

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ
ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

1
УРОВЕНЬ



Frances Eliza Hodgson Burnett
LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

Фрэнсис Элиза Бёрнетт
МАЛЕНЬКИЙ ЛОРД
ФАУНТЛЕРОЙ

словарь • комментарии

Легко читаем по-английски

Фрэнсис Элиза Ходжсон Бёрнетт
Маленький Лорд Фаунтлерой.
Уровень 1 / Little Lord Fauntleroy

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Не знаете, что ответить на письмо о том, что вам досталось солидное наследство? С «Маленьким Лордом Фаунтлероем» вы поймете, что написать тому юристу из Нигерии! Знаменитый роман Фрэнсис Ходжсон Бёрнетт рассказывает о юном Седрике — самом дружелюбном мальчике на свете. Прихотью судьбы он стал наследником своего дядюшки — сварливого английского лорда. Удастся ли ему поладить с тем, кто проклял его свободолюбивого отца? Фрэнсис Ходжсон Бёрнетт — англо-американская писательница, автор множества романов. Её книги для детей, такие как «Таинственный сад» и «Маленький лорд Фаунтлерой», уже больше 100 лет находят преданных поклонников среди читателей. Её стиль пронизывают мягкая ирония и постоянное присутствие волшебства, таящегося в мире вокруг. Мы сохранили этот авторский голос, сделав язык книги ощутимо доступнее для начинающих, благодаря адаптации. Текст адаптирован для начинающих изучение английского языка (уровень 1 — Beginner). Книга содержит словарь и подробные комментарии. Автор адаптации — Марина Максимовна Кузнецова.

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Бёрнетт Фрэнсис Ходжсон
Маленький Лорд Фаунтлерой.
Уровень 1 / Little Lord Fauntleroy

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Little Lord Fauntleroy

I

Cedric himself **knew nothing about it all**¹. He knew that his papa was an Englishman; but then his papa had died when he was so little that he could not remember very much about him, except that he was big, and had blue eyes and a long mustache. Since his papa's death, Cedric had found out that it was best not to talk to his mamma about him. When his father was ill, Cedric had been sent away, and when he had returned, everything was over. His mother was pale and thin, and all the **dimples**² disappeared from her pretty face, and her eyes looked large and sad, and she was dressed in black.

"Dearest," said Cedric (like his papa always called her) – "dearest, is my papa better?"

"Yes, he is well," she sobbed; "he is quite, quite well, but we-**we have no one left but each other**³. No one at all."

Then, little as he was, he understood that his big, handsome young papa would not come back any more. His mamma was an orphan, and quite alone in the world when his papa had married her. She was very pretty, and was living as a companion to a rich old lady who was not kind to her. One day Captain Cedric Errol saw her and she looked so sweet and innocent and so sad that the Captain could not forget her. And after many strange things had happened, they knew each other well and loved each other very much, and were married, although their marriage **brought them the ill-will**⁴ of several persons. The one who was most angry of all was the Captain's father. He lived in England, and was a very rich and important old **nobleman**⁵, with a very bad temper and a very strong dislike to America and Americans. He had two sons older than Captain Cedric; and it was the law that the elder of these sons should **inherit**⁶ the family title and estates. If the eldest son died, the next one would be **heir**⁷; so, though he was a member of such a great family, it was a small chance that Captain Cedric would be very rich.

But it happened so that **Nature had given gifts**⁸ only to the youngest son. He was beautiful, brave and generous, and had the kindest heart in the world, and seemed to have the power to make everyone love him. And it was not so with his elder brothers; they were not handsome, or very kind, or clever. The old Earl, their father, was constantly disappointed and **humiliated**⁹ by them; his heir was no honor to his noble name. It was in one of his **fits of petulance**¹⁰ that he sent the third son off to travel in America; **he thought he would send him away for a while**¹¹, so that he should not be made angry by constantly contrasting him with his brothers, who were at that time giving him a lot of trouble.

But, after about six months, he began to feel lonely, and secretly wished to see his son again, so he wrote to Captain Cedric and ordered him home. The letter he wrote crossed on its way a letter

¹ knew nothing about it all – ничего об этом не знал

² dimples – ямочки на щеках

³ we have no one left but each other – у нас с тобой больше никого нет

⁴ brought them the ill-will – навлек на них неприязнь

⁵ nobleman – дворянин, аристократ.

⁶ to inherit – наследовать

⁷ heir – наследник

⁸ Nature had given gifts – природа одарила талантами

⁹ humiliated – униженный

¹⁰ fits of petulance – приступы раздражительности

¹¹ he thought he would send him away for a while – он решил отослать его на время

the Captain had just written to his father, telling of his love for the pretty American girl, and of his intended marriage; and when the Earl received that letter he was very angry. For an hour he raged like a tiger, and then he sat down and wrote to his son, and ordered him never to come near his old home, nor to write to his father or brothers again. The Captain was very sad when he read the letter; he loved England, the home where he had been born, and even his **bad-tempered**¹² father. He had a small house on a quiet street, and his little boy was born there, and everything was so good and cheerful, in a simple way, that he was never sorry for a moment that he had married the rich old lady's pretty companion just because she was so sweet and he loved her and she loved him. She was very sweet, indeed, and her little boy was like both her and his father. In the first place, he was always well, and so he never gave anyone trouble; in the second place, he had such a sweet temper and was so **charming**¹³ that he was a pleasure to everyone; and in the third place, he was so beautiful to look at. And his manners were so good, for a baby, that it was **delightful**¹⁴ to make his **acquaintance**¹⁵. He seemed to feel that everyone was his friend. And every month of his life he grew more handsome and more interesting. As he grew older, he had a great many unusual little ways which amused and interested people greatly. When he was quite little, he learned to read; and after that he used to lie on the hearth-rug, in the evening, and read aloud.

