

名著双语读物

中文导读+英文原版

The Theory of Moral Sentiments

康拉德 短篇小说精选

[英] 约瑟夫·康拉德 著

纪飞 编译



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内 容 简 介

本书精选了英国著名作家约瑟夫·康拉德的短篇小说4篇,其中包括《黑暗的心》《罗曼亲王》《青春》和《台风》,它们都是世界短篇小说宝库中的经典名篇。这些小说曾被翻译成各种文字,影响了一代又一代世界各地的读者,并且被改编成戏剧、电影和卡通片等。无论作为语言学习的课本,还是作为文学读本,这些经典名篇对当代中国的读者都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解故事概况,进而提高英文阅读速度和阅读水平,在每篇的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

康拉德短篇小说精选:名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版/(英)约瑟夫·康拉德著;纪飞编译. —北京:清华大学出版社,2017

ISBN 978-7-302-41817-7

I. ①康… II. ①约… ②纪… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②短篇小说—小说集—英国—现代 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2017)第049206号

责任编辑:薛 阳

封面设计 傅瑞学

责任校对:胡伟民

责任印制:王静怡

出版发行:清华大学出版社

网 址: <http://www.tup.com.cn>, <http://www.wqbook.com>

地 址:北京清华大学学研大厦A座 邮 编:100084

社总机:010-62770175 邮 购:010-62786544

投稿与读者服务:010-62776969, c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

质量反馈:010-62772015, zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

印装者:三河市金元印装有限公司

经 销:全国新华书店

开 本:170mm×260mm 印 张:16.5

字 数:340千字

版 次:2017年5月第1版

印 次:2017年5月第1次印刷

印 数:1~3000

定 价:39.50元

产品编号:065173-01



约瑟夫·康拉德 (Joseph Conrad, 1857—1924), 波兰裔英国著名作家, 西方现代主义文学的先驱之一。

1857年12月3日, 康拉德出生在被俄国分割出去原属波兰的波多利地区, 他的父亲是位爱国 (波兰) 作家。很小的时候, 他在父亲的指导下阅读了大量法国、英国和波兰著名作家的作品, 这为他日后从事文学创作奠定了坚实的基础。在康拉德8岁和12岁时, 他的母亲和父亲分别因肺结核病去世, 后由舅舅抚养。1874年10月13日, 他前往法国马赛学习航海, 后在英国商船上担任水手、船长, 在海上生活达20年, 曾到过南美、非洲、东南亚等地, 这是他从事文学创作的素材源泉。1886年, 康拉德加入英国国籍。

1889年, 他开始文学创作, 一生共写了14部长篇小说、28篇短篇小说和两篇回忆录。他的作品根据题材可分为航海小说、丛林小说和社会政治小说。他的航海小说出色地传达了海洋上狂风暴雨的气氛, 以及水手们艰苦的航海生活和深刻细微的心理活动, 代表作有《水仙号上的黑家伙》(*The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'* (1897))、《台风》(*Typhoon* (1902))、《青春》(*Youth* (1902))、《阴影线》(*The Shadow Line* (1917))等。他的丛林小说大部分都是由一个叫马洛的人叙述的, 以《黑暗的心》(*Heart of Darkness* (1899))、《吉姆爷》(*Lord Jim* (1900))为代表, 探讨道德与人的灵魂问题, 包含着深刻的社会历史内容。他的社会政治小说《诺斯特罗莫》(*Nostromo* (1904))、《密探》(*The Secret Agent* (1907))、《罗曼亲王》(*Prince Roman* (1911))及《在西方的眼睛下》(*Under Western Eyes*



(1911))等,表现了他对殖民主义的憎恶。康拉德是英国现代小说的先行者之一,他的创作兼用现实主义和浪漫主义的手法,擅长细致入微的心理描写,行文流畅,有时略带嘲讽。他曾说他要用文字使读者听到、感觉到、更重要得是看到他所表达的东西。读者将因此而产生各种不同的感受:鼓舞、安慰、恐惧、陶醉等,还将看到真理之所在。康拉德把福楼拜和莫泊桑的现实主义手法引入英国小说,并从英国小说那里继承了探索道德问题的传统。他的散文也写得丰富多彩,给人以美的享受。

