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导 读

罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森是一位英国小说家，一八五〇年出生于爱丁堡，一八六七年在爱丁堡大学先攻读土木工程，不久改学法律。他在大学期间就开始给杂志撰稿。一八七八年出版了游记《内河航行》，第二年又出版了《驴背旅程》。虽然体弱多病，但从来没有中断写作。他为各种杂志写了大量散文、小说、游记和自传，他还从事诗歌和戏剧创作。出版的小说有《新天方夜谭》、《金银岛》、《化身博士》、《绑架》、《快乐的人们》等等。一八八八年，因为身体健康，斯蒂文森同夫人前往太平洋上的萨摩亚岛，一八九四年在该岛上去世。

《金银岛》是斯蒂文森为他妻子的前夫之子写的少年读物，出版后受到了各年龄段读者的喜爱，成为他流传最广的一部小说。这部作品有着鲜明的惊险色彩，为人们揭开了冒险者世界的一角。

本书讲述了到大海中的一座小岛上寻宝的故事……吉姆是一家客栈老板的儿子。有一天，他们的客栈来里来了一个名叫比尔·本斯的海盗，他带着一个神秘的破水手箱，衣衫褴褛，整天喝朗姆酒，还强迫其他客人顺从他的意愿，蛮横得简直无法形容，可他却叫吉姆留意一位只有一条腿的人。来给吉姆的父亲看病的利维塞医生劝他不要喝这么多酒，否则就会死于中风。可他整天过着心惊胆颤的生活，不得不借助朗姆酒来麻醉自己，他最终死于中风。临死前，他告诉了吉姆一个秘密。

于是，吉姆、利维塞医生、乡绅招募了一批水手，乘着船，向海中的那座小岛驶去，多嘴的乡绅在事前泄露了秘密，所以，招募来的水手大多数是以前的海盗，其中就有那个一条腿的“厨师”，他叫希尔弗，这个人极其奸诈、狡猾，他还知道一些关于福林特财宝的秘密，这次航行，

他有自己的打算。

这艘船慢慢地向那座小岛靠近，他们的阴谋也渐渐暴露出来，真正的船长根本管不住船员，而这一切，吉姆、利维塞医生、乡绅还都蒙在鼓里，一天晚上，吉姆去甲板上拿苹果，无意中听到了希尔弗等人的谈话，他发现了这个阴谋，就马上将这一消息告诉了船长、利维塞医生和乡绅。真正的战斗拉开了序幕……

书中的情节一波三折，生动地表现出了海盗们贪婪、自私、凶残、狡诈的本性，但是，正义最终战胜了邪恶。读完后，读者们不妨想一想，为什么希尔弗会有那种结局？

PART I

THE OLD BUCCANEER

第一部

老 海 盜



CHAPTER I

THE OLD SEA - DOG AT THE 'ADMIRAL BENBOW'

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 bearings of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of grace 17 - , and go back to the time when my father kept the 'Admiral Benbow' inn, and the brown old seaman, with the sabre cut, first took up his lodging under our roof.

I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea - chest following behind him in a handbarrow; a tall, strong, heavy, nut - brown man; his tarry pig-tail falling over the shoulders of his

第一章

老海盗住在“本鲍将军”客栈

乡绅特劳维尼、利维塞医生,还有其他几位绅士,要求我把有关宝岛的所有细节全都记下来,但不要提宝岛所在的位置,因为那里至今还没有开发出宝藏来,在公元一七××年,我提起了笔,这时又想起了父亲当年开的“本鲍将军”客栈,那个肤色黝黑、脸上有道刀痕的老水手,最初就在我们家投宿。

我想起他了,那情景好像就在昨天,当时他步履沉重地走到客栈门口,身后的小推车上放着他的水手箱子,他又高又壮,身材很魁梧,皮肤是褐色的,辫子散落在肩上,蓝色外套上沾满了

soiled blue coat; his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails; and the sabre cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cove and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards:

‘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 hand-spike 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 grog-shop. 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 bar-

尘土,粗糙的双手布满疤痕,黑黑的指甲残缺不全;脸上留着一道青灰色的疤痕。我记得他一边绕着小峡谷走,一边吹着口哨,唱起了那支他后来时常唱的水手老调:

“十五个人趴在死人的胸口上。哟——嗨——嗨,来一瓶朗姆酒!”

他尖厉的声音在颤抖,音调时高时低,活脱脱一副破锣嗓子。接着,他用自己随身携带的那根类似手杖的棍子,使劲地敲门,当我父亲出来的时候,他粗暴地要了一杯朗姆酒。酒端上来了,他慢慢地喝着,像内行人那样品尝着,目光却停留在附近的悬崖和我们的招牌上。

“这是个便利的海湾,”他终于说话了,“小酒馆的位置不错。客人多不多,伙计?”

