

中文导读英文版

凡尔纳科幻小说系列

Eight Hundred Leagues on the Amazon

亚马逊漂流记

[法] 儒勒·凡尔纳 原著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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内 容 简 介

Eight Hundred Leagues on the Amazon, 中文译名为《亚马逊漂流记》, 它由法国著名作家、“现代科幻小说之父”儒勒·凡尔纳编著。

故事以一份密码文件作为线索贯穿全文, 围绕乔恩的女儿米娜结婚前后所发生的事情展开, 讲述了正直的乔恩一家如何战胜邪恶的故事。故事情节跌宕起伏, 而其中有关亚马逊河沿途的地理状况的介绍也同样引人入胜。

该书至今被译成世界上多种文字。书中所展现的神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和科学读本, 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。

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儒勒·凡尔纳（Jules Verne, 1828—1905），法国著名作家，现代科幻小说的奠基人，被誉为“科幻小说之父”。一生共创作了六十多部充满神奇与浪漫的科幻小说，其代表作有《气球上的五星期》、《地心游记》、《从地球到月球》、《海底两万里》、《八十天周游世界》、《格兰特船长的儿女》和《神秘岛》等，这些小说被译成世界上几十种文字，并多次被搬上银幕，在世界上广为流传。

儒勒·凡尔纳于 1828 年 2 月 8 日出生在法国西部海港南特。自幼热爱海洋，向往远航探险。他的父亲是一位事业成功的律师，并希望凡尔纳日后也以律师作为职业。18 岁时，他遵从父训到首都巴黎攻读法律。可是他对法律毫无兴趣，却爱上了文学和戏剧。1863 年，他发表了第一部科幻小说《气球上的五星期》，之后又出版了使他获得巨大声誉的科幻三部曲：《格兰特船长的儿女》、《海底两万里》和《神秘岛》。凡尔纳的科幻小说是真实性与大胆幻想的结合：奇幻的故事情节、鲜明的人物形象、丰富而奇妙的想象、浓郁的浪漫主义风格和生活情趣，使之产生了巨大的艺术魅力，赢得了全世界各国读者，特别是青少年读者的喜爱。他的作品中所表现的自然科学方面的许多预言和假设，在他去世之后得以印证和实现，至今仍然启发着人们的想象力和创造力。

总的说来，凡尔纳的小说有两大特点。第一，他的作品是丰富的幻想和科学知识的结合。虽然凡尔纳笔下的幻想极为奇特、大胆，但其中有着坚实的科学基础，这些作品既是科学精神的幻想曲，也是富有幻想色彩的科学预言，他的许多科幻猜想最后变成了现实。例如，他不仅在小说《从地球到月球》中用大炮将探月飞行器送上太空，甚至还将发射场安排在了美国佛罗里达州，这正是“阿波罗登月计划”的发射场；他在小说《海底两万里》中虚构了“鹦鹉螺号”潜水艇，在该小说出版 10 年后，第一艘真正的潜水艇才下水；在《征服者罗比尔》中有一个类似直升飞机的飞行



器，数十年后，人类才将这一设想变成了现实。此外，他的小说中还出现了电视、霓虹灯、导弹、坦克和太空飞船等科学技术应用概念，而这些后来都变成了现实。第二，他的作品中的主人公是一些鲜明、生动而富有进取心和正义感的人物，他们或是地理发现者、探险家、科学家、发明家，他们具有超人的智慧、坚强的毅力和执著不懈的精神；或是反对民族歧视、民族压迫的战士，反对社会不公的抗争者，追求自由的旅行家，在他们身上具有反压迫、反强权、反传统的战斗精神，他们热爱自由、热爱平等，维护人的尊严。凡尔纳所塑造的这些人物形象，他们远大的理想、坚强的性格、优秀的品质和高尚的情操已赢得了亿万读者的喜爱和尊敬，并一直成为人们向往的偶像和学习的榜样。

1900 年，儒勒·凡尔纳的第一部中译本小说《八十天周游世界》（当时的中文译名是《八十日环游记》）被介绍给中国的读者，直至新中国成立之前，陆续又有梁启超、鲁迅等文化名人将凡尔纳的作品翻译出版。20 世纪 50 年代后期，凡尔纳的科幻小说又开始为国内翻译界和出版界所关注，并在新中国读者面前重新显示了科幻小说旺盛的生命力。20 世纪 80 年代，凡尔纳的作品再次受到读者的青睐，国内许多出版社相继翻译出版了凡尔纳的科幻小说，一时形成了“凡尔纳热”。

