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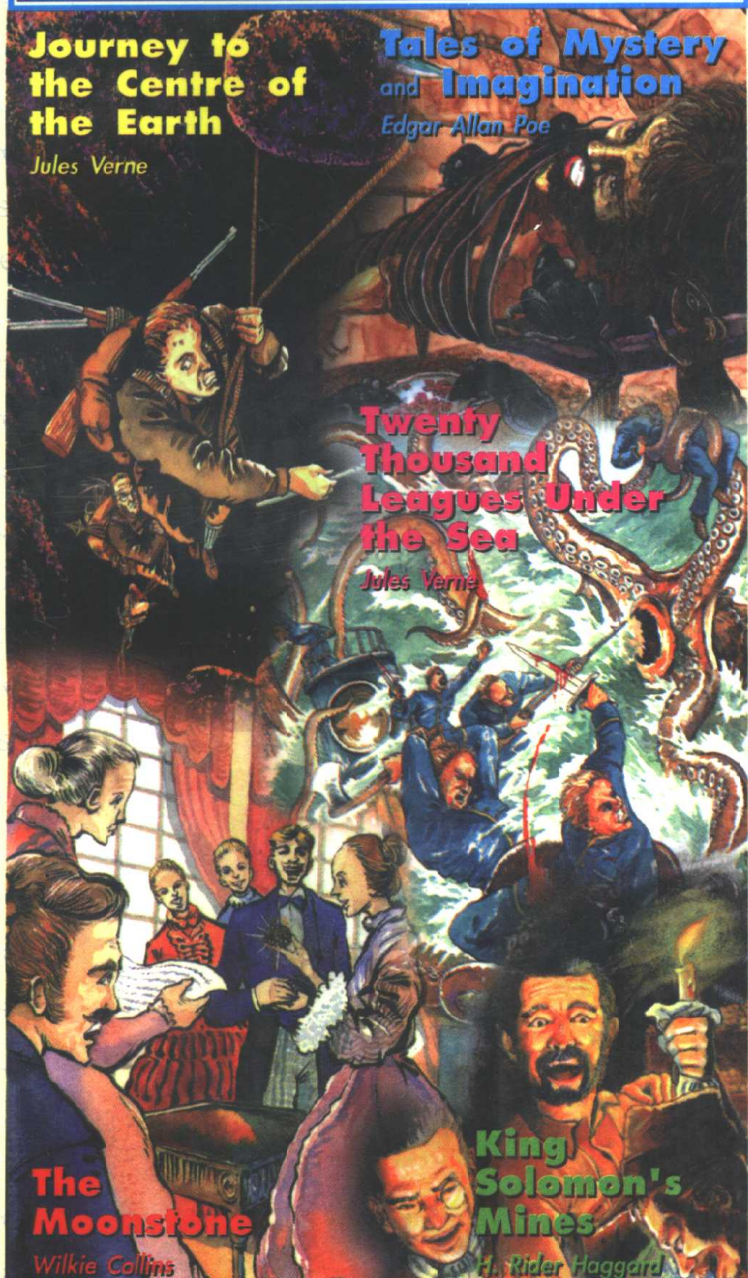
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H. Rider Haggard



