



英 汉 对 照

狄 更 斯 小 说 节 选

林 文 编 选

黑 龙 江 人 民 出 版 社

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狄 更 斯

编 选 者 的 话

采用英汉对照的形式，节选外国文学名著，供学习英语的广大读者和其他文学爱好者阅读，是我们工作中的一项新的尝试。

英国杰出作家狄更斯的长篇小说《奥列佛尔》、《匹克威克外传》、《老古玩店》、《艰难时世》等四部小说均系他一生中的重要代表作品。因限于篇幅，本书只选录其中的部分章节。在每篇作品之前，均有简短的故事梗概；书的开头编入《狄更斯生平简介》一文，对作家的出身、经历、思想、作品作了简略的介绍，供读者阅读作品时参考。

本书译文采用国内通行的几种译本，在每篇的末尾注明译文的出处。

本书在编选后，承杨红同志校对，特此表示谢忱。

由于水平所限，在本书的编选中难免有不妥之处，欢迎广大读者不吝赐教。

1980年5月

狄更斯生平简介

查尔斯·狄更斯（Charles Diskens）是十九世纪英国的一位杰出作家。一八一二年生在扑次茅斯附近的兰德波特，一八七〇年六月九日逝世于肯特郡的盖德山。他父亲原是海军部的小职员，由于挥霍无度，负债过多，在狄更斯十岁时全家被迫迁入债务拘留所，过着贫寒的生活。狄更斯十二岁开始独立谋生，曾在一家鞋油作坊里当童工，饱尝了生活的艰辛、屈辱和痛苦。同时接近了社会底层，亲眼看见了形形色色的生活现实，给他留下了难忘的记忆。狄更斯十六岁时到律师事务所当缮写员，学会速记，不久担任报馆的新闻记者，为伦敦的几家报纸撰稿。业余时间还到大英博物馆勤奋学习。一八三六年出版了他的特写集，同年第一部长篇小说《匹克威克外传》问世，一跃而登上了英国文坛。从此，开始了以文学创作为职业，成长为一个誉满全球的十九世纪批判现实主义的杰出作家。

狄更斯一生写有十多部长篇小说，还有中篇小说、散文、评论和戏剧多种。他的早期作品有《匹克威克外传》（1836—1837）、《奥列佛尔》（1837—1838）、《尼古拉斯·尼克尔贝》（1839）、《老古玩店》和《巴纳比·拉奇》（1841）等。在这些作品里，作者无情地揭露和抨击了英国社会的黑暗现实，对法律、宗教、慈善机关、高利贷者进行了有力地嘲讽和批判，而对小私有者的破产，则寄予了深

切的同情。这一时期作品的共同特点是对社会矛盾的揭露不断深入，对资本主义的批判越来越鲜明。作品的基调是乐观主义的，反面人物都写得滑稽可笑，矛盾大都从现有社会结构内部求得解决。

狄更斯在一八四二年访问过美国，对美国社会进行了考察和研究。他从实际中看到，美国并不是理想的“天堂”，也不是英国的榜样，与英国无甚差异。资本主义的社会里“背叛、欺骗、阴谋诡计、竞争、仇恨、卑鄙、虚伪、贪婪、卑躬屈节、兄弟阋墙、父子反目、朋友互相践踏——这就是在生活道路上伴随在身边的连台好戏。”一八四四年到一八四七年狄更斯是在意大利、瑞士和法国度过的。在国外的旅行和侨居，使他更加了解资本主义社会的全貌，因而这一时期的作品，出色地塑造了一些资产阶级典型形象，批判金钱社会的丑恶和虚伪，揭露了资本主义制度的不可克服的矛盾。代表作品有《游美札记》（1842）、《马丁·瞿述维特》（1843）、《董贝父子》（1846—1848），还有《圣诞欢歌》、《钟声》和《炉边蟋蟀》等。

一八四八年以后，狄更斯的创作活动达到了高潮。重要作品有：《大卫·科波菲尔》（1849—1850）、《荒凉山庄》（1852—1853）、《艰难时世》（1854）、《双城记》（1859）和《伟大的期望》（1860—1861）等。这些作品标志着狄更斯文学创作的高峰，无论思想性和艺术性都有较高的成就。作品中对资产阶级的政治、法律、哲学、宗教、家庭、学校等，进行全面地剖析和批判，概括出资本主义的腐朽没落和日趋衰败的历史特点。

狄更斯晚年卧病，在病榻上完成了他最后一部小说《我们共同的朋友》的创作，对资本主义肮脏本质不遗余力地进

行揭露，战斗到生命的最后一息。

狄更斯的作品，在世界文学史上占有重要的位置。他的创作特点是爱憎分明，形象生动。他笔下的人物都赋予鲜明的个性，因而作品有强烈的感染力。他是杰出的语言大师，在运用语言方面，独具风格，丰富、生动、简练，并且善于运用讽刺、幽默和夸张的手法，他的人物风貌和语言风格还富有浓厚的浪漫主义特色。当然，从创作倾向看，狄更斯不可能不有他的阶级局限性，这是不言而喻的。

