

"My master!

And who made him my master?

I'm a man as much as he is.

I'm a better man than he is.

I know more about business than he does.

I am a better manager than he is.

I can read and write

better than he can.

*And I've learned it all myself,
and no thanks to him."*



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АЙРИС ПРЕСС

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE UNCLE TOM'S CABIN



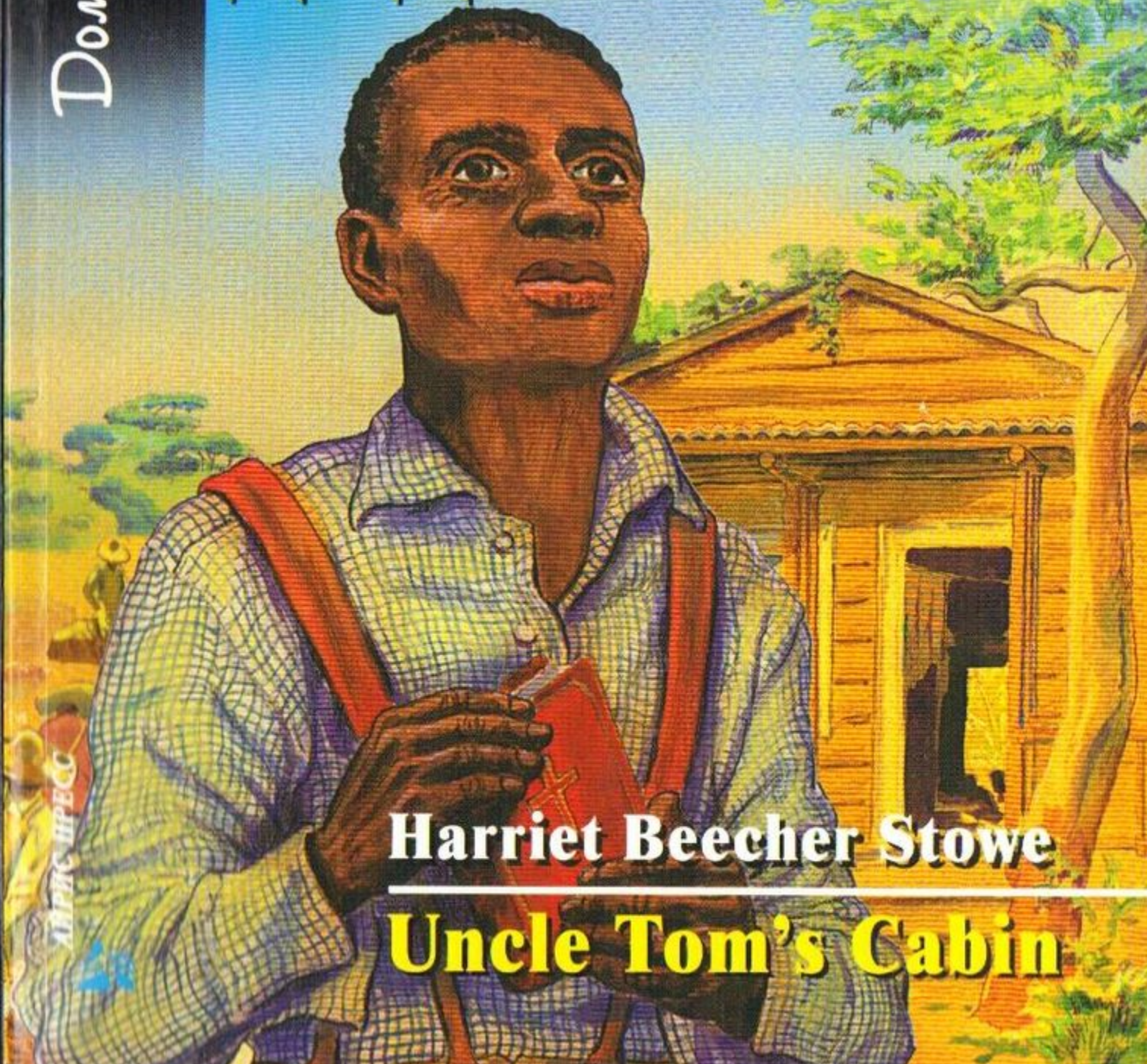
АНГЛИЙСКИЙ клуб

Домашнее чтение

Intermediate

Гарриет Бичер-Стоу

Хижина дяди Тома



Harriet Beecher Stowe

Uncle Tom's Cabin

Intermediate



АНГЛИЙСКИЙ клуб

Домашнее чтение

Гарриет Бичер-Стоу

**Хижина
дяди Тома**

*Адаптация текста, предисловие,
комментарий, упражнения, словарь
Е.В. Узаровой*



Москва

АЙРИС ПРЕСС

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Серия «Английский клуб» включает книги и учебные пособия, рассчитанные на пять этапов изучения английского языка: Elementary (для начинающих), Pre-Intermediate (для продолжающих первого уровня), Intermediate (для продолжающих второго уровня), Upper Intermediate (для продолжающих третьего уровня) и Advanced (для совершенствующихся).

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В книге представлена адаптация известного романа американской писательницы Гарриет Бичер-Стоу (1811–1896) «Хижина дяди Тома» о трагической судьбе американских негров-рабов. В центре романа — история доброго, работающего, мужественного человека — невольника дяди Тома, который отстоял свою честь и достоинство ценой собственной жизни.

В пособии текст романа адаптирован в учебных целях до уровня Intermediate. Каждая глава сопровождается комментарием и переводом трудных слов и выражений, а также упражнениями, направленными на проверку понимания текста, отработку лексики и грамматических правил, развитие устной речи. В конце пособия помещён англо-русский словарь.

Книга адресована учащимся 10–11 классов школ, лицеев и гимназий.

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Дорогие друзья!

Мы предлагаем вам роман американской писательницы, поборницы освобождения негров от рабства, Гарриет Бичер-Стоу (1811–1896) под названием «Хижина дяди Тома», который в свое время всколыхнул всю Америку и вызвал волну сочувствия в других странах. Писательница пошла по стопам отца — пастора, который неоднократно скрывал у себя беглых негров. Литературным творчеством Бичер-Стоу занималась всю жизнь. Она написала ряд повестей, в основном, для детей, но славу принес ей роман «Хижина дяди Тома». Он был напечатан в 1852 году — в тот период, когда борьба против рабовладения в Америке стояла в центре внимания общества и позже привела к гражданской войне Севера против рабовладельческого Юга. С тех пор прошло уже полтора столетия, а «Хижина дяди Тома» живет. Люди разных поколений, читая роман, не могут остаться равнодушными к страданиям мужественного дяди Тома, с беспокойством следят за перипетиями побега смелой Элизы, сочувствуют борьбе за свободу Джорджа Харриса, восхищаются изобретательностью гордой Кэсси, ненавидят жестокого плантатора Легри.

Для того чтобы чтение этой книги было для вас не только интересным, но и полезным, внимательно изучайте разъяснения понятий, характерных для той эпохи, помещенные после каждой главы. Там же приводится перевод редких слов и трудных фраз. У вас также есть возможность найти значение многих новых слов в словарице, который находится в конце книги. Упражнения помогут вам выучить новые английские слова и выражения и научиться правильно употреблять их в речи.

Желаем успеха!



CHAPTER 1

Late in the afternoon of a chilly day in February, two gentlemen were sitting alone over their wine, in a dining-room, in the town of P—, in **Kentucky**. There were no servants present, and the gentlemen seemed to be discussing some important subject.

One of the men, **strictly speaking**, couldn't be called a gentleman. He was a short man, with coarse, commonplace features, and **with that swaggering manner which shows a low man who is trying to elbow his way up-**

ward in the world. He was dressed in a vest of many colours, and a blue neckerchief with yellow spots. His hands were large and coarse, with many rings on his fingers; and he wore a heavy gold watch-chain.

His companion, Mr. Shelby, had the appearance of a gentleman. The two men were sitting in his house. As we said before, they were in the middle of an important conversation.

"That is the way I should arrange this matter," said Mr. Shelby.

"I can't do it that way — I positively can't, Mr. Shelby," said the other man, holding up a glass of wine between his eyes and the light.

"Why? The fact is, Haley, Tom is an uncommon fellow. He's certainly worth that money," said Mr. Shelby. "He is a good, honest fellow. He manages my whole farm like a clock. **I trust him with everything I have**, — money, house, horses. I let him come and go round the country. Last winter I let him go to Cincinnati alone, to do business for me, and bring home five hundred dollars. Tom comes back, sure enough. I knew he would. Some fellows, they say, said to him — 'Tom, why don't you run away to Canada?' 'Ah, Master trusted me, and I couldn't,' — they told me about it. I am sorry to part with Tom, I must say. **You should let him cover the whole debt, Haley, if you had any conscience.**"

"Well, I've got just as much conscience as any man in business can afford to keep — just a little," said the slave trader. "You know, I'm always ready to help my friends. But this time you ask too much."

The trader poured out some more brandy.

"Well, then, Haley, what do you want?" said Mr. Shelby, after a long period of silence.

"Well, haven't you a boy or a girl that you could **throw in with Tom?**"

"Hum! None that I don't need myself. To tell the truth, only hard necessity makes me sell at all. I don't like parting with any of my workers. That's a fact."

At that moment the door opened, and a small **quad-room** boy, four or five years old, entered the room. There was something in his appearance remarkably beautiful. His black hair, fine as silk, hung in curls about his round face. A pair of large dark eyes, full of fire and softness, looked out from under the rich, long lashes.

"Ah, come here, **Jim Crow,**" said Mr. Shelby.

The child came up, and the master patted the curly head.

"Show this gentleman how you can dance and sing," said Mr. Shelby.

The boy began singing one of negro songs in a clear voice, accompanying his singing with comic movements of the hands, feet, and whole body, **all in perfect time to the music.**

"Bravo!" said Haley, throwing him a piece of an orange.

