

名著镜头——

第一辑

英汉
双语
经典阅读

Lens Masterpiece Classical English-Chinese Bilingual Reading
Great Expectations

远大前程

天津科学技术出版社

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简介

查尔斯·狄更斯(Charles Dickens 1812~1870)是 19 世纪英国现实主义文学的代表作家。一生共创作了十几部长篇小说,20 余部中篇小说,以及大量的短篇小说、演说词、杂文、游记和小品等。他的小说主要揭露上层社会的虚伪、贪婪、卑琐和凶残;描写下层社会人们的悲惨境遇;同时,热情地讴歌人性中的真、善、美。艺术上以诙谐幽默的语言、细致入微的心理描写,以及现实主义与浪漫主义的有机结合著称。马克思曾把他和萨克雷等人誉为“现代英国的一批杰出的小说家”。

《远大前程》(1861)是狄更斯创作生涯晚期的一部重要作品,小说围绕主人公匹普的成长历程展开。匹普是个孤儿,生活在社会底层,却出人意料地得到一笔资助,有了远大的前程。但他经不起环境的诱惑,丧失了原有的淳朴天性,变得势利、庸俗,最终前程破灭,历经磨难才幡然悔悟,重新生活。小说告诉我们,真爱、忠诚和善良要比社会地位和财富更重要。

该小说曾 6 次被搬上银幕,其中以 1946 年大卫·里恩执导、约翰·米尔斯、瓦莱利·霍博森主演的影片《孤星血泪》为最早,也被认为是最为出色的一部。该片忠实而生动地呈现了当年英国的社会风貌,制作精致,导、演均有一流水准,影片荣获第 20 届奥斯卡金像奖最佳摄影、最佳艺术指导两项大奖。

