

AN IMAGINATIVE
WOMAN
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by THOMAS HARDY

富於想像的婦人

顧仲英譯

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前 言

有人說：愛不是散文的，愛是詩的，尤其是坡 (Edgar Allan Poe) 之所謂詩的——『世上原無長的詩；詩的價值在給與興奮，篇幅一長，興奮消散，所以長詩不是詩。』

換言之，坡的短詩式的愛成了人生普遍的嘗試。在社會監視下，仍然少不了奸夫淫婦者，也不過是爲着詩興之暴發耳。所以，永持的愛想來當如一首長詩，用散文隔斷了愛的若干濃液。然而，若不是因爲疾病和意外，人生總是悠長的，而僅僅爲了雙方年齒的衰老或容顏的凝斃，於是乎通常都只有青年的詩人，沒有中年或暮年的詩人了。

哈代所作想像的婦人在嫁後的中年還癡戀屈先生。她背了丈夫執着愛的苦杯，她是對不起丈夫的了；然而屈先生的自殺果真是爲了她

對他的情熱，那末她好像也辜負了屈先生。

不過，結成悲劇的核心的，原不是社會的制約，或機會的相左，而是想像的消亡。想像時刻創新生存的質感，驅使着人向某個對象走，一次取得了，別一對象又因想像的潛伏而出現於人的面前了。這般地，生存乃是動的，吻合着生命的長流。平版枯淡的馬先生既已使她棄絕一切想像的作用，於是詩人的倩影自易湧現於她的心頭。她追逐這翩翩的人兒，她的靈魂活潑潑地表現了充分的力量，她唱着短歌，

立在春風裏。她最後的那句話——『我要一個十分能夠了解我的人，並不是要什麼情人——』即使是發於她的內心，我們總還希望她在最後的一息間，不致拋棄一生抱着的想像，不致否定自手所成的詩價。她雖不能償願於今生，却應不稍怠惰，去追逐流動的詩境；她畢命之前還該飽含不枯的想像，也就是生命；她如果這般的逝世，她又何常演着悲劇呢！

仲彛兄譯完這篇小說告訴我說：『富於想像的詩人是最能代表哈代的靈魂。』我深信這句話，因為

稱爲詩人或小說家者，對於短詩般
的生命，無不尊崇愛惜的！

一九三三，八，三〇，

蠡甫寫於昏然欲睡之晨。

AN IMAGINATIVE WOMAN

富於想像的婦人



When William Marchmill had finished his inquiries for lodgings at the well-known watering-place of Solentsea in Upper Wessex, he returned to the hotel to find his wife. She, with the children, had rambled along the shore, and Marchmill followed in the direction indicated by the military-looking hall-porter.

'By Jove, how far you've gone! I am quite out of breath,' Marchmill said, rather impatiently, when he came up with his wife, who was reading as she walked, the three children being considerably further ahead with the nurse.

Mrs. Marchmill started out of the reverie into which the book had thrown her. 'Yes,' she said, 'you've been such a long time. I was tired of staying in that dreary hotel. But I am sorry if you have wanted me, Will?'

'Well, I have had trouble to suit myself. When you see the airy and comfortable rooms heard of, you find they are stuffy and uncomfortable. Will you come and see if what I've fixed on will do? There is not much room, I am afraid; but I can light on nothing better. The town is rather full.'

馬啓密·威廉在威塞克斯上部有名的蘇邱海濱找房子；事完之後，回到旅館去看他的妻子。她那時正帶着孩子在海邊上散步，馬啓密得了那個像兵士的茶房的指點，便追着蹣跚前去。

「天呀，你跑得怎麼快！我追得氣都喘不過來，」馬啓密走近妻子身邊的時候這樣說，心裏着實有點不耐煩；他妻子那時一面走着，一面還在看書，那三個孩子和保姆却遠遠的在她前面。

馬夫人這纔從書中的幻夢裏驚覺過來。「是的，」她說，「你去了很久了。住在這可怕的旅館裏，真是厭倦極了。不過，威廉，你要找我麼？」

「呀，厭煩到了極點。就是我們聽說的那幾間，又通氣，又舒服的房子，其實也悶塞極了。你來看看我調度得怎樣？我恐怕地方不夠，不過要再好的又沒有。這村上的人簡直住滿了。」

The pair left the children and nurse to continue their ramble, and went back together.

In age well-balanced, in personal appearance fairly matched, and in domestic requirements conformable, in temper this couple differed, though ever here they did not often clash, he being equable, if not tym hatic, and she decidedly nervous and sanguine. It was to their tastes and fancies, those smallest, greatest particulars, that no common denominator could be applied. Marchmill considered his wife's likes and inclinations somewhat silly; she considered his sordid and material. The husband's business was that of a gunmaker in a thriving city northwards, and his soul was in that business always; the lady was best characterized by that superannuated phrase of elegance "a votary of the muse." An impressio-able, palpitating creature was Ella, shrinking humanely from detailed knowledge of her husband's trade whenever she reflected that everything he manufactured had for its purpose the destruction of life. She could only recover her equanimity by assuring herself that some, at least, of his weapons were sooner or later used for the extermination of horrid vermin and animals almost as cruel to their inferiors in species as human beings were to theirs.

She had never antecedently regarded this occupation of his as any objection to having him for a husband. Indeed, the necessity of getting

夫婦倆仍讓保姆和孩子們向前玩去，自己却離了海邊回到旅館裏來。

他們倆年貌很相配，家境也相髣髴，不過性格上的差異太大；他性情很平和，並也不常和她衝突，可是她的確血氣太盛，神經也是過敏。對於欣賞幻想一類最小也是最大的瑣事，他們倆總不能一致。馬啓密以為他妻子的嗜好愛說有點傻；而她以為丈夫的嗜好太鄙陋太物質化。她丈夫的職業是在北部的大城裏製造槍械；他的靈魂就在他職業裏；而馬夫人可以簡括的說是「詩神的崇拜者」。她是位柔弱而多情的女子，每次想到她丈夫所製造的是殺人的利器，便戰慄的不敢想下去。有時她使自己相信有幾件武器遲早總要用來殺猛獸毒物的；牠們對於微弱生命的殘忍，和人類對於牠們一樣；但是這究竟不能使她得到寧靜。

她從前並不會因他的職業拒絕嫁給他做妻子。婚嫁的絕對順從是好女子的第一件美德；她受過這番教訓，所以直到嫁了過去，度過了蜜月，纔回想到這一

life-leased at all cost, a cardinal virtue which all good mothers teach, kept her from thinking of it at all till she had closed with William, had passed the honeymoon, and reached the reflecting stage. Then, like a person who has stumbled upon some object in the dark, she wondered what she had got; mentally walked round it, estimated it; whether it were rare or common; contained gold, silver, or lead; were a clog or a pedestal, everything to her or nothing.

She came to some vague conclusions, and since then had kept her heart alive by pitying her proprietor's obtuseness and want of refinement, pitying herself, and letting all her delicate and ethereal emotions in imaginative occupations, day-dreams, and night-sighs, which perhaps would not much have disturbed William if he had known of them.

Her figure was small, elegant, and -light in build, tripping, or rather bounding, in movement. She was dark-eyed, and had that marvellously bright and liquid sparkle in each pupil which characterizes persons of Eola's cast of soul, and is too often a cause of heartache to the possessor's male friends, ultimately -ometimes to herself. Her husband was a tall, long-featured man, with a brown beard; he had a pondering regard; and was, it must be added, usually kind and tolerant to her. He spoke in squarely shaped sentences, and was supremely satisfied with a condition of subinary things which made weapons a necessity.

Husband and wife walked till they had reached

屏。於是，好像一個人在黑暗裏給石頭絆倒，她纔驚駭起來，繞過這石頭去，仔細估計牠的價值；聽究竟是希罕的還是普通的呢；是金的銀的還是鉛的呢；是阻礙物還是輔助物呢；是生命還是敗絮呢。

她得到了幾點很浮泛的結論；從此以後她心裏便很可憐她丈夫的愚鈍和粗俗，却同時又可憐自己，讓那精美超絕的情放在幻想和感慨裏發洩，這樣即使她丈夫知道了，也不致十分惱怒。

她的身軀羸弱，容貌鵝臉，行動的時候更是輕步嬌弱。眼珠兒色黑有光，水波盈盈，以至於神彩煥發的眉宇，都極能代表她的靈魂，不知使多少她丈夫的朋友見了害着心痛病；有時竟使她自己也如此。她丈夫却身材高大，額下有棕色的鬚髭；態度沈默；對她特別的仁慈寬恕。他說話是四方的，有規律的；對於世間的情況非常滿足，因此他承認製造槍械是必須的。

夫婦兩人一直走到他剛纔找定的房子跟前。那房

the house they were in search of, which stood in a terrace facing the sea, and was fronted by a small garden of wind-proof and salt-proof ever-greens, stone steps leading up to the porch. It had its number in the row, but, being rather larger than the rest, was in addition sedulously distinguished as Colburg House by its landlady, though everybody else called it "Thirteen, New Parade." The spot was bright and lively now; but in winter it became necessary to place sandbags against the door, and to stuff up the keyhole against the wind and rain, which had worn the paint so thin that the priming and knotting showed through.

The householder, who had been watching for the gentleman's return, met them in the passage, and showed the rooms. She informed them that she was a professional man's widow, left in needy circumstances by the rather sudden death of her husband, and she spoke anxiously of the conveniences of the establishment.

Mrs. Marchmill said that she liked the situation and the house; but, it being small, there would not be accommodation enough, unless she could have all the rooms.

The landlady mused with an air of disappointment. She wanted the visitors to be her tenants very badly, she said, with obvious honesty. But

子是在里巷當中，面朝着海，屋前有一方小花園，裏面種着擋風阻水的常青樹；還有一條石階引上廊廡。里巷內的房子都有門牌，不過這所房子比別的高大些，所以房東娘娘自稱為可伴別墅，可是一般的人都只認牠為新柏里十三號。這新柏里在夏天很舒服很熱鬧；不過一到冬天，各家都需用沙包堆住門，把鑰匙眼兒也塞住，纔能阻止風雨；牆上刷的白粉經過了一個冬天，洗刷得連磚灰都會露出來。

房東娘娘正站在走廊上候着，見他們來了，便連忙帶進去觀看。她說她是個商人的妻子，丈夫過世之後，境況很壞；她又懇切的告訴他們，說這房子怎樣的便利。

馬夫人說她很喜歡這個地點和這所房子；不過太小了，不夠用，最好能把所有的房間都租給她。

房東娘娘失望的緘默了半晌。她很老實的說她極需要他們賃租這房子，但是不幸其餘的兩間已永久租給一位單身漢子。他給的租金雖然不及租短期的那麼

unfortunately two of the rooms were occupied permanently by a bachelor gentleman. He did not pay season prices, it was true; but as he kept on his apartments all the year round, and was an extremely nice and interesting young man, who gave no trouble, she did not like to turn him out for a month's 'let,' even at a high figure. 'Perhaps, however,' she added, 'he might offer to go for a time.'

They would not hear of this, and went back to the hotel, intending to proceed to the agent's to inquire further. Hardly had they sat down to tea when the landlady called. Her gentleman, she said, had been so obliging as to offer to give up his rooms for three or four weeks rather than drive the new-comers away.

'It is very kind, but we won't inconvenience him in that way,' said the Marchmills.

