

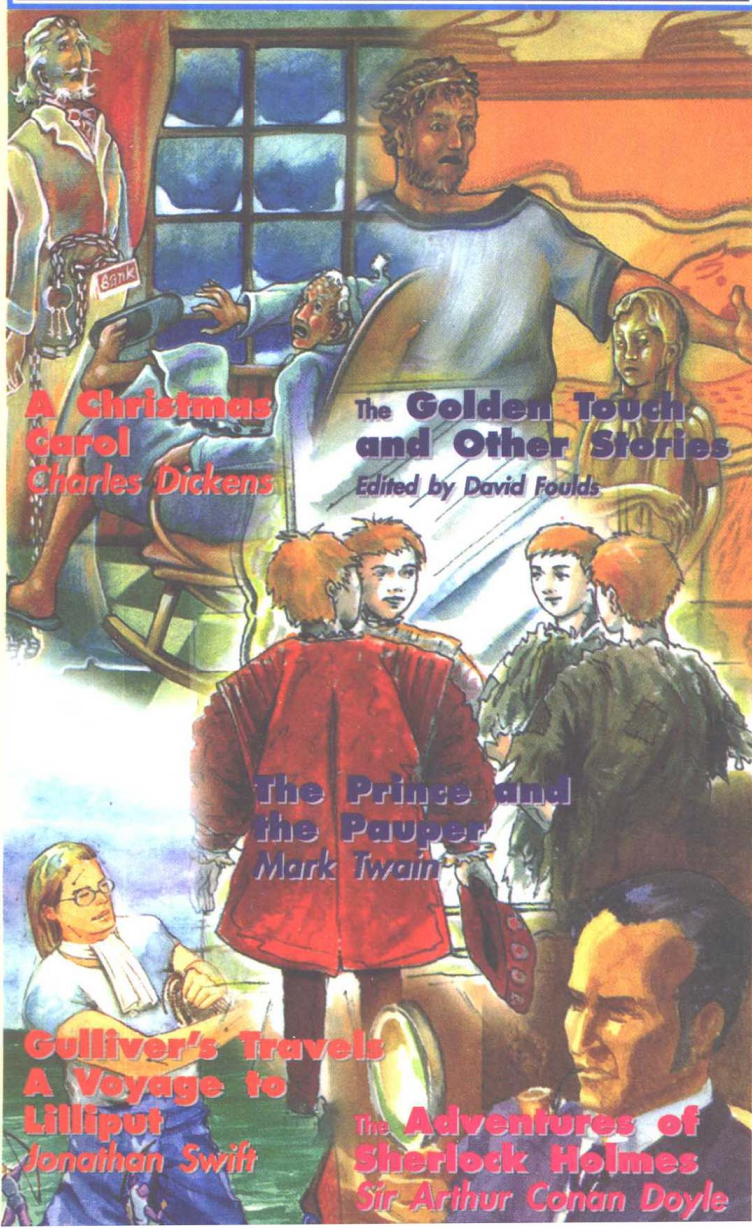
Oxford Progressive English Readers

上外—牛津英语分级读物

第二级

上海外语教育出版社

牛津大学出版社



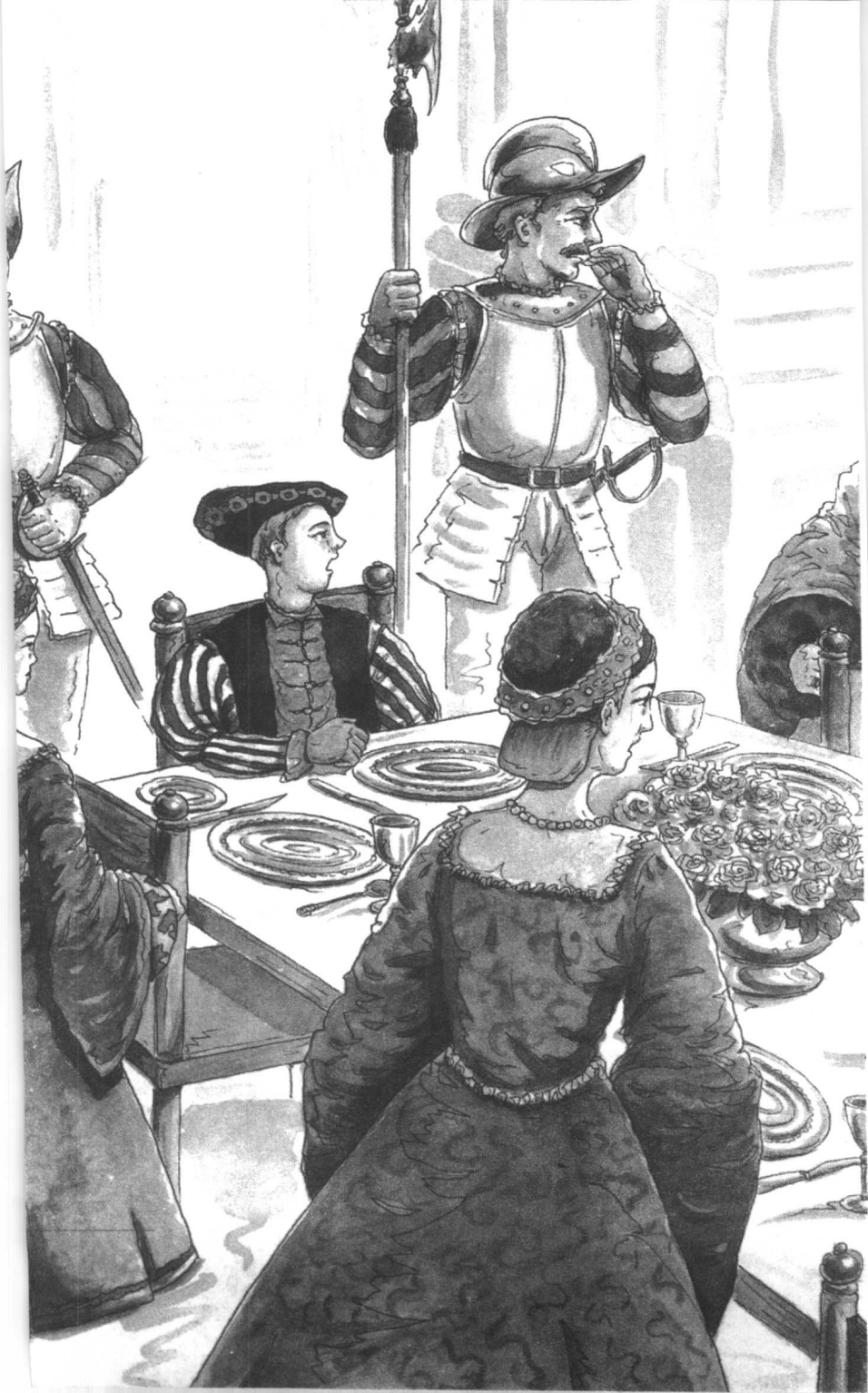
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The Prince and the Pauper
