

# 格兰特船长的儿女

[法] 儒勒·凡尔纳 著

[美] 查尔斯·弗兰西斯·霍恩 译



*Jules Verne*

*The Children of Captain Grant*



## 繪畫材料與構圖

1992 年出版・320頁・35.00元

ISBN 957-06-0000-1

繪畫材料與構圖

1992 年出版・320頁・35.00元

ISBN 957-06-0000-1

繪畫材料與構圖

1992 年出版・320頁・35.00元

ISBN 957-06-0000-1

繪畫材料與構圖

1992 年出版・320頁・35.00元

ISBN 957-06-0000-1

繪畫材料與構圖

1992 年出版・320頁・35.00元

ISBN 957-06-0000-1

繪畫材料與構圖

1992 年出版・320頁・35.00元

ISBN 957-06-0000-1

繪畫材料與構圖

# **The Children of Captain Grant**

# **格兰特船长的儿女**

Jules Verne

[法] 儒勒·凡尔纳 著

Charles Francis Horne, Ph.D.

[美] 查尔斯·弗兰西斯·霍恩 译

**世界图书出版公司**

上海·西安·北京·广州

**图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据**

格兰特船长的儿女: 英文/(法) 儒勒·凡尔纳 (Verne, J.)  
著; (美) 查尔斯·弗兰西斯·霍恩译. —上海: 上海世界图书出版  
公司, 2010.9

ISBN 978-7-5100-2370-5

I. ①格… II. ①儒… ②查… III. 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(2010)第 125492 号

## **格兰特船长的儿女**

[法] 儒勒·凡尔纳 著

[美] 查尔斯·弗兰西斯·霍恩 译

---

**上海世界图书出版公司** 出版发行

上海市广中路 88 号

邮政编码 200083

北京兴鹏印务有限公司印刷

如发现印刷质量问题, 请与印刷厂联系

(质检科电话: 010-84897777)

各地新华书店经销

---

开本: 787×1092 1/32 印张: 14.75 字数: 470 000

2010 年 9 月第 1 版 2010 年 9 月第 1 次印刷

ISBN978-7-5100-2370-5/H · 1031

定价: 24.80 元

<http://www.wpcsh.com.cn>

<http://www.wpcsh.com>

## Foreword

Literature masterpieces usually mirror the culture of a country or area in a specific period of time. By reading these masterpieces, we can enjoy the authors' fluent writing styles, vivid and detailed description, which will place us in that specific period's history and culture. For this purpose we present the series of world literature classics to the readers.

The selection was made based on suggestions of many professional literature translators and literary scholars. And these selected books were edited in accord with the original works. Making no abridgements or changes, we attempt to maintain the original style and flavor of these novels.

By reading them, you will have a better understanding of western history and culture, and your English level will be improved a lot before you realize it.

This series of classics will lead you to the wonderful English world!

# 前 言

世界文学名著表现了作者描述的特定时代的文化。阅读这些名著可以领略著者流畅的文笔、逼真的描述、详细的刻画，让读者如同置身当时的历史文化之中。为此，我们将这套精心编辑的“名著典藏”奉献给广大读者。

我们找来了专门研究西方历史、西方文化的专家学者，请教了专业的翻译人员，精心挑选了这些可以代表西方文学的著作，并听取了一些国外专门研究文学的朋友的建议，不删节、不做任何人为改动，严格按照原著的风格，提供原汁原味的西方名著，让读者能享受纯正的英文名著。

