

中文导读英文版

凡尔纳科幻小说系列

Journey to the Center of the Earth

地心游记

[法] 儒勒·凡尔纳 原著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译



清华大学出版社

H319.4:1
213-2.2

(中 文 导 读 英 文 版)

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内 容 简 介

Journey to the Center of the Earth, 中文译名《地心游记》, 这是一部充满传奇、冒险与幻想的科幻巨著, 是法国著名作家、“现代科幻小说之父”儒勒·凡尔纳的代表作之一。性格古怪的德国教授奥托·李登布洛克发现了一些来自冰岛的远古的纸片, 并试图了解上面的神秘文字。他的侄子阿克赛尔最终找到了这些文字的秘密, 原来是一条通向地心的秘密地下通道。为了探索地底下的秘密, 奥托·李登布洛克教授偕同侄子阿克赛尔和向导汉斯, 进行了一次穿越地心的探险旅行。他们经历了一个又一个恢宏而令人惊心动魄的场面: 地底深处的波涛汹涌的大海, 巨大的蘑菇林, 远古时期的海兽及令人心惊胆战的搏斗, 以及原始古猿在地下森林中放牧乳齿象, 海上的狂风暴雨, 耀眼的电闪雷鸣, 摄人心魄的岩浆奔腾等等。经过整整3个月在地底的艰辛跋涉, 在完成地心穿行之后, 终于在一次火山喷发中从火山口回到了地面。

该书一经出版, 很快就成为当时最受关注和最畅销的科幻作品, 至今已译成世界上多种文字, 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, 该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。

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

地心游记=Journey to the Center of the Earth: 中文导读英文版/(法)凡尔纳(Verne, J.)原著; 王勋等编译. —北京: 清华大学出版社, 2009.1

(凡尔纳科幻小说系列)

ISBN 978-7-302-18699-1

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

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2008)第154734号

责任编辑: 李 晔

插图绘制: 王 轲

责任校对: 焦丽丽

责任印制: 孟凡玉

出版发行: 清华大学出版社

地 址: 北京清华大学学研大厦A座

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

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 刷 者: 北京密云胶印厂

装 订 者: 北京市密云县京文制本装订厂

经 销: 全国新华书店

开 本: 170×260 印 张: 18 字 数: 286千字

版 次: 2009年1月第1版

印 次: 2009年1月第1次印刷

印 数: 1~5000

定 价: 29.00元

本书如存在文字不清、漏印、缺页、倒页、脱页等印装质量问题, 请与清华大学出版社出版部联系调换。联系电话: (010)62770177 转 3103 产品编号: 030325-01



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“科幻小说之父”。一生共创作了六十多部充满神奇与浪漫的科幻小说，其代表作有《气球上的五星期》、《地心游记》、《从地球到月球》、《海底两万里》、《八十天周游世界》、《格兰特船长的儿女》和《神秘岛》等，这些小说被译成世界上几十种文字，并多次被搬上银幕，在世界上广为流传。

儒勒·凡尔纳于1828年2月8日出生在法国西部海港南特。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，他遵从父训到首都巴黎攻读法律。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。

总的说来，凡尔纳的小说有两大特点。第一，他的作品是丰富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都变成了现实。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

前言



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，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，并在新中国读者面前重新显示了科幻小说旺盛的生命力。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”。

目前，国内已出版的凡尔纳小说的形式主要有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是中英文对照版。而其中的中英文对照读本比较受读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看，直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译凡尔纳系列科幻小说中的经典，其中包括《气球上的五星期》、《地心游记》、《从地球到月球》、《环月旅行》、《海底两万里》、《八十天周游世界》、《格兰特船长的儿女》、《神秘岛》、《沙皇的信使》、《隐身新娘》、《无名之家》、《征服者罗比尔》、《大臣号幸存者》、《亚马逊漂流记》、《太阳系历险记》、《两年假期》和《测量子午线》等，并采用中



前言

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内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。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、王小红等。限于我们的文学素养和英语水平，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一章 教授和他的家庭成员

