

（英语原著版·第六辑）  
中译经典文库·世界文学名著



穷孩子与富孩子的英国变形记



# THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

(UNABRIDGED)

## 王子与贫儿

■ Mark Twain

《王子与贫儿》是马克·吐温创作中期时的作品。它以十六世纪英国的社会生活为背景，采用童话讽刺的形式，对当时的资产阶级民主社会做了强烈的批评。故事讲述了贫苦的少年汤姆和英国的富贵王子爱德华互换身份的故事，具有深远的现实意义，也是马克·吐温风格独具的一部作品。

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## 出版前言

一部文学史是人类从童真走向成熟的发展史，是一个个文学大师用如椽巨笔记载的人类的心灵史，也是承载人类良知与情感反思的思想史。阅读这些传世的文学名著就是在阅读最鲜活生动的历史，就是在与大师们做跨越时空的思想交流与情感交流，它会使一代代的读者获得心灵的滋养与巨大的审美满足。

中译出版社以中外语言学习和中外文化交流为出版方向，向广大读者提供既能提升语言能力又能滋养心灵的精神大餐是我们的一贯宗旨。尽管随着网络技术和数字出版的发展，读者获得这些作品的途径更加便捷，但是，一本本装帧精美、墨香四溢的图书仍是读书人的最爱。

“熟读唐诗三百首，不会作诗也会吟”，汉语学习如此，外语学习也是如此。要想彻底学好一种语言，必须有大量的阅读。这不仅可以熟能生巧地掌握其语言技能，也可以了解一种语言所承载的独特文化。《中译经典文库·世界文学名著（英语原著版）》便是这样一套必将使读者受益终生的读物。

## PREFACE

The history of literature is the phylogeny of human beings, growing from childhood to adulthood; a spiritual history of the masters of literature, portraying human spirit with great touch; as well as a history of thought, reflecting human conscience and emotional introspection. Reading these immortal classics is like browsing through our history, while communicating across time and space with the thoughts and feelings of great writers. It bestows spiritual nutrition as well as aesthetic relish upon readers generation after generation.

China Translation & Publishing House (CTPH) has a publishing mission oriented toward reading and learning Chinese and foreign languages, as well as cultural exchange, and has been dedicated to providing spiritual feasts which not only optimize language aptitude but also nourish the heart and soul. Along with the development of internet and digital publication, readers have easier access to classic works. Nevertheless, well-designed printed books remain popular with most readers.

“After perusing three hundred Tang poems, a learner can at least utter some verses, even if they cannot proficiently write a poem.” That is true for learning Chinese, more so for learning a foreign language. To master a language, we must read comprehensively, not only for taking in lingual competence, but also for catching the unique cultural essence implied in the language. “World Literary Classics (English originals)” can surely serve as a series of readings with everlasting edifying significance.

## 作家与作品

马克·吐温（1835—1910）是美国著名的作家和演说家，也是美国批判现实主义文学的鼻祖。他的真实姓名是萨缪尔·兰亨·克莱门。“马克·吐温”是他的笔名，原是密西西比河水手使用的表示在航道上所测水的深度的术语。他出生于美国密苏里州佛罗里达的一个乡村律师家庭，因为家境贫寒，从小就不得不去打工以维持家庭生计，做过印刷厂学徒、报童、排字工人、水手、淘金工人、记者等。1839年秋，马克·吐温一家迁往密苏里州汉尼拔的一个密西西比河的港市，而这就成为了他后来的著作《汤姆·索亚历险记》和《哈克贝里·芬历险记》中圣彼得堡的城市的灵感。那时，密苏里州是联邦的奴隶州，而年轻的吐温开始了解奴隶制，这成为了往后他的历险小说中的主题。1851年，马克·吐温成为一名排字工人，也有投稿，并开始给他哥哥奥利安创办的《汉尼拔杂志》写稿。1852年5月1日他在波士顿的幽默周刊《手提包》上发表了处女作《拓殖者大吃一惊的花花公子》。1863年他开始使用“马克·吐温”的笔名。1864年，他在旧金山结识幽默作家阿·沃德和小说家布·哈特，得到他们的鼓励和帮助，提高了写作能力。1865年他在纽约一家杂志发表幽默故事《卡拉韦拉斯县著名的跳蛙》，从而闻名全国，此后他经常为报刊撰写幽默文章。1867年，一家当地的报纸为他提供了一次前往地中海地区的轮船旅游机会。旅程期间，他写了1869年收集成的著名旅行信件系列《傻子旅行》。1872年他出版《艰苦岁月》一书，反映了在西部新开发地区的生活经历。1873年吐温同查·沃纳合写的《镀金时代》

