爲然，稍微遮蓋住他的愛慕神色。亥提這樣愛華麗，是最會使他的母親不願意的，況且他自己也不喜歡她好打扮，凡是屬於亥提的，要他不喜歡，居多是不可能的，這樣的不喜歡，卻是到了可能的極度了。

他說道，「呀，這就像在獵場的畫片上的貴夫人們：她們頭上居多都有花朵，或烏羽或金首飾，但是不曉得怎樣，我不願意看她們；常使我追憶提拉特斯屯集上擺在雜耍場外的場上脂粉的女人們。一個女人要打扮，還有什麼東西能夠好過她自己的頭髮？只要她的頭髮鬚起來，同你的一樣。一個女人若是少年又是美貌，我以爲她只要打扮得淡素，你就能夠看見她的美貌看得更清楚。狄娜馬立斯雖然不過穿一件樸素衣服，戴一頂樸素小帽子，卻是很好看的。據我看來，一個女人的臉用不着戴花裝飾；女人的臉幾乎就像一朵花。你的臉就是一朵花。」……〔這是阿當在有意無意中恭維亥提美貌。且從他眼中看來，只有她和狄娜是兩個美人——譯者注〕

第二十七回 阿當與亞搭爾

過了一會兒，阿當的思想，又回到克列對他所說關於亞搭爾唐尼托安的話，心裏想像他走開，及他未回來之前可以發現的種種改變，後來又依依不捨的回想到少年時做同伴的舊事，想到亞搭爾的許多好處，阿當見得一個看得起他的一個階級在他之上的人，有許多美德，覺得很得意，我們都有這種感覺（先說阿當以爲亞搭爾有種種美德以反跌下文的不道德——譯者注）。如阿當這樣性情的人，要有人可愛，要有人可敬，這種樣人的歡樂居多全靠他對於他人能夠有所相信有所感覺！他並無意想世界的

死英雄；他不甚曉得古時的生活及古時的人物；他必定要在同他說話的人們裏頭，求他所能以親愛的讚美而依戀不捨的人。他因想到亞搭爾而發生的快樂思想使他的精明而粗的臉上，現出一種更為柔和的神氣；也許這就是一種理由，為什麼當他推開引入樹林的舊的綠色關門時，他暫停一會，拍拍吉普（Gyp 阿當的狗的名——譯者注），對他說一句親愛的話。

〔他暫停之後，又在寬而曲折的大路上走，穿過樹林。走到末後的一個灣子的一株樹樹；當他從這裏走向向前走的時侯，他看見兩個人在他的面前，相離約二十碼——譯者注〕他立刻站住不動，好樣一座石像一般，變作幾乎臉無血色。那兩個人站着，面面相對，手拉手，快要走開啦；當這兩個人低頭和吻的時候，吉普原在小樹叢中亂跑的，走出來，看見他們，很大聲的吠了一聲。那兩個人一驚，就走開——那一個匆匆從樹林的關門走出，這一個掉過身子來，慢慢的走，閒閒散散的，向阿當走來，阿當還是站着不動，還是臉無血色，把他用以背着一籃子的木匠傢伙的棍子，抓得緊些，兩眼看着向他走來的人，眼中的疑惑，很快就變作兇猛。

亞搭爾滿臉通紅，現出擾亂神色；他因為要嘗試使不樂的感情，變作較為可以忍受，所以今天吃飯他多飲幾杯酒，使他果於自信的酒力使他足夠鎮靜，使他看輕他心裏所不願的與阿當相遇，若不是酒力，他就不會這樣的看輕。其實與其是別人撞見他同亥提在一起，還不如是阿當撞見他們：因為阿當是個有知識的人，不會對他人亂說的。亞搭爾深信他能夠把這件事當作笑話，就可以解說清

楚了。所以他帶着裝出不以為意的態度，閒閒散散走過來——陽光照着他的通紅的臉，他的細呢及細布的晚服，他的半插入背心口袋的兩手，全被這樣奇異的傍晚的陽光照着，輕雲把陽光返射到天頂，現在從天頂，經過他頭上的最高樹枝，照下來。

阿當還是不動，兩眼看他走上來。他現在全明白了——那個小紀念盒，還有其他令他懷疑的各物，他從前所不能明白的，現在都明白了：有一種可怕的燒人的光，照出隱藏的字來，這就把已往的意義，全改變了。假使他動一動，他必然在所不能免的，如同一隻猛虎，向亞搭爾身上跳；當他在這個覺得很長的幾分鐘裏頭的時候，他的幾種情緒在那裏互相衝突，他曾告訴他自己不要生氣，只要說應該說的話。他站在那裏，好像被一種無形的力所化爲石人，但是這個無形的力，就是他自己的剛硬意志。

亞搭爾說道，『阿當，好呀，你在這裏看好看的老榭樹麼？這些樹卻是斧子所不能近的；這是一個神聖的樹林。當我走向我的的小屋子，就是那裏的潛修室的時候，我趕上美貌的小亥提素理爾，天色已經這樣晚了，她不該走這裏回家。所以我招呼她到閘門，同她要一吻，作我的酬勞。但是這條路是令人難受的潮溼，我現在必得回去。阿當，我同你詩晚安啦：我明天見你——你是曉得的，我同你辭行。』

亞搭爾太過用心演他那一部分的戲，不能看得透澈阿當的臉色。他不曾正看阿當，只是隨隨便便的掉過臉去看樹木，隨即舉起一脚看靴底。他不肯多說話；他已經

在老實的阿當的眼裏，撒了許多沙，足夠礙住他的眼睛了；他說完最後兩句話，就向前走。

阿當並不掉轉身子，用嚴厲如命令的聲音說道，『先生，站着一會，我有話對你說。』

〔亞搭爾很詫異的站着。以爲阿當是受過他的恩惠的人，不該批評他的行爲。他卻曉得自己作錯了事，又不肯得罪阿當，所以他只管驕傲，只管生氣，卻不能不用相勸的聲音回答——譯者注〕亞搭爾說道，『阿當，你有什麼意思？』

阿當還是不轉身，還是用一樣嚴厲聲音，答道，『先生，我的意思是說，你不要用輕鬆的說話騙我。這不是第一次你在這個樹林裏會亥提素埋廂，這又不是第一次你吻她。』

亞搭爾覺得有一種令人驚跳的懷疑，不曉得阿當說這句話有多少是因爲他實在曉得，有多少是因他不過推論得來的。他既不曉得實在情形，就阻止他不能作一句審慎的答覆，反加重他的忿怒。他用一種鋒利腔調說道——

『先生，會了她，吻了她，怎麼樣？』

阿當答道，『既是這樣，你就該以正直及顯體面的人的行爲對付她，我們一向都相信你是這樣的人，你爲什麼做事如同一個自私自利輕薄的無賴。一個如你這樣的鄉紳，吻一個如亥提那樣的少年女子，又同她調情，表示戀愛，又給她許多禮物，使她害怕被他人看見，你曉得，我也曉得，這樣的行爲引到什麼地方。我再說一遍，你的行爲是一個自私自利的輕薄無賴的行爲，我說這句話雖然如同刀刺我的心，我雖寧願失了我的右手，也不肯說這句話，我卻不能不說。』

亞搭爾控制住他的增高的忿怒，又嘗試再用不以爲意的腔調，說道，『阿當，讓我告訴你，你不獨是如魔鬼那樣無禮，而且你是說糊塗話。一個美貌女子不是你這樣糊塗，她當一個鄉紳讚美她的美貌的時候，對她多少用點

心，她不會猜他必定有什麼特別用意。凡是一個男人都喜歡媚一個美貌女子，外示戀愛，凡是一個美貌女子都喜歡男子獻媚於她。這兩個人的階級相離越遠越少禍害，因為她不甚會騙她自己。』

阿當說道，『我不曉得你怎樣解說獻媚，你若是解作一面只管作出種種行為好像是戀愛她，同時卻並不真是戀愛她，我說這就不是君子所為，既不是君子所為，就會有害。我不是個傻子，你又不是個傻子，你曉得你所說的話不對你所施於亥提的行為，你曉得是不能告訴人的，不能告訴人而使她不失了人格，不能告訴人而使她與她的親戚們不丟臉，不煩惱。倘若你吻她，你送她的禮物，你說並無用意，你究竟是為什麼？他人不肯相信你無用意；你也不必告訴我她不自騙。我告訴你，你使她滿心想你，這就很可以害了她一生一世；她將永遠不能愛一個做他的好丈夫的人。』

亞搭爾當阿當說話的時候覺得一種忽然而來的放心；他知道阿當並不切實曉得已往的事，又知道今日傍晚的不幸的相遇，並不會發生不能挽回的損害。現時還可以騙阿當。原是坦白的亞搭爾置他自己於一個為難地位，他的惟一希望，只在說謊，說得令阿當信以為實。這樣的希望稍減他的怒氣。

他用一種友誼退讓的腔調，說道，『阿當，也許你是對的，我注意這個美貌的小姑娘，也許我注意得太過了，久不久偷吻她一次。你是一個很莊重，很有規矩的人，你

不曉得美貌女子會引人做不和干的事，引人吻她。我亦深知，假使我能忍得住，無論如何，我是不肯使她及善良的裴沙爾夫婦們煩惱，或難堪。不過我以為你把這件事看得太過認真些。你是曉得的，我立刻就要出門，我是不會再作同樣的錯事。我們不如互請晚安吧。」——亞搭爾說到這裏，就轉過身子往前走——一面說道，「我們不如不再提這件事吧。不久我們就把這件事忘記了。」……

阿當說道，「不能，當她正在可以戀愛我的時候，你走來把我們拆散了，我不會不久就忘記了的，當我正在以為你是我的好朋友時候，當我以為你是一個心地光明，我以替你辦事為榮的時候，你奪了我的歡樂，我是不能不久就忘記這件事的。你吻她，還說你並無用意麼？我始終並未吻過她，我曾辛苦了幾年，為的是可以得到吻她的權利。你卻當這種事不是事。可以損害他人的事，你以為小事，所以你得着你所謂小事，你以為是不算什麼。我當你是個好人，原來你不是個好人，我把你的恩惠摔還你。我永遠不再當你是我的朋友。我寧願你作我的仇人，就在這裏同我打——你惟有這樣，才能夠給我以全數的賠償。」……

〔亞搭爾不屑同阿當打，阿當罵他是個懦夫，是個無賴，還說看不起他，亞搭爾大怒，先揮拳打阿當，卒之被阿當把他打倒了。他暈倒在地像個死人。後來甦醒。阿當扶他到潛修室，兩人復言歸於好。亞當要他寫信給亥提，說明他的意思，他果然寫信告訴亥提，他不能同她結婚，亥提從此過愁慘日子。——譯者注〕

〔亞搭爾既拋棄亥提，亥提幾願意嫁阿當，於是兩人定婚，約定婚期。不料婚期快到的時候，亥提覺得有孕，於是托故出門找尋亞搭爾。她找不着，又不敢回家，拋棄所生的嬰兒，被提到官。定以殺嬰兒的死罪，入獄候死。——譯者注〕

第四十五回 狄娜探監

那天午後，快到日落的時候，有一個老年人，背站着斯圖尼屯（Stoniton）監牢的更小的門口，對走出來的牧師，說幾句最後的話。牧師是走了，那個老人還站在那裏不動，兩眼看地，手捋着鬚，帶着深思的神色，有一個女人

