

易國物

Thomas Mayne Reid

The Quadroon

by Thomas Mayne Reid

易國物

95-721
102

203531

英語簡易讀物

THE QUADROON

by Thomas Mayne Reid

混血姑娘

湯·梅·雷德著

王衡註釋

(簡寫本)

時代出版社

1958年·北京

內 容 提 要

“混血姑娘”(The Quadroon)是英小說家湯·梅·雷德(Thomas Mayne Reid, 1818—1883)寫的小說,敘述一個同情黑人的英國青年和一個有四分之一黑人血統的女子戀愛的故事。小說也反映了美國南部黑人的痛苦生活、買賣奴隸的情況、各式各樣的人物和當地的風光。作者通過這一驚險的故事,表示了他對被壓迫的黑人的同情,這是值得稱許的;但是故事以女主人重新獲得神廟園而結束,可見作者並不真正反對奴隸制,他只是要求待他們不要太殘酷罷了。

作者生於愛爾蘭,1840到美國,熟悉美國的生活,他的生活經歷很豐富,曾經做過記者、商人、黑奴的監工、中學教員、軍人、演員、戲劇家和獵人等等,著作很多,最出名的除 The Quadroon (1856)外,還有 The Rifle Rangers (1850), The Scalp Hunters (1851), The Boy Hunters (1852)等書。

這個簡寫本是蘇聯中學學生學習英語的課外讀物,文字淺易流暢,現翻印出版,並詳加漢語註釋,供大學英語專業二年級學生和程度相當的自修英語的讀者閱讀。書后附有詞彙表,用漢語註釋,並加國際音標註音。

時 代 出 版 社 出 版

北京市書刊出版業營業許可證出字第45號

(北京東總布胡同10號)

新 華 書 店 發 行

北京五十年代印刷厂印刷

宣武區社會福利裝訂厂裝訂

1958年10月北京初版

1958年10月第1次印刷

開本: 787×1092 1/32 印張: 7 2/16 字數: 207 千字

1—2,500冊 定價(10) 0.90元

CONTENTS

	Page
1. Six Months in New Orleans.....	3
2. The "Beauty of the West".....	5
3. A New Fellow-passenger.....	7
4. The Steward.....	9
5. The Starting.....	11
6. Eugene Besancon.....	12
7. Getting up Steam.....	13
8. A Boat Race on the Mississippi.....	18
9. The Life-Belt.....	20
10. Where am I?.....	26
11. Old Zip.....	28
12. Dominique Gayarre.....	33
13. Aurore.....	34
14. The Creole and the Quadroon.....	36
15. A Louisiana Landscape.....	38
16. My Diary.....	42
17. An Unexpected Removal.....	46
18. Decision.....	51
19. A Surprise.....	52
20. A Rival.....	55
21. An Hour of Happiness.....	59
22. Torture.....	61
23. Gayarre and the Overseer.....	67
24. She Loves You!.....	68
25. Thoughts.....	70
26. A Dream.....	72
27. Bitten by a Snake.....	72

28. The Runaway.....	74
29. Gabriel.....	78
30. The Snake Doctor.....	80
31. Charming the Rattlesnake.....	83
32. The Tree-Cave.....	90
33. The Letter.....	97
34. The City.....	100
35. Important Sale of Negroes.....	101
36. Eugene D'Hauterville.....	103
37. Confessions.....	105
38. The Rotunda.....	108
39. The Slave-Market.....	110
40. The Bidding.....	113
41. The Carriage.....	119
42. To Bringiers.....	120
43. Back Again.....	122
44. The Thicket.....	125
45. The Escape.....	128
46. The Lost Horses.....	130
47. A Night in the Woods.....	132
48. The Signal.....	135
49. The Blood-Hounds.....	138
50. The Man-Hunter.....	139
51. Shot for Shot.....	140
52. Love in the Hour of Danger.....	142
53. A Terrible Fate.....	144
54. Judge Lynch.....	146
55. In the Hands of the Sheriff.....	148
56. The Crisis.....	149
Notes.....	156
Vocabulary.....	200



1 SIX MONTHS IN NEW ORLEANS.¹

Just from college I was not happy at home, I wanted to travel. I wanted to see the world known to me only from books. My dreams came true.² I left my native land³ and started on a voyage across the Atlantic to the New World.⁴ I was young and my mind was full of noble ideas. I wanted liberty and love. I wanted romance⁵ and I soon found it under the smiling skies of Louisiana.⁶

In the month of January 18—I arrived in New Orleans. An hour after my arrival, I was already walking about the streets of the city. I was staring with interest at the new scenes around me. But soon my thoughts turned to other things.