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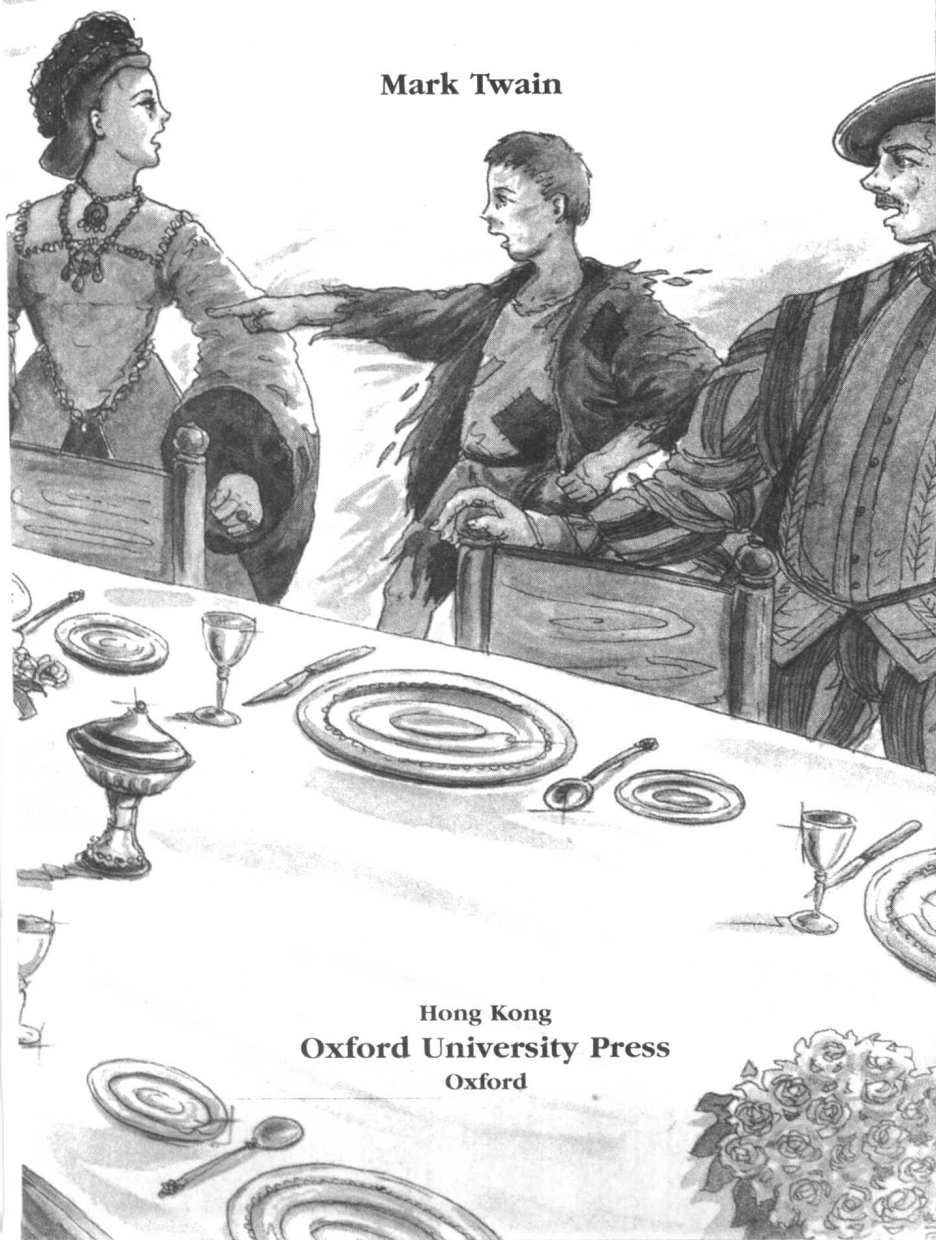
Gulliver's Travels
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The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



