

【名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版】

凡尔纳科幻经典丛书



*An Antarctic Mystery*

# 南极之谜

[法] 凡尔纳 著  
曲恩杉 等 编译



清华大学出版社



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## 内 容 简 介

美国作家爱伦·坡的小说《阿瑟·皮姆历险记》讲述了阿瑟·皮姆与同伴德克·彼得斯在经历了一场海难后，因为饥饿杀死了一名水手充饥，营救了他们的珍妮号在前往南极探险的过程中遭到了土著人的袭击，船员们下落不明。《南极之谜》作为它的续集继续了这个充满冒险与奇幻的故事。十一年后，一块从南极漂来的浮冰带着一具尸体被哈勒布雷那号的船长兰·盖伊发现，这具尸体正是失踪的珍妮号的大副帕特森。命运是如此的巧合，哈勒布雷那号的船长正是珍妮号船长威廉·盖伊的弟弟，为了寻找失踪的同胞，这艘双桅帆船开启了充满冒险的远航。他们艰难地穿越了极地浮冰圈，看到了遭遇地震袭击而面目全非的土著人的岛屿，在航行的途中帆船又不幸在一座翻转的冰山上搁浅。当他们近乎绝望的时候，一艘远方飘来的小船却携带着威廉·盖伊以一种离奇的方式与他们相遇了。在返航的路上，在一座酷似斯芬克斯的白色的磁铁山上，他们发现了阿瑟·皮姆的遗骸。整个旅程跌宕起伏，在南极这片纯洁而又神秘的土地上上演着一幕幕惊心动魄的传奇。

该书至今已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普读本，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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### 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

南极之谜=An Antarctic Mystery: 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版/(法)凡尔纳(Verne, J)著;曲恩彬等编注.北京:清华大学出版社,2014

(凡尔纳科幻经典丛书)

ISBN 978-7-302-33865-9

I. ①南… II. ①凡… ②曲… III. ①法语—语言读物 ②科学幻想小说—法国—近代  
IV. ①H319.4: I. www.lib.tsinghua.edu.cn

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2013)第213151号

责任编辑:柴文强 李 晔

封面设计:傅瑞学

责任校对:胡伟民

责任印制:沈 露

出版发行:清华大学出版社

网 址: <http://www.tup.com.cn>, <http://www.wqbook.com>

地 址:北京清华大学学研大厦A座 邮 编:100084

社总机:010-62770175

邮 购:010-62786544

投稿与读者服务:010-62776969, [c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn](mailto:c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn)

质 量 反 馈:010-62772015, [zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn](mailto:zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn)

印 刷 者:清华大学印刷厂

装 订 者:三河市新茂装订有限公司

经 销:全国新华书店

开 本:170mm×260mm 印 张:18.75

字 数:370千字

版 次:2014年8月第1版

印 次:2014年8月第1次印刷

印 数:1~3000

定 价:39.00元

产品编号:055237-01



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”、“科学时代的预言家”。他一生共创作了六十多部充满神奇与浪漫的科幻小说，代表作有《格兰特船长的儿女》、《海底两万里》和《神秘岛》等，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。虽然凡尔纳笔下的科幻故事极为奇特、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。凡尔纳塑造了许多人物形象，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。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系列科幻小说中被公认的经典名篇，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。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是SSAT、SAT，还是TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外



学校。

本书中文导读内容由曲恩杉编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。

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# 第一章 克尔格伦群岛

## Chapter 1 The Kerguelen Islands



一个离奇的冒险故事往往有着一个平常的开端，当杰奥林先生登上克尔格伦群岛进行地质研究的时候，他并不知道未来留给他的是一个怎样巨大的谜题。坐落在东经  $69^{\circ} 6'$ 、南纬  $49^{\circ} 45'$  的克尔格伦群岛有着另一个更为贴切的名字——荒凉岛。它像一位沉默的巨人，伫立在无垠的蔚蓝色的海洋中，断裂的海岸线犹如一串粗犷的项链，任凭海浪呼啸着击打那由火山喷发而形成的蓝黑色的岩石。在这里生命以一种寂静的姿态生长着，当夏季来临的时候，整个海岛被苔藓与地衣染成了灰绿色。企鹅、海豹、海象的叫声偶尔会打破这种沉静，但是海浪有规律的拍打声很快会淹没这种喧嚣。到了冬季，海洋由于低温而被冻结，白雪仿佛铺天盖地的棉被，守护着这孤独的海岛的沉梦。

但是这里并不是了无人烟的荒岛，一位来自康涅狄格洲的美国人阿特金斯在这里经营着一家小小的旅店。他犹如这个荒凉的小岛上的一株橡树，因为偶然的原因扎根在这里，顽强地汲取着生命的馈赠，乐观地看待着人生的沉浮。阿特金斯在圣诞港经营着一家叫做绿色鸬鹚的旅店，尽管现在只有杰奥林一位旅客，略微显得有些冷清，但是到了捕鲸船接踵而至的时候，这里将是一番热闹非凡的景象，各种必要的补给将源源不断地从旅店运到来往的船只上。绿色鸬鹚旅店是轮船赖以生存的供给站，是经历了无数枯燥而单一的海上旅程的水手们可以放松的温床。