As I walked about the streets of this city I began to understand my own uselessness. I had been one of the best pupils in college. But could I use the dry knowledge I had received?

I had been taught the classic languages⁷ and logic. Now, in real life, they seemed useless to me. I had thought that I was an educated man, but now I understood that I really knew nothing.

The first six months I spent in New Orleans were a good school for me. I learned more of life than I had learned during many years of study at college. By the end of those six months I had very little money. After paying for my room I had only twenty-five dollars left in my pocket. I had to write home⁸ for more money and wait for an answer. This would take many weeks, because there were no Atlantic steamers at that time.

I wanted to find a job, but my classic education⁹ had not prepared me for any kind of useful work. Friendless, and troubled about my future, I walked about the streets.¹⁰ It was the middle of June. The weather was hot and becoming hotter every day. In a week or two the season would begin when tropical malaria was usually raging in the city. The fear of that illness was driving people out of New Orleans to the North. I was no braver than the others,¹¹ so it seemed to me that I, too, had better¹² go away.

St. Louis¹³ seemed to be the best place and I thought

I would go there. I had enough money for the passage, though I did not know how I would live afterwards. I packed up my luggage and stepped aboard the "Beauty of the West,"¹⁴ the steamer in which I was going to make my trip to St. Louis.

2 THE "BEAUTY OF THE WEST."

I came to the steamboat two hours early. I spent this time looking over the ship. It looked like a two-storey house about two hundred feet long. It was built of wood and painted white. There was a row of windows along the upper storey and two tall funnels rose in the centre.¹ The machinery was on the deck and the boilers were very large, because the steam which made the ship move was produced by burning logs of wood.² Most of the goods were also placed on the deck. There were all kinds of bags, boxes and barrels.

The saloon for passengers was a large long room filled with rich furniture³—fine tables, sofas, chairs and armchairs. The walls and the large door were richly ornamented.

From the saloon I went to the deck. This was the favourite place with the passengers⁴ during the trip. There was a number of chairs⁵ on the deck, where passengers sat talking and watching the river. I sat down in one of the chairs and decided to watch the busy life of the landingplace.⁶

It was particularly lively at two points of the landing:⁷ near our steamboat and near another large boat, the "Magnolia."⁸ She⁹ was also ready to sail.¹⁰ Passengers were hurrying to the "Magnolia," fearing to be late. Everything showed that the ship was about to start.¹¹ The same lively activity could be observed on our "Beauty of the West."¹² The boats were so close that their sailors could shout to each other. From what they said and from the tone of their remarks I understood that the "Magnolia" and "Beauty of the West" were "rival boats." I soon learned that the two boats would start at the same time, and that a "race" was expected.¹³

I had heard that the best boats often had races. The "Beauty of the West" and her rival both were commanded by well-known and popular river captains. Naturally they were also rivals. So were the sailors¹⁴ of the two boats. As for the owners of the ships, they thought only of their profit.

The boat that won in one of these races, became fashionable with the public.¹⁵

There were always many people who wanted to make a voyage on such a popular boat.

I soon discovered that the passengers were also eager for the race. Some of them looked forward to¹⁶ the excitement, while others were betting on the result.¹⁷

"The 'Beauty' is sure to win!" cried a fellow at my shoulder.¹⁸

"I'll bet twenty dollars on the 'Beauty'!"¹⁹

"Will you bet, stranger?"

"No," I replied angrily.

He then turned to someone else:

"Twenty dollars that the 'Beauty' wins the race. Twenty dollars on the 'Beauty'!"

My thoughts were not very pleasant. It was my first trip on an American steamboat, and I had heard that these races often ended unhappily.²⁰ I remembered all the stories of "boiler explosions,"²¹ and I knew that these stories were true. Many of the passengers felt the same way about it.²² Some of them wanted to ask the captain to cancel the race. I decided to speak to the captain and, leaving my seat, walked in his direction.²³

3 A NEW FELLOW-PASSENGER

Before I had reached the captain, I saw a carriage driving up to the landing-place. It was occupied by a young, richly-dressed lady.¹

The carriage stopped in the centre of the landing-place and I saw the lady talking to one of the sailors, who then pointed to our captain. The captain stepped up to the side of the carriage and bowed to the lady. I heard every word.

