

中文导读英文版

E m m a

爱玛

[英] 简·奥斯丁 原著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译



清华大学出版社

H319.4:I
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内 容 简 介

EMMA, 中文译名为《爱玛》, 19 世纪最有影响的经典小说之一, 由英国著名作家简·奥斯丁编著。主人公爱玛是个美丽、聪慧而富有的姑娘, 同时也是一位不折不扣的幻想家。她热心关注身边的浪漫故事, 却又固执地认为自己永远不会陷入其中。她自作主张为孤女哈丽埃特导演了一次又一次的恋爱。当哈丽埃特误以为自己爱上了地方官奈特利先生时, 爱玛才惊觉原来自己也在爱着奈特利先生。这虽与她一开始就宣布的终身不嫁的誓言有悖, 但坠入情网的她不得不放弃自己天真的誓言。小说最后以有情人终成眷属的大团圆情形而结束。

该书自出版以来, 一直畅销至今, 被译成世界上多种文字。书中所展现绅士与淑女的婚姻与爱情故事感染了一代又一代青少年读者的心灵。无论作为语言学习的课本, 还是作为通俗的文学读本, 本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况, 进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平, 在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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简·奥斯丁 (Jane Austen, 1775—1817), 英国著名女作家。1775 年 12 月生于英国的一个乡村小镇斯蒂文顿, 父亲是当地教区的牧师。奥斯丁虽然没有上过正规学校, 但是家庭优越的读书环境给了她自学的条件。在父母的指导下, 她阅读了大量文学作品, 由此培养了她对写作的兴趣。她在不到 20 岁的时候就开始写作, 一生共发表了 6 部长篇小说, 这些小说都是世界文学中的经典。正因为如此, 文学评论家甚至把她与莎士比亚相提并论。她一生未婚, 1817 年 7 月 18 日因病去世。

21 岁时, 奥斯丁写成了第一部小说, 题名《最初的印象》(正式出版时改为《傲慢与偏见》), 但当时并没有出版。1811 年, 她以匿名的方式正式出版了第一部小说《理智与情感》, 之后是《傲慢与偏见》(1813 年)、《曼斯菲尔德花园》(1814 年)。1816 年, 奥斯丁出版了她在世时的最后一部小说《爱玛》。在她去世之后, 《诺桑觉寺》和《劝导》也相继出版。她的作品格调轻松诙谐, 富有喜剧性冲突。奥斯丁尤擅描写绅士淑女间的婚姻和爱情风波, 其作品深受读者欢迎。

《爱玛》被认为是奥斯丁作品中艺术性与思想性最成熟的一部, 同时也是最优秀、最能代表作者风格的小说。该书出版近两百年来, 一直畅销至今, 已被译成世界上几十种文字, 是全世界公认的世界文学名著。

在中国, 《爱玛》是最受广大读者欢迎的经典小说之一。目前, 在国内数量众多的《爱玛》书籍中, 主要的出版形式有两种: 一种是中文翻译版, 另一种是英文原版。而其中的英文原版越来越受到读者的欢迎, 这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英语的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看, 直接使用纯英文素材更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读, 使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式, 也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排, 这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因, 我们



决定编译《爱玛》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一章

Chapter 1



漂亮聪明的爱玛·伍德豪斯小姐一直和父亲过着很幸福的生活。她的母亲去世得早，姐姐也出嫁了。一直以来都是家庭教师泰勒小姐和她在一起。两个人关系很亲密，但是泰勒小姐就快结婚了。在这好朋友大喜的日子，爱玛和父亲却非常痛苦。照理来说，泰勒小姐以后足可以获得幸福，因为韦斯顿先生家境优越、正直温柔，而且这也是爱玛极力撮合的婚事；但想起即将失去泰勒小姐，自己要孤独地在哈特菲尔德生活，爱玛很伤心，年老的父亲也一直为此事唉声叹气。尽管如此，爱玛却又反对父亲对于泰勒小姐婚事质疑的想法。

