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对照  
全译

英语大书虫世界文学名著文库

大卫·科波菲尔

*David Copperfield*

〈上〉

(英) 狄更斯 著

英语学习大书虫研究室 译



ENGLISH

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张桂霞

## 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,查尔斯从小瘦弱多病,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,还有一点拉丁文。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坦姆。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刻下的。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岁时便写出了一本处女作——《匹克威克外传》并以此而一举成名。后来,由于他对伦敦下层社会的了解,以其经历为素材写成了这部深受读者喜爱的《大卫·科波菲尔》。

本书的主要内容是大卫·科波菲尔幼年丧父,而继父对他进行百般虐待,他的母亲就把他送到他的女仆皮果提的哥哥家,母亲去世后,不到十岁的大卫便做了童工。在历尽艰辛后才找到他的姨奶奶贝西小姐,贝西心地善良,她收留了大卫,并让他上学。在上学时,由于大卫住在姨奶奶的律师家里,从而与律师的女儿爱妮丝深深地相爱了。在大卫中学毕业后,在一次外出旅游时,遇到了他的同学斯梯福兹,便一起去看望皮果提先生一家,而这时,曾与大卫在一起生活过的汉姆已与爱米丽订婚,但爱米丽却受到斯梯福兹的引诱,与他一起私奔了。皮果提先生伤心欲绝,发誓要找回爱米丽。大卫回到伦敦后,在朋友的帮助下,设计使马上就要破产的姨奶奶贝西转危为安。而皮果提先生也在伦敦找到了爱米丽,可是,就在他们将要乘船去澳大利亚过上幸福生活时,汉姆却为了救落海濒死的斯梯福兹而遇难身亡,爱米丽十分怀念汉姆,到澳大利亚后终身不嫁。

本书在很大程度上是作者的一部自传。本书的主人公大卫,在历经一系列人生的艰难困苦之后,最终成为一名作家,狄更斯借用大卫

的成长经历,从多方面回顾和总结了自己的生活道路,在这本书里对大卫·科波菲尔的塑造无疑倾注了作者的全部心血,无论是大卫成长时的经历还是其成年后不屈不挠的奋斗历程,无不体现出作者所经历的磨难与辛酸,通过大卫悲苦曲折的生活经历,多角度、多层次地刻划出一个善良纯洁、奋发向上的人物形象,还有其他人物,无论是他们的言谈举止,还是爱憎都描绘得维纱维肖、形象逼真。这里便透露出作者和蔼可亲、诙谐幽默、多愁善感的情调与其感人至深的情感流露。小说中对环境的描写也非常有感染力,令人有身临其境之感。大卫后来成为一名作家,由于他的妻子病故,三年后,他才与始终爱着他的爱妮丝结婚,后来便与贝西、皮果提一起愉快的生活。

这本书出版后,狄更斯的事业也达到了顶峰。这本书一版再版,为狄更斯带来滚滚财源,也为他带来更高声誉。狄更斯终于把积压在心头多年的沉郁,借用《大卫·科波菲尔》做了渲泄,在狄更斯为《大卫·科波菲尔》一八六零年再版时写的序言中,在结尾处有一句话:

“在我心底深处有一个孩子最为我宠爱,他的名字就叫大卫·科波菲尔。”

狄更斯一生著作颇丰,他的主要代表作有《老古玩店》、《圣诞故事集》、《艰难时世》、《双城记》等。他的创作时期,被后人分为两个阶段,前一阶段的作品基调乐观,只是对社会进行温和的批判和讽刺,后一阶段的作品便加深了对社会的批判,艺术风格也与前一阶段有所不同。后一阶段的作品也日益深沉与成熟。其代表作就是最为人熟知的这本《大卫·科波菲尔》。

译者

二〇〇一年十一月

## CHAPTER 1

### I AM BORN

Whether I shall turn out to be the hero of my own life, or whether that station will be held by anybody else, these pages must show. To begin my life with the beginning of my life, I record that I was born (as I have been informed and believe) on a Friday, at twelve o'clock at night. It was remarked that the clock began to strike, and I began to cry, simultaneously.

In consideration of the day and hour of my birth, it was declared by the nurse, and by some sage women in the neighbourhood who had taken a lively interest in me several months before there was any possibility of our becoming personally acquainted, first, that I was destined to be unlucky in life; and secondly, that I was privileged to see ghosts and spirits; both these gifts inevitably attaching, as they believed, to all unlucky infants of either gender, born towards the small hours on a Friday night. I need say nothing here, on the first head, because nothing can show better than my history whether that prediction was verified or falsified by the result. On the second branch of the question, I will only remark, that unless I ran through that part of my inheritance while I was still a baby, I have not come into it yet. But I do not at all complain of having been kept out of this property; and if anybody else should be in the present enjoyment of it, he is heartily welcome to keep it.

I was born with a caul, which was advertised for sale, in the newspapers, at the low price of fifteen guineas. Whether sea-going people were short of money about that time, or were short of faith and preferred cork jackets, I don't know; all I know is, that there was but one solitary bidding, and that was from an attorney connected with the bill-broking business, who offered two pounds in cash, and the balance in sherry, but declined to be guaranteed from drowning on any higher bargain.

