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## 前言

阅读能启迪心灵,阅读能增长见识,阅读能陶冶情操,而英语阅读不仅能使读者达到上述目的,更能培养学习英语的兴趣,从而提高自身的英语水平。《英语阅读成长计划丛书——美国学生母语课本》就是一套伴你成长的英语读物,丛书中精选了青少年成长中的精彩故事,是学生学习英语、汲取知识、领悟道理的理想选择,学生一定会从中受益匪浅。

美国教育家、芝加哥大学第二任校长哈里·普拉特·贾德森为美国学生精心编写的分级读物《美国学生文学读本》(Graded Literature Readers)在很长一段时间内被固定为美国学生的必读书目,甚至近几年美国的几家出版社也重新出版了这套读物。《英语阅读成长计划丛书——美国学生母语课本》系列丛书正是从这套来自美国本土的经典读物中进行选材,按照从易到难的顺序编成八册介绍给国内广大读者,希望读者能在欣赏原汁原味的英语语言的同时,提高阅读能力,开拓视野,了解美国社会文化。

《英语阅读成长计划丛书——美国学生母语课本》系列丛书选材内容逐册递进,思想深度也逐渐加强,这非常契合国内学生学习语言以及认知的发展进程。每册书的内容涵盖故事、神话、传记、历险、

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历史、自然、科普等;体裁则包括小说、散文、诗歌等。在编译过程中, 我们对每一篇文章、每一首诗歌都进行了深入细致的研究,查阅大量 有关作者及作品的相关文章,力求理解准确到位,给读者以正确的 引导,既体现英文之彩,又展现中文之美。编者还对每篇课文中重要 的词语以及文化常识等详细地进行了注解,帮助读者学习和理解。

《美国学生母语课本1》适合一年级至三年级的读者;

《美国学生母语课本2》适合四年级至六年级的读者;

《美国学生母语课本3》适合七年级至九年级的读者;

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《美国学生母语课本7》适合大二和大三年级的读者;

《美国学生母语课本8》适合大三和大四年级的读者。

上述分级方法为建议分级,读者可以根据自己的需求和阅读的兴趣进行选择。

在本系列丛书的编写过程中,全体编者都付出了辛勤的劳动, 从最初的选材到最后的付梓出版,他们都经历了无数个日日夜夜的 努力,然而错漏之处在所难免,若读者在阅读过程中发现我们的错 误,或者有更好的建议,欢迎批评指正,帮助我们更好地进步。只要 想到能够给读者打开一扇语言学习之窗,那么所有的汗水也都值得。

11

# 目录

1	AN AWKWARD TWENTY MINUTES ····································	• 1
2	THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE · · · · 约翰·穆尔爵士的葬礼	13
3	CATHERINE'S DISCOVERY ····································	17
4	THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	29
5	MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS	33
6	AN ESCAPE FROM THE PRESS GANG ··································	36
7	ANNABEL LEE ・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・・	60
8	A PERUVIAN TEMPLE · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	65



10	LEGEND OF THE MOOR'S LEGACY	80
11	COURAGE IN THE USE OF TALENT · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	122
12	QUEEN MARY'S ESCAPE FROM LOCHLEVEN · · · · · 女王越狱记	124
13	THE PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF GREECE ·········· 希腊的物理特性	153
14		158
15	FAREWELL ADDRESS ···································	161

16	FORTITUDE	170
17	THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD · · · · · · 斯普林菲尔德兵工厂	172
18	THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS ————————————————————————————————————	177
19	ON NATIONAL PREJUDICES · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	184
20	OLIVER GOLDSMITH 奥利弗・哥尔德斯密斯	190
21	SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT ····································	193
22	SOME ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE · · · · · · · · · · · · 堂吉诃德历险记	197



23	GETTYSBURG ADDRESS··································	215
24	O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN! ····································	218
25	THE MILKY WAY 银河 第本類種	221
26	THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH · · · · 斯坦迪什求爱记	228
27	TO THE OCEAN	259
28	ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD ·········· 墓畔哀歌	261
29	A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG ···································	274
30	THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE · · · · · · · · 赫克托尔和妻子安德洛玛刻告别	283



31.	SONNET: ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S "HOMER" … 初读查普曼译荷马史诗	291
32	THE RENAISSANCE · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	293
33	THE FRIGATE AND THE GALLEYS 护卫舰和桨帆船	303
34	ABOU BEN ADHEM ・・・ 阿布・本・阿德罕姆	319
35	MY NATIVE LAND	322

### AN AWKWARD TWENTY MINUTES 尴尬的二十分钟

BY SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER 塞缪尔·怀特·贝克爵士

### 伊者简介

Sir Samuel White Baker (1821—1893): An English traveler who explored the region around the sources of the White Nile. Among other works descriptive of his travels and adventures, he wrote "The Rifle and Hound in Ceylon," from which this selection is taken.

