

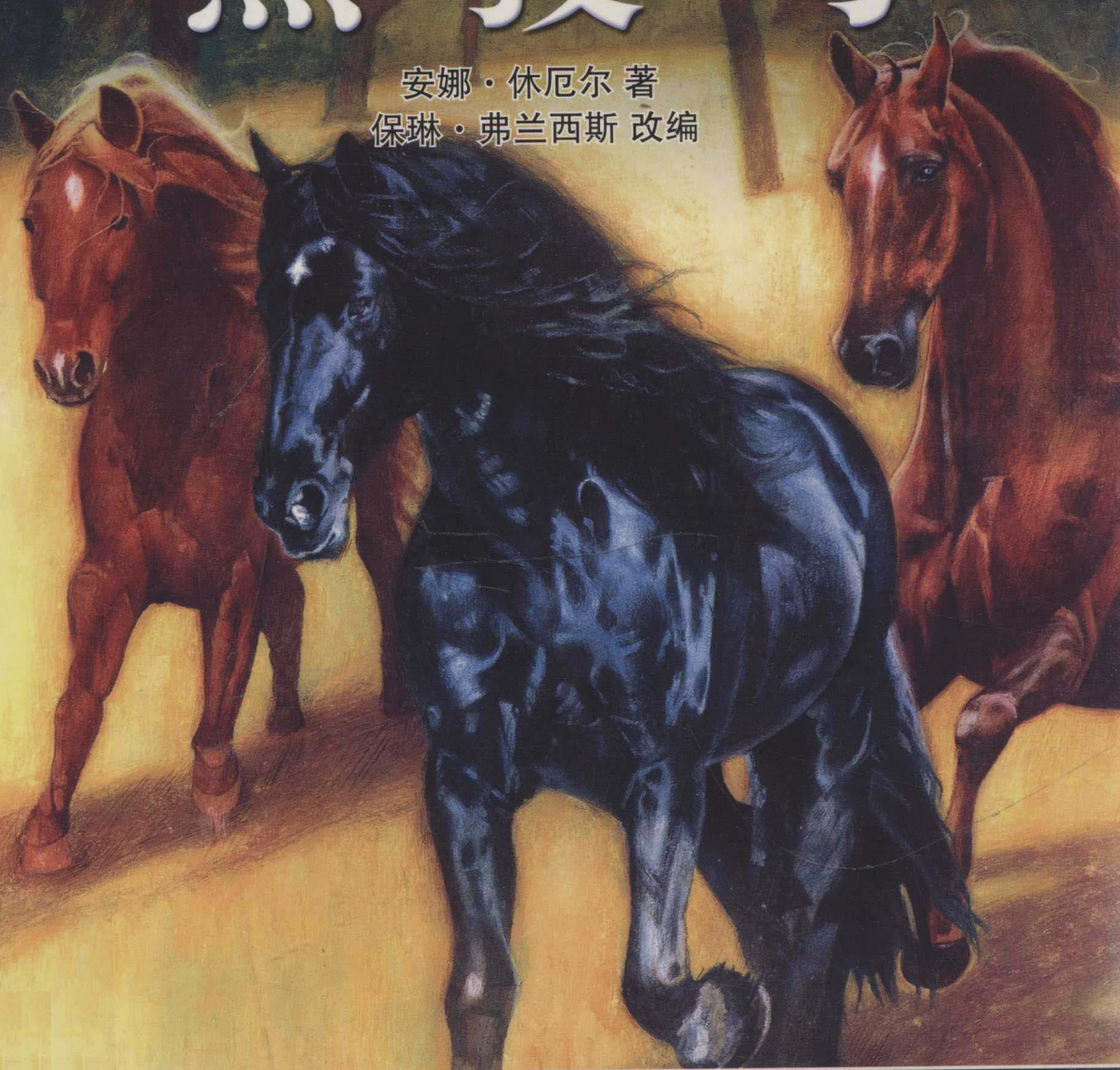
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# BLACK BEAUTY 黑骏马