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《奥列佛尔》故事梗概

奥列佛尔·特维斯脱是一个富裕人家的私生子，母亲产后死去。奥列佛尔从小没有母爱，没有亲人，他在贫民收容所中过着地狱般的凄苦生活。饥饿、恐怖给他幼小的心灵留下深刻的创伤。后来让他到一家棺材店去当学徒，在那里他又饱尝了人间的痛苦，受到百般虐待。残酷的折磨使他无法忍受，他毅然逃了出来，开始过流浪生活。他徒步走到伦敦，不幸，又陷入了盗贼集团，打发着可怕的日子。后来奥列佛尔被一位好心肠的有钱人布龙洛先生救出来，不久再度落入贼手。几经波折，他又回到布龙洛家里，得到亲切的爱抚，成了布龙洛的义子。最后，弄清了关于奥列佛尔身世的真相。原来他是布龙洛一位好友的儿子。于是他得到一笔遗产，开始过幸福的生活。那些作恶的坏人，也都受到了惩罚。

CHAPTER 2

Oliver had not been within the walls of the workhouse a quarter of an hour, and had scarcely completed the demolition of a second slice of bread, when Mr Bumble, who had handed him over to the care of an old woman, returned, and, telling him it was a board night, informed him that the board had said he was to appear before it forthwith.

Not having a very clearly defined notion of what a live board was, Oliver was rather astounded by this intelligence; and was not quite certain whether he ought to laugh or cry. He had no time to think about the matter, however; for Mr Bumble gave him a tap on the head with his cane to wake him up, and another on the back to make him lively, and bidding him follow, conducted him into a large whitewashed room where eight or ten fat gentlemen were sitting round a table, at the top of which, seated in an arm-chair rather higher than the rest, was a particularly fat gentleman with a very round, red face.

'Bow to the board,' said Bumble. Oliver brushed away two or three tears that were lingering in his eyes, and seeing no board but the table, fortunately bowed to that.

'What's your name, boy?' said the gentleman in the high chair.

Oliver was frightened at the sight of so many gentlemen, which made him tremble; and the beadle gave him another tap behind, which made him cry; and these two causes made him answer in a very low and hesitating voice; whereupon a gentleman in a white waistcoat said he was a fool. Which was a capital way of raising his spirits, and putting him quite at his ease.

‘Boy,’ said the gentleman in the high chair, ‘listen to me. You know you’re an orphan, I suppose?’

‘What’s that, sir?’ inquired poor Oliver.

‘The boy is a fool – I thought he was,’ said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, in a very decided tone. If one member of a class be blessed with an intuitive perception of others of the same race, the gentleman in the white waistcoat was unquestionably well qualified to pronounce an opinion on the matter.

‘Hush!’ said the gentleman who had spoken first. ‘You know you’ve got no father or mother, and that you were brought up by the parish, don’t you?’

‘Yes, sir,’ replied Oliver, weeping bitterly.

‘What are you crying for?’ inquired the gentleman in the white waistcoat. And to be sure it was very extraordinary. What *could* the boy be crying for?

‘I hope you say your prayers every night,’ said another gentleman in a gruff voice, ‘and pray for the people who feed you, and take care of you, like a Christian.’

‘Yes, sir,’ stammered the boy. The gentleman who spoke

last was unconsciously right. It would have been *very* like a Christian, and a marvellously good Christian, too, if Oliver had prayed for the people who fed and took care of *him*: But he hadn't, because nobody had taught him.

'Well, You have come here to be educated, and taught a useful trade,' said the red-faced gentleman in the high chair.

'So you'll begin to pick oakum tomorrow morning at six o'clock,' added the surly one in the white waistcoat.

For the combination of both these blessings in the one simple process of picking oakum, Oliver bowed low by the direction of the beadle, and was then hurried away to a large ward, where, on a rough, hard bed, he sobbed himself to sleep. What a noble illustration of the tender laws of this favoured country! They let the paupers go to sleep!

Poor Oliver! He little thought, as he lay sleeping in happy unconsciousness of all around him, that the board had that very day arrived at a decision which would exercise the most material influence over all his future fortunes. But they had. And this was it.

The members of this board were very sage, deep, philosophical men, and when they came to turn their attention to the workhouse, they found out at once, what ordinary folks would never have discovered – the poor people liked it! It was a regular place of public entertainment for the poorer classes, a tavern where there was nothing to pay, a public breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper all the year round, a brick and mortar elysium, where it was all play and no work. 'Oho!' said the

board, looking very knowing, 'we are the fellows to set this to rights, we'll stop it all, in no time.' So, they established the rule, that all poor people should have the alternative (for they would compel nobody, not they), of being starved by a gradual process in the house, or by a quick one out of it. With this view, they contracted with the water-works to lay on an unlimited supply of water; and with a corn-factor to supply periodically small quantities of oatmeal; and issued three meals of thin gruel a day, with an onion twice a week, and half a roll on Sundays. They made a great many other wise and humane regulations having reference to the ladies, which it is not necessary to repeat; kindly undertook to divorce poor married people, in consequence of the great expense of a suit in Doctors' Commons; and, instead of compelling a man to support his family, as they had theretofore done, took his family away from him, and made him a bachelor. There is no saying how many applicants for relief, under these last two heads, might have started up in all classes of society, if it had not been coupled with the workhouse; but the board were long-headed men, and had provided for this difficulty. The relief was inseparable from the workhouse and the gruel, and that frightened people.

