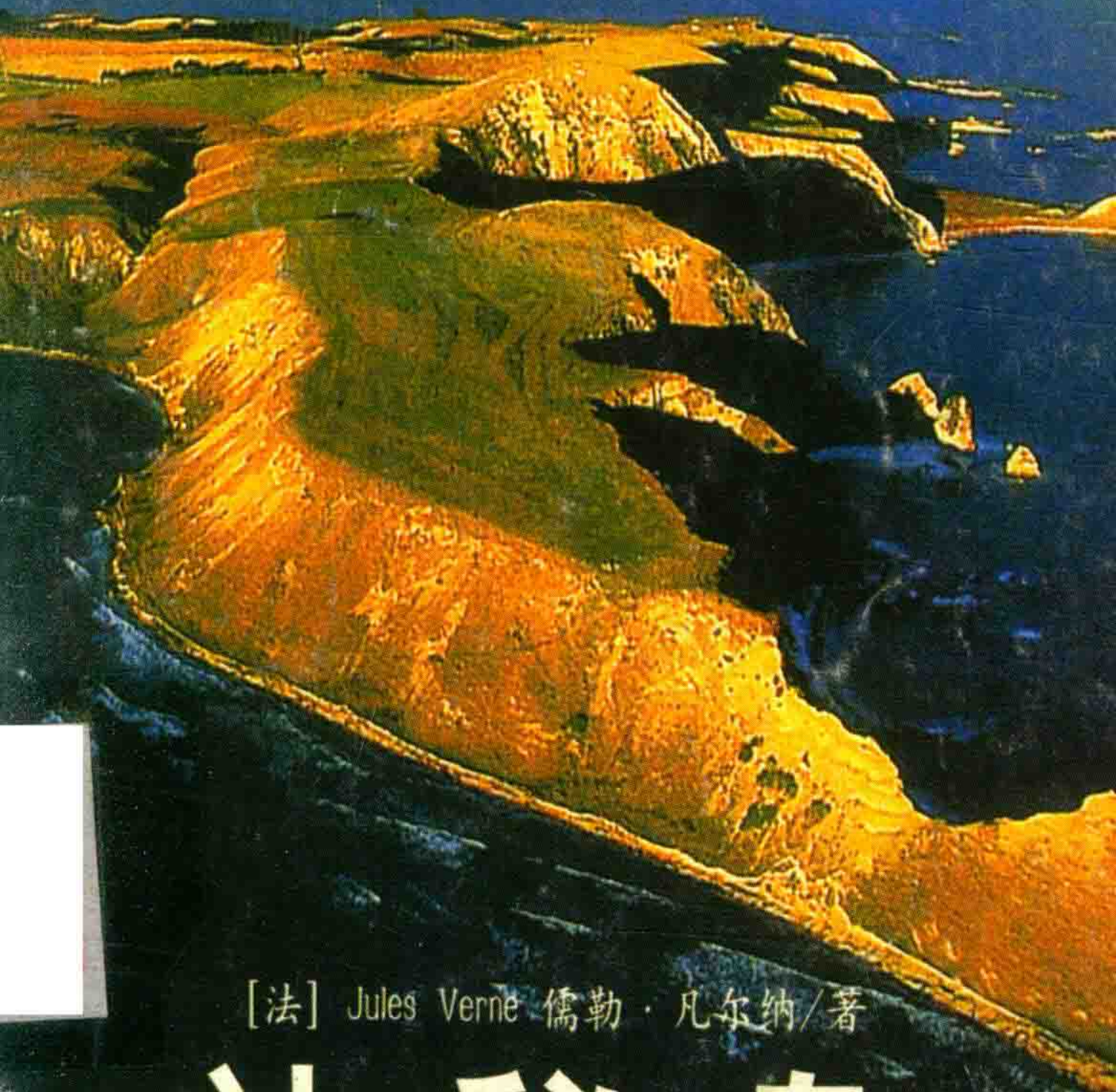


凡尔纳科幻探险系列

Mysterious Island

英汉
对照
全译本



[法] Jules Verne 儒勒·凡尔纳/著

神秘岛

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(二)

Mysterious Island

神秘岛

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time irreparable. Pencroft could not hide his vexation; he looked very anxious, but said not a word. Herbert tried to console him by observing, that if they had found the matches, they would, very likely, have been wetted by the sea and useless.