The Prince and the Pauper

Mark Twain



Hong Kong
Oxford University Press
Oxford

Originally published by Oxford University Press
(China) Limited

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The Prince and the Pauper

王子与贫儿

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A PAUPER AND A PRINCE

Two boys are born

In 1537, in the city of London, a baby boy was born. His name was Tom Canty. His family were poor, and they did not want him at all. Tom was a pauper, a poor beggar.

5

Another baby boy was born on the same day. His name was Edward Tudor, and he was not a pauper. He was a prince, a king's son, and his family wanted him very much. His father was King Henry the Eighth of England. The people of England wanted Edward too. King Henry had two daughters, but he wanted a son to rule England after his death. At last his wife, Queen Jane, had a baby boy; but she died when the baby prince was born. Although the people of England were very sad about the poor queen, they were excited about the little prince. For many years they had waited and hoped for a son for their king. There was music and dancing, fun and feasting everywhere. Everyone talked about the baby prince, — but nobody was interested in little Tom Canty.

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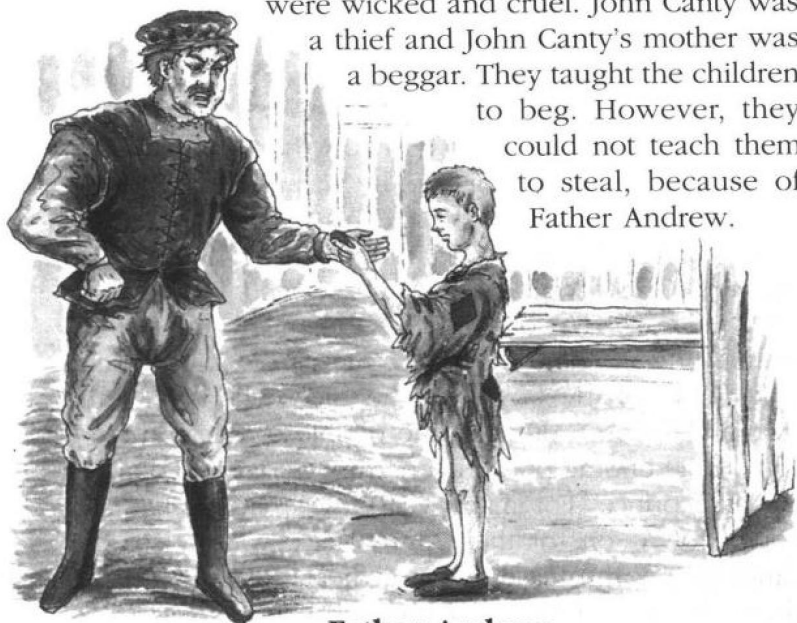
The Canty family of Fish Street

