

英汉双语版

Frances Hodgson

Burnett

# A LITTLE PRINCESS



# 小公主

[美] 伯内特 著

李文俊 译

Essential Classics of World Literature



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## 译序

《小爵爷》(*Little Lord Fauntleroy*)与《小公主》(*A Little Princess*)的作者弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特(Frances Hodgson Burnett, 1849—1924),出生于英国曼彻斯特一个五金工厂主的家庭。1853年父亲去世,母亲继续经营,直到工厂倒闭。弗朗西丝受到过中等教育。由于生活困难,全家于1865年移居美国,和亲戚一起住在一座圆木屋中。可以说,对于丧父、家贫,弗朗西丝是有切身体会的。1905年,她正式成为美国公民。她结过两次婚,伯内特是她第一任丈夫的姓。

从十几岁起,弗朗西丝便撰写短篇小说与故事,以帮助赡养家庭。1877年,她的长篇小说《劳莉的那个少女》初获成功。1886年,她的儿童小说《小爵爷》出版,名噪一时。此书竟与哈葛德的《所罗门王的矿藏》、托尔斯泰的《战争与和平》一起,成为该年美国的三大畅销书。作品畅销使过去一向贫困的女作家变得阔绰,经常乘高级邮轮来往于欧美之间。1924年弗朗西丝去世时,英国的《泰晤士报》发表讣闻,内称她可能仅以《小爵爷》一书留传人间。此后接连多日,读者纷纷去信表示异议,认为绝对不会如此。

弗朗西丝一生共写有四十多部作品,但从今天的情况看,人们仍然在广泛阅读的还是她的三部描写儿童的小说,即《小爵爷》(1886)、《小公主》(1905)和《秘密花园》(1911)。女作家自己曾将《小公主》搬上舞台,《小爵爷》也被人改编为戏剧,多年盛演不衰。大半个世纪以来,这几部作品不断被改编成无声电影、有声电影、音乐剧、电视连续剧……我曾见到过一部《小公主》电影,故事被移植到了美国。

由于人们艺术欣赏趣味的变化,新一代读者对小爵爷过于天真、小公主老不长大,以及两书中或多或少存在的“滥情主义”(所谓“sentimentalism”),都会有点难以接受。但是,这并不妨碍我们(成人和少年读者)赞赏他们的淳朴、善良、坚毅和勇敢。故事的先苦后甜、“大团圆”的结局……这些都让人想起童话框架,如《灰姑娘》。本来,少儿文学就是从童话、童谣发展而来的。缺乏童心的人恐怕是难以接近少儿文学的。

最后,想在这儿交代一下自己翻译这两部作品的由来。读者也许知道,本人曾在做本职工作之余,用近二十年的时间,翻译与研究美国作家威廉·福克纳的作品。在译完他最艰深的《押沙龙,押沙龙!》,写完《福克纳评传》之后,终于积劳成疾。病中为排遣时日,阅读起英文少儿小说来。先读了《小公主》,竟读得津津有味。于是又借了《小爵爷》来读。其实我听说方特尔洛伊这个名字倒是在先。因为在译《押沙龙,押沙龙!》时就知道了书中那个去扫墓的混血小男孩穿的正是“方特尔洛伊服”。“扫墓”这个场景给我留下颇深的印象。这就导致了我对伯内特夫人及其作品的兴趣,使我在一定的时间与身体条件下译了这两部带给我愉悦的书。世界上的事情往往就是这样的不可测知与奇妙。