小说人物关系谱

Pip 匹普(又名 Handel 汉德尔)——小说的主人公;故事的叙述者

Estella 艾丝黛拉——郝薇香小姐收养的一位漂亮姑娘,用来报复男人的工具;匹普深爱的对象;艾伯尔·马格韦契和莫莉的女儿

Miss Havisham 郝薇香小姐——一位有钱而性情古怪的女人;沙提斯庄园的主人;婚礼当天被康培生抛弃

Abel Magwitch 艾伯尔·马格韦契——逃跑的囚犯;匹普的暗中资助人;艾丝黛拉的父亲

Joe Gargery 乔·葛吉瑞——村里的铁匠;匹普的姐夫,对匹普关爱至极;乔大嫂死后娶了毕蒂

Mrs. Joe Gargery 乔·葛吉瑞夫人——匹普的姐姐;铁匠乔的妻子;后被奥立克袭击

Biddy 毕蒂——匹普的知心朋友;乔大嫂被人打伤后她去照顾乔大嫂,后来嫁给了乔

Mr. Jaggers 贾格斯先生——伦敦一位有名的律师;受雇做匹普的监护人;帮助郝薇香小姐收养艾丝黛拉

Herbert Pocket 赫伯特·朴凯特——匹普的好朋友;马修·朴凯特的儿子;与克莱拉相爱并结婚

Matthew Pocket 马修·朴凯特——郝薇香小姐的表兄;赫伯特·朴凯特的父亲;匹普的指导老师

Wemmick 文米克——贾格斯律师事务所的职员;匹普的朋友

Compeyson 康培生——逃跑的罪犯;利用、陷害马格韦契;婚礼当天抛弃郝薇香小姐的人;亚瑟的合伙人

Arthur 亚瑟——郝薇香小姐的同父异母兄弟;与康培生共同欺骗郝薇香小姐

Mr. Pumblechook 潘波趣先生——乔的舅舅

Mr. Wopsle 伍甫赛先生——教堂办事员;后来到伦敦当演员

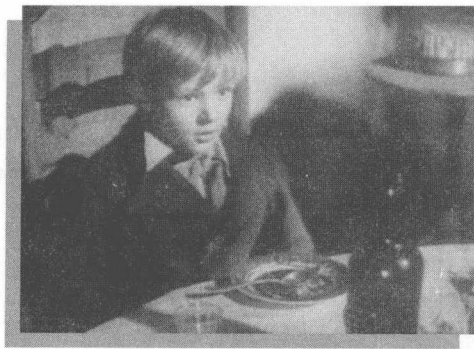
Orlick 奥立克——乔铁匠铺里的帮工;袭击乔大嫂的人

Bentley Drummle 本特莱·朱穆尔——与匹普一同上课的一个贵族后裔;艾丝黛拉的丈夫,后来摔死

Startop 史达多蒲——与匹普一同上课的年轻人,匹普的朋友

Clara 克莱拉——与赫伯特·朴凯特相爱并结婚

Molly 莫莉——艾伯尔·马格韦契的妻子;艾丝黛拉的母亲

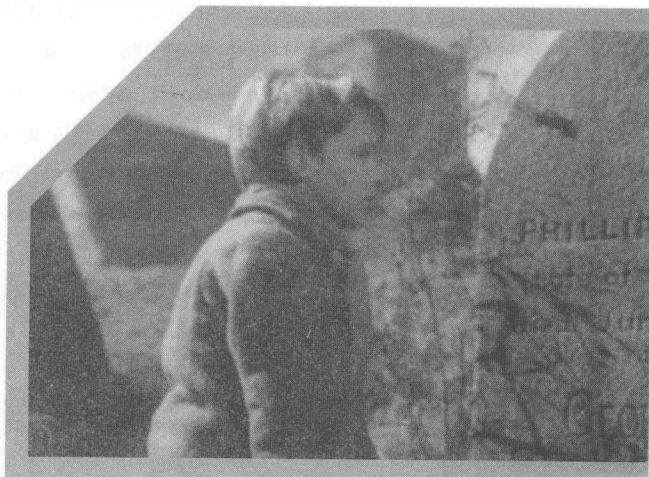


My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip. I never saw my father or my mother and was brought up by my sister, who married Joe Gargery, a blacksmith, and I called her Mrs. Joe Gargery.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid impression of the identity 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 my father, mother and five little brothers were dead and buried there; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, 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 these all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

我父亲的姓是皮瑞普，而我的教名是菲利普，幼年时，这两个字我都念不清，也发不出这么长的音节，只能念成匹普。所以，我干脆就把自己叫做匹普，以后别人也就叫我匹普了。我从来没有见过父亲和母亲，是由姐姐带大的。她嫁给了铁匠乔·葛吉瑞，于是我便叫她葛吉瑞夫人。

我们的家在一片沼泽地上，旁边有一条河。沿河蜿蜒而下，走二十英里就是大海。我的记忆所能回忆起来的最早的事情，似乎发生在一个阴冷的下午，天色已接近黄昏。那时我确切地知道，这一片长满荨麻的荒地就是教堂的墓地；而我的父亲、母亲和五个夭折的兄弟都安葬于此；而在这坟场的前面，那片幽暗平坦的荒野便是沼泽；再往远处，那条低低的、铅灰色的线就是河；而那更远的、吹来狂风的洞穴，就是大海；我当时被这景象吓得瑟瑟发抖，而且越来越害怕，不禁哇的一声哭了起来。





“Hold your noise!” cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves. “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. Having been soaked in water, smothered in mud, lamed by stones, and stung by nettles, he limped and shivered, and his teeth chattered 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.”

“Once more,” said the man, staring at me. “Give it mouth!”

“Pip. Pip, sir.”

“Show me where you live,” said the man. “Point out the place!”

I pointed to where our village lay, a mile or more from the church.

“不许哭！”一个令人感到恐怖的声音喊道，接着一个人从墓群里蹿了出来。“不许出声，你这个小混蛋；不然我就掐断你的脖子！”

这是一个面目狰狞的人，穿一身粗布灰衣服，腿上还挂着一条沉重的铁镣。他头上没戴帽子，只用一块破布扎住头，脚上的鞋已经破烂。衣服被水浸透，满身泥巴，腿被石头弄破了，身体被荨麻刺得到处是伤。他全身发抖，一瘸一拐地走过来，一把抓住我的下巴，他的牙齿在格格打战。

“噢，先生，不要掐断我的脖子，”我惊恐地哀求着，“不要，先生，求求你了。”

“告诉我你叫什么名字！”那个人说道，“快讲！”

“我叫匹普，先生。”

“再说一遍！”那人说着，眼睛紧紧盯着我，“说清楚点儿！”

“匹普，匹普，先生。”

“告诉我你住在哪儿，”那人说道，“指给我看！”

我把我们村子的位置指给他看，那是在距教堂一英里多的地方。



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 have got."

