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导 读

狄更斯·查尔斯(1812-1870),英国文学家,出生于波特西郊区,童年过着非常贫穷的生活,查尔斯从小体弱多病,所以他无法参加许多男孩的游戏,但他喜欢趴在自己房间的窗口看父亲同僚的孩子们玩,或者边看书边听他们玩耍时的嬉笑喧闹声。他一直相信,幼年多病给他带来的一个极大好处就是使他养成了爱读书的习惯。他母亲伊莉莎白有很长一段时间按时天天教他英文,还教一点拉丁文。狄更斯的父亲约翰·狄更斯有一间图书室,收藏了不少好书,也有不少当时的通俗读物。他九岁时,他父亲由于工作调动到了伦敦,住在米德尔塞克斯医院区的诺福克街。不久,他们一家又因狄更斯父亲工作再度变动而迁至查塔姆。在这里,查尔斯一直住到九岁。他对于童年的许多清晰印象都是在这里留下的。最令查尔斯伤心、也极少被提到的,是他做童工的经历,每次讲到那段往事时,他都悲伤万分,很久才能恢复平静。不幸的童年却又成了狄更斯的一大笔财富,他在24岁时便写出了处女作——《匹克威克外传》并以此而一举成名。他的主要作品有《大卫·科波菲尔》、《圣诞故事集》、《艰难时世》、《双城记》等脍炙人口的优秀作品。

狄更斯一生虽然短促,但他的创作却经历了几个阶段。一般认为他创作的第三个阶段最重要,因为这是他创作的成熟阶段,《远大前程》是狄更斯最成熟的作品之一,是在狄更斯有着丰富的人生体验后,对自己周围的人物及环境都有了深刻认识以后的成果,这是他成熟思想认识的汇总。本书的英文原名是“Great Expectations”,本意指的是一笔遗产,一些前辈们译成“远大前程”,是带有一定讽刺意味的。

本书的主人公皮普是个穷苦的乡下孤儿,生活在姐姐家里,生活相当艰辛,但是,当来到贵族小姐赫维仙家之后,皮普马上便被上流社会的奢侈浮华的生活所吸引,开始鄙视心地善良,但缺乏“教养”的乔,并开始为自己的出身而羞耻。而在此之前,他的理想只不过是当一名像姐夫一样的铁匠而已,但是,随着环境的改变,使他也想着自己有一天能过上等人的生活。后来,当赫维仙小姐被抛弃后,时常处于一

种半疯狂的状态。她收养少女埃斯特娜的目的，就是要把她培养成为自己报复男人的工具，教她如何用美貌去折磨男人。一心渴望着要出人头地的皮普，爱上埃斯特娜后，便受到她的百般嘲弄。而恰在此时，皮普却意外得到一笔资助，可以用这笔财产去伦敦接受“上等人”的教育，竟还以为是赫维仙小姐有意栽培他，觉得自己有了“远大前程”。他不久便在伦敦过起了纸醉金迷的生活。很快，他的绅士梦开始醒了：那个资助他的恩人，竟然是他小时候曾帮助过的一名苦役流放犯；后来，他那位情有独钟的埃斯特娜又离开了他。至此，现实生活教育了皮普，他开始重新认识现实生活。他便回到那个一直都在关心着他的乔的身边，也同情起那个苦役流放犯来了。

狄更斯通过本书的主人公皮普这个典型，揭示十九世纪的英国的世态人情，也揭示了象皮普那样追求所谓“远大前程”的不可实现性。这体现了十九世纪英国上层社会的理想——依靠遗产或剥削他人维持自己的奢侈生活。狄更斯写这部小说的目的就是想说明环境对人的思想所产生的巨大影响。人在不同的环境中，就可以形成不同的性格，不同的人生观。皮普的人生经历便说明了这个问题。这也是狄更斯对他思想的一个总结。在这部小说中，很自然地把他自己的人生观、哲学观与道德观都总结到了这部著作中。

