

—◆世界经典文学名著文库◆—

雾都孤儿

Oliver Twist

—◆ Charles Dickens ◆—



英文原版
评注本

世界图书出版公司

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赵春霞 注释



世界图书出版公司

西安 北京 上海 广州



出版前言

学习英语的读者朋友们都知道，英语除了基础的词汇学习以外，要想提高英语水平，平时的英语阅读是非常重要的。单纯的英语学习是相当枯燥的，将其融入英文故事的欣赏，就会大大增加学习的知识性、趣味性。而在英语阅读里面，世界经典文学名著是一生都不会过时的绝佳赏析材料，是值得大家一生中去读的作品。

世界名著是世界文学名家身处他们那个时代，用他们的心灵去感知社会和人物，呕心沥血著成的精品。英文原版故事虽说讲述的是上几个世纪的故事，但很多都是原著小说家们的亲身感受或有生活中的原型，因此能使读者产生共鸣，触发同感，启迪人生。

通过对世界经典文学名著的赏析，可以使自己徜徉于其中，了解欧美社会的时代背景，深刻理解西方文化。这样既能大大提高自己的英语水平，同时可以培养和提高个人修养。因此推荐给喜爱文学的读者朋友们，请您不妨一读，相信定会受益匪浅。

由世界图书出版西安公司隆重推出的**最新版“世界经典文学名著文库”系列丛书**，是世图西安公司几代编辑不断探索和总结经验、并组织完成的。其间悉心听取广大读者朋友们的评价和建议，历经数十载的改进和更新，云集国内知名的英美文学教授，遴选世界名著中精华的精华，对于各经典原著文中的难点、疑点加以精心评注。其中包含难词的解析、背景人物和事件的延伸注解，古英语表达的转换等等，可谓详尽准确。这些名著可以使读者朋友们在品读原汁原味的英文原版故事的同时，通过评注提供及时、必要的阅读参考，

助读者朋友们在学习英语之路上一臂之力。

世图西安公司经过精心的调研,本批推出的品种都是读者朋友们喜闻乐见的名著作品:包括《远大前程》、《查泰莱夫人的情人》、《名利场》、《双城记》、《小妇人》、《儿子与情人》、《红字》、《汤姆大叔的小屋》、《茶花女》、《艰难时世》、《远离尘嚣》、《雾都孤儿》、《战地钟声》和《无名的裘德》等,以后还会相继推出其他名家的名著品种。读者朋友们可以根据自己的喜好,选择适合自己的经典故事进行阅读。

本套丛书各册内容均为无删节英文原版经典故事,原汁原味,并辅以名家中文评注,既适用于英语专业学生作为课外学习和赏析,同时适用于有一定英语水平的读者大众。通过对名著的赏读,提高英语阅读、特别是对英文小说的阅读能力。

欧美文学鉴赏,传世佳作珍藏!

由于编者知识和水平有限,书中难免有不足之处,欢迎学界人士和读者朋友们提出宝贵意见,以便我们在以后的名著整理工作中加以改进和提升,你们的支持是对我们编者及编辑最大的鞭策和鼓励。读者朋友们也可以登录www.eb88k.com(世图英语学习网),了解最新出版的世图英语图书信息和网站内容。

世界图书出版西安公司

2010年5月



作者简介



查尔斯·狄更斯(Charles Dickens)(1812—1870)生于朴次茅斯(Portsmouth)的波特西(Portsea)。父亲是小职员出身,嗜酒如命,挥霍无度,经常入不敷出。母亲来自中产阶级的家庭。5—9岁是狄更斯最愉快的童年时代,他常漫步于泰晤士河畔,阅读莎士比亚的作品,以满足读书欲。10岁时,全家迁入负债者监狱,他被迫辍学,到工厂赠取极其微薄的工资(每周6个先令)养活自己。这段时期的忍辱使狄更斯蒙受长期的心理伤害,他终生难以忘怀,也由此而产生了不幸儿童的同情和他要坚决摆脱贫困的决心。他只上过几年学,靠自学和现实生活获得知识和提高素养。他15岁毕业于威灵顿学院(Wellington House Academy),16岁开始在律师事务所当抄写员,后担任记者。24岁时与凯瑟琳(Catherine Hogarth)结婚,婚后有10个孩子。凯瑟琳小姐出生于文学世家,性格稳重,但缺乏想象力。后因性格和爱好不同分居。狄更斯白天写作,晚上应邀朗诵作品。工作的繁重,家庭、社会的烦恼,严重地损害了他的健康,没能完成《艾德温·德鲁德之谜》(*The Mystery of Edwin Drood*),1870年6月9日因心脏病突发去世,安葬在西敏寺(Westminster Abbey)。

