

高等学校试用教材

Extensive Reading

泛读 *For Basic English Course*

马钟元

张国英

主编

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河北大学出版社

英语基础泛读教程（二）

马钟元 张国英 主编

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河北大学出版社出版发行

(保定合作路4号河北大学院内)

全国新华书店经销

保定地区新艺印刷厂印刷

开本: 787×1092 16开 印张: 13.75 字数: 328千字

1991年12月第1版 1991年12月第1次印刷

印数: 1—5000册

ISBN7—81028—025—2/H·3

定价: 6.90元

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前 言

《英语基础泛读教程》是受河北省高等学校外语教学研究会 的委托而编写的，供大专院校英语专业基础阶段使用。本书共四册，约五十万字，每学期使用一册，每册十八个单元左右，每周一单元，每单元包括阅读材料、注释和练习三个部分。每册附有练习参考答案。该教材旨在帮助读者扩大词汇量，提高阅读能力，读懂英语国家出版的文学原著、报刊文章、史地和科技等读物。本书一律采用中等难度原文。力求题材、体裁多样化，语言现代化、规范化。

本书在编写过程中，特别注意内容的思想性和科学性，确保内容健康、活泼。

由于编者水平有限，缺点错误在所难免，敬请读者批评指正，以便再版时改正。

在编写过程中，得到了河北省教委、河北大学出版社、及河北省有关院校外语系的大力支持和帮助，在此一并表示衷心感谢。

河北省高校外语教学研究会

英语泛读教材编写组

一九九〇年六月

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Unit One

1. The Sphinx² Without A Secret

Oscar Wilde¹

Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde (1854-1900) was educated at Dublin and Oxford. He published poems, novels and plays. He was sent to prison in 1895 and then wrote the Ballad of Reading Gaol (1898), which is considered by some to be his best work.

The Sphinx without A Secret is about a woman who tried to make herself mysterious.

One afternoon I was sitting outside the Café de la Paix,³ watching the splendour and the shabbiness of Parisian life, and wondering over my drink at the strange view of pride and poverty that was passing before me, when I heard someone call my name. I turned round and saw Lord Murchison.⁴

We had not met since we had been at college together, nearly ten years before, so I was delighted to meet him again, and we shook hands warmly. At Oxford we had been great friends. I had liked him immensely, he was so handsome, so high-spirited and so honourable. We used to say of him that he would be the best of fellows if he did not always speak the truth, but I think we really admired him all the more for his frankness.

I found him a good deal changed. He looked anxious and puzzled, and seemed to be in doubt about something. I felt it could not be politics, and concluded that it was a woman. So I asked him if he was married yet.

'I don't understand women well enough,' he answered.

'My dear Gerald,' I said, 'women were meant to be loved, not to be understood.'

'I cannot love where I cannot trust,' he replied.

'I believe you have a mystery in your life, Gerald,' I exclaimed. 'Tell me about it.'

'Let us go for a drive,' he answered. 'It is too crowded here. No, not a yellow carriage, any other colour—there, that dark green one will

do', and in a few moments we were on our way in the direction of the Madeleine.

'Where shall we go to?' I said.

'Oh, anywhere you like!' he answered—'to the restaurant in the Bois.' We will dine there and you shall tell me about yourself.'

'I want to hear about you first,' I said. 'Tell me your mystery.'

He took a little case from his pocket and handed it to me. I opened it. Inside there was the photograph of a woman, tall and slight, with large vague eyes and loose hair.

'What do you think of that face?' he said. 'Is it truthful?'

I examined it carefully. It seemed to me the face of someone who had a secret, but whether the secret was good or evil I could not say. The faint smile that just played across the lips was far too subtle to be really sweet.

'Well,' he cried impatiently, 'what do you say?'

'She has a secret smile,' I said. 'Tell me about her.'

'Not now,' he said. 'After dinner.'

When the waiter brought us our coffee and cigarettes I reminded Gerald⁸ of his promise. He walked two or three times up and down the room and, sinking into an armchair, told me the following story.

'One evening,' he said, 'I was walking down Bond Street' about five o'clock. There was a terrific crush of carriages, and the traffic was almost stopped. Close to the footpath was standing a little yellow carriage which, for some reason, attracted my attention. As I passed by, there looked out from it the face I showed you this afternoon. I could not forget it. All that night I kept thinking of it, and all the next day. I wandered up and down the roads looking into every carriage and waiting for the yellow one. But I could not find my beautiful unknown, and at last I began to think she was merely a dream.