**King Solomon's Mines**  
**所罗门王的宝藏**

**H. Rider Haggard**  
**Syllabus designer: David Foulds**  
**Adaptor: David Foulds**  
[注释] 陈 蓉

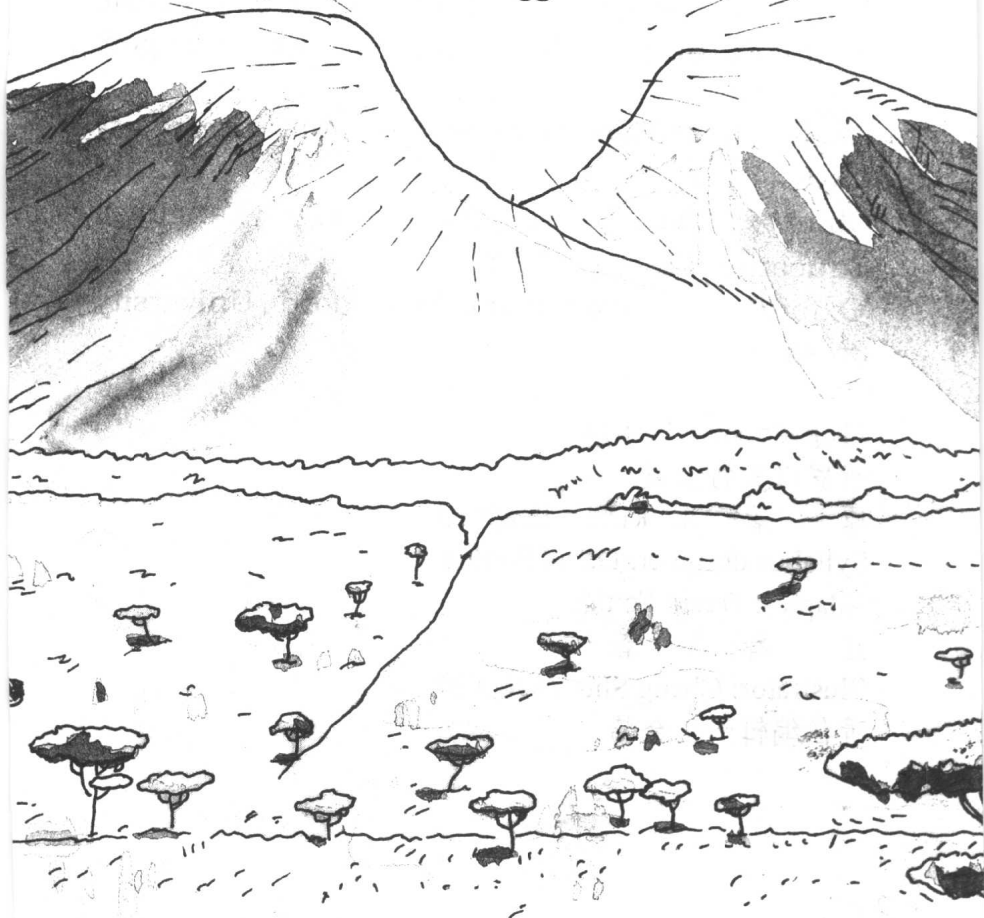
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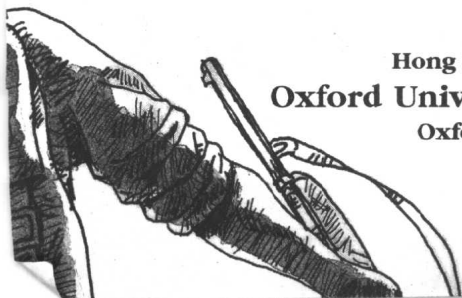


# King Solomon's Mines

H. Rider Haggard



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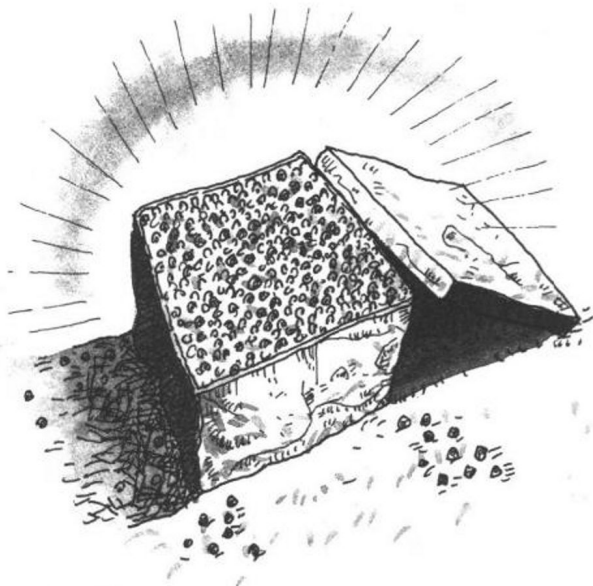
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## CONTENTS

<b>1 DIAMONDS!</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>2 THE DESERT</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>3 SOLOMON'S ROAD</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>4 STRANGERS FROM THE STARS</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>5 KING OF THE KUKUANAS</b>	<b>34</b>
<b>6 THE WITCH-HUNT</b>	<b>42</b>
<b>7 DARKNESS</b>	<b>51</b>
<b>8 THE BATTLE</b>	<b>59</b>
<b>9 THE PLACE OF DEATH</b>	<b>68</b>
<b>10 THE TREASURE ROOM</b>	<b>77</b>
<b>11 THE TUNNELS</b>	<b>85</b>
<b>12 THE OASIS</b>	<b>93</b>
<b>QUESTIONS AND ACTIVITIES</b>	<b>101</b>



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## DIAMONDS!

