

★经典插图珍藏版 畅销英国上百年★



(英文原版)

THE ROYAL READERS

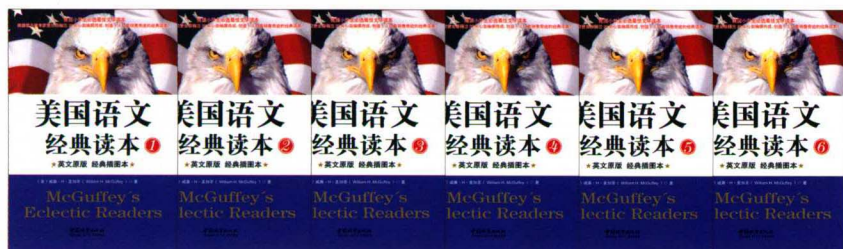
英国语文

4

THOMAS NELSON

(英) 托马斯·尼尔森公司 编

中国城市出版社
CHINA CITY PRESS



选题策划: 网人内文化传媒 (北京) 有限公司
 责任编辑: 陈夕涛 华 风
 封面设计: 网人内文化传媒 · 书装设计
 优惠团购邮购: 15811345577
 投稿邮箱: 1902704455@qq.com
 QQ: 1902704455

ISBN 978-7-5074-2995-4

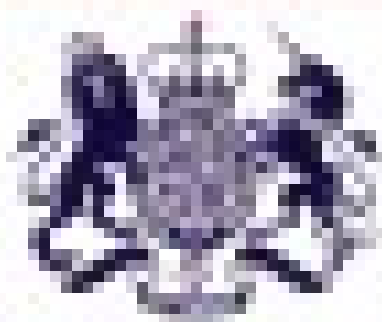


9 787507 429954 >

定价: 100.00元 (全六册)

www.citypress.cn

THE ROYAL READERS 英国语文 (附赠音频)



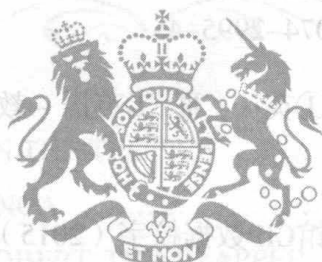
(英文原版)

THE ROYAL READERS

英国语文

THOMSON NELSON
RECOMMENDED BY THE





THE ROYAL READERS

英国语文

4

THOMAS NELSON

(英) 托马斯·尼尔森公司 编

中国城市出版社

· 北京 ·

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

英国语文. 4 / 英国托马斯-尼尔森公司编. —北京:
中国城市出版社, 2014.11

ISBN 978-7-5074-2995-4

I. ①英… II. ①英… III. ①英语-教材
IV. ①H31

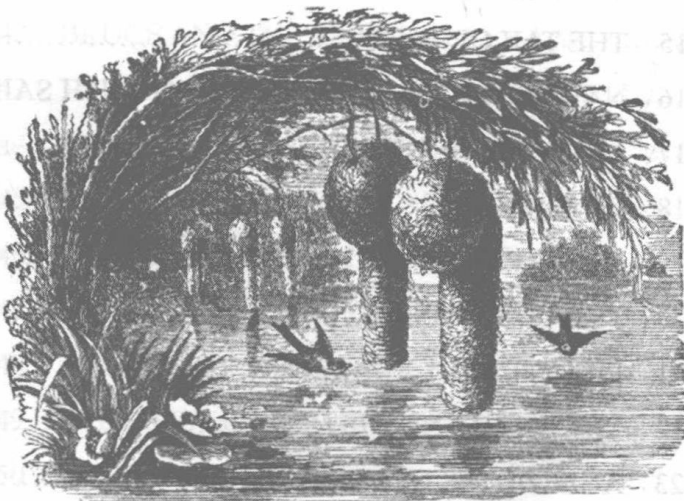
中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2015) 第006843号