His greatest friend was the grocery man at the corner. His name was Mr. Hobbs, and Cedric admired and respected him very much. It was quite surprising how many things they found to talk about—the Fourth of July, for instance. It was, perhaps, Mr. Hobbs who gave him his first interest in politics. Mr. Hobbs was fond of reading the newspapers, and so Cedric heard a great deal about what was going on in Washington; and Mr. Hobbs would tell him whether the President was doing his duty or not. And once, when there was an election, he found it all quite grand, and probably but for Mr. Hobbs and Cedric the country might have been wrecked.

Mr. Hobbs took him to see a great **torchlight procession**¹⁶, and many of the men who carried torches remembered afterward a **stout**¹⁷ man who held on his shoulder a handsome little shouting boy, who waved his cap in the air.

It was not long after this election, when Cedric was between seven and eight years old, that the very strange thing happened which made such a wonderful change in his life.

He was in the middle of their conversation with Mr. Hobbs, who was telling him how he hated lords and marquises, calling them **grasping tyrants**¹⁸, when Mary, an old servant of Mrs. Erroll, appeared.

She looked almost pale and as if she were excited about something.

“Come home, darling,” she said; “the mistress is waiting for you.”

“Does she want me to go out with her, Mary?” he asked. “Good morning, Mr. Hobbs. I’ll see you again.”

When he reached his own house there was a **coupe**¹⁹ standing before the door and someone was in the little **parlor**²⁰ talking to his mamma. A tall, thin old gentleman with a sharp face was sitting in an armchair. His mother was standing nearby with a pale face, and he saw that there were tears in her eyes.

¹² bad-tempered – вспыльчивый

¹³ charming – очаровательный

¹⁴ delightful – восхитительный

¹⁵ acquaintance – знакомство

¹⁶ torchlight procession – факельное шествие

¹⁷ stout – крепкий

¹⁸ grasping tyrants – жадные тираны

¹⁹ coupe – двухместная карета

²⁰ parlor – гостиная

“Oh! Ceddie!” she cried out, and ran to her little boy and caught him in her arms and kissed him in a worried way. “Oh! Ceddie, darling!”

The tall old gentleman stood up from his chair and looked at Cedric with his sharp eyes. He rubbed his thin chin with his skinny hand as he looked.

“And so,” he said at last, slowly, – “and so this is little Lord Fauntleroy.”

II

There was never a more amazed little boy than Cedric during the week that followed; there was never such a strange or unreal week. In the first place, the story his mamma told him was a very interesting one. He was **obliged**²¹ to hear it two or three times before he could understand it. It began with earls: his grandpapa, whom he had never seen, was an earl; and his eldest uncle, if he had not been killed by a fall from his horse, would have been an earl, too, in time; and after his death, his other uncle would have been an earl, if he had not died suddenly, in Rome, of a fever. After that, his own papa, if he had lived, would have been an earl, but, since they all had died and only Cedric was left, it appeared that HE was to be an earl after his grandpapa's death-and for the present he was Lord Fauntleroy.

When Mr. Havisham-who was the family lawyer of the Earl of Dorincourt, and who had been sent by him to bring Lord Fauntleroy to England-came the next day, Cedric heard many things. But, somehow, it did not comfort him to hear that he was to be a very rich man when he grew up. He was worried about his friend, Mr. Hobbs, and he went to see him at the store soon after breakfast.

He found him reading the morning paper, and he came to him with a serious look.

"Hello!" said Mr. Hobbs. "Morning!"

"Good morning," said Cedric.

He did not climb up on the high chair as usual, but sat down on a cracker-box and was so silent for a few moments that Mr. Hobbs finally looked up **inquiringly**²² over the top of his newspaper.

"Hello!" he said again.

Cedric gathered all his strength of mind together.

"Mr. Hobbs," he said, "do you remember what we were talking about yesterday morning?"

"Well," replied Mr. Hobbs, – "it seems to me it was England."

"Yes," said Cedric; "but just when Mary came for me, you know?"

"You said," he continued, "that you wouldn't let lords and marquises to come to your shop and sit around on your cracker-barrels."

"So I did!" returned Mr. Hobbs, stoutly. "And I meant it. Let them try it-that's all!"

"Mr. Hobbs," said Cedric, "one is sitting on this box now!"

Mr. Hobbs almost jumped out of his chair.

"What!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," Cedric announced, **with due modesty**²³; "I am one-or I am going to be. I won't lie to you. Mr. Havisham came all the way from England to tell us about it. My grandpapa sent him."

Mr. Hobbs stared wildly at the innocent, serious little face before him.

"Who is your grandfather?" he asked.

Cedric put his hand in his pocket and carefully took out a piece of paper.

"I couldn't easily remember it, so I wrote it down on this," he said. And he read aloud slowly: "John Arthur Molyneux Errol, Earl of Dorincourt.' That is his name, and he lives in a castle-in two or three castles, I think. And my papa, who died, was his youngest son; and I shouldn't have been a lord or an earl if my papa hadn't died; and my papa wouldn't have been an earl if his two brothers hadn't died. But they all died, and there is no one but me, and so I have to be one; and my grandpapa has sent for me to come to England."

"Wha-what did you say your name was?" Mr. Hobbs asked.

²¹ obliged – обязанный

²² inquiringly – вопросительно

²³ with due modesty – с должной скромностью

“It’s Cedric Errol, Lord Fauntleroy,” answered Cedric. “That was what Mr. Havisham called me. He said when I went into the room: ‘And so this is little Lord Fauntleroy!’”