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### On the *Dunkeld*

I have done a great many things in my life. I have been trading, hunting, fighting or exploring since I was very young. And yet it is only eight months ago that I made all my money. It is a great deal of money, and I don't know even now exactly how much. However, I do not think I would want to live through the last fifteen or sixteen months again for it, even if I knew I should be safe at the end. But then I am an easily frightened man, and dislike violence. Also, I am rather tired of adventure.

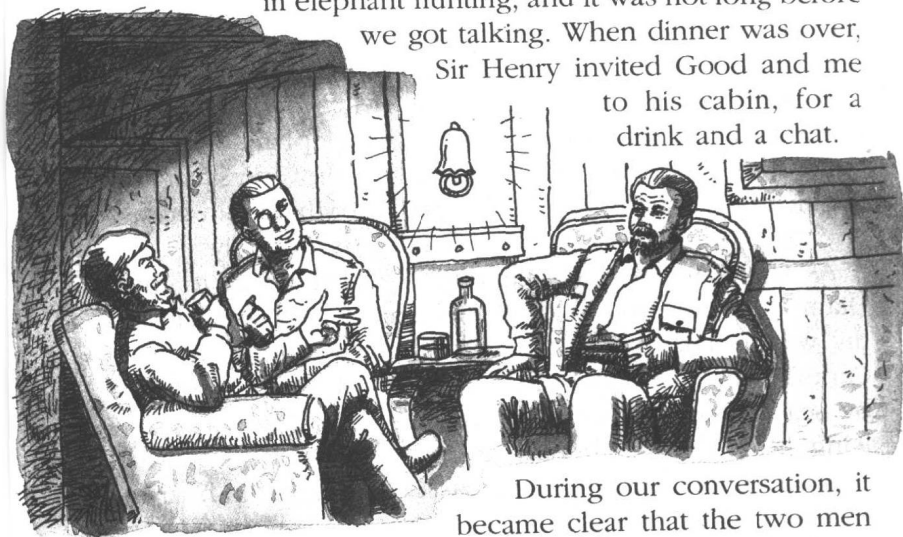
It is now eighteen months since I first met Sir Henry Curtis and Captain Good. I had been elephant hunting beyond Bamangwato, to the north of the Transvaal in South Africa. It had been a bad trip. Everything had gone wrong, and at the end of it all, I got a fever badly.

As soon as I was well enough, I went down to the Diamond Fields and sold all the ivory I had, as well as my wagon and oxen. I paid my hunters, and set off for Cape Town. Then, after a week there, I decided to return by sea to Natal, where my home is. The *Dunkeld* was lying at the docks. I bought a ticket and went on board. That afternoon, the remaining passengers came on board, and we sailed out to sea.

Among these passengers, there were two whom I noticed immediately. One, a gentleman of about thirty, was perhaps the tallest, strongest-looking, longest-armed man I ever saw. He had yellow hair, a thick yellow beard, and large grey eyes. I never saw a finer-looking man, and somehow he reminded me of someone else, but at the time I could not remember who it was. This man, I found out, was Sir Henry Curtis.

The other man was quite different. He was broad, of medium height, dark, rather fat, and very neat. He wore an eyeglass in his right eye. It seemed to grow there, for it had no string, and he only took it out occasionally, to  
5 wipe it. In the first weeks of our friendship, I thought he used to sleep in it, but afterwards I found out that this was a mistake. He put it in the pocket of his trousers when he went to bed, together with his false teeth, of which he had two beautiful sets. I found out his name by looking  
10 at the passenger list. It was Captain John Good. He had been a naval officer, but was now retired.

At dinner that night, I found I was sitting opposite these two gentlemen. It seemed that they were very interested in elephant hunting, and it was not long before we got talking. When dinner was over, Sir Henry invited Good and me to his cabin, for a drink and a chat.



During our conversation, it became clear that the two men had come to Africa for reasons other than elephant hunting. Sir Henry told me they intended to search for his younger brother. It seems they had quarrelled some three or four years ago. The younger man had come to South  
25 Africa, and nothing had been heard of him since then.

As we talked, I realized that I had met this younger brother, and that was the reason why Sir Henry reminded me of someone when I first saw him. Sir Henry's brother,

who called himself Neville, had camped near me during my last trip up to Bamangwato. Soon afterwards, he had gone off to the north, into unexplored territory, with a hunter called Jim. Sir Henry became very excited when I told him this. 5

'Mr Quartermain, what was it that you heard about my brother's journey at Bamangwato?' asked Sir Henry.

'I heard that he was going to King Solomon's Mines.'

'King Solomon's Mines! Where are they?'