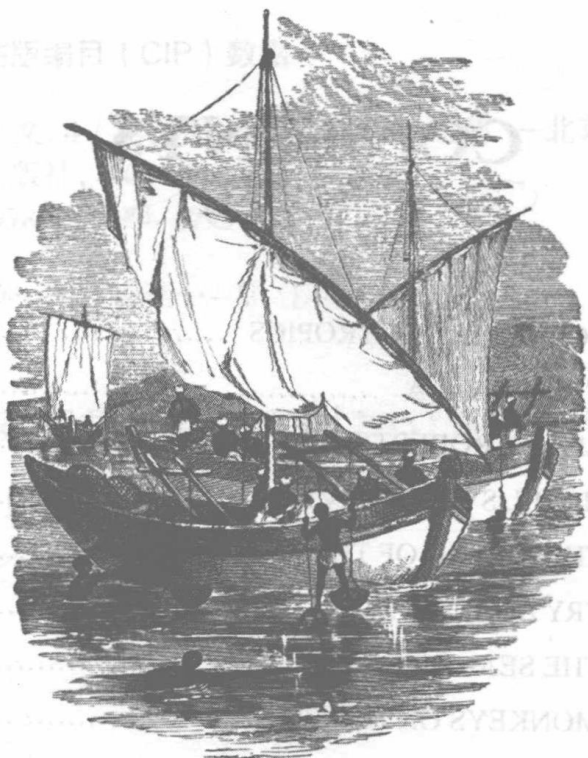
责任编辑	陈夕涛 华 风
装帧设计	 同人内文化传播 (北京) 有限公司
责任技术编辑	张建军
出版发行	中国城市出版社
地 址	北京市西城区广安门南街甲 30 号 (邮编 100053)
网 址	www.citypress.cn
发行部电话	(010) 63454857 63289949
发行部传真	(010) 63421417 63400635
总编室电话	(010) 68171928
总编室信箱	citypress@sina.com
经 销	新华书店
印 刷	北京亚通印刷有限责任公司
字 数	235 千字 印张 9.75
开 本	880×1230 (毫米) 1/32
版 次	2015 年 5 月第 1 版
印 次	2015 年 5 月第 1 次印刷
定 价	100.00 元 (全六册)

版权所有, 盗印必究。举报电话: (010) 68171928

CONTENTS

Lesson 1	SCENES IN THE TROPICS	1
Lesson 2	CASABIANCA	8
Lesson 3	LITTLE ROBERT, THE TRAPPER	10
Lesson 4	HOME, SWEET HOME	14
Lesson 5	THE WRECK OF THE "HESPERUS"	15
Lesson 6	TRY AGAIN	18
Lesson 7	THE SEA-GULL	23
Lesson 8	MONKEYS ON BOARD SHIP	27
Lesson 9	THE VOICE OF SPRING	31
Lesson 10	THE STINGING NETTLES	33
Lesson 11	FABLES	37





Lesson 12	THE CUCKOO	41
Lesson 13	A FAITHFUL DOG	44
Lesson 14	THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE"	47
Lesson 15	THE TAILOR-BIRD	50
Lesson 16	NAPOLEON AND THE YOUNG ENGLISH SAILOR	53
Lesson 17	PEARL-FISHING	58
Lesson 18	BE KIND	62
Lesson 19	OBSERVATION.....	65
Lesson 20	THE CHAMOIS.....	67
Lesson 21	FIDELITY	70
Lesson 22	THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE	73
Lesson 23	ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON	76

Lesson 24	THE "WHITE SHIP"	79
Lesson 25	HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN	83
Lesson 26	ANDROCLES AND THE LION	85
Lesson 27	THE WIND IN A FROLIC	88
Lesson 28	LLEWELYN AND HIS DOG	91
Lesson 29	THE MAY QUEEN	111
Lesson 30	THE SKY-LARK (I)	114
Lesson 31	THE SKY-LARK PART (II)	117
Lesson 32	THE MAY QUEEN (II)	120
Lesson 33	THE BISON, OR AMERICAN	122
Lesson 34	BISON-HUNTING	125
Lesson 35	THE SHELTERING ROCK (I)	128
Lesson 36	THE SHELTERING ROCK (II)	132
Lesson 37	LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER	135
Lesson 38	THE RORQUAL	138
Lesson 39	THE INCHCAPE ROCK	141
Lesson 40	THE SWALLOW (I)	145
Lesson 41	THE SWALLOW (II)	149
Lesson 42	BRUCE AND THE SPIDER	152
Lesson 43	THE MOCKING-BIRD	156
Lesson 44	THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH	159
Lesson 45	THE GOLDEN EAGLE'S NEST (I)	162
Lesson 46	THE GOLDEN EAGLE'S NEST (II)	166
Lesson 47	THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD	171
Lesson 48	THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN (I)	173
Lesson 49	THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN (II)	177
Lesson 50	THE SHIP ON FIRE	180