"Sir! Are you the captain of the 'Beauty of the West'?"

"Yes, madam,"² was the reply.

"May I go by your boat?"

"I shall be most happy, madam. There is still one unoccupied cabin on the boat."

"Never mind!" the lady said. "I don't need any. You will reach my plantation before midnight and I shall not have to sleep on board."

The captain evidently impressed by the words 'my plantation,' asked where the lady wanted to land.

"At Bringiers,"³ she replied. "Captain," the lady continued, "I have one condition."

"Name it,"⁴ madam."

"It is said⁵ that you will have a race with the 'Magnolia.' In that case I cannot be your passenger."⁶

The captain looked upset.

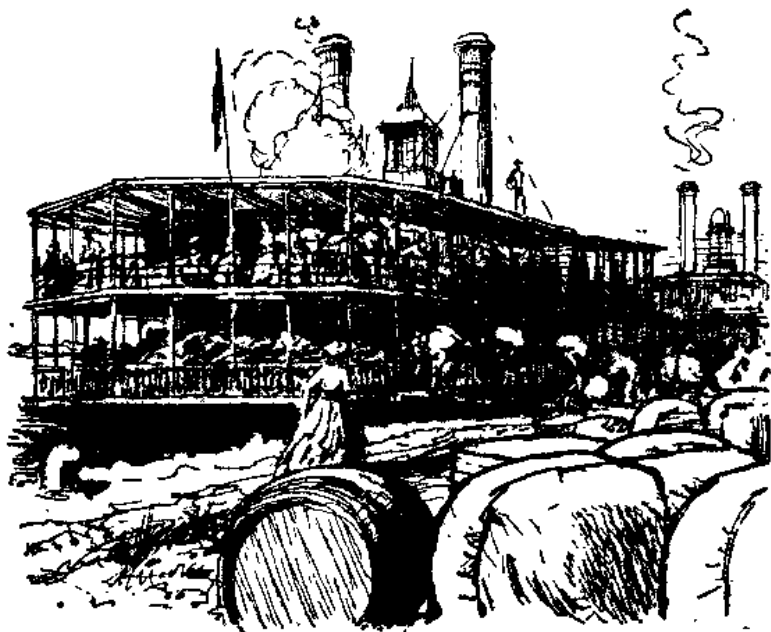
"You know," she continued, last year I had a narrow escape,⁷ and I don't want to risk my life a second time."

"Madam —" the captain began and became silent.

"Oh, then!" exclaimed the lady, "if you cannot decide, I must wait for some other boat."

The captain hung his head.⁸ He was thinking hard. On the one hand, he wanted to have the race. On the other,⁹ he did not want to turn the lady away.¹⁰ She was the owner of a plantation and might wish to send goods down with his river boat.¹¹ At last the captain said:

"I agree to your condition, madam. The boat shall not race. I promise you that."



"Thank you, captain."

She jumped down from the carriage, gave her arm to the captain¹² and he led her politely to her cabin.

4 THE STEWARD

The lady aroused my curiosity. She was a "Creole."¹ I had met very few people of that kind and wanted to know more about them. I knew they did not like Englishmen and Americans, whom they looked upon as invaders.² I was also struck with the fact³ that the lady had looked at me with great attention. I thought it was simple curiosity, and no more. The colour of my skin



and eyes, and my clothes, told her I was a stranger in that land. I wanted to know the name of this woman. Her steward, I thought, could help me in this. He was a tall, grey-haired Frenchman. I came up to⁴ him and asked him a few questions. But his answers were short.

"Sir, who is your mistress?" I said.

"A lady," was the answer.

"True. Any one may tell that if he looks at her. I should like to know her name."

"You have no business to know it."⁵

"Is it so important to keep it secret?"

The man made no answer⁶ and turned away. I tried to find out the lady's name from the carriage-driver, but he, too, would not tell me.

However, I soon learned her name. I had returned to the boat and had again sat down on the deck to watch the sailors, who were carrying the lady's luggage: a great number of⁷ barrels, bags of coffee and many dried hams.

