

雾都孤儿

OLIVER TWIST

中英对照全译本

[英] 查尔斯·狄更斯 著

Charles Dickens

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译



世界图书出版公司

雾都孤儿

OLIVER TWIST

英国文学卷

中英对照全译本

[英] 查尔斯·狄更斯 著

Charles Dickens

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译



盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会

主 任：黎小说 高民芳 杜 毅

本册委员：孙 怡 黄 坤 蒋靖怡

梁 恩 李 梨 张 雪

特日格勒

世界图书出版公司

上海·西安·北京·广州

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

雾都孤儿: 汉英对照/ (英) 狄更斯 (Dickens, C.) 著; 盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会译. —上海: 上海世界图书出版公司, 2011.6
ISBN 978-7-5100-3365-0

I. ①雾… II. ①狄… ②盛… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物
②长篇小说—英国—近代 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2011)第 058230 号

雾都孤儿

[英] 查尔斯·狄更斯 著
盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译

上海世界图书出版公司 出版发行

上海市广中路 88 号

邮政编码 200083

北京兴鹏印刷有限公司印刷

如发现印刷质量问题, 请与印刷厂联系

(质检科电话: 010-84897777)

各地新华书店经销

开本: 880×1230 1/32 印张: 22 字数: 764 000

2011 年 6 月第 1 版 2011 年 6 月第 1 次印刷

ISBN 978-7-5100-3365-0/H · 1117

定价: 38.80 元

<http://www.wpcsh.com.cn>

<http://www.wpcsh.com>

前言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩瀚的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。



CHAPTER 1	第一章.....	1
CHAPTER 2	第二章.....	6
CHAPTER 3	第三章.....	23
CHAPTER 4	第四章.....	37
CHAPTER 5	第五章.....	49
CHAPTER 6	第六章.....	67
CHAPTER 7	第七章.....	75
CHAPTER 8	第八章.....	86
CHAPTER 9	第九章.....	100
CHAPTER 10	第十章.....	110
CHAPTER 11	第十一章.....	118
CHAPTER 12	第十二章.....	130
CHAPTER 13	第十三章.....	145
CHAPTER 14	第十四章.....	158
CHAPTER 15	第十五章.....	175
CHAPTER 16	第十六章.....	186
CHAPTER 17	第十七章.....	201
CHAPTER 18	第十八章.....	216
CHAPTER 19	第十九章.....	229
CHAPTER 20	第二十章.....	244
CHAPTER 21	第二十一章.....	257
CHAPTER 22	第二十二章.....	267
CHAPTER 23	第二十三章.....	278
CHAPTER 24	第二十四章.....	290
CHAPTER 25	第二十五章.....	299
CHAPTER 26	第二十六章.....	309

CHAPTER 27	第二十七章.....	328
CHAPTER 28	第二十八章.....	340
CHAPTER 29	第二十九章.....	355
CHAPTER 30	第三十章.....	361
CHAPTER 31	第三十一章.....	371
CHAPTER 32	第三十二章.....	388
CHAPTER 33	第三十三章.....	402
CHAPTER 34	第三十四章.....	416
CHAPTER 35	第三十五章.....	432
CHAPTER 36	第三十六章.....	444
CHAPTER 37	第三十七章.....	449
CHAPTER 38	第三十八章.....	465
CHAPTER 39	第三十九章.....	481
CHAPTER 40	第四十章.....	504
CHAPTER 41	第四十一章.....	515
CHAPTER 42	第四十二章.....	531
CHAPTER 43	第四十三章.....	548
CHAPTER 44	第四十四章.....	565
CHAPTER 45	第四十五章.....	576
CHAPTER 46	第四十六章.....	582
CHAPTER 47	第四十七章.....	597
CHAPTER 48	第四十八章.....	608
CHAPTER 49	第四十九章.....	623
CHAPTER 50	第五十章.....	638
CHAPTER 51	第五十一章.....	656
CHAPTER 52	第五十二章.....	677
CHAPTER 53	第五十三章.....	691

Chapter 1

第一章

**Treats of the Place Where Oliver
Twist Was Born; and of the
Circumstances Attending His Birth**

AMONG other public buildings in a certain town, which for many reasons it will be prudent to refrain from mentioning, and to which I will assign no fictitious name, there is one anciently common to most towns, great or small: to wit, a workhouse; and in this workhouse was born, on a day and date which I need not trouble myself to repeat, inasmuch as it can be of no possible consequence to the reader, in this stage of the business at all events; the item of mortality whose name is prefixed to the head of this chapter.

