

【名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版】

世界儿童文学名著精选

——伊迪丝魔幻传奇系列故事



New Treasure Seekers
OR

The Bastable Children in Search of a Fortune

神奇探宝人

[英] 伊迪丝·内斯比特 著

王勋 等 编译

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内 容 简 介

《神奇探宝人》是世界儿童文学名著。巴斯塔布尔家活跃着六个孩子，他们是奥斯瓦德、多拉、迪基、爱丽丝、诺埃尔和小弟弟霍·奥。六个孩子一台戏，他们穿梭在田野树林中，时而化身为小小探险家，时而又变成神秘的吉普赛人。他们虽然调皮，做出了很多令人啼笑皆非的事情，但是却用一颗热情的心温暖着周围的人。他们童真闪耀，孩子们的世界里充满了神奇的想象，令人捧腹而笑，笑出了泪花。

该书自从出版以来，已被翻译成多种语言，成为世界各地、特别是欧美国家青少年的必读书籍。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。英国女作家伊迪丝·内斯比特用她充满诙谐与魔力的语言带我们进入了孩子们的世界，就让我们跟随着他们的脚步一起去冒险吧。

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

神奇探宝人=New Treasure Seekers OR The Bastable Children in Search of a Fortune: 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版/(英)内斯比特著;王勋等编译. —北京:清华大学出版社, 2014
ISBN 978-7-302-37626-2

I. ①神… II. ①内… ②王… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②儿童文学—长篇小说—英国—现代 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2014)第 188824 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:李红英

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

质 量 反 馈:010-62772015, zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

印 刷 者:清华大学印刷厂

装 订 者:三河市新茂装订有限公司

经 销:全国新华书店

开 本:170mm×260mm 印 张:15.5 字 数:310 千字

版 次:2014 年 10 月第 1 版 印 次:2014 年 10 月第 1 次印刷

印 数:1~3500

定 价:29.00 元

产品编号:059704-01



伊迪丝·内斯比特（Edith Nesbit, 1858—1924），英国著名童话作家、小说家、诗人。

1858年8月15日，伊迪丝出生在英国伦敦，先后在法国、德国和英国接受教育。她的父亲是农业化学家，在她三岁的时候去世了。十七岁的时候，伊迪丝就开始在杂志上发表自己的作品。她二十一岁结婚，由于丈夫生意破产且长期生病，所以经济拮据的伊迪丝一家一直靠她的写作为生。

伊迪丝是一位多产的作家，一生出版过各种文体的作品一百多部，其中包括诗歌、小说和剧本等，而使她名扬世界的是儿童文学作品。她是一位充满想象力的儿童文学作家，一生共出版了四十多部儿童文学作品，其中大部分已经成为世界儿童文学宝库中的经典之作。伊迪丝的儿童文学主要分为两类：一类是小说，代表作有《寻宝六少年》《神奇探宝人》《想做好孩子》和《铁路边的孩子们》等，主要描写现实家庭的冒险故事，这类作品对儿童性格刻画鲜明，对家庭生活描写真切动人；另一类是魔幻故事，代表作有《沙仙活地魔》《魔法古城堡》《凤凰与魔毯》和《护身符传奇》等，这些故事悬念重重、曲折离奇、想象力丰富，给孩子以身临其境、真实可信的感觉。在她的冒险、魔幻故事中，内斯比特以其超凡的想象力将冒险、魔法世界与现实世界结合得浑然一体。

伊迪丝是“世界一流的现代儿童文学作家”，她是英国儿童文学史上第一个黄金时代的巨星。《哈利·波特》系列小说的作者J·K·罗琳说：“伊迪丝·内斯比特的作品，一直是我行文风格的临摹对象，她笔下的童话故事永远是浩瀚无垠且趣味横生的神奇世界！……她是最欣赏的儿童文学作家，我创作《哈利·波特》系列小说的灵感来自于《沙仙活地魔》。”一个世纪以来，她的冒险、魔幻儿童故事一直受到全世界读者的喜爱，至今被译成几十种文字，曾先后多次被改编成电影、电视和卡通片，受到世界