## 第一章

### 我的出世

不管我会不会成为本书的主人公,或者这个主人公的位置由别人占有,翻开本书可见分晓。我的传记的开始就要从我一出生时写起。我记得(正如有人对我所说的,我也对此深信不疑的那样)我是在一个星期五的夜里,12点钟出生的。据说钟声刚刚敲响的时候,我也就在这一时刻哭出声来。

需要考虑的是,在我出生的那天的那一个时辰,我的保姆和一些年纪大些的女邻居都对此有所评论。她们在我出生前的几个月里就对我很感兴趣了。她们对我个人的将来都有所认识,首先,我命中注定要一生不幸;其次,我有能看见鬼魂和幽灵的本领。正如她们所深信不疑的那样:所有星期五夜里子时以后几小时内出生的婴儿都是不幸的,都不可避免地被赋予那种能力,这是不分性别的。我对此实在是无话可说,首先,只有我亲身经历过以后才能证明那些预言是否正确。我在这里要说的是,这个问题的第二个可能,在我还很小的时候就把我那些遗传来的灵气都用完了,只是我没有体验到而已。可我对没有那份灵气也没有丝毫抱怨,要是有人对这份灵气很感兴趣的话,我则衷心祝愿他能终生拥有。

我出生时身上有一层胎膜,胎膜以低价15基尼在报纸上做广告出售。不知道是那个时候出海的人手中缺钱,还是人们对胎膜缺少信心而更喜欢穿软木救生衣,我所知道的是只有一个人报过价。他是一个和证券经纪人经常有联系的律师,他出两英镑的现金,剩余部分用雪梨酒来弥补。他宁愿减少不被溺死的安全性,也不愿把价钱再出高

Consequently the advertisement was withdrawn at a dead loss—for as to sherry, my poor dear mother's own sherry was in the market then—and ten years afterwards, the caul was put up in a raffle down in our part of the country, to fifty members at half-a-crown a head, the winner to spend five shillings.

I was present myself, and I remember to have felt quite uncomfortable and confused, at a part of myself being disposed of in that way. The caul was won, I recollect, by an old lady with a hand-basket, who, very reluctantly, produced from it the stipulated five shillings, all in halfpence, and twopence halfpenny short—as it took an immense time and a great waste of arithmetic, to endeavour without any effect to prove to her.

It is a fact which will be long remembered as remarkable down there, that she was never drowned, but died triumphantly in bed, at ninety-two. I have understood that it was, to the last, her proudest boast, that she never had been on the water in her life, except upon a bridge; and that over her tea (to which she was extremely partial) she, to the last, expressed her indignation at the impiety of mariners and others, who had the presumption to go ‘meandering’ about the world. It was in vain to represent to her that some conveniences, tea perhaps included, resulted from this objectionable practice. She always returned, with greater emphasis and with an instinctive knowledge of the strength of her objection, ‘Let us have no meandering.’

Not to meander myself, at present, I will go back to my birth. I was born at Blunderstone, in Suffolk, or ‘there by’, as they say in Scotland. I was a posthumous child. My father's eyes had closed upon the light of this world six months, when mine opened on it. There is something strange to me, even now, in the reflection that he never saw me; and something stranger yet in the shadowy remembrance that I have of my first childish associations with his white grave-stone in the churchyard, and of the indefinable compassion I used to feel for it lying out alone there in the dark night, when our little parlour was warm and bright with fire and can-

一些。因此撤回了广告,毫无意义地损失了一些钱。至于雪梨酒,我那可怜的母亲自己的雪梨酒也曾经在市场上出售过。十年以后,在我们当地进行抽彩,来决定这胎膜由谁来购买,抽彩的 50 个人每人先出半克朗,抽中的人则要花费 5 先令来购买这胎膜。

当时我也在那里,我记得我感到不舒服,有点困惑,必竟是我身体的一部分被那样处理掉。我记得一个挎着篮子的老太太中彩了。她勉强从篮子里掏出按规定应交的 5 先令,全是一些半便士的硬币,还少两个半便士——人们用了大量的时间使用了大量的算术方法向她证明这一点,但没有任何效果。

在很长的时间里,人们都把这个老太太没被淹死而是在 92 岁时幸福地倒在床上寿终作为一个非凡的事实。我最终理解了她最为自豪的事:在她的一生中从未在水面上走过,只是从一座桥上走过。在喝茶时(茶是她一生中不可缺少的一部分),她总是表达她对水手和其他这类人的不虔诚的愤怒,她认为他们是亵渎人间。对她解释人类的一些享受包括茶在内是从这样的令人讨厌的人那儿得到的,她总是不听,还会反驳,本能地更加强调:“我们不需要游荡。”

现在我也不再到处乱说了,我要说我自己的出生。我是在萨福克的布兰德斯通出生的,或者用苏格兰人的话说“出生在那一边。”我是个遗腹子。在我的父亲闭上眼睛看不到世界上的光明六个月后,我睁开了眼睛。想到他从未看见过我,我觉得有些奇怪,直到现在。在朦胧的记忆中,我感到更奇怪的是,他那在墓地里的白灰色的墓石竟是我最初的幼稚的联想,当我们的房间被火和蜡烛烧得又暖又明亮的时候,我习惯于对一个人躺在黑夜里的父亲产



dle, and the doors of our house were—almost cruelly, it seemed to me sometimes—bolted and locked against it.