塞缪尔・怀特・贝克爵士(1821—1893): 英国旅行家,曾探索白尼 罗河源头周围区域。他写了众多关于其旅行和探险的作品,其中一篇名为 《锡兰的步枪和猎狗》,此篇文章即为其中的节选。



The haunts of the **buffalo** are in the hottest parts of Ceylon. In the neighborhood of lakes, swamps, and extensive plains, the buffalo exists in large herds; **wallowing** in the soft mire, and passing two thirds of his time in the water itself, he may be termed almost **amphibious**.

He is about the size of a large ox, of immense bone and strength, very active, and his hide is almost free from hair, giving an unpleasant appearance to his india-rubberlike skin. He carries his head in a peculiar manner, the horns thrown back, and his nose projecting on a level with



his forehead, thus securing himself from a front shot in a fatal part. This renders him a dangerous enemy, as he will receive any number of balls from a small gun in the throat and chest, without **evincing** the least symptom of distress. The shoulder is the acknowledged point to aim at, but from his disposition to face the guns this is a difficult shot to obtain. Should he succeed in catching his **antagonist**, his fury knows no bounds, and he gores his victim to death, trampling and kneeling upon him till he is satisfied that life is extinct.

This sport would not be very dangerous in the forests, where the buffalo could be easily stalked and where escape would also be rendered less difficult in case of accident; but, as he is generally met with upon the open plains, free from a single tree, he must be killed when once brought to bay or he will soon exhibit his qualifications for mischief. There is a degree of uncertainty in their character which much increases the danger of the pursuit. A buffalo may retreat at first sight with every symptom of **cowardice** and thus induce a too eager pursuit, when he will suddenly become the assailant. I cannot explain their character better than by describing the first wild buffaloes that I ever saw.

I was on a shooting trip, accompanied by my brother, whom I shall designate as B. We had passed a toilsome day in pushing and dragging our ponies for twenty miles along a narrow path through a thick jungle, which half a dozen natives in advance were opening before us with billhooks.

We emerged upon an extensive plain bordered by fine forests. The principal tenants of the plain were wild buffaloes. A herd of about a hundred were lying in a swampy hollow about a quarter of a mile from us. With our two light double-barreled guns, we advanced to the attack.

We had not left the obscurity of the forest many seconds before we

were observed. The herd started up from their muddy bed, and gazed at us with astonishment. It was a fair open plain of some thousand acres, bounded by the forest which we had just quitted on the one side, and by the lake on the other; thus there was no cover for our advance, and all we could do was to push on.

As we approached the herd, they ranged up in a compact body, presenting a very regular line in front. From this line, seven large bulls stepped forth, and from their vicious appearance seemed disposed to show fight. In the meantime we were running up and were soon within thirty paces of them. At this distance, the main body of the herd suddenly wheeled round and thundered across the plain in full retreat. One of the bulls at the same moment charged straight at us, but when within twenty paces of the guns, he turned to one side and instantly received two balls in the shoulder, B. and I having fired at the same moment. As luck would have it, his bladebone was thus broken and he fell upon his knees, but recovering himself in an instant, he retreated on three legs to the water.

We now received assistance from an unexpected quarter. One of the large bulls, his companion, charged after him with great fury, and soon overtaking the wounded beast, he struck him full in the side, throwing him over with a great shock on the muddy border of the lake. Here the wounded animal lay, unable to rise, and his conqueror commenced a slow retreat across the plain.

Leaving B. to finish the wounded buffalo, I gave chase to the retreating bull. At an easy **canter** he would gain a hundred paces, and then, turning, he would face me; throwing his nose up, and turning his head to one side with a short grunt, he would advance quickly for a few paces and then again retreat as I continued to approach.

In this manner, he led me a chase of about a mile along the banks of



the lake, but he appeared determined not to bring the fight to an issue at close quarters. So I fired a long shot at him, and, reloading my last spare ball, I continued the chase, led on by ignorance and excitement.