随着阅读的展开，你会发现自己的英语水平无形中有了大幅提高，并且对西方历史文化的了解也日益深入广阔。

送您一套经典，让您受益永远！

## Contents

### South America

Chapter 1	The Shark.....	1
Chapter 2	The Three Documents.....	6
Chapter 3	The Captain's Children.....	14
Chapter 4	Lady Glenarvan's Proposal.....	18
Chapter 5	The Departure of the "Duncan".....	24
Chapter 6	An Unexpected Passenger.....	28
Chapter 7	Jacques Paganel is Undeceived.....	34
Chapter 8	The Geographer's Resolution.....	40
Chapter 9	Through the Straits of Magellan.....	47
Chapter 10	The Course Decided.....	52
Chapter 11	Traveling in Chili.....	59
Chapter 12	Eleven Thousand Feet Aloft.....	64
Chapter 13	A Sudden Descent.....	69
Chapter 14	Providentially Rescued.....	78
Chapter 15	Thalcave.....	84
Chapter 16	The News of the Lost Captain.....	91
Chapter 17	A Serious Necessity.....	99
Chapter 18	In Search of Water.....	104
Chapter 19	The Red Wolves.....	113

Chapter 20	Strange Signs .....	123
Chapter 21	A False Trail.....	128
Chapter 22	The Flood.....	134
Chapter 23	A Singular Abode.....	143
Chapter 24	Paganel's Disclosure.....	151
Chapter 25	Between Fire and Water.....	160
Chapter 26	The Return on Board .....	167

## Australia

Chapter 1	A New Destination.....	175
Chapter 2	Tristan D'Acunha and the Isle of Amsterdam .....	184
Chapter 3	Cape Town and M. Viot.....	188
Chapter 4	A Wager and How Decided.....	192
Chapter 5	The Storm on the Indian Ocean .....	199
Chapter 6	A Hospitable Colonist.....	206
Chapter 7	The Quartermaster of the "Britannia".....	214
Chapter 8	Preparation for the Journey.....	223
Chapter 9	A Country of Paradoxes.....	230
Chapter 10	An Accident .....	235
Chapter 11	Crime or Calamity .....	242
Chapter 12	Toline of the Lachlan .....	250
Chapter 13	A Warning.....	259
Chapter 14	Wealth in the Wilderness .....	266
Chapter 15	Suspicious Occurrences.....	275
Chapter 16	A Startling Discovery .....	285
Chapter 17	The Plot Unveiled.....	294
Chapter 18	Four Days of Anguish.....	303
Chapter 19	Helpless and Hopeless.....	312



## New Zealand

Chapter 1	A Rough Captain .....	322
Chapter 2	Navigators and their Discoveries .....	329
Chapter 3	The Martyr-Roll of Navigators .....	332
Chapter 4	The Wreck of the "Macquarie" .....	334
Chapter 5	Cannibals .....	342
Chapter 6	A Dreaded Country .....	347
Chapter 7	The Maori War .....	354
Chapter 8	On the Road to Auckland .....	359
Chapter 9	Introduction to the Cannibals .....	365
Chapter 10	A Momentous Interview .....	370
Chapter 11	The Chief's Funeral .....	377
Chapter 12	Strangely Liberated .....	384
Chapter 13	The Sacred Mountain .....	393
Chapter 14	A Bold Stratagem .....	403
Chapter 15	From Peril to Safety .....	411
Chapter 16	Why the Duncan Went to New Zealand .....	419
Chapter 17	Ayrton's Obstinacy .....	426
Chapter 18	A Discouraging Confession .....	433
Chapter 19	A Cry in the Night .....	442
Chapter 20	Captain Grant's Story .....	451
Chapter 21	Paganel's Last Entanglement .....	461

# South America

## Chapter 1 The Shark

ON the 26th of July, 1864, a magnificent yacht was steaming along the North Channel at full speed, with a strong breeze blowing from the N. E. The Union Jack was flying at the mizzen-mast, and a blue standard bearing the initials E. G., embroidered in gold, and surmounted by a ducal coronet, floated from the topgallant head of the main-mast. The name of the yacht was the *Duncan*, and the owner was Lord Glenarvan, one of the sixteen Scotch peers who sit in the Upper House, and the most distinguished member of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, so famous throughout the United Kingdom.

Lord Edward Glenarvan was on board with his young wife, Lady Helena, and one of his cousins, Major McNabbs.

The *Duncan* was newly built, and had been making a trial trip a few miles outside the Firth of Clyde. She was returning to Glasgow, and the Isle of Arran already loomed in the distance, when the sailor on watch caught sight of an enormous fish sporting in the wake of the ship. Lord Edward, who was immediately apprised of the fact, came up on the poop a few minutes after with his cousin, and asked John Mangles, the captain, what sort of an animal he thought it was.

"Well, since your Lordship asks my opinion," said Mangles, "I think it is a shark, and a fine large one too."

"A shark on these shores!"

"There is nothing at all improbable in that," returned the captain. "This

fish belongs to a species that is found in all latitudes and in all seas. It is the 'balance-fish,' or hammer-headed shark, if I am not much mistaken. But if your Lordship has no objections, and it would give the smallest pleasure to Lady Helena to see a novelty in the way of fishing, we'll soon haul up the monster and find out what it really is."

"What do you say, McNabbs? Shall we try to catch it?" asked Lord Glenarvan.

"If you like; it's all one to me," was his cousin's cool reply.

"The more of those terrible creatures that are killed the better, at all events," said John Mangles, "so let's seize the chance, and it will not only give us a little diversion, but be doing a good action."

"Very well, set to work, then," said Glenarvan.

Lady Helena soon joined her husband on deck, quite charmed at the prospect of such exciting sport. The sea was splendid, and every movement of the shark was distinctly visible. In obedience to the captain's orders, the sailors threw a strong rope over the starboard side of the yacht, with a big hook at the end of it, concealed in a thick lump of bacon. The bait took at once, though the shark was full fifty yards distant. He began to make rapidly for the yacht, beating the waves violently with his fins, and keeping his tail in a perfectly straight line. As he got nearer, his great projecting eyes could be seen inflamed with greed, and his gaping jaws with their quadruple row of teeth. His head was large, and shaped like a double hammer at the end of a handle. John Mangles was right. This was evidently a balance-fish – the most voracious of all the *squalidae* species.

The passengers and sailors on the yacht were watching all the animal's movements with the liveliest interest. He soon came within reach of the bait, turned over on his back to make a good dart at it, and in a second bacon and contents had disappeared. He had hooked himself now, as the tremendous jerk he gave the cable proved, and the sailors began to haul in the monster by means of tackle attached to the mainyard. He struggled desperately, but his captors were prepared for his violence, and had a long rope ready with a slip knot, which caught his tail and rendered him

powerless at once. In a few minutes more he was hoisted up over the side of the yacht and thrown on the deck. A man came forward immediately, hatchet in hand, and approaching him cautiously, with one powerful stroke cut off his tail.

This ended the business, for there was no longer any fear of the shark. But, though the sailors' vengeance was satisfied, their curiosity was not; they knew the brute had no very delicate appetite, and the contents of his stomach might be worth investigation. This is the common practice on all ships when a shark is captured, but Lady Glenarvan declined to be present at such a disgusting exploration, and withdrew to the cabin again. The fish was still breathing; it measured ten feet in length, and weighed more than six hundred pounds. This was nothing extraordinary, for though the hammer-headed shark is not classed among the most gigantic of the species, it is always reckoned among the most formidable.

The huge brute was soon ripped up in a very unceremonious fashion. The hook had fixed right in the stomach, which was found to be absolutely empty, and the disappointed sailors were just going to throw the remains overboard, when the boatswain's attention was attracted by some large object sticking fast in one of the viscera.

"I say! what's this?" he exclaimed.

"That!" replied one of the sailors, "why, it's a piece of rock the beast swallowed by way of ballast."

"It's just a bottle, neither more nor less, that the fellow has got in his inside, and couldn't digest," said another of the crew.

"Hold your tongues, all of you!" said Tom Austin, the mate of the *Duncan*. "Don't you see the animal has been such an inveterate tippler that he has not only drank the wine, but swallowed the bottle?"

"What!" said Lord Glenarvan. "Do you mean to say it is a bottle that the shark has got in his stomach."

"Ay, it is a bottle, most certainly," replied the boatswain, "but not just from the cellar."

"Well, Tom, be careful how you take it out," said Lord Glenarvan, "for

bottles found in the sea often contain precious documents.”

“Do you think this does?” said Major McNabbs, incredulously.

“It possibly may, at any rate.”

“Oh! I’m not saying it doesn’t. There may perhaps be some secret in it,” returned the Major.

“That’s just what we’re to see,” said his cousin. “Well, Tom.”

“Here it is,” said the mate, holding up a shapeless lump he had managed to pull out, though with some difficulty.

“Get the filthy thing washed then, and bring it to the cabin.”

Tom obeyed, and in a few minutes brought in the bottle and laid it on the table, at which Lord Glenarvan and the Major were sitting ready with the captain, and, of course Lady Helena, for women, they say, are always a little curious. Everything is an event at sea. For a moment they all sat silent, gazing at this frail relic, wondering if it told the tale of sad disaster, or brought some trifling message from a frolic-loving sailor, who had flung it into the sea to amuse himself when he had nothing better to do.

However, the only way to know was to examine the bottle, and Glenarvan set to work without further delay, so carefully and minutely, that he might have been taken for a coroner making an inquest.

He commenced by a close inspection of the outside. The neck was long and slender, and round the thick rim there was still an end of wire hanging, though eaten away with rust. The sides were very thick, and strong enough to bear great pressure. It was evidently of Champagne origin, and the Major said immediately, “That’s one of our Clicquot’s bottles.”

Nobody contradicted him, as he was supposed to know; but Lady Helena exclaimed, “What does it matter about the bottle, if we don’t know where it comes from?”

“We shall know that, too, presently, and we may affirm this much already – it comes from a long way off. Look at those petrifications all over it, these different substances almost turned to mineral, we might say, through the action of the salt water! This waif had been tossing about in the ocean a long time before the shark swallowed it.”

"I quite agree with you," said McNabbs. "I dare say this frail concern has made a long voyage, protected by this strong covering."

"But I want to know where from?" said Lady Glenarvan.

"Wait a little, dear Helena, wait; we must have patience with bottles; but if I am not much mistaken, this one will answer all our questions," replied her husband, beginning to scrape away the hard substances round the neck. Soon the cork made its appearance, but much damaged by the water.

"That's vexing," said Lord Edward, "for if papers are inside, they'll be in a pretty state!"

"It's to be feared they will," said the Major.

"But it is a lucky thing the shark swallowed them, I must say," added Glenarvan, "for the bottle would have sunk to the bottom before long with such a cork as this."

"That's true enough," replied John Mangles, "and yet it would have been better to have fished them up in the open sea. Then we might have found out the road they had come by taking the exact latitude and longitude, and studying the atmospheric and submarine currents; but with such a postman as a shark, that goes against wind and tide, there's no clew whatever to the starting-point."

"We shall see," said Glenarvan, gently taking out the cork. A strong odor of salt water pervaded the whole saloon, and Lady Helena asked impatiently: "Well, what is there?"

"I was right!" exclaimed Glenarvan. "I see papers inside. But I fear it will be impossible to remove them," he added, "for they appear to have rotted with the damp, and are sticking to the sides of the bottle."

"Break it," said the Major.

"I would rather preserve the whole if I could."

"No doubt you would," said Lady Helena; "but the contents are more valuable than the bottle, and we had better sacrifice the one than the other."

"If your Lordship would simply break off the neck, I think we might easily withdraw the papers," suggested John Mangles.

"Try it, Edward, try it," said Lady Helena.

