

中文导读英文版

凡尔纳科幻小说系列

*The Underground City*

# 地下之城

[法] 儒勒·凡尔纳 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 Underground City*, 中文译名为《地下之城》, 这是一部充满传奇、冒险与幻想的科幻著作, 它由法国著名作家、“现代科幻小说之父”儒勒·凡尔纳编著。故事发生在地下 1500 英尺一个天然形成的巨大煤矿里, 它其实就是一个城市, 人们在这里工作、生活、娱乐。福特一家经过十年的不懈努力, 终于奇迹般地找到了一个巨大的矿藏, 而神秘、传奇的故事也就开始了。飘摇的鬼火、诡秘的古堡、诅咒的灯塔夫人, 平静的地下之城似乎成了传说中的鬼城, 故事也随这些秘密的破解而展开, 情节跌宕起伏。神奇故事的最后是正义战胜了邪恶。

该书至今被译成世界上多种文字。书中所展现的神奇故事伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。无论作为语言学习的课本, 还是作为通俗的文学和科学读本, 本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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儒勒·凡尔纳（Jules Verne, 1828-1905），法国著名作家，现代科幻小说的奠基人，被誉为“科幻小说之父”。一生共创作了六十多部充满神奇与浪漫的科幻小说，其代表作有《气球上的五星期》、《地心游记》、《从地球到月球》、《海底两万里》、《八十天周游世界》、《格兰特船长的儿女》和《神秘岛》等，这些小说被译成世界上几十种文字，并多次被搬上银幕，在世界上广为流传。

儒勒·凡尔纳于 1828 年 2 月 8 日出生在法国西部海港南特。自幼热爱海洋，向往远航探险。他的父亲是一位事业成功的律师，并希望凡尔纳日后也以律师作为职业。18 岁时，他遵从父训到首都巴黎攻读法律。可是他对法律毫无兴趣，却爱上了文学和戏剧。1863 年，他发表了第一部科幻小说《气球上的五星期》，之后又出版了使他获得巨大声誉的科幻三部曲：《格兰特船长的儿女》、《海底两万里》和《神秘岛》。凡尔纳的科幻小说是真实性与大胆幻想的结合：奇幻的故事情节、鲜明的人物形象、丰富而奇妙的想象、浓郁的浪漫主义风格和生活情趣，使之产生了巨大的艺术魅力，赢得了全世界各国读者，特别是青少年读者的喜爱。他的作品中所表现的自然科学方面的许多预言和假设，在他去世之后得以印证和实现，至今仍然启发人们的想象力和创造力。

总的说来，凡尔纳的小说有两大特点。第一，他的作品是丰富的幻想和科学知识的结合。虽然凡尔纳笔下的幻想极为奇特、大胆，但其中有着坚实的科学基础，这些作品既是科学精神的幻想曲，也是富有幻想色彩的科学预言，他的许多科幻猜想最后变成了现实。例如，他不仅在小说《从地球到月球》中用大炮将探月飞行器送上太空，甚至还将发射场安排在了美国佛罗里达州，这正是“阿波罗登月计划”的发射场，他在小说《海底两万里》中虚构了“鹦鹉螺号”潜水艇，在该小说出版 10 年后，第一艘真正的潜水艇才下水；在《征服者罗比尔》中有一个类似直升飞机的飞行



器，数十年后，人类才将这一设想变成了现实。此外，他的小说中还出现了电视、霓虹灯、导弹、坦克和太空飞船等科学技术应用概念，而这些后来都变成了现实。第二，他的作品中的主人公是一些鲜明、生动而富有进取心和正义感的人物，他们或是地理发现者、探险家、科学家、发明家，他们具有超人的智慧、坚强的毅力和执著不懈的精神；或是反对民族歧视、民族压迫的战士，反对社会不公的抗争者，追求自由的旅行家，在他们身上具有反压迫、反强权、反传统的战斗精神，他们热爱自由、热爱平等，维护人的尊严。凡尔纳所塑造的这些人物形象，他们远大的理想、坚强的性格、优秀的品质和高尚的情操已赢得了亿万读者的喜爱和尊敬，并一直成为人们向往的偶像和学习的榜样。

1900 年，儒勒·凡尔纳的第一部中译本小说《八十天周游世界》（当时的中文译名是《八十日环游记》）被介绍给中国的读者，直至新中国成立之前，陆续又有梁启超、鲁迅等文化名人将凡尔纳的作品翻译出版。20 世纪 50 年代后期，凡尔纳的科幻小说又开始为国内翻译界和出版界所关注，并在新中国读者面前重新显示了科幻小说旺盛的生命力。20 世纪 80 年代，凡尔纳的作品再次受到读者的青睐，国内许多出版社相继翻译出版了凡尔纳的科幻小说，一时形成了“凡尔纳热”。

