



读◆名◆著 学◆英◆文

# 洛娜·杜恩

*Lorna Doone*

〔英〕理·多·布莱克莫尔 原著

赵雅君 编译

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*Lorna Doone*  
**洛娜·杜恩**

A decorative flourish consisting of two symmetrical, flowing lines that curve upwards and then downwards, meeting in the center.



# Chapter 1

My name is John Ridd, and I lived in Oare, a village in the county of Somerset. I am just a plain and ignoramus man. And these were what I have seen and had a share in some events of our neighborhood.

My father, the elder John Ridd, inherited from many generations a farm. Our farm was the best and largest in this part. He admired learning very much, so he sent me his only son to school at Tiverton, in the county of Devon. By the time I was twelve years old, and I had to leave school afterward.

Now I would tell you why and how did I leave Tiverton School. On the 29th day of November, in the year of 1673, it was the very day when I was twelve years old.

That day we were talking about something at the gate of School. A boy would not allow my elbow room, and struck hard in my stomach. I was so angry that I hit him straightway in the face. While we were fighting against each other, suddenly two horses came round the corner and a red-faced man was on the bigger one.

"Excuse me," he said, "can you tell me where our John Ridd would be?"

The man was John Fry, a servant at our home.

"Oh, John, John," I cried, "what are you coming here for? The holidays don't begin till Wednesday two weeks later, John. Don't you know that?"

# 第一章

我叫约翰·里德，住在萨默塞特郡的奥尔村。我是一个普普通通、没有文化的人。以下我要讲述的是我亲眼见到并参与过的我们这里发生过的一些大事。

我父亲老约翰·里德，他合法继承了祖辈留传下来的一个农庄，我们的农庄是这里最好的，也是最大的。他非常重视学识，而且就我一个儿子，于是就把我送到德文郡的蒂弗顿去受教育。可是到了十二岁的时候我就不得不辍学了。

现在我要讲讲我为什么、又是怎么离开蒂弗顿学校的。公元 1673 年 11 月 29 日，那天我正好十二岁。

那天我们正好在大门口谈天说地，一个孩子挤得我连胳膊都没地儿放了，还在我肚子上狠狠地撞了一下。我生气了，照着脸就给了他一巴掌。我们正打着，就在这时突然出现了两匹马，那匹大点儿的马上坐着一个红脸的汉子。

“劳驾，”他说，“能告诉我咱们的约翰·里德在哪儿吗？”

这个人约翰·弗赖伊，他是我们家的仆人。

“唉，约翰，约翰，”我叫道，“你这会儿到这边来干什么呀？两礼拜后的星期三才开始放假呢，约翰，你不知道吗？”

John Fry leaned forward in the saddle, and turned his eyes away from me, and said: "Oh, I know that well enough, John. .... Your mother is waiting for you at home..."

He stopped suddenly, and frightened me. I knew John Fry's way so well.

"And father, oh, how is father?" I pushed the boys right and left as I said it. "John, is father up in town? He always used to come for me, and leave nobody else to do it."

"Your father couldn't leave house now because Christmas is coming and he is very busy."

He looked at the horse's ears as he said it. I knew that it was a lie, and had no mind in fighting against anybody now.

"Come up, John," said one of the boys, "Fight, for the junior first."

"Ridd, you must go through with it," said another boy. The children all urged me to fight back.

"No," I said, "I will not fight against you now, Robin Snell, but wait till I come back again."

"Take coward's blow, Jack Ridd, then," cried half a dozen little boys,

"Shall I fight, John?" I said at last, "I would if you had not come, John."

"I think you had better fight, boy, there will be a great deal of fights awaiting you. Best have a start, boy."

Moreover, I felt on me now a certain responsibility and a duty in the presence of John Fry, to maintain the manliness of the Ridd family.

