

有声名著精选

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The Prince and the Pauper

王子与贫儿

Mark Twain



西蒙与舒斯特国际出版公司
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A PACEMAKER CLASSIC: The Prince and the Pauper

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序

世界图书出版公司北京公司出版的《有声名著精选》乃是很好的泛读及听说材料,适合高中及大学低年级学生学英语之用,对于自学英语的人也非常合适。其特点大致有四:

一、简写本出自西方语言学专家之手,文字流畅,语言规范,用词造句都是经过深思熟虑的,完全合乎现代英语习惯。改写者极为重视词汇、语法及修辞的基本用法,力求文字清新流畅,浅显易懂,准确而且实用。很多句子本身便是某一词汇、语法用法的很好的例句。

二、简写本多为欧美文学经典作品,这些作品在不同程度上反映欧美社会的各个方面。尤其是一些进步作家如:狄更斯、马克·吐温,他们在作品中深刻地剖析了他们自己所处的社会,读这些作品比读西方政治经济学还有益处。文化背景知识不是可有可无的,只有较广泛地了解欧美社会的各个方面,欧美人的生活、风俗、习惯,以及各种价值观念,才有可能在实际工作中得心应手地使用语言,应付裕如。

三、简写本的中文前言分别对原著作者、时代背景、内容梗概及作品特点作了介绍,并附有人物表,相信对读者进一步理解作品会有所帮助。

四、与简写本配套的朗读磁带,语音语调纯正,可以作为学习发音的楷模。

广泛阅读是学习英语的必由之径。精泛并举,“两条腿走路”,方能掌握语言。精读提供理性知识,泛读提供感性知识,二者不可或缺。通过泛读,许多语言现象会被自然而然地吸收、掌握。这些

词汇及语法现象在泛读中重复出现多次,读者不需强记便能正确地掌握他们,而且不会忘记。所以广泛阅读乃是学习外语的重要环节,不可忽视。简写本为泛读提供了方便。

这些简写本的出版非常及时,希望以后还有更多的简写本出版,以飨读者。

上海复旦大学外文系教授

索天章

1997年5月

前言

本书原著作者马克·吐温(Mark Twain, 1835~1910)原名 S. L. 克莱门斯(Samuel Langhorne Clemens)。他在美国密西西比河畔的小镇长大成人。马克·吐温从小就充满了幻想和冒险的精神,即使在童年丧父的困境中,这一性格也未曾改变。他从事过许多工作:居无定所的印刷工、轮船的领航员、南方军的士兵、一事无成的采矿者和报纸撰稿人。十几年内,他跑遍了整个美国并游历了欧洲,获得了丰富的人生经验。

1865 年,还是一名记者的马克·吐温写了一篇妙趣横生的短篇小说《卡拉韦拉斯县驰名的跳蛙》(The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County),并因此获得了“太平洋边桀骜不驯的幽默作家”的名声。此后,他的创作热情一发不可收拾,成了一流的专业作家。他一生辛勤笔耕,写了大量的小说。其主要作品有:《傻子出国记》(Innocents Abroad, 1869)、《艰苦岁月》(Roughing It, 1872)、《汤姆·索耶历险记》(The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, 1876)、《王子与贫儿》(The Prince and the Pauper, 1882)、《密西西比河上的生活》(Life on the Mississippi, 1883)、《哈克贝里·费恩历险记》(The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, 1885)和《亚瑟王朝廷上的康州美国佬》(A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court, 1889)等。他的小说富有时代特色,反映了美国 19 世纪中后期的社会生活,以鲜明的地方色彩、幽默老到的风格和写实的精神得到了世界的认可,标志着美国文学进入了一个成熟的时期。