目前，国内已出版的凡尔纳小说的形式主要有两种：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语的大环境。从英语学习的角度上来看，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，我们决定编译凡尔纳系列科幻小说中的经典，其中包括《气球上的五星期》、《地心游记》、《从地球到月球》、《环游月球》、《海底两万里》、《八十天周游世界》、《格兰特船长的儿女》、《神秘岛》、《沙皇的信使》、《喀尔巴阡古堡》、《无名之家》、《征服者罗比尔》、《大臣号幸存者》、《亚马逊漂流记》、《太阳系历险记》、《两年假期》和《测量子午线》等，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，也尽可能保留原著的风格。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，这些经典著作的



## 前言

引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的科学素养和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、刘乃亚、赵雪、左新杲、黄福成、冯洁、徐鑫、马启龙、王业伟、王旭敏、陈楠、王多多、邵舒丽、周丽萍、王晓旭、李永振、孟宪行、熊红华、胡国平、熊建国、徐平国、王小红等。限于我们的文学素养和英语水平，书中难免存在不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



第一章 自相矛盾的信件/	
Chapter 1 Contradictory Letters.....	1
第二章 在路上/	
Chapter 2 On the Road.....	9
第三章 多查特煤仓/	
Chapter 3 The Dochart Pit.....	16
第四章 福特一家/	
Chapter 4 The Ford Family.....	26
第五章 一些奇怪的现象/	
Chapter 5 Some Strange Phenomena.....	34
第六章 西蒙·福特的经历/	
Chapter 6 Simon Ford's Experiment.....	39
第七章 新阿帕福伊尔/	
Chapter 7 New Aberfoyle.....	47
第八章 探测/	
Chapter 8 Exploring.....	54
第九章 灯塔夫人/	
Chapter 9 The Fire-Maidens.....	62
第十章 煤城/	
Chapter 10 Coal Town.....	76
第十一章 命悬一线/	
Chapter 11 Hanging by a Thread.....	81
第十二章 被收养的奈尔/	
Chapter 12 Nell Adopted.....	90
第十三章 在旋转的梯子上/	
Chapter 13 On the Revolving Ladder.....	100



第十四章	日出/	
Chapter 14	A Sunrise .....	108
第十五章	从勒孟德湖到卡特琳湖/	
Chapter 15	Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine .....	118
第十六章	最后的威胁/	
Chapter 16	A Final Threat .....	123
第十七章	修士/	
Chapter 17	The “Monk” .....	132
第十八章	奈尔的婚礼/	
Chapter 18	Nell’s Wedding .....	141
第十九章	老思尔法克思的传奇/	
Chapter 19	The Legend of Old Silfax .....	147

# 第一章 自相矛盾的信件

## Chapter 1 Contradictory Letters



一天，詹姆斯·史塔尔工程师收到认识多年的前任工头西蒙·福特的信，让他次日到阿帕福伊尔煤矿多查特煤仓的耶鲁矿井，届时会告诉他一件他感兴趣的事。西蒙·福特的儿子哈利·福特将在码头等詹姆斯，并请他对邀请保密。