Chapter I The Professor and his Family



这是一八六三年五月二十四日，女佣玛尔塔刚开始做午饭，李登布洛克教授匆匆赶回位于三人堡旧城科尼街十九号的小房子。

阿克赛尔想躲开脾气暴躁的叔叔，赶紧回到楼上的房间。这时门突然推开，教授上到楼上书房，把阿克赛尔叫了过去。

教授在约翰大学讲矿物学，说话不流利，许多来听课的人就是等教授念错时发火，就开始笑，并以此为乐。但教授具有地质学家的天才及矿物学的敏锐观察力，他在所有学校和学术协会里享有盛名，很多有名望的教授也向他请教学术方面的棘手问题。

教授高瘦的身体长得十分结实。虽然已五十多岁，但看起来要年轻得多。由于急躁的性格，他一步能跨一点五英尺。教授的家中住着教女维尔兰人格劳本、女佣玛尔塔和已成为孤儿的侄子阿克赛尔。

阿克赛尔迷上了地质学，成了教授的实验助手。听到教授叫，阿克赛尔马上跑进他的书房。

*O*n the 24th of May, 1863, my uncle, Professor Liedenbroek, rushed into his little house, No. 19 Köningstrasse, one of the oldest streets in the oldest portion of the city of Hamburg.

Martha must have concluded that she was very much behindhand, for the dinner had only just been put into the oven.

‘Well, now,’ said I to myself, ‘if that most impatient of men is hungry, what a disturbance he will make!’

‘M. Liedenbrock so soon!’ cried poor Martha in great alarm, half opening the dining-room door.

‘Yes, Martha; but very likely the dinner is not half cooked, for it is not two yet. Saint Michael’s dock has only just struck halfpast one.’

‘Then why has the master come home so soon?’

‘Perhaps he will tell us that himself.’

‘Here he is, Monsieur Axel; I will run and hide myself while you argue with him.’

And Martha retreated in safety into her own dominions.

I was left alone. But how was it possible for a man of my undecided turn of mind to argue successfully with so irascible a person as the Professor? With this persuasion I was hurrying away to my own little retreat upstairs, when the street door creaked upon its hinges; heavy feet made the whole flight of stairs to shake; and the master of the house, passing rapidly through the dining-room, threw himself in haste into his own sanctum.

But on his rapid way he had found time to fling his hazel stick into a corner, his rough broadbrim upon the table, and these few emphatic words at his nephew:

‘Axel, follow me!’

I had scarcely had time to move when the Professor was again shouting after me:

‘What! not come yet?’

And I rushed into my redoubtable master’s study.

Otto Liedenbrock had no mischief in him, I willingly allow that; but unless he very considerably changes as he grows older, at the end he will be a most original character.

He was professor at the Johannæum, and was delivering a series of lectures

on mineralogy, in the course of every one of which he broke into a passion once or twice at least. Not at all that he was over-anxious about the improvement of his class, or about the degree of attention with which they listened to him, or the success which might eventually crown his labours. Such little matters of detail never troubled him much. His teaching was as the German philosophy calls it, 'subjective'; it was to benefit himself, not others. He was a learned egotist. He was a well of science, and the pulleys worked uneasily when you wanted to draw anything out of it. In a word, he was a learned miser.

Germany has not a few professors of this sort.

To his misfortune, my uncle was not gifted with a sufficiently rapid utterance; not, to be sure, when he was talking at home, but certainly in his public delivery; this is a want much to be deplored in a speaker. The fact is, that during the course of his lectures at the Johannaëum, the Professor often came to a complete standstill; he fought with wilful words that refused to pass his struggling lips, such words as resist and distend the cheeks, and at last break out into the unasked-for shape of a round and most unscientific oath: then his fury would gradually abate.

Now in mineralogy there are many half-Greek and half-Latin terms, very hard to articulate, and which would be most trying to a poet's measures. I don't wish to say a word against so respectable a science, far be that from me. True, in the august presence of rhombohedral crystals, retinasphaltic resins, gehlenites, Fassaites, molybdenites, tungstates of manganese, and titanite of zirconium, why, the most facile of tongues may make a slip now and then.

It therefore happened that this venial fault of my uncle's came to be pretty well understood in time, and an unfair advantage was taken of it; the students laid wait for him in dangerous places, and when he began to stumble, loud was the laughter, which is not in good taste, not even in Germans. And if there was always a full audience to honour the Liedenbrock courses, I should be sorry to conjecture how many came to make merry at my uncle's expense.