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

"Darn me if I couldn't eat them," said the man, with a threatening shake of his head.

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.



这人打量了我一会儿,便把我头朝下拎了起来,把我口袋里的东西全倒了出来。其实口袋里只有一片面包,其他什么都没有。等教堂又恢复原状时——因为刚才他猛地把我的头朝下地翻了个个儿,我看到教堂的尖顶在我的脚下——现在,我是说,教堂又恢复了原样时,我已经被他按坐在一块高高的墓碑上,浑身发抖,而他却狼吞虎咽地吃起了面包。

"你这条小狗,"他一面舔着嘴唇,一面说道,"你这张小脸蛋儿倒生得挺肥的。"

我想我的脸蛋儿确实是胖乎乎的,尽管当时就我的年龄来说,我的个头并不算高,身体也不强壮。

"他妈的,我不吃了你的脸蛋儿才怪呢,"他说着,威胁性地摇晃了一下脑袋。

我急忙恳切地求他无论如何不要吃我的脸蛋儿,同时紧紧地抓住我坐着的那块墓碑,这样一来,我就可以在上面坐稳些,同时也可以控制住自己不至于哭出来。



“看着我，”那人说道，“你妈妈在哪儿？”

“看” “在那儿，先生。”我答道。

他听了我的话拔腿就跑，可是跑了几步又停下来，回过头看了看。

“在那儿，先生！”我用手指着墓碑，怯生生地向他解释到，“那就是我的妈妈。”

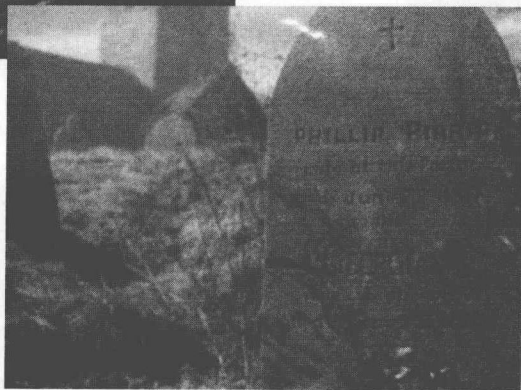
“噢！”他说道，又走了回来，“那么和你妈妈葬在一起的是你的爸爸喽？”

“是的，先生，”我说道。

“哈！”他嘟嘟囔囔、若有所思地说，“那你和谁住在一起？假如我还让你活下去的话，当然，我还没有决定是否让你活下去。”

“和我姐姐，先生，她就是乔·葛吉瑞夫人，也就是铁匠乔·葛吉瑞的妻子，先生。”

“哦？铁匠？”他一面说着，一面低下头去看他的腿。



“Now look 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 as I pointed to the tombstone, “That’s my mother.”

“Oh!” said he, coming back. “And is that your father along with your mother?”

“Yes, sir,” said I.

“Ha!” he muttered then, considering. “Who do you live with—supposing you’re kindly let to live, which I hasn’t made up my mind about?”

“My sister, sir—Mrs. Joe Gargery—wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir.”

“Blacksmith, eh?” said he. And looked down at his leg.



他忧郁地看看自己的腿，又看看我，这么来回看了几次之后，他走近我坐着的墓碑，抓住我的双臂，使我的身体后仰着；他那双眼睛紧紧地盯着我的双眼，而我只能无助地望着他的眼睛。

“仔细听着，”他说道，“你懂不懂什么是铗子？”

“懂，先生。”

“你懂不懂什么是食物？”

“懂，先生。”

他每提出一个问题，都要把我的身体向后推一点，为的是使我感到无助，危险迫在眉睫。

我害怕极了，感到头晕目眩，禁不住用双手紧紧抓住他，“请你发发慈悲吧，让我的身体直起来，这样我也许舒服些，也能更专心听你讲了。”

然后他把我猛地松开，使我滚到地上。接着，他又抓住我的两臂，把我提到墓碑上，让我在上面坐直，而他却继续讲着那些恐吓的话。

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 look here,” he said, “You know what a file is?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And you know what food 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.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so dizzy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, “If you 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 drop and roll. 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, early tomorrow morning, that file and some food, at that old Battery over there. 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, then you shall be let to live. If you fail, 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 that young man I am an Angel. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way peculiar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in vain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may cover himself with a quilt, 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 promised him to do so and he released me and let me go home. Then I set my face towards home, and made the best use of my legs, and ran home without stopping.

