

*King Solomon's Mines*  
所罗门王的宝藏

[英] 亨利·里德·哈格德 著  
王勋 纪飞 等 编译





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## 内 容 简 介

《所罗门王的宝藏》是世界上最著名的探险小说之一。故事的主人公之一夸特梅因是一位猎手，一个偶然的机会，认识了英国爵士科蒂斯和古德上校。他们结伴前往南非，去寻找科蒂斯失踪多年的弟弟乔治和所罗门的宝藏。他们在当地雇用了仆人和向导，其中一个仆人的真实身份是当地王国一个逃亡的王子。他们翻山越岭，穿过茫茫沙漠，来到了目的地。依靠他们三人的帮助，王子战胜了邪恶的国王成了真正的国王；在历尽艰难险阻后，他们终于找到了所罗门的宝藏，最后凯旋而归，并在归途中找到了科蒂斯的弟弟乔治。这是一部充满正义与邪恶、历经传奇的探险故事，故事以战争、狩猎和寻宝为背景，真实而生动地再现了非洲这片古老而神秘的土地，情节跌宕起伏、扣人心弦。

该书一经出版，很快就成为当时最受关注和最畅销的探险小说，特别是受到青年人的热烈欢迎，至今被译成世界上几十种文字，曾经先后多次被改编成电影、电视剧和卡通片。书中所展现的传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，本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。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量的插图。

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亨利·里德·哈格德（Henry Rider Haggard, 1856—1925），英国著名传奇小说家，

1856年，哈格德出生在英国诺福克郡，他的父亲是律师、乡绅。他在青少年时代受过私人教育，19岁时到南非总督纳塔尔手下做事。此时，南非殖民地正值多事之秋，哈格德走访了一些战争幸存者，同时广泛搜集当地的历史、传说，为他日后的创作生涯奠定了坚实的基础。从南非回到英国后，哈格德曾试图当律师，但没有成功，于是他开始写作。

1885年，他的第一部探险小说《所罗门王的宝藏》出版，立刻得到强烈反响和广泛好评。从此，哈格德一举成名。之后，哈格德又以非洲历险、传说为题材陆续出版了探险小说：《艾耸·夸特梅因》（1887）、《杰斯》（1887）、《她》（1887）、《梅娃复仇记》（1888）和《克娄巴特拉》（1889）等。此外，他还积极参与社会活动，并在考察英国的农业状况后著有《英格兰农村》。哈格德的小说情节曲折、语言活泼，充溢着浓厚的人道主义色彩。一九一二年，哈格德以其对人道主义的贡献，被英王爱德华七世册封为骑士，获得爵士称号，称为亨利·里德·哈格德爵士。

在哈格德所有作品中，《所罗门王的宝藏》是他的代表作，同时也是他最成功的作品，该小说是英国“有史以来最惊心动魄的作品”之一，被誉为是最好的青少年读物之一。《所罗门王的宝藏》出版一百多年来，至今仍广受来自世界各地读者的欢迎，尤其是表少年朋友们。该书故事曾先后多次被改编成电影、电视剧和卡通片，它已成为一本经典的青少年读本。

在中国，《所罗门王的宝藏》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典小说之一。目前，在国内数量众多的《所罗门王的宝藏》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是中英文对照版。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学习英语的大环境。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《所罗门王的宝藏》，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，也尽可能保留原作风格。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。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量的插图。我们相信，该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、熊金玉、赵雪、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，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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# 1. 初会亨利·科蒂斯

Meet Sir Henry Curtis



我已经 55 岁了，是该写些东西的时候了。我一生中经历很曲折，很小的时候我就开始做买卖，后来又经商、打猎、参战、开矿等。我只是到最近才赚了一大笔钱。尽管非常讨厌最近的这次冒险历程，可我还是准备将其写下来。我认为有如下理由：