“Well,” said Mr. Hobbs, “**I’ll be-jiggered!**²⁴”

This was an exclamation he always used when he was very much astonished or excited. He could think of nothing else to say just at that puzzling moment.

“You think,” said Mr. Hobbs, “there’s no getting out of it?”

“I’m afraid not,” answered Cedric. “My mamma says that my papa would wish me to do it. But if I have to be an earl, there’s one thing I can do: I can try to be a good one. I’m not going to be a tyrant. And if there is ever to be another war with America, I will try to stop it.”

His conversation with Mr. Hobbs was a long and serious one. Once having got over the first shock, Mr. Hobbs was not as angry as might have been expected; he had asked a great many questions. As Cedric could answer but few of them, he tried to answer them himself, and explained many things in a way which would probably have astonished Mr. Havisham, if he could have heard it.

When Mr. Havisham first told Mrs. Errol what he had come for, she turned very pale.

“Oh!” she said; “will he have to be taken away from me? We love each other so much! He is such a happiness to me! He is all I have. I have tried to be a good mother to him.” And her sweet young voice trembled, and the tears rushed into her eyes.

The lawyer cleared his throat.

“I am obliged to tell you,” he said, “that the Earl of Dorincourt is not-is not very friendly toward you. He is an old man, and his **prejudices**²⁵ are very strong. His plan is that Lord Fauntleroy will be educated under his own supervision; that he will live with him. The Earl is attached to Dorincourt Castle, and spends a great deal of time there. He is a victim to **inflammatory gout**²⁶, and is not fond of London. Lord Fauntleroy will, therefore, be likely to live at Dorincourt. The Earl offers you a home Court Lodge, which is not very far from the castle. He also offers you a suitable income. Lord Fauntleroy will be allowed to visit you; the only **stipulation**²⁷ is that you will not visit him or enter the park gates. You see you will not be really separated from your son, and I assure you, madam, the terms are not so harsh. The advantage of such surroundings and education as Lord Fauntleroy will have, I am sure you must see, will be very great.”

She went to the window and stood with her face turned away for a few moments, and he saw she was trying to calm herself down.

“Captain Errol was very fond of Dorincourt,” she said at last. “He loved England, and everything English. It was always a grief to him that he was parted from his home. He would wish-I know he would wish that his son should know the beautiful old places, and be brought up in such a way as would be suitable to his future position.”

Then she came back to the table and stood looking up at Mr. Havisham very gently.

“My husband would wish it,” she said. “It will be best for my little boy. I know-I am sure the Earl would not be so unkind as to try to teach him not to love me; and I know-even if he tried-that my little boy is too much like his father to be harmed. He has a warm, faithful nature, and a true heart. So long as we may see each other, I will not suffer very much.”

“Madam,” he said aloud, “I respect your consideration for your son. He will thank you for it when he is a man. I assure you Lord Fauntleroy will be most carefully guarded, and every effort will be used to guarantee his happiness.”

²⁴ I’ll be jiggered! – Будь я проклят!

²⁵ prejudices – предрассудки

²⁶ inflammatory gout – воспалительная подагра

²⁷ stipulation – условие

"I hope," said the tender little mother, in a rather broken voice, "that his grandfather will love Ceddie. The little boy has a very tender nature; and he has always been loved."

Mr. Havisham cleared his throat again. He could not quite imagine old Earl loving anyone very much. He knew, too, that if Ceddie were at all a credit to his name, his grandfather would be proud of him.

"Lord Fauntleroy will be comfortable, I am sure," he replied. "It was with a view to his happiness that the Earl desired that you should be near enough to him to see him often."

He did not think it would be **discreet**²⁸ to repeat the exact words the Earl had used, which were in fact neither polite nor friendly.

When the door opened, Mr. Havisham actually hesitated for a moment before looking at Cedric. It would, perhaps, have seemed very strange to a great many people who knew him, if they could have known the interesting sensations that passed through Mr. Havisham when he looked down at the boy, who ran into his mother's arms. He recognized in an instant that he was one of the finest and handsomest little fellows he had ever seen.

Cedric **did not know he was being observed**²⁹, and he only behaved himself in his ordinary manner. He shook hands with Mr. Havisham in his friendly way when they were introduced to each other, and he answered all his questions with the **unhesitating readiness**³⁰ with which he answered Mr. Hobbs.

That morning Mr. Havisham had quite a long conversation with Cedric. He asked Mrs. Errol to leave him and Cedric together. Mr. Havisham sat in an armchair on one side of the open window; on the other side was another still larger chair, and Cedric sat in that and looked at Mr. Havisham. There was a short silence after Mrs. Errol went out, and Cedric seemed to be studying Mr. Havisham, and Mr. Havisham was certainly studying Cedric. He could not make up his mind as to what an elderly gentleman should say to a little boy, who wore short **knickerbockers**³¹ and red stockings on legs which were not long enough to hang over a big chair when he sat well back in it.

But Cedric relieved him by suddenly beginning the conversation himself.

"Do you know," he said, "I don't know what an earl is?"

"Don't you?" said Mr. Havisham.

"No," replied Ceddie. "And I think when a boy is going to be one, he need to know it. Don't you?"

"Well-yes," answered Mr. Havisham.

"Would you mind," said Ceddie respectfully-"would you mind explaining it to me? What made him an earl?"

"A king or queen, in the first place," said Mr. Havisham. "Generally, he is made an earl because he has done some service to his **sovereign**³², or some great **deed**³³."

"Oh!" said Cedric; "that's like the President."

"Is it?" said Mr. Havisham. "Is that why your presidents are elected?"

