

# 金银岛

TREASURE ISLAND

中英对照全译本

[英] 罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森 著

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译



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## 前言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。



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## CHAPTER 1

## 第一章

*The Old Sea-dog at the "Admiral Benbow"*住在“本葆海军上将”店里的  
老水手

SQUIRE Trelawney, Dr. Livesey, and the rest of these gentlemen having asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of grace 17—, and go back to the time when my father kept the “Admiral Benbow” inn and the brown old seaman with the sabre cut first took up his lodging under our roof.

I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a hand-barrow — a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man, his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat, his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails, and the sabre cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cove and whistling to

乡绅特里罗尼、利弗西医生，还有其余几位先生都要求我将金銀岛探险始末详细地写下来，原原本本，毫无保留，不过需要隐去小岛的位置，仅仅因为那里还有些没有取出的宝藏。于是，我在公元17××年开始动笔，故事要追溯到我父亲开“本葆海军上将”店的时候，那时那个棕色皮肤、脸上有道刀疤的老水手头一次与我们住在同一屋檐下。

想到他，仿佛还只是昨天的事情。那时他脚步沉重地来到旅店门口，航海的木箱就放在身后的双轮手推车上。他是个身材高大、体格强壮、分量不轻且有着栗色皮肤的男人。他身着一件肮脏的蓝色外套，涂着柏油的辫子垂在肩膀上，一双手粗糙且满是疤痕，指甲乌黑破损，一边的面颊上有一道肮脏的青灰色刀疤。我记得他一边打量着



himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest —

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

in the high, old tottering voice that seemed to have been tuned and broken at the capstan bars. Then he rapped on the door with a bit of stick like a handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly, like a connoisseur, lingering on the taste and still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our signboard.

"This is a handy cove," says he at length; "and a pleasant sittuated grog-shop. Much company, mate?"

My father told him no, very little company, the more was the pity.

"Well, then," said he, "this is the berth for me. Here you, matey," he cried to the man who trundled the barrow; "bring up alongside and help up my chest. I'll stay here a bit," he continued. "I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that head up there for to watch ships off. What you mought call me? You mought call me captain. Oh, I see what you're at — there"; and he threw down three

海湾的情况，一边自顾自地吹起口哨，接着他就唱起了那支古老的水手歌谣——以后的日子里他也常常唱起：

15个汉子爬上死人的箱子——

哟——嗨——嗨，再来一瓶朗姆酒！

他声音高昂、沧桑，还打着战，仿佛被绞盘机绞坏了一样。然后他就用手里那形似绞盘棒的木棍不断敲着门，而我父亲一露面，他就粗犷地叫了一杯朗姆酒。当朗姆酒送到他面前时，他像品酒师一般慢条斯理地品味着，继续打量着周围的悬崖和头顶上的我们的招牌。

"这个小海湾可真方便，"终于他说，"这酒馆的位置也很不错，客人一定很多吧，兄弟？"

父亲告诉他不多，没什么人，来的都是些潦倒的穷人。

"那么，"他说，"对我来说可再合适不过了。过来，伙计，"他冲着推手推车的人喊道，"把车子停在边上，把我的箱子卸下来，我要在这里住上一阵子。"他又继续说，"我是个好打发的人，只要有朗姆酒、咸肉和鸡蛋就足以面朝海湾看船出海了。你们该如何称呼我？你们可以叫我船长。噢，我懂你的意思——喏！"说着他向门槛

or four gold pieces on the threshold. "You can tell me when I've worked through that," says he, looking as fierce as a commander.

And indeed bad as his clothes were and coarsely as he spoke, he had none of the appearance of a man who sailed before the mast, but seemed like a mate or skipper accustomed to be obeyed or to strike. The man who came with the barrow told us the mail had set him down the morning before at the "Royal George", that he had inquired what inns there were along the coast, and hearing ours well spoken of, I suppose, and described as lonely, had chosen it from the others for his place of residence. And that was all we could learn of our guest.