安娜·休厄尔 著  
保琳·弗兰西斯 改编

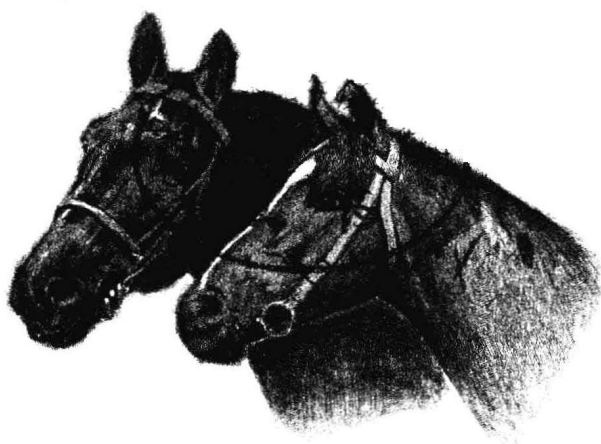


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BLACK BEAUTY

# 黑 骏 马

作者 安娜·休厄尔  
改编 保琳·弗兰西斯  
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# Black Beauty

**CHAPTER ONE** *When I was young* 7

第一章 童年时代 10

**CHAPTER TWO** *A stormy day-* 12

第二章 暴风雨之日 16

**CHAPTER THREE** *The fire!* 19

第三章 大火! 21

**CHAPTER FOUR** *Night ride* 23

第四章 夜行 26

**CHAPTER FIVE** *A new home* 29

第五章 新家 32

**CHAPTER SIX** *Ruined* 35

第六章 毁灭 40-

**CHAPTER SEVEN** *Life as a cab horse* 43

第七章 拉出租马车 47

**CHAPTER EIGHT** *Poor Ginger* 49

第八章 可怜的金儿 51

**CHAPTER NINE** *Election day* 53

第九章 大选之日 55

**CHAPTER TEN** *Hard times* 57

第十章 艰难岁月 61

## *Introduction*

Anna Sewell was born in 1820 in Great Yarmouth, England. She rode horses on her uncle's farm in Norfolk from a very early age; but she was often ill and had to stay in bed. She had the idea for this story when she was fifty years old, and so ill that her mother had to write it down.

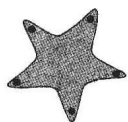
Today, we ride horses mainly for pleasure. But in the nineteenth century, they were used to pull carriages or cabs, and for riders on business. Their health and happiness depended entirely on their owners and their grooms.

Anna Sewell was always shocked by the cruelty that men showed to horses at work. She wrote this story to draw attention to their poor working conditions in Victorian England. The full title page of the book was: *Black Beauty, his grooms and companions; the autobiography of a horse, translated from the original equine, by Anna Sewell*. Anna Sewell pretended that she had translated a horse's own story so that she could write from the horse's point of view. The reader *feels* what it is like to be dependent on a groom or owner.

*Black Beauty* was published in 1877, only a year before Anna

Sewell's death. She did not live long enough to see how successful it became. Her book has been translated into many languages and has been made into a film.





## 引 言

安娜·休厄尔 1820 年生于英国大雅茅斯。她很小的时候就在叔叔位于诺福克郡的农场上骑马。不过她经常生病，需卧床养病。50 岁时，安娜开始构思本书，但因病情严重，不得不由母亲代笔记录。

今天，人们骑马主要是为了休闲娱乐。可是在 19 世纪，马儿们被用来拉四轮马车、出租马车，或驮着骑手出门办事。他们的健康与幸福完全取决于主人与马夫。

安娜·休厄尔总是为人们对工作中的马所表现出的残忍震惊。她创作此文意欲引起人们对英国维多利亚时代马儿悲惨工作状况的关注。此书全名是《黑骏马及其马夫与同伴；一匹马的自传，安娜·休厄尔从马的视角讲述》。安娜声称自己在讲述一匹马自己的故事，由此她便可从马的视角来创作此文，而读者也能体会到马的命运如何与马夫或者主人息息相关。

《黑骏马》出版于 1877 年。一年后，安娜·休厄尔去世。生前，她并没有看到此书的巨大成功。《黑骏马》被译成多种语言，还被拍成电影。



## CHAPTER ONE

### *When I was young*

*I*t was a day in early spring, when I still lived with my mother in Farmer Grey's meadow, that I first realised that life was cruel. A light mist still hung over the fields after the night frost. In the distance, I could hear the sound of dogs barking.

"Here come the hounds," said one of my friends.

We all ran to the top of the field and looked over the hedge.





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

Soon I could see young dogs trampling through the wheat in the next field, followed by men on horseback. The dogs did not bark, or howl, or whine, but they yelped. Suddenly, they stopped and ran round and round, their noses to the ground.

Just then, a hare ran by, wild with terror. The dogs leapt over the stream and chased it. We heard one shriek, then that was the end of her. The huntsmen rode up, held up the dead hare and seemed very pleased with themselves.

I was shocked.

A few minutes later, I heard a noise coming from the steep bank leading down to the stream. I turned round to look. A horse lay groaning on the grass, and a boy lay still beside him.

“One of the riders has fallen,” said my mother, “his neck is broken.”

“That serves him right,” said one of the young horses.

I agreed with him, but I didn’t say anything.

“Oh, no,” said my mother gently, “you musn’t say that.”

Now my owner was lifting up the rider, a young boy, whose arms and head hung down. Everybody looked serious. Even the dogs were quiet.

“Carry him to my house!” ordered my master, “and fetch the doctor. Somebody go to Squire Gordon’s house and tell him that his son is hurt.”

We only remembered the boy’s horse when the horse doctor arrived and examined him.

“Broken leg!” he said.

He took out his gun and shot the poor animal.

"I've known that horse for years," said my mother quietly, "he's called Rob Roy. He was a brave and good horse."

She sobbed loudly.

"I'll never come to this part of the field again," she wept.

Squire Gordon's son also died that day and he was buried a few days later.

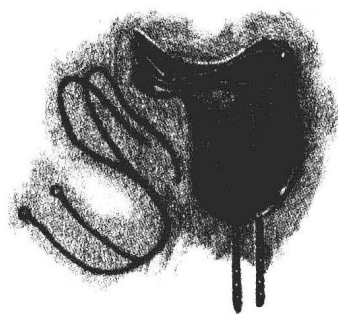
"All because of one little hare," I thought.

I grew into a handsome horse. By the time I was almost four, my coat had grown fine and soft, and was bright black. I had one white foot, a white star on my forehead and a splash of white on my back.

One day, Squire Gordon came to look at me.

"When you have broken him in, he will suit me very well," he told my owner.

Do you know what breaking in a horse means? It means to teach a horse to wear a saddle and reins and to carry a person on its back, or in a carriage behind him. It was not too terrible. The thing I hated most was the iron shoes I had to wear. They were stiff and heavy. But I soon got used to them.



Soon, it was time to leave my mother and go to Squire Gordon's estate.

"Remember," she said, "the better you behave, the better you will be treated."

She looked at me for a moment.

"There are many kinds of men," she went on, "good, bad, foolish, ignorant, careless and, worst of all, cruel ones who should never be allowed to own a horse. I hope you will always have a good master."

Her face was sad now.

“A horse never knows who will buy him. But I still say, do your best wherever it is, and keep up your good name.”

With those last words, she left me. And I went to begin my new life at Birtwick Park.



那是初春的一天，当时我仍和妈妈一起生活在农夫格雷的草场上。就在那一天，我认识到生活的残酷。夜晚的霜冻消散后，田野上依然笼罩着一层薄雾，远处传来阵阵狗叫声。

“猎犬！”我的一位朋友说。

我们全都跑到田野高处，向树篱外张望着。

“他们发现了一只野兔。”妈妈解释说，“如果他们往这边来，我们就看到这场狩猎。”

很快，我看见年轻的猎犬们踩着旁边田地里的麦丛跑来，人们骑着马紧随其后。猎犬们没有长嚎怒吠、哀叫悲鸣，却在汪汪地叫个不停。突然他们安静下来，不停地跑来跑去，鼻子紧贴地面。

这时，一只吓得魂飞魄散的野兔窜出来。猎犬们跃过小溪，紧追不放。我们听到一声尖叫，那只野兔就这么完了。猎人们围上去，举起那只死野兔，洋洋得意。

我很震惊。

几分钟后，陡峭的溪岸边传来一阵骚动。我转身望去，一匹马躺在草地上呻吟着，一个男孩静静地躺在他身边。

“其中一个骑手从马背上掉下来，”我妈妈说，“脖子摔断了。”

“活该！”一匹马驹说。

尽管心里同意他的说法，但我没说什么。

“噢，不，”妈妈轻轻地说，“你不能那样说。”

我的主人正扶起那个年轻骑手，骑手的胳膊和头都低垂着。每个人都看起来很严肃，连猎犬们也很安静。

“把他抬到我屋子里去！”主人命令道，“去请医生。派人去戈登先生家，告诉他他儿子受伤了。”

兽医来为那匹伤马做检查时，我们才记起那个年轻人的马。

“腿断了！”兽医说。

他掏出枪，射死了这可怜的家伙。

“我认识那匹马多年了。”妈妈轻轻地说，“他叫罗布·罗伊，是一匹勇敢的好马。”

妈妈大声呜咽着。

“我以后再也不来这片田野了。”她哭着说。

戈登先生的儿子也在那天去世了。几天之后，他的遗体被安葬了。

“这一切都是为了一只小野兔。”我心想。

我长成了一匹英俊的马。快满4岁时，我的毛已经长得细密柔软、乌黑泛亮。一只脚是白色的，前额上有一个白色的星形标记，背部有一块白斑。

一天，戈登先生来看我。

“你把他训练好后，他会很合我的意。”他跟我的主人说。

你知道训练一匹马是怎样一回事吗？那就是要教马学会佩戴马鞍和缰绳，教他驮人拉车。这些事情还不太恐怖，最厌恶的是我必须得钉上铁掌。它们又硬又沉，不过我很快就习惯了铁掌的存在。

不久，我该离开妈妈去戈登先生家了。

“记住，”妈妈说，“你表现得越好，他们就对你越好。”

她看了我一会儿。

“有各种各样的人，”她继续说，“有善良的、邪恶的、愚蠢的、无知的，也有粗心的、残忍的。残忍的人最坏，从来就不该让他们有马。我希望你能一直有位好主人。”

她的脸上挂满了忧伤。

“一匹马从来不知道谁会买走他。可是我还是要告诉你，无论在哪儿，你都要全力而为，做一匹好马。”

说完这些最后的话语，妈妈就离开了。我去了波特威克庄园，开始了新的生活。

## CHAPTER TWO

### *A stormy day*

*I* was nervous when my new master came to ride me for the first time. I tried to do exactly what he wanted me to do. Squire Gordon was a good rider, and very thoughtful towards me. He took me to meet his wife.

"He is a pleasant creature," the Squire told her. "What shall we call him?"

"Would you like Ebony?" she asked. "He is as black as ebony wood."

"No, not Ebony," said her husband.

"Blackbird?" she suggested, "like your uncle's old horse?"

"No," he replied, "he is far more handsome than old Blackbird ever was."

"Yes," agreed his wife, "he really is quite a beauty. He has such a sweet-tempered face, and such intelligent eyes. Why don't we call him Black Beauty?"

"Black Beauty it is!" laughed the Squire.

"I would have called him Rob Roy," said James, the stableboy, to his friend. "I've never seen two horses more alike."

"That's because they had the same mother," replied his friend.

I felt sad. Poor Rob Roy who was killed at the hunt had been my brother!

I soon made friends with Merrylegs and Ginger, the other horses in my stable, and we spent many happy times talking under the apple trees in the orchard. I liked Merrylegs, a small, plump pony who belonged to the Squire's children; but at first, I was a little afraid of Ginger, a tall chestnut mare, because she was so bad-tempered. Then I learned later that she had been badly treated in the past. We soon became good friends. We were both good for riding and for driving because we both had some racing blood in us. And we were both about the right height — fifteen and a half hands high.

I was very happy in my new home. I had a light, airy stable and plenty of good food. What more could I want? Well, I wanted my freedom! For the first three and a half years of my life, I had run and jumped in the fresh air, in green fields. But now, week after week, month after month (and probably year after year!), I had to stand up in my stable. I only went outside when somebody needed me. I was young and I longed to gallop over the fields with my tail blowing in the wind.

John, the coachman, knew this. Sometimes, he used to ride me through the village and into the hills for a while. He knew how to calm my high spirits. Other horses are not so lucky. Their masters beat them to quieten them.

But one stormy autumn day, I had more exercise than I wanted.

My master had to make a long business journey. John harnessed me to a small light carriage, then sat on top with the master. The wind was blowing hard and there had been a lot of rain during the night. Soon, we came to a small wooden bridge. I looked down in surprise. The river was very high, and still rising.

My master went into the town on business and we set off for

home later than usual. The wind shrieked in the trees and the branches swayed like twigs.

“I’ve never been out in such bad weather,” John said.

“I wish we were well out of this wood,” replied the master.

Suddenly, there was a groan, and a crack and a splitting sound. An oak tree fell right across the road in front of us. I was very frightened and I stopped, trembling. But I am proud to say that I did not turn around or start to run.

“Well, sir,” said John, “we can’t drive over that tree nor round it. We shall have to go back to the crossroads. It will be at least six miles before we get round to the wooden bridge again. But the horse is fresh.”

It was almost dark by the time we got back to the bridge. We could see the water over the middle of it. I was going fast, but the moment my feet touched the first part of the bridge, I felt that something was wrong.

“Go on, Beauty,” said my master. He whipped me gently at first, then hard.

I refused to move.

“Come on, Beauty, what’s the matter?” asked John.

I wanted to tell him that the bridge was dangerous; but of course, I couldn’t. Just then, the man at the bridge toll-gate, on the other side of the river, saw us and came out.

“Stop! Stop!” he shouted above the wind. “The bridge is broken in the middle. The water has swept some of it away.”

“Thank God!” said my master.

“You Beauty!” said John as he gently turned me round.

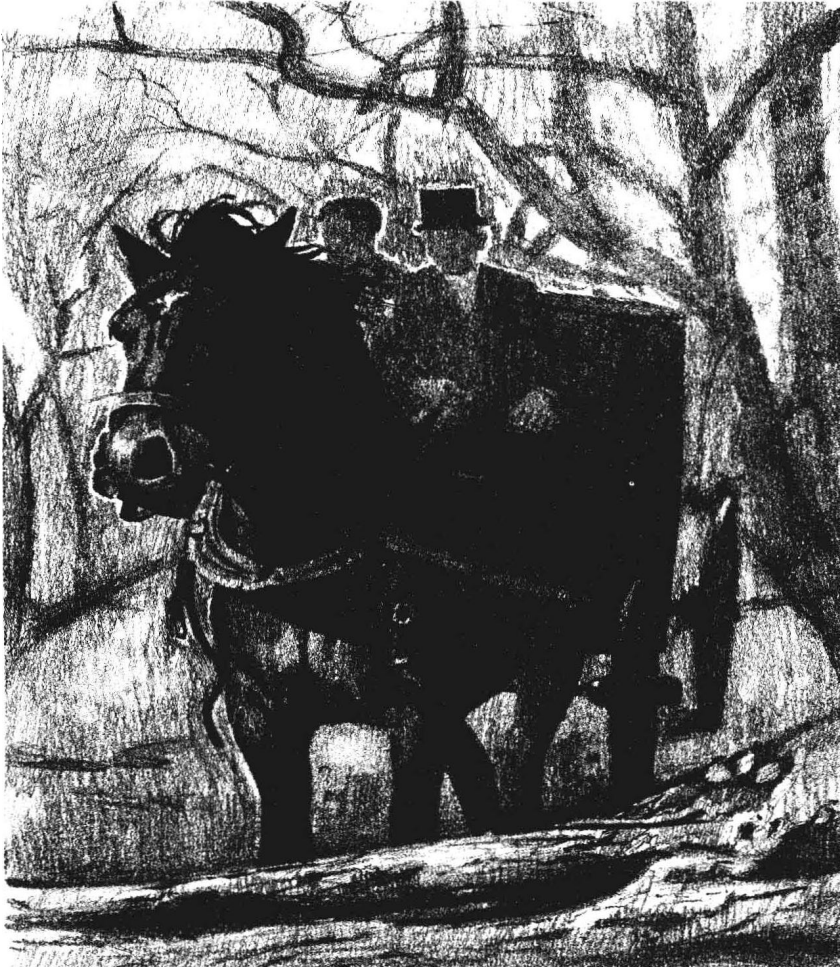
We travelled in silence for a while. Then I heard my master’s voice.



“We would have all been carried away by the water,” he said, “we would have all been drowned. God has given animals a special knowledge. They act rather than think. This is how they often save men’s lives.”

What a wonderful supper John gave me when we arrived home — a good bran mash, some crushed beans with my oats and a thick bed of straw. I sank into it gratefully. I had never been so tired.

I did not know then that soon I would be in even greater danger.





## 第二章

## 暴风雨之日

第一次驮新主人，我很紧张，努力按照他的意思做。戈登先生是位很棒的骑手，对我很体贴。他带我去见他的妻子。

“他是个讨人喜欢的家伙。”主人告诉她，“我们叫他什么呢？”

“依伯尼（乌木），怎么样？”她问，“他跟乌木一样黑。”

“不，不叫依伯尼。”她丈夫说道。

“黑鸟呢？”她建议说，“就和你叔叔以前的那匹一样。”

“不，”他回答说，“他可比黑鸟英俊多了。”

“是呀，”妻子附和道，“他确实很漂亮。他有一张温顺善良的脸，一双聪慧的眼睛。为什么不叫他黑骏马呢？”

“就叫黑骏马！”戈登先生笑着说。

“我原来打算叫他罗布·罗伊。”马夫詹姆斯对朋友说，“我从未见过两匹马这么相像。”

“那是因为他们是一匹马生的。”他朋友答道。

我非常难过。在那场狩猎中死去的可怜的罗布·罗伊竟然是我的哥哥！

我很快就和同一个马厩里的乐腿儿和金儿成了朋友。我们在果园的苹果树下聊天，在那里度过了许多快乐的时光。我很喜欢乐腿儿，这匹丰满的小灰马是戈登先生的孩子们的坐骑。可是刚开始，我有点害怕那匹叫金儿的高个栗色母马，因为她的脾气很暴躁。后来我才知道，金儿以前受过虐待。不久，我们也成了好朋友。我们的祖先都是赛马，我俩都善跑易驾，而且身高也一样，都是15.5掌宽。

我在新家生活得很幸福。马厩光线明亮，通风很好。我还可以享用丰盛的食物。我还想要什么呢？哦，我想要自由！在我生命最初的三个半