

中学英语课外读物
(附参考译文)
《读者文摘》故事选

和總統一起釣魚

CHINESE

天津人民出版社

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和总统一起钓鱼

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天津外国语学院《文化译丛》编辑部 编译

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The Heroic Story of Nathan Hale, the Famous Patriot

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." It was only a boy who is said to have uttered these words one autumn morning to the men who were about to put a rope around his neck and to the knot of curious people who had come out to see his end. But the words have come down through all the years since to keep his memory green.

That boy was Nathan Hale. A very lovable lad, he had been born at Coventry, Connecticut, in 1756. He had grown up into a handsome, lively youth, nearly six feet tall, with brown hair and blue eyes, loving every sort of outdoor game, as kindly as he was brave and as studious as he was athletic. It is said that he could place his hand on a fence as high as his head and vault lightly over it, and that he could jump easily out of one barrel into another. He was the leader of his classes in all their subjects and the idol of all his schoolmates.

His Puritan parents wanted him to be a preacher, and sent him to Yale to study for the ministry. But after graduating with high honors, he felt better fitted

for a school than for a church, and for a time he was a teacher in a school at East Haddam in his native state. Soon he was offered a better place at New London, and a fine career seemed to be opening before him.

Then the thirteen colonies went to war. When the news of Lexington and Concord came to New London, there was great excitement, and a town meeting was called. One of the passionate speakers at the meeting was Nathan Hale.

"Let us march immediately," he cried, "and never lay down our arms until we have gained our independence!"

A man who spoke those words had to make off for the patriot army at once, or he would surely go to the gallows. Hale started straight for Massachusetts, with the New London troops, and before long he was the captain of a company.

A daring soul, he was also a born leader of men — the idol of his troops as he had been of his classmates. There are many stories of his bravery in the first months of the war. He is said to have offered his own salary to some of his soldiers when their time of service was over and they wanted to go home. He is also said to have helped in capturing a British ship, full of provisions, right under the nose of a man-of-war, and to have brought the boat in with her precious food for

the hungry Continental soldiers. But we know very little of his actual story up to the time when we find him with the army in New York at the moment when the British were overrunning Long Island.

One day his commander called the troops together and asked for a man to go over into the enemy camps and get all their plans. The fate of the army might depend on this man, and he must be brave and alert, with plenty of quick wit. Of course he would be a spy, and no honorable man really likes to be a spy. But Nathan Hale stepped out at once. He would go.

All of his friends, officers of his own army, tried to keep him back. It might mean death, they said, though that was little. It would mean disgrace -- it was not an honorable kind of service. But Hale had his answer: "Every kind of service necessary to the public good becomes honorable by being necessary."

Crossing over Long Island Sound, he left behind him an arrangement for a boat to meet him when he should come back on a certain day -- September 20, 1776. In the plain brown dress of a school-teacher of his day he set out on his search. The British took him for just what he seemed to be, and they all liked him. So it was easy for him to find out all he wanted to know, and to make his sketches of their plans and positions. Then he made his way back through their camps to the point where the boat was to call for him.

He had put down all his information in Latin on thin paper, and had hidden it in the soles of his shoes. The whole venture had been pretty easy, and fully successful; and now he was nearly safe among his friends again. He strolled into a tavern and dropped into conversation with some of the British soldiers who were idling in the place. At the last moment a man spied him who knew him and slipped silently out of the tavern to give the alarm. Before many moments had passed Hale saw the guns of six British marines pointed at his heart.

They took him on a British ship and searched him. When they found the papers in his shoes, they sent him straight to General Howe in New York, and put him under guard. Howe ordered him to be hanged the next day.