"Yes," answered Ceddie cheerfully. "When a man is very good and knows a great deal, he is elected president. They have torch-light processions and bands, and everybody makes speeches. I used to think I might perhaps be a president, but I never thought of being an earl. I didn't know about earls,"

"It is rather different from being a president," said Mr. Havisham.

"Is it?" asked Cedric. "How? Are there no torch-light processions?"

²⁸ discreet – разумно

²⁹ did not know he was being observed – не знал, что его изучали

³⁰ unhesitating readiness – решительная готовность

³¹ knickerbockers – бриджи

³² sovereign – правитель

³³ deed – поступок, дело

Mr. Havisham crossed his own legs and put the tips of his fingers carefully together. He thought perhaps the time had come to explain matters rather more clearly.

"An earl is-is a very important person," he began.

"So is a president!" put in Ceddie. "The torch-light processions are five miles long, and they shoot up rockets, and the band plays! Mr. Hobbs took me to see them."

"An earl," Mr. Havisham went on, feeling rather uncertain, "is often of very ancient **lineage**³⁴."

"What's that?" asked Ceddie.

"Of very old family-extremely old."

"Ah!" said Cedric, thrusting his hands deeper into his pockets. "I suppose that is the way with the apple-woman near the park. I dare say she is of ancient lin-lineage. She's a hundred, I should think, and yet she is out there when it rains, even. I'm sorry for her. Billy Williams once had nearly a dollar, and I asked him to buy five cents' worth of apples from her every day until he had spent it all. That made twenty days, and he grew tired of apples after a week; but then-it was quite fortunate-a gentleman gave me fifty cents and I bought apples from her instead. You feel sorry for anyone that's so poor and has such ancient lin-lineage."

Mr. Havisham felt rather at a loss as he looked at his companion's innocent, serious little face.

"I am afraid you did not quite understand me," he explained. "When I said 'ancient lineage' I did not mean old age; I meant that the name of such a family has been known in the world for a long time; perhaps for hundreds of years persons bearing that name have been known and spoken of in the history of their country."

"Like George Washington," said Ceddie. "I've heard of him ever since I was born, and he was known about, long before that. Mr. Hobbs says he will never be forgotten. That's because of the Declaration of Independence, you know, and the Fourth of July. You see, he was a very brave man."

"The first Earl of Dorincourt," said Mr. Havisham solemnly, "was created an earl four hundred years ago."

"Well, well!" said Ceddie. "That was a long time ago! Did you tell Dearest that? We'll tell her when she comes in. She always likes to hear interesting things. What else does an earl do besides being created?"

"A great many of them have helped to govern England. Some of them have been brave men and have fought in great battles in the old days."

"**I should like to do that myself**³⁵," said Cedric. "My papa was a soldier, and he was a very brave man-as brave as George Washington. Perhaps that was because he would have been an earl if he hadn't died. I am glad earls are brave. That's a great advantage-to be a brave man. Once I used to be rather afraid of things-in the dark, you know; but when I thought about the soldiers in the Revolution and George Washington-it cured me."

"There is another advantage in being an earl, sometimes," said Mr. Havisham slowly, and he fixed his shrewd eyes on the little boy with a rather interesting expression. "Some earls have a great deal of money."

He was interested because he wondered if his young friend knew what the power of money was.

"That's a good thing to have," said Ceddie innocently. "I wish I had a great deal of money."

"Do you?" said Mr. Havisham. "And why?"

"Well," explained Cedric, "there are so many things a person can do with money. You see, there's the apple-woman. If I were very rich I should buy her a little tent to put her counter in, and then I should give her a dollar every morning it rained, so that she could afford to stay at home. And then-oh! I'd give her a shawl. And, you see, her bones wouldn't feel so bad. Her bones are not like

³⁴ lineage – родословная, род

³⁵ I should like to do that myself – я и сам бы от этого не отказался

our bones; they hurt her when she moves. It's very painful when your bones hurt you. If I were rich enough to do all those things for her, I guess her bones would be all right."

"Ahem!" said Mr. Havisham. "And what else would you do if you were rich?"

"Oh! I'd do a great many things. Of course I should buy Dearest all sorts of beautiful things, needle-books and gold thimbles and rings, and an encyclopedia, and a carriage, so that she needn't have to wait for the street-cars. If she liked pink silk dresses, I should buy her some, but she likes black best. But I'd take her to the big stores, and tell her to look around and choose for herself. And then Dick-"

"Who is Dick?" asked Mr. Havisham.

"Dick is a **boot-black**³⁶," said his young lordship, quite warming up in his interest in plans. "He is one of the nicest boot-blacks you ever knew. He stands at the corner of a street down-town. I've known him for years."

"And what would you like to do for him?" inquired the lawyer, rubbing his chin and smiling a strange smile.

"Well," said Lord Fauntleroy, "I'd buy Jake out."

"And who is Jake?" Mr. Havisham asked.

"He's Dick's partner, and he is the worst partner a fellow could have! Dick says so. He cheats, and that makes Dick mad. It would make you mad, you know, if you were blacking boots as hard as you could, and your partner did not. People like Dick, but they don't like Jake, and so sometimes they don't come twice. So if I were rich, I'd buy Jake out and get Dick a 'boss' sign-he says a 'boss' sign goes a long way; and I'd get him some new clothes and new brushes, and start him out fair. He says all he wants is to start out fair."

"Is there anything-" he began. "What would you get for yourself, if you were rich?"

"Lots of things!" answered Lord Fauntleroy briskly; "but first I'd give Mary some money for Bridget-that's her sister, with twelve children, and a husband out of work. She comes here and cries, and Dearest gives her things in a basket, and then she cries again, and says: 'Blessings be on you, for a beautiful lady.' And I think Mr. Hobbs would like a gold watch and chain to remember me by, and a **meerscham pipe**³⁷."

