

TREASURE ISLAND

華文詳註

金銀島

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TREASURE ISLAND

By ROBERT L. STEVENSON

WITH CHINESE NOTES

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SHANGHAI, CHINA

作者傳略

“在年青時候，人們都把我看爲懶漢的典型，但我有自己的事忙碌着；我在自己袋內，藏着兩本書，一本是用來讀的，一本是用來寫的。我在路上，一面走着，一面尋覓適當的字句，描摹所見的種切；有時，坐落路旁，不在閱讀，即在寫些什麼。”如此勤奮的練習，終於把我們的斯蒂芬孫 (Robert Louis Stevenson)，練成十九世紀後半期浪漫文學的大作家了。

斯蒂芬孫以 1850 年出生於蘇格蘭的愛丁堡。他的身體，因受母親的體質的影響，自幼即多疾病，他爲修養身體，常在外祖父家居住，並常到倫敦，法國，意大利，瑞士等國遊歷。1867 年，入愛丁堡大學，習工程，後又改習法律；但終拋除這些，成一文學家。1876 年，偶遇 Mrs. Osbourne，一見傾心，幾經週折，於 1880 年，與她正式結婚，並偕繼子 Lloyd Osbourne，返歸故國，隱居蘇格蘭高地。即在此隱居期間 (1881-1883 年)，他寫成他的金銀島 (Treasure Island)。

他寫金銀島的經歷，是因他住在蘇格蘭 Braemar 地方，外面的氣候，非常寒冷，不能外出；但十二歲的 Lloyd，需要“有趣事物”，他於是在書室內，繪畫消遣。有一下午，忽

繪一島圖，填上山名，又填上出入口名，並於快樂的刹那，給它一名，題爲金銀島。他望着此圖，似有無數冒險者，冒險者的武器，以及冒險的事情，映現眼前，於是以每日一章的速率，抒寫眼前一幕幕活躍的幻想，並於晚餐之後，讀此一章，怡悅繼子；其實即連他那年老的父親的雙頰，亦被故事中的鹽風，吹得紅光融融，重露春色了。後來他又停筆下來，直至移居瑞士之 Davos 時，又以每日一章之速率，續成全書。此書先在 Young Folks 雜誌上發表，但不引起注意，直至 1883 年，全書印成後，方得盛名。

氏之著作，除此金銀島外，最著名的尚有 “Kidnaped”，“The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mrs. Hyde”，及 “The Merry Men” 等，均充溢着快樂的神情，幽逸的想像。

1894 年十二月三日的晚上，在南洋 Samoa 島 Vailima 地方某住宅的洋臺上，有一面容清瘦但仍充滿快樂神情的中年人，正在和他的夫人閒談；忽然間，他中風跌倒，便與世永訣。這位含有浪漫意味的死者，即是我們的浪漫作家斯蒂芬孫。

編者。

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TREASURE ISLAND

PART I. THE OLD BUCCANEER

CHAPTER I

THE OLD SEA DOG AT THE "ADMIRAL BENBOW"

^{紳士}
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 ³²bearings of the island, and that only ⁵ because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of ⁴³grace 17—and go back to the time when my father kept the "Admiral Benbow" inn, and the brown ⁴⁴old seaman, with the saber cut, first took up ⁴⁵his lodging under our roof. ¹⁰

I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came ³⁸plodding to the inn door, his sea chest following behind him in a hand-barrow; a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man; his ⁴¹tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat; his hands ⁴²ragged ¹⁵and scarred, with black, broken nails; and the saber cut across one cheek, a dirty, ⁴⁶livid white. I remember him looking round the ⁴⁷cove and whistling to himself ⁴⁸as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea song that he sang so often afterwards:— ²⁰

"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 grogshop. 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 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 ^{徘徊} round the cove, or upon the cliffs, with a brass telescope; all evening he sat in a corner of the parlor ^新 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 foghorn; and we and the people who came about our house soon learned to let him ¹⁰ 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 ¹⁵ to avoid them. When a seaman put up at "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 parlor; and he was always sure to be as silent as a ²⁰ 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 ²⁵ "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 ¹ wage, he would only blow through his nose at me, and stare me ³⁰ down; but before the week was out he was sure to think better of it, bring me my fourpenny 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 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 neighbors 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

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question, or sometimes because none was put, so he judged the company was not following his story. Nor would he allow any one to leave the inn till he had drunk himself sleepy and reeled off to bed.

His stories were what frightened people 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 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 room. I have seen him

扭扭

挫折

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.