第一，应亨利·科蒂斯爵士和约翰·古德上校的要求。

第二，我正在德班治疗左腿的伤痛。这是被狮子咬伤的，现在又复发了。

第三，我儿子哈里在伦敦学医，刚好可以让他了解情况并借此消遣。

第四，我认为这个故事本身特别离奇曲折。

我是艾伦·夸特梅因，是纳塔尔省德班市的一名绅士。名虽如此，我的一生却都只是一个穷商人和猎手。我一生中杀过许多人，但并非滥杀无辜。毕竟这是一个残酷无情的世界。

我在 18 个月前初遇亨利·科蒂斯爵士和古德上校。那是在从开普敦到纳塔尔的轮船上。亨利·科蒂斯爵士约 30 岁，胸膛宽，手臂长，有一头黄发和黄络腮胡子，棱角分明的面部有一双灰色的小眼睛，像古丹麦人那般极为英俊。

约翰·古德上校矮壮微黑，让人一看就知道是海军军官。他是一位 31 岁的海军上校。他很整洁，胡子刮得干净，右眼戴着眼镜，除睡觉外从不



我和爵士、上校坐到一张桌前

取下。

船刚航行不久就遇到了夜里恶劣的天气。寒风伴随着浓雾，人们都躲到了甲板下。我就站在发动机旁，自娱自乐地细看对面的钟摆，它标志着船的每一次晃动。

这时约翰·古德上校发话了：“这个钟摆有点儿问题，晃得真奇怪。”

我问道：“是吗？此话怎讲？”

上尉回答：“我认为船不可能晃到像钟摆所指的那种程度，否则早就散架了。”

此时晚饭铃响了，我、爵士、上校三人坐到了一起。我和上校聊起了打猎的事情。爵士静静听着我们的谈话，得知了我的名字——艾伦·夸特梅因。于是他在晚餐结束后约我去他的舱室抽根烟。

到了他的舱室后，亨利爵士边叼着烟斗边扯起了话题：“听说您曾在德兰士瓦北部的巴芒瓦托待过一段时间，是吧？”

我点头称是，并有些许惊讶，因为我的行踪并非人尽皆知。

“那里有个叫奈维尔的人，你认识吗？”亨利爵士问我。

我回答道：“认识，而且之前有个律师写信问我关于他的事情，我也写了回信。”

亨利爵士说：“那封信转到了我手上。信中详细描述了当时的情景，认为奈维尔北行是去打猎。”

稍一停顿，亨利爵士突然问：“我想你知道奈维尔先生北行的更多理由吧？”

我并不愿回答此问题，就淡淡地说：“只是有所耳闻。”

亨利爵士对我说：“我想给你讲个故事，以征求建议，也许还需要你的协助。你在纳塔尔得到了很多人的尊敬，因为他们认为你极为明智。”

我内心有些慌乱，喝了杯威士忌作为掩饰，不知他后面要说些什么。

亨利爵士接着说：“奈维尔是我弟弟，唯一的弟弟。五年前我们的父亲未立遗嘱就去世了。按惯例财产都将传给长子。那时我和弟弟刚好吵架，于是我没有对他提起财产的事情。我弟弟就拿着自己仅有的几百英镑，用奈维尔的名字来到了南非，希望能够在南非发财。此后三年他音讯全无，我越来越不安。我很想见到他，我可以为此付出自己的一半财产。”

古德上校此时插进来一句：“但你不可能了。”

“我急于知道我弟弟是否还活着，希望让他回家。我对此调查的结果令人欣慰。那封信显示了我弟弟乔治还活着，于是我决定亲自来找他。好心的古德上校与我同行。”

上校说：“我也是闲着无事而已。先生，现在你可以告诉我们您所知道的奈维尔先生的事了吧。”

*I*t was a curious thing that at my age—fifty-five last birthday—I should find myself taking up a pen to try and write a history. I wonder what sort of a history it will be when I have done a good many things in my life, which seems a long one to me, owing to my having begun so young, perhaps. At an age when other boys are at school, I was earning my living as a trader in the old Colony. I have been trading, hunting, fighting, or mining ever since. And yet it is only eight months ago that I made my pile. It is a big pile now I have got it—I don't yet know how big—but I don't think I would go through the last fifteen or sixteen months again for it; no, not if I knew that I should come out safe at the end, pile and all. But then I am a timid man, and don't like violence, and am pretty sick of adventure. I wonder why I am going to write this book: it is not in my line. I am not a literary man, though very devoted to the *Old Testament* and also to the *Ingoldsby Legends*. Let me try and set down my reasons.