'About a week afterwards I was dining with Madame de Rastail.⁸ Dinner was for eight o'clock, but at half-past eight we were still waiting in the drawing-room. Finally the servant threw open the door and announced Lady Alroy.⁹ It was the woman I had been looking for.

'To my intense delight I was asked to take her in to dinner. After we had sat down I remarked quite innocently, "I think I saw you in Bond Street some time ago, Lady Alroy." She grew very pale and said to me in a low voice, "Please do not talk so loud. Someone may hear you." I felt miserable at having made such a bad beginning and started to talk wildly about French plays. She spoke very little and always seemed afraid that someone might be listening. I felt stupidly in love, and the my-

stery around her made me very curious. When she was going away, I asked if I might call and see her. She hesitated for a moment, glanced round to see if anyone was near us, and then said, "Yes, tomorrow at a quarter to five."

'I begged Madame de Rastail to tell me about her, but all that I could learn was that she was a widow with a beautiful house in Park Lane.

'The next day I arrived at Park Lane punctual to the moment, but was told that Lady Alroy had just gone out. I went to the club unhappy and puzzled, and then wrote her a letter asking if I might come some other afternoon.

'I had no answer for several days, but at last I got a note saying she would be at home on Sunday at four, and with this extraordinary ending, "Please do not write to me here again, I will explain when I see you."

'On Sunday she received me and was perfectly charming, but when I was going away she begged me, if I ever wrote to her again, to address my letter to Mrs. Knox,¹⁰ care of Whittaker's Library, Green Street.

"There are reasons," she said, "why I cannot receive letters in my own house."

'All through the season I saw her a great deal, and the atmosphere of mystery never left her. Sometimes I thought she was in the power of some man, but I could not really believe it. It was very difficult for me to come to any conclusion, but at last I determined to ask her to become my wife. I was sick and tired of the unending secrecy. I wrote to her at the library to ask her if she could see me the following Monday at six. She answered yes, and I was in the seventh heaven of delight. I loved her, but the mystery troubled me, maddened me. But chance helped me.'

'You discovered it, then?'

'I fear so,' he answered. 'You can judge for yourself.'

'When Monday came I went to lunch with my uncle, who, as you know lives in Regent's Park. I wanted to reach Piccadilly¹¹ and took a short cut through a lot of shabby little streets. Suddenly I saw in front of me Lady Alroy, deeply veiled and walking very fast. On coming to the last house in the street, she went up the steps, took out a key and let herself in.

'"Here is the mystery," I said to myself, and I hurried on and examined the house. It seemed a sort of place for lodgings. On the doorstep lay her handkerchief, which she had dropped. I picked it up and put it in my pocket. Then I began to consider what I should do. I drove to the club and at six I called to see her.

'She was lying on a sofa, beautifully dressed and looking very lovely. "I am so glad to see you," she said, "I have not been out all day." I

stared at her in amazement, and, pulling the handkerchief out of my pocket, handed it to her. "You dropped this in Cumnor Street¹² this afternoon, Lady Alroy," I said very calmly.

'She looked at me in terror, but made no attempt to take the handkerchief. "What were you doing there?" I asked.

' "What right have you to question me?" she said.

' "The right of the man who loves you," I replied. "I came here to ask you to be my wife." She hid her face in her hands and burst into a flood of tears. "You must tell me," I said.

'She stood up, and looking me straight in the face, said, "Lord Murchison, there is nothing to tell you."

' "You went to meet someone," I cried. "That is your mystery."

'She grew dreadfully white, and said, "I went to meet no one."

' "Can't you tell the truth?" I exclaimed.

' "I have told it," she replied.

'I was mad, I don't know what I said, but I said terrible things to her. Finally I rushed out of the house. She wrote me a letter the next day, I sent it back unopened. Then I went to Norway, and when I came back after a month the first thing I saw in the paper was the death of Lady Alroy. She had caught a chill at the Opera and had died five days later. I shut myself up and saw no one. I had loved her so much, I had loved her so madly.'

'You went to the street, to the house in it?' I asked.

'Yes,' he answered. 'One day I went to Cumnor Street, and respectable-looking woman opened the door of the house. She told me that the drawing-rooms were let to a lady. "But I have not seen her for three months," she said.

' "Is this the lady?" I asked, showing her the photograph.

' "Yes, sir," she said. "When is she coming back?"

' "The lady is dead," I said. "Did she meet anyone when she came here?"

'But the woman assured me that it was not so, that she always came alone and saw no one. "She simply sat in the drawing-room, sir, reading books, and sometimes had tea."

