

【 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版 】
凡尔纳科幻经典丛书



The Master of the World

主宰世界的人

[法] 凡尔纳 著
曲韵佳 等 编译

清华大学出版社





名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版

凡尔纳科幻经典丛书



The Master of the World

主宰世界的人

[法] 凡尔纳 著
曲韵佳 等 编译

清华大学出版社
北 京

内 容 简 介

《主宰世界的人》是一部充满传奇、惊险与冒险的科幻小说。故事的主人公罗比尔是一位狂妄且近乎疯狂的科学家。他利用自己的才智制作各种神秘的飞行器、潜水艇、急速车等，在有意与无意中给人们制造各种恐慌。也正是因为他的聪明加上狂妄，原来受人尊敬的罗比尔最终走向了自我毁灭。

该书出版至今已被译成世界上多种文字，并曾经先后多次被改编成电影。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。

本书封面贴有清华大学出版社防伪标签，无标签者不得销售。

版权所有，侵权必究。侵权举报电话：010-62782989 13701121933

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

主宰世界的人—The Master of the World: 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版/(法)凡尔纳(Verne, J.)著;曲韵佳等编译. —北京:清华大学出版社, 2014

(凡尔纳科幻经典丛书)

ISBN 978-7-302-33862-7

I. ①主… ①凡… ②曲… II. ①英语—语言读物 ②科学幻想小说—法国—近代
IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2013)第 213134 号

责任编辑:柴文强 李 晔

封面设计:傅瑞学

责任校对:徐俊伟

责任印制:宋 林

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

质 量 反 馈:010-62772015, zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

印 装 者:北京鑫海金澳胶印有限公司

经 销:全国新华书店

开 本:170mm×260mm 印 张:11.25 字 数:221 千字

版 次:2014 年 1 月第 1 版 印 次:2014 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

印 数:1~3000

定 价:22.00 元



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。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中的一种，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韵佳编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有王勋、纪飞、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，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



CONTENTS

第一章 山上发生了什么/

Chapter 1 What Happened In The Mountains1

第二章 我到了摩甘丹/

Chapter 2 I Reach Morganton.....10

第三章 埃里叶巨峰/

Chapter 3 The Great Eyrie.....19

第四章 汽车俱乐部集会/

Chapter 4 A Meeting of The Automobile Club.....31

第五章 沿新英格兰海岸游荡/

Chapter 5 Along The Shores of New England41

第六章 第一封信/

Chapter 6 The First Letter50

第七章 第三种机器/

Chapter 7 A Third Machine57

第八章 不惜一切代价/

Chapter 8 At Any Cost.....67

第九章 第二封信/

Chapter 9 The Second Letter.....78

第十章 逃脱法律制裁/

Chapter 10 Outside The Law.....81

第十一章 准备战斗/

Chapter 11 The Campaign.....90

第十二章 黑石小港/

Chapter 12 Black Rock Creek101

第十三章 在“恐怖号”船上/

Chapter 13 On Board The Terror.....112



第十四章 尼亚加拉河/

Chapter 14 Niagara 122

第十五章 鹰巢/

Chapter 15 The Eagle's Nest 135

第十六章 征服者罗比尔/

Chapter 16 Robur, The Conqueror 146

第十七章 以法律的名义/

Chapter 17 In The Name of The Law 153

第十八章 老管家最后的评述/

Chapter 18 The Old Housekeeper's Last Comment 167

第一章 山上发生了什么

Chapter 1 What Happened In The Mountains

导

读

这是华盛顿联邦警察局的督察约翰·斯特拉克亲身经历的事情。

在美国北卡罗来纳州西部，有一座埃里叶巨峰。最近山顶常常冒出烟雾，并发出响声，晚上还有一道光环在山顶环绕。这使附近的老百姓感到不安。这年九月的一天，一位著名的飞行员带着气球来到小镇，等有东风吹来时，借助风力飘到山顶上空，用高倍望远镜观察谷底的情况。在一个风势平稳、天气晴朗的早晨，他乘气球升到一千五百英尺的高空，然而，东风并没刮来，他停了十五分钟，

遇到一股逆流便向东飘去。

这一次观测失败了，人们准备找更适合的时机再试一次，但埃里叶巨峰传出的响声和夜晚闪烁不定的光亮使人们感到情况严重。一场灾难马上要到来，四月四日晚，人们被一声巨大的响声惊醒，人们原认为发生了地震或火山爆发，后来发现一切正常。凌晨三点，巨峰上又出现了一束火焰，接着发出燃烧的“噼啪”声。人们又以为是火山爆发，便向东逃去；有一些精明的农场主保持着冷静，他们来到离巨峰一里外的地方，发现火焰的亮度正在减弱，而且周围一切都正常，逃跑的人们在远处停了下来，一些人朝巨峰走去。清晨，已经看不到一点烟云，也没有火山爆发的迹象；而到了五点，巨峰又响起了一种类似巨翅震动的声音，像是有一只巨鸟从埃里叶巨峰升空，向东飞去。



被巨大的响声惊醒

If I speak of myself in this story, it is because I have been deeply involved in its startling events, events doubtless among the most extraordinary which this twentieth century will witness. Sometimes I even ask myself if all this has really happened, if its pictures dwell in truth in my memory, and not merely in my imagination. In my position as head inspector in the federal police department at Washington, urged on moreover by the desire, which has always been very strong in me, to investigate and understand everything which is mysterious, I naturally became much interested in these remarkable occurrences. And as I have been employed by the government in various important affairs and secret missions since I was a mere lad, it also happened very naturally that the head of my department placed in my charge this astonishing investigation, wherein I found myself wrestling with so many impenetrable mysteries.

