

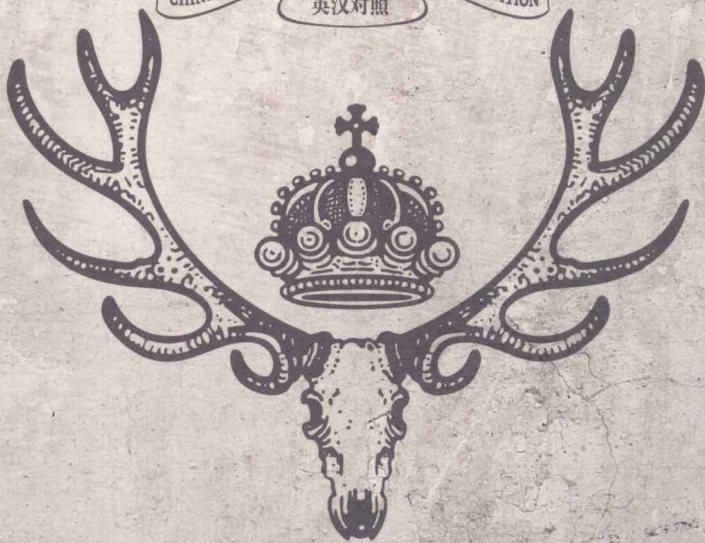


探险与传奇世界经典文学
双语必读系列丛书



第二版
SECOND EDITION

所罗门王的宝藏 KING SOLOMON'S MINES



[英] 亨利·莱德·哈格德 著 / 青闰 译注

清华大学出版社





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导 读

“探险与传奇世界经典文学双语必读系列”包括《金银岛》、《所罗门王的宝藏》、《时间机器》、《布哈拉历险记》、《80天环游地球》、《冠军的童年》和《鲁滨逊漂流记》，英汉对照，疑难词注解。

“探险与传奇世界经典文学双语必读系列”顾名思义是在我们营造的探险与传奇的文学氛围中领略大师经典，让你晓畅自如地穿行在英语世界的广阔天地中，采撷芬芳，咀嚼英华，潜移默化，分享知识带给你的快慰和力量。

在选材上，我们披沙拣金，尽可能多方位、多角度、多层面地体现探险与传奇的风姿与魅力；在翻译上，我们反复斟酌推敲，力求准确到位，传神达韵，让你体味到汉语言的博大精深和独特韵味；在设计上，我们追求精美韵致、别出心裁，让你一见倾心、爱不释手、一读难忘。

我们推出的这套“探险与传奇世界经典文学双语必读系列”既有惊心动魄、缠绵悱恻的迷人故事，又有地道纯正、原汁原味的英语经典。同时，为了照顾多层次读者的阅读需求和欣赏品味，我们尽可能做到兼收并蓄、雅俗共赏。

《所罗门王的宝藏》是英国著名作家亨利·莱德·哈格德的成名作。

英国爵士亨利·柯蒂斯和约翰·古德上尉结伴前往南非，在从开普敦到纳塔尔省的船上遇到了猎手艾伦·夸特梅因。柯蒂斯、古德、夸特

梅因在土著人厄姆宝帕的帮助下翻山越岭，穿过茫茫沙漠，来到了库库安纳国。库库安纳国的独裁者图瓦拉嗜杀成性、惨无人道，身边还有一名心狠手辣的女巫加古尔做他的参谋。由于女巫突然宣布处决厄姆宝帕，因此挑起了一场内战和一系列冲突。柯蒂斯等人凭着过人的智慧和胆识在战争中大获全胜，帮助原国王伊格诺希恢复了王位。他们继而在所罗门王的宝藏中历尽艰险，最后凯旋而归，并在归途中找到了亨利·柯蒂斯失踪多年的弟弟乔治。

小说以第一人称写成，生动逼真，引人入胜，尤其是对南非旖旎的风光的描述，更是让人大开眼界，如临其境，妙不可言。

“探险与传奇世界经典文学双语必读系列”在翻译过程中得到了东华大学出版社沈衡先生的悉心指导，也得到了宰倩、廉凤仙、宋娟、张灵敏、张连亮、李丽枫、刘君武、丁立福等同志的热情帮助，在此深表谢忱。