“明天一大早,你要把锉子和吃的东西给我带来,送到那边的老炮台前给我。你要照我说的办,而且不得透漏半点儿风声,不能让任何人知道你曾见过一个像我这样的人,我才会留你一条活命。否则的话,我一定会把你的心、肝挖出来,放在火上烤熟,再把它们吃掉。不要以为我是孤零零一个人,其实附近还躲着一个年轻的小伙子呢。和他比起来,我简直是个天使。他正躲在那儿听我们讲话。这个年轻人还有一套奇特的秘密方法,会捉小孩,并且挖出小孩的心和肝吃掉。小孩子想躲都躲不了。即使锁上房门,睡在温暖的床上,用被子裹住自己,再把衣服蒙在头上,以为自己既舒服又保险,这青年人也会轻轻地爬呀,爬呀,一直爬到小孩的床边,把他的胸膛撕开。”

我发誓一定会按他说的去做,他才松开我,放我回家。我立刻迈开双腿,头也不回地朝着家里奔去,一口气跑回了家。



My sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than I. She was not a good-looking woman, with black hair and eyes, had a prevailing redness of skin. 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. Mrs. Joe had established a great reputation among 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.

Joe was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow. When I ran home from the churchyard, that day, the forge was shut up, and Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen. Joe and I were fellow-sufferers and had confidences with each other.

我的姐姐乔·葛吉瑞夫人比我年长二十多岁。她并不是一个漂亮的女人,生得一头乌发,有一双乌黑的眼睛,皮肤却是一片红色。她个子很高,却瘦得皮包骨头,身上几乎永远围着一一条粗布围裙,用两个活结扎在她背后。她在胸部围了一条非常结实的围兜儿,上面别满了别针和缝衣针。她一直说“一手”把我带大,因此在左邻右舍名声不错。从小我就知道“一手”究竟是什么含义,她的手又重又狠,常常打她丈夫,也常常打我,我想乔·葛吉瑞和我都是由她“一手”带大的吧。

乔是个性情温和、心地善良、脾气随和、平易近人的人,虽带有几分傻气,却非常可爱。那天,当我从教堂墓地跑回家时,铁匠铺已经关门了,乔正一个人坐在厨房里。乔和我都是受气之人,所以我们两个便相互信任,无话不谈。

“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. She sat down, and she got up, and she made a grab at tickler, and she ran out crazily. That's what she did,” said Joe, slowly clearing the fire between the lower bars with the poker.

“Has she been gone long, Joe?”

“Yes, Pip. She's coming! Get behind the door, old chap, and have the jack-towel between you.”

I took the advice.

My sister, Mrs. Joe, throwing the door wide open, and finding an obstruction behind it, immediately understood the cause, and applied tickler to its further investigation. She concluded by throwing me—at Joe, who, glad to get hold of me, passed me on into the chimney and quietly fenced me up there with his great leg.



“你姐姐出去找你有十二次了，匹普，现在又去了，一共十三次了。”

“是吗？”

“是的，匹普。”乔说道，“更糟的是她带着那根抓痒棍呢。她一会儿坐下来，一会儿站起来，然后一把抄起抓痒棍就疯了似的跑了出去。就是这些。”乔一面说着，一面漫不经心地拿起火钳拨炉火。

“她去了很久了吗，乔？”

“是的，匹普，她回来了！快躲到门背后去，老伙计，挡上那条长毛巾。”

我照乔的话做了。

我的姐姐，乔夫人，猛地把门推开，发现背后有个东西阻挡着，马上明白了原因，于是伸出抓痒棍去试探。她试探的结果便是把我拎起来扔向乔，而乔则高兴地接住我，把我放在火炉旁边，伸出一条大腿，悄悄地保护住我。



“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 fright and worry, or I’d have you out of that corner if you were fifty Pips, and he was five hundred Gargerys.”

“I have only been to the churchyard,” said I, crying and rubbing myself.

“Churchyard!” repeated my sister. “If it wasn’t for me you’d have been to the churchyard long ago, and stayed there. Tell me, 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 sobbed, “I don’t know.”

“You don’t know!” 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 you were born. It’s bad enough to be a blacksmith’s wife without being your mother.”