'O, it won't inconvenience him, I a-sure you!' said the landlady eloquently. 'You see, he's a different sort of young man from most—dreamy, solitary, rather melancholy—and he cares more to be here when the south-westerly gales are beating against the door, and the sea washes over the Parade, and there's not a soul in the place, than he does now in the season. He'd just as soon be where, in fact, he's going temporarily, to a little cottage on the Island opposite, for a change.' She hoped therefore that they would come.

大，但是他終年住在這裏非常和善非常知趣，靜靜寂寂從不騷擾人家；所以她也絕不願因短租的高價而迫着請他走。「不過，」她又繼續說道，「也許他願意暫讓一些時。」

他們當然不要聽，回旅館去了，預備找專尋房子的人，另行設法。他們正要坐下喝茶，房東娘娘却起來了。她說那位房客情願把房子讓他們住三四個星期，不願把他們趕走。

「他真好，不過我們不願使他不便」，馬啓密這麼說。

「唉，決不會使他不便的，我敢斷定！」房東娘娘難辯似的答道。「你要曉得，他和一般的青年人不同——特別和幻想，寂靜甚至於悲觀有緣——西北風把門吹得震天價響，以及海水洗到堤岸上的時候，他倒喜歡住在這裏，一個人獨自默想；現在熱鬧的時候，他反而不喜歡。他喜歡換換環境，願住在對面島上的茅草小屋裏。」所以她希望他們來。

The Marchmill family accordingly took possession of the house next day, and it seemed to suit them very well. After luncheon Mr. Marchmill strolled out towards the pier, and Mrs. Marchmill, having de-patched the children to their outdoor amusements on the sands, settled herself in more completely, examining this and that article, and testing the reflecting powers of the mirror in the wardrobe door.

In the small back sitting-room, which had been the young bachelor's, she found furniture of a more personal nature than in the rest. Shabby books, of correct rather than rare editions, were piled up in a queerly reserved manner in corners, as if the previous occupant had not conceived the possibility that any incoming person of the season's bringing could care to look inside them. The landlady hovered on the threshold to rectify anything that Mrs. Marchmill might not find to her satisfaction.

'I'll make this my own little room,' said the latter, 'because the books are here. By the way, the person who has left seems to have a good many. He won't mind my reading some of them, Mrs. Hooper, I hope?'

'O dear no, ma'am. Yes, he has a good many. You see, he is in the literary line himself somewhat.

第二天馬啓密一家就搬了進去，這房子似乎非常適宜。中飯喫過之後，馬先生向崇海的堤岸上去獨自散步，馬夫人打發了子女到沙灘上去遊玩以後，也靜心的住在屋子裏，看看這件，瞧瞧那件，或者再試試衣櫥上玻璃鏡的反射力。

在後面一個小起坐間裏——就是先前那單身青年住的——那些器具却比別處的有個性。房角上堆着幾疊毛緣的書籍——版本也都很好，不過不是很罕貴的——堆得非常隱匿，似乎那書的主人以為來住的人決不會去翻看牠們。房東娘娘停足在門檻上，詢問馬夫人還有什麼東西不很滿意。

「我要把這間房作為我自己的小書房，」馬夫人說，「因為有書在這裏。住在這房間裏的那位先生似乎書很多。房東娘娘，我拿幾本看看，他不會見怪的罷？」

「喔，奶奶，不要緊的。是的，他有很多的書。你要曉得，他是研究文學的。他是詩人——是，真的

He is a poet—yes, really a poet—and he has a little income of his own, which is enough to write verses on, but not enough for cutting a figure, even if he cared to.'

'A poet! Oh, I did not know that.'

Mrs. Marchmill opened one of the books, and saw the owner's name written on the title-page. 'Dear me!' she continued; 'I know his name very well—Robert Trewe—of course I do; and his writings! And it is his rooms we have taken, and him we have turned out of his home?'

Ella Marchmill, sitting down alone a few minutes later, thought with interested surprise of Robert Trewe. Her own latter history will best explain that interest. Herself the only daughter of a struggling man of letters, she had during the last year or two taken to writing poems, in an endeavour to find a congenial channel in which to let flow her painfully embayed emotions, whose former limpidity and sparkle seemed departing in the stagnation caused by the routine of a practical household and the gloom of bearing children to a commonplace father. These poems, subscribed with a masculine pseudonym, had appeared in various obscure magazines, and in two cases in rather prominent ones. In the second of the latter the page which bore her effusion at the bottom, in smallish print, bore at the top, in large print, a few verses on the same subject by this very man, Robert Trewe. Both of them had, in fact, been

詩人——他有一點小進款，足夠他繼續去寫詩，不過沒法出風頭，即使他想的話。」

「詩人！喔，我倒不曉得。」

馬夫人打開一本書來，第一頁上就有他的名字。「啊呀！」她繼續說道；「我很知道他的名字——樂伯·屈柳——當然我曉得；還有他的著作！原來我們住的是他的房子；給我們擠走的也就是他？」

馬啓密夫人獨自坐着又驚又喜的想念樂伯·屈柳。她所以對這位詩人發生興趣，可以拿她最近的行動來說明。她本是一位文壇志士的獨生女兒。最近兩年裏因家事的煩瑣，為一個平凡丈夫育兒的悶鬱，把從前少女的輕盈活潑，嫵媚天真，都喪失殆盡，不得已將困困沈沈的鬱懷，由詩詞裏發洩出來。她所寫的詩都是假託一個男子的名字，有的在幾種不很有名雜誌上發表過，有兩次竟載入極有名的雜誌上。內中一次，她的詩用小字印在下面，上面印着一首大字同题目的詩，作者就是樂伯·屈柳。他們是事前同為報上所

struck by a tragic incident reported in the daily papers, and had used it simultaneously as an inspiration, the editor remarking in a note upon the coincidence, and that the excellence of both poems prompted him to give them together.

After that event Ella, otherwise 'John Ivy,' had watched with much attention the appearance anywhere in print of verse bearing the signature of Robert Trewe, who with a man's unsusceptibility on the question of sex, had never once thought of passing himself off as a woman. To be sure, Mrs. Marchmill had satisfied herself with a sort of reason for doing the contrary in her case; that nobody might believe in her inspiration if they found that the sentiments came from a pushing tradesman's wife, from the mother of three children by a matter-of-fact small-arms manufacturer.

Trewe's verse contrasted with that of the rank and file of recent minor poets in being impassioned rather than ingenious, luxuriant rather than finished. Neither *symboliste* nor *decadent*, he was a pessimist in so far as that character applies to a man who looks at the worst contingencies as well as the best in the human condition. Being little attracted by excellences of form and rhythm apart from content, he sometimes, when feeling outran his artistic speed, perpetrated sonnets in the loosely rhymed Elizabethan fashion, which very right-minded reviewer said he ought not to have done.

載的一件悲慘事情所激發，又不約而同的拿牠來作詩題，所以編者在注裏說起這巧合的事，並說這兩首詩都很好，因此一起印出。

自從這事發生以後，馬啓密夫人（愛崴），別署約翰·伊味，就注意各雜誌上署名樂伯·屈柳的詩，而當他是個同樣的女子；這樣很使她心裏滿足；而樂伯·屈柳，像一般男子的自信，決不想到自己會給人當一個女子看待。如果人家知道這首詩，是個粗鄙的手鎗工人的妻子做的，是那有三個小孩子的母愛做的，他們決不相信她有這樣高超的意旨。

樂伯·屈柳的詩和當代的小詩人比起來，可以說天才有餘，機巧不足，富厚却欠完整。他不是印象派也不是頹廢派而是悲世的詩人，他能見到人世的幸運，也能見到人世的慘苦。他不很關心於詩體和詩韻的美整，所以有時為感情所激動，隨手寫下出韻的十四行詩，這在富於邏輯頭腦的批評家看來，當然是不該如此的。

With sad and hopeless envy, Ella Marchmill had often and often scanned the rival poet's work, so much stronger as it always was than her own feeble lines. She had imitated him, and her inability to touch his level would send her into fits of despondency. Months passed away thus, till she observed from the publishers' list that Trewe had collected his fugitive pieces into a volume, which was duly issued, and was much or little praised according to chance, and had a sale quite sufficient to pay for the printing.

This step onward had suggested to John Ivy the idea of collecting her pieces also, or at any rate of making up a book of her rhymes by adding many in manuscript to the few that had seen the light, for she had been able to get no great number into print. A ruinous charge was made for costs of publication; a few reviews noticed her poor little volume; but nobody talked of it, nobody bought it, and it fell dead in a fortnight—if it had ever been alive.

The author's thoughts were diverted to another groove just then by the discovery that she was going to have a third child, and the collapse of her poetical venture had perhaps less effect upon her mind than it might have done if she had been domestically unoccupied. Her husband had paid the publisher's bill with the doctor's, and there it all had ended for the time. But, though less than a poet of her century, Ella was more than a mere

馬啓密夫人常常一字一韻的研究樂伯·屈柳的詩，又傷心又失望的妒忌着，因為她的詩面面都不及屈柳的雄壯渾厚。她學他摹倣他，但終不能和他一樣，幾次陷於絕望的痛心。這樣過去了幾個月，有一天她在出版的書目內，知道樂伯·屈柳已把小詩合訂成冊，刊行之後，碰巧似地得到或多或少的讚賞，而所得的稿費足夠償還印刷的費用。

這件事引起了她同樣的動機，或者至少把已出版的一些詩和許多未出版的詩，彙訂成一小冊。那出版費貴極了；只有幾本雜誌注意到這小小的可憐的出版物；但是沒有人談起，也沒有人出錢買，不到兩個星期，就像死了一樣，——牠簡直好像沒有出世過。

那時女詩人的思想又轉到別一條路上去了，因為她發見她不久要生第三個小孩子了，這詩冊的崩潰在她倒也沒有什麼，只是多了一層家務，却使她煩悶不堪。丈夫替她付過了印刷店和醫生的賬，這件事情總算告一段落。可是，馬啓密夫人雖不能做當代的

multiplier of her kind, and latterly she had begun to feel the old *afflatus* once more. And now by an old conjunction she found herself in the rooms of Robert Trewe.

She thoughtfully rose from her chair and searched the apartment with the interest of a fellow-tradesman. Yes, the volume of his own verse was among the rest. Though quite familiar with its contents, she read it here as if it spoke aloud to her, then called up Mrs. Hooper, the landlady, for some trivial service, and inquired again about the young man.

'Well, I'm sure you'd be interested in him, ma'am, if you could see him, only he's so shy that I don't suppose you will.' Mrs. Hooper seemed nothing loth to minister to her tenant's curiosity about her predecessor. 'Lived here long? Yes, nearly two years. He keeps on his rooms even when he's not here: the soft air of this place suits his chest; and he likes to be able to come back at any time. He is mostly writing or reading, and doesn't see many people, though, for the matter of that, he is such a good, kind young fellow that folks would only be too glad to be friendly with him if they knew him. You don't meet kind-hearted people every day.'

