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狄更斯作品系列

Hard Times

艰难时世

[英] 查尔斯·狄更斯 著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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内 容 简 介

Hard Times, 中文译名《艰难时世》, 19 世纪最有影响的小说之一, 由英国著名作家查尔斯·狄更斯编著。格莱恩是国会议员、所谓的“教育家”, 他以倡导了一套压制人性的教育方式而自鸣得意, 富商庞德贝则以自我奋斗的成功者自居, 他们有着共同的价值观——那就是以功利主义作为生活原则, 并且一起控制着小镇的经济体系与教育机构。正是基于“脚踏实地”的教育方式和“看重实际”的生活原则, 格莱恩的女儿露易莎最后被迫嫁给了年长自己三十多岁的庞德贝, 而儿子汤姆则成为一个行为放荡的浪子; 也正是因为“从实际出发”的功利主义生活原则, 庞德贝为了吹嘘自己白手起家, 竟不惜抛弃生母, 假充孤儿, 最终落得了众叛亲离的下场。

该书自出版以来, 一直畅销至今, 被译成世界上几十种语言。书中所展现的故事感染了一代又一代读者的心灵。无论作为语言学习的课本, 还是作为通俗的文学读本, 本书对当代中国的读者, 特别是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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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，并对英国乃至世界文学的发展产生了非常重要的影响。

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了狄更斯的一生，这段经历可以在他的小说《大卫·科波菲尔》中找到。1824—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》。这部作品发表后风行一时，畅销全国，成为了街谈巷议的资料，并使他得以靠写作维持生活，并开始了著作生涯。

狄更斯一生共创作了 14 部长篇小说，还有许多中、短篇小说，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》，这部书成了经久不衰的儿童读物。此外，狄更斯还曾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，随着他的创作艺术逐渐成熟，他的小说风格也逐渐发生了变化。在其早期作品中，他主要讲述有关主人公奇遇的一些滑稽故事。而在他后期的作品中，狄更斯则倾向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。狄更斯在英国生活的时代，正是由半封建社会向工业资本主义社会的过渡时期。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和批判，对劳动人民的苦难及其反抗斗争给予同情和支持。

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，《艰难时世》是其代表作之一。该书出版一百六十多年来，一直畅销，并被译成世界上几十种语言，是公认的世界文学名著之一。在中国，《艰难时世》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《艰难时世》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《艰难时世》，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，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。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，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一卷 播种
Book the First Sowing

第一章 唯一必需的东西

Chapter I The One Thing Needful



在一间简陋寒碇的教室里，没有任何设备，只有一个硬邦邦的声音在教育着坐在地上的小孩子。那枯燥冷漠的声音，外加上一个光秃秃的脑袋，到处都给人一种生硬的感觉。说话的人不停地强调生活中只有事实是最重要的，其他的都不应该存在，也全无用处。

*N*OW, what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!’

The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of a school-room, and the speaker’s square forefinger emphasized his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line on the schoolmaster’s sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speaker’s square wall of a forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious cellarage in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speaker’s mouth, which was wide, thin, and hard set. The emphasis was helped by the speaker’s voice, which was inflexible, dry, and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speaker’s hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the

wind from its shining surface, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse-room for the hard facts stored inside. The speaker's obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders,—nay, his very neckcloth, trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp, like a stubborn fact, as it was,—all helped the emphasis.

‘In this life, we want nothing but Facts, sir; nothing but Facts!’

The speaker, and the schoolmaster, and the third grown person present, all backed a little, and swept with their eyes the inclined plane of little vessels then and there arranged in order, ready to have imperial gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim.

