

中文导读英文版

A Little Princess

小公主

[美] 弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特 原著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社



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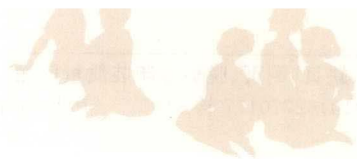
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内 容 简 介

A Little Princess 是 20 世纪最伟大的童话巨著之一, 由美国著名作家弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特编著而成。这是一部关于“伴随着内心秘密成长”的童话。主人公萨拉是一位英国绅士的女儿, 在寄宿学校里过着公主般的生活。由于父亲突然离世, 她的生活受到了毁灭性的打击。萨拉是一个坚强、聪慧、善良的女孩, 在遭遇困厄时, 却坚守着对生活的幻想, 最终使梦幻成为现实。她在各种荣辱面前表现出来的从容优雅, 宽容与爱心感染了她周围的人, 也感染了一代又一代的读者。

本书一经出版, 很快就成为当时最受关注和最畅销的儿童文学作品, 至今已被译成世界上几十种文字, 曾经先后多次被改编成电影、电视、话剧、舞台剧。无论作为语言学习的课本, 还是作为通俗的文学读本, 本书对当代中国的青少年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。

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弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特（1849—1924），英裔美国人，是 19 世纪末和 20 世纪初美国最著名的小说家、童话作家和剧作家。1849 年 11 月 24 日生于英国曼彻斯特市，1865 年随全家移民美国田纳西州。她从 18 岁开始在杂志上发表故事。1877 年，编著出版了《劳瑞家的那闺女》，该书取材于幼年她在英国煤矿的生活，一经出版便获得读者认可并成为当时最畅销的小说之一。弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特一生著作颇丰，然而让她闻名于世的是其儿童文学作品。1886 年，她发表了小说《小爵爷》，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、最富有的流行作家之一。1905 年，伯内特发表了《小公主》，该书通过一位遭遇家庭变故，善良、美丽的富家千金萨拉的成长和生活经历，讲述了一个关于财富、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，成为当时英国和美国最畅销童话图书。她的许多作品被改编为话剧和电影，这其中包括《小少爷方特罗伊》、《小公主》和《秘密花园》。

作为伯内特最成功的童话作品之一，《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。“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》中显露无遗，前者的力量来自于磨难和爱，而后者力量则来自于爱和大自然，伯内特用她那优美、细腻、化普通为神奇的文笔，给这些

前言



力量穿上了带有“魔法”色彩的外衣。《小公主》的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，这个故事仍旧能带给你由衷的感动。

在中国，《小公主》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典作品之一。目前，《小公主》在国内的各种版本总计不下 50 种。作为世界童话文学宝库中的传世经典之作，它影响了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。目前，在国内数量众多的《小公主》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是中英文对照版。而其中的中英文对照读本比较受读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。而从英文学习的角度上来看，直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，有利于国内读者摆脱英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《小公主》，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。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。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、赵雪、刘乃亚、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中一定会有一些不当之处，我们衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一章 萨 拉

