



英汉对照读物

小公主

A LITTLE PRINCESS

[英] 弗朗西斯·霍奇森·伯内特 著

中国对外翻译出版公司

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陈云程 译

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by **Frances Hodgson Burnett**

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译 序

《小公主》是一部举世闻名的优秀小说，自1905年以来多次再版，成为经久不衰的畅销书，不仅有多种文本流行于世，还被拍成电影和电视连续剧。

主人公萨拉·克鲁是个出生在印度的英国富家之女，自幼丧母，倍受父亲疼爱。她聪明伶俐，酷爱读书，富于幻想，7岁时被送进伦敦一所寄宿学校就读。萨拉不是真正的皇族后代，她初次被称作“公主”是在父亲送她进校前带她大肆购买之时，可见在当时的时代，金钱能够带来类似皇族的特权。不过，拥有巨大财富的并非都能像公主，只是由于萨拉待人谦和有礼，仁爱宽厚，具备了真正的公主气质，从而赢得了人们的爱戴和“小公主”的美称。

不料几年后，厄运从天而降；其父误以为好友卡里斯福特先生骗走了他对钻石矿的巨额投资使其破产，悲愤交加之下猝然病故。萨拉瞬即成为一文不名的孤儿，被唯利是图、冷酷无情的校长明钦小姐赶到阴冷潮湿的阁楼栖身。萨拉的身份也变了，她不仅每天要做任人驱使的使女，而且常常衣不蔽体，食不果腹，受尽虐待。尽管如此，她仍然保持着公主般的气质，富无骄气，贫有傲骨，十分令人钦佩。在遇到已成为钻石矿巨富并一直在苦苦寻找她的卡里斯福特先生后，萨拉才结束了悲惨的生活，成为巨额财富的继承人。

小说情节跌宕起伏，哀婉动人，对青少年的品德修养具有一定的教育意义。

译 者

1992年于北京

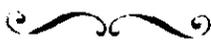
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小 公 主

A LITTLE PRINCESS



SARA

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,

萨 拉

在一个阴暗的冬日里，沉沉浓雾笼罩着伦敦的街道。于是像在夜晚一样，煤气路灯点亮了，商店的橱窗也被煤气灯照得闪闪发光。一个神情古怪的小姑娘和她的父亲坐在一辆马车里，马车缓缓驶过大街。

她斜靠着父亲蹠腿坐着，父亲用一只手搂着她，她注视着窗外的过往行人，大眼睛里流露出奇怪的、若有所思的目光，显得老气横秋。

像她这么小的女孩子，人们想不到会在她的小脸上看到这样一种表情。这本应是12岁小孩才会有的老练的神态，而萨拉·克鲁只有7岁。实际上，她总是梦见和思索一些古怪的事情，她还记不起有什么时候她不在思索成年人的事情和他们所拥有的世界。她觉得自己好像已经活了很久很久似的。

这时，她正在回忆刚和父亲克鲁上尉一起从孟买回来时的旅程。她正想到那只大船，船上默默地来来往往的印度水手，在炽热的甲板上玩耍的孩子，还有一些青年军官的妻子，

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 ^{1Kw101} queer thing it was that at one time one was in India in the blazing sun, and then in the middle of the ocean, and then driving in a strange vehicle through strange streets where the day was as dark as the night. She found this so puzzling that she moved closer to her father.

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

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

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

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

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

她们老是让她同她们说话，又笑话她所说的事情。

她主要想到的是：真奇怪，一个人一会儿在烈日下的印度，接着到了海洋中间，随后又坐在一辆奇怪的车上，驶过陌生的街道，而这里的白天却像夜间一样黑。她感到这一切十分费解，所以更紧地靠近父亲。

“爸爸，”她神秘地几乎是耳语般低声叫，“爸爸。”

“什么事，宝贝儿？”克鲁上尉答道，把她搂得更紧，同时朝下瞧着她的脸。“萨拉在想什么呀？”

“这就是那个地方吗？”萨拉低声说，向他靠得更紧。“是吗，爸爸？”

“是的，小萨拉，是这里。我们终于到了。”她虽然只有7岁，但她知道他说这话时心里感到悲哀。

她觉得，自她对“那个地方”——她常常是这样称呼它的——从思想上作好准备以来，已有许多年了。她母亲在生她时去世了，所以她从不了解母亲，也不想念她。她的年轻、英俊、富有、宠爱她的父亲似乎是她在这个世界上唯一的亲人。他们总是在一起玩，彼此相亲。她只知道他富有，因为她听到人们在认为她没有注意听的时候是这么说的。她还听他们说，她长大以后也会富有。她并不明白成为富人的全部含义。她一直住在漂亮的有游廊的平房里，看惯许多仆人向她行礼，称她