"Now, Jim, walk like old Uncle Cudjoe, when he has the rheumatism," said his master.

At once the child's back humped up. He took his master's stick and began walking around the room, imitating an old sick man.

Both gentlemen laughed.

"Bravo! What a young one!" said Haley. "Tell you what, give me the boy, and I'll settle the business."

At this moment, the door was pushed gently open, and a young quadroon woman, about twenty-five, entered the room. It was clear that she was the boy's mother. She had the same beautiful dark eyes with long lashes,

the same silky black hair. **The dress set off to advantage her fine body.**

The slave trader looked at the young woman in admiration.

"Well, Eliza?" asked her master, as she stopped.

"I was looking for Harry, sir," she said.

"Well, take him away then," said Mr. Shelby.

The woman left the room, carrying the child on her arm.

"There's a girl," said the trader, turning to him in admiration, "You might **make a fortune** on that one girl in Orleans, any day."

"I don't want to make a fortune on her," said Mr. Shelby, dryly.

He opened a bottle of fresh wine, and asked his companion's opinion of it.

"Excellent, sir!" said the trader.

He turned and slapped his hand on Shelby's shoulder, and said:

"Come, what will you take for the girl?"

"Mr. Haley, I can't sell her," said Shelby. "My wife would not part with her for her weight in gold."

"Ay, ay! Women always say such things. Just show them how many watches, dresses, ear-rings you can buy with that gold."

"I say no, Haley, and I mean no," said Shelby, decidedly.

"Well, will you let me have the boy, then?" asked the trader.

"**What on earth can you want with the child?**" said Shelby.

"Why, I've got a friend that's going into this business — wants to buy handsome boys to raise for the market. He wants to sell them as waiters and doormen, and

so on, to rich people, which can pay for handsome ones. **It sets off the place** — a real handsome boy to open door, and wait at table. This funny little devil is **just the article!**"

"I'd rather not sell him," said Mr. Shelby, thoughtfully. "I hate to take the boy from his mother, sir."

"O, you do? I understand, perfectly. It is unpleasant getting on with women, sometimes. I always hate these tears and screams. They are very unpleasant," said Haley. "But, as I manage business, I generally avoid them, sir. When a girl starts screaming like mad all the time, it only damages the article. I knew a really pretty girl one, in **Orleans**. The fellow who bought her didn't want her baby. I tell you, she squeezed her child in her arms, and talked, and cried. Then they carried off the child, and locked her. She just went mad, and died in a week. Bad management — that's what it is."

Mr. Shelby did not know what to say, and so he said, "Indeed!"

"It's strange," said the slave trader, "but I never could beat this into people's heads. Now, there was Tom Loker, my old partner, down in **Natchez**. He was a clever fellow, only the very devil with niggers. It was **on principle**, you see. It was his system, sir. I used to talk to Tom. 'Why, Tom,' I used to say, 'when your girls cry, what's the use of shouting and whipping them? It's ridiculous, and it's bad for your girls. Sometimes they get ugly. Why can't you speak to them kindly? It goes better and it pays better,' I say. But Tom couldn't do it, and he spoiled so many for me, that I had to break off with him, though he was a good fellow."

"And do you find your ways of managing do the business better than Tom's?" said Mr. Shelby.

"Yes. You see, when I can, I take care of the unpleasant parts, like selling children. Get the girl out of

the way. When it's done, and can't be helped, they naturally get used to it," went on the trader. "You, Kentucky people, spoil your niggers. You mean well, but it's not real kindness. Now, a nigger, you see, can be sold to a man who won't be kind to him. **And life would come much harder on him**. I think, Mr. Shelby, that I treat niggers just about as well as it's right to treat them."

"It's a happy thing to be satisfied," said Mr. Shelby.

"Well," said Haley, after a while. "What do you say?"

"I'll think the matter over, and talk with my wife," said Mr. Shelby. "Come this evening, between six and seven, and you'll have my answer."

"Of courses," said the slave trader.

He put on his coat and left.

Helpful Words & Notes

Kentucky — Кентукки; самый северный из рабовладельческих, южных штатов

strictly speaking — строго говоря

with that swaggering manner which shows a low man who is trying to elbow his way upward in the world — с такой развязной манерой поведения, которая выдает человека из низов, старающегося во что бы то ни стало пролезть в высшие круги общества

I trust him with everything I have — Я могу доверить ему всё, чем владею

You should let him cover the whole debt, Haley, if you had any conscience. — Вам следовало взять его в уплату всего моего долга, если бы у вас была хоть капля совести.

throw in with Tom — дать впридачу к Тому
quadroon — квартерон; человек, родившийся у мулатки и белого; имеющий четверть негритянской крови
Jim Crow — Джим Кроу; персонаж популярной пародийной песенки, которую исполняли белые музыканты, загримированные под негров; позже в южных штатах были приняты так называемые законы Джи-ма Кроу — законы о расовой сегрегации
all in perfect time to the music — идеально соблюдая музыкальный ритм
The dress set off to advantage her fine figure. — Платье выгодно подчеркивало ее прекрасную фигуру.
What on earth can you want with the child? — Зачем, скажите на милость, вам понадобился этот ребенок?
It sets off the place — Это украшает дом
just the article — товар что надо
Orleans = New Orleans — Новый Орлеан; город в штате Луизиана
Natchez — Натчез; город на реке Миссисипи
on principle — из принципа
And life would come much harder on him. — Потом ему будет гораздо тяжелее.

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

- 1) Where did the meeting of the two gentlemen take place?
- 2) Who was Mr. Haley?
- 3) Why did he come to see Mr. Shelby?

- 4) What was Shelby's opinion about Tom?
- 5) Why did the slave trader ask Shelby to include Harry in the agreement?
- 6) Why did Shelby refuse to sell Eliza?
- 7) Why did he ask the trader to come for an answer in the evening?

2. Fill in the names.

- 1) _____ was wearing a blue neckerchief with yellow spots and a heavy gold chain.
- 2) _____ was a small quadroon boy with black curls around his face.
- 3) _____ was Haley's ex-partner.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the words from the box.

fortune conscience articles weight

- 1) Shelby knew that his wife wouldn't part with Eliza for her _____ in gold.
- 2) The slave trader thought that whipping could damage the _____.
- 3) Haley was sure he could afford just a little _____ in his business.
- 4) Haley thought that Shelby could make a _____ on Eliza.

2. Fill in prepositions if necessary.

- 1) "He manages _____ my whole farm like a clock."
- 2) "I let him come and go _____ the country."

3) "You, Kentucky people, spoil _____ your niggers."

4) "I'll think the matter _____ and talk to my wife."

Discussing the Text

1. Describe the conversation between Haley and Shelby.

2. Talk about Haley.

1) Describe his appearance. Prove that he didn't look a gentleman. Imagine Mr. Shelby and describe him.

2) Buying and selling slaves was Haley's business. Say how he tried to avoid unpleasant moments. Haley didn't like Loker's system. Why? Was he better than his ex-partner? Give your opinion.

CHAPTER 2

Mr. Shelby was an average kind of man, good-natured and kindly. He was always kind to his slaves, but that was only because it made him feel more comfortable to be kind. He now was, however, in very great need of money. **He had speculated a lot and had fallen in debt to a coarse slave trader named Haley.** And this small piece of information is the key to the conversation in the dining-room.

"How I'd like to kick this fellow down the steps," said Mr. Shelby to himself, as he saw the door closed. **"How can I sell Tom down south to one of those terrible plantations?** And now it must come. And Eliza's child, too! I know that I shall have some problems with

wife about that. And, **for that matter,** about Tom, too. **So much for being in debt. Haley sees his advantage, and means to push it.**"

Now, it had so happened that, approaching the door, Eliza had heard enough of the conversation to know that a trader was making offers to her master for somebody. She wanted to stop at the door to listen, but her mistress called her, and she went away. Still she thought she heard the trader make an offer for her boy. Could she be mistaken?

"Eliza, girl, what's wrong with you today?" asked her mistress, when Eliza had upset the pitcher with water and was abstractedly offering her mistress a long nightgown instead of the silk dress she had ordered her to bring from the wardrobe.

"O, missis!" said Eliza, raising her eyes.

Then she burst into tears. "There was a trader talking with master. I heard him."

"Well, silly child, perhaps there was."

"O, missis, would master sell my Harry?"

And the poor girl threw herself into a chair, and sobbed.

"Sell him! No, you foolish girl! You know your master never means to sell any of his servants, as long as they behave well. Why, you silly child, who do you think would want to buy your Harry? Come, cheer up, and help me with my dress. And don't go listening at doors anymore."

"Well, but, missis, you would never agree to — to —"

"Nonsense, child! I would as soon have one of my own children sold. But really, Eliza, you are getting too proud of that little fellow. A man can't put his nose into the door, but you think he must be coming to buy him."

Eliza laughed at her own fears.

Mrs. Shelby was a woman of high class, both intellectually and morally. She was a kind-hearted, good woman, who watched over her servants, and taught them, and nursed them when they were sick. And they, in their turn, always went to her with their joys and troubles just like children to their mother.

Her husband respected her opinion, though he never took any part in her efforts himself. So he felt sure, after his conversation with the trader, that his wife would be very sorry if he sold Tom. He also knew that she would feel even worse about letting a little child be sold away from its mother.

Mrs. Shelby knew nothing about her husband's problems. So she quite sincerely believed that Eliza's suspicions were wrong. In fact, she stopped thinking about them at once. And as she had to prepare an evening visit, that matter passed out of her thoughts.

Eliza had been brought up by her mistress, from childhood, as her favorite. She was married to a bright and talented young **mulatto** man named George Harris from a neighbouring plantation.

