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第一辑

英汉
双语
经典阅读

Lens Masterpiece Classical English-Chinese Bilingual Reading
David Copperfield

大卫

科波菲尔

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简介

查尔斯·狄更斯(Charles Dickens, 1812–1870), 英国著名小说家, 19 世纪著名的批判现实主义作家, 19 世纪英国最受欢迎的作家。他的写作手法以妙趣横生的幽默和讽刺、细致入微的心理分析, 以及现实主义描写与浪漫主义气氛的巧妙融合而著称。他的十四部揭露与抨击英国社会时弊的巨著, 在英国乃至整个世界文学史上掀起了现实主义的新高潮, 他被后世誉为“召唤人们回到欢笑和仁爱中来的一盏明灯”、批判现实主义最杰出的代表。马克思把他和他同时代的英国著名作家萨克雷等誉为“英国的一批杰出的小说家”。《大卫·科波菲尔》是狄更斯最重要而且耗费心血最多、篇幅最长的一部作品。

这部半自传体的小说中, 主人公大卫·科波菲尔在出生前就失去了父亲, 后来他的母亲与默德斯通先生结了婚。但继父很快就暴露出了恶毒的真实嘴脸。大卫童年时就被逼迫去干活挣钱, 饱经磨难。他的姨奶奶贝西小姐收养了他, 给了他悉心的照顾和良好的教育。此后, 大卫又经历了结婚的喜悦和丧妻的痛苦。最终, 他与幼时的女友艾格尼丝终成眷属。狄更斯的父亲因债务被关入监狱和他本人在十二岁被送入一家鞋油厂工作的事, 在这部作品中都有所反映。

这部小说由米高梅公司于 1935 年改编制作成电影。影片拍成后在评论界和观众中都获得了好评, 并巩固了乔治·顾柯作为“文学导演”的声望。该片获得了第八届奥斯卡最佳电影、最佳导演和最佳剪辑的提名, 以及第三届威尼斯电影节金狮奖的提名。此后, 狄更斯的这部巨著多次被改编成电视剧和电影。

小说人物关系谱

Miss Trotwood(or Miss Betsey)特洛伍德小姐(或者贝西小姐)——大卫·科波菲尔的姨奶奶,他父亲的姨妈

Clara Copperfield 克拉拉·科波菲尔——大卫·科波菲尔的母亲

Peggotty 佩各蒂——科波菲尔家的女佣人

Mr. Chillip 齐力普先生——大卫·科波菲尔出生时为他接生的医生

David Copperfield 大卫·科波菲尔——小说主人公,故事的叙述者

Mr. Murdstone 默德斯通先生——大卫·科波菲尔的继父

Mr. Barkis 巴克斯先生——车夫(后来娶了佩各蒂)

Ham 汉姆——佩各蒂的侄子

Mrs. Gummidge 冈米奇太太——佩各蒂先生的朋友,冈米奇先生的夫人

Emily 爱米丽——佩各蒂的外甥女

Daniel Peggotty 丹尼尔·佩各蒂——佩各蒂先生,佩各蒂的哥哥

Miss Mudstone 默德斯通小姐——默德斯通先生的姐姐

Mrs. Micawber 米考伯太太——米考伯先生的夫人

Mr. Micawber 米考伯先生——大卫·科波菲尔的朋友

Mick Walker 米克·沃克——大卫·科波菲尔在伦敦做工时的工友

Mealy Potatoes 赛白粉·马铃薯——大卫·科波菲尔在伦敦做工时的工友

Mr. Dick 狄克先生——贝西小姐的远亲

Janet 珍妮——贝西小姐的女佣人

Mr. Uriah Heep 尤来亚·希普先生——在威克费尔德先生的事务所工作

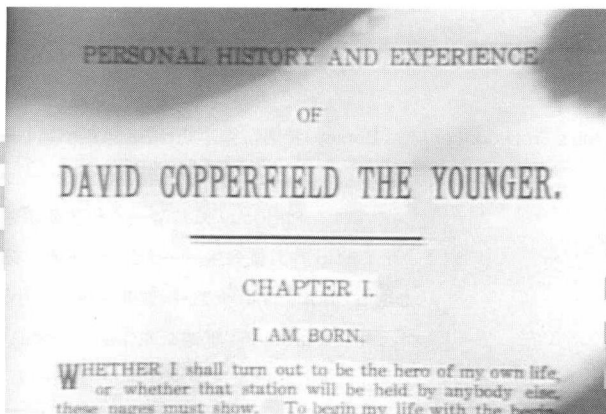
Mr. Wickfield 威克费尔德先生——贝西小姐的朋友,艾格尼丝的父亲

Agnes 艾格尼丝——大卫·科波菲尔的幼时女友,威克费尔德先生的女儿

Steerforth 斯蒂福兹——大卫·科波菲尔幼时的同学

Dora 多拉——大卫·科波菲尔的妻子

Mary Ann 玛丽·安——大卫·科波菲尔家的女佣人



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. 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 candle.