各地读者的喜爱。

在中国，伊迪丝冒险、魔幻儿童文学故事同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典童话作品。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，在国内数量众多的此类书籍中，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。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语的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看，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，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译伊迪丝系列魔幻传奇系列童话故事，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、宋亭、张灵羚、



前言

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。

啄木鸟教育（www.zmnedu.com）

2014 年 6 月



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第一章 到罗马去

Chapter 1 The Road to Rome; or, the Silly Stowaway



巴斯塔布尔家的六个孩子们即将迎来艾伯特舅舅的婚礼，虽然艾伯特舅舅并不是他们的亲舅舅，但是这桩婚事还是孩子们一举促成的（故事详情见《想做好孩子》），因此他们拿出火一般的热情参加这场婚礼。爱作诗的小男孩诺埃尔十分羡慕这对新人能去罗马度蜜月——罗马是他心中的圣地，在那里有潇洒驰骋的骑士，有阳光普照的葡萄园，有悠扬动听的小提琴。哥哥姐姐们并没有动心，倒是最小的弟弟霍·奥若有所思地点了点头，他让姐姐多拉为他缝制了一套红白相间的小丑服，据说是要给新婚夫妇一个惊喜。盛大的婚礼开始了，洁白的礼服和亲朋好友热泪盈眶的祝福使新人沉浸在甜蜜的幸福中，虽然他们已经一天滴水未沾了。仪式结束后新人们踏上了去往火车站的马车，孩子们也准备打道回府了，可是大家发现霍·奥不见了！大家惴惴不安地猜测他会不会被绑架了，焦急的爸爸带着孩子们回到家，可是找遍了每一个角落也没有看到霍·奥的身影。只有一封歪歪扭扭的信件安静地躺在桌子上，当大家读完信后脸色都变得铁青——原来霍·奥已经穿着那身小丑衣服，钻进了新人的旅行箱中，而他的目的地就是——罗马！大哥奥斯瓦德和爸爸马不停蹄地赶往火车站，好消息是艾伯特舅舅还没有登上火车，坏消息是装着霍·奥的箱子遗失了。爸爸像是被泼了冷水一样不知所措，直到车站的领导带着满脸沮丧的霍·奥找到了爸爸。原来在例行检查中，工作人员发现这个箱子不时

在抖动，还会发出怪叫声，满腹狐疑的工人打开箱子才发现里面居然躲藏着一个小孩子。爸爸没有过多地责备霍·奥，因为在狭窄闷热的箱子里，他被像货物一般被扔得七荤八素，想喝水可是瓶塞丢了，水洒了一地，用小刀子挖一个透气孔却又不小心划破了手。虽说条条大路通罗马，但显然小霍·奥的这条“偷渡”的路走不通啊！

We Bastables have only two uncles, and neither of them, are our own natural-born relatives. One is a great-uncle, and the other is the uncle from his birth of Albert, who used to live next door to us in the Lewisham Road. When we first got to know him (it was over some baked potatoes, and is quite another story) we called him Albert-next-door's-Uncle, and then Albert's uncle for short. But Albert's uncle and my father joined in taking a jolly house in the country, called the Moat House, and we stayed there for our summer holidays; and it was there, through an accident to a pilgrim with peas in his shoes—that's another story too—that we found Albert's uncle's long-lost love; and as she was very old indeed—twenty-six next birthday—and he was ever so much older in the vale of years, he had to get married almost directly, and it was fixed for about Christmas-time. And when our holidays came the whole six of us went down to the Moat House with Father and Albert's uncle. We never had a Christmas in the country before. It was simply ripping. And the long-lost love—her name was Miss Ashleigh, but we were allowed to call her Aunt Margaret even before the wedding made it really legal for us to do so—she and her jolly clergyman brother used to come over, and sometimes we went to the Cedars, where they live, and we had games and charades, and hide-and-seek, and Devil in the Dark, which is a game girls pretend to like, and very few do really, and crackers and a Christmas-tree for the village children, and everything you can jolly well think of.