For a long time after it was ushered into this world of sorrow and trouble, by the parish surgeon, it remained a matter of considerable doubt whether the child would survive to bear any name at all; in which case it is somewhat more than probable that these memoirs would never have appeared; or, if they had, that being comprised within a couple of pages, they would have possessed the inestimable merit of being the most concise and faithful specimen of biography, extant in the literature of any age or country.

有关奥立弗·特威斯特的出生地，
以及他出生时种种情形的介绍

有这样一个小城，出于多方面考虑，它的名字不方便被提起，我甚至不打算给它取个假名。和许多大大小小的城镇一样，这里的公共建筑物之中也有一个存在已久的机构，它就是济贫院。本章题目中被提及姓名的那个人就出生在这里，具体日期无须深究，因为这对读者来说并不重要——至少目前来看是这样的。

在教区外科医生的帮助下，这孩子来到了一个如此困苦又动荡的世界，很长一段时间里，存在着一个相当令人伤脑筋的问题，那就是这孩子到底是否能够拥有一个名字并活下去。假如他没能幸存，本传记大概永远也不会被出版，或者即便能面世也只有为数不多的几页。不过这反倒赋予它不可估量的价值，即成为世界各国以及各时期现存文献中最简明、最真实的传记典范。

Although I am not disposed to maintain that the being born in a workhouse, is in itself the most fortunate and enviable circumstance that can possibly befall a human being, I do mean to say that in this particular instance, it was the best thing for Oliver Twist that could by possibility have occurred. The fact is, that there was considerable difficulty in inducing Oliver to take upon himself the office of respiration – a troublesome practice, but one which custom has rendered necessary to our easy existence; and for some time he lay gasping on a little flock mattress, rather unequally poised between this world and the next: the balance being decidedly in favour of the latter. Now, if, during this brief period, Oliver had been surrounded by careful grandmothers, anxious aunts, experienced nurses, and doctors of profound wisdom, he would most inevitably and indubitably have been killed in no time. There being nobody by, however, but a pauper old woman, who was rendered rather misty by an unwonted allowance of beer; and a parish surgeon who did such matters by contract; Oliver and Nature fought out the point between them. The result was that, after a few struggles, Oliver breathed, sneezed, and proceeded to advertise to the inmates of the workhouse the fact of a new burden having been imposed upon the parish, by setting up as loud a cry as could reasonably have been expected from a male infant who had not been possessed of

我倒也无意坚信，出生在济贫院这件事本身对于一个人来说是降临到他头上最幸运、最令人羡慕的好事。但我确实想指出的是，在如此特殊的环境下，这对奥立弗·特威斯特来说也许是最走运的际遇了。事实上，当时要求奥立弗自己喘口气都困难重重——呼吸本来就是一件棘手的事，但习惯偏偏又使这项机能在我们生存的过程中变得不可或缺。好长一段时间里，他都躺在一张小毛毯上气喘吁吁，徘徊在今生与来世之间，命运的天平显然倾向于后者。暂且不说别的，在这短暂的时间里，如果奥立弗周遭围绕的是无微不至的老奶奶、忧心忡忡的婶婶、经验老到的护士以及博学聪慧的大夫，他无疑已经当场毙命了。然而当时在场的只有一个济贫院的婆婆，喝完不太容易搞到的一点啤酒，她已经醉醺醺了，除此之外还有一位按合同办事的教区外科医生。奥立弗与命运之间的较量最终有了结果，几个回合过后，奥立弗呼吸平稳，打了一个喷嚏，随后高声啼哭起来，并以此向整个济贫院宣布一个事实，本教区又多了一个新负担。作为一名男婴，响亮的哭声是可以理解的，要知道在远远长于 3 分 15 秒的时间里他还不曾具有发声这一大有用处的属性。

that very useful appendage, a voice, for a much longer space of time than three minutes and a quarter.