In the remarkable passages of the recital, it is important that you should believe my word. For some of the facts I can bring no other testimony than my own. If you do not wish to believe me, so be it. I can scarce believe it all myself.

The strange occurrences began in the western part of our great American State of North Carolina. There, deep amid the Blue-ridge Mountains rises the crest called the Great Eyrie. Its huge rounded form is distinctly seen from the little town of Morganton on the Catawba River, and still more clearly as one approaches the mountains by way of the village of Pleasant Garden.

Why the name of Great Eyrie was originally given this mountain by the people of the surrounding region, I am not quite sure. It rises rocky and grim and inaccessible, and under certain atmospheric conditions has a peculiarly blue and distant effect. But the idea one would naturally get from the name is of a refuge for birds of prey, eagles, condors, vultures; the home of vast numbers of the feathered tribes, wheeling and screaming above peaks beyond

the reach of man. Now, the Great Eyrie did not seem particularly attractive to birds; on the contrary, the people of the neighborhood began to remark that on some days when birds approached its summit they mounted still further, circled high above the crest, and then flew swiftly away, troubling the air with harsh cries.

Why then the name Great Eyrie? Perhaps the mount might better have been called a crater, for in the center of those steep and rounded walls there might well be a huge deep basin. Perhaps there might even lie within their circuit a mountain lake, such as exists in other parts of the Appalachian mountain system, a lagoon fed by the rain and the winter snows.

In brief was not this the site of an ancient volcano, one which had slept through ages, but whose inner fires might yet reawake? Might not the Great Eyrie reproduce in its neighborhood the violence of Mount Krakatoa or the terrible disaster of Mont Pelee? If there were indeed a central lake, was there not danger that its waters, penetrating the strata beneath, would be turned to steam by the volcanic fires and tear their way forth in a tremendous explosion, deluging the fair plains of Carolina with an eruption such as that of 1902 in Martinique?

Indeed, with regard to this last possibility there had been certain symptoms recently observed which might well be due to volcanic action. Smoke had floated above the mountain and once the country folk passing near had heard subterranean noises, unexplainable rumblings. A glow in the sky had crowned the height at night.

When the wind blew the smoky cloud eastward toward Pleasant Garden, a few cinders and ashes drifted down from it. And finally one stormy night pale flames, reflected from the clouds above the summit, cast upon the district below a sinister, warning light.

In presence of these strange phenomena, it is not astonishing that the people of the surrounding district became seriously disquieted. And to the disquiet was joined an imperious need of knowing the true condition of the

mountain. The Carolina newspapers had flaring headlines, "The Mystery of Great Eyrie!" They asked if it was not dangerous to dwell in such a region. Their articles aroused curiosity and fear—curiosity among those who being in no danger themselves were interested in the disturbance merely as a strange phenomenon of nature, fear in those who were likely to be the victims if a catastrophe actually occurred. Those more immediately threatened were the citizens of Morganton, and even more the good folk of Pleasant Garden and the hamlets and farms yet closer to the mountain.

Assuredly it was regrettable that mountain climbers had not previously attempted to ascend to the summit of the Great Eyrie. The cliffs of rock which surrounded it had never been scaled. Perhaps they might offer no path by which even the most daring climber could penetrate to the interior. Yet, if a volcanic eruption menaced all the western region of the Carolinas, then a complete examination of the mountain was become absolutely necessary.

Now before the actual ascent of the crater, with its many serious difficulties, was attempted, there was one way which offered an opportunity of reconnoitering the interior, with out clambering up the precipices. In the first days of September of that memorable year, a well-known aeronaut named Wilker came to Morganton with his balloon. By waiting for a breeze from the east, he could easily rise in his balloon and drift over the Great Eyrie. There from a safe height above he could search with a powerful glass into its deeps. Thus he would know if the mouth of a volcano really opened amid the mighty rocks. This was the principal question. If this were settled, it would be known if the surrounding country must fear an eruption at some period more or less distant.

The ascension was begun according to the programme suggested. The wind was fair and steady; the sky clear; the morning clouds were disappearing under the vigorous rays of the sun. If the interior of the Great Eyrie was not filled with smoke, the aeronaut would be able to search with his glass its entire extent. If the vapors were rising, he, no doubt, could detect their source.