在海伯利这个大村子里，哈特菲尔德最为尊贵豪华，伍德豪斯一家也很受人尊敬。泰勒小姐嫁到了伦多尔斯，离这儿还有一段距离。父亲一直为不能经常看到泰勒小姐而抱怨，正当爱玛决定做些事情让父亲开心时，姐夫约翰的哥哥奈利特先生走了进来。他就住在附近，经常过来拜访，可以陪父亲聊聊天，而且他也是为数不多的敢直接说出爱玛缺点的人。爱玛一想起泰勒小姐就会忍不住流下眼泪，但是却又为自己做媒成功而感到骄傲。奈利特先生对此有点不解，他并不认为做这种事情值得骄傲，他认为有时候两人自己相处比旁人撮合更为重要。爱玛没有听进去他的忠告，依旧想为埃尔顿先生做一次媒，她父亲也表示同意，并且邀请奈利特先生到时候陪着一起吃饭。奈利特先生欣然答应，却认为埃尔顿先生的妻子人选还是该由他自己决定。



EMMA Woodhouse, handsome, clever, and rich, with a comfortable home and happy disposition, seemed to unite some of the best blessings of existence; and had lived nearly twenty-one years in the world with very little to distress or vex her.

She was the youngest of the two daughters of a most affectionate, indulgent father; and had, in consequence of her sister's marriage, been mistress of his house from a very early period. Her mother had died too long ago for her to have more than an indistinct remembrance of her caresses; and her place had been supplied by an excellent woman as governess, who had fallen little short of a mother in affection.

Sixteen years had Miss Taylor been in Mr. Woodhouse's family, less as a governess than a friend, very fond of both daughters, but particularly of Emma. Between them it was more the intimacy of sisters. Even before Miss Taylor had ceased to hold the nominal office of governess, the mildness of her temper had hardly allowed her to impose any restraint; and the shadow of authority being now long passed away, they had been living together as friend and friend very mutually attached, and Emma doing just what she liked; highly esteeming Miss Taylor's judgment, but directed chiefly by her own.

The real evils, indeed, of Emma's situation were the power of having rather too much her own way, and a disposition to think a little too well of herself: these were the disadvantages which threatened alloy to her many enjoyments. The danger, however, was at present so unperceived, that they did not by any means rank as misfortunes with her.

Sorrow came — a gentle sorrow— but not at all in the shape of any disagreeable consciousness. Miss Taylor married. It was Miss Taylor's loss which first brought grief. It was on the wedding day of this beloved friend that Emma first sat in mournful thought of any continuance. The wedding over, and the bride people gone, her father and herself were left to dine together, with no prospect of a third to cheer a long evening. Her father composed himself to sleep after dinner, as usual, and she had then only to sit and think of what she had lost.

The event had every promise of happiness for her friend. Mr. Weston was

a man of unexceptionable character, easy fortune, suitable age, and pleasant manners; and there was some satisfaction in considering with what selfdenying, generous friendship she had always wished and promoted the match; but it was a black morning's work for her. The want of Miss Taylor would be felt every hour of every day. She recalled her past kindness — the kindness, the affection of sixteen years — how she had taught and how she had played with her from five years old — how she had devoted all her powers to attach and amuse her in health — and how nursed her through the various illnesses of childhood. A large debt of gratitude was owing here; but the intercourse of the last seven years, the equal footing and perfect unreserve which had soon followed Isabella's marriage, on their being left to each other, was yet a dearer, tenderer recollection. It had been a friend and companion such as few possessed: intelligent, well-informed, useful, gentle, knowing all the ways of the family, interested in all its concerns, and peculiarly interested in herself, in every pleasure, every scheme of hers — one to whom she could speak every thought as it arose, and who had such an affection for her as could never find fault.

How was she to bear the change? — It was true that her friend was going only half a mile from them; but Emma was aware that great must be the difference between a Mrs. Weston, only half a mile from them, and a Miss Taylor in the house; and with all her advantages, natural and domestic, she was now in great danger of suffering from intellectual solitude. She dearly loved her father, but he was no companion for her. He could not meet her in conversation, rational or playful.

The evil of the actual disparity in their ages (and Mr. Woodhouse had not married early) was much increased by his constitution and habits; for having been a valetudinarian all his life, without activity of mind or body, he was a much older man in ways than in years; and though everywhere beloved for the friendliness of his heart and his amiable temper, his talents could not have recommended him at any time.

