

英汉双语版

Essential Classics of World Literature

Frances Hodgson  
Burnett

# THE SECRET GARDEN



# 秘密花园

[美] 伯内特 著

李文俊 译



中央编译出版社  
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## 译序

21世纪最初几年里，我曾译过伯内特夫人的两本小说《小爵爷》与《小公主》。病后翻译它们曾给我带来安慰与喜悦，出书后偶尔在书店的架子上见到它们时，我仍然很感欣慰，觉得所花的力气并未白费。我知道别的出版社也出有别人的译本，但人总敝帚自珍，我相信自己的劳作在诸多译品中恐怕还是有其特点的，毕竟多年来自己都一直在从事外国文学研究与译介的工作。当然，译少儿文学和译经典作品不尽相同，这方面需要一些特殊的禀赋与修养。但好处是，拳脚倒可以舒展得更自由一些，对于译者来说，这是更能发挥自己的创造性的一个机会。鲁迅曾说过一段话，大意是：倘若每个人都能降低一档，做自己更能胜任的工作，效果必定更好。这高见，我是很以为然的。

伯内特夫人最脍炙人口的少儿小说除了上面那两本之外，就是这一本《秘密花园》了。我去年做完两件与福克纳有关的事后，又稍有闲暇，心想倘能将此书一并译出，岂非美事。于是便像外国童话里那个顶着一篮鸡蛋前行（后来自然是鸡蛋全都摔破）的小姑娘那样，在实事未做之前就先做起美梦来。我想着，有一天我快乐地译成的这三本书配成一套，加上插图，印得漂漂亮亮的，装在一个礼品盒里。小姑娘与小男孩得到了，急不可待地打开翻阅起来，还会随着主人公的命运又是哭又是笑……如果印成的是英汉对照本，那么通过细读这套书，有些小朋友说不定还能培育与提高自己对中外语言的感情与悟性呢。

未曾读过《小爵爷》与《小公主》的读者可能对作者的情况还不熟悉，这里再稍作介绍。这位女作家的全名是弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特（Frances Hodgson Burnett），1849年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。弗朗西丝只受过中等教育。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。对于丧失亲人，投靠亲戚，移居他国，弗朗西丝像她笔下经常出现的一些人物一样，是有亲身体会的。1905年，她入了美国籍，但从她的作品看，风土人物均是英国味十足，用的语言亦较纯正典雅。弗朗西丝结过两次婚，伯内特为其第一个丈夫的姓。1924年，弗朗西丝在美国逝世。

这本《秘密花园》出版于1911年，是作者三本少儿文学书中最后出版的一本。伯内特夫人从小喜爱花草植物，离婚后悉心投入园艺活动。她写书获得成功后，收入颇丰，因而能在英国的住所周围有几个带围墙的花园，其中一个还是她的户外书房，她每天都要在园中写作。1909年她在纽约长岛布置自家花园时，突发灵感，构思出了《秘密花园》的基本内容。此书出版后很快就成为一部畅销书，并且多次被改编为舞台剧与音乐剧，也曾三次被拍成电影以及卡通电视片。最近一次将此书改编为音乐剧的玛莎·诺曼还获得了1991年的托尼奖，而扮演玛丽的戴西·依根还是托尼奖有史以来最年轻的最佳女主角得主。

《秘密花园》的内容有些神秘，曲径通幽处，由读者自己去探究更为合宜，这里就不点明了。书的主题，则是身世坎坷或身心有病的人，可以通过改造周围的环境，改变自己的命运，重要的是要有一颗乐观向上的心。我翻译此书时常会想起过去几十年常被告诫的一个大道理：知识分子必须通过对环境的改造来改造自我。这句话本身没有错。但如果理解为对一部分人的惩罚性的强制行动，那就是另外的一回事了。如果是像书中所写的那样自愿地在完成一项工作中达到自我完善，那我想大家都会欣然接受的吧。在书的结尾处，我们看到，无论是患自闭症男孩还是患自闭症的女孩，都在复活废园的活动中得到改造，成为身心健康的人。不仅如此，他们还促使大人走出自设的牢笼，做到与人心灵相通。书中常常提到“魔法”一词，实际上，主人公自我完善的要求与行动本身，恐怕正是最能起作用的无边法力吧。伯内特夫人好像与中国人的主张默契到了



心心相印的地步。她笔下的农家子迪康与其母苏珊·索尔比，岂不是很现成的两位知识青年应该向之学习，与之结合的“劳动人民”的代表吗？当然，这是在打趣了。不过，由此亦可看出，伯内特夫人在当时的文学界思想上还是比较进步的，这从《小爵爷》与《小公主》中对贫苦人民的同情与讴歌上也都能得到佐证。