的溫柔清亮的聲音驚動他，那個女人說道——

『我請問你，我能夠進監麼？』

他掉過頭來，定睛看她一會子，並不答話。

後來他說道，『我從前見過你。你還記得在洛安木州哈斯路普的鄉村草地上講經麼？』

她答道，『先生，我很記得。難道你就是騎在馬背上聽我講經的那位先生麼？』

他答道，『是的。你為什麼要進監？』

她答道，『我要進去看亥提素理爾，她就是定了死罪的少年女人——若是可以許我的話，我還想陪她。先生，你在這個監牢裏有權力麼？』

他答道，『我有權力，我是地方裁判官，能夠替你取得許你進監的準單。但是你認得這個罪犯亥提素理爾麼？』

她答道，『我認得她，我們是親戚：我的姨母嫁他的舅父馬丁斐沙爾。但是我遠在利特斯(Leeds)地方，未曾及時曉得這件大慘事，所以今天才趕到這裏。先生，爲愛我們的天父起見，我求你讓我進去看她，陪她。』

他問道，『你若是才從利特斯來的，你怎樣會曉得她定了死罪？』

她答道，『先生，自從審訊以後，我曾見過我的姨丈。現在他已經回家啦，人人都拋棄這個可憐的罪人。我懇求的替我求情，以便我進監陪她。』

他說道，『你且勿忙！你有膽子在監牢裏終夜陪她麼？她現在是極其懷恨的，有人對她說話，她幾乎是絕不肯對答的。』

她說道，『呀，先生，也許可以得上帝歡喜，使她仍然開心見誠說話。請你不必耽擱我們了。』

這個老人搖鈴，裏頭開門，讓他們進去，他說道，『你跟我進去，我曉得你有一把鎖匙，能夠開放人們的心。』

他們一走進監獄的院子，狄娜就不知不覺的脫了她的帽子及圍頸，這是因為她當講經或祈禱或探望病人的時候，習慣脫帽子脫圍頸；等到他們進了獄卒的屋子，她又不假思索的把這兩樣東西放在一把椅子上。她的臉上並不流露任何擾動，只露出一種深而團聚的鎮靜神色，好像即使是當她說話的時候，她的靈魂在那裏祈禱，依靠一種無形的助力。

這個地方裁判官對獄卒說話之後，掉過頭來對她說道，『獄卒會領你到那個罪犯的牢裏，你若願意，他隨你在牢裏過夜；但是晚上你不能點燈，——點燈是犯例的。我的名字就是陶安利(Townley)大佐：倘若我能夠幫你什麼忙，你就向獄卒問我的住址，你來找我。我為的是那個好人阿當貝特，所以對於這個亥提素理爾有多少休戚相關；那天午後我聽你講經；同在這天午後，我碰巧在哈斯路普看見他，他今天在法庭雖然面帶病容，我卻還認得他。』（這兩句話說得面面俱到，確是好手。——譯者註）

狄娜問道，『呀！先生，你能夠把他的情景告訴我麼？你能告訴我他住在什麼地方麼？因為我的姨丈太過被這件慘事所打倒，記不得了。』

他答道，『他的住處同這裏很近。我從愛文先生打聽他的一切情景，他住在一個錫匠店的樓上，在你進豎門時的右手街上。有一個老教書先生同他在一起。我同你暫別啦；我望你成功。』

『先生，暫別啦。我感謝你』。

當狄娜同獄卒走過院子的時候，肅穆的傍晚陽光令人好像覺得這個時候的牆比白天高得多，她的戴小帽子的可愛的淡白的臉更像在黑暗背影的一朵白花。當下獄卒斜斜的看她，卻始終不響：他多少覺得正在這個時候說話，他自己的聲音會變作很不堪入耳的。當他們引入進囚牢的黑廳時，他點着燈，隨即用他的最客氣的腔調說道，「牢裏現時已經是有點快黑的了；你若是喜歡的話，我能夠拿着燈在這裏多站一會（寫裁判官及獄卒的行為及說話即是寫狄娜令人見了起敬——譯者註）。

狄娜說道，「朋友，我謝謝你，不必了。我願意獨自一人進去。」

獄卒說道，「隨你的便，」於是用聲音難聽的鎖匙在鎖上轉，開了一點牢門，剛好可以容狄娜進去。有一線光從他的燈照着牢的對角，亥提在那裏坐在草蓆上，她的臉藏在兩膝間，她好像是睡着了，但是鎖響的聲音該會驚醒她。

牢門又關了，牢裏只有從高處的小格子射進來的傍晚的天光——足夠辨別人臉。狄娜站着一會不動，遲疑，不敢說話，因為亥提許是睡着了；她帶着一副熱腸看着那不動的一堆。後來她輕輕的說道——

「亥提！」

她看見在亥提的身子有輕輕的動——好像一種薄弱電力所發生的一種跳動；但是亥提並不擡頭看。狄娜又說話，這次她壓不下她的情緒，說話的腔調較響——

『亥提……是狄娜呀。』

這次又有一陣跳動透過亥提的身，她並不露出她的臉來，只稍微擡頭，好像是要聽什麼人說話。

『亥提……狄娜來看你。』

停了一會，亥提擡頭，慢慢的怯怯的從兩膝擡起頭來，舉目看。兩個淡白色的臉彼此相視：那一個的臉上全是一片慌亂死心絕望神色，這一個的臉上全是憂愁及慈愛神氣。狄娜不知不覺的分開她的兩臂，伸出來。

『亥提，你不認得我麼？你不記得狄娜麼？你以為當你遇難的時候我不肯來看你麼？』

亥提把兩眼釘在狄娜臉上，——初時像一個動物注視，又注視，卻並無走上前的意思。

『亥提，我來陪你，——不離開你——同你在一起——同你做姊妹做到底。』

當狄娜說話的時候，亥提慢慢站起來，向前走一步，狄娜雙手抱住她。

兩個人就是這樣站了好一會兒，彼此都不覺得有再分開的衝動。亥提這個時候正在陷入一個黑暗的深坑裏，無人打救，迷迷糊糊的靠着現在來抱住她的東西，狄娜一見第一個表示，曉得這個可憐的失足的人，歡迎她的親愛，覺得從心裏發生一種很深的歡樂。當她們站在那裏的時候，微光變作更暗淡，等到她們同坐在草薦上的時候，就看不清楚人面了。

兩個人都不說話。狄娜在那裏等，希望亥提自動的說一句話；但是她還是那樣坐着，還是那樣糊塗絕望，狄娜抓住她的兩手，她抓住狄娜這隻手，她的臉靠住狄娜的

臉。她還是陷於黑暗的深坑裏，她所抓住的是她所靠着的人（殆指她還未得着宗教的拯救——譯者註）。

狄娜起首疑惑亥提是否曉得坐在她身邊的是誰。她想痛苦及害怕可以使這個可憐的罪人變瘋了。但是她後來說，她所擔負的責任使她必不可以催促上帝的工作：我們太過急於要說話——好像上帝不會由我們的不說出來的感覺而表現他的自身，由於我們的親愛覺得他的親愛。她不曉得她們這樣坐了多久，只覺得越坐天色越黑，後來只有一片淡光在對面的牆上：其餘全是一片黑。但是她越加覺得神靈降臨，——而且覺得她自己就是其中的一部分，她心裏所激勵的憐憫就是神靈的憐憫，立意要拯救這個無人拯救的人。後來她覺得要說話，要曉得亥提有多少曉得現時的情形。

她於是低聲說道，「亥提，你曉得坐在你身旁的是誰麼？」

亥提慢慢答道，「我曉得，是狄娜。」

狄娜問道，「你記得我們兩個人同住在荷爾田舍的時候麼？那天晚上我會告訴你，你要想起，你要相信我是一個患難朋友。」

亥提說道，「我記得」。過了一會，她又說道，「但是你不能替我出力。你不能使他們做什麼。星期一日他們就要絞死我——今天是星期五啦。」

當亥提說最後那句話的時候，身上發抖，靠住狄娜，靠得更緊。

「亥提，我不能，我不能救你的性命。但是有人陪你，有人憐憫你——有你能夠對她說話的人，你能夠對她說你心中的話，既是這樣，你所受的慘痛不會減輕些麼？」

……亥提，是呀：你能夠靠著我：你喜歡我陪你。」

「狄娜，你不離開我麼？你肯靠近我麼？」

「亥提，我不肯離開你。我肯陪你到底……亥提，但是除我之外，牢裏還有一個人，這個人同你很靠近的，你不曉得麼？」

亥提害怕附耳問道，「誰？」

「這個人，當你犯罪及爲難的時候，無時無刻不在你的左右——凡是你所有的思想，這個人都曉得——無論你走到那裏，無論你睡下及再起來，凡是你所蓄試藏在黑暗的種種作爲，這個人都看見。到了星期一日，我不能跟隨你的時候，——我的兩手夠不着你的時候，——當你我被死所分開的時候，——現時同我們在一起的『他』，無所不知的『他』，到了那個時候，還是在你的左右。無論我們或生或死，是毫無分別的，我們無時不在上帝的跟前。」

亥提問道，「咳，狄娜，無人肯替我出力麼？他們必定絞死我麼？……倘若他們讓我活，我是願活的。」

「我的可憐的亥提，你怕死。我曉得死是可怕的。但是設使你有一個朋友在你的死後招呼你——在那個世界招呼你——有一個人，他的親愛大過我的親愛——那個人無所不能，你還怕麼？……倘若我們的『父親』上帝是你的朋友，肯拯救你出於罪過及痛苦，使你不復曉得惡劣的感覺及痛苦，你還怕什麼？你若能夠相信他愛你肯幫你，如你之相信我愛你及肯幫你，即使到了星期一日就得死，就不會覺得那樣難受，是不是？」……〔狄娜說了許多求救於上帝的話勸亥提，最後說得更親切。——譯者註〕

狄娜說道，「上帝，我看見你經過黑暗走來，如同早上，你的兩翼帶着治療藥走來。（參觀舊約瑪拉基，四，二，

——譯者註）我看見你身上有受過痛苦的記號——我曉得你能夠又願意救人——你不肯隨她永遠滅亡。

『強大的上帝！來呀，讓死人聽你的聲音；讓盲人開眼；讓她曉得上帝包圍她；讓她都不必害怕只怕罪惡，因為罪惡使她與上帝分離。我求上帝軟化這個堅硬的心；揭開緊閉她的兩層的封皮；使她用她的全個靈魂喊道，「父呀，我會犯罪。」……』

亥提哭出聲來，兩臂抱住狄娜的頸子，說道，『狄娜，我肯說……我肯告訴……我再不隱藏了。』

但是她的眼淚，她的嗚咽，來得太猛。狄娜慢慢的輕輕的扶她起來，叫她不要跪，扶她又坐在草蓆上，坐在她自己身邊。過了許久，她的喉嚨的震撼，才平服下來，到了這個時候，她們還安靜的坐在黑暗裏頭許久，彼此手抓手。後來亥提附耳低聲說道——