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

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

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

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

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

“小姐”，让她随心所欲。她有各种玩具、小猫小狗和一个尊敬她的女仆，她逐渐懂得富人都有这些东西。可是，她所知道的富有就是这些。

在她有生以来的短短几年中，只有一件事使她苦恼，这就是总有一天要把她送去的“那个地方”。印度的气候对孩子来说是很不利的，要尽快把他们送走——一般是送往英国上学。她看见别的孩子离去，也听到他们的父母亲谈起收到他们的来信。她知道她也不得不去，虽然有时候她父亲讲的关于航行和这个新国家的故事曾引起她的兴趣，但使她苦恼的是，她不能和他在一起。

“你不能同我一起到那个地方去吗，爸爸？”当她5岁的时候曾问过这个问题。“你不能也上学吗？我会帮助你做功课的。”

“可是你用不着呆很久，小萨拉，”他总是这么说。“你将住在一所漂亮的房子里，那里有许多小姑娘，你们可以一起玩，我会寄好多书给你，你会很快地长大，几乎要不了一年，你就长大起来了，能干得足可以回来照顾爸爸。”

她喜欢想这些事。替父亲管理家务；同他一起骑马，在他举行宴会时坐在餐桌的主位上；同他谈话和读他的书——这是她最喜爱的事，要是她必须到英国的“那个地方”去，她就必须下决心去。她倒不大在乎别的小姑娘，只要有许多书可以安慰自己就行了。她爱书胜过爱其他任何东西，事实上，她总是

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 arm 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-room into which they were ushered was covered by a carpet with a square pattern upon it, the chairs were square,

编一些情节动人的故事，讲给自己听。有时候她把故事讲给父亲听，他和她一样喜欢这些故事。

“好吧，爸爸，”她低声说，“我们既然到了这里，我想我们只好听天由命了。”

他听到她的这种老成的说法笑了，吻了吻她。他实在根本没想听天由命，但是他知道必须保守秘密。他的机灵的小萨拉，一直是他的好伙伴，他想到回到印度后，他将是一个孤独的人，当他走进平房时，就会知道自己不能指望见到穿白外衣的小人前来迎接他。因此他更紧地搂着她，这时马车驶进一个阴暗的大广场，坐落在广场上的那所房子就是他们的目的地。

这是一所宽大而阴暗的砖房，和那一排建筑物中其他房子完全一样，只是它的前门有一块发亮的铜牌，上面刻着黑体字：

明钦小姐 私立女子学校

“我们到了，萨拉，”克鲁上尉说，尽量使声音听上去显得快活一些。接着他把她从马车上抱下，登上台阶，拉响门铃。萨拉后来总觉得，这所房子不知怎的跟明钦小姐完全一样。它是体面的，家具也好，但室内的一切却很难看；就连扶手椅中间也仿佛有着硬梆梆的骨头。大厅里的每样东西都是坚硬的，擦得发亮，甚至角落里那只高大时钟的圆脸上，红润的双颊也透

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 quite as solemn as you are."

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

"Because you are such fun when you say them," he answered, laughing still more. And then suddenly he swept her into his arms and kissed her very hard, stopping laughing all at once and looking almost as if tears had come into his eyes.

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

"It will be a great privilege to have charge of such a beautiful and promising child, Captain Crewe," she said, taking Sara's hand and stroking it. "Lady Meredith has told me of

出一种严厉的光泽。接待他们的那间客厅里，铺着一块有正方形图案的地毯，几把椅子也是正方形的，一只笨重的大理石时钟摆在笨重的大理石壁炉架上。

萨拉在一把坚硬的红木椅上坐下，对周围迅速地看了一眼。

“我不喜欢这里，爸爸，”她说。“可是我敢说，士兵——即使是勇敢的士兵——也并不真正喜欢去打仗。”

克鲁上尉一听到这句话就放声大笑起来。他年轻，很风趣，从来都听不厌萨拉的奇谈怪论。

“啊，小萨拉，”他说，“要是没有人对我谈些一本正经的事情，我可怎么办呢？别的人都不像你那么一本正经。”

“可是一本正经的事为什么使你这样笑啊？”萨拉问。

“因为你说这些话时，是那么好玩，”他回答道，同时笑得更厉害了。接着他马上止住了笑，猛地把她抱在怀里，狠狠地亲她，看上去似乎就要掉下泪来。

正当这时，明钦小姐进来了。萨拉觉得她很像她的这所房子：既高大又阴沉，既体面又难看。她有一双冷漠、呆滞的大眼睛，脸上满是冷漠、呆滞的笑。她一见到萨拉和克鲁上尉，马上变得笑容可掬。有一位夫人把这所学校推荐给这位年轻的军人，她从这位夫人那里听到许多有关他的好话。其中，她听说这位父亲很富有，愿意在他的小女儿身上花一大笔钱。

“照管这么一位美丽的、有出息的孩子是极大的荣幸，克鲁上尉，”她边说边拉住萨拉的手，拍拍它。“梅雷迪思夫人告