李文俊

2006年早春于华威西里



# C 目 录

## CONTENTS

Chapter I	译 序
There Is No One Left.....001	第一章
Chapter II	一个也没剩下 .....001
Missress Mary Quite Contrary.....007	第二章
Chapter III	玛丽小姐倔乖乖 .....007
Across the Moor.....015	第三章
Chapter IV	穿过荒原 .....015
Martha.....020	第四章
Chapter V	玛 莎 .....020
The Cry in the Corridor.....036	第五章
Chapter VI	走廊里的哭声 .....036
“There Was Some One	第六章
Crying—There Was!”.....043	“是有人在哭嘛
Chapter VII	——是真的嘛！” .....043
The Key of the Garden.....050	第七章
Chapter VIII	花园的钥匙 .....050
The Robin Who Showed the Way...056	第八章
Chapter IX	引路的知更鸟 .....056
The Strangest House Any	第九章
One Ever Lived in.....064	人世间最最古怪的房子 .....064
Chapter X	第十章
Dickon.....073	迪 康 .....073
Chapter XI	第十一章
The Nest of the Missel Thrush.....084	榭 鸫 的 窝 巢 .....084
Chapter XII	第十二章
“Might I Hav a Bit of Earth?”.....092	“我能有一小片地吗？” .....092
Chapter XIII	第十三章
“I Am Colin” .....100	“我是科林” .....100



# 目录

## CONTENTS

Chapter XIV		第十四章	
A Young Rajah.....	113	一位小王爷 .....	113
Chapter XV		第十五章	
Nest Building.....	124	筑巢 .....	124
Chapter XVI		第十六章	
“I Won’t!” Said Mary.....	135	“我就不来！”玛丽说 .....	135
Chapter XVII		第十七章	
A Tantrum.....	142	大发雷霆 .....	142
Chapter XVIII		第十八章	
“Tha’ Munnot Waste No Time”...149		“你可能不能浪费时间” .....	149
Chapter XIX		第十九章	
“‘It Has Come!’.....	156	“春天来到了！” .....	156
Chapter XX		第二十章	
“‘I Shall Live Forever—and Ever—and Ever!’.....	167	“我会一直——直活下去的！” .....	167
Chapter XXI		第二十一章	
Ben Weatherstaff.....	175	本·韦瑟斯达夫 .....	175
Chapter XXII		第二十二章	
When the Sun Went Down.....	185	太阳西下时分 .....	185
Chapter XXIII		第二十三章	
Magic.....	190	魔法 .....	190
Chapter XXIV		第二十四章	
“Let Them Laugh” .....	202	“让他们笑吧” .....	202
Chapter XXV		第二十五章	
The Curtain.....	214	帘幕 .....	214
Chapter XXVI		第二十六章	
“‘It’s Mother!’.....	221	“那是妈妈！” .....	221
Chapter XXVII		第二十七章	
In the Garden.....	230	在花园里 .....	230



## Chapter 1

## 第一章

## There Is No One Left

## 一个也没剩下

When Mary Lennox was sent to Misselthwaite Manor to live with her uncle everybody said she was the most disagreeable-looking child ever seen. It was true, too. She had a little thin face and a little thin body, thin light hair and a sour expression. Her hair was yellow, and her face was yellow because she had been born in India and had always been ill in one way or another. Her father had held a position under the English Government and had always been busy and ill himself, and her mother had been a great beauty who cared only to go to parties and amuse herself with gay people. She had not wanted a little girl at all, and when Mary was born she handed her over to the care of an Ayah, who was made to understand that if she wished to please the Mem Sahib she must keep the child out of sight as much as possible. So when she was a sickly, fretful, ugly little baby she was kept out of the way, and when she became a sickly, fretful, toddling thing she was kept out of the way also. She never remembered seeing familiarly anything but the dark faces of her Ayah and the other native servants, and as they always obeyed her and gave her her own way in everything, because the Mem Sahib would be angry if she was disturbed by her crying, by the time she was six years old she was as tyrannical and selfish a little pig as ever lived. The young English governess who came to teach her to read and write disliked her so much that she gave up her place in three months, and when other governesses came to try to fill it they always went away in a shorter time than the first one. So if Mary had not chosen to really want to know how to read books she would never have learned her letters at all.

One frightfully hot morning, when she was about nine years old, she awakened

玛丽·伦诺克斯给送到米塞斯维特庄园她姑父那儿去住的时候，谁都说比她模样更不讨人喜欢的孩子还真是没见到过。这说的也是大实话。她一张小脸尖瘦尖瘦的，身子也是又细又瘦，浅色头发又稀又薄，还老哭丧着脸。头发发黄不说，连脸色也是黄蜡蜡的，那是因为她出生在印度，从小就这病那病不断。她父亲在当地的英国政府机构里当差，总是不得空闲，而且他自己也老是病恹恹的；她母亲倒是个大美人，光惦记着到处去参加舞会，跟那些喜欢嘻嘻哈哈的人一起寻欢作乐。她根本没想要生这个小女孩，玛丽一生下来她就将婴儿交给了一个土著阿妈全权看管，并且让这个阿妈明白，要想讨得女主人的欢心，最好的办法就是尽量少让太太见到小娃娃。因此，当玛丽还是襁褓中一个病病歪歪、脾气乖戾、相貌难看的小毛头时，她老是被藏藏掖掖的；等这个病病歪歪、脾气乖戾、相貌难看的小东西都会跌跌撞撞走路了，她还是被藏藏掖掖的。除了她的阿妈跟其他土著仆人那几张黝黑的脸之外，她印象中根本就没有什么熟悉的人影，而他们对她又总是百依百顺、唯命是从的，因为要是孩子一不高兴哭闹起来，打扰了女主人，太太发起脾气来，整个宅子又要不得安宁了。由于有这样的情况，到她六岁的时候，她已经变成一头非常不讲道理与自私自利的小野猪了。请来教她念书识字的那位年轻的英国家庭女教师很不喜欢她，勉强教了三个月就辞职不干了，别的女教师也来试过，但是走得比第一位更快。因此倘若不是玛丽自己恰好想学会念书，那她就会永远都是个大文盲了。