Lesson 51	CROSSING THE ALPS	183
Lesson 52	THE WHITE-HEADED EAGLE	187
Lesson 53	THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE	190
Lesson 54	BRAVE WOMEN	193
Lesson 55	THE DEATH OF DE BOUNE	196
Lesson 56	STORY OF SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT	221
Lesson 57	THE LEGEND OF THE HEART OF BRUCE	226
Lesson 58	THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN	232
Lesson 59	BOADICEA	238
Lesson 60	ARCHERY IN THE OLDEN TIME (I)	241
Lesson 61	ARCHERY IN THE OLDEN TIME (II)	245
Lesson 62	JESSIE OF LUCKNOW	250
Lesson 63	THE FALLS OF NIAGARA	253
Lesson 64	TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW	257
Lesson 65	AN ICEBERG	260
Lesson 66	LOVE OF COUNTRY	263
Lesson 67	THE HAND	265
Lesson 68	THE BONFIRE OF CRAIG-GOWAN	269
Lesson 69	NOBLE REVENGE	272
Lesson 70	THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY	275
Lesson 71	THE LOSS OF THE "BIRKENHEAD"	279
Lesson 72	A WILD NIGHT AT SEA	283

Lesson 1 SCENES IN THE TROPICS

I. THE FOEEST

In hot countries the woods are not like our woods. They are great dark forests, where the trees grow so closely together, and are so tall, that if you looked up you could hardly see the sky.

Then there are a great many climbing plants, that twist themselves round and round the trunks and branches of the trees. They are called vegetable cables, because they are so much like ropes. They reach from one tree to another, and almost fill up the spaces between. The white man has to carve out his way with his hatchet, or else bum a passage for himself through the dense mass.

Dangers of every kind lurk in the forest. The quick subtle Indian dare not venture there without his poisoned arrows, nor the white man without the thunder and lightning of his gun. The venomous¹ snake may lie coiled among the bushes, or traces of the savage jaguar² may be seen upon the path.

Birds, beasts, and insects live there, for the most part, undisturbed. It is their home; and on every side they are at work, hunting their prey, or escaping from danger. For though man seldom wages war upon them, these wild creatures of the forest are engaged in constant warfare with each other; and the weak are always using some contrivance³ to protect themselves from the strong.

There are a great many curious things to be seen in these South American forests.

1 Venomous: *poisonous*.

2 Jaguar: *the American tiger*.

3 Contrivance: *plan, scheme*.



In the deepest gloom, where the trees shut out the sun, myriads¹ of lights flit about, and twinkle like little stars. As they flash here and there, you might fancy that troops of fairies were floating about with torches in their hands; but there are no fairies in the case,—the lights are only the torches of the fire-flies that live in the recesses² of the woods, and every night make a kind of illumination among the trees.

There are troops of monkeys, that run along the vegetable cables from one tree to another, or swing from the branches by their tails, making a noise all the time as if they were talking to each other. When night comes they roll themselves into a ball, huddled together as close as may be, to keep themselves warm.

Sometimes it happens that a few little monkeys have not been alert³ enough to get into the ball, and are left shivering outside. They keep up a pitiful howling the whole night through, as if they were telling the rest how cold and miserable they are, and begging to be let in. But the others pay no attention, and go quietly off to sleep.

Then there are all sorts of wonderful birds, such as we never see

1 Myriads: *immense numbers*.

2 Recesses: *deepest parts*.

3 Alert: *active; quick*.

in our country, except in cages.

Flocks of parrots glisten in the sun, clad in glowing scarlet, and green, and gold. Humming-birds, like gems of beauty, come to seek honey and insects from the forest flowers. Fly-catchers gleam and sparkle everywhere. Water-fowl of snowy plumage sport on the streams, their white dresses contrasting with those of the red flamingo, or the scarlet ibis, that stand patiently fishing on the shore.



Questions

Why are the forests in hot countries so dark? What are the climbing-plants called? Why? How does the white man make a way for himself through the forest? What dangers lurk there? Of what is the forest specially the home? What are the lights that flit about in the gloom? How do the monkeys swing themselves from one tree to another? How do they keep themselves warm at night? What birds are found in these forests?

Pronunciation

climb'-ing	pro-tect'	mon'-keys	qni'-et-ly
veg'-e-ta-ble	cu'-ri-ous	shiv'-er-ing	spar'-kle
poi'-oned	car'-ry-ing	pit'-i-ful	plu'-mage
un-dis-turbed'	il-lu-mi-na'-tion	mis'-er-a-ble	fiam-in'-go
crea'-tures	hud'-dled	at-ten'-tion	pa'-tient-Jly

Dictation

In the dense forests of South America, birds, beasts, and insects Hue, for the most part, undisturbed by man.

But though man does not wage war upon them, they are engaged in constant warfare with each other.

