

中文导读英文版

Pride and Prejudice

傲慢与偏见

[英] 简·奥斯丁 原著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译



清华大学出版社

(中 文 导 读 英 文 版)

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内 容 简 介

Pride and Prejudice, 中文译名为《傲慢与偏见》, 是 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。这是一部描写爱情与婚姻的小说, 小说围绕主人公伊丽莎白与达西的爱情和婚姻故事而展开。达西富有而骄傲, 代表傲慢; 伊丽莎白聪明而任性, 代表偏见。傲慢的达西对偏见的伊丽莎白一见钟情, 由此也注定了这是一段误会重重又不乏幽默气氛的爱情故事。几经风波, 伊丽莎白与达西终于从傲慢与偏见的迷失中走了出来, 并喜结良缘。

该书自出版以来, 一直畅销至今, 被译成世界上几十种语言文字, 多次被改编成电视剧和电影。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, 该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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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

傲慢与偏见=Pride and Prejudice: 中文导读英文版/ (英) 奥斯丁 (Austen, J.) 原著; 王勋等编译. —北京: 清华大学出版社, 2009.1

ISBN 978-7-302-19001-1

I. 傲… II. ①奥… ②王… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②长篇小说—英国—近代
IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2008) 第 188145 号

责任编辑: 李 晔

责任校对: 梁 毅

插图绘制: 王 轲

责任印制: 何 芊

出版发行: 清华大学出版社

地 址: 北京清华大学学研大厦 A 座

<http://www.tup.com.cn>

邮 编: 100084

社 总 机: 010-62770175

邮 购: 010-62786544

投稿与读者服务: 010-62776969, c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

质 量 反 馈: 010-62772015, zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

印 刷 者: 清华大学印刷厂

装 订 者: 三河市新茂装订有限公司

经 销: 全国新华书店

开 本: 170×260 印 张: 24.25 字 数: 404 千字

版 次: 2009 年 1 月第 1 版 印 次: 2009 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

印 数: 1~5000

定 价: 38.00 元

本书如存在文字不清、漏印、缺页、倒页、脱页等印装质量问题, 请与清华大学出版社出版部联系调换。联系电话: (010)62770177 转 3103 产品编号: 030620-01



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。她终生未婚，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，尤其擅长描写绅士淑女间的婚姻和爱情风波，深受读者欢迎。

《傲慢与偏见》是奥斯丁的代表作，是世界上流传最广的经典名著之一。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语言文字，曾多次被改编成电视与电影，是全世界公认的世界文学名著之一。

在中国，《傲慢与偏见》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

前言



原因，我们决定编译《傲慢与偏见》，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，书中难免有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



第一章/Chapter 1	1
第二章/Chapter 2	4
第三章/Chapter 3	7
第四章/Chapter 4	12
第五章/Chapter 5	16
第六章/Chapter 6	19
第七章/Chapter 7	26
第八章/Chapter 8	32
第九章/Chapter 9	38
第十章/Chapter 10	43
第十一章/Chapter 11	50
第十二章/Chapter 12	55
第十三章/Chapter 13	59
第十四章/Chapter 14	64
第十五章/Chapter 15	68
第十六章/Chapter 16	73
第十七章/Chapter 17	83
第十八章/Chapter 18	87
第十九章/Chapter 19	102
第二十章/Chapter 20	108
第二十一章/Chapter 21	113
第二十二章/Chapter 22	119
第二十三章/Chapter 23	124
第二十四章/Chapter 24	129
第二十五章/Chapter 25	136
第二十六章/Chapter 26	141
第二十七章/Chapter 27	148



第二十八章/Chapter 28	152
第二十九章/Chapter 29	157
第三十章/Chapter 30	164
第三十一章/Chapter 31	169
第三十二章/Chapter 32	174
第三十三章/Chapter 33	179
第三十四章/Chapter 34	185
第三十五章/Chapter 35	191
第三十六章/Chapter 36	199
第三十七章/Chapter 37	206
第三十八章/Chapter 38	211
第三十九章/Chapter 39	215
第四十章/Chapter 40	220
第四十一章/Chapter 41	225
第四十二章/Chapter 42	232
第四十三章/Chapter 43	239
第四十四章/Chapter 44	253
第四十五章/Chapter 45	260
第四十六章/Chapter 46	266
第四十七章/Chapter 47	274
第四十八章/Chapter 48	286
第四十九章/Chapter 49	293
第五十章/Chapter 50	301
第五十一章/Chapter 51	308
第五十二章/Chapter 52	314
第五十三章/Chapter 53	323
第五十四章/Chapter 54	332
第五十五章/Chapter 55	337
第五十六章/Chapter 56	345
第五十七章/Chapter 57	354
第五十八章/Chapter 58	359
第五十九章/Chapter 59	366
第六十章/Chapter 60	373
第六十一章/Chapter 61	379