Chapter 1 Sara



在冬日的伦敦街头，小女孩萨拉·克鲁和她的爸爸正在前往闵钦女子私立学校的路上，他们是从印度孟买来的。

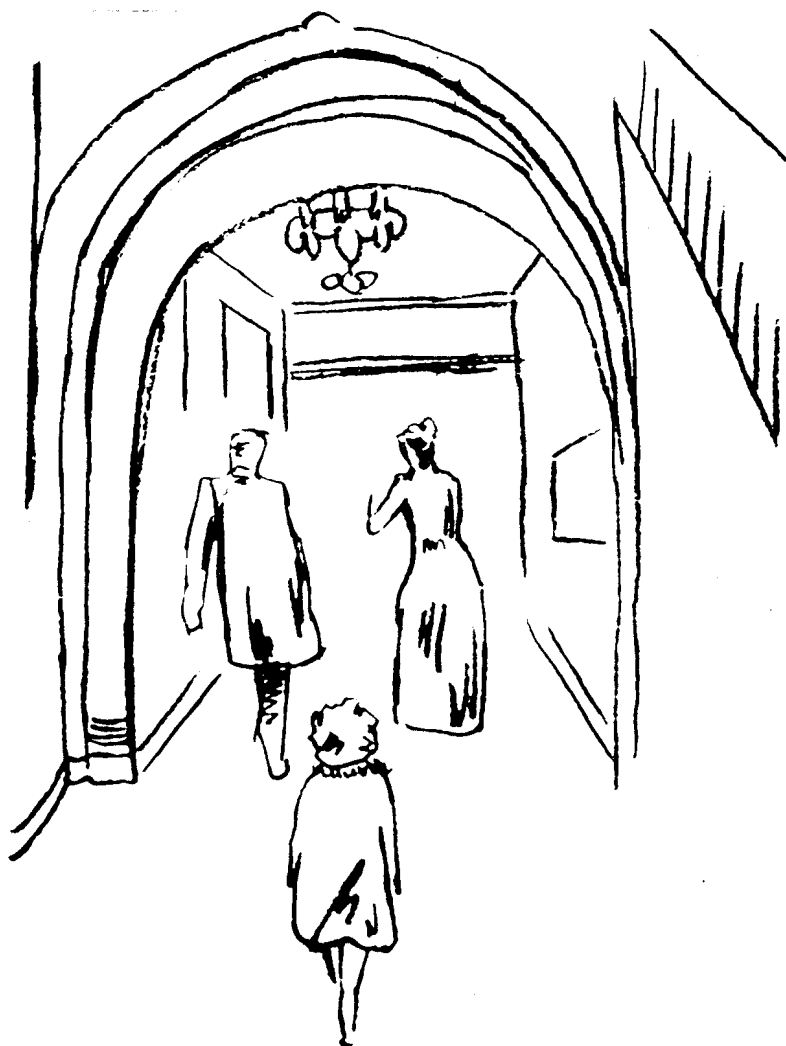
萨拉是一个身材高挑纤弱的小姑娘，年龄只有7岁，但是个子要比她的同龄人高，跟军团里的美人儿伊莎贝尔·格雷奇的美截然不同，她有着自己独特的魅力，她的小脸蛋精致而迷人，头发乌黑浓密，只是在发梢上稍稍翘起，虽然绿色的眼珠略带灰色，但却是一双美丽的大眼睛，睫毛又黑又长。

萨拉的爸爸——克鲁上校，是一个年轻、富有又英俊的年轻人，也是她在这个世界上唯一的亲人，她的母亲在她出生的时候就去世了。这一对父女之间感情深厚，对于年轻的克鲁上校来说，女儿萨拉就是他的全部，他竭尽所能让他的女儿拥有同龄的孩子都没有的豪华舒适的生活，让他的女儿拥有所想要的一切。

尽管萨拉比起同龄的孩子来说略微有些老成，但是她的一切在她爸爸的眼里都是那么可爱，萨拉对于父亲的依恋也超过了一切。

虽然小萨拉并不喜欢来到英国，可是由于印度的气候并不适应孩子的成长，所以到了一定的年龄他们都会被尽快送走，萨拉当然也不例外。

在见到闵钦女士——学校的女校长之后，萨拉确定自己并不喜欢这个长相体面却很难看还喜欢阿谀奉承的女人，闵钦女士也从介绍人那里知道了萨拉父亲的富有，和他可以为女儿付出全部的事实，这时的她对于小萨



拉又多了一层恭维。事实上，萨拉在这里将是“优待寄宿生”，而她会享有比通常的优待生更多的优越待遇。她将会拥有自己单独的漂亮卧室和客厅，一匹小马和马车，还有一个法国的女仆来代替她在印度的保姆。

萨拉非常喜欢读书，除非别人把她从书本边拖走，否则，她会一直读下去，她喜欢看那些成人的书——不管是英文的、法文的，还是德文的——历史书，传记还有诗歌。

克鲁上校走之前，为自己心爱的小女儿买了一大橱的漂亮名贵的衣服用具，远远超出了她的所需，他希望自己的女儿在这里的生活能够像在家里一样衣食无忧。他们还一起找遍了大街小巷终于找到了萨拉想要的一个洋娃娃，她管它叫做艾米丽，那是一个可以听她说话的娃娃。因为爸爸走后，可怜的萨拉只能够对着它来诉说自己的心里话了。