As Oliver gave this first proof of the free and proper action of his lungs, the patchwork coverlet, which was carelessly flung over the iron bedstead, rustled; the pale face of a young woman was raised feebly from the pillow; and a faint voice imperfectly articulated the words, "Let me see the child, and die."

The surgeon had been sitting with his face turned towards the fire, giving the palms of his hands a warm and a rub alternately. As the young woman spoke, he rose, and advancing to the bed's head, said, with more kindness than might have been expected of him:

"Oh, you must not talk about dying yet."

"Lor bless her dear heart, no!" interposed the nurse, hastily depositing in her pocket a green glass bottle, the contents of which she had been tasting in a corner with evident satisfaction.

"Lor bless her dear heart, when she has lived as long as I have, sir, and had thirteen children of her own, and all on 'em dead except two, and them in the wurkus with me, she'll know better than to take on in that way, bless her dear heart! Think what it is to be a mother, there's a dear young lamb, do."

Apparently this consolatory perspective of a mother's prospects failed in producing its due effect. The patient shook

就在奥立弗初次证明自己肺部功能运转自如的时候，凌乱地搭在铁床架上的那张满是补丁的床单沙沙作响，一个年轻女子虚弱无力地从枕头上仰起苍白的面容，用微弱的声音模糊地呢喃出几个字：“让我看一看孩子，我就能瞑目了。”

医生面对壁炉坐在旁边，一会儿烤烤手心，一会儿又搓搓手，听到少妇的呻吟，他站起身走到床头，以令人不可思议的和善口吻说道：

“噢，你还不到死去的时候。”

“上帝保佑，她可不能死，不能死。”护士一边插嘴，一边慌张地把一个绿色玻璃瓶塞进口袋里，在角落里她已尝过了瓶中物，并且显然对此非常满意。

“上帝保佑，可不能死，等她活到我这把年纪，大夫，自己拉扯13个孩子，其中除了两个，其他的都得送命，剩下那两个就跟我一块儿待在这济贫院里，到时候她就明白了，没必要这么激动，不能死的，想想当母亲是怎么回事，可爱的小家伙在这儿呢，就是这样。”

护士说这番话原本是想用作母亲的憧憬来开导少妇，但这显然没有产生应有的效果。她摇摇头，

her head, and stretched out her hand towards the child.

The surgeon deposited it in her arms. She imprinted her cold white lips passionately on its forehead; passed her hands over her face; gazed wildly round; shuddered; fell back — and died. They chafed her breast, hands, and temples; but the blood had stopped forever. They talked of hope and comfort. They had been strangers too long.

“It’s all over, Mrs. Thingummy!” said the surgeon at last.

“Ah, poor dear, so it is!” said the nurse, picking up the cork of the green bottle, which had fallen out on the pillow, as she stooped to take up the child. “Poor dear!”

“You needn’t mind sending up to me, if the child cries, nurse,” said the surgeon, putting on his gloves with great deliberation. “It’s very likely it will be troublesome. Give it a little gruel if it is.” He put on his hat, and, pausing by the bed-side on his way to the door, added, “She was a good-looking girl, too; where did she come from?”

“She was brought here last night,” replied the old woman, “by the overseer’s order. She was found lying in the street. She had walked some distance, for her shoes were worn to pieces; but where she came from, or where she was going to, nobody knows.”

The surgeon leaned over the body, and raised the left hand. “The old story,” he said, shaking his head; “no wedding-ring,

把手朝孩子伸去。

医生将孩子安放在少妇的怀里，她用惨白的双唇深情亲吻了孩子的前额，紧接着用手擦了擦自己的脸，狂乱地环顾了周遭，随后颤抖着向后一仰——咽气了。他们摩挲她的胸部、双手、太阳穴，但她的血液已经永久凝滞了。医生和护士说了一些期望和安抚的话，一些已经许久没有说过的话。

“都结束了，辛格密太太。”最后，医生说道。

“唉，可怜的孩子，就这样去吧。”护士边说边从枕头上捡起那个绿玻璃瓶的塞子，那是她俯身抱孩子时掉出来的，“可怜的孩子。”

“护士，孩子如果哭闹的话，你尽管派人来叫我，”医生不紧不慢地戴上手套，继续说，“小家伙很可能会折腾一阵，如果那样，就给他喂点麦片粥。”说完他戴上帽子，走出门口之前又在床边停下脚步，补了一句，“这姑娘还挺标致，从哪儿来的？”

“昨天晚上送来的，”婆婆答道，“是遵照了教区贫民救济处长官的吩咐。有人看见她昏倒在街上。应该是已经赶了很远的路，因为鞋都磨烂了。但要问她从哪儿来，到哪儿去，可就没人知道了。”

医生俯下身子，拉起死者的左手，“老生常谈了，”他摇摇头说，“弄明白了，没有婚戒。唉！晚安。”

I see. Ah! Good night!”

