

中文导读英文版

David Copperfield
大卫·科波菲尔

[英] 查尔斯·狄更斯 原著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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清华大学出版社

(中 文 导 读 英 文 版)

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北京



查尔斯·狄更斯（Charles Dickens，1812—1870），19 世纪英国现实主义文学大师，他的许多作品至今依然畅销，对英国乃至世界文学的发展起着非常重要的影响。

狄更斯出生在英国的朴茨茅斯市。因其父负债入狱，狄更斯于 1824 年被迫辍学。为了维持生计，狄更斯在一家皮鞋油作坊当学徒。一种蒙羞受辱、遭受抛弃的感觉萦绕狄更斯的一生，这段经历可以在他的小说《大卫·科波菲尔》中找到。1824 年至 1826 年，狄更斯重新回到了学校，而在大多数时间里，他都是依靠自学。1827 年，狄更斯开始在一家律师事务所供职，随后到报社成为一名采访议会的记者。这段经历使狄更斯熟悉了英国法律和政治体系的内幕，使他有机会接触各种各样的人物，并为日后的文学创作做好了素材和艺术方面的准备。1836 年，狄更斯结集出版了他的系列描述伦敦生活的作品，定名《博兹特写集》，这使他获得了初步成功。1937 年，他出版了第一部长篇小说《匹克威克外传》。这部作品发表以后，风行一时，畅销全国，顿时成为街谈巷议的内容，并使得他得以靠写作维持生活，从而开始了著作生涯。

狄更斯一生共创作了 14 部长篇小说，许多中、短篇小说，并且还创作了杂文、游记、戏剧、小品等。其中，最著名的作品有《艰难时世》、《双城记》、《大卫·科波菲尔》、《雾都孤儿》、《老古玩店》、《唐贝父子》和《远大前程》等。这些作品以高超的艺术手法描绘了包罗万象的社会图景，塑造出了众多令人难忘的人物形象。马克思把他和萨克雷等称誉为英国的“一批杰出的小说家”。

狄更斯精力充沛，才思过人，除了小说创作，他还从事其他各种活动。1842 年，他到美国演讲，支持国际版权协议，并坚决反对奴隶制。1843 年，狄更斯出版了《圣诞欢歌》，这部作品成为了经久不衰的儿童读物。此外，狄更斯还曾经经营过一个戏剧公司，并于 1851 年为维多利亚女王



表演。

纵观狄更斯的文学创作历程，随着他的艺术的逐渐成熟，他的小说风格逐渐发生变化。在其早期作品中，他主要讲述有关主人公奇遇的滑稽故事。而在他后期的作品中，狄更斯则倾向于探讨重大的社会问题，作品集叙述、人物心理描写以及丰富的象征于一体。狄更斯生活的时代，正是英国由半封建社会向工业资本主义社会过渡的时期。其作品广泛而深刻地描写了这个时期社会生活的各个方面，鲜明而生动地刻画了各阶层的代表人物形象，并从人道主义出发对各种丑恶的社会现象及其代表人物进行了揭露批判，对劳动人民的苦难及其反抗斗争给以同情和支持。

从 19 世纪 60 年代起，狄更斯的健康状况开始恶化，1870 年 6 月 9 日，狄更斯因中风而去世，5 天以后被葬在威斯敏斯特大教堂的名人墓地。

在狄更斯的众多作品中，《大卫·科波菲尔》被誉为是最重要的代表作。该书是狄更斯耗费心血最多、篇幅最长的一部半自传体著作，于 1849 年 5 月至 1850 年 11 月间以连载的形式发表。这部小说在狄更斯的全部创作中占据着特殊的地位，清晰地反映出了作者的创作思想和艺术风格，是作者亲身经历、观察所得和丰富想象的伟大结晶。狄更斯在本书序中曾说道：“在我所有的作品中，我最爱的是这一部。……它是我最宠爱的孩子。”该书在世界文学史上占有非常重要的地位，曾被列夫·托尔斯泰誉为“一切英国小说中最好的一部”。该书出版近一百六十年来，一直畅销至今，被译成世界上几十种文字，是全世界公认的世界文学名著之一。

在中国，《大卫·科波菲尔》是最受广大读者欢迎的经典小说之一，同时也是最早传入中国的西欧经典名著之一。目前，在国内数量众多的《大卫·科波菲尔》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。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文的大环境。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《大卫·科波菲尔》，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