He was a very silent man by custom. All day he hung round the cove or upon the cliffs with a brass telescope; all evening he sat in a corner of the parlour next the fire and drank rum and water very strong. Mostly he would not speak when spoken to, only look up sudden and fierce and blow through his nose like a fog-horn; and we and the people who came about our house soon learned to let him be. Every day when he came back from his stroll he would ask if any seafaring men had gone by along the road. At first we thought it was the want of company of his own kind that made him ask this question, but at last we began to see he was desirous to avoid

上丢了三四枚金币,“用完通知我。”他像个指挥官一样严厉地说。

而且事实是,虽然他衣衫褴褛,满口粗话,却半点儿也不像一个在桅杆前干活的水手,而像个习惯被手下服从命令的大副或船长。那个推手推车的人告诉我们,他是那天早晨被邮车送到“乔治王”旅店门前的,他在那里打听海岸上都有哪些小旅店。我推测他大概听说我们店的好口碑,而且够清静,才选择住进我们的旅店。这就是我们对这位客人的全部了解了。

按理说他是个十分安静的人。他一整天就带着架黄铜望远镜在海湾或是悬崖上晃荡,晚上就坐在客房挨着壁炉的拐角,猛烈地喝着朗姆酒和水。除非别人搭讪才开口,只是猛地一仰头从鼻子里发出一声像是吹雾角的哼声。很快我们和来往的客人就知道不管他就可以了。每天他漫步回来都会问路上有没有什么水手经过。一开始我们以为他这么问是想找到同类,最后我们才明白他巴不得躲开那些人。当有水手住在“本葆海军上将”店时(时不时有些船员来,他们要沿海边大道去布里斯托尔),他在进客厅前总要通过门帘看一看,若

them. When a seaman put up at the “Admiral Benbow” (as now and then some did, making by the coast road for Bristol) he would look in at him through the curtained door before he entered the parlour; and he was always sure to be as silent as a mouse when any such was present. For me, at least, there was no secret about the matter, for I was, in a way, a sharer in his alarms. He had taken me aside one day and promised me a silver fourpenny on the first of every month if I would only keep my “weather-eye open for a seafaring man with one leg” and let him know the moment he appeared. Often enough when the first of the month came round and I applied to him for my wage, he would only blow through his nose at me and stare me down, but before the week was out he was sure to think better of it, bring me my four-penny piece, and repeat his orders to look out for “the seafaring man with one leg.”

How that personage haunted my dreams, I need scarcely tell you. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the four corners of the house and the surf roared along the cove and up the cliffs, I would see him in a thousand forms, and with a thousand diabolical expressions. Now the leg would be cut off at the knee, now at the hip; now he was a monstrous kind of a creature who had never had but the one leg, and that in

是有别的水手在场，他绝对就安静得像只耗子。至少这事对我来说算不上是秘密，因为我在某种意义上也帮他盯梢。某天他将我拉到边上，承诺说，只要我帮他“留神一个独腿水手”，只要那人一露面就告诉他，这样每月第一天我就能从他那里拿到一枚4便士银币。好多次到了月初我向他索要酬劳时，他只是轻蔑地哼一声，将我瞪得抬不起头来。然而，还没等一个礼拜结束，他就会后悔，于是给我4便士，再次重申他的命令，让我留神“独腿水手”。

我不用说你都该知道，这个人物简直是我的梦魇。在暴风雨的夜晚，大风将屋子四角刮得猛烈摇晃，海浪怒吼着拍打着海岸和峭壁，我就会看到他化为一千种样子、带着一千种邪恶的神情。有时一条腿齐膝而断，有时是大腿根部齐根砍断，有时他又是一只全身只有一条腿长在身体正中央的怪物。最可怕的噩梦就是看到他单腿跳

the middle of his body. To see him leap and run and pursue me over hedge and ditch was the worst of nightmares. And altogether I paid pretty dear for my monthly fourpenny piece, in the shape of these abominable fancies.

