

配套听力  
免费使用  
纯正英文朗读

【名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版】  
世界儿童文学名著精选  
——“成长中的内心秘密”系列故事



世界公认的无年龄界限儿童文学经典  
英美家庭陶冶情操必备儿童文学典藏  
“伴随着内心秘密成长”的心灵读物

*Little Lord Fauntleroy*

# 小勋爵

[美] 伯内特 著  
王勋 等 编译



清华大学出版社

内容提要



名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版

世界儿童文学名著精选

——“成长中的内心秘密”系列故事



*Little Lord Fauntleroy*

# 小勋爵

[美] 伯内特 著  
王勋 等 编译



清华大学出版社  
北京



## 内 容 简 介

《小勋爵》是 20 世纪最伟大的儿童文学名著之一。主人公塞德里克出生在美国纽约，他的祖父是位声名显赫的英国伯爵。老伯爵生有三子，长子和次子游手好闲、放荡不羁，颇令他难堪和失望；而三子埃罗尔上尉英俊、善良且德才兼备。在美国旅行期间，埃罗尔与一位美国平民姑娘相爱并结了婚，而塞德里克就是他们的儿子。老伯爵对这桩婚姻极为不满，一怒之下与儿子断绝了一切关系。塞德里克还未成年，他的父亲就不幸撒手人寰，懂事的他与母亲相依为命。不久，他的两个伯父也相继去世，未留下继承人，七岁的塞德里克便成了爵位及巨大家产的唯一继承人。老伯爵派人将塞德里克母子二人接到英国，却不肯让儿媳进城堡，而只是将她安顿在距城堡不远的一座小房子里。老伯爵本以为塞德里克是个愚昧无知、粗鲁冒失的毛小子，但令他感到意外的是，塞德里克不仅聪明、英俊，而且坦诚、天真、善良和慷慨，祖孙二人很快成了好朋友。塞德里克用天真、善良彻底改变了爷爷的傲慢与冷酷，城堡又充满了幸福、欢乐、祥和的气氛。小主人公在各种荣辱面前表现出来的从容优雅，宽容与爱心感染了他周围的人，也感染了一代代读者，召唤起人们向善的心愿。

本书一经出版，很快就成为当时最畅销的儿童文学作品，至今被译成世界上几十种文字，曾经先后无数次被改编成电影。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，该书对当代中国的青少年读者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，书中加入了大量的插图。

本书配有纯正的英文朗读，供读者免费学习使用。

本书封面贴有清华大学出版社防伪标签，无标签者不得销售。

版权所有，侵权必究。侵权举报电话：010-62782989 13701121933

### 图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

小勋爵=Little Lord Fauntleroy: 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版/(美)伯内特著;王勋等编译. —北京:清华大学出版社, 2015  
ISBN 978-7-302-39058-9

I. ①小… II. ①伯… ②王… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②儿童文学—长篇小说—美国—近代 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2015) 第 017214 号

责任编辑: 柴文强 李 晔

封面设计: 傅瑞学

责任校对: 胡伟民

责任印制: 宋 林

出版发行: 清华大学出版社

网 址: <http://www.tup.com.cn>, <http://www.wqbook.com>

地 址: 北京清华大学学研大厦 A 座 邮 编: 100084

社总机: 010-62770175

邮 购: 010-62786544

投稿与读者服务: 010-62776969, [c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn](mailto:c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn)

质 量 反 馈: 010-62772015, [zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn](mailto:zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn)

印 刷 者: 清华大学印刷厂

装 订 者: 三河市溧源装订厂

经 销: 全国新华书店

开 本: 170mm×260mm 印 张: 12.25 字 数: 250 千字

版 次: 2015 年 5 月第 1 版 印 次: 2015 年 5 月第 1 次印刷

印 数: 1~3500

定 价: 28.00 元



弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特 (Frances Hodgson Burnett, 1849—1924), 美国著名作家, 英语世界家喻户晓的儿童文学作家。