在克鲁上校走之前再次叮咛闵钦女士好好照顾自己的女儿，并要求她满足萨拉的每一个要求，其实萨拉是一个很懂事的小女孩，她并不会提出什么过分的要求。

父亲终于走了，小萨拉在送别父亲之后把自己锁在房间里不出来，她非常礼貌地请求闵钦女士让她自己呆一会，她的举止让所有人都感到非常诧异，尽管她是一个很有礼貌又很有教养的孩子，但是她表现出来的成熟和老气让所有人惊讶。而她所受的待遇更是让人觉得她好像是一位公主，她被作为闵钦女士的示范生。

Once on a dark winter's day, when the yellow fog hung so thick and heavy in the streets of London that the lamps were lighted and the shop windows blazed with gas as they do at night, an oddlooking little girl sat in a cab with her father and was driven rather slowly through the big thoroughfares.

She sat with her feet tucked under her, and leaned against her father, who held her in his arm, as she stared out of the window at the passing people with a queer old-fashioned thoughtfulness in her big eyes.

She was such a little girl that one did not expect to see such a look on her small face. It would have been an old look for a child of twelve, and Sara Crewe was only seven. The fact was, however, that she was always dreaming

and thinking odd things and could not herself remember any time when she had not been thinking things about grownup people and the world they belonged to. She felt as if she had lived a long, long time.

At this moment she was remembering the voyage she had just made from Bombay with her father, Captain Crewe. She was thinking of the big ship, of the lascars passing silently to and fro on it, of the children playing about on the hot deck, and of some young officers' wives who used to try to make her talk to them and laugh at the things she said.

Principally, she was thinking of what a queer thing it was that at one time one was in India in the blazing sun, and then in the middle of the ocean, and then driving in a strange vehicle through strange streets where the day was as dark as the night. She found this so puzzling that she moved closer to her father.

"Papa," she said in a low, mysterious little voice which was almost a whisper, "papa."

"What is it, darling?" Captain Crewe answered, holding her closer and looking down into her face. "What is Sara thinking of?"

"Is this the place?" Sara whispered, cuddling still closer to him. "Is it, papa?"

"Yes, little Sara, it is. We have reached it at last." And though she was only seven years old, she knew that he felt sad when he said it.

It seemed to her many years since he had begun to prepare her mind for "the place," as she always called it. Her mother had died when she was born, so she had never known or missed her. Her young, handsome, rich, petting father seemed to be the only relation she had in the world. They had always played together and been fond of each other. She only knew he was rich because she had heard people say so when they thought she was not listening, and she had also heard them say that when she grew up she would be rich, too. She did not know all that being rich meant. She had always lived in a beautiful bungalow, and had been used to seeing many servants who made salaams to her and called her "Misse Sahib," and gave her her own way in everything. She had had toys



and pets and an ayah who worshipped her, and she had gradually learned that people who were rich had these things. That, however, was all she knew about it.

During her short life only one thing had troubled her, and that thing was “the place” she was to be taken to some day. The climate of India was very bad for children, and as soon as possible they were sent away from it—generally to England and to school. She had seen other children go away, and had heard their fathers and mothers talk about the letters they received from them. She had known that she would be obliged to go also, and though sometimes her father’s stories of the voyage and the new country had attracted her, she had been troubled by the thought that he could not stay with her.

“Couldn’t you go to that place with me, papa?” she had asked when she was five years old. “Couldn’t you go to school, too? I would help you with your lessons.”

“But you will not have to stay for a very long time, little Sara,” he had always said. “You will go to a nice house where there will be a lot of little girls, and you will play together, and I will send you plenty of books, and you will grow so fast that it will seem scarcely a year before you are big enough and clever enough to come back and take care of papa.”

She had liked to think of that. To keep the house for her father; to ride with him, and sit at the head of his table when he had dinner parties; to talk to him and read his books—that would be what she would like most in the world, and if one must go away to “the place” in England to attain it, she must make up her mind to go. She did not care very much for other little girls, but if she had plenty of books she could console herself. She liked books more than anything else, and was, in fact, always inventing stories of beautiful things and telling them to herself. Sometimes she had told them to her father, and he had liked them as much as she did.

“Well, papa,” she said softly, “if we are here I suppose we must be resigned.”

He laughed at her old-fashioned speech and kissed her. He was really not

at all resigned himself, though he knew he must keep that a secret. His quaint little Sara had been a great companion to him, and he felt he should be a lonely fellow when, on his return to India, he went into his bungalow knowing he need not expect to see the small figure in its white frock come forward to meet him. So he held her very closely in his arms as the cab rolled into the big, dull square in which stood the house which was their destination.