我父亲告诉他说,客人很少,很让人遗憾。

他说:“唔,那我就住在这儿了。喂,伙计,”他向那个推车的人喊道,“把车子推过来,再帮

row; '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 this 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 round the cove, or upon the cliffs, with a brass telescope;

忙把我的箱子取下来。我要在这里呆上几天,"他继续说,"我是个很普通的人,只想要朗姆酒、火腿和鸡蛋,然后就可以对着海湾看船下海了。你该叫我什么?叫我船长吧。噢,我知道你想要什么——给,拿去!"他把三四个金币扔到门口,说:"等这些钱用完了,就告诉我一声。"他的表情就像个指挥官一样凶狠。

虽然他衣服破旧,言语粗俗,但神色一点儿都不像一个普通的水手,倒像一个经常发号施令、斗殴的大副或船长。推车的伙计告诉我们,昨天早晨,邮车一把船长送到了"皇家乔治"饭店的门前,他就问海边有没有客栈。我猜想,他可能听说我们的客栈比较好,也比较安静,所以就来了。关于这位客人的情况,我们就知道这些。

他本来就是一个不爱说话的人,整天带着一副铜制望远镜,在海湾周围或是悬崖上转

all evening he sat in a corner of the parlour 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 fog-horn; and we and the people who came about our house soon learned to let him 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 to avoid them. When a seaman put up at the '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 parlour; and he was always sure to be as silent as a 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 'weather-eye

悠。晚上,他就在客厅一角的壁炉边坐着,使劲地喝掺着水的朗姆酒,每天都喝到很晚。要是有人和他说话,他一般不搭理人家;只是用他那双可怕的眼睛盯着别人,同时鼻子里发出一种可怕的声音,好像是雾中迷航的船只在鸣号。所以,我们和客栈的客人就不再理他了。

每次散步回来的时候,他都要问有没有水手从这条路上经过。刚开始,我们以为他这是在想念自己的同伴,才提出了这个问题。但是,最后我们发现他这是为了躲避他们。当有水手投宿“本鲍将军”客栈的时候(偶尔会有一个经海路到布里斯托尔的水手住在这儿),他总是透过门帘偷偷地看一看,确定那个水手走了,才走进客厅;当店里还有其他水手住宿时,他就像只耗子一样,一言不发。至少在我看来,这件事没什么秘密可言;因为我在某种程度上也分担着他的惊慌。有一天,他把我叫到一个没人的地方,对我承诺,如果我愿意去注意一个“一条腿的水手”,并在这个人露面的时候立刻告诉他,他会在每月的第一天给我一枚四便士的银币。于是,

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 wage, he would only blow through his nose at me, and stare me 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 expression. 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,

我就成了他的同伙,可是,在每月的第一天,我向他要报酬的时候,他总是对着我哼鼻子,还拿眼睛瞪我,不过,不到一周,他就会乖乖地给我一枚四便士的银币,再次嘱咐我留意那个“一条腿的水手”。

这个重要人物经常出现在我的梦中,我简直没法跟你们说。在一个暴风雨之夜,旅店房子被风雨吹打得叮当乱响,海湾里浪涛拍岸。这时,我好像看到了他变换出无数种形状,还有无数种表情。他的腿有时在膝盖处被切断,有时在大腿处被切断;有时他会变成一个怪兽,身上只长着一条腿。其中最可怕的一个恶梦,是他跳过树篱和沟渠,一个劲儿地追赶我。总之,我就生活在这种令人讨厌的幻想之中,为每个月的四便士付出了相当大的代价。

虽然我一想到那位一条腿的水手就害怕,但却和其他认识

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 neighbours 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 question, or sometimes because none was put, and so he judged the company was not following his story. Nor would he allow anyone 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

船长的人不一样,我并不是太怕他。有很多个晚上,他喝了太多掺了水的朗姆酒后,酒精让他的可爱之处表现出来了。他会坐下来唱那首粗俗、古老而又野蛮的水手歌谣,根本就不顾别人;不过,有时他也会请其他人喝一杯酒,强迫客人们听他讲那些令人心惊胆颤的故事,还要合着他的歌声打拍子,关键时刻还要合唱。“哟——嗨——嗨,来一瓶朗姆酒!”所有人都大声地吼叫着,好像还有点争先恐后的意思,生怕自己的声音比别人的低,受到那个神秘老船长的指责。他的脾气很坏,他发怒的时候,可以说他是世界上脾气最暴躁的人;大家唱得高兴时,他会突然拍起桌子,让大家安静;如果有人提出建议,他便会暴跳如雷;没人吭声时,他又觉得客人们没有听他的故事,更加怒不可遏。有时候,他甚至把我们的客栈变成了一座监狱,他命令任何人都不准出门,直到他醉成了一堆烂泥,趑趄趑趄地回去睡觉为止。

