

中文导读英文版

*The Black Beauty*

# 黑骏马

[英] 安娜·休厄尔 原著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社



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## 内 容 简 介

*The Black Beauty*, 中文译名为《黑骏马》, 它是由英国著名作家安娜·休厄尔编著的。这是一部以拟人化的方式讲述动物——马的童话故事, 通过一匹马的视角, 透视出人类世界对待动物的不公平。主人公黑骏马是一匹性格温顺、聪明、漂亮的良种马。“他”从小生活在贵族人家, 受过严格的训练, 主人非常喜欢他, 也非常爱护他。可好景不长, 遭遇家庭的不测, 主人不得不将他卖掉, 自此黑骏马开始了颠沛流离的生活。他不停地被买卖, 遇到了各式各样的主人: 有拿他撒气的醉汉, 有不把他当回事的野蛮人, 有动辄抽鞭子的车夫, 最后终于碰上了把他当成朋友的好人家。他可谓是尝尽了人间的酸甜苦辣, 靠自己的坚韧、忠诚和仁爱才结束了苦难的生活。该书出版一百年来, 被译成世界上几十种文字, 曾经先后多次被改编成戏剧、电影、电视和卡通片等。书中所展现的传奇故事伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年, 并告诉读者: 要把动物当人类的朋友。无论作为语言学习的课本, 还是作为通俗的文学读本, 全文引进该书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况, 进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平, 在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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安娜·休厄尔（1820—1878），英国著名作家。她出生在英国的诺福克郡，母亲是一位作家，父亲则从事银行工作。

安娜从小就对动物有强烈的爱好，憎恶以任何形式虐待动物。她生活的时代没有汽车，城镇之间的交通工具是火车，而其他场合的主要交通工具是马或马车。人们可以像骑手一样骑着马，也可以坐四轮马车或者马拉的公交车。两轮运货马车和厢式马车运送各种轻重不同的货物，马是小批量运输的主要工具。因此，当时在世界各地，有成千上万的马匹在为人类劳作。有些马匹遇到了好主人、好马夫和好骑手，他们能设身处地替马着想，友善地对待马；而有些人就心狠手辣，把马当作“只会干活的牲畜”，待马非常不友善。出于对虐待动物，特别是虐待人类的朋友——马的强烈不满，安娜写下了《黑骏马》，以劝说人们应该善待与我们共处一个星球的动物，特别是马——这种作为人类最忠实朋友的动物。

安娜虽然身染重病，但她依然依靠坚强的意志，历经八年创作完成《黑骏马》，并于 1877 年正式出版。《黑骏马》同时也是她留给世人的唯一作品。本书出版后，安娜还来不及看到该书对欧洲以及整个世界的巨大反响，就遗憾地离开了人世。该书一经出版便立刻赢得了读者的喜爱，并成为当时最畅销的小说之一。该书出版一百多年来被译成几十种文字，受到全世界各国人民的喜爱。根据这部小说拍成的电影也同样在世界范围内广受欢迎。在中国，《黑骏马》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典童话作品之一。目前，在国内数量众多的《黑骏马》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是中英文对照版。而其中的中英文对照读本比较受读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。而从英文学习的角度上来看，直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导



读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《黑骏马》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作简洁、精练、明快的风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、熊金玉、李丽秀、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



第一部分/Part I .....	1
第一章 我的第一个家/Chapter 1 My Early Home.....	2
第二章 打猎 Chapter 2 The Hunt.....	5
第三章 我开始接受训练/Chapter 3 My Breaking in .....	9
第四章 波特韦克庄园/Chapter 4 Birtwick Park .....	13
第五章 良好的开端 Chapter 5 A Fair Start.....	16
第六章 自由/Chapter 6 Liberty .....	21
第七章 生姜/Chapter 7 Ginger.....	23
第八章 还是有关生姜的故事/ Chapter 8 Ginger's Story Continued .....	27
第九章 乐腿/Chapter 9 Merrylegs .....	31
第十章 果园一席谈/Chapter 10 A Talk in the Orchard .....	34
第十一章 坦诚交谈/Chapter 11 Plain Speaking.....	41
第十二章 暴风骤雨的一天/Chapter 12 A Stormy Day .....	45
第十三章 恶魔标记/Chapter 13 The Devil's Trade Mark.....	49
第十四章 詹姆斯·霍华德/Chapter 14 James Howard.....	52
第十五章 老马夫/Chapter 15 The Old Hostler.....	55
第十六章 着火/Chapter 16 The Fire .....	59
第十七章 约翰·曼利的谈话/Chapter 17 John Manly's Talk.....	63
第十八章 去请医生/Chapter 18 Going for the Doctor.....	67
第十九章 仅仅因为是无知/Chapter 19 Only Ignorance .....	71
第二十章 乔·格林/Chapter 20 Joe Green.....	74
第二十一章 告别/Chapter 21 The Parting .....	77
第二部分/Part II .....	81
第二十二章 伯爵府/Chapter 22 Earlshall .....	82
第二十三章 为自由而战/Chapter 23 A Strike for Liberty .....	86