'I don't know,' I said. 'I know where they are supposed to be. I once saw the tops of the mountains that surround them, but I was over a hundred miles away from them. 10

'I first heard about the mines nearly thirty years ago from an old hunter called Evans. He said that in an unexplored area north of the Transvaal, there are some mountains called the Suliman Mountains, and that was where King Solomon had his diamond mines. He said that the people who live across those mountains are a tribe of Zulu's, all fine, big men. Among them are some clever wizards, who know the secret of a wonderful mine full of bright stones. 15 20

'Then, twenty years afterwards, I heard something more about the Suliman Mountains and the country which lies behind them.'

### The map

25

'I was staying for a few weeks at a place called Sitanda's Village. One day a Portuguese hunter and his servant arrived. They were from the East coast. The man said he was José Silvestre, and when he left the next day, he said, "If we ever meet again, sir, I shall be the richest man in the world, and I will remember you." I watched him going towards the desert, and wondered if he was mad, or what he thought he was going to find out there. 30

'One evening, a week later, I was sitting in front of my tent, when I suddenly saw the same man coming down the hill opposite me. He was creeping along on his hands 35

and knees. I could see he was very weak and needed help, so I sent one of my hunters to bring him back. The poor man was almost dead with thirst and fever, and when we got him into my tent, he talked endlessly about the  
5 Suliman Mountains, diamonds and the desert.

'I did what I could for him, but it was soon clear that he was dying. At about eleven o'clock he grew quieter, and I lay down for a little rest and went to sleep. At dawn I woke again, and saw Silvestre sitting up and looking out  
10 towards the desert. Presently the first light of the morning sun shone right across the wide plain in front of us. It lit the tops of the Suliman Mountains, nearly a hundred miles away.

"There they are!" he cried out. "But now I shall never  
15 reach them, never!"

'Suddenly he paused, and turned towards me.

"Listen," he said. "I am dying. You have been kind to me, so I will give you the map. Perhaps you will get there, if you live to cross the desert. It has killed my poor servant  
20 and me."

'Then he felt in his shirt and pulled out a small bag. He handed it to me. I opened it, and took out a bit of torn yellow cloth with brown writing on it. Inside this rag was a map.

25 'Then José began to speak again.

"These were made by a member of my family when he was dying on those mountains 300 years ago. His name was José da Silvestra. His servant found him dead, and brought the cloth and the map back. Ever since then, they  
30 have been in my family, but no one before me has paid any attention to them. How I wish, now, that I had never set eyes on them myself!"

'Less than an hour later he died. I buried him, then came away.'

35 'But the writing,' said Sir Henry. 'What was it about?'

'The original rag is at my home, but I have the English translation here, and a copy of the map. Here it is:



I, José da Silvestra,  
 am now dying of hunger.  
 I am in a little cave. It is near  
 the peak, on the more southerly of the  
 two mountains that I have named Sheba's Breasts. I write 5  
 this in the year 1590 with a broken bone, on a piece of  
 my clothing. My blood is the ink. If my servant should  
 find it when he comes, and brings it to Delagoa, let my  
 friend [the name cannot be read] tell the king of Portugal,  
 so that he can send an army. If his soldiers live to pass 10  
 the desert and the mountains, and can overcome the  
 Kukuanas, he will be the richest king since Solomon. I  
 have seen the diamonds stored in Solomon's treasure  
 room behind the White Death. But I could bring nothing  
 away because of the wickedness of Gagool, the witch- 15  
 finder. Let he who comes follow the map, and climb the  
 snow of Sheba's eastern breast. He must reach the peak,  
 and on the north side he will see the great road Solomon  
 made. From there it is three days' journey to the King's  
 Palace. Let him kill Gagool. Pray for me. 20

JOSÉ DA SILVESTRA.

'Well,' said Captain Good, 'I have been round the world many times, but I have never heard a story like this before. Not even in a book!'

5 'If you are interested, I can show you the original map and writing when we reach Durban,' I said. 'But I have not told you about your brother, Sir Henry. I knew the man who was with him. His name was Jim, a Bechuana hunter. On the morning when Mr Neville was starting his journey, he told me that they were going to try to reach  
10 the Suliman Mountains, and look for diamonds. He said he once knew a woman, now dead, who came from there, and had reached Natal with her child. She had told him about the diamonds.

"The hyenas will get your master, Jim, if he tries to  
15 cross the desert to the Suliman country, and you too," I said.

'He smiled. "Maybe, sir."