李文俊



# C 目 录

## CONTENTS

Chapter 1 Sara.....	001	译 序 .....	01
Chapter 2 A French Lesson.....	013	第一章 莎 拉 .....	001
Chapter 3 Ermengarde.....	020	第二章 一堂法语课 .....	013
Chapter 4 Lottie.....	029	第三章 厄尔梅加德 .....	020
Chapter 5 Becky.....	039	第四章 洛 蒂 .....	029
Chapter 6 The Diamond Mines.....	051	第五章 贝 基 .....	039
Chapter 7 The Diamond Mines Again...064		第六章 钻石矿 .....	051
Chapter 8 In the Attic.....	088	第七章 再谈钻石矿 .....	064
Chapter 9 Melchisedec.....	101	第八章 在阁楼里 .....	088
Chapter 10 The Indian Gentleman.....	114	第九章 梅尔切赛德 .....	101
Chapter 11 Ram Dass.....	128	第十章 印度绅士 .....	114
Chapter 12 The Other Side of the Wall		第十一章 拉姆·达斯 .....	128
.....	139	第十二章 墙壁的另一边	
Chapter 13 One of the Populace.....	149	.....	139
Chapter 14 What Melchisedec		第十三章 一个小老百姓 .....	149
Heard and Saw.....	161	第十四章 梅尔切赛德的	
Chapter 15 The Magic.....	167	所见所闻 .....	161
Chapter 16 The Visitor.....	196	第十五章 魔 法 .....	167
Chapter 17 "It Is the Child!".....	214	第十六章 来访者 .....	196
Chapter 18 "I Tried Not to Be".....	223	第十七章 "正是那个孩子!" .....	214
Chapter 19 Anne.....	237	第十八章 "我也不想呀!" .....	223
		第十九章 安 妮 .....	237



## Chapter I

### Sara

## 第一章

### 莎 拉

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 odd-looking 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 grown-up 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

从前，在一个阴暗的冬日，黄色的雾那么浓密、厚重地悬挂在伦敦的街上，路灯都点亮了，商店橱窗的煤气灯也白晃晃就跟晚上似的，一个模样古怪的小姑娘和她爸爸坐在一辆马车里，车子慢慢地行驶在通衢大道上。

她两条腿蜷缩在身子底下坐着，偎依在她父亲身旁，父亲用手臂搂住她，此时，她朝车窗外路边的行人看去，大大的眼睛里有一种古怪、老式、沉思的神情。

她年纪那么小，别人不会料到在她那张小脸上能见到这种表情的。对于十二岁的孩子来说，这样的表情都会显得老气横秋，而莎拉·克鲁才只有七岁。不过实际情况是，她总在梦想和惦记古怪的事情。她不记得自己有任何时候是不在惦念成年人和他们所归属的世界的。她真觉得自己已经活了很久很久了。

此时此刻，她正在回忆她和父亲克鲁上尉从孟买一起回国的那次航行。她在想那条大船，想在船上静悄悄地穿过来走过去的那些印度水手，想在发烫的甲板上玩耍的那些小孩，以及一些年轻军官的太太，她们总逗她说话，并且对她所说的事笑个没完。

她想得最多的是，世上的事真是不可



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 Crew 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 “Missee 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

思议，前不久自己还生活在印度的烈日下，接着又航行在大洋的中心，一转眼又坐在一辆陌生的马车里行驶在陌生的街上，这里大白天晦暗得如同黑夜。她感到太不可理解了，便往父亲身上更紧地靠去。

“爸爸，”她用一种低沉、神秘的声音轻轻地说，听起来像是耳语，“爸爸。”

“什么事呀，宝贝儿？”克鲁上尉答道，把她抱得更紧一些，低下头去看她的脸，“莎拉在想什么哪？”

“就是这个地方吗？”她耳语道，朝父亲身上靠得更紧了，“是这儿吗，爸爸？”

“是的，小莎拉，是这儿。我们终于抵达了。”虽然她才七岁，她也明白父亲说这话时心里很不好过。

在她看来，父亲让她对“这个地方”作思想准备已有多年了，她一直是这么称呼它的。她母亲在她出生时就去世了，因此她对母亲毫无印象也并不想念。她觉得自己年轻、英俊、慈爱的父亲是她在这个世界上唯一的亲人。他们经常一起玩儿，相互很有感情。她只知道他很富有，因为她听别人这么说过，当时他们以为她没在听，她还听他们说等她长大后她也会很富有的。富有的意思是什么她一点儿都不懂。她一直住在一所漂亮的大平房里，身边总有许多佣仆伺候着，他们向她行额手礼<sup>①</sup>，还尊称她为“大小姐”，什么事情都由她爱怎么干就怎么干。她有许多玩具、宠物，还有一个简直当她是小仙女的奶妈，她逐渐知道富裕人家都有这些东西。不过，她知道的也就是这些了。

① 印度人旧时习惯用右手摩额鞠躬行礼。



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

她出生后短暂的几年里只有一件事使她感到烦恼，那就是有一天要被送到“那个地方”去。印度的气候对小孩子的健康很不利，因此得尽早把他们送走——一般是到英国去上学。她见到过别的孩子离去，也听到他们的父母说起收到了孩子们来信的事。她知道自己总有一天也是必须得走的，虽然有时候她爸爸讲起航行的事和新地方的事也引起她的兴趣，但一想起父亲不能和自己在一起她就感到不快活。