The door opened and Mrs. Errol came in.

"I am sorry to have been obliged to leave you so long," she said to Mr. Havisham; "but a poor woman, who is in great trouble, came to see me."

"This young gentleman," said Mr. Havisham, "has been telling me about some of his friends, and what he would do for them if he were rich."

"Bridget is one of his friends," said Mrs. Errol; "and it is Bridget to whom I have been talking in the kitchen. She is in great trouble now because her husband has **rheumatic fever**³⁸."

Cedric slipped down out of his big chair.

"I think I'll go and see her," he said, "and ask her how he is. He's a nice man when he is well. He once made me a sword out of wood. He's a very talented man."

He ran out of the room, and Mr. Havisham stood up from his chair. He seemed to have something in his mind which he wished to speak of.

He hesitated for a moment, and then said, looking down at Mrs. Errol:

"Before I left Dorincourt Castle, I had an interview with the Earl, in which he gave me some instructions. He wants his grandson to look forward with some pleasure to his future life in England, and also to his **acquaintance**³⁹ with himself. He said that I must let his lordship know that the change

³⁶ boot-black – чистильщик обуви

³⁷ meerscham pipe – пенковая трубка

³⁸ rheumatic fever – ревматическая лихорадка

³⁹ acquaintance – знакомство

in his life would bring him money and the pleasures children enjoy; if he expressed any wishes, **I was togratify**⁴⁰ them, and to tell him that his grandfather had given him what he wished. I am aware that the Earl did not expect anything quite like this; but if it would give Lord Fauntleroy pleasure to help this poor woman, I believe that the Earl would be displeased if he was not gratified.”

“Oh!” she said, “that was very kind of the Earl; Cedric will be so glad! He has always been fond of Bridget and Michael. I have often wished I had been able to help them more. Michael is a hard-working man when he is well, but he has been ill a long time and needs expensive medicines and warm clothing and **nourishing food**⁴¹. He and Bridget will not be wasteful of what is given them.”

Mr. Havisham put his thin hand in his breast pocket and drew forth a large pocket-book.

“I do not know that you have realized,” he said, “that the Earl of Dorincourt is an exceedingly rich man. If you will call Lord Fauntleroy back and allow me, I will give him five pounds for these people.”

“That would be twenty-five dollars!” exclaimed Mrs. Errol. “It will seem like wealth to them. I can hardly believe that it is true.”

“It is quite true,” said Mr. Havisham, with a dry smile. “A great change has taken place in your son’s life, a great deal of power will lie in his hands.”

Then his mother went for Cedric and brought him back into the parlor.

His little face looked quite anxious when he came in. He was very sorry for Bridget.

“Dearest said you wanted me,” he said to Mr. Havisham. “I’ve been talking to Bridget.”

Mr. Havisham looked down at him for a moment.

“The Earl of Dorincourt-” he began, and then he **glanced involuntarily**⁴² at Mrs. Errol.

Little Lord Fauntleroy’s mother suddenly kneeled down by him and put both her tender arms around his childish body.

“Ceddie,” she said, “the Earl is your grandpapa, your own papa’s father. He wishes you to be happy and to make other people happy. He told Mr. Havisham so, and gave him a great deal of money for you. You can give some to Bridget now; enough to pay her rent and buy Michael everything. Isn’t that fine, Ceddie? Isn’t he good?” And she kissed the child on his round cheek, where the bright color suddenly flashed up in his excited amazement.

He looked from his mother to Mr. Havisham.

“Can I have it now?” he cried. “Can I give it to her this minute? She’s just going.”

Mr. Havisham handed him the money and Ceddie flew out of the room with it.

“Bridget!” they heard him shout, as he ran into the kitchen. “Bridget, wait a minute! Here’s some money. It’s for you, and you can pay the rent. My grandpapa gave it to me. It’s for you and Michael!”

“Oh, Master Ceddie!” cried Bridget, in an **awe-stricken**⁴³ voice. “It’s twenty-five dollars here. Where is the mistress?”

“I think I will have to go and explain it to her,” Mrs. Errol said.

So she, too, went out of the room and Mr. Havisham was left alone for a while.

Cedric and his mother came back soon after. Cedric was **in high spirits**⁴⁴. He sat down in his own chair, between his mother and the lawyer.

“She cried!” he said. “She said she was crying for joy! I never saw anyone cry for joy before. My grandpapa must be a very good man. I didn’t know he was such a good man. It’s more-more agreeable to be an earl than I thought it was.”

⁴⁰ I was to gratify – я должен был удовлетворить их

⁴¹ nourishing food – питательная пища

⁴² glanced involuntarily – невольно взглянул

⁴³ awe-stricken – охваченный благоговейным страхом

⁴⁴ in high spirits – в приподнятом настроении

III

In the week before they sailed for England he did many interesting things. The lawyer long after remembered the morning they went down-town together to visit to Dick, and the afternoon they so amazed the apple-woman of ancient lineage by stopping before her stall and telling her she was to have a tent, and a shawl, and a sum of money which seemed to her quite wonderful.

The interview with Dick was quite exciting. Dick had just been having a great deal of trouble with Jake, and was in low spirits when they saw him. Lord Fauntleroy's manner of announcing the object of his visit was very simple and unceremonious. Mr. Havisham was much impressed by its directness as he stood by and listened. The statement that his old friend had become a lord, and was in danger of being an earl if he lived long enough, caused Dick to open his eyes and mouth.