The medical gentleman walked away to dinner; and the nurse, having once more applied herself to the green bottle, sat down on a low chair before the fire, and proceeded to dress the infant.

What an excellent example of the power of dress, young Oliver Twist was! Wrapped in the blanket which had hitherto formed his only covering, he might have been the child of a nobleman or a beggar; it would have been hard for the haughtiest stranger to have assigned him his proper station in society. But now that he was enveloped in the old calico robes which had grown yellow in the same service, he was badged and ticketed, and fell into his place at once – a parish child – the orphan of a workhouse – the humble, half-starved drudge – to be cuffed and buffeted through the world – despised by all, and pitied by none.

Oliver cried lustily. If he could have known that he was an orphan, left to the tender mercies of church-wardens and overseers, perhaps he would have cried the louder.

医术高明的绅士出去吃晚饭了，护士举着绿色玻璃瓶又享受了一番，然后坐在炉前一个矮椅子上，动手给孩子穿衣服。

人靠衣装这句话用在小奥立弗身上是多么的恰当。打从一出生，虽然只是被一条毯子裹着，但你说他是富家少爷也行，是乞丐的贫儿也可以。即便是最自负的陌生人也很难断定他的身份地位。不过这会儿，他被包裹在一件棉布长袍里，由于被反复使用，长袍已经泛黄，随后他被盖章，贴标签，立马就有了自己的身份——一个教区的孩子——一个济贫院的孤儿——一个低贱、饥饿的苦力——来到这个世上就要挨揍、被打——人人鄙视，没人可怜。

奥立弗起劲地哭着。如果他能意识到自己已经成了孤儿，意识到今后的命运如何全得看教区委员和贫民救济处官员的脸色，可能他还会哭得再大声一些。

Chapter 2

第二章

Treats of Oliver Twist's Growth,
Education, and Board

FOR the next eight or ten months, Oliver was the victim of a systematic course of treachery and deception. He was brought up by the hand. The hungry and destitute situation of the infant orphan was duly reported by the workhouse authorities to the parish authorities. The parish authorities inquired with dignity of the workhouse authorities, whether there was no female then domiciled in "the house" who was in a situation to impart to Oliver Twist the consolation and nourishment of which he stood in need. The workhouse authorities replied with humility, that there was not. Upon this, the parish authorities magnanimously and humanely resolved, that Oliver should be "farmed," or, in other words, that he should be dispatched to a branch-workhouse some three miles off, where twenty or thirty other juvenile offenders against the poor-laws, rolled about the floor all day, without the inconvenience of too much food or too much clothing, under the parental superintendence of an elderly female, who received the culprits at and for the consideration of sevenpence-halfpenny per

有关奥立弗·特威斯特的成长、
教育以及生活情况的介绍

在接下来的 8~10 个月中，奥立弗沦为一种有组织的背信弃义与欺骗诡计下的牺牲品，他是被用奶瓶喂养长大的。济贫院当局按照规定，将这名婴儿饥肠辘辘、一贫如洗的现状上报到教区当局。教区当局一本正经地询问济贫院方面，目前“院中”是不是连一个能够为奥立弗提供必要慰藉和营养的女人也没有。济贫院当局谦卑地回应道，没有。鉴于此，教区当局做出了一个慷慨大方且富有人情味的决定，把奥立弗送去“寄养”，或者说，是给他打发到位于 3 英里以外的一家分院去。那里住着二三十个违反了救济法规定的小犯人，他们整天在地板上打滚，丝毫不用担心吃得太饱或是穿得过暖，有一个老太婆给予他们亲生父母般的管教，她愿意接收这帮犯人，完全是看在每颗小脑袋一周补 7.5 便士的面子上。每周 7.5 便士对一个孩子来说意味着一流的伙食，意味着可以买来许多东西，多到完全足以把他的下肚皮给撑坏了，以至于不太舒服。头脑灵活、经验丰富的老婆子很懂得照顾孩子这一套，并且能