An aunt of my father's, and consequently a great-aunt of mine, of whom I shall have more to relate by and by, was the principal magnate of our family. Miss Trotwood, or Miss Betsey, as my poor mother always called her, when she sufficiently overcame her dread of this formidable personage to mention her at all (which was seldom), had been married to a husband younger than herself, who was very handsome, except in the sense of the homely adage, 'handsome is, that handsome does'—for he was strongly suspected of having beaten Miss Betsey, and even of having once, on a disputed question of supplies, made some hasty but determined arrangements to throw her out of a two pair of stairs' window.

These evidences of an incompatibility of temper induced Miss Betsey to pay him off, and effect a separation by mutual consent. He went to India with his capital, and there, according to a wild legend in our family, he was once seen riding on an elephant, in company with a Baboon; but I think it must have been a Baboo—or a Begum. Anyhow, from India tidings of his death reached home, within ten years. How they affected my aunt, nobody knew; for immediately upon the separation, she took her maiden name again, bought a cottage in a hamlet on the sea-coast a long way off, established herself there as a single woman with one servant, and was understood to live secluded, ever afterwards, in an inflexible retirement.

My father had once been a favourite of hers, I believe; but she was mortally affronted by his marriage, on the ground that my mother was 'a wax doll'. She had never seen my mother, but she knew her to be not yet twenty. My father and Miss Betsey never met again. He was double my mother's age when he married, and of but a delicate constitution. He died a year afterwards, and, as I have said, six months before I came into the world.

This was the state of matters, on the afternoon of, what I may be excused for calling, that eventful and important Friday. I can make no claim therefore to have known, at that time, how matters stood; or to have any

生无限同情,想来我们关门是为了不让他进来,有时在我看来这非常的残忍。

我父亲的一个姨妈,当然也就是我的姨奶奶,我还会多次提到她,她是我们家中的主要人物。特洛伍德小姐,或称贝西小姐,当我可怜的母亲克服了对姨奶奶的敬畏而提到她时才总会用后一种称呼(但这种情况很少出现)。她曾与一个比她年轻的男人结婚。这个男人很英俊,但在格言“做得漂亮才算漂亮”的意义上,他不漂亮,因为人们都很怀疑他曾经打过贝西小姐,甚至在一次由于日常饭菜而引发的争吵中,他鲁莽地要把贝西小姐从3层楼的窗口扔出去。

他的令人无法忍受的脾气暴躁的行为,促使贝西小姐支付给他一些钱,双方同意分手了。他拿着他的资本到了印度,据我家一个无根据的传说,人们曾经见过他在那儿和一个大狒狒一块坐在一头大象身上。不过我认为,那一定是个贵妃或是个贵人的女儿,也就是公主才对。无论如何,十年后从印度传来他的死讯的时候,这些消息是如何影响我姨奶奶的,没有人知道;从分手的那刻起,我姨奶奶又用了她结婚前的姓名,在遥远的海边的小村里买了个农舍,和一个仆人在那里过着单身生活。人们都知道她隐居了,远离尘世。

我相信我父亲一度是她最喜欢的人之一。但她被我父亲的婚事伤透了心,在她眼里我妈妈就像是一个蜡制的娃娃。她不曾见过我妈妈,但她知道我妈妈还不到20岁。我父亲和姨奶奶再也没有相见。我父亲结婚时,父亲的年龄是我妈妈的二倍,他的体质也有些虚弱。结婚一年后,他死了,就像我说的那样,六个月后,我来到了世上。

在那个多事的重要的——如果我可以冒昧地这样说的话——星期五下午,发生了一件重要的事情。至于如何发生,我一点也不知道。

remembrance, founded on the evidence of my own senses, of what follows.

My mother was sitting by the fire, but poorly in health, and very low in spirits, looking at it through her tears, and desponding heavily about herself and the fatherless little stranger, who was already welcomed by some grosses of prophetic pins, in a drawer upstairs, to a world not at all excited on the subject of his arrival; my mother, I say, was sitting by the fire, that bright, windy March afternoon, very timid and sad, and very doubtful of ever coming alive out of the trial that was before her, when, lifting her eyes as she dried them, to the window opposite, she saw a strange lady coming up the garden.

My mother had a sure foreboding at the second glance, that it was Miss Betsey. The setting sun was glowing on the strange lady, over the garden-fence, and she came walking up to the door with a fell rigidity of figure and composure of countenance that could have belonged to nobody else.

When she reached the house, she gave another proof of her identity. My father had often hinted that she seldom conducted herself like any ordinary Christian; and now, instead of ringing the bell, she came and looked in at that identical window, pressing the end of her nose against the glass to that extent, that my poor dear mother used to say it became perfectly flat and white in a moment.

She gave my mother such a turn, that I have always been convinced I am indebted to Miss Betsey for having been born on a Friday. My mother had left her chair in her agitation, and gone behind it in the corner. Miss Betsey, looking round the room, slowly and inquiringly, began on the other side, and carried her eyes on, like a Saracens Head in a Dutch clock, until they reached my mother. Then she made a frown and a gesture to my mother, like one who was accustomed to be obeyed, to come and open the door. My mother went.