她大约九岁的时候，大清早天气就热得邪门，她一醒来就已经觉得五心烦躁。





feeling very cross, and she became crosser still when she saw that the servant who stood by her bedside was not her Ayah.

“Why did you come?” she said to the strange woman. “I will not let you stay. Send my Ayah to me.”

The woman looked frightened, but she only stammered that the Ayah could not come and when Mary threw herself into a passion and beat and kicked her, she looked only more frightened and repeated that it was not possible for the Ayah to come to Missie Sahib.

There was something mysterious in the air that morning. Nothing was done in its regular order and several of the native servants seemed missing, while those whom Mary saw slunk or hurried about with ashy and scared faces. But no one would tell her anything and her Ayah did not come. She was actually left alone as the morning went on, and at last she wandered out into the garden and began to play by herself under a tree near the veranda. She pretended that she was making a flower-bed, and she stuck big scarlet hibiscus blossoms into little heaps of earth, all the time growing more and more angry and muttering to herself the things she would say and the names she would call Saidie when she returned.

“Pig! Pig! Daughter of Pigs!” she said, because to call a native a pig is the worst insult of all.

She was grinding her teeth and saying this over and over again when she heard her mother come out on the veranda with some one. She was with a fair young man and they stood talking together in low strange voices. Mary knew the fair young man who looked like a boy. She had heard that he was a very young officer who had just come from England. The child stared at him, but she stared most at her mother. She always did this when she had a chance to see her, because the Mem Sahib—Mary used to call her that oftener than anything else—was such a tall, slim, pretty person and wore such lovely clothes. Her hair was like curly

睁开眼睛，她看到站在床边的佣人并不是每天来伺候她的那个阿妈。

“你来干什么？”她对那个陌生女人说，“我不要你在这里。去叫我的那个阿妈来呀。”

那个女人显出很害怕的模样，她只是结结巴巴地说阿妈来不了。玛丽火冒三丈，对着那女人又是踢又是打，那女人显得更加害怕了，再一次重复说要阿妈上小主人这儿来是根本做不到的。

那天早晨空气中就莫名其妙有一种神秘的气氛。一切都乱了套，似乎有好几个土著佣人都不见了踪影，玛丽看到的那些也是蹑手蹑脚急急匆匆跑来跑去，显得灰头土脸、惊慌失措的。可是谁也不肯告诉她任何情况，而她自己的阿妈又始终没有露面。上午一点儿一点儿过去，仍然是没有人来照顾她，她终于逐渐移步进入花园，在围廊附近一棵树下独自玩耍起来。她假装砌一个花坛，把大朵大朵盛开的猩红色木槿花插进一个个小土堆里，与此同时，她的怒火燃烧得越来越旺，肚子里想出了一句比一句更恶毒的骂人话，一等阿妈萨迪再次露面，她就要把这些咒骂统统堆到她的头上去。

“猪！猪！老母猪生下的一窝小猪！”她咒骂道。她这么骂，是因为在土著人看来，让人骂作猪真算得上是奇耻大辱了。

她咬牙切齿地一遍遍这么骂着，这时，她听到母亲和另一个人来到廊子上了。跟母亲在一起的是个皮肤白皙的金发年轻男子。玛丽认识这个比小孩像是大不了多少的年轻人。她听人说过，这个年轻的军官刚从英国来。孩子瞪视着他，不过她看得更多的还是她的母亲。一有机会她总是要这样细细察看的，因为女主人——玛丽总是更习惯于用这个而不是别的称呼来叫她——是那么一个高挑、苗条、俏丽的女子，衣着也总是那么的可爱入时。她的一头鬈发丝绸一般地柔软光洁，小巧、纤细的鼻子使她显得卓尔不群、傲视人间，眼睛却是大大的、笑咪咪的。她所有的衣服都薄若蝉翼，显得轻飘飘的，所以玛丽总



silk and she had a delicate little nose which seemed to be disdainful things, and she had large laughing eyes. All her clothes were thin and floating, and Mary said they were "full of lace." They looked fuller of lace than ever this morning, but her eyes were not laughing at all. They were large and scared and lifted imploringly to the fair boy officer's face.