前言

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、李智能、李鑫、熊红华、傅颖、乐贵明、王婷婷、熊志勇、聂利生、傅建平、蔡红昌、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、张镇、熊建国、张文绮、王多多、陈楠、彭勇、邵舒丽、黄福成、冯洁、王晓旭、王业伟、龚桂平、徐鑫、周丽萍、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。



上部 Part I

第一章 我的出生\

Chapter 1 I am Born	2
---------------------------	---

第二章 我观察\

Chapter 2 I Observe	15
---------------------------	----

第三章 换个环境\

Chapter 3 I Have a Change	32
---------------------------------	----

第四章 我丢脸了\

Chapter 4 I Fall into Disgrace	50
--------------------------------------	----

第五章 我被遣送离开了家\

Chapter 5 I am Sent Away From Home	72
--	----

第六章 我交友更广\

Chapter 6 I Enlarge My Circle of Acquaintance	92
---	----

第七章 我在萨兰书院的第一学期\

Chapter 7 My "First Half" At Salem House	102
--	-----

第八章 我的假期，特别是一个快乐的下午\

Chapter 8 My Holidays. Especially One Happy Afternoon	123
---	-----

第九章 我过了一个难忘的生日\

Chapter 9 I Have a Memorable Birthday	140
---	-----

第十章 我被抛弃了，又得到抚养\

Chapter 10 I Become Neglected, And am Provided For	153
--	-----

第十一章 我开始自谋生活，但并不喜欢\

Chapter 11 I Begin Life on My Own Account, And Don't Like It	176
---	-----

第十二章 我仍然不喜欢独自生活，下了一个大决心\

Chapter 12 Liking Life on My Own Account No Better, I Form A Great Resolution	194
--	-----

第十三章 下决心之后的事情\

Chapter 13 The Sequel of My Resolution	206
--	-----



第十四章 姑奶奶替我做决定\	
Chapter 14 My Aunt Makes up Her Mind About Me	228
第十五章 我又有了新的开始\	
Chapter 15 I Make Another Beginning	246
第十六章 我开始新生活\	
Chapter 16 I am A New boy in More Senses than One	257
第十七章 故人重逢\	
Chapter 17 Somebody Turns Up	282
第十八章 回想\	
Chapter 18 A Retrospect	302
第十九章 我四下环顾, 终于有所发现\	
Chapter 19 I Look About Me, And Make A Discovery	312
第二十章 斯蒂夫的家\	
Chapter 20 Steerforth's Home	330
第二十一章 小艾米莉\	
Chapter 21 Little Em'ly	340
第二十二章 旧景新人\	
Chapter 22 Some Old Scenes, And Some New People	362
第二十三章 我确证了迪克先生的话, 也选择了一种职业\	
Chapter 23 I Corroborate Mr. Dick, And Choose A Profession	387
第二十四章 我的第一次放荡\	
Chapter 24 My First Dissipation	404
第二十五章 好天使与坏天使\	
Chapter 25 Good and Bad Angels	415
第二十六章 我被俘了\	
Chapter 26 I Fall into Captivity	437
第二十七章 汤梅·特雷德尔\	
Chapter 27 Tommy Traddles	455
第二十八章 密考贝先生的挑战\	
Chapter 28 Mr. Micawber's Gauntlet	466
第二十九章 我再次造访斯蒂夫的家\	
Chapter 29 I Visit Steerforth at His Home Again	488
第三十章 损失\	
Chapter 30 A Loss	497