“你就不能和我一起去那个地方吗，爸爸？”她五岁的时候就这样问过，“你就不能也去上学吗？我可以帮你做作业的。”

“不过不会让你待很久的，小莎拉，”他总这么说，“你会住在一所漂亮的房子里，那里有好多小姑娘，你们可以一起玩儿，而且我会给你送去好多好多的书，你会长得很快，也许用不着一年你就会够大够聪明，都可以回来照顾爸爸了。”

这正是她一贯的希望。给父亲管家；跟他一块儿骑马，在他举行宴会时坐在餐桌一端的主妇席上；和他聊天，读他的藏书——那真是世界上她最最喜欢做的事了。倘若为了能这样做而必须去英国“那个地方”，那她就必须下决心去了。有没有别的小姑娘做朋友她倒无所谓，只要有许许多多的书她就可以感到很安慰了。她爱书胜过于别的一切，而且实际上她总在编造美丽的故事，自讲自听。有时候她也讲给父亲听，他也跟她一样喜欢这些故事。



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 well furnished, 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

“唉，爸爸，”她轻声道，“既然来了，我想我们也只好听天由命了。”

他听到她说话这么老气横秋，不由得大笑起来，并且吻了她。其实他自己是一点也不想听天由命的，虽然他知道自己万万不能说出来。他这个老三老四的小莎拉一直是他的好伴侣，他觉得，等他回到印度，走进那座大平房，却明知不会再见到有个穿白裙子的小人儿扑过来迎接他，他会多么孤寂呀。因此，当马车驶入那幢房子所在的大而无当的广场时，他紧紧地把她搂在怀里，他们的目的地马上就要到了。

那是一幢硕大却缺乏情趣的砖楼，跟那排房子的每一幢都没什么不同，不过它的大门上钉有一块亮晃晃的铜牌，上面刻着两排黑字：

**明钦小姐  
上流寄宿女塾**

“我们到了，莎拉。”克鲁上尉说，尽量让他的声音听起来愉快一些。接着他把她从马车里抱下来，他们登上台阶，摁响门铃。莎拉后来常想，这幢房子不知怎么和明钦小姐非常相像。它显得很有身份也装修得挺讲究，可是里面的一切都很丑陋，连那些扶手椅都像里面长有硬硬的骨骼一样。大厅里一切都很硬邦邦，还擦得锃亮——连屋角那座高高时钟圆月般的红脸上也有一种严厉的、化过妆的表情。他们被带进去的那间起居室里铺着一块地毯，上面的图案是方方正正的，椅子也是方方正正的，在沉重的大理石壁炉架上摆





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,

着一架沉重的大理石座钟。

莎拉在往一把僵硬的桃花心木椅子坐下去时，用敏捷的眼光打量了一下周围的环境。

“我不喜欢这一切，爸爸，”她说，“不过我敢说军人——即使是勇敢的军人——也并不真的喜欢上战场的。”

克鲁上尉听到这话忍不住笑了起来。他年轻，人也开朗，听莎拉发表离奇古怪的言论总让他感到兴味盎然。

“哦，小莎拉，”他说，“到了没人对我说一本正经的话的时候，我又怎么活呀？没有任何别人像你那样一本正经的。”

“那么干吗说一本正经的话会让你笑得这么开心呢？”莎拉问。

“因为你说的时候有趣极了。”他回答道，笑得更厉害了。可是紧接着，他把她搂进怀里，非常深情地吻她，大笑也立刻停止，而且泪水似乎一下子涌进了眼眶。

就在此时，明钦小姐步入房间。在莎拉看来，她跟她的房子像透了：高高的，没有趣味，让人敬畏却很丑陋。她有一双大大的鱼一样的眼睛，那笑容也很夸张，冷冷的，给人以像一条鱼一样的感觉。她看到莎拉和克鲁上尉时，那笑容就扩展得更加大了。对于这位年轻军官，她听说过许多令人钦羨不已的事，那都是向他推荐这所学校的一位太太说的。除了许多别的情况之外，明钦小姐还听说他是一位富有的父亲，甘愿为他的女儿花大把银子。