第一章

Chapter 1



贝内特太太以及周围的邻居都在讨论着租下内瑟菲尔德庄园的阔少爷宾利。当贝内特太太得知宾利还是单身时，立刻就想到了自己的女儿们。她请求丈夫要在第一时间拜访宾利，这是为女儿们的终身大事着想。贝内特先生最喜欢自己的二女儿伊丽莎白，但太太却截然相反。

*I*t is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in

want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

“My dear Mr. Bennet,” said his lady to him one day, “have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?”

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

“But it is,” returned she; “for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it.”

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

“Do not you want to know who has taken it?” cried his wife impatiently.

“You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it.”

This was invitation enough.

"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!"

"How so? How can it affect them?"

"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

"Is that his design in settling here?"

"Design! nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes."

"I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party."

"My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty."

"In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of."

"But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood."

"It is more than I engage for, I assure you."

"But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general you know they visit no newcomers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him if you do not."

"You are over scrupulous surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad

to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy.”

“I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humoured as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference.”

“They have none of them much to recommend them,” replied he; “they are all silly and ignorant like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters.”

“Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way? You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves.”

“You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least.”

“Ah! you do not know what I suffer.”

“But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighbourhood.”

“It will be no use to us if twenty such should come since you will not visit them.”

“Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all.”

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three and twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

第二章

Chapter 2



贝内特先生瞒着太太拜访了宾利先生。晚上大家都在讨论下次舞会的时间，贝内特先生要求介绍朗太太和宾利先生认识，这惹恼了太太。她认为自己都不认识的人何来介绍，贝内特先生暴露了自己曾拜访宾利的事实，这让大家欢呼雀跃起来，太太又开始对着女儿们夸奖她们的父亲是如何的伟大！

Mr. Bennet was among the earliest of those who waited on Mr. Bingley. He had always intended to visit him, though to the last always assuring his wife that he should not go; and till the evening after the visit was paid, she had no knowledge of it. It was then disclosed in the following manner. Observing his second daughter employed in trimming a hat, he suddenly addressed her with,

"I hope Mr. Bingley will like it, Lizzy."

"We are not in a way to know what Mr. Bingley likes," said her mother resentfully, "since we are not to visit."

"But you forget, Mama," said Elizabeth, "that we shall meet him at the assemblies, and that Mrs. Long has promised to introduce him."

"I do not believe Mrs. Long will do any such thing. She has two nieces of her own. She is a selfish, hypocritical woman, and I have no opinion of her."

"No more have I," said Mr. Bennet; "and I am glad to find that you do not depend on her serving you."

Mrs. Bennet deigned not to make any reply; but unable to contain herself, began scolding one of her daughters.

"Don't keep coughing so, Kitty, for heaven's sake! Have a little compassion on my nerves. You tear them to pieces."

"Kitty has no discretion in her coughs," said her father; "she times them ill."

"I do not cough for my own amusement," replied Kitty fretfully.

"When is your next ball to be, Lizzy?"

"Tomorrow fortnight."

"Aye, so it is," cried her mother, "and Mrs. Long does not come back till the day before; so, it will be impossible for her to introduce him, for she will not know him herself."

"Then, my dear, you may have the advantage of your friend, and introduce Mr. Bingley to her."

"Impossible, Mr. Bennet, impossible, when I am not acquainted with him myself; how can you be so teasing?"

"I honour your circumspection. A fortnight's acquaintance is certainly very little. One cannot know what a man really is by the end of a fortnight. But if we do not venture, somebody else will; and after all, Mrs. Long and her nieces must stand their chance; and therefore, as she will think it an act of kindness, if you decline the office, I will take it on myself."

The girls stared at their father. Mrs. Bennet said only, "Nonsense, nonsense!"

"What can be the meaning of that emphatic exclamation?" cried he. "Do you consider the forms of introduction, and the stress that is laid on them, as nonsense? I cannot quite agree with you there. What say you, Mary? for you are a young lady of deep reflection, I know, and read great books, and make extracts."

Mary wished to say something very sensible, but knew not how.

