

中学英语拾级读物

**GRADED  
ENGLISH  
READERS**

第十级

**Australian  
Short Stories**

**澳大利亚短篇故事**

第 3 册

华东师范大学出版社

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第十级第3册(总第48册)

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张泰金 编注

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## 前 言

受国家教育委员会中学司委托，由上海外国语学院、北京外国语学院、北京师范大学、华东师范大学所属的四家大学出版社联合编辑、出版的《中学英语拾级读物》(简称《拾级读物》或《GE》)与读者见面了。这是我国中学英语教学的一项重要配套工程，旨在促进中学英语教学的改革。

取名《拾级读物》，不仅因为它有十个级别五十本书，而且还寓有“循序渐进，拾级而上”之意。中学生从初二开始阅读，逐级向上攀登，便可达到借助词典读懂浅近原著的水平。

《拾级读物》每册的词汇量、字数及对应年级大致如下：

级 别	词 汇 量	每册大约字数	对 应 年 级
一	500—700	10万	初二
二	600—900	10万	初二
三	800—1200	12万	初三
四	1000—1500	12万	初三
五	1400—1800	12万	高一、高二
六	1700—2000	12万	高二、高三
七	2000—2500	14万	重点中学高三
八	2500—3000	16万	外国语学校高三
九	3000—3500	18万	高材生、中学教师
十	3000—3500	18万	高材生、中学教师

阅读是学好任何一种语言的必由之路，也是获取信息的主要渠道。只做习题，不大量阅读是学不好英语的。近年来

不少学生为了应付考试，花费大量的精力和时间去做各种各样的复习题和模拟试题，但收效甚微，对英语能力的提高并无多大益处。这是英语教学中的一种偏向。《拾级读物》的出版正是为了给中学英语教学提供一套可读性与系统性相结合的课外读物。

《拾级读物》主要供学生自己阅读，但教师可根据学生的实际水平帮助他们选择使用，并进行适当的辅导。特别在阅读方法上教师可作示范性的讲示，引导学生逐步摆脱语法和汉语的束缚。在此过程中，一是要抓篇章大意和故事情节；二是要注意学过的语言现象的再现和在新环境下的发展。对不易理解之处，要启发学生先根据上下文去揣摩，实在影响阅读时再查阅词典。对不影响理解全文的语言难点则要舍得放过。只有这样，才能培养学生良好的阅读习惯，保持他们阅读的兴趣，提高他们阅读的速度。

《拾级读物》的级别是衡量中学生英语阅读水平的客观尺度。为了便于检查，我们还准备编写一套相应的测试材料和教学参考书。

《拾级读物》除供中学生使用外，还可作为中学英语教师培训、进修的教材。

鉴于编者水平有限，本读物在选材、注释等各方面肯定存在不少缺点，敬请广大师生、各界读者不吝指正，供我们再版时参考。

《中学英语拾级读物》编辑委员会

一九八七年五月

## 编注者的话

选编或选注作品，一般都有一定的原则，或从名家，或从名著。然而，本书选注澳大利亚短篇故事则以内容为主；以今昔生活、历史为背景，力求使读者在读完本书以后，不仅英语有所进步，阅读能力有所提高，而且对澳大利亚这片土地上的人民也有所了解，对澳大利亚英语也有所体会。

本书的前六篇，都写于19世纪，反映了开发时期的情况。在英国囚徒登陆、白人移居以后，世代居住在这块南半球大陆上的土著黑人惨遭屠杀，加上疾病蔓延和酗酒等原因，有些地区已经绝迹。为了替自己辩解，有些白人把土著居民描绘得极端愚昧和凶暴。《蚊子和吉普赛人的女儿》的故事告诉了人们他们究竟是什么样的民族。在其余五篇故事里，我们从乡村、淘金、水上等各方面向读者介绍澳大利亚早期人们艰苦奋斗的精神。《一个绿林好汉的自白》则是一个非常有趣的故事，我们相信读者一定会喜欢的。

后十篇故事从不同角度反映了当今澳大利亚人民的生活习惯、兴趣爱好、人际关系和思想情感。Glaskin在The Turtle和Giacomo两篇小说里细腻地刻划了两个孩子的心理。文章犹如其人，他写了二十多部长篇小说，他叙述流畅，描绘生动，善于抓住特点，即使在日常生活中的谈吐，也是那么诙谐幽默，那么健谈，充满了故事。他对中国人民怀有友好的感情，曾来过中国旅游。我们选了Morrison的五篇小说，这不是由于我们对个人有什么偏爱，主要的是这五篇故事反映的内容是那么真实，那么恰如其份地表现了澳大利亚人