1849年11月24日, 伯内特生于英国的曼彻斯特市, 1865年随全家移民至美国田纳西州。因父亲早逝, 家境贫寒, 她从18岁开始在杂志上发表故事, 贴补家用。1877年, 伯内特出版了第一部小说《劳瑞家的那闺女》, 该书取材于她幼年在英国煤矿的生活, 该书一出版便成为当时最畅销的小说之一。1886年, 出版了小说《小勋爵》, 描写一个美国小男孩成为英国伯爵继承人的故事, 该书让伯内特成为当时最畅销、最富有的畅销书作家之一。1905年, 伯内特出版了《小公主》, 该书通过一位遭遇家庭变故, 善良、美丽的印度富家千金的成长和生活经历, 讲述一个关于财富、地位以及人生态度的故事。1909年, 当她在纽约长岛布置自己家花园的时候, 突发灵感, 构思出《秘密花园》, 该书于1911年出版, 成为当时英语国家最畅销童话图书。她的许多作品被改编为电影、电视剧、动画片、音乐剧和话剧, 这其中包括《小勋爵》《失踪的王子》《小公主》和《秘密花园》。《小公主》于1939年在美国被拍成电影, 且由当时红极一时的童星秀兰·邓波儿主演, 并获得巨大成功, 而已经逝世的伯内特的声誉也由此达到巅峰。这部催人泪下的作品被看作是一剂抚慰人心的良药, 它激起了人们对于人性的关注与深思。《秘密花园》于1919年、1949年、1993年三度在美国被拍成电影, 1994年制作成电视卡通片。

伯内特一生共出版了40多部小说, 许多作品入选英国、美国、加拿大、澳大利亚等英语国家的中小学课文, 而真正使她名扬世界是她的儿童文学作品。一个世纪以来, 她的儿童文学作品被译成世界上几十种文字, 迄今仍畅销不衰。除此之外, 根据她的儿童文学作品制作的各种产品, 从磁带有声书籍、幼儿图书、简写本、缩写本, 到玩具书、文具、手工艺品, 不计其数。在伯内特的所有儿童文学作品中, 《小勋爵》《失踪的王子》《小



公主》和《秘密花园》是她最成功的儿童文学作品。“成长中的内心秘密”，或者说，“伴随着内心秘密的成长”一直是弗朗西斯·霍奇森·伯内特这些作品的永恒主题，这位影响了整个 20 世纪的女作家，她对“成长”中那种内心获得的力量非常敬畏，这一点在其代表作《小公主》和《秘密花园》中更是显露无遗，前者的力量来自于磨难和爱，而后者的力量则来自于爱和大自然，伯内特用她那优美、细腻、化平凡为神奇的文笔，给这些力量穿上了带有“魔法”色彩的外衣。这些儿童文学作品故事感动了一代又一代人，美丽的故事曾经带给了许多人梦想和希望，相信即使在今天，这些故事仍旧能带给你由衷的感动。在英语儿童文学里，这四部小说是公认的无年龄界限的精品，也是一部打破了雅俗之间界限的文学作品。由于这些作品语言平易，故事却极富传神，同时思想丰富、情节精彩曲折，容易吸引青少年学生，因而在世界各地常被选作英文教材教学或英语课外阅读用书；同时，该书一直是西方家庭为陶冶孩子情操必备的文学读物。

在中国，这四部儿童文学作品同样是最受广大青少年读者喜爱。作为世界儿童文学宝库中的经典之作，它影响了一代又一代中国人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《小勋爵》《失踪的王子》《小公主》和《秘密花园》这四部儿童文学的经典之作，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，也尽可能保留原作简洁、精练、明快的风格。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内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量的插图。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。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书中的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT 还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在 TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、



SAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中取得好的成绩,进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由王勋编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋婷、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平,书中难免会有不当之处,衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。