他讲的那些故事都很可怕。都是什么绞刑、走独木桥、海上风暴、干托图加群岛,还有西班牙

plank, and storms at sea, and the Dry Tortugas, and wild deeds an 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 almost 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 tyrannised 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 me who pretended to admire him, calling him a 'true sea-dog,' and a 'real old salt,' and suchlike 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

牙大陆上的疯狂行为。他说,他曾在海上同世界上最凶残的一伙亡命之徒混了一辈子;他讲这些故事时所使用的语言跟他描述的那些罪行一样,使得我们这些普通农民大吃一惊。我父亲总是说我们的客栈就要被毁掉了,因为人们不久就不会到这儿来投宿了,有谁愿意到这里来受侮辱,每天受这个魔鬼的恫吓,直到回去睡觉还浑身颤抖。不过,我确实相信他的存在对我们有好处。刚开始客人们会受到惊吓,可当他们回忆起来的时候,还是很喜欢的,这对宁静的乡村生活是一个极好的刺激;有些年轻人甚至装着钦佩他的样子,叫他“真正的船长”、“真正的老水手”以及诸如此类的名字,还说英国就是靠他这样的人才得以在海上称霸的。

从某个方面来说,他确实毁了我们的客栈;因为他在这里一周接一周、一月又一月地逗留。他刚来时付的那些钱早就用完了,可我父亲不敢跟他要钱。我父亲曾向他提起过这件事,当时

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 wringing his hand 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.

All the time he lived with us the captain made no change whatever in his dress but to buy some stockings from 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 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 neighbours, and with these, for the most 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 afternoon to see the patient, took a bit of

船长使劲一哼鼻子,马上就咆哮起来,一双可怕的眼睛把我那可怜的父亲瞪得离开了房间。我好像亲眼看见父亲受到这样的斥责后,痛苦地自责着。可怜的父亲,就是这种敢怒不敢言的心理压力,造成了他不幸的早逝。

在船长和我们一起生活的那段日子里,除了从小贩那儿买过几双袜子外,他的衣服没有一点的改变。他帽子的一角耷拉着,有风的时候很难看,他整天就让它那样耷拉着。我还记得他那件外衣的样子,他自己在楼上的房间里缝补衣服,最后,衣服打满补丁。他没有写过信,也没有收过信,他从不和任何人讲话,一般情况下,他只在喝醉酒的时候才和旁边的邻居们说话。我们都没有见过他打开那个大大的水手箱子。

他只被人顶撞过一次,而且还是在我们店里居住的最后一位日子,那时,我可怜的父亲身体状况急剧下降,已经无药可救。一天下午,利维塞医生来看

dinner from my mother, and went into the parlour to smoke a pipe until his horse should come down from the hamlet, for we had no stabling at the old 'Benbow.' I followed him in, and I remember observing the 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 rum, with his arms on the table. Suddenly he — the captain, that is — began to pipe up his eternal song: — '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,

我父亲,他吃了我母亲为他做的饭菜之后,就到客厅里抽烟,一直抽到别人把马从村子里牵过来,因为我们“本鲍将军”客栈没有马厩。当时我站在他后面,很仔细地观察了他。我还记得,我感觉这位大夫和那些野蛮的农夫们,特别是那个肮脏、魁梧、衣衫褴褛的船长形成了强烈的对比,因为医生仪表非凡,搽着雪白的粉,他那双眼睛又黑又亮,令人非常愉快,而我们那位船长却被朗姆酒灌得烂醉,只能趴在桌上。突然,他——就是那个船长——开始唱他那支不变的歌谣:——“十五个人趴在死人的胸口上,”哟——嗨——嗨,来一瓶朗姆酒!

别的人都做了酒和魔鬼的殉葬品啊,

哟——嗨——嗨,来一瓶朗姆酒!”

我刚听到这支歌时,脑子里总是把他歌里唱的“死人的胸口”同他的那个大水手箱联系起来,于是,在我的恶梦里,这个想法就和那个一条腿的水手搅和到一起了,现在我已经不想这些了。那天晚上,除了利维塞医生之外,没有一个新到者,我发现