的感情。The Hold Up (《堵车》)描绘了一个夏日火车在一个小站受堵后各类人物的心情，Black Night in Collingwood (《考林伍德的黑夜》)写出了澳大利亚人民对橄榄球赛的入迷，他们对自己喜爱球队的热情支持，作为一家之主的父亲，由于他支持的球队失败了，就给全家人的生活蒙上了极大的阴影。This Freedom (《如此自由》)刻划了一对老年夫妇对自己乡间住所的精心照料，不幸一场大火烧去了全部心血，老伴葬身火海，而这位艾泼先生则从此获得了自由。最后一篇虚构的故事The Panic (《一场虚惊》)揭示当地人们对战争的极大恐惧心理。自从开发以来，澳大利亚人二百年内没有接触过多少战争。第一次世界大战中，他们派人到加里波里去替英国人打仗，至今“安塞克”日成了他们悼念阵亡战士的纪念日。第二次世界大战期间，据说日军潜水艇曾潜至悉尼港水下，日军曾窥探过澳大利亚最北部的达尔文港。此外，澳大利亚人一直过着和平而富裕的生活。在《一场虚惊中》中，作者以一则报导为背景，一架载有核弹的飞机失事，失落的核弹在澳大利亚某处随时都可能爆炸。在此背景下，作者描绘了人们惊慌失措，纷纷迁散的混乱状态和恐惧心理。读了这十篇故事，我们认为对现代澳大利亚社会和人民将会有较清楚的了解。

由于前六篇写于上一世纪，文字较难，我们尽可能地详注。对于后十篇则注得较简略些。我们注释的重点是有关澳大利亚的风土人情和语言特征。有些词语，我们认为不影响上下文理解或者可以猜得意思，或者一查词典便文义自通的，就没有作注。

编注者虽在澳大利亚生活过一段时期，但限于水平，难免有注释不当之处，望读者指正。

编注者

一九八八年十一月

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# 1. Musquito and the Gipsy's Daughter

*By Charles Rowcraft*

*Charles Rowcraft, an English visitor to Australia, settled briefly on a Tasmanian pastoral property between 1821 and 1824. He wrote of his experience in Tales of the Colonies, or The Adventures of an Emigrant, first published in London in 1843. An edition, with much factual material removed and a continuous fictional narrative retained, was published in Hobart in 1916 with the title The Perils and Adventures of Mr William Thornley, One of the Pioneer Settlers of Van Diemen's Land, 1817-1820.*

*The interesting aspect of the extract which follows is the depiction of the historical character, the Aboriginal leader Musquito, as a great chieftain and a noble savage. Musquito, born and bred in New South Wales, first experienced white man's justice when he was sent to Norfolk Island for the murder of a lubra. From that "ocean hell" he was transported to Van Diemen's Land in 1818. He was employed by the authorities at Hobart Town to search out runaway convicts and to track down such formidable outlaws as Mike Howe. In time Musquito became something of a rebel himself. Known throughout the island as the "Black Outlaw", he led a band of Aborigines, at first peaceably enough but later violently, in raids on settlers' properties in which several colonists were killed.*

*Captured late in the year 1824, Musquito was placed on trial along with another offender, "Black Jack". Henry Melville, in The History of Van Diemen's Land (1835), gives an*

*ironical view of the legal proceedings:*

*On the one side was the learned Attorney General, pressing, as in duty bound, the conviction of the offenders against laws brought by the invaders to the country; and on the bench sat a Judge to administer impartially these laws, which neither Musquito nor Black Jack comprehended. "Convict" witnesses were brought forward, whose evidence was taken and believed, because it was sworn to; and yet these poor, perhaps guilty creatures of the crime imputed to them (which in them was no crime, but retaliation); were called upon for their defence! — what mockery! The wretched prisoners were not aware of one tittle of evidence adduced against them, were totally ignorant of having committed crime, and knew not why or wherefore they were placed at the criminal's dock in the Court House, and so many eyes fixed upon them. Both these Aborigines underwent the ordeal of trial twice on one day, and without counsel...*

*Both prisoners, being convicted of wilful murder, were hanged in company with six bushrangers in February 1825.*

*Suggested further reading: Musquito loomed large in the minds of his contemporaries, white and black, in Van Diemen's Land; and much has been written about him. For a succinct modern account of his career, see Robert Travers, Rogues' March (1973).*

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We drew up on the margin of the tracks of the natives,<sup>1</sup> which were in the direction of the ford; and it seemed as if there had been about twenty of them, to judge from the confused prints of their naked feet.

"I'll bet a guinea,"<sup>2</sup> said Sanders, "this is what made 'em hide for a while among those mimosas."<sup>3</sup> They saw the natives between them and the ford, and they feared to

face them.”

“Keep on,” said the magistrate, “their tracks lead to the ford and I think I see some object on the bank of the river.”