“Mrs. David Copperfield, I think,” said Miss Betsey; the emphasis referring, perhaps, to my mother’s mourning weeds, and her condition.

我妈妈身子虚弱、精神不振地坐在火边,眼含泪水看着炉火,对她自己和那个没有父亲的未出生的人儿感到很绝望,放在楼上抽屉里的许多绣有祝福词的针插都表明这个小婴儿是不受欢迎的,他将被迎到这个世界上,这个世界对他的到来不会感到兴奋的。就像我说的,在一个三月的晴朗的有风的下午,我母亲胆怯地伤心地坐在炉边,对自己是否能渡过难关感到怀疑。当她擦干眼泪向窗外望时,她看到一个陌生的女人向花园走来。

看第二眼时,我母亲已确信那就是贝西小姐。落日的余晖照在这个陌生女人的身上,照在花园的篱笆上,她像一个塑像表情冷漠地走到门前。这种轮廓和这种表情是其他人所没有的。

当她到达屋前的时候,再一次地证明了她的独特。我父亲经常暗示她的行为不太像其他的一般的基督徒。她不是去拉门铃,而是走到那个窗户前向里看。她把鼻尖紧紧地贴在玻璃上,以至我那可怜的亲爱的母亲经常说,在那一瞬间她的鼻尖完全变平,且成了白色。

我母亲吃了一惊,所以我一心认为我能在星期五出生,是贝西小姐的恩德。我母亲惊慌地离开了椅子,走到它后面的角落里。贝西小姐站在对面,不慌不忙、若有所思地看了看四周。她的眼睛就像荷兰钟上的那个回回一样。直到她看到了我的母亲,她皱了皱眉,向我母亲做了个手势,就像母亲是她的奴仆一样,让母亲前去开门。我母亲就过去了。

“我想你就是大卫·科波菲尔太太吧。”贝西小姐说,大概这种强调是根据我母亲身上的丧服和她的心理状态推断出来的。

“Yes,” said my mother, faintly.

“Miss Trotwood,” said the visitor. “You have heard of her, I dare say?”

My mother answered she had had that pleasure. And she had a disagreeable consciousness of not appearing to imply that it had been an overpowering pleasure.

“Now you see her,” said Miss Betsey. My mother bent her head, and begged her to walk in.

They went into the parlour my mother had come from, the fire in the best room on the other side of the passage not being lighted—not having been lighted, indeed, since my father’s funeral; and when they were both seated, and Miss Betsey said nothing, my mother, after vainly trying to restrain herself, began to cry.

“Oh tut, tut, tut!” said Miss Betsey, in a hurry. “Don’t do that, Come, come!”

My mother couldn’t help it notwithstanding, so she cried until she had had her cry out.

“Take off your cap, child,” said Miss Betsey, “and let me see you.”

My mother was too much afraid of her to refuse compliance with this odd request, if she had any disposition to do so. Therefore she did as she was told, and did it with such nervous hands that her hair (which was luxuriant and beautiful) fell all about her face.

“Why, bless my heart!” exclaimed Miss Betsey. “You are a very Baby!”

My mother was, no doubt, unusually youthful in appearance even for her years; she hung her head, as if it were her fault, poor thing, and said, sobbing, that indeed she was afraid she was but a childish widow, and would be but a childish mother if she lived. In a short pause which ensued, she had a fancy that she felt Miss Betsey touch her hair, and that with no ungentle hand; but, looking at her, in her timid hope, she found that lady sitting with the skirt of her dress tucked up, her hands folded on one knee, and her feet upon the fender, frowning at the fire.

“In the name of Heaven,” said Miss Betsey, suddenly, “why Rookery?”

“Do you mean the house, ma’am?” asked my mother.

“是的。”我母亲虚弱地说。

“特洛伍德小姐,”那个人说,“你听说过她,我说是吧?”

我母亲回答说她很荣幸听过这个名字。她所拥有的令人不快的思想好像暗示,它并不是一种特别的荣幸。

“现在,你看见她了。”贝西小姐说。我母亲低下了头,请她进来。

她们走进我母亲刚出来的那个房间。走廊的另一面那个最好的房间没有生火,事实上,从我父亲下葬之后,那里就一直没有生过火。她们都坐下后,贝西小姐没有说话,我母亲无法控制住自己,哭了起来。

“哦,行了,行了,行了!”贝西小姐赶紧说,“不要那样!够了,够了!”

然而我母亲忍不住,直到她哭够了为止。

“把帽子取了,孩子。”贝西小姐说,“让我看看你。”

我母亲由于太害怕她了而不敢拒绝这个要求。因此她就按贝西小姐说的那样做了,由于很慌张,她的头发(不但多,而且美)全盖到了脸上。

“唉呀,我的天!”贝西小姐惊叹道。“你只是个小孩呢!”

当然,我母亲与她的实际年龄比起来,显得更年轻。她把头低下,就像犯了错一样。可怜的人!她边哭边说,她的确害怕自己是一个孩子般的寡妇,如果她能活下去恐怕也只能是一个孩子气的母亲。她停了一会儿,她模糊地感觉到贝西小姐在摸她的头发,觉得这是一双柔和的手。但当她怯生生的希望继续被抚摸时,却发现这位女士卷起裙子的下摆坐在那里,双手搭在一只膝盖上,脚踏在炉栏上,皱眉看着炉火。

“这究竟是为了什么。”贝西小姐突然问,“这为什么是鸡巢呢?”