## 第一章 饥饿的难民

### Chapter 1 ..... 1

## 第二章 拿破仑和他的朋友们

### Chapter 2 ..... 12

## 第三章 苏东

### Chapter 3 ..... 36

## 第四章 刘美国

### Chapter 4 ..... 43

## 第五章 在教堂中

### Chapter 5 ..... 58

## 第六章 老伯爵和他的继承人

### Chapter 6 ..... 76

## 第七章 在教堂

### Chapter 7 ..... 98

## 第八章 李习琦

### Chapter 8 ..... 106

## 第九章 附赠的晚餐

### Chapter 9 ..... 176

## 第十章 玛丽的未婚夫

### Chapter 10 ..... 123

## 第十一章 来自美国的消息

### Chapter 11 ..... 142

## 第十二章 对方的要求

### Chapter 12 ..... 153

## 第十三章 迷人的夜晚

### Chapter 13 ..... 163



## 第一章 吃惊的消息/

Chapter 1.....	1
----------------	---

## 第二章 塞德里克的朋友们/

Chapter 2.....	12
----------------	----

## 第三章 离家/

Chapter 3.....	36
----------------	----

## 第四章 到英国/

Chapter 4.....	43
----------------	----

## 第五章 在城堡中/

Chapter 5.....	56
----------------	----

## 第六章 老伯爵和他的继承者/

Chapter 6.....	76
----------------	----

## 第七章 在教堂/

Chapter 7.....	98
----------------	----

## 第八章 学习骑马/

Chapter 8.....	106
----------------	-----

## 第九章 简陋的农舍/

Chapter 9.....	116
----------------	-----

## 第十章 惊慌的老伯爵/

Chapter 10.....	123
-----------------	-----

## 第十一章 来自美国的焦虑/

Chapter 11.....	142
-----------------	-----

## 第十二章 对方的要求/

Chapter 12.....	153
-----------------	-----

## 第十三章 迪克的救援/

Chapter 13.....	163
-----------------	-----



## 第十四章 真相大白/

Chapter 14 ..... 170

## 第十五章 小勋爵的八岁生日/

Chapter 15 ..... 176

附录 人物介绍 ..... 184



# 第一章 吃惊的消息

## Chapter 1



塞德里克很小的时候就能读懂妈妈的心思了，尤其是在爸爸去世之后，妈妈白皙如玫瑰花般的脸上总是挂着晶莹的泪滴。忧伤爬上了妈妈的额头，紧锁的眉头犹如深深浅浅的沟壑，里面藏满了生命的苦涩。

塞德里克曾经有过那么好的一个爸爸，英俊的脸庞宛若天空中闪烁的明星，温柔体贴的性格为他贴上绅士的标签，而且他还是英国老牌贵族多林考特伯爵的儿子。塞德里克的母亲是位孤苦伶仃的美国孤儿，但是她的身上却拥有一个女性所有的闪光点，她像一朵纯洁的百合花，在清晨的第一缕阳光中散发出幽香，温柔和高雅成为她的代名词。两个有情人就这样坠入了爱河，他们共结连理，但是没想到却遭到了新郎的父亲——那位古板傲慢并且极度厌恶美国的多林考特伯爵的反对。老伯爵有三个儿子，按照英国的规定只有大儿子才拥有继承权，但是塞德里克的爸爸一直是老伯爵的掌上明珠。当听到儿子娶了一个美国女人后，老伯爵暴跳如雷，因为在他的眼里，美国是一个充斥着新生的粗俗、暴力的民主与荒漠般的文化的国家。

小塞德里克像天使一般可爱，街坊邻居见了都会忍不住和小家伙攀谈一番，而他歪着小脑袋若有所思的样子，还有那妙语连珠的聪明劲儿总是惹得大家欢笑连连。塞德里克有一个忘年交，那就是杂货店的老板霍布斯先生，大家都说他脾气很坏，但是他却从来没有对塞德里克发过火。塞德里克觉得霍布斯先生不仅拥有琳琅满目的零食，还为他讲解了各种政治事件的始末，一老一少两个人常常坐在货物堆上，谈天说地，挥斥古今。霍



## 一对有情人

布斯先生为自己是个美国人感到颇为自豪，他嘲笑古板的英国贵族只会固守着爵位，最终将会在沾沾自喜中走向衰亡。就在这时，塞德里克的保姆玛丽急匆匆地赶来，看她欲言又止的样子，一定是发生了什么大事情。

Cedric himself knew nothing whatever about it. It had never been even mentioned to him. He knew that his papa had been an Englishman, because his mamma had told him so; but then his papa had died when he was so little a boy that he could not remember very much about him, except that he was big, and had blue eyes and a long mustache, and that it was a splendid thing to be carried around the room on his shoulder. Since his papa's death, Cedric had found out that it was best not to talk to his mamma about him. When his father was ill, Cedric had been sent away, and when he had returned, everything was over; and his mother, who had been very ill, too, was only just beginning to sit in her chair by the window. She was pale and thin, and all the dimples had gone from her pretty face, and her eyes looked large and mournful, and she was dressed in black.