"Is it so very bad? Oh, is it?" Mary heard her say.

"Awfully," the young man answered in a trembling voice. "Awfully, Mrs. Lennox. You ought to have gone to the hills two weeks ago."

The Mem Sahib wrung her hands.

"Oh, I know I ought!" she cried. "I only stayed to go to that silly dinner party. What a fool I was!"

At that very moment such a loud sound of wailing broke out from the servants' quarters that she clutched the young man's arm, and Mary stood shivering from head to foot. The wailing grew wilder and wilder.

"What is it? What is it?" Mrs. Lennox gasped.

"Some one has died," answered the boy officer. "You did not say it had broken out among your servants."

"I did not know!" the Mem Sahib cried. "Come with me! Come with me!" and she turned and ran into the house.

After that appalling things happened, and the mysteriousness of the morning was explained to Mary. The cholera had broken out in its most fatal form and people were dying like flies. The Ayah had been taken ill in the night, and it was because she had just died that the servants had wailed in the huts. Before the next day three other servants were dead and others had run away in terror. There was panic on every side, and dying people in all the bungalows.

During the confusion and bewilderment of the second day Mary hid herself in the nursery and was forgotten by every one. Nobody thought of her, nobody wanted her, and strange things happened of which she knew nothing. Mary alternately cried and slept through the hours. She only knew

说它们“全是花边”。今天早上，她的衣服比平时更像花边了，可是她的眼睛却一点儿没露出笑眯眯的表情。那里充满了惊恐，睁得大大的，恳求般地仰望着那个娃娃军官的脸。

“真的是这么糟糕吗？哦，真的是吗？”玛丽听到她这么说。

“糟糕透了，”年轻人回答说，声音都有点颤抖了，“糟糕透了，伦诺克斯太太。你是应该两星期前就进山区去的。”

女主人扭绞着她的双手。

“唉，我知道我本该早些去的！”她喊道，“我不走仅仅是想参加那场愚蠢的宴会。我真是傻到家了。”

就在此刻，一阵撕心裂肺的哭号声从佣人区那边爆发出来，使得夫人紧紧地抱住那个年轻人的胳膊，玛丽站在那儿也是浑身打起了哆嗦。哭喊声越来越大了。

“怎么回事？怎么回事？”伦诺克斯夫人气急败坏地问道。

“准是有人死了，”年轻军官回答道，“莫非瘟疫也传到你家人当中来了？”

“我没听说呀！”女主人喊道，“快跟我来！快跟我来！”说着她便扭转身子朝屋子里跑去。

从此时起，更可怕的事情发生了，早晨那么不正常的原因也总算让玛丽弄清楚了。霍乱以最可怕的形式在这一带流传，人们像苍蝇一般地死去。她的阿妈昨天晚上染上了病，方才就是因为她死了，佣人们才在小茅屋里呼天抢地的。这一天还没过完，又接连有三个佣人咽了气，其他的也都吓得一跑了之。惊恐笼罩着每一个角落，所有的平房里都躺着奄奄一息的人。

在慌慌张张、乱成一团的第二天里，玛丽一个人躲在育儿室里，谁把她遗忘了。没有人想到她，没有人需要她，奇怪的事情发生着，但她对此却一无所知。一连好几个钟头，她哭上一阵，又迷迷糊糊地睡上一阵。她只知道有人生病了，她听到了神秘与可怕的声音。有一次，她爬到



that people were ill and that she heard mysterious and frightening sounds. Once she crept into the dining-room and found it empty, though a partly finished meal was on the table and chairs and plates looked as if they had been hastily pushed back when the diners rose suddenly for some reason. The child ate some fruit and biscuits, and being thirsty she drank a glass of wine which stood nearly filled. It was sweet, and she did not know how strong it was. Very soon it made her intensely drowsy, and she went back to her nursery and shut herself in again, frightened by cries she heard in the huts and by the hurrying sound of feet. The wine made her so sleepy that she could scarcely keep her eyes open and she lay down on her bed and knew nothing more for a long time.

Many things happened during the hours in which she slept so heavily, but she was not disturbed by the wails and the sound of things being carried in and out of the bungalow.

When she awakened she lay and stared at the wall. The house was perfectly still. She had never known it to be so silent before. She heard neither voices nor footsteps, and wondered if everybody had got well of the cholera and all the trouble was over. She wondered also who would take care of her now her Ayah was dead. There would be a new Ayah, and perhaps she would know some new stories. Mary had been rather tired of the old ones. She did not cry because her nurse had died. She was not an affectionate child and had never cared much for any one. The noise and hurrying about and wailing over the cholera had frightened her, and she had been angry because no one seemed to remember that she was alive. Every one was too panic-stricken to think of a little girl no one was fond of. When people had the cholera it seemed that they remembered nothing but themselves. But if every one had got well again, surely some one would remember and come to look for her.