“你指这房子吗,小姐?”我母亲问。

“Why Rookery?” said Miss Betsey. “Cookery would have been more to the purpose, if you had had any practical ideas of life, either of you.”

“The name was Mr. Copperfield’s choice,” returned my mother. “When he bought the house, he liked to think that there were rooks about it.”

The evening wind made such a disturbance just now, among some tall old elm-trees at the bottom of the garden, that neither my mother nor Miss Betsey could forbear glancing that way. As the elms bent to one another, like giants who were whispering secrets, and after a few seconds of such repose, fell into a violent flurry, tossing their wild arms about, as if their late confidences were really too wicked for their peace of mind, some weatherbeaten ragged old rooks-nests, burdening their higher branches, swung like wrecks upon a stormy sea.

“Where are the birds?” asked Miss Betsey.

“The—?” My mother had been thinking of something else.

“The rooks—what has become of them?” asked Miss Betsey.

“There have not been any since we have lived here,” said my mother. “We thought—Mr. Copperfield thought—it was quite a large rookery; but the nests were very old ones, and the birds have deserted them a long while.”

“David Copperfield all over!” cried Miss Betsey. “David Copperfield from head to foot! Calls a house a rookery when there’s not a rook near it, and takes the birds on trust, because he sees the nests!”

“Mr. Copperfield,” returned my mother, “is dead, and if you dare to speak unkindly of him to me—” My poor dear mother, I suppose, had some momentary intention of committing an assault and battery upon my aunt, who could easily have settled her with one hand, even if my mother had been in far better training for such an encounter than she was that evening. But it passed with the action of rising from her chair; and she sat down again very meekly, and fainted.

When she came to herself, or when Miss Betsey had

“为什么是鸦巢?”贝西小姐说,“说是厨房要更加确切些,假如你们两人中哪一个对生活有点实际的想法。”

“这名字是科波菲尔先生的选择,”我母亲回答说,“他买这所房子时,他认为这附近有乌鸦。”

傍晚刮起了一阵风,在花园里的一些大榆树之间引起了骚动。不论是我的母亲还是我的姨奶奶都忍不住向那边望去,大榆树互相亲密地靠在一起,好像在轻轻地诉说着秘密。一会儿,树枝又猛烈地摆动起来,好像刚才说的话使它们不高兴,于是摇臂狂舞起来。那几只把高高的树枝压弯的破旧的鸟巢,像是几个海浪中的破船在风中摇摆着。

“那些鸟在什么地方?”贝西小姐问道。

“那些——”,我母亲一直在想着其它的事。

“那些乌鸦,都怎么样了?”贝西小姐问。

“从我们住到这里起,就没有鸟了,”母亲说,“我们想——科波菲尔先生想——它像一个大鸦巢,但那些鸦巢时间都很长了,鸟已经把它们抛弃了很长时间了。”

“这确实是大卫·科波菲尔的为人!”贝西小姐大叫道,“地地道道的大卫·科波菲尔!把这房子叫鸦巢,附近却连一只乌鸦也没有。因为看见了鸟巢,就相信有鸟。”

“科波菲尔先生,”我母亲说,“他死了。如果你敢对我再说挖苦他的话……”我想当时我那可怜又可爱的母亲有个突发的念头想去殴打我的姨奶奶,而我的姨奶奶可以用一只手轻易地降服她,即使她在那个晚上出手前受过这方面的训练。但这场交手的全部经过是,她从椅子上站起来,然后又乖乖地坐下,晕了过去。

她醒来后,或是贝西小姐把她弄醒

restored her, whichever it was, she found the latter standing at the window. The twilight was by this time shading down into darkness; and dimly as they saw each other, they could not have done that without the aid of the fire.

“Well?” said Miss Betsey, coming back to her chair, as if she had only been taking a casual look at the prospect; “and when do you expect-”

“I am all in a tremble,” faltered my mother. “I don’t know what’s the matter. I shall die, I am sure!”

“No, no, no,” said Miss Betsey. “Have some tea.”

“Oh dear me, dear me, do you think it will do me any good?” cried my mother in a helpless manner.

“Of course it will,” said Miss Betsey. “It’s nothing but fancy. What do you call your girl?”

“I don’t know that it will be a girl, yet, ma’am,” said my mother innocently.

“Bless the Baby!” exclaimed Miss Betsey, unconsciously quoting the second sentiment of the pincushion in the drawer upstairs, but applying it to my mother instead of me, “I don’t mean that. I mean your servant-girl.”

“Peggotty,” said my mother.

“Peggotty!” repeated Miss Betsey, with some indignation. “Do you mean to say, child, that any human being has gone into a Christian church, and got herself named Peggotty?”

“It’s her surname,” said my mother, faintly. “Mr. Copperfield called her by it, because her Christian name was the same as mine.”

“Here! Peggotty!” cried Miss Betsey, opening the parlour door. “Tea. Your mistress is a little unwell. Don’t dawdle.”