For the first six months after Oliver Twist was removed, the system was in full operation. It was rather expensive at first, in consequence of the increase in the undertaker's bill, and the necessity of taking in the clothes of all the paupers, which fluttered loosely on their wasted, shrunken forms, after

a week of two's gruel. But the number of workhouse inmates got thin as well as the paupers, and the board were in ecstasies.

The room in which the boys were fed was a large stone hall, with a copper at one end, out of which the master, dressed in an apron for the purpose, and assisted by one or two women, ladled the gruel at meal-times; of which composition each boy had one porringer, and no more—except on festive occasions, and then he had two ounces and a quarter of bread besides. The bowls never wanted washing. The boys polished them with their spoons till they shone again, and when they had performed this operation (which never took very long, the spoons being nearly as large as the bowls), they would sit staring at the copper with such eager eyes as if they could have devoured the very bricks of which it was composed; employing themselves, meanwhile, in sucking their fingers most assiduously, with the view of catching up any stray splashes of gruel that might have been cast thereon. Boys have generally excellent appetites. Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months; at last they got so voracious and wild with hunger, that one boy, who was tall for his age, and hadn't been used to that sort of thing (for his father had kept a small cookshop), hinted darkly to his companions, that unless he had another basin of gruel *per diem*, he was afraid he might some night happen to eat the boy who slept next him, who happened to be a weakly youth of tender age. He had a wild, hungry eye; and they implicitly believed him. A council

was held; lots were cast who should walk up to the master after supper that evening, and ask for more; and it fell to Oliver Twist.

The evening arrived; the boys took their places. The master, in his cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out; and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared; the boys whispered each other, and winked at Oliver, while his next neighbours nudged him. Child as he, was, he was desperate with hunger, and reckless with misery. He rose from the table, and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said, somewhat alarmed at his own temerity,

'Please, sir, I want some more.'

The master was a fat, healthy man; but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralysed with wonder; the boys with fear.

'What?' said the master at length, in a faint voice;

'Please, sir,' replied Oliver, 'I want some more.'

The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle, pinioned him in his arms; and shrieked aloud for the beadle.

The board were sitting in solemn conclave, when Mr Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement, and addressing the gentleman in the high chair, said,

'Mr Limbkins, I beg your pardon, sir; Oliver Twist has asked for more;' There was a general start. Horror was depicted on

every countenance.

'For *more!*' said Mr Limbkins. 'Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me distinctly. Do I understand that he asked for more, after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?'

'He did, sir,' replied Bumble.

'That boy will be hung,' said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, 'I know that boy will be hung.'

Nobody controverted the prophetic gentleman's opinion. An animated discussion took place. Oliver was ordered into instant confinement; and a bill was next morning pasted on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Oliver Twist off the hands of the parish. In other words, five pounds and Oliver Twist were offered to any man or woman who wanted an apprentice to any trade, business, or calling.

'I never was more convinced of anything in my life,' said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, as he knocked at the gate and read the bill next morning. 'I never was more convinced of anything in my life, than I am that that boy will come to be hung.'

As I purpose to show in the sequel whether the white-waist-coated gentleman was right or not; I should perhaps mar the interest of this narrative (supposing it to possess any at all), if I ventured to hint just yet, whether the life of Oliver Twist had this violent termination or no.

第二章

.....

奥列佛尔进了贫民收容所的围墙还没有一刻钟，几乎还没有消灭第二小片面包，这时，把他交给一个老妇人看管的本布尔先生回来了；他告诉他今晚正是董事局开会，董事说要他到时去见一见。

奥列佛尔对于一个活生生的董事是个什么东西没有很明确的概念，所以这个消息不免使他吃惊，弄得不知道要笑还是要哭。但是他并没有想一想的时间；本布尔先生用藤杖在他头上一敲使他振作起来，另外在他背上敲一下使他活泼起来；于是命令他跟着，带他到一间粉刷得雪白的大房间里，那里有八个或十个胖胖的绅士围了一张桌子坐着。在首席，一张比旁的特别高些的圈椅里，坐着一位特别胖的绅士，有一张很圆的红脸。

“向董事长鞠躬，”本布尔说。奥列佛尔擦掉挂在眼睛上的两滴眼泪；并没有看见董事长，只看见桌子，三生有幸的对着那里鞠了躬。

“你叫什么名字，孩子？”高椅子里的绅士说。

奥列佛尔看见这许多绅士，使他怕得发抖；差役在背后又打了他一下，使他哭；这两个原因使他答话的声音很低而迟疑；因此之故，一位穿白背心的绅士说他是一个傻瓜。这是提起他的精神和使他舒适的妙法。

“孩子，”高椅子里的绅士说，“听我讲。你知道你是一个孤儿吧，我想？”