And all the time, whenever we went to the Cedars, there was all sorts of silly fuss going on about the beastly wedding; boxes coming from London with hats and jackets in, and wedding presents—all glassy and silvery, or else



brooches and chains—and clothes sent down from London to choose from. I can't think how a lady can want so many petticoats and boots and things just because she's going to be married. No man would think of getting twenty-four shirts and twenty-four waistcoats, and so on, just to be married in.

"It's because they're going to Rome, I think," Alice said, when we talked it over before the fire in the kitchen the day Mrs. Pettigrew went to see her aunt, and we were allowed to make toffee. "You see, in Rome you can only buy Roman clothes, and I think they're all stupid bright colours—at least I know the sashes are. You stir now, Oswald. My face is all burnt black."

Oswald took the spoon, though it was really not his turn by three; but he is one whose nature is so that he cannot make a fuss about little things—and he knows he can make toffee.

"Lucky hounds," H.O. said, "to be going to Rome. I wish I was."

"Hounds isn't polite, H.O., dear," Dora said; and H.O. said—

"Well, lucky bargees, then."

"It's the dream of my life to go to Rome," Noël said. Noël is our poet brother. "Just think of what the man says in the 'Roman Road.' I wish they'd take me."

"They won't," Dicky said. "It costs a most awful lot. I heard Father saying so only yesterday."

"It would only be the fare," Noël answered; "and I'd go third, or even in a cattle-truck, or a luggage van. And when I got there I could easily earn my own living. I'd make ballads and sing them in the streets. The Italians would give me lyres—that's the Italian kind of shilling, they spell it with an i. It shows how poetical they are out there, their calling it that."

"But you couldn't make Italian poetry," H.O. said, staring at Noël with his mouth open.

"Oh, I don't know so much about that," Noël said. "I could jolly soon learn anyway, and just to begin with I'd do it in English. There are sure to be some people who would understand. And if they didn't, don't you think their warm Southern hearts would be touched to see a pale, slender, foreign figure

singing plaintive ballads in an unknown tongue? I do. Oh! they'd chuck along the lyres fast enough—they're not hard and cold like North people. Why, every one here is a brewer, or a baker, or a banker, or a butcher, or something dull. Over there they're all bandits, or vineyardiners, or play the guitar, or something, and they crush the red grapes and dance and laugh in the sun—you know jolly well they do."

"This toffee's about done," said Oswald suddenly. "H.O., shut your silly mouth and get a cupful of cold water." And then, what with dropping a little of the toffee into the water to see if it was ready, and pouring some on a plate that wasn't buttered and not being able to get it off again when it was cold without breaking the plate, and the warm row there was about its being one of the best dinner-service ones, the wild romances of Noël's poetical intellect went out of our heads altogether; and it was not till later, and when deep in the waters of affliction, that they were brought back to us.

Next day H.O. said to Dora, "I want to speak to you all by yourself and me." So they went into the secret staircase that creaks and hasn't been secret now for countless years; and after that Dora did some white sewing she wouldn't let us look at, and H.O. helped her.

"It's another wedding present, you may depend," Dicky said—"a beastly surprise, I shouldn't wonder." And no more was said. The rest of us were busy skating on the moat, for it was now freezing hard. Dora never did care for skating; she says it hurts her feet.

And now Christmas and Boxing Day passed like a radiating dream, and it was the wedding-day. We all had to go to the bride's mother's house before the wedding, so as to go to church with the wedding party. The girls had always wanted to be somebody's bridesmaids, and now they were—in white cloth coats like coachmen, with lots of little capes, and white beaver bonnets. They didn't look so bad, though rather as if they were in a Christmas card; and their dresses were white silk like pocket-handkerchiefs under the long coats. And their shoes had real silver buckles our great Indian uncle gave them. H.O. went back just as the waggonette was starting, and came out with a big brown-paper



多拉正在缝纫

parcel. We thought it was the secret surprise present Dora had been making, and, indeed, when I asked her she nodded. We little recked what it really was, or how our young brother was going to shove himself forward once again. He will do it. Nothing you say is of any lasting use.