我们再说说翻译本书时的情况，我们的初衷是，本着有助于广大青年读者学习英语的目的，在翻译时参照现有译本，本着直译的原则。尽可能体现原作者的本意，中英文对照的目的并不在于要为读者解决阅读障碍，而是让读者在阅读过程中有个参照而已。在翻译这部小说的过程中，我们在人名、地名以及一些特定称谓上，并不是随意追求标新立异，还是沿用前辈们的既定译法；另外，由于译者水平阅历均有限，翻译时难免有所疏露，失误之处在所难免，诚恳广大读者不吝赐教，在此一并表示谢意！

译者

Chapter 1

MY father's family name being Pirrip, and my christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister - Mrs Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like, were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's, gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, 'Also Georgiana Wife of the Above,' I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine - who gave up trying to get a living, exceedingly early in that universal struggle - I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trousers - pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid and broad impression of the iden-

第一章

我父亲的姓是皮利普,而我的教名是菲利普,我小的时候,既发不出这么长的音节,又咬字不清。因此,我就把自己叫做皮普,后来别人也就叫我皮普了。

我把皮利普当作我父亲的姓,是以我父亲的墓碑为根据的,并且我的姐姐和一个铁匠结了婚——现在就是葛奇里夫人。由于我从来没有见过我的父亲或母亲,也从来没有见过他们两位的照片(因为他们那个年代还没有出现照片),我最初关于他们模样的想像,是不合理地根据他们的墓碑想出来的。我父亲的墓碑上的字体,使我产生了一个奇怪的想法,认为他是一个正直、勇敢、黑黑的,有一头黑卷发的人。从墓碑上刻着的另外几个字——“及上述人之妻乔其雅娜”,我又得出一个幼稚的结论,那就是,我的母亲是一个脸上长有雀斑、并且体弱多病的女人。另外还有五个菱形的小石碑,每个大约有一英尺半高,整齐地排列在我父母的坟墓旁边,这是我对我的五个小哥哥的神圣记忆——他们放弃了求生,过早地离开了这个世界——我虔敬地接受了这样一个信仰,坚信他们生下来的时候就仰面躺着,手插在裤袋里,而且从来没有把手从口袋里拿出来过,就和现在躺在墓中的样子相同。

我们的家乡是一片沼泽地,处在一条河的下游,沿河蜿蜒而下,距海还不到二十英里。我领略世面的最清晰、最生动的记

tiny of things, seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain, that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard; and that Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana wife of the above, were dead and buried; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias, and Roger, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dykes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond, was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing, was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

‘Hold your noise!’ cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. ‘Keep still, you little devil, or I’ll cut your throat!’

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

‘O! Don’t cut my throat, sir,’ I pleaded in terror. ‘Pray don’t do it, sir.’

‘Tell us your name!’ said the man. ‘Quick!’

‘Pip, sir.’

忆,好象是在一个难忘而又阴冷的下午,接近傍晚的时候。就在那个时候,我才弄清楚,这个长满荨麻的凄凉的地方是一块教区墓地;这个教区的菲利普·皮利普,以及上述者之妻乔其雅娜都已经死了,双双埋葬于此;还有前面说到的阿历克山大,巴斯奥鲁米,亚布拉罕,特比亚斯和罗吉尔,那五个幼小的孩子,也都死了,全都埋葬在这儿。在教区墓地的那一边,一片幽暗平坦的荒凉之地便是沼泽地,那里沟渠纵横,小丘起伏,闸门交错,还有一些零零星星的牛儿在那里喂养着;那边的地势较低,铅灰色的地方是一条河;而更远的像有一个野蛮的洞穴,上面刮着强劲的风的地方,自然就是大海;而那个对这一切感到害怕的、正在颤抖并开始哭起来的小不点儿,正是我皮普。

“不要吵!”突然响起一声可怕的叫喊,同时,一个人从教堂门廊侧旁的墓地里跳出来,“安静点儿,你这个小鬼,否则我就割断你的喉咙!”