Several years passed. London was 1,500 years old. It had grown into a big, crowded city with narrow streets of wooden houses. Tom's family lived in Fish Street. Their house was small, old and full of poor families. The Canty family lived in one room on the third floor.

25

Tom's mother and father had a bed in the corner. Tom, his two sisters and his grandmother slept on straw on the dirty floor. Straw is dry grass; horses and cows lie on straw. But in London in the 1500s, many poor
5 people lay on straw on the floor, because they had no beds.

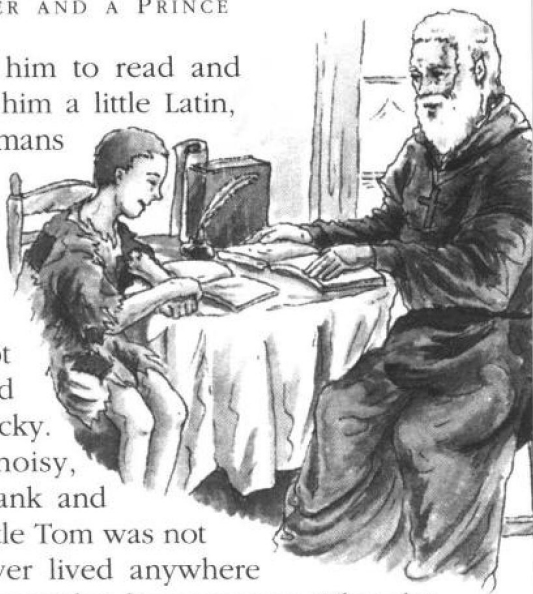
Tom's mother and sisters were kind and good, and loved their boy dearly. But his father and grandmother were wicked and cruel. John Canty was a thief and John Canty's mother was a beggar. They taught the children to beg. However, they could not teach them to steal, because of Father Andrew.



Father Andrew

Father Andrew was an old priest. He had worked for the king and his family. He lived with them in the great Palace of Westminster. But when he became old, the
20 king sent Father Andrew away without any money. Now the old priest was very poor. He had a small, dark room in an old house in Fish Street. He taught the children secretly. That was very unusual. In those days, only rich children had teachers. Tom was a good pupil.

The old priest taught him to read and write. He even taught him a little Latin, the language of the Romans of long ago. In those days, all priests could read and write Latin. Many rich children were taught Latin too; but poor people did not even learn to read and write. Tom was very lucky.



Fish Street was a noisy, dirty place. People drank and fought all night. But little Tom was not unhappy. He had never lived anywhere else, and he did not know that he was poor. When he was small, Tom thought that everyone else in the world was like him. He wore rags: old, torn clothes that were full of holes. All day he begged for pennies in the streets. Sometimes he did not bring home enough of these small coins at the end of the day. Then his father and grandmother beat him. But his mother and sisters were kind to him. 20

Father Andrew was like an uncle to him. The old priest taught him many wonderful things. Father Andrew told exciting stories about kings and queens and princes. The old priest had brought several books with him to Fish Street. They were the only books in Fish Street, because books were very expensive. Tom read the books. He learned about a wonderful world, far away from Fish Street. In that world, people were clean and wore beautiful clothes. All the boys from Fish Street enjoyed bathing in the River Thames near their home. Tom bathed in the river; but he washed himself too, because he wanted to be clean. 30 35

Tom's dreams and wishes

All this reading and dreaming made Tom different from his friends. He realised that not everyone was poor, dirty, wicked or stupid. He realised that not everywhere
5 was like Fish Street. The world contained princes as well as paupers. And Tom began to behave like a prince. He stood up straight and tall and held his head up high.