目前，国内已出版的凡尔纳小说的形式主要有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是中英文对照版。而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于学习英语的大环境。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，也可以说是该类型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，我们决定编译凡尔纳系列科幻小说中的经典，其中包括《气球上的五星期》、《地心游记》、《从地球到月球》、《环游月球》、《海底两万里》、《八十天周游世界》、《格兰特船长的儿女》、《神秘岛》、《沙皇的信使》、《喀尔巴阡古堡》、《无名之家》、《征服者罗比尔》、《大臣号幸存者》、《亚马逊漂流记》、《太阳系历险记》、《两年假期》和《测量子午线》等，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，也尽可能保留原作的风格。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。我们相信，这些经典著作的



引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的科学素养和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、赵雪、左新杲、黄福成、冯洁、徐鑫、马启龙、王业伟、王旭敏、陈楠、王多多、邵舒丽、周丽萍、王晓旭、李永振、孟宪行、熊红华、胡国平、熊建国、徐平国、王小红等。限于我们的文学素养和英语水平，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



第一章 森林队长/Chapter 1 A Captain of the Woods	1
第二章 抢劫者与被抢劫者/Chapter 2 Robber and Robbed	8
第三章 贾雷尔一家/Chapter 3 The Garral Family	19
第四章 犹豫/Chapter 4 Hesitation	29
第五章 亚马逊河/Chapter 5 The Amazon	38
第六章 地面上的森林/Chapter 6 A Forest on the Ground	46
第七章 沿着树藤行进/Chapter 7 Following A Liana	53
第八章 大木筏/Chapter 8 The Jangada	67
第九章 六月五日晚上/ Chapter 9 The Evening of the Fifth of June	76
第十章 从夷奎陀斯到泊瓦斯/Chapter 10 From Iquitos to Pevas	84
第十一章 从泊瓦斯到边境/ Chapter 11 From Pevas to the Frontier	92
第十二章 弗拉戈索在工作/Chapter 12 Fragoso At Work	103
第十三章 特勒斯/Chapter 13 Torres	113
第十四章 顺流前进/Chapter 14 Still Descending	120
第十五章 继续顺流前进/Chapter 15 The Continued Descent	127
第十六章 额伽城/Chapter 16 Ega	135
第十七章 一次进攻/Chapter 17 At Attack	146
第十八章 到达后的晚餐/Chapter 18 The Arrival Dinner	155
第十九章 往事/Chapter 19 Ancient History	163
第二十章 在两个人之间/Chapter 20 Between the Two Men	169
第二十一章 马瑙斯/Chapter 21 Manaus	180
第二十二章 第一时刻/Chapter 22 The First Moments	184
第二十三章 回顾往昔/Chapter 23 Retrospective	191
第二十四章 道德证据/Chapter 24 Moral Proofs	198
第二十五章 实物证据/Chapter 25 Material Proofs	207



第二十六章 最后一击/Chapter 26 The Last Blow	212
第二十七章 决心/Chapter 27 Resolutions	222
第二十八章 首次搜寻/ Chapter 28 The First Search	227
第二十九章 再次尝试/ Chapter 29 The Second Attempt	234
第三十章 一阵炮轰声/Chapter 30 A Cannon Shot	239
第三十一章 盒子内的物品/ Chapter 31 The Contents of the Case	247
第三十二章 文件/Chapter 32 The Document	253
第三十三章 是数字问题吗?/ Chapter 33 Is it a Matter of Figures?	262
第三十四章 侥幸! /Chapter 34 Chance!	271
第三十五章 最后的努力/Chapter 35 The Last Efforts	279
第三十六章 准备/Chapter 36 Preparations	285
第三十七章 最后一晚/Chapter 37 The Last Night	292
第三十八章 好人弗拉戈索/Chapter 38 Fragoso	299
第三十九章 逃巨考劫杀案 Chapter 39 The Crime of Tijuco	307
第四十章 亚马逊河下游 Chapter 40 The Lower Amazon	314