《王子与贫儿》是一部童话式的小说。评论界对它的评价并不太高。但有些人,比如吐温太太,却认为它的成就是高于《哈克贝

里·费恩历险记》的。可以想象,一部以王子落难为题材的小说引发些感伤的情调是会迎合吐温太太这类曾是娇小姐的女士们的口味的。

然而当我们读完这个故事,就会发现小说的价值和趣味并非仅是吐温太太想象的那样。贫儿汤姆·康蒂(Tom Canty)虽以乞讨为生,却对皇家生活颇有些不切实际的幻想;而王子爱德华·都铎(Edward Tudor)又对宫外的生活充满了好奇心。一次偶然的相遇让他们发现彼此长得非常相象,于是决定交换各自的角色。

汤姆留在了宫内,先前的知识加上后天的教化使他表现得越来越象个高贵的王子。期间爱德华的父王亨利八世(Henry VIII)驾崩,汤姆也就作为继承人行使了治理国家的职权。天性的善良使他成了一个乐施仁政的君主。

但爱德华在宫外的经历就完全不同了。他一出去就成了一个浪迹街头的乞儿,并被汤姆的父亲约翰·康蒂(John Canty)带走。他想证明自己的王子身份,却被人视为疯子。约翰因杀人而带全家潜逃。爱德华幸好遇到了好心的没落贵族迈尔斯·亨登(Miles Hendon)并几次被他搭救。这期间,爱德华在受尽折磨的同时也见识了专制下的民间疾苦。汤姆加冕时,王子与贫儿再次相逢。爱德华获得了王位,成了一位仁义的君王。

我们不难看出作者在文中所表达的反封建的民主主义精神。当狄更斯讥笑着美国人的粗俗和简单时,这本书不仅对欧洲大陆那种封建残余的风气表示了极大的轻蔑,也对封建专制下人民生活的痛苦有着深刻的揭露。至于一个乞儿能坐上王位并把国家管理得好好的,则是对“君权神授”论的有力反击。这部小说表现出的马克·吐温依然是一个不折不扣的民主斗士。

北京师范大学外语系 赵诗君
1997年4月

Cast of Characters

Edward Tudor	The prince of Wales
Tom Canty	A pauper's son
King Henry VIII	King of England, the loving father of Edward
John Canty	Tom's cruel father
Bet and Nan	Tom's sisters
Mother Canty	Tom's mother
Father Andrew	A good priest
Lady Elizabeth and Lady Mary	Edward's sisters
Lady Jane Gery	Edward's cousin
Lord Hertford and Lord St. John	Lords of the realm charged with overseeing the welfare of the prince
Miles Hendon	Friend of young Edward who believes that the boy is ill and appoints himself his protector
Hugo	A confederate of John Canty
Hugh Hendon	Miles's brother
Blake Andrews	Miles's father's old servant
Humphrey Marlow	The boy hired to take the prince's whippings
The Hermit	A religious recluse who takes Edward in but then tries to kill him

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1 The Pauper Meets a Prince

Sometime between the years 1525 and 1550, two boys were born in the very old city of London. One boy was born to a family of paupers by the name of Canty. The other was born to a very rich family by the name of Tudor. The Tudors, as well as all of England, had long awaited the birth of this child. He was Edward Tudor, prince of Wales, and his birth was the cause of much joy. As he lay wrapped in his silks and satins, all of England cheered and celebrated his birth. Meanwhile, Tom Canty lay wrapped in poor rags. No one cheered his birth, for even his own family had not wanted him.

As the boys grew, so did London. Its narrow streets became crowded and dirty. None was more so than the street where Tom lived, Offal Court. This miserable place was just off Pudding Lane near London Bridge. There Tom's family had one room in a crumbling old building. Tom shared the room with his parents, grandmother, and twin sisters. The whole family was dirty and clothed in rags. John Canty, Tom's father, was a beggar as well as a thief. He and his mother, Tom's grandmother, were mean and often drunk. They beat the children

if they did not beg enough money. Often, with so little money, there was barely enough food to eat. Most of the time, Tom went to bed hungry.

However, Tom had a good friend in his building—an old priest by the name of Father Andrew. Father Andrew taught Tom some Latin and how to read and write. Most days, Tom would beg only enough to save himself from a beating. Then he would spend hours listening to Father Andrew's tales of fairies and castles and princes and kings. His head grew full of these wonderful things. Many a night, upon his dirty straw bed, Tom would picture himself as a royal prince in a grand palace. Soon Tom's only dream was to see a real prince. These fantasies helped him to forget the pain of his daily hunger.