An aunt of my father’s, Miss Trotwood, or Miss Betsey, had been married to a husband younger than herself, who was very handsome with an incompatibility of temper. He went to India with his capital. Anyhow, from India tidings of his death reached home, within ten years. 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.

She was mortally affronted by my father’s marriage, on the ground that my mother was “a wax doll”. 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.

我出生在萨福克的布兰德斯通，或者就像苏格兰人说的，是“在那一边”。我是一个遗腹子。父亲闭上眼睛离世六个月后我出生了。当我回忆童年的朦胧旧事时，想到的便是他那灰白色的基石。每当我们的小客厅被火炉烧得暖烘烘，又被烛光照得亮堂堂时，我就对独自躺在黑夜里的父亲无限同情。

我父亲的一个姨妈——特洛伍德小姐，或称贝西小姐，曾嫁给一个比她年轻的丈夫。他人长得帅气但脾气暴躁。后来他拿着笔钱去了印度，一走就是十年，直到他的死讯从那边传来。我姨奶奶就立刻恢复了她未嫁时的姓，并在很远的海边小村里买了间农舍，带了一个仆人去那里过独身生活。

父亲的婚事让她伤透了心，原因是她看来母亲不过是一个蜡制的娃娃。结婚时，父亲的年纪是母亲的两倍，他的身体也不太结实。一年后，他去世了，正如我前面说的那样，他去世六个月后我才来到这世上。



One afternoon in March, the wind was blowing furiously. A woman was winding her way, covering her hat by her hand from time to time, not let it gone. She pushed the door to the yard, heading a two-stair house—my home where I was born. Giving up knocking the front door, she went to the window, peeping into the room. There was a beautiful lady, my beloved mother, sitting by the fireplace, petting the brede with the welcome-new-baby bliss, sobbing. She was worried about me—a newly-born baby without a father.

The unknown visitor knocked the widow hardly to make sure about her appearance, frowning. My mother was shocked by this visitor, and paralysed. The woman pointed the front door and cried, "Open the door!"

Coming along with the gale, the women stepped into the house. The visitor stood right in front of my mother, examining her and said, "Mrs. Copperfield, I think?" she said. "Yes," My mother answered, "Please come in." Then she introduced herself, Miss Betsey.

三月的一个下午，风刮得很猛。路上走来一个女人，步履维艰，不时地用手捂着帽子，生怕被大风吹跑。推开院门，她径直朝一座二层小楼走去，那就是我的家，我出生的地方。她没去敲前门，而是走到窗旁向里面张望着。一个美丽的妇人，就是我深爱的母亲，坐在壁炉旁，抚摸着手中有欢迎新生儿祝词的刺绣，抽泣着。她在我——一个一出生就没有父亲的孩子难过。

不速之客急切地敲了敲窗子，皱着眉头，示意自己的到来。母亲看到这位来访者很惊讶，一时间手足无措。来访者又用手指指门，口中大声念着：“开门啊！”

这位不速之客随着大风一起飘进了屋里。她就站在母亲对面，打量着母亲说道：“我想，你就是科波菲尔夫人喽？”母亲答道：“是的，请进吧。”然后，她做了自我介绍，她就是贝西小姐。



They sat down. Suddenly my mother burst into tear again. "Oh tut, tut, tut!" said Miss Betsey in a hurry. "Don't do that! Come, come!" She observed my mother, said "You are such a baby." My mother couldn't stop crying and worrying her future, because she was a widow and going to be a young mother. "I am all in a tremble," faltered my mother. "I don't know what the matter is. I shall die, I am sure!"