康拉德在英国文学史上有非常重要的地位,英国著名文学评论家里维斯在其论著《伟大的传统》中,把康拉德列为英国文学史上五大作家之一,著名哲学家罗素对他高度赞赏道:“强烈而热情的高贵风格照亮我的心,像从井底看到的明星一样。”近一个世纪以来,他的作品受到全世界一代又一代读者的喜爱,其中一些作品还被改编成电影、电视剧等。基于以上原因,我们决定编译康拉德系列作品中的代表作,其中包括《黑暗的心》(与《罗曼亲王》《青春》《台风》集结成一本书)、《吉姆爷》和《阴影线》,并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中,我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓,也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前,可以先阅读中文导读内容,这样有利于了解故事背景,从而加快阅读速度。我们相信,该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者,特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书是名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版系列丛书中的一种,编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试,无论是 SSAT、SAT 还是 TOEFL、GRE,要取得好的成绩,就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识,而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

本书的英文部分选自原著。原著有些词汇是老式的写法,现在的英汉词典大多已不再收录。为了忠实于原著,本次出版时以不修改为宜。望读者阅读时留意。

本书中文导读内容由纪飞编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工



前言

作的还有赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、王卉媛、陈起永、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋婷、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平、汪疆玮、乔暘等。限于我们的科学、人文素养及英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



CONTENTS

黑暗的心/

Heart of Darkness..... 1

罗曼亲王/

Prince Roman 101

青春/

Youth 126

台风/

Typhoon..... 163

黑暗的心

Heart of Darkness



—

巡航小艇“奈利号”(Nellie)停泊在泰晤士河入海口处，等待海水退潮后开船。泰晤士河的景色变幻壮丽，让船上的人联想到了这条河所见证的悠久历史，联想到那些伟大的探险家和他们划时代的伟大发现。然而水手马洛(Marlow)却向大家谈起更加古老的时代——罗马人刚刚到达泰晤士河附近的时代：那时候，泰晤士河也是“世界上的黑暗地带”之一，没有文明的光亮，有的只是蛮荒与神秘。黑暗原始的莽丛林沼、无处不在的死亡威胁，

以及野蛮人身上未驯的野性，这虽然会满足自文明世界而来的人们的探险欲望，却也会让他们无所适从、产生憎恶——这黑暗世界却又具有一种魔力，能够对人的精神产生强大的影响。马洛由罗马人对这片黑暗地带的武力征服，联想到了自己做内河水手时所经历的种种事情，于是开始向大家讲述他的经历。

马洛儿时曾非常向往未知的非洲大陆，那时非洲大陆在地图上还是一片空白。后来，欧洲开始了对非洲的殖民掠夺，在当时的宣传中，以暴力剥削为主要手段的殖民活动被美化为肩负开拓非洲、传播文明的神圣使命，迷惑着欧洲的普通民众。此时的马洛已成长为一个热衷于探险的青年，他被已绘出的非洲地图上逶迤伸展的刚果河迷住了，产生了强烈的向往之

情。于是，马洛拜托自己的姨妈帮他在刚果河流域找一份内河汽船船长的职务。马洛的姨妈认识一位颇有影响力的人物，成功通过人情关系为马洛谋得了这份差事。

那艘内河汽船属于一个在刚果河流域做生意的商行，马洛很清楚，这商行的根本目的自然是赚钱，而非所谓的传播文明。马洛乘坐一艘法国汽船去往自己任职的目的地，沿途所经所见使他越发感受到某种异样。闷热阴暗的陌生环境也经常让他嗅到死亡的气息。然而有一日，他见到了一些在小船上奋力划桨的黑人，被他们野性的活力所打动，感到一些安慰；但是，不久他却见到一艘抛锚的法国军舰向空无一人的岛上开炮，只因为他们认为有“敌人”住在岛上——他们将他曾看到的那些黑人当做“敌人”。马洛在刚果河河口附近上岸，在上游的荒野上看到了一队由铁项圈和铁链拴着、眼神木然的干瘦生番；又在树林中看到一些奄奄一息的黑人——他们在恶劣的工作环境中病倒，只能在这里等死。马洛无论如何也无法将这些痛苦的黑人视为“敌人”，他觉得自己仿佛看到了大屠杀或大瘟疫的场景，急忙离开。

