

中文导读英文版

The Story of the Pacific
太平洋的故事

[美] 房龙 原著
刘乃亚 纪飞 编译

清华大学出版社



(中 文 导 读 英 文 版)

The Story of the Pacific

太平洋的故事

[美] 房龙 原著
刘乃亚 纪飞 编译



清华大学出版社
北京

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

太平洋的故事/（美）房龙原著；刘乃亚，纪飞编译. —北京：清华大学出版社，2008.5

（中文导读英文版）

ISBN 978-7-302-17027-3

I. 太… II. ①房… ②刘… ③纪… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②太平洋—普及读物 IV. H319.4: P

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字（2008）第 020225 号

责任编辑：李万红 李玮琪

责任校对：李建庄

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：三河市溧源装订厂

经 销：全国新华书店

开 本：170×260 印 张：15.75 字 数：250 千字

版 次：2008 年 5 月第 1 版 印 次：2008 年 5 月第 1 次印刷

印 数：1~5000

定 价：27.00 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：025613-01



《太平洋的故事》(*The Story of the Pacific*)是一部以探索与发现太平洋为主线的通俗历史巨著，它是由荷兰裔美国著名历史学家、作家房龙(1882-1944)编著而成。作者以简洁优美的叙述，讲述了探索与发现太平洋的历史过程，从巴拿马运河到达连山，从波利尼西亚人最早对太平洋的发现到欧洲人对太平洋近乎狂热的探险等等。叙述充满了绮丽的不同国度情调，而且蕴涵着丰富的人生哲理。

这本中文导读英文版的经典读本，无论作为通俗的太平洋探索与发现的历史读本，还是作为语言学习的课外读物，对当代中国的读者都将产生重要的影响。为了使读者能够了解每篇故事的概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每篇英文故事的开始部分增加了中文导读。



中文导读英文版

美丽童话——春

[英] 格斯特 贝尔格拉夫 哈特 等 原著
9787302152088

美丽童话——夏

[美] 詹姆斯·鲍德温 原著
9787302152095

美丽童话——秋

[美] 朗费罗、温德尔 原著
9787302167259

人类的故事

[美] 房龙 原著
9787302154389

宽容

[美] 房龙 原著
9787302154372

房龙地理

[美] 房龙 原著
9787302170358

圣经的故事

[美] 房龙 原著
9787302170372

太平洋的故事

[美] 房龙 原著
9787302170273

格林童话全集（上篇、中篇、下篇）

[德] 格林 原著
9787302136644 / 9787302137467 / 9787302137474

安徒生童话全集（上篇、中篇、下篇）

[丹] 安徒生 原著
9787302137887 / 9787302137894 / 9787302137900

格列佛游记

[英] 乔纳森·斯威夫特 原著
9787302170389

秘密花园

[美] 弗朗西丝·霍奇森·伯内特 原著
9787302170365

一千零一夜（上篇、下篇）

9787302170310 / 9787302172833



亨德里克·威廉·房龙（Hendrik Willem Van Loon，1882—1944），荷兰裔美国人，20 世纪美国最伟大的历史学家、科普作家和文学家。20 世纪 20 年代开始，他的著作陆续被介绍给中国的读者，翻译者把这个荷兰名字汉译为“房龙”。此后，这个名字为我国读者所熟悉，并流传下来。

房龙 1882 年 1 月出生于荷兰鹿特丹。幼年时对历史、地理、船舶、绘画和音乐感兴趣，这种兴趣终其一生也未放弃。10 岁时立志要当一名历史学家。父亲对他专横偏粗暴，而母亲却百般溺爱。从 8 岁起，房龙先后进入一些著名的寄宿制学校，学习了拉丁文、希腊文和英文，他的才智迅速发展。1902 年 20 岁的房龙来到美国，进入康奈尔大学，并在康奈尔大学完成本科课程。1911 年获德国慕尼黑大学博士学位。房龙求学前后，当过编辑、记者、播音员，也先后在美国几所大学任教，游历过世界很多地方。房龙多才多艺，能用十种文字写作和与人交流，拉得一手小提琴，还能绘画，他的著作中的所有插图全部出自他自己手笔。