第二章 扼杀天真

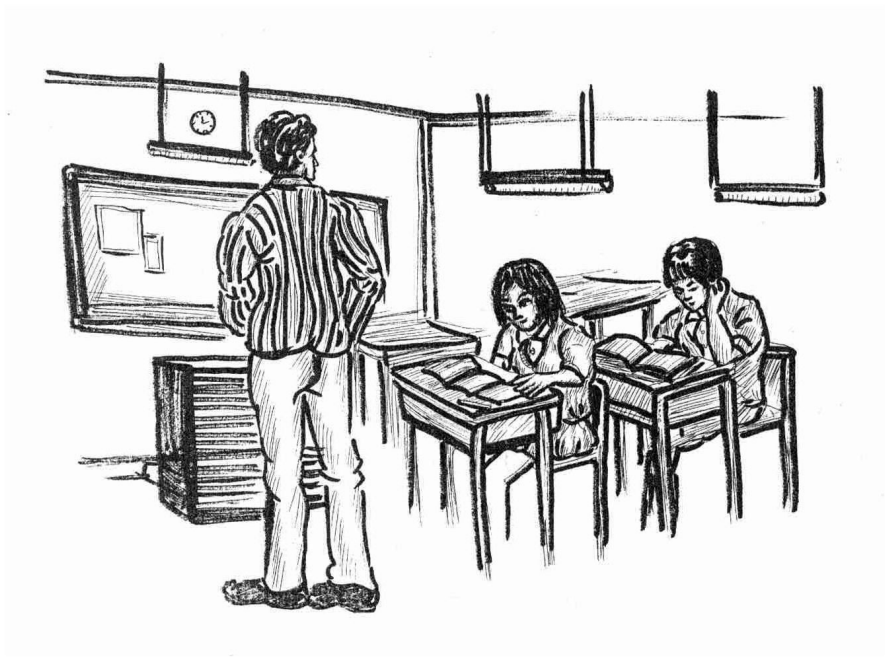
Chapter II Murdering the Innocents



汤玛斯·格莱恩是一个只讲求实际的人，他创建了这所学校，雇佣了一位教师——麦恰克柴德先生；他希望这位先生只给学生们灌输冷酷无情的事实。格莱恩先生在教室里对两个学生进行了测试，要求他们给马下个定义。西茜·朱浦是一个马戏团骑术演员的女儿，她没能回答出这个问题，但是一个叫比泽尔的脸色苍白的年轻人给出了一个干巴巴的定义，让格莱恩先生很满意。当格莱恩提议让孩子们用画了马的纸糊墙时，有些孩子给出了肯定的回答；于是他再次教育孩子们不能有任何臆想中的情形出现；接着他问孩子们是否愿意用带花图案的地毯来铺地，孩子们都看出了用否定的回答似乎能够让格莱恩先生满意，不过还是出现了两三个不同的声音，包括西茜在内。西茜并不认为诸如有图画的地毯铺在地上会被踩坏，当她刚提到自己的幻想，就被格莱恩先生打断。格莱恩先生一遍遍地强调着事实的重要性，他的激动和有些极端的想法让小女孩吓呆了。

格莱恩先生示意麦恰克柴德先生开始授课。麦恰克柴德先生通过各式各样的考验才取得了政府颁发的B字号教师资格，几乎无所不通、无所不晓。也许是因为学得太多了，他讲课反而没有预料中的好。

*T*HOMAS GRADGRIND, sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four,



and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir—peremptorily Thomas—Thomas Gradgrind. With a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind (all supposititious, non-existent persons), but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind—no, sir!

In such terms Mr. Gradgrind always mentally introduced himself, whether to his private circle of acquaintance, or to the public in general. In such terms, no doubt, substituting the words 'boys and girls,' for 'sir,' Thomas Gradgrind now presented Thomas Gradgrind to the little pitchers before him, who were to be filled so full of facts.

Indeed, as he eagerly sparkled at them from the cellarge before mentioned, he seemed a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts, and prepared to blow them clean out of the regions of childhood at one discharge. He seemed a galvanizing apparatus, too, charged with a grim mechanical substitute for the tender young imaginations that were to be stormed away.

'Girl number twenty,' said Mr. Gradgrind, squarely pointing with his square forefinger, 'I don't know that girl. Who is that girl?'