这是一个可怕的人,穿着一身粗糙的灰衣服,腿上还带着一个大铁镣。他头上没戴帽子,穿着一双破烂鞋,一块破布在前额上系着。这个人已经被水浸湿了,在泥里面差一点窒息。他的腿被石头碰伤了,脚也被石块割破,身上被荨麻的针刺和荆棘上的刺弄得到处都是伤口;他全身发着抖,一瘸一拐地走着,还瞪着眼睛吼叫着。在他抓住我的下巴的时候,他的牙齿在咔哒作响。

“噢,不要割断我的喉咙,”我害怕地恳求他,“请你不要这样做,先生。”

“告诉我你的名字!”这个人说。“快点!”

“皮普,先生。”

‘Once more,’ said the man, staring at me. ‘Give it mouth!’

‘Pip. Pip, sir.’

‘Show us where you live,’ said the man. ‘Fint out the place!’

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in – shore among the alder – trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself – for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my feet – when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

‘You young dog,’ said the man, licking his lips, ‘what fat cheeks you ha’ got.’

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my years, and not strong.

‘Dam Me if I couldn’t eat em,’ said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, ‘and if I han’t half a mind to’t!’

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn’t, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly, to keep myself upon it; partly, to keep myself from crying.

‘Now lookee here!’ said the man. ‘Where’s your mother?’

‘There, sir!’ said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

‘There, sir!’ I timidly explained. ‘Also Georgiana. That’s my mother.’

“再说一次!”那人说着,目光紧紧地盯着我。“说大声点儿!”

“皮普,皮普,先生。”

“告诉你我住在哪儿,”那个人说,“把那个地方指出来!”

我把我们村子的位置指给他看,村子就坐落在离教堂有一英里远的平坦海岸上,四周矗立着一些赤杨树和截梢树。

那个人看了我一会儿,就把我倒着括起来,掏空我的口袋。口袋里除了一块儿面包,什么也没有。当教堂变为原来模样的时候——因为他突然有力地把我弄了个头朝下,于是我看到尖塔在我的脚下——而现在,我是说,当教堂变为原来模样的时候,我正全身颤抖地坐在一个高高的墓碑上,而他正狼吞虎咽地吃着那块面包。

“你这个小狗崽子,”他一边说,一边舔着嘴唇,“你这张小脸蛋长得倒挺胖呀。”

尽管当时从我的年龄来说,我不高,也不健壮,但是我相信,我的脸长得确实是胖了点儿。

“他妈的,我不信我吃不了你的脸蛋儿,”他一边说着,一边晃动着他的头,“我真想吃掉你的脸蛋儿。”

我连忙恳求他不要吃我的脸蛋儿,并且紧紧地抓住他把我放上去的那块墓碑,以便自己能够坐稳不摔下来,而且还尽力忍住眼泪不至于哭出来。

“现在,你看着我,”那人说道,“你妈妈在哪儿?”

“在那儿,先生。”我说。

他吓了一跳,然后拔脚就跑,一会儿又停了下来,扭回头来看看。

“在那儿,先生!”我胆怯地向他解释道,“也就是乔其雅娜,那就是我妈妈。”

‘Oh!’ said he, coming back. ‘And is that your father longer your mother?’

‘Yes, sir,’ said I; ‘him too; late of this parish.’

‘Ha!’ he muttered then, considering. ‘Who d’ye live with – supposin’ you’re kindly let to live, which I han’t made up my mind about?’

‘My sister, sir – Mrs Joe Gargery – wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir.’

‘Blacksmith, oh?’ said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

‘Now lookee here,’ he said, ‘the question being whether you’re to be let to live. You know what a file is?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘And you know what wittles is?’

‘Yes, sir.’

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

‘You get me a file.’ He tilted me again. ‘And you get me wittles.’ He tilted me again. ‘You bring ’em both to me.’ He tilted me again. ‘Or I’ll have your heart and liver out.’ He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, ‘If you

“噢!”他说着又跑了回来,“那么和你妈妈葬在一起的是你的爸爸了?”

“是的,先生,”我说,“是我爸爸,那儿写着‘已故的本教区居民’。”

“哈!”他一边考虑,一边嘀咕着,“你和我谁住在一起——假如我没有杀你,让你活下去的话。不过,我还没有考虑好,是不是让你活下去。”

“和我姐姐住在一起,先生,就是乔·葛奇里夫人——铁匠乔·葛奇里的妻子,先生。”

“铁匠,哦?”他说着低下头看了看他的腿。

他阴沉着脸,来回把他的腿和我看了好几次,然后,他走近我坐的墓碑,两手抓着我,尽力把我往后按,用他那双咄咄逼人的眼睛盯着我的眼珠深处,而我的眼睛只能无望地看着他。

“现在注意了,”他说,“这个问题关系到我会不会让你活下去。你知道什么是锉子吗?”