'I did not know what to say, so I gave her some money and left. Now, what do you think it all meant? You don't believe the woman was telling the truth?'

'I do.'

'Then why did Lady Alroy go there?'

'My dear Gerald,' I answered, 'Lady Alroy was simply a woman who

madly desired to have a mystery. She took those rooms for the pleasure of going there with her veil down, and imagining herself a heroine. She was only a Sphinx without a secret. '

'Do you really think so?' he asked.

'I am sure of it. '

He took out the case, opened it, and looked at the photograph. 'I wonder,' he said.

NOTES

1. Oscar Wilde: 奥斯卡王尔德(1854—1900)是爱尔兰人,在都柏林和牛津大学读过书,出版过诗歌、小说和戏剧,他于1895年被送进监狱,不久就写出了《雷丁监狱之歌》有人认为这是他最好的作品。
2. Sphinx: [希神] 斯芬克斯(带翼狮身女怪)。传说她常叫过路人猜谜,猜不出者即遭杀害。
3. Café de la Paix: 和平咖啡馆
4. Lord Murchison: 默奇森勋爵
5. the Bois 全名 Bois de Boulogne “布洛涅树林” 巴黎西郊风景胜地
6. Gerald [ˈdʒɛrəld] 杰拉尔德(默奇森勋爵的名字)
7. Bond Street: 邦德街
8. Madame de Rastail: 德·拉泰夫人
9. Lady Alroy: 阿尔罗伊夫人
10. Mrs. Knox: 诺克斯夫人
11. Piccadilly n. 皮卡迪利大街(在 Haymarket 和 Hyde Park Corner 之间的伦敦繁华街道)
Piccadilly Circus 皮卡迪利广场
12. Cumnor Street: 库诺街

EXERCISES

I. Multiple choice.

1. Lord Murchison would be the best of fellows if he _____.
 - a. always spoke the truth
 - b. did not always speak the truth
 - c. did not meet Lady Alroy
2. Sitting in the little yellow carriage was just _____.
 - a. Lady Alroy
 - b. an old friend
 - c. a rich girl

3. I (the author) picked up the handkerchief Lady Alroy had dropped _____.
- on the doorstep
 - in a bus
 - inside of Lady Alroy's house
4. Lady Alroy had another house in Cumnor Street because she wanted _____.
- to meet other men in secret
 - to escape the police
 - for the pleasure of going there, imagining herself a heroine
5. The "I" in the story was called _____.
- Tom
 - George
 - Gerald
6. Lady Alroy was only a _____.
- a Sphinx without a secret
 - a heroine
 - a thief
7. To the end of the story, Lady Alroy is _____.
- dead
 - no conclusion
 - mad

II. True or false,

- The author and Lord Murchison were best friends when they studied together at Oxford nearly ten years ago.
- Lord Murchison and Gerald are the same person.
- The two friends went to the restaurant in the Bois.
- Lord Murchison fell in love with Lady Alroy at first sight.
- Lord Murchison finally discovered that Lady Alroy was really a mad woman.

III. Questions for discussions,

- Where did the author see Lord Murchison?
- Had Lord Murchison changed a great deal since Oscar Wilde saw him last?
- What attracted Lord Murchison's attention when he was walking down Bond Street about five o'clock one evening?
- What did Lady Alroy do to make herself mysterious?
- What happened to Lady Alroy finally?

2. Lincoln's Birthday

February 12

He (Lincoln) is the true history of the American people in his time ... Step by step he walked before them, slow with their slowness, quickening his march to theirs, the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man ... the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue."

Ralph Waldo Emerson¹

Now he belongs to the ages" was the remark ascribed to² Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton as President Lincoln died from an assassin's bullet.

Those prophetic words have been abundantly verified during the hundred years since the death of the great leader. Not only to his countrymen but to honest seekers for liberty in every part of the world Abraham Lincoln has become the symbol of freedom—personal, political and economic. He stands as proof that allowed such freedom "however humble his beginnings a man may rise as high as his resources and faith will carry him."

In 1809, the year Abraham Lincoln was born, the United States was thirty-three years old. Three great statesmen—George Washington, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson—had safely piloted³ the new country through the treacherous shoals of war and domestic dissension. By purchase of the Louisiana Territory from the French, President Jefferson had doubled the size of the country; and exploration parties were pushing out the boundaries toward the West.