『狄娜，是我幹的……我把小嬰孩埋在樹林裏……小嬰孩喊……我聽見他喊……離得很遠還聽見喊……終夜……因為他喊，我回去。』

她停了一會，又匆匆的說，用更響而帶點辯護的腔調。

她說道，『我想那嬰孩也許不會死——也許有人找着他。我並不會殺那個嬰孩——我並未自己親手殺他。我把他放在那裏，把他遮蓋着，等到我回來，嬰孩就沒有了。……狄娜，這都是因為我這樣的極其愁苦……我不曉得往那裏去才好……前此我曾嘗試殺了我自己，咳，我不能動手，我嘗試跳在池子裏淹死我自己，我又不能。我走到溫則(Windsor)——你曉得麼？我是逃走的。我走去找他

(指亞塔爾——譯者註)，因為我想他可以照應我：他走了；隨後我不知作什麼是好。我不敢再回家——我受不了。我受不了擡頭看無論什麼人，因為他們都要看我不起。我有時想到你，想要到你那裏去，因為我想你不會同我生氣的，不會說我不要臉的：我曾想到，我能夠把事體告訴你。但是他人後來總會曉得的，我還是受不了。有一部分的原因是因為想到你，所以使我向斯圖尼屯來；況且我害怕遊蕩無歸，什麼都沒有，會變作一個乞食女人；有時又好像我必得回去田舍，以免流落。咳，狄娜呀，這時候的情形是很可怕的……我是很愁苦……我願我不曾生在這個世界上。我絕不願再到青綠的田野上——當我愁苦的時候，我恨極了青綠的田野。』

亥提又稍停一會，好像已往的苦況很重壓她，使她說不出話來。

『隨後我到了斯圖尼屯，那天晚上我起首覺得害怕，因為我離家很近了。隨後出乎我意料之外，嬰孩下地；我就想到我不如拋棄他，就可以再回家。這個思想是忽然發生的，是當我躺在床上時候發生的，這個思想越變越有力……我渴想拋棄了嬰孩回家去……我受不了這樣的孤寂，況且我快要乞食了。這個思想給我氣力，給我決斷，我就起來穿衣服，我覺得我必得做這件事……我卻不曉得怎樣做……我想當天黑的時候找一個池子，倘若能夠辦得到，我找一個在田角上的池子，如同那一個一樣。等到那個女人出去了，我覺得氣力充足，什麼事都能做……我想把我全數的愁苦都掃除了，回家去，永遠不讓他們曉得

我是爲什麼逃走的。我於是戴帽子，披圍領，走入黑暗的街，把我的嬰孩藏在外衣下，我走得很快，走到離得很遠的一條街，那裏有一個酒店，我進去飲點熱東西，吃點麪包。我又往前走，幾乎不覺我的腳踏在實地上；這時候月亮出來，地下較光——咳，狄娜，當月亮從雲裏出來第一次看我的時候，很使我害怕——月亮從前一向未曾這樣看過我；我從大路轉入田地，因爲我怕月光照我，會有人看見我。我走到一個乾草墩，我想我可以在這裏躺下取暖，過一夜。草墩裏原挖出一個地方，我能夠在這裏作睡臥地方；我很舒服的躺下，嬰孩靠住我，他身上很暖；我必定睡着了許久，因爲我醒的時候天已亮了，卻還不十分亮，嬰孩在那裏哭。我看見離這裏不遠有一個小樹林……我想那裏很許有一小溝或一個池子……這時候還是很早，我想我能夠把嬰孩藏在那裏，我走很遠的路，才有人起來。隨後我想不如回家——我借坐人家的車子回家，告訴他們我去嘗試找事，不能找着。狄娜，我很想在家過安穩日子。我不曉得我對於那嬰孩作什麼感想。我好像是恨他——他如同一個重東西掛在我的頸子上；他的哭聲卻刺我的心，我不敢看他的小手小臉。但是我走到樹林，我繞樹林走一遍，那裏卻無水。』

亥提發抖。她有一會兒不響，等到她再起首說話的時候，她是附耳低聲說的。

『我走到一處地方有許多木片及草皮，我坐在一棵樹身上思想我該作什麼。我忽然看見栗樹底下有一個洞，如同一個小墳穴。一個主意如同電光那樣快射入我心裏——我把嬰孩放在穴裏，用青草及碎木片蓋住。我除了用這個法子，別無他法能夠弄死這個嬰孩。我只用一分鐘工夫就蓋住了；咳，狄娜，孩子哭得很利害——我究竟不能全把嬰孩蓋嚴了——我想也許有人走過，會走來，照應這個孩子，他就不會死啦。我趕快走出樹林，但是我一路走我都能聽見嬰孩哭；等到我走出來，走入田上，好像有什麼東西捉牢我——我只管要走，我卻不能走開。我靠着乾草墩坐下，留心看有無人走來：這時候我很餓，我只剩了一小塊麪包；但是我不能走開。過了許久——過了好幾點鐘之後——那個人來——是一個穿了一件農人的粗布外衣的人，他很留心看我，我害怕，我趕快向前走。我想他要往樹林裏去，也許他會找着嬰孩。我一直向前走，走到一個村落，離樹林很遠了；我覺得病得很利害，頭暈，飢餓。我在那裏得着點東西吃，還買了一個麪包。但是我害怕，不敢停留。我聽見嬰孩哭，我想別人也聽見——我往前走。但是我很勞倦，天色又快黑啦。後來路邊有一所小糧倉，如同在住持所圍住的地裏頭的小糧倉，離任何房舍很遠；我想我能進去躲在乾草及馬草堆裏，不會有人走來的。我走進去，半堆滿草把子，還有多少馬草。我弄好一個睡處，遠在後面，那裏無人能夠得着我；我很疲倦，很無力，我就

睡下了……不料嬰孩的啼哭驚醒我；我以為那個留心看我的人來捉我。但是後來我必定睡了很久，我自己卻不曉得；因為我起來走出小糧倉的時候，我不辨是晚上抑或是白天。其實是早上，因為越久越亮了；我回頭向來路走。狄娜，我禁不住我自己不回頭走；原是嬰孩的啼哭使我回頭走的：我可害怕到要死。我想那個穿粗布外衣的人會看見我，曉得是我把嬰孩放在那裏的。雖是這樣說，我還是往前走：我這時候不想回家了——我心裏並無這樣思想了。我什麼都看不見，只看見在樹林裏我埋嬰孩的地方……我現時還看見啦。狄娜呀！我將永遠看見那個地方麼？』

亥提緊抱狄娜，又發抖。好像停了許久，她才再說話的。

『這時候天還很早，我並未遇着人，我走入樹林……我認得往那個地方去的路……靠着栗樹的地方；我每走一步都能聽見嬰孩哭……我以為他活着……我不曉得我是害怕抑或是歡喜。我只曉得我在樹林裏，聽見嬰兒啼哭。我不曉得我自己的感覺，等到我看見嬰兒沒有了，我才曉得。當我把嬰兒放在那裏的時候，我原想我願意有人看見，救了去，嬰兒就不會死；但是我一看見沒有了，我被害怕所打倒，我就變作一塊石頭一般。我覺得很無力，我絕不想動。我曉得我不能逃脫，我曉得凡是看見我的人，都會曉得嬰兒是我的。我的心變作一塊石頭一樣；我不能想望什麼，亦不能嘗試什麼；好像我永遠要停留在那裏的，絕不會改變的。但是他們走來，把我拖走了。』

亥提不響，又在那裏發抖，好像後面還有事似的；狄娜在那裏等，因為她滿肚都是愁苦，必要先啼哭然後說話，後來亥提哭了一聲說道——

『狄娜，你想現在我已經把所有的事情都說出來了，上帝會把嬰兒的哭聲及樹林裏的那塊地方拿走麼？』

『可憐的罪人呀，我們祈禱吧：我們再跪下祈禱無所不用慈悲的上帝吧。』

〔作者用絕妙的文章，寫最慘的事，無怪大詩人丁尼孫 Tennyson 稱讚亥提逃走是近代小說的最動人的兩段故事之一。作者說，她的叔母曾告訴她，叔母曾入監牢，勸一個犯了殺自己的嬰孩的罪人，說得悽慘動人。作者後來把這段事做構架，把她叔母的為人及她父親少年時事插入，撰成一部小說。照着叔母所說的故事，那個女罪犯是正法的。作者原想照事直書，因為有人勸她，她才改作亥提蒙特赦，得免一死。後來阿當貝特娶狄娜為妻。——譯者注〕

ADAM BEDE

CHAPTER VI

THE HALL FARM

The history of the house is plain now. It was once the residence of a country squire, whose family, probably dwindling down to mere spinsterhood, got merged in¹ the more territorial name of Donnithorne. It was once the Hall; it is now the Hall Farm. Like the life in some coast-town that was once a watering-place, and is now a port, where the genteel streets are silent and grass-grown, and the docks and warehouses busy and resonant, the life at the Hal² has changed its focus, and no longer radiates from the parlour, but from the kitchen and the farmyard.

Plenty of life there! though this is the drowsiest³ time of the year, just before hay-harvest; and it is the drowsiest time of the day too, for it is close upon three by the sun, and it is half-past three by Mrs. Poyser's handsome eight-day clock. But there is always a stronger sense of life when the sun is brilliant after rain; and now he is pouring down his beams, and making sparkles among the wet straw, and lighting up every patch of vivid green moss on the red tiles of the cowshed, and turning even the muddy water that is hurrying along the channel to the drain into a mirror for the yellow-billed ducks, who are seizing the

¹merged 在 失了本來面目;混入其他。 ²Hall 地主的第宅。
³drowsiest 最懶精神;最冷靜。

opportunity of getting a drink with as much body in it as possible. There is quite a concert of noises; the great bull-dog, chained against the stables, is thrown into furious exasperation by the unwary approach of a cock too near the mouth of his kennel, and sends forth a thundering bark, which is answered by two fox-hounds shut up in the opposite cow-house; the old top knotted hens, scratching with their chicks among the straw, set up a sympathetic croaking as the discomfited cock joins them; a sow with her brood, all very muddy as to the legs, and curled as to the tail, throws in some deep staccato¹ notes; our friends the calves are bleating from the home croft; and, under all, a fine ear discerns² the continuous hum of human voices.

For the great barn-doors are thrown wide open, and men are busy there mending the harness, under the superintendence of Mr. Goby the "whittaw,"³ otherwise saddler, who entertains them with the latest Treddleston gossip.⁴ It is certainly rather an unfortunate day that Alick, the shepherd, has chosen for having the whittaws, since the morning turned out so wet; and Mrs. Poyser has spoken her mind⁵ pretty strongly as to the dirt which the extra number of men's shoes brought into the house at dinner-time. Indeed, she has not yet recovered her equanimity⁶ on the subject, though it is now nearly three hours since dinner, and the house-floor is perfectly clean again; as clean as everything else in that wonderful house-place, where the only chance of collecting a few grains of dust would be to climb on the salt-coffer, and put your finger

¹ staccato 音與音相離得很陡。 ² discerns 窺見，這裏作聽見。
³ whittaw 製鞍人。 ⁴ gossip 街談巷語；新聞。 ⁵ speak her mind 說坦白話；不啟客氣話。 ⁶ equanimity 鎮靜；安帖。

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on the high mantel-shelf on which the glittering brass candlesticks are enjoying their summer sinecure;¹ for at this time of year, of course, every one goes to bed while it is yet light, or at least light enough to discern the outline of objects after you have bruised your shins against them. Surely nowhere else could an oak clock-case and an oak table have got to such a polish by the hand: genuine "elbow polish," as Mrs. Poyser called it, for she thanked God she never had any of your varnish rubbish in her house. Hetty Sorrel often took the opportunity, when her aunt's back was turned, of looking at the pleasing reflection of herself in those polished surfaces, for the oak table was usually turned up like a screen, and was more for ornament than for use; and she could see herself sometimes in the great round pewter dishes that were ranged on the shelves above the long deal dinner table, or in the hobs of the grate, which always shone like jasper.