“知道,先生。”

“那么你知道食物是什么吗?”

“知道,先生。”

他每问完一个问题,就把我往后按一点儿,为的是给我一种危险而又无助的感觉。

“你给我弄来一把锉子,”他把我又按了一下说,“再给我弄些吃的来。”他又把我往后按了一下。“你要把这两样东西都给我带来。”他再一次把我往后按。“否则我就把你的心肝五脏都挖出来。”说完,他又一次把我向后按了一点儿。

我感到非常的恐惧而且眼冒金星,以至于用双手紧紧地抓住他,并且说,“如果

would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more.'

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weather-cock. Then, he held me by the arms, in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:

'You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file and them wittles. You bring the lot to me, at that old Battery over yonder. You do it, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, or any person sumever, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any partickler, no matter how small it is, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted and ate. Now, I ain't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a Angel. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way pecooliar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in wain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe, but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am a keeping that young man from harming of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it wery hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now, what do you say?'

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morn-

你能好心地让我直起身子来,先生,或许我还不至于吐出来,而且我也许能更留意你说的话。”

于是他用力地推了我一把,使我滚到地上,这一滚似乎连教堂也跳了起来,而且跳得比屋顶上的定风针还高。然后,他又抓住我的两个胳膊,让我直直地坐在墓碑上面,而他继续说着他那些骇人的话:

“明天一大早,你要给我带来锉子和食物。你要把这些东西带到那边的老炮台前,交给我。你做这件事,决不能说,而且不能让任何人知道你见过像我这样的一个人,或者遇到过其他的什么人,这样我才会让你活下去。如果你不这样做,或者哪怕有半句话不听我的,不管这句话是多么不重要,那么,我将把你的心脏挖出来,在火上烤熟,然后吃掉。现在你要知道,我并不象你想像的那样是孤零零的一个人,其实有一个年轻人和我藏在一起。你别以为我是一个恶魔,跟那个年轻人相比,我是一个天使。他正躲在那儿听我们讲话。这个年轻人还有一个秘密办法,能够捉住一个小孩子,然后吃掉他的心肝五脏。小孩子想把自己藏起来,躲过那个年轻人是不可能的。即使小孩子把自己的房门锁上,睡在温暖的床上,用被子把自己包起来,再把衣服蒙在头上,以为自己又舒适又安全,可是这个年轻人会轻轻地爬呀、爬呀、爬到他的床边,把他的胸膛撕开。不过你放心,现在我已经花了好大的劲,使那个年轻人在目前不会伤害你。当然,要让那个年轻人永远不伤害你是非常困难的。现在,你想说些什么呢?”

我说我一定会给他带去一把锉子,还会给他带去我所能弄到的东西,哪怕是残剩的食物,并且会在明天一大早在炮台

ing.

‘Say Lord strike you dead if you don’t!’ said the man.

I said so, and he took me down.

‘Now,’ he pursued, ‘you remember what you’ve undertook, and you remember that young man, and you get home!’

‘Goo – good night, sir,’ I faltered.

‘Much of that!’ said he, glancing about him over the cold wet flat. ‘I wish I was a frog. Or a eel!’

At the same time, he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms – clasping himself, as if to hold himself together – and limped towards the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that bound the green mounds, he looked in my young eyes as if he were eluding the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

When he came to the low church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face towards home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I looked over my shoulder, and saw him going on again towards the river, still hugging himself in both arms, and picking his way with his sore feet among the great stones dropped into the marshes here and there, for stepping – places when the rains were heavy, or the tide was in.