But no one came, and as she lay waiting the house seemed to grow more and more

餐厅里去,发现那儿空无一人,不过饭桌上、椅子上有些盘子,里面放着些没有吃完的东西,看得出不知是为了什么原因,吃着饭的人慌忙中把盘子一推,突然就站起身来离开了。孩子吃了些水果与饼干,因为口渴又喝了一杯东西,杯子就在桌上放着,里面几乎是满的。酒很甜,她也不知道酒劲有多凶。很快她就昏昏欲睡了。她回到自己的育儿室,重新又把自己关在里面,心里惊惶不安,因为她听到小木屋那边传来一片片哭声,到处都有匆匆忙忙的脚步声。那杯酒使得她昏昏沉沉,眼皮几乎都睁不开,于是她躺到自己床上,好长一段时间什么都不知道了。

在她酣睡的这段时间里发生了许多事情,不过无论是宅子里的哭喊声还是把东西搬进搬出的声音,都没能吵醒她。

她醒来时,仍然是躺在床上呆呆地瞪视着对面的那面墙。整幢宅子里没有一点声音。她以往还从不知道家里会如此寂静呢。她既听不见人的说话声,也听不到脚步声,心里嘀咕:莫非害病的人全都治好了,所有的麻烦事全都宣告结束了?她还琢磨,她自己的那个阿妈不在了,以后又由谁来照顾她呢?必定会派一个新阿妈来的,那她又有新故事可听了。那些老故事玛丽都听腻了。她没有因为失去她的保姆而哭泣。她不是个感情丰富的孩子,不大可能会想到别人的。周围吵吵闹闹,乱作一团,为霍乱的事哭天抢地,这使她感到恐慌,也很生气,因为似乎没有一个人记得她还活着。所有的人都惊慌失措,想不起还有一个不讨人喜欢的小姑娘。霍乱一来,他们谁都不管,就光知道自己了。不过,既然不再害病了,也该有人记起她并来照顾她的吧。

可是,没有人来,她躺着等待的时候宅子里倒是越来越没有人声了。她听见有



silent. She heard something rustling on the matting and when she looked down she saw a little snake gliding along and watching her with eyes like jewels. She was not frightened, because he was a harmless little thing who would not hurt her and he seemed in a hurry to get out of the room. He slipped under the door as she watched him.

“How queer and quiet it is,” she said. “It sounds as if there was no one in the bungalow but me and the snake.”

Almost the next minute she heard footsteps in the compound, and then on the veranda. They were men's footsteps, and the men entered the bungalow and talked in low voices. No one went to meet or speak to them and they seemed to open doors and look into rooms.

“What desolation!” she heard one voice say. “That pretty, pretty woman! I suppose the child, too. I heard there was a child, though no one ever saw her.”

Mary was standing in the middle of the nursery when they opened the door a few minutes later. She looked an ugly, cross little thing and was frowning because she was beginning to be hungry and feel disgracefully neglected. The first man who came in was a large officer she had once seen talking to her father. He looked tired and troubled, but when he saw her he was so startled that he almost jumped back.

“Barney!” he cried out. “There is a child here! A child alone! In a place like this! Mercy on us, who is she!”

“I am Mary Lennox,” the little girl said, drawing herself up stiffly. She thought the man was very rude to call her father's bungalow “A place like this!” “I fell asleep when every one had the cholera and I have only just wakened up. Why does nobody come?”

“It is the child no one ever saw!” exclaimed the man, turning to his companions. “She has actually been forgotten!”

“Why was I forgotten?” Mary said, stamping her foot. “Why does nobody come?”

样东西在地席上发出沙沙声，低下头一看，原来是一条小蛇在滑行，那双宝石般的眼睛还在盯着她呢。她没有觉得害怕，因为这是个无害的小东西，看来并没有要伤害她的意思，而且急着要爬出房间。她看着它从门缝底下钻了出去。

“多奇怪也多安静呀，”她说，“什么声音都没有，好像整座房子里除了我和那条蛇，别的活物一样都没有。”

几乎就在下一分钟，她就听到有脚步声来到院子里，有几个男人走进宅子，还低声交谈着。没有人迎出去接待他们，这几个人像是自己开的门，正在察看一个个房间。

“多么荒凉呀！”她听到有个声音在说，“不是住着一位大美人的吗！好像还有个小孩的。我听说是有个小姑娘的，虽然大家都没有见到过她。”

几分钟后，当他们推开育儿室房门的时候，玛丽正站在房间的正中央。她看上去像是个长相丑陋、脾气乖戾的小东西，眉头紧锁，因为此刻她开始觉得肚子饿了，没人来管她使得她十分气恼。最先走进来的是个身材魁梧的军官，玛丽以前见到过他跟她父亲说话。他显得很疲倦很沮丧，但是看到她时他吃了一惊，几乎都要往后跳了。

“巴尼！”他喊出声来，“这儿有个小孩！孤单单的一个小孩！在这样的一个地方！我的天哪，她会是谁呢？”

“我是玛丽·伦诺克斯。”小姑娘说，把僵硬的身子尽量挺得直一些。她认为那人把她父亲的宅子叫做“这样的地方”是非常粗鲁无礼的。“大家得霍乱的时候我睡着了，方才刚刚醒来。为什么没有人来管我？”

“这是个谁也没有看到的孩子！”那人转向他那几个伙伴说道，“她竟然被大家忘掉了！”

“为什么把我给忘了？”玛丽说，一边跺着脚。“为什么谁都不来找我？”



The young man whose name was Barney looked at her very sadly. Mary even thought she saw him wink his eyes as if to wink tears away.