"No, my boy," replied the sailor; "they were in a copper box which shut very tightly; and now what are we to do?"

"We shall certainly find some way of making a fire," said Herbert. "Captain Harding or Mr. Spilett will not be without them."

"Yes," replied Pencroft; "but in the meantime we are without fire, and our companions will find but a sorry repast on their return."

"But," said Herbert quickly, "do you think it possible that they have no tinder or matches?"

"I doubt it," replied the sailor, shaking his head, "for neither Neb nor Captain Harding smoke, and I believe that Mr. Spilett would rather keep his note-book than his match-box."

Herbert did not reply. The loss of the box was certainly to be regretted, but the boy was still sure of procuring fire in some way or other. Pencroft, more experienced, did not think so, although he was not a man to trouble himself about a small or great grievance. At any rate, there was only one thing to be done—to await the return of Neb and the reporter; but they must give up the feast of hard eggs which they had meant to prepare, and a meal of raw flesh was not an agreeable prospect either for themselves or for the others.

Before returning to the cave, the sailor and Herbert, in the event of fire being positively unattainable, collected some more

失，而且在当时，还是无法补救的。潘克洛夫完全掩饰不住他沮丧的神情。他看起来忧心忡忡，但却一声不吭。赫伯特一心想着安慰他，说即使他们找到火柴，它可能早就被水弄湿而根本不能再用了。

“但不是的，我的小伙子，”这位水手答道，“火柴是装在一个铜盒子里，这个盒子关得紧紧的。再说现在，该怎么办呢？”

“我们一定会找到办法取火的，”赫伯特说道，“哈顿上尉和史佩莱先生不会像我们这样缺少点子的呀！”

“是的，”潘克洛夫说道，“但是，目前，我们却是没有火，我们的伙伴回来之时吃不上一顿像样的饭菜啊！”

“可是，”赫伯特迅即说道，“你不认为他们也可能有火绒或火柴吗？”

“我看不一定，”这位水手一面摇头一面说道，“纳布和哈顿上尉均不抽烟，而且我相信史佩莱宁可留下他的记事本也不留下他的火柴盒！”

赫伯特没有答话。火柴盒的丢失显然是一件遗憾的事情。然而，这位年轻小伙子始终相信他们会用一种或者另外一种办法取到火。潘克洛夫，尽管经验比较丰富，而且不是那种为着或大或小的抱怨就心烦意乱的人，但他却不这么认为。不管怎样，眼前只有等待纳布和那位记者回来。但这样他们就不得不放弃他们原本打算要做的硬蛋大餐了，而那种茹毛饮血的生活方式，无论是对别人，还是对他们自己而言，都不是一种讨人喜欢的前景。

在返回岩洞之前，那位水手和赫伯特为了提防万一他们最终终会缺火情况出现，便去捡了更多的石蛭，然后才默

shell-fish, and then silently retraced their steps to their dwelling.

Pencroft, his eyes fixed on the ground, still looked for his box. He even climbed up the left bank of the river from its mouth to the angle where the raft had been moored. He returned to the plateau, went over it in every direction, searched among the high grass on the border of the forest, all in vain.

It was five in the evening when he and Herbert re-entered the cave. It is useless to say that the darkest corners of the passages were ransacked before they were obliged to give it up in despair. Towards six o'clock, when the sun was disappearing behind the high lands of the west, Herbert, who was walking up and down on the strand, signalized the return of Neb and Spilett.

They were returning alone! . . . The boy's heart sank; the sailor had not been deceived in his forebodings; the engineer, Cyrus Harding, had not been found!

The reporter, on his arrival, sat down on a rock, without saying anything. Exhausted with fatigue, dying of hunger, he had not strength to utter a word.

As to Neb, his red eyes showed how he had cried, and the tears which he could not restrain told too clearly that he had lost all hope.

The reporter recounted all that they had done in their attempt to recover Cyrus Harding. He and Neb had surveyed the coast for a distance of eight miles and consequently much beyond the place where the balloon had fallen the last time but one, a fall which was followed by the disappearance of the engineer and the dog Top. The shore was solitary; not a vestige of a mark. Not even a pebble recently displaced; not a trace on the sand; not a human footstep on all that part of the beach. It was clear

默地走路回他们的住地。

潘克洛夫两眼盯着地面，仍旧想去找他那找不到的盒子。他甚至爬上那条河流的左岸，从河口一直找到木排停靠过的那个地方。他还回到那高地上面去，跑遍了各个方位寻找那盒子，也到森林边缘的深草丛中去找寻过，但却一无所获。

当赫伯特和他重新回到岩洞时，已经是傍晚5时了。不用说，连通道的最阴暗的角落他们也搜寻过了，仍找不到。因此，也就死心不再寻找了。接近6点时，太阳在西面高地后消失后，正在沙岸上来回踱着步的赫伯特看到纳布和史佩莱回来了。

只有他们两人回来！……这位年轻小伙子心里一阵紧缩；那位水手的预料完全没错。赛勒斯·哈顿仍旧是没能找到！

这位记者一到达之后便坐在一块岩上面，一声不吭。他已经筋疲力尽，饿得要命，再没力气吐出一个字来了。

至于纳布，通红的双眼表明他曾经如何痛哭过，而此刻他止不住地掉下来的眼泪又清楚地告诉大家，他早已绝望了。

这位记者讲述了他们尝试寻找赛勒斯·哈顿的情形。纳布和他沿着海岸搜寻了8海里以上的距离，因此完全超过了气球倒数第二次落下的地方，这次下降之后，工程师和那条狗托普跟着就失踪了。沙岸一片荒凉，没有任何踪影痕迹，没有一块卵石新近被移动过，沙滩上不见有痕迹，而在整个海滩上也不见一个人的脚印。显然，从来没有任何人到

that that portion of the shore had never been visited by a human being. The sea was as deserted as the land, and it was there, a few hundred feet from the coast, that the engineer must have found a tomb.

As Spilett ended his account, Neb jumped up, exclaiming in a voice which showed how hope struggled within him, "No! he is not dead! he can't be dead! It might happen to any one else, but never to him! He could get out of anything!" Then his strength forsaking him, "Oh! I can do no more!" he murmured.

"Neb," said Herbert, running to him, "we will find him! God will give him back to us! But in the meantime you are hungry, and you must eat something."

So saying, he offered the poor Negro a few handfuls of shell-fish, which was indeed wretched and insufficient food. Neb had not eaten anything for several hours, but he refused them. He could not, would not live without his master.

As to Gideon Spilett, he devoured the shellfish, then he laid himself down on the sand, at the foot of a rock. He was very weak, but calm. Herbert went up to him, and taking his hand, "Sir," said he, "we have found a shelter which will be better than lying here. Night is advancing. Come and rest! To-morrow we will search farther."

The reporter got up, and guided by the boy went towards the cave. On the way, Pencroft asked him in the most natural tone, if by chance he happened to have a match or two.

The reporter stopped, felt in his pockets, but finding nothing said, "I had some, but I must have thrown them away."

过这片海岸地段。大海和沙滩一样荒凉，而就是在这个地方，在距离海岸几百英尺处的海面，那位工程师可能葬身于那了。

史佩莱刚结束自己的叙述，纳布站起身来了，满怀希望地说道：“不！他没有死！他不可能死的！别的人可能会死了，可是他永远不会的！他总是能安全脱身的。”接着，他没有力气了：“唉！我受不了！”他低声说着。

赫伯特向他跑了过去并对他说道：“纳布，我们会找到他的啊！老天爷会将他交还给我们的呀！可这段时间，您肚子饿着呢！吃吧，您吃点东西吧！”

他在说这话时，向这个可怜的黑人递去了几把贝壳类动物，说实话，这东西可不好吃，而且也吃不饱！虽然纳布已经好几个钟头没吃过东西了，但他还是拒绝了。纳布失去了他的主人，他不能，或者说不想再活下去了！

至于吉丁·史佩莱，他在狼吞虎咽地吃着这类软体动物；然后，他就躺在一块岩石旁边的沙地上面睡觉了。他是疲乏不堪，但情绪还是镇定。这个时候，赫伯特走近他，并拉着他的手说道：“先生，我们发现了一处安身之所，能比您躺的地方好些。瞧，天黑了。现在休息去吧！明天，我们再继续找。”

这位记者站起身来，并在这位年轻小伙子的领引下，向着那岩洞走去。在路上时，潘克洛夫用一种极其自然的语气问他，身上是否碰巧还有一两根火柴。

这位记者停下了脚步，在他的口袋里寻找起来，但是完全找不到，于是说道：“我原本有的，但大概是被我全扔掉了。”

The seaman then put the same question to Neb and received the same answer.

"Confound it!" exclaimed the sailor.

The reporter heard him and seizing his arm, "Have you no matches?" he asked.

"Not one, and no fire in consequence."

"Ah!" cried Neb, "if my master was here, he would know what to do!"

The four castaways remained motionless, looking uneasily at each other. Herbert was the first to break the silence by saying, "Mr. Spilett, you are a smoker and always have matches about you; perhaps you haven't looked well, try again, a single match will be enough!"

The reporter hunted again in the pockets of his trousers, waistcoat, and great-coat, and at last to Pencroft's great joy, no less to his extreme surprise, he felt a tiny piece of wood entangled in the lining of his waistcoat. He seized it with his fingers through the stuff, but he could not get it out. If this was a match and a single one, it was of great importance not to rub off the phosphorus.

"Will you let me try?" said the boy, and very cleverly, without breaking it, he managed to draw out the wretched yet precious little bit of wood which was of such great importance to these poor men. It was unused.

"Hurrah!" cried Pencroft; "it is as good as having a whole cargo!" He took the match, and, followed by his companions, entered the cave.

This small piece of wood, of which so many in an inhabited country are wasted with indifference and are of no value, must

这位水手于是问了纳布同样的问题，而得到的也是同样的回答。

“该死！”水手大声嚷道。

那位记者听见了，于是拉住他的胳膊，问道：“一根火柴都没有？”

“一根没有，这样也就没有火了。”

“唉！”纳布喊道，“要是我的主人在这，他肯定能知道怎么办！”

这四位遇险者木呆呆地站在那儿，焦虑不安地互相看着对方。是赫伯特首先打破沉默，他说道：“史佩莱先生，您是抽烟的，您身上平时总带着火柴的呀！或许您没有仔细找。您再找找看吧！我们只要有一根火柴就足够了！”

记者又在他的裤子、马甲和外套的口袋里搜寻了起来，最后让潘克洛夫不禁惊喜交集起来，他感觉到在他的内衣衬里有一根小木杆。他的手指透过布料夹住了这根小木杆，但是他还不能将它取出来。由于这可能是一根火柴，而且是唯一的一根，眼前重要的是完全不要磨破火柴磷。

“请您让我来试试好吗？”那位年轻小伙子对他说道。接着，他非常灵巧地将小木杆取了出来，并且没将它折断。他设法取出了那根原本一钱不值而现在对这群可怜的人来说，却是极其珍贵的火柴。这是一根没用过的火柴。它此时是一根完好无损的火柴。

“一根火柴！”潘克洛夫高喊着道！“就跟拥有一整船火柴一样啊！”他拿着火柴，领着同伴，回到了岩洞中。

这一小根火柴杆，在有人居住的地方，人们毫不在意地浪费它，它简直是一文不值，但是在这个地方，必须高度小

here be used with the greatest caution. The sailor first made sure that it was quite dry; that done, "We must have some paper," said he.

"Here," replied Spilett, after some hesitation tearing a leaf out of his note-book.

Pencroft took the piece of paper which the reporter held out to him, and knelt down before the fireplace. Some handfuls of grass, leaves, and dry moss were placed under the fagots and disposed in such a way that the air could easily circulate, and the dry wood would rapidly catch fire.

Pencroft then twisted the piece of paper into the shape of a cone, as smokers do in a high wind, and poked it in among the moss. Taking a small, rough stone, he wiped it carefully, and with a beating heart, holding his breath, he gently rubbed the match. The first attempt did not produce any effect. Pencroft had not struck hard enough, fearing to rub off the phosphorus.

"No, I can't do it," said he, "my hand trembles, the match has missed fire; I cannot, I will not!" and rising, he told Herbert to take his place.

Certainly the boy had never in all his life been so nervous. Prometheus going to steal the fire from heaven could not have been more anxious. He did not hesitate, however, but struck the match directly. A little spluttering was heard and a tiny blue flame sprang up, making a choking smoke. Herbert quickly turned the match so as to augment the flame, and then slipped it into the paper cone, which in a few seconds too caught fire, and then the moss.

A minute later the dry wood crackled and a cheerful flame, assisted by the vigorous blowing of the sailor, sprang up in the midst of the darkness.

"At last!" cried Pencroft, getting up; "I was never so ner-

心地使用这根火柴。那位水手确认这根火柴是干燥的。接着他就说道：“需要有一些引火纸。”

“这里有。”吉丁·史佩莱犹豫了一下之后，接着从他的记事本上面撕下了一页。

潘克洛夫接过了记者递来的那张纸，在炉子前跪下来。炉里架上了柴火，柴火下是一些枯草、树叶和干枯的地苔，这样便于空气流通，容易尽快点燃。

这个时候，潘克洛夫将纸卷成圆锥形，如同吸烟者在刮风的地方抽烟斗那般，跟着他把纸筒置放在地苔里边。然后，他就捡起一块有点粗糙的卵石，认真地将之擦拭干净，同时，他屏住呼吸，心在怦怦直跳，他轻轻地擦划着火柴。最初的擦划没有产生任何的作用。潘克洛夫不敢使劲，因为他担心将火柴磷划破。

“不，我不能，”他说道，“我的手在发抖，火柴划不着，我不行，我不想干了！”他于是站起来，他要赫伯特代替他。

这位年轻小伙子，有生以来还没有这般紧张过。普罗米修斯昔日上天盗火的心情都不一定比这更紧张。可是，他并没有犹豫不决，他拿起火柴就迅速地往卵石上划。火柴味的一声响并燃起一种蓝色的薄焰，发出一股呛人的烟。赫伯特很快地让火柴向下斜倾，让它继续点燃，然后他就将火焰放进那纸筒里。几秒钟的时间内，纸筒点燃了，而地苔也立刻燃了起来。

过了一会儿，干木就噼噼啪啪地燃了起来。水手用嘴使劲吹火，一堆熊熊的火焰就在黑暗之中烧起来了。

“火终于点燃了，”潘克洛夫一面站起来一面高喊着，

vous before in all my life!"

The flat stones made a capital fireplace. The smoke went quite easily out at the narrow passage, the chimney drew, and an agreeable warmth was not long in being felt.

They must now take great care not to let the fire go out, and always to keep some embers alight. It only needed care and attention, as they had plenty of wood and could renew their store at any time.

Pencroft's first thought was to use the fire by preparing a more nourishing supper than a dish of shell-fish. Two dozen eggs were brought by Herbert. The reporter leaning up in a corner, watched these preparations without saying anything. A threefold thought weighed on his mind. Was Cyrus still alive? If he was alive, where was he? If he had survived from his fall, how was it that he had not found some means of making known his existence? As to Neb, he was roaming about the shore. He was like a body without a soul.

Pencroft knew fifty ways of cooking eggs, but this time he had no choice, and was obliged to content himself with roasting them under the hot cinders. In a few minutes the cooking was done, and the seaman invited the reporter to take his share of the supper. Such was the first repast of the castaways on this unknown coast. The hard eggs were excellent, and as eggs contain everything indispensable to man's nourishment, these poor people thought themselves well off, and were much strengthened by them. Oh! if only one of them had not been missing at this meal! If the five prisoners who escaped from Richmond had been all there, under the piled-up rocks, before this clear, crackling fire on the dry sand, what thanksgiving must they have rendered to Heaven! But the most ingenious, the most learned, he who was their unquestioned chief, Cyrus

“我有生以来可从没这么激动过呀！”

火就在平板石搭成的炉子中烧着。烟雾很容易就从那窄缝通路散去，烟囱拔着火，因此很快就能感觉到怡人的温暖了。

现在他们必须倍加小心别让火熄了，并要始终保持灰里有火种。这只需要小心和多加注意就可以办到了，因为他们有的是木头，而且可以随时补充他们的储备。

潘克洛夫首先考虑的是利用炉火做一顿比生石蛭营养要好的晚餐。赫伯特端来了两打鸟蛋。那位记者倚在一个角落里，一言不发地在看着他们做饭。他的脑子里盘旋着三个问题。赛勒斯还活着吗？如果活着，他会在什么地方？要是没有被摔死，他怎么没有想办法让人知道他还活着呢？至于纳布，他则在沙滩上独自徘徊。他现在已经失魂落魄了。

潘克洛夫知道 50 多种用蛋做菜的方法，但这时却不由他选择。他只好把蛋焖在火灰里，让其慢火焖熟。几分钟的光景，蛋就焖熟了，这位水手于是去请记者过去一起进餐。这是遇险者们在这处陌生的海岸上吃到的第一顿餐食。这类焖蛋味道极美，而且，由于蛋里含有人体不可缺少的营养成分，这些可怜的人吃了以后均感觉良好，而且精神都为之一振。唉！要不是他们当中没有一位错过吃这饭餐，那该多好啊！要是从里士满逃出来的那五个俘虏都在这儿，在那聚集成堆的岩石底下，围坐在噼啪作响的明亮火堆跟前，在这处干沙地上，他们会是何等地感谢天公啊！但是他们中那位最足智多谋、最博学多才、无可争议的出众人物赛勒斯·哈

Harding, was, alas! missing, and his body had not even obtained a burial-place.

Thus passed the 25th of March. Night had come on. Outside could be heard the howling of the wind and the monotonous sound of the surf breaking on the shore. The waves rolled the shingle backwards and forwards with a deafening noise. The reporter retired into a dark corner after having shortly noted down the occurrences of the day; the first appearance of this new land, the loss of their leader, the exploration of the coast, the incident of the matches, etc. ; and then overcome by fatigue, he managed to forget his sorrows in sleep. Herbert went to sleep directly. As to the sailor, he passed the night with one eye on the fire, on which he did not spare fuel. But one of the castaways did not sleep in the cave. The inconsolable, despairing Neb, notwithstanding all that his companions could say to induce him to take some rest, wandered all night long on the shore calling on his master.

顿却不在此！唉，甚至他的身躯都未能得到一处葬身之地呢！

3月25日这一天就这样过去了。夜幕已经降临。外面寒风呼啸，浪涛拍打海岸，发出单调的声响。波涛在来回冲刷着沙石，发出令人生烦的哗啦声。那位记者又回到昏暗的通道尽头，简短地记下当天发生的事情：这片新土地的首次出现，这位工程师的失踪，探索海岸，火柴事件等等，但疲劳很快袭来，他沉沉睡了过去，暂时忘了心中的伤痛。赫伯特则是躺下不久便进入梦乡了。至于那位水手，他要在火炉旁度过这一夜，留意着随时给炉内添加燃料。只有一位遇险者没有在“烟囱管道”里睡觉。这就是伤心绝望的纳布，无论他的同伴怎样劝他，要他休息，他还是整夜在海滩上徘徊，呼喊着他的主人。

Chapter 6

The inventory of the articles possessed by these castaways from the clouds, thrown upon a coast which appeared to be uninhabited, was soon made out. They had nothing, save the clothes which they were wearing at the time of the catastrophe. We must mention, however, a note-book and a watch which Gideon Spilett had kept, doubtless by inadvertence, not a weapon, not a tool, not even a pocket-knife; for while in the car they had thrown out everything to lighten the balloon. The imaginary heroes of Daniel Defoe or of Wyss, as well as Selkirk and Raynal shipwrecked on Juan Fernandez and on the archipelago of the Aucklands, were never in such absolute destitution. Either they had abundant resources from their stranded vessels, in grain, cattle, tools, ammunition, or else some things were thrown up on the coast which supplied them with all the first necessities of life. But here, not any instrument whatever, not a utensil. From nothing they must supply themselves with everything.

And yet, if Cyrus Harding had been with them, if the engineer could have brought his practical science, his inventive mind to bear on their situation, perhaps all hope would not have been lost. Alas! they must hope no longer again to see Cyrus Harding. The castaways could expect nothing but from themselves and from that Providence which never abandons those whose faith is sincere.

But ought they to establish themselves on this part of the coast, without trying to know to what continent it belonged, if it was inhabited, or if they were on the shore of a desert island?