Her sister, though comparatively but little removed by matrimony, being settled in London, only sixteen miles off, was much beyond her daily reach; and many a long October and November evening must be struggled through at

Hartfield, before Christmas brought the next visit from Isabella and her husband, and their little children, to fill the house, and give her pleasant society again.

Highbury, the large and populous village, almost amounting to a town, to which Hartfield, in spite of its separate lawn, and shrubberies, and name, did really belong, afforded her no equals. The Woodhouses were first in consequence there. All looked up to them. She had many acquaintance in the place, for her father was universally civil, but not one among them who could be accepted in lieu of Miss Taylor for even half a day. It was a melancholy change; and Emma could not but sigh over it, and wish for impossible things, till her father awoke, and made it necessary to be cheerful. His spirits required support. He was a nervous man, easily depressed; fond of everybody that he was used to, and hating to part with them; hating change of every kind. Matrimony, as the origin of change, was always disagreeable; and he was by no means yet reconciled to his own daughter's marrying, nor could ever speak of her but with compassion, though it had been entirely a match of affection, when he was now obliged to part with Miss Taylor too; and from his habits of gentle selfishness, and of being never able to suppose that other people could feel differently from himself, he was very much disposed to think Miss Taylor had done as sad a thing for herself as for them, and would have been a great deal happier if she had spent all the rest of her life at Hartfield. Emma smiled and chatted as cheerfully as she could, to keep him from such thoughts; but when tea came, it was impossible for him not to say exactly as he had said at dinner,

"Poor Miss Taylor! I wish she were here again. What a pity it is that Mr. Weston ever thought of her!"

"I cannot agree with you, papa; you know I cannot. Mr. Weston is such a good-humoured, pleasant, excellent man, that he thoroughly deserves a good wife; and you would not have had Miss Taylor live with us for ever, and bear all my odd humours, when she might have a house of her own?"

"A house of her own! But where is the advantage of a house of her own? This is three times as large; and you have never any odd humours, my dear."

"How often we shall be going to see them, and they coming to see us! We shall be always meeting! We must begin; we must go and pay our

wedding-visit very soon.”

“My dear, how am I to get so far? Randalls is such a distance. I could not walk half so far.”

“No, papa; nobody thought of your walking. We must go in the carriage, to be sure.”

“The carriage! But James will not like to put the horses to for such a little way; and where are the poor horses to be while we are paying our visit?”

“They are to be put into Mr. Weston’s stable, papa. You know we have settled all that already. We talked it all over with Mr. Weston last night. And as for James, you may be very sure he will always like going to Randalls, because of his daughter’s being housemaid there. I only doubt whether he will ever take us anywhere else. That was your doing, papa. You got Hannah that good place. Nobody thought of Hannah till you mentioned her —James is so obliged to you!”

“I am very glad I did think of her. It was very lucky, for I would not have had poor James think himself slighted upon any account; and I am sure she will make a very good servant; she is a civil, pretty-spoken girl; I have a great opinion of her. Whenever I see her, she always curtsies and asks me how I do, in a very pretty manner; and when you have had her here to do needlework, I observe she always turns the lock of the door the right way, and never bangs it. I am sure she will be an excellent servant; and it will be a great comfort to poor Miss Taylor to have somebody about her that she is used to see. Whenever James goes over to see his daughter, you know, she will be hearing of us. He will be able to tell her how we all are.”

Emma spared no exertions to maintain this happier flow of ideas, and hoped, by the help of backgammon, to get her father tolerably through the evening, and be attacked by no regrets but her own. The backgammon-table was placed; but a visitor immediately afterwards walked in and made it unnecessary.

Mr. Knightley, a sensible man about seven or eight-and-thirty, was not only a very old and intimate friend of the family, but particularly connected with it, as the elder brother of Isabella’s husband. He lived about a mile from Highbury, was a frequent visitor, and always welcome, and at this time more

welcome than usual, as coming directly from their mutual connections in London. He had returned to a late dinner after some days' absence, and now walked up to Hartfield to say that all were well in Brunswick Square. It was a happy circumstance, and animated Mr. Woodhouse for some time. Mr. Knightley had a cheerful manner, which always did him good; and his many inquiries after "poor Isabella" and her children were answered most satisfactorily. When this was over, Mr. Woodhouse gratefully observed:

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Knightley, to come out at this late hour to call upon us. I am afraid you must have had a shocking walk."