"While Mary is adjusting her ideas," he continued, "let us return to Mr. Bingley."

"I am sick of Mr. Bingley," cried his wife.

"I am sorry to hear that; but why did not you tell me so before? If I had

known as much this morning, I certainly would not have called on him. It is very unlucky; but as I have actually paid the visit, we cannot escape the acquaintance now.”

The astonishment of the ladies was just what he wished—that of Mrs. Bennet perhaps surpassing the rest—though when the first tumult of joy was over, she began to declare that it was what she had expected all the while.

“How good it was in you, my dear Mr. Bennet! But I knew I should persuade you at last. I was sure you loved your girls too well to neglect such an acquaintance. Well, how pleased I am! and it is such a good joke, too, that you should have gone this morning, and never said a word about it till now.”

“Now, Kitty, you may cough as much as you choose,” said Mr. Bennet; and, as he spoke, he left the room, fatigued with the raptures of his wife.

“What an excellent father you have, girls,” said she, when the door was shut. “I do not know how you will ever make him amends for his kindness; or me either, for that matter. At our time of life it is not so pleasant, I can tell you, to be making new acquaintance everyday; but for your sakes, we would do anything. Lydia, my love, though you are the youngest, I dare say Mr. Bingley will dance with you at the next ball.”

“Oh!” said Lydia stoutly, “I am not afraid; for though I am the youngest, I’m the tallest.”

The rest of the evening was spent in conjecturing how soon he would return Mr. Bennet’s visit, and determining when they should ask him to dinner.

第三章

Chapter 3



贝内特太太不停地催促丈夫说说有关宾利先生的情况，但是都被敷衍过去了，最后只好向卢卡斯太太打听消息。

过了几天，宾利先生回访贝内特先生，并邀请姑娘们参加舞会。在舞会现场，大家看到了他的姐妹们仪态高雅，姐夫赫斯特是个绅士。据说宾利先生的朋友达西年收入一万镑，并且看上去举止高雅，但很快人们便发现他目中无人，骄傲自大。晚会上男士较少，伊丽莎白干坐了很久，达西站在她附近却不愿邀请她跳舞。他认为伊丽莎白不够漂亮的言论让贝内特太太很不高兴，伊丽莎白却觉得无所谓。整个晚上宾利先生都和简在一起，这让贝内特太太觉得很有希望，同时她用尖酸刻薄的语气说起了达西先生。

Not all that Mrs. Bennet, however, with the assistance of her five daughters, could ask on the subject was sufficient to draw from her husband any satisfactory description of Mr. Bingley. They attacked him in various ways—with barefaced questions, ingenious suppositions, and distant surmises—but he eluded the skill of them all; and they were at last obliged to accept the secondhand intelligence of their neighbour Lady Lucas. Her report was highly favourable. Sir William had been delighted with him. He was quite young, wonderfully handsome, extremely agreeable, and to crown the whole, he meant

to be at the next assembly with a large party. Nothing could be more delightful! To be fond of dancing was a certain step towards falling in love; and very lively hopes of Mr. Bingley's heart were entertained.

"If I can but see one of my daughters happily settled at Netherfield," said Mrs. Bennet to her husband, "and all the others equally well married, I shall have nothing to wish for."

In a few days Mr. Bingley returned Mr. Bennet's visit, and sat about ten minutes with him in his library. He had entertained hopes of being admitted to a sight of the young ladies, of whose beauty he had heard much; but he saw only the father. The ladies were somewhat more fortunate, for they had the advantage of ascertaining from an upper window that he wore a blue coat and rode a black horse.

An invitation to dinner was soon afterwards dispatched; and already had Mrs. Bennet planned the courses that were to do credit to her housekeeping, when an answer arrived which deferred it all. Mr. Bingley was obliged to be in town the following day, and consequently unable to accept the honour of their invitation, etc. Mrs. Bennet was quite disconcerted. She could not imagine what business he could have in town so soon after his arrival in Hertfordshire; and she began to fear that he might be always flying about from one place to another, and never settled at Netherfield as he ought to be. Lady Lucas quieted her fears a little by starting the idea of his being gone to London only to get a large party for the ball, and a report soon followed that Mr. Bingley was to bring twelve ladies and seven gentlemen with him to the assembly. The girls grieved over such a number of ladies; but were comforted the day before the ball by hearing that, instead of twelve, he had brought only six with him from London, his five sisters and a cousin. And when the party entered the assembly room, it consisted of only five altogether; Mr. Bingley, his two sisters, the husband of the eldest, and another young man.