Lured by stories of the rich lands beyond the Alleghenies, Abraham Lincoln's grandfather, for whom he was named, left his home in Virginia and with his wife and five children joined the march of land-hungry families⁴ to the Kentucky frontier. Three or four years after they had staked their claim to 2,000 acres Grandfather Lincoln died with an Indian bullet in his back and his three sons were left the task of clearing the land. Thomas, the youngest, (Abe's father) also worked on the farms of relatives in different parts of Kentucky and learned the carpenter's trade along the way. At 28 he married Nancy Hanks, a quiet young brunette,

who also had come over the Wilderness Road from Virginia as a babe in arms. Their first home was a log cabin near Elizabethtown, Kentucky, where their first child, Sarah, was born.

Always hopeful of finding an easier life, Tom then moved his little family to a farm on Nolin's Creek near Hodgenville. There, on February 12, 1809, in the rough dirt-floored cabin, a second child, Abraham, was born to Nancy and Tom.

Until he was old enough to go to the little one-room school, where he and the other backwoods children were taught the ABC's and the multiplication tables, Abe explored the secrets of the red earth and the live creatures that populated their woods. He learned how to plant seeds, to hoe corn and to swing an axe so that it would split the logs clean and even. He listened to Tom Lincoln's hair-raising tales of his own boyhood, of narrow escapes from Idnian massacres and of how, even during Sunday services, men sat with their rifles propped against their knees.

As though swept by the Westward surge,⁵ the family was constantly on the move during Abe's early years—from farm to farm, across rivers and wild timberlands. Sometimes Abe heard his father complain that times were getting harder in Kentucky, and that folks with slaves to do the work were making it hard for the rest. The country north of the Ohio River was opening up. Indiana, they heard, had rich lands and it was going to enter the Union as a free state.

Abe was only seven when the family struck out along the Cumberland Trail which took them to a new claim on Pigeon Creek in the Indiana wilderness, but he worked alongside his father, clearing the land and helping build a log cabin.

Hard work and privation were developing stamina in the young Abe, and necessity was teaching him ingenuity, but there was little opportunity on the backwoods farm to satisfy his growing desire to learn more of the world beyond his narrow environment. Nancy died when Abe was nine, and Tom married Sarah Bush, a widow with three children. Although deeply saddened by the loss of his mother, Abe grew to love his stepmother, and it was she who encouraged his hungry pursuit of knowledge. Even so, the aggregate of his schooling did not amount to one year. After long days of work in the woods he read and re-read his small stock of books—the Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*,⁶ *Aesop's Fables* and *Weems' Life of Washington*—and he walked miles to borrow others. The tall tales related by their neighbors fascinated Abe, and in time he was telling his own stories in a high-pitched voice and illustrating them with a mimicry that never failed to amuse his audience.

By the time he was sixteen Abe was six feet four inches tall and his strength matched his growth. He had gained the reputation of being a good worker, although he confessed a dislike for manual labor. At the slightest excuse he would stop work, draw a book from under his shirt, and read for a few minutes. In this way he had mastered Grimshaw's *History of the United States* and learned to recite the *Declaration of Independence*. Soon he graduated from fence building to clerking in a general store, where customers would stay around just to hear Abe's anecdotes. There was nothing spectacular about his adolescent years but "he was growing steadily, as a tree grows season after season. Then in 1825 a new job was offered him, a job that brought him to the Ohio River."

The 18-year-old Abe liked his work as a ferryboat helper. Rivers were the highways out of the wilderness and the travelers arriving from downriver represented a wider world. They also gave him an opportunity to go into business for himself. He built a flatboat and ferried passengers and produce out to steamers anchored off the riverbank. Here he earned his first dollar. Years later Lincoln wrote of the incident, "I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time."

The following Spring a prosperous landowner asked Abe to take a cargo of produce down the Illinois and the Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans. Along the way he heard that Andrew Jackson⁸ had been elected President—and he saw negro slaves in labor gangs. In New Orleans he had his first look at a big city and his first look at slaves being sold at auction. The memory of those scenes would find their way into the cause that dominated Lincoln's life. "It ran its iron into him then and there," wrote John Hanks.

Soon after his return to Indiana the family again pulled up stakes and headed for a farm near Decatur, Illinois. Abe helped them move and then decided it was time to strike out on his own.⁹ Partly because he was offered a job in Denton Offutt's store, and partly because he felt his destiny was there, he settled in New Salem, Illinois, not far from Springfield.

Between the infrequent customers Abe found time to study Kirkham's Grammar and to debate politics, which for the townspeople was meat and drink and sport and business. Abe observed that people who wanted success and power and grandeur, or just excitement were mixed up in politics.