small head per week. Sevenpence-halfpenny's worth per week is a good round diet for a child; a great deal may be got for sevenpence-halfpenny: quite enough to overload its stomach, and make it uncomfortable. The elderly female was a woman of wisdom and experience; she knew what was good for children; and she had a very accurate perception of what was good for herself. So, she appropriated the greater part of the weekly stipend to her own use, and consigned the rising parochial generation to even a shorter allowance than was originally provided for them: thereby finding in the lowest depth a deeper still; and proving herself a very great experimental philosopher.

Everybody knows the story of another experimental philosopher, who had a great theory about a horse being able to live without eating, and who demonstrated it so well, that he got his own horse down to a straw a day, and would mostly unquestionably have rendered him a very spirited and rampacious animal on nothing at all, if he had not died, just four-and-twenty hours before he was to have had his first comfortable bait of air. Unfortunately for the experimental philosophy of the female to whose protecting care *Oliver Twist* was delivered over, a similar result usually attended the operation of her system; for at the very moment when a child had contrived to exist upon the smallest possible portion of the weakest possible food, it did

够准确地感知自己的所需所求。因此,她把每周的大部分生活补贴装进自己的腰包,用在教区新一代身上的钱自然也就比原本提供的少了许多。她甚至发现一山可以更比一山高,证明她本人是一个十分了不起的实验哲学家。

大家都熟知另一位实验哲学家的故事,他的理论是一匹马儿即使不吃东西也能活得很好,并且用实际行动很好地加以证明。他把自己一匹马的食量控制在每天一把干草。要不是那匹马在即将享用第一顿美味的空气诱饵之前 24 小时死掉了,他必定早已调教出一匹无须进食且生机勃勃的好马。不幸的是,受托照顾奥立弗·特威斯特的那个老婆子也坚守实验哲学,所以她的所作所为导致的最终结果往往与那匹马的下场极其类似。当孩子们已经习惯于被迫依靠极其低劣的食物中极其微小的一部分勉强度日时,十有八九会出现这样的情况:他要么因饥寒交迫而一病不起,要么一不小心坠入火坑,再就是一不留神给呛个半死,只要其中

perversely happen in eight and a half cases out of ten, either that it sickened from want and cold, or fell into the fire from neglect, or got half-smothered by accident; in any one of which cases, the miserable little being was usually summoned into another world, and there gathered to the fathers which it had never known in this.

Occasionally, when there was some more than usually interesting inquest upon a parish child who had been overlooked in turning up a bedstead, or inadvertently scalded to death when there happened to be a washing – though the latter accident was very scarce, anything approaching to a washing being of rare occurrence in the farm – the jury would take it into their heads to ask troublesome questions, or the parishioners would rebelliously affix their signatures to a remonstrance. But these impertinences were speedily checked by the evidence of the surgeon, and the testimony of the beadle; the former of whom had always opened the body and found nothing inside (which was very probable indeed), and the latter of whom invariably swore whatever the parish wanted (which was very self-devotional). Besides, the board made periodical pilgrimages to the farm, and always sent the beadle the day before, to say they were going. The children were neat and clean to behold, when they went; and what more would the people have!

It cannot be expected that this system of farming would produce any very

任何一种状况发生，这个可怜的小家伙一般都会被召唤到另一个世界，在那儿与他生前从未见过的祖先们团聚在一起。

有时，会有关于教区孩子的有趣案子，这孩子不是在翻动床架的时候因为疏忽而被压死，就是正赶上清洗工作的时候一不留神给烫死了——然而，后一种情况非常罕见，任何有关清洗工作的事在寄养所里几乎算得上难得一见——每当发生这样的案子，陪审团可能就会头脑一热，提出一些辛辣的问题，要不然就是教区居民起来反抗，联名提出异议。不过，通常这种鲁莽的行为很快就会被教区医生的论证和牧师助理的口供给搪塞回去，前者会把尸体解剖，然后发现里边空空如也（这倒是极有可能），后者则是按照教区的指示宣誓（这倒是极具牺牲精神）。此外，委员会定期来寄养所视察，来的前一天还不忘派牧师助理去知会一声，说他们要来了。等他们去的时候，孩子们个个被收拾得干净整洁，令人眼前一亮，真搞不懂人们还有什么可抱怨的！