Everything was looking at its brightest at this moment, for the sun shone right on the pewter dishes, and from their reflecting pleasant jets of light were thrown on mellow² oak and bright brass;—and on a still pleasanter object than these; for some of the rays fell on Dinah's finely-moulded cheek, and lit up her pale red hair to auburn, as she bent over the heavy household linen which she was mending for her aunt. No scene could have been more peaceful, if Mrs. Poyser, who was ironing a few things that still remained from the Monday's wash, had not been making a frequent clinking with her iron, and moving to and fro whenever she wanted it to cool; carrying the keen glance of her blue-grey eye from the kitchen to the dairy,

¹ sinecure 尸位素餐的事。 ² mellow 如陳酒那樣純，這裏解作曬熱了的。

where Hetty was making up the butter, and from the dairy to the back-kitchen, where Nancy was taking the pies out of the oven. Do not suppose, however, that Mrs. Poyser was elderly or shrewish in her appearance; she was a good-looking woman, not more than eight-and-thirty, of fair complexion and sandy hair, well-shapen, light-footed: the most conspicuous article in her attire was an ample checkered linen apron, which almost covered her skirt; and nothing could be plainer or less noticeable than her cap and gown, for there was no weakness of which she was less tolerant than feminine vanity, and the preference of ornament to utility. The family likeness between her and her niece Dinah Morris, with the contrast between her keenness and Dinah's seraphic gentleness of expression, might have served a painter as an excellent suggestion for a Martha and Mary. Their eyes were just of the same colour, but a striking test of the difference in their operation was seen in the demeanour of Trip, the black-and-tan terrier, whenever that much-suspected dog unwarily exposed himself to the freezing arctic ray of Mrs. Poyser's glance. Her tongue was not less keen than her eye, and, whenever a damsel came within earshot, seemed to take up an unfinished lecture, as a barrel-organ takes up a tune, precisely at the point where it had left off.

The fact that it was churning-day was another reason why it was inconvenient to have the whittaws, and why, consequently, Mrs. Poyser should scold Molly the housemaid with unusual severity. To all appearance Molly had got through her after-dinner work in an exemplary¹ manner, had "cleaned herself" with great despatch, and

¹exemplary 可以作表率。

now came to ask, submissively, if she should sit down to her spinning till milking-time. But this blameless conduct, according to Mrs. Poyser, shrouded a secret indulgence of unbecoming wishes, which she now dragged forth and held up to Molly's view with cutting eloquence.

"Spinning, indeed! It isn't spinning as you'd be at, I'll be bound, and let you have your own way. I never knew your equals for gallownsness.¹ To think of a gell o' your age wanting to go and sit with half-a-dozen men! I'd ha' been ashamed to let the words pass over my lips if I'd been you. And you, as have been here ever since last Michaelmas, and I hired you at 'Treddles' on stattsits,² without a bit o' character—as I say, you might be grateful to be hired in that way to a respectable place; and you knew no more o' what belongs to work when you come here than the mawkin³ i' the field. As poor a two-fisted thing as ever I saw, you know you was. Who taught you to scrub a floor, I should like to know? Why, you'd leave the dirt in heaps i' the corners—anybody 'ud think you'd never been brought up among Christians. And as for spinning, why, you've wasted as much as your wage 'i the flax you've spoiled learning to spin. And you've a right to feel that, and not to go about as gaping and as thoughtless as if you was beholding to nobody. Comb the wool for the whittaws, indeed! That's what you'd like to be doing, is it? That's the way with you—that's the road you'd all like to go, headlongs to ruin. You're never easy till you've got some sweetheart as is as big a fool as yourself; you think you'll be finely off when you're married, I daresay, and have got a three-legged stool to sit on,

¹gallownses 有絞綫的資格; 可以配綫. ²on stattsits 似是觀 on statutes 立合同; 立契約. ³mawkin 卽 walkin 草葉的假女人, 用以嚇鳥.

and never a blanket to cover you, and a bit o' oat-cake for your dinner, as three children are a-snatching at."

"I'm sure I donna want t' go wi' the whittaws," said Molly, whimpering, and quite overcome by this Dantean picture¹ of her future, "on'y we allays used to comb the wool for 'n at Mester Ottley's; an' so I just axed ye. I donna want to set eyes on the whittaws again; I wish I may never stir if I do."

"Mr. Ottley's, indeed! It's fine talking o' what you did at Mr. Ottley's. Your missis there might like her floors dirted wi' whittaws for what I know. There's no knowing what people *wonna*² like—such ways as I've heard of! I never had a gell come into my house as seemed to know what cleaning was; I think people live like pigs, for my part. And as to that Betty as was dairymaid at Trent's before she come to me, she'd ha' left the cheases without turning from week's end to weeks' end, and the dairy thralls, I might ha' wrote my name on 'e.n., when I come down-stairs after my illness, as the doctor said it was inflammation—it was a mercy I got well of it. And to think o' your knowing no better, Molly, and been here a-going i' nine months, and not for want o' talking to, neither—and what are you stanning there for, like a jack as is run down, instead o' getting your wheel out? You're a rare un for sitting down to your work a little while after it's time to put by." . . .

CHAPTER VII

THE DAIRY

Hetty blushed a deep rose-colour when Captain Donni-thorne entered the dairy and spoke to her; but it was not

¹ Dantean picture 意大利詩人 Dante 所撰的三篇長歌, 其中有一篇說的是地獄. ² *wonna* 係 *would not*.

at all a distressed blush, for it was inwreathed with smiles and dimples, and with sparkles from under long curled dark eye-lashes; and while her aunt was discoursing to him about the limited amount of milk that was to be spared for butter and cheese so long as the calves were not all weaned, and a large quantity but inferior quality of milk yielded by the short-horn, which had been bought on experiment, together with other matters which must be interesting to a young gentleman who would one day be a landlord, Hetty tossed and patted her pound of butter with quite a self-possessed, coquettish air, slyly conscious that no turn of her head was lost.

There are various orders of beauty, causing men to make fools of themselves in various styles, from the desperate to the sheepish; but there is one order of beauty which seems made to turn the heads not only of men but of all intelligent mammals, even of women. It is beauty like that of kittens, or very small downy ducks making gentle rippling noises with their soft bills, or babies just beginning to toddle and to engage in conscious mischief—a beauty with which you can never be angry, but that you feel ready to crush for inability to comprehend the state of mind into which it throws you. Hetty Sorrel was that sort of beauty. Her aunt, Mrs. Poyser, who professed to despise all personal attractions, and intended to be the severest of mentors, continually gazed at Hetty's charms by the sly, fascinated in spite of herself;¹ and after administering such a scolding as naturally flowed from her anxiety to do well by her husband's niece—who had no mother of her own to scold her, poor thing!—she would

¹ in spite of herself 她自己不由自主。

often confess to her husband, when they were safe out of hearing, that she firmly believed, "the naughtier the little huzzy behaved, the prettier she looked."

It is of little use for me to tell you that Hetty's cheek was like a rose-petal, that dimples played about her pouting lips, that her large dark eyes hid a soft roguishness under their long lashes, and that her curly hair, though all pushed back under her round cap while she was at work, stole back in dark delicate rings on her forehead, and about her white shell-like ears; it is of little use for me to say how lovely was the contour of her pink-and-white neckerchief, tucked into her low plum-coloured stuff boddice, or how the lincn butter-making apron, with its bib, seemed a thing to be imitated in silk by duchesses, since it fell in such charming lines, or how her brown stockings and thick-soled buckled shoes lost all that clumsiness which they must certainly have had when empty of her foot and ankle;—of little use, unless you have seen a woman who affected you as Hetty affected her beholders, for otherwise, though you might conjure up¹ the image of a lovely woman, she would not in the least resemble that distracting² kitten-like maiden. I might mention all the divine charms of a bright spring day, but if you had never in your life utterly forgotten yourself in straining your eyes after the mounting lark, or in wandering through the still lanes when the fresh-opened blossoms fill them with a sacred silent beauty like that of fretted aisles, where would be the use of my descriptive catalogue? I could never make you know what I meant by a bright spring day. Hetty's was a

¹ conjures up 幻出; 變出; 幻想; 設想. ² distracting 令人分心; 令人迷亂; 令人發狂.

spring-tide beauty; it was the beauty of young frisking things, round-limbed, gambolling, circumventing you by a false air of innocence—the innocence of a young star-browed¹ calf, for example, that, being inclined for a promenade out of bounds, leads you a severe steeple-chase over hedge and ditch, and only comes to a stand in the middle of a bog.

And they are the prettiest attitudes and movements into which a pretty girl is thrown in making up butter—tossing movements that give a charming curve to the arm, and a sideward inclination of the round white neck; little patting and rolling movements with the palm of the hand, and nice adaptations and finishings which cannot at all be effected without a great play of the pouting mouth and the dark eyes. And then the butter itself seems to communicate a fresh charm—it is so pure, so sweet-scented; it is turned off the mould with such a beautiful firm surface, like marble in a pale yellow light! Moreover, Hetty was particularly clever at making up the butter; it was the one performance of hers that her aunt allowed to pass without severe criticism; so she handled it² with all the grace that belongs to mastery.

“I hope you will be ready for a great holiday on the thirtieth of July, Mrs. Poyser,” said Captain Donnithorne, when he had sufficiently admired the dairy, and given several improvised opinions on Swede turnips and short-horns. “You know what is to happen then, and I shall expect you to be one of the guests who come earliest and leave latest. Will you promise me your hand for two dances, Miss Hetty? If I don’t get your promise now, I

¹star-browed 譯者不致強解。 ²handled 用手拿; 辦理。

know I shall hardly have a chance, for all the smart young farmers will take care to secure you."

Hetty smiled and blushed, but before she could answer, Mrs. Poyser interposed, scandalised at the mere suggestion that the young squire could be excluded by any meaner partners.

"Indeed, sir, you are very kind to take that notice of her. And I'm sure, whenever you're pleased to dance with her, she'll be proud and thankful, if she stood still all the rest o' th' evening."

"Oh no, no, that would be too cruel to all the other young fellows who can dance. But you will promise me two dances, won't you?" the Captain continued, determined to make Hetty look at him and speak to him.

Hetty dropped the prettiest little curtsy, and stole a half-shy, half-coquettish glance at him as she said—

"Yes, thank you, sir."

"And you must bring all your children, you know, Mrs. Poyser; your little Totty, as well as the boys. I want all the youngest children on the estate to be there—all those who will be fine young men and women when I'm a bald old fellow."

"Oh dear, sir, that 'ull be a long time first," said Mrs. Poyser, quite overcome at the young squire's speaking so lightly of himself, and thinking how her husband would be interested in hearing her recount this remarkable specimen of high-born humour. The Captain was thought to be "very full of his jokes," and was a great favourite throughout the estate on account of his free manners. Every tenant was quite sure things would be different when the reins got into his hands—there was to be a

millennial¹ abundance of new gates, allowances of lime, and returns of ten per cent.