It was a big, dull, brick house, exactly like all the others in its row, but that on the front door there shone a brass plate on which was engraved in black letters:

MISS MINCHIN,

Select Seminary for Young Ladies

"Here we are, Sara," said Captain Crewe, making his voice sound as cheerful as possible. Then he lifted her out of the cab and they mounted the steps and rang the bell. Sara often thought afterward that the house was somehow exactly like Miss Minchin. It was respectable and wellfurnished, but everything in it was ugly; and the very armchairs seemed to have hard bones in them. In the hall everything was hard and polished—even the red cheeks of the moon face on the tall clock in the corner had a severe varnished look. The drawing room into which they were ushered was covered by a carpet with a square pattern upon it, the chairs were square, and a heavy marble timepiece stood upon the heavy marble mantel.

As she sat down in one of the stiff mahogany chairs, Sara cast one of her quick looks about her.

"I don't like it, papa," she said. "But then I dare say soldiers—even brave ones — don't really *like* going into battle."

Captain Crewe laughed outright at this. He was young and full of fun, and he never tired of hearing Sara's queer speeches.

"Oh, little Sara," he said. "What shall I do when I have no one to say solemn things to me? No one else is as solemn as you are."

"But why do solemn things make you laugh so?" inquired Sara.

"Because you are such fun when you say them," he answered, laughing



still more. And then suddenly he swept her into his arms and kissed her very hard, stopping laughing all at once and looking almost as if tears had come into his eyes.

It was just then that Miss Minchin entered the room. She was very like her house, Sara felt: tall and dull, and respectable and ugly. She had large, cold, fishy eyes, and a large, cold, fishy smile. It spread itself into a very large smile when she saw Sara and Captain Crewe. She had heard a great many desirable things of the young soldier from the lady who had recommended her school to him. Among other things, she had heard that he was a rich father who was willing to spend a great deal of money on his little daughter.

"It will be a great privilege to have charge of such a beautiful and promising child, Captain Crewe," she said, taking Sara's hand and stroking it. "Lady Meredith has told me of her unusual cleverness. A clever child is a great treasure in an establishment like mine."

Sara stood quietly, with her eyes fixed upon Miss Minchin's face. She was thinking something odd, as usual.

"Why does she say I am a beautiful child?" she was thinking. "I am not beautiful at all. Colonel Grange's little girl, Isobel, is beautiful. She has dimples and rose-colored cheeks, and long hair the color of gold. I have short black hair and green eyes; besides which, I am a thin child and not fair in the least. I am one of the ugliest children I ever saw. She is beginning by telling a story."

She was mistaken, however, in thinking she was an ugly child. She was not in the least like Isobel Grange, who had been the beauty of the regiment, but she had an odd charm of her own. She was a slim, supple creature, rather tall for her age, and had an intense, attractive little face. Her hair was heavy and quite black and only curled at the tips; her eyes were greenish gray, it is true, but they were big, wonderful eyes with long, black lashes, and though she herself did not like the color of them, many other people did. Still she was very firm in her belief that she was an ugly little girl, and she was not at all elated by Miss Minchin's flattery.

"I should be telling a story if I said she was beautiful," she thought, "and I

should know I was telling a story. I believe I am as ugly as she is—in my way. What did she say that for?”

After she had known Miss Minchin longer she learned why she had said it. She discovered that she said the same thing to each papa and mamma who brought a child to her school.

Sara stood near her father and listened while he and Miss Minchin talked. She had been brought to the seminary because Lady Meredith's two little girls had been educated there, and Captain Crewe had a great respect for Lady Meredith's experience. Sara was to be what was known as “a parlor boarder,” and she was to enjoy even greater privileges than parlor boarders usually did. She was to have a pretty bedroom and sitting room of her own; she was to have a pony and a carriage, and a maid to take the place of the ayah who had been her nurse in India.

“I am not in the least anxious about her education,” Captain Crewe said, with his gay laugh, as he held Sara's hand and patted it. “The difficulty will be to keep her from learning too fast and too much. She is always sitting with her little nose burrowing into books. She doesn't read them, Miss Minchin; she gobbles them up as if she were a little wolf instead of a little girl. She is always starving for new books to gobble, and she wants grownup books—great, big, fat ones—French and German as well as English—history and biography and poets, and all sorts of things. Drag her away from her books when she reads too much. Make her ride her pony in the Row or go out and buy a new doll. She ought to play more with dolls.”