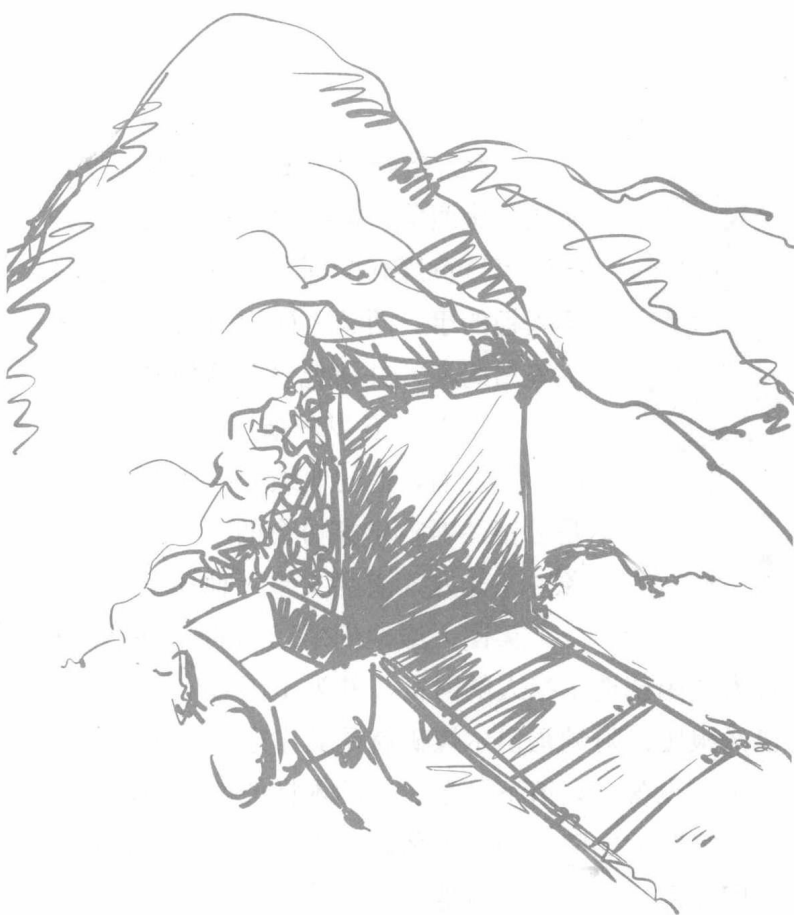
今年五十五岁的詹姆斯·史塔尔看上去只有四十岁左右，他的业绩为同业工会带来了荣誉。他是苏格兰考古家协会的主席，经常在《爱丁堡印象》杂志发表署名文章，他还是一位实践家。

英国人给他们那辽阔的煤田起名为“黑印度”，这些煤田曾为英国创造了惊人的财富，并为王国做出了巨大的贡献。现在一些煤矿已经报废，阿帕福伊尔煤矿就是其中之一。十年前，这个矿报废后，拆除了所有设备，只留下一个长长的木梯能够下到耶鲁井里。

当年，詹姆斯·史塔尔和几千名矿工告别。当人群离开之后，工头西蒙·福特还留在那里，旁边站着他的儿子——一个十五岁的小伙子。

十年后，詹姆斯·史塔尔收到了西蒙·福特的信，邀请他立刻回到阿帕福伊尔煤矿。信上提到的那件使他感兴趣的事是什么呢？他猜不出来，是老头又发现了新矿脉？他想不会的。詹姆斯·史塔尔决定接受这个邀请。

但在接近晚上六点时，第三次邮班又送来了一封信。信纸是从笔记本上撕下来的，纸已发黄，并且没有署名。只是告诉工程师去也没用，西蒙·福特的信已经失去了目标。



“*T*o Mr. J. R. Starr, Engineer, 30 Canongate, Edinburgh.

“If Mr. James Starr will come tomorrow to the Aberfoyle coal-mines, Dochart pit, Yarrow shaft, a communication of an interesting nature will be made to him.

“Mr. James Starr will be awaited for, the whole day, at the Callander station, by Harry Ford, son of the old overman Simon Ford.

“He is requested to keep this invitation secret.”

Such was the letter which James Starr received by the first post, on the 3rd December, 18-, the letter bearing the Aberfoyle postmark, county of Stirling, Scotland.

The engineer's curiosity was excited to the highest pitch. It never occurred to him to doubt whether this letter might not be a hoax. For many years he had known Simon Ford, one of the former foremen of the Aberfoyle mines, of which he, James Starr, had for twenty years, been the manager, or, as he would be termed in English coal-mines, the viewer. James Starr was a strongly-constituted-man, on whom his fifty-five years weighed no more heavily than if they had been forty. He belonged to an old Edinburgh family, and was one of its most distinguished members. His labors did credit to the body of engineers who are gradually devouring the carboniferous subsoil of the United Kingdom, as much at Cardiff and Newcastle, as in the southern counties of Scotland. However, it was more particularly in the depths of the mysterious mines of Aberfoyle, which border on the Alloa mines and occupy part of the county of Stirling, that the name of Starr had acquired the greatest renown. There, the greater part of his existence had been passed. Besides this, James Starr belonged to the Scottish Antiquarian Society, of which he had been made president. He was also included amongst the most active members of the Royal Institution; and the *«Edinburgh Review»* frequently published clever articles signed by him. He was in fact one of those practical men to whom is due the prosperity of England. He held a high rank in the old capital of Scotland, which not only from a physical but also from a moral point of view, well deserves the name of the Northern Athens.

We know that the English have given to their vast extent of coal-mines a very significant name. They very justly call them the "Black Indies," and these Indies have contributed perhaps even more than the Eastern Indies to swell the surprising wealth of the United Kingdom.

