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# 圣诞颂歌

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

〔英国〕查尔斯・狄更斯 著

[法国] 古斯塔夫・多雷 绘 吴钧陶 译

#### 图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

圣诞颂歌: 汉英对照 / (英) 狄更斯 (Dickens, C.) 著,

(法) 多雷绘;吴钧陶译. 一南京:译林出版社,2013.2

(字里行间图文馆)

书名原文: A Christmas Carol ISBN 978-7-5447-3543-8

I.①圣··· Ⅱ.①狄··· ②多··· ③吴··· Ⅲ.①长篇小说 -英国-近代-汉、英 Ⅳ. ①I561.44

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2012)第312233号

书 名 圣诞颂歌

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特约编辑 谢晗曦

原文出版 MCE Publishing Co., 1996

出版发行 凤凰出版传媒股份有限公司

译林出版社

出版社地址 南京市湖南路1号A楼,邮编: 210009

电子邮箱 yilin@yilin.com

出版社网址 http://www.yilin.com

印 刷 山东临沂新华印刷物流集团有限责任公司

开 本 787×1092毫米 1/16

印 张 13.5

字 数 216千字

版 次 2013年2月第1版 2013年2月第1次印刷

书 号 ISBN 978-7-5447-3543-8

定 价 32.80元

译林版图书若有印装错误可向承印厂调换

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#### STAVE ONE MARLEY'S GHOST

MARLEY was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the Country's done for. You will therefore

## 第一节<sup>©</sup> **马莱的鬼魂**

首先要说的是,马莱死掉了。他的死是毫无疑问的。在登记册上,他的丧葬是由 牧师、办事员、殡仪员,以及主要送葬者签名的。那是私刻鲁挤<sup>②</sup>签的。私刻鲁挤的 名声在交易所<sup>③</sup>里很响,凡是他愿意插手的事情,全都没有问题。

老马莱是像钉死的门钉一样死了®。

注意!我并不是说,就我的知识范围,我知道一根门钉有什么特别的死。我自己 倒可能认为棺材钉才是五金行业中钉得最死的东西。不过在这一比喻中有着我们祖先 的智慧,我的亵渎神明的双手决不能随意改动,否则国家就完了。因此,你一定会允许

① 节,原文为Stave,是诗或歌曲的一节的意思。作者故意用这个词代替Chapter(章),以表明这是一本"用散文写的圣诞颂歌"。

② 私刻鲁挤,原文为Scrooge, 英语通俗口语中原是"挤榨"的意思。作者选用这个词作为人物姓名,带有讽刺的意味。后来英语中即作"吝啬鬼"解。

③ 交易所, 指伦敦交易所 (the Royal Exchange) , 是英国金融中心。

④ 原文as dead as a door-nail, 出于英国古代民谣。莎士比亚在他的历史剧《亨利四世》和《亨利六世》中也有这种比喻。

permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnised it with an undoubted bargain.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's Father died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly wind, upon his own ramparts, than there would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot—say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance—literally to astonish his son's weak mind.

我强调性地重复一遍说: 马莱是像钉死的门钉一样死了。

私刻鲁挤知道他死了吗?他当然知道。他怎么会不知道呢?私刻鲁挤和他是合伙人,我说不上这有多少年了。私刻鲁挤是他指定的唯一遗嘱执行人,是他唯一的遗产管理人,是他唯一的财产受让人,是他唯一的剩余遗产的继承人,是他唯一的朋友和唯一的送葬者。可是即使这位私刻鲁挤,对于这桩伤心事,也并不那么难受得不得了,而就在举行葬礼那天,他还是一个出色的生意人,用道道地地的生意经举行了那次葬礼。

提到马莱的葬礼,把我带回到我刚才开头的地方来。马莱死掉了,这是毫无疑问的。这一点必须清楚地了解,否则我正要讲述的故事中,就不能发生什么奇妙的事情了。要是我们不完完全全地相信,哈姆雷特<sup>®</sup> 的父亲是在那出戏剧开幕以前就死掉了,那么,他在东风吹拂的夜晚,在他自己的城堡的壁垒上蹀躞,比起随便哪一位中年绅士在天黑之后,猝然出现在一个凉风瑟瑟的地方——譬如说圣保罗大教堂墓地<sup>®</sup>——简直是在吓唬他儿子的脆弱的心灵,没有什么更引人注意之处了。