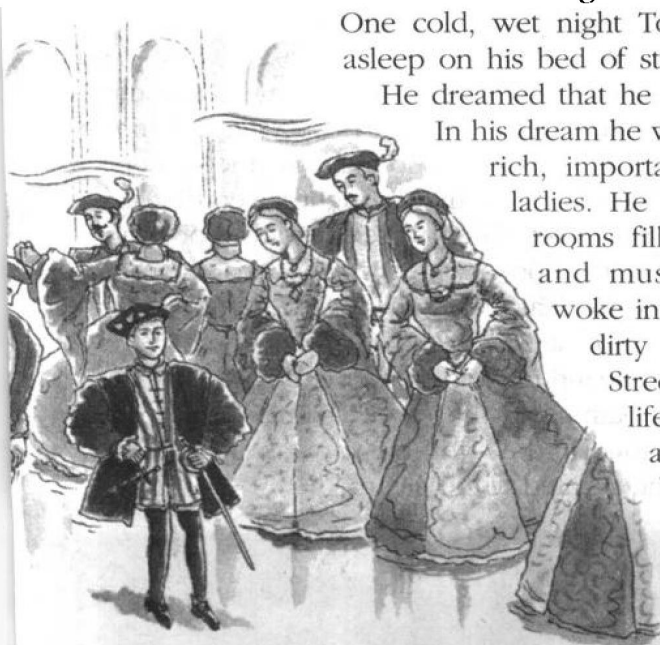
At first the other boys laughed at him. Later, however,
10 they began to respect him. They thought he was very wise, and kind, and clever. Even the grown-ups respected Tom. They asked him about their problems. His answers always seemed very wise. In fact, everyone in Fish Street respected Tom — except his own family.
15 John Canty did not respect 'book-learning'. He wanted his son to be a beggar and a thief like himself.

All this time, Tom begged in the streets for pennies. He ate his hard bread, and he drank his dirty water. He played happily with the other boys in Fish Street. But
20 all the time he dreamed of meeting a real prince.

One cold, wet night Tom Canty fell asleep on his bed of straw and rags.

He dreamed that he was a prince.

In his dream he walked among rich, important lords and ladies. He saw beautiful rooms filled with light and music. Then he woke in the crowded, dirty room in Fish Street. His whole life seemed dark and bitter. He began to cry.



THE PAUPER MEETS THE PRINCE

'Open the gates and let the boy in!'

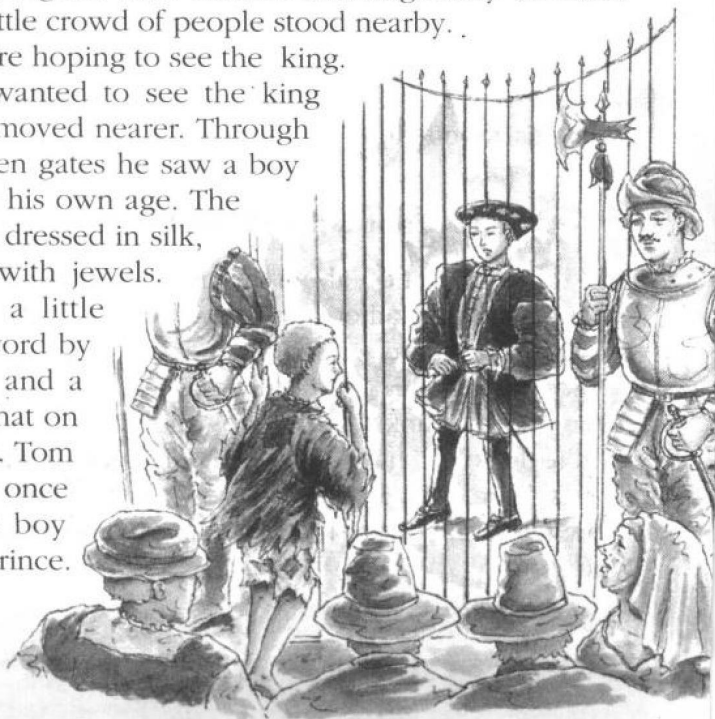
The next morning Tom went out begging as usual; but he was still only half awake. His dream of the night before was still very bright and clear, and he did not notice where he was going. When he looked around him, he saw that he was a long way from home. 5

He had left the crowded, dirty centre of the city. Now the streets were wide, clean and rich. Important lords and their ladies lived in the beautiful stone houses.

At last Tom came to the great Palace of Westminster, where King Henry lived. He saw the high walls and the tall golden gates with soldiers standing stiffly on each side. A little crowd of people stood nearby. 10

They were hoping to see the king.