1913 年，房龙编著并出版了第一本历史书《荷兰共和国的衰亡》，虽然销量一般，但受到书评界的赞扬。1920 年圣诞节期间，房龙出版了他的第二本书《古代的人》，这是一部带插图的通俗历史读本，市场反应良好。经过知识、阅历、研究成果等方面的积累，房龙于 1921 年出版了他的第三部历史著作《人类的故事》，并一举成名，从此房龙迎来了他的创作丰收期。之后，房龙陆续出版了《发明的故事》、《圣经的故事》、《美国的故事》、《房龙地理》（《人类的家园》）、《人类的艺术》、《宽容》、《与世界伟人谈心》、《伦勃朗传》、《荷兰共和国兴衰史》、《太平洋的故事》等二十多部著作。房龙的作品在当时可谓饮誉世界，荷兰、德国、法国、瑞典、丹麦、芬兰、挪威、日本、印度、苏联、西班牙、意大利、波兰、匈牙利、

前言



希腊等国都翻译出版了他的作品。

自 20 世纪 20 年代开始，房龙的主要作品几乎被同步介绍给中国的读者。房龙深入浅出的通俗文风和百科全书般的渊博知识，对与之同时代的中国读者产生了巨大的影响。这是因为，一方面房龙的文风正好适合于当时新文化运动所提倡的生活化的白话文，房龙的书也为中国求知者提供了关于人类和自然的启蒙知识；另一方面，房龙的写作技巧也给中国当时的作家以很多启发。历史学家和著名报人曹聚仁回忆说，20 世纪 20 年代，他在候车时偶然买到《人类的故事》中译本，“那天下午，我发痴似的，车来了，在车上读，到了家中，把晚饭吞下去，就靠在床上读，一直读到天明，走马观花地总算看完了。这 50 年中，我总是看了又看，除了《儒林外史》、《红楼梦》，没有其他的书这么吸引我了”。郁达夫曾说：“房龙的笔，有一种魔力……是将文学家的手法，拿来用以讲述科学……无论大人小孩，读他书的人，都觉得娓娓忘倦了。”20 世纪 80 年代是中国改革开放的年代，房龙的作品重新被发现，并被逐步引进。而自 20 世纪 90 年代后期开始，国内兴起“房龙热”，房龙的作品再次受到读者的青睐，这是因为他的著作特别符合现代中国人的心理气象：务实进取的时代，读书趋向于知识性、趣味性。

目前，国内已出版的房龙著作形式主要有两种，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语的大环境。而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，我们决定编译房龙系列著作中的经典，其中包括《人类的故事》、《圣经的故事》、《房龙地理》、《宽容》和《太平洋的故事》，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，也尽可能地保留原作简洁、精练、明快的风格。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。

房龙始终站在全人类的高度在写作，他摒弃了深奥理论，却拥有自己独立的思想和体系，他的论述主要是围绕人类生存与发展等本质的问题，贯穿其中的精神是科学、宽容和进步，他的目标是向人类的无知与偏执挑战，他采取的方式是普及知识和真理，使它们成为人所皆知的常识。房龙毕生持人文主义立场，在有的问题上不免有与马克思主义不同的观点；同时，由于他是生活在 20 世纪早期的美国作家，其思想的观点不可避免地会受到时代和历史的局限，比如在他的《房龙地理》一书中错误地将西藏放到“中亚高地”这一章，而不是“中国”这一章来讲述，又比如他以地理环境决定论来解释日本近代侵略行为，希望读者朋友阅读这些著作时能够甄别。

本书主要内容由刘乃亚、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、王勋、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中一定会有一些不当之处，我们衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



CONTENTS

1. 巴拿马运河/The Panama Canal	1
2. 静静的达连山/Silent on A Bench in Darien	19
3. 史前太平洋/The Prehistoric Pacific	37
4. 更多的猜测/More Guesswork	48
5. 波利尼西亚的早期历史/The Earliest History of Polynesia	66
6. 第二次发现太平洋/The Second Discovery of the Pacific	95
7. 探寻未知的南方大陆/The Quest of the Great Unknown Continent of the South	121
8. 新荷兰出现在地图上/Abel Tasman Puts New Holland on the Map	140
9. 雅各布·罗格文/Jacob Roggeveen	183
10. 库克船长/Captain James Cook, R.N.	196