“你到哪儿去了，你这个小猴崽子？”乔夫人跺着脚说道，“你老老实实告诉我你去干什么了，害得我着急、担心、害怕，把我累得要死。你要不说，就是五十个匹普，再加上五百个葛吉瑞也没用，我还是要把你从角落里拎出来。”

“我只是到教堂墓地去了。”我哭着说，边说边揉着疼痛的地方。

“教堂墓地！”我姐姐重复着这几个字，“要不是我照看你，怕你早就被埋进了教堂墓地，在那儿长眠了。告诉我，谁把你一手带大的？”

“当然是你。”我答道。

“我为什么要把你一手带大，你倒说给我听听。”我姐姐大声吼道。

我啜泣着说：“我不知道。”

“你不知道！”我姐姐说，“我再也不想干这种事了！老实告诉你，自从你一出生，我这条围裙就没有离过身。做一个铁匠的老婆已经够倒霉的了，还要做你的妈妈！”



After this, she applied herself to set the tea-things; she buttered a loaf, cut a very thick slice off, which she again cut into halves, of which Joe got one, and I the other.

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. So I took advantage of a moment when Joe had just looked at me, and got my bread-and-butter down my leg.

Joe was shocked to see my slice of bread disappear so suddenly. He tried to find it on the ground but found nothing. So he concluded that I had swallowed it all in one mouthful. My sister also believed this to be the case, and insisted on giving me a generous dose of a hateful medicine called "Tar Water" which she poured down my throat. (Some medical beast had revived Tar-water in those days as a fine medicine, and Mrs. Joe always kept a supply of it in the cupboard.)

落我一通之后，她开始摆放茶具，

涂奶油，切面包；她先从面包上切

下厚厚的一片，然后再把它一分为二，一

块给乔，另一块给我。

数落我一通之后，她开始摆放茶具，涂奶油，切面包；她先从面包上切下厚厚的一片，然后再把它一分为二，一块给乔，另一块给我。

我确实很饿，但我不敢吃这块面包。我觉得自己必须给那个可怕的人留一些吃，还有他的伙伴，也就是那个更加可怕的年轻人。我知道姐姐治家严谨，要想从饭橱中偷点什么，是办不到的。所以，我决定把这一大块奶油面包放在裤管中。于是，我看准了时机，在乔的视线从我身上移走的一刹那，把奶油面包放进了我的裤管里。

发现我的面包突然不见了，乔大吃一惊。他在地找了一番而一无所获，便断定我一口把它吞下了。我姐姐也这么认为，坚持给我灌下了一剂焦油水。（不知道哪位“大仙”又把古代用的焦油水当做了不起的万灵药来用了。乔夫人把它放在饭橱中，作常备药。）



The guilty knowledge that I was going to rob Mrs. Joe—I never thought I was going to rob Joe, for I never thought of any of the housekeeping property as his—united to the necessity of always keeping one hand on my bread-and-butter as I sat, or when I was ordered about the kitchen on any small errand, almost drove me out of my mind. Happily, I slipped away, and deposited it in my bedroom.

Suddenly, I heard the big guns fired. I enquired Joe what happened, and Joe said, "there's another convict escaping from the Hulks last night, and they fired warning of him. And now it appears they are firing warning of another."

I kept asking so many questions about convicts and hulks that my sister grew impatient with me, and told me that people were put in hulks because they murdered, and robbed, and forge, and do all sorts of bad; and they always begin by asking questions.

"Now, you get along to bed!"

我一想到要去偷乔夫人的东西,便有一种犯罪感。我从来不会想到去偷窃乔的东西,因为我认为家中没有一件物品是他的。而且,无论我坐着,还是被派到厨房干些小事情,我都要用手按住裤管里的奶油面包,这几乎令我发疯了。谢天谢地,我终于找了个机会溜到我的卧室,把面包藏那儿了。

突然,我听到了枪声,便问乔发生什么事了。“昨天晚上有一个犯人从囚船逃走了,他们鸣枪警告他。现在鸣枪表明又有一个犯人逃走了。”

接着我不停地问关于囚犯和囚船的问题,我姐姐越来越不耐烦,告诉我人们被关进囚船是因为他们杀人,抢劫,伪造物品,做各种各样的坏事,他们都是从小时候喜欢乱问开始学坏的。

“现在,快去上床睡觉吧!”