II. THE BIRD OF PARADISE

If you turn now to the map of Asia, you will find a number of islands lying to the south of Malacca, and forming a link between Asia and Australia.

These islands are in the very midst of the Tropics. The warm tropical¹ seas bathe their coasts; and dark, dense forests, cover many of them from the sea-shore to the top of the highest mountain.

One of the largest of these islands, called New Guinea, and a few small islands near it, are the home of the splendid Bird of Paradise. These birds live nowhere else. The natives call them God's Birds, because they think them more splendid than any other that he has made.

The head and neck of the Bird of Paradise are as soft as velvet, and of a golden tint, that changes, while you are looking at it, into all the colours of the rainbow. Its tail is a magnificent plume² of fairy-like feathers, partly white and partly yellow, so that you might think they were made of silver and gold. This plume is very much longer than the body, and makes the bird appear larger than it is; for in

1 Tropical: *between the Tropics; in the Torrid (Hottest) Zone.*

2 Plume: *a bunch of feathers.*

reality it is only about the size of a pigeon.

We can hardly fancy a flock of these beautiful birds upon the wing, floating at their ease, or pursuing the insects of various kinds that



serve them for food. But this is no uncommon sight in that land of flowers and spices — a land that seems exactly fitted to be the home of the Bird of Paradise.

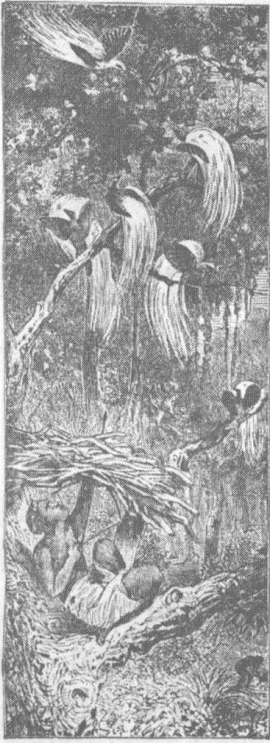
But there, as in all tropical countries, there is a season of rain and storm. Then the birds disappear, as the swallows do with us, and seek some sheltered place. But when the rain is over, and the spices in the woods breathe out fresh fragrance, they return to their old haunts¹, and the gay plumes of the male birds may be seen glittering amongst the trees as before.

When the Birds of Paradise are about to take one of their long flights, they choose a leader to be king over them. Where he goes they go, and where he settles they settle, perching on the same tree.

He generally flies high up in the air, far above the heads of his subjects; and he takes care to lead them against the wind, so that their loose floating plumes may not be blown over their heads. If a storm comes, they then rise higher and higher, and keep mounting until they reach a calmer and serener region.

The natives always know the king, by the spots which he has upon his tail, like the eyes upon the feathers of the peacock. When they go into the woods to shoot these birds, they try to kill him first. In order to get a good shot, they make a little bower of leaves and branches of

1 Haunts: *favourite places.*



trees, within which they can hide themselves and yet see all that is going on.

The birds are perched around them, suspecting no danger; but arrow after arrow comes out of this leafy bower, and strikes down first one, and then another, till the natives think that they have enough. They cut off the legs, and stuff the bodies with spices, and make a famous trade of selling them to Europeans.

The natives used to pretend that this bird had neither legs nor stomach! Thus it was believed for a long time that it fed on the dew, and never alighted on the ground. This is why it has been called the “Bird of Paradise.”

Questions

Where does the Bird of Paradise live? What do the natives call it? Why? What is remarkable in the colour of its head and neck? and in the colour and size of its tail? When do these birds disappear? Who leads these birds in their long flights? How do the natives know the king? Where do they conceal themselves when shooting these birds? How do they prepare them for the European market? What did the natives use to pretend about them? Why was it called the Bird of Paradise?

Pronunciation

de-li'-cious	pur-su'-ing	shel'-tered	be-lieved'
Par'-a-dise	in'-sects	perch'-ing	sus-pect'-ing
mag-nif'-i-cent	dis-ap-pear'	gen'-er-al-ly	Eu-ro-pe'-ans

Dictation

The chiefs of the islands where the Birds of Paradise are found, use them in their turbans.

In many parts of the East, as well as in this country, parts of these birds are used by ladies as ornaments in their head-dress.

Lesson 2 CASABIANCA

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame, that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him—o'er the dead.
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born¹ to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though child-like form!

The flames rolled on—he would not go,
Without his father's word;—
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
He called aloud: "Say, father! say
If yet my task is done?"—
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!
And"—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.
Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death,

1 As born, as if he were born.