① 哈姆雷特, 莎士比亚著名悲剧《哈姆雷特》中的主角名。他是丹麦王子, 其父被叔父毒死。剧中第一幕 第一场就是故王鬼魂出现在城堡上。

② 圣保罗大教堂,英国著名教堂,在伦敦中区拉德盖特山顶上,教堂高达三百六十五英尺,始建于十七世纪。墓地早已拆除,并已形成一条围绕这一教堂的不规则的街道。

Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

私刻鲁挤一直没有把老马莱的名字涂掉,好多年以后,在货栈的门上还是这样写着:"私刻鲁挤和马莱"。这家商号就称作"私刻鲁挤和马莱"。有时候,不熟识这行生意的人称私刻鲁挤为私刻鲁挤,有时候,却又称他为马莱,不过他两个名字都答应:对他说来,这完全是一回事。

哦!他可是一个要从石头里榨出油来的人<sup>©</sup>,这个私刻鲁挤!他真是一个善于压榨、拧绞、掠取、搜刮、抓住不放,而又贪得无厌的老恶棍哪!又硬又锐利,好像一块打火石似的,可是钢棒从来没有在那上面打出慷慨的火花来;而且隐秘自守,默不作声,孤单乖僻,好像一只牡蛎。他内心的冷酷使他苍老的面貌蒙上了一层严霜,冻坏了他的尖鼻子,冻皱了他的面颊,冻得他脚步直僵僵的,冻得他眼睛发红,薄嘴唇发紫,冻得他用叽叽嘎嘎的声音说尖酸刻薄的话。他的头上是一层皑皑的白霜,两撇眉毛和坚硬的下巴也是这样。他走到哪里,就把自己身上的低温带到哪里;在大热天<sup>©</sup>里,他把他的事务所弄得冷冰冰;到了圣诞节这天,他也不上升一度去使那儿解冻。

① 原文为a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone (在磨石上握得紧紧的手)。 tight-fisted又有"吝啬的"之意。

② 大热天、原文为dog-days、指从七月三日至八月十一日、一般来说是英国每年最热的时候。此时天狼星 (dog star) 与太阳同起同落。



No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. 没有温暖能够使他温暖起来,也没有寒冷的天气能够使他觉得寒冷。



Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts...

即使瞎子们的狗都似乎认识他,一看见他来了,就把主人拖进大门,拖进院子……

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care! It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing

外界的热和冷影响不了私刻鲁挤。没有温暖能够使他温暖起来,也没有寒冷的天气能够使他觉得寒冷。没有哪一阵风刮得像他那样冰凉刺骨,没有哪一场雪下得像他那样锲而不舍,刻意求成,也没有哪一次倾盆大雨落得像他那样从来不听从恳求。恶劣的天气不知道怎样才能打败他。最大的雨、雪、冰雹和雨夹雪,也只有在某一点上可以夸口说胜过他。那就是它们常常很大方地"布施",而私刻鲁挤却从来也不干。

从来也没有谁在街上和颜悦色地叫住他,说一声:"我亲爱的私刻鲁挤,你好吗?你什么时候来看我呀?"也没有叫花子来求他赏一个小钱,也没有小孩子来问他现在是几点钟了,在私刻鲁挤的一生之中,也没有男人或妇女曾经问过他一次到某处某处去的路怎么走。即使瞎子们的狗都似乎认识他,一看见他来了,就把主人拖进大门,拖进院子,然后摇着尾巴,好像在说:"黑暗中的主人啊,完全看不见比生有一双凶眼<sup>©</sup>来得好!"

可是私刻鲁挤才不在乎什么呢!这正是他所乐意的事情呢。在熙熙攘攘的人生道 路上、侧着身子悄悄走着,警告一切有同情心的人远着点儿,对私刻鲁挤来说就是知

① 凶眼,原文为evil eye,按照外国迷信的说法,有一种人,比如女巫,生有一种超自然的凶眼,凶眼一瞧就能带来巨大的灾害。

ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy withal: and he could hear the people in the court outside, go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already—it had not been light all day—and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But

道内情的人所谓的"好运气"。

从前,有一天——就在一年之中好日子里最好的一天,即圣诞节前夜——老私刻鲁挤坐在他的账房间里,忙碌着。那天天气昏沉阴暗,寒冷彻骨,而且大雾弥漫,他能够听见外面院子里人们鼻息咻咻地踱来踱去,双手拍打着前胸,双脚在铺道石板上蹬着,好叫身上暖和。市中心的时钟刚刚敲过三点,但是天已经很暗了。这一整天都没有明亮过,烛光在附近一些事务所的窗户里闪烁,好像是那可以捉摸得到的褐色雾气里的斑斑红晕。雾气正从每一条缝隙和钥匙孔里流进来,屋外的雾很浓,虽然院子再狭小也没有,对面的房屋看去却只不过是幢幢黑影了。看着那彤云低罩下来,把一切东西都弄得朦朦胧胧的,人们会觉得大自然近在咫尺,正在大规模地呼风唤雨。