1. 巴拿马运河

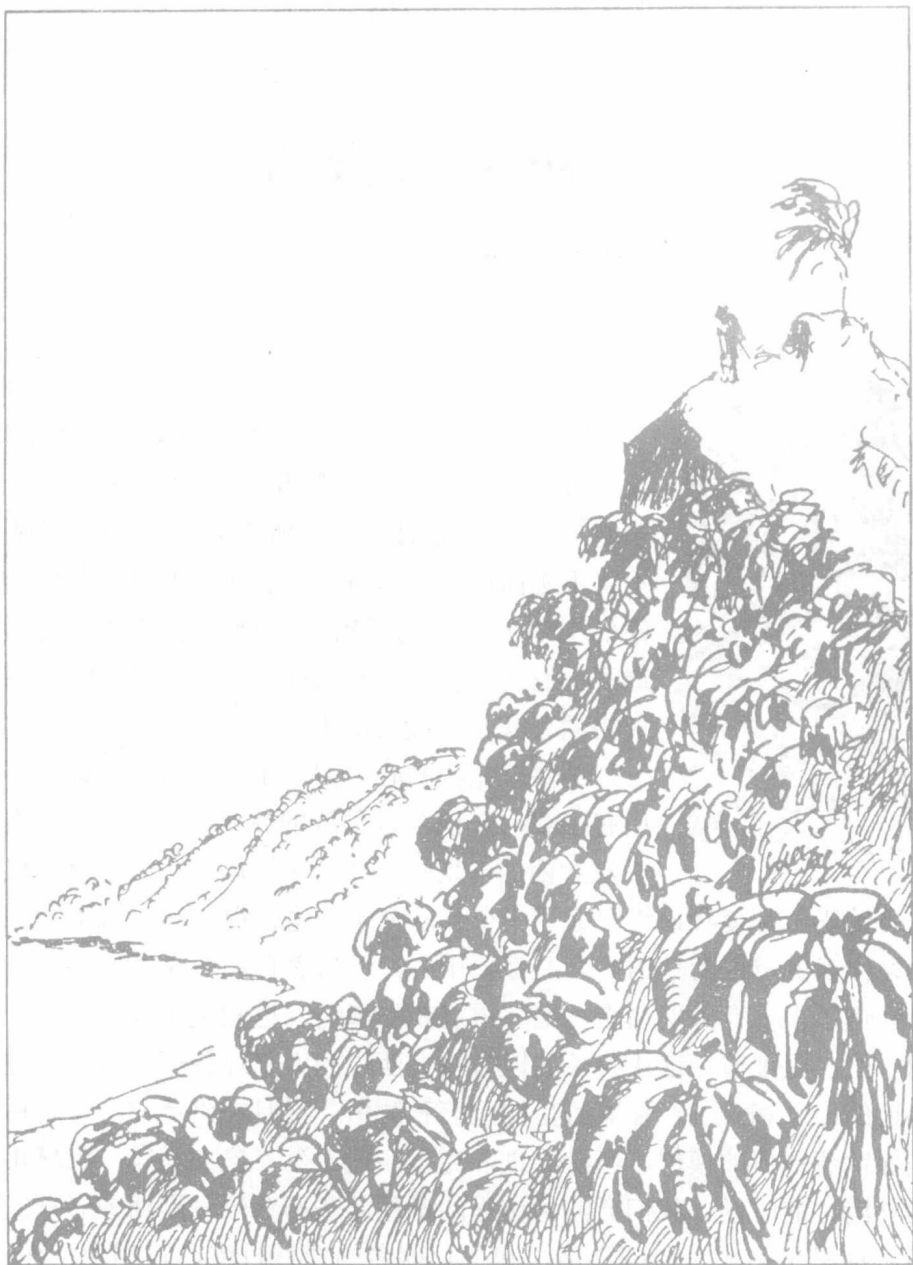
The Panama Canal



法兰西最早引起我注意的是在我六七岁的时候，那时家里来了几个黑眼睛黑头发的女孩儿，由于她们过人的美丽在镇上所引起的轰动使得她们不得不逃向巴黎和里维埃拉去了，但是，在那里姑娘们引以为自豪的长辫子却遭到了当时的假发制造商的偷窃——她们长长的、引以为自豪的辫子在拥挤的公交车上被人剪去了。