⁷³⁰ "Provisions for her plantation," I thought. Just then some boxes were carried on board the steamer.⁸

"That is her personal luggage," I thought, and suddenly I saw some letters written on one of the boxes. I jumped from my seat, and, looking carefully at the letters, I read—

*"Eugénie Besançon."*⁹

5 THE STARTING

The last bell rang and the large wheels of the ship began to turn.¹ The boat moved slowly from the landing-place into the middle of the river. As soon as we had started, I came out on deck to look at the scenery. The last houses of the city were soon passed. Their roofs disappeared slowly behind the horizon.² The ship moved on between the picturesque shores of the Mississippi.³

The river was here about half a mile wide. Its water was of a yellow colour. Dark forests appeared on the line of the horizon. Between those far-away forests

and the river banks lay fields of sugar-cane, tobacco and cotton.⁴ Black slaves were at work in the fields. For a moment or two the scenery looked black. What is the good of all this beauty, if it is all the sweat of slaves!⁵

There was the planter's beautiful house away in the distance,⁶ with its cool gardens and white fences. And alongside were the small cabins of the Negroslaves. I saw them toiling in the field in their bright cotton dresses. Huge mule-carts were returning slowly from the fields along the banks.

All was the sweat of slaves, millions of them. A painful thought!⁷ The scene had lost its brightness.

6 EUGENIE BESANÇON

The thought of Eugenie Besançon had escaped my mind. But it returned to me at the sight of¹ several Creole girls working in the field.

I left the deck and went to the saloon to look at her. There were several ladies there, but she was not among them. I sat down and began to study my fellow-passengers.² There were all kinds of people on board.³ Some were rich New Orleans merchants with their wives and daughters. Others were cotton-planters going home. There were Creoles with their families, boatmen and clerks. Also there were several richly-dressed gentlemen at the card-table.⁴ These were professional gamblers.⁵ Among them I saw the man who had so loudly called

to me to bet on the boat-race. He had passed me several times, looking at me with suspicion. Eugenie Besancon's steward was also in the saloon.

I was eager to see his mistress, the young Creole woman. My wish soon came true. I saw her at last. She had come out of her cabin. She was without a hat and her rich golden hair was prettily arranged.⁶

She had a cheerful air about her, yet I felt that there was firmness of character behind her gaiety.⁷ Her beauty was striking. It seemed that the young Creole⁸ knew some of her fellow-passengers. She talked with them in an easy manner.⁹ It gave me pleasure to look at her, but my thoughts were sad. In an hour it would be night, and she must land during the night. I should never see her again!

She dropped into a chair and sat looking round the room. Suddenly her glance fell upon me.¹⁰ What a strange look it was! I could not understand those burning eyes. She suddenly turned her head away. Then she rose, walked to the door and disappeared. It upset me, and I wanted to see her again. With a sad heart I went from the saloon to the deck.

7 GETTING UP STEAM¹

The sun was going down behind the dark forest on the horizon, and a yellow light fell on the river. Standing by the ship's rail, I looked upon the beauty of the scene.

Suddenly I caught sight of² a large boat down the river.³ It was the "Magnolia," fast gaining on us.⁴ At this moment a loud noise reached my ears. Men and women shouted and talked excitedly, and there was the sound of feet hurrying up and down the wooden deck. I guessed that the reason for the excitement was the approach of the rival boat.

Up to this time⁵ nobody had thought of the boat-race. The sailors and the passengers had found out that the captain did not want the race. Everybody had forgotten about it. But the appearance of the rival boat produced a sudden change. All the passengers sitting in the chairs jumped to their feet⁶ and ran to the stern of the boat.

From my position on the deck I could see the rival boat very well. Our captain was surrounded by a crowd of men-passengers. They were trying to persuade him to get up steam. The captain, evidently wishing to escape from them, walked from place to place.⁷ It was of no use. Wherever he went, he was met or followed by a group of people,⁸ all with the same request.

"Well, captain!" cried one, "If the 'Beauty' doesn't race, I am sure she will never be a popular boat again".

"You're right!" added another. "As for me, I shall make my next trip on the 'Magnolia'!"

"The 'Magnolia' is a fast boat," said a third.

As the rival boat gained on us, the excitement