The marshes were just a long black horizontal line then, as I stopped to look after him; and the river was just another horizontal line, not nearly so broad

前交给他。

“你发誓，如果你做不到，上帝会把你看死。”那个人说。

我照他的话做了，他这才让我从墓碑上下来。

“听着，”他继续说，“你要记住你应该做的事，还要记住那个年轻人，现在，你可以回家了。”

“晚——晚安，先生！”我结结巴巴地说。

“你的话太多了！”他说着，用目光扫视着四周寒冷潮湿的沼泽地。“我真希望我是一只青蛙，或者是一条泥鳅。”

与此同时，他用两个胳膊紧紧地抱住自己颤抖的身体——好像一不抱紧，整副身体就会散掉——一瘸一拐地向教堂的矮墙走了过去。我看着他走开，走进荨麻丛生，荆棘缠绕的坟堆中。以我幼稚的想法看来，他好像是在躲避着那些死去的人们从坟墓中伸出来的双手，生怕他们拖住他的双踝，把他拉进坟墓中去。

他走到教堂的那堵矮墙前，像一个双腿麻木、僵直的人那样，从墙上翻了过去，然后，他又转过头来看看我。当看到他把头转过来的时候，我立刻头也不回地拼命摆动自己的双腿朝家奔去。不过，一会儿，我又转过头来看看，看见他还在朝着大河走去，两个胳膊仍旧紧紧地抱着身子，拖着疼痛的双脚在沼泽地的大石头中拣道而行。因为这里是沼泽地，所以在下大雨或是涨潮的时候，就得沿着石头走。

当我停下来望着他的时候，那片沼泽地已经变成一条又长又黑的水平线，而那条河却成为另一条水平线，只不过没有前

not yet so black; and the sky was just a row of long angry red lines and dense black lines intermixed.

On the edge of the river I could faintly make out the only two black things in all the prospect that seemed to be standing upright; one of these was the beacon by which the sailors steered - like an unhooped cask upon a pole - an ugly thing when you were near it; the other a gibbet, with some chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate. The man was limping on towards this latter, as if he were the pirate come to life, and come down, and going back to hook himself up again. It gave me a terrible turn when I thought so; and as I saw the cattle lifting their heads to gaze after him, I wondered whether they thought so too. I looked all round for the horrible young man, and could see no signs of him. But, now I was frightened again, and ran home without stopping.

Chapter 2

MY sister, Mrs Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than I, and had established a great reputation with herself and the neighbours because she had brought me up 'by hand'. Having at that time to find out for myself what the expression meant, and knowing her to have a hard and heavy hand, and to be much in the habit of laying it upon her husband as well as upon me, I supposed that Joe Gargery and I were both brought up by hand.

She was not a good-looking woman, my sister; and I had a general impression that she must have made Joe Gargery marry her by hand. Joe was a fair

者那么宽,那么黑;这时的天空已经变成一行交织的带子,怒红浓黑相间。

在河岸上,我所能模糊分辨出来的只有两个黑东西,好象垂直地立着;其中之一是水手用来掌舵的灯塔——好像是一只脱了箍的桶,挂在杆子上——你越走近它,它就越显得丑陋;另一个是绞刑架,几根镣铐挂在上面,那里曾吊死过一个海盗。那个人正一瘸一拐地走向绞刑架,好像他就是那个已经复活并从绞刑架上下来的海盗,现在正回去再把自己吊上去。这个想法不由得使我毛骨悚然。当我看到牛儿也在抬着头盯着他的时候,我真想知道,牛儿是不是和我想的一样。我向四周看看,寻找那个可怕的年轻人,然而一点儿踪迹也没有找到。但是现在,我再一次地感到恐怖,连忙往家里跑去,一刻也不敢停。

第二章

我的姐姐,乔·葛奇里夫人,比我大二十几岁,她经常说,我是她一手带大的,因此倍受邻居们的称赞。从我小的时候开始,我就想知道“一手”是什么意思。我只知道,她有一双粗糙笨重的手,而这双手也经常习惯性地落在她丈夫和我的身上,我想乔·葛奇里和我就是这样由她一手带大的。

我的姐姐不是一位漂亮的女人。我有一个大体的印象,她一定是利用某种手段才使乔·葛奇里跟她结婚的。乔是一位皮

man, with curls of flaxen hair on each side of his smooth face, and with eyes of such a very undecided blue that they seemed to have somehow got mixed with their own whites. He was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow—a sort of Hercules in strength, and also in weakness.

