

【插图 · 中文导读英文版】



*David Copperfield*

大卫·科波菲尔

上

[英] 查尔斯·狄更斯 著  
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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## 内 容 简 介

《大卫·科波菲尔》是世界文学宝库中的经典之作，讲述了一位贫穷的孤儿大卫·科波菲尔成长为一位优雅、成熟、幸福的绅士的奋斗史，是一部催人泪下的励志故事。主人公大卫·科波菲尔是个遗腹子，他的童年生活充满了艰辛。在他9岁时，母亲改嫁，继父对他和母亲百般虐待，母亲去世后不久，科波菲尔沦为孤儿，被送到伦敦去做童工，过着孤苦无依的生活。幸运的是，走投无路的科波菲尔找到了自己的姑婆，心地善良的姑婆收留了他，并送他去上学，从此他开始了崭新的生活。科波菲尔不但善良，而且爱憎分明，历经磨难的他最终成了一名成功的作家，并与自己相爱的人生活在一起。

该书自出版以来，一直畅销至今，被译成世界上几十种语言。书中所展现的故事感染了一代又一代青少年读者的心灵。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。

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查尔斯·狄更斯（Charles Dickens，1812—1870），19 世纪英国现实主义文学大师，他的许多作品至今依然畅销，对英国乃至世界文学的发展产生着非常重要的影响。

1812 年 2 月 7 日，狄更斯出生在英国的朴茨茅斯市。因其父负债入狱，狄更斯于 1824 年被迫辍学。为了维持生计，狄更斯在一家皮鞋油作坊当学徒。一种蒙羞受辱、遭受抛弃的感觉萦绕了狄更斯的一生，这段经历可以在他的小说《大卫·科波菲尔》中找到。1824—1826 年，狄更斯重新回到了学校，而在大多数时间里，他都是依靠自学。1827 年，狄更斯开始在一家律师事务所供职，随后到报社成为一名采访议会的记者。这段经历使狄更斯熟悉了英国法律和政治体系的内幕，使他有机会接触各种各样的人物，并为日后的文学创作做好了素材和艺术方面的准备。1836 年，狄更斯结集出版了他的系列描述伦敦生活的作品，定名《博兹特写集》，这使他获得了初步成功。1837 年，他出版了第一部长篇小说《匹克威克外传》。这部作品发表以后，风行一时，畅销全国，成为了街谈巷议的话题，并使他得以靠写作维持生活，并开始了著作生涯。

狄更斯一生共创作了 14 部长篇小说，还有许多中、短篇小说以及杂文、游记、戏剧、小品等。其中，最著名的作品有《艰难时世》、《双城记》、《大卫·科波菲尔》、《雾都孤儿》、《老古玩店》、《唐贝父子》和《远大前程》等。这些作品以高超的艺术手法描绘了包罗万象的社会图景，塑造出众多令人难忘的人物形象。马克思把他和萨克雷等称誉为英国的“一批杰出的小说家”。

狄更斯精力充沛，才思过人，除了小说创作，他还从事其他各种活动。1842 年，他到美国演讲，支持国际版权协议，并坚决反对奴隶制。1843 年，狄更斯出版了《圣诞欢歌》，这部书成了经久不衰的儿童读物。此外，狄更斯还曾经经营过一个戏剧公司，并于 1851 年为维多利亚女王表演。纵





观狄更斯的文学创作历程，随着他的艺术的逐渐成熟，他的小说风格逐渐发生变化。在其早期作品中，他主要讲述有关主人公奇遇的一些滑稽故事。而在他后期的作品中，狄更斯则倾向探讨重大的社会问题，作品集叙述、人物心理描写以及丰富的象征于一体。狄更斯在英国生活的时代，正是由半封建社会向工业资本主义社会的过渡时期。其作品广泛而深刻地描写了这个时期社会生活的各个方面，鲜明而生动地刻画了各阶层的代表人物形象，并从人道主义出发对各种丑恶的社会现象及其代表人物进行揭露和批判，对劳动人民的苦难及其反抗斗争给予同情和支持。1870年6月9日，狄更斯因中风而去世，5天以后被葬在威斯敏斯特大教堂的名人墓地。