千万别指望这种寄养制度会结出什么令人惊喜的硕果。当奥立

extraordinary or luxuriant crop. Oliver Twist's ninth birthday found him a pale thin child, somewhat diminutive in stature, and decidedly small in circumference. But nature or inheritance had implanted a good sturdy spirit in Oliver's breast. It had had plenty of room to expand, thanks to the spare diet of the establishment; and perhaps to this circumstance may be attributed his having any ninth birth-day at all. Be this as it may, however, it was his ninth birthday; and he was keeping it in the coal-cellar with a select party of two other young gentleman, who, after participating with him in a sound thrashing, had been locked up therein for atrociously presuming to be hungry, when Mrs. Mann, the good lady of the house, was unexpectedly startled by the apparition of Mr. Bumble, the beadle, striving to undo the wicket of the garden-gate.

"Goodness gracious! Is that you, Mr. Bumble, sir?" said Mrs. Mann, thrusting her head out of the window in well-affected ecstasies of joy. "(Susan, take Oliver and them two brats upstairs, and wash 'em directly.) – My heart alive! Mr. Bumble, how glad I am to see you, surely!"

Now, Mr. Bumble was a fat man, and a choleric; so, instead of responding to this open-hearted salutation in a kindred spirit, he gave the little wicket a tremendous shake, and then bestowed upon it a kick which could have emanated from no leg

弗·特威斯特 9 岁那年，他面色苍白、骨瘦如柴，不但身材矮小，腰也细得不得了。然而不知是托了天性还是遗传的福，奥立弗胸中充满了一种不屈不挠的精气神。这种精气神得以在充分的空间中被放大，这一切还要归功于寄养所里糟糕的伙食，说不定正是由于身处这种环境，他才勉强撑到了自己的第九个生日。无论如何，今天是他的 9 岁生日，此时他正在煤窑里庆祝生日，客人是另外两位经过挑选的小绅士，这 3 个穷凶极恶的小坏蛋居然喊肚子饿，结果是他们遭到一顿毒打，并被锁了起来。就在这时候，寄养所里那位好心的麦恩太太忽然被吓坏了，令她没有想到的是教区牧师助理邦布尔先生会突然出现，当时他正奋力试图打开花园大门上的那道小铁门。

“天哪。是你吗，邦布尔先生？”麦恩太太边说着，边把脑袋探出窗外，恰如其分地摆出一副喜出望外的嘴脸，“苏珊，把奥立弗和另外两个小鬼带到楼上去，立刻把他们收拾干净。我的妈呀，邦布尔先生，见到你我真是太高兴了，太高兴了！”

这不，邦布尔先生不仅人长得胖，还是个暴脾气，所以对于如此温情的一番问候，他非但没有和善作答，反而狠命拽了一下小铁门，又补上一脚。大概除了教区牧师助理，没有任何人能来上这么一脚。

but a beadle's.

"Lor, only think," said Mrs. Mann, running out, - for the three boys had been removed by this time, - "only think of that! That I should have forgotten that the gate was bolted on the inside, on account of them dear children! Walk in, sir; walk in, pray, Mr. Bumble, do, sir."

Although this invitation was accompanied with a curtesy that might have softened the heart of a church-warden, it by no means mollified the beadle.

"Do you think this respectful or proper conduct, Mrs. Mann," inquired Mr. Bumble, grasping his cane, "to keep the parish officers a-waiting at your garden-gate, when they come here upon parochial business connected with the parochial orphans? Are you aweer, Mrs. Mann, that you are, as I may say, a parochial delegate, and a stipendiary?"

"I'm sure, Mr. Bumble, that I was only a-telling one or two of the dear children as is so fond of you, that it was you a-coming," replied Mrs. Mann with great humility.

Mr. Bumble had a great idea of his oratorical powers and his importance. He had displayed the one, and vindicated the other. He relaxed.

"Well, well, Mrs. Mann," he replied, in a calmer tone; "it may be as you say; it may be. Lead the way in, Mrs. Mann, for I come on business, and have something to say."