狄更斯生活在英国由封建社会向资本主义社会的过渡时期。他抨击资本主义制度,不断揭露它的罪恶。他从事创作34年,写了14篇长篇小说、许多杂文、游记、札记等。他的作品生动、幽默、真实、深刻地反映了当时生活,深受社会各界人士的欢迎。

狄更斯的创作生涯可分为4个时期：

早期(1833—1841)他最早为伦敦的《晨报》(*Morning Chronicle*)撰写反映伦敦城乡风土人情的文章。1836年写了《博兹的速写》(*Sketches by Boz*)。1937年开始在报上连载他的成名作《匹克威克外传》(*Pickwick Papers*)。该书笔调轻松、幽默,暴露了社会弊端,也流露了他对美好生活的向往。1838年问世的社会小说《奥利佛·特威斯特》(*Oliver Twist*)描写贫民习艺所的悲剧生活,抨击了“济贫法”的虚伪。当时他还没有认识到社会罪恶的根源,但作品着实揭开了处于社会底层人的生活的悲惨画面。1839年的作品《尼古拉斯·尼克贝儿》(*Nicholas Nickleby*)塑造了资产阶级掠夺者的形象,揭露了英国资产阶级教育制度的黑暗,痛斥资产阶级的虚伪和贪婪。1841年出版的描写资本主义社会中小资产者崩溃的悲惨命运的《老古玩店》(*The Old Curiosity Shop*)表达了狄更斯对伦敦胡同里一家古玩店的深切同情。

国外旅行时期(1841—1847)1841年他去美国旅游达6个月之久。1842年写的《美国札记》(*American Notes*)揭露了美国社会的阴暗面。1844年的《马丁·朱述尔维特》(*Martin Chuzzlewit*)揭示了英美社会一切为了金钱。书中的主要人物朱述尔维特的启蒙教育就是“利润”和“金钱”。1844年到1847年,他去过意大利,瑞士和法国。他的《圣诞节欢歌》(*A Christmas Carol*)劝人们与人为善,普天同庆。

后期(1848—1861)狄更斯创作的繁荣时期。这一时期他的作品主要描写小人物的善良、温情和道德。1848年写的《董贝父子》(*Dombey and Son*)剖析了一个重利的社会。主人公董贝认为金钱可以买到一切,不承认人与人之间还有任何其他关系存在——他不准儿子和姐姐玩,也不准妻子和女儿接近。《大卫·科波菲尔》(*David Copperfield*)(1850)戳穿了美国民主偶像,揭露了资产阶级对劳动人民的剥削,表现了作者对弱小者的深切同情。《荒凉山庄》(*Bleak House*)(1853)嘲讽了英国资产阶级的政治制度。作品色调阴沉,寓意

深刻。《艰难时世》(*Hard Times*)(1854)抨击资产阶级功利主义,以漫画的手法描绘资本主义社会的丑恶,提出了劳资对立的社会问题。《小杜丽》(*Little Dorrit*)(1857)概括了美国社会的本质。《双城记》(*A Tale of Two Cities*)(1859)以法国大革命为背景,反映了封建贵族对人民的迫害,预示革命即将到来。《远大前程》(*Great Expectations*)(1861)通过对匹普的描述,控诉了资产主义的伪善和法律的的不平等。