But though I was so terrified by the idea of the seafaring man with one leg, I was far less afraid of the captain himself than anybody else who knew him. There were nights when he took a deal more rum and water than his head would carry; and then he would sometimes sit and sing his wicked, old, wild sea-songs, minding nobody; but sometimes he would call for glasses round and force all the trembling company to listen to his stories or bear a chorus to his singing. Often I have heard the house shaking with “Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum,” all the neighbours joining in for dear life, with the fear of death upon them, and each singing louder than the other to avoid remark. For in these fits he was the most overriding companion ever known; he would slap his hand on the table for silence all round; he would fly up in a passion of anger at a question, or sometimes because none was put, and so he judged the company was not following his story. Nor would he allow anyone to leave the inn till he had drunk himself sleepy and reeled off to bed.

His stories were what frightened people

着翻越栅栏和沟渠追赶我。总而言之,为了每月的4便士我可付出了惨痛的代价,不得不忍受这些可恶的假想。

然而尽管我被这个独腿水手的故事吓得并不轻,但比起其他认识船长的人来说,我的恐惧程度可轻多了。许多个夜晚,当船长喝了太多朗姆酒和水后头脑发昏,接下来他偶尔就坐着唱起他那些个邪恶、古老、粗野的水手歌曲,压根不顾别人也在场。而有时他则会叫嚷着轮流干杯,还强迫所有作陪的瑟瑟发抖的人们听他的故事或是与他合唱副歌。我经常听到“哟——哟——哟,再来一瓶朗姆酒”的歌声令整幢房子都为之颤抖。所有的邻居们因为怕死都唱得一声赛过一声高,免得被船长呵斥。因为他是大家见过的一失控就最一发不可收拾的人。他会拍着桌子让所有人都噤声,有时他会因为一个问题,或是因为没人提问就断定大家没有好好听他的故事,从而雷霆大怒,火冒三丈。他也不允许任何人在他喝醉后,摇摆着爬上床睡觉之前离开旅店。

人们最害怕听到的还是他的

worst of all. Dreadful stories they were — about hanging, and walking the plank, and storms at sea, and the Dry Tortugas, and wild deeds and places on the Spanish Main. By his own account he must have lived his life among some of the wickedest men that God ever allowed upon the sea, and the language in which he told these stories shocked our plain country people almost as much as the crimes that he described. My father was always saying the inn would be ruined, for people would soon cease coming there to be tyrannized over and put down, and sent shivering to their beds; but I really believe his presence did us good. People were frightened at the time, but on looking back they rather liked it; it was a fine excitement in a quiet country life, and there was even a party of the younger men who pretended to admire him, calling him a “true sea-dog” and a “real old salt” and such like names, and saying there was the sort of man that made England terrible at sea.

In one way, indeed, he bade fair to ruin us, for he kept on staying week after week, and at last month after month, so that all the money had been long exhausted, and still my father never plucked up the heart to insist on having more. If ever he mentioned it, the captain blew through his nose so loudly that you might say he roared, and stared my poor father out of the

故事。因为那全都是些关于绞刑、走木板、海上风暴和干托吐加群岛以及拉丁美洲大陆的蛮荒地区和野蛮风俗的可怕故事。据他所言，那些在海上与他一起生活过的人必定是被上帝放逐到海上的最邪恶的人。他讲故事的语言给我们这些老实的村民们带来的震撼几乎和他描述的这些罪恶一样令人吃惊。我的父亲总说，总有一天这小旅馆会倒闭的，因为人们很快就会因为不堪忍受暴虐、镇压和浑身颤抖着去睡觉的滋味而不再光顾。然而说老实话，我却觉得船长的存在给我们带来了利益。人们听的时候确实吓得 not 轻，但回过头来看，他们也很享受听故事。这对于平静的乡村生活可谓是一针不错的兴奋剂。甚至有一群年轻人声称对他十分敬佩，称他是“真正的水手”、“经验丰富的老海员”等类似的称号，还说正是他这样的人使英格兰在海上称霸。

然而事实上，另一方面，他确实在毁灭我们，因为他在住了一周又一周，一月又一月，他付的那些钱早就花光了，而我的父亲却一直都不敢鼓起勇气去讨要更多。如果他提到一点钱的事，船长就会从鼻子里发出可以称之为咆哮的声音，并且死死盯着我可怜的父亲直到他落荒而逃。每当经

room. I have seen him wringing his hands after such a rebuff, and I am sure the annoyance and the terror he lived in must have greatly hastened his early and unhappy death.