詩人，但至少不是個僅能生育的無用人，所以心裏總不能釋然。現在，却又帶着過去的連鎖，住到樂伯·屈柳的房裏來。

他深思着站了起來，富有興趣的四下裏找尋。是的，他的詩集也在裏面。內容她全知道，但是她重又念了一遍，好像書裏在高聲的和她說話；於是她喚來房東娘娘，做了點極微小的事，重又問她關於這位年青人的事。

「唔，我相信你見了他，一定覺得他有趣，奶奶，只是他很害羞，怕你不願意。」房東娘娘絕不討厭馬啓密夫人關於那前一房客的問題。「住得久？是的，差不多有兩年。他有時不住在這裏，房租還是照付的：這裏暖和的空氣，很合他的肺，並且只要他喜歡，他隨時都可以回來。他成天的寫作或是看書，並沒有什麼人來看他，可是他的性情真好真和善，如果大家知道他，沒有一個不願意和他做朋友的。現在好人不是每天可以遇到的了。」

'Ah, he's kind-hearted . . . and good.'

'Yes; he'll oblige me in anything if I ask him. "Mr. Trewe," I say to him sometimes, "you are rather out of spirits." "Well, I am, Mrs. Hooper," he'll say, "though I don't know how you should find it out." "Why not take a little change?" I ask. Then in a day or two he'll say that he will take a trip to Paris, or Norway, or somewhere; and I assure you he comes back all the better for it.'

'Ah, indeed? His is a sensitive nature, no doubt.'

'Yes. Still he's odd in some things. Once when he had finished a poem of his composition late at night he walked up and down the room rehearsing it; and the floors being so thin—jerry-built houses, you know, though I say it myself—he kept me awake up above him till I wished him further. . . . But we get on very well.'

This was but the beginning of a series of conversations about the rising poet as the days went on. On one of these occasions Mrs. Hooper drew Eliza's attention to what she had not noticed before: minute scribbings in pencil on the wall-paper behind the curtains at the head of the bed.

'O! let me look,' said Mrs. Marchmill, unable

「呀，他很和善——很好。」

「是的；不論我請教他什麼事，他總出力的替我做。有時我對他說：『屈先生，看你近來有點鬱悶吧。』他答道：『唔，是的，不過我不明白你怎樣知道的。』我問道：『你爲什麼不換換環境呢？』於是一兩天內他就說要到巴黎或是挪威或者別的地方去旅行；我敢說他回來的時候，果然好了許多。」

「呀，真的！他的反覺一定是很敏銳的！」

「是的。他有幾件很特別的事。有一次他深夜裏做完了一首詩，在房裏踱來踱去反覆的唸；這地板是很薄的——草率的房子，你知道的，我自己也這麼說——我在樓上醒了一晚，到後來恨不得——可是我們很講得來。」

這不過是關於少年詩人的長串談話的開頭。有一次房東娘娘喚起馬啓密夫人所沒有注意到的：在懸着帳子的牀頭的後面的壁紙上，有鉛筆寫的短句。

「喔，讓我看，」馬啓密夫人說道：當她轉身俯

to conceal a rush of tender curiosity as she bent her pretty face close to the wall.

'These,' said Mrs. Hooper, with the manner of a woman who knew things, 'are the very beginnings and first thoughts of his verses. He has tried to rub most of them out, but you can read them still. My belief is that he wakes up in the night, you know, with some rhyme in his head, and jots down there on the wall lest he should forget it by the morning. Some of these very lines you see here I have seen afterwards in print in the magazines. Some are newer; indeed, I have not seen that one before. It must have been done only a few days ago.'

'O yes!...'

Ella Marchmont rushed without knowing why, and suddenly wished her companion would go away, now that the information was imparted. An indescribable consciousness of personal interest rather than literary made her anxious to read the inscription alone; and she accordingly waited till she could do so, with a sense that a great store of emotion would be enjoyed in the act.

Perhaps because the sea was choppy outside the Island, *Ella's* husband found it much pleasanter to go sailing and steaming about without his wife,

視的時候，一股溫柔的好奇心，已明白的顯露出來。

「這些，」房東娘娘帶着很懂事的女人的神氣說，「是他所做的詩裏最先的意思。他已經把許多擦去了，但是你還可以隱約看得出來。我相信他半夜裏醒轉來，腦子裏一有了詩意，就把牠寫在牆上，免得一早起來忘掉。有幾行你看到的，後來都在雜誌上發表出來。有的新一些；這一行我從前沒有見過。想必是幾天前寫的。」

「喔，是的！……」

馬啓密夫人臉上紅了，不知什麼緣故，頃刻間願意那同伴馬上就走，現在的消息已經足夠她消磨了。一種形容不出來的感覺，不是那欣賞詩句的好奇，而是一種個人的興趣，使她急急於要單獨唸那牆上的詩句；因此她等候着，深覺得回頭唸詩的時候將有無窮的快樂。

怕是島外的海面上有點風浪罷，所以愛遊的丈夫以為不帶妻子去航海玩耍是有趣些，因為她素來是怕

who was a bad sailor; than with her. He did not disdain to go thus alone on board the steamboats of the cheap-trippers, where there was dancing by moonlight, and where the couples would come suddenly down with a lurch into each other's arms; for, as he blandly told her, the company was too mixed for him to take her amid such scenes. Thus, while this thriving manufacturer got a great deal of change and sea-air out of his sojourn here, the life, external at least, of Elia was monotonous enough, and mainly consisted in passing a certain number of hours each day in bathing and walking up and down a stretch of shore. But the poetic impulse having again waxed strong, she was possessed by an inner flame which left her hardly conscious of what was proceeding around her.

She had read till she knew by heart Trewe's last little volume of verses, and spent a great deal of time in vainly attempting to rival some of them, till, in her failure, she burst into tears. The personal element in the magnetic attraction exercised by this circumambient, unapproachable master of hers was so much stronger than the intellectual and abstract that she could not understand it. To be sure, she was surrounded noon and night by his customary environment, which literally whispered of him to her at every moment; but he was a man she had never seen, and that all that moved her was the instinct to specialize a waiting emotion on the first fit thing that came to hand did not, of course, suggest itself to Ella.

In the natural way of passion under the too

風浪的。海面上的月光底下，有幾隻汽油船裏細樂仗揚，舞衣翻翻，一對對的不能多化錢的短期旅行的男女有時跳得高興，簡直出其不意的互相擁抱起來。馬啓密先生並非不歡喜去，不過他對愛蓮說過這些舞伴太混雜了，他不願意帶她去看那種怪樣子。因此馬先生在這裏得到了不少生活上的變遷和新鮮空氣，而愛蓮外表的生活却單調之至，除了每天化幾點鐘洗澡散步以外，却別無他事可做。但是她的詩情却又異常飽滿，潛在的熾熱使她忘却四周的環境。

她把屈柳最初的小詩集反復的誦讀，到後來一首首都背得出來；她幾次要想和內中的幾首詩鬥勝，但是一失敗就掉下眼淚來。這日夕和她相伴而又望塵莫及的崇拜者，在她還是個人的分子強，不易明瞭的理智和抽象的分子弱。她朝朝暮暮處在他常處的境內，所以心裏也無時無刻不在低聲的提着他；但是這位他，她從來沒有見過，並且她還不曾自家意識到，她如此的心情都是因為那潛伏的愛情開始要尋覓一個很好的對象，來寄托它自己。

人類感情的自然表露很受了實際情況的支配，這

practical conditions which civilization has devised for its fruition, her husband's love for her had not survived, except in the form of fitful friendship, any more than, or even so much as, her own for him; and, being a woman of very living ardours, that required sustenance of some sort, they were beginning to feed on this chancing material, which was, indeed, of a quality far better than chance usually offers.

One day the children had been playing hide-and-seek in a closet, whence, in their excitement, they pulled out some clothing. Mrs. Hooper explained that it belonged to Mr. Trewe, and hung it up in the closet again. Possessed of her fantasy, Ella went later in the afternoon, when nobody was in that part of the house, opened the closet, unhitched one of the articles, a mackintosh, and put it on, with the waterproof cap belonging to it.

'The mantle of Elijah!' she said. 'Would it might inspire me to rival him, glorious genius that he is!'

Her eyes always grew wet when she thought like that, and she turned to look at herself in the glass. *His* heat had heat inside that coat, and *his* brain had worked under that hat at levels of thought she would never reach. The consciousness of her weakness beside him made her feel quite sick. Before she had got the things off her the door opened, and her husband entered the room.

是文化必然的結果；馬啓密先生對於夫人的愛情真是一去難復了，剩下的只不過友誼般的淡情，而她對他也如此；還有，馬夫人是位富於熱情的女子，必需有點東西去維持她的熱情，而這次竟遇到不是在一般的機會之下所能遇到的東西，所以就像餓肚的人得着糧食一樣。

有一天孩子們在壁櫥內捉迷藏，玩得正興高時拖出了幾件衣服。房東娘娘就說這是屈杓先生的，重又掛在櫥裏。愛蓮富於幻想，那天下午乘沒有人在屋裏的時候，便偷偷的拉開櫥門，拿下一件雨衣，穿在身上，拿一頂雨帽戴在頭上。

「天才的衣服！」她說，「希望牠能啓發我使我和他匹敵，他真是榮耀的天才！」

她這樣想的時候眼睛總是濕的：當時她又轉過身來再看鏡裏的影子。在這件衣服裏面，他的心曾經跳動過，在這帽子下他的腦也曾經想過他所永遠想不到的。然而她在他的旁邊一感覺到自己的弱處，心裏便

'What the devil——'

She blushed, and removed them.

'I found them in the closet here,' she said, 'and put them on in a freak. What have I else to do? You are always away!'

'Always away? Well . . .'

That evening she had a further talk with the landlady, who might herself have nourished a half-tender regard for the poet, so ready was she to discourse ardently about him.

'You are interested in Mr. Trewe, I know, ma'am,' she said; 'and he has just sent to say that he is going to call to-morrow afternoon to look up some books of his that he wants, if I'll be in, and he may select them from your room?'

'O yes!'

'You could very well meet Mr. Trewe then, if you'd like to be in the way!'

She promised with secret delight, and went to bed musing of him.

Next morning her husband observed: 'I've

非常難受。還沒有等她把東西脫去，門就開了，她丈夫走了進來。

「什麼鬼樣子——」

她臉紅了，立刻脫去。

「是我在這壁櫥內找到的，」她說，「穿了玩玩。我還有什麼事好做呢？你成天的在外面。」

「成天在外面？唔……」

那天晚上又和房東娘娘談了很久：房東娘娘對於這位詩人本來很有感情，所以一提到他，就滔滔不絕的講說。

「我知道你對於這位屈柳先生很有興趣，奶奶」，她說，「他剛差人來說明天下午他要來拿幾本書，如果我在家，你准許他到你房裏來拿麼？」

「喔，可以的！」

「你還可以藉此和他會會，如果你願意的話。」

她答應了，心裏也異常歡喜，睡在牀上，還在想他。

been thinking of what you said, Ell: that I have gone about a good deal and left you without much to amuse you. Perhaps it's true. To-day, as there's not much sea, I'll take you with me on board the yacht.'

For the first time in her experience of such an offer Ella was not glad. But she accepted it for the moment. The time for setting out drew near, and she went to get ready. She stood reflecting. The longing to see the poet she was now distinctly in love with overpowered all other considerations.

'I don't want to go,' she said to herself. 'I can't bear to be away! And I won't go.'

She told her husband that she had changed her mind about wishing to sail. He was indifferent, and went his way.