"Dearest," said Cedric (his papa had called her that always, and so the little boy had learned to say it),—"dearest, is my papa better?"

He felt her arms tremble, and so he turned his curly head and looked in her face. There was something in it that made him feel that he was going to cry.

"Dearest," he said, "is he well?"

Then suddenly his loving little heart told him that he'd better put both his arms around her neck and kiss her again and again, and keep his soft cheek close to hers; and he did so, and she laid her face on his shoulder and cried bitterly, holding him as if she could never let him go again.

"Yes, he is well," she sobbed; "he is quite, quite well, but we—we have no one left but each other. No one at all."

Then, little as he was, he understood that his big, handsome young papa would not come back any more; that he was dead, as he had heard of other people being, although he could not comprehend exactly what strange thing had brought all this sadness about. It was because his mamma always cried when he spoke of his papa that he secretly made up his mind it was better not

to speak of him very often to her, and he found out, too, that it was better not to let her sit still and look into the fire or out of the window without moving or talking. He and his mamma knew very few people, and lived what might have been thought very lonely lives, although Cedric did not know it was lonely until he grew older and heard why it was they had no visitors. Then he was told that his mamma was an orphan, and quite alone in the world when his papa had married her. She was very pretty, and had been living as companion to a rich old lady who was not kind to her, and one day Captain Cedric Errol, who was calling at the house, saw her run up the stairs with tears on her eyelashes; and she looked so sweet and innocent and sorrowful that the Captain could not forget her. And after many strange things had happened, they knew each other well and loved each other dearly, and were married, although their marriage brought them the ill-will of several persons. The one who was most angry of all, however, was the Captain's father, who lived in England, and was a very rich and important old nobleman, with a very bad temper and a very violent dislike to America and Americans. He had two sons older than Captain Cedric; and it was the law that the elder of these sons should inherit the family title and estates, which were very rich and splendid; if the eldest son died, the next one would be heir; so, though he was a member of such a great family, there was little chance that Captain Cedric would be very rich himself.

But it so happened that Nature had given to the youngest son gifts which she had not bestowed upon his elder brothers. He had a beautiful face and a fine, strong, graceful figure; he had a bright smile and a sweet, gay voice; he was brave and generous, and had the kindest heart in the world, and seemed to have the power to make every one love him. And it was not so with his elder brothers; neither of them was handsome, or very kind, or clever. When they were boys at Eton, they were not popular; when they were at college, they cared nothing for study, and wasted both time and money, and made few real friends. The old Earl, their father, was constantly disappointed and humiliated by them; his heir was no honor to his noble name, and did not promise to end in being anything but a selfish, wasteful, insignificant man, with no manly or noble qualities. It was very bitter, the old Earl thought, that the son who was only third, and would have only a very small fortune, should be the one who



had all the gifts, and all the charms, and all the strength and beauty. Sometimes he almost hated the handsome young man because he seemed to have the good things which should have gone with the stately title and the magnificent estates; and yet, in the depths of his proud, stubborn old heart, he could not help caring very much for his youngest son. It was in one of his fits of petulance that he sent him off to travel in America; he thought he would send him away for a while, so that he should not be made angry by constantly contrasting him with his brothers, who were at that time giving him a great deal of trouble by their wild ways.

But, after about six months, he began to feel lonely, and longed in secret to see his son again, so he wrote to Captain Cedric and ordered him home. The letter he wrote crossed on its way a letter the Captain had just written to his father, telling of his love for the pretty American girl, and of his intended marriage; and when the Earl received that letter he was furiously angry. Bad as his temper was, he had never given way to it in his life as he gave way to it when he read the Captain's letter. His valet, who was in the room when it came, thought his lordship would have a fit of apoplexy, he was so wild with anger. For an hour he raged like a tiger, and then he sat down and wrote to his son, and ordered him never to come near his old home, nor to write to his father or brothers again. He told him he might live as he pleased, and die where he pleased, that he should be cut off from his family forever, and that he need never expect help from his father as long as he lived.