私刻鲁挤账房的门开着,这样他就可以监视他的办事员,那人待在外面那间阴暗的、像是一种箱子的小房间里,正在抄写信件。私刻鲁挤生着非常小的炉火,但是办事员的炉火还要小得多,看来好像只烧了一块煤炭。然而他不能添加燃料,因为私刻

### Gustave Doré Wood Engravings in French magazine Journal pour Tous (1861)



Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house.

从前,有一天——就在一年之中好日子里最好的一天,即圣诞节前夜—— 老私刻鲁挤坐在他的账房间里,忙碌着。

Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

因而,办事员只得围上他的白羊毛围巾, 试着靠蜡烛火取暖。但由于他不是一个想象力 丰富的人,想这样取暖可没取成。



he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge, "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure?" "I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

鲁挤把煤箱放在自己的房间里,这样一来,要是这个办事员拿着煤铲走进来,老板肯定要预告说,他们两人有必要从此分手。因而,办事员只得围上他的白羊毛围巾,试着靠蜡烛火取暖。但由于他不是一个想象力丰富的人,想这样取暖可没取成。

"圣诞节快乐,舅舅!上帝保佑你!"一个兴高采烈的声音传来。这是私刻鲁挤的外甥的声音,他来得太快,以至这声喊叫成了私刻鲁挤得知他的到来的最初的通知。

"呸!"私刻鲁挤说,"胡闹!"

私刻鲁挤的这个外甥在大雾和严寒中急速赶路,把自己弄得热起来,整个儿热气腾腾的。他的脸又红润又漂亮,他的眼睛闪着光,他的呼吸中又冒着热气。

"圣诞节是胡闹吗,舅舅!"私刻鲁挤的外甥说,"我确信,你并不是这个意思。"

"我就是这个意思。"私刻鲁挤说,"什么圣诞节快乐!你有什么权利快乐?你有什么理由快乐?你是够穷的啦。"

"Come, then," returned the nephew gaily. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug."

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"好啊,那么,"外甥兴奋地回答说,"你有什么权利不乐意?你有什么理由不 开心?你是够富的啦。"

私刻鲁挤当时找不出更好的答话,只得又说了一声"呸!"跟着加上一声"胡闹"。"不要生气呀,舅舅。"外甥说。

"不生气怎么行?"舅舅反问,"我生活在这样一个充满像这样的呆子的世界上!什么圣诞节快乐!滚它的圣诞节快乐!圣诞节对你有什么好处?这不过是这样的时候:你得付欠账却没有钱,你发现自己长大了一岁,却不是更能多活一个小时,你得结清各项账目,可是整整一打的月份里的每一项都表明你无利可图。要是我能够照我的心意办,"私刻鲁挤愤慨地说,"每一个嘴上挂着'圣诞节快乐'到处乱跑的白痴,我一定要把他和他自己的布丁一起煮,然后拿一枝冬青插穿他的心脏,把他埋葬。<sup>©</sup>一定要这么办!"

"舅舅!"外甥求情说。

① 欧洲中世纪风俗, 把杀人犯埋葬在十字路口以后, 用一根柱子刺穿其心脏, 插在那儿。冬青在圣诞节常作为室内装饰, 并在进餐时插在葡萄干布丁上。参见本书第113页。

"Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew. "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me

"外甥!"舅舅严厉地回答,"你去过你的圣诞节吧,让我过我的。"

"过圣诞节!"私刻鲁挤的外甥重复他的话,"可是你不肯过呀!"

"那么,让我不过好啦。"私刻鲁挤说,"但愿它会给你许多好处!它一向给过你许多好处了吧!"

"也许,有许多事情,虽然我没有从它们那儿得到过进款,可是我也许已经从它们那儿得到了好处。"外甥回答说,"圣诞节就是这类事情中的一种。可是我肯定,每当圣诞节期来临的时候,我一直认为这是一个好时候。即使撇开它神圣的名称和来源所引起的崇敬之心——如果任何属于它的东西可以撇开的话——这也是一个好时候。一个仁爱、宽恕、慈善、快乐的节期。在长长一年的光阴里,据我所知,唯有这个时候男男女女似乎不约而同地把他们紧闭的心扉无拘无束地打开,并且想到比他们低微的人们,就好像那些人的确是一同向坟墓走去的旅伴,而不是在另外的行程上的另外一种生物。因此,舅舅啊,虽然圣诞节从来没有把一小块金子或银子放在我的口袋里,

good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the Tank involuntarily applauded. Becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark for ever.