Nevertheless my good uncle was a man of deep learning - a fact I am most

anxious to assert and reassert. Sometimes he might irretrievably injure a specimen by his too great ardour in handling it; but still he united the genius of a true geologist with the keen eye of the mineralogist. Armed with his hammer, his steel pointer, his magnetic needles, his blowpipe, and his bottle of nitric acid, he was a powerful man of science. He would refer any mineral to its proper place among the six hundred elementary substances now enumerated, by its fracture, its appearance, its hardness, its fusibility, its sonorousness, its smell, and its taste.

The name of Liedenbrock was honourably mentioned in colleges and learned societies. Humphry Davy, Humboldt, Captain Sir John Franklin, General Sabine, never failed to call upon him on their way through Hamburg. Becquerel, Ebelman, Brewster, Dumas, Milne-Edwards, Saint-Claire-Deville frequently consulted him upon the most difficult problems in chemistry, a science which was indebted to him for considerable discoveries, for in 1853 there had appeared at Leipzig an imposing folio by Otto Liedenbrock, entitled, 'A Treatise upon Transcendental Chemistry,' with plates; a work, however, which failed to cover its expenses.

To all these titles to honour let me add that my uncle was the curator of the museum of mineralogy formed by M. Struve, the Russian ambassador; a most valuable collection, the fame of which is European.

Such was the gentleman who addressed me in that impetuous manner. Fancy a tall, spare man, of an iron constitution, and with a fair complexion which took off a good ten years from the fifty he must own to. His resdess eyes were in incessant motion behind his full-sized spectacles. His long, thin nose was like a knife blade. Boys have been heard to remark that that organ was magnetized and attracted iron filings. But this was merely a mischievous report; it had no attraction except for snuff, which it seemed to draw to itself in great quantities.

When I have added, to complete my portrait, that my uncle walked by mathematical strides of a yard and a half, and that in walking he kept his fists firmly closed, a sure sign of an irritable temperament, I think I shall have said

enough to disenchant any one who should by mistake have coveted much of his company.

He lived in his own little house in Königstrasse, a structure half brick and half wood, with a gable cut into steps; it looked upon one of those winding canals which intersect each other in the middle of the ancient quarter of Hamburg, and which the great fire of 1842 had fortunately spared.

It is true that the old house stood slightly off the perpendicular, and bulged out a little towards the street; its roof sloped a little to one side, like the cap over the left ear of a Tugendbund student; its lines wanted accuracy; but after all, it stood firm, thanks to an old elm which buttressed it in front, and which often in spring sent its young sprays through the window panes.

My uncle was tolerably well off for a German professor. The house was his own, and everything in it. The living contents were his god-daughter Gräuben, a young Virlandaise of seventeen, Martha, and myself. As his nephew and an orphan, I became his laboratory assistant.

I freely confess that I was exceedingly fond of geology and all its kindred sciences; the blood of a mineralogist was in my veins, and in the midst of my specimens I was always happy.

In a word, a man might live happily enough in the little old house in the Königstrasse, in spite of the restless impatience of its master for although he was a little too excitable—he was very fond of me. But the man had no notion how to wait; nature herself was too slow for him. In April, after he had planted in the terra-cotta pots outside his window seedling plants of mignonette and convolvulus, he would go every evening and give them a little pull by their leaves to make them grow faster. In dealing with such a strange individual there was nothing for it but prompt obedience. I therefore rushed after him.

第二章 一定要解开的谜团

Chapter II A Mystery to be Solved at any Price



阿克赛尔来到书房，看到叔叔正在欣赏他刚买回来的一本装订得非常好的旧书。他告诉阿克赛尔，这是十二世纪冰岛著名作家斯诺尔·图勒松的《王记》，是挪威诸王统治冰岛的编年史，是卢尼字母的手稿。

这时，一张满是污垢的羊皮纸从书中掉下来，上面写着一些和手稿一样的卢尼字母。可是能熟练运用地球两千多种语言和一万两千多种土话的教授也看不懂。

钟敲响了两下，女佣来喊教授吃午饭。教授吼道：“让午饭见鬼去吧！”吓得女佣赶紧走了，阿克赛尔坐在餐桌旁，慢慢地吃着饭，突然听到叔叔大声吼叫，赶快又来到书房。

That study of his was a museum, and nothing else. Specimens of everything known in mineralogy lay there in their places in perfect order, and correctly named, divided into inflammable, metallic, and lithoid minerals.

