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https://www.100test.com/kao_ti2020/237/2021_2022__E5_85_AC_E5_85_B1_E7_AE_A1_E7_c72_237192.htm Unit 22 Aunt Bettie is faced with a difficult decision. A wounded Union soldier is found hiding in a farmhouse near her home. She has to decide whether to help him or let him be captured. What will she choose to do? The Woman Who Would Not Tell Janice Keyser Lester "I never did hate the Yankees. All that hated was the war....." Thats how my great-aunt Bettie began her story. I heard it many times as a child, whenever my family visited Aunt Bettie in the old house in Berryville, Virginia. Aunt Bettie was almost 80 years old then. But I could picture her as she was in the story she told me barely 20, pretty, with bright blue eyes. Bettie Van Metre had good reason to hate the Civil War. One of her brother was killed at Gettysburg, another taken prisoner. Then her young husband, James, a Confederate officer, was captured and sent to an unknown prison camp somewhere. One hot day in late September Dick Runner, a former slave, came to Bettie with a strange report. He had been checking a farmhouse half a mile away from the Van Metre home, a farmhouse he thought was empty. But inside, he heard low groans. Following them to the attic, he found a wounded Union soldier, with a rifle at his side. When Aunt Bettie told me about her first sight of the bearded man in the stained blue uniform, she always used the same words. "It was like walking into a nightmare: those awful bandages, that dreadful smell. Thats what war is really like, child: no bugles and banners. Just pain and

filth, futility and death." To Bettie Van Metre this man was not an enemy but rather a suffering human being. She gave him water and tried to clean his terrible wounds. Then she went out into the cool air and leaned against the house, trying not to be sick as she thought of what she had seen that smashed right hand, that missing left leg. The mans papers Bettie found in the attic established his identity: Lt. Henry Bedell, Company D, 11th Vermont Volunteers, 30 year old. She knew that she should report the presence of this Union officer to the Confederate army. But she also knew that she would not do it. This is how she explained it to me: "I kept wondering if he had a wife somewhere, waiting, and hoping, and not knowing just as I was. It seemed to me that the only thing that mattered was to get her husband back to her." Slowly, patiently, skillfully, James Van Metres wife fanned the spark of life that flickered in Henry Bedell. Of drugs or medicines she had almost none. And she was not willing to take any from the few supplies at the Confederate hospital. But she did the best she could with what she had. As his strength returned, Bedell told Bettie about his wife and children in Westfield, Vermont. And Bedell listened as she told him about her brothers and about James. "I knew his wife must be praying for him," Aunt Bettie would say to me, "just as I was praying for James. It was strange how close I felt to her." The October nights in the valley grew cold. The infection in Bedells wounds flared up. With Dick and his wife, Jennie, helping, she moved the Union officer at night, to a bed in a hidden loft above the warm kitchen of her own home. But the next day, Bedell had a high fever. Knowing that she must get help or he would die, she went

to her long-time friend and family doctor. Graham Osborne. Dr. Osborne examined Bedell, then shook his head. There was little hope, he said, unless proper medicine could be found. "All right, then," Bettie said. "I'll get it from the Yankees at Harpers Ferry." The doctor told her she was mad. The Union headquarters were almost 20 miles away. Even if she reached them, the Yankees would never believe her story. "I'll take proof," Bettie said. She went to the loft and came back with a blood-stained paper bearing the official War Department seal. "This is a record of his last promotion," she said. "When I show it, they'll have to believe me." She made the doctor write out list of the medical items he needed. Early the next morning she set off. For five hours she drove, stopping only to rest her horse. The sun was almost down when she finally stood before the commanding officer at Harpers Ferry. Gen. John D. Stevenson listened, but did not believe her. "Madam," he said, "Bedell's death was reported to us." "He's alive," Bettie insisted. "But he won't be much longer unless he has the medicines on that list." "Well," the general said finally, "I'm not going to risk the lives of a patrol just to find out." He turned to a junior officer. "See that Mrs. Van Metre gets the supplies." He brushed aside Bettie's thanks. "You're a brave woman," he said, "whether you're telling the truth or not." With the medicines that Bettie carried to Berryville, Dr. Osborne brought Bedell through the crisis. Ten days later Bedell was hobbling on a pair of crutches that Dick had made for him. "I can't go on putting you in danger," Bedell told Bettie. "I'm strong enough to travel now. I'd like to go back as soon as possible." So it was arranged that Mr. Sam, one of