是他的第一部长篇小说。1875年马克·吐温应威廉·迪安·豪威尔斯之约，为《大西洋月刊》撰文。他以早年在密西西比河上做舵手的生活为题材，写了7篇文章，后汇集成书，名为《密西西比河的往事》。8年后，他回到家乡，把这本书扩充成为《密西西比河上》（1883）。1876年，长篇小说《汤姆·索亚历险记》出版。它虽然是以密西西比河上某小镇为背景的少年读物，但为任何年龄的读者所喜爱。同年吐温开始执笔另一部重要小说《哈克贝里·芬历险记》并于1884年出版。这部小说得到批评家的高度评价，深受国内外读者的欢迎，同时也不断遭到查禁。他还写了以英国为背景讽刺封建制度和宗教的长篇小说《王子与贫儿》（1881）和《亚瑟王朝廷上的康涅狄格州美国人》（1889），1894年出版《傻瓜威尔逊》，1896年出版《贞德传》，1897年写成《赤道旅行记》。晚年时期的马克·吐温因妻子逝世，在作品中逐渐反映出对人类的悲观态度，如中篇小说《败坏了哈德莱堡的人》（1900）、散文《人是怎么回事？》（1906）、故事《神秘的来客》（1916）等。他晚年最重要的著作是经他口授、由他的秘书笔录的《自传》。1910年4月21日马克·吐温因狭心症不治逝世。

《王子与贫儿》是一个极富戏剧性的童话故事。自幼家贫的男孩汤姆喜欢把自己幻想成王子，并经常和伙伴们玩王宫里的分封游戏。有一天，他见到了真正的王子爱德华，博得了后者的同情，而且与爱德华互换了身份，从此汤姆成为了王宫里的王子，而爱德华则过上了流浪的生活。故事最后，两人的身份又重新换了回来。汤姆因为自己的善良，在重新变为平民之后得到了已经成为国王的爱德华的庇护，也赢得了众人的赞赏和尊重。这部小说以贫儿汤姆在王宫的生活经历和爱德华王子的流浪生活为两条线索，在整体上具有马克·吐温所热衷的流浪汉小说的特色，其中对汤姆和爱德华的各自喜剧性经历的叙述具有马克·吐温特有的幽默色彩。

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## **CHAPTER I**

### **The Birth of the Prince and the Pauper**

**I**n the ancient city of London, on a certain autumn day in the second quarter of the sixteenth century, a boy was born to a poor family of the name of Canty, who did not want him. On the same day another English child was born to a rich family of the name of Tudor, who did want him. All England wanted him too. England had so longed for him, and hoped for him, and prayed God for him, that, now that he was really come, the people went nearly mad for joy. Mere acquaintances hugged and kissed each other and cried. Everybody took a holiday, and high and low, rich and poor, feasted and danced and sang, and got very mellow; and they kept this up for days and nights together. By day, London was a sight to see, with gay banners waving from every balcony and house-top, and splendid pageants marching along. By night, it was again a sight to see, with its great bonfires at every corner, and its troops of revelers making merry around them. There was no talk in all England but of the new baby, Edward Tudor, Prince of Wales, who lay lapped in silks and satins, unconscious of all this fuss, and not knowing that great lords and ladies were tending him and watching over him—and not caring, either. But there was no talk about the other baby, Tom Canty, lapped in his poor rags, except among the family of paupers whom he had just come to trouble with his presence.

## CHAPTER 2

### Tom's Early Life

Let us skip a number of years.

