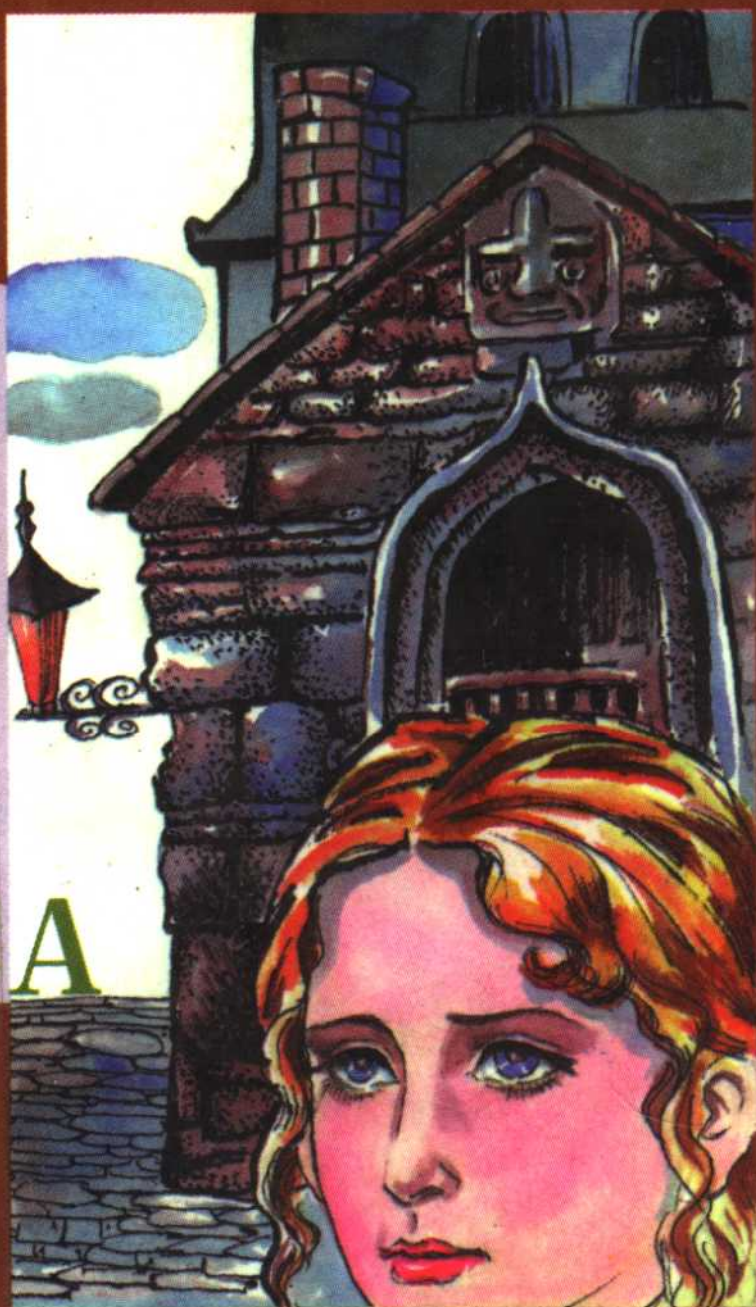


英汉对照世界文学名著简易读本

牙买加旅店

JAMAICA
INN



〔英〕杜穆里埃原著

语文出版社

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石书林 徐重山 译

YUWEN CHUBANSHE

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出版说明

这是一套世界名著简写本，采取英汉对照的方式出版，可作为中小学生学习英语的辅助读物。简写本既保持了原著的主要故事情节和艺术丰韵，又注意和词汇、语法的教学相配合，通篇是规范、纯正的英语，读起来津津有味，引人入胜，使读者在阅读欣赏中增长语言知识和能力。汉译旨在帮助读者学习原文，故多直译，文采方面未作过多的润色。

1

It was a cold grey day in late November, and although it was now only a little after two o'clock in the afternoon the dark of a winter evening seemed to have come down upon the hills, hiding them in cloud. The air was cold, and in spite of the tightly closed windows it came into the coach.¹ The leather seats felt damp to the hands, and there must have been a small crack in the roof, because now and again little drops of rain fell softly through, leaving on the leather a dark-blue stain like a mark made by ink. The wind blew hard. The wheels of the coach sank into the holes in the road, and sometimes they threw up mud against the windows, where it mixed with the rain so that any view there might have been was blocked out.