这件事在我的心中留下了非常深刻的印象，也引起了对于法兰西民族的注意，可是当时周围关于法兰西的一切——埃菲尔铁塔和到处都有的埃菲尔铁塔的影子都使我最终变成了一个亲法分子，也使得我对于难学的法语的学习比我的母语荷兰语的学习都要用心，凭借着自己对法语的一点了解最终知道了很多有关费迪南·德·雷塞布的事情，也知道了关于“巴拿马丑闻”的一些细节，这块狭长的地带将大西洋和太平洋分开，有着一些不易接近的山脉和深谷，住着野蛮的土著和鳄鱼，而且在将近 50 年之后他还是保留着往日的模样。当游船进入克里斯托巴尔（巴拿马第二大城市科隆的外港）的时候，我们会看到这里的景色丝毫不亚于马斯河或者斯凯尔特河，这里平坦还有一些矮山，和久负盛名的鹿特丹港比较相像，而 19 世纪中叶，海港科隆瘟疫盛行，美国人在这里建港就避免了与其接触。

现在，威廉姆·亚斯平沃尔创建的科隆成为穿越地峡的通道，完全没有了老城的痕迹。



发现太平洋

1513年9月的一天开始，瓦斯克·德·巴尔沃亚负责主持南方海洋的探险，找寻从大西洋到太平洋的捷径成为大家的愿望。但是由于小人要小把戏捏造罪名逮捕了巴尔沃亚，因此老实可怜的巴尔沃亚最后还是被砍了头。

在运河区域的开凿过程中，戈瑟尔斯负责开凿，而戈格斯为戈瑟尔斯扫清障碍，他们的待遇都非常丰厚。在他们的眼中，连美国医疗服务队里的少校和工程队里的陆军上校挣的只是一点烟钱罢了。尽管在有些人眼中，那些安纳波利斯军校和西点军校里的毕业生似乎经常是被嘲笑的对象，他们的操作毫无意义，课程僵化，连陆军部队经验规则也被认为阻碍个人心智发展。可是我仍然觉得军校毕业生比普通大学的毕业生更有礼貌，简单直接，从不抱怨他们可能接受的任何任务，也不企求什么恩惠，就算是他们冒着生命危险圆满完成了任务，他们赢得的掌声仍然少得可怜，而如果任务失败，他们总能受到过多的指责。他们的工资很低，但是却很稳定。

虽然晋升很慢，但是却是按部就班的。尽管存在上述种种不好的结果，但他们被要求做的大部分人都乐意去做，而且带着极大的热情和忠诚。

也许很多人都会像我一样地惊讶，虽然他们知道自己得不到什么可是许多聪明能干的年轻人都加入其中。现在，我想我明白了一些，这里没有竞争，他们不能适应竞争下的生存方式——现代生活的特点和终极目标。

这个世界上存在着两种人，一种是似乎可以从卖一些东西给别人中获得乐趣，而另一种人是宁愿饿死也不会去劝别人买他们既不要也不需要东西。在最坏的情况下，他们会把自己卖掉。

军人就是这样，他们可以完成分配的任务而避免这样做。他们的工作永远在一些看不见的眼睛的监视下进行着，他们的习惯、性格、风速礼节都为彼此所熟知，他们中的好多人都是正直可敬的人，虽然他们才能卓越，竞争下他们会得到更大的经济回报，但是，他们就喜欢没有竞争的这种日子。这就是那些开凿运河的人，我们先说到这里。

许多人对于巴拿马运河都有一个十分模糊的概念，巴拿马运河并不是运河，它甚至没有开掘泥土，只是将水引向高处，只有靠近大西洋和太平洋延伸地带，它是在海平面之下流过的。在加通湖地区，甚至达到 85 英尺（译者注：1 英尺=0.3048 米）高。

运河经过一段美国领土，两边延伸 5 英里（译者注：1 英里=1609.344 米），是西奥多·罗斯福建立的傀儡政府，归巴拿马民主共和国管理。这个地区都被政府而不是私人企业所拥有，被管理得井井有条。

在这里，船会被一种小电车引入船闸。周围的卫生环境使得每一个来到这里的人都感到十分的优雅舒适。很多高科技机器确保了运河的稳定和畅通。长长的船队正是通过这一捷径从欧洲去往亚洲，高额的通行费保障了快速精确的服务，河道疏通是唯一会影响安全的因素。

通过大西洋进入运河，经过永利蒙湾，到达科隆城。随后，在船被提升，到达加通船闸运河段，船开始向上。在这个过程中，船被举起了 40 英尺，以至于你还没有反应过来就已经在加通湖上面航行了。如果恰巧你通过运河时在下雨，那么你就能够很幸运的（我认为是幸运的）感受到地面从眼前漫漫的消失的感觉，四面看去，你可以觉得正在穿过被水淹没的荒野，濒临灭顶的树梢伸出水面。在树的周围密布着本地土著的茅屋。