第三十一章 更大的损失\

Chapter 31 A Greater Loss507

第三十二章 长途跋涉的开始\

Chapter 32 The Beginning of A Long Journey518

下部 Part II

第三十三章 乐而忘忧\

Chapter 33 Blissful540

第三十四章 姑奶奶使我惊讶不已\

Chapter 34 My Aunt Astonishes Me559

第三十五章 沮丧\

Chapter 35 Depression569

第三十六章 热情\

Chapter 36 Enthusiasm592

第三十七章 一点冷水\

Chapter 37 A Little Cold Water612

第三十八章 伙伴被拆散\

Chapter 38 A Dissolution of Partnership622

第三十九章 韦克费尔与赫普\

Chapter 39 Wickfield and Heep641

第四十章 流浪者\

Chapter 40 The Wanderer663

第四十一章 朵拉的姑姑\

Chapter 41 Dora's Aunts673

第四十二章 恶作剧\

Chapter 42 Mischief692

第四十三章 另外一次回想\

Chapter 43 Another Retrospect716

第四十四章 我们的家务\

Chapter 44 Our Housekeeping725

第四十五章 迪克先生应证了姑奶奶的预言\

Chapter 45 Mr. Dick Fulfils My Aunt's Predictions743

第四十六章 情报\

Chapter 46 Intelligence761

第四十七章 马莎\

Chapter 47 Martha777



第四十八章 家庭生活\	
Chapter 48 Domestic.....	790
第四十九章 我陷入了迷一样的境地\	
Chapter 49 I am Involved in Mystery.....	804
第五十章 培格蒂先生梦想成真\	
Chapter 50 Mr. Peggotty's Dream Comes True	818
第五十一章 开始更远的跋涉\	
Chapter 51 The Beginning of A Longer Journey	829
第五十二章 我是一桩爆炸性事件的协助者\	
Chapter 52 A Assist At An Explosion.....	849
第五十三章 再次回想\	
Chapter 53 Another Retrospect.....	875
第五十四章 密考贝先生的交易\	
Chapter 54 Mr. Micawber's Transactions.....	881
第五十五章 暴风雨\	
Chapter 55 Tempest	900
第五十六章 新伤旧痛\	
Chapter 56 The New Wound, And the Old.....	913
第五十七章 出境移民\	
Chapter 57 The Emigrants	921
第五十八章 离去\	
Chapter 58 Absence	933
第五十九章 返回\	
Chapter 59 Return	941
第六十章 艾妮丝\	
Chapter 60 Agnes.....	960
第六十一章 我看到两个有趣的悔过者\	
Chapter 61 I am Shown Two Interesting Penitents	971
第六十二章 照耀在我路上的明灯\	
Chapter 62 A Light Shines on My Way.....	985
第六十三章 一位访客\	
Chapter 63 A Visitor	995
第六十四章 最后的回想\	
Chapter 64 A Last Retrospect	1004

第三十三章 乐而忘忧

Chapter 33 Blissful



我对朵拉的爱越来越深了，在一切安顿好之后，我为自己做的第一件事情，就是步行到彭斯洛家附近，希望能够看到心爱的朵拉。后来，我忍不住将这个秘密告诉了培格蒂，她不明白为何我不去表白自己的心意。

我帮助培格蒂办好了遗嘱的一些手续，陪着她参观了伦敦的一些景点。我带着培格蒂见了彭斯洛先生，没想到莫德司汤先生也在场。我们的对话中充满了暗示和对对方的责怪。我见到彭斯洛先生替他办好了结婚手续，莫德司汤先生再次和一个年轻女人结婚，我想到了我那可怜的母亲。彭斯洛先生似乎不知道我和莫德司汤先生的关系，在培格蒂的询问下，我们得知这次莫德司汤先生结婚的对象竟然是一个刚成年的女子，同时也牵涉到钱的问题。培格蒂的语气很沉重，好一会儿我们都没有缓过来。彭斯洛先生帮我们办好了手续，再次以乔金思先生的名义收了费用。

我没有勇气告诉彭斯洛先生我爱上了朵拉，但对于改进协会的一些想法我没有隐瞒，例如，在客户遗嘱原件的保管上，我认为现在的做法很不负责任，而且不够安全，完全可以找一个更加适合的地方来保存这些重要的文件。彭斯洛先生和我争辩起来，他认为这是存留很久的传统，一个绅士应该让事物保持原貌，这样，事务所存在的时间才会长久。我们在关于协会的问题上聊了很久，最后彭斯洛先生邀请我下周参加朵拉的生日晚会，我受宠若惊，之后的几天一直处于迷迷糊糊的状态中。

为了参加宴会，我做了许多可笑的事，买了鲜花和糖果当做礼物。那

一天，我走到她家的花园里，看到朵拉正和她的知心朋友米尔斯小姐在一起，吉卜见到我依然大叫，当我把花献给朵拉时，它似乎更加嫉妒了。朵拉很开心地告诉我，那位讨人厌的莫德司汤小姐去参加她弟弟的婚礼了，三个星期都不会回来了。在那一天，我也了解到有关米尔斯小姐的事情，她曾经受过感情的伤害，但为人却依然宽厚体贴。我们一行人出去玩，他们坐在马车上，我骑着马在后面跟着，现在回忆起那一天的情景，我觉得自己是在做梦一样。我们在山坡上停下，一些人已经等在那儿，开始准备午饭。我一天都和朵拉在一起，晚上她还挽着我的胳膊。在众人的要求下，朵拉开始唱歌，我觉得她是唱给我听的，我沉醉在幸福中。一天的聚会结束了，体贴的米尔斯小姐看出了我对朵拉的爱意，她邀请我过几天去她家做客，因为朵拉会去她家住几天。我感激她的善解人意，牢牢记住了她家的地址。