My sister, Mrs Joe, with black hair and eyes, had such a prevailing redness of skin that I sometimes used to wonder whether it was possible she washed herself with a nutmeg-grater instead of soap. She was tall and bony, and almost always wore a coarse apron, fastened over her figure behind with two loops, and having a square impregnable bib in front, that was stuck full of pins and needles. She made it a powerful merit in herself, and a strong reproach against Joe, that she wore this apron so much. Though I really see no reason why she should have worn it at all; or why, if she did wear it at all, she should not have taken it off, every day of her life.

Joe's forge adjoined our house, which was a wooden house, as many of the dwellings in our country were—most of them, at that time. When I ran home from the churchyard, the forge was shut up, and Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen. Joe and I being fellow-sufferers, and having confidences as such, Joe imparted a confidence to me, the moment I raised the latch of the door and peeped in at him opposite to it, sitting in the chimney corner.

'Mrs Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you, Pip. And she's out now, making it a baker's dozen.'

'Is she?'

'Yes, Pip,' said Joe; 'and what's worse, she's got Tickler with her.'

At this dismal intelligence, I twisted the only but-

肤白皙的男人,两颊光滑,双鬓留着金色的毛发,眼睛里发出飘乎不定的淡蓝色的光,淡得几乎和他的眼白混为一体。他是一位性情温和、心地善良、容易相处、虽有点傻、但却很可爱的人——在力量方面,他是一位大力士,但他也有软弱的时候。

我的姐姐乔夫人,有着一头乌发和一双乌黑的眼睛,但突出的一点儿是她的皮肤是红色的。有时我不禁想,她很可能是在自己洗澡的时候不用肥皂,而是用肉豆蔻擦洗皮肤的。她又高又瘦,身上总是围着一件粗糙的围裙,用两个活结系在背后。还有一个结实的方形的围嘴围在胸前,上面别满了大头针和缝衣针。她成天围着这件围裙就是为了以此为资本去狠狠地责备乔。不过,我却认为,她完全没有必要围着围裙,即使要围围裙,也不必每天都围着。

乔的铁匠铺和我们的住房连在一起,我们的房子是木制的,和我们乡下的许多住房一样——在那个时候,大部分住房都是木制的。当我从教堂墓地跑回家的时候,铁匠铺已经关门了,乔正孤独地坐在厨房里。乔和我同是沦落人,所以我们俩彼此信任,推心置腹。在我打开门向里面窥视时,我看到门对面的火炉边正坐着乔。

“乔夫人出去找你已经有十二次了,皮普,现在她又出去了,和前十二次一样。”

“她去找我?”

“是的,皮普。”乔说,“更糟的是,她拿着那根呵痒棍。”

听到这个令人沮丧的消息,我不停地

ton on my waistcoat round and round, and looked in great depression at the fire. Tickler was a wax-ended piece of cane, worn smooth by collision with my tickled frame.

‘She sot down,’ said Joe, ‘and she got up, and she made a grab at Tickler, and she Ram-paged out. That’s what she did,’ said Joe, slowly clearing the fire between the lower bars with the poker, and looking at it: ‘she Ram-paged out, Pip.’

‘Has she been gone long, Joe?’ I always treated him as a larger species of child, and as no more than my equal.

‘Well,’ said Joe, glancing up at the Dutch clock, ‘she’s been on the Ram-page, this last spell, about five minutes, Pip. She’s a coming! Get behind the door, old chap, and have the jack-towel betwixt you.’

I took the advice. My sister, Mrs Joe, throwing the door wide open, and finding an obstruction behind it, immediately divined the cause, and applied Tickler to its further investigation. She concluded by throwing me – I often served as a connubial missile – at Joe, who, glad to get hold of me on any terms, passed me on into the chimney and quietly fenced me up there with his great leg.

‘Where have you been, you young monkey?’ said Mrs Joe, stamping her foot. ‘Tell me directly what you’ve been doing to wear me away with fret and fright and worrit, or I’d have you out of that corner if you was fifty Pips, and he was five hundred Gargerys.’