Having issued this mandate with as much potentiality as if she had been a recognized authority in the house ever since it had been a house, and having looked out to confront the amazed Peggotty coming along the passage with a candle at the sound of a strange voice, Miss Betsey shut the door again, and sat down as before: with her feet on the fender, the skirt of her dress tucked up,

后,无论怎样,她看见贝西小姐站在窗户旁。天色逐渐变暗了,她们只是朦胧地看见对方。如果没有火的话,即使朦胧地看到也是不可能的。

“好了,”贝西小姐说,她回到了椅子旁,好像她刚才仅仅是随意看了一下风景,“你猜想将在什么时间……”

“我一直在发抖,”母亲结结巴巴地说,“我不知道是怎么回事。我要死了,我敢肯定!”

“不,不,不会的,”贝西小姐说,“喝茶吧。”

“哦,天啊,你认为它对我有益吗?”母亲绝望地大叫道。

“当然了,”贝西小姐说,“只是幻觉而已。你怎样称呼那个女孩?”

“我不认为它会是女孩,小姐。”母亲天真地说。

“为这个小孩祝福吧!”贝西小姐说,她无意中引用了楼上抽屉里针插上的第二句吉祥话,但她把它用在了我母亲身上而不是用在我身上,“我指的不是你的孩子,指的是你的女佣人。”

“皮果提?”我母亲说。

“皮果提!”贝西小姐重复道,有些愤慨,“孩子,你的意思是说,有些人已经走进基督教的教堂,给她自己起了一个皮果提的教名?”

“这是她的姓,”我母亲说,声音很微小,“科波菲尔先生这样称呼她,因为我和她的教名是一样的。”

“这儿,皮果提,”贝西小姐大叫道,打开了房间的门,“送茶。你的女主人有些不舒服,不要到处瞎逛。”

贝西小姐这样说话,好像自从有这房子起她就被公认在这房子里有权威。听到这陌生的声音,皮果提端着蜡烛穿过走廊走来。见过惊愕的皮果提后,贝西小姐又把门关上,像原先那样坐下了,双脚放在炉栏上,卷起裙子的下摆,双手搭在一只膝盖上。

and her hands folded on one knee.

‘You were speaking about its being a girl,’ said Miss Betsey. ‘I have no doubt it will be a girl. I have a presentiment that it must be a girl. Now child, from the moment of the birth of this girl-’

‘Perhaps boy,’ my mother took the liberty of putting in.

‘I tell you I have a presentiment that it must be a girl,’ returned Miss Betsey. ‘Don’t contradict. From the moment of this girl’s birth, child, I intend to be her friend. I intend to be her godmother, and I beg you’ll call her Betsey Trotwood Copperfield. There must be no mistakes in life with THIS Betsey Trotwood. There must be no trifling with HER affections, poor dear. She must be well brought up, and well guarded from reposing any foolish confidences where they are not deserved. I must make that MY care.’

There was a twitch of Miss Betsey’s head, after each of these sentences, as if her own old wrongs were working within her, and she repressed any plainer reference to them by strong constraint. So my mother suspected, at least, as she observed her by the low glimmer of the fire: too much scared by Miss Betsey, too uneasy in herself, and too subdued and bewildered altogether, to observe anything very clearly, or to know what to say.

‘And was David good to you, child?’ asked Miss Betsey, when she had been silent for a little while, and these motions of her head had gradually ceased. ‘Were you comfortable together?’

‘We were very happy,’ said my mother. ‘Mr. Copperfield was only too good to me.’

‘What, he spoils you, I suppose?’ returned Miss Betsey.

‘For being quite alone and dependent on myself in this rough world again, yes, I fear he did indeed,’ sobbed my mother.

‘Well! Don’t cry!’ said Miss Betsey. ‘You were not equally matched, child—if any two people can be equally matched—and so I asked the question. You were an orphan, weren’t you?’

“我对你说它将是一个女孩,”贝西小姐说,“我敢确保它是个女孩。我有这样的预感。那么,从这个女孩出生的那一刻起……”

“也许是个男孩?”母亲轻易地打断了她的话。

“我告诉你我预感它一定是个女孩,”贝西小姐回答说,“不要反对我。这个女孩一出生,我要做她的朋友,做她的教母,我请求你就把她叫做贝西·特洛伍德·科波菲尔。这个贝西·特洛伍德这一生一定不会做错事,不会轻视她的爱情。可怜的亲爱的孩子,她必须好好地受教育,好好地被保护,使她不会愚蠢得相信了那些不值得她相信的事物。我必须把这件事看成是我的责任。”

每说一句话,贝西小姐的头都要骤然一抽,好像她过去的错误仍在使她痛苦,她却要努力控制,不让别人看到她的痛苦。至少我母亲是这样猜测的,她通过微弱的火光看着贝西小姐。我母亲太怕贝西小姐了,她的心神太不安宁了,也太软弱并且不知所措,以至她什么都没有看清楚,也不知道该说些什么。

“大卫对你好吗,孩子?”她沉默了一会儿,贝西小姐问道,她的头慢慢地不再摇摆了,“你们在一起舒服吗?”