There were a great many people at the wedding—quite crowds. There was lots to eat and drink, and though it was all cold, it did not matter, because there were blazing fires in every fireplace in the house, and the place all decorated with holly and mistletoe and things. Every one seemed to enjoy themselves very much, except Albert's uncle and his blushing bride; and they looked desperate. Every one said how sweet she looked, but Oswald thought she looked as if she didn't like being married as much as she expected. She was not at all a blushing bride really; only the tip of her nose got pink, because it was rather cold in the church. But she is very jolly.

Her reverend but nice brother read the marriage service. He reads better than any one I know, but he is not a bit of a prig really, when you come to know him.

When the rash act was done Albert's uncle and his bride went home in a carriage all by themselves, and then we had the lunch and drank the health of the bride in real champagne, though Father said we kids must only have just a taste. I'm sure Oswald, for one, did not want any more; one taste was quite enough. Champagne is like soda-water with medicine in it. The sherry we put sugar in once was much more decent.

Then Miss Ashleigh—I mean Mrs. Albert's uncle—went away and took off her white dress and came back looking much warmer. Dora heard the housemaid say afterwards that the cook had stopped the bride on the stairs with “a basin of hot soup, that would take no denial, because the bride, poor dear young thing, not a bite or sup had passed her lips that day.” We understood then why she had looked so unhappy. But Albert's uncle had had a jolly good breakfast—fish and eggs and bacon and three goes of marmalade. So it was not hunger made him sad. Perhaps he was thinking what a lot of money it cost to be married and go to Rome.

A little before the bride went to change, H.O. got up and reached his brown-paper parcel from under the sideboard and sneaked out. We thought he might have let us see it given, whatever it was. And Dora said she had understood he meant to; but it was his secret.

The bride went away looking quite comfy in a furry cloak, and Albert's uncle cheered up at the last and threw off the burden of his cares and made a joke. I forget what it was; it wasn't a very good one, but it showed he was trying to make the best of things.

Then the Bridal Sufferers drove away, with the luggage on a cart—heaps and heaps of it, and we all cheered and threw rice and slippers. Mrs. Ashleigh and some other old ladies cried.

And then every one said, "What a pretty wedding!" and began to go. And when our waggonette came round we all began to get in. And suddenly Father said—

"Where's H.O.?" And we looked round. He was in absence.

"Fetch him along sharp—some of you," Father said; "I don't want to keep the horses standing here in the cold all day."

So Oswald and Dicky went to fetch him along. We thought he might have wandered back to what was left of the lunch—for he is young and he does not always know better. But he was not there, and Oswald did not even take a crystallised fruit in passing. He might easily have done this, and no one would have minded, so it would not have been wrong. But it would have been ungentlemanly. Dicky did not either. H.O. was not there.

We went into the other rooms, even the one the old ladies were crying in, but of course we begged their pardons. And at last into the kitchen, where the servants were smart with white bows and just sitting down to their dinner, and Dicky said—

"I say, cookie love, have you seen H.O.?"

"Don't come here with your impudence!" the cook said, but she was pleased with Dicky's unmeaning compliment all the same.

"I see him," said the housemaid. "He was colloquing with the butcher in

the yard a bit since. He'd got a brown-paper parcel. Perhaps he got a lift home."

So we went and told Father, and about the white present in the parcel.

"I expect he was ashamed to give it after all," Oswald said, "so he hooked off home with it."

And we got into the wagonette.

"It wasn't a present, though," Dora said; "it was a different kind of surprise—but it really is a secret."

Our good Father did not command her to betray her young brother.

But when we got home H.O. wasn't there. Mrs. Pettigrew hadn't seen him, and he was nowhere about. Father biked back to the Cedars to see if he'd turned up. No. Then all the gentlemen turned out to look for him through the length and breadth of the land.

"He's too old to be stolen by gipsies," Alice said.

"And too ugly," said Dicky.

"Oh don't!" said both the girls; "and now when he's lost, too!"

We had looked for a long time before Mrs. Pettigrew came in with a parcel she said the butcher had left. It was not addressed, but we knew it was H.O.'s, because of the label on the paper from the shop where Father gets his shirts. Father opened it at once.