"But where is Totty to-day?" he said. "I want to see her."

"Where is the little un, Hetty?" said Mrs. Poyser. "She came in here not long ago."

"I don't know. She went into the brewhouse to Nancy, I think."

The proud² mother, unable to resist the temptation to show her Totty, passed at once into the back-kitchen, in search of her, not, however, without misgivings lest something should have happened to render her person and attire unfit for presentation.

"And do you carry the butter to market when you've made it?" said the Captain to Hetty, meanwhile.

"Oh no, sir; not when it's so heavy; I'm not strong enough to carry it. Alick takes it on horseback."

"No, I'm sure your pretty arms were never meant for such heavy weights. But you go out a walk sometimes these pleasant evenings, don't you? Why don't you have a walk in the Chase³ sometimes, now it's so green and pleasant? I hardly ever see you anywhere except at home and at church."

"Aunt doesn't like me to go a-walking only when I'm going somewhere," said Hetty. "But I go through the Chase sometimes."

"And don't you ever go to see Mrs. Best, the house-keeper? I think I saw you once in the housekeeper's room."

¹millennial 卽 millennium 基督管理我們這個世界一千年的時期 ²proud 得意. ³chase 無圍場的獵地.

"It isn't Mrs. Best, it's Mrs. Pomfret, the lady's-maid, as I go to see. She's teaching me tent-stitch and the lace-mending. I'm going to tea with her to-morrow afternoon."

The reason why there had been space for this *tête-à-tête* can only be known by looking into the back-kitchen, where Totty had been discovered rubbing a stray blue-bag against her nose, and in the same moment allowing some liberal indigo drops to fall on her afternoon pinafore. But now she appeared holding her mother's hand—the end of her round nose rather shiny from a recent and hurried application of soap and water. . . .

CHAPTER IX

HETTY'S WORLD

Hetty was quite used to the thought that people liked to look at her. She was not blind to the fact that young Luke Britton of Broxton came to Hayslope Church on a Sunday afternoon on purpose that he might see her; and that he would have made much more decided advances if her uncle Poyser, thinking but lightly of a young man whose father's land was so foul as old Luke Britton's, had not forbidden her aunt to encourage him by any civilities. She was aware, too, that Mr. Craig, the gardener at the Chase, was over head and ears in love with her, and had lately made unmistakable avowals in luscious strawberries and hyperbolic peas. She knew still better, that Adam Bede—tall, upright, clever, brave Adam Bede—who carried such authority with all the people round about, and whom her uncle was always delighted to see of an evening, saying that "Adam knew a fine sight more o' the natur o' things than

those as thought themselves his betters"—she knew that this Adam, who was often rather stern to other people, and not much given to run after the lasses, could be made to turn pale or red any day by a word or a look from her. Hetty's sphere of comparison was not large, but she couldn't help perceiving that Adam was "something like" a man; always knew what to say about things, could tell her uncle how to prop the hovel, and had mended the church in no time; knew, with only looking at it, the value of the chestnut-tree that was blown down, and why the damp came in the walls, and what they must do to stop the rats; and wrote a beautiful hand that you could read off, and could do figures in his head—a degree of accomplishment totally unknown among the richest farmers of that countryside. Not at all like that slouching Luke Britton, who, when she once walked with him all the way from Broxton to Hayslope, had only broken silence to remark that the grey goose had begun to lay. And as for Mr. Craig, the gardener, he was a sensible man enough, to be sure, but he was knock-kneed, and had a queer sort of sing-song in his talk; moreover, on the most charitable¹ supposition, he must be far on the way to forty.

Hetty was quite certain her uncle wanted her to encourage Adam, and would be pleased for her to marry him. For those were times when there was no rigid demarcation of rank between the farmer and the respectable artisan, and on the home hearth, as well as in the public-house, they might be seen taking their jug of ale together; the farmer having a latent sense of capital, and of weight in parish

¹ charitable 不苛求.

affairs, which sustained him under his conspicuous inferiority in conversation. Martin Poyser was not a frequenter of public-houses, but he liked a friendly chat over his own home-brewed; and though it was pleasant to lay down the law to a stupid neighbour who had no notion how to make the best of his farm, it was also an agreeable variety to learn something from a clever fellow like Adam Bede. Accordingly, for the last three years—ever since he had superintended the building of the new barn—Adam has always been made welcome at the Hall Farm, especially of a winter evening, when the whole family, in patriarchal fashion, master and mistress, children and servants, were assembled in that glorious kitchen, at well-graduated distances from the blazing fire. And for the last two years, at least, Hetty had been in the habit of hearing her uncle say, "Adam Bede may be working for wage now, but he'll be a master-man some day, as sure as I sit in this chair. Mester Burge is in the right on't to want him to go partners and marry his daughter, if it's true what they say; the woman as marries him 'ull have a good take, be't Lady-day or Michaelmas,"—a remark which Mrs. Poyser always followed up with her cordial assent. "Ah," she would say, "it's all very fine having a ready-made rich man, but may-happen he'll be a ready-made fool; and it's no use filling your pocket full o' money if you've got a hole in the corner. It'll do you no good to sit in a spring-cart o' your own, if you've got a soft to drive you: he'll soon turn you over into the ditch. I allays said I'd never marry a man as had got no brains; for where's the use of a woman having brains of her own if she's tackled to a geck¹

¹geck 卽 gawk 蠢人.

as everybody's a-laughing at? She might as well dress herself fine to sit back'ards on a donkey."

These expressions, though figurative, sufficiently indicated the bent of Mrs. Poyser's mind with regard to Adam; and though she and her husband might have viewed the subject differently if Hetty had been a daughter of their own, it was clear that they would have welcomed the match with Adam for a penniless niece. For what could Hetty have been but a servant elsewhere, if her uncle had not taken her in and brought her up as a domestic help to her aunt, whose health since the birth of Totty had not been equal to more positive labour than the superintendence of servants and children? But Hetty had never given Adam any steady encouragement. Even in the moments when she was most thoroughly conscious of his superiority to her other admirers, she had never brought herself to think of accepting him. . . . And Hetty's dreams were all of luxuries: to sit in a carpeted parlour, and always wear white stockings; to have some large beautiful earrings, such as were all the fashion; to have Nottingham lace round the top of her gown, and something to make her handkerchief smell nice, like Miss Lydia Donnithorne's when she drew it out at church; and not to be obliged to get up early or be scolded by anybody. She thought, if Adam had been rich and could have given her these things, she loved him well enough to marry him.

But for the last few weeks a new influence had come over Hetty—vague, atmospheric, shaping itself into no self-confessed hopes or prospects, but producing a pleasant narcotic effect, making her tread the ground and go about her work in a sort of dream, unconscious of weight or effort, and showing her all things through a soft, liquid veil, as if she

were living not in this solid world of brick and stone, but in a beatified world,¹ such as the sun lights up for us in the waters. Hetty had become aware that Mr. Arthur Donnithorne would take a good deal of trouble for the chance of seeing her; that he always placed himself at church so as to have the fullest view of her both sitting and standing; that he was constantly finding reasons for calling at the Hall Farm, and always would contrive to say something for the sake of making her speak to him and look at him. The poor child no more conceived at present the idea that the young squire could ever be her lover, than a baker's pretty daughter in the crowd, whom a young emperor distinguishes by an imperial but admiring smile, conceives that she shall be made empress. But the baker's daughter goes home and dreams of the handsome young emperor, and perhaps weighs the flour amiss while she is thinking what a heavenly lot it must be to have him for a husband; and so poor Hetty had got a face and a presence haunting her waking and sleeping dreams; bright, soft glances had penetrated her, suffused her life with a strange, happy languor. The eyes that shed those glances were really not half so fine as Adam's, which sometimes looked at her with a sad, beseeching tenderness; but they had found a ready medium in Hetty's little silly imagination, whereas Adam's could get no entrance through that atmosphere. For three weeks, at least, her inward life had consisted of little else than living through in memory the looks and words Arthur had directed towards her—of little else than recalling the sensations with which she heard his voice outside the house, and saw him enter, and became conscious that his eyes

¹ beatified world 極樂世界.

were fixed on her, and then became conscious that a tall figure, looking down on her with eyes that seemed to touch her, was coming nearer in clothes of beautiful texture, with an odour like that of a flower-garden borne on the evening breeze. Foolish thoughts! . . .

“Well, I have no objection to your contemplating Hetty in an artistic light, but I must not have you feeding her vanity, and filling her little noddle with the notion that she’s a great beauty, attractive to fine gentlemen, or you will spoil her for a poor man’s wife—honest Craig’s, for example, whom I have seen bestowing soft glances on her. The little puss seems already to have airs enough to make a husband as miserable as it’s a law of nature for a quiet man to be when he marries a beauty. Apropos of marrying, I hope our friend Adam will get settled, now the poor old man’s gone. He will only have his mother to keep in future, and I’ve a notion that there’s a kindness between him and that nice modest girl, Mary Burge, from something that fell from old Jonathan one day when I was talking to him. But when I mentioned the subject to Adam he looked uneasy, and turned the conversation. I suppose the love-making doesn’t run smooth, or perhaps Adam hangs back till he’s in a better position. He has independence of spirit enough for two men—rather an excess of pride, if anything.” . . .

CHAPTER XII

IN THE WOOD

It was along the broadest of these paths that Arthur Donnithorne passed, under an avenue of limes and beeches.

It was a still afternoon—the golden light was lingering languidly among the upper boughs, only glancing down here and there on the purple pathway and its edge of faintly-sprinkled moss. . . . Arthur strolled along carelessly, with a book under his arm, but not looking on the ground as meditative men are apt to do; his eyes *would* fix themselves on the distant bend in the road round which a little figure must surely appear before long. Ah! there she comes: first a bright patch of colour; like a tropic bird among the boughs, then a tripping figure, with a round hat on, and a small basket under her arm; then a deep-blushing, almost frightened, but bright-smiling girl, making her curtsy with a fluttered yet happy glance, as Arthur came up to her. If Arthur had had time to think at all, he would have thought it strange that he should feel fluttered too, be conscious of blushing too—in fact, look and feel as foolish as if he had been taken by surprise instead of meeting just what he expected. Poor things! It was a pity they were not in that golden age of childhood when they would have stood face to face, eyeing each other with timid liking, then given each other a little butterfly kiss, and toddled off to play together. Arthur would have gone home to his silk-curtained cot, and Hetty to her home-spun pillow, and both would have slept without dreams, and to-morrow would have been a life hardly conscious of a yesterday.

Arthur turned round and walked by Hetty's side without giving a reason. They were alone together for the first time. What an overpowering presence that first privacy is! He actually dared not look at this little buttermaker for the first minute or two. As for Hetty, her feet rested on a cloud, and she was borne along by warm zephyrs;

she had forgotten her rose-coloured ribbons; she was no more conscious of her limbs than if her childish soul had passed into a water-lily, resting on a liquid bed, and warmed by the midsummer sunbeams. It may seem a contradiction, but Arthur gathered a certain carelessness and confidence from his timidity: it was an entirely different state of mind from what he had expected in such a meeting with Hetty; and full as he was of vague feeling, there was room, in those moments of silence, for the thought that his previous debates¹ and scruples² were needless.

"You are quite right to choose this way of coming to the Chase," he said at last, looking down at Hetty, "it is so much prettier as well as shorter than coming by either of the lodges."