在狄更斯的众多作品中，《大卫·科波菲尔》被誉为是其最重要的代表作。该作品是狄更斯耗费心血最多、篇幅最长的一部半自传体著作，于1849年5月至1850年11月间以连载的形式发表。这部小说在狄更斯的全部创作中占据着特殊的地位，清晰地反映出了作者的创作思想和艺术风格，是作者亲身经历、观察所得和丰富想象的伟大结晶。狄更斯在本书序中曾说道：“在我所有的作品中，我最爱的是这一部。……它是最宠爱的孩子。”该书在世界文学史上占有非常重要的地位，曾被列夫·托尔斯泰誉为“一切英国小说中最好的一部”。该书出版自出版以来，一直畅销至今，被译成世界上几十种文字，是全世界公认的世界文学名著之一。在中国，《大卫·科波菲尔》是最受广大读者欢迎的经典小说之一，同时也是最早传入中国的西欧经典名著之一。基于以上原因，我们决定编译本书，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、刘乃亚、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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Part I

# 第一章 我的出生

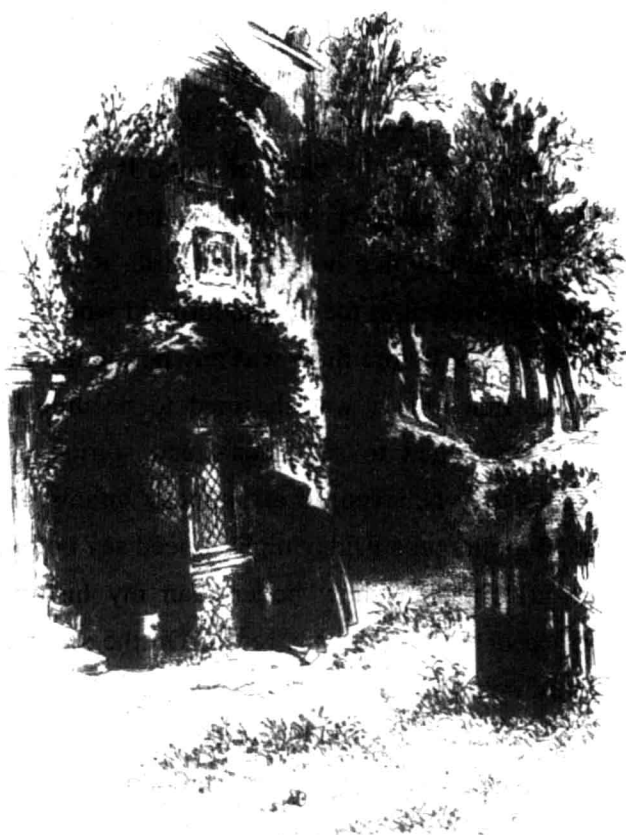
## Chapter 1 I am Born



我从别人那里听说自己是周五午夜十二点出生的，据说在这样的日子，并且在这样的时刻出生的孩子注定是要一辈子倒霉的。我出生时带着的头膜在十年后被一位老太太花五先令买走了，这位老太太活到了九十多岁才去世，所以我的胎膜的功效也成为了流传许久的佳话。

我的家乡是布伦德斯通镇，我出生前六个月父亲就去世了。我的姑奶奶碧特思小姐很疼爱父亲，却因为不满意父母亲的婚事而断了来往。在父亲去世不久，她突然来到我家，这让母亲吓了一跳。看到母亲悲伤痛苦的神情，碧特思小姐很不耐烦，她仔细打量着母亲，还认为母亲过于年轻。碧特思小姐对着母亲说了些严厉的话，母亲昏了过去，碧特思小姐显然成了一家之主，命令仆人培格蒂端茶倒水，并且向虚弱的母亲提出要求：如果生出来的是女孩，那么她一定要当女孩的教母，并且女孩的名字也必须随她。

母亲不敢违抗，并且在她的要求下讲述了和父亲从认识到相爱的经过。培格蒂在一旁发现了母亲的不对劲，赶紧请来了护士和医生。在别人忙得一团糟的时候，碧特思小姐竟然坐在一旁无动于衷，甚至还拿出棉花球塞到了耳朵里，致使后来池立蒲医生和她说话都听不见。她偶尔将棉球取下，了解母亲的情况，随后又立即塞上，生怕母亲的尖叫声吓着她。她这样的做法和神情，就连一向不问世事的池立蒲医生都看不下去了。培格蒂的侄子哈莫也在家里帮忙，第二天，他告诉人们碧特思小姐后来也无法安坐下去，可能是外面的声音大得棉球也不管用了，竟然一把抓住他走来走去。



姑奶奶突然来到我家

在碧特思小姐最烦躁的时候，池立蒲先生带来了消息，告诉她一切都已经结束了。当听到医生说婴儿是男孩时，她头也不回地离去了，从此再也没有出现过。此时，我和母亲正躺在床上——这个姑奶奶关于小女孩的梦想最终还是破灭了。

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. 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 candle, 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 greataunt 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 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.

"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.

"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.