First reason: Because Sir Henry Curtis and Captain John Good asked me to.

Second reason: Because I am laid up here at Durban with the pain and trouble in my left leg. Ever since that confounded lion got hold of me I have been liable to it, and its being rather bad just now makes me limp more than ever. There must be some poison in a lion's teeth, otherwise how is it that when your wounds are healed they break out again. It is a hard thing that when one has shot sixty-five lions as I have in the course of my life, that the sixty-sixth should chew your leg like a quid of tobacco. It breaks the routine of the thing, and putting other considerations aside, I am an orderly man and don't like that.

Third reason: Because I want my boy Harry, who is over there at the hospital in London studying to become a doctor, to have something to amuse him and keep him out of mischief for a week or so. Hospital work must sometimes pall and get rather dull, for even of cutting up dead bodies there must come satiety, and as this history won't be dull, anyway, it may give him a little life.

Fourth reason and last: Because I am going to tell the strangest story that I know of.

I, Allan Quatermain, of Durban, Natal, Gentleman, make oath and say—That's how I began my deposition before the magistrate, about poor Khiva's and Ventvögel's deaths; but somehow it doesn't seem quite the right way to begin a book. And, besides, am I a gentleman? What is a gentleman? I don't quite know, and yet I have had to do with niggers—no, I'll scratch that word “niggers” out, for I don't like it. I've known natives who are, and so you'll say, Harry, my boy, before you're done with this tale, and I have known mean whites with lots of money and fresh out from home, too, who ain't. Well, at any rate, I was born a gentleman, though I've been nothing but a poor trader and hunter all my life. Whether I have remained so I know not, you must judge of that. Heaven knows I've tried. I've killed many men in my time, but I have never slain wantonly or stained my hand in innocent blood, only in self-defence. The Almighty gave us our lives, and I suppose he meant us to defend them, at least I have always acted on that, and I hope it won't be brought up against me when my clock strikes. There, there, it is a cruel and wicked world, and for a timid man I have been mixed up in a deal of slaughter. I can't tell the rights of it, but at any rate I have never stolen, though I once cheated a Kafir out of a herd of cattle. But then he had done me a dirty turn, and it has troubled me ever since into the bargain.

It's eighteen months or so ago since I first met Sir Henry Curtis and Captain Good. I had been up elephant hunting beyond Bamangwato, and had had bad luck. Everything went wrong that trip, and to top up with I got the fever badly. So soon as I was well enough I trekked down to the Diamond

Fields, sold such ivory as I had, and also my wagon and oxen, discharged my hunters, and took the post-cart to the Cape. After spending a week in Cape Town, finding that they overcharged me at the hotel, and having seen everything there was to see, including the botanical gardens, which seem to me likely to confer a great benefit on the country, and the new Houses of Parliament, I determined to go on back to Natal by the Dunkeld, then lying in the docks waiting for the Edinburgh Castle due in from England. I took my berth and went aboard, and that afternoon the Natal passengers from the Edinburgh Castle transshipped, and we weighed and put out to sea.