Tom wanted to see the king too. He moved nearer. Through the golden gates he saw a boy of about his own age. The boy was dressed in silk, shining with jewels. He had a little silver sword by his side and a red silk hat on his head. Tom knew at once that the boy was a prince.



In his excitement, he pushed against the golden gates. A soldier pushed him angrily away.

‘Get away, you young beggar!’ he shouted. The crowd laughed; but the young prince ran towards the
5 gate. His face was red with anger.

‘Stop that!’ he shouted. ‘Open the gates, and let the boy in!’

Then the people cheered, and waved their hats in the air. ‘Long live good Prince Edward!’ they shouted.
10 The soldiers opened the gates, and the little pauper came through them.

‘You look tired and hungry,’ said the prince kindly. ‘Come with me.’

Prince Edward led Tom to a beautiful room. He
15 ordered his servants to bring food. In a very short time they arrived with chicken, bread and fruit, which they put on a beautiful, shining table. ‘You may go now,’ the prince told the servants.

When the two boys were alone together, the prince
20 asked questions while Tom ate. He asked him who he was, and where he lived. Tom told the young prince about his life in Fish Street. He tried hard not to talk with his mouth full.

Tom talks about his life

25 He told the prince about his mother and sisters, and about his cruel father and grandmother.

‘My father shouts a lot,’ said Tom.

‘So does mine,’ said Prince Edward. ‘He shouts at everybody. I think that perhaps all fathers are the same.
30 You’re lucky to have a mother. My mother died when I was born. My father was very sad when she died. Now tell me about Fish Street. How many servants have you got?’

'Servants? We haven't got any servants, my lord. We're too poor.'

'But who helps you to wash and dress? And who fetches and carries everything for you? Who cooks your meals, and washes your clothes?' 5

'Nobody, my lord. Poor people don't have servants ... and everyone in Fish Street is very poor.'

The prince listened eagerly to Tom's answers, but he could not imagine a life without beautiful clothes, wonderful food and a palace full of servants. 10

'You speak well,' he said to Tom. 'Who is your teacher?' 15

'Father Andrew, my lord. He is an old priest who lives in Fish Street, and he taught me to read and write.'

'Do you know any Latin?' 15

'A little, my lord. Father Andrew is teaching me Latin. I enjoy his lessons very much.'

'I learn Latin too — and French, and Greek. I have to do lessons every day. It's very boring ... But tell me about Fish Street. Are you happy there?' 20

'Oh yes, usually. There are lots of exciting things to see and do. Sometimes the actors come to our street. They travel around with a big wooden cart, and they act plays on top of the cart — but we have to pay a penny to see the show, and I haven't always got a penny. But it doesn't cost anything to play with my friends. We have lots of fun together. Sometimes we play at being soldiers, and fight with sticks.' 25

The prince's eyes were shining now. 'Tell me more!'

'We run races, and we play football up and down the street with a ball made of rags. We play in the sand, and in the mud. And in the summer we swim in the river and splash each other —' 30

'Oh, that's wonderful! Nobody lets me do any of those things. Nobody lets me get my clothes dirty.' 35