'Half an hour later, I saw Neville's wagon move off. Presently Jim came running back. "Goodbye, sir," he said.  
20 "I didn't like to start out without saying goodbye. I expect you are right, and we shall never meet again."

"Is your master really going to the Suliman Mountains, Jim, or are you lying?" I asked.

"No, he is going. He told me so."

25 "Well," I said, "take a note to your master, Jim, and promise not to give it to him till you reach Inyati," which was about a hundred miles away.

"Yes, sir."

30 'I took a piece of paper and wrote on it, "Let him who comes climb the snow of Sheba's eastern breast, till he reaches the peak. On the north side is Solomon's great road."

"Now, Jim," I said, "when you give this to your master, tell him he had better follow the advice on it exactly as  
35 it is written. You are not to give it to him now, because I don't want him coming back asking me questions. Now be off, the wagon is nearly out of sight."

'Jim took the note and went, and that is all I know about your brother, Sir Henry.'

### Decisions

Sir Henry was quiet for a minute, as if thinking carefully about what he had heard. Then he said, 'Mr Quartermain, I am going to look for my brother. I am going to follow him to the Suliman Mountains. I will go over them, if necessary, until I find him, or until I know that he is dead. Will you come with me?' 5

'No, thank you, Sir Henry, I think I would rather not,' I answered. 'I am too old for journeys of that sort, and we should only end up like my poor friend Silvestre. I have a son, Harry, who is studying medicine in London. He depends on me to pay for the fees, and I cannot afford to risk my life foolishly.' 10 15

Sir Henry and Captain Good looked very disappointed.

'Mr Quartermain,' said Sir Henry, 'I have plenty of money, and I am determined to go on this journey. You may ask whatever fee you like for your services, and it shall be paid before we leave. I will also arrange for your son to be well looked after, should anything happen to us. You will see from this offer how important I think it is that you should come with us. If we reach this place, and find the diamonds, they shall be shared equally between you and Good. I do not want them. And of course I shall pay all the expenses of the expedition.' 20 25

'Sir Henry,' I said, 'this is the most generous offer I have ever had. But this is also the biggest job I have ever been asked to do. I must take time to think about it. I will give you your answer before we get to Durban.' 30

'Thank you,' said Sir Henry.

Then I said goodnight and went to bed. I dreamed about poor, long-dead José da Silvestra and the diamonds.

It usually takes five days to sail from the Cape to Durban. All that time, I was thinking of Sir Henry's offer. 35

We did not speak about it for a few days. Then one evening, just before we arrived at Durban, Sir Henry, Captain Good and I met for a drink.

5 'Well, Mr Quartermain,' said Sir Henry, 'have you thought about my offer?'

'Yes,' said Captain Good. 'What do you think? I hope you will come with us to find Mr Neville.'

10 'Yes, gentlemen,' I answered, 'I will come. I will tell you why, and on what conditions. First, Sir Henry, I ask that you will pay all expenses, and that any treasure we get is divided between Captain Good and myself. Second, that you will pay me £500 for my services before we start. I promise to serve you faithfully until you choose to give up the search, or until we succeed. Third, that before we

15 go, you sign a paper agreeing that if I die, you will pay my son £200 a year for five years. At the end of that time, he should be earning his own living. That is all.'

'I accept very gladly,' said Sir Henry.

20 'Now I will give you my reasons for going,' I said. 'First of all, gentlemen, I have been watching you both for the last few days. I like you, and I think we shall be friends. This is important if we are to go a long way together. My second reason is that I am a poor man. If I were to be killed by an elephant tomorrow, my son, Harry, would

25 find life very difficult. Now, if anything should happen to me, at least he will be looked after for the next five years.'

## THE DESERT

### Preparations

The next day we reached Durban, and went to my house. It is only small, so Sir Henry and Captain Good slept in a tent in my garden. Sir Henry paid me £500, and we made our plans for the journey.

5

There were many things we needed for our expedition. The first thing I bought, at Sir Henry's expense, was a wagon. It was very strong and very light. It was half-covered, and there was room in it for us to sleep, as well as to store all the things we would be taking with us. Then I bought a team of twenty oxen, all strong, healthy beasts.