Betties neighbors and friends, should go and help Bettie deliver Bedeel to Union headquarters at Harpers Ferry in his wagon. They hitched Betties mare alongside Mr. Sams mule. Bedell lay down in an old box filled with hay, his rifle and crutches beside him. It was a long, slow journey that almost ended in disaster. Only an hour from the Union lines, two horsemen suddenly appeared. One pointed a pistol, demanding money while the other pulled Mr. Sam from the wagon. Shocked, Bettie sat still. Then a rifle shot cracked out, and the man with the pistol fell to the ground dead. A second shot, and the man went sprawling. It was Bedell shooting! Bettie watched him lower the rifle and brush the hay out of his hair. "Come on, Mr. Sam," he said. "Lets keep moving." At Harpers Ferry, the soldiers stared in surprise at the old farmer and the girl. They were even more amazed when the Union officer with the missing leg rose from his hay-filled box. Bedell was sent to Washington. There he told his story to Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton. Stanton wrote a letter of thanks to Bettie and-signed an order to free James Van Metre from prison. But first James had to be found. It was arranged for Bedell to go with Bettie as she searched for her husband. Records showed that a James Van Metre had been sent to a prison camp in Ohio. But when the ragged prisoners were paraded before Bettie, James was not there. A second prison was checked, with the same result. Bettie Van Metre fought back a chilling fear that her husband was dead. Then at Fort Delaware, near the end of the line of prisoners a tall man stepped out and stumbled into Betties arms. Bettie held him, tears streaming down her face. And Henry Bedell, standing by on his

crutches, wept, too. NEW WORDS tell v. act as an informer 告发
Yankee n. (in the Civil War) a native of any of the northern states. a
citizen of the U.S. 北方佬 ; 美国佬 great-aunt n. an aunt of ones
father or mother. sister of ones grandfather or grandmother civil a.
国内的 ; 民间的 Confederate a. of or belonging to the
Confederacy 南部邦联的 capture vt. make a prisoner of. seize 俘虏
; 夺得 unknown a. whose name, nature, or origin is not known
former a. of an earlier period 以前的 farmhouse n. the main house
on a farm, where a farmer lives groan n. a sound made in a deep
voice that expresses suffering, grief or disapproval 呻吟 (声) attic
n. the space just under the roof of a house, esp. that made into a low
small room 阁楼 Union, the n. those states that supported the
Federal government of the U.S. during the Civil War. the U.S.A. (
美国南北战争期间的) 联邦政府 ; 美国 a. of or having to do
with the Union rifle n. 步枪 awful a. terrible. very bad bandage n. a
narrow long piece of material, esp. cloth, for binding a wound or
injury 绷带 dreadful a. very unpleasant or shocking. terrible bugle n.
a musical wind instrument usually made of brass, used chiefly for
military signals 军号 , 喇叭 filth n. disgusting dirt 污秽 futility n.
uselessness futile a. lean vi. support or rest oneself in a bent position
靠 , 倚 establish vt. find out or make certain of (a fact, answer, etc.),
prove 确立 , 证实 identity n. who or what a particular person or
thing is 身份 identical a. 同一的 ; 完全相同的确良 Lt. abbr.
lieutenant 陆军中尉 company n. 连 volunteer n. person who joins
the army, navy, or air force of his own free will 志愿兵 presence n.
being present in a place skillfully ad. in a skillful manner 灵巧地 , 嫻