“Poor little kid!” he said. “There is nobody left to come.”

It was in that strange and sudden way that Mary found out that she had neither father nor mother left; that they had died and been carried away in the night, and that the few native servants who had not died also had left the house as quickly as they could get out of it, none of them even remembering that there was a Missie Sahib. That was why the place was so quiet. It was true that there was no one in the bungalow but herself and the little rustling snake.

那个被称为“巴尼”的年轻人悲哀地望着她。玛丽甚至觉得他在眨巴眼睛，免得眼泪掉下来。

“可怜的小不点儿！”他说，“那是因为一个人也没剩下，没有人能够来呀。”

玛丽就是在这样奇特与突兀的情况下知道自己不再有父亲与母亲的，他们都在夜里病故，给抬出去了，家中没有染上病的用人也都一哄而散，只恨自己两条腿走得太慢，谁也没有想起家中还有一位小主人。整个地方如此安静，原因即在于此。的确，整个宅子里除了她自己与那条瑟瑟作响的小蛇，真的就再也没有别的有生命的东西了。



## Chapter II

# Mistress Mary Quite Contrary

## 第二章

### 玛丽小姐倔乖乖

MARY had liked to look at her mother from a distance and she had thought her very pretty, but as she knew very little of her she could scarcely have been expected to love her or to miss her very much when she was gone. She did not miss her at all, in fact, and as she was a self-absorbed child she gave her entire thought to herself, as she had always done. If she had been older she would no doubt have been very anxious at being left alone in the world, but she was very young, and as she had always been taken care of, she supposed she always would be. What she thought was that she would like to know if she was going to nice people, who would be polite to her and give her her own way as her Ayah and the other native servants had done.

She knew that she was not going to stay at the English clergyman's house where she was taken at first. She did not want to stay. The English clergyman was poor and he had five children nearly all the same age and they wore shabby clothes and were always quarreling and snatching toys from each other. Mary hated their untidy bungalow and was so disagreeable to them that after the first day or two nobody would play with her. By the second day they had given her a nickname which made her furious.

It was Basil who thought of it first. Basil was a little boy with impudent blue eyes and a turned-up nose and Mary hated him. She was playing by herself under a tree, just as she had been playing the day the cholera broke out. She was making heaps of earth and paths for a garden and Basil came and stood near to watch her. Presently he got rather interested and suddenly made a suggestion.

"Why don't you put a heap of stones

玛丽以前总爱从稍远处凝视她的母亲，认为母亲非常漂亮，不过因为对母亲不是很熟悉，所以实在是说不上对死去的母亲有多么的爱，是怎样的思念。事实上，她可以说一点儿都没有想念母亲，因为她是个自顾自的孩子，脑子里想的都是自己的事，她从小就是这样的。倘若年纪再大上几岁呢，那她自然就会对孤零零地留在世界上非常担忧了。可是她还太小，又一直是由别人在照顾着，她总以为以后也必定会是这样的。她脑子里想的只是：自己要去的是不是好人家，是不是会对她很和蔼，让她想怎么做就怎么做，如同她自己的阿妈和其他土著佣人过去所做的那样。

她知道，自己是不会一直留在一开始送去的那位英国教士的家里的。她也不愿意留在那里。那位英国教士很穷，自己已有五个大小差不多的孩子，他们衣衫褴褛，总在吵吵闹闹，为争夺玩具而打来打去。玛丽讨厌这所不整洁的平房，跟这些人都合不来，来了没两天，就谁也不愿意跟她玩了。她来到的第二天他们就给她起了个外号，这就使她心里更窝火了。

首先想到这档子事的是巴兹尔。巴兹尔是个长了双放肆无顾忌的蓝眼睛和一只翘鼻子的小男孩，玛丽很讨厌他。玛丽在一棵树下独自玩耍，就像霍乱突然爆发的那天一样。她正在拢土、造路，打算弄成一个小花园，这时巴兹尔走过来站在边上看她怎么干。不一会儿，他产生了兴趣，突然提出一个建议。

"你干吗不在那儿堆一些石子，算是



there and pretend it is a rockery?" he said. "There in the middle," and he leaned over her to point.

"Go away!" cried Mary. "I don't want boys. Go away!"

For a moment Basil looked angry, and then he began to tease. He was always teasing his sisters. He danced round and round her and made faces and sang and laughed.

*"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?  
With silver bells, and cockle shells,  
And marigolds all in a row."*

He sang it until the other children heard and laughed, too; and the crosser Mary got, the more they sang "Mistress Mary, quite contrary"; and after that as long as she stayed with them they called her "Mistress Mary Quite Contrary" when they spoke of her to each other, and often when they spoke to her.

