

插图·中文导读英文版



From the Earth to the Moon
从地球到月球

[法] 儒勒·凡尔纳 著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译



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内 容 简 介

《从地球到月球》是世界上最伟大的科幻小说之一，它与凡尔纳另一部科幻小说《环月旅行》前后呼应，构成了一个完整的故事。故事讲述的是美国南北战争结束后，一些退伍军人在美国巴尔的摩成立了大炮俱乐部。俱乐部主席巴比康大胆设想，倡议用大炮把人送上月球，并因此建立地球与月球之间的联系。当法国冒险家米歇尔获悉这一消息后，建议造一颗可以载人的空心炮弹。为了实现到月球探险的愿望，志同道合的巴比康、米歇尔和船长尼切尔随着空心炮弹的发射升空出发了。运行中的炮弹碰到流星，致使轨道偏离，未能在月球上着陆，却在离月球 2800 英里的地方绕月飞行。一路上险象环生，历经神奇之旅的他们最后安全返回到地球。

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。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。

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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“世界科幻小说之父”。他一生共创作了六十多部充满神奇与浪漫色彩的科幻小说，这些小说被译成世界上几十种文字，并无数次被搬上银幕，在世界上广为流传。

1828年2月8日，凡尔纳出生在法国西部海港南特。他自幼热爱海洋，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小说三部曲：《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，至今仍然启发着人们的想象力和创造力。

凡尔纳的科幻小说有两大特点。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、坚强的毅力和执着不懈的精神；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《八十天周游地球》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，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”。时至今日，凡尔纳的科幻小说仍然显示出旺盛的生命力。基于以上原因，我们决定编译凡尔纳科幻小说中的三部经典作品：《神奇的地下之城》、



《从地球到月球》和《环月旅行》，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，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。我们相信，这些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、李新生、傅建平、熊志勇、蔡红昌、马莹莹、曹隼、张镇、张文绮、彭勇、傅颖等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中可能会有一些不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一章 大炮俱乐部

Chapter 1 The Gun Club



美国马里兰中部地区的巴尔的摩城，在南北战争期间成立了一个“大炮俱乐部”。

一些船东、商人跨出他们的柜台，成了军官甚至将军。他们在弹道科学上胜过欧洲并制造了一批超级大炮，受到了人们的崇拜。

这个俱乐部在开创之初，凑足三个人，就选举出主席和两个秘书，有了第四人就当档案管理员，再有一个人就召开了全体大会，然后宣布俱乐部成立。

俱乐部成立一个月后就有一千八百三十三位正式会员和三万零五百六十五位通讯员。会员必须发明或改良过大炮或火器。

在大炮俱乐部的光荣册上，记载着失去生命的从士兵到将军以及伤残人的名字。在俱乐部会员中四个人只有不到两条胳膊，六个人只有两条腿。战争停止后，大炮俱乐部也冷清下来。

一天晚上，装着两条木腿的汤姆·亨特尔感到无聊得受不了，而失去一条胳膊的比斯比更是感到那种热闹的日子一去不复返了，装着树胶脑壳的 J. T. 马斯顿对着早上刚完成的迫击炮设计感到没什么希望。



大炮俱乐部的成员



他们都渴望战争，都想去欧洲的战场上继续他们的试验，或者是找到打仗的理由。

J. T. 马斯顿认为既然北美曾经属于英国，那么英国现在就可以属于美国。布隆斯利上校认为这很公平，J. T. 马斯顿让他去和美国总统说，要不就别指望以后投他的票，并且如果不让自己的新型迫击炮在真正的战场上试验一下，就退出俱乐部到草原上隐居。屋里的人都积极响应。

这时他们收到俱乐部主席因贝·巴比康的通报，俱乐部将于本月五日召开会议，届时将发布大家感兴趣的议题。

*D*uring the War of the Rebellion, a new and influential club was established in the city of Baltimore in the State of Maryland. It is well known with what energy the taste for military matters became developed among that nation of ship-owners, shopkeepers, and mechanics. Simple tradesmen jumped their counters to become extemporized captains, colonels, and generals, without having ever passed the School of Instruction at West Point; nevertheless, they quickly rivaled their compeers of the old continent, and, like them, carried off victories by dint of lavish expenditure in ammunition, money, and men.

But the point in which the Americans singularly distanced the Europeans was in the science of gunnery. Not, indeed, that their weapons retained a higher degree of perfection than theirs, but that

they exhibited unheard-of dimensions, and consequently attained hitherto unheard-of ranges. In point of grazing, plunging, oblique, or enfilading, or point-blank firing, the English, French, and Prussians have nothing to learn; but their cannon, howitzers, and mortars are mere pocket-pistols compared with the formidable engines of the American artillery.

This fact need surprise no one. The Yankees, the first mechanics in the world, are engineers—just as the Italians are musicians and the Germans meta-physicians—by right of birth. Nothing is more natural, therefore, than to perceive them applying their audacious ingenuity to the science of gunnery. Witness the marvels of Parrott, Dahlgren, and Rodman, The Armstrong, Palliser, and Beaulieu guns were compelled to bow before their transatlantic rivals.