青闰

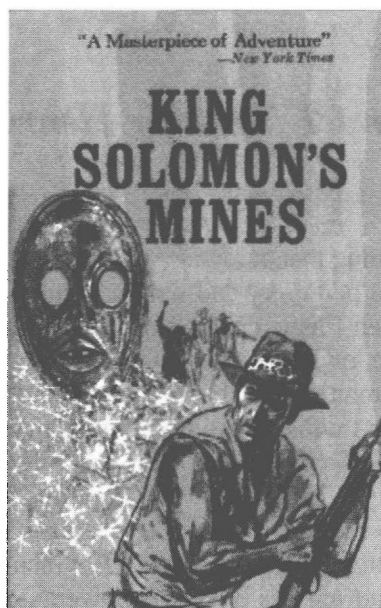
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英国爵士亨利·柯蒂斯和约翰·古德上校结伴前往南非，在从开普敦到纳塔尔省的船上遇到了猎手艾伦·夸特梅因。柯蒂斯、古德、夸特梅因在土著人厄姆宝帕的帮助下翻山越岭，穿过茫茫沙漠，来到了库库安纳国。库库安纳国的独裁者图瓦拉嗜杀成性、惨无人道，身边还有一名心狠手辣的女巫加古尔做他的参谋。由于女巫突然宣布处决厄姆宝帕，因此挑起了一场内战和一系列冲突。柯蒂斯等人凭着过人的智慧和胆识在战争中大获全胜，帮助原国王伊格诺希恢复了王位。他们继而在所罗门王的宝藏中历尽艰险，最后凯旋而归，并在归途中找到了亨利·柯蒂斯失踪多年的弟弟乔治。

Chapter 1 I Meet Sir Henry Curtis

It was a curious thing that at my age—fifty-five last birthday—I should find myself taking up a pen to try and write a history. I wonder what sort of a history it will be when I have done a good many things in my life, which seems a long one to me, owing to my having begun so young, perhaps. At an age when other boys are at school, I was earning my living as a trader in the old Colony. I have been trading, hunting, fighting, or mining ever since. And yet it is only eight months ago that I made my pile. It is a big pile now I have got it—I don't yet know how big—but I don't think I would go through the last fifteen or sixteen months again for it; no, not if I knew that I should come out safe at the end, pile and all. But then I am a timid man, and don't like violence, and am pretty sick of adventure. I wonder why I am going to write this book: it is not in my line. I am not a literary man, though very devoted to the *Old Testament* and also to the *Ingoldsby Legends*. Let me try and set down my reasons.

First reason: Because Sir Henry Curtis and Captain John Good asked me to.

Second reason: Because I am laid up here at Durban with the pain and trouble in my left leg. Ever since that confounded lion got hold of me I have been liable to it, and its being rather bad just now makes me limp more than ever. There must be some poison in a lion's teeth, otherwise how is it that when your wounds are healed they break out again. It is a hard thing that when one has shot sixty-five lions as I have in the course of my life, that the sixty-sixth should chew your leg like a quid of tobacco. It breaks the routine of the thing, and putting other considerations aside, I am an orderly man and don't like that.

第一章 初会亨利·柯蒂斯爵士

去年我已过了55岁生日，对我这个年龄来说，这是一件新奇事儿。我发现自己应该拿起笔尝试着写一段历史。我一生中做过很多很多的事儿，却我不知道自己写完时它将是一段什么样的历史。在我看来，一生似乎很长，也许是由于我开始时非常年轻吧。别的孩子还在上学时，我便在旧殖民地做买卖来养活自己。从那以后，我一直经商、打猎、打仗或开矿。可是，八个月前，我才有了财富。现在我拥有的是一大堆钱财——我还不知道有多大——但我想我不会为此再去经历过去那十五六个月的遭遇了；不，即使我知道最终会带着一大堆钱财和所有的一切安然走出，也不会。而另一方面我又是一个胆小鬼，不喜欢暴力，非常讨厌冒险。我不知道为什么要写这本书：这不是我份内的事儿。尽管我对《旧约全书》和《英格尔兹比传奇》情有独钟，但我不是搞文学的。让我试着写下自己的理由。

第一个理由：因为亨利·柯蒂斯爵士和约翰·古德上尉要求我这样做。

第二个理由：因为我现在躺在德班忍受着左腿的病痛。自从那头该死的狮子咬过我后，我就留下了病根，而且眼下情况相当糟，我瘸得比以往更厉害了。狮子的牙一定有毒，不然伤口痊愈后怎么又会复发呢？这真让人难过，像我这样一个曾打死过65头狮子的人竟被第66头狮子像嚼烟叶似的嚼伤了腿。这违背了事情的常理，除此之外，我是一个规矩人，不喜欢做那样的事儿。

Third reason: Because I want my boy Harry, who is over there at the hospital in London studying to become a doctor, to have something to amuse him and keep him out of mischief¹ for a week or so. Hospital work must sometimes pall and get rather dull, for even of cutting up dead bodies there must come satiety², and as this history won't be dull, anyway, it may give him a little life.