"Not at all, sir. It is a beautiful moonlight night; and so mild that I must draw back from your great fire."

"But you must have found it very damp and dirty. I wish you may not catch cold."

"Dirty, sir! Look at my shoes. Not a speck on them."

"Well! That is quite surprising, for we have had a vast deal of rain here. It rained dreadfully hard for half an hour while we were at breakfast. I wanted them to put off the wedding."

"By the bye, I have not wished you joy. Being pretty well aware of what sort of joy you must both be feeling, I have been in no hurry with my congratulations; but I hope it all went off tolerably well. How did you all behave? Who cried most?"

"Ah! poor Miss Taylor! 'Tis a sad business."

"Poor Mr. and Miss Woodhouse, if you please; but I cannot possibly say "poor Miss Taylor." I have a great regard for you and Emma; but when it comes to the question of dependence or independence! At any rate, it must be better to have only one to please than two."

"Especially when one of those two is such a fanciful, troublesome creature!" said Emma playfully. "That is what you have in your head, I know — and what you would certainly say if my father were not by."

"I believe it is very true, my dear, indeed," said Mr. Woodhouse, with a sigh. "I am afraid I am sometimes very fanciful and troublesome."

"My dearest papa! You do not think I could mean you, or suppose Mr. Knightley to mean you. What a horrible idea! Oh no! I meant only myself. Mr.

Knightley loves to find fault with me, you know — in a joke — it is all a joke. We always say what we like to one another.”

Mr. Knightley, in fact, was one of the few people who could see faults in Emma Woodhouse, and the only one who ever told her of them; and though this was not particularly agreeable to Emma herself, she knew it would be so much less so to her father, that she would not have him really suspect such a circumstance as her not being thought perfect by everybody.

“Emma knows I never flatter her,” said Mr. Knightley, “but I meant no reflection on anybody. Miss Taylor has been used to have two persons to please; she will now have but one. The chances are that she must be a gainer.”

“Well,” said Emma, willing to let it pass, “you want to hear about the wedding; and I shall be happy to tell you, for we all behaved charmingly. Everybody was punctual, everybody in their best looks: not a tear, and hardly a long face to be seen. Oh, no; we all felt that we were going to be only half a mile apart, and were sure of meeting every day.”

“Dear Emma bears everything so well,” said her father. “But, Mr. Knightley, she is really very sorry to lose poor Miss Taylor, and I am sure she will miss her more than she thinks for.”

Emma turned away her head, divided between tears and smiles.

“It is impossible that Emma should not miss such a companion,” said Mr. Knightley. “We should not like her so well as we do, sir, if we could suppose it: but she knows how much the marriage is to Miss Taylor’s advantage; she knows how very acceptable it must be, at Miss Taylor’s time of life, to be settled in a home of her own, and how important to her to be secure of a comfortable provision, and therefore cannot allow herself to feel so much pain as pleasure. Every friend of Miss Taylor must be glad to have her so happily married.”

“And you have forgotten one matter of joy to me,” said Emma, “and a very considerable one — that I made the match myself. I made the match, you know, four years ago; and to have it take place, and be proved in the right, when so many people said Mr. Weston would never marry again, may comfort me for anything.”

Mr. Knightley shook his head at her. Her father fondly replied, “Ah! my

dear, I wish you would not make matches and foretell things, for whatever you say always comes to pass. Pray do not make any more matches.”

“I promise you to make none for myself, papa; but I must, indeed, for other people. It is the greatest amusement in the world! And after such success, you know! Every body said that Mr. Weston would never marry again. Oh dear, no! Mr. Weston who had been a widower so long, and who seemed so perfectly comfortable without a wife, so constantly occupied either in his business in town or among his friends here, always acceptable wherever he went, always cheerful — Mr. Weston need not spend a single evening in the year alone if he did not like it. Oh no! Mr. Weston certainly would never marry again. Some people even talked of a promise to his wife on her deathbed, and others of the son and the uncle not letting him. All manner of solemn nonsense was talked on the subject, but I believed none of it. Ever since the day (about four years ago) that Miss Taylor and I met with him in Broadway Lane, when, because it began to mizzle, he darted away with so much gallantry, and borrowed two umbrellas for us from Farmer Mitchell’s, I made up my mind on the subject. I planned the match from that hour; and when such success has blessed me in this instance, dear papa, you cannot think that I shall leave off matchmaking.”