第二天早晨，我醒来就下定决心要向朵拉表白，我被这个问题纠缠了三天。我把自己打扮得很漂亮，按照约定的时间地点来到了米尔斯小姐家。米尔斯小姐正在抄歌谱，朵拉在一旁画画，我觉得向朵拉告白这件事情还是留到以后再说。朵拉和我聊起那天骑的那匹马的情况，我结结巴巴地表示马被照顾得很好，并说那天我很幸福，我意识到是时候说出自己的真实感受了。我不知道哪儿来的勇气，把朵拉抱在怀里，把自己憋在心里这么久的爱意滔滔不绝地讲出来了，吉卜在一旁一直狂叫着。朵拉听到我的表白后，低头哭了起来，我没有停止，反而越说越激动。后来，我们都冷静下来了，最后我们两人订婚了，这个消息我们约定暂时向彭斯洛先生保密。米尔斯小姐听到这个事情后，显得有些哀伤，可能是唤醒了一些不愉快的回忆，但还是衷心祝我们幸福。

我订做了一个镶着蓝宝石的戒指送给朵拉，那时候，我们觉得似乎任何事情都无法阻挡幸福，可我们还是在一个星期内大吵了一架。她写了封信给我，信中尽是可怕的语句，还把戒指退还给我，幸好米尔斯小姐从中调解，她以自己的经历告诉我们要相互忍让。我和朵拉和好了，以后每天至少一封信，这样悠闲幸福的时光，现在回忆起来依然是那么甜蜜。

All this time, I had gone on loving Dora, harder than ever. Her idea was my refuge in disappointment and distress, and made some amends to me, even for the loss of my friend. The more I pitied myself, or pitied others, the

more I sought for consolation in the image of Dora. The greater the accumulation of deceit and trouble in the world, the brighter and the purer shone the star of Dora high above the world.

I don't think I had any definite idea where Dora came from, or in what degree she was related to a higher order of beings; but I am quite sure I should have scouted the notion of her being simply human, like any other young lady, with indignation and contempt.

If I may so express it, I was steeped in Dora. I was not merely over head and ears in love with her, but I was saturated through and through. Enough love might have been wrung out of me, metaphorically speaking, to drown anybody in; and yet there would have remained enough within me, and all over me, to pervade my entire existence.

The first thing I did, on my own account, when I came back, was to take a night-walk to Norwood, and, like the subject of a venerable riddle of my childhood, to go "round and round the house, without ever touching the house", thinking about Dora. I believe the theme of this incomprehensible conundrum was the moon.

No matter what it was, I, the moon—struck slave of Dora, perambulated round and round the house and garden for two hours, looking through crevices in the palings, getting my chin by dint of violent exertion above the rusty nails on the top, blowing kisses at the lights in the windows, and romantically calling on the night, at intervals, to shield my Dora—I don't exactly know what from, I suppose from fire. Perhaps from mice, to which she had a great objection.

My love was so much in my mind and it was so natural to me to confide in Peggotty, when I found her again by my side of an evening with the old set of industrial implements, busily making the tour of my wardrobe, that I imparted to her, in a sufficiently roundabout way, my great secret. Peggotty was strongly interested, but I could not get her into my view of the case at all. She was audaciously prejudiced in my favour, and quite unable to understand why I should have any misgivings, or be low-spirited about it. "The young lady might think herself well off," she observed, "to have such a beau. And as to her Pa," she said, "what did the gentleman expect, for gracious sake!"

I observed, however, that Mr Spenlow's proctorial gown and stiff cravat

took Peggotty down a little, and inspired her with a greater reverence for the man who was gradually becoming more and more etherealized in my eyes every day, and about whom a reflected radiance seemed to me to beam when he sat erect in Court among his papers, like a little light-house in a sea of stationery. And by the by, it used to be uncommonly strange to me to consider, I remember, as I sat in Court too, how those dim old judges and doctors wouldn't have cared for Dora, if they had known her; how they wouldn't have gone out of their senses with rapture, if marriage with Dora had been proposed to them; how Dora might have sung, and played upon that glorified guitar, until she led me to the verge of madness, yet not have tempted One of those slow-goers an inch out of his road!