Tom spent hours reading Father Andrew's old books. Eventually he began to act more like the princes he read and dreamed about. He wanted to be clean and better dressed. His speech and manners became finer. Everyone looked up to him. Even to adults he seemed so deep and wise! Tom was a hero to all who knew him except his own family. In many ways Tom, without even knowing it, was beginning to act like a real prince.

Every day Tom went forth to beg. Each evening he came home to his poor dinner and his beatings. But at night Tom escaped again into his dreams. His desire to see a real prince was all he thought about.

One day Tom was setting forth on his daily begging trip. While deep in thought about his night's dreams, he passed outside the walls of London. He came upon the pretty grounds and grand palaces of rich nobles. Then he ended up at Charing Village, where he rested a spell. From there Tom strolled down a quiet, lovely road, which led him to Westminster—the mighty palace. Upon reaching the palace, Tom's racing heart filled with hope. Was he about to see a prince at last?

On each side of the palace gates was a guard. Tom's eyes opened wide. The sight he saw through the bars of the gate made him want to shout for joy. There was a boy, about his own age, dressed in silks and satins. On his head was a cap with fine feathers and jewels. Oh, a prince! This was a real, living prince! Tom's wish had at last come true. Before he knew what he was doing, Tom passed by the guards. He put his face against the gate to get a better look. Suddenly, he felt himself being pulled back roughly.

"Mind your manners, you young beggar!" said the guard. Then he threw Tom into a crowd of country folk and Londoners. The crowd laughed at Tom. But the young prince rushed to the gate.

The prince cried out, "How dare you treat the poor lad so! Open the gates and let him in!"

With that, the crowd cheered and shouted, "Long live the prince of Wales!"

The prince took Tom's hand. "You look tired and hungry," he said. "Come with me."

The prince led Tom into his rooms in the palace. He ordered a meal to be brought, then sent the servants away. Tom had never even dreamed of such a fine meal. The prince sat near Tom and questioned him as he ate.

"What is your name, lad?"

"Tom Canty, if it pleases you, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"In London. Offal Court, off Pudding Lane."

"Offal Court! Truly, it's a strange name. Do you have parents?"

"I have parents, sir, and a grandmother whom I do not love. And also twin sisters, Nan and Bet."

"Your grandmother is not kind to you?"

"Neither to me nor to any other, sir. She has a wicked heart."

"Does she mistreat you?"

"There are times when she doesn't. These are when she is overcome with sleep or drink. But she makes up for these times by beating me."

An angry look came into the prince's eyes. He cried out, "What! Beatings! Mark my words. Before the night is out, she will be put in the tower. The king, my father—"

"Please, sir," said Tom. "You forget that the tower is only for the highborn."

"True, indeed. I will think of how to punish her. What of your father?"

"He is no more kind than she, sir," Tom answered.

"Perhaps all fathers are alike. My father doesn't beat me. However, he does speak harshly to me at times. How is your mother?"

"She is good, sir. And Nan and Bet are kind, too."

"How old are your sisters?"

"Both 15, sir."

The prince was surprised to learn that Tom's sisters had only one dress each and no servants. "Your sisters will soon have all the clothes they need," said Edward. "And servants too. My treasurer will see to it. No, do not thank me; it's nothing."

"My sister Lady Elizabeth is 14," continued the prince. "And my cousin, Lady Jane Grey, is my age. They are nice and cheerful. However, my sister Lady Mary is a gloomy one."

Edward went on, "You speak well. Are you learned?"

"I do not know if I am or not, sir. The good Father Andrew taught me from his books."

"Do you know Latin?"

"Only a little, sir."

"Learn it, lad," the prince said. "It's only hard at first. But tell me of Offal Court. Do you have a pleasant life there?"

Tom told the prince about playing in the mud and swimming in the canals. He told how he and his

friends had fake battles and Punch and Judy shows.