'Sissy Jupe, sir,' explained number twenty, blushing, standing up, and curtseying.

'Sissy is not a name,' said Mr. Gradgrind. 'Don't call yourself Sissy. Call yourself Cecilia.'

'It's father as calls me Sissy, sir,' returned the young girl in a trembling voice, and with another curtsey.

'Then he has no business to do it,' said Mr. Gradgrind. 'Tell him he mustn't. Cecilia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?'

'He belongs to the horse-riding, if you please, sir.'

Mr. Gradgrind frowned, and waved off the objectionable calling with his hand.

'We don't want to know anything about that, here. You mustn't tell us

about that, here. Your father breaks horses, don't he?"

'If you please, sir, when they can get any to break, they do break horses in the ring, sir.'

'You mustn't tell us about the ring, here. Very well, then. Describe your father as a horsebreaker. He doctors sick horses, I dare say?'

'Oh yes, sir.'

'Very well, then. He is a veterinary surgeon, a farrier, and horsebreaker. Give me your definition of a horse.'

(Sissy Jupe thrown into the greatest alarm by this demand.)

'Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!' said Mr. Gradgrind, for the general behoof of all the little pitchers. 'Girl number twenty possessed of no facts, in reference to one of the commonest of animals! Some boy's definition of a horse. Bitzer, yours.'

The square finger, moving here and there, lighted suddenly on Bitzer, perhaps because he chanced to sit in the same ray of sunlight which, darting in at one of the bare windows of the intensely white-washed room, irradiated Sissy. For, the boys and girls sat on the face of the inclined plane in two compact bodies, divided up the centre by a narrow interval; and Sissy, being at the corner of a row on the sunny side, came in for the beginning of a sunbeam, of which Bitzer, being at the corner of a row on the other side, a few rows in advance, caught the end. But, whereas the girl was so dark-eyed and dark-haired, that she seemed to receive a deeper and more lustrous colour from the sun, when it shone upon her, the boy was so light-eyed and light-haired that the self-same rays appeared to draw out of him what little colour he ever possessed. His cold eyes would hardly have been eyes, but for the short ends of lashes which, by bringing them into immediate contrast with something paler than themselves, expressed their form. His short-cropped hair might have been a mere continuation of the sandy freckles on his forehead and face. His skin was so unwholesomely deficient in the natural tinge, that he looked as though, if he were cut, he would bleed white.

'Bitzer,' said Thomas Gradgrind. 'Your definition of a horse.'

'Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy

countries, sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth.' Thus (and much more) Bitzer.

'Now girl number twenty,' said Mr. Gradgrind. 'You know what a horse is.'

She curtsied again, and would have blushed deeper, if she could have blushed deeper than she had blushed all this time. Bitzer, after rapidly blinking at Thomas Gradgrind with both eyes at once, and so catching the light upon his quivering ends of lashes that they looked like the antennae of busy insects, put his knuckles to his freckled forehead, and sat down again.

The third gentleman now stepped forth. A mighty man at cutting and drying, he was; a government officer; in his way (and in most other people's too), a professed pugilist; always in training, always with a system to force down the general throat like a bolus, always to be heard of at the bar of his little Public-office, ready to fight all England. To continue in fistic phraseology, he had a genius for coming up to the scratch, wherever and whatever it was, and proving himself an ugly customer. He would go in and damage any subject whatever with his right, follow up with his left, stop, exchange, counter, bore his opponent (he always fought All England) to the ropes, and fall upon him neatly. He was certain to knock the wind out of common sense, and render that unlucky adversary deaf to the call of time. And he had it in charge from high authority to bring about the great public-office Millennium, when Commissioners should reign upon earth.

'Very well,' said this gentleman, briskly smiling, and folding his arms. 'That's a horse. Now, let me ask you girls and boys, Would you paper a room with representations of horses?'