“能够收纳这样一位漂亮、很有前途的孩子做学生，这真是莫大的荣幸啊，克



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

鲁上尉，”她说，捏住莎拉的手并且抚摸起来，“梅雷迪恩夫人告诉过我她聪明过人。一位聪慧的小姐对于我们这样的女塾来说真是件无价之宝啊。”

莎拉静静地站着，眼睛一动不动地盯着明钦小姐的脸。跟往常一样，她又在转什么怪念头了。

“她为什么说我是个漂亮的孩子呢？”她这么思忖，“我其实一点也不漂亮。格兰奇上校的小女儿依苏贝尔才真的漂亮呢。她有酒窝和玫瑰色的脸颊，一头长发金黄金黄的。我只有短短的黑头发，眼睛是绿色的；再说，我又细又瘦，连看得过去都算不上。我是我平生见到最丑的孩子里的一个。她一开始就在编瞎话。”

不过，她认为自己丑陋这一说法也不对。她与依苏贝尔·格兰奇的确不同，那小姑娘是全团的美妞，不过莎拉也有自己特别出色之处。她细瘦，身体却柔韧灵活，对她年纪来说个子不矮，她有一张生气勃勃、讨人喜欢的小脸。她的头发浓密，相当黑，在发尖处又有点打卷儿；不错，她的眼睛绿中有点发灰，可是很大，很精神，而且睫毛又长又黑，虽然她自己不喜欢这种黑颜色，别的许多孩子却很欣赏。不过她仍然坚信自己是个不漂亮的小姑娘，明钦小姐的谄媚一点也没让她高兴。

“要是我说她漂亮那我就是在编造故事了，”她想，“我会明白自己是在说瞎话。我相信自己跟她一样丑——只是丑得不一樣罢了。她干吗要那样说呢？”

在认识明钦小姐时间稍久后，她明白明钦小姐干吗要那么说了。她发现，对每个带领孩子来她这儿上学的家长，她都会



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 grown-up 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."

说同样的话。

莎拉站在父亲身边听他和明钦小姐说话。她之所以被送进这家女塾是因为梅雷迪恩夫人的两个小姑娘在这儿受过教育，而克鲁上尉对梅雷迪恩的经验是高度重视的。莎拉将要做一个所谓的“特殊寄宿生”，而且她比一般的特殊寄宿生还要受到更多的优待。她将会有自己独用的一间卧室和一间起居室；她会有一匹小马和一辆马车；还会给她雇一名侍女，以替代在印度伺候过她的那个奶妈。

“我对她的教育丝毫不着急，”克鲁上尉说，爽朗地笑着，同时还拉住莎拉的手在上面拍了拍，“我倒是担心她学得过快、过多。她老是坐着，把她的小鼻子埋在书本里。她不是读书，明钦小姐；她是在把书吞下去，好像她是狼崽而不是小女孩。她总渴望有新的书给她啃，没个够，而且她想读大人书——又大又厚又重的——除了英语的，法语、德语的也看——历史、传记和诗人写的书，还有其他类别的书。她看得太久时请把她拖开。让她骑上她的小马上林荫大道<sup>①</sup>去遛遛，或是出去走走，买一只新的洋娃娃。她应该多玩玩洋娃娃。”

“爸爸，”莎拉说，“你知道吗，要是我过几天就出去买一只新的娃娃，那我就有得太多反而不喜欢了。娃娃应该是知心朋友。埃米莉将是我最最要好的朋友。”

<sup>①</sup> 指海德公园内的林荫大道。



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

克鲁上尉看看明钦小姐，明钦小姐也朝克鲁上尉直瞪眼。

“谁是埃米莉？”她问。

“告诉她呀，莎拉。”克鲁上尉微笑着说。

莎拉回答时她那双绿眼睛显得很一本正经，也流露出了柔情。

“她是一个洋娃娃，不过我还没有得到她呢，”她说，“是爸爸打算给我买的一个娃娃。我们要一起去把她找来。我已经给她起好了名字，叫埃米莉。等爸爸走后，她会成为我的朋友。我要跟她说爸爸的事。”

明钦小姐那张堆满假笑的大脸更加媚态十足了。

“这孩子想象力多么丰富呀！”她说，“真是个招人疼爱的小宝贝哪！”

“是的，”克鲁上尉说，把莎拉往身边拉得更紧一些，“她是个可爱的小宝贝。替我好好照顾她，明钦小姐。”