"Yes, sir," Hetty answered, with a tremulous, almost whispering voice. She didn't know one bit how to speak to a gentleman like Mr. Arthur, and her very vanity made her more coy of speech.

"Do you come every week to see Mrs. Pomfret?"

"Yes, sir, every Thursday, only when she's got to go out with Miss Donnithorne."

"And she's teaching you something, is she?"

"Yes, sir, the lace-mending as she learnt abroad, and the stocking-mending—it looks just like the stocking, you can't tell it's been mended; and she teaches me cutting-out too."

"What! are *you* going to be a lady's-maid?"

"I should like to be one very much indeed." Hetty spoke more audibly now, but still rather tremulously;

¹ debates 辯駁; 推駁. ² scruples 忌礙; 顧忌.

she thought, perhaps she seemed as stupid to Captain Donnithorne as Luke Britton did to her.

"I suppose Mrs. Pomfret always expects you at this time?"

"She expects me at four o'clock. I'm rather late to-day, because my aunt couldn't spare me; but the regular time is four, because that gives us time before Miss Donnithorne's bell rings."

"Ah, then, I must not keep you now, else I should like to show you the Hermitage. Did you ever see it?"

"No, sir,"

"This is the walk where we turn up to it. But we must not go now. I'll show it you some other time, if you'd like to see it."

"Yes, please, sir."

"Do you always come back this way in the evening, or are you afraid to come so lonely a road?"

"Oh no, sis, it's never late; I always set out by eight o'clock, and it's so light now in the evening. My aunt would be angry with me if I didn't get home before nine."

"Perhaps Craig, the gardener, comes to take care of you?"

A deep blush overspread Hetty's face and neck. "I'm sure he doesn't; I'm sure he never did; I wouldn't let him; I don't like him," she said hastily, and the tears of vexation had come so fast, that before she had done speaking a bright drop rolled down her hot cheek. Then she felt ashamed to death that she was crying, and for one long instant her happiness was all gone. But in the next she felt an arm steal round her, and a gentle voice said—

"Why, Hetty, what makes you cry? I didn't mean to vex you. I wouldn't vex you for the world, you little

blossom. Come, don't cry; look at me, else I shall think you won't forgive me."

Arthur had laid his hand on the soft arm that was nearest to him, and was stooping towards Hetty with a look of coaxing entreaty. Hetty lifted her long dewy lashes, and met the eyes that were bent towards her with a sweet, timid, beseeching look. What a space of time those three moments wore, while their eyes met and his arms touched her! Love is such a simple thing when we have only one-and-twenty summers and a sweet girl of seventeen trembles under our glance, as if she were a bud first opening her heart with wondering rapture to the morning. Such young unfurrowed souls roll to meet each other like two velvet peaches that touch softly and are at rest; they mingle as easily as two brooklets that ask for nothing but to entwine themselves and ripple with over-interlacing curves in the leafiest hiding-places. While Arthur gazed into Hetty's dark beseeching eyes, it made no difference to him what sort of English she spoke: and even if hoops and powder had been in fashion, he would very likely not have been sensible just then that Hetty wanted those signs of high breeding.

But they started asunder with beating hearts: something had fallen on the ground with a rattling noise; it was Hetty's basket; all her little work-woman's matters were scattered on the path, some of them showing a capability of rolling to great lengths. There was much to be done in picking up, and not a word was spoken; but when Arthur hung the basket over her arm again, the poor child felt a strange difference in his look and manner. He just pressed her hand, and said, with a look and tone that were almost chilling to her—

ADAM BEDE

"I have been hindering you; I must not keep you any longer now. You will be expected at the house. Good-bye."

Without waiting for her to speak, he turned away from her and hurried back towards the road that led to the Hermitage, leaving Hetty to pursue her way in a strange dream, that seemed to have begun in bewildering delight, and was now passing into contrarities and sadness. Would he meet her again as she came home? Why had he spoken almost as if he were displeased with her? and then run away so suddenly? She cried, hardly knowing why. . . .

CHAPTER XX

ADAM VISITS THE HALL FARM

Not a word more was spoken as they gathered the currants. Adam's heart was too full to speak, and he thought Hetty knew all that was in it. She was not indifferent to his presence after all; she had blushed when she saw him, and then there was that touch of sadness about her which must surely mean love, since it was the opposite of her usual manner, which had often impressed him as indifference. And he could glance at her continually as she bent over the fruit, while the level evening sunbeams stole through the thick apple-tree boughs, and rested on her round cheek and neck as if they too were in love with her. It was to Adam the time that a man can least forget in after-life—the time when he believes that the first woman he has ever loved betrays by a slight something—a word, a tone, a glance, the quivering of a lip

or an eyelid—that she is at least beginning to love him in return. The sign is so slight, it is scarcely perceptible to the ear or eye—he could describe it to no one—it is a mere feather-touch, yet it seems to have changed his whole being, to have merged an uneasy yearning into a delicious unconsciousness of everything but the present moment. So much of our early gladness vanishes utterly from our memory: we can never recall the joy with which we laid our heads on our mother's bosom or rode on our father's back in childhood; doubtless that joy is wrought up into our nature, as the sunlight of long-past mornings is wrought up in the soft mellowness of the apricot; but it is gone forever from our imagination, and we can only *believe* in the joy of childhood. But the first glad moment in our first love is a vision which returns to us to the last, and brings with it a thrill of feeling intense and special as the recurrent sensation of a sweet odour breathed in a far-off hour of happiness. It is a memory that gives a more exquisite¹ touch to tenderness, that feeds the madness of jealousy, and adds the last keenness to the agony of despair.

Hetty bending over the red bunches, the level rays piercing the screen of apple-tree boughs, the length of bushy garden beyond, its own emotion as he looked at her and believed that she was thinking of him, and that there was no need for them to talk—Adam remembered it all to the last moment of his life.

And Hetty? You know quite well that Adam was mistaken about her. Like many other men, he thought the signs of love for another were signs of love towards

¹exquisite 極美; 極細; 尖利.

himself. When Adam was approaching unseen by her, she was absorbed as usual in thinking and wondering about Arthur's possible return: the sound of any man's footstep would have affected her just in the same way—she would have *felt* it might be Arthur before she had time to see, and the blood that forsook her cheek in the agitation of that momentary feeling would have rushed back again at the sight of any one else just as much as at the sight of Adam. He was not wrong in thinking that a change had come over Hetty: the anxieties and fears of a first passion, with which she was trembling, had become stronger than vanity, had given her for the first time that sense of helpless dependence on another's feeling which awakens the clinging deprecating womanhood even in the shallowest girl that can ever experience it, and creates in her a sensibility to kindness which found her quite hard before. For the first time Hetty felt that there was something soothing to her in Adam's timid yet manly tenderness: she wanted to be treated lovingly—oh, it was very hard to bear this blank of absence silence, apparent indifference, after those moments of glowing love! She was not afraid that Adam would tease her with love-making and flattering speeches like her other admirers: he had always been so reserved to her: she could enjoy without any fear the sense that this strong brave man loved her and was near her. It never entered into her mind that Adam was pitiable too—that Adam, too, must suffer one day.

Hetty, we know, was not the first woman that had behaved more gently to the man who loved her in vain, because she had herself begun to love another. It was a very old story; but Adam knew nothing about it, so he drank in the sweet delusion.

ADAM BEED

"That'll do," said Hetty, after a little while. "Aunt wants me to leave some on the trees. I'll take 'em in now."

"It's very well I came to carry the basket," said Adam, "for it 'ud ha' been too heavy for your little arms."

"No; I could ha' carried it with both hands."

"Oh, I daresay," said Adam, smiling, "and been as long getting into the house as a little ant carrying a caterpillar. Have you ever seen those tiny fellows carrying things four times as big as themselves?"

"No," said Hetty, indifferently, not caring to know the difficulties of ant-life.

"Oh, I used to watch 'em often when I was a lad. But now, you see, I can carry the basket with one arm, as if it was an empty nutshell, and give you th' other arm to lean on. Won't you? Such big arms as mine were made for little arms like yours to lean on."

Hetty smiled faintly, and put her arm within his. Adam looked down at her, but her eyes were turned dreamily towards another corner of the garden.

"Have you ever been to Eagledale?" she said, as they walked slowly along.

"Yes," said Adam, pleased to have her ask a question about himself; "ten years ago, when I was a lad, I went with father to see about some work there. It's wonderful sight—rocks and caves such as you never saw in your life. I never had a right notion o' rocks till I went there."

"How long did it take to get there?"

"Why, it took us the best part o' two days' walking. But it's nothing of a day's journey for anybody as has got a first-rate nag. The Captain 'ud get there in nine or ten hours, I'll be bound, he's such a rider. And I should-n't wonder if he's back again to-morrow; he's too active

to rest long in that lonely place, all by himself, for there's nothing but a bit of an inn i' that part where he's gone to fish. I wish he'd got th' estate in his hands; that 'ud be the right thing for him, for it 'ud give him plenty to do, and he'd do't well too, for all he's so young; he's got better notions o' things than many a man twice his age. He spoke very handsome to me th' other day about lending me money to set up i' business; and if things came round that way, I'd rather be beholdin' to him nor to any man i' the world."

Poor Adam was led on to speak about Arthur because he thought Hetty would be pleased to know that the young squire was so ready to befriend him; the fact entered into his future prospects,¹ which he would like to seem promising² in her eyes. And it was true that Hetty listened with an interest which brought a new light into her eyes and a half smile upon her lips.

"How pretty the roses are now!" Adam continued, pausing to look at them. "See! I stole the prettiest, but I didna mean to keep it myself. I think these as are all pink, and have got a finer sort o' green leaves, are prettier than the striped uns, don't you?"

He set down the basket, and took the rose from his button-hole.

"It smells very sweet," he said; "those striped uns have no smell. Stick it in your frock, and then you can put it in water after. It 'ud be a pity to let it fade."

Hetty took the rose, smiling as she did so at the pleasant thought that Arthur could so soon get back if he liked. There was a flash of hope and happiness in her mind, and

¹prospects 光景; 計劃. ²promising 有希望.

with a sudden impulse of gaiety she did what she had very often done before—stuck the rose in her hair a little above the left ear. The tender admiration in Adam's face was slightly shadowed by reluctant disapproval. Hetty's love of finery was just the thing that would most provoke his mother, and he himself disliked it as much as it was possible for him to dislike anything that belonged to her.

"Ah," he said, "that's like the ladies in the pictures at the Chase: they've mostly got flowers or feathers or gold things i' their hair, but somehow I don't like to see 'em; they allays put me i' mind o' the painted women outside the shows at Treddles' on fair. What can a woman have to set off better than her own hair, when it curls so, like yours? If a woman's young and pretty, I think you can see her good looks all the better for her being plain dressed. Why, Dinah Morris looks very nice, for all she wears such a plain cap and gown. It seems to me as a woman's face doesna want flowers; it's almost like a flower itself. I'm sure yours is." . . .