10

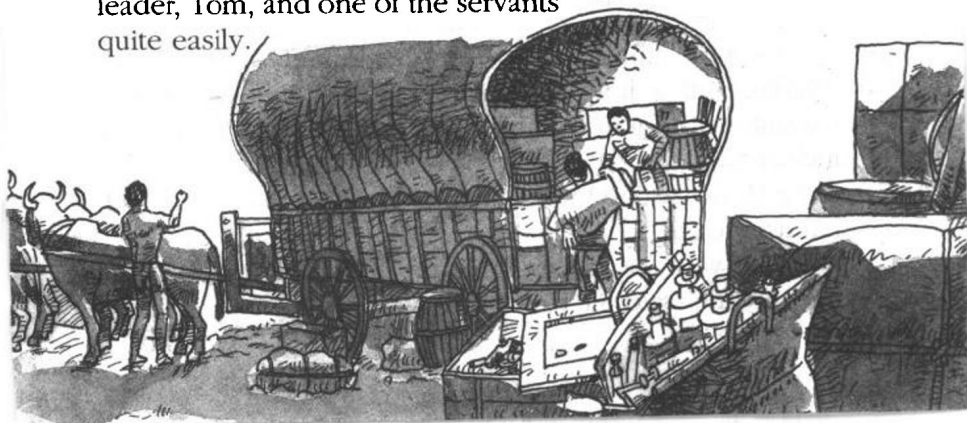
We had to buy enough food to last for our whole journey. Then, of course, we needed guns and lots of ammunition.

Captain Good had studied medicine for a while in his youth, although he never became a doctor. He had a splendid travelling medicine chest and a set of surgical instruments.

15

The last problem was to find some men to go with us. We decided to take five. We wanted a driver, a leader for the oxen, and some servants. I found the driver, Goza, the leader, Tom, and one of the servants quite easily.

20



They were all Zulus. The last two servants were more difficult to choose. They had to be good, brave men. First I found a Hottentot called Ventvogel. Then, the evening before we were due to start, I heard that there was  
5 someone waiting to see me. Presently a tall, handsome-looking man, about thirty years old, came into the room. He lifted his stick in greeting, then sat down in a corner. I looked at him in silence for a while.

'Well,' I said at last, 'what is your name?'

10 'Umbopa,' answered the man in a slow, deep voice.

'What do you want?'

'I hear that you are going on a great expedition far into the north, with the white chiefs from over the water. Is it true?'

15 'It is.'

'I hear that you are going to the Lukanga River. If you are going to travel so far, I want to go with you.'

'Where is your home?' I asked.

20 'I am of the Zulu people, but my tribe is far to the north. I have no home. I have wandered for many years. I came from the north as a child, to Zululand. Later, I came to Natal, because I wanted to see how the white men live. Now I am tired, and want to go north again. I want no money, but I am a brave man and will serve you well.'

25 I was rather puzzled by this man. I could see that he was telling the truth, but somehow he seemed different from the ordinary Zulus. I asked Sir Henry and Captain Good what they thought of him.

30 Sir Henry told me to ask him to stand up. Umbopa did so. He was naked except for the loin-cloth round his middle, and a long necklace of lion's teeth. He was a magnificent-looking man. He was about six feet three inches tall.

35 Sir Henry walked up to him and looked into his proud, handsome face.

'I like your looks, Mr Umbopa, and I will take you as my servant,' said Sir Henry in English.

Umbopa must have understood him, for he answered in Zulu, 'It is well.'

'They make a good pair, don't they?' said Good. 'One as big as the other!'

### **Umbopa speaks**

5

We left Durban at the end of January. Ahead of us was a journey of more than 1,000 miles, and we had many adventures on the way. By the end of April, twelve of our twenty oxen had died. We left the wagon, and what oxen were still alive, in the care of an old chief at Inyati, a small trading station in the Matabele country, and, taking only Umbopa and Ventvogel with us, went the rest of the way on foot. 10

Eventually, at the end of the second week in May, we reached Sitanda's Village, near where the Lukanga and Kalukwe Rivers join together. This was to be the real starting point of our expedition. 15

It was evening when we made our camp at Sitanda's Village. The sun was setting, and Sir Henry and I walked to the top of a little hill to look across the desert. The air was very clear, and far, far away I could see the faint blue shapes of the Suliman Mountains. 20

'That is the wall around King Solomon's Mines,' I said, 'but God knows if we shall ever climb it.'

'If my brother is there, I shall reach him somehow,' said Sir Henry, quietly. 25

'I hope so,' I answered. As I turned to go back to the camp, I saw that we were not alone. Behind us stood Umbopa, also looking towards those far-off mountains. 30

'Is that where you are going?' he asked, pointing to the mountains with his spear. 30

'Yes, Umbopa,' said Sir Henry, 'that is where we are going.'

'The desert is wide and there is no water in it. The mountains are high and covered in snow. Who knows 35