在到达几内亚湾之前，你可以看到许多形象要差得多的本地土著，对他们来说，生命好像是在一种毫无征兆的情况下压在他们瘦弱的肩膀上的一个重负，在他们悲惨的生活中异常快乐的日子似乎并不多，当华盛顿的政府开凿运河要征用他们的聚居地时，他们也很乐意的用自己的村庄换来了白人很多的比索，然后来斗鸡，买白人的政府发行的彩票，给妻子购置廉价的首饰，买难以消化的糖果给孩子们，当他们再一周的时间里花光了所有的钱时，他们会期待着华盛顿那帮愚蠢的人再挖一条运河，而这条运河刚好经过他们现在生活的地方。

巴拿马运河是一个很神奇的现代文明的产物，它将大自然尽力要分开的东西连接了起来，曾经当我们的祖先想从大西洋海岸到达太平洋海岸的时候，他们得乘船绕上几千英里，通常，他们得花上好几个月的时间绕过合恩角，几个世纪过去了，人们都是小心翼翼地遵守着大自然的规则，直到运河的出现。在此之前，汽船的使用和好望角航线安全性的提高大大缩短了中国和欧洲之间的距离，但是西奈沙漠和达连山脉仍然阻碍直接交通，一直到铁路公司在落基山铺上了铁路。

*W*HY is it that the truly great experiences of one's life are apt to be so



exceedingly simple?

As a child I had heard all about the Panama Canal. Early in the fifties a brother of my grandmother had moved to Brazil. He had survived yellow fever and revolutions and had amassed a considerable fortune. When I was six or seven years old he had come back to Holland, bringing his family—his wondrous family of dark-eyed, dark-haired daughters. They had made such a stir in our little Dutch town that soon they had felt obliged to escape to the delights of Paris and the Riviera, which were much more to their rather exuberant Latin tastes than the simple pleasures of an evening at home with some unknown cousin, who in his Spartan simplicity had felt rather awkward before this overgenerous display of feminine beauty and charm.

I am afraid that these French peregrinations were not an unlimited success. For one day they had suffered a humiliation from which they never fully recovered. They were mighty proud of their jetblack hair and wore it in long braids that almost reached to their feet. Well, one fine morning they had climbed to the top of a bus to proceed to Fontainebleau. The bus was crowded and they had been pushed hither and yon, and when they reached their destination—oh, ghastly discovery!—their hair was gone!

It was of course quite a common occurrence during the late eighties of the previous century to have one's hair stolen. It was needed for the manufacture of those chignons which were then highly popular and were contraptions of human hair meant to be worn underneath those crazy little hats which now, after an absence of almost fifty years, have once more made their appearance. The supply of false hair being necessarily limited (for no living Chinaman would then have dreamed of divesting himself of his queue), a class of professional hair-stealers was then successfully operating not only in Paris but in every large city of the continent. The poor Brazilians had been easy victims and the labor of twenty painful years of brushing and combing had been rapidly undone by the quick clip of a sharp pair of scissors.

Somehow or other, that event made a very deep impression upon my youthful mind and it made me conscious of the existence of a people called the

French. The Eiffel Tower, coming to me at about the same time (it was the year of the great Paris exhibition) in the form of an inkstand, a watch charm and a paperweight, also helped the good work along, and finally the Indian suits which generous uncles and aunts brought back to me from Buffalo Bill's contribution to the *Grande Exposition* turned me into an ardent Francophile.

Alas, the only way in which I could give evidence of my feelings at that time (I was all of seven years old) was by a close application to my studies of the noble French tongue. I bravely struggled with *j'ai, tu as, j'eusse, je fusse* and all the other perplexing problems of a language so infinitely more complicated than my native Dutch, in which, as all of us knew, the good Lord had originally written the Major Catechism of our Reformed Church, and soon I had acquired a sufficient facility in this queer idiom to fish the Paris *Illustration* out of that cardboard "portfolio" which the bookstore used to send us once a week and to be able to translate the simpler captions of its fascinating and intriguing pictures. And in that way I learned a good deal about a gentleman by the name of Ferdinand de Lesseps, who having dug the Suez Canal had now set bravely out to repeat his success on the Isthmus of Panama but who, in some mysterious way, had got no further than the door of a French jail.