第一章 森林队长

Chapter 1 A Captain of the Woods



一八五二年五月四日，“森林队长”特勒斯手持一份文件在沉思。这是一份多年前写成的文件，每个字母间都留有间隙，特勒斯是唯一能读懂这份文件的人。

“森林队长”是专业抓捕逃亡奴隶的人。这个行业开始于一七七二年，这是一项不受人尊重的职业，由自由了的奴隶及逃兵组成。

年约三十岁的特勒斯是巴西白人，有着强壮的身体和坚韧的性格。他一身森林队长的装束：戴一顶宽边皮帽，厚羊毛裤的裤腿塞在靴筒中，身披一件褪色的斗篷，带着一把像剑一样的“芒什塔”，还有一把叫“昂切塔”的锄头，是用于追捕森林中的动物的。

这一天，他在森林中紧紧盯着文件，林中吼猴的啼叫和响尾蛇的尖锐嘶叫声也未能使他分心。他靠在树上，脸上露出奸笑，知道文件中的文字对他所找的人很重要，这个人很有钱，最后一句话每个字都值一百万瑞斯，而最后的五十八个字就值五千八百万瑞斯，现在他要到达目的地了。从大西洋沿岸来到亚马逊河流域的秘鲁，现在只要爬到树的顶端就能看到他的房子了。

这个文件是他的好兄弟给他的，里面有好兄弟同事隐匿多年使用的假名字。特勒斯将文件放入一个结实的铜盒中，这只香烟大的小盒里装着几种周边国家的钱币，合起来有五百法郎，这是他的全部财产。他的生活很简单，只需买些烟草和酒，就能维持好长时间。

他把这个盒子放在靠树根的洞里，这时已是下午两点了。他喝了几口

随身带的酒壶里的酒，发现又该添酒了，又将烟斗塞满烟丝，点着了吸了十几口，他就睡着了。

“*P*hyjslyddqfdzxgasgzzqqehxgkfndrxujugloc
ytdxvksbxhhuypohdvryrmhuhpuydkjoxphetozlsletn
pmvffovpdpajxhyynojyggaymeqynfuqlnmvlyfgsuz
mqIztlbqqyugsqeubvnrcredgruzblrmxyuhqhpzdr gc
rohepqxuflvvrplphonthvddqfhqsntzhhhnfepmqkyuu
exktogzgkyuumfvljddqdpzjqsykrplxxqrymvklohhho
tozvdksp psuvjhd.”

The Man who held in his hand the document of which this strange assemblage of letters formed the concluding paragraph remained for some moments lost in thought.

It contained about a hundred of these lines, with the letters at even distances, and undivided into words. It seemed to have been written many years before, and time had already laid his tawny finger on the sheet of good stout paper which was covered with the hieroglyphics.

On what principle had these letters been arranged? He who held the paper was alone able to tell. With such cipher language it is as with the locks of some of our iron safes-in either case the protection is the same. The combinations which they lead to can be counted by millions, and no calculator's life would suffice to express them. Some particular "word" has to be known before the lock of the safe will act, and some "cipher" is necessary before that cryptogram can be read.

He who had just reperused the document was but a simple "captain of the woods." Under the name of "Capitães do Mato" are known in Brazil those individuals who are engaged in the recapture of fugitive slaves. The institution dates from 1722. At that period anti-slavery ideas had entered the minds of a few philanthropists, and more than a century had to elapse before the mass of the people grasped and applied them. That freedom was a right, that the very first of the natural rights of man was to be free and to belong only to himself, would seem to be self-evident, and yet thousands of years had to pass before