And the end of the matter was that Dick actually bought Jake out, and found himself the possessor of the business and some new brushes and a most wonderful sign and outfit. He could not believe in his good luck any more easily than the apple-woman of ancient lineage could believe in hers; He hardly seemed to realize anything until Cedric put out his hand to shake hands with him before going away.

"Well, goodbye," Cedric said; and though he tried to speak confidently, there was a little tremble in his voice and he winked his big brown eyes. "And I hope trade'll be good. I'm sorry I'm going away to leave you, but perhaps I shall come back again when I'm an earl. And I wish you'd write to me, because we were always good friends. And if you write to me, here's where you must send your letter." And he gave him a slip of paper. "And my name isn't Cedric Errol anymore; it's Lord Fauntleroy and-and goodbye, Dick."

Until the day of his departure, his lordship spent as much time as possible with Mr. Hobbs in the store. When his young friend brought to him in triumph the parting gift of a gold watch and chain, Mr. Hobbs found it difficult to acknowledge it properly. He laid the case on his stout knee, and blew his nose violently several times.

"There's something written on it," said Cedric, – "inside the case. I told the man myself what to say. 'From his oldest friend, Lord Fauntleroy, to Mr. Hobbs. When you see this, remember me.'"

Mr. Hobbs blew his nose very loudly again.

"I will not forget you," he said, speaking a little huskily; "nor don't you go and forget me when you get among the British aristocracy."

"I would not forget you, whoever I was among," answered his lordship. "I've spent my happiest hours with you; at least, some of them. I hope you'll come to see me sometime. I'm sure my grandpapa would be very much pleased."

"I'd come to see you," replied Mr. Hobbs.

At last all the preparations were complete; the day came when the trunks were taken to the steamer. It was just at the very last, when someone hurriedly forcing his way through people came toward Cedric. It was a boy, with something red in his hand. It was Dick. He came up to Cedric quite breathless.

"I've run all the way," he said. "I've come down to see you. Trade's been prime! I bought this for you out of what I made yesterday. You can wear it **when you get among the swells**⁴⁵. It's a handkerchief."

He poured it all forth as if in one sentence. A bell rang, and he made a leap away before Cedric had time to speak.

⁴⁵ when you get among the swells – когда будешь среди важных шишек

“Goodbye!” he panted. “Wear it when you get among the swells.” And he **darted off**⁴⁶ and was gone.

Cedric held the handkerchief in his hand. It was of bright red silk ornamented with purple horseshoes and horses’ heads.

Little Lord Fauntleroy leaned forward and waved the red handkerchief.

“Goodbye, Dick!” he shouted, lustily. “Thank you! Goodbye, Dick!”

And the big steamer moved away, and the people cheered again, and Cedric’s mother drew the veil over her eyes.

⁴⁶ darted off – бросился прочь

IV

It was during the voyage that Cedric's mother told him that his home was not to be hers; and when he first understood it, his grief was so great that Mr. Havisham saw that the Earl had been wise in making the arrangements that his mother should be quite near him, and see him often. But his mother managed the little fellow so sweetly and lovingly, and made him feel that she would be so near him, that, after a while, he forgot any fear.

He could not but feel puzzled by such a strange state of affairs, which could put his "Dearest" in one house and himself in another. The fact was that Mrs. Errol had thought it better not to tell him why this plan had been made.

"I prefer he should not be told," she said to Mr. Havisham. "He would not really understand; he would only be shocked and hurt; and I feel sure that his feeling for the Earl will be a more natural one if he does not know that his grandfather dislikes me so bitterly. It is better for him that he should not be told until he is much older, and it is far better for the Earl. It would make a barrier between them, even though Ceddie is such a child."

So Cedric only knew that there was some mysterious reason for the arrangement, some reason which he was not old enough to understand, but which would be explained when he was older.

It was eleven days after he had said goodbye to his friend Dick before he reached Liverpool; and it was on the night of the twelfth day that the carriage in which he and his mother and Mr. Havisham had driven from the station stopped before the gates of Court Lodge. Mary had come with them to attend her mistress, and she had reached the house before them. When Cedric jumped out of the carriage he saw one or two servants standing in the wide, bright hall, and Mary stood in the door-way.

Lord Fauntleroy sprang at her with a happy little shout.

"Did you get here, Mary?" he said. "Here's Mary, Dearest," and he kissed the maid on her rough red cheek.

"I am glad you are here, Mary," Mrs. Errol said to her in a low voice. "It is such a comfort to me to see you. It takes the strangeness away."

Cedric pulled off his overcoat quite as if he were used to doing things for himself, and began to look around him. He looked around the broad hall, at the pictures and **stags' antlers**⁴⁷ and interesting things that ornamented it. Mary led them upstairs to a bright bedroom where a fire was burning, and a large snow-white Persian cat was sleeping luxuriously on the white fur **hearth-rug**⁴⁸.

"It was the house-keeper up at the Castle, ma'am, sent her to you," explained Mary. "She is a kind-hearted lady and has had everything done to prepare for you. And she said to say the big cat sleeping on the rug might make the room more homelike to you."

When they were ready, they went downstairs into another big bright room. The stately white cat had responded to Lord Fauntleroy's stroking and followed him downstairs, and when he threw himself down upon the rug, she curled herself up grandly beside him as if she intended to make friends. Cedric was so pleased that he put his head down by hers, and lay stroking her, not noticing what his mother and Mr. Havisham were saying.

They were, indeed, speaking in a rather low tone. Mrs. Errol looked a little pale and agitated.

"Does he need to go tonight?" she said. "May he stay with me tonight?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Havisham in the same low tone; "it will not be necessary for him to go tonight. I myself will go to the Castle as soon as we have dined, and inform the Earl of our arrival."

Then she looked at the lawyer. "Will you tell him, if you please," she said, "that I do not want the money?"