For the rest of the day the house was quiet, the children having gone out upon the sands. The blinds waved in the sunshine to the soft, steady stroke of the sea beyond the wall; and the notes of the Green Silesian band, a troop of foreign gentlemen hired for the season, had drawn almost all the residents and promenaders away from the vicinity of Coburg House. A knock was audible at the door.

Mrs. Marchmill did not hear any servant go to

第二天早晨丈夫對她說道：「愛拉，你說的話我想過了：我常常獨自出去，讓你一個人在家裏無聊。這也許是真的。今天海裏很平靜，我帶你到船上去看海景去。」

在她的經驗中這邀請還是頭一次，她聽了却並不喜歡。但是她只有暫時接受。出發的時候近了，她就去準備。她站着儘想。她渴望去會那已生戀愛的詩人，她忘却一切別的考慮。

「我不高興去，」她自己對自己說。「我不能忍心錯過！我不去。」

她對丈夫說已經換了主意，不願去航海。他也並不說什麼，祇獨自的前去。

那天屋子裏很靜，小孩子全到沙灘上去遊玩去了。窗帘在陽光中飄動，映着牆外溫和穩定的海波；而綠雪蘭新的音樂隊——特意從外國雇來的——把附近的人都吸引了去。門上聽得出有鼓門聲。

馬啓密夫人並沒有聽見有人去開門，心裏便不耐

answer it, and she became impatient. The books were in the room where she sat; but nobody came up. She rang the bell.

'There is some person waiting at the door,' she said.

'O no, ma'am! He's gone long ago. I answered it.'

Mrs. Hooper came in herself.

'So disappointing!' she said. 'Mr. Trewe not coming after all!'

'But I heard him knock, I fancy!'

'No; that was somebody inquiring for lodgings who came to the wrong house. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Trewe sent a note just before lunch to say I needn't get any tea for him, as he should not require the books, and wouldn't come to select them.'

Ellie was miserable, and for a long time could not even re-read his mournful ballad on 'Severed Lives,' so aching was her erratic little heart, and so tearful her eyes. When the children came in with wet stockings, and ran up to her to tell her of their adventures, she could not feel that she cared about them half as much as usual.

.
'Mrs. Hooper, have you a photograph of—the

煩起來。書全在她坐的房裏，但是沒有一個人跑進來。
她掀鈴。

「有人，在門口候着，」她說道。

「喔，沒有，少奶奶！他去了很久了。回來的是我。」

房東娘娘自己跑了上來。

「好失望！」她說。「屈柳先生不來了！」

「不過我好像聽得他敲門！」

「不是；這是找房子的敲錯了門。我忘記告訴你了，午飯前他寫來一個字條兒叫我不要預備茶，就爲他不要那書了，所以也用不着來拿。」

愛她可憐極了，很久很久她竟不敢重讀那題作「分離」的哀詩，她震蕩的小心多麼難受，眼睛裏淚水盈盈。當孩子們穿着濕透了的襪子，跑來告訴她海濱的遊戲，她竟不能感覺到像從前一半樣的喜歡他們。

． ． ． ． ． ．
「房東娘娘，你有那——從前住在這裏的那位

gentleman who lived here?' She was getting to be curiously shy in mentioning his name.

'Why, yes. It's in the ornamental frame on the mantelpiece in your own bedroom, ma'am.'

'No; the Royal Duke and Duchess are in that.'

'Yes, so they are; but he's behind them. He belongs rightly to that frame, which I bought on purpose; but as he went away he said: "Cover me up from those strangers that are coming, for God's sake. I don't want them staring at me, and I am sure they won't want me staring at them." So I slipped in the Duke and Duchess temporarily in front of him, as they had no frame, and Royal-ties are more suitable for letting furnished than a private young man. If you take'em out you'll see him under. Lord, ma'am, he wouldn't mind if he knew it! He didn't think the next tenant would be such an attractive lady as you, or he wouldn't have thought of hiding himself, perhaps.'

'Is he handsome?' she asked timidly.

'I call him so. Some, perhaps, wouldn't.'

'Should I?', she asked, with eagerness.

先生的小照麼？」她提到他的姓名，奇怪的羞澀。

「什麼，有的。奶奶，在你臥室裏的火爐架上，外面裝着華麗鏡框的就是。」

「不是；那是公爵和公爵夫人的相。」

「是的，不錯！他的就在後面。這個架子本來裝着他的照片，是我替他配的；但是他臨走的時候說：

『看上帝的分上，把我的照片蓋住，不要給新房客看見。我不願意他們逼着瞧我，我想他們也不願意給我直望。』所以我把公爵和公爵夫人的照片暫時蓋在他的上面，因為貴族的比一位年青人的照片公開多了。如果你把上面的拿掉了，就可以看到他。奶奶，他就是知道了，也不會怪的。他從沒有想到那第二個房客是你這樣一位漂亮奶奶，否則他恐怕也不願藏躲起來的。」

「他漂亮麼？」她膽怯的問道。

「我看是漂亮的。也許別人不以爲然。」

「我呢？」她很熱切的追問。

'I think you would, though some would say he's more striking than handsome; a large-eyed, thoughtful fellow, you know, with a very electric flash in his eye when he looks round quickly, such as you'd expect a poet to be who doesn't get his living by it.'

'How old is he?'

'Several years older than yourself, ma'am; about thirty—one or two, I think.'

Ella was, as a matter of fact, a few months over thirty herself; but she did not look nearly so much. Though so immature in nature, she was entering on that tract of life in which emotional women begin to suspect that last love may be stronger than first love; and she would soon, alas, enter on the still more melancholy tract when at least the vainer ones of her sex shrink from receiving a male visitor otherwise than with their backs to the window or the blinds half down. She reflected on Mrs. Hooper's remark, and said no more about age.

Just then a telegram was brought up. It came from her husband, who had gone down the Channel as far as Budmouth with his friends in the yacht, and would not be able to get back till next day.

After her light dinner Ella idled about the shore with the children till dusk, thinking of the

「我想你也會說他漂亮的，雖則有的人說他是英俊，不是漂亮；他眼睛很大，思慮很多，左右顧盼的時候還閃如電的光芒，這種相可說是詩人的相。」

「他多大年紀？」

「大你幾歲，奶奶；大概三十一二，我想。」

愛蓮自己剛過三十歲，但是看起來還不到。她的本性雖未完全成熟，但她的生活已經進到這一層，就是一般富於情感的女人所會開始疑慮，最後的愛情比最先的要強；不久只怕她也要陷入更加悲觀的地步，至少像一般虛榮心很重的女子要拒絕接見男子，背向着窗，或是把百葉窗半閉着。她想到房東娘娘的話，便不再提起年齡了。

正在這個時候，一封電報拿了進來。這是她丈夫發來的，他和幾個朋友坐船沿着海峽一直逛到了善德摩斯，今天晚上趕不及，大約要明天回來。

她進了一點午餐，便和她的孩子們在海岸上閒逛，直到夕陽西下，心裏還念念不忘那房裏未打開的照

yet uncovered photograph in her room, with a serene sense of something ecstatic to come. For, with the subtle luxuriousness of fancy in which this young woman was an adept, on learning that her husband was to be absent that night she had refrained from incontinently rushing upstairs and opening the picture-frame, preferring to reserve the inspection till she could be alone, and a more romantic tinge be imparted to the occasion by silence, candles, solemn sea and stars outside, than was afforded by the gariſh afternoon sunlight.

The children had been sent to bed, and Ella soon followed, though it was not yet ten o'clock. To gratify her passionate curiosity she now made her preparations, first getting rid of superfluous garments and putting on her dressing-gown, then arranging a chair in front of the table and reading several pages of Trewe's tenderest utterances. Next she fetched the portrait-frame to the light, opened the back, took out the likeness, and set it up before her.

It was a striking countenance to look upon. The poet wore a luxuriant black moustache and imperial, and a slouched hat which shaded the forehead. The large dark eyes, described by the landlady, showed an unlimited capacity for misery; they looked out from beneath well-shaped brows as if they were reading the universe in the microcosm of the confronter's face, and were not altogether overjoyed at what the spectacle portended.

片，滿懷安靜愉悅的希冀。這位少婦的幻想真是又精細又豐富，她知道了丈夫今晚不回來，便節制住自己，不必急忙的衝上樓去打開照片；她預備，獨自一個人的時候再去看，那時候有寂靜，燭光，嚴肅的海以及戶外的星光，這或者可以比午後眩目的陽光格外富於浪漫的情趣了。

孩子們已經打發去睡了，愛蓮也跟着上牀，但是那時還不到十點鐘。因要滿足她富於情感的好奇心，她開始預備一切；最先是把累身的外衣全脫了，穿上一件睡衣，於是放一把椅子在桌子前面，坐下來讀了幾段屈柳最溫柔的詩。然後把照片架拿到光亮裏，打開架背，取出照片，直豎在她前面。

這是多麼英俊的一個面貌呀。這位詩人唇上有一齣純黑的鬚髭，唇下一縷小鬚，一頂輓邊帽子斜斜的貼在頭上。房東娘娘所說的一雙巨眼，含着無限悲苦，從一對極整齊的眉下朝外望，似乎在察看世人的心，在燭照宇宙的一切，而所觀察的並不能使他滿意。

Ella murmured in her lowest, richest, tenderest tone: 'And it's *you* who've so cruelly eclipsed me these many times!'

As she gazed long at the portrait she fell into thought, till her eyes filled with tears, and she touched the cardboard with her lips. Then she laughed with a nervous lightness, and wiped her eyes.

She thought how wicked she was, a woman having a husband and three children, to let her mind stray to a stranger in this unconscionable manner. No, he was not a stranger! She knew his thoughts and feelings as well as she knew her own; they were, in fact, the self-same thoughts and feelings as hers, which her husband distinctly lacked; perhaps luckily for himself, considering that he had to provide for family expenses.

'He's nearer my real self, he's more intimate with the real me than Will is, after all, even though I've never seen him,' she said.

She laid his book and picture on the table at the bed-side, and when she was reclining on the pillow she re-read those of Robert Trewe's verses which she had marked from time to time as most touching and true. Putting these aside, she set up

愛敏用最低最深沈最溫和的語調喚道：「原來就是你，我幾次三番輸在你手裏。」

目不轉睛的眇了很久，她便陷入深思的狀態裏；到後來眼眶裏滿是淚，她竟輕輕的把照片偷向杆上一叻。於是她輕快的笑了幾聲，一手擦去眼眶裏的淚痕。

她想她變壞了，一個有丈夫和三個孩子的婦女，怎末竟可以向一位毫不相識的人不知不覺間起了不正當的念頭。不，他不是毫不相識的！她知道他的思想他的感情，如同知道自己的一樣；實際上，他和她的思想感情完全相同，可是這些他丈夫却完全沒有；這也許是他的幸福，因為他有供給全家衣食的責任。

「他熟知真的我，要遠勝威廉（即其丈夫），雖則我從來沒有見過他，」她說道。

她把書和小照放在牀前的桌上；當她靠着枕頭的時候，又把時時困出屈柳的最動人最真實的幾段詩重讀一遍。讀完了放過一邊，把小照豎立在被面上，一

the photograph on its edge upon the coverlet, and contemplated it as she lay. Then she scanned again by the light of the candle the half-obliterated pencillings on the wall-paper beside her head. There they were—phrases, couplets, *louis-rimes*, beginnings and middles of lines, ideas in the rough, like Shelley's scraps, and the least of them so intense, so sweet, so palpitating, that it seemed as if his very breath, warm and loving, fanned her cheeks from those walls, walls that had surrounded his head times and times as they surrounded her own now. He must often have put up his hand so—with the pencil in it. Yes, the writing was sideways, as it would be if executed by one who extended his arm thus.