"Nonsense!" Miss Betsey said. She sat in a very peculiar way, with the skirt of her dress tucked up, her hands folded on one knee, and her feet upon the fender. She told my mother that my father was her favourite nephew, but they lost contact for a long time, which could explain why she didn't meet my mother before. Then she wondered whether the coming baby was girl, and she was so sure about that. She was so willing to be the baby's God mother and would name her Trotwood Betsey Copperfield.

Here came into Miss Peggotty with teaboard and candles. Before she could serve the tea to the guest, my mother was nearly out of breath and suddenly fainted. Miss Betsey urged Peggotty to call the doctor.



她们两人都坐下了。母亲突然又哭了起来。“哦，好了，好了，好了！”贝西小姐忙说，“别这样了！行了，行了，行了！”贝西小姐仔细端详着母亲说：“你可真是个小娃娃啊。”母亲止不住地哭，她担心今后的生活，因为她现在是个寡妇，又要成为一个年轻的母亲。“我浑身发抖，”母亲难过地说，“我不知道这是怎么了。我快死了，我确信就快死了！”

“别胡说了！”贝西小姐说道。她的坐姿很特别，卷起裙裾的下摆，双手叠放在一只膝盖上，双脚放在炉栏上。她告诉母亲我的父亲是她最喜欢的一个外甥。可是他们好久没有联系了，所以她没见过我的母亲。然后，她问母亲是不是要出生的孩子是个女孩，她十分肯定一定会是个女孩，她要做孩子的教母，还要给她起名叫特洛伍德·贝西·科波菲尔德。

这时，佩各蒂端着茶盘和蜡烛进来了。她还没来得及招呼客人，就看到我母亲呼吸急促，突然昏倒了。贝西小姐催促佩各蒂赶紧叫医生来。

大卫·科波菲尔 *David Copperfield*

It was already midnight. The wind was still howling. My house was lit up, Miss Betsey walking around in the parlour anxiously. My eccentric-behaved grand-aunt, with her hat tied over her left arm, stopping her ears with jewellers cotton. She was waiting for the result of the newly-born baby restlessly.

The doctor, Mr. Chillip, went into my house in a hurry. He introduced himself politely, but Miss Betsey didn't hear his coming until she turned around and realized this poor man's appearance. She stared right at him and said, "Can't you speak?"

The doctor expressed his congratulations and informed her that both mother and the baby were very well. However, Miss Betsey only cared about the fact I was a girl or not. When Mr. Chillip ensured her that I was a boy, she was in a great disappointment. She rolled her hat and banged Mr. Chillip on the head badly. The poor doctor was frightened, since he never met such a mad and odd woman.

Miss Betsey never said a word afterwards, put on her hat, rushed out of the front door heatedly, then darted herself into the night.

On that night was I born named David Copperfield.



已经是午夜了,风依然在狂吼。我的家灯火通明,贝西小姐在客厅里不安地来回踱步。这个奇怪的姨妈奶,把帽子挂在左胳膊上,一个劲往自己耳朵里塞棉花球,她焦急地等待着这个即将出世的婴儿到底是男是女。

这时医生匆匆走进来,他是齐力普先生。医生彬彬有礼地介绍着自己,可是贝西小姐什么也没听见,直到她转身才发现身后的医生。她瞪着眼望着他,说道:“你怎么不会说话啊?”

医生向她表示祝贺,告诉她母子平安,可贝西小姐只关心婴儿到底是男是女。当齐力普先生确定地告诉她是个男孩的时候,她失望透顶了。她居然拿起帽子,狠狠地砸向齐力普先生。这个可怜医生吓呆了,他从来没有见过这么古怪而且脾气暴虐的女人。

贝西小姐二话没说,戴上帽子,怒气冲冲地夺门而出,消失在漆黑的夜色里。我,大卫·科波菲尔,就在那样的夜晚出生了。

Year in and year out, I grew up into a big boy. Without a father, I was in good care of my soft and kind mother, my simple and honest Peggotty, who gave me a happy childhood. We three made a perfect family.

On my father's festa, my mother, Peggotty and I went to his tomb to show our respect. As soon as upon the sight of the gravestone, my mother started sobbing. Although I never met my father and didn't know him at all, deeply in my heart, he was a good father and a husband. Both of us missed him very much, especially my mother. In front of his gravestone, I felt he must be very lonely underground.

Afterwards, we went to the church. I felt so bored, because the priest's words meant nothing to me at all. I quietly looked around myself. Quite a few people were there. Another bored boy with tangled hair made faces to me when he saw me. Several sheep wandered in the yard. Out of all this, I found a gentleman was looking at us all the time.