This young man had been hired out by his master to work in a bagging factory. He had invented a machine for cleaning hemp, showing real mechanical genius. He was a handsome person with pleasant manners, and was a general favorite in the factory. Nevertheless, this young man was **in the eye of the law** not a man, but a thing, and his success meant nothing for his vulgar and narrow-minded master. He learned about George's invention and came to the factory to see that machine. Mr. Wilson, the owner of the factory, received him with great enthusiasm. George showed his machine to the master. He talked so fluently and looked so handsome, that his mas-

ter felt jealous. Why should his slave be marching round the country, inventing machines, and holding up his head among gentlemen? He would soon put an end to it. He would take him back, and **put him to hoeing and digging.**

Mr. Wilson and all the workers were amazed when Mr. Harris suddenly said he was taking George home to work on the farm.

"But, Mr. Harris," protested the manufacturer, "isn't this rather sudden?"

"What if it is? Isn't the man mine?"

"We are ready, sir, to increase his wages."

"That's not the matter, sir. I don't need to hire any of my workers out, unless I decide to do it."

"But, sir, he's very good at this business."

"Perhaps he is. He was never much good at anything that I ordered him to do."

"But only think that he's the inventor of this machine," said one of the workers, rather unluckily.

"O yes! A machine to do less work, is it? I'm not surprised at all that he's invented it. Let a nigger alone for that, any time. They are all such machines themselves, every one of them. No, he'll go back!"

George said nothing, but **he breathed short, and his large dark eyes flashed like live coals.** He felt a whole volcano of bitter feelings inside. Before he did something silly, the kindly manufacturer touched him on the arm, and said, in a low voice.

"Don't do it, George. Go with him. We'll try to help you."

George's master suspected something, though he couldn't hear what was said. He decided to keep the power over the young man **at any cost.**

George went home with his master. The young man said nothing that showed his deep disrespect to him,

but it was clear to everyone, who saw him then, that he couldn't become a thing.

It was during the happy period of work in the factory that George had seen and married his wife. Mrs. Shelby approved of their marriage. They were even married in her sitting-room. For a year or two Eliza often saw her husband, and there was nothing to interrupt their happiness, except the loss of two babies. After the birth of little Harry, her life became happy again. Eliza was a happy woman up to the time that her husband was taken to the plantation.

Helpful Words & Notes

He had speculated a lot and had fallen in debt to a coarse slave trader named Haley. — Он много играл на бирже и задолжал грубому работорговцу по фамилии Хейли.

down south — на юг (В южных штатах, расположенных по нижнему течению реки Миссисипи, рабы трудились на хлопковых плантациях, и там условия их жизни были ужасными.)

for that matter — коли на то пошло

So much for being in debt. Haley sees his advantage, and means to push it. — Вот что значит влезть в долги. Хейли знает, что я у него в руках, и хочет меня прижать.

Mrs. Shelby was a woman of high class, both intellectually and morally. — Миссис Шелби была женщина незаурядная, наделенная большим умом и сердцем.

mulatto — мулат; человек, одним из родителей которого был негр

This young man had been hired out by his master to work in a bagging factory. — Хозяин отдал молодого человека на фабрику мешков.

machine for cleaning hemp — машина для трепания конопли

in the eye of the law — в глазах закона

put him to hoeing and digging — заставит его взять в руки мотыгу и лопату

wages — зарплата (рабочих)

he breathed short, and his large dark eyes flashed like live coals — он тяжело дышал, и его большие темные глаза сверкали, как раскаленные угли

at any cost — любой ценой

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

- 1) What made Shelby sell his slaves?
- 2) Who was the person Eliza asked for help? Why?
- 3) What did Mrs. Shelby think about Eliza's suspicions?
- 4) What kind of man was Eliza's husband?
- 5) What happened to him?
- 6) What did Mr. Wilson promise to George?

2. Circle the correct answer.

- 1) Who raised Eliza?
 - a) Eliza's natural mother
 - b) Uncle Tom
 - c) Mrs. Shelby

- 2) Which character of the book is described as a mulatto?
 - a) Harry
 - b) Mr. Wilson
 - c) George Harris
- 3) Who approved of Eliza and George's marriage?
 - a) Mr. Harris
 - b) Mrs. Shelby
 - c) Mr. Shelby

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

efforts wages debt law offer

- 1) Mr. Shelby decided to sell some of his slaves to pay the _____ to the slave trader.
- 2) George was in the eye of the _____ not a man, but a thing.
- 3) The owner of the factory promised to increase George's _____.
- 4) Mr. Haley made an _____ for little Harry.
- 5) Mr. Shelby respected his wife but he never took any part in her _____.

2. Choose the correct form of the verb.

- 1) Mr. Harris said George (invented/had invented) a new machine because he was too lazy to work.
- 2) Mrs. Shelby was a kind-hearted, good woman who (nursed/had nursed) her slaves when they were sick.

- 3) Mr. Harris suddenly said he (was taking/is taking) George home to work on the farm.

Discussing the Text

1. Complete the sentences.

- 1) Shelby wanted to kick Haley down the steps because... .
- 2) Mrs. Shelby stopped thinking about Eliza's suspicions at once because... .
- 3) George's master took him from the factory back to the plantation because... .

2. Talk about George Harris.

Explain why he had to return to the fields. What was his reaction to his master's decision?

CHAPTER 3

Eliza stood in the verandah, when a hand was laid on her shoulder. She turned, and a bright smile appeared in her fine eyes.

"George, is it you? How you frightened me! I am so glad you've come! Missis's gone to spend the afternoon with some of her friends. So come into my little room, and we'll have the time all to ourselves," said Eliza.

They went into a neat little room opening on the verandah, where she often sat sewing, waiting for a call of her mistress.

"Why don't you smile? Look at Harry — how he grows."

The boy stood shyly looking at his father through his long curls.

"Isn't he beautiful?" said Eliza, kissing the boy.

"**I wish he'd never been born!**" said George, bitterly. "I wish I had never been born myself."

Surprised and frightened, Eliza sat down and burst into tears.

"There now, Eliza, it's too bad for me to make you feel like this, poor girl!" said George. "It's too bad. You are the prettiest woman I ever saw, and the best one I ever wish to see. But, oh, I wish I'd never seen you, nor you me!"

"George! George! How can you say this? What happened?"

"My life is bitter, Eliza. **My life is burning out of me.** I'm a poor, miserable slave, Eliza. What's the use of our trying to do anything? What's the use of living?"

"O, dear George, I know how you feel about losing your place in the factory, and you have a hard master. But please be patient, and perhaps something will change."

"Patient!" he said, interrupting her. "Haven't I been patient? Did I say a word when he came and took me away, for no reason, from the place where everybody was kind to me? I'd paid him truly every cent. They all say I worked well."

"Well, it is awful," said Eliza. "But, after all, he is your master, you know."

"My master! And who made him my master? I'm a man as much as he is. I'm a better man than he is. I know more about business than he does. I am a better manager than he is. I can read and write better than he can. And I've learned it all myself, and **no thanks to him.** And now what right has he to take me from things I can do, and

do better than he can, and put me to do work that any horse can do?"

"O, George! George! You frighten me! Why, I never heard you talk like this. I'm afraid you'll do something terrible. I understand your feelings, but please be careful!"

"I have been careful, and I have been patient, but it's getting worse and worse. I can't bear it any longer. He takes every chance he can get to insult and torment me. I thought I could do my work well, and have some time to read and learn **out of work hours.** But the more he sees I can do, the more he loads on me. He says that though I don't say anything, he sees I've got the devil in me, and he wants to bring it out. One of these days it will come out in a way that he won't like, or I'm wrong!"

"O dear! What shall we do?" said Eliza.

"It was only yesterday," said George. "I was busy loading stones into a cart. Young Master Tom stood there, **slashing his whip** so near the horse that the creature was frightened. I asked him to stop, as politely as I could. He just kept right on. I asked him again, and then he turned to me, and began striking me. I held his hand. He screamed and ran to his father, and told him that I was fighting him. He said he'd teach me who was my master. He tied me to a tree, and told young master that he might whip me till he was tired. And he did do it! I'll make him remember it, some time!"

The eyes of the young man burned with an expression that frightened his young wife.

"Who made this man my master? That's what I want to know!" he said.

"Well," said Eliza, sadly, "I always thought that I must obey my master and mistress."

"There is some sense in it, for you. They have brought you up like a child, and taught you, so that you have a good education. **But I have been kicked and beaten and sworn at.** I won't bear it. No, I won't!" he said, clenching his hand.

Eliza was silent. She had never seen her husband so angry.

"You don't know everything. Master said that he'd been a fool to let me marry you. He hates Mr. Shelby and his people, because they are proud, and **hold their heads up above him.** Yesterday he told me that he wouldn't let me come here anymore. He said I should **take Mina for a wife and settle down in a cabin with her,** or he would sell me down river."

"Why — but you were married to me!" said Eliza, simply.

"Don't you know a slave can't be married? There is no law in this country for that. I can't hold you for my wife, if he chooses to part us. And all this may happen to our poor child."

"O, but master is so kind!"

"Yes, but who knows? He may die, and then he may be sold to nobody knows who."

The face of the trader came before Eliza's eyes. She turned pale and looked nervously at the boy, who was playing in the verandah.

"No, no, it's too much for him," she thought. "No, I won't tell him. Besides, it isn't true. Missis never deceives us."

"So, Eliza, my girl," said the husband, sadly, "I'm going."

"Going, George! Going where?"

"To Canada," said George firmly. "When I'm there, I'll buy you. That's all the hope we have. You have

a kind master. He won't refuse to sell you. I'll buy you and the boy."

"And if they catch you?"

"They won't catch me, Eliza. I'll die first! I'll be free, or I'll die!"

"You won't kill yourself!"

"No need of that. They will kill me, fast enough. They will never get me down the river alive!"

"O, George, be careful! Don't do anything bad to yourself, or anybody else!"

"I've made some preparations. There are people that will help me. Well, now, good-bye," said George, holding Eliza's hands, and looking into her eyes, without moving.

They stood silent. Then there were the last words of the husband, and bitter sobs of the wife. At last George left.