Among the passengers who came on board there were two who excited my curiosity. One, a man of about thirty, was one of the biggest-chested and longest-armed men I ever saw. He had yellow hair, a big yellow beard, clear-cut features, and large grey eyes set deep into his head. I never saw a finer-looking man, and somehow he reminded me of an ancient Dane. Not that I know much of ancient Danes, though I remember a modern Dane who did me out of ten pounds; but I remember once seeing a picture of some of those gentry, who, I take it, were a kind of white Zulus. They were drinking out of big horns, and their long hair hung down their backs, and as I looked at my friend standing there by the companion-ladder, I thought that if one only let his hair grow a bit, put one of those chain shirts on to those great shoulders of his, and gave him a big battle-axe and a horn mug, he might have sat as a model for that picture. And by the way it is a curious thing, and just shows how the blood will show out, I found out afterwards that Sir Henry Curtis was of Danish blood. He also reminded me strongly of somebody else, but at the time I could not remember who it was.

The other man who stood talking to Sir Henry was short, stout, and dark, and of quite a different cut. I suspected at once that he was a naval officer. I don't know why, but it is difficult to mistake a navy man. I have gone shooting trips with several of them in the course of my life, and they have always been just the best and bravest and nicest fellows I ever met, though given to the use of profane language.

I had asked, what is a gentleman? I'll answer it now: a Royal Naval officer is, in a general sort of a way, though, of course, there may be a black sheep among them here and there. I fancy it is just wide sea and the breath of God's winds that washes their hearts and blows the bitterness out of the their minds and makes them what men ought to be. Well, to return, I was right again; I found out that he was a naval officer, a lieutenant of thirty-one. His name I found out—by referring to the passenger's list—was Good—Captain John Good. He was broad, of medium height, dark, stout, and rather a curious man to look at. He was so very neat and so very clean shaved, and he always wore an eyeglass in his right eye. it seemed to grow there, for it had no string, and he never took it out except to wipe it. At first I thought he used to sleep in it, but I afterwards found that this was a mistake. He put it in his trousers pocket when he went to bed, together with his false teeth.

Soon after we had got under weigh evening closed in, and brought with it very dirty weather. A keen breeze sprang up off land, and a kind of aggravated Scotch mist soon drove everybody from the deck. And as for that Dunkeld, she is a flat-bottomed punt, and going up light as she was, she rolled very heavily. It almost seemed as though she would go right over, but she never did. It was quite impossible to walk about, so I stood near the engines where it was warm, and amused myself with watching the pendulum, which was fixed opposite to me, swinging slowly backwards and forwards as the vessel rolled, and marking the angle she touched at each lurch.

"That pendulum's wrong; it is not properly weighted," suddenly said a voice at my shoulder, somewhat testily. Looking round I saw the naval officer I had noticed when the passengers came aboard.

"Indeed, now what makes you think so?" I asked.

"Think so. I don't think at all." She righted herself after a roll. "If the ship had really rolled to the degree that thing pointed to then she would never have rolled again, that's all. But it is just like these merchant skippers, they always are so confoundedly careless."

Just then the dinner-bell rang.

Captain Good and I went down to dinner together, and there we found Sir Henry Curtis already seated. He and Captain Good sat together, and I sat opposite to them. The captain and I soon got into talk about shooting and what not; he asking me many questions, and I answering as well as I could. Presently he got on to elephants.

"Ah, sir," called out somebody who was sitting near me, "you've got to the right man for that; Hunter Quatermain should be able to tell you about elephants if anybody can."

Sir Henry, who had been sitting quite quiet listening to our talk, started visibly.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, leaning forward across the table, and speaking in a low, deep voice. "Excuse me, sir, but is your name Allan Quatermain?"

I said it was.

The big man made no further remark, but I heard him mutter "fortunate".

Presently dinner came to an end, and as we were leaving the saloon Sir Henry came up and asked me if I would come into his cabin and smoke a pipe. I accepted, and he led the way to the Dunkeld deck cabin, and a very good cabin it was. There was a sofa in the cabin, and a little table in front of it. Sir Henry sent the steward for a bottle of whisky, and the three of us sat down and lit our pipes.

"Mr. Quatermain," said Sir Henry Curtis, when the steward had brought the whisky and lit the lamp, "the year before last about this time you were, I believe, at a place called Bamangwato, to the north of the Transvaal."