晚期(1861—1870)狄更斯晚年精神和健康状况不佳,婚姻也破裂,处境非常不幸。《我们共同的朋友》(*Our Mutual Friends*)(1865)笔调灰暗,把英国比作垃圾堆。作者笔下的资本主义危机深重,矛盾无法解脱。晚年狄更斯热衷于舞台朗诵,他在英国演出非常成功。1867年赴美演出,大为轰动。1868年4月离开美国时他健康状况已不可挽救。1870年1月到3月在伦敦举行告别演出。

狄更斯以高度的艺术概括,生动的细节描写,妙趣横生的幽默和细致入微的心理分析,塑造了许多令人难忘的形象。他的作品特别关心社会政治问题,多以博大的人道主义胸怀同情弱小,抨击暴力、虚伪和邪恶。他善于以生动的艺术形象激发读者的愤慨、憎恨、同情和热爱。他的作品又常以喜剧式大团圆结尾,表现了作者的乐观精神和善良天性。他还善于从生活中吸取生动的人民的语言,以人物特有的语言表现人物的特点和性格。他确实是位娱人大师,社会批评家。



导 读



《雾都孤儿》是英国著名现实主义作家狄更斯的一部长篇小说。小说记叙了孤儿奥利佛在贫民救济院出生后所经历的种种磨难和在布朗劳先生和梅里太太的帮助下所获得的新生。

奥利佛尚未出生，父亲就病死他乡。未婚的母亲生下他后就撒手人寰。他从小寄养在孤儿院里，十个月后进入了贫民救济院。救济院老太太狠毒地克扣孤儿们的口粮，奥利佛和其他孩子饿得皮包骨头。九岁生日那天他被带到一家大救济院，成为童工。他和小伙伴们长时间干活，而每顿饭每人只能分得一小碗粥。孩子不堪忍受又累又饿的非人折磨，于是抽签决定由奥利佛代表大家晚餐时要求大师傅添粥。他铤而走险后，救济院理事会立即囚禁了奥利佛，并且每天开饭时把他带到其他童工面前鞭打，同时理事会贴出布告让人领养奥利佛去当小工。十多天后，奥利佛被棺材店的老板收留了。在那儿他继续自己艰辛的人生，仍旧吃不饱，时而还要遭受同伙的欺凌。一次他无法容忍棺材店伙计咒骂自己死去的母亲，就用武力教训他们，店老板毒打他，关他禁闭，又不给他饭吃。为了活命，他逃出棺材店徒步去伦敦。七天后在离伦敦仅十英里的小镇上，他饥寒交迫，被一个与他年龄相仿的小偷骗上了贼船，落入一个老犹太教唆犯的魔窟。本性善良的奥利佛还没明白偷窃是怎么回事就被老犹太法金推上了社会实践课堂。第一次跟两个小伙伴外出“实习”，奥利佛虽未动手却被抓获，遭受毒打和审讯。多亏好心正直的书店老板作证，他才得以无罪释放。善良的老绅士布朗劳先生看到奥利佛身体虚弱，

便仁慈地收养了他。

在布朗劳家里，奥利佛生平第一次感受到家庭的温暖。布朗劳先生和管家老太太凭直觉相信奥利佛不是坏孩子。奥利佛急于报恩，病才好就自告奋勇去书店为老先生送书和钱，但途中被盗贼团伙绑架回家监禁起来。老教唆犯法金煞费苦心地训练了奥利佛一段时间后，又让他参与一次小规模抢劫。然而奥利佛决心叛逆这一罪恶，他准备进屋后叫醒主人逮住同伙。但他刚刚进屋，就被房主的佣人开枪打中，被同伙拉出后遗弃在干水河里。次日凌晨，他由于失血过多昏迷苏醒后竟意外地受到房主梅里太太和她养女露丝小姐的宽容，怜悯和收留。梅里太太的家庭医生全力治疗他的枪伤，梅里太太又精心照顾他的生活，奥利佛不久伤愈，体力也逐渐恢复，开始同这些善良的朋友过上了新生活，他也决心将来报答他们。