London was fifteen hundred years old, and was a great town—for that day. It had a hundred thousand inhabitants—some think double as many. The streets were very narrow, and crooked, and dirty, especially in the part where Tom Canty lived, which was not far from London Bridge. The houses were of wood, with the second story projecting over the first, and the third sticking its elbows out beyond the second. The higher the houses grew, the broader they grew. They were skeletons of strong criss-cross beams, with solid material between, coated with plaster. The beams were painted red or blue or black, according to the owner's taste, and this gave the houses a very picturesque look. The windows were small, glazed with little diamond-shaped panes, and they opened outward, on hinges, like doors.

The house which Tom's father lived in was up a foul little pocket called Offal Court, out of Pudding Lane. It was small, decayed, and rickety, but it was packed full of wretchedly poor families. Canty's tribe occupied a room on the third floor. The mother and father had a sort of bedstead in the corner; but Tom, his grandmother, and his two sisters, Bet and Nan, were not restricted—they had all the floor to themselves, and might sleep where they chose. There were the remains of a blanket or two, and some bundles of ancient and dirty straw, but these could not rightly be called beds, for they were not organized; they were kicked into a general pile, mornings, and selections made from the mass at night, for service.

Bet and Nan were fifteen years old—twins. They were good-hearted girls, unclean, clothed in rags, and profoundly ignorant. Their mother was like them. But the father and the grandmother were a couple of fiends. They got drunk whenever they could; then they fought each other or anybody else who came in the way; they cursed and swore always, drunk or sober;

John Canty was a thief, and his mother a beggar. They made beggars of the children, but failed to make thieves of them. Among, but not of, the dreadful rabble that inhabited the house was a good old priest whom the king had turned out of house and home with a pension of a few farthings, and he used to get the children aside and teach them right ways secretly. Father Andrew also taught Tom a little Latin, and how to read and write; and would have done the same with the girls, but they were afraid of the jeers of their friends, who could not have endured such a queer accomplishment in them.

All Offal Court was just such another hive as Canty's house. Drunkenness, riot, and brawling were the order, there, every night and nearly all night long. Broken heads were as common as hunger in that place. Yet little Tom was not unhappy. He had a hard time of it, but did not know it. It was the sort of time that all the Offal Court boys had, therefore he supposed it was the correct and comfortable thing. When he came home empty-handed at night, he knew his father would curse him and thrash him first, and that when he was done the awful grandmother would do it all over again and improve on it; and that away in the night his starving mother would slip to him stealthily with any miserable scrap or crust she had been able to save for him by going hungry herself, notwithstanding she was often caught in that sort of treason and soundly beaten for it by her husband.

No, Tom's life went along well enough, especially in summer. He only begged just enough to save himself, for the laws against mendicancy were stringent, and the penalties heavy; so he put in a good deal of his time listening to good Father Andrew's charming old tales and legends about giants and fairies, dwarfs, and genii, and enchanted castles, and gorgeous kings and princes. His head grew to be full of these wonderful things, and many a night as he lay in the dark on his scant and offensive straw, tired, hungry, smarting from a thrashing, he unleashed his imagination and soon forgot his aches and pains in delicious picturings to himself of the charmed life of a petted prince in a regal palace. One desire came in time to haunt him day and night; it was to see a real prince, with his own eyes. He spoke of it once to some of his Offal Court comrades; but they jeered him and scoffed him so unmercifully that he was glad to keep his dream to himself after that.

He often read the priest's old books and got him to explain and enlarge upon them. His dreamings and readings worked certain changes in him, by and by. His dream-people were so fine that he grew to lament his shabby

clothing and his dirt, and to wish to be clean and better clad. He went on playing in the mud just the same, and enjoying it, too; but instead of splashing around in the Thames solely for the fun of it, he began to find an added value in it because of the washings and cleansings it afforded.

Tom could always find something going on around the Maypole in Cheapside, and at the fairs; and now and then he and the rest of London had a chance to see a military parade when some famous unfortunate was carried prisoner to the Tower, by land or boat. One summer's day he saw poor Anne Askew and three men burned at the stake in Smithfield, and heard an ex-bishop preach a sermon to them which did not interest him. Yes, Tom's life was varied and pleasant enough, on the whole.