莎拉和父亲一起在他的旅馆里又住了几天；事实上，她始终陪着他，直到他上船重新回印度去。他们一起去逛了好些家大商店，也买了许多东西。事实上，他们买的东西远远超过莎拉要用的；不过克鲁上尉是个冒失、单纯的年轻人，小姑娘称赞什么，他自己喜欢什么，他全都买下，就这样，东西越买越多，所买的衣物远远超过一个七岁小孩所需要的。这里有镶珍贵裘皮的天鹅绒长裙，有镶花边的以及绣花的衣裙，有好几顶帽子，上面插着又大又软的鸵鸟毛，还有貂皮大衣、貂皮手筒，一盒盒的小手套、手绢和丝袜，购置数量那么多，令柜台后面那些彬彬有礼的售货小姐都窃窃私语，断言这位长着严肃大眼睛的奇特小女孩至少是某位外国公主——没准是哪位印度土王的小女儿呢。



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 HEAR.” 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.”

到最后，父女俩终于找到埃米莉了，他们是跑了许多家玩具店看了一大批洋娃娃后，才终于找到她的。

“我要我的洋娃娃看上去不真像一只洋娃娃，”莎拉说，“在我对她说话的时候她得像真的是在用心听。洋娃娃的缺点是，爸爸——”她说这话时把头侧向一边，仿佛在沉思，“——洋娃娃的缺点是她们永远不像是在用心听。”因此他们便看了大洋娃娃再看小洋娃娃——看了黑眼睛的再看蓝眼睛的——看了有棕黄鬃发的再看梳金黄小辫的，穿上衣服的和没穿衣服的。

“你知道吗，”莎拉说，此时父女俩正细细察看没穿衣服的娃娃，“要是我找到她时，她没穿外衣，咱们就可以带她上裁缝店去，给她上上下下都量身定做。衣服经过试穿肯定更加合身。”

在经历了多次失望之后，他们决定下车步行，边走边看橱窗，让马车在后面跟着。有两三家铺子他们连门都没进，就在此时，当他们走近一家铺面并不算很大的店家时，莎拉突然惊跳起来紧紧攥住她父亲的胳膊。

“哦，爸爸！”她喊道，“埃米莉就在那儿！”

她脸涨得通红，灰绿色的眼睛也闪闪发光，仿佛她和某个她很熟悉、非常要好的朋友不期而遇了。

“她真的是在等待我们呢！”她说，“咱们快快进去见她吧。”



“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 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

“我的天！”克鲁上尉说，“我感觉，好像还应该个人来介绍我们认识似的。”

“那你先介绍我，然后我来向她介绍你，”莎拉说，“不过我第一眼见到她的时候就认出她了——因此说不定她也会认识我的。”

也许那娃娃的确认识莎拉。当莎拉把她抱在怀里时，她眼睛里有一种非常懂事的表情。她是只大洋娃娃，但还不是大到碍手碍脚不好抱的程度；她有一头金棕色的天然卷发，长长下垂着像件披风，她的眼睛是深邃、清澈的，灰蓝色，还有柔软、浓密的睫毛，那是真正的睫毛而并非仅仅是画上去的几道颜色。

“绝对没错，”莎拉说，一边把娃娃放在膝上，仔细打量起她的面目来，“绝对没错，爸爸，这就是埃米莉。”

于是，埃米莉给买了下来，并且真的被带到一家儿童时装店，量身定做了一大批衣服，就跟莎拉自己的一样豪华。她也有带镂空花边的长裙，也有天鹅绒的和细棉布的，有帽子和大衣，有精美的镶花边的内衣，还有手套、手绢和毛皮大氅。

“我喜欢她永远看上去像是个有贤惠母亲细心照顾着的孩子，”莎拉说，“我就是她的妈妈，虽然我要她陪我一块儿玩。”

克鲁上尉本来可以从这次购物中得到很大愉悦的，如果不是一种愁思在不断啃噬着他的心。这一切都意味着他眼看要跟他的亲爱的、有点古怪的小伙伴分手了。

那天晚上，他睡到一半便从床上爬下来，站在那儿朝下凝视莎拉，她把埃米莉搂在怀里，睡得很香。她的黑发摊开在枕头上，与埃米莉的金发搅在一起；两者都穿着有皱褶花边的睡袍，也都有长长的睫



mingled with it, both of them had lace-ruffled nightgowns, and both had long eyelashes which lay and curled up on their cheeks. Emily looked so like a real child that Captain Crewe felt glad she was there. He drew a big sigh and pulled his mustache with a boyish expression.