Fourth reason and last: Because I am going to tell the strangest story that I know of.

I, Allan Quatermain, of Durban, Natal, Gentleman, make oath and say—That's how I began my deposition before the magistrate³, about poor Khiva's and Ventvögel's deaths; but somehow it doesn't seem quite the right way to begin a book. And, besides, am I a gentleman? What is a gentleman? I don't quite know, and yet I have had to do with niggers⁴—no, I'll scratch that word “niggers” out, for I don't like it. I've known natives who are, and so you'll say, Harry, my boy, before you're done with this tale, and I have known mean whites with lots of money and fresh out from home, too, who ain't⁵. Well, at any rate, I was born a gentleman, though I've been nothing but a poor trader and hunter all my life. Whether I have remained so I know not, you must judge of that. Heaven knows I've tried. I've killed many men in my time, but I have never slain wantonly or stained my hand in innocent blood, only in self-defence. The Almighty gave us our lives, and I suppose he meant us to defend them, at least I have always acted on that, and I hope it won't be brought up against me when my clock strikes. There, there, it is a cruel and wicked world, and for a timid man I have been mixed up in a deal of slaughter. I can't tell the rights of it, but at any rate I have never stolen, though I once cheated a Kafir out of a herd of cattle. But then he had done me a dirty turn, and it has troubled me ever since into the bargain.

¹ mischief *n.* 淘气, 恶作剧, 伤害

² satiety *n.* 厌烦, 厌倦

³ magistrate *n.* 地方官员, 文职官员

⁴ nigger *n.* 黑鬼(对黑人的歧视)

⁵ ain't = are not

第三个理由：因为我想让我正在伦敦医院学医的儿子哈里有点儿东西来消遣，好让他一周左右不胡闹。医院的工作有时一定枯燥乏味，因为整天解剖死尸总会让人厌腻。不管怎么说，这段历史不会无趣，它可能会给他一点儿活力。

第四个，也是最后一个理由：因为我要讲的是我所知道的故事中最离奇的。

我叫艾伦·夸特梅因，是纳塔尔省德班市的一名绅士，对天起誓——我就是那样开始在地方法官面前对可怜的凯娃和文特富格尔之死作证的；但不知何故，我总觉得用它来做一本书的开头不大合适。再说，我是绅士吗？绅士是什么？我不太清楚，可我还得和黑鬼打交道——不，让我把“黑鬼”这个词勾去，因为我不喜欢它。因此，你会说，哈里，我的孩子，在你写完这个故事之前，我已经认识本地人，他们是绅士，我还认识带着很多钱刚从家里出来的卑鄙的白人，他们不是绅士。好了，无论如何，我生下来就是一个绅士，尽管我一生只是一个穷商人和猎手。我现在是不是还是绅士，我不知道，你一定会据此作出判断。上天知道我曾努力过。我一生中杀过好多人，但我从不胡乱杀人，手上也没沾过无辜者的血，自卫时除外。上帝给了我们生命，我想他是想让我们保护它，至少我总是在按此行事，我希望自己的生命之钟敲响时，那不会是我的丧钟。这是一个残酷邪恶的世界，作为一个胆小鬼，我曾多次卷入残杀。我不能说这名正言顺，但至少我从来没偷过，尽管我曾从一个卡菲尔人那里骗了一群牛，但后来他对我进行了卑鄙的报复，那是我做生意以来第一次栽跟头。

It's eighteen months or so ago since I first met Sir Henry Curtis and Captain Good. I had been up elephant hunting beyond Bamangwato, and had had bad luck. Everything went wrong that trip, and to top up with I got the fever badly. So soon as I was well enough I trekked down to the Diamond Fields, sold such ivory as I had, and also my wagon and oxen, discharged my hunters, and took the post-cart to the Cape. After spending a week in Cape Town, finding that they overcharged me at the hotel, and having seen everything there was to see, including the botanical¹ gardens, which seem to me likely to confer a great benefit on the country, and the new Houses of Parliament, I determined to go on back to Natal by the Dunkeld, then lying in the docks waiting for the Edinburgh Castle due in from England. I took my berth and went aboard, and that afternoon the Natal passengers from the Edinburgh Castle transshipped, and we weighed and put out to sea.