These inscribed shapes of the poet's world,
'Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality,'

were, no doubt, the thoughts and spirit-strivings which had come to him in the dead of night, when he could let himself go and have no fear of the frost of criticism. No doubt they had often been written up hastily by the light of the moon, the rays of the lamp, in the blue-grey dawn, in full daylight perhaps never. And now her hair was dragging where his arm had lain when he secured the fugitive fancies; she was sleeping on a poet's

面聽着，一面倚在枕上出神。於是又重提燭火把牆上模糊的鉛筆字，察看一遍。那裏是——短句，對句，初韻，首句中句，像雪萊的隨札一樣的略筆，都極緊張，甜蜜，動人，好像那就是他呼出的氣，又暖和又可愛，從腮頭吹到她面頰上；這菜牆曾經環繞着他的頭，像現在環繞着她的頭一樣。他一定常常這樣舉着手——手裏拿着鉛筆。是的，那字是斜的，一個人躺着舉起手來寫的字是這樣的。

這些詩人世界內所塗着的，

「形式比活人還真，

是永生的嬰兒，」

沒有疑問的，這些都是思想和精神的結晶，在深夜裏不怕批評的冰凍，被他自由地塗下來。沒有疑問的，這些都是在月光底下，書燈旁邊，或在青灰的晨曦裏，急急忙忙寫下來的，不過決不會在日裏。現在她那柔髮垂依的處所，就是先前詩人捉住警句時，那手臂安放的所在；她現在睡在詩人的唇邊，浸沈在他的英

lips, immersed in the very essence of him, permeated by his spirit as by an ether.

While she was dreaming the minutes away thus, a footstep came upon the stairs, and in a moment she heard her husband's heavy step on the landing immediately without.

'Eh, where are you?'

What possessed her she could not have described, but, with an instinctive objection to let her husband know what she had been doing, she slipped the photograph under the pillow just as he flung open the door, with the air of a man who had dined not badly.

'O, I beg pardon,' said William Marchmill. 'Have you a headache? I am afraid I have disturbed you.'

'No, I've not got a headache,' said she. 'How is it you've come?'

'Well, we found we could get back in very good time after all, and I didn't want to make another day of it, because of going somewhere else to-morrow.'

'Shall I come down again?'

'O no. I'm as tired as a dog. I've had a good feed, and I shall turn in straight off. I want to get out at six o'clock to-morrow if I can.'

草裏，他的精神如同太空，滲透了他。

她正在這樣似夢非夢的常見，扶梯上忽然有了脚步声，不多一會她聽出丈夫那笨重的脚步声，已經到了門外。

「愛嫩，你在那裏？」

這時她心裏究竟覺得怎樣，她自己也有點模模糊糊，但是她絕不願意讓她丈夫知道她在做什麼，所以急忙的把照片藏在枕頭底下，丈夫已經開門進來了，滿臉現着喜色，好像是剛吃過了一頓滿意的酒筵。

「喔，對不起，」馬啓密說道。「你頭痛麼？我怕擾了你了。」

「不，我不頭痛，」她說。「怎麼你倒回來了？」

「唔，後來我們知道還趕得及就回來了；我不願意再化上一天，明兒還得到別處去哩。」

「要我再起來麼？」

「喔，不必。我疲乏得像狗一樣。今天晚上吃得很舒服，我就要睡的。明兒六點鐘我就得起來……」

I shan't disturb you by my getting up; it will be long before you are awake.' And he came forward into the room.

While her eyes followed his movements, Ella softly pushed the photograph further out of sight.

'Sure you're not ill?' he asked, bending over her.

'No, only wicked!'

'Never mind that.' And he stooped and kissed her.

Next morning Marchmill was called at six o'clock; and in waking and yawning she heard him muttering to himself: 'What the deuce is this that's been crackling under me so?' Imagining her asleep he searched round him and withdrew something. Through her half-opened eyes she perceived it to be Mr. Trewe.

'Well, I'm damned!' her husband exclaimed.

'What, dear?' said she.

'O, you are awake? Ha! ha!'

'What *do* you mean?'

'Some bloke's photograph—a friend of our landlady's, I suppose. I wonder how it came here; whisked off the table by accident perhaps

我起來的時候也不要再擾你；那時你許還沒醒哩。」
他說着走進房來。

她眼睛跟着他的舉動，輕輕的把照片推得更進去些。

「你有些不舒服吧？」他轉着身子問道。

「不，只是心裏有點難過！」

「那不要緊。」他屈着身子接了一吻。

次日早晨他六點鐘就叫醒了；他醒時打着呵欠，她聽得他咕嚕道：「什麼混賬東西襯在我的背上？」他以為她還沒有醒，身邊四處的找，拖出一張東西來。她半開着眼，一望就知道是屈柳先生。

「唔，該死！」她丈夫叫道。

「什麼？」她說。

「喔，你醒着麼？哈！哈！」

「你究竟什麼意思？」

「什麼流氓的照片——怕是房東的朋友吧。真奇怪，怎麼會到這裏來；怕是鋪牀時不小心從檯上帶下

when they were making the bed.'

'I was looking at it yesterday, and it must have dropped in then.'

'O, he's a friend of yours? Bless his picturesque heart!'

Ella's loyalty to the object of her admiration could not endure to hear him ridiculed. 'He's a clever man!' she said, with a tremor in her gentle voice which she herself felt to be absurdly uncalled for. 'He is a rising poet—the gentleman who occupied two of these rooms before we came, though I've never seen him.'

'How do you know, if you've never seen him?'

'Mrs. Hooper told me when she showed me the photograph.'

'O; well, I must up and be off. I shall be home rather early. Sorry I can't take you to-day, dear. Mind the children don't go getting drowned.'

That day Mrs. Marchmill inquired if Mr. Trewe were likely to call at any other time.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Hooper. 'He's coming this day week to stay with a friend near here till you

來的吧。」

「我昨天就看見，怕是那個時候帶進來的。」

「喔，他是你的朋友麼？上帝得佑他美麗的心！」

愛德極忠於她崇拜的東西，現在見他譏笑，如何能夠忍耐。「他是聰明人！」她說道，和順的聲音裏帶着微顫，這在她自己都覺得不該有的。「他是後起的詩人——這位先生就住在這間屋子裏，雖則我還沒有看見他。」

「如其你沒見過他，又怎麼知道的呢？」

「房東太太把這照片給我看的時候告訴我的。」

「喔，好，我要起來動身了。回來大概很早。對不起，今天不能帶你去。留神那些小孩子，別讓他們淹在海裏啊。」

那一天馬啓密夫人問房東娘娘屈柳先生幾時能來。

「是的，」房東娘娘說。「下星期的今天，他要帶個朋友到這邊附近來住，等你搬了纔走。他一定會來

leave. He'll be sure to call.'

Marchmill did return quite early in the afternoon; and opening some letters which had arrived in his absence, declared suddenly that he and his family would have to leave a week earlier than they had expected to do—in short, in three days.

'Surely we can stay a week longer?' she pleaded. 'I like it here.'

'I don't. It is getting rather slow.'

'Then you might leave me and the children!'

'How perverse you are, Ell! What's the use? And have to come to fetch you! No: we'll all return together; and we'll make out our time in North Wales or Brighton a little later on. Besides, you've three days longer yet.'

It seemed to be her doom not to meet the man for whose rival talent she had a despairing admiration, and to whose person she was now absolutely attached. Yet she determined to make a last effort; and having gathered from her landlady that Trewe was living in a lonely spot not far from the fashionable town on the Island opposite, she crossed over in the packet from the neighbouring pier the following afternoon.

瞧我的。！

那天下午馬啓密果然回來得很早；他把不在家的時候別人寄來的信一封封的拆看，忽然對妻子說他們的歸期要比預定的日子挪早一個禮拜，——這就是三天以後便要動身回去了。

「真的我們不能再住一個禮拜麼？」她忙分辯道，「我却喜歡住在這裏。」

「我不喜歡。什麼事都太慢了。」

「那末你先走，讓我和小孩子多住幾天。」

「你怎麼這樣固執，愛拉！住着幹嗎？還得我來領你！不：我們還是一塊兒回去；以後在北威爾斯和布來屯多住上幾天就是了。并且還有三天哩。」

這好像是她的定命，始終遇不到她最崇拜最關切的那位她自知不及的天才詩人。可是她決心試用她最後的力量；她從房東娘娘探得，知道屈柳先生住在對面島上一個僻靜的地方，離開這名流所集的城市不很遠，隔天下午，她便坐了隣近碼頭的小郵船渡過海去。

What a useless journey it was! Ella knew but vaguely where the house stood, and when she fancied she had found it, and ventured to inquire of a pedestrian if he lived there, the answer returned by the man was that he did not know. And if he did live there, how could she call upon him? Some women might have the assurance to do it, but she *had not*. *How crazy he would think her*. She might have asked him to call upon her, perhaps; but she had not the courage for that, either. She lingered mournfully about the picturesque seaside eminence till it was time to return to the town and enter the steamer for recrossing, reaching home for dinner without having been greatly missed.

At the last moment, unexpectedly enough, her husband said that he should have no objection to letting her and the children stay on till the end of the week, since she wished to do so, if she felt herself able to get home without him. She concealed the pleasure this extension of time gave her; and Marchmill went off the next morning alone.

But the week passed, and Trewe did not call.

On Saturday morning the remaining members of the Marchmill family departed from the place which had been productive of so much fervour in her. The dreary, dreary train; the sun shining in moved beams upon the hot cushions; the dusty permanent way; the mean rows of wire—these things were her accompaniment: while out of the window

可是這次航行還是空走一輪！他住的屋子她本不清楚，後來她以為是找到了，便冒險去問一個過路的人，他的回答却是不曉得。如果他當真住在那裏，她又怎樣可以去看他呢？有的女人也許有這膽量去做，但是她沒有。他一定以為她是發了狂。也許她可以請他來看她；但是她也沒有這種勇氣。可憐見的她，在美麗的海濱徬徨無措，直到回去的時間到了，纔走下那汽船開回來，到家還趕上晚餐的時候。

到了最後的期間，她丈夫出乎意料之外的對她說，如果她和孩子們不用他來迎接，就是住滿這個星期再回家他也不反對。她聽了心裏自然暗暗喜歡；第二天早上馬啓密便獨自走了。

但是一個星期又快過去了，屈柳仍然沒有來。

星期六早上，愛迪便和她的孩子們離開這使她發生許多熱情的地方。多末可怕的火車，太陽光照在滾熱的墊子上，塵埃飛揚的長道，一排一排低醜的電綫——這些就是她的伴侶；窗外綠色的海漸漸不見了，

the deep blue sea-levels disappeared from her gaze, and with them her poet's home. Heavy-hearted, she tried to read, and wept instead.