Inside the parcel we found H.O.'s boots and braces, his best hat and his chest-protector. And Oswald felt as if we had found his skeleton.

"Any row with any of you?" Father asked. But there hadn't been any.

"Was he worried about anything? Done anything wrong, and afraid to own up?"

We turned cold, for we knew what he meant. That parcel was so horribly like the lady's hat and gloves that she takes off on the seashore and leaves with a letter saying it has come to this.

"No, no, no, NO!" we all said. "He was perfectly jolly all the morning."

Then suddenly Dicky leaned on the table and one of H.O.'s boots toppled over, and there was something white inside. It was a letter. H.O. must have

written it before we left home. It said—

“Dear Father and Every One,—I am going to be a Clown. When I am rich and revealed I will come back rolling.

“Your affectionate son,

“Horace Octavius Bastable.”

“Rolling?” Father said.

“He means rolling in money,” Alice said. Oswald noticed that every one round the table where H.O.’s boots were dignifiedly respected as they lay, was a horrid pale colour, like when the salt is thrown into snapdragons.

“Oh dear!” Dora cried, “that was it. He asked me to make him a clown’s dress and keep it deeply secret. He said he wanted to surprise Aunt Margaret and Albert’s uncle. And I didn’t think it was wrong,” said Dora, screwing up her face; she then added, “Oh dear, oh dear, oh, oh!” and with these concluding remarks she began to howl.

Father thumped her on the back in an absent yet kind way.

“But where’s he gone?” he said, not to any one in particular. “I saw the butcher; he said H.O. asked him to take a parcel home and went back round the Cedars.”

Here Dicky coughed and said—

“I didn’t think he meant anything, but the day after Noël was talking about singing ballads in Rome, and getting poet’s lyres given him, H.O. did say if Noël had been really keen on the Roman lyres and things he could easily have been a stowaway, and gone unknown.”

“A stowaway!” said my Father, sitting down suddenly and hard.

“In Aunt Margaret’s big dress basket—the one she let him hide in when we had hide-and-seek there. He talked a lot about it after Noël had said that about the lyres—and the Italians being so poetical, you know. You remember that day we had toffee.”

My Father is prompt and decisive in action, so is his eldest son.

“I’m off to the Cedars,” he said.

“Do let me come, Father,” said the decisive son. “You may want to send a

message.”

So in a moment Father was on his bike and Oswald on the step—a dangerous but delightful spot—and off to the Cedars.

“Have your teas; and don’t any more of you get lost, and don’t sit up if we’re late,” Father howled to them as we rushed away. How glad then the thoughtful Oswald was that he was the eldest. It was very cold in the dusk on the bicycle, but Oswald did not complain.

At the Cedars my father explained in a few manly but well-chosen words, and the apartment of the dear departed bride was searched.

“Because,” said my father, “if H.O. really was little ass enough to get into that basket, he must have turned out something to make room for himself.”

Sure enough, when they came to look, there was a great bundle rolled in a sheet under the bed—all lace things and petticoats and ribbons and dressing-gowns and ladies’ flummery.

“If you will put the things in something else, I’ll catch the express to Dover and take it with me,” Father said to Mrs. Ashleigh; and while she packed the things he explained to some of the crying old ladies who had been unable to leave off, how sorry he was that a son of his—but you know the sort of thing.

Oswald said: “Father, I wish you’d let me come too. I won’t be a bit of trouble.”

Perhaps it was partly because my Father didn’t want to let me walk home in the dark, and he didn’t want to worry the Ashleighs any more by asking them to send me home. He said this was why, but I hope it was his loving wish to have his prompt son, so like himself in his decisiveness, with him.

We went.

It was an anxious journey. We knew how far from pleased the bride would be to find no dressing-gowns and ribbons, but only H.O. crying and cross and dirty, as likely as not, when she opened the basket at the hotel at Dover.

Father smoked to pass the time, but Oswald had not so much as a peppermint or a bit of Spanish liquorice to help him through the journey. Yet he bore up.