The few passengers sat close together for warmth. Mary Yellan sat where the drops of rain came through the crack in the roof. She brushed them away with impatient fingers. Although she was hardly forty miles by road - from what had been her home for twenty-

1 coach: 马拉的四轮车, 多用以载客。

—

十一月下旬一个阴冷的日子。虽然现在只是下午两点多钟，然而冬季的夜幕似乎过早地笼罩了山峦，把它们藏入云中。天很冷，尽管马车窗户紧闭，寒气还是钻了进来。皮面座位摸上去湿漉漉的。车顶篷上肯定有裂缝，雨滴不时渗入，慢慢地在皮垫上形成一个深蓝色的污渍，就像溅了墨水。风刮得很大，车轱辘陷进了泥坑，时而把泥溅到车窗上。泥水挡住了人们的视线，把他们与窗外的一切隔开了。

几位乘客挤坐在一起取暖。玛丽·耶莲正坐在裂缝下面。她很不耐烦地用手指把雨水抹去。二十三年来，她头次乘车离开家乡，走了不

three years, the hope within her heart had tired. The courage which was so large a part of her, and had helped her so much during the long misery of her mother's illness and death, was now shaken by this rain and wind.

She remembered the letter from her aunt. The writer said that the news from her niece had given her a shock; that she had had no idea that her sister was ill, because it was many years since she had been to her home in Helford. And she went on: "There have been changes with us that you would not know. I no longer live in Bodmin, but nearly twelve miles outside it, on the road to Launceston. It's a wild and lonely spot, and if you were to come to us I should be glad of your company in winter-time. I have asked you uncle, and he does not object; he says, if you do not talk too much and will give help when it is needed. He cannot give you money or feed you for nothing, as you will understand. He will expect your help in the bar¹ in return for your board and lodging. You see, your uncle is the landlord of Jamaica Inn."

Mary folded the letter. It was a strange message of welcome from the smiling Aunt Patience she remembered. A cold, empty letter, giving no word of comfort, and admitting

1 bar——旅店或酒馆里的酒吧间，或卖酒的柜台。

到四十英里，就感到希望渺茫。她性格中所包含的极大勇气，曾使她熬过母亲生病、去世的那段漫长、痛苦的岁月，然而现在似乎被这冷风冷雨动摇了。

她想起姨妈的信。信中写道，外甥女告诉她的不幸消息使她震惊；她一点也不知道她姐姐患病，因她已多年未去赫尔福德姐姐家了。她继续写道：“你不知道，我们的生活变化很大，我不住波德明了，现住的地方离它十二英里，就在通往朗塞斯顿的路口上。这地方荒凉得很，如果你能来陪我们住，和我们过冬，我将非常高兴。我已和你姨父商量过了。他说只要你少说多做，他就不反对你来。他不会付你工钱，也不会白养活你。你慢慢会明白的。他指望你在酒店帮帮忙，这样，你就无需交付膳宿费。要知道，他是牙买加旅店的老板。”

玛丽把信叠好。这是一封陌生的欢迎信，一封冷漠、空洞的信，没有一句安慰之词，没答

nothing, except that her niece must not ask for money. Aunt Patience, with her silk skirts and delicate ways, the wife of an inkeeper!

So it was that Mary Yellan found herself travelling northward in the coach. Villages were scattered now, and there were few smiling faces at the cottage doors. Trees were few. The wind blew and the rain came with the wind. And so the coach rolled into Bodmin, grey and unwelcoming like the hills around it, and one by one the passengers gathered up their things ready to leave—all except Mary, who sat still in her corner. The driver, his face a stream of rain, looked in at the window.

“Are you going on to Launceston?” he said. “It’ll be a wild drive tonight across the moors.¹ You can stay in Bodmin, you know, and go on by coach in the morning. There’ll be no one in this coach going on but you.”

“My friends will be expecting me,” said Mary. “I’m not afraid of the drive. And I don’t want to go as far as Launceston; will you please stop for me at Jamaica Inn?”