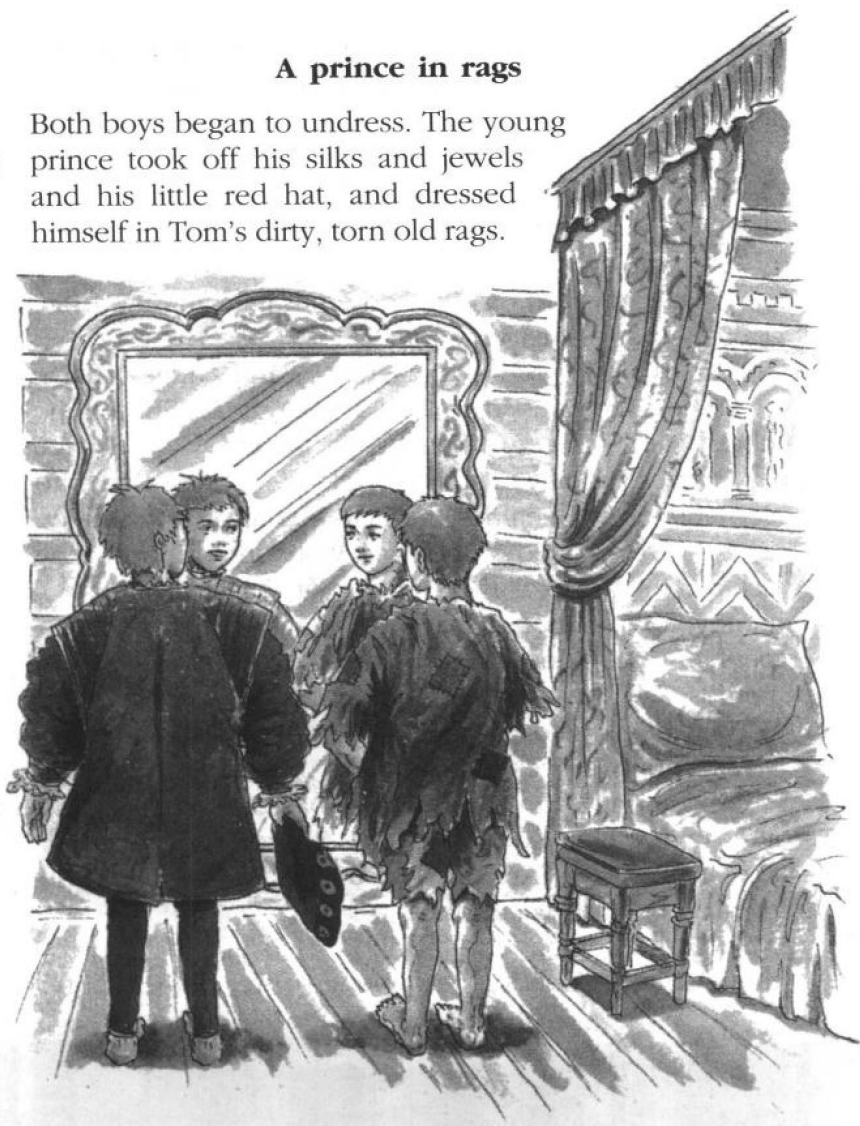
I'd like to take my shoes off and feel the cool mud between my toes. I'd like to take off these good clothes and play in the street, just once!

5 'And I'd like to wear beautiful clothes like yours — just once ...'

'Then put them on — and I'll try your clothes too. Let's have some fun!'

A prince in rags

10 Both boys began to undress. The young prince took off his silks and jewels and his little red hat, and dressed himself in Tom's dirty, torn old rags.



And Tom Canty put on the prince's beautiful clothes, which felt very rich and stiff and strange to him. The two of them stood side by side in front of a great mirror and looked at themselves.

'I can't believe this,' said Prince Edward. 'We look 5 exactly alike. Our voices are the same too ...' Suddenly he noticed a red mark on Tom's arm. 'What's that? Has somebody hurt you?'

'It's nothing. The soldier at the gates —' began Tom.

'I will punish him!' shouted the prince angrily. He 10 forgot that he was dressed in Tom's poor, torn rags. He picked up something — what? you will have to wait until later in the story — and put it in a safe place. 'Wait until I come back!' he told Tom. Then he ran out of the palace, towards the great golden gates. 'Open these 15 gates at once!' he shouted to the soldier.

The soldier opened the gates — and hit the prince on the side of the head. Then he picked him up and threw him into the mud.

'You're the young beggar who got me into trouble 20 with the prince!' he shouted. The crowd laughed and cheered. Prince Edward picked himself up and ran towards the soldier.

'I am not a beggar! I am Prince Edward, and my father 25 the king will kill you for this!'

The soldier stood up straight and held up his sword. 'Yes, my lord,' he said politely, with a stiff little bow which made the crowd laugh and cheer again. Then he gave the prince an angry look. 'Now get away from here!' he shouted. The golden gates closed with a bang, 30 and Prince Edward and the soldier were on the wrong side of them.

THE PRINCE IN TROUBLE

The wrong side of the gates

'Take that!' shouted the soldier, hitting Edward again. The prince fell down in the mud. He picked himself up and threw himself at the soldier. 'You will die for this!' 5 he shouted. The soldier stepped inside the gates again and shut them with a bang.

Laughing and shouting, the crowd chased the prince through the streets, further and further away from the palace. At first, the prince shouted angrily at them.

10 'Stop that at once! If you don't stop, my father the king will send you to prison!' The people thought that he was very funny. They laughed and laughed. At last the prince was too tired to shout at them; and they became tired of chasing him, and left him alone.