当奥利佛在梅里太太与死神搏斗时，教唆犯法金也在四处打听他的下落。他不甘心自己精心调教的小偷销声匿迹，他除了要把奥利佛当作可居的奇货外，还有不可告人的交易。原来奥利佛同父异母的哥哥蒙克斯正处心积虑地追杀他。他要法金把奥利佛训练成小偷，使之长期收益，达到自己独占父亲遗产和报复奥利佛母子的目的。法金派出了所有徒弟打探奥利佛的下落，终于发现了他的踪迹。正当他们密谋劫持奥利佛时，人性未泯的女贼南茜窃听了计划。南茜找到露丝，道明了奥利佛的身世，洗刷了奥利佛的污点，通报了奥利佛面临的危险，并希望露丝组织人力保护奥利佛。

在梅里太太乡下别墅里，奥利佛过着正常人的生活。一次偶然的机，他看见了第一次救他出火坑的慈善家布朗劳先生，并告诉了善待他的露丝小姐（他的亲姨）。为了表白和报恩，奥利佛急切恳求露丝带他去见布朗劳先生。露丝小姐向布朗劳先生坦诉了奥利佛的身世，送书途中的被劫以及他念念不忘报恩的善良心地，消除了老绅士的误会，重新赢得了他对奥利佛的同情和信任。露丝小姐和

布朗劳先生等决心帮助奥利佛讨回公道，追回遗产。

正当好心的女贼南茜按与露丝商定的计划要继续帮助奥利佛时，她的反常表现引起了老奸巨猾的老教唆犯法金的注意，就派人跟踪，探得南茜泄露了自己的罪恶计划。为了杀人灭口，法金挑起南茜情人赛克斯对南茜的愤恨，以至他丧心病狂地杀害了南茜。当然赛克斯也没有逃脱正义的惩罚。

老绅士布朗劳先生想方设法找到了妄图加害于奥利佛的同父异母的哥哥蒙克斯，以法律的威严迫使他道出了奥利佛身世的迷踪。原来奥利佛的父亲竟是布朗劳先生的旧友。蒙克斯的父亲年轻时迫于家庭的压力同蒙克斯的母亲结婚，但他们之间没有爱情，所以在蒙克斯降生后，他们就分手了，母亲带着蒙克斯找到了另一个国家定居，父亲仍留在英国。后来，他和一位海军老军官的大女儿相恋了（但没有告知她自己的婚姻状况），并播种了他们爱情的结晶——奥利佛·特威斯特。而不幸的父亲却在奥利佛降生前，患急病死了，有利于奥利佛的遗嘱也被蒙克斯的母亲毁了。蒙克斯为了单独继承遗产，与母亲合谋加害奥利佛母子。当他得知奥利佛的母亲早死后，就把报复的目标集中在年幼的奥利佛身上。在一系列阴谋不能得逞后，蒙克斯便去了一个遥远的地方。但他旧习难改，终于死在监狱里。

法律惩治了老教唆犯法金等罪人，奥利佛的小姨露丝小姐与梅里太太的儿子哈里终成眷属，奥利佛被布朗劳先生收养为儿子和他生活在一起，他们都过上了幸福安宁的生活。

CHAPTER 1

Treats of the place where Oliver Twist was born; and of the circumstances attending his birth.

AMONG other public buildings in a certain town, which for many reasons it will be prudent to refrain from mentioning, and to which I will assign no fictitious name, there is one anciently common to most towns, great or small — to wit, a workhouse; and in this workhouse was born, on a day and date which I need not trouble myself to repeat, inasmuch as it can be of no possible consequence to the reader, in this stage of the business at all events, the item of mortality whose name is prefixed to the head of this chapter.

For a long time after it was ushered into this world of sorrow and trouble, by the parish surgeon, it remained a matter of considerable doubt whether the child would survive to bear any name at all: in which case it is somewhat more than probable that these memoirs would never have appeared; or if they had, that being comprised within a couple of pages, they would have possessed the inestimable merit of being the most concise and faithful specimen of biography extant in the literature of any age or country.