Mr. Marchmill was in a thriving way of business, and he and his family lived in a large new house, which stood in rather extensive grounds a few miles outside the city wherein he carried on his trade. Ella's life was lonely here, as the suburban life is apt to be, particularly at certain seasons; and she had ample time to indulge her taste for lyric and elegiac composition. She had hardly got back when she encountered a piece by Robert Trewe in the new number of her favourite magazine, which must have been written almost immediately before her visit to Solentsea, for it contained the very couplet she had seen pencilled on the wall-paper by the bed, and Mrs. Hooper had declared to be recent. Ella could resist no longer, but seizing a pen impulsively, wrote to him as a brother-poet, using the name of John Ivy, congratulating him in her letter on his triumphant executions in metre and rhythm of thoughts that moved his soul, as compared with her own brow-beaten efforts in the same pathetic trade.

To this address there came a response in a few days, little as she had dared to hope for it—a civil and brief note, in which the young poet stated that, though he was not well acquainted with Mr. Ivy's verse, he recalled the name as being one he had seen attached to some very promising pieces; that he was glad to gain Mr. Ivy's acquaintance by letter, and should certainly look with much interest for his productions in the future.

同時她那詩人的家也遠離了她的視線。心裏悶悶萬分，她打開書想看，但是終於哭了。

馬啓密先生的軍械製造營業非常發達，所以他和她的家住在維城幾里的一所新的大屋子裏。愛蓮的生活非常孤單；這在城外而尤其是在幾個不熱鬧的節季裏，大概都是如此；因此她有充分的時間沈溺在詩裏。她回家了不多時，便在她最心愛的一種雜誌上，看到屈柳先生的新詩，這首詩大概是在她未到海濱前幾天寫的，因詩裏有兩行對句，她曾在牀頭牆上看見過，並且據房東娘娘說是新寫的。愛蓮再也不能抵抗，拿起筆來，用同道的口氣，寫一封信給屈柳先生，賀他詩詞上的成功，底下簽着約翰伊味的假名。

幾天之後來了一封回書，當然出乎她意料之外；那回書是一封很短很謙虛的信，信上說他雖不很熟悉伊味先生的詩，但是他還記得那名字似乎會和幾首極佳的詩連在一起登載過，又說他很喜歡和伊味先生信函相交，並且夕日盼望有新的著作出來。

There must have been something juvenile or timid in her own epistle, as one ostensibly coming from a man, she declared to herself; for Trewe quite adopted the tone of an elder and superior in this reply. But what did it matter? He had replied; he had written to her with his own hand from that very room she knew so well, for he was now back again in his quarters.

The correspondence thus begun was continued for two months or more, Ella Marchmill sending him from time to time some that she considered to be the best of her pieces, which he very kindly accepted, though he did not say he sedulously read them, nor did he send her any of his own in return. Ella would have been more hurt at this than she was if she had not known that Trewe laboured under the impression that she was one of his own sex.

Yet the situation was unsatisfactory. A flattering little voice told her that, were he only to see her, matters would be otherwise. No doubt she would have helped on this by making a frank confession of womanhood, to begin with, if something had not happened, to her delight, to render it unnecessary. A friend of her husband's, the editor of the most important newspaper in the city and county, who was *dining with them one day*, observed during their conversation about the poet that his (the editor's) brother the landscape-painter was a friend of Mr. Trewe's, and that the two men were at that very moment in Wales together.

她知道她寫去的信，詞句上總有點年輕膽怯的口吻，因為屈柳的信裏有自命為年長及優越的神氣。但是這有什麼關係呢？他已答覆，已親手在她住過的屋子裏寫這回書。

他們的通信繼續不斷的有兩個多月。愛蓮·馬啓密時時寄她自以為最好的詩給他。他很和善的接受了，但他並不說看過那些詩，也並不寄他的詩給她。屈柳始終以她為男子，如果愛蓮不知道這點，那傷心自不用說要增幾倍理。

可是這種情況總是不滿意。有一種諂媚的小聲音告訴她說，如果他見了她，事情就要完全不同了。這是沒有疑問的，她說不定會在信裏告訴他女假男名的實話，不過後來發生了一件使她更快樂的事，便把這念頭攔住了。他丈夫有個朋友是本省某家著名報館的編輯，有一天和他們一處吃飯，偶然談起他的胞弟，風景畫家，是屈柳先生的朋友，並說他們倆現在都在威爾斯。

Ella was slightly acquainted with the editor's brother. The next morning down she sat and wrote, inviting him to stay at her house for a short time on his way back, and requesting him to bring with him, if practicable, his companion Mr. Trewe, whose acquaintance she was anxious to make. The answer arrived after some few days. Her correspondent and his friend Trewe would have much satisfaction in accepting her invitation on their way southward, which would be on such and such a day in the following week.

Ella was blithe and buoyant. Her scheme had succeeded; her beloved though as yet unseen one was coming. "Behold, he standeth behind our wall; he looked forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice," she thought ecstatically. "And, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

But it was necessary to consider the details of lodging and feeding him. This she did most solicitously, and awaited the pregnant day and hour.

It was about five in the afternoon when she heard a ring at the door and the editor's brother's voice in the hall. Poetess as she was, or as she

愛蓮和編輯先生的弟弟有點相識。第二天早晨她坐下來寫一封信給他，請他回來時到她家裏來住幾天，並請他如果可以實行的話借他的同伴屈柳先生同來，因為她很願意和他相識。幾天之後回信來了。那畫家和屈柳先生都很高興接受她的請柬，祇等下星期某日他們南下時，一定會便道來探望她。

愛蓮快樂得什麼似的。她的計劃終於成功了；她的愛人雖還沒有看見，但是不久就要來的了。她很快活的這樣想：「瞧，他站在我們牆的那邊，窗的前面往下看着，我們可以從窗格子裏看到他。並且，你瞧，冬天已去，雨是已經下完了，滿地全是花朵兒，正是鳥語的時節，在我們的本鄉，到處都可以聽到鶯鳴。」

她把住屋和菜蔬都趕早小心的爲他預備起來，祇等待吉日良辰的到臨。

那天下午五點鐘她聽得門上有鈴聲，廳上有報館編輯的弟弟的口音。她是女詩人，至少她自己承認，

thought herself, she had not been too sublime that day to dress with infinite trouble in a fashionable robe of rich material, having a faint resemblance to the *chiton* of the Greeks, a style just then in vogue among ladies of an artistic and romantic turn, which had been obtained by Ella of her Bond Street dressmaker when she was last in London. Her visitor entered the drawing-room. She looked towards his rear; nobody else came through the door. Where, in the name of the God of Love, was Robert Trewe?

'O, I'm sorry,' said the painter, after their introductory words had been spoken. 'Trewe is a curious fellow, you know, Mrs. Marchmill. He said he'd come; then he said he couldn't. He's rather d-d-sty. We've been doing a few miles with knapsacks, you know; and he wanted to get on home.'

'He—he's not coming?'

'He's not; and he asked me to make his apologies.'

'When did you p-p-part from him?' she asked, her nether lip starting off quivering so much that it was like a tremolo-stop opened in her speech. She longed to run away from this dreadful bore and cry her eyes out.

'Just now, in the turnpike road yonder there.'

那天她化了不少的功夫裝扮起來；她是穿件極富麗極時式的希臘式的短襖，那式樣當時有藝術性的和浪漫性的太太小姐都愛穿，是上次她上倫敦去的時候向某家著名成衣店裏定製的。她的客人走進了客室。她眼望着他後面；却再沒有人走進門來。戀愛的神呀，樂伯·屈柳在那裏呢？

「喔，對不起，」畫師講了幾句應酬話之後，這樣說道：「屈柳先生真古怪，馬夫人，你許是知道的。他先說要來的；後來又說不能來。他還好。我們一同提着箱子，走了幾里路；沒想到他就預備要回家去。」

「他——他不來了麼？」

「他不來了；他叫我向你道歉。」

「你是什麼時候離——離開他的？」她問這句話的時候，那下唇簡直顫得好像不再關得起。她恨不得立刻逃避這可怕的困悶，去痛哭一場。

「還不到一會兒功夫，就是在那邊大道上分手的。」

'What! he has actually gone past my gates?',

'Yes. When we got to them—handsome gates they are, too, the finest bit of modern wrought-iron work I have seen—when we came to them we stopped, talking there a little while, and then he wished me good-bye and went on. The truth is, he's a little bit depressed just now, and doesn't want to see anybody. He's a very good fellow, and a warm friend, but a little uncertain and gloomy sometimes; he thinks too much of things. His poetry is rather too erotic and passionate, you know, for some tastes; and he has just come in for a terrible slating from the ——— *Review* that was published yesterday; he saw a copy of it at the station by accident. Perhaps you've read it?'

'No.'

'So much the better. O, it is not worth thinking of; just one of those articles written to order, to please the narrow-minded set of subscribers upon whom the circulation depends. But he's upset by it. He says it is the misrepresentation that hurts him so; that, though he can stand a fair attack, he can't stand lies that he's powerless to refute and stop from spreading. That's just Trewe's weak

「什麼！他竟走過我的大門麼？」

「是的。我們走到你家大門口時候——多漂亮的大門，怕是近代最精細的鐵工了，——剛靠近你的大門，我們便站住講了幾句話，隨後他就說聲再會走了。這都是實在的情形，他此刻心裏有點不耐煩，所以不願意見什麼人。他為人却很好，又是一位熱心的朋友，不過有時候鬱悶起來便捉摸他不定；他的想象太複雜了。他詩的感情太重，所以有的人不能領略欣賞；昨天某種刊物上還有一篇攻擊他的文字，是他偶然在車站上發現的。這文章恐怕你已經看見過了？」

「沒有。」

「那更好。喔，這一類的東西實無一想的價值；寫的人無非要取悅於心腸極狹的讀者，報的行銷也就靠着他們。可是他却懊惱到了萬分。他說最傷他心的是誤解他的著作；他能忍受正當的攻擊，却最討厭那些使他無力辯正和防止傳播的謠言。這就是屈柳的弱點。他整年的孤獨不幸，所以這種事情更使他難受，

point. He lives so much by himself that these things affect him much more than they would if he were in the bustle of fashionable or commercial life. So he wouldn't come here, making the excuse that it all looked so new and monied—if you'll pardon——'

'But—he must have known—there was sympathy here! Has he never said anything about getting letters from this address?'

'Yes, yes, he has, from John Ivy—perhaps a relative of yours, he thought, visiting here at the time?'

'Did he—like Ivy, did he say?'

'Well, I don't know that he took any great interest in Ivy.'

'Or in his poems?'

'Or in his poems—so far as I know, that is.'

Robert Trewe took no interest in her house, in her poems, or in their writer. As soon as she could get away she went into the nursery and tried to let off her emotion by unnecessarily kissing the children, till she had a sudden sense of disgust at being reminded how plain-looking they were, like their father.

The obtuse and single-minded landscape-painter

如果他時常在熱鬧的社交場上，或者還不至於發生多大的影響。所以他不願來，他推託說府上太新太富——如果你能原諒他——」

「不過——他該知道——這裏有同情呀！他難道沒有說起這裏有信寄給他麼？」

「有的，有的。是一位什麼約翰伊味寄去的——他想這人許是正住在家裏的一位親戚吧！」

「他有沒有說他——喜歡伊味麼？」

「唔，據我所曉得，他不很喜歡的。」

「他可喜歡他的詩呢？」

「也不很喜歡——我所曉得的是如此。」

樂伯·屈柳對於她的住屋她的詩和詩的作者都沒有興趣。她一得到離開他的機會，便跑到育兒室去，拚命的和孩子們接吻，借此發洩她的感情，直到後來她記起孩子們的面貌都和那父親一樣的單純無趣，便又厭惡起來。

那位頭腦遲鈍簡單的畫師，始終沒有從她的談話

never once perceived from her conversation that it was only Trewe she wanted, and not himself. He made the best of his visit, seeming to enjoy the society of Ella's husband, who also took a great fancy to him, and showed him everywhere about the neighbourhood, neither of them noticing Ella's mood.