马洛走到一个贸易站，遇到了公司的会计主任，并从会计主任口中听说了库尔茨（Kurts）先生。库尔茨先生是一位“第一流的公司代理商”，他为公司得到的象牙数量是所有其他代理商的总和，十分有望被欧洲的董事会提拔。第二天，马洛带着一个由 60 个黑人组成的运输队离开贸易站，他还需要走两百公里才能找到他任职的汽船。一路上由于与黑人们言语不通和路途艰苦而发生了一些波折，再加上四周环境的原始、神秘以及时常出现的死寂，让马洛觉得自己的精神几乎要出问题了。

当马洛终于抵达目的地中央贸易站时，竟然被告知，那艘内河汽船已经沉没了。马洛去见了中央贸易站的总经理（各贸易站的总负责人），得知了汽船沉没的缘由：那位“第一流的公司代理商”库尔茨生了病，他的贸易站处于危险状态，必须尽快派人去解围；因此汽船等不及马洛赶到便被紧急派遣出去，临时寻了另一位船长，结果船刚开出去不久便沉没了。马洛只得在接下来近三个月时间里，将那艘汽船打捞上来，修理好之后再前往库尔茨的贸易站处搭救。

马洛通过和一些代理商的交流以及对他们的观察，逐渐了解了公司的情况。很多人虽然有固定的职务，但只是挂着虚名，其实并不真正工作，

他们的时间都花在相互间勾心斗角上了——为了让自己能够被调动到有利可图的贸易点上去。库尔茨由于其雄辩的才能和优秀的业绩，有望被提拔为副经理，这引起了其他代理商的嫉妒。

那些代理商中有一位是总经理的心腹，他以为马洛很有来头（因为马洛的姨妈拜托了一位很有影响力的人物介绍马洛来此处），有意亲近马洛。马洛从他和总经理那里间接地了解到了更多关于库尔茨的情况：库尔茨是以传播文明的神圣使命被派来非洲的，一年前库尔茨还在中央贸易站时，经常宣扬博爱、科学和进步，将贸易站视为文明的灯塔，提醒大家要有宽广的胸怀和专注的目标。马洛对库尔茨产生了好奇，十分想知道库尔茨是否真的与其他以牟利为目标的代理商不同。马洛设想，库尔茨可能真的是怀着崇高的理想来到非洲，并全心全意为了自己信仰的事业而奉献的。他越发想和库尔茨会面了。

I

*T*he Nellie, a cruising yawl, swung to her anchor without a flutter of the sails, and was at rest. The flood had made, the wind was nearly calm, and being bound down the river, the only thing for it was to come to and wait for the turn of the tide.

The sea-reach of the Thames stretched before us like the beginning of an interminable waterway. In the offing the sea and the sky were welded together without a joint, and in the luminous space the tanned sails of the barges drifting up with the tide seemed to stand still in red clusters of canvas sharply peaked, with gleams of varnished sprits. A haze rested on the low shores that ran out to sea in vanishing flatness. The air was dark above Gravesend, and farther back still seemed condensed into a mournful gloom, brooding motionless over the biggest, and the greatest, town on earth.

The Director of Companies was our captain and our host. We four affectionately watched his back as he stood in the bows looking to seaward. On the whole river there was nothing that looked half so nautical. He resembled a pilot, which to a seaman is trustworthiness personified. It was difficult to



realize his work was not out there in the luminous estuary, but behind him, within the brooding gloom.