The Captain was very sad when he read the letter; he was very fond of England, and he dearly loved the beautiful home where he had been born; he had even loved his ill-tempered old father, and had sympathized with him in his disappointments; but he knew he need expect no kindness from him in the future. At first he scarcely knew what to do; he had not been brought up to work, and had no business experience, but he had courage and plenty of determination. So he sold his commission in the English army, and after some trouble found a situation in New York, and married. The change from his old life in England was very great, but he was young and happy, and he hoped that hard work would do great things for him in the future. He had a small house on a quiet street, and his little boy was born there, and everything was so gay and

cheerful, in a simple way, that he was never sorry for a moment that he had married the rich old lady's pretty companion just because she was so sweet and he loved her and she loved him. She was very sweet, indeed, and her little boy was like both her and his father. Though he was born in so quiet and cheap a little home, it seemed as if there never had been a more fortunate baby. In the first place, he was always well, and so he never gave any one trouble; in the second place, he had so sweet a temper and ways so charming that he was a pleasure to every one; and in the third place, he was so beautiful to look at that he was quite a picture. Instead of being a bald-headed baby, he started in life with a quantity of soft, fine, gold-colored hair, which curled up at the ends, and went into loose rings by the time he was six months old; he had big brown eyes and long eyelashes and a darling little face; he had so strong a back and such splendid sturdy legs, that at nine months he learned suddenly to walk; his manners were so good, for a baby, that it was delightful to make his acquaintance. He seemed to feel that every one was his friend, and when any one spoke to him, when he was in his carriage in the street, he would give the stranger one sweet, serious look with the brown eyes, and then follow it with a lovely, friendly smile; and the consequence was, that there was not a person in the neighborhood of the quiet street where he lived—even to the groceryman at the corner, who was considered the crossdest creature alive—who was not pleased to see him and speak to him. And every month of his life he grew handsomer and more interesting.

When he was old enough to walk out with his nurse, dragging a small wagon and wearing a short white kilt skirt, and a big white hat set back on his curly yellow hair, he was so handsome and strong and rosy that he attracted every one's attention, and his nurse would come home and tell his mamma stories of the ladies who had stopped their carriages to look at and speak to him, and of how pleased they were when he talked to them in his cheerful little way, as if he had known them always. His greatest charm was this cheerful, fearless, quaint little way of making friends with people. I think it arose from his having a very confiding nature, and a kind little heart that sympathized with every one, and wished to make every one as comfortable as he liked to be himself. It made him very quick to understand the feelings of those about him. Perhaps this had

grown on him, too, because he had lived so much with his father and mother, who were always loving and considerate and tender and well-bred. He had never heard an unkind or uncourteous word spoken at home; he had always been loved and caressed and treated tenderly, and so his childish soul was full of kindness and innocent warm feeling. He had always heard his mamma called by pretty, loving names, and so he used them himself when he spoke to her; he had always seen that his papa watched over her and took great care of her, and so he learned, too, to be careful of her.

So when he knew his papa would come back no more, and saw how very sad his mamma was, there gradually came into his kind little heart the thought that he must do what he could to make her happy. He was not much more than a baby, but that thought was in his mind whenever he climbed upon her knee and kissed her and put his curly head on her neck, and when he brought his toys and picture-books to show her, and when he curled up quietly by her side as she used to lie on the sofa. He was not old enough to know of anything else to do, so he did what he could, and was more of a comfort to her than he could have understood.

"Oh, Mary!" he heard her say once to her old servant; "I am sure he is trying to help me in his innocent way—I know he is. He looks at me sometimes with a loving, wondering little look, as if he were sorry for me, and then he will come and pet me or show me something. He is such a little man, I really think he knows."

As he grew older, he had a great many quaint little ways which amused and interested people greatly. He was so much of a companion for his mother that she scarcely cared for any other. They used to walk together and talk together and play together. When he was quite a little fellow, he learned to read; and after that he used to lie on the hearth-rug, in the evening, and read aloud—sometimes stories, and sometimes big books such as older people read, and sometimes even the newspaper; and often at such times Mary, in the kitchen, would hear Mrs. Errol laughing with delight at the quaint things he said.