"Let me hear another sound from you," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him—yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good afternoon!"

我还是相信它给过我好处,而且还要给我好处。所以我要说,上帝祝福它!"

待在"大箱子"里的办事员情不自禁地喝起彩来,但是马上觉得这样做不合适, 便拨弄着火、把最后的微弱的火星永远熄灭掉。

"你再喊一声试试看,"私刻鲁挤说,"那你就另谋高就去过你的圣诞节吧。你倒真是一个了不起的演说家。"他又转向他的外甥,添上一句,"我不明白你怎么不进国会。" "不要生气,舅舅。来吧!明天到我们家里来吃饭。"

私刻鲁挤说,他宁愿看见他——<sup>©</sup> 不错,他的确说了,他把这句话完全说了出来, 说宁愿看见他那副死样子,他也不去。

"那为什么呢?"私刻鲁挤的外甥嚷道,"为什么呢?"

"你为什么结婚?"私刻鲁挤问。

"因为我恋爱。"

"因为你恋爱!"私刻鲁挤吼着说,好像天底下比圣诞节快乐更荒谬可笑的事唯有这一桩,"再见!"

<sup>●</sup> 他宁愿看见他——, 原文为he would see him——。破折号是"damned (被诅咒) first"或"dead (死掉) first"的省略。这句意思是宁愿别人死,他也不去。

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

- "Good afternoon," said Scrooge.
- "I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"
- "Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the last. So A Merry Christmas, uncle!"

- "Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.
- "And A Happy New Year!"
- "Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially.

"别这样,舅舅,可是你在这桩事情之前就从来没有来看过我。为什么却作为现在不来的理由呢?"

- "再见。"私刻鲁挤说。
- "我什么也不要你的,我什么也不求你,为什么我们不能友好呢?"
- "再见。"私刻鲁挤说。
- "看到你态度这样坚决,我衷心地感到遗憾。我们之间从来没有过以我作为一方的 争吵。不过我曾经作过努力要对圣诞节表示敬意,因此我要把我过圣诞的好心情维持 到底。所以,祝你圣诞节快乐,舅舅!"
  - "再见!"私刻鲁挤说。
  - "祝你新年快乐!"
  - "再见!"私刻鲁挤说。

虽然如此,他的外甥还是毫无怨言地离开了那个房间,他在外边那扇门口站住, 向办事员致以节日的问候。办事员尽管身上很冷,也比私刻鲁挤来得温暖,因为他热 诚地回应了祝贺。 "There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge; who overheard him: "my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam."

This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years," Scrooge replied. "He died seven years ago, this very night."

"We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner," said the gentleman, presenting his credentials.

It certainly was; for they had been two kindred spirits. At the ominous word "liberality," Scrooge frowned, and shook his head, and handed the credentials back.

"竟然又有一个家伙,"私刻鲁挤听见了他的话,咕噜着说,"我的办事员,一星期只挣十五个先令,还有老婆、孩子,也高谈什么圣诞节快乐。我真要隐退到白德兰<sup>®</sup>去了。"

这个疯子一边让私刻鲁挤的外甥出去,一边让另外两个人进来。他们是两个魁梧 肥胖的绅士,看上去和蔼可亲,这会儿脱下了帽子,站在私刻鲁挤的事务所里。他们 手中拿着簿子和纸张,对他鞠躬。

"我想,这儿是私刻鲁挤和马莱商号吧。"其中一个绅士查着名单说,"我可以荣幸 地称呼私刻鲁挤先生,或者马莱先生吗?"

"马莱先生死去整整七年了。"私刻鲁挤回答说,"他正是在七年前的今儿个晚上死的。"

"我们毫不怀疑他的慷慨之心是由他的健在的合伙人很好地代表着。"绅士拿出他的身份证明书来,说道。

果然不错,因为这两个人的性格很相似。私刻鲁挤一听到那个不祥的字眼"慷慨 之心"就皱眉摇头,把那份证明书递回去。

① 白德兰 (Bedlam) 是伯利恒 (Bethlehem) 的讹误,指英国伦敦的伯利恒圣马利亚医院,是一所精神病医院。