As the rope was thrown over the tree, the officer in charge asked Hale if he had any final confession to make. And then came the words, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

著名爱国者

内森·黑尔的英勇故事

“使我唯一感到遗憾的是，我只能为我的祖国贡献出一次生命。”在某个秋天的早晨，向那些将要把绞索套到他脖子上的人和出来看他处决的好奇的人群说这句话的，据说还只是一个少年，但是这句话多年来传颂至今，使人们常常怀念起他。

这个孩子就是内森·黑尔。他是一个非常可爱的小伙子，1756年出生在美国康涅狄格州的考文垂。他成长为一个活泼英俊的少年，身高近六英尺，棕发碧眼，爱好各种户外运动。他既和善又勇敢，既勤奋好学又擅长体育。据说他可以把手撑在与他个儿一般高的栅栏上敏捷地一跳而过，或是轻而易举地从一只木桶跳入另一只木桶。他在班里各门功课的成绩都名列前茅，是同学们所崇拜的对象。

他的清教徒双亲希望他将来成为一名传教士，便把他送到耶鲁大学去攻读牧师的课程。但是以优异的成绩毕业后，他觉得从事教学工作比当牧师更合适，因此就为本州东哈达姆的一所中学里当了一段时间的教师。不久，他在新伦敦获得了一个更好的职位，美好的前程展现在他的眼前。

不久，十三个殖民地开始作战。当列克星敦和康科德战役^①的消息传到新伦敦，群情激昂，随即召开了全市大会。会上热情

① 列克星敦和康科德战役即 1775 年 4 月 19 日美国独立战争的头一场交战。

洋溢的演说者之一就是内森·黑尔。

“让我们立即出发，”他大声说，“在我们赢得独立以前，决不下武器！”

当时说这种话的人，必须立即前去参加爱国部队，否则就会被送上绞架。黑尔随新伦敦的部队一起出发直奔马萨诸塞，不久就当了一个连队的队长。

内森·黑尔是一个勇敢的人，也是一位天生的领袖——部队的战士们崇拜他，恰似过去同学们崇拜他一样。在人们中间，流传着许多关于他在战争的最初几个月里的英勇故事。据说他曾把自己的薪金赠送给那些服役期满后想要回家的士兵；他还帮助俘获了一条正停泊在一艘军舰旁边满载着供应物资的英国船，把船上珍贵的食物分给饥饿中的殖民地士兵。但他在英国人攻占长岛的关键时刻带着部队来到纽约，在此以前，关于他的真实故事，我们知道得还是很少。

一天，部队的指挥官把士兵们召集到一起，要求出一名战士潜入敌人营地收集他们的全部作战计划。这支军队的命运可能就寄托在这个战士的身上了，因此必须是个勇敢机警、思路敏捷的人才行。当然，这个人也就成了间谍，而世界上没有一个堂堂的男子汉真心愿意当间谍的。然而内森·黑尔却立刻从队伍里走了出来，他愿意去完成这个任务。

所有他的朋友们，他本部队的军官们都不想让他去。他们说，去可能就意味着死，尽管死倒算不了什么，而去当间谍则是有失体面的，因为这不是一种正大光明的活动。但内森却回答说：“一切为公益所需的服务正由于它们的不可或缺而显得光荣。”

他渡过了长岛海峡，安排好 1776 年 9 月 20 日这个特定的日子在他返回时前来接应他的船只。身穿当时中学教师的朴素

的褐色服装，他着手刺探军事机密。英国人也把他当作教师看待，并且都很喜欢他。这样，内森·黑尔毫无困难地了解到他想知道的一切情况，把英国人的作战方案和部队驻地偷偷地速记下来。然后他通过英军阵地取道返回那条小船等着他的地方。

他把情报用拉丁文写在薄薄的纸上，藏在靴底。一切都进行得很顺利。他即将脱离险境与朋友们重聚了。他信步走入一家酒店，加入了几个正在那里闲聊的英国兵的谈话。在最后的时刻里，一个与他相识的人识破了他的行动，那人悄悄溜出酒店告发去了。没过多少时候，黑尔见到六名英国海军陆战队员的枪口对准了他的胸膛。

他们把黑尔带到一艘英国船上对他进行搜查。当他们在他的靴子里搜出那些记有情报的纸片时，就把他直接送到在纽约的豪将军那里并把他监禁了起来。豪下令第二天将他绞死。

绞索拴到树上的时候，监督执行死刑的军官问他还有什么话要说。就在这个时候，内森·黑尔说了这句有名的话：“使我感到遗憾的是，我只能为我的祖国贡献出一次生命。”

(陆家齐译)

Boy on a Raft

The raft was six feet long and three feet wide, and there were three of us on it.

There was the engineer, with his head badly cut, and myself and Jack Keeley. Jack was a little boy from a poor family in London.