I never could imagine it was that properly-dressed gentleman who made a great impact on my life in the future. He dragged my dear mother and me from a world of happiness into misery.



我一天天地长大了,尽管没有父亲,可是善良温柔的母亲和淳朴的佩各蒂悉心照料我,给了我幸福的童年生活。我们三个人就是个完整的家。

在父亲的祭日那天,母亲、佩各蒂和我一起去为父亲扫墓。一看到父亲的墓碑,母亲就开始抽泣。虽然我没有见过父亲,对他也一无所知,可是在我的内心深处,他一直是位好父亲、好丈夫。我和母亲都思念着他,尤其是母亲。站在父亲的墓前,我感觉他在九泉之下一定非常孤独。

之后,我们一起去了教堂。我根本听不进去牧师讲的话,觉得很无聊,一直悄悄地四下张望着。教堂里坐着很多人,有个和我一样无聊的小男孩,头发乱蓬蓬的,向我做着鬼脸。几只羊在院子里跑来跑去。我发现有一位先生,看起来一副绅士的样子,一直望着我们这边。

我永远都不会想到,就是这位衣冠楚楚的先生会给我今后的生活带来巨大的变化,把我和母亲的幸福生活变成了悲惨世界。

I remembered one night, Peggotty and I were sitting by the fire, alone. I was reading a story about crocodiles to Peggotty while she was sewing. I was tired of reading, and dead sleepy. Peggotty seemed to swell and grow immensely large. But I insisted to wait for my mother instead of going to sleep.

"Peggotty," said I, suddenly, "were you ever married?"

"Lord, Master Davy," replied Peggotty. "No"

"But were you ever married, Peggotty?" I insisted. "You are a very handsome woman, aren't you?" I thought her in a different style from my mother, certainly; but I considered her of another type of beauty.

"Me? Handsome? Oh, dear Davy, no!" She bended and gave me a hug to thank me for my compliments. Peggotty asked me to continue reading the story. The doorbell rang. I stood up quickly and rushed to the door. Once I opened it, there stood my beautiful mother. I felt she was even prettier than usual. There was a man standing beside her, it was the gentleman we saw in the church that day.



我记得有一天晚上，母亲不在家，佩各蒂和我坐在客厅里的火炉旁，她做着缝缝补补的事，我念鳄鱼的故事给她听。我念累了，而且困极了，我眼里的佩各蒂越来越大，影子也越来越模糊。我就是不想去睡觉，坚持等母亲回来。

"佩各蒂，"我突然说道，"你结过婚吗？"

"哎哟，我的卫卫小少爷，没有啊。"佩各蒂答道。

我看着她说："你说结过婚？你是一个很漂亮的女人，是不是？"我当然知道她和母亲不同，但我觉得她有另外一种美。

"我，漂亮？哦，亲爱的卫卫，我哪儿漂亮！"她俯身抱了抱我表示感谢。佩各蒂让我继续给她念故事。这时候，门铃响了。我赶紧起身奔向门口。一开门，就看到我美丽的母亲，我觉得她比往常看上去更漂亮了。她旁边还站着一个人，就是那天在教堂里看见的那位先生。



“This young fellow has a privilege,” He said. He patted my shoulder, touched my mother’s hand, I saw it. I didn’t like him at all.

Mother blamed me for not greeting to him and said, “David, don’t be rude. I troubled this gentleman, Mr. Murdstone, sending me home, you should thank him.”

I still wasn’t willing to say a word, murmured “Good night” to him, even didn’t look at him. He insisted to stretch out of his right hand, wanted to shake with me. I was so reluctant to give him my left hand intentionally—a wrong one for handshaking. Then he acted as gentlemen, kissed my mother’s hand for good night. He was extremely annoying and disgusting to me.

Mother was in such a good mood. She turned on the music and danced with me. Peggotty smelled mother’s unusual thrill, and checked, “Hope you have had a pleasant evening, ma’am,” “A stranger or so makes an agreeable change?” suggested Peggotty.

As soon as I was lying down in the elbow-chair, I went into a sound sleep, didn’t remember or hear anything further.