“我们很幸福,”我母亲说,“科波菲尔先生对我太好了。”

“哦,我想是他把你宠坏了。”贝西小姐回答道。

“孤身生活在艰难的世界里,只能靠自己,就这一点来说,对,我怕就是被他宠坏了。”我母亲啜泣起来。

“好了!不要哭了!”贝西小姐说,“你们不般配,孩子——如果夫妻俩不般配——因此我就问你这个问题。你是一个孤儿,是吗?”

“Yes.”

“And a governess?”

“I was nursery-governess in a family where Mr. Copperfield came to visit. Mr. Copperfield was very kind to me, and took a great deal of notice of me, and paid me a good deal of attention, and at last proposed to me. And I accepted him. And so we were married,” said my mother simply.

“Ha! Poor Baby!” mused Miss Betsey, with her frown still bent upon the fire. “Do you know anything?”

“I beg your pardon, ma’am,” faltered my mother.

“About keeping house, for instance,” said Miss Betsey.

“Not much, I fear,” returned my mother. “Not so much as I could wish. But Mr. Copperfield was teaching me—”

（“Much he knew about it himself!”）said Miss Betsey in a parenthesis.

“And I hope I should have improved, being very anxious to learn, and he very patient to teach me, if the great misfortune of his death—my mother broke down again here, and could get no farther.”

“Well, well!” said Miss Betsey.

“I kept my housekeeping-book regularly, and balanced it with Mr. Copperfield every night,” cried my mother in another burst of distress, and breaking down again.

“Well, well!” said Miss Betsey. “Don’t cry any more.”

“And I am sure we never had a word of difference respecting it, except when Mr. Copperfield objected to my threes and fives being too much like each other, or to my putting curly tails to my sevens and nines,” resumed my mother in another burst, and breaking down again.

“You’ll make yourself ill,” said Miss Betsey, “and you know that will not be good either for you or for my god-daughter. Come! You mustn’t do it!”

This argument had some share in quieting my mother, though her increasing indisposition had a larger one.

“对。”

“你做过女家庭教师?”

“我在一户人家中作婴儿保姆,科波菲尔先生访问了那一家。他对我很好,对我很关心,很体贴,最终他向我求婚了。我就接受了他。于是我们结婚了。”我母亲把所有的都说了。

“咳!可怜的孩子!”贝西小姐沉思着说,她仍然皱着眉头看着火,“你知道什么事呢?”

“说清楚些,夫人。”我母亲怯怯地说。

“比如说在做家务事方面。”贝西小姐说。

“我怕我知道的不是太多,”我母亲回答道,“没有我所希望的那么多。但科波菲尔先生教我……”

“他自己知道的很多吗?”贝西小姐打断了我母亲的话说。

“……我希望我已经进步不少,我特别渴望学习,他教我时又很有耐心,如果不是他的不幸去世……”我母亲停下来了哭了起来,无法说下去。

“好了,好了!”贝西小姐说。

“在家务方面我做的很好,在这方面与科波菲尔先生很和谐。”我母亲又伤心地哭了起来,她不得不停了下来。

“好了,好了。”贝西小姐说,“不要再哭了。”

“……我确信在这方面我们没有分歧,只是有时科波菲尔先生不满意我把3和5写得太像,或者在7和9的后面带一个弯曲的小尾巴。”我母亲又感到了一阵悲痛,她又停了下来。

“你会把自己搞出病的,”贝西小姐说,“你知道这样对你和对我的教女都很不利。你不能这样了!”

这段话对安慰我的母亲起了作用,她感到越来越不舒服。她们沉默了一

There was an interval of silence, only broken by Miss Betsey's occasionally ejaculating 'Ha!' as she sat with her feet upon the fender.

'David had bought an annuity for himself with his money, I know,' said she, by and by. 'What did he do for you?'

'Mr. Copperfield,' said my mother, answering with some difficulty, 'was so considerate and good as to secure the reversion of a part of it to me.'

'How much?' asked Miss Betsey.

'A hundred and five pounds a year,' said my mother.

'He might have done worse,' said my aunt.

The word was appropriate to the moment. My mother was so much worse that Peggotty, coming in with the teaboard and candles, and seeing at a glance how ill she was,—as Miss Betsey might have done sooner if there had been light enough,—conveyed her upstairs to her own room with all speed; and immediately dispatched Ham Peggotty, her nephew, who had been for some days past secreted in the house, unknown to my mother, as a special messenger in case of emergency, to fetch the nurse and doctor.

Those allied powers were considerably astonished, when they arrived within a few minutes of each other, to find an unknown lady of portentous appearance, sitting before the fire, with her bonnet tied over her left arm, stopping her ears with jewellers' cotton. Peggotty knowing nothing about her, and my mother saying nothing about her, she was quite a mystery in the parlour; and the fact of her having a magazine of jewellers' cotton in her pocket, and sticking the article in her ears in that way, did not detract from the solemnity of her presence.

The doctor having been upstairs and come down again, and having satisfied himself, I suppose, that there was a probability of this unknown lady and himself having to sit there, face to face, for some hours, laid himself out to be polite and social. He was the meekest of his sex, the mildest of little men. He sidled in and out of a room, to take up the less space. He walked as softly as the Ghost in Hamlet, and more slowly. He carried

会儿,只是被贝西小姐的偶尔“咳”一声所打破,她还是那样坐着,把脚放在炉架上面。

“大卫用他的钱为他自己买了养老金,我知道这些,”过了一会儿,她又说,“他为你做了些什么呢?”