"You are going to be sent home," Basil said to her, "at the end of the week. And we're glad of it."

"I am glad of it, too," answered Mary. "Where is home?"

"She doesn't know where home is!" said Basil, with seven-year-old scorn. "It's England, of course. Our grandmama lives there and our sister Mabel was sent to her last year. You are not going to your grandmama. You have none. You are going to your uncle. His name is Mr. Archibald Craven."

"I don't know anything about him," snapped Mary.

"I know you don't," Basil answered. "You don't know anything. Girls never do. I heard father and mother talking about him. He lives in a great, big, desolate old house in the country and no one goes near him. He's so cross he won't let them, and they wouldn't come if he would let them. He's a hunchback, and he's horrid."

"I don't believe you," said Mary; and she turned her back and stuck her fingers in her

假山呢?"他说,"喏,就在中间这儿。"说着还弯腰到她头上来指点给她看。

"滚开!"玛丽喊道,"我不和男孩玩。给我滚开!"

有一会儿,巴兹尔像是很生气,但是接下去他变得调皮起来了。他也总是这样作弄自己的姐妹的。他绕着玛丽跳圈子,一边做鬼脸,一边又唱又笑:

玛丽小姐乖乖乖,  
花园真能造出来?  
银铃铛、花贝壳,  
金盏花儿插起来。

他一遍又一遍地唱着,直到别的孩子都听到了并且一个个都哈哈大笑,乐不可支。他们越是唱《玛丽小姐乖乖乖》,玛丽越是生气。从此以后,她住在他们家,他们提到她时总称她为"玛丽小姐乖乖乖",还时不时当面这样叫她。

"你就要给送回家了,"巴兹尔对她说,"就在这个周末。我们都希望你快点走。"

"我还巴不得快点走呢,"玛丽反唇相讥,"不过家在哪儿呢?"

"她连自己家在哪儿都不知道!"巴兹尔说,还用了七岁儿童的嘲讽口气。"自然是在英国啦。我们家的奶奶就是住在英国,去年我大姐梅布尔也送到那里去了。你是不会去奶奶家的。你没有奶奶。你要被送到你姑父那里去。他是阿奇博尔德·克雷文先生。"

"这人我怎么连听都没听说过。"玛丽还要强词夺理。

"我就知道你不会知道。"巴兹尔回答道,"你什么都不知道。女孩就是傻。我是听我爸爸妈妈说起他的。他住在乡下的一座又高又旧的空荡荡的大房子里,没有人跟他要好。他脾气太坏不愿意见人,到后来他请人家来人家都不来了。他是个罗锅,可吓人了。"

"你的话我不信。"玛丽说。她转过身去,用两只手指塞住自己的耳朵,这样



ears, because she would not listen any more.

But she thought over it a great deal afterward; and when Mrs. Crawford told her that night that she was going to sail away to England in a few days and go to her uncle, Mr. Archibald Craven, who lived at Misselthwaite Manor, she looked so stony and stubbornly uninterested that they did not know what to think about her. They tried to be kind to her, but she only turned her face away when Mrs. Crawford attempted to kiss her, and held herself stiffly when Mr. Crawford patted her shoulder.

"She is such a plain child," Mrs. Crawford said pityingly, afterward. "And her mother was such a pretty creature. She had a very pretty manner, too, and Mary has the most unattractive ways I ever saw in a child. The children call her 'Mistress Mary Quite Contrary,' and though it's naughty of them, one can't help understanding it."

"Perhaps if her mother had carried her pretty face and her pretty manners oftener into the nursery Mary might have learned some pretty ways too. It is very sad, now the poor beautiful thing is gone, to remember that many people never even knew that she had a child at all."

"I believe she scarcely ever looked at her," sighed Mrs. Crawford. "When her Ayah was dead there was no one to give a thought to the little thing. Think of the servants running away and leaving her all alone in that deserted bungalow. Colonel McGrew said he nearly jumped out of his skin when he opened the door and found her standing by herself in the middle of the room."

Mary made the long voyage to England under the care of an officer's wife, who was taking her children to leave them in a boarding-school. She was very much absorbed in her own little boy and girl, and was rather glad to hand the child over to the woman Mr. Archibald Craven sent to meet her, in London. The woman was his housekeeper at Misselthwaite Manor, and her name was Mrs. Medlock. She was a stout woman, with very red cheeks and sharp

的话她再也不想听了。

不过后来她还是对这件事想了很多。那天晚上克劳福德太太告诉她，再过几天，她就要坐船去英国到她姑父阿奇博尔德·克雷文先生那里去了，这位先生住在一处叫米塞斯维特的庄园里。她板着脸听着，故意装出一副不感兴趣的样子，大人都不知道该拿她怎么办。他们想跟她亲近一些，克劳福德太太打算吻她的时候她把脸扭了开去，克劳福德先生拍拍她肩膀，她却把身子挺得更僵更直。