By and by Tom's reading and dreaming about princely life wrought such a strong effect upon him that he began to *act* the prince, unconsciously. His speech and manners became curiously ceremonious and courtly, to the vast admiration and amusement of his intimates. But Tom's influence among these young people began to grow, now, day by day; and in time he came to be looked up to, by them, with a sort of wondering awe, as a superior being. He seemed to know so much! and he could do and say such marvelous things! and withal, he was so deep and wise! Tom's remarks, and Tom's performances, were reported by the boys to their elders; and these, also, presently began to discuss Tom Canty, and to regard him as a most gifted and extraordinary creature. Full-grown people brought their perplexities to Tom for solution, and were often astonished at the wit and wisdom of his decisions. In fact he was become a hero to all who knew him except his own family—these, only, saw nothing in him.

Privately, after a while, Tom organized a royal court! He was the prince; his special comrades were guards, chamberlains, equerries, lords and ladies in waiting, and the royal family. Daily the mock prince was received with elaborate ceremonials borrowed by Tom from his romantic readings; daily the great affairs of the mimic kingdom were discussed in the royal council, and daily his mimic highness issued decrees to his imaginary armies, navies, and vice-royalties.

After which, he would go forth in his rags and beg a few farthings, eat his poor crust, take his customary cuffs and abuse, and then stretch himself upon his handful of foul straw, and resume his empty grandeurs in his dreams.

And still his desire to look just once upon a real prince, in the flesh,

grew upon him, day by day, and week by week, until at last it absorbed all other desires, and became the one passion of his life.

One January day, on his usual begging tour, he tramped despondently up and down the region round about Mincing Lane and Little East Cheap, hour after hour, barefooted and cold, looking in at cookshop windows and longing for the dreadful porkpies and other deadly inventions displayed there—for to him these were dainties fit for the angels; that is, judging by the smell, they were—for it had never been his good luck to own and eat one. There was a cold drizzle of rain; the atmosphere was murky; it was a melancholy day. At night Tom reached home so wet and tired and hungry that it was not possible for his father and grandmother to observe his forlorn condition and not be moved—after their fashion; wherefore they gave him a cuffing at once and sent him to bed. For a long time his pain and hunger, and the swearing and fighting going on in the building, kept him awake; but at last his thoughts drifted away to far, romantic lands, and he fell asleep in the company of jeweled and gilded princelings who lived in vast palaces, and had servants salaaming before them or flying to execute their orders. And then, as usual, he dreamed that *he* was a princeling himself.

All night long the glories of his royal estate shone upon him; he moved among great lords and ladies, in a blaze of light, breathing perfumes, drinking in delicious music, and answering the reverent obeisances of the glittering throng as it parted to make way for him, with here a smile, and there a nod of his princely head.

And when he awoke in the morning and looked upon the wretchedness about him, his dream had had its usual effect—it had intensified the sordidness of his surroundings a thousandfold. Then came bitterness, and heart-break, and tears.

## CHAPTER 3

### Tom's Meeting with the Prince

**T**om got up hungry, and sauntered hungry away, but with his thoughts busy with the shadowy splendors of his night's dreams. He wandered here and there in the city, hardly noticing where he was going, or what was happening around him. People jostled him and some gave him rough speech; but it was all lost on the musing boy. By and by he found himself at Temple Bar, the farthest from home he had ever traveled in that direction. He stopped and considered a moment, then fell into his imaginings again, and passed on outside the walls of London. The Strand had ceased to be a country road then, and regarded itself as a street, but by a strained construction; for, though there was a tolerably compact row of houses on one side of it, there were only some scattering great buildings on the other, these being palaces of rich nobles, with ample and beautiful grounds stretching to the river—grounds that are now closely packed with grim acres of brick and stone.

Tom discovered Chafing Village presently, and rested himself at the beautiful cross built there by a bereaved king of earlier days; then idled down a quiet, lovely road, past the great cardinal's stately palace, toward a far more mighty and majestic palace beyond—Westminster. Tom stared in glad wonder at the vast pile of masonry, the widespreading wings, the frowning bastions and turrets, the huge stone gateway, with its gilded bars and its magnificent array of colossal granite lions, and the other signs and symbols of English royalty. Was the desire of his soul to be satisfied at last? Here, indeed, was a king's palace. Might he not hope to see a prince now—a prince of flesh and blood, if Heaven were willing?