The painter had been gone only a day or two when, while sitting upstairs alone one morning, she glanced over the London paper just arrived, and read the following paragraph:—

‘SUICIDE OF A POET

‘Mr. Robert Trewe, who has been favourably known for some years as one of our rising lyrists, committed suicide at his lodgings at Solentsea on Saturday evening last by shooting himself in the right temple with a revolver. Readers hardly need to be reminded that Mr. Trewe has recently attracted the attention of a much wider public than had hitherto known him, by his new volume of verse, mostly of an impassioned kind, entitled “Lyrics to a Woman Unknown,” which has been already favourably noticed in these pages for the extraordinary gamut of feeling it traverses, and which has been made the subject of a severe, if not ferocious, criticism in the—— REVIEW. It is supposed, though not certainly known, that the article may have partially conduced to the sad act, as a copy of the review in question was found on his writing-table; and he has been observed to be in a somewhat depressed state of mind since the critique appeared.’

Then came the report of the inquest, at which the following letter was read, it having been addressed to a friend at a distance;

裏看出她所歡迎的是屈柳一個人，不是他。他盡意的享樂他自己，好像和愛遊的丈夫談得非常投機；她丈夫又帶他到附近去遊覽，兩人都沒有注意到愛遊的心境。

那畫師走了一兩天之後，有一天早上愛遊獨自坐在樓上看倫敦剛寄來的報，就讀到下面一段新聞：

詩人之自殺

樂伯風先生為當代新起抒情詩人之一，於上星期六晚以手鎗自擊右髮骨，死於蘇聯海濱之寓所。風先生新得一詩集，名「寄一無名女子」已引起社會上大多數人之注意，其譽溢海內，固不待記者多贊。此詩集熱情充溢，近於狂放，以致引起評論報之最惡批評。外傳此文實為自殺之主要原因，雖未敢必，然死後，在夜書桌上覓得此文，且自此文發表後，風先生即陷於抑鬱狀態。蛛絲馬跡，以此說亦非無因也。

接着便是一段記者訪問的記載，內有一函，是寫給遠方一位朋友的：

「親愛的——

這幾行字還沒有到你手裏，我早已從視，聽，知，我所不願視，聽知的環境裏，解放下來。我不願把我走這一着的原因來煩擾你，壓則我，

'Dear —,— Before these lines reach your hands I shall be delivered from the inconveniences of seeing, hearing, and knowing more of the things around me. I will not trouble you by giving my reasons for the step I have taken, though I can assure you they were sound and logical. Perhaps had I been blessed with a mother, or a sister, or a female friend of another sort tenderly devoted to me, I might have thought it worth while to continue my present existence. I have long dreamt of such an unattainable creature, as you know; and she, this undiscoverable, elusive one, inspired my last volume; the imaginary woman alone, for, in spite of what has been said in some quarters, there is no real woman behind the title. She has continued to the last unrevealed, unmet, unwon. I think it desirable to mention this in order that no blame may attach to any real woman as having been the cause of my decease by cruel or cavalier treatment of me. Tell my landlady that I am sorry to have caused her this unpleasantness; but my occupancy of the rooms will soon be forgotten. There are ample funds in my name at the bank to pay all expenses.

R. Trève.'

Ella sat for a while as if stunned, then rushed into the adjoining chamber and flung herself upon her face on the bed.

Her grief and distraction shook her to pieces; and she lay in this frenzy of sorrow for more than an hour. Broken words came every now and then from her quivering lips: 'O, if he had only known of me—known of me—me! . . . O, if I had only once met him—only once; and put my hand upon his hot forehead—kissed him—let him know how I loved him—that I would have suffered shame

敢老實對你說那些理由是很充分的。如果我有勇氣，有厚臉皮，或是姊妹，或是女廚女，忠心的侍奉，那我現在的生活也許還有繼續的價值。你知道我已很久夢想到這樣一個不可得的女子；而最近發現，無可捉摸的戀，激起我寫最近的一本詩集；那位理想中的佳人，雖在從前說說得出口的有之，然實在並沒有這回女子。她記憶是我未見未識未求愛的情人。我想這幾句話應當說明的，因怕有人要藉責備任何真純的女子，以為她是我神祕的對象。請告訴我的房東或賃戶，對不起地沒有這處不快樂的亭；但大家不久就會忘記我住過這的房子。銀行員在我的名下有足夠的工銀開支一切。

空柏，恩柯。」

她坐著不動好像震盪了的一般，有好一會兒，於是她又衝到間壁的睡房裏，撲倒在睡榻上。

她的悲痛傷感震得她魂散魄飛；她躺在牀上足有一點多鐘，後來她又顫抖斷續地說道：「醒，如果他認識了我——認識了我——我！……醒。假使我有——一次會到他——祇要一次；把我的手放在他炙熱的額上——吻他一下——讓他知道我是怎樣的愛他——我情願忍受辱罵，情願為他死為他生！這樣也許可以救

and scorn, would have lived and died, for him! Perhaps it would have saved his dear life! . . . But no—it was not allowed! God is a jealous God; and that happiness was not for him and me!’

All possibilities were over; the meeting was stultified. Yet it was almost visible to her in her fantasy even now, though it could never be substantiated—

‘The hour which might have been, yet might not be,

Which man’s and woman’s heart conceived and bore,

Yet whereof life was barren.’

She wrote to the landlady at Solent-ea in the third person, in as subdued a style as she could command, enclosing a postal order for a sovereign, and informing Mrs. Hooper that Mrs. Marchmill had seen in the papers the sad account of the poet’s death, and having been, as Mrs. Hooper was aware, much interested in Mr. Trewe during her stay at Coburg House, she would be obliged if Mrs. Hooper could obtain a small portion of his hair before his coffin was closed down, and send it her as a memorial of him, as also the photograph that was in the frame.

By the return-post a letter arrived containing what had been requested. Ella wept over the portrait and secured it in her private drawer; the lock

活他親愛的性命！……但是不——天不允許我們！上帝是忌人的；這種快樂不是他能享受，也不是我能享受的！」

什麼希望都過去了；見面只是一夢。雖則在意想中還能望得到，但實際已成泡影——

【那一時在昔可有而未有，
那一時男女的心裏都想着忍耐着，
可是生命是沙漠一片。」

.

她用第三者的稱呼寫一封信給蘇郎海濱的房東娘娘，語氣竭力鎮靜，還附了一張十五塊錢的匯票，告訴她說馬啓密夫人已在報上得悉屈柳先生的凶耗，當她在海濱住的時候，房東娘娘也知道對於這位詩人多少有點關切，現在請求她在詩人未下棺之前割一縷頭髮，同那張照片，寄給馬夫人留作紀念。

信差帶了回信來，所要求的東西也一併附來。愛嫩對着那張照片哭了一場，隨後把牠鎖在她秘密的抽

of hair she tied with white ribbon and put in her bosom, whence she drew it and kissed it every now and then in some unobserved nook.

'What's the matter?' said her husband, looking up from his newspaper on one of these occasions.

'Crying over something? A lock of hair? Whose is it?'

'He's dead!' she murmured.

'Who?'

'I don't want to tell you, Will, just now, unless you insist!' she said, a sob hanging heavy in her voice.

'O, all right.'

'Do you mind my refusing? I will tell you some day.'

'It doesn't matter in the least, of course.'

He walked away whistling a few bars of no tune in particular; and when he had got down to his factory in the city the subject came into Marchmill's head again.

He, too, was aware that a suicide had taken place recently at the house they had occupied at Solentsea. Having seen the volume of poems in his wife's hand of late, and heard fragments of the landlady's conversation about Trewe when they were her tenants, he all at once said to himself,

斗裏；那縷頭髮，她用白綢子裹着掛在胸前，不時在沒人注意的當兒拿出來親吻。

「什麼事呀？」她丈夫有一次正從報紙上抬起頭來，這樣說道，「究竟哭什麼？一束頭髮？誰的？」

「他死了！」他低聲說道。

「誰？」

「我現在不願意告訴你，除非你一定要曉得」。她說着，聲音裏已有沉重的嗚咽。

「喔，好的。」

「假使我拒絕你，你要怪我麼？改天我再告訴你罷。」

「當然一點也沒有什麼要緊。」

他隨口哼着不成調的聲音，出去了；他一到了製造廠，那件事又重回到他腦裏來。

他也知道在蘇郎海濱以前住過的寓所裏新近發生了一件自殺案。近來他又常常看見妻子手裏拿着一卷詩，當初住在海濱時常聽到房東娘娘談到屈柳，於是

'Why of course it's hel . . . How the devil did she get to know him? What sly animals women are!'

Then he placidly dismissed the matter, and went on with his daily affairs. By this time Ella at home had come to a determination. Mrs. Hooper, in sending the hair and photograph, had informed her of the day of the funeral; and as the morning and noon wore on an overpowering wish to know where they were laying him took possession of the sympathetic woman. Caring very little now what her husband or anyone else might think of her eccentricities, she wrote Marchmill a brief note, stating that she was called away for the afternoon and evening, but would return on the following morning. This she left on his desk, and having given the same information to the servants, went out of the house on foot,

When Mr. Marchmill reached home early in the afternoon the servants looked anxious. The nurse took him privately aside, and hinted that her mistress's sadness during the past few days had been such that she feared she had gone out to drown herself. Marchmill reflected. Upon the whole he thought that she had not done that. Without saying whither he was bound he also started off, telling them not to sit up for him. He drove to the railway-station, and took a ticket for Solentsea.

It was dark when he reached the place, though he had come by a fast train, and he knew that if his wife had preceded him thither it could only have

他立刻對自己說道：「當然是他！……該死，她是怎麼認得他的呢？女人都是壞東西！」

於是他把這事攔開，開始他的日常工作。愛蓮在家裏已經決定了一件事。海濱的房東娘娘在寄頭髮和照片的時候，乘便告訴她他的葬期。到了這天下午她心裏一意的想知道那詩人葬在何處。現在她也顧不得丈夫或別人說她顛狂，寫了一張字條子給馬啓密，說道：因事出外，明晨一早回來。她把條子放在桌上，照樣的告訴了傭人，便徒步出去了。

當馬啓密先生下午一早回來的時候，傭僕們都現着驚惶的臉色。保姆偷偷的對他說，照女主人前幾天悲傷的情形看，怕是投水自盡。馬啓密細細想了一會。他覺得從各方面看來，她決不會這樣做的。他並不說到那兒去，只說不必等他，也立刻跑出門去。他跳上車直趨火車站，買了一張到蘇郎海濱的車票。

車到的時候天已暗了；他坐的是快車，知道如果妻子先他而來一定坐的是慢車，比他的車，早到不了

been by a slower train, arriving not a great while before his own. The season at Solentsea was now past: the parade was gloomy, and the flies were few and cheap. He asked the way to the Cemetery, and soon reached it. The gate was locked, but the keeper let him in, declaring, however, 'that there was nobody within the precincts. Although it was not late, the autumnal darkness had now become intense; and he found some difficulty in keeping to the serpentine path which led to the quarter where, as the man had told him, the one or two interments for the day had taken place. He stepped upon the grass, and, stumbling over some pegs, stooped now and then to discern if possible a figure against the sky. He could see none; but lighting on a spot where the soil was trodden, beheld a crouching object beside a newly made grave. She heard him, and sprang up.

'Eh, how silly this is!' he said indignantly. 'Running away from home—I never heard such a thing! Of course I am not jealous of this unfortunate man; but it is too ridiculous that you, a married woman with three children and a fourth coming, should go losing your head like this over a dead lover! . . . Do you know you were locked in? You might not have been able to get out all night.'

She did not answer.

多少時候。蘇郎海濱的遊興已經過了，商場上都是無精打彩的，街上輕便的馬車很少而且價錢也很廉。他問了到公墓去的路，不一會便到了那里。門是已經上了鎖，但是守門的人臨了還放了他進去，說裏面沒有人了。雖則時間還不很遲，但是秋夜却已很黑暗；守門的告訴他日間有過一兩次的埋葬，可是蜿蜒曲折的墓道已經很不容易走了。他踏在草上，不時彎下身去，襯着天色，看有沒有人在那裏。他起初找了半天沒見一個人；不過後來在一個新墳墓面前，看見伏着一件東西。她聽到是他，跳了起來。

「愛嫩，你怎麼這樣傻！」他惱恨的說道。「從家裏私逃出來——我從來沒聽見過這樣的事！當然我也不妒忌這不幸的人；不過你是個有三個孩子，和還有一個在肚裏的已嫁的女子，何致於會因已死的情人而這樣癡狂，這簡直太笑話了！……你知道自己鎖在裏面麼？假使我不來，怕你今天晚上還不能出去呢。」

她並不回答。

'I hope it didn't go far between you and him, for your own sake.'

'Don't insult me, Will.'

'Mind, I won't have any more of this sort of thing; do you hear?'

'Very well,' she said.

He drew her arm within his own, and conducted her out of the Cemetery. It was impossible to get back that night; and not wishing to be recognized in their present sorry condition, he took her to a miserable little coffee-house close to the station, whence they departed early in the morning, travelling almost without speaking, under the sense that it was one of those dreary situations occurring in married life which words could not mend, and reaching their own door at noon.

The months passed, and neither of the twain ever ventured to start a conversation upon this episode. Ella seemed to be only too frequently in a sad and listless mood, which might almost have been called pining. The time was approaching when she would have to undergo the stress of childbirth for a fourth time, and that apparently did not tend to raise her spirits.

'I don't think I shall get over it this time!' she said one day.

'Pooh! what childish foreboding! Why shouldn't it be as well now as ever?'

「爲你自己的緣故，我希望你不要對他太過分。」

「你別侮辱我，威廉。」

「記住，這種事情我不能讓牠再有；聽見麼？」

「噢，」她說道。

他挽了她的手臂，邁步向外走去。那晚上要回去是不能夠的了；又不願意在這樣悲傷的情況裏給人認得，他帶她到車站附近的一家極小咖啡店裏坐了一個全夜，第二天一早就搭火車回家，在路上大家都啞口無言，似乎這是結婚生活中可怕的景況之一，不是說話可以彌補的，他們到家已經中午了。

幾個月過去了，兩人從不敢冒險提到這一個故事。愛德似乎常常在哀痛和厭倦中過活，這也可以說是一種頹唐。第四個孩子產生的時期一天近似一天，但是這件事情顯然不能提起她的精神。

「我想這一次我是逃不過的了。」有一天她這樣說。

「嘿！孩子話！爲什麼這一次不和以前一樣呢？」

She shook her head. 'I feel almost sure I am going to die; and I should be glad, if it were not for Nelly, and Frank, and Ting.'

'And me!'

'You'll soon find somebody to fill my place,' she murmured, with a sad smile. 'And you'll have a perfect right to; I assure you of that.'

'Eh, you are not thinking still about that—poetical friend of yours?'

She neither admitted nor denied the charge. 'I am not going to get over my illness this time,' she reiterated. 'Something tells me I shan't.'

This view of things was rather a bad beginning, as it usually is; and, in fact, six weeks later, in the month of May, she was lying in her room, pulseless and bloodless, with hardly strength enough left to follow up one feeble breath with another, the infant for whose unnecessary life she was slowly parting with her own being fat and well. Just before her death she spoke to Marchmill softly:—

'Will, I want to confess to you the entire circumstances of that—about you know what—that time we visited Solentsea. I can't tell what pos-

她搖頭。「我差不多覺得我是一定要死的了；如果不惦記那三個小孩子，我倒也喜歡死。」

「還有我呢？」

「你不久就會找到代替的人，」她低聲說着，帶着悲哀的微笑。「并且你有充分的權柄去這樣做，我敢說實話。」

「愛琳，你還在那裏想你的——詩友麼？」

她既不承認也不否認。「我這次的病是不會好的了，！」她重複的說。「好像有什麼東西告訴了我一般。」

這種見解通常是不吉的端倪；而事實上六星期之後，那時在五月，她睡在房裏，脈息停頓，血氣全無，幾乎上氣不接下氣，她慢慢死去才能養出的那個毫不需要的嬰兒倒是長得很肥健。在未死之前，她對馬啓密輕輕的說道：

「威廉，我要把整個的事情都講給你聽，——就是你聽得的——我們到蘇郎海濱的時候。我說不出

sessed me—how I could forget you so, my husband! But I had got into a morbid state: I thought you had been unkind; that you had neglected me; that you weren't up to my intellectual level, while he was, and far above it. I wanted a fuller appreciator, perhaps, rather than another lover——'

She could get no further then for very exhaustion; and she went off in sudden collapse a few hours later, without having said anything more to her husband on the subject of her love for the poet. William Marchmill, in truth, like most husbands of several years' standing, was little disturbed by retrospective jealousies, and had not shown the least anxiety to press her for confessions concerning a man dead and gone beyond any power of inconveniencing him more.

But when she had been buried a couple of years it chanced one day that, in turning over some forgotten papers that he wished to destroy before his second wife entered the house, he lighted on a lock of hair in an envelope, with the photograph of the deceased poet, a date being written on the back in his late wife's hand. It was that of the time they spent at Solentsea.

Marchmill looked long and musingly at the hair and portrait, for something struck him. Fetching the little boy who had been the death of his mother,

什麼占住了我的心——我怎麼能忘記你呢，我的丈夫！我一時糊塗得發了神經病，以為你待我不好，丟棄了我；又以為你的學識不及我更遠不及他。我要一個十分能欣賞了解我的人，並不是要什麼情人——」

她再也發不下去，只是喘氣，不到幾點鐘，她就頓然地死了，還沒有說出她對於詩人的愛情。威廉馬啓密，和其餘有幾年經驗的丈夫一樣，對於回憶上的妒忌決不介介於心，所以並不熱切地逼她把那情史講完，並且那情人已經朽化了許久，現在決不會有什麼妨害於他。

她葬了一兩年之後，有一天馬啓密正在把舊的函件理出來毀掉，預備第二位夫人進來，偶然間看到一束頭髮和那已死詩人的照片，封在一隻信封裏，小照後有愛嫩手寫的日期，正是他們在蘇郎海濱的日子。

馬啓密注視着頭髮和照片很久，因為有一件事觸了他的心機。他把那致母死命的孩子叫來，這時已經是個會吵的頑皮小兒。他抱起放在膝上，拿着那束頭

now a noisy toddler, he took him on his knee, held the lock of hair against the child's head, and set up the photograph on the table behind, so that he could closely compare the features each countenance presented. There were undoubtedly strong traces of resemblance; the dreamy and peculiar expression of the poet's face sat, as the transmitted idea, upon the child's, and the hair was of the same hue.

'I'm damned if I didn't think so!' murmured Marchmill. 'Then she *sh'* play me false with that fellow at the lodgings! Let me see: the dates—the second week in August! . . . the third week in May. . . . Yes . . . yes Get away, you poor little brat! You are nothing to me!'

髮和孩子頭上的放在一起比較；又把照片豎在桌上，細細的端詳比擬。簡直沒有疑問，二者都有極相似的地方；多幻想的面貌和頭髮的顏色竟是非常相像。

「該死，這還不是證據！」馬啓密低聲說道。「那末她確實和那流氓在那寓所裏有過關係！讓我看：日期——八月第二個星期……五月第三個星期……是的……是的。走開，你這可憐的小畜牲！你不是我的！」

英漢對照
西洋文學名著譯叢
伍蠡甫主編

本書精選西洋文學傑作，由海內名譯家分別擔任，每種除英漢對照外，並將作家思想，時代背景，全書總表等，撰為長序，作極為深刻之剖解。讀者手此一編，既可增加閱讀英文之能力，又可養成文學之嗜好。茲先出第一批。

- 1 新哀絲綺思 伍蠡甫譯
Rousseau: *The New Heloise*
- 2 悲慘世界 伍光建譯
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- 3 威廉的修業年代 伍蠡甫譯
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西洋文學名著選_{五版}

◁▷ 孫寒冰 伍蠡甫 合編 ▷◁

本書所選，有歐美的論文，小說，詩歌，童話，書札等名選三十餘篇；如：雪萊論愛情，基茨貞為歌，新俄小說，盧梭寫給維思，郭哥兒外套，哈代兒丁西決槓，哥德格言，辛克萊詩人，摩登頓紅髮詩，小泉八雲文學的誘惑，霍桑拍著望者，莫伯桑嫁粧，荷涅石像，蘭伯求婚書，我默俗拜集選，莎士比亞歌劇，王爾德黃鶯與玫瑰，榮耀而打賭等篇，莫不內容精湛，文字優美。每篇均首附中文小序，略述作者的生平，思想，作風，和重要著作；末附注解，凡生字，奧句，習語，廢辭，發音等，詳釋以外，間附例證。訂正五版，內容增加三分之一以上，採本書為英文教科本者，今已有三十餘校之多。

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福地 The Good Earth

伍蠡甫譯 by P. S. Buck

◇ 興動世界的名著 ◇

本書乃用十分成熟的技巧，寫出從動搖而崩潰的中國農村的一切。舉凡農民所受的災與人禍的痛苦，及其艱苦而悲劇的運命，無不繪聲繪色，莫怪能獲得普魯文學獎金，感化美國對華商賣給中國。西線無戰事與黑奴的天譴的西方情形，已轟動中國讀者；今本書即以中國農村為對象，是其動人之深，不難想見。伍君譯述之後，又加以長至萬言的導讀批評，以明作者立場與觀點之確與否，實兼文學名著及文學批評而有之。愛好文學的青年，莫輕視地放過這本時代的代表作品。

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伍 茲 甫 譯

著者以福地一書，震動中外文壇，遂更以本書爲福地續篇，完成一偉大工作。著者以軍閥，地主，奸商的結合，爲中國社會中種種罪惡之主腦；以王龍的三千分別象徵此三種人物，表現統治層的意識形態。至其技術之精，想像之妙，造語之巧，可與福地並美。譯者伍茲甫先生以犀利銳穎之筆，十分流暢而忠實地譯述以後，仍照前譯福地，給本書以深刻的批評，尤能引起讀者長思。

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