⁴⁷ stags' antlers – олени рога

⁴⁸ hearth-rug – каминный коврик

“The money!” Mr. Havisham exclaimed. “You can not mean the income he proposed to settle upon you!”

“Yes,” she answered, quite simply; “I think I should rather not have it. I am obliged to accept the house, and I thank him for it, because it makes it possible for me to be near my child; but I have a little money of my own, – enough to live simply upon, – and I should rather not take the other. As he dislikes me so much, I should feel a little as if I were selling Cedric to him. I am giving him up only because I love him enough to forget myself for his good, and because his father would wish it to be so.”

Mr. Havisham rubbed his chin.

“This is very strange,” he said. “He will be very angry. He won’t understand it.”

“I think he will understand it after he thinks it over,” she said. “I do not really need the money, and why should I accept luxuries from the man who hates me so much that he takes my little boy from me-his son’s child?”

Mr. Havisham looked reflective for a few moments.

“I will deliver your message,” he said afterward.

When, later in the evening, Mr. Havisham presented himself at the Castle, he was taken at once to the Earl. He found him sitting by the fire in a luxurious easy-chair, his foot on a gout-stool. He looked at the lawyer sharply from under his shaggy eyebrows, but Mr. Havisham could see that, in spite of his pretense at calmness, he was nervous and secretly excited.

“Well,” he said; “well, Havisham, come back, have you? What’s the news?”

“Lord Fauntleroy and his mother are at Court Lodge,” replied Mr. Havisham. “They bore the voyage very well and are in excellent health.”

The Earl made a half-impatient sound and moved his hand restlessly.

“Glad to hear it,” he said brusquely. “So far, so good. Have a glass of wine and settle down. What else?”

Mr. Havisham drank a little of the glass of port he had poured out for himself, and sat holding it in his hand.

“It is rather difficult to judge of the character of a child of seven,” he said cautiously.

“A fool, is he?” the Earl exclaimed. “Or a clumsy cub? His American blood tells, does it?”

“I do not think it has injured him, my lord,” replied the lawyer in his dry, **deliberate**⁴⁹ fashion. “I don’t know much about children, but I thought him to be rather a fine lad.”

“Healthy and well-grown?” asked my lord.

“Apparently very healthy, and quite well-grown,” replied the lawyer.

“Straight-limbed and well enough to look at?” demanded the Earl.

A very slight smile touched Mr. Havisham’s thin lips.

“Rather a handsome boy, I think, my lord, as boys go,” he said, “though I am hardly a judge, perhaps. But you will find him somewhat different from most English children, I dare say.”

“I haven’t a doubt of that,” snarled the Earl, a twinge of gout seizing him. “A lot of **impudent**⁵⁰ little **beggars**⁵¹, those American children; I’ve heard that often enough.”

“It is not exactly impudence in his case,” said Mr. Havisham. “I can hardly describe what the difference is. He has lived more with older people than with children, and the difference seems to be a mixture of maturity and childishness.”

“American impudence!” protested the Earl. “I’ve heard of it before. They call it **precocity**⁵² and freedom. Beastly, impudent bad manners; that’s what it is!”

⁴⁹ deliberate – обдуманный

⁵⁰ impudent – наглый

⁵¹ beggars – бедняки, попрошайки

⁵² precocity – зрелость, раннее развитие

Mr. Havisham drank some more.

"I have a message to deliver from Mrs. Errol," he remarked.

"I don't want any of her messages!" growled his lordship; "the less I hear of her the better."

"This is a rather important one," explained the lawyer. "She prefers not to accept the income you proposed to settle on her. She says it is not necessary, and that as the relations between you are not friendly—"

"Not friendly!" exclaimed my lord savagely; "I should say they were not friendly! I hate to think of her! A mercenary, sharp-voiced American! I don't wish to see her."

"My lord," said Mr. Havisham, "you can hardly call her mercenary. She has asked for nothing. She does not accept the money you offer her."

"All done for effect!" snapped his noble lordship. "She wants to trick me into seeing her. She thinks I will admire her spirit. I don't admire it! I won't have her living like a beggar at my park gates. As she's the boy's mother, she has a position to keep up, and she will keep it up. She will have the money, whether she likes it or not!"

"She won't spend it," said Mr. Havisham.

"I don't care whether she spends it or not!" blustered my lord. "She will have it sent to her. She will not tell people that she has to live like a beggar because I have done nothing for her! She wants to give the boy a bad opinion of me! I suppose she has poisoned his mind against me already!"

"No," said Mr. Havisham. "I have another message, which will prove to you that she has not done that."

"I don't want to hear it!" panted the Earl, out of breath with anger and excitement and gout.

But Mr. Havisham delivered it.

"She asks you not to let Lord Fauntleroy hear anything which would lead him to understand that you separate him from her because of your prejudice against her. She says he will not understand it, and it might make him fear you in some measure, or at least cause him to feel less affection for you. She has told him that he is too young to understand the reason, but will hear it when he is older. She wishes that there should be no shadow on your first meeting."

The Earl sank back into his chair. His deep-set fierce old eyes gleamed under his brows.

"Come, now!" he said, still breathlessly. "Come, now! You don't mean the mother hasn't told him?"

"Not one word, my lord," replied the lawyer calmly. "That I can assure you. The child is prepared to believe you to be the most friendly and loving of grandparents. Nothing-absolutely nothing has been said to him to give him the slightest doubt of your perfection. And as I carried out your commands in every detail, while in New York, he certainly regards you as a wonder of generosity."

"He does, eh?" said the Earl.