How well I knew all these bits of science! Many a time, instead of enjoying the company of lads of my own age, I had preferred dusting these graphites, anthracites, coals, lignites, and peats! And there were bitumens, resins, organic salts, to be protected from the least grain of dust; and metals,

from iron to gold; metals whose current value altogether disappeared in the presence of the republican equality of scientific specimens; and stones too, enough to rebuild entirely the house in Königstrasse, even with a handsome additional room, which would have suited me admirably.

But on entering this study now I thought of none of all these wonders; my uncle alone filled my thoughts. He had thrown himself into a velvet easy-chair, and was grasping between his hands a book over which he bent, pondering with intense admiration.

‘Here’s a remarkable book! What a wonderful book!’ he was exclaiming.

These ejaculations brought to my mind the fact that my uncle was liable to occasional fits of bibliomania; but no old book had any value in his eyes unless it had the virtue of being nowhere else to be found, or, at any rate, of being illegible.

‘Well, now; don’t you see it yet? Why I have got a priceless treasure, that I found his morning, in rummaging in old Hevelius’s shop, the Jew.’

‘Magnificent!’ I replied, with a good imitation of enthusiasm.

What was the good of all this fuss about an old quarto, bound in rough calf, a yellow, faded volume, with a ragged seal depending from it?

But for all that there was no lull yet in the admiring exclamations of the Professor.

‘See,’ he went on, both asking the questions and supplying the answers. ‘Isn’t it a beauty? Yes; splendid! Did you ever see such a binding? Doesn’t the book open easily? Yes; it stops open anywhere. But does it shut equally well? Yes; for the binding and the leaves are flush, all in a straight line, and no gaps or openings anywhere. And look at its back, after seven hundred years. Why, Bozerian, Closs, or Purgold might have been proud of such a binding!’

While rapidly making these comments my uncle kept opening and shutting the old tome. I really could do no less than ask a question about its contents, although I did not feel the slightest interest.

‘And what is the title of this marvellous work?’ I asked with an affected eagerness which he must have been very blind not to see through.

‘This work,’ replied my uncle, firing up with renewed enthusiasm, ‘this work is the Heims Kringla of Snorre Turlleson, the most famous Icelandic author of the twelfth century! It is the chronicle of the Norwegian princes who ruled in Iceland.’

‘Indeed;’ I cried, keeping up wonderfully, ‘of course it is a German translation?’

‘What!’ sharply replied the Professor, ‘a translation! What should I do with a translation? This is the Icelandic original, in the magnificent idiomatic vernacular, which is both rich and simple, and admits of an infinite variety of grammatical combinations and verbal modifications.’

‘Like German,’ I happily ventured.

‘Yes,’ replied my uncle, shrugging his shoulders; ‘but, in addition to all this, the Icelandic has three numbers like the Greek, and irregular declensions of nouns proper like the Latin.’

‘Ah!’ said I, a little moved out of my indifference; ‘and is the type good?’

‘Type! What do you mean by talking of type, wretched Axel? Type! Do you take it for a printed book, you ignorant fool? It is a manuscript, a Runic manuscript.’

‘Runic?’

‘Yes. Do you want me to explain what that is?’

‘Of course not,’ I replied in the tone of an injured man. But my uncle persevered, and told me, against my will, of many things I cared nothing about.

‘Runic characters were in use in Iceland in former ages. They were invented, it is said, by Odin himself. Look there, and wonder, impious young man, and admire these letters, the invention of the Scandinavian god!’

Well, well! not knowing what to say, I was going to prostrate myself before this wonderful book, a way of answering equally pleasing to gods and kings, and which has the advantage of never giving them any embarrassment, when a little incident happened to divert conversation into another channel.

This was the appearance of a dirty slip of parchment, which slipped out of the volume and fell upon the floor.