不过杰奥林先生并不适应克尔格伦群岛上枯燥的生活，在完成了对群岛为期两个月的考察后，他急于回到原有的生活轨道上去。阿特金斯老板热情地为他推荐了哈勒布雷那号双桅纵帆船，因为这艘船的船长兰·盖伊是阿特金斯的老朋友，他是一位有着高超航海技术的正直高尚的人。杰奥林开始了漫长的等待，他常常遥望天际，渴望着在信天翁飞翔的方向看到回程的希望。

No doubt the following narrative will be received: with entire incredulity, but I think it well that the public should be put in possession of the facts narrated in "An Antarctic Mystery." The public is free to believe them or not, at its good pleasure.

No more appropriate scene for the wonderful and terrible adventures which I am about to relate could be imagined than the Desolation Islands, so called, in 1779, by Captain Cook. I lived there for several weeks, and I can affirm, on the evidence of my own eyes and my own experience, that the famous English explorer and navigator was happily inspired when he gave the islands that significant name.

Geographical nomenclature, however, insists on the name of Kerguelen, which is generally adopted for the group which lies in  $49^{\circ} 45'$  south latitude, and  $69^{\circ} 6'$  east longitude. This is just, because in 1772, Baron Kerguelen, a Frenchman, was the first to discover those islands in the southern part of the Indian Ocean. Indeed, the commander of the squadron on that voyage believed that he had found a new continent on the limit of the Antarctic seas, but in the course of a second expedition he recognized his error. There was only an archipelago. I may be believed when I assert that Desolation Islands is the only suitable name for this group of three hundred isles or islets in the midst of the vast expanse of ocean, which is constantly disturbed by austral storms.

Nevertheless, the group is inhabited, and the number of Europeans and Americans who formed the nucleus of the Kerguelen population at the date of the 2nd of August, 1839, had been augmented for two months past by a unit in



my person. Just then I was waiting for an opportunity of leaving the place, having completed the geological and mineralogical studies which had brought me to the group in general and to Christmas Harbour in particular.

Christmas Harbour belongs to the most important islet of the archipelago, one that is about half as large as Corsica. It is safe, and easy, and free of access. Your ship may ride securely at single anchor in its waters, while the bay remains free from ice.

The Kerguelens possess hundreds of other fjords. Their coasts are notched and ragged, especially in the parts between the north and the south-east, where little islets abound. The soil, of volcanic origin, is composed of quartz, mixed with a bluish stone. In summer it is covered with green mosses, grey lichens, various hardy plants, especially wild saxifrage. Only one edible plant grows there, a kind of cabbage, not found anywhere else, and very bitter of flavour. Great flocks of royal and other penguins people these islets, finding good lodging on their rocky and mossy surface. These stupid birds, in their yellow and white feathers, with their heads thrown back and their wings like the sleeves of a monastic habit, look, at a distance, like monks in single file walking in procession along the beach.

The islands afford refuge to numbers of sea-calves, seals, and sea-elephants. The taking of those amphibious animals either on land or from the sea is profitable, and may lead to a trade which will bring a large number of vessels into these waters.

On the day already mentioned, I was accosted while strolling on the port by mine host of mine inn.

"Unless I am much mistaken, time is beginning to seem very long to you, Mr. Jeorling?"

The speaker was a big tall American who kept the only inn on the port.

"If you will not be offended, Mr. Atkins, I will acknowledge that I do find it long."

"Of course I won't be offended. Am I not as well used to answers of that kind as the rocks of the Cape to the rollers?"

"And you resist them equally well."

"Of course. From the day of your arrival at Christmas Harbour, when you came to the Green Cormorant, I said to myself that in a fortnight, if not in a week, you would have enough of it, and would be sorry you had landed in the Kerguelens."

"No, indeed, Mr. Atkins; I never regret anything I have done."

"That's a good habit, sir."

"Besides, I have gained knowledge by observing curious things here. I have crossed the rolling plains, covered with hard stringy mosses, and I shall take away curious mineralogical and geological specimens with me. I have gone sealing, and taken sea-calves with your people. I have visited the rookeries where the penguin and the albatross live together in good fellowship, and that was well worth my while. You have given me now and again a dish of petrel, seasoned by your own hand, and very acceptable when one has a fine healthy appetite. I have found a friendly welcome at the Green Cormorant, and I am very much obliged to you. But, if I am right in my reckoning, it is two months since the Chilian two-master *Penās* set me down at Christmas Harbour in mid-winter.

"And you want to get back to your own country, which is mine, Mr. Jeorling; to return to Connecticut, to Providence, our capital."

"Doubtless, Mr. Atkins, for I have been a globe-trotter for close upon three years. One must come to a stop and take root at some time."

"Yes, and when one has taken root, one puts out branches."

"Just so, Mr. Atkins. However, as I have no relations living, it is likely that I shall be the last of my line. I am not likely to take a fancy for marrying at forty."

"Well, well, that is a matter of taste. Fifteen years ago I settled down comfortably at Christmas Harbour with my Betsy; she has presented me with ten children, who in their turn will present me with grandchildren."