the glorious thought was generally accepted, and the nations of the earth had the courage to proclaim it. In 1852, the year in which our story opens, there were still slaves in Brazil, and as a natural consequence, captains of the woods to pursue them. For certain reasons of political economy the hour of general emancipation had been delayed, but the black had at this date the right to ransom himself, the children which were born to him were born free. The day was not far distant when the magnificent country, into which could be put three-quarters of the continent of Europe, would no longer count a single slave among its ten millions of inhabitants. The occupation of the captains of the woods was doomed, and at the period we speak of the advantages obtainable from the capture of fugitives were rapidly diminishing. While, however, the calling continued sufficiently profitable, the captains of the woods formed a peculiar class of adventurers, principally composed of freedmen and deserters-of not very enviable reputation. The slave hunters in fact belonged to the dregs of society, and we shall not be far wrong in assuming that the man with the cryptogram was a fitting comrade for his fellow "capitães do mato." Torres-for that was his name-unlike the majority of his companions, was neither half-breed, Indian, nor negro. He was a white of Brazilian origin, and had received a better education than befitted his present condition. One of those unclassed men who are found so frequently in the distant countries of the New World, at a time when the Brazilian law still excluded mulattoes and others of mixed blood from certain employments, it was evident that if such exclusion had affected him, it had done so on account of his worthless character, and not because of his birth.

Torres at the present moment was not, however, in Brazil. He had just passed the frontier, and was wandering in the forests of Peru, from which issue the waters of the Upper Amazon.

He was a man of about thirty years of age, on whom the fatigues of a precarious existence seemed, thanks to an exceptional temperament and an iron constitution, to have had no effect. Of middle height, broad shoulders, regular features, and decided gait, his face was tanned with the scorching air of the tropics. He had a thick black beard, and eyes lost under contracting eyebrows, giving that swift but hard glance so characteristic of insolent natures. Clothed

as backwoodsmen are generally clothed, not over elaborately, his garments bore witness to long and roughish wear. On his head, stuck jauntily on one side, was a leather hat with a large brim. Trousers he had of coarse wool, which were tucked into the tops of the thick, heavy boots which formed the most substantial part of his attire, and over all, and hiding all, was a faded yellowish poncho.

But if Torres was a captain of the woods it was evident that he was not now employed in that capacity, his means of attack and defense being obviously insufficient for any one engaged in the pursuit of the blacks. No firearms—neither gun nor revolver, in his belt only one of those weapons, more sword than hunting knife, called a “manchetta,” and in addition he had an “enchada,” which is a sort of hoe, specially employed in the pursuit of the tatous and agoutis which abound in the forests of the Upper Amazon, where there is generally little to fear from wild beasts.

On the 4th of May, 1852, it happened, then, that our adventurer was deeply absorbed in the reading of the document on which his eyes were fixed, and, accustomed as he was to live in the forests of South America, he was perfectly indifferent to their splendors. Nothing could distract his attention: neither the constant cry of the howling monkeys, which St. Hillaire has graphically compared to the ax of the woodman as he strikes the branches of the trees, nor the sharp jingle of the rings of the rattlesnake (not an aggressive reptile, it is true, but one of the most venomous); neither the bawling voice of the horned toad, the most hideous of its kind, nor even the solemn and sonorous croak of the bellowing frog, which, though it cannot equal the bull in size, can surpass him in noise.

Torres heard nothing of all these sounds, which form, as it were, the complex voice of the forests of the New World. Reclining at the foot of a magnificent tree, he did not even admire the lofty boughs of that “pao ferro,” or iron wood, with its somber bark, hard as the metal which it replaces in the weapon and utensil of the Indian savage. No. Lost in thought, the captain of the woods turned the curious paper again and again between his fingers. With the cipher, of which he had the secret, he assigned to each letter its true value. He read, he verified the sense of those lines, unintelligible to all but him, and then

he smiled-and a most unpleasant smile it was.

Then he murmured some phrases in an undertone which none in the solitude of the Peruvian forests could hear, and which no one, had he been anywhere else, would have heard.

"Yes," said he, at length, "here are a hundred lines very neatly written, which, for some one that I know, have an importance that is undoubted. That somebody is rich. It is a question of life or death for him, and looked at in every way it will cost him something." And, scrutinizing the paper with greedy eyes, "At a conto only for each word of this last sentence it will amount to a considerable sum, and it is this sentence which fixes the price. It sums up the entire document. It gives their true names to true personages; but before trying to understand it I ought to begin by counting the number of words it contains, and even when this is done its true meaning may be missed."

In saying this Torres began to count mentally.

"There are fifty-eight words, and that makes fifty-eight contos. With nothing but that one could live in Brazil, in America, wherever one wished, and even live without doing anything! And what would it be, then, if all the words of this document were paid for at the same price? It would be necessary to count by hundreds of contos. Ah! there is quite a fortune here for me to realize if I am not the greatest of duffers!"