Although I am not disposed to maintain that the being born in a workhouse is in itself the most fortunate and enviable circumstance that can possibly befall a human being, I do mean to say that in this particular instance it was the best thing for Oliver Twist that could by possibility have occurred. The fact is, that there was considerable difficulty in inducing Oliver to take upon himself the office of respiration — a troublesome practice, but one which custom has rendered necessary to our easy existence; and for some time he lay gasping on a little flock mattress, rather unequally poised between this world and the next: the balance being decidedly in favour of the latter. Now, if during this brief period Oliver had been surrounded by careful grandmothers, anxious aunts, experienced nurses, and doctors of profound wisdom, he would

most inevitably and indubitably have been killed in no time. There being nobody by, however, but a pauper old woman, who was rendered rather misty by an unwonted allowance of beer; and a parish surgeon, who did such matters by contract; Oliver and Nature fought out the point between them. The result was, that, after a few struggles, Oliver breathed, sneezed, and proceeded to advertise to the inmates of the workhouse the fact of a new burden having been imposed upon the parish, by setting up as loud a cry as could reasonably have been expected from a male infant who had not been possessed of that very useful appendage, a voice, for a much longer space of time than three minutes and a quarter.

As Oliver gave this first proof of the free and proper action of his lungs, the patchwork coverlet, which was carelessly flung over the iron bedstead, rustled; the pale face of a young woman was raised feebly from the pillow; and a faint voice imperfectly articulated the words, "Let me see the child, and die."

The surgeon had been sitting with his face turned towards the fire, giving the palms of his hands a warm and a rub alternately. As the young woman spoke, he rose, and advancing to the bed's head, said, with more kindness than might have been expected of him, —

"Oh, you must not talk about dying yet."

"**Lor** ^① bless her dear heart, no!" interposed the nurse, hastily depositing in her pocket a green glass bottle, the contents of which she had been tasting in a corner with evident satisfaction. "Lor bless her dear heart, when she has lived as long as I have, sir, and had thirteen children of her own, and all on 'em dead except two, and them in the **wurkus** ^② with me, she'll know better than to take on in that way, bless her dear heart! Think what it is to be a mother, there's a dear young lamb, do."

Apparently this consolatory perspective of a mother's prospects failed in producing its due effect. The patient shook her head, and stretched out her hand towards the child.

The surgeon deposited it in her arms. She imprinted her cold white lips passionately on its forehead; passed her hands over her face; gazed wildly round; shuddered; fell back — and died. They chafed her breast, hands, and temples; but the blood had stopped for ever. They talked of

①上帝(Lord的粗俗形式)。②=workhouse

hope and comfort. They had been strangers too long.

“It’s all over, Mrs. Thingummy! ” said the surgeon at last.

“Ah, poor dear, so it is! ” said the nurse, picking up the cork of the green bottle, which had fallen out on the pillow, as she stooped to take up the child. “Poor dear! ”

“You needn’t mind sending up to me, if the child cries, nurse,” said the surgeon, putting on his gloves with great deliberation. “It’s very likely it will be troublesome. Give it a little gruel if it is.” He put on his hat, and, pausing by the bedside on his way to the door, added, “She was a good-looking girl, too; where did she come from?”

“She was brought here last night,” replied the old woman, “by the **overseer’s**^① order. She was found lying in the street. She had walked some distance, for her shoes were worn to pieces; but where she came from, or where she was going to, nobody knows.”

The surgeon leaned over the body, and raised the left hand. “The old story,” he said, shaking his head; “no wedding-ring, I see. Ah! Good-night! ”

The medical gentleman walked away to dinner; and the nurse, having once more applied herself to the green bottle, sat down on a low chair before the fire, and proceeded to dress the infant.

What an excellent example of the power of dress young Oliver Twist was! Wrapped in the blanket which had hitherto formed his only covering, he might have been the child of a nobleman or a beggar; it would have been hard for the haughtiest stranger to have assigned him his proper station in society. But now that he was enveloped in the old calico robes which had grown yellow in the same service, he was badged and ticketed, and fell into his place at once — a parish child — the orphan of a workhouse — the humble, half-starved drudge — to be cuffed and buffeted through the world — despised by all and pitied by none. Oliver cried lustily. If he could have known that he was an orphan, left to the tender mercies of churchwardens and overseers, perhaps he would have cried the louder.