15 He looked around him. He did not know where he was. Although he was terribly tired, he was afraid to lie down. He did not feel safe; he had never been really alone in his life. Then he saw a great building a long way away. 'I know that place,' he said to himself. 'It is 20 Christ's Church. It was a church long ago, and then my father made it into a home for poor children. There they are well looked-after, and they are taught to read and write. I will go there. They will be kind to me, because my father was good to them.'

The pupils of Christ's Church

25 Slowly, on his tired feet, the young prince went towards the great building. Soon he saw a crowd of schoolboys.

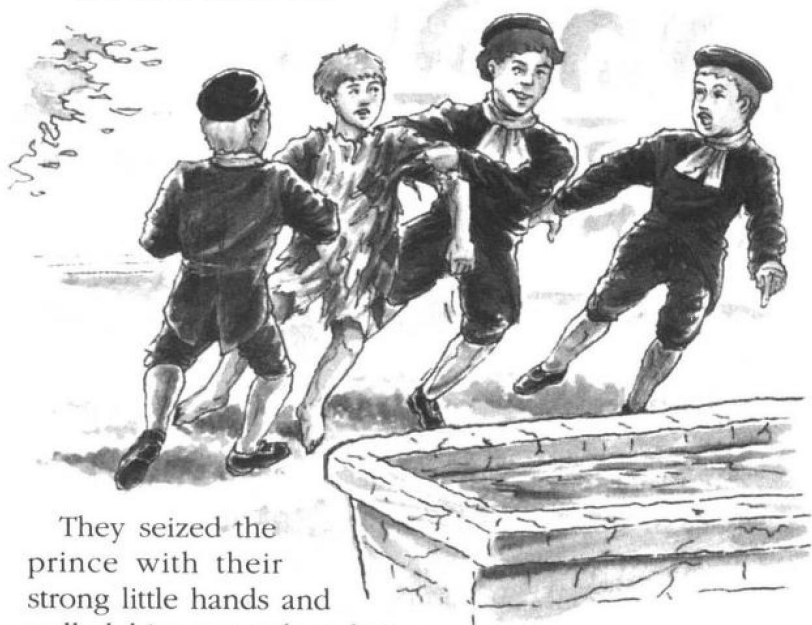
They were all dressed in the same blue clothes, with small, round black hats on their heads. They were playing happily together in the playground.

The prince went up to the nearest boy. 'Boy, please tell your teacher that Prince Edward is here and would like to speak to him.' 5

The boy stared at him in surprise. 'Why has Prince Edward sent a beggar to be his messenger?'

'I am not a beggar — and I am not a messenger. I am Prince Edward, and the king, my father, built your school. Now fetch your teacher quickly, before I get angry!' 10

'Did you hear that?' shouted the schoolboy to his friends. 'The beggar-boy says he's a prince! Come on — let's have some fun!'



They seized the prince with their strong little hands and pulled him towards a big stone bath in the corner of the playground. The bath was full of water for horses to drink.

Sometimes the boys sailed their toy boats on it. Now they threw the prince in the water. When he tried to get out, they pushed him in again. After a few minutes of this, a bell rang. 'Dinner time!' the boys shouted.

5 They ran indoors, and left the prince alone.

'My father was kind to those boys,' said the prince as he climbed out of the water. 'He gave them food to eat, and clothes to wear. But he forgot one thing. He did not teach them to be kind and good to people who
10 are poorer than themselves. When I am king, I will change all that.'

Tom's father

The prince felt very tired, and terribly alone. Where could he go? Nobody believed him. Everybody thought
15 he was mad. He tried hard to remember where Tom lived. At last he had the answer.

'Fish Street,' he said to himself. 'That was the name of Tom's home. If I go there, surely Tom's family will help me. They will take me home to the palace.'

20 It was starting to rain and a cold wind blew through the holes in his borrowed rags. The prince felt very cold and alone. Suddenly a big, ugly man seized his arm very hard with his great hand. He was very dirty and he smelt of beer.

25 'How much money did you get, Tom?' shouted the man. 'Give it to me, or I'll break every bone in your body, or my name isn't John Canty!'

'Oh — so you are his father!' said the prince eagerly. 'Please take me back to the palace! My father the king
30 will reward you. He will make you a rich man. You will never need to beg again!'

'His father? What do you mean? I am your father, and I'm going to beat you until my arms are tired.'