I despised them, to a man. Frozen-out old gardeners in the flowerbeds of the heart, I took a personal offence against them all. The Bench was nothing to me but an insensible blunderer. The Bar had no more tenderness or poetry, in it, than the bar of a public-house.

Taking the management of Peggotty's affairs into my own hands, with no little pride, I proved the will, and came to a settlement with the Legacy Duty-office, and took her to the Bank, and soon got everything into an orderly train. We varied the legal character of these proceedings by going to see some perspiring Wax-work, in Fleet Street (melted, I should hope, these twenty years); and by visiting Miss Linwood's Exhibition, which I remember as a Mausoleum of needlework, favourable to self-examination and repentance; and by inspecting the Tower of London; and going to the top of St Paul's.

All these wonders afforded Peggotty as much pleasure as she was able to enjoy, under existing circumstances: except, I think, St Paul's, which, from her long attachment to her work-box, became a rival of the picture on the lid, and was, in some particulars, vanquished, she considered, by that work of art.

Peggotty's business, which was what we used to call "commonform business" in the Commons (and very light and lucrative the commonform business was), being settled, I took her down to the office one morning to pay her bill. Mr Spenlow had stepped out, old Tiffey said, to get a gentleman sworn for a marriage licence; but as I knew he would be back directly, our place lying close to the Surrogate's, and to the Vicar-General's office too, I told Peggotty

to wait.

We were a little like undertakers, in the Commons, as regarded Probate transactions; generally making it a rule to look more or less cut up, when we had to deal with clients in mourning. In a similar feeling of delicacy, we were always blithe and lighthearted with the licence clients. Therefore I hinted to Peggotty that she would find Mr Spenlow much recovered from the shock of Mr Barkis's decease; and indeed he came, in like a bridegroom.

But neither Peggotty nor I had eyes for him, when we saw, in company with him, Mr Murdstone. He was very little changed. His hair looked as thick, and was certainly as black, as ever; and his glance was as little to be trusted as of old.

"Ah, Copperfield?" said Mr Spenlow. "You know this gentleman, I believe?"

I made my gentleman a distant bow, and Peggotty barely recognized him. He was, at first, somewhat disconcerted to meet us two together; but quickly decided what to do, and came up to me.

"I hope," he said, "that you are doing well?"

"It can hardly be interesting to you," said I. "Yes, if you wish to know."

We looked at each other, and he addressed himself to Peggotty.

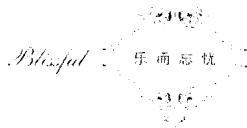
"And you," said he. "I am sorry to observe that you have lost your husband."

"It's not the first loss. I have had in my life, Mr Murdstone," replied Peggotty, trembling from head to foot. "I am glad to hope that there is nobody to blame for this one,—nobody to answer for it." "Hal" said he; "that's a comfortable reflection. You have done your duty?"

"I have not worn anybody's life away," said Peggotty, "I am thankful to think! No, Mr Murdstone, I have not worried and frightened any sweet creature to an early grave!"

He eyed her gloomily—remorsefully I thought—for an instant; and said, turning his head towards me, but looking at my feet instead of my face:

"We are not likely to encounter soon again;—a source of satisfaction to us both, no doubt, for such meetings as this can never be agreeable. I do not



expect that you, who always rebelled against my just authority, exerted for your benefit and reformation, should owe me any good-will now. There is an antipathy between us—”

“An old one, I believe?” said I, interrupting him.

He smiled, and shot as evil a glance at me as could come from his dark eyes.

“It rankled in your baby breast,” he said, “It embittered the life of your poor mother. You are right. I hope you may do better, yet; I hope you may correct yourself.”

Here he ended the dialogue, which had been carried on in a low voice, in a corner of the outer office, by passing into Mr Spenlow’s room, and saying aloud, in his smoothest manner:

“Gentlemen of Mr Spenlow’s profession are accustomed to family differences, and know how complicated and difficult they always are!” With that, he paid the money for his licence; and, receiving it neatly folded from Mr Spenlow, together with a shake of the hand, and a polite wish for his happiness and the lady’s went out of the office.

I might have had more difficulty in constraining myself to be silent under his words, if I had had less difficulty in impressing upon Peggotty (who was only angry on my account, good creature!) that we were not in a place for recrimination, and that I besought her to hold her peace. She was so unusually roused, that I was glad to compound for an affectionate hug, elicited by this revival in her mind of our old injuries, and to make the best I could of it, before Mr Spenlow and the clerks.