“嗨，是个有特权的小家伙！”他拍拍我的肩膀，碰到了母亲放在我肩上的手，我眼睁睁地看见了。我一点儿都不喜欢这个人。

母亲看我沒有和他打招呼，就对我说，“大卫，不能没礼貌啊，是这位默德斯通先生送我回家的，你得表示感谢。”

我还是不愿意和他说话，只说了声“晚安”，看都没看他。可他还是伸出手，想和我握一下，我不情愿地只伸出了我的左手——不应该和别人握手的那只。然后他一副绅士的样子，亲吻我母亲的手道晚安。我简直烦死他了。

那晚母亲很开心，放起音乐拉着我跳起舞来。佩格蒂看出了母亲异常的兴奋，试探着说：“看起来你过了个愉快的晚上，夫人。”“一个陌生人还是什么别的让你有了这种快乐的变化？”佩格蒂不依不饶地接着问。

我一躺在椅子上就睡着了，什么也不知道了。





I was awoken by Peggotty and my mother's quarrel. I found them both in tears, and both talking loudly.

"Not such a one as this, Mr. Copperfield wouldn't have liked," said Peggotty. "That I say, and that I swear!"

"Good Heavens!" cried my mother, "why you are so aggravating, you'll drive me mad! Was ever any poor girl against by her servants as I am!"

"And my dear boy," cried my mother, coming to the elbow-chair in which I was, and caressing me, "Is it to be hinted to me that I am wanting in affection for my precious treasure, the dearest little fellow that ever was!"

"Nobody never went and hinted no such a thing," said Peggotty.

My mother cuddled me and cried out, "Am I a naughty mama to you, Davy? Am I a nasty, cruel, selfish, bad mama? I don't love you at all, do I?" "Yes, you love me and you are a good mama," I cried too. "Oh, I never meant to hurt you, ma'am," cried Peggotty. "I never meant."

At this, we all fell a-crying together.

大卫·科波菲尔 *David Copperfield*

我被佩各蒂和妈妈的争执给吵醒了。她们两个大声说什么，眼里都含着泪花。

"不应该是这样的一个人，科波菲尔先生是不会喜欢这种男人的。"这是佩各蒂在说话。"我告诉你，我发誓我说的绝对是对的。"

"天哪！"我妈妈叫喊起来："你怎敢对我说出这么狠毒的话？你要把我给气疯么！怎么会有像你这样的仆人对女主人说这样的话？"

母亲哭着扑向我睡的椅子，"我亲爱的孩子，是不是说我只为我的感情生活、个人幸福着想，从来不考虑我的小宝贝！"

"没人这样说你或者对你含沙射影。"佩各蒂说。

母亲抱着我，接着哭诉，"我是个坏妈妈吗，小卫卫？我是不是个令人厌恶的、狠心的、自私的坏妈妈？我根本就不爱你，是不是？" "不，妈妈，你爱我，你是好妈妈。"我也哭了。"哦，夫人，我从没想过要伤害你的呀。"佩各蒂也哭了。"从来没有啊。"

我们三个人抱在一起，哭作一团。



Maybe the next day or someday later, when Peggotty helped me washing, all in a sudden and secret way, Peggotty asked: "Master Davy, how would you like to go along with me and spend a fortnight at my brother's at Yarmouth? Wouldn't that be a treat?"

"Is your brother an agreeable man, Peggotty?" I inquired before I took it, because I didn't want to meet some bad fellows.

"Oh, what an agreeable man he is!" cried Peggotty. "There's the boat and the sea." She kind of aroused my curiosity.

First thing came into my mind was my mother. I never left her before. I asked Peggotty, "What would my mama do when we were away? She can't live in this big room all by herself."

"Don't you know?" Peggotty wondered, but quickly she changed her tone back to a pleasant way. "Gee, she's going to be with friends. Oh, she is going to have plenty of company." I was cheered up by her words, "Is that it? I am ready to go!"

I was so childish at that time that I couldn't realize my two-week absence in this house was the turning point in our lives.

也许是在第二天,说不定是更晚一点,佩各蒂帮我洗漱。她突然神秘兮兮地问我,“卫卫少爷,你愿不愿意和我去雅茅斯在我哥哥家住两个星期呢?是不是个好事儿呢?”