"And, indade," said Mary to the groceryman, "nobody cud help laughin' at the quare little ways of him—and his ould-fashioned sayin's! Didn't he come

into my kitchen the noight the new Prisident was nominated and shtand afore the fire, lookin' loike a pictur', wid his hands in his shmall pockets, an' his innocent bit of a face as sayrious as a jedge? An' sez he to me: 'Mary,' sez he, 'I'm very much int'rusted in the 'lection,' sez he. 'I'm a 'publican, an' so is Dearest. Are you a 'publican, Mary?' 'Sorra a bit,' sez I; 'I'm the bist o' dimmycrats!' An' he looks up at me wid a look that ud go to yer heart, an' sez he: 'Mary,' sez he, 'the country will go to ruin.' An' nivver a day since thin has he let go by widout argyin' wid me to change me polytics."

Mary was very fond of him, and very proud of him, too. She had been with his mother ever since he was born; and, after his father's death, had been cook and housemaid and nurse and everything else. She was proud of his graceful, strong little body and his pretty manners, and especially proud of the bright curly hair which waved over his forehead and fell in charming love-locks on his shoulders. She was willing to work early and late to help his mamma make his small suits and keep them in order.

"'Ristycratic, is it?" she would say. "Faith, an' I'd loike to see the choild on Fifth Avey-NOO as looks loike him an' shteps out as handsome as himself. An' ivvery man, woman, and choild lookin' after him in his bit of a black velvet skirt made out of the misthress's ould gownd; an' his little head up, an' his curly hair flyin' an' shinin'. It's loike a young lord he looks."

Cedric did not know that he looked like a young lord; he did not know what a lord was. His greatest friend was the groceryman at the corner—the cross groceryman, who was never cross to him. His name was Mr. Hobbs, and Cedric admired and respected him very much. He thought him a very rich and powerful person, he had so many things in his store,—prunes and figs and oranges and biscuits,—and he had a horse and wagon. Cedric was fond of the milkman and the baker and the apple-woman, but he liked Mr. Hobbs best of all, and was on terms of such intimacy with him that he went to see him every day, and often sat with him quite a long time, discussing the topics of the hour. It was quite surprising how many things they found to talk about—the Fourth of July, for instance. When they began to talk about the Fourth of July there really seemed no end to it. Mr. Hobbs had a very bad opinion of "the British," and he told the whole story of the Revolution, relating very wonderful and



patriotic stories about the villainy of the enemy and the bravery of the Revolutionary heroes, and he even generously repeated part of the Declaration of Independence.

Cedric was so excited that his eyes shone and his cheeks were red and his curls were all rubbed and tumbled into a yellow mop. He could hardly wait to eat his dinner after he went home, he was so anxious to tell his mamma. It was, perhaps, Mr. Hobbs who gave him his first interest in politics. Mr. Hobbs was fond of reading the newspapers, and so Cedric heard a great deal about what was going on in Washington; and Mr. Hobbs would tell him whether the President was doing his duty or not. And once, when there was an election, he found it all quite grand, and probably but for Mr. Hobbs and Cedric the country might have been wrecked.

Mr. Hobbs took him to see a great torchlight procession, and many of the men who carried torches remembered afterward a stout man who stood near a lamp-post and held on his shoulder a handsome little shouting boy, who waved his cap in the air.

It was not long after this election, when Cedric was between seven and eight years old, that the very strange thing happened which made so wonderful a change in his life. It was quite curious, too, that the day it happened he had been talking to Mr. Hobbs about England and the Queen, and Mr. Hobbs had said some very severe things about the aristocracy, being specially indignant against earls and marquises. It had been a hot morning; and after playing soldiers with some friends of his, Cedric had gone into the store to rest, and had found Mr. Hobbs looking very fierce over a piece of the Illustrated London News, which contained a picture of some court ceremony.

"Ah," he said, "that's the way they go on now; but they'll get enough of it some day, when those they've trod on rise and blow 'em up sky-high,—earls and marquises and all! It's coming, and they may look out for it!"

Cedric had perched himself as usual on the high stool and pushed his hat back, and put his hands in his pockets in delicate compliment to Mr. Hobbs.

"Did you ever know many marquises, Mr. Hobbs?" Cedric inquired,—“or earls?”

"No," answered Mr. Hobbs, with indignation; "I guess not. I'd like to