‘I have only been to the churchyard,’ said I, from my stool, crying and rubbing myself.

‘Churchyard!’ repeated my sister. ‘If it warn’t for me you’d have been to the churchyard long ago,

扭动着背心上仅有的那颗钮扣,非常沮丧地看着炉火。呵痒棍是一种棍头涂着蜡的细长的棍子,因为经常被我用来自搔痒痒,所以已经磨得光溜溜的了。

“她一会儿坐下,”乔说,“一会儿又站起来,后来就一把抓起呵痒棍,疯狂地跑了出去。就是这些。”乔一边说,一边慢慢地用火钳拨着火,同时看着炉火:“她疯狂地跑了出去,皮普。”

“她已经出去很长时间了,乔?”我总是把他当作大男孩来看,认为他也只不过和我差不多罢了。

“是的,”乔看了一眼那座荷兰式自鸣钟说道,“她最后一次疯狂地跑出去已经有五分钟了,皮普。她回来了!快躲到门后去,老伙计,用那条长毛巾遮住你。”

我照乔的话做了。我的姐姐,乔夫人,猛地把门推开,就发现门后面遮盖着一件东西,立即知道了其中的原因,于是用呵痒棍去试探。试探的结果就是把我扔了出去——我经常充当他们夫妻之间的炮弹——乔很高兴地接住我,把我放在火炉旁,用他有力的双腿悄悄地保护着我。

“你去哪儿了,你这个小猴子?”乔夫人跺着脚说,“赶快告诉我,你去干什么了,害得我着急、害怕、担心,不然的话,即使有五十个皮普,加上五百个葛奇里,我也要把你扔到墙角里去。”

“我只是到教堂墓地去了。”我坐在凳子上,一边哭着说,一边揉着身上疼痛的地方。

“教堂墓地!”我姐姐重复着,“如果没有我照料你,怕你早已经进了教堂墓地,躺

and stayed there. Who brought you up by hand?’

‘You did,’ said I.

‘And why did I do it, I should like to know?’ exclaimed my sister.

I whimpered, ‘I don’t know.’

‘I don’t!’ said my sister. ‘I’d never do it again! I know that. I may truly say I’ve never had this apron of mine off, since born you were. It’s bad enough to be a blacksmith’s wife (and him a Gargery) without being your mother.’

My thoughts strayed from that question as I looked disconsolately at the fire. For, the fugitive out on the marshes with the ironed leg, the mysterious young man, the file, the food, and the dreadful pledge I was under to commit a larceny on those sheltering premises, rose before me in the avenging coals.

‘Hah!’ said Mrs Joe, restoring Tickler to his station. ‘Churchyard, indeed! You may well say churchyard, you two.’ One of us, by – the – bye, had not said it at all. ‘You’ll drive me to the churchyard betwixt you, one of these days, and oh, a pr – r – recious pair you’d be without me!’

As she applied herself to set the tea – things, Joe peeped down at me over his leg, as if he were mentally casting me and himself up, and calculating what kind of pair we practically should make, under the grievous circumstances foreshadowed. After that, he sat feeling his right – side flaxen curls and whisker, and following Mrs Joe about with his blue eyes, as his manner always was at squally times.

My sister had a trenchant way of cutting our bread – and – butter for us, that never varied. First, with her left hand she jammed the loaf hard and fast

在那儿了。是谁把你一手养大的?”

“是你。”我说。

“我为什么要这样做,我想知道?”我姐姐大声吼叫道。

我呜咽着说:“我不知道。”

“我不会再这样做了!”我姐姐说,“我永远也不会再这样做了!你不知道,我才知道这是为什么。老实跟你说,自从你出生,我就从来没有去掉过我的围裙。做一个铁匠的老婆已经够糟糕了(更何况他还是葛奇里),还要做你的妈妈。”

我悲伤地看着炉火,而思想却已经飘离了这个问题。盘旋在我脑海里的,是那个出现在沼泽地上、腿上带着铁镣的逃亡者,还有神秘的年轻人、锉子、食物,以及那个可怕的誓言。而我就要在我寄居的地方做一次小偷儿!炉火冒出复仇的火焰,使这一切都跳到了我的眼前。

“哈!”乔夫人说,同时把呵痒棍放到了原来的位置。“教堂墓地,当然!你们两个人都说是教堂墓地。”实际上,我们当中的一个人根本就没有说教堂墓地。“你们两个人都想把我赶进墓地,真有那么一天的话,哦,没有我,看你们这对活——活宝怎么办!”