- 5 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
10 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 neighbors, and with these, for the most
15 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
20 afternoon to see the patient, took a bit of dinner from my mother, and went into the parlor to smoke a pipe until his horse should come down from the hamlet, for we had no ^{stable} stabling at the old "Benbow."
I followed him in, and I remember observing the
25 contrast the neat, bright doctor, with his powder as white as snow, and his bright, black eyes and pleasant manners, made with the coltish country folk, and above all, with that filthy, heavy, bleared scarecrow of a pirate of ours, sitting far gone in
30 rum, with his arms on the table. Suddenly he—the captain, that is—began to pipe up his eternal song:—

歌唱

"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, 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 ^{打铁的} clasp knife, and, balancing it open on the palm of his hand, threatened to pin the doctor to the wall.

The doctor ^{不方里外所动} 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, ^{我断言} upon my honor, you shall ^{审判} hang at next assizes.”

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

“And now, sir,” continued the doctor, “since ^{现在} I now know there's such a fellow in my district, you may count I'll ^{每天} 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 for a piece of incivility like to-night's, I'll ^{立刻} take effectual means to have you hunted down and ^{不的言} 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.

CHAPTER II

BLACK DOG APPEARS AND DISAPPEARS

²⁵ IT was not very long after this that there occurred the first of the mysterious events that rid us at last of the captain, though not, as you will see,

of his affairs. It was a bitter cold winter, with long, hard frosts and heavy gales; and it was plain from the first that my poor father was little likely to see the spring. He sank daily, and my mother and I had all the inn upon our hands; and were kept 5 busy enough, without paying much regard to our unpleasant guest.

It was one January morning, very early—a pinching, frosty morning—the cove all gray with hoarfrost, the ripple lapping softly on the stones, 10 the sun still low and only touching the hilltops and shining far to seaward. The captain had risen earlier than usual, and set out down the beach, his cutlass swinging under the broad skirts of the old blue coat, his brass telescope under his arm, his 15 hat tilted back upon his head. I remember his breath hanging like smoke in his wake as he strode off, and the last sound I heard of him, as he turned the big rock, was a loud short of indignation, as though his mind was still running upon Dr. 20 Livesey.

Well, mother was upstairs with father; and I was laying the breakfast table against the captain's return, when the parlor door opened, and a man stepped in on whom I had never set my eyes before. 25 He was a pale, tallowy creature, wanting two fingers of the left hand; and, though he wore a cutlass, he did not look much like a fighter. I had always my eye open for seafaring men, with one leg or two, and I remember this one puzzled me. He was not 30 sailorly, and yet he had a smack of the sea about him too.

I asked him what was for his service, and he said he would take rum; but as I was going out of the room to fetch it he sat down upon a table and motioned me to draw near. I paused where I was
5 with my napkin in my hand.

“Come here, sonny,” says he, “come nearer here.”

I took a step nearer.

“Is this here table for my mate Bill?” he
10 asked, with a kind of leer.

I told him I did not know his mate Bill; and this was for a person who stayed in our house, whom we called the captain.

“Well,” said he, “my mate Bill would be called
15 the captain, as like as not. He has a cut on one cheek, and a ^很 mighty pleasant way with him, particularly in drink, has my mate Bill. We’ll ^也 put it, for argument like, that your captain has a cut on his cheek—and we’ll put it, if you like, that that cheek’s
20 the right one. Ah, well! I told you. Now is my mate Bill in this here house?”

I told him he was out walking.

“Which way, sonny? Which way is he gone?”

And when I had pointed out the rock and told
25 him how the captain was likely to return, and how soon, and answered a few other questions, “Ah,” said he, “this’ll be as good as drink to my mate Bill.”

The expression on his face as he said these
30 words was not at all pleasant, and I had my own reasons for thinking that the stranger was mistaken, even supposing he meant what he said. But it was

no affair of mine, I thought; and, besides, it was difficult to know what to do. The stranger kept hanging about just outside the inn door, peering round the corner like a cat waiting for a mouse. Once I stepped out myself into the road, but he immediately called me back, and, as I did not obey quick enough for his fancy, a most horrible change came over his tallowy face, and he ordered me in, with an oath that made me jump. As soon as I was back again he returned to his former manner, half fawning, half sneering, patted me on the shoulder, told me I was a good boy, and he had taken quite a fancy to me. "I have a son of my own," said he, "as like you as two blocks, and he's all the pride, of my 'art. But the great thing for boys is discipline, sonny — discipline. Now, if you had sailed along of Bill you wouldn't have stood there to be spoke to twice — not you. That was never Bill's way, nor the way of sich as sailed with him. And here, sure enough, is my mate Bill, with a spyglass under his arm, bless his old 'art to be sure. You and me'll just go back into the parlor, sonny, and get behind the door, and we'll give Bill a little surprise—bless his 'art, I say again."

So saying, the stranger backed along with me into the parlor, and put me behind him in the corner, so that we were both hidden by the open door. I was very uneasy and alarmed, as you may fancy, and it rather added to my fears to observe that the stranger was certainly frightened himself. He cleared the hilt of his cutlass and loosened the blade in the sheath; and all the time we were wait-