Now when an American has an idea, he directly seeks a second American to share it. If there be three, they elect a president and two secretaries. Given four, they name a keeper of records, and the office is ready for work; five, they convene a general meeting, and the club is fully constituted. So things were managed in Baltimore. The inventor of a new cannon associated himself with the caster and the borer. Thus was formed the nucleus of the “Gun Club.” In a single month after its formation it numbered 1, 833 effective members and 30, 565 corresponding members.

One condition was imposed as a unique one upon every



candidate for admission into the association, and that was the condition of having designed, or (more or less) perfected a cannon; or, in default of a cannon, at least a firearm of some description. It may, however, be mentioned that mere inventors of revolvers, fire-shooting carbines, and similar small arms, met with little consideration. Artillerists always commanded the chief place of favor.

The estimation in which these gentlemen were held, according to one of the most scientific exponents of the Gun Club, was “proportional to the masses of their guns, and in the direct ratio of the square of the distances attained by their projectiles.”

The Gun Club once founded, it is easy to conceive the result of the inventive genius of the Americans. Their military weapons attained colossal proportions, and their projectiles, exceeding the prescribed limits, unfortunately occasionally cut in two some unoffending pedestrians. These inventions, in fact, left far in the rear the timid instruments of European artillery.

It is but fair to add that these Yankees, brave as they have ever proved themselves to be, did not confine themselves to theories and formulae, but that they paid heavily, in propria personal, for their inventions. Among them were to be counted officers of all ranks, from lieutenants to generals; military men of every age, from those who were just making their debut in the profession of arms up to those who had grown old in the gun-carriage. Many had found their

rest on the field of battle whose names figured in the "Book of Honor" of the Gun Club; and of those who made good their return the greater proportion bore the marks of their indisputable valor: crutches, wooden legs, artificial arms, steel hooks, caoutchouc jaws, silver craniums, platinum noses, were all to be found in the collection; and it was calculated by the great statistician Pitcairn that throughout the Gun Club there was not quite one arm between four persons and two legs between six.

Nevertheless, these valiant artillerists took no particular account of these little facts, and felt justly proud when the despatches of a battle returned the number of victims at ten-fold the quantity of projectiles expended.

One day, however—sad and melancholy day!—peace was signed between the survivors of the war; the thunder of the guns gradually ceased, the mortars were silent, the howitzers were muzzled for an indefinite period, the cannon, with muzzles depressed, were returned into the arsenal, the shot were repiled, all bloody reminiscences were effaced; the cotton-plants grew luxuriantly in the well-manured fields, all mourning garments were laid aside, together with grief; and the Gun Club was relegated to profound inactivity.

Some few of the more advanced and inveterate theorists set themselves again to work upon calculations regarding the laws of projectiles. They reverted invariably to gigantic shells and



howitzers of unparalleled caliber. Still in default of practical experience what was the value of mere theories? Consequently, the clubrooms became deserted, the servants dozed in the antechambers, the newspapers grew mouldy on the tables, sounds of snoring came from dark corners, and the members of the Gun Club, erstwhile so noisy in their seances, were reduced to silence by this disastrous peace and gave themselves up wholly to dreams of a Platonic kind of artillery.

“This is horrible!” said Tom Hunter one evening, while rapidly carbonizing his wooden legs in the fireplace of the smoking-room; “Nothing to do! Nothing to look forward to! What a loathsome existence! When again shall the guns arouse us in the morning with their delightful reports?”

“Those days are gone by,” said jolly Bilsby, trying to extend his missing arms. “It was delightful once upon a time! One invented a gun, and hardly was it cast, when one hastened to try it in the face of the enemy! Then one returned to camp with a word of encouragement from Sherman or a friendly shake of the hand from Medlellan. But now the generals are gone back to their counters; and in place of projectiles, they despatch bales of cotton. By Jove, the future of gunnery in America is lost!”

“Ay! And no war in prospect!” continued the famous James T. Maston, scratching with his steel hook his gutta-percha cranium. “Not a cloud on the horizon! And that too at such a critical period in

the progress of the science of artillery! Yes, gentlemen! I who address you have myself this very morning perfected a model (plan, section, elevation, etc.) of a mortar destined to change all the conditions of warfare !”

“No! Is it possible?” replied Tom Hunter, his thoughts reverting involuntarily to a former invention of the Hon. J. T. Maston, by which, at its first trial, he had succeeded in killing three hundred and thirty-seven people.

“Fact!” replied he. “Still, what is the use of so many studies worked out, so many difficulties vanquished? It’s mere waste of time! The New World seems to have made up its mind to live in peace; and our bellicose *Tribune* predicts some approaching catastrophes arising out of this scandalous increase of population.”

“Nevertheless,” replied Colonel Blomsberry, “they are always struggling in Europe to maintain the principle of nationalities.”

“Well?”

“Well, there might be some field for enterprise down there; and if they would accept our services—”

“What are you dreaming of?” screamed Bilsby; “work at gunnery for the benefit of foreigners?”

“That would be better than doing nothing here,” returned the colonel.

“Quite so,” said J. T. Matson; “but still we need not dream of that expedient.”