It seemed as though the hands of Torres felt the enormous sum, and were already closing over the rolls of gold. Suddenly his thoughts took another turn.

"At length," he cried, "I see land; and I do not regret the voyage which has led me from the coast of the Atlantic to the Upper Amazon. But this man may quit America and go beyond the seas, and then how can I touch him? But no! he is there, and if I climb to the top of this tree I can see the roof under which he lives with his family!" Then seizing the paper and shaking it with terrible meaning: "Before tomorrow I will be in his presence; before tomorrow he will know that his honor and his life are contained in these lines. And when he wishes to see the cipher which permits him to read them, he-well, he will pay for it. He will pay, if I wish it, with all his fortune, as he ought to pay with all his blood! Ah! My worthy comrade, who gave me this cipher, who told me where I could find his old colleague, and the name under which he has been

hiding himself for so many years, hardly suspects that he has made my fortune !”

For the last time Torres glanced over the yellow paper, and then, after carefully folding it, put it away into a little copper box which he used for a purse. This box was about as big as a cigar case, and if what was in it was all Torres possessed he would nowhere have been considered a wealthy man. He had a few of all the coins of the neighboring States—ten doublecondors in gold of the United States of Colombia, worth about a hundred francs; Brazilian reis, worth about as much; golden sols of Peru, worth, say, double; some Chilian escudos, worth fifty francs or more, and some smaller coins; but the lot would not amount to more than five hundred francs, and Torres would have been somewhat embarrassed had he been asked how or where he had got them. One thing was certain, that for some months, after having suddenly abandoned the trade of the slave hunter, which he carried on in the province of Para, Torres had ascended the basin of the Amazon, crossed the Brazilian frontier, and come into Peruvian territory. To such a man the necessities of life were but few; expenses he had none—nothing for his lodging, nothing for his clothes. The forest provided his food, which in the backwoods cost him naught. A few reis were enough for his tobacco, which he bought at the mission stations or in the villages, and for a trifle more he filled his flask with liquor. With little he could go far.

When he had pushed the paper into the metal box, of which the lid shut tightly with a snap, Torres, instead of putting it into the pocket of his under-vest, thought to be extra careful, and placed it near him in a hollow of a root of the tree beneath which he was sitting. This proceeding, as it turned out, might have cost him dear.

It was very warm; the air was oppressive. If the church of the nearest village had possessed a clock, the clock would have struck two, and, coming with the wind, Torres would have heard it, for it was not more than a couple of miles off. But he cared not as to time. Accustomed to regulate his proceedings by the height of the sun, calculated with more or less accuracy, he could scarcely be supposed to conduct himself with military precision. He breakfasted or dined when he pleased or when he could; he slept when and

where sleep overtook him. If his table was not always spread, his bed was always ready at the foot of some tree in the open forest. And in other respects Torres was not difficult to please. He had traveled during most of the morning, and having already eaten a little, he began to feel the want of a snooze. Two or three hours' rest would, he thought, put him in a state to continue his road, and so he laid himself down on the grass as comfortably as he could, and waited for sleep beneath the ironwood-tree.

Torres was not one of those people who drop off to sleep without certain preliminaries. He was in the habit of drinking a drop or two of strong liquor, and of then smoking a pipe; the spirits, he said, overexcited the brain, and the tobacco smoke agreeably mingled with the general haziness of his reverie.

Torres commenced, then, by applying to his lips a flask which he carried at his side; it contained the liquor generally known under the name of "chica" in Peru, and more particularly under that of "caysuma" in the Upper Amazon, to which fermented distillation of the root of the sweet manioc the captain had added a good dose of "tafia" or native rum.

When Torres had drunk a little of this mixture he shook the flask, and discovered, not without regret, that it was nearly empty.

"Must get some more," he said very quietly.

Then taking out a short wooden pipe, he filled it with the coarse and bitter tobacco of Brazil, of which the leaves belong to that old "petun" introduced into France by Nicot, to whom we owe the popularization of the most productive and widespread of the solanaceae.

This native tobacco had little in common with the fine qualities of our present manufacturers; but Torres was not more difficult to please in this matter than in others, and so, having filled his pipe, he struck a match and applied the flame to a piece of that stick substance which is the secretion of certain of the hymenoptera, and is known as "ants' amadou". With the amadou he lighted up, and after about a dozen whiffs his eyes closed, his pipe escaped from his fingers, and he fell asleep.