约翰·弗赖伊在马鞍上向前探着身子，把眼光从我身上移开了，说：“哦，我知道得很清楚，约翰少爷。……你妈妈正在家里等你……”

他突然住了口，可把我给吓坏了。约翰·弗赖伊的说话习惯我是清楚的。

“爸爸呢，爸爸好吗？”我一边说一边把孩子们往左右推开，“约翰，爸爸到镇上来了吧？他总是自己来接我的，从没让别人来过。”

“你爸爸不能离家，因为圣诞节快到了，他很忙。”

他说话的时候一直在看着马的耳朵。我知道他在撒谎，再也没有心情跟人打架了。

“来吧，约翰，”一个孩子说，“打吧，为了一年级的荣誉。”

“里德，你必须干到底。”另一个孩子说。他们都围着我催我动手。

“不，”我说，“我现在不跟你打，罗宾·斯奈尔，等我回来再说。”

“那就挨一下胆小鬼该挨的拳头吧，约翰·里德。”五六个小孩叫道。

“我打不打，约翰？”最后我开口了，“你要是没来，约翰，我是要打的。”

“我看你还是打吧，孩子，你将来有的是架要打，最好现在就开始。”

这时候我觉得自己有了一种责任，一种义务，必须在约翰·弗赖伊面前保持里德家族的男子汉气概。

Robin seized me by the hand and looked at me sneeringly. Then he hit me so hard in the face before I could fight against him. I hit back with all my strength and so the real fighting has begun. I knew nothing but that I would rather die if I bring any shame to my hometown. How the rest of the fighting was I did not know, only that I had the end of it, and helped to put Robin in bed. On the early morning next day I and Fry left the school.

The day was warm and foggy, and the road was difficult with bog ways where it was hard for us to find the correct road, and both horses sweated. It was high noon before we got to Dulverton that day. Now John Fry went into the hostel and shouted as loud as if he was calling sheep at Exmoor.

"Hot mutton pie for two, at number five, in five minutes! "

When the mutton pie was done, and the two horses had been fed well also, I went out to wash at the pump.

Then a lady's-maid came out, it gave me quite a turn to see her. I had no clothes on me now, a child as I was. But she looked at me, and was not shy at all. No doubt that she made a baby of me. I tried to hide myself behind the pump, and to get my shirt on. But to me she said, "Good little boy, come here to me. Ah, who the blamed has beaten you black and blue?"

"If you please, madam, I must go. John Fry is waiting by the door, If you please, we must get home tonight."

"Well, well, you shall go. How far it is to the bank of the sea at Wash?"

"You mean Watchett, madam? Oh, a very long way, and the roads are soft, too."

罗宾抓住我的手，轻蔑地瞪着我，随即在我脸上狠狠地给了一拳，我都没来得及招架。我用全部力量回击了罗宾，战斗真正地开始了。我只知道我宁死也不辱没我的家乡，其余的一切我便知道了，只知道我打到了底，并帮着大家把罗宾抬到了床上。第二天一早我和弗莱伊离开了学校。

那天天气很暖和，有点雾，只是一路上并不好走，有些地方是沼泽地，连路都找不出来。两匹马都汗淋淋的。我们赶到德沃顿的时候天已正午。约翰·弗赖伊迈步走进客店，好像是在埃克斯默叫唤羊似的大声吆喝道：

“来两份儿热羊肉馅饼，五号座，五分钟内就要！”

等我们吃完了馅饼，两匹马也填满了肚子，我就走到外面水泵旁边去冲洗。

这时一位夫人的侍女走了出来，瞥见她，我吓了一跳，因为尽管我还小，可上身全光着呢。她看着我，却一点也不感到害羞，毫无疑问，她把我当成个小娃娃了。我赶紧往水泵后面躲，迫不及待地要把衣衫穿上，她却说道，“好孩子，到我这儿来。哎呀，你这是让哪个混蛋打得青一块紫一块的？”

“对不起，小姐，我得走了，约翰·弗赖伊在门口等我呢。请您原谅，我们今晚必须赶到家。”

“好，好，你可以走，从这儿到沃什海岸有多远？”

“您是指沃切特吧，小姐？哦，那可远着呢，路面也太软，不好走。”

“Oh-ah, oh-ah—I shall remember, dear, and give me some water.” I did not know what she meant by that, yet I tried to pumped water for her.

