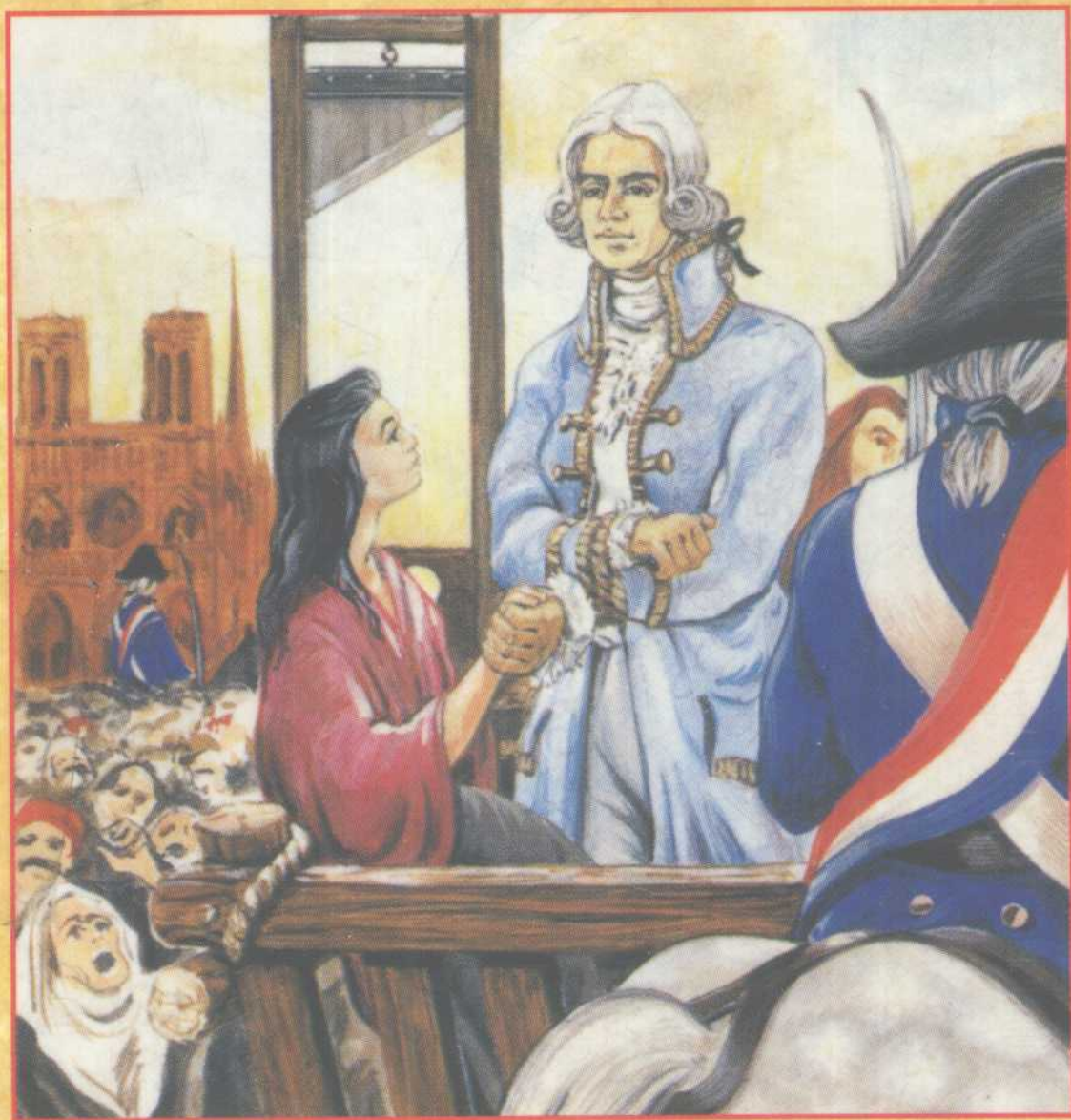


世界名著缩写 (插图) · 英汉对照读物

# 双城记

*A TALE OF TWO CITIES*

*Charles Dickens*



- 世界知识出版社
- 英国格迪斯—格罗塞出版公司

双城记 (A Tale of Two Cities) 英文原版小说

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## A Tale of Two Cities

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## 致 读 者

在你看过并欣赏一部由名著改编的电影或电视剧后,你或许想读一读这本名著。

那么会是一种什么情景呢?你找到这本书,并且极有可能为之一振。你翻了一二十页,却好像什么也没“发生”。那些可爱的人物和动人的故事都哪儿去了?哎呀,作者什么时候才真正开始讲故事呢?最后你很可能把书丢在一边,不读了。这到底是怎么回事?