After a pause, one half of the children cried in chorus, 'Yes, sir!' Upon which the other half, seeing in the gentleman's face that Yes was wrong, cried out in chorus, 'No, sir!'—as the custom is, in these examinations.

'Of course, No. Why wouldn't you?'

A pause. One corpulent slow boy, with a wheezy manner of breathing, ventured the answer, Because he wouldn't paper a room at all, but would paint it.

'You must paper it,' said the gentleman, rather warmly.

‘You must paper it,’ said Thomas Gradgrind, ‘whether you like it or not. Don’t tell us you wouldn’t paper it. What do you mean, boy?’

‘I’ll explain to you, then,’ said the gentleman, after another and a dismal pause, ‘why you wouldn’t paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the sides of rooms in reality—in fact? Do you?’

‘Yes, sir!’ from one half. ‘No, sir!’ from the other.

‘Of course no,’ said the gentleman, with an indignant look at the wrong half. ‘Why, then, you are not to see anywhere, what you don’t see in fact; you are not to have anywhere, what you don’t have in fact. What is called Taste, is only another name for Fact.’ Thomas Gradgrind nodded his approbation.

‘This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery,’ said the gentleman. ‘Now, I’ll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room. Would you use a carpet having a representation of flowers upon it?’

There being a general conviction by this time that ‘No, sir!’ was always the right answer to this gentleman, the chorus of NO was very strong. Only a few feeble stragglers said Yes: among them Sissy Jupe.

‘Girl number twenty,’ said the gentleman, smiling in the calm strength of knowledge.

Sissy blushed, and stood up.

‘So you would carpet your room—or your husband’s room, if you were a grown woman, and had a husband—with representations of flowers, would you?’ said the gentleman. ‘Why would you?’

‘If you please, sir, I am very fond of flowers,’ returned the girl.

‘And is that why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them with heavy boots?’

‘It wouldn’t hurt them, sir. They wouldn’t crush and wither, if you please, sir. They would be the pictures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I would fancy—’

‘Ay, ay, ay! But you mustn’t fancy,’ cried the gentleman, quite elated by coming so happily to his point. ‘That’s it! You are never to fancy.’

‘You are not, Cecilia Jupe,’ Thomas Gradgrind solemnly repeated, ‘to do anything of that kind.’

‘Fact, fact, fact!’ said the gentleman. And ‘Fact, fact, fact!’ repeated Thomas Gradgrind.

‘You are to be in all things regulated and governed,’ said the gentleman, ‘by fact. We hope to have, before long, a board of fact, composed of commissioners of fact, who will force the people to be a people of fact, and of nothing but fact. You must discard the word Fancy altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You are not to have, in any object of use or ornament, what would be a contradiction in fact. You don’t walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You don’t find that foreign birds and butterflies come and perch upon your crockery; you cannot be permitted to paint foreign birds and butterflies upon your crockery. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use,’ said the gentleman, ‘for all these purposes, combinations and modifications (in primary colours) of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is fact. This is taste.’

The girl curtsied, and sat down. She was very young, and she looked as if she were frightened by the matter-of-fact prospect the world afforded.

‘Now, if Mr. M’Choakumchild,’ said the gentleman, ‘will proceed to give his first lesson here, Mr. Gradgrind, I shall be happy, at your request, to observe his mode of procedure.’

Mr. Gradgrind was much obliged. ‘Mr. M’Choakumchild, we only wait for you.’

So, Mr. M’Choakumchild began in his best manner. He and some one hundred and forty other schoolmasters, had been lately turned at the same time, in the same factory, on the same principles, like so many pianoforte legs. He had been put through an immense variety of paces, and had answered volumes of head-breaking questions. Orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, biography, astronomy, geography, and general cosmography, the sciences of compound proportion, algebra, land-surveying and levelling, vocal music, and drawing from models, were all at the ends of his ten chilled fingers. He had worked his stony way into Her Majesty’s most Honourable Privy Council’s Schedule B, and had taken the bloom off the higher branches of mathematics