“Heigh—ho, little Sara!” he said to himself “I don’t believe you know how much your daddy will miss you.”

The next day he took her to Miss Minchin’s and left her there. He was to sail away the next morning. He explained to Miss Minchin that his solicitors, Messrs. Barrow & Skipworth, had charge of his affairs in England and would give her any advice she wanted, and that they would pay the bills she sent in for Sara’s expenses. He would write to Sara twice a week, and she was to be given every pleasure she asked for.

“She is a sensible little thing, and she never wants anything it isn’t safe to give her,” he said.

Then he went with Sara into her little sitting room and they bade each other good-by. Sara sat on his knee and held the lapels of his coat in her small hands, and looked long and hard at his face.

“Are you learning me by heart, little Sara?” he said, stroking her hair.

“No,” she answered. “I know you by heart. You are inside my heart.” And they put their arms round each other and kissed as if they would never let each other go.

When the cab drove away from the door, Sara was sitting on the floor of her sitting room, with her hands under her chin and her eyes following it until it had turned the corner of the square. Emily was sitting by her, and she looked after it, too. When Miss

毛，睫毛合拢来又翘起在她们的脸颊上。埃米莉看上去如此像一个真女孩，克鲁上尉很高兴能有埃米莉在。他深深地叹了口气，捻了捻自己的上髭，神情像个大男孩。

“嗨，嗨，小莎拉！”他自言自语地说，“我想你准不明白你爹爹会怎样想念你的。”

第二天，他把女儿带到明钦小姐处，将她留在了那里。次日清晨，他就要上船离去了。他向明钦小姐解释：他的法律顾问巴罗与斯基普沃斯律师事务所代理他在英国的事务，她遇到什么问题尽可以去找他们，至于莎拉的费用只消送去账单，他们就会结付的。他自己会一周给莎拉写两封信，莎拉喜欢什么尽管满足她的要求就是。

“她是个懂事的小家伙，从来不会有什么出格要求的。”他说。

接着他带莎拉一起去她那个小小的起居室里，在那里互相道别。莎拉坐在他膝上，一双小手紧紧攥着他外衣的翻领，久久地、定定地盯看他的脸。

“你是在用心记住我吧，小莎拉？”他边说边抚摸她的头发。

“不，”她回答道，“我的心早就记住你了。你就在我的心里面。”于是他们伸出胳膊互相拥抱，并且亲吻，像是永远也不舍得松开对方似的。

当马车从大门口驶离时，莎拉坐在她的起居室的地上，两手支在颌下，眼睛一直盯着马车，直到它拐过广场的转角。埃米莉坐在她身边，眼睛也跟踪着马车。当明钦小姐差她的妹妹阿米莉亚小姐去看孩子在干什么时，阿米莉亚小姐发现她打不



Minchin sent her sister, Miss Amelia, to see what the child was doing, she found she could not open the door.

“I have locked it,” said a queer, polite little voice from inside. “I want to be quite by myself, if you please.”

Miss Amelia was fat and dumpy, and stood very much in awe of her sister. She was really the better-natured person of the two, but she never disobeyed Miss Minchin. She went downstairs again, looking almost alarmed.

“I never saw such a funny, old-fashioned child, sister,” she said. “She has locked herself in, and she is not making the least particle of noise.”

“It is much better than if she kicked and screamed, as some of them do,” Miss Minchin answered. “I expected that a child as much spoiled as she is would set the whole house in an uproar. If ever a child was given her own way in everything, she is.”

“I’ve been opening her trunks and putting her things away,” said Miss Amelia. “I never saw anything like them—sable and ermine on her coats, and real Valenciennes lace on her underclothing. You have seen some of her clothes. What DO you think of them?”

“I think they are perfectly ridiculous,” replied Miss Minchin, sharply; “but they will look very well at the head of the line when we take the schoolchildren to church on Sunday. She has been provided for as if she were a little princess.”

And upstairs in the locked room Sara and Emily sat on the floor and stared at the corner round which the cab had disappeared, while Captain Crewe looked backward, waving and kissing his hand as if he could not bear to stop.