The little life raft certainly wasn't comfortable, but it was better than the sinking ship we had to leave. If a ship sinks in 30 minutes, as the *Benares* did, you don't wait to see if a life raft is comfortable.

The first one on the raft was the engineer, who was thrown up on it by a wave. I came later, after the ship had sunk. Then we heard Jack's voice. After a short time, we saw him perhaps 60 feet away and brought him aboard. He had been holding on to a little piece of wood. He had on two life jack-



ets but very few clothes. He was so cold that his teeth were chattering, but he was very much alive.

On the night in 1940 when the *Benares* sank, a cold wind blew from the north. The sea was rough, and the rain turned to ice as it fell. Once in a while the rain would stop for a few minutes, and we could see the moon.

Our ship was torpedoed at 10 o'clock at night. On board the *Benares* were 406 people, and 100 of them were children, all in bed. Twenty-four hours later 161 — including 19 children — had been saved. The rest were dead.

If you ever have to get someone onto a raft, and try to do it from the raft itself, the raft will turn over. To get Jack onto our raft, I had to drop into the water and push him aboard. While I was wondering how to get back myself without overturning the raft, Jack said something I shall never forget. On his hands and knees, his teeth chattering, he looked down at me from the raft. "I say," he said. "I say ..."

"Well?" I asked, thinking he might have a friend somewhere who ought to be picked up.

"I say," he said, "thank you very much."

The raft couldn't be called snug. One wave in 50 broke over the top. We knew that because we counted the waves the next day when there was nothing else to do. And the waves came up through the spaces be-

tween the boards.

In a rough sea like that, one of us was always sliding off the raft. Jack was so little that he had great difficulty in staying aboard. So, through the night, we lay on top of him. That kept a little of the cold wind from him, too.

There were cans of food on board, in a tidy little box fastened at one side. There was even a can opener. But did you ever try to open a can with one hand while sitting on a raft in the middle of the Atlantic with 20-foot waves hitting you? If we set anything down on the raft, we risked its being swept away. That is how we lost one of our four cans of milk.

The only time we talked very much was just after one of these canned "meals." There isn't much to talk about on a raft in the Atlantic. There is, in fact, only one subject — and that is the subject you don't talk about.

Jack, however, *did* talk about it. After his breakfast of milk and hard bread, he asked questions which were difficult to answer. "I say," he demanded, "which way are we going?"

"Well," I said, pointing, "we're probably going that way. You see, the wind will blow us along."

"Yes," he said, patiently, "but which *way*? Are we going to the United States or are we going back to England?"

No, there isn't much to talk about — or much to do, either, in such a sea. Every half hour or so we would have to move ourselves about a little, because one of us was always about to slide into the water.

About noon, when it was warm, Jack and I tried to keep busy by counting the number of gulls that were flying overhead. Then Jack went to sleep and I sat looking at the horizon, thinking every little cloud might be smoke from a ship. But there was no ship. Nor any other raft. No longer were there any pieces of the wrecked ship. That was a long, long day. But Jack never once complained.

To keep warm, we moved our hands and arms and feet and legs. We twisted and turned. We rubbed Jack. The more we could find to do, the less time we had for thinking about our troubles. But, as hope disappeared, a coldness came over us that not even the sun could drive away. We got careless about keeping close together. We just lay there and thought and dreamed.

Sudden Danger

The engineer must have fainted. It was all over so quickly that to this day I do not know how it happened.

Jack pulled at me. "Look at him," he cried, "look!"

I turned around to find the engineer sliding off the

raft. If he had gone, I don't think we could have brought him back again. Little by little, however, Jack and I pulled him back on the raft.

Staying Together

We slapped him into wakefulness. And then we thought of a new way of lying on the raft with our arms and legs twisted together around one another.

This episode woke Jack up completely. He chattered away about this and that for a time. Then he asked me another of his very difficult questions.

"I say," he asked, "I say, how do you stop these things when you want to get off?"

How, indeed? And when?

Heavy clouds were coming up to meet the setting sun. No more gulls flew near us. The wind was stronger and the waves were even higher. There would be more of the rain that turned to ice. I decided we could have no more milk that day; we were down to our last can.

A Ship?

When the warship hooted, I didn't even look up. I had been hearing too many ships hooting all day, especially as night began to fall. I knew by now that they were only the sound of the waves slapping against the raft.