Lord Glenarvan was very unwilling, but he found there was no alternative; the precious bottle must be broken. They had to get a hammer before this could be done, though, for the stony material had acquired the hardness of granite. A few sharp strokes, however, soon shattered it to fragments, many of which had pieces of paper sticking to them. These were carefully removed by Lord Glenarvan, and separated and spread out on the table before the eager gaze of his wife and friends.

## Chapter 2    The Three Documents

ALL that could be discovered, however, on these pieces of paper was a few words here and there, the remainder of the lines being almost completely obliterated by the action of the water. Lord Glenarvan examined them attentively for a few minutes, turning them over on all sides, holding them up to the light, and trying to decipher the least scrap of writing, while the others looked on with anxious eyes. At last he said: "There are three distinct documents here, apparently copies of the same document in three different languages. Here is one in English, one in French, and one in German."

"But can you make any sense out of them?" asked Lady Helena.

"That's hard to say, my dear Helena, the words are quite incomplete."

"Perhaps the one may supplement the other," suggested Major McNabbs.

"Very likely they will," said the captain. "It is impossible that the very same words should have been effaced in each document, and by putting the scraps together we might gather some intelligible meaning out of them."

"That's what we will do," rejoined Lord Glenarvan; "but let us proceed methodically. Here is the English document first."

All that remained of it was the following:

62                      Bri                      gow  
 Sink                      stra  
                     aland  
                     skipp      Gr  
                                     that monit      of long  
 and                                      ssistance  
                     lost

"There's not much to be made out of that," said the Major, looking disappointed.

"No, but it is good English anyhow," returned the captain.

"There's no doubt of it," said Glenarvan. "The words *sink*, *aland*, *lost* are entire; *skipp* is evidently part of the word *skipper*, and that's what they call ship captains often in England. There seems a Mr. Gr. mentioned, and that most likely is the captain of the shipwrecked vessel."

"Well, come, we have made out a good deal already," said Lady Helena.

"Yes, but unfortunately there are whole lines wanting," said the Major, "and we have neither the name of the ship nor the place where she was shipwrecked."

"We'll get that by and by," said Edward.

"Oh, yes; there is no doubt of it," replied the Major, who always echoed his neighbor's opinion. "But how?"

"By comparing one document with the other."

"Let us try them," said his wife.

The second piece of paper was even more destroyed than the first; only a few scattered words remained here and there.

It ran as follows:

7 Juni                      Glas  
                                     zwei      atrosen  
                                     graus



*bringt ihnen*

"This is written in German," said John Mangles the moment he looked at it.

"And you understand that language, don't you?" asked Lord Glenarvan.

"Perfectly."

"Come, then, tell us the meaning of these words."

The captain examined the document carefully, and said:

"Well, here's the date of the occurrence first: 7 *Juni* means June 7; and if we put that before the figures 62 we have in the other document, it gives us the exact date, 7<sup>th</sup> of June, 1862."

"Capital!" exclaimed Lady Helena. "Go on, John!"

"On the same line," resumed the young captain, "there is the syllable *Glas* and if we add that to the *gow* we found in the English paper, we get the whole word *Glasgow* at once. The documents evidently refer to some ship that sailed out of the port of Glasgow."

"That is my opinion, too," said the Major.

"The second line is completely effaced," continued the Captain; "but here are two important words on the third. There is *zwei*, which means *two*, and *atrosen* or *matrosen*, the German for *sailors*."

"Then I suppose it is about a captain and two sailors," said Lady Helena.

"It seems so," replied Lord Glenarvan.

"I must confess, your Lordship, that the next word puzzles me. I can make nothing of it. Perhaps the third document may throw some light on it. The last two words are plain enough. *Bringt ihnen* means *bring them*; and, if you recollect, in the English paper we had *assistance*, so by putting the parts together, it reads thus, I think: '*Bring them assistance*.'"

"Yes, that must be it," replied Lord Glenarvan. "But where are the poor fellows? We have not the slightest indication of the place, meantime, nor of where the catastrophe happened."

"Perhaps the French copy will be more explicit," suggested Lady