Among the passengers who came on board there were two who excited my curiosity. One, a man of about thirty, was one of the biggest-chested and longest-armed men I ever saw. He had yellow hair, a big yellow beard, clear-cut features, and large grey eyes set deep into his head. I never saw a finer-looking man, and somehow he reminded me of an ancient Dane. Not that I know much of ancient Danes, though I remember a modern Dane who did me out of ten pounds; but I remember once seeing a picture of some of those gentry, who, I take it, were a kind of white Zulus. They were drinking out of big horns, and their long hair hung down their backs, and as I looked at my friend standing there by the companion-ladder², I thought that if one only let his hair grow a bit, put one of those chain shirts on to those great shoulders of his, and gave him a big battle-axe and a horn mug, he might have sat as a model for that picture. And by the way it is a curious thing, and just shows how the blood will show out, I found out afterwards that Sir Henry Curtis was of Danish blood. He also reminded me strongly of somebody else, but at the time I could not remember who it was.

¹ botanical *adj.* 植物学的

² companion-ladder *n.* 船员专用的楼梯

大约18个月前，我初次遇见了亨利·柯蒂斯爵士和古德上尉。当时，我在巴芒瓦多外猎象，运气很糟。那次旅行一切都很糟，最糟的是我后来的高烧。病刚一好转，我就一路跋涉到了钻石矿，卖掉了我所有的象牙，还有我的车和牛，解散了我雇来的猎手，坐上邮车到了开普敦。在开普敦呆了一周后，我发觉旅馆向我要价太高，再说这里的東西也都看过了，包括植物园（我觉得在这里开植物园很可能会获得巨大收益）和新议会大厦，所以我决定乘坐敦克尔号船回纳塔尔。于是，我躺在码头等待应从英格兰来的爱丁堡城堡号。我订了一个卧铺，登上船。那天下午爱丁堡城堡号上的纳塔尔乘客转乘另一艘船。随后，我们就起锚，驶向了大海。

在甲板上的乘客中，有两个人引起了我的好奇心。其中一名男子，大约30岁，是我曾见过的人当中胸膛最宽、手臂最长的，他有一头黄发，留着黄色大络腮胡，面部棱角分明，一双灰色大眼睛深陷在眼窝里。我从来没见过这么英俊的人。不知何故，他让我想起了古丹麦人。并不是说我对古丹麦人了解多少，尽管我还记得从我手里弄走10英镑的一个现代丹麦人；而是我记得曾看过那些绅士中一些人的画像，我是说一种白肤色的祖鲁族人。他们长发垂背，用大牛角杯喝酒。我一边看着眼前这位靠舱梯站立的朋友，一边想，要是让他的头发再长一点，在他宽大的肩膀上披一件链条衬衣，再给他一把大战斧和一只牛角杯，他就可以给那幅画当模特了。顺便说一下，这是一件新奇事儿，就像血冒出来那样。后来，我发现亨利·柯蒂斯爵士的确具有丹麦血统。他还让我强烈地想到了另一个人，但一时我又想不起来那个人是谁。

The other man who stood talking to Sir Henry was short, stout, and dark, and of quite a different cut. I suspected at once that he was a naval officer. I don't know why, but it is difficult to mistake a navy man. I have gone shooting trips with several of them in the course of my life, and they have always been just the best and bravest and nicest fellows I ever met, though given to the use of profane language.

I had asked, what is a gentleman? I'll answer it now: a Royal Naval officer is, in a general sort of a way, though, of course, there may be a black sheep among them here and there. I fancy it is just wide sea and the breath of God's winds that washes their hearts and blows the bitterness out of the their minds and makes them what men ought to be. Well, to return, I was right again; I found out that he was a naval officer, a lieutenant¹ of thirty-one. His name I found out—by referring to the passenger's list—was Good—Captain John Good. He was broad, of medium height, dark, stout, and rather a curious man to look at. He was so very neat and so very clean shaved, and he always wore an eyeglass in his right eye. It seemed to grow there, for it had no string, and he never took it out except to wipe it. At first I thought he used to sleep in it, but I afterwards found that this was a mistake. He put it in his trousers pocket when he went to bed, together with his false teeth.