This interest drew him one day to a group gathered for an election. There Abe met Mentor Graham, the village school master who, biographers say, started Lincoln toward greatness by guiding his studies and by

teaching him to think clearly and to talk simply.

When the Governor of Illinois put out a call for volunteers to settle a dispute with the Black Hawk Indians, Abe enlisted. He was chosen captain of the New Salem Volunteers,¹⁰ "a success", he said later, "that gave me more pleasure than any I have had since." The War was of minor national importance and the Volunteers saw no action, but it was a major event in Lincoln's life. It not only widened his political and geographical horizon but on return from Wisconsin (where the company was mustered out) he met John T. Stuart, a young lawyer from Springfield, who encouraged Abe to study law and offered to lend him law books.

Back in New Salem, Abe threw his hat into the political ring. Although he was defeated on this first try for the State Legislature, he did not give up, and two years later, in 1834, he was elected. His course was charted and he began to study law in earnest.

Meanwhile, "honest Abe" worked at odd jobs in order to pay off the debts he and a partner had incurred when their store went broke. He was village postmaster for a time and through the help of Mentor Graham became assistant county surveyor. So when the other legislators asked him his business, he would reply, "I'm a farmer and a riverman, a storekeeper, a postmaster, and a surveyor."

During those early days around the State House the most widely debated subject was slavery, and Abe's attention was frequently caught by the deep, vibrant voice of a short, handsome blackhaired man who was always surrounded by a crowd as he discussed the issue. Abe learned that this fellow-legislator's name was Stephen A. Douglas.

Born a Southerner, Lincoln had grown up with slavery. In Indiana and later in Illinois he had been surrounded by Southerners who considered slaves their property. Nevertheless, the thought of one man being owned by another was abhorrent to him. During his first term in the Illinois Legislature he opposed a resolution, saying "the institution of slavery is founded on.....injustice." Yet he did not join the growing abolitionist movement, for he feared that should the abolitionists prevail it would split the Union.

When Lincoln moved to Springfield, the new capital of the aristocratic John Stuart, and he had gained entree to the highest social circles—quite a rise for the "backwoods boy" who had left the forests just seven years earlier.

Before long he was engaged to Mary Todd, a popular Southern belle with snapping brown eyes. Her ready wit and keen mind attracted Abe but their courtship was marked by great indecision on his part. Finally, after

Numerous break-ups and reconciliations they were married in 1842 and established their first home in the Globe Tavern in Springfield, where they lived until after the birth of their first son, Robert Todd.

After John Stuart was elected to Congress Lincoln dissolved their partnership and formed another with Stephen T. Logan. Soon after that he opened his own law office and took on William Herndon (a young lawyer ten years younger than Abe) as junior partner, an association that lasted the rest of his life. Billy Herndon became Abe's most loyal friend and confidant and later wrote a definitive biography of the great statesman.

Life was pleasant enough for the Lincolns. They had bought the home (at the corner of Jackson and 8th Streets in Springfield) which was henceforth to be the family's homestead and which stands today as a State Museum) and another son, Edward Baker, had been born. But the dark meanings and drifts of the troubled times were showing in Abe's "long gloomy face and cavernous eyes."

With his election to Congress in 1847 Lincoln entered the national scene. The two great issues facing the legislators in Washington were slavery and the War with Mexico. Abe's position on slavery was well known and presumably shared by at least a majority of the Illinois voters, but his stand against the War made him unpopular with his constituents and he knew before the end of the term that he had forfeited any chance of re-election.

He returned to Springfield and resumed his law practice. By now his reputation as an honest, clever, capable, kindly lawyer was drawing clients from all over the State and once every few months he, a judge and several other lawyers held court in the neighboring counties--called "riding the circuit".

Back in 1820 it had seemed that the tormenting question of the spread of slavery had been pretty well settled through the Missouri Compromise, whereby the State of Maine was admitted as a free state and to maintain the balance Missouri came in as a slave state. At the same time it was agreed that slavery should never be allowed in any of the territories lying north of Missouri's southern boundary.

But the troublesome issue was appearing again. Two new territories--Kansas and Nebraska--were opening up for settlement. They were both north of the line described in the Compromise. Yet Senator Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois had sponsored a bill setting aside the Missouri Compromise.

"Let both the Northerners and the Southerners with their slaves settle in Kansas and Nebraska, and as soon as they are ready for state government let them decide whether their states shall be slave or free," he urged.