第二十四章 安妮小姐, 或一匹逃亡马/	
Chapter 24 The Lady Anne, or a Runaway Horse .....	91
第二十五章 卢班·史密斯/Chapter 25 Reuben Smith .....	97
第二十六章 就此结束/Chapter 26 How it Ended .....	101
第二十七章 毁灭和衰退/	
Chapter 27 Ruined and Going Downhill .....	105
第二十八章 马和他的骑手/	
Chapter 28 A Job Horse and His Drivers .....	108
第二十九章 伦敦佬/Chapter 29 Cockneys .....	112
第三十章 一名小偷/Chapter 30 A Thief .....	118
第三十一章 一个骗子/Chapter 31 A Humbug .....	121
第三部分/Part III .....	125
第三十二章 马匹市场/Chapter 32 A Horse Fair .....	126
第三十三章 一匹伦敦出租车马/	
Chapter 33 A London Cab Horse .....	130
第三十四章 一匹老战马/	
Chapter 34 An Old War Horse .....	134
第三十五章 杰里·巴克/Chapter 35 Jerry Baker .....	139
第三十六章 星期天的出租马车/	
Chapter 36 The Sunday Cab .....	146
第三十七章 准则/Chapter 37 The Golden Rule .....	151
第三十八章 多里和绅士/	
Chapter 38 Dolly and a Real Gentleman .....	155
第三十九章 衣衫褴褛的山姆/Chapter 39 Seedy Sam .....	159
第四十章 可怜的生姜/Chapter 40 Poor Ginger .....	164
第四十一章 屠夫/Chapter 41 The Butcher .....	167
第四十二章 选举/Chapter 42 The Election .....	170
第四十三章 搭手相助的朋友/	
Chapter 43 A Friend in Need .....	172
第四十四章 老上尉和他的继任者/	
Chapter 44 Old Captain and His Successor .....	177
第四十五章 杰里的新年/	
Chapter 45 Jerry's New Year .....	182



第四部分/Part IV .....	189
第四十六章 杰克斯和一位善良的女士/	
Chapter 46 Jakes and the Lady .....	190
第四十七章 苦难的日子/Chapter 47 Hard Times .....	194
第四十八章 好人农场主和他的孙子威利/	
Chapter 48 Farmer Thoroughgood and His Grandson Willie .....	199
第四十九章 我最后的家/Chapter 49 My Last Home .....	203



# 第一部分

## Part I

## 第一章 我的第一个家

### Chapter 1 My Early Home



在一个牧场里，有一个池塘，池塘边上栽着一些柳树。小黑马白天在妈妈身边奔跑，天热了就在树阴下休息。

牧场有六匹小马驹，他们经常奔跑，有时还边跑边咬，而且还踢人。一天，小黑马的妈妈告诉他：那些小马驹以后都是拉大车的，没学过礼仪，但他是有教养的，要做一匹彬彬有礼的好马，不能咬人和踢人。

小黑马的主人对他很好，经常给他些好吃的。一天，一个叫迪克的耕童翻过篱笆摘黑莓吃，然后用石子和树枝赶他们玩，这一切被在隔壁的主人看到，他跳过来抓着迪克的胳膊打了他一耳光，并将他开除了。牧场照看马匹的老丹尼尔和主人一样和善，小黑马的日子过得很好。

The first place that I can well remember was a large pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water-lilies grew at the deep end. Over the hedge on one side we looked into a plowed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside; at the top of the meadow was a grove of fir trees, and at the bottom a running brook overhung by a steep bank.

While I was young I lived upon my mother's milk, as I could not eat grass. In the daytime I ran by her side, and at night I lay down close by her. When it

was hot we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees, and when it was cold we had a nice warm shed near the grove.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass my mother used to go out to work in the daytime, and come back in the evening.