Soon after we had got under weigh evening closed in, and brought with it very dirty weather. A keen breeze sprang up off land, and a kind of aggravated Scotch mist soon drove everybody from the deck. And as for that Dunkeld, she is a flat-bottomed punt, and going up light as she was, she rolled very heavily. It almost seemed as though she would go right over, but she never did. It was quite impossible to walk about, so I stood near the engines where it was warm, and amused myself with watching the pendulum², which was fixed opposite to me, swinging slowly backwards and forwards as the vessel rolled, and marking the angle she touched at each lurch.

“That pendulum's wrong; it is not properly weighted,” suddenly said a voice at my shoulder, somewhat testily. Looking round I saw the naval officer I had noticed when the passengers came aboard.

¹ lieutenant *n.* 海军上尉

² pendulum *n.* 钟摆

站在那里跟亨利爵士说话的另一个人，身材矮胖，皮肤黝黑，完全是另一副模样。我马上就猜想到他是一名海军军官。尽管我不知道为什么，但我很难看错海军人员。在我的生命历程中，我曾和他们中的一些人一起打过猎，他们是我曾见过的最勇敢、最友善的人，尽管他们出言不逊。

我曾问过：绅士是什么？我现在就来回答：一般来说，皇家海军军官就是，不过他们当中偶尔也可能会出现害群之马。我想那不过是广阔的大海和上帝的风声荡涤了他们的心灵，吹走了他们内心的痛苦，使他们像真正的男子汉。好了，言归正传，我又猜对了；我发现他确实是一名海军军官，一名31岁的海军上尉。最后，通过查乘客登记表，我知道他叫古德——约翰·古德上尉。他宽肩膀，中等个头，皮肤黝黑，身体结实，看上去是一个有些好奇的人。他非常整洁，胡子刮得很净，右眼总是戴着眼镜。那眼镜就像长在那里似的，因为它没带细绳，所以除了擦眼镜，他从来不把它取下来。起初，我以为他睡觉也戴着眼镜，但后来我发现这是一个错误。他上床睡觉时，就把眼镜和假牙一起放进了裤袋里。

我们前进后不久，夜幕四合，非常恶劣的天气随之而来。从陆地上刮来一阵刺骨的风，一阵大雾马上就把大家赶下了甲板。至于敦克尔号，它是一艘平底船，因为空载逆行，所以行驶得非常缓慢。它好像总想直超过去，但从未成功。在船上行走完全不可能。于是，我就站在暖和的发动机旁，观看安装在我对面的钟摆自得其乐，船行驶时，钟摆慢慢地前后摆动，而且船每倾斜一次都对它触及的角度作出了标记。

“那个钟摆有问题，晃得不对劲儿，”一个声音突然在我的肩边响起，让人有点儿恼火。我向周围望了望，看见了乘客们上船时我注意到的那个海军军官。

“Indeed, now what makes you think so?” I asked.

“Think so. I don’t think at all.” She righted herself after a roll. “If the ship had really rolled to the degree that thing pointed to then she would never have rolled again, that’s all. But it is just like these merchant skippers, they always are so confoundedly careless.”

Just then the dinner-bell rang.

Captain Good and I went down to dinner together, and there we found Sir Henry Curtis already seated. He and Captain Good sat together, and I sat opposite to them. The captain and I soon got into talk about shooting and what not; he asking me many questions, and I answering as well as I could. Presently he got on to elephants.

“Ah, sir,” called out somebody who was sitting near me, “you’ve got to the right man for that; Hunter Quatermain should be able to tell you about elephants if anybody can.”

Sir Henry, who had been sitting quite quiet listening to our talk, started visibly.

“Excuse me, sir,” he said, leaning forward across the table, and speaking in a low, deep voice. “Excuse me, sir, but is your name Allan Quatermain?”

I said it was.

The big man made no further remark, but I heard him mutter “fortunate”.

Presently dinner came to an end, and as we were leaving the saloon Sir Henry came up and asked me if I would come into his cabin and smoke a pipe. I accepted, and he led the way to the Dunkeld deck cabin, and a very good cabin it was. There was a sofa in the cabin, and a little table in front of it. Sir Henry sent the steward for a bottle of whisky, and the three of us sat down and lit our pipes.

“Mr. Quatermain,” said Sir Henry Curtis, when the steward had brought the whisky and lit the lamp, “the year before last about this time you were, I believe, at a place called Bamangwato, to the north of the Transvaal.”

“I was,” I answered, rather surprised that this gentleman should be so well acquainted with my movements, which were not, so far as I was aware, considered of general interest.