At each side of the gilded gate stood a living statue, that is to say, an erect and stately and motionless man-at-arms, clad from head to heel in shining steel armor. At a respectful distance were many country-folk, and people from the city, waiting for any chance glimpse of royalty that

might offer. Splendid carriages, with splendid people in them and splendid servants outside, were arriving and departing by several other noble gateways that pierced the royal inclosure.

Poor little Tom, in his rags, approached, and was moving slowly and timidly past the sentinels, with a beating heart and a rising hope, when all at once he caught sight through the golden bars of a spectacle that almost made him shout for joy. Within was a comely boy, tanned and brown with sturdy outdoor sports and exercises, whose clothing was all of lovely silks and satins, shining with jewels; at his hip a little jeweled sword and dagger; dainty buskins on his feet, with red heels; and on his head a jaunty crimson cap, with drooping plumes fastened with a great sparkling gem. Several gorgeous gentlemen stood near—his servants, without a doubt. Oh! he was a prince—a prince, a living prince, a real prince—without the shadow of a question; and the prayer of the pauper boy's heart was answered at last.

Tom's breath came quick and short with excitement, and his eyes grew big with wonder and delight. Everything gave way in his mind instantly to one desire: that was to get close to the prince, and have a good, devouring look at him. Before he knew what he was about, he had his face against the gate-bars. The next instant one of the soldiers snatched him rudely away, and sent him spinning among the gaping crowd of country gawks and London idlers. The soldier said:

"Mind thy manners, thou young beggar!"

The crowd jeered and laughed; but the young prince sprang to the gate with his face flushed, and his eyes flashing with indignation, and cried out:

"How dar'st thou use a poor lad like that! How dar'st thou use the king my father's meanest subject so! Open the gates, and let him in!"

You should have seen that fickle crowd snatch off their hats then. You should have heard them cheer, and shout, "Long live the Prince of Wales!"

The soldiers presented arms with their halberds, opened the gates, and presented again as the little Prince of Poverty passed in, in his fluttering rags, to join hands with the Prince of Limitless Plenty.

Edward Tudor said:

"Thou lookest tired and hungry: thou'st been treated ill. Come with me."

Half a dozen attendants sprang forward to—I don't know what; interfere, no doubt. But they were waved aside with a royal gesture, and they stopped stock still where they were, like so many statues. Edward took



Tom to a rich apartment in the palace, which he called his cabinet. By his command a repast was brought such as Tom had never encountered before except in books. The prince, with princely delicacy and breeding, sent away the servants, so that his humble guest might not be embarrassed by their critical presence; then he sat near by, and asked questions while Tom ate.

“What is thy name, lad?”

“Tom Canty, an it please thee, sir.”

“’Tis an odd one. Where dost live?”

“In the city, please thee, sir. Offal Court, out of Pudding Lane.”

“Offal Court! Truly, ’tis another odd one. Hast parents?”

“Parents have I, sir, and a granddam likewise that is but indifferently precious to me, God forgive me if it be offense to say it—also twin sisters, Nan and Bet.”

“Then is thy granddam not overkind to thee, I take it.”

“Neither to any other is she, so please your worship. She hath a wicked heart, and worketh evil all her days.”

“Doth she mistreat thee?”

“There be times that she stayeth her hand, being asleep or overcome with drink; but when she hath her judgment clear again, she maketh it up to me with goodly beatings.”

A fierce look came into the little prince’s eyes, and he cried out:

“What! Beatings?”

“Oh, indeed, yes, please you, sir.”

“*Beatings!*—and thou so frail and little. Hark ye: before the night come, she shall hie her to the Tower. The king my father—”

“In sooth, you forget, sir, her low degree. The Tower is for the great alone.”

“True, indeed. I had not thought of that. I will consider of her punishment. Is thy father kind to thee?”

“Not more than Gammer Canty, sir.”

“Fathers be alike, mayhap. Mine hath not a doll’s temper. He smiteth with a heavy hand, yet spareth me: he spareth me not always with his tongue, though, sooth to say. How doth thy mother use thee?”

“She is good, sir, and giveth me neither sorrow nor pain of any sort. And Nan and Bet are like to her in this.”

“How old be these?”

“Fifteen, an it please you, sir.”