The balloon rose at once to a height of fifteen hundred feet, and there rested almost motionless for a quarter of an hour. Evidently the east wind, which was brisk upon the Surface of the earth, did not make itself felt at that height. Then, unlucky chance, the balloon was caught in an adverse current, and began to drift toward the east. Its distance from the mountain chain rapidly increased. Despite all the efforts of the aeronaut, the citizens of Morganton saw the balloon disappear on the wrong horizon. Later, they learned that it had landed in the neighborhood of Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina.

This attempt having failed, it was agreed that it should be tried again under better conditions. Indeed, fresh rumblings were heard from the mountain, accompanied by heavy clouds and wavering glimmerings of light at night. Folk began to realize that the Great Eyrie was a serious and perhaps imminent source of danger. Yes, the entire country lay under the threat of some seismic or volcanic disaster.

During the first days of April of that year, these more or less vague apprehensions turned to actual panic. The newspapers gave prompt echo to the public terror. The entire district between the mountains and Morganton was sure that an eruption was at hand.

The night of the fourth of April, the good folk of Pleasant Garden were awakened by a sudden uproar. They thought that the mountains were falling upon them. They rushed from their houses, ready for instant flight, fearing to see open before them some immense abyss, engulfing the farms and villages for miles around.

The night was very dark. A weight of heavy clouds pressed down upon the plain. Even had it been day the crest of the mountains would have been invisible.

In the midst of this impenetrable obscurity, there was no response to the cries which arose from every side. Frightened groups of men, women, and children groped their way along the black roads in wild confusion. From every quarter came the screaming voices: "It is an earthquake!" "It is an eruption!"

“Whence comes it?” “From the Great Eyrie!”

Into Morganton sped the news that stones, lava, ashes, were raining down upon the country.

Shrewd citizens of the town, however, observed that if there were an eruption the noise would have continued and increased, the flames would have appeared above the crater; or at least their lurid reflections would have penetrated the clouds. Now, even these reflections were no longer seen. If there had been an earthquake, the terrified people saw that at least their houses had not crumbled beneath the shock. It was possible that the uproar had been caused by an avalanche, the fall of some mighty rock from the summit of the mountains.

An hour passed without other incident. A wind from the west sweeping over the long chain of the Blueridge, set the pines and hemlocks wailing on the higher slopes. There seemed no new cause for panic; and folk began to return to their houses. All, however, awaited impatiently the return of day.

Then suddenly, toward three o'clock in the morning, another alarm! Flames leaped up above the rocky wall of the Great Eyrie. Reflected from the clouds, they illuminated the atmosphere for a great distance. A crackling, as if of many burning trees, was heard.

Had a fire spontaneously broken out? And to what cause was it due? Lightning could not have started the conflagration; for no thunder had been heard. True, there was plenty of material for fire; at this height the chain of the Blueridge is well wooded. But these flames were too sudden for any ordinary cause.

“An eruption! An eruption!”

The cry resounded from all sides. An eruption! The Great Eyrie was then indeed the crater of a volcano buried in the bowels of the mountains. And after so many years, so many ages even, had it reawakened? Added to the flames, was a rain of stones and ashes about to follow? Were the lavas going to pour down torrents of molten fire, destroying everything in their passage,

annihilating the towns, the villages, the farms, all this beautiful world of meadows, fields and forests, even as far as Pleasant Garden and Morganton?

This time the panic was overwhelming; nothing could stop it. Women carrying their infants, crazed with terror, rushed along the eastward roads. Men, deserting their homes, made hurried bundles of their most precious belongings and set free their livestock, cows, sheep, pigs, which fled in all directions. What disorder resulted from this agglomeration, human and animal, under darkest night, amid forests, threatened by the fires of the volcano, along the border of marshes whose waters might be upheaved and overflow! With the earth itself threatening to disappear from under the feet of the fugitives! Would they be in time to save themselves, if a cascade of glowing lava came rolling down the slope of the mountain across their route?

Nevertheless, some of the chief and shrewder farm owners were not swept away in this mad flight, which they did their best to restrain. Venturing within a mile of the mountain, they saw that the glare of the flames was decreasing. In truth it hardly seemed that the region was immediately menaced by any further upheaval. No stones were being hurled into space; no torrent of lava was visible upon the slopes; no rumblings rose from the ground. There was no further manifestation of any seismic disturbance capable of overwhelming the land.

At length, the flight of the fugitives ceased at a distance where they seemed secure from all danger. Then a few ventured back toward the mountain. Some farms were reoccupied before the break of day.

By morning the crests of the Great Eyrie showed scarcely the least remnant of its cloud of smoke. The fires were certainly at an end; and if it were impossible to determine their cause, one might at least hope that they would not break out again.

It appeared possible that the Great Eyrie had not really been the theater of volcanic phenomena at all. There was no further evidence that the neighborhood was at the mercy either of eruptions or of earthquakes.

Yet once more about five o'clock, from beneath the ridge of the mountain, where the shadows of night still lingered, a strange noise swept across the air, a sort of whirring, accompanied by the beating of mighty wings. And had it been a clear day, perhaps the farmers would have seen the passage of a mighty bird of prey, some monster of the skies, which having risen from the Great Eyrie sped away toward the east.