Between us there was, as I have already said somewhere, the bond of the sea. Besides holding our hearts together through long periods of separation, it had the effect of making us tolerant of each other's yarns—and even convictions. The Lawyer—the best of old fellows—had, because of his many years and many virtues, the only cushion on deck, and was lying on the only rug. The Accountant had brought out already a box of dominoes, and was toying architecturally with the bones. Marlow sat cross-legged right aft, leaning against the mizzen-mast. He had sunken cheeks, a yellow complexion, a straight back, an ascetic aspect, and, with his arms dropped, the palms of hands outwards, resembled an idol. The director, satisfied the anchor had good hold, made his way aft and sat down amongst us. We exchanged a few words lazily. Afterwards there was silence on board the yacht. For some reason or other we did not begin that game of dominoes. We felt meditative, and fit for nothing but placid staring. The day was ending in a serenity of still and exquisite brilliance. The water shone pacifically; the sky, without a speck, was a benign immensity of unstained light; the very mist on the Essex marsh was like a gauzy and radiant fabric, hung from the wooded rises inland, and draping the low shores in diaphanous folds. Only the gloom to the west, brooding over the upper reaches, became more sombre every minute, as if angered by the approach of the sun.

And at last, in its curved and imperceptible fall, the sun sank low, and from glowing white changed to a dull red without rays and without heat, as if about to go out suddenly, stricken to death by the touch of that gloom brooding over a crowd of men.

Forthwith a change came over the waters, and the serenity became less brilliant but more profound. The old river in its broad reach rested unruffled at the decline of day, after ages of good service done to the race that peopled its banks, spread out in the tranquil dignity of a waterway leading to the uttermost ends of the earth. We looked at the venerable stream not in the vivid flush of a

short day that comes and departs for ever, but in the august light of abiding memories. And indeed nothing is easier for a man who has, as the phrase goes, “followed the sea” with reverence and affection, that to evoke the great spirit of the past upon the lower reaches of the Thames. The tidal current runs to and fro in its unceasing service, crowded with memories of men and ships it had borne to the rest of home or to the battles of the sea. It had known and served all the men of whom the nation is proud, from Sir Francis Drake to Sir John Franklin, knights all, titled and untitled—the great knights-errant of the sea. It had borne all the ships whose names are like jewels flashing in the night of time, from the Golden Hind returning with her rotund flanks full of treasure, to be visited by the Queen’s Highness and thus pass out of the gigantic tale, to the Erebus and Terror, bound on other conquests—and that never returned. It had known the ships and the men. They had sailed from Deptford, from Greenwich, from Erith—the adventurers and the settlers; kings’ ships and the ships of men on Change; captains, admirals, the dark “interlopers” of the Eastern trade, and the commissioned “generals” of East India fleets. Hunters for gold or pursuers of fame, they all had gone out on that stream, bearing the sword, and often the torch, messengers of the might within the land, bearers of a spark from the sacred fire. What greatness had not floated on the ebb of that river into the mystery of an unknown earth!... The dreams of men, the seed of commonwealths, the germs of empires.

The sun set; the dusk fell on the stream, and lights began to appear along the shore. The Chapman light-house, a three-legged thing erect on a mud-flat, shone strongly. Lights of ships moved in the fairway—a great stir of lights going up and going down. And farther west on the upper reaches the place of the monstrous town was still marked ominously on the sky, a brooding gloom in sunshine, a lurid glare under the stars.

“And this also,” said Marlow suddenly, “has been one of the dark places of the earth.”

He was the only man of us who still “followed the sea.” The worst that could be said of him was that he did not represent his class. He was a seaman,

but he was a wanderer, too, while most seamen lead, if one may so express it, a sedentary life. Their minds are of the stay-at-home order, and their home is always with them—the ship; and so is their country—the sea. One ship is very much like another, and the sea is always the same. In the immutability of their surroundings, the foreign shores, the foreign faces, the changing immensity of life, glide past, veiled not by a sense of mystery but by a slightly disdainful ignorance; for there is nothing mysterious to a seaman unless it be the sea itself, which is the mistress of his existence and as inscrutable as Destiny. For the rest, after his hours of work, a casual stroll or a casual spree on shore suffices to unfold for him the secret of a whole continent, and generally he finds the secret not worth knowing. The yarns of seamen have a direct simplicity, the whole meaning of which lies within the shell of a cracked nut. But Marlow was not typical (if his propensity to spin yarns be excepted), and to him the meaning of an episode was not inside like a kernel but outside, enveloping the tale which brought it out only as a glow brings out a haze, in the likeness of one of these misty halos that sometimes are made visible by the spectral illumination of moonshine.