Mr Spenlow did not appear to know what the connexion between Mr Murdstone and myself was; which I was glad of, for I could not bear to acknowledge him, even in my own breast, remembering what I did of the history of my poor mother. Mr Spenlow seemed to think, if he thought anything about the matter, that my aunt was the leader of the state party in our family, and that there was a rebel party commanded by somebody else—so I gathered at least from what he said, while we were waiting for Mr Tiffey to make out Peggotty’s bill of costs.

“Miss Trotwood,” he remarked, “is very firm, no doubt, and not likely to

give way to opposition. I have an admiration for her character, and I may congratulate you, Copperfield, on being on the right side. Differences between relations are much to be deplored—but they are extremely general—and the great thing is, to be on the right side” meaning, I take it, on the side of the moneyed interest.

“Rather a good marriage this, I believe?” said Mr. Spenlow.

I explained that I knew nothing about it.

“Indeed!” he said. “Speaking from the few words Mr. Murdstone dropped—as a man frequently does on these occasions—and from what Miss Murdstone let fall, I should say it was rather a good marriage.”

“Do you mean that there is money, sir?” I asked.

“Yes,” said Mr. Spenlow, “I understand there’s money. Beauty too, I am told.”

“Indeed! Is his new wife young?”

“Just of age,” said Mr. Spenlow. “So lately, that I should think they had been waiting for that.”

“Lord deliver her!” said Peggotty. So very emphatically and unexpectedly, that we were all three discomposed; until Tiffey came in with the bill.

Old Tiffey soon appeared, however, and handed it to Mr. Spenlow, to look over. Mr. Spenlow, settling his chin in his cravat and rubbing it softly, went over the items with a deprecatory air—as if it were all Jorkins’s doing—and handed it back to Tiffey with a bland sigh.

“Yes,” he said. “That’s right. Quite right. I should have been extremely happy, Copperfield, to have limited these charges to the actual expenditure out of pocket, but it is an irksome incident in my professional life, that I am not at liberty to consult my own wishes. I have a partner—Mr. Jorkins.”

As he said this with a gentle melancholy, which was the next thing to making no charge at all, I expressed my acknowledgements on Peggotty’s behalf, and paid Tiffey in banknotes. Peggotty then retired to her lodging, and Mr. Spenlow and I went into Court, where we had a divorce-suit coming on, under an ingenious little statute (repealed now, I believe, but in virtue of which I have seen several marriages annulled), of which the merits were these.

The husband, whose name was Thomas Benjamin, had taken out his

marriage licence as Thomas only; sutypressing the Benjamin, in case he should not find himself as comfortable as he expected. NOT finding himself as comfortable as he expected, or being a little fatigued with his wife, poor fellow, he now came forward, by a friend, after being married a year or two, and declared that his name was Thomas Benjamin, and therefore he was not married at all. Which the Court confirmed, to his great satisfaction.

I must say that I had my doubts about the strict justice of this, and was not even frightened out of them by the bushel of wheat which reconciles all anomalies.

But Mr. Spenlow argued the matter with me. He said, Look at the world, there was good and evil in that; look at the ecclesiastical law, there was good and evil in THAT. It was all part of a system. Very good. There you were!

I had not the hardihood to suggest to Dora's father that possibly we might even improve the world a little, if we got up early in the morning, and took off our coats to the work; but I confessed that I thought we might improve the Commons. Mr. Spenlow replied that he would particularly advise me to dismiss that idea from my mind, as not being worthy of my gentlemanly character; but that he would be glad to hear from me of what improvement I thought the Commons susceptible?

Taking that part of the Commons which happened to be nearest to us—for our man was unmarried by this time, and we were out of Court, and strolling past the Prerogative Office—I submitted that I thought the Prerogative Office rather a queerly managed institution. Mr. Spenlow inquired in what respect? I replied, with all due deference to his experience (but with more deference, I am afraid, to his being Dora's father), that perhaps it was a little nonsensical that the Registry of that Court, containing the original wills of all persons leaving effects within the immense province of Canterbury, for three whole centuries, should be an accidental building, never designed for the purpose, leased by the registrars for their own private emolument, unsafe, not even ascertained to be fire-proof, choked with the important documents it held, and positively, from the roof to the basement, a mercenary speculation of the registrars, who took great fees from the public, and crammed the public's wills away anyhow and anywhere, having no other object than to get rid of them cheaply. That, perhaps,