"You will not return to the old country?"

"What should I do there, Mr. Jeorling, and what could I ever have done



there? There was nothing before me but poverty. Here, on the contrary, in these Islands of Desolation, where I have no reason to feel desolate, ease and competence have come to me and mine!”

“No doubt, and I congratulate you, Mr. Atkins, for you are a happy man. Nevertheless it is not impossible that the fancy may take you some day—”

Mr. Atkins answered by a vigorous and convincing shake of the head. It was very pleasant to hear this worthy American talk. He was completely acclimatized on his archipelago, and to the conditions of life there. He lived with his family as the penguins lived in their rookeries. His wife was a “valiant” woman of the Scriptural type, his sons were strong, hardy fellows, who did not know what sickness meant. His business was prosperous. The Green Cormorant had the custom of all the ships, whalers and others, that put in at Kerguelen. Atkins supplied them with everything they required, and no second inn existed at Christmas Harbour. His sons were carpenters, sailmakers, and fishers, and they hunted the amphibians in all the creeks during the hot season. In short, this was a family of honest folk who fulfilled their destiny without much difficulty.

“Once more, Mr. Atkins, let me assure you,” I resumed, “I am delighted to have come to Kerguelen. I shall always remember the islands kindly. Nevertheless, I should not be sorry to find myself at sea again.”

“Come, Mr. Jeorling, you must have a little patience,” said the philosopher, “you must not forget that the fine days will soon be here. In five or six weeks—”

“Yes, and in the meantime, the hills and the plains, the rocks and the shores will be covered thick with snow, and the sun will not have strength to dispel the mists on the horizon.”

“Now, there you are again, Mr. Jeorling! Why, the wild grass is already peeping through the white sheet! Just look!”

“Yes, with a magnifying glass! Between ourselves, Atkins, could you venture to pretend that your bays are not still ice-locked in this month of August, which is the February of our northern hemisphere?”

"I acknowledge that, Mr. Jeorling. But again I say have patience! The winter has been mild this year. The ships will soon show up, in the east or in the west, for the fishing season is near."

"May Heaven hear you, Atkins, and guide the *Halbrane* safely into port."

"Captain Len Guy? Ah, he's a good sailor, although he's English—there are good people everywhere—and he takes in his supplies at the Green Cormorant."

"You think the *Halbrane*—"

"Will be signalled before a week, Mr. Jeorling, or, if not, it will be because there is no longer a Captain Len Guy; and if there is no longer a Captain Len Guy, it is because the *Halbrane* has sunk in full sail between the Kerguelens and the Cape of Good Hope."

Thereupon Mr. Atkins walked away, with a scornful gesture, indicating that such an eventuality was out of all probability.

My intention was to take my passage on board the *Halbrane* so soon as she should come to her moorings in Christmas Harbour. After a rest of six or seven days, she would set sail again for Tristan d'Acunha, where she was to discharge her cargo of tin and copper. I meant to stay in the island for a few weeks of the fine season, and from thence set out for Connecticut. Nevertheless, I did not fail to take into due account the share that belongs to chance in human affairs, for it is wise, as Edgar Poe has said, always "to reckon with the unforeseen, the unexpected, the inconceivable, which have a very large share (in those affairs), and chance ought always to be a matter of strict calculation."

Each day I walked about the port and its neighbourhood. The sun was growing strong. The rocks were emerging by degrees from their winter clothing of snow; moss of a wine-like colour was springing up on the basalt cliffs, strips of seaweed fifty yards long were floating on the sea, and on the plain the lyella, which is of Andean origin, was pushing up its little points, and the only leguminous plant of the region, that gigantic cabbage already mentioned, valuable for its anti-scorbutic properties, was making its appearance.

I had not come across a single land mammal—sea mammals swarm in



these waters—not even of the batrachian or reptilian kinds. A few insects only—butterflies or others—and even these did not fly, for before they could use their wings, the atmospheric currents carried the tiny bodies away to the surface of the rolling waves.

“And the *Halbrane*” I used to say to Atkins each morning.

“The *Halbrane*, Mr. Jeorling,” he would reply with complacent assurance, “will surely come into port to-day, or, if not to-day, to-morrow.”

In my rambles on the shore, I frequently routed a crowd of amphibians, sending them plunging into the newly released waters. The penguins, heavy and impassive creatures, did not disappear at my approach; they took no notice; but the black petrels, the puffins, black and white, the grebes and others, spread their wings at sight of me.

One day I witnessed the departure of an albatross, saluted by the very best croaks of the penguins, no doubt as a friend whom they were to see no more. Those powerful birds can fly for two hundred leagues without resting for a moment, and with such rapidity that they sweep through vast spaces in a few hours. The departing albatross sat motionless upon a high rock, at the end of the bay of Christmas Harbour, looking at the waves as they dashed violently against the beach.

Suddenly, the bird rose with a great sweep into the air, its claws folded beneath it, its head stretched out like the prow of a ship, uttering its shrill cry: a few moments later it was reduced to a black speck in the vast height and disappeared behind the misty curtain of the south.