Helpful Words & Notes

I wish he'd never been born! — Лучше бы ему было не родиться!

My life is burning out of me. — Я погибаю.

no thanks to him — без его участия

out of work hours — в свободное время

slashing his whip — щелкая кнутом

But I have been kicked and beaten and sworn at. — Но я знал только пинки, побои и ругань.

hold their heads up above him — не желают с ним знаться

take Mina for a wife and settle down in a cabin with her — взять в жены Мину и перебраться к ней в хижину

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Say who:

- 1) came to see Eliza.
- 2) took every chance to insult and torment George.
- 3) complained to Mr. Harris about George.
- 4) decided to go to Canada.

2. Complete the sentences.

- 1) George ran away from his master because he could no longer bear how... .
- 2) George asked young Master Tom to stop slashing his whip because... .
- 3) Mr. Harris hated the Shelbys because... .
- 4) George was sure he could buy freedom for Eliza and his son because...

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the verbs from the box.

obey bear settle down

- 1) George couldn't _____ the life under the cruel owner.
- 2) Eliza always thought that she must _____ her master and mistress.
- 3) Mr. Harris ordered George to _____ in Mina's cabin.

2. Fill in the prepositions *out of, on, for, up*.

- 1) Eliza's room opened _____ the verandah.

- 2) George hoped to read and learn _____ work hours.
- 3) Eliza was brought _____ like her master's child.
- 4) George didn't want to take another woman _____ a wife.

Discussing the Text

1. Talk about George's decision to run away from his master.
 - 1) What made him do it? Say how Mr. Harris and his son treated the young man. Why was his master so cruel to him? Give your opinion.
 - 2) George didn't ask Eliza to join him.
2. Eliza didn't tell her husband about the slave trader and her suspicions. Can you say why? Would you do the same in her place?



CHAPTER 4

The cabin of Uncle Tom was a small wooden building, close to his master's house. In front it had a neat garden, where every summer flourished various flowers, fruits and vegetables — the pride of Aunt Chloe's heart.

The evening meal at "the house," as slaves always called their master's home, was over, and Aunt Chloe, **head cook**, returned to her cabin to prepare supper for her husband Tom. Her plump, round black face under

a bright **checked turban** was shining. She looked satisfied and proud. Why should she not be proud? Aunt Chloe was the best cook of the neighbourhood. She was certainly a cook, **in the very bone and centre of her soul**.

In one corner of the cabin stood a bed, covered with a white spread, and by the side of it was a big carpet. In fact, that corner was the drawing-room of the cabin. In the other corner there was a simpler bed, **clearly designed for use**. The wall over the fireplace was decorated with some pictures and a portrait of **General Washington**.

On a rough bench in the corner a couple of boys with fat shining cheeks were watching the first steps of their baby sister. At the table, in front of the fire, there was Uncle Tom, Mr. Shelby's best worker and the hero of our story.

He was a large and strong man with smart and kind eyes, with a nature as gentle and simple as a child's. **Yet there was an air of dignity and self-respect about him**.

He was slowly and carefully trying to write some letters. Young Master George, a bright boy of thirteen, was giving Uncle Tom a lesson in writing.

"Not that way, Uncle Tom," he said, as Uncle Tom brought up the tail of his *g* **the wrong side out**. "That makes a *q*, you see."

Uncle Tom looked in admiration, as his young teacher wrote many *q*'s and *g*'s. Then, taking the pencil in his big, heavy fingers, he started writing again.

"How easy white folks do things!" said Aunt Chloe, looking at young Master George with pride. "The way he can write, now! And read, too! And then come out here in the evenings and read his lessons to us. It's so interesting!"

"But, Aunt Chloe, I'm getting so hungry," said George. "Isn't that cake almost done?"

"It's almost done, Master George. It's already lovely brown," said Aunt Chloe. "Mose and Pete, get out of the way! Get away, Polly, honey. Mummy'll give her baby something to eat. Now, Master George, take off the books and set down now with my old man. I'll give you the sausages, and full plates of pancakes."

"They wanted me to come to supper in the house," said George, "but I knew what was what too well for that, Aunt Chloe."

"So you did — so you did, honey," said Aunt Chloe, putting hot pancakes on his plate.

At the same time the slave trader and Mr. Shelby were sitting together in the dining-room, at a table covered with papers.

Mr. Shelby was counting **bundles of bills**. As soon as they were counted, he pushed them over to the trader, who counted them too.

"All fair," said the trader. "And now sign these papers."

Mr. Shelby signed the papers and then pushed them over with the money. Haley took a document from his bag, looked over it a moment, and gave it to Mr. Shelby.

"Well, now, the sale's done!" said the trader, getting up.

"It's done!" said Mr. Shelby with a deep sigh. "It's done!"

"You don't seem to feel much pleased with it," said the trader.

"Haley," said Mr. Shelby, "I hope you'll remember that you promised you wouldn't sell Tom, without knowing what sort of hands he's going into."

"You've just done it sir," said the trader.

"I had to do it, you know well," said Shelby coldly.

"Well, I may have to do it, too," said the trader. "I'll try to get Tom a good place. As you know, I'm not a cruel man."

Mr. Shelby didn't feel happy, but he could do nothing about it. So he allowed the trader to leave in silence, and smoked a cigar.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby had gone to their bedroom. The husband was sitting in an **easy chair**, looking over some letters that had come in the afternoon. The wife was standing before her mirror, brushing her hair.

Mrs. Shelby remembered her conversation with Eliza in the morning. She turned to her husband, and said, carelessly:

"By the way, Arthur, who was that fellow you brought to dinner today?"

"Haley is his name," said Mr. Shelby, turning himself rather uneasily in his chair.

"Haley! Who is he, and what may be his business here?"

"Well, I did some business with, last time I was at Natchez," said Mr. Shelby.

"And he suddenly decided to come to our place and have dinner with us?"

"Why, I invited him. I wanted to discuss something with him."

"Is he a negro trader?" said Mrs. Shelby, noticing a certain embarrassment in her husband's manner.

"Why, my dear, what put that into your head?" said Shelby, looking up.

"Nothing. Only Eliza came in here, after dinner, in a great worry, crying. She said you were talking with a trader, and that she heard him make an offer for her boy. Silly little goose!"

"She did, hey?" said Mr. Shelby, returning to his paper.

"It will have to come out," he thought, "as well now as ever."

"I told Eliza," said Mrs. Shelby, as she continued brushing her hair, "that you never wanted to sell any of our people — at least of all, to such a fellow."

"Well, Emily," said her husband, "I have always felt and said that. But I have problems with my business and I'll have to sell some of the slaves."

"To that man? Impossible! Mr. Shelby, you can't be serious."

"I'm sorry to say that I am," said Mr. Shelby. "I've agreed to sell Tom."

"What! Our Tom? That good, noble, faithful creature! He has been your faithful servant from a boy! O, Mr. Shelby! And you have promised him his freedom, too. You and I have spoken to him a hundred times about it. Well, I can believe anything now. I can believe now that you could sell little Harry, poor Eliza's only child!" said Mrs. Shelby, **in a tone between grief and indignation.**

"Well, since you must know all, it is so. I have agreed to sell Tom and Harry both."

"But why, of all others, choose these?" said Mrs. Shelby.

"Because they will bring the highest sum of money. That's why," said her husband. "I'm sorry about it, and I respect your feelings too. But I tell you now, I can't help myself. I didn't want to tell you this, Emily, but I had no choice. Either they must go, or all must. If I don't pay my debt to Haley, he will take everything. I had to give them up. Haley liked the child. He agreed to settle the matter that way, and no other. I was in his power, and had to do it."

Mrs. Shelby covered her face with her hands and cried. Then she said, "O yes, yes! I haven't any jewelry. Can we sell my gold watch? It was expensive, when it was bought. If I could only at least save Eliza's child, I would give anything I have."

"I'm sorry, very sorry, Emily," said Mr. Shelby. "It will do no good. The fact is, Emily, the thing's done. The papers are already signed, and in Haley's hands. We must thank him it is no worse. Haley wants to take them tomorrow. I'm going to get out my horse early, and **be off.** I can't see Tom, that's a fact. You'd better drive somewhere, and carry Eliza off. Let the thing be done when she is away."

"No, no," said Mrs. Shelby. "I'll go and see poor old Tom! They must see that **their mistress can feel with them.** As to Eliza, I can't even think about it. What have we done, that this cruel thing should happen to us?"

Helpful Words & Notes

head cook — главная повариха

checked turban — клетчатый тюрбан

in the very bone and centre of her soul — по призванию
clearly designed for use — явно предназначенная для сна

General Washington — Джордж Вашингтон (1732–1799); главнокомандующий американскими войсками в войне с Англией за независимость (1775–1783). После этой войны Джордж Вашингтон стал первым президентом Соединенных Штатов Америки.

Yet there was an air of dignity and self-respect about him. — При этом во всем его облике ощущалось большое чувство собственного достоинства.

the wrong side out — не в ту сторону

folks = people

I knew what was what too well for that — Но я знаю,
где лучше

bundles of bills — пачки денег

easy chair — мягкое кресло

in a tone between grief and indignation — в голосе ко-
торой слышалась горечь и негодование

be off — уехать, убежать

that their mistress can feel with them — что их хозяй-
ка может им сострадать

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

- 1) What letter was Shelby's son trying to teach Uncle Tom to write?
- 2) Why did the boy stay for supper in Uncle Tom's cabin?
- 3) What did Shelby ask Haley when the papers were signed?
- 4) What did Shelby feel then?
- 5) How did he explain his wife his actions?

2. Say what:

- 1) Aunt Chloe cooked for supper.
- 2) Mrs. Shelby offered to sell to get the money to pay the debt.
- 3) Mr. Shelby decided to do the following morning.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

jewelry sale cook matter

- 1) There was no other way for Mr. Shelby to settle the _____ with his debt.
- 2) Mrs. Shelby had no _____ which she could sell.
- 3) Aunt Chloe was the best _____ of the neighbourhood.
- 4) Shelby was not pleased with the _____ of his slaves.