①(英)教区中专管救济的人员。

CHAPTER 2

Treats of Oliver Twist's growth, education, and board.

FOR the next eight or ten months, Oliver was the victim of a systematic course of treachery and deception. He was brought up by the hand. The hungry and destitute situation of the infant orphan was duly reported by the workhouse authorities to the parish authorities. The parish authorities inquired with dignity of the workhouse authorities, whether there was no female then domiciled in "the house" who was in a situation to impart to Oliver Twist the consolation and nourishment of which he stood in need. The workhouse authorities replied with humility, that there was not. Upon this the parish authorities magnanimously and humanely resolved, that Oliver should be "farmed," or, in other words, that he should be dispatched to a branch-workhouse some three miles off, where twenty or thirty other **juvenile offenders against the poor-laws**^① rolled about the door all day, without the inconvenience of too much food or too much clothing, under the parental superintendence of an elderly female, who received the culprits at and for the consideration of sevenpence-halfpenny per small head per week. Sevenpence-halfpenny's worth per week is a good round diet for a child; a great deal may be got for sevenpence-halfpenny: quite enough to overload its stomach, and make it uncomfortable. The elderly female was a woman of wisdom and experience; she knew what was good for children: and she had a very accurate perception of what was good for herself. So, she appropriated the greater part of the weekly stipend to her own use, and consigned the rising parochial generation to even a shorter allowance than was originally provided for them: thereby finding in the lowest depth a deeper still; and proving herself a very great experimental philosopher.

Everybody knows the story of another experimental philosopher, who had a great theory about a horse being able to live without eating,

①英国政府1834年法律规定,“无业游民”和申请社会救济的贫民都要被送到贫民习艺所去从事强制性的劳动。作者故意称这些孩子为“违反济贫法的小犯人”。

and who demonstrated it so well, that he got his own horse down to a straw a day, and would most unquestionably have rendered him a very spirited and rampacious animal on nothing at all, if he had not died, just four-and-twenty hours before he was to have had his first comfortable bait of air. Unfortunately for the experimental philosophy of the female to whose protecting care Oliver Twist was delivered over, a similar result usually attended the operation of *her* system; for at the very moment when a child had contrived to exist upon the smallest possible portion of the weakest possible food, it did perversely happen in eight and a half cases out of ten, either that it sickened from want and cold, or fell into the fire from neglect, or got half-smothered by accident; in any one of which cases, the miserable little being was usually summoned into another world, and there gathered to the fathers which it had never known in this.

Occasionally, when there was some more than usually interesting inquest upon a parish child who had been overlooked in turning up a bedstead, or inadvertently scalded to death when there happened to be a washing — though the latter accident was very scarce, anything approaching to a washing being of rare occurrence in the farm — the jury would take it into their heads to ask troublesome questions, or the parishioners would rebelliously affix their signatures to a remonstrance. But these impertinences were speedily checked by the evidence of the surgeon, and the testimony of the beadle; the former of whom had always opened the body and found nothing inside (which was very probable indeed), and the latter of whom invariably swore whatever the parish wanted (which was very self-devotional). Besides, the board made periodical pilgrimages to the farm, and always sent the beadle the day before, to say they were going. The children were neat and clean to behold when they went; and what more would the people have.

It cannot be expected that this system of farming would produce any very extraordinary or luxuriant crop. Oliver Twist's ninth birthday found him a pale thin child, somewhat diminutive in stature, and decidedly small in circumference. But nature or inheritance had implanted a good sturdy spirit in Oliver's breast. It had had plenty of room to expand, thanks to the spare diet of the establishment; and perhaps to this circumstance may be attributed his having any ninth birthlay at all. Be this as it may, however, it was his ninth birthday, and he was keeping it in the coal-cellar with a select party of two other young gentlemen, who, after

participating with him in a sound thrashing, had been locked up therein for atrociously presuming to be hungry, when Mrs. Mann, the good lady of the house, was unexpectedly startled by the apparition of Mr. Bumble, the beadle, striving to undo the wicker of the garden-gate.

“Goodness gracious! Is that you, Mr. Bumble, sir?” said Mrs. Mann, thrusting her head out of the window in well-affected ecstasies of joy. “(Susan, take Oliver and them two brats upstairs, and wash ’em directly.) — My heart alive! Mr. Bumble, how glad I am to see you, surely! ”

Now, Mr. Bumble was a fat man, and a choleric; so, instead of responding to this open-hearted salutation in a kindred spirit, he gave the little wicket a tremendous shake, and then bestowed upon it a kick which could have emanated from no leg but a beadle’s.

“Lor, only think,” said Mrs. Mann, running out — for the three boys had been removed by this time, — “only think of that! That I should have forgotten that the gate was bolted on the inside, on account of them dear children. Walk in, sir, walk in, pray, Mr. Bumble, do, sir.”

Although this invitation was accompanied with a curtsey that might have softened the heart of a churchwarden, it by no means mollified the beadle.

“Do you think this respectful or proper conduct, Mrs. Mann,” inquired Mr. Bumble, grasping his cane, “to keep the parish officers a-waiting at your garden-gate, when they come here upon parochial business connected with the parochial orphans? Are you aweer, Mrs. Mann, that you are, as I may say, a parochial delegate, and a stipendiary?”

“I’m sure, Mr. Bumble, that I was only a-telling one or two of the dear children as is so fond of you, that it was you a-coming,” replied Mrs. Mann, with great humility.

Mr. Bumble had a great idea of his oratorical powers and his importance. He had displayed the one, and vindicated the other. He relaxed.

“Well, well, Mrs. Mann,” he replied, in a calmer tone, “it may be as you say; it may be. Lead the way in, Mrs. Mann, for I come on business, and have something to say.”

Mrs. Mann ushered the beadle into a small parlour with a brick floor; placed a seat for him; and officiously deposited his cocked hat and cane on the table before him. Mr. Bumble wiped from his forehead the

perspiration which his walk had engendered; glanced complacently at the cocked hat; and smiled. Yes, he smiled. Beadles are but men; and Mr. Bumble smiled.

“Now don't you be offended at what I'm a-going to say,” observed Mrs. Mann, with captivating sweetness. “You've had a long walk, you know, or I wouldn't mention it. Now, will you take a little drop of something, Mr. Bumble?”

“Not a drop. Not a drop,” said Mr. Bumble, waving his right hand in a dignified, but placid manner.

“I think you will,” said Mrs. Mann, who had noticed the tone of the refusal, and the gesture that had accompanied it. “Just a little drop, with a little cold water, and a lump of sugar.”

Mr. Bumble coughed.

“Now, just a **leettle**^① drop,” said Mrs. Mann, persuasively.

“What is it?” inquired the beadle.

“Why, it's what I'm obliged to keep a little of in the house, to put into the blessed infants' **Daffy**^②, when they ain't well, Mr. Bumble,” replied Mrs. Mann, as she opened a corner cupboard, and took down a bottle and glass. “It's gin. I'll not deceive you, Mr. B. It's gin.”

“Do you give the children Daffy, Mrs. Mann?” inquired Bumble, following with his eyes the interesting process of mixing.

“Ah, bless 'em, that I do, dear as it is,” replied the nurse. “I couldn't see 'em suffer before my very eyes, you know, sir.”

“No,” said Mr. Bumble approvingly; “no, you could not. You are a humane woman, Mrs. Mann.” (Here she set down the glass.) “I shall take an early opportunity of mentioning it to the board, Mrs. Mann.” (He drew it towards him.) “You feel as a mother, Mrs. Mann.” (He stirred the gin-and-water.) “I — I drink your health with cheerfulness, Mrs. Mann;” and he swallowed half of it.

“And now about business,” said the beadle, taking out a leathern pocket-book. **“The child that was half-baptized Oliver Twist is nine year old to-day”**^③”

“Bless him!” interposed Mrs. Mann, inflaming her left eye with the corner of her apron.

“And notwithstanding a offered reward of ten pound, which was

①=little ②一种专治儿科常见病的糖浆,得名于配制者。③“half-baptized”指洗礼没有按规定的仪式在私下进行。济贫院规定9岁的孩子必须劳动。