We started again. Suddenly turning a corner of trees, we came across a great coach. The coach was new of city-make. It was opened halfway because it was fug-gy. In the coach sat the foreign lady, who had met me at the pump. By her side was a little girl, dark-haired and very beautiful. And in the honourable place sat a handsome lady, a lovely boy was close to her, two or three years old, he was staring at all and everybody.

We did not see them any more after that, but turned into the sideway. The road got worse and worse, until there was none at all.

John Fry was almost asleep on the horse. “Hold up, John,” I cried, when his horse was about to fall on his foot.

“My God! Where are we now?” said John Fry, waking suddenly; “Do you know, John?”

“No indeed, John. I only heard your snoring.”

For a while, when the fog cleared, I saw something hanging from the tree ahead.

“Who is it hanging in the chain there, John?” I asked, “Have they hanged one of the Doones then?”

“Hang a Doone! Don’t be silly! God knows, the King would be hanged pretty quickly if he did. It was nobody, let’s not make a fuss about it.” said John. “He belongs to the other side of the moor and came to steal sheep. Red Jem Hannaford is his name. Thank God for him to be hanged.

“哦，哦，我记住了，现在给我压点水吧，亲爱的。”我不知道她这是什么意思，但我还是卖力地替她压水。

我们又出发了，转过一片树林，迎面碰上了一辆大车。这是一辆城里制造的新式马车，车门半开着，因为天气闷。车前座上坐着那位在水泵边碰见过的外国小姐，她身边坐着一个黑头发的小姑娘，长得漂亮极了。马车的正座上坐着一位雍容华贵的夫人。紧挨着她坐着一个可爱的小男孩，大约只有二、三岁，瞪着眼睛观察着四周。

后来我们就没有再看见他们，我们转入了小路。道路越来越难走，最后简直就没有路了。

约翰·弗赖伊骑在马上打瞌睡，所以他的马快要失足的时候，我冲他喊了一声：“小心，约翰！”

“哎呀，我们到了哪儿了？”约翰·弗赖伊说道，他突然醒了过来，“约翰，你知道吗？”

“我不知道。我只听见你打呼噜了。”

有一阵子，浓雾散去。我瞧见有什么东西吊在前边的树上。

“那绳索上吊的是谁呀，约翰？”我问，“他们把杜恩家的什么人吊死了吗？”

“吊死杜恩家的人？”约翰说，“别犯傻了！吊死国王也不会吊死杜恩家的人。这人不值得我们大惊小怪的，”约翰说，“他是沼泽地那一边的人，跑到这边偷羊来的。他叫雷德·詹姆。感谢上帝他给吊死了。”



We rode along again. But I wanted to know more about Red Jem, and asked, "who is Red Jem?"

"Hold your tongue, boy," he said sharply; "we are near the Doone-track now. So if they happen to be abroad tonight, we must crawl on our belly-places, boy."

I knew at once what he meant—those bloody Doones of Bagworthy, the awe of all, robber and murderers.

"But, John," I whispered warily, "dear John, you don't think they will see us in such a fog as this?"

"They could see through any fog," he whispered in answer, fearfully, "Never have God made fog as could stop their eyes, here boy, go sober now, if you wish to see your mother."

We came to a long deep valley. We rode very carefully down our side, when I heard something, and caught John's arm. It was the sound of horses' feet going over the marshy ground and the heavy breathing of tired men.

"Come on, Jack, get off your horse, and let her go where she will."

I did as what John Fry told me. We lay on the ground behind a little tree below which was the byway, and then the first horseman passed, and suddenly the fog cleared and a red light appeared.

"That is the fire on the Dunkery Hill," whispered John, so close into my ear, "They light it to show the Doones the way home."

I lay only a few metres above the heads of the riders. They were heavy, big men, carrying guns. Their horses were loaded with the things they had robbed—cups made of silver and gold, dead sheep, and so on. And one had a child lying