Mr. Bingley was good-looking and gentlemanlike; he had a pleasant countenance, and easy, unaffected manners. His sisters were fine women, with an air of decided fashion. His brother-in-law, Mr. Hurst, merely looked the gentleman; but his friend Mr. Darcy soon drew the attention of the room by his fine, tall person, handsome features, noble mien—and the report which was in

general circulation within five minutes after his entrance of his having ten thousand a year. The gentlemen pronounced him to be a fine figure of a man, the ladies declared he was much handsomer than Mr. Bingley, and he was looked at with great admiration for about half the evening, till his manners gave a disgust which turned the tide of his popularity; for he was discovered to be proud, to be above his company, and above being pleased; and not all his large estate in Derbyshire could then save him from having a most forbidding, disagreeable countenance, and being unworthy to be compared with his friend.

Mr. Bingley had soon made himself acquainted with all the principal people in the room; he was lively and unreserved, danced every dance, was angry that the ball closed so early, and talked of giving one himself at Netherfield. Such amiable qualities must speak for themselves. What a contrast between him and his friend! Mr. Darcy danced only once with Mrs. Hurst and once with Miss Bingley, declined being introduced to any other lady, and spent the rest of the evening in walking about the room, speaking occasionally to one of his own party. His character was decided. He was the proudest, most disagreeable man in the world, and everybody hoped that he would never come there again. Amongst the most violent against him was Mrs. Bennet, whose dislike of his general behaviour was sharpened into particular resentment by his having slighted one of her daughters.

Elizabeth Bennet had been obliged by the scarcity of gentlemen to sit down for two dances; and during part of that time, Mr. Darcy had been standing near enough for her to overhear a conversation between him and Mr. Bingley, who came from the dance for a few minutes to press his friend to join it.

"Come, Darcy," said he, "I must have you dance. I hate to see you standing about by yourself in this stupid manner. You had much better dance."

"I certainly shall not. You know how I detest it, unless I am particularly acquainted with my partner. At such an assembly as this, it would be insupportable. Your sisters are engaged, and there is not another woman in the room whom it would not be a punishment to me to stand up with."

"I would not be so fastidious as you are," cried Bingley, "for a kingdom! Upon my honour, I never met with so many pleasant girls in my life as I have this evening, and there are several of them you see uncommonly pretty."

"You are dancing with the only handsome girl in the room," said Mr.

Darcy, looking at the eldest Miss Bennet.

“Oh! she is the most beautiful creature I ever beheld! But there is one of her sisters sitting down just behind you, who is very pretty, and I dare say, very agreeable. Do let me ask my partner to introduce you.

“Which do you mean?” and turning round, he looked for a moment at Elizabeth, till catching her eye, he withdrew his own and coldly said, “She is tolerable; but not handsome enough to tempt me: and I am in no humour at present to give consequence to young ladies who are slighted by other men. You had better return to your partner and enjoy her smiles, for you are wasting your time with me.”

Mr. Bingley followed his advice. Mr. Darcy walked off; and Elizabeth remained with no very cordial feelings towards him. She told the story however with great spirit among her friends; for she had a lively, playful disposition, which delighted in anything ridiculous.

The evening altogether passed off pleasantly to the whole family. Mrs. Bennet had seen her eldest daughter much admired by the Netherfield party. Mr. Bingley had danced with her twice, and she had been distinguished by his sisters. Jane was as much gratified by this as her mother could be, though in a quieter way. Elizabeth felt Jane's pleasure. Mary had heard herself mentioned to Miss Bingley as the most accomplished girl in the neighbourhood; and Catherine and Lydia had been fortunate enough to be never without partners, which was all that they had yet learnt to care for at a ball. They returned therefore in good spirits to Longbourn, the village where they lived, and of which they were the principal inhabitants. They found Mr. Bennet still up. With a book he was regardless of time, and on the present occasion he had a good deal of curiosity as to the event of an evening which had raised such splendid expectations. He had rather hoped that all his wife's views on the stranger would be disappointed, but he soon found that he had a very different story to hear.

“Oh! my dear Mr. Bennet,” as she entered the room, “we have had a most delightful evening, a most excellent ball. I wish you had been there. Jane was so admired, nothing could be like it. Everybody said how well she looked; and Mr. Bingley thought her quite beautiful and danced with her twice. Only think of that my dear; he actually danced with her twice; and she was the only