The details of the "Panama scandal" did not become clear to me until many years later but at least I learned a lot about the geographical aspects of that narrow strip of land which separates the Atlantic from the Pacific and which appeared to be a region of inaccessible mountains and deep ravines, all of them inhabited by wild natives and wilder crocodiles.

You know how it goes with such childish recollections. They are as persistent as the weeds in the grass of your garden. You can plow them up, poison them, burn them down, and a few days later, behold! there they are again as if nothing had happened. As a result, for almost half a century, the Isthmus of Panama remained to me just that a region of high mountain peaks, dense forests, wild natives and even wilder crocodiles.

Therefore, when at an ungodly hour, the steward knocked on the door and



said, "In a few moments we will be in Cristobal, Sir," I quickly slipped into a dressing-gown, put on a pair of sandals and hastened to the deck, to hear me say to myself, "Lord help us all! the Captain took the wrong course! We are going into the Hook of Holland!" For the distant landscape was about as exciting as the coast of my native land and what I supposed to be the entrance to the canal looked as impressive as the mouth of the river Maas or the Scheldt.

Of course, when we came a little closer, I noticed certain differences. Everything was not entirely flat. There were a few low hills, but for the rest, I would not have been in the least surprised if the vessel had landed me in Rotterdam instead of the city which the ever-courteous and obliging American Government so generously called after the great Italian discoverer when it erected its own harbor at the northern entrance of the proposed canal to avoid any direct contact with the plague-hole which since the middle of the last century had been known as Colon.

Of that old Colon very little seems to remain. William Aspinwall had founded it as a terminal for his railroad across the Isthmus and during the hopeful days of that enterprise (A. D. 1850) it had been known as Aspinwall. This name being a little too complicated for the contemporary Panamanians (then in full possession of this tract of land), it had shortly afterwards been changed into the much simpler and easier Spanish name of Colon (Columbus to us). It had also been most magnificently neglected. Soon its streets had become marshes, ideally suited for the purpose of breeding yellow fever mosquitoes, and when in the year 1903 our government, after a most efficiently stage-managed one-night revolution, had acquired the right to a narrow strip of land leading from the Pacific to the Atlantic, one of the stipulations of the famous treaty of peace had granted the United States full sanitary control over the big cities of the newly established Republic of Panama.

The rest of the story can best be summed up in one single word—Gorgas. For without the thoroughgoing ministrations of this modern miracle-man, there never would have been any canal. There would have been (as there had been in the days of poor de Lesseps) a vast variety of cemeteries, hiding the pathetic

remains of those faithful Spaniards and Frenchmen and Cubans who had so valiantly struggled to dig this little trench in this Godforsaken land of malaria and yellow fever while it was still under control of the French Canal Company.

Whereas today, the canal region is a health resort, where a mosquito has no more chance to survive than the proverbial snowball in Hades. In less than two years, this quietspoken Southern gentleman had performed his herculean task and could thereupon leave it to another officer of the United States Army to do the actual digging and to give us that short cut from the Atlantic to the Pacific which had been one of man's most cherished dreams ever since that evening of the twenty-fifth of September of the year 1513, when Vasco Nuñez de Ballboa, from his silent "peak in Darien" had solved the problem of the Great South Sea, of which shortly afterwards he was to become the "Grand Admiral and Commander-in-Chief".

Alas for poor Balboa! poor, serious, hard-working and incompetent Balboa! Restlessly he had crossed and recrossed his isthmus, founding cities, erecting forts, sending glowing descriptions of his conquest to His Most Catholic Majesty in far-off Spain. Others, less delicate in their methods (to indulge in a slight understatement), had wanted his job. And one of them had got it. He had got it by the simple expedient of having Balboa arrested on trumped-up charges. A packed tribunal had thereupon done the rest and less than four years after he had first climbed his famous peak and had shouted his triumphant "There it is!" the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean had been decapitated as a traitor and an enemy to the crown.

One often hears it said that republics are ungrateful. Within the domain of the Canal (as I shall hereafter call it), this statement is not borne out by the facts. Both Goethals, who did the digging, and Gorgas, who made the digging possible, were duly honored by the governments they served so faithfully and so efficiently and at an annual salary which must have horrified all believers in "private enterprise". For these sound businessmen regarded the income of a major of the Medical Corps, U.S.A., and of a colonel of the Engineering Corps, U.S.A., as mere cigarette money and made no bones about saying as much. I