The man looked at her curiously. “Jamaica Inn?” he said. “What would you do at Jamaica Inn? That’s no place for a girl. You must have made a mistake, surely?” He looked hard at her, not believing her. He called over

1 moors——山区未开发的大片的荒野。

应任何东西，除了叫她不要要钱之外。这封信来自她记忆中脸上总挂着微笑的姨妈，一位身穿绸裙、举止端庄的酒店老板娘！

就这样，玛丽·耶莲发觉自己此刻正坐在朝北驶去的马车里。一路上可以看到散落于荒原上的村庄，偶尔还看到有人面带笑容站在门口。没有树林，到处光秃秃的。风不停地刮着，雨水伴着风不停地下着。马车终于驶进波德明，它和周围的山一样阴沉着脸，冷漠极了。旅客收拾好行李，一个个下了车。只有玛丽还一动不动地坐在角落里。车夫脸上淌着雨水，透过窗子往里张望。

“你去朗塞斯顿吗？”他问道，“今晚坐车继续赶路得穿越荒原，路难走极了。你可以留宿波德明，明早再坐车上路。车上只有你一个乘客了。”

“我的朋友们还等着我呢，”玛丽说，“我不怕路难走，也不去朗塞斯顿。你能让我在牙买加旅店下车吗？”

车夫好奇地打量着她，“牙买加旅店？”他问道，“你去那干什么？那地方可不是女孩子呆的地方。你肯定搞错了，对吗？”他两眼盯着她，

his shoulder to a woman who stood in the doorway of the Royal Hotel, lighting a lamp. It was already getting dark.

“Come here and reason with this young girl. I was told she was going to Launceston, but she has asked me to leave her at Jamaica Inn!”

The woman came down the steps and looked into the coach.

“It’s a wild, rough place up there,” she said, “and if you’re looking for work, you won’t find it on the farms. They don’t like strangers on the moors. You’d do better down here in Bodmin.”

Mary smiled at her. “I shall be all right,” she said. “I’m going to relatives. My uncle is the landlord of Jamaica Inn.”

There was a long silence. In the grey light of the coach Mary could see that the woman and the man were looking at her. She felt cold, suddenly, and anxious. Then the woman drew back from the window. “I’m sorry,” she said. “It’s not my business, of course. Good night.”

The driver began to whistle, rather red in the face, as one who wishes to end an awkward situation. Mary leant forward and touched his arm. “Would you tell me?” she said. “I shan’t mind what you say. Is my uncle not liked? Is something the matter?”

不相信她的话。他转身去叫皇家旅店走廊上的一个女人。她正在上灯，天黑了。

“过来好好问问这个女孩。她对我说她去朗塞斯顿。可刚才却说要在牙买加旅店下车！”

那女人离开走廊来到车前朝里看去。

“那可真是个荒凉艰苦的地方，”她说，“要是你想在农庄里找活干，你肯定找不到，荒原上的人不喜欢生人。你还是在波德明下车吧。”

玛丽朝她笑了笑，“我不会有事的，”她说，“我去亲戚家，我姨父是牙买加旅店的老板。”

一段长时间的沉默。借车内昏暗的光亮，玛丽看到女人和车夫正盯着她看呢。她突然觉得冷起来，不安极了。那女人离开车子。“对不起，”她说，“当然这不关我的事。晚安！”

车夫脸憋得通红，吹起口哨，想缓和一下气氛。玛丽探过身碰了碰他的手臂。“告诉我，好吗？”她说，“不论你讲什么，我都不会往心里去。大家都不喜欢我姨父？怎么回事？”

The man looked very uncomfortable. He avoided her eyes. "Jamaica Inn's got a bad name," he said; "strange stories are told—you know how it is. But I don't want to make any trouble. Perhaps they're not true."

"What sort of stories?" asked Mary. "Do you mean that there is too much heavy drinking¹ there? Does my uncle encourage bad company?"

The man would not say. "I don't want to make trouble," he repeated, "and I don't know anything. It's only what people say. Good people don't go to Jamaica Inn any more. That's all I know. In the old days we used to give the horses water there, and feed them, and go in for a bite of food and drink. But we don't stop there any more."

"Why don't people go there? What is their reason?"

The man hesitated; it was as if he were searching for words.

"They're afraid," he said at last; and then he shook his head; he would say no more. He shut the door and climbed into his seat.