He was right; a few minutes' trot<sup>4</sup> brought us to the ford, and by the side of the stream was lying a man in a fustian<sup>5</sup> dress, whose countenance I thought I remembered. On examining him more closely the police recognized a convict.<sup>6</sup>

The poor wretch was still alive, but his skull was pounded in by the waddies<sup>7</sup> of the natives, and his body was pierced in many places by their thin and pointed spears.

“If we could only get him to speak now,” said the constable; “he might give us some useful information. Scroggs, where's your bottle?”

Upon this the provident<sup>8</sup> Scroggs produced a pint bottle of rum — a sovereign remedy, in his opinion, for all disorders.<sup>9</sup>

“What's the use of giving him rum if he's dead?” remonstrated Scroggs; “it's only wasting it that way.”

“He's not dead,” said Sanders, “though it won't be long first, seemingly. Let us try to make him speak; he may be able to tell us of the other one. It's Bill Simons, one of the biggest rascals in the whole colony, but that's no matter now. Give us the bottle.”

He raised up the expiring wretch, and Sanders poured down his throat a portion of the rum, while the magistrate dashed some cold water from the river over his head and face. For a considerable time the man gave no other signs of life than a faint breathing, and it was not until after the lapse of two hours, which seemed to us two ages, that he was able to articulate.

"They have got the child," murmured out the dying man.

"Who have got the child?"

"The natives — they — attacked — me in — the ford."

"And your companion, where is he?"

"I saw him swimming in the river — but — in his haste — he abandoned the child — to save himself — and the natives took the child — the Gipsy — the Gipsy — the Gipsy's child!"

"Did the natives kill the child?" asked I, full of anxious horror at the probable fate of the poor girl.

"They — have — killed me. Their waddies — my head — spears — child — carried off —"

"How long is it," asked the magistrate, "since they attacked you?"

"I — don't know — it — was — just — at — daybreak. I didn't — like to pass the bridge — so — I made for the ford — and the natives — attacked us — and they have taken the — child —"

"What's o'clock?" asked Sanders.

"Half-past ten," said I.

"Then the natives have got the start of us by about four hours and a half," resumed the constable; "and if they have taken to the hills it will be a difficult job to follow them on horseback."

"We can easily track them in the snow," observed the magistrate.

"While the snow lasts," replied the constable; "but, by the look of Ben Lomond, we shall have a charge of

weather, and there's a northerly wind this morning, and that, with the sun, will soon melt this snow. Following the natives in the bush is no easy matter. A white man might as well try to track a bird as a native in the bush!"<sup>10</sup>

"I shall go after them," said the magistrate; "what do you say, Thornley; shall we leave this little girl to the mercy of the savages?"<sup>11</sup>

"I'm ready to go with you," said I, "but let us go prepared; this is a bad time of the year for bushing it.<sup>12</sup> Is there no place near here, Sanders, where we could borrow some kangaroo rugs,<sup>13</sup> and get a supply of provisions?"

"I have it!" said Sanders; "Mark's sheep-run<sup>14</sup> is not more than two miles from the ford, and if he will let one of his shepherds, Black Tom, go with us — he's a Sydney native — we'll set a black fellow to hunt black fellows,<sup>15</sup> and come over them that way."

"Come on, then," said the magistrate, "and lose no time. I will go with you to remove any objection. Stay! the dying man is going to speak again. I think he understood what we were saying. What is it, my man?" he added, in a soothing tone to the dying man; "what have you got to say?"

"Mus — quee — to!" said the man, with his last breath.

"Musquito!" said Sanders, "then there's no time to be lost; that's the cruellest savage that ever tormented a colony; he kills for killing sake, without reason."

"I have had a taste of him," said the magistrate. "There's no time to be lost, if we are to save the child."

The magistrate, guided by Sanders, immediately galloped off; and in less time than we expected, they returned

at a brisk pace, laden with kangaroo rugs, and various necessaries for a bush expedition, and followed by Tom, a fine tall native of the continental island of Australia, dressed with much neatness, in a cloth jacket and trousers of good texture; the civilized natives soon catching the colonial predilection for cloth of a superior quality.

"Will not the native, being on foot, retard us?" inquired I. "He can never keep up with our horses."

"Never fear," said Sanders; "if our horses can keep up with him we shall do very well. Now, Tom, my boy, are you ready?"

Tom nodded his head.

"Which way are you going to take us!" Tom looked at the tracks, among which the prints of tiny feet were plainly discernible, and pointed to the hills.

"Now," said the magistrate, "for another adventure. I never had a hunt after natives before. Not the best of weather for lying out at nights; but it would never do to leave that little girl to be butchered by Musquite!"