CHAPTER XXVII

A CRISIS

Presently Adam's thoughts recurred to what Mr. Craig had said about Arthur Donnithorne, and pictured his going away, and the changes that might take place before he came back; then they travelled back affectionately over the old scenes of boyish companionship, and dwelt on Arthur's good qualities, which Adam had a pride in, as we all have in the virtues of the superior who honours us. A nature like Adam's, with a great need of love and reverence in it, depends for so much of its happiness on what it can

believe and feel about others! And he had no ideal world of dead heroes; he knew little of the life of men in the past; he must find the beings to whom he could cling with loving admiration among those who came within speech of him. These pleasant thoughts about Arthur brought a milder expression than usual into his keen rough face: perhaps they were the reason why, when he opened the old green gate leading into the Grove, he paused to pat Gyp, and say a kind word to him. . . .

He remained as motionless as a statue, and turned almost as pale. The two figures were standing opposite to each other, with clasped hands about to part; and while they were bending to kiss, Gyp, who had been running among the brushwood, came out, caught sight of them, and gave a sharp bark. They separated with a start—one hurried through the gate out of the Grove, and the other, turning round, walked slowly, with a sort of saunter, towards Adam, who still stood transfixed and pale, clutching tighter the stick with which he held the basket of tools over his shoulder, and looking at the approaching figure with eyes in which amazement was fast turning to fierceness.

Arthur Donnithorne looked flushed and excited; he had tried to make unpleasant feelings more bearable by drinking a little more wine than usual at dinner to-day, and was still enough under its flattering¹ influence to think more lightly of this unwished-for rencontre with Adam than he would otherwise have done. After all, Adam was the best person who could have happened to see him and Hetty together: he was a sensible fellow, and would not babble about it to other people. Arthur felt confident

¹flattering 令人易于自信.

that he could laugh the thing off, and explain it away. And so he sauntered forward with elaborate carelessness—his flushed face, his evening dress of fine cloth and fine linen, his hands half thrust into the waistcoat pockets, all shone upon by the strange evening light which the light clouds had caught up even to the zenith, and were now shedding down between the topmost branches above him.

Adam was still motionless, looking at him as he came up. He understood it all now—the locket, and everything else that had been doubtful to him: a terrible scorching light showed him the hidden letters that changed the meaning of the past. If he had moved a muscle, he must inevitably have sprung upon Arthur like a tiger; and in the conflicting emotions that filled those long moments, he had told himself that he would not give loose to passion, he would only speak the right thing. He stood as if petrified by an unseen force, but the force was his own strong will.

“Well, Adam,” said Arthur, “you’ve been looking at the fine old beeches, eh? They’re not to be come near by the hatchet, though; this is a sacred grove. I overtook pretty little Hetty Sorrel as I was coming to my den—the Hermitage, there. She ought not to come home this way so late. So I took care of her to the gate, and asked for a kiss for my pains.¹ But I must get back now, for this road is confoundedly damp. Good-night, Adam: I shall see you to-morrow—to say good-bye, you know.”

Arthur was too much preoccupied with the part he was playing himself to be thoroughly aware of the expression in Adam’s face. He did not look directly at Adam, but glanced carelessly round at the trees, and then lifted up

¹ for my pains 作為我的酬勞。

one foot to look at the sole of his boot. He cared to say no more; he had thrown quite dust enough into honest Adam's eyes; and as he spoke the last words, he walked on.

"Stop a bit, sir," said Adam, in a hard peremptory voice, without turning round. "I've a word to say to you." . . .

"What do you mean, Adam?"

"I mean, sir," answered Adam, in the same harsh voice, still without turning round,—“I mean, sir, that you don't deceive me by your light words. This is not the first time you've met Hetty Sorrel in this grove, and this is not the first time you've kissed her.”

Arthur felt a startled uncertainty¹ how far Adam was speaking from knowledge, and how far from mere inference. And this uncertainty, which prevented him from contriving a prudent answer, heightened his irritation. He said, in a high sharp tone—

"Well, sir, what then?"

"Why, then, instead of acting like th' upright, honourable man we've all believed you to be, you've been acting the part of a selfish, light-minded scoundrel. You know, as well as I do, what it's to lead to, when a gentleman like you kisses and makes love to a young woman like Hetty, and gives her presents as she's frightened for other folks to see. And I say it again, you're acting the part of a selfish light-minded scoundrel, though it cuts me to th' heart to say so, and I'd rather ha' lost my right hand.”

"Let me tell you, Adam," said Arthur, bridling his growing anger, and trying to recur to his careless tone, "you're not only devilishly impertinent, but you're talking nonsense. Every pretty girl is not such a fool as you, to suppose that when a gentleman admires her beauty, and

¹ uncertainty 懷疑; 不曉得實在情形。

pays her a little attention, he must mean something particular. Every man likes to flirt with a pretty girl, and every pretty girl likes to be flirted with. The wider the distance between them the less harm there is, for then she's not likely to deceive herself."

"I don't know what you mean by flirting," said Adam, "but if you mean behaving to a woman as if you loved her, and yet not loving her all the while, I say that's not th' action of an honest man, and what isn't honest does come t' harm. I'm not a fool, and you're not a fool, and you know better than what you're saying. You know it couldn't be made public as you've behaved to Hetty as y' have done without her losing her character, and bringing shame and trouble on her and her relations. What if you meant nothing by your kissing and your presents? Other folks won't believe as you've meant nothing; and don't tell me about her not deceiving herself. I tell you as you've filled her mind so with the thought of you, as it'll mayhap poison her life; and she'll never love another man as 'ud make her a good husband."

Arthur had felt a sudden relief while Adam was speaking; he perceived that Adam had no positive knowledge of the past, and that there was no irrevocable damage done by this evening's unfortunate rencontre.¹ Adam could still be deceived. The candid Arthur had brought himself into a position in which successful lying was his only hope. The hope allayed his anger a little.

"Well, Adam," he said, in a tone of friendly concession, "you're perhaps right. Perhaps I've gone a little too far in taking notice of the pretty little thing, and stealing a kiss now and then. You're such a grave, steady fellow,

¹ rencontre 即 rencontre 相遇; 相打; 偶然的相會。

you don't understand the temptation to such trifling. I'm sure I wouldn't bring any trouble or annoyance on her and the good Poysers on any account if I could help it. But I think you look a little too seriously at it. You know I'm going away immediately, so I shan't make any more mistakes of the kind. But let us say good-night,"—Arthur here turned round to walk on—"and talk no more about the matter. The whole thing will soon be forgotten." . . .

"No, it'll not be soon forgot, as you've come in between her and me, when she might ha' loved me—it'll not soon be forgot as you've robbed me o' my happiness, while I thought you was my best friend, and a noble-minded man, as I was proud to work for. And you've been kissing her, and meaning nothing, have you? And I never kissed her i' my life—but I'd ha' worked hard for years for the right to kiss her. And you make light of it. You think little o' doing what may damage other folks, so as you get your bit o' trifling, as means nothing. I throw back your favours, for you're not the man I took you for. I'll never count you my friend any more. I'd rather you'd act as my enemy, and fight me where I stand—it's all th' amends you can make me." . . .

CHAPTER XLV

IN THE PRISON

Near sunset that evening an elderly gentleman was standing with his back against the smaller entrance-door of Stoniton jail, saying a few last words to the departing chaplain. The chaplain walked away, but the elderly gentleman stood still, looking down on the pavement,

and stroking his chin with a ruminating air, when he was roused by a sweet clear woman's voice, saying—

"Can I get into the prison, if you please?"

He turned his head, and looked fixedly at the speaker for a few moments without answering.

"I have seen you before," he said at last. "Do you remember preaching on the village green at Hayslope in Loamshire?"

"Yes, sir, surely. Are you the gentleman that stayed to listen on horseback?"

"Yes. Why do you want to go into the prison?"

"I want to go to Hetty Sorrel, the young woman who has been condemned to death—and to stay with her, if I may be permitted. Have you power in the prison, sir?"

"Yes; I am a magistrate, and can get admittance for you. But did you know this criminal, Hetty Sorrel?"

"Yes, we are kin: my own aunt married her uncle, Martin Poyser. But I was away at Leeds, and didn't know of this great trouble in time to get here before to-day. I entreat you, sir, for the love of our heavenly Father, to let me go to her and stay with her."

"How did you know she was condemned to death, if you are only just come from Leeds?"

"I have seen my uncle since the trial, sir. He is gone back to his home now, and the poor sinner is forsaken of all. I beseech you to get leave for me to be with her."

"What! have you courage to stay all night in the prison? She is very sullen, and will scarcely make answer when she is spoken to."

"Oh, sir, it may please God to open her heart still. Don't let us delay."

“Come, then,” said the elderly gentleman, ringing and gaining admission; “I know you have a key to unlock hearts.”

Dinah mechanically¹ took off her bonnet and shawl as soon as they were within the prison court, from the habit she had of throwing them off when she preached or prayed, or visited the sick; and when they entered the jailer’s room, she laid them down on a chair unthinkingly. There was no agitation visible in her, but a deep concentrated calmness, as if, even when she was speaking, her soul was in prayer reposing on an unseen² support.

After speaking to the jailer, the magistrate turned to her and said, “The turnkey will take you to the prisoner’s cell, and leave you there for the night, if you desire it; but you can’t have a light during the night—it is contrary to rules. My name is Colonel Townley: if I can help you in anything, ask the jailer for my address, and come to me. I take some interest³ in this Hetty Sorrel, for the sake of that fine fellow, Adam Bede: I happened to see him at Hayslope the same evening I heard you preach, and recognized him in court to-day, ill as he looked.”

“Ah, sir, can you tell me anything about him? Can you tell me where he lodges? For my poor uncle was too much weighed down with trouble to remember.”

“Close by here. I inquired all about him of Mr. Irwine. He lodges over a tinman’s shop, in the street on the right hand as you entered the prison. There is an old school-master with him. Now, good-bye: I wish you success.”

“Farewell, sir. I am grateful to you.”

¹mechanically 不知不覺的; 不由自主的 ²unseen 看不見; 無形。 ³take interest 休戚相關; 注意。

As Dinah crossed the prison court with the turnkey, the solemn evening light seemed to make the walls higher than they were by day, and the sweet pale face in the cap was more than ever like a white flower on this background of gloom. The turnkey looked askance at her all the while, but never spoke: he somehow felt that the sound of his own rude voice would be grating just then. He struck a light as they entered the dark corridor leading to the condemned cell, and then said in his most civil tone, "It'll be pretty nigh dark in the cell a'ready; but I can stop with my light a bit, if you like."

"Nay, friend, thank you," said Dinah. "I wish to go in alone."

"As you like," said the jailer, turning the harsh key in the lock, and opening the door wide enough to admit Dinah. A jet of light from his lantern fell on the opposite corner of the cell, where Hetty was sitting on her straw pallet with her face buried in her knees. It seemed as if she were asleep, and yet the grating of the lock would have been likely to waken her.

The door closed again, and the only light in the cell was that of the evening sky, through the small high grating—enough to discern human faces by. Dinah stood still for a minute, hesitating to speak, because Hetty might be asleep; and looking at the motionless heap with a yearning heart. Then she said, softly—

"Hetty!"

There was a slight movement perceptible in Hetty's frame—a start such as might have been produced by a feeble electrical shock; but she did not look up. Dinah spoke again, in a tone made stronger by irrepressible emotion—

"Hetty . . . it's Dinah."

Again there was a slight, startled movement through Hetty's frame, and without uncovering her face, she raised her head a little, as if listening.

"Hetty . . . Dinah is come to you."