"I was," I answered, rather surprised that this gentleman should be so well acquainted with my movements, which were not, so far as I was aware, considered of general interest.

"You were trading there, were you not?" put in Captain Good, in his quick way.

"I was. I took up a wagon load of goods, and made a camp outside the settlement, and stopped till I had sold them."

Sir Henry was sitting opposite to me in a Madeira chair, his arms leaning



古德上校发话了：“这个钟摆有点儿问题”。

on the table. He now looked up, fixing his large grey eyes full upon my face. There was a curious anxiety in them I thought.

“Did you happen to meet a man called Neville there?”

“Oh, yes; he outspanned alongside of me for a fortnight to rest his oxen before going on to the interior. I had a letter from a lawyer a few months back asking me if I knew what had become of him, which I answered to the best of my ability at the time.”

“Yes,” said Sir Henry, “your letter was forwarded to me. You said in it that the gentleman called Neville left Bamangwato in the beginning of May in a wagon with a driver, a voorlooper, and a Kafir hunter called Jim, announcing his intention of trekking if possible as far as Inyati, and extreme trading post in the Matabele country, where he would sell his wagon and proceed on foot. You also said that he did sell his wagon, for six months afterwards you saw the wagon in the possession of a Portuguese trader, who told you that he had bought it at Inyati from a white man whose name he had forgotten, and that the white man with a native servant had started off for the interior on a shooting trip, he believed.”

“Yes.”

Then came a pause.

“Mr. Quatermain,” said Sir Henry, suddenly, “I suppose you know or can guess more of the reasons of Mr. Neville’s journey to the northward?”

“I heard something,” I answered, and stopped. The subject was one which I did not care to discuss.

Sir Henry and Captain Good looked at each other, and Captain Good nodded.

“Mr. Quatermain,” said the former, “I am going to tell you a story, and ask your advice, and perhaps your assistance. The agent who forwarded me your letter told me that I might implicitly rely upon it, as you were,” he said, “well known and universally respected in Natal, and especially noted for your discretion.”

I bowed and drank some whisky and water to hide my confusion, for I am

a modest man.

Sir Henry went on, "Mr. Neville was my brother."

"Oh," I said, starting, for now I knew who Sir Henry had reminded me of when I first saw him. His brother was a much smaller man and had a dark beard, but now I thought of it, he possessed eyes of the same shade of grey and with the same keen look in them, and the features too were not unlike.

"He was," went on Sir Henry, "my only and younger brother, and till five years ago I do not suppose we were ever a month away from each other. But just about five years ago a misfortune befell us, as sometimes does happen in families. We had quarreled bitterly, and I behaved very unjustly to my brother in my anger." Here Captain Good nodded his head vigorously to himself. The ship gave a big roll just then, so that the looking-glass, which was fixed opposite us to starboard, was for a moment nearly over our heads, and as I was sitting with my hands in my pockets and staring upwards, I could see him nodding like anything.

"As I daresay you know," went on Sir Henry, "if a man dies intestate, and has no property but land, real property it is called in England, it all descends to his eldest son. It so happened that just at the time when we quarreled our father died intestate. He had put off making his will until it was too late. The result was that my brother, who had not been brought up to any profession, was left without a penny. Of course it would have been my duty to provide for him, but at the time the quarrel between us was so bitter that I did not—to my shame, offer to do anything. It was not that I grudged him anything, but I waited for him to make advances, and he made none. I am sorry to trouble you with all this, Mr. Quatermain, but I must to make things clear, eh, Good?"

"Quite so, quite so," said the captain. "Mr. Quatermain will, I am sure, keep this history to himself."

"Of course," said I, for I rather pride myself on my discretion.

"Well," went on Sir Henry, "my brother had a few hundred pounds to his account at the time, and without saying anything to me he drew out this paltry sum, and, having adopted the name of Neville, started off for South Africa in