The lake in one part stretched in a narrow creek into the plain, and the bull now directed his course into the angle formed by this turn. I thought that I had him in a corner, and, redoubling my exertions, I gained upon him considerably. He retreated slowly to the very edge of the creek, and I had gained so fast upon him that I was not thirty paces distant, when he plunged into the water and commenced swimming across the creek. This was not more than sixty yards in breadth, and I knew that I could now bring him to action.

Running round the borders of the creek as fast as I could, I arrived at the opposite side on his intended landing place just as his black form reared from the deep water and gained the shallows, into which I had waded knee-deep to meet him. I now experienced that pleasure as he stood sullenly eying me within fifteen paces.

I took a quick but steady aim at his chest, at the point of connection with the throat. The smoke of the barrel passed to one side; there he stood, he had not **flinched**; he literally had not moved a muscle. The only change that had taken place was in his eye; this, which had been hitherto merely sullen, was now beaming with fury; but his form was as motionless as a statue. A stream of blood poured from a wound within an inch of the spot at which I had aimed; had it not been for this fact, I should not have believed him struck.

Annoyed at the failure of the shot, I tried him with the left-hand barrel at the same hole. The report of the gun echoed over the lake, but there he stood as though he bore a charmed life; an increased flow of blood from the wound and additional luster in his eye were the only signs of his being struck.

I was unloaded and had not a single ball remaining. It was now his turn. I dared not turn to retreat, as I knew he would immediately charge, and we stared each other out of countenance.

With a short grunt he suddenly sprang forward, but fortunately, as I did not move, he halted; he had, however, decreased his distance, and we now gazed at each other within ten paces. I began to think buffalo shooting somewhat dangerous and I would have given something to have been a mile away. Without the power of defense, with the absolute certainty of a charge from an overpowering brute, my hand instinctively found the handle of my hunting knife,—a useless weapon against such a foe.

Knowing that B. was not aware of my situation at the distance which separated us,—about a mile,—without taking my eyes from the figure before me, I raised my hand to my mouth and gave a long and loud whistle; this was a signal that I knew would be soon answered if heard.

With a stealthy step and another short grunt, the bull again advanced a couple of paces toward me. He seemed aware of my helplessness, and he was the picture of rage and fury, pawing the water and stamping violently with his fore feet. I gave myself up for lost, but putting as fierce an expression into my features as I could possibly assume, I stared hopelessly at my maddened antagonist.

Suddenly a bright thought flashed through my mind. Without taking my eyes off the animal before me, I put a double charge of powder down the right-hand barrel, and tearing off a piece of my shirt, I took all the money from my pouch, three shillings in sixpenny pieces, and two **anna** pieces, which I luckily had with me in this small coin for paying **coolies**.

Quickly making them into a **rouleau** with the piece of rag, I rammed them down the barrel, and they were hardly well home before the bull

again sprang forward. So quick was it that I had no time to replace the ramrod, and I threw it into the water, bringing my gun on full cock in the same instant. However, he again halted, being now within about seven paces from me, and we again gazed fixedly at each other, but with altered feelings on my part. I had faced him hopelessly with an empty gun for more than a quarter of an hour, which seemed a century. I now had a charge in my gun, which I knew if reserved till he was within a foot of the muzzle would certainly floor him, and I awaited his onset with comparative carelessness, still keeping my eyes opposed to his gaze.

At this time I heard a splashing in the water behind me, accompanied by the hard breathing of something evidently distressed. The next moment I heard B.'s voice. He could hardly speak for want of breath, having run the whole way to my rescue, but I could understand that he had only one barrel loaded and no bullets left. I dared not turn my face from the buffalo, but I cautioned B. to reserve his fire till the bull should be close into me, and then to aim at the head.

The words were hardly uttered when, with the concentrated rage of the last twenty minutes, he rushed straight at me! It was the work of an instant. B. fired without effect. The horns were lowered, their points were on either side of me, and the muzzle of the gun barely touched his forehead when I pulled the trigger and three shillings' worth of small change rattled into his hard head. Down he went and rolled over with the suddenly checked momentum of his charge, and away went B. and I as fast as our heels would carry us, through the water and over the plain, knowing that he was not dead, but only stunned. There was a large fallen tree about half a mile from us, whose whitened branches, rising high above the ground, offered a tempting asylum. To this we directed our flying steps, and, after a run of a hundred yards, we turned and looked behind us. He had regained

asylum n. 避难所