After a moment's pause, Hetty lifted her head slowly and timidly from her knees, and raised her eyes. The two pale faces were looking at each other: one with a wild hard despair in it, the other full of sad, yearning love. Dinah unconsciously opened her arms and stretched them out.

"Don't you know me, Hetty? Don't you remember Dinah? Did you think I wouldn't come to you in trouble?"

Hetty kept her eyes fixed on Dinah's face,—at first like an animal that gazes, and gazes, and keeps aloof.

"I'm come to be with you, Hetty—not to leave you—to stay with you—to be your sister to the last."

Slowly, while Dinah was speaking, Hetty rose, took a step forward, and was clasped in Dinah's arms.

They stood so a long while, for neither of them felt the impulse to move apart again. Hetty, without any distinct thought of it, hung on this something that was come to clasp her now, while she was sinking helpless in a dark gulf; and Dinah felt a deep joy in the first sign that her love was welcomed by the wretched lost one. The light got fainter as they stood, and when at last they sat down on the straw pallet together, their faces had become indistinct.

Not a word was spoken. Dinah waited, hoping for a spontaneous¹ word from Hetty; but she sat in the same dull despair, only clutching the hand that held hers, and leaning

¹spontaneous 自然的; 自動的; 出于己意的。

her cheek against Dinah's. It was the human contact she clung to, but she was not the less sinking into the dark gulf.

Dinah began to doubt whether Hetty was conscious who it was that sat beside her. She thought suffering and fear might have driven the poor sinner out of her mind. But it was borne in upon her, as she afterwards said, that she must not hurry God's work: we are over-hasty to speak—as if God did not manifest himself by our silent feeling, and make his love felt through ours. She did not know how long they sat in that way, but it got darker and darker, till there was only a pale patch of light on the opposite wall: all the rest was darkness. But she felt the Divine presence more and more,—nay, as if she herself were a part of it, and it was the Divine pity that was beating in her heart, and was willing the rescue of this helpless one. At last she was prompted to speak, and find out how far Hetty was conscious of the present.

"Hetty," she said, gently, "do you know who it is that sits by your side?"

"Yes," Hetty answered, slowly, "it's Dinah."

"And do you remember the time when we were at the Hall Farm together, and that night when I told you to be sure and think of me as a friend in trouble?"

"Yes," said Hetty. Then, after a pause, she added, "But you can do nothing for me. You can't make 'em do anything. They'll hang me o' Monday—it's Friday now."

As Hetty said the last words, she clung closer to Dinah, shuddering.

"No, Hetty, I can't save you from that death. But isn't the suffering less hard when you have somebody

with you, that feels for you—that you can speak to, and say what's in your heart? . . . Yes, Hetty: you lean on me: you are glad to have me with you."

"You won't leave me, Dinah? You'll keep close to me?"

"No, Hetty, I won't leave you. I'll stay with you to the last. . . . But, Hetty, there is some one else in this cell besides me, some one close to you?"

Hetty said, in a frightened whisper, "Who?"

"Some one who has been with you through all your hours of sin and trouble—who has known every thought you have had—has seen where you went, where you lay down and rose up again, and all the deeds you have tried to hide in darkness. And on Monday, when I can't follow you,—when my arms can't reach you,—when death has parted us,—He who is with us now, and knows all, will be with you then. It makes no difference—whether we live or die, we are in the presence of God."

"Oh, Dinah, won't nobody do anything for me? *Will* they hang me for certain? . . . I wouldn't mind if they'd let me live."

"My poor Hetty, death is very dreadful to you. I know it's dreadful. But if you had a friend to take care of you after death—in that other world—some one whose love is greater than mine—who can do everything? . . . If God our Father was your friend, and was willing to save you from sin and suffering, so as you should neither know wicked feelings nor pain again? If you could believe he loved you and would help you, as you believe I love you and will help you, it wouldn't be so hard to die on Monday, would it?" . . .

"Yea, Lord, I see thee, coming through the darkness, coming, like the morning, with healing on thy wings.

'The marks of thy agony are upon thee—I see, I see thou art able and willing to save—thou wilt not let her perish for ever.

"Come, mighty Saviour! let the dead hear thy voice; let the eyes of the blind be opened: let her see that God encompasses her; let her tremble at nothing but at the sin that cuts her off from Him. Melt the hard heart; unseal the closed lips: make her cry with her whole soul, 'Father, I have sinned.' . . ."

"Dinah," Hetty sobbed out, throwing her arms round Dinah's neck, "I will speak . . . I will tell . . . I won't hide it any more."

But the tears and sobs were too violent. Dinah raised her gently from her knees, and seated her on the pallet again, sitting down by her side. It was a long time before the convulsed throat was quiet, and even then they sat some time in stillness and darkness, holding each other's hands. At last Hetty whispered—

"I did do it, Dinah . . . I buried it in the wood . . . the little baby . . . and it cried . . . I heard it cry . . . ever such a way off . . . all night . . . and I went back because it cried."

She paused, and then spoke hurriedly in a louder, pleading tone.

"But I thought perhaps it wouldn't die—there might some body find it. I didn't kill it—I didn't kill it myself. I put it down there and covered it up, and when I came back it was gone. . . . It was because I was so very miserable, Dinah . . . I didn't know where to go . . . and I tried to kill myself before, and I couldn't. Oh, I tried so to drown myself in the pool, and I couldn't. I went to Windsor—I ran away—did you know? I went to

find him, as he might take care of me; and he was gone; and then I didn't know what to do. I daredn't go back home again—I couldn't bear it. I couldn't have bore to look at anybody, for they'd have scorned me. I thought o' you sometimes, and thought I'd come to you, for I didn't think you'd be cross with me, and cry shame on me: I thought I could tell you. But then the other folks 'ud come to know it at last, and I couldn't bear that. It was partly thinking o' you made me come toward Stoniton; and, besides, I was so frightened at going wandering about till I was a beggar-woman, and had nothing; and sometimes it seemed as if I must go back to the Farm sooner than that. Oh, it was so dreadful, Dinah. . . I was so miserable . . . I wished I'd never been born into this world. I should never like to go into the green fields again—I hated 'em so in my misery."

Hetty paused again, as if the sense of the past were too strong upon her for words.

"And then I got to Stoniton, and I began to feel frightened that night, because I was so near home. And then the little baby was born, when I didn't expect it; and the thought came into my mind that I might get rid of it, and go home again. The thought came all of a sudden, as I was lying in the bed, and it got stronger and stronger . . . I longed so to go back again . . . I couldn't bear being so lonely, and coming to beg for want. And it gave me strength and resolution to get up and dress myself. I felt I must do it . . . I didn't know how . . . I thought I'd find a pool, if I could, like that other, in the corner of the field, in the dark. And when the woman went out, I felt as if I was strong enough to do anything . . . I thought I should get rid of all my misery, and go back home, and

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never let 'em know why I ran away. I put on my bonnet and shawl, and went out into the dark street, with the baby under my cloak; and I walked fast till I got into a street a good way off, and there was a public, and I got some warm stuff to drink and some bread. And I walked on and on, and I hardly felt the ground I trod on; and it got lighter, for there came the moon—Oh, Dinah, it frightened me when it first looked at me out o' the clouds—it never looked so before; and I turned out of the road into the fields, for I was afraid o' meeting anybody with the moon shining on me. And I came to a haystack, where I thought I could lie down and keep myself warm all night. There was a place cut into it, where I could make me a bed; and I lay comfortable, and the baby was warm against me, and I must have gone to sleep for a good while, for when I woke it was morning, but not very light, and the baby was crying. And I saw a wood a little way off . . . I thought there'd perhaps be a ditch or a pond there . . . and it was so early I thought I could hide the child there, and get a long way off before folks was up. And then I thought I'd go home—I'd get rides in carts and go home, and tell 'em I'd been to try and see for a place, and couldn't get one. I longed so for it, Dinah, I longed so to be safe at home. I don't know how I felt about the baby. I seemed to hate it—it was like a heavy weight hanging round my neck; and yet its crying went through me, and I daredn't look at its little hands and face. But I went on to the wood, and I walked about, but there was no water" . . .

Hetty shuddered. She was silent for some moments, and when she began again, it was in a whisper.

"I came to a place where there was lots of chips and turf, and I sat down on the trunk of a tree to think what I should do. And all of a sudden I saw a hole under the nut-tree, like a little grave. And it darted into me like lightning—I'd lay the baby there, and cover it with the grass and the chips. I couldn't kill it any other way. And I'd done it in a minute; and, oh, it cried so, Dinah—I *couldn't* cover it quite up—I thought perhaps somebody 'ud come and take care of it, and then it wouldn't die. And I made haste out of the wood, but I could hear it crying all the while; and when I got out into the fields, it was as if I was held fast—I couldn't go away, for all I wanted so to go. And I sat against the haystack to watch if anybody 'ud come: I was very hungry, and I'd only a bit of bread left; but I couldn't go away. And after ever such a while—hours and hours—the man came—him in a smock-frock, and he looked at me so, I was frightened, and I made haste and went on. I thought he was going to the wood, and would perhaps find the baby. And I went right on, till I came to a village, a long way off from the wood; and I was very sick, and faint, and hungry. I got something to eat there, and bought a loaf. But I was frightened to stay. I heard the baby crying, and thought the other folks heard it too,—and I went on. But I was so tired, and it was getting towards dark. And at last, by the roadside there was a barn—ever such a way off any house—like the barn in Abbot's Close; and I thought I could go in there and hide myself among the hay and straw, and nobody 'ud be likely to come. I went in, and it was half full o' trusses of straw, and there was some hay, too. And I made myself a bed, ever so far behind, where nobody could find me; and I was so tired and weak, I

went to sleep. . . . But oh, the baby's crying kept waking me; and I thought that man as looked at me so was come and laying hold of me. But I must have slept a long while at last, though I didn't know; for when I got up and went out of the barn, I didn't know whether it was night or morning. But it was morning, for it kept getting lighter; and I turned back the way I'd come. I couldn't help it, Dinah; it was the baby's crying made me go: and yet I was frightened to death. I thought that man in the smock-frock 'ud see me, and know I put the baby there. But I went on, for all that: I'd left off thinking about going home—it had gone out o' my mind. I saw nothing but that place in the wood where I'd buried the baby . . . I see it now. O Dinah! shall I allays see it?"

Hetty clung round Dinah, and shuddered again. The silence seemed long before she went on.

"I met nobody, for it was very early, and I got into the wood. . . . I knew the way to the place . . . the place against the nut-tree; and I could hear it crying at every step. . . . I thought it was alive. . . . I don't know whether I was frightened or glad . . . I don't know what I felt. I only know I was in the wood, and heard the cry. I don't know what I felt till I saw the baby was gone. And when I'd put it there, I thought I should like somebody to find it, and save it from dying; but when I saw it was gone I was struck like a stone, with fear. I never thought o' stirring, I felt so weak. I knew I couldn't run away, and everybody as saw me 'ud know about the baby. My heart went like a stone: I couldn't wish or try for anything; it seemed like as if I should stay there for ever, and nothing 'ud ever chango. But they came and took me away."

Hetty was silent, but she shuddered again, as if there was still something behind; and Dinah waited, for her heart was so full, that tears must come before words. At last Hetty burst out, with a sob—

“Dinah, do you think God will take away that crying and the place in the wood, now I’ve told everything?”

“Let us pray, poor sinner: let us fall on our knees again, and pray to the God of all mercy.”