The coach rolled away down the street, past the safe and solid houses, the busy lights, the scattered people hurrying home for supper, their figures bent against the wind and

1 heave drinking——含有大量酒精的烈性酒。

车夫显得很不安，躲避着她的目光。“牙买加旅店名声坏透了。”他说，“人们都在传着有关旅店的怪事——你知道是怎么回事。我可不想惹麻烦。也许这些说法是捏造出来的。”

“什么说法？”玛丽问道，“你是说那里的顾客酗酒闹事？我姨父纵容他们这么干？”

车夫不想说。“我不想惹麻烦。”他又说了一遍，“我什么也不知道，人们只是说说罢了。反正好人再也不去牙买加旅店了。我只知道这点。过去我们常到那儿给马喂水、添料，也常去吃点东西，喝上几口。可现在，我们再也不到那儿歇脚了。”

“人们为什么不去？这究竟是因为什么呢？”

车夫犹豫了一下；他好像搜肠刮肚，寻找措词。

“他们怕呗。”他终于说出口，然后摇摇头，不再开口。他关上车门爬到自己的位子上。

车离开皇家旅店，沿街行驶，路经那些安全、坚固的房舍，到处是灯光。时而碰到行人，顶风冒雨，匆匆赶着回家吃晚饭。这时马爬上

rain. Now the horses were climbing the steep hill out of the town and, looking through the window at the back of the coach, Mary could see the lights of Bodmin fast disappearing, one by one, until the last was gone. She was now alone with the wind and the rain, and twelve long miles of bare moor between her and her journey's end. She sat in her corner, shaken from side to side by the coach. On either side of the road the country stretched away into space. No trees, no paths, no cottages, but mile after mile of bare moor, dark and empty, rolling like a desert land to the unseen horizon. No human being could live in this country, thought Mary, and remain like other people; the very children would be born twisted, like the blackened bushes, bent by the force of a wind that never stopped blowing. Their minds would be twisted too, their thoughts evil, living as they must amongst marsh and granite, rough bushes and hard stone.

At last she lifted the window and looked out. Ahead of her, at the top of a hill on the left, was some sort of building, standing back from the road. She could see tall chimneys in the darkness. There was no other house, no other cottage. If this was Jamaica Inn, it stood alone, unprotected from the winds. Mary gathered her wrap around her. The horses had been pulled to a stop and stood sweating under

城外陡峭的山坡。穿过车窗朝后望去，玛丽看到波德明镇灯光极快地消失了，一点光亮也没有了。现在她独自一人与风雨为伴，还要在荒原上行驶漫长的十二英里，才能到达目的地。她坐在角落里，身子被摇得晃来晃去。路两边的荒原延绵不断。没有树，也没有人迹，更没有农舍。只有光秃秃的荒野，黑暗、空旷，犹如一望无际的沙漠。没人能在这种地方生活。即使有，也与众不同；在这里出生的孩子，一定生来就被扭曲，犹如漆黑的灌木，被刮个不停的大风吹弯了腰。他们心理变态，充满邪念，只能与这片沼泽、荆棘和硬石打交道。

最终她打开窗子朝外望去。前方靠左边的山顶上，有一个建筑背对着大路耸立着。透过夜幕，她看到高耸的烟囱。再没别的房子和农舍。这就是牙买加旅店，它孤零零地屹立在那里，任凭狂风吹打。玛丽裹紧披肩。缰绳被拉

the rain, the steam coming from them in a cloud.

The driver climbed down from his seat, pulling her box down with him. He seemed hurried, and kept looking over his shoulder towards the house.

"Here you are," he said, "across the yard over there. If you hammer on the door they'll let you in. I must be going on, or I'll not reach Launceston tonight."

In a moment the coach was away down the road, disappearing as if it had never existed, lost and swallowed up in the darkness.

Mary stood alone, with her box at her feet. She heard the sound of the door being unbarred in the dark house behind her, and then it was thrown open. A great figure walked into the yard, swinging a light from side to side.

"Who is it?" came a shout. "What do you want here?"

Mary stepped forward and looked up into the man's face. The light shone in her eyes, and she could see nothing.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said. "So you've come to us after all? I'm your uncle, Joss Merylyn, and I give you welcome to Jamaica Inn." He drew her into the shelter of the house, laughing, then shut the door and put the light upon a table in the passage. And they looked at each other face to face.