"I give you my word of honor," said Mr. Havisham, "that Lord Fauntleroy's impressions of you will depend entirely upon yourself. And if you will pardon the liberty I take in making the suggestion, I think you will succeed better with him if you take the precaution not to speak badly of his mother."

V

It was late in the afternoon when the carriage with little Lord Fauntleroy and Mr. Havisham drove up the long road which led to the castle.

When the carriage reached the great gates of the park, Cedric looked out of the window to get a good view of the huge stone lions ornamenting the entrance. The gates were opened by a motherly, rosy-looking woman, who came out of a pretty lodge.

The carriage rolled on and on between the great, beautiful trees which grew on each side of the road and stretched their broad, swaying branches in an arch across it. Cedric had never seen such trees, – they were so grand and stately, and their branches grew so low down. Every few minutes he saw something new to wonder at and admire. When he caught sight of the deer, some couched in the grass, some standing with their pretty antlered heads turned toward the road as the carriage wheels disturbed them, he was enchanted.

It was not long after this that they saw the castle. It stood up before them stately and beautiful and gray, the last rays of the sun casting dazzling lights on its many windows. Cedric saw the great entrance-door thrown open and many servants standing in two lines looking at him. He wondered why they were standing there. He did not know that they were there to do honor to the little boy to whom all of this would one day belong. At the head of the line of servants there stood an elderly woman in a rich, plain black silk gown; she had gray hair and wore a cap. As he entered the hall she stood nearer than the rest, and the child thought from the look in her eyes that she was going to speak to him. Mr. Havisham, who held his hand, paused for a moment.

“This is Lord Fauntleroy, Mrs. Mellon,” he said. “Lord Fauntleroy, this is Mrs. Mellon, who is the housekeeper.”

Cedric gave her his hand, his eyes lighting up.

“Was it you who sent the cat?” he said. “I’m much obliged to you, ma’am.”

Mrs. Mellon’s handsome old face looked as pleased as the face of the lodge-keeper’s wife had done. She smiled down on him.

“The cat left two beautiful kittens here,” she said; “they will be sent up to your lordship’s nursery.”

Mr. Havisham said a few words to her in a low voice.

“In the library, sir,” Mrs. Mellon replied. “His lordship is to be taken there alone.”

A few minutes later, the very tall footman, who had escorted Cedric to the library door, opened it and announced: “Lord Fauntleroy, my lord,” in quite a majestic tone.

Cedric walked into the room. It was a very large and wonderful room, with massive carven furniture in it, and shelves upon shelves of books. For a moment Cedric thought there was nobody in the room, but soon he saw that by the fire burning on the wide hearth there was a large easy-chair and that in that chair someone was sitting-someone who did not at first turn to look at him.

But he had attracted attention in one quarter at least. On the floor, by the armchair, lay a dog, a huge tawny mastiff, with body and limbs almost as big as a lion’s; and this great creature stood up majestically and slowly, and marched toward the little fellow with a heavy step.

Then the person in the chair spoke. “Dougal,” he called, “come back, sir.”

But there was no more fear in little Lord Fauntleroy’s heart than there was unkindness-he had been a brave little fellow all his life. He put his hand on the big dog’s collar in the most natural way in the world, and they strayed forward together, Dougal sniffing as he went.

And then the Earl looked up. What Cedric saw was a large old man with shaggy white hair and eyebrows, and a nose like an **eagle’s beak**⁵³ between his deep, fierce eyes. There was a sudden glow

⁵³ eagle’s beak – орлиный клюв

of triumph in the fiery old Earl's heart as he saw what a strong, beautiful boy this grandson was, and how unhesitatingly he looked up as he stood with his hand on the big dog's neck.

Cedric looked at him just as he had looked at the woman at the lodge and at the housekeeper, and came quite close to him.

"Are you the Earl?" he said. "I'm your grandson, you know, that Mr. Havisham brought. I'm Lord Fauntleroy."

He held out his hand because he thought it must be the polite and proper thing to do even with earls. "I hope you are very well," he continued, with extreme friendliness. "I'm very glad to see you."

The Earl shook hands with him, with an interesting gleam in his eyes; just at first, he was so **astonished**⁵⁴ that he hardly knew what to say.

There was a chair near him, and Cedric sat down on it.

"I've kept wondering what you would look like," he remarked. "I used to lie in my bed on the ship and wonder if you would be anything like my father."

"Am I?" asked the Earl.

"Well," Cedric replied, "I was very young when he died, and I may not remember exactly how he looked, but I don't think you are like him."

"You are disappointed, I suppose?" suggested his grandfather.

"Oh, no," responded Cedric politely. "Of course you would like anyone to look like your father; but of course you would enjoy the way your grandfather looked, even if he wasn't like your father. You know how it is yourself about admiring your relations."

The Earl leaned back in his chair and stared.

"Any boy would love his grandfather," continued Lord Fauntleroy, "especially one that had been as kind to him as you have been."

Another strange gleam came into the old nobleman's eyes.

"Oh!" he said, "I have been kind to you, have I?"

"Yes," answered Lord Fauntleroy brightly; "I'm ever so much obliged to you about Bridget, and the apple-woman, and Dick."

"Bridget!" exclaimed the Earl. "Dick! The apple-woman!"

"Yes!" explained Cedric; "the ones you gave me all that money for-the money you told Mr. Havisham to give me if I wanted it."

"Ha!" exclaimed his lordship. "That's it, is it? The money you were to spend as you liked. What did you buy with it? I would like to hear something about that."

"Oh!" said Lord Fauntleroy, "perhaps you didn't know about Dick and the apple-woman and Bridget. I forgot you lived such a long way off from them. They were particular friends of mine. And you see Michael had the fever-"

⁵⁴ astonished – пораженный, восхищенный

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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