“Papa,” said Sara, “you see, if I went out and bought a new doll every few days I should have more than I could be fond of. Dolls ought to be intimate friends. Emily is going to be my intimate friend.”

Captain Crewe looked at Miss Minchin and Miss Minchin looked at Captain Crewe.

“Who is Emily?” she inquired.

“Tell her, Sara,” Captain Crewe said, smiling.

Sara's green-gray eyes looked very solemn and quite soft as she answered.

"She is a doll I haven't got yet," she said. "She is a doll papa is going to buy for me. We are going out together to find her. I have called her Emily. She is going to be my friend when papa is gone. I want her to talk to about him."

Miss Minchin's large, fishy smile became very flattering indeed.

"What an original child!" she said. "What a darling little creature!"

"Yes," said Captain Crewe, drawing Sara close. "She is a darling little creature. Take great care of her for me, Miss Minchin."

Sara stayed with her father at his hotel for several days; in fact, she remained with him until he sailed away again to India. They went out and visited many big shops together, and bought a great many things. They bought, indeed, a great many more things than Sara needed; but Captain Crewe was a rash, innocent young man and wanted his little girl to have everything she admired and everything he admired himself, so between them they collected a wardrobe much too grand for a child of seven. There were velvet dresses trimmed with costly furs, and lace dresses, and embroidered ones, and hats with great, soft ostrich feathers, and ermine coats and muffs, and boxes of tiny gloves and handkerchiefs and silk stockings in such abundant supplies that the polite young women behind the counters whispered to each other that the odd little girl with the big, solemn eyes must be at least some foreign princess—perhaps the little daughter of an Indian rajah.

And at last they found Emily, but they went to a number of toy shops and looked at a great many dolls before they discovered her.

"I want her to look as if she wasn't a doll really," Sara said. "I want her to look as if she *listens* when I talk to her. The trouble with dolls, papa"—and she put her head on one side and reflected as she said it—"the trouble with dolls is that they never seem to *bear*." So they looked at big ones and little ones—at dolls with black eyes and dolls with blue—at dolls with brown curls and dolls with golden braids, dolls dressed and dolls undressed.

"You see," Sara said when they were examining one who had no clothes. "If, when I find her, she has no frocks, we can take her to a dressmaker and have her things made to fit. They will fit better if they are tried on."

After a number of disappointments they decided to walk and look in at the shop windows and let the cab follow them. They had passed two or three places without even going in, when, as they were approaching a shop which was really not a very large one, Sara suddenly started and clutched her father's arm.

"Oh, papa!" she cried. "There is Emily!"

A flush had risen to her face and there was an expression in her green-gray eyes as if she had just recognized someone she was intimate with and fond of.

"She is actually waiting there for us!" she said. "Let us go in to her."

"Dear me," said Captain Crewe, "I feel as if we ought to have someone to introduce us."

"You must introduce me and I will introduce you," said Sara. "But I knew her the minute I saw her—so perhaps she knew me, too."

Perhaps she had known her. She had certainly a very intelligent expression in her eyes when Sara took her in her arms. She was a large doll, but not too large to carry about easily; she had naturally curling golden-brown hair, which hung like a mantle about her, and her eyes were a deep, clear, gray-blue, with soft, thick eyelashes which were real eyelashes and not mere painted lines.

"Of course," said Sara, looking into her face as she held her on her knee, "of course papa, this is Emily."

So Emily was bought and actually taken to a children's outfitter's shop and measured for a wardrobe as grand as Sara's own. She had lace frocks, too, and velvet and muslin and ones, and hats and coats and beautiful lace-trimmed underclothes, and gloves and handkerchiefs and furs.

"I should like her always to look as if she was a child with a good mother," said Sara. "I'm her mother, though I am going to make a companion of her."

Captain Crewe would really have enjoyed the shopping tremendously, but that a sad thought kept tugging at his heart. This all meant that he was going to be separated from his beloved, quaint little comrade.

He got out of his bed in the middle of that night and went and stood looking down at Sara, who lay asleep with Emily in her arms. Her black hair was spread out on the pillow and Emily's golden-brown hair mingled with it,