“I do not understand what you mean by ‘success’,” said Mr. Knightley. “Success supposes endeavour. Your time has been properly and delicately spent, if you have been endeavouring for the last four years to bring about this marriage. A worthy employment for a young lady’s mind! But if, which I rather imagine, your making the match, as you call it, means only your planning it, your saying to yourself one idle day, ‘I think it would be a very good thing for Miss Taylor if Mr. Weston were to marry her,’ and saying it again to yourself every now and then afterwards — why do you talk of success? Where is your merit? What are you proud of? You made a luckyguess; and that is all that can be said.”

“And have you never known the pleasure and triumph of a lucky guess? I pity you. I thought you cleverer; for, depend upon it, a lucky guess is never merely luck. There is always some talent in it. And as to my poor word ‘success’, which you quarrel with, I do not know that I am so entirely without any claim to it. You have drawn two pretty pictures; but I think there may be a

third — a something between the do-nothing and the do-all. If I had not promoted Mr. Weston's visits here, and given many little encouragements, and smoothed many little matters, it might not have come to anything after all. I think you must know Hartfield enough to comprehend that."

"A straightforward, open-hearted man like Weston, and a rational, unaffected woman like Miss Taylor, may be safely left to manage their own concerns. You are more likely to have done harm to yourself, than good to them, by interference."

"Emma never thinks of herself, if she can do good to others," rejoined Mr. Woodhouse, understanding but in part. "But, my dear, pray do not make any more matches; they are silly things, and break up one's family circle grievously."

"Only one more, papa; only for Mr. Elton. Poor Mr. Elton! You like Mr. Elton, papa; I must look about for a wife for him. There is nobody in Highbury who deserves him — and he has been here a whole year, and has fitted up his house so comfortably, that it would be a shame to have him single any longer; and I thought when he was joining their hands today, he looked so very much as if he would like to have the same kind office done for him! I think very well of Mr. Elton, and this is the only way I have of doing him a service."

"Mr. Elton is a very pretty young man, to be sure, and a very good young man, and I have a great regard for him. But if you want to show him any attention, my dear, ask him to come and dine with us some day. That will be a much better thing. I dare say Mr. Knightley will be so kind as to meet him."

"With a great deal of pleasure, sir, at any time," said Mr. Knightley, laughing: "and I agree with you entirely that it will be a much better thing. Invite him to dinner, Emma, and help him to the best of the fish and the chicken, but leave him to choose his own wife. Depend upon it, a man of six or seven-and-twenty can take care of himself."

第二章

Chapter 2



泰勒小姐的丈夫韦斯顿先生也是海伯利本地人，他继承了一笔遗产，参加了国民军，认识了邱吉尔小姐，双方都对彼此有爱意。邱吉尔小姐不顾家人的反对，与韦斯顿结了婚。结果三年后妻子便去世了，留下了孩子小弗兰克。邱吉尔夫妇俩心疼孩子，又想与韦斯顿先生重归于好，建议由他们抚养这个孩子。韦斯顿先生同意了，这样他也可以好好地享受自己的生活。从那以后他转而经商，有了丰厚的收入，并且达到了自己的目标：有了房子，有了妻子，财产也都完全属于自己。因为弗兰克已经改姓邱吉尔，继承了他舅舅的财产。他现在已经成为大家热切想见到的人，但他并没有参加自己父亲的婚礼，只是写了一封很感人的信。

*M*R. Weston was a native of Highbury, and born of a respectable family, which for the last two or three generations had been rising into gentility and property. He had received a good education, but, on succeeding early in life to a small independence, had become indisposed for any of the more homely pursuits in which his brothers were engaged; and had satisfied an active, cheerful mind and social temper by entering into the militia of his county, then embodied.

Captain Weston was a general favourite; and when the chances of his military life had introduced him to Miss Churchill, of a great Yorkshire family,