His remark did not seem at all surprising. It was just like Marlow. It was accepted in silence. No one took the trouble to grunt even; and presently he said, very slow—“I was thinking of very old times, when the Romans first came here, nineteen hundred years ago—the other day Light came out of this river since—you say Knights? Yes; but it is like a running blaze on a plain, like a flash of lightning in the clouds. We live in the flicker—may it last as long as the old earth keeps rolling! But darkness was here yesterday. Imagine the feelings of a commander of a fine—what d’ye call ‘em?—trireme in the Mediterranean, ordered suddenly to the north; run overland across the Gauls in a hurry; put in charge of one of these craft the legionaries—a wonderful lot of handy men they must have been, too—used to build, apparently by the hundred, in a month or two, if we may believe what we read. Imagine him here—the very end of the world, a sea the colour of lead, a sky the colour of smoke, a kind of ship about as rigid as a concertina—and going up this river with stores,

or orders, or what you like. Sand-banks, marshes, forests, savages,—precious little to eat fit for a civilized man, nothing but Thames water to drink. No Falernian wine here, no going ashore. Here and there a military camp lost in a wilderness, like a needle in a bundle of hay—cold, fog, tempests, disease, exile, and death—death skulking in the air, in the water, in the bush. They must have been dying like flies here. Oh, yes—he did it. Did it very well, too, no doubt, and without thinking much about it either, except afterwards to brag of what he had gone through in his time, perhaps. They were men enough to face the darkness. And perhaps he was cheered by keeping his eye on a chance of promotion to the fleet at Ravenna by and by, if he had good friends in Rome and survived the awful climate. Or think of a decent young citizen in a toga—perhaps too much dice, you know—coming out here in the train of some prefect, or tax-gatherer, or trader even, to mend his fortunes. Land in a swamp, march through the woods, and in some inland post feel the savagery, the utter savagery, had closed round him—all that mysterious life of the wilderness that stirs in the forest, in the jungles, in the hearts of wild men. There's no initiation either into such mysteries. He has to live in the midst of the incomprehensible, which is also detestable. And it has a fascination, too, that goes to work upon him. The fascination of the abomination—you know, imagine the growing regrets, the longing to escape, the powerless disgust, the surrender, the hate.”

He paused.

“Mind,” he began again, lifting one arm from the elbow, the palm of the hand outwards, so that, with his legs folded before him, he had the pose of a Buddha preaching in European clothes and without a lotus-flower—“Mind, none of us would feel exactly like this. What saves us is efficiency—the devotion to efficiency. But these chaps were not much account, really. They were no colonists; their administration was merely a squeeze, and nothing more, I suspect. They were conquerors, and for that you want only brute force—nothing to boast of, when you have it, since your strength is just an accident arising from the weakness of others. They grabbed what they could get for the sake of what was to be got. It was just robbery with violence,

aggravated murder on a great scale, and men going at it blind—as is very proper for those who tackle a darkness. The conquest of the earth, which mostly means the taking it away from those who have a different complexion or slightly flatter noses than ourselves, is not a pretty thing when you look into it too much. What redeems it is the idea only. An idea at the back of it; not a sentimental pretence but an idea; and an unselfish belief in the idea—something you can set up, and bow down before, and offer a sacrifice to....”

He broke off. Flames glided in the river, small green flames, red flames, white flames, pursuing, overtaking, joining, crossing each other—then separating slowly or hastily. The traffic of the great city went on in the deepening night upon the sleepless river. We looked on, waiting patiently—there was nothing else to do till the end of the flood; but it was only after a long silence, when he said, in a hesitating voice, “I suppose you fellows remember I did once turn fresh-water sailor for a bit,” that we knew we were fated, before the ebb began to run, to hear about one of Marlow’s inconclusive experiences.

“I don’t want to bother you much with what happened to me personally,” he began, showing in this remark the weakness of many tellers of tales who seem so often unaware of what their audience would like best to hear; “yet to understand the effect of it on me you ought to know how I got out there, what I saw, how I went up that river to the place where I first met the poor chap. It was the farthest point of navigation and the culminating point of my experience. It seemed somehow to throw a kind of light on everything about me—and into my thoughts. It was sombre enough, too—and pitiful—not extraordinary in any way—not very clear either. No, not very clear. And yet it seemed to throw a kind of light.