All the time he lived with us the captain made no change whatever in his dress but to buy some stockings from a hawker. One of the cocks of his hat having fallen down, he let it hang from that day forth, though it was a great annoyance when it blew. I remember the appearance of his coat, which he patched himself upstairs in his room, and which, before the end, was nothing but patches. He never wrote or received a letter, and he never spoke with any but the neighbours, and with these, for the most part, only when drunk on rum. The great sea-chest none of us had ever seen open.

He was only once crossed, and that was towards the end, when my poor father was far gone in a decline that took him off. Dr. Livesey came late one afternoon to see the patient, took a bit of dinner from my mother, and went into the parlour to smoke a pipe until his horse should come down from the hamlet, for we had no stabling at the old "Benbow". I followed him in, and I remember observing the contrast the neat, bright doctor, with his powder as white as snow and his bright, black eyes and pleasant manners, made with the coltish

历了这样一次回绝之后,我就看到父亲拧着双手,我敢肯定长期生活在这样的烦恼和恐慌之中,一定加速了他那并不快活的生命过早消亡。

船长和我们一起住的日子里,除了从一个小贩那里买了些袜子以外,就再也沒换过衣服。他帽子的一角脱落了,尽管起风的时候给他造成了不小的麻烦,自此以后也放任其耷拉着。我还记得他外套的模样,他在自己楼上的房间里给外套打补丁。最后,那件衣服上就满是补丁了。他从不写信,也从没收到过一封信,他只和邻居说说话,而大多数情况下也只有在喝多了朗姆酒时才会如此。而那只硕大的航海木箱我们谁也没见到它被打开过。

他只有一次勃然大怒,那是故事接近尾声的时候,那时我可怜的父亲被病魔缠身,离死神愈来愈近。某天下午,利弗西医生来看望他,吃了些母亲准备的晚饭,然后走进客厅想抽烟斗,直到有人去把他的马从小村子里牵过来,因为我们的老“本葆海军上将”店没有马厩。我跟着他走进客厅,我记得这位医生打扮得十分干净整齐,假发上涂满雪白的发粉,他那明亮的黑眼睛和令人赏心悦目的举止仪态与那些轻佻的乡下人,特别是那

country folk, and above all, with that filthy, heavy, bleared scarecrow of a pirate of ours, sitting, far gone in rum, with his arms on the table. Suddenly he – the captain, that is – began to pipe up his eternal song:

“Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest –  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!  
Drink and the devil had done for the rest –  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!”

At first I had supposed “the dead man’s chest” to be that identical big box of his upstairs in the front room, and the thought had been mingled in my nightmares with that of the one-legged seafaring man. But by this time we had all long ceased to pay any particular notice to the song; it was new, that night, to nobody but Dr. Livesey, and on him I observed it did not produce an agreeable effect, for he looked up for a moment quite angrily before he went on with his talk to old Taylor, the gardener, on a new cure for the rheumatics. In the meantime, the captain gradually brightened up at his own music, and at last flapped his hand upon the table before him in a way we all knew to mean silence. The voices stopped at once, all but Dr. Livesey’s; he went on as before speaking clear and kind and drawing briskly at his pipe between every word or two. The captain glared at him for a while, flapped his hand again,