We moved on at a good pace, Tom with his long legs keeping our horses just beyond a quick walk, and we were soon buried in the deep recesses of the woods. The dense mass of spreading branches, with their winter leaves of sombre green, which formed a canopy high above our heads, had allowed but little snow to fall on the forest ground; but there were ample signs of the natives to enable the sagacious Sydney black to guide us through the intricacies of the tall straight stems of the stringy-bark trees, with their ragged, shreddy coats, without hesitation. Ever and anon he would turn round to us, without discontinuing his course, and displaying, with a self-satisfied grin, his formidable rows of ivory teeth, he

would point to the track, and seek, with his piercing and restless black eyes, deep set in his woolly head, for our approbation of his sagacity.

It occupied us nearly two hours to pass through the forest, and we then emerged into an ample plain nearly clear of the trees, resembling a vast park. The noonday sun had melted nearly all the snow, and it was only here and there, under the shade of some gigantic gum-tree<sup>16</sup> or umbrageous mimosa, that any signs of it were visible. We were glad to get rid of the snow, as, under the guidance of the black, we had no fear of losing the tracks of the natives, and we pushed on without stopping for nearly twenty miles, in a south-easterly direction, over a fine country of undulating hill and plain, till we came to the foot of a tier of low hills, on which were scattered a few trees of the she-oak. These trees present a scraggy appearance to the eye, but their wood is much prized as fuel, from its pleasing fragrance and good qualities for burning. It is not easy to get a plank from these trees of more than six or eight inches in width, but, when polished, it is admirably adapted for ornamental furniture. Here we made a pause to rest our horses, which we tethered out by the hide ropes,<sup>17</sup> which we carried with us on the front of our saddles, giving them the range of a circle of about eighty feet in diameter to feed on the native grass, shifting them occasionally as their food grew scanty. The constables kindled a fire and proceeded with the usual arrangements for a bush meal.

They put a handful of black tea into the kettle, which Scroggs bore in his portion of the luggage, and set it on to boil-tea forming the favourite beverage of settlers of every degree in their bush expeditions. The dexter-

ous black, who carried a longshanked, narrow axe, quickly sliced from an adjacent gum-tree some pieces of bark, which formed extempore plates and dishes, and some steaks of young beef being duly boiled, aided by one of the dampers,<sup>18</sup> which formed part of our provisions, we made, with the relish of hunger, a satisfactory repast. The constables then got up a second edition of the feast with some additional supplies, for Black Tom, not liking to remain idle during our banquet, had contrived to catch three kangaroo-rats and a bandicoot, which he disembowelled with much delicacy, and threw them in their furry coats on some close embers of the fire.<sup>19</sup> Scroggs produced from the recesses of a mysterious garment a bottle of rum, but it was unanimously decided that this luxury should be reserved as a medicine for special occasions. Much to the disappointment of that thirsty individual, therefore, the cork remained undrawn, and the disconsolate Scroggs was obliged to solace himself with a pannikin of hot tea from the boiling kettle. Our rough repast ended, we proceeded on our way till the sinking of the sun behind the snow-topped mountains to the west warned us to turn our attention to the means of passing the night; for the nights in the winter season in Van Diemen's Land<sup>20</sup> are too cold to allow of their being passed with impunity in the open air.<sup>21</sup> As we felt the fullest confidence of coming up with the natives, we did not push our horses to the extreme, for we knew that Musquito and his mob would not travel many days without making a stop in some locality favourable for the collection of gum and the resort of opossums.<sup>22</sup> We had but one axe among us, but there were more than one who knew well how to use it, the cleverest of whom was the Sydney black; so that in a short time they managed to erect

two bush-huts well covered in with heavy branches. The opening of the huts being next to the fire, which was kept up all night, we contrived, with the aid of our warm kangaroo rugs, to pass the night without inconvenience.

Towards the early morning the air became frosty, and the next day, under a clear sky and a brilliant sun, we continued our pursuit of the natives. At noon the air became mild and warm, and if it had not been for our apprehensions of the calamitous fate of the child to whose rescue we were hastening,<sup>23</sup> we should have enjoyed the beautiful scenery of the almost unexplored country through which we travelled; but a second day and night having passed without coming up with the natives, our uneasiness increased to a pitch of painful anxiety. We could discover no trace of the little foot, nor indeed could our less acute sense of sight detect any marks of the retiring natives, although to the black's stronger and more sensitive organs the marks were so plain as to cause him no apparent trouble to pursue. We consoled ourselves, however, with the reflection that the absence of any mark of the child's foot which Tom could not trace might be accounted for by her having been carried in the arms of the natives, though what could be their object, or the object of Musquito in bearing her away, we were at a loss to conjecture, and feared the worst.<sup>24</sup>

"How cold it is," said Scroggs to Sanders; "and cold water is poor stuff to put heart into a man. A fire is very well to warm the outside, but the inside is the place to keep up the heat; then it spreads all over one in a glow! It's surprising how small a quantity of spirit—a single glass or so, I've often tried it—will warm a man's whole body, to the very tips of one's fingers!"

"To the tip of your nose, you ought to say, old buck,"