然后她便去收拾茶具了。这时乔从他的大腿下面窥视着我,仿佛心中正考虑着我和他自己,打算着如果真的出现这种严重后果,我们这一对难兄难弟该怎么办。他坐在那儿,摸着自己头右侧的淡黄色卷发和胡子,淡蓝色的眼珠随着他夫人的来回走动而转来转去。凡遇到这种恶劣情形,他总是这个样子。

我姐姐给我们切面包、涂奶油,总是非常利索,并且动作一成不变。首先,她用左手把一条面包紧紧地压在她的围嘴上——

against her bib — where it sometimes got a pin into it, and sometimes a needle, which we afterwards got into our mouths. Then she took some butter (not too much) on a knife and spread it on the loaf, in an apothecary kind of way, as if she were making a plaister — using both sides of the knife with a slapping dexterity, and trimming and moulding the butter off round the crust. Then, she gave the knife a final smart wipe on the edge of the plaister, and then sawed a very thick round off the loaf: which she finally, before separating from the loaf, hewed into two halves, of which Joe got one, and I the other.

On the present occasion, though I was hungry, I dared not eat my slice. I felt that I must have something in reserve for my dreadful acquaintance, and his ally the still more dreadful young man. I knew Mrs. Joe's housekeeping to be of the strictest kind, and that my larcenous researches might find nothing available in the safe. Therefore I resolved to put my hunk of bread — and — butter down the leg of my trousers.

The effort of resolution necessary to the achievement of this purpose, I found to be quite awful. It was as if I had to make up my mind to leap from the top of a high house, or plunge into a great depth of water. And it was made the more difficult by the unconscious Joe. In our already — mentioned freemasonry as fellow — sufferers, and in his good — natured companionship with me, it was our evening habit to compare the way we bit through our slices, by silently holding them up to each other's admiration now and then — which stimulated us to new exertions.

To — night, Joe several times invited me, by the display of his fast — diminishing slice, to enter upon our usual friendly competition; but he found me, each time, with my yellow mug of tea on one knee,

自然,有时候是一根大头针扎进去,有时候又是一根缝衣针扎进去,然后我们就把这些吃进嘴里了。接着,她就用餐刀弄一些黄油(不是太多),然后把它抹在那条面包上。做这件事的时候,她采用药剂师做事的办法,好像在做膏药一样——用餐刀的两面,快速敏捷地把奶油均匀地涂在面包上。接着,她用餐刀在膏药边上做最后一次精心的涂抹,然后,从那条面包上切下非常厚的一片:最后,在这片面包和整条面包完全分离之前,她又把它切成两部分,乔得到一半,我得到另一半。

在那个时候,尽管我很饿,但是我不敢吃我的那一份面包。我觉得我必须保留一些给那个可怕的朋友,以及他的伙伴,就是那个更加可怕的年轻人吃。我明白,乔夫人的家务管理是最严格的那种,我不可能从食橱中找到任何有用的东西。因此,我决定把我那一块奶油面包藏在我的裤腿里。

要想达到这个目的,努力和决心都是必要的,我发觉,这是一件非常难做的事情。就好像我不得不下决心从很高的房子上跳下来,或者跳进一片非常深的水中。而乔又不知道此事,这就使这件事更加困难了。我已经提到过了,我和乔同命相怜,他本性善良,和我有着很深的友谊。我们吃晚饭有这样的习惯,不时悄悄地举起面包,比较一下吃面包的速度,再彼此会心地赞美一下——这样我们啃面包就会更加有劲。

今天晚上,乔几次展示他那片快速缩小的面包,要我和往常一样加入友谊赛中。但是,每一次他都发现,我的一只膝盖上放着我的那个黄色茶杯,在另一只膝盖上是