There were six young colts in the meadow besides me; they were older than I was; some were nearly as large as grown-up horses. I used to run with them, and had great fun; we used to gallop all together round and round the field as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for they would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.

One day, when there was a good deal of kicking, my mother whinnied to me to come to her, and then she said: "I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you. The colts who live here are very good colts, but they are cart-horse colts, and of course they have not learned manners. You have been well-bred and well-born; your father has a great name in these parts, and your grandfather won the cup two years at the Newmarket races; your grandmother had the sweetest temper of any horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me kick or bite. I hope you will grow up gentle and good, and never learn bad ways; do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play."

I have never forgotten my mother's advice; I knew she was a wise old horse, and our master thought a great deal of her. Her name was Duchess, but he often called her Pet.

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words; he spoke as kindly to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him at the gate she would neigh with joy, and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her and say, "Well, old Pet, and how is your little Darkie?" I was a dull black, so he called me Darkie; then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good, and sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favorites. My mother always took him to the town on a market day in a light gig.

There was a plowboy, Dick, who sometimes came into our field to pluck blackberries from the hedge. When he had eaten all he wanted he would have

what he called fun with the colts, throwing stones and sticks at them to make them gallop. We did not much mind him, for we could gallop off; but sometimes a stone would hit and hurt us.

One day he was at this game, and did not know that the master was in the next field; but he was there, watching what was going on; over the hedge he jumped in a snap, and catching Dick by the arm, he gave him such a box on the ear as made him roar with the pain and surprise. As soon as we saw the master we trotted up nearer to see what went on.

“Bad boy!” he said, “bad boy! to chase the colts. This is not the first time, nor the second, but it shall be the last. There—take your money and go home; I shall not want you on my farm again.” So we never saw Dick any more. Old Daniel, the man who looked after the horses, was just as gentle as our master, so we were well off.

## 第二章 打 猎

### Chapter 2 The Hunt



在小黑马还不到两岁的时候，一天，他和几匹马驹正在吃草，一个年龄大的马驹听到有猎犬叫，便跑到高处，小黑马的妈妈和另一匹马也在附近站着。妈妈说他们发现野兔了，一些猎狗叫着冲进旁边的麦苗地里，后面跟着一些骑着马的猎人。

他们看到一只惊慌的野兔朝树林奔去，后面有猎狗和猎人追着。野兔没有冲过密实的篱笆，被猎狗捉到。猎人从后面骑马赶来，将猎狗赶走，拎起了还在流血的野兔。

这时，小溪边有两匹马倒下了，一个人在水中站了起来、一个人躺在那里没动。小黑马的妈妈说那人的脖子摔断了，他们认为那是罪有应得。

妈妈让他们不要那么说，她认为一些人为了一点猎物，毁掉了庄稼，毁了好多马，并且也常常伤到自己是不应该的。

这时，很多人向骑马人走去，他是乡绅唯一的儿子小乔治·葛登。人们将他抬回家，有人找医生，有人找兽医。兽医看了看马儿摇了摇头，有人拿枪结束了马的性命。

没过几天，小葛登也进了墓地，为了一只兔子而丢了性命。

Before I was two years old a circumstance happened which I have never forgotten. It was early in the spring; there had been a little frost in the night, and a light mist still hung over the woods and meadows. I and the other

colts were feeding at the lower part of the field when we heard, quite in the distance, what sounded like the cry of dogs. The oldest of the colts raised his head, pricked his ears, and said, "There are the hounds!" and immediately cantered off, followed by the rest of us to the upper part of the field, where we could look over the hedge and see several fields beyond. My mother and an old riding horse of our master's were also standing near, and seemed to know all about it.

"They have found a hare," said my mother, "and if they come this way we shall see the hunt."

And soon the dogs were all tearing down the field of young wheat next to ours. I never heard such a noise as they made. They did not bark, nor howl, nor whine, but kept on a "yo! yo, o, o! yo! yo, o, o!" at the top of their voices. After them came a number of men on horseback, some of them in green coats, all galloping as fast as they could. The old horse snorted and looked eagerly after them, and we young colts wanted to be galloping with them, but they were soon away into the fields lower down; here it seemed as if they had come to a stand; the dogs left off barking, and ran about every way with their noses to the ground.

"They have lost the scent," said the old horse; "perhaps the hare will get off."