其实,可能作者是针对成年人而不是青少年写的这本书。也许这本书是好多年前写的,当时人们有充裕的时间读书,并且没有任何一种别的东西能像书那样让他们享受好几周。

但是,今天我们的想法不同了。这就是要为你们改编这些好书的原因。如果你喜欢这个简明读本所写的作品的话,你在年龄大些时会再找来原著去欣赏和品评她的原汁原味。

这儿的每本书分英文、中译文两部分,分别独立成篇,但又相互对应,便于读者在阅读时对照查看。



## 作者简介

查尔斯·狄更斯 1812 年生于朴次茅斯,1870 年死于盖德席尔。他儿时受过许多苦难。1824 年,他父亲因欠债被投入监狱,小查尔斯只得进一家工厂自谋生路。这些幼年时的经历都写进他许多作品中。

《双城记》反映的是法国大革命,狄更斯的朋友托马斯·卡莱尔写了一本书叫《法国大革命》,他从此书中吸收了一些材料。狄更斯这部小说创造了诸多有名的形象,尤其是复仇的革命者得伐石太太。





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## CHAPTER ONE

*The Mail*

On the night of Friday, November 23rd, 1775, the Dover mail lumbered up Shooter's Hill in the thick of an English fog. The coach was late. On his perch behind stood the guard, his eyes alert, searching the shadows on either side, for these were the days when anybody on the road might be a robber or in the pay of a highwayman.

Three passengers plodded wearily up the hill by the side of the mail. A thin rain was falling, cold and steady, shining in beads on their top-coats in the dull gleam of the coach-lamps.

Slowly the mail struggled on. A last burst carried it to the crown of the hill. The coachman pulled the horses to a stop, and the guard got down to open the door for the passengers.

"Tst! Joe!" cried the coachman in a warning voice.

"What is it, Tom?" called the guard.

"Listen!"

The guard listened with sidelong head. In the stillness of the fog a sound struck his ears. His eyes flared. "I hear a horse coming at a gallop," he cried and leapt nimbly for his box, leaving one passenger on the step, half in the

coach and half out, and the others in the road. In a second he was back, a musket held before him.

The hoof-beats clattered to a standstill. A man's voice called from the mist. "Is that the Dover mail?"

"Never you mind!" the guard replied. "Who are you?"

"Is that the Dover mail?" The voice was hoarse and anxious. "I want a passenger, if it is – Mr Jarvis Lorry."

"That is my name," called the passenger on the step. "Who wants me?"

"Mr Lorry – it's Jerry Cruncher," said the voice. "I have a message for you – from Tellson's Bank."

"I know this messenger, guard," said Mr Lorry. He stepped down. "There's nothing wrong."

"I'm not so sure of that," said the guard gruffly. He called into the fog: "Come on at a footpace! If you've got pistol holsters don't let me see your hand go near 'em."

The figures of a horse and rider came slowly through the mist and up to the side of the mail, where the passenger stood. The rider glared at the guard, then stooped and handed Mr Lorry a small folded paper.

"Guard!" said Mr Lorry quietly.

The watchful guard, finger on the trigger of his musket and his eye on the horseman, answered curtly: "Sir!"

"There's nothing to fear. I belong to Tellson's Bank in London. I am going to Paris on business. Here is a crown for you to drink my health. May I read this?"

"If you're quick, sir."



Mr Lorry read the paper in the light of the coach-lamp – first to himself and then aloud: “Wait at Dover for Mam’selle.” He looked up. “It’s not long, you see, guard. Jerry, say that my answer is: ‘Recalled to life’.”

Jerry started in his saddle. “Sir!” he said. “That’s a blazing strange answer.”

“Take that message back. They will know that I received this, as well as if I wrote. Good night!”

With that, Mr Lorry opened the coach door and climbed in.

Jerry, left alone in the darkness, climbed down from his horse. He glanced sideways at his mare. “After that there gallop from London, old lady, I won’t trust your legs till I get you on the level,” he said hoarsely.

He turned and began to walk his horse down the hill. His voice floated back out of the mist. “‘Recalled to life’. That’s a blazing strange message.”

## CHAPTER TWO

### *At the “Royal George”*

It was morning. Though the earth was cold and wet, the sky was clear, and the sun rose bright and beautiful. The mail rattled into Dover and drew up in the yard of the Royal George Hotel.





Mr Lorry, very stiff and still very damp, stepped down from the coach, flapping his hat. As he passed into the inn, the landlord stepped forward, bowing.

“Will there be a ship to Calais tomorrow, landlord?” Mr Lorry asked.

“Yes, sir, if the weather holds and the wind sets fair. The tide will be right at about two in the afternoon.”

“I want a room prepared for a young lady who will arrive later. She may ask for Mr Jarvis Lorry, or she may only ask for a gentleman from Tellson’s Bank. Please let me know. And now I want a bedroom and a barber.”

“And then breakfast, sir? Yes, sir. This way if you please.”

When Mr Lorry had eaten, he passed the morning dozing before the fire. In the afternoon he walked about the little seaport. When it was dark he sat before the coffee-room fire, waiting for his dinner. A rattling of wheels came up the narrow street and rumbled into the yard.

In a few minutes the waiter came in to say that Miss Lucie Manette had arrived from London and would be happy to see the gentleman from Tellson’s. Mr Lorry rose and followed the waiter to Miss Manette’s room. In the light of its two tall candles he saw by the fire a young lady of seventeen, in a riding cloak and holding a hat by its ribbon. As his eyes rested on her slight, pretty figure and her head of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes met his own with a look of wonder – or could it be alarm?

And as he gazed a sudden, vivid likeness passed before