个下流、笨拙、醉眼惺忪的海盗，形成了截然的对比。当时船长喝了太多朗姆酒，两只胳膊架在桌子上，突然他开始唱起他那首永恒的歌儿：

15个汉子爬上死人的箱子——  
哟—哟—哟，再来一瓶朗姆酒！  
酒和魔鬼解决了其他人——  
哟—哟—哟，再来瓶朗姆酒！

一开始我以为“死人的箱子”说的是他楼上前屋里的那只大箱子，而这想法又和我梦魇里的独腿水手混在一起。然而那个时候我们对这支歌都没什么兴趣，因此那天晚上只有利弗西医生没听过。而我发现医生对它也毫无好感，因为在他继续和花匠老泰勒关于治疗风湿病的新疗法的谈话之前，他很生气愤地抬头看了船长一会儿。与此同时，船长的情绪渐渐被他的歌声带动起来，最后他开始拍打面前的桌子，我们都知道这意味着肃静。所有的声音戛然而止，除了利弗西医生，他还像之前一样说着话，声音清晰悦耳，在说话的空当里还时不时地抽口烟。船长瞪了他一会儿，又拍了拍桌子，眼神更为凶狠，最后他终于爆发了，凶神恶煞地用低沉的声音咒骂着：“安静，上下甲板都给我安静！”



glared still harder, and at last broke out with a villainous, low oath, "Silence, there, between decks!"

"Were you addressing me, sir?" says the doctor; and when the ruffian had told him, with another oath, that this was so, "I have only one thing to say to you, sir," replies the doctor, "that if you keep on drinking rum, the world will soon be quit of a very dirty scoundrel!"

The old fellow's fury was awful. He sprang to his feet, drew and opened a sailor's clasp-knife, and balancing it open on the palm of his hand, threatened to pin the doctor to the wall.

The doctor never so much as moved. He spoke to him as before, over his shoulder and in the same tone of voice, rather high, so that all the room might hear, but perfectly calm and steady: -

"If you do not put that knife this instant in your pocket, I promise, upon my honour, you shall hang at the next assizes."

Then followed a battle of looks between them, but the captain soon knuckled under, put up his weapon, and resumed his seat, grumbling like a beaten dog.

"And now, sir," continued the doctor, "since I now know there's such a fellow in my district, you may count I'll have an eye upon you day and night. I'm not a doctor only; I'm a magistrate; and if I catch a breath of complaint against you, if it's only

"你是在对我说吗, 先生?" 医生说道, 而当那个恶棍又一次对他发出咒骂以示确认时, 医生回答道, "我只想对你说一件事, 先生, 如果你继续喝下去的话, 这世上很快就會少一个肮脏无比的无赖!"

老浑蛋立即火冒三丈。他跳起来, 拔出了一把水手用的折叠刀, 将它在手心里打开, 像是要威胁将医生钉到墙上去一样。

医生毫不变色。他转过头来, 语调不变, 只是声音稍微提高了些对他说, 这样屋子里的人都能听清, 然而他的声音却十分镇定平稳:

"要是你不马上将刀子放回口袋里, 我以我的名誉保证, 下一次巡回审判中你将被绞死。"

接着二人的目光来回交锋了一阵子, 但很快船长就投降了, 他放下武器, 退回到座位上, 像只丧家犬似的嘟囔着。

"现在, 先生," 医生继续说道, "既然现在我知道在我的辖区内还有你这样的家伙, 你可得搞清楚, 我会日夜盯着你的一举一动。我不仅是医生, 还是治安官。如果被听到有人对你的行为的抱怨,



for a piece of incivility like tonight's, I'll take effectual means to have you hunted down and routed out of this. Let that suffice."

Soon after, Dr. Livesey's horse came to the door and he rode away, but the captain held his peace that evening, and for many evenings to come.

哪怕只是像今晚这样小小的无礼，我都会采取有力的行动逮捕你。言尽于此，我想你该明白了。”

过了一会儿，利弗西医生的马便被牵到了门前，他就骑着马离开了。那一晚以及接下来的很多个夜里，船长都安分守己，不敢妄言。