"What hare?" I said.

"Oh! I don't know what hare; likely enough it may be one of our own hares out of the woods; any hare they can find will do for the dogs and men to run after;" and before long the dogs began their "yo! yo, o, o!" again, and back they came altogether at full speed, making straight for our meadow at the part where the high bank and hedge overhang the brook.

"Now we shall see the hare," said my mother; and just then a hare wild with fight rushed by and made for the woods. On came the dogs; they burst over the bank, leaped the stream, and came dashing across the field followed by the huntsmen. Six or eight men leaped their horses clean over, close upon the dogs. The hare tried to get through the fence; it was too thick, and she turned sharp round to make for the road, but it was too late; the dogs were upon her with their wild cries; we heard one shriek, and that was the end of her. One

of the huntsmen rode up and whipped off the dogs, who would soon have torn her to pieces. He held her up by the leg torn and bleeding, and all the gentlemen seemed well pleased.

As for me, I was so astonished that I did not at first see what was going on by the brook; but when I did look there was a sad sight; two fine horses were down, one was struggling in the stream, and the other was groaning on the grass. One of the riders was getting out of the water covered with mud, the other lay quite still.

"His neck is broke," said my mother.

"And serve him right, too," said one of the colts.

I thought the same, but my mother did not join with us.

"Well, no," she said, "you must not say that; but though I am an old horse, and have seen and heard a great deal, I never yet could make out why men are so fond of this sport; they often hurt themselves, often spoil good horses, and tear up the fields, and all for a hare or a fox, or a stag, that they could get more easily some other way; but we are only horses, and don't know."

While my mother was saying this we stood and looked on. Many of the riders had gone to the young man; but my master, who had been watching what was going on, was the first to raise him. His head fell back and his arms hung down, and every one looked very serious. There was no noise now; even the dogs were quiet, and seemed to know that something was wrong. They carried him to our master's house. I heard afterward that it was young George Gordon, the squire's only son, a fine, tall young man, and the pride of his family.

There was now riding off in all directions to the doctor's, to the farrier's, and no doubt to Squire Gordon's, to let him know about his son. When Mr. Bond, the farrier, came to look at the black horse that lay groaning on the grass, he felt him all over, and shook his head; one of his legs was broken. Then some one ran to our master's house and came back with a gun; presently there was a loud bang and a dreadful shriek, and then all was still; the black horse moved no more.

My mother seemed much troubled; she said she had known that horse for years, and that his name was "Rob Roy"; he was a good horse, and there was no vice in him. She never would go to that part of the field afterward.

Not many days after we heard the church-bell tolling for a long time, and looking over the gate we saw a long, strange black coach that was covered with black cloth and was drawn by black horses; after that came another and another and another, and all were black, while the bell kept tolling, tolling. They were carrying young Gordon to the churchyard to bury him. He would never ride again. What they did with Rob Roy I never knew; but it was all for one little hare.



## 第三章 我开始接受训练

### Chapter 3 My Breaking in



小黑马越长越漂亮，前额上长着一颗好看的白星，浑身的毛又黑又亮。他四岁时，葛登老爷来看看，认为小黑马要是能好好调教，将来会很出色的。

于是，第二天，主人就开始驯服他，让他学会背马鞍、带笼头，接着学习驮人、拉车，并且要保持安静，不能乱踢、乱咬，要习惯被人牵着在田野上静静地走来走去，还得让他咬一个马嚼子，但主人会不时地给他一把燕麦作为奖励。主人在老丹尼尔的帮助下给他背上了马鞍，并用燕麦奖励他。小黑马习惯后，主人骑到他的背上，走在草地上，慢慢地他就适应了。

主人又给他钉马掌，戴马具，之后把他送到邻近一个挨着铁路的牧场里，和一些牛羊关在一起。在那里他第一次听到火车怪叫，看到那些牛羊还在那里安静地吃草，慢慢地他也习惯了。

小黑马的主人善解人意，经常让他和妈妈一起出工，跟妈妈学习，不像有些凶残的主人。小黑马认为：那样的人不值得为他效忠。妈妈希望小黑马将来能到一个善良人的手里。

*I* was now beginning to grow handsome; my coat had grown fine and soft, and was bright black. I had one white foot and a pretty white star on my forehead. I was thought very handsome; my master would not sell me till I was four years old; he said lads ought not to work like men, and colts ought not to