The prince cried, "Say no more! It sounds great! I wish that I could strip to my feet and play in the mud just once. I would give up the crown!"

Tom said, "And if I could, just once, dress as you are dressed, sweet sir—"

"O ho, you would like it? Then it shall be."

A few minutes later, the two boys stood in front of a mirror. The prince was dressed in Tom's rags, and Tom was dressed in the prince's fine clothes. They stared at each other. They stared into the mirror. Then they stared at each other again. They couldn't believe what they saw.

"What do you make of this?" the prince asked.

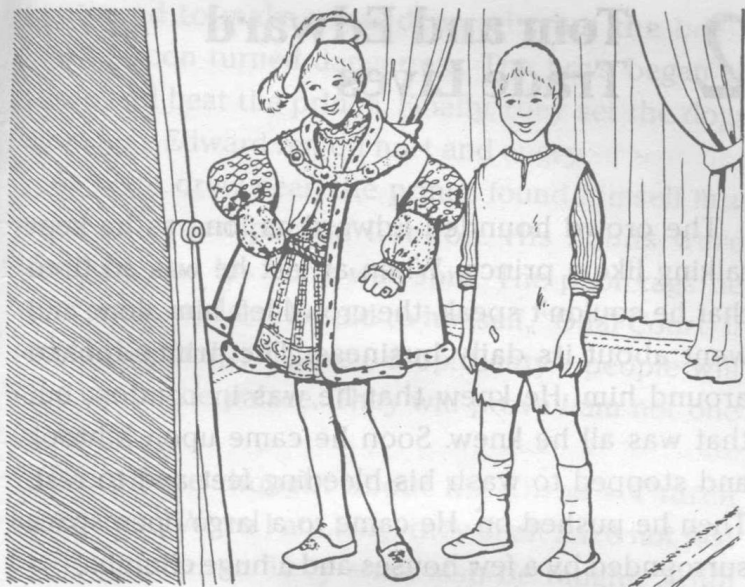
"Oh, kind sir, please don't make me answer. It is not right for me to speak of such things."

"Then I will say it. You have the same hair, voice, face, and manner as I. If we were to go forth naked, no one could say which was you and which the prince of Wales. Now that I'm wearing your clothes, I should be able to feel as you did when the guard set upon you. Say! Is that a bruise on your hand?"

The prince's eyes flashed with anger. Suddenly, he grabbed and put away an object of national importance. Then he told Tom to stay put. He flew out the door and ran to the gates.

"Open! Unbar the gates!"

The soldier who had harmed Tom was glad to



obey. As the prince burst through the gate, the soldier grabbed him. He gave the prince a blow that sent him spinning.

"Take that for the punishment you caused me from His Highness the prince!" the soldier shouted.

"I am the prince of Wales. You shall hang for laying your hand on me!" declared the prince.

The soldier laughed, "I salute Your Highness." Then, angrily, he said, "Be off, you crazy trash!"

The crowd outside the gates closed in around the young prince. They pushed him far down the road, teasing him. "Make way for His Royal Highness! Make way for the prince of Wales!" they all roared.

2 Tom and Edward Trade Lives

The crowd hounded Edward as long as he kept talking like a prince. When at last he was so tired that he couldn't speak, the crowd left him alone and went about its daily business. The prince looked around him. He knew that he was in London, but that was all he knew. Soon he came upon a brook and stopped to wash his bleeding feet and to rest. Then he pushed on. He came to a large open space surrounded by a few houses and a huge church..

The prince took heart at once. He felt his troubles were over. He said to himself, "It is the old Grey Friars' Church that the king, my father, took from the monks. It was renamed Christ's Church and given as a home for poor children. They will be happy to serve the son of the one who was so kind to them."

Soon Edward was in the middle of a crowd of playing boys. The boys had noticed Edward and closed in around him.

"Good lads, tell your master that Edward, prince of Wales, wants to speak to him," said Edward.

The boys laughed. One rude fellow asked, "Are you the prince's messenger, beggar?"

The prince's face grew red with anger. He