“科波菲尔先生,”我母亲说,她回答时有些费劲,“考虑得既周到又好,他把养老金的一部分给了我。”

“有多少钱?”贝西小姐问。

“每年一百零五英镑,”我母亲说。

“他可以做的比这更糟,”我姨妈奶妈说。

这句话说的可真合适。我母亲变的更糟了,以至于端着茶盘和蜡烛进来的皮果提一下子就看出了她病的怎么样。如果这里光线强的话,贝西小姐可以早就看到这一点。皮果提迅速地把她母亲扶到楼上,并立刻派她的侄儿汉姆·皮果提把护士和医生请来。汉姆已秘密地在我家住了几天了,我母亲也不知道。目的是在情况紧急的时候可以做一个信使。

这支联合大军的成员在几分钟之内就到达了,他们看到一个不认识的女人,坐在火炉前,帽子挂在左胳膊上,把棉花球往自己耳朵里塞,感到相当的惊奇。皮果提对她一无所知,关于她我母亲也没有说过什么。她坐在房间里看上去很神秘。在她的口袋里好像有一袋子的珠宝商用的棉花球,不停地向耳朵里塞棉花球,这一点并不会降低她外表的严肃性。

那个到楼上去的医生又下来了。我猜想,他是感觉到了他必须和这个陌生的女人面对面地坐上几个小时,于是他就表现出很有礼貌的样子。他在男性中,可以说是个最温和的小人物了。他进出房间都是侧着身子,为了少占据空间。他走得像《哈姆雷特》中的那个鬼魂一样轻柔,甚至更慢。他的头向一



his head on one side, partly in modest depreciation of himself, partly in modest propitiation of everybody else.

It is nothing to say that he hadn't a word to throw at a dog. He couldn't have thrown a word at a mad dog. He might have offered him one gently, or half a one, or a fragment of one; for he spoke as slowly as he walked; but he wouldn't have been rude to him, and he couldn't have been quick with him, for any earthly consideration.

Mr. Chillip, looking mildly at my aunt with his head on one side, and making her a little bow, said, in allusion to the jewellers' cotton, as he softly touched his left ear: 'Some local irritation, ma'am?'

'What!' replied my aunt, pulling the cotton out of one ear like a cork.

Mr. Chillip was so alarmed by her abruptness—as he told my mother afterwards—that it was a mercy he didn't lose his presence of mind. But he repeated sweetly:

'Some local irritation, ma'am?'

'Nonsense!' replied my aunt, and corked herself again, at one blow.

Mr. Chillip could do nothing after this, but sit and look at her feebly, as she sat and looked at the fire, until he was called upstairs again. After some quarter of an hour's absence, he returned.

'Well?' said my aunt, taking the cotton out of the ear nearest to him.

'Well, ma'am,' returned Mr. Chillip, 'we are—we are progressing slowly, ma'am.'

'Ba-a-ah!' said my aunt, with a perfect shake on the contemptuous interjection. And corked herself as before.

Really—really—as Mr. Chillip told my mother, he was almost shocked; speaking in a professional point of view alone, he was almost shocked. But he sat and looked at her, notwithstanding, for nearly two hours, as she sat looking at the fire, until he was again called out. After another absence, he again returned.

侧歪着,总是谦虚地贬低自己,或是谦卑地称赞别人。

如果说他没有对狗猛烈地说过话,这也没有什么,即使对疯狗他也没有这样过。如果非要与疯狗说话不可,他可以轻轻地说上一句半句,他说话像他走路一样慢;他不会对它粗鲁地说话,也不会对它十分的生气,不管有何理由。

齐力普先生歪着头温和地看着姨奶奶,向她轻轻地鞠了一躬,为了表明他对棉球的疑问,便轻轻地摸着自己的左耳:“那个地方不舒服吗,夫人?”

“你说什么?”我姨奶奶回答道,像拔软木塞一样把棉花拔了出来。

齐力普先生对她这种粗暴感到很恐慌——就像他后来给我母亲所说的那样——大脑没有失去清醒真是太意外了。不过他还是温和地重复了一遍。

“感到不舒服吗,夫人?”

“不要胡说!”姨奶奶答复道,又猛地把耳朵塞住了。

此后齐力普先生不知干什么好,只是坐在那里恐惧地看着她,而她却对着火坐在那里。直到医生又被叫到楼上。过了大约一刻钟,他又回来了。

“好些了吗?”我姨奶奶问道,她把靠近医生那一侧耳朵里的棉花扯了出来。

“嗯,夫人,”齐力普先生回答道,“我们……情况正在慢慢地变好,夫人。”

“呸!”我姨奶奶轻蔑地感叹一声,其间夹了一串纯正的颤音。又像以前那样把耳朵塞住了。

真是这样,真是这样——像齐力普先生对我母亲说的那样,他几乎就要晕过去了,单从职业的角度来说,他是几乎要晕过去了。不过他仍坐在那儿看着她,将近两个小时,她依然面对着火坐在那里。直到医生又被叫了上去。不一会儿,他又回来了。