“I had then, as you remember, just returned to London after a lot of Indian Ocean, Pacific, China Seas—a regular dose of the East—six years or so, and I was loafing about, hindering you fellows in your work and invading your homes, just as though I had got a heavenly mission to civilize you. It was very

fine for a time, but after a bit I did get tired of resting. Then I began to look for a ship—I should think the hardest work on earth. But the ships wouldn't even look at me. And I got tired of that game, too.

“Now when I was a little chap I had a passion for maps. I would look for hours at South America, or Africa, or Australia, and lose myself in all the glories of exploration. At that time there were many blank spaces on the earth, and when I saw one that looked particularly inviting on a map (but they all look that), I would put my finger on it and say, ‘When I grow up I will go there.’ The North Pole was one of these places, I remember. Well, I haven't been there yet, and shall not try now. The glamour's off. Other places were scattered about the hemispheres. I have been in some of them, and... well, we won't talk about that. But there was one yet—the biggest, the most blank, so to speak—that I had a hankering after.

“True, by this time it was not a blank space any more. It had got filled since my boyhood with rivers and lakes and names. It had ceased to be a blank space of delightful mystery—a white patch for a boy to dream gloriously over. It had become a place of darkness. But there was in it one river especially, a mighty big river, that you could see on the map, resembling an immense snake uncoiled, with its head in the sea, its body at rest curving afar over a vast country, and its tail lost in the depths of the land. And as I looked at the map of it in a shop-window, it fascinated me as a snake would a bird—a silly little bird. Then I remembered there was a big concern, a Company for trade on that river. Dash it all! I thought to myself, they can't trade without using some kind of craft on that lot of fresh water—steamboats! Why shouldn't I try to get charge of one? I went on along Fleet Street, but could not shake off the idea. The snake had charmed me.

“You understand it was a Continental concern, that Trading society; but I have a lot of relations living on the Continent, because it's cheap and not so nasty as it looks, they say.

“I am sorry to own I began to worry them. This was already a fresh departure for me. I was not used to get things that way, you know. I always

went my own road and on my own legs where I had a mind to go. I wouldn't have believed it of myself; but, then—you see—I felt somehow I must get there by hook or by crook. So I worried them. The men said 'My dear fellow,' and did nothing. Then—would you believe it?—I tried the women. I, Charlie Marlow, set the women to work—to get a job. Heavens! Well, you see, the notion drove me. I had an aunt, a dear enthusiastic soul. She wrote: 'It will be delightful. I am ready to do anything, anything for you. It is a glorious idea. I know the wife of a very high personage in the Administration, and also a man who has lots of influence with,' etc. She was determined to make no end of fuss to get me appointed skipper of a river steamboat, if such was my fancy.

"I got my appointment—of course; and I got it very quick. It appears the Company had received news that one of their captains had been killed in a scuffle with the natives. This was my chance, and it made me the more anxious to go. It was only months and months afterwards, when I made the attempt to recover what was left of the body, that I heard the original quarrel arose from a misunderstanding about some hens. Yes, two black hens. Fresleven—that was the fellow's name, a Dane—thought himself wronged somehow in the bargain, so he went ashore and started to hammer the chief of the village with a stick. Oh, it didn't surprise me in the least to hear this, and at the same time to be told that Fresleven was the gentlest, quietest creature that ever walked on two legs. No doubt he was; but he had been a couple of years already out there engaged in the noble cause, you know, and he probably felt the need at last of asserting his self-respect in some way. Therefore he whacked the old nigger mercilessly, while a big crowd of his people watched him, thunderstruck, till some man—I was told the chief's son—in desperation at hearing the old chap yell, made a tentative jab with a spear at the white man—and of course it went quite easy between the shoulder-blades. Then the whole population cleared into the forest, expecting all kinds of calamities to happen, while, on the other hand, the steamer Fresleven commanded left also in a bad panic, in charge of the engineer, I believe. Afterwards nobody seemed to trouble much about Fresleven's remains, till I got out and stepped into his shoes. I couldn't let it