"她长相是太一般了一些。"克劳福德太太事后挺惋惜地说，"她母亲可是个大美人哪，风度也好，可玛丽呢，脾气这么别扭的孩子我还真是没有见到过。孩子们管她叫'倔乖乖小姐'，自然是刻薄了些。不过还是有点道理的。"

"倘若那位漂亮妈妈当初多到育儿室走走，让小孩多看看她那漂亮的脸和优雅的风度，说不定这个玛丽也能多沾些光。真可惜，美人儿没了，记得她有过一个小小小孩的人怕也没几个了。"

"我相信她几乎压根儿就没怎么去看过她。"克劳福德太太叹了口气说，"带领她的那个阿妈死去时，就没有一个人想到还有这个小东西。想想看，那帮用人各奔东西，把她一个人留在那幢空荡荡的房子里。麦格鲁上校说，当他推开门发现有个小女孩独自站在房间中央时，他几乎都要惊得灵魂出窍呢。"

玛丽是在一位军官太太的护送下，乘船经过长途航行回英国的，那位太太要把自己的几个孩子送回国内去上寄宿学校。她照顾自己那几个小男孩小女孩已经手忙脚乱，巴不得能快些将玛丽交给阿奇博尔德·克雷文先生派到伦敦来接人的那个女人。那是米塞斯维特庄园的女管家，名叫梅德洛克太太。这女人长得壮壮实实，脸颊红扑扑的，一双黑眼睛非常锐利。她穿一条深紫色的长裙，外面披一袭带流苏的黑丝绸斗篷，头上戴一顶饰有紫丝绒假花





black eyes. She wore a very purple dress, a black silk mantle with jet fringe on it and a black bonnet with purple velvet flowers which stuck up and trembled when she moved her head. Mary did not like her at all, but as she very seldom liked people there was nothing remarkable in that; besides which it was very evident Mrs. Medlock did not think much of her.

“My word! she’s a plain little piece of goods!” she said. “And we’d heard that her mother was a beauty. She hasn’t handed much of it down, has she, ma’am?”

“Perhaps she will improve as she grows older,” the officer’s wife said good-naturedly. “If she were not so sallow and had a nicer expression, her features are rather good. Children alter so much.”

“She’ll have to alter a good deal,” answered Mrs. Medlock. “And there’s nothing likely to improve children at Misselthwaite—if you ask me!”

They thought Mary was not listening because she was standing a little apart from them at the window of the private hotel they had gone to. She was watching the passing buses and cabs, and people, but she heard quite well and was made very curious about her uncle and the place he lived in. What sort of a place was it, and what would he be like? What was a hunchback? She had never seen one. Perhaps there were none in India.

Since she had been living in other people’s houses and had had no Ayah, she had begun to feel lonely and to think queer thoughts which were new to her. She had begun to wonder why she had never seemed to belong to any one even when her father and mother had been alive. Other children seemed to belong to their fathers and mothers, but she had never seemed to really be any one’s little girl. She had had servants, and food and clothes, but no one had taken any notice of her. She did not know that this was because she was a disagreeable child; but then, of course, she did not know she was disagreeable. She often thought that other people were, but she did not know that she was so herself.

的黑帽子，她头一动，那些假花便跟着颠个不停。玛丽一点儿也不喜欢这个女人，这没有什么好奇怪的，她原本就很少喜欢过谁，再说，明摆着的是，梅德洛克太太也没怎么把她放在眼里。

“我的天哪！她真是个小不起眼的小东西呢！”她说，“我们可听说过她母亲是个大美人呀。怎么就没多遗传些好的东西给下一代呢，是不是啊，太太？”

“也许会女大十八变的吧。”那位军官太太回答得很厚道，“倘若脸色不那么黄，神情也开朗一些，她五官倒还算端正的。小孩子嘛，变化很大的。”

“那她还真得脱胎换骨才行呢。”梅德洛克太太说，“在米塞斯维特庄园，想要让小孩子变得出人头地，条件可不大够。我这是实话实说！”

她们以为玛丽没有在听，因为她站在她们要下榻的这家小旅馆的窗子边上，离两个大人有一些距离。她在观看窗外川流不息的公共汽车、马车和行人，可是她听得非常清楚，而且生发出了对她的姑父与她要去住的地方的强烈好奇。那是怎么样的一个地方呢？她的姑父又是怎么样一个人呢？什么叫罗锅？她从未见到过这样的人。没准全印度连一个罗锅都没有呢。

由于是住在陌生的房子里，又没有管她的阿妈，她开始感到寂寞，脑子里也生出一些过去从未有过的古怪念头。她开始觉得奇怪，为什么她好像从来不属于任何人，即使是父母都还活着的时候。别的孩子好像都属于自己的父母，可是她似乎从来都是个不属于谁的小姑娘。她有仆人，吃的穿的都不缺，可是任谁也不关心她。她不知道那是因为她脾气太坏。当然，那时候，她不知道自己脾气不好。她总是认为别人脾气不好，却不知道是自己有毛病。