开门。

“我锁上了，”一个怪怪的、彬彬有礼的细声音从里面传出来，“我想一个人安静一会儿，对不起。”

阿米莉亚小姐矮矮胖胖的，对姐姐敬畏有加。她倒是两姐妹里较为善良的一个，可是她从来不敢违拗明钦小姐。她重又下楼，显得几乎有些惊惶。

“我从未见过这样一个古怪、老派的孩子，姐姐，”她说，“她把自己反锁在房间里，连一点点儿闹声都没有。”

“这总比又踢又叫要好些，有的孩子就爱那样。”明钦小姐回答道，“我原以为像她那样被宠惯的孩子会把整幢房子全闹翻的。要说有什么被允许由着自己性子干的孩子，她就是一个。”

“我帮她打开过箱子，把东西放进柜子，”阿米莉亚小姐说，“我还从未见过那么讲究的东西呢——小大衣上镶有黑貂皮和花貂皮，内衣花边是真正的瓦朗谢纳<sup>①</sup>货。你看见过她一些衣服的。你觉得怎么样？”

“我认为穿这样的衣服简直荒谬绝伦，”明钦小姐尖声说，“不过星期天带学生上教堂时，让穿这样衣服的人排在头里效果会是不错的。竟然给她置办这样的服饰，仿佛她是小公主似的。”

楼上那个反锁的房间里，莎拉和艾米莉坐在地上，盯着马车正逐渐消失在拐角处，与此同时克鲁上尉正扭过头，挥动他送去飞吻的手，像是忍不住想让马车停下来了。

<sup>①</sup> 法国地名，在诺尔省，以出产优质花边著称。





## Chapter 2

### A French Lesson

## 第二章

### 一堂法语课

WHEN Sara entered the schoolroom the next morning everybody looked at her with wide, interested eyes. By that time every pupil—from Lavinia Herbert, who was nearly thirteen and felt quite grown up, to Lottie Legh, who was only just four and the baby of the school—had heard a great deal about her. They knew very certainly that she was Miss Minchin's show pupil and was considered a credit to the establishment. One or two of them had even caught a glimpse of her French maid, Mariette, who had arrived the evening before. Lavinia had managed to pass Sara's room when the door was open, and had seen Mariette opening a box which had arrived late from some shop.

"It was full of petticoats with lace frills on them—frills and frills," she whispered to her friend Jessie as she bent over her geography. "I saw her shaking them out. I heard Miss Minchin say to Miss Amelia that her clothes were so grand that they were ridiculous for a child. My mamma says that children should be dressed simply. She has got one of those petticoats on now. I saw it when she sat down."

"She has silk stockings on!" whispered Jessie, bending over her geography also. "And what little feet! I never saw such little feet."

"Oh," sniffed Lavinia, spitefully, "that is the way her slippers are made. My mamma

第二天早晨，当莎拉走进教室时，全体学生都瞪大眼睛，好奇地盯着她。此时，每一个孩子——从拉维尼亚·赫伯特——她还没到十三岁，却觉得自己已十足是个大姑娘了，一直到洛蒂·利，她只有四岁，是学校里最小的娃娃——都听说了不少关于莎拉的事。她们清楚认识到，她明摆着是明钦小姐的“示范生”，而且会被当作全学校的光荣。有一两个学生甚至还瞥见过她的法国女侍玛丽埃塔一眼，这姑娘是昨儿晚上上来的。拉维尼亚有意在莎拉房门开着时从她门前经过，见到玛丽埃塔正在打开一只箱子，是刚由某艘晚到的船托运来的。

“箱子里满是镶有镂花褶边的裙子——各式各样的褶边呢，”她一边装着埋头看地理课本，一边悄悄对好朋友杰西说，“我看见她把它们全抖落出来。我听到明钦小姐对阿米莉亚小姐说，这些衣服太华贵，对于一个孩子，简直是荒唐可笑。我妈妈也说小孩应当穿得简单朴素。她现在就穿着一条那样的裙子。她坐下时我看到的。”

“她还穿了长丝袜呢！”杰西悄悄说，也同样低头装着看地理书，“那双脚多小巧啊！我从未见过那样小巧的脚。”

“哼，”拉维尼亚怨恨地嗤之以鼻，“那是因为她定做的鞋的款式。我妈妈说，