“你的哥哥是个好人吗,佩各蒂?”答应她之前我得问问,我可不想和那些坏家伙在一起。

“哦,他当然是个好人喽!”佩各蒂大声说道,“那儿有海,还有小船。”她在吊我的胃口呢。

可我第一个想到的就是母亲,因为我们从来没分开过。我问佩各蒂:“如果我们走了,佩各蒂,我妈妈怎么办呢?妈妈总不能一个人待在这个大房子里呀。”

“你不知道?”佩各蒂纳闷地问道,可她立刻又兴高采烈地说,“嗯,她会和朋友们在一起的,会有好多人来陪她的。”佩各蒂的话打消了我的顾虑,“真的啊?我要和你一块儿去呢!”

我当时真的是个孩子,怎么也不会想到我离开母亲的这两个星期是我们一家人的生活转折点。





大卫·科波菲尔 *David Copperfield*

出发远行的日子很快就到了。我还十分清楚地记得和母亲告别的情景。她依依不舍地看着我，好像再也见不到我了，不停地亲吻着我。

母亲紧紧地抱着我，不住地嘱咐佩各蒂和车夫巴克斯先生。

“好好照顾他，佩各蒂。”母亲对佩各蒂说。佩各蒂也叮嘱母亲，“夫人，您也要照顾好自己呀！”

巴克斯先生有点不耐烦了，用鞭子打着马背，急于要启程。母亲又对他说道，“巴克斯先生，请小心驾车！”

马车启动了。我不停地转着身子向母亲挥手道别，直到我那美丽的母亲和老房子逐渐模糊远去。远远地，我竟然又看到那个令人厌恶的默德斯通先生骑着马来我家，他示意着让母亲回房子里。看到这些，我心里有些纳闷，感觉不舒服。但是第一次远行的兴奋和对海边生活的期待很快就让我忘了这些不愉快。



Soon came the day for my long trip. My departure with my mother is still crystal clear in my recollection. She looked at me as if she would never let me go, as if she would never see me again, kissing me goodbye.

She embraced me tightly, urged repeatedly to Peggotty and Mr. Barkis, the carrier.

“Take precious care to him please, Peggotty.” Mother said to Peggotty. Peggotty returned to her, “You’d better look after yourself, ma’am.”

Mr. Barkis seemed sort of irritable, whipping the horses, ready to go. Mother told him as well, “Please drive safely, Mr. Barkis, will you?”

The coach started. I turned away and waved to her until my beautiful mama and our old house became a vague vista. From a far distance, I saw that annoying Mr. Murdstone coming with his horse. He showed my mother the way back to the house. I was a bit troubled by what I had seen, feeling uncomfortable. But the enthusiasm for the first long trip and anticipation of the life along the sea wiped out this unpleasant scene.



I reckoned that was a really long trip, which made me exhausted. However, when the coach reached Yarmouth, I was energetic again as usual.

Our coach stopped right in the middle of a street in a market, where at the beach. The flat beach line could be seen obviously from where we were. The whole market smelt the fish, and pitch, and oakum, and tar, and saw the sailors walking about, and the carts jingling up and down over the stones. I felt that Yarmouth was, upon the whole, the finest place in the universe.

"Look! Here's my Ham!" screamed Peggotty, "grown out of knowledge!"

Ham was a huge, strong fellow of six feet high, broad in proportion, and round shouldered, but with a simpering boy's face and curly light hair that gave him quite a sheepish look. He was dressed in a canvas jacket and a pair of such very stiff trousers that they would have stood quite as well alone, without any legs in them. And you couldn't so properly have said he wore a hat, as that he was covered in a-top, like an old building, with something pitchy.

我得说这趟旅程真的是很漫长,让我又累又乏。可我们一到雅茅斯,我又像往常一样欢蹦乱跳了。

我们的马车停在一个市场的街道中间。这个市场就在海边,我从马车上可以看到平坦的海岸线。整个市场都是鱼味、泥味、麻絮味和沥青的味道,我还看到来往走动的水手,在石头上颠来颠去响着铃铛的大车。那时我眼里的雅茅斯是天下最棒的地方。

"看,那是我的汉姆!"佩各蒂大声地叫着,"都长得让人认不出了!"

汉姆是个大个儿的壮小伙子,有六英尺高,虎背熊腰的,可他脸上挂着孩子气的傻笑,那头浅色的卷发使他看起来十分腼腆。他穿着一件帆布夹克,一条硬邦邦的裤子硬得就像没有腿在裤管里也能照样立着。他戴着一顶你可以称之为帽子的东西,就像是顶着个黑漆漆的破房子。