第二章 抢劫者与被抢劫者

Chapter 2 Robber and Robbed



半个小时后，一只卡利巴猴过来，走到离他十步远的地方。卡利巴猴在卷尾猴中是最奇特的，它性格温和、喜欢群居。它的体形很大，善于在地上搏斗，还可以灵活地在大树顶上跳跃行走。

卡利巴猴握着一根棍子走到离特勒斯三步远的地方停下来，看起来它对森林队长怀着仇恨，已下决心要消灭眼前这个人，它走近特勒斯，然后举起棍子。

这时，放在树洞的盒子被太阳照射，反射出一道光吸引了猴子。它拿起盒子退了两步，好奇地玩着盒子。猴子将手中的棍子扔掉，碰断了一根干树枝，发出了一声响声。

特勒斯被惊醒了，他看到了卡利巴猴，赶紧拿起身边的“芒什塔”锄头自卫。心想：再晚一会儿，就被这猴子打死了。

同时，猴子也向后退了几步，特勒斯看到它手里拿着自己的盒子，那里面装着他的希望。他站起来追猴子，要把盒子夺回来。可追猴子没那么容易，他准备智取，于是藏在一棵树的后面，可猴子比它还有耐心。特勒斯终于忍不住了，出来追了过去。特勒斯在草丛中不时被树根绊倒，而猴子敏捷地在前面跑，还不时回头嘲笑他。特勒斯累得停了下来，猴子也停下并拔草吃，还将盒子摇得叮当响。

特勒斯冷静下来，想放弃这个盒子，但想到里面的文件，决定再努力一次。他向前走了几步，猴子退了几步，迅速爬到一棵树上，用尾巴勾住四十多尺高的树枝，坐在树顶摘果子吃。

特勒斯也需要吃点东西了，可挎包和酒壶都空了。他走到树下骂猴子

是“古里波卡”，即黑人与印第安人的杂种。但猴子听不懂这些，他又拿着石块向猴子扔去，仍不起作用。

他彻底绝望了，想放弃追捕，回到亚马逊河上去。这时，他听到有人在离他二十步远的地方说话，便马上藏到了树丛中。

突然一声枪响，猴子摔了下来，手里还拿着他的盒子。特勒斯从树丛中钻出来，树下出现了两个猎手打扮的巴西人。他看出这是两个葡萄牙血统的巴西人，他们每人拿一杆长枪，腰间挂一把“福卡”尖刀。

两位年轻人比特勒斯先到达猴子尸体跟前，特勒斯对他们表示了感谢，说他们帮了自己一个忙，这只猴子是个贼。

其中稍年轻的人从猴子手中拿出盒子递给了他，他知道了递给他盒子的叫柏里托·贾雷尔，另一位年轻人是助理军医马诺埃尔。

他听到这个名字时，心就要跳出来了，接着年轻人说其父乔恩·贾雷尔的农庄离此地三英里，欢迎他去做客。特勒斯介绍了自己的名字，并说自己要赶回亚马逊河，到帕拉去。

柏里托说，他们全家一个月内也要做一次旅行，也许旅途中还会见面的。特勒斯感谢他们的邀请，并表示希望在路上重逢。然后他们互相行了礼，就分别了。

分别后特勒斯恶狠狠地诅咒：柏里托如果返回巴西，早晚也逃不出自己的手心。接着便走进了密林。

Torres slept for about half an hour, and then there was a noise among the trees—a sound of light footsteps, as though some visitor was walking with naked feet, and taking all the precaution he could lest he should be heard. To have put himself on guard against any suspicious approach would have been the first care of our adventurer had his eyes been open at the time. But he had not then awoke, and what advanced was able to arrive in his presence, at ten paces from the tree, without being perceived.

It was not a man at all, it was a “guariba.”

Of all the prehensile-tailed monkeys which haunt the forests of the Upper Amazon—graceful sahuís, homed sapajous, gray-coated monos, sagouins which seem to wear a mask on their grimacing faces—the guariba is without doubt the most eccentric. Of sociable disposition, and not very savage, differing therein