熟地 skillful a. having or showing skill fan vt. 扇 , 扇动 ; 激起
spark n. 火花 flicker vi. burn unsteadily. shine with an unsteady light
drug n. a medicine or substance used for medical purposes supply n.
(pl.) the food, equipment, etc. necessary for an army, expedition or
the like 补给品 pray vi. 祈祷 valley n. a stretch of land between hills
or mountains. the land through which a stated river or great river
system flows 山谷 ; 流域 infection n. 感染 ; 传染 infect vt. flare vi.
burn with a bright, unsteady flame (火焰) 闪耀 loft n. a room
under the roof of a building, attic 阁楼 ferry n. 渡口 ; 渡船
headquarters n. (used with a sing. or pl. v.) the place from which the
chief of a police force or the commanding officer of an army sends
out orders 司令部 proof n. evidence showing that sth. is true 证据
bear vt. show. have seal n. 印 , 图章 item n. a single thing among a
set, esp. included in a list 条 ; 项 commanding a. having command.
in charge commanding officer 指挥官 command vt. 指挥 Gen.
abbr. general 将军 madam n. respectful form of address to a woman
(whether married or unmarried) 夫人 , 太太 , 女士 , 小姐 risk vt.
endanger. take the chance of patrol n. a small group of soldiers,
vehicles, etc. sent out to search for the enemy, or to protect a place
from the enemy 巡逻队 junior a. younger or lower in rank than
another hobble vi. walk awkwardly. limp 跛行 ; 蹒跚 crutch n.
support used under the arm to help a lame person to walk 拐杖
wagon n. four-wheeled vehicle for carrying goods, pulled by horses
or oxen 四轮运货马 (牛) 车 hitch vt. fasten with a hook, ring,
rope, etc. 钩住 , 拴住 , 套住 mare n. female horse or donkey
alongside prep. close to. along the side of mule n. an animal that has

a donkey and a horse as parents 骡 disaster n. a great or sudden misfortune. terrible accident line n. a row of defence works, esp. that nearest the enemy 战线 , 防线 horseman n. a person who rides a horse, esp. one who is skilled pistol n. handgun 手枪 crack v. (cause to) make a sudden explosive sound (使) 发出爆裂声 sprawl vi. lie or sit with hands and feet spread out, esp. ungracefully lower vt. move or let down in height 放下 ; 放低 secretary vt. an official who takes charge of a governmental department. an employee in an office, who is in charge of correspondence, records, making appointments, etc. 部长 , 大臣 ; 秘书 ragged a. (of a person) dressed in old torn clothes. (of clothes) old and torn 衣衫褴褛的 ; 破旧的 parade vt. cause to walk in an informal procession for the purpose of being looked at. cause to march in procession 使列队行进 n. 游行 ; 检阅 chill v. (cause to) have a feeling of cold as from fear. (cause to) become cold, esp. without freezing (使) 感到冷 ; (使) 冷 fort n. 要塞 , 堡垒 stumble vi. walk or move in an unsteady way. strike the foot against sth. and almost fall stream vi. flow fast and strongly. pour out PHRASES & EXPRESSIONS take prisoner capture and hold as a prisoner, esp. as a prisoner of war 俘虏 flare up break out or intensify suddenly or violently. burst into bright flame or rage 突发 ; 加剧 ; 突然发光 ; 突然发怒 write out write in full, write (sth. formal) brush aside disregard, ignore 不理 ; 漠视 bring through save (sb.) from (an illness, etc.) PROPER NAMES Berryville 贝里维尔 (美国地名) Virginia 弗吉尼亚 (美国州名) Bettie Van Metre 贝蒂.范.米特 the Civil War (美国) 南北战争 Gettysburg 葛底斯堡 (美国城市) Dick Runner 迪

克.朗纳 Henry Bedell 亨利.贝德尔 Vermont 佛蒙特（美国州名）
Westfield 韦斯菲尔德（美国地名） Jennie 詹妮（女子名）
Graham Osborne 格雷厄姆.奥斯本 Harpers Ferry 哈珀斯渡口（
美国地名） Stevenson 史蒂文森（姓氏） Secretary of War(old
use)（美国）陆军部长 Edwin M. Stanton 埃德温.M.斯坦顿
Ohio 俄亥俄（美国州名） Fort Delaware 特拉华堡（美国地名）
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