"天哪，瞧我，"麦恩太太边说着边急急忙忙跑了出来，这时候3个小伙子已经被移走了，“瞧我这记性，我怎么忘了门是从里边闩上的，这可都是为了这些个宝贝。请进，先生，请进请进，邦布尔先生，快请进。”

尽管这一番客套足以让任何一名教区牧师助理软下心来，行个屈膝礼，可眼前这位却丝毫不为所动。

“麦恩太太，你这么做合乎情理吗？要不就是你认为这种行为很得体，是吧？”邦布尔先生握紧了手杖，责问道，“教区工作人员因为区里孤儿们的公务来到这儿，你却让他们在花园大门口等这么久？麦恩太太，别怪我没提醒你，你难道忘了自己是谁吗？你是一位教区代理人，不是个吃白饭的废物。”

“我当然晓得，邦布尔先生，当时我只是忙着告诉小宝贝们，说是您来了，有几个孩子一听到这个消息，都高兴得不得了。”麦恩太太毕恭毕敬地答道。

邦布尔先生一向对自己的口才和身价颇有自信，这会儿，他既展示了自己的口才，又彰显了自己的身价，自然舒心了很多。

“行了，行了，麦恩太太，”他用略微舒缓一些的语气说道，“就算信你一次吧。带我进去吧，麦恩太太，我是来办正事的，有些

Mrs. Mann ushered the beadle into a small parlour with a brick floor; placed a seat for him; and officiously deposited his cocked hat and cane on the table before him. Mr. Bumble wiped from his forehead the perspiration which his walk had engendered, glanced complacently at the cocked hat, and smiled. Yes, he smiled. Beadles are but men; and Mr. Bumble smiled.

“Now don't you be offended at what I'm a-going to say,” observed Mrs. Mann, with captivating sweetness. “You've had a long walk, you know, or I wouldn't mention it. Now, will you take a little drop of something, Mr. Bumble?”

“Not a drop. Not a drop,” said Mr. Bumble, waving his right hand in a dignified, but placid manner.

“I think you will,” said Mrs. Mann, who had noticed the tone of the refusal, and the gesture that had accompanied it. “Just a little drop, with a little cold water, and a lump of sugar.”

Mr. Bumble coughed.

“Now, just a leetle drop,” said Mrs. Mann, persuasively.

“What is it?” inquired the beadle.

“Why, it's what I'm obliged to keep a little of in the house, to put into the blessed infants' Daffy, when they ain't well, Mr. Bumble,” replied Mrs. Mann, as she opened a corner cupboard, and took down a bottle and glass. “It's gin. I'll not deceive you, Mr. B. It's gin.”

“Do you give the children Daffy, Mrs.

决定需要宣布。”

麦恩太太把助理领进了一间地面由砖头铺成的小客厅，请他坐下，又自觉地把他的三角帽和手杖放在面前的一张桌子上。邦布尔先生擦擦额头上因为赶路而流下的汗水，满意地扫了一眼帽子，然后露出了微笑。是的，他确实露出了微笑。毕竟牧师助理也是人，邦布尔先生他真的露出了微笑。

“相信我下面的话一定不会触怒您的，”麦恩太太用一种令人无法抗拒的甜美口吻说道，“看看，您赶了这么远的路，不过大概我又要多嘴了，呃，您要不要喝点什么呢，邦布尔先生？”

“什么也不喝，什么也不喝。”邦布尔先生摇了摇头，神情看起来威严而沉稳。

“我觉得您还是来一点吧，”麦恩太太说道，她已经注意到了助理拒绝她时所用的语调，还有其他一些与之相对应的神态，“就喝一小口，配上一点冰水，再加块糖。”

这时邦布尔先生清了清嗓子。

“好好，就喝一小口。”麦恩太太的话听起来极具说服力。

“什么酒？”助理问道。

“啊，我总在家里储备一点，如果这帮幸运的宝贝身体不舒服，我就把这个兑在达菲糖浆里，一起给他们灌下去。”麦恩太太边说边打开角落里的一个橱子，取出酒和杯子，“杜松子酒，不瞒您说，邦布尔先生，确实是杜松子酒。”

“你给孩子们用达菲糖浆，麦