At this period, the limit of time assigned by professional men for the exhaustion of coalmines was far distant and there was no dread of scarcity. There were still extensive mines to be worked in the two Americas. The manu-factories, appropriated to so many different uses, locomotives, steamers, gas works, &c. , were not likely to fail for want of the mineral fuel; but the consumption had so increased during the last few years, that certain beds had been exhausted even to their smallest veins. Now deserted, these mines perforated the ground with their useless shafts and forsaken galleries. This was exactly the case with the pits of Aberfoyle.

Ten years before, the last butty had raised the last ton of coal from this colliery. The underground working stock, traction engines, trucks which run on rails along the galleries, subterranean tramways, frames to support the shaft, pipes – in short, all that constituted the machinery of a mine had been brought up from its depths. The exhausted mine was like the body of a huge fantastically-shaped mastodon, from which all the organs of life have been taken, and only the skeleton remains.

Nothing was left but long wooden ladders, down the Yarrow shaft-the only one which now gave access to the lower galleries of the Dochart pit. Above ground, the sheds, formerly sheltering the outside works, still marked the spot where the shaft of that pit had been sunk, it being now abandoned, as were the other pits, of which the whole constituted the mines of Aberfoyle.

It was a sad day, when for the last time the workmen quitted the mine, in which they had lived for so many years. The engineer, James Starr, had collected the hundreds of workmen which composed the active and courageous population of the mine. Overmen, brakemen, putters, wastemen, barrowmen, masons, smiths, carpenters, outside and inside laborers, women, children, and old men, all were collected in the great yard of the Dochart pit, formerly heaped with coal from the mine.

Many of these families had existed for generations in the mine of old

Aberfoyle; they were now driven to seek the means of subsistence elsewhere, and they waited sadly to bid farewell to the engineer.

James Starr stood upright, at the door of the vast shed in which he had for so many years superintended the powerful machines of the shaft. Simon Ford, the foreman of the Dochart pit, then fifty-five years of age, and other managers and overseers, surrounded him. James Starr took off his hat. The miners, cap in hand, kept a profound silence. This farewell scene was of a touching character, not wanting in grandeur.

"My friends," said the engineer, "the time has come for us to separate. The Aberfoyle mines, which for so many years have united us in a common work, are now exhausted. All our researches have not led to the discovery of a new vein, and the last block of coal has just been extracted from the Dochart pit." And in confirmation of his words, James Starr pointed to a lump of coal which had been kept at the bottom of a basket.

"This piece of coal, my friends," resumed James Starr, "is like the last drop of blood which has flowed through the veins of the mine! We shall keep it, as the first fragment of coal is kept, which was extracted a hundred and fifty years ago from the bearings of Aberfoyle. Between these two pieces, how many generations of workmen have succeeded each other in our pits! Now, it is over! The last words which your engineer will address to you are a farewell. You have lived in this mine, which your hands have emptied. The work has been hard, but not without profit for you. Our great family must disperse, and it is not probable that the future will ever again unite the scattered members. But do not forget that we have lived together for a long time, and that it will be the duty of the miners of Aberfoyle to help each other. Your old masters will not forget you either.

When men have worked together, they must never be stranger to each other again.

We shall keep our eye on you, and wherever you go, our recommendations shall follow you. Farewell then, my friends, and may Heaven be with you!"

So saying, James Starr wrung the horny hand of the oldest miner, whose eyes were dim with tears. Then the overmen of the different pits came forward to shake hands with him, whilst the miners waved their caps, shouting,

“Farewell, James Starr, our master and our friend!”

This farewell would leave a lasting remembrance in all these honest hearts. Slowly and sadly the population quitted the yard. The black soil of the roads leading to the Dochart pit resounded for the last time to the tread of miners’ feet, and silence succeeded to the bustling life which had till then filled the Aberfoyle mines.

One man alone remained by James Starr. This was the overman, Simon Ford. Near him stood a boy, about fifteen years of age, who for some years already had been employed down below.

James Starr and Simon Ford knew and esteemed each other well. “Good-by, Simon,” said the engineer.

“Good-by, Mr. Starr,” replied the overman, “let me add, till we meet again!”

“Yes, till we meet again. Ford!” answered James Starr. “You know that I shall be always glad to see you, and talk over old times.”

“I know that, Mr. Starr.”

“My house in Edinburgh is always open to you.”

“It’s a long way off, is Edinburgh!” answered the man shaking his head.

“Ay, a long way from the Dochart pit.”

“Along way, Simon? Where do you mean to live?”

“Even here, Mr. Starr! We’re not going to leave the mine, our good old nurse, just because her milk is dried up! My wife, my boy, and myself, we mean to remain faithful to her!”

“Good-by then, Simon,” replied the engineer, whose voice, in spite of himself, betrayed some emotion.

“No, I tell you, it’s till we meet again, Mr. Starr, and not Just ‘good-by,’ ” returned the foreman. “Mark my words, Aberfoyle will see you again!”

The engineer did not try to dispel the man’s illusion. He patted Harry’s head, again wrung the father’s hand, and left the mine.

All this had taken place ten years ago; but, notwithstanding the wish which the overman had expressed to see him again, during that time Starr had heard nothing of him. It was after ten years of separation that he got this letter from Simon Ford, requesting him to take without delay the road to the old Aberfoyle

colliery.

A communication of an interesting nature, what could it be? Dochart pit. Yarrow shaft! What recollections of the past these names brought back to him! Yes, that was a fine time, that of work, of struggle,—the best part of the engineer's life. Starr re-read his letter. He pondered over it in all its bearings. He much regretted that just a line more had not been added by Ford. He wished he had not been quite so laconic.

Was it possible that the old foreman had discovered some new vein? No! Starr remembered with what minute care the mines had been explored before the definite cessation of the works. He had himself proceeded to the lowest soundings without finding the least trace in the soil, burrowed in every direction. They had even attempted to find coal under strata which are usually below it, such as the Devonian red sandstone, but without result. James Starr had therefore abandoned the mine with the absolute conviction that it did not contain another bit of coal.

"No," he repeated, "no! How is it possible that anything which could have escaped my researches, should be revealed to those of Simon Ford. However, the old overman must well know that such a discovery would be the one thing in the world to interest me, and this invitation, which I must keep secret, to repair to the Dochart pit!" James Starr always came back to that.

On the other hand, the engineer knew Ford to be a clever miner, peculiarly endowed with the instinct of his trade. He had not seen him since the time when the Aberfoyle colliery was abandoned, and did not know either what he was doing or where he was living, with his wife and his son. All that he now knew was, that a rendezvous had been appointed him at the Yarrow shaft, and that Harry, Simon Ford's son, was to wait for him during the whole of the next day at the Callander station.

"I shall go, I shall go!" said Starr, his excitement increasing as the time drew near.

Our worthy engineer belonged to that class of men whose brain is always on the boil, like a kettle on a hot fire. In some of these brain kettles the ideas bubble over, in others they just simmer quietly. Now on this day, James Starr's ideas were boiling fast.

But suddenly an unexpected incident occurred. This was the drop of cold water, which in a moment was to condense all the vapors of the brain. About six in the evening, by the third post, Starr's servant brought him a second letter. This letter was enclosed in a coarse envelope, and evidently directed by a hand unaccustomed to the use of a pen. James Starr tore it open. It contained only a scrap of paper, yellowed by time, and apparently torn out of an old copy book.

On this paper was written a single sentence, thus worded:

"It is useless for the engineer James Starr to trouble himself, Simon Ford's letter being now without object."

No signature.

## 第二章 在路上

### Chapter 2 On the Road



詹姆斯·史塔尔看着两封相互矛盾的信，它们都是从阿帕福伊尔邮出来的。写第二封信的人知道老工头的秘密，想阻止工程师去，但詹姆斯决定明天准时赴约。

当天晚上，他写信给“皇家协会”主席 W·埃尔菲斯顿爵士，为不能参加下一次协会会议请假，并让仆人收拾好旅行包。

第二天五点，詹姆斯就起床了，他冒着冷雨登上了汽船，赶赴斯特林。

詹姆斯·史塔尔这个煤矿工程师，在途中想着煤的起源问题。那是在几百万年以前，地球的陆地上覆盖着大片的森林，由于地震的作用，使整片的森林陷入地球硬壳内，在巨大的压力和高温的作用下形成了煤。

现在詹姆斯·史塔尔要去的阿帕福伊尔煤矿，早在十年前就已经被采空了，现在会不会又发现了一个新煤田？西蒙·福特要告诉他的会不会是这个消息？他希望是的。

詹姆斯一踏上码头，一个年轻人就向他走了过来，年轻人就是哈利·福特。詹姆斯让雨中的哈利戴上帽子，并问了年轻人父母的身体情况，他知道了第一封信是年轻人写的，但他不知道第二封信的情况。当詹姆斯问年轻人西蒙有什么事要告诉他时，年轻人表示还是让父亲亲口告诉他。

工程师从年轻人那里知道了西蒙一家这十年始终住在矿里，他感到惊奇。他们加快了步伐。