2. Explain in your words who is:

- a cook
- a slave trader
- a slave
- a teacher

Discussing the Text

1. Talk about Uncle Tom and his family.

Describe Aunt Chloe and Uncle Tom. Describe their house.

2. Talk about the conversation about Mr. and Mrs. Shelby.

Why did Emily decide to see Uncle Tom off? Why was it so hard for her husband? Give your ideas.

CHAPTER 5

There was one listener to this conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Shelby. When Mrs. Shelby had let Eliza go, she went to a large closet near the masters' bedroom, pressed her ear close against the crack of the door, and heard everything.

When the voices died into silence, Eliza rose and went away. She looked pale, but she was no longer that soft and timid creature she had been before that. She moved quietly along the corridor, stopped for one moment at her mistress' door, and then turned and went into her own room.

It was a small, neat room on the same floor with her mistress. There was a pleasant sunny window, where she had often sat singing at her sewing. There was a shelf with books, and various little things, the gifts of Christmas holidays. There was her simple wardrobe. Here was, **in short**, her home. On the whole, it was a happy home. But there, on the bed, lay her sleeping boy, with his long curls falling around his face, his rosy mouth half open, and a smile over his whole face.

"Poor boy! Poor fellow!" said Eliza. "They have sold you! But your mother will save you!"

She took a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote:

"O, Missis! Dear Missis! Don't think hard of me. I heard all you and master said tonight. I am going to try to save my boy. Please don't blame me! **God bless you for all your kindness!**"

Then Eliza went to the wardrobe and made up a little package of clothes for her boy, which she tied with a handkerchief firmly round her waist. She did not forget to put in the little package one or two of his favorite toys. Then she put on her hat and shawl and woke her son.

"Where are you going, mother?" said Harry, as she sat on the bed, with his little coat and hat.

"Hush, Harry," said his mother. "We mustn't speak loudly, or they will hear us. A bad man is coming to take little Harry away from his mother, and carry him away off in the dark. But mother won't let him. She's going to run off with him, so the bad man can't catch him."

Eliza took the boy in her arms, opened a door in her room which led into the verandah, and left.

In a few minutes she came up to the window of Uncle Tom's cottage. She stopped and knocked lightly on the window-pane.

"What's that?" said Aunt Chloe, rising and pulling up the curtain. "My God! It's Lizzie! I'm going to open the door."

The door flew open, and the light of the candle, which Tom was holding in his hand, fell on the frightened face and dark, wild eyes of the young woman.

"What's wrong, Lizzie? You look sick!"

"I'm running away, Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe. I'm running away with my child. Master's sold him!"

"Sold him?" repeated both, lifting up their hands in horror.

"Yes!" said Eliza, firmly. "I heard Master tell Missis that he had sold my Harry, and you, Uncle Tom, both, to a trader. He is going off this morning on his horse, and the man will come to take you."

Tom had stood during this speech with his hands raised like a man in a dream. Slowly, **as its meaning came over him**, he sat down on his old chair.

"I can't believe that!" said Aunt Chloe. "O! What has he done, that Master should sell him?"

"He hasn't done anything. It isn't for that. Master doesn't want to sell, and Missis's always good. She asked

for us, but he told her it was no use. Master's in this man's debt. If he doesn't pay him, he will have to sell the place and all the people, and move off."

Eliza told Tom and Chloe about the conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Shelby.

"I'm a bad girl to leave Missis, but, then, I can't help it. Who knows what'll become of my boy, if I let him be carried off."

"Well, old man!" said Aunt Chloe. "Why don't you go, too? Will you wait to be taken down river, where they kill negroes with hard work and no food? I'd rather die than go there, any day! There's time for you. Go with Lizzie. Come, I'll get your things together."

Tom slowly raised his head, and looked sadly but quietly around, and said:

"No, no, I'm not going. Let Eliza go. It's her right! But you heard what she said, Chloe! If I must be sold, or all the people on the place, why, let me be sold. I have never broken Master's trust, and I never will. It's better for me alone to go, than **to break up the place** and sell all. Master will take care of you, Chloe, and the poor —"

He turned to the bed full of little heads, leaned over the back of the chair, and covered his face with his large hands. Great tears fell through his fingers on the floor.

"And now," said Eliza, as she stood in the door, "I saw my husband this afternoon. **They have pushed him to the very last standing place.** He told me, today, that he was going to run away. Try, if you can, **to get word to him.** Tell him how I went, and why I went. Tell him I'm going to try and find Canada. And please give my love to him."

She turned away, stood with her back to them for a moment, and then went away.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby, after their long discussion of the night before, the next morning slept somewhat later than usual.

"I wonder what keeps Eliza," said Mrs. Shelby.

Mr. Shelby was sharpening his razor, when the door opened, and a coloured boy entered, with his shaving-water.

"Andy," said his mistress, "go to Eliza's door, and tell her I have rung for her three times. Poor thing!" she added, to herself, with a sigh.

Andy soon returned, with eyes very wide in astonishment.

"O, Missis! Lizzie's drawers are all open. And she's nowhere to be seen."

Mr. Shelby and his wife realized what had happened. He exclaimed, "Then she suspected it, and she's off!"

"I hope she is!" said Mrs. Shelby.

"Wife, you talk like a fool! Really, it will be pretty awkward for me if she is. Haley saw that I hesitated about selling this child, and he'll think I let her do it, to get him out of the way."

And Mr. Shelby quickly left the room.

There was a great deal of running, and opening and shutting of doors. Faces **in all shades of colour** appeared in different places, for about a quarter of an hour. One person only, who could say something about the missing girl, was entirely silent. That was the head cook, Aunt Chloe. Silently, she went on making out her breakfast biscuits, as if she heard and saw nothing of the excitement around her.

At last Haley appeared.

"I say now, Shelby, it seems that girl's off with her boy," he said, as he entered the dining-room. "Is it true, sir?"

“Andy, take Mr. Haley’s hat and whip. Take a seat, sir,” said Shelby. “Yes, sir. I am sorry to say that the young woman learned somehow about this business and ran away in the night. I can understand your disappointment. I’ll give every help you’ll need — horses, servants, etc. — **to recover your property**. So, in short, Haley,” he said suddenly more friendly, “the best way for you is to eat some breakfast, and we will then see what can be done.”

Helpful Words & Notes

in short — короче говоря

God bless you for all your kindness! — Да вознаградит вас бог за вашу доброту!

as its meaning came over him — когда смысл этих слов дошел до него

to break up the place — разорять имение

They have pushed him to the very last standing place. — Они довели его до крайности.

to get word to him — передать ему весточку

in all shades of colour — всех оттенков

to recover your property — вернуть вашу собственность

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

- 1) How did Eliza find out about the sale of her son and Uncle Tom?

- 2) How did that news change her?
- 3) What letter did Eliza leave to her mistress?
- 4) Where did she go after she left the house?
- 5) What was Uncle Tom’s decision?
- 6) When was Eliza’s absence discovered?
- 7) What did Shelby promise to Haley?

2. Complete the sentences.

- 1) Eliza ran away with Harry taking _____ with her.
- 2) Mrs. Shelby was _____ when she learned that Eliza’d run away.
- 3) _____ was the only person who could say something about the missing girl, but she was silent.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

package curtain trust property

- 1) Uncle Tom never broke his master’s _____.
- 2) Eliza made up a little _____ of clothes for her boy.
- 3) Shelby promise to help Haley to recover his _____.
- 4) Aunt Chloe pulled up the _____ and saw Eliza’s frightened face.

2. Fill in the adjectives.

- 1) Eliza was no longer that _____ creature she’d been before.

- 2) Eliza didn't forget to put a couple of Harry's _____ toys.
- 3) Uncle Tom was worried when he saw Eliza's _____ eyes.

Discussing the Text

1. Eliza overheard Mr. and Mrs. Shelby discussing plans to sell Tom and Harry. Say what she did after that.
2. Uncle Tom refused to run away. Why did he do it? What was Aunt Chloe's advice?
3. Prove that Mrs. Shelby was glad to know that Eliza had run away.

CHAPTER 6

The news about Tom's fate and Eliza's **escape** was the topic everywhere. Nothing was done in the house or in the field because of the discussions.

"Hello, Sam! Master wants you to catch Bill and Jerry," said Andy to Black Sam, as he was known because he was blacker than anybody else on the place. "You and I are going with Master Haley to look for Lizzie."

"Good, now!" said Sam. "Tom's **down — well, it's time for some other nigger to be up.** Why not me? Master will see what Sam can do!"

"But, Sam," said Andy, "you'd better think twice. Missis doesn't want her caught."

And he told his friend what had happened in the morning.

"I know well enough how that'll be. **It's always best to stand Missis' side of the fence,** now I tell you," he added. "And Missis doesn't want this Master Haley to get Lizzie's boy."

"I see," said Sam.

Sam soon brought Bill and Jerry to the house. He looked at Haley's horse with a smile.

There was a large beech beside the **horse-post**; the small, sharp, triangular beech-nuts lay on the ground. With one of these in his fingers, Sam approached Haley's horse and quickly put it under the saddle.

"Good!" he said, rolling his eyes with an approving smile.

At this moment Mrs. Shelby appeared on the balcony.

"Well, Sam," she said. "You should go with Mr. Haley, to show him the road, and help him. Be careful of the horses, Sam. Don't ride them too fast."

Mrs. Shelby said the last words **with a low voice, and strong emphasis.**

"Yes, Missis, I'll take care of the horses," said Sam, rolling up his eyes **with meaning.**

"Now, Andy," said Sam, returning to the beech. "You see, I wouldn't be surprised if something happened to that gentleman's horse. You and I, let's go and help him."

And Sam and Andy broke into laughter.

At this instant, Haley appeared on the verandah. After a few cups of very good coffee he came out smiling and talking. Sam and Andy ran to the horses, to be ready to "help Master."

"Well, boys," said Haley, "**look alive now.** We must lose no time."

"Right, Master!" said Sam, holding Haley's horse, while Andy was untying the other two horses.

The moment Haley touched the saddle, his horse suddenly sprang and threw off his master on the soft, dry ground. Then he galloped to the other end of the lawn, followed by Bill and Jerry.

Sam and Andy ran and shouted. Dogs barked here and there. Mike, Mose, Mandy, Fanny, and other children ran, clapped hands, and shouted. Haley's horse clearly liked the scene. He allowed the men to approach him, and then ran off into some other corner of the woods.

Haley ran up and down, and swore. Mr. Shelby tried to shout directions from the balcony, and Mrs. Shelby from her window laughed.

At last, about twelve o'clock, Sam appeared proudly, on Jerry, with Haley's horse by his side.

"He's caught!" he exclaimed, triumphantly. "I caught him!"

"You've lost me three hours, with your nonsense," said Haley in an angry voice. "Now let's be off."

Mrs. Shelby, who had overheard this conversation from the verandah, decided to do her part. She pressed the trader to stay to dinner, saying that the cook would bring it on the table immediately.

Eliza walked all night until daylight, with her son asleep in her arms. She had often been, with her mistress, to visit some of Mr. Shelby's relatives, in the little village of T—, not far from **the Ohio River**, and knew the road well. To cross the Ohio River was her plan.

When horses and people began to move along the road, she realized that her fast walk and excitement might **bring on her suspicion**. She put the boy on the ground, and, adjusting her dress and hat, she walked slower.

After a while Eliza found a quiet place in the woods and sat down behind a large rock which concealed them

from the road. She gave her son breakfast out of her little package, though she couldn't eat anything herself.

At noon she stopped at a neat farmhouse, to have rest, and buy some dinner for her child and herself. An hour before sunset they entered the village of T—, by the Ohio River. Eliza was tired, but **still strong in heart**.

It was now early spring. **The river was swollen, but great cakes of ice were still filling the whole river almost to the Kentucky side.** Eliza she saw at once that there was no usual ferry. She went to a small hotel on the bank.

The hostess, who was busy, preparing supper, stopped, with a fork in her hand, when she heard Eliza's sweet voice.

"What is it?" she said.

"Isn't there any ferry or boat, that takes people over to B—, now?" she said.

"No, indeed!" said the woman. "**The boats have stopped running.**"

The woman noticed Eliza's look of disappointment, and she asked, "Do you want to get over? Anybody sick?"

"I've got a child, that's very dangerous," said Eliza. "I've walked a lot today, hoping to get to the ferry."

"Well, now, that's unlucky," said the woman, with sympathy. "There's a man down here, that's going over tonight with some vegetables. He'll be here to have supper, so you'd better wait. Why don't you take the boy into this room?" said the woman.

She opened the door. Eliza saw a small bedroom with a comfortable bed. She laid the tired boy on the bed, and held his hands in hers till he was fast asleep.

Though Mrs. Shelby had promised that dinner would be brought on table at once, Haley had to wait for it almost two hours. Aunt Chloe prepared the food in an unusually slow manner. Moreover, servants caused

a number of accidents in the kitchen **to stall** the slave trader even further.

In the meantime Mr. Shelby called Tom.

“Tom,” said his master, kindly, “I want you to know that I’ll have to pay this gentleman a thousand dollars if you are not here when he wants you. He’s going today to look after his other business, and you can have the day to yourself. Go anywhere you like, boy.”

“Thank you, Master,” said Tom.

“And don’t come to your master with any of your nigger tricks. I’ll take every cent out of him, if you aren’t there,” said the trader.

“Master,” said Tom, and he stood very straight, “I was just eight years old when old Missis put you into my arms, and you weren’t a year old. ‘Tom,’ she said, ‘that’s your young Master. Take good care of him.’ And now I just ask you, Master, have I ever broken word to you?”

The tears rose to Mr. Shelby’s eyes.

“My good boy,” said he, “I know you always tell the truth. If I was able to help it, I would never sell you.”

“We’ll buy you back as soon as we have enough money, Tom,” said Mrs. Shelby. “Sir,” she said to Haley, “Please let me know who you sell him to.”

“Of course,” said the trader.

Helpful Words & Notes

escape — побег

Tom’s down — well, it’s time for some other nigger to be up. — Том лишился своего высокого положения.

Что же, пора сделать карьеру и другому негру.

It’s always best to stand Missis’ side of the fence — Всегда лучше держать сторону хозяйки

horse-post — коновязь

with a low voice, and strong emphasis — тихо, но выразительно

with meaning — многозначительно

look alive now — пошевеливайтесь

the Ohio River — река Огайо, разделяющая штаты Кентукки и Огайо

bring on her suspicion — возбудить подозрения

still strong in heart — всё еще полна решимости

The river was swollen, but great cakes of ice were still filling the whole river almost to the Kentucky side. — Река вздулась, но огромные льдины всё еще громоздились по всей реке почти до самого берега штата Кентукки.

The boats have stopped running. — Лодки уже не ходят.
to stall — задержать

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Say who:

- 1) asked some of the slaves to get a horse for Haley.
- 2) ran around the lawn, clapped hands and shouted.
- 3) pressed the trader to stay to dinner.
- 4) stopped at a hotel on the bank of the Ohio River.

2. Complete the sentences.

- 1) The news about _____ was the topic of discussions everywhere.
- 2) Sam put a _____ under the saddle of Haley’s horse.

- 3) Eliza hoped to take a _____ to cross the river.
- 4) Haley had to wait for the dinner for _____ hours.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

ferry manner suspicion scene

- 1) Haley's horse clearly enjoyed the _____.
 - 2) Eliza was afraid that her fast walk could bring on her _____.
 - 3) There was no usual _____ by the river because the ice still covered half the river.
 - 4) Aunt Chloe prepared dinner in an usually slow _____.
2. Put the verb in brackets into the correct form.
- 1) Andy told his friend what (to happen) in the morning.
 - 2) Haley's horse (to throw off) his master and (to gallop) to the other side of the lawn.
 - 3) Eliza (to be) more than once in the village T— with her mistress, and she knew the road well.
 - 4) The woman in the hotel (to prepare) supper when she saw Eliza.

Discussing the Text

1. Talk about Eliza's journey to the Ohio River.
2. Describe how the slaves took Mrs. Shelby's side and stalled Haley. Why did they do it? Give your opinion.



CHAPTER 7

Finally Sam and Andy brought the horses up to the posts, and Haley left accompanied by them. On the way to the Ohio River another strange thing happened. Sam, who knew every foot, made a mistake and led the group several miles out of the way by the wrong road. Two hours more were lost in getting back to highway.

As a result of all the delays, it was about half an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the vil-

lage hotel by the side of the river, before the men came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, when she saw Sam. Haley and Andy were two yards behind.

Eliza's room had a side door to the river. She caught her child, and rushed outside. The trader saw her just as she was running towards the bank. He threw himself from the horse, called loudly to Sam and Andy and rushed after her. A few moments later she was **at the water's edge**. With one wild cry she jumped over the current of water on a piece of ice. The huge green mass of ice on which she landed creaked, but she stayed there only a moment. She jumped to another cake of ice. Then to another! And another again! Her shoes were gone. **Her stockings were cut away, and blood from her feet marked every step.** But she saw nothing, felt nothing, till, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"You're a brave girl!" said the man.

Eliza recognized the voice and face for a man who had a farm not far from her old home.

"O, Mr. Symmes! Save me. Please hide me!" said Eliza.

"Why, what's this?" said the man. "Why, it's Shelby's girl!"

"My child! This boy! He'd sold him! There is his Master," she said, pointing to the Kentucky bank.

"I'd be glad to do something for you," he said; "but then there's nowhere I could take you. The best I can do is to tell you to go — there," he said, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. "Go there. They're kind folks. They'll help you. **They're up to all that sort of thing.**"

"Thank you, sir," said Eliza.

She walked firmly away with her son in her arms. The man stood and looked after her.

"Shelby," he thought, "perhaps you'll say this isn't the best thing in the world to expect from a neighbour. But what else can I do? If you meet one of my girls in the same trouble, you can pay me back. I don't like to be a hunter for other folks."

Haley couldn't believe what he had seen. When Eliza disappeared up the bank, he turned to Sam and Andy.

"The girl's got seven devils in her, I believe!" said Haley. "She jumped like a wildcat!"

"Well, now," said Sam, scratching his head. "I hope Master'll excuse us. Don't think I can jump like that, no way!" And he laughed.

"You laugh!" said the trader.

"I can't help it now, Master," said Sam. "She jumps; ice cracks! How she goes!" And Sam and Andy laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks.

"I'll make you cry!" said the trader, laying about their heads with his whip. Both ran shouting up the bank, and were on their horses before he was up.

Haley slowly returned to the little hotel, to think what was to be done. Suddenly he heard the loud voice of a man at the door. He hurried to the window.

"Isn't it Tom Loker!" he said.

Haley opened the door. Standing by the bar, in the corner of the room, was a giant, powerful man. He was dressed in a coat of buffalo-skin, **made with the hair outward**, which gave him a fierce appearance. He was accompanied by a **travelling companion**, a short man with a sharp, long nose and thin black hair.

"Well, now, luck's come to me. Loker, how are you?" said Haley, coming forward, and extending his hand to the big man.

"The devil!" was the answer. "What brought you here, Haley?"

His companion looked shrewdly at the trader, as a cat sometimes looks at a moving dry leaf.

"I say, Tom, I'll need your help," said Haley. "You've got a friend here? Partner, perhaps?"

"Yes, I have. Here, Marks! Here's that fellow that I was in with in Natchez."

"Glad to meet you," said Marks, and put out a long, thin hand. "Mr. Haley, I believe?"

"Yes," said Haley. "And now, gentlemen, as we've met so happily, I think I can have a small celebration. So, now," he said to the man at the bar, "get us hot water, and sugar, and cigars, and plenty of good rum, and **we'll have a blow-out.**"

The three men sat down round a table, beside the burning fire. Haley told Loker and Marks about his troubles. Loker listened to him attentively. Marks, **who was making punch to his own taste**, occasionally looked up almost into Haley's face. He clearly enjoyed the end of the story.

"**It's neatly done,**" he said, laughing.

"These children can give a lot of trouble," said Haley, sadly.

"If we could get a **breed** of girls that didn't care for their young ones," said Marks, "I think it would be the greatest modern improvement."

"Now, Mr. Haley, what is it? You want us to catch your girl?"

"The girl's not mine. She's Shelby's. It's only the boy —"

"This girl, Mr. Haley, how is she?" interrupted him Marks. "What is she?"

"Well! White and pretty, well brought up," said Haley.

"Look here, now, Loker," said Marks, his sharp eyes, nose and mouth, all alive. "We catch them. The boy, of course, goes to Mr. Haley. We take the girl to Orleans and sell her. Isn't it beautiful?"

Tom Loker, who was a man of slow thoughts and movements, thought the idea over and brought his heavy fist down on the table.

"It'll do!" he said. "You give me fifty dollars now. If we get the job, and it pays, I'll hand it back. If we don't, it's for our trouble. That's fair, isn't it, Marks?"

"Certainly, certainly," said Marks. "Tom'll have the boy for you, and anywhere you say, won't you, Tom?"

"If I find the young one, I'll bring him on to Cincinnati, and leave him at Granny Belcher's," said Loker. "Now, Mr. Haley, did you see this girl when she landed?"

"Yes, as clearly I see you."

"And a man helped her get up the bank?" asked Loker.

"Yes, I did."

"Most likely," said Marks, "she's hiding somewhere. Tom, what do you say?"

"We must cross the river tonight, no mistake," said Tom.

"But there's no boat about," said Marks. "**The ice is running awfully,** Tom. Isn't it dangerous?"

"I don't know about that, only it's got to be done," said Tom, firmly. "If you want to stay here for a day or two, **the girl will be carried on the underground line up to Sandusky or so,** before you start."

"O, no, I'm not afraid," said Marks, "only there's no boat."

"I heard the woman say that a man was going to cross the river this evening. We must go with him," said Tom.

"I hope you've got good dogs," said Haley.

"First rate," said Marks. "But what's the use? You have nothing of her things to smell on."

"Yes, I have," said Haley, triumphantly. "Here's her shawl she left on the bed. She left her hat, too."

"That's good," said Loker. "Give them to me."

Haley brought the slave hunters Eliza's things, handed over the fifty dollars to Tom and returned to his room.

Helpful Words & Notes

at the water's edge — у самой воды

Her stockings were cut away, and blood from her feet marked every step. — Ее чулки были разорваны, и исцарапанные ступни оставляли кровавый след на льду.

They're up to all that sort of thing. — Им не впервой.

made with the hair outward — мехом наружу

travelling companion — спутник

we'll have a blow-out — мы устроим пирушку

who was making punch to his own taste — который делал пунш по собственному рецепту

It's neatly done — Чисто сделано

breed — порода

The ice is running awfully — Ледоход очень сильный

the girl will be carried on the underground line up to

Sandusky — девочку переправят по подпольной дороге до Сандаски (После принятия закона, обязывавшего население северных штатов выдавать беглых рабов их владельцам, беглецы стали пробираться в Канаду по так называемой подпольной дороге, то есть скрываясь в домах у людей, которые, в нарушение закона, переправляли беглецов с одной «стан-

ции» (stand) на другую до самой границы; Сандаски — город на озере Эри, южный берег которого принадлежит США, а северный — Канаде.)

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

- 1) When did Haley reach the village by the Ohio River?
- 2) How did Eliza cross the river?
- 3) Who was the man who helped up the bank?
- 4) Where did Haley return after Eliza's escape?
- 5) Whom did he meet at the hotel?
- 6) What did Haley ask the slave hunters to do for him?

2. Complete the sentences.

- 1) Haley lost two more hours because... .
- 2) Eliza went to the large white house because... .
- 3) Haley brought the slave hunters Eliza's things and... .

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Use the synonyms from the text.

- 1) Eliza jumped from one *piece* of ice to another.
- 2) Loker's travelling *partner* was a short man with a sharp long nose and thin black hair.
- 3) Haley asked for hot water, rum and sugar to make *hot drink*.


4) The slave hunters hoped to *reach the other side of the river* by boat.

2. Put the verb in brackets into the correct form.

1) Eliza recognized the voice and face of the man who (to have) a farm not far from her old home.

2) Eliza (to stand) by the window, when she saw Sam.

3) Haley couldn't believe that Eliza (to land) on the opposite bank of the river.

 **Discussing the Text**

1. Describe how Eliza managed to get to the Ohio side of the river.

2. Talk about the slave hunters.

1) Say what Haley told about Tom Loker before.

2) Describe Tom Loker and his partner Marks. They agreed to find Eliza and her son. What was the agreement?

CHAPTER 8

The light of the cheerful fire shone on the carpet of a comfortable drawing-room, and glittered on the sides of the teacups and teapot, as Senator Bird was drawing off his boots. He had just arrived home from **the Senate**.

"I'm tired to death. A cup of your good hot tea, and a little comfort at home, is what I want," he said to his wife. "**It's a tiresome business, the life of a legislator!**"

"Well," said Mrs. Bird after the tea, "what's new in the Senate?"

It was a very unusual thing for gentle little Mrs. Bird to be interested in what was going on in the Senate. She wisely thought that she had enough of other things to worry about. Mr. Bird opened his eyes in surprise.

"Well, is it true that a law has been passed forbidding people to give meat and drink to those poor coloured folks that come along? I heard they were talking about such a law. I hope, my dear, no such law has been passed."

"Yes, a law has been passed forbidding people to help the slaves that come over from Kentucky, my dear. Our friends in Kentucky are worried about how active these **Abolitionists** have become. It seems necessary, that our state should do something about it."

Mrs. Bird, usually a sweet, timid little woman, rose quickly, with very red cheeks, and walked up to her husband, and said, in a determined tone:

"Now, John, I want to know this. Do you think such a law as that is right?"

"You won't shoot me, Mary, if I say I do!"

"You didn't vote for it, John?"

"Yes, Mary."

"You should be ashamed, John! Poor, homeless creatures! It's a shameful law, and **I'll break it**, the first time I get a chance. And I hope I'll have a chance. How can't a woman give a warm supper and a bed to poor creatures who starve, just because they are slaves!"

"Mary, just listen to me. Your feelings are all quite right, dear, and interesting, and I love you for them. But, then, dear, **there are great public interests involved**, and we must **put aside** our feelings."

"O, nonsense, John! I put it to you, John, would you turn away a poor, cold, hungry creature from your door, because he was a **runaway**?"

Our senator was a kind, noble-hearted man. He could never turn away anybody who was in trouble. And his wife knew it.

At this critical moment Cudjoe, their old black servant, put his head in at the door, and asked Mrs. Bird to come into the kitchen. After a while his wife's voice was heard at the door, saying "John! John! Please come here."

The senator went into the kitchen, and saw there a young woman, laying on two chairs. Her clothes were torn and frozen, one shoe gone, and her feet covered in blood. Old Cudjoe had got the boy on his knee, trying to pull off his shoes and stockings.

"The heat made her faint," said the cook.

Suddenly the woman opened her eyes and said:

"O, madam! Please protect us! Don't let them get my Harry!"

"Nobody will hurt you here, poor woman," said Mrs. Bird, firmly. "You are safe. Don't be afraid. We are friends here. Tell me where you came from, and what you want."

The woman — it was, of course, Eliza — told Mr. and Mrs. Bird about her escape.

She didn't cry. **She had gone to a place where tears are dry**, but everyone around her was showing signs of sympathy. Even the senator turned his back, looked out of the window, and seemed particularly busy clearing his throat and wiping his spectacles.

"And where do you want to go, my poor woman?" said Mrs. Bird.

"To Canada, if I only knew where that was. Is it very far off, this Canada?"

"Much further than you think, poor child!" said Mrs. Bird. "But we will try to think what can be done for you."

Mrs. Bird and her husband returned to the drawing-room. After a while Mr. Bird said:

"She'll have to get away from here, this very night. If it was only the woman, she could lie quiet till it was over. But that little chap can't be kept still. He'll pop his head out of some window or door. And think what it would mean for me, too, to be caught with them both here, just now! No, they'll have to go tonight."

"Tonight! How is it possible? Where to?"

"Well, I know pretty well where to," said the senator, beginning to put on his boots. "You see, my old client, Van Trompe, has come over from Kentucky, and **set all his slaves free**. He has bought a place back in the woods, where nobody goes. She'd be safe there. But the thing is, nobody can drive a carriage there tonight, but me. I know exactly where to cross the creek and what turns to take. I'll take her there."

"Your heart is better than your head, John," said the wife, laying her little white hand on his.

At midnight Eliza appeared at the door with her child in her arms. Mr. Bird hurried her into the carriage, and his wife gave her some clothes for Harry and herself. Eliza fixed her large, dark eyes on Mrs. Bird's face. Her lips moved. She tried once or twice, but there was no sound. Then she fell back in the seat, and covered her face. The door was shut, and the carriage drove on.

It was late in the night when the carriage arrived at the door of a large farmhouse. John Van Trompe opened the door. He was a great, tall man with sandy hair and a beard. He had a red flannel hunting-shirt on.

John Van Trompe was once quite a considerable land-owner and slave-owner in the State of Kentucky. One day, his great and honest heart could bear slavery no longer. So he went over into Ohio, and bought a big piece of good, rich land. Then he freed all his people — men, women, and children, and sent them to settle down. After that honest John bought a farm in the woods for his own family.

“Are you the man that will protect a poor woman and child from slave hunters?” said the senator.

“I rather think I am,” said John.

“I thought so,” said the senator.

“If anybody comes,” said John, “I’m ready for him. And I’ve got seven sons. And they’ll be ready for him.”

Eliza came into the kitchen, with her child lying in a heavy sleep on her arm. The man held the candle to her face, and opened the door of a small bedroom. The senator, in a few words, explained Eliza’s history.

“O! Now!” said the good man. “Poor creature! **Hunted down like a deer.** Hunted down just for having natural feelings and doing what any mother can’t help doing! I hate these things,” said John.

“It’s for her,” said the senator, and put into John’s hand a ten-dollar bill.

“OK,” said John.

They shook hands, and the senator drove away.

Helpful Words & Notes

the Senate — сенат (В США кроме общего для всей страны сената, в Вашингтоне, есть также отдельные сенаты в каждом штате. Мистер Берд был членом сената штата Огайо.)

It’s a tiresome business, the life of a legislator! — Не-
легка жизнь у законодателей!

Abolitionists — аболиционисты; участники движения
за освобождение негров от рабства, возникшего в
XIX веке в северных штатах

I’ll break it — Я его нарушу

there are great public interests involved — затронуты
важнейшие общественные интересы

put aside — пренебрегать, поступиться

runaway — беглец

She had gone to a place where tears are dry — Слезы у
нее иссякли

set all his slaves free — освободил всех своих рабов

Hunted down like a deer. — На нее охотятся, как на
оленья.

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Say *true* or *false*. Correct the false statements.

- 1) Mr. Bird had just arrived home from the Senate.
- 2) Mrs. Bird was an active woman with a loud voice.
- 3) The Ohio Senate passed a law forbidding citizens to help runaway slaves.
- 4) John Van Trompe was a machinist well known in Ohio.
- 5) The senator gave Van Trompe a hundred-dollar bill.

2. Fill in the names.

- 1) _____ was never usually interested in what was going on in the Senate.

- 2) _____ was a kind, noble-hearted man, ready to help anyone who was in trouble.
- 3) _____ had the boy on his knee, trying to pull off his shoes and stockings.
- 4) _____ had seven sons.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

creek deer heat runaway

- 1) Mrs. Bird was ready to help any _____ from Kentucky.
- 2) The _____ in the house made Eliza faint.
- 3) Mr. Bird was the only one who knew where to cross the _____.
- 4) Eliza was hunted like a _____.

2. Fill in the prepositions *in, at, down, off*.

- 1) Senator Bird drew _____ his boots and asked for a cup of tea.
- 2) The Birds couldn't turn away anybody who was _____ trouble.
- 3) Late at night the carriage arrived _____ the door of John Van Trompe's house.
- 4) Van Trompe set his slaves free and asked them to settle _____ in Ohio.

Discussing the Text

1. Talk about the Birds.

- 1) Describe Mr. Bird and his wife. Prove that they were kind and brave people.

- 2) The Ohio Senate passed a law against helping runaway slaves. Why was it passed? Why did Senator Bird vote for it? Give your opinion.

2. Tell the story of Mr. Van Trompe. Why did he hide Eliza and her son?

CHAPTER 9

The February morning looked gray through the window of Uncle Tom's cabin. The little table stood before the fire, covered with an **ironing-cloth**. A coarse but clean shirt or two, fresh from the iron, hung on the back of a chair by the fire, and Aunt Chloe had another before her on the table. She ironed Tom's clothes, every **now and then** raising her hand to her face to wipe off the tears that were running down her cheeks.

Tom sat by. Neither of them spoke. It was yet early, and the children lay all asleep together in their little bed.

Tom got up and walked silently to look at his children.

"It's the last time," he said.

Aunt Chloe did not answer, only continued to iron the shirt, which was already as smooth as hands could make it. Finally she set her iron and sat down to the table, crying.

"Missis says she'll try to bring you back, in a year or two. **But nobody never comes up that goes down there!** They kill them at plantations!"

"Awful things happen sometimes, Chloe," said Tom, "but there's one thing I can thank God for. It's me that's

sold and going down, and not you and the children. Here you're safe. What happens to me — who knows?"

Tom spoke **with a bitter choking in his throat**, but he tried to be brave and strong.

"It isn't right that you should be taken for Master's debts!" said Aunt Chloe. "Perhaps Master can't help himself now, but I feel it's wrong. You have always been faithful to him. You have taken care of his business more than of your own wife and children! And then he sells you, to get out of that trouble!"

"Chloe! If you love me, please talk like that, when perhaps it's just the last time we'll ever have together!" said Tom. "And I'll tell you, Chloe, it goes against me to hear one word against Master. He can't think so much about poor Tom. Masters are used to having all the things done for them, and naturally they don't think so much about them. Master has always treated me very well. I'm sure there's nothing he can do than sell me."

"Well, anyway, something's wrong about it somewhere," said Aunt Chloe, who was a stubborn woman. "But there's no use talking. I'll get you a good breakfast, because nobody knows when you'll get another."

In half an hour a kick pushed open the door of Uncle Tom's cabin. Haley stood there in a very bad mood.

"Come," he said, "are you ready?"

Tom rose up, to follow his new master, and raised up the heavy box with clothes on his shoulder. His wife took the baby in her arms to go with him to the wagon. The children, still crying, followed them.

Mrs. Shelby walked up to the trader, and talked with him for a few moments. In the meantime Tom's family came up to the wagon. A crowd of all the old and young workers gathered around it too, to say good-bye to their

old friend. Tom was loved and respected by all the place, and there was much honest sympathy and grief about him, particularly among the women.

Mr. Shelby at this time was not at home. He had gone on a short business trip, hoping that all would be over before he returned.

"Get in!" said Haley to Tom.

Tom got in, and Haley, drawing out from under the wagon seat a heavy pair of **shackles**, made them fast around each ankle.

The whole crowd felt indignation about it, and Mrs. Shelby spoke from the verandah:

"Mr. Haley, I'm sure that it's unnecessary."

"I don't know, madam. I've lost five hundred dollars from this your place, and I can't afford **to run more risks.**"

"I'm sorry," said Tom, "that Master George is away." George had gone to spend two or three days with a friend. "Please give my love to Master George," said Tom.

Haley whipped up the horse, and Tom was carried away. After a mile Haley suddenly stopped at the door of a **blacksmith's shop**. He took with him a pair of handcuffs and went into the shop.

"These are a little too small for him. I need you to fix them," said Haley to the blacksmith, pointing out to Tom.

"It's Shelby's Tom. He hasn't sold him?" said the blacksmith.

"Yes, he has," said Haley.

"Well, you don't need these," said the man. "He's the most faithful, best creature —"

"Yes, yes," said Haley; "but your good fellows are just the creatures who want to run away. They've got legs, and they'll use them, no mistake."

"Well," said the smith, taking his tools, "the plantations down there, stranger, isn't a good place for a Kentucky nigger. They die there fast, don't they?"

"Well, with the climate and one thing and another, they die quite fast," said Haley.

"It's a pity such a nice, quiet, good fellow as Tom should go down there to die on one of those sugar plantations."

"Well, I'll get him in some good old family, and then, he'll have a good life."

"But he leaves his wife and children up here?"

"Yes. But he'll get another one. There're many women everywhere," said the slave trader.

Tom was sitting outside the shop while this conversation was going on. Suddenly he heard the sound of a horse's hoofs behind him. George Shelby jumped into the wagon, and threw his arms round his neck.

"It's a shame! They shouldn't do it!" he cried.

"O! Master George!" said Tom. "I couldn't go without seeing you! But you mustn't talk so loudly. It won't help me, if he gets angry."

"They never sent for me, nor let me know a word about anything. Look here, Uncle Tom," said George, turning his back to the shop, and speaking in a mysterious tone, "I've brought you my dollar!"

"O! I couldn't think of taking it, Master George!" said Tom, quite moved.

"But you shall take it!" said George. "Look here. I made a hole in it, and put a string through, so you could hang it round your neck."

He tied his dollar round Tom's neck.

"**Keep it out of sight**, and remember, every time you see it, that I'll come and bring you back."

Haley came to the door, with the handcuffs in his hands.

"Look here, now, Mister," said George, as he got out, "I shall let father and mother know how you treat Uncle Tom!"

"You're welcome," said the trader.

"I think you should be ashamed to spend all your life buying men and women, and chaining them, like cattle!" said George.

"So long as your folks want to buy men and women, I'm as good as they are," said Haley.

"I'll never do it," said George. "Well, good-bye, Uncle Tom."

"Good-bye, Master George," said Tom, looking admiringly at him. "Kentucky hasn't got many people like you!"

George went away. Tom looked after him, till he disappeared. Then he put up his hand to the dollar, and held it close to his heart.

Helpful Words & Notes

ironing-cloth — ткань для глажки белья

every now and then — время от времени

But nobody never comes up that goes down there! —

Тот, кого забирают на юг, никогда не возвращается!
with a bitter choking in his throat — и голос у него обрывался

shackles — кандалы

to run more risks — еще больше рисковать

blacksmith's shop — кузница

Keep it out of sight — Носи его так, чтобы никто не заметил

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Say who:

- 1) ironed Uncle Tom's clothes and made him a good breakfast.
- 2) arrived at the Shelby's place in a very bad mood.
- 3) came to say good-bye to Uncle Tom.
- 4) gave Uncle Tom a dollar to wear on his neck.
- 5) fixed Tom's handcuffs.

2. Complete the sentences.

- 1) Uncle Tom didn't blame Mr. Shelby for selling him to Haley because... .
- 2) All the slaves came to say good-bye to Uncle Tom because... .
- 3) Haley put shackles and handcuffs on Tom because... .

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Write the words in the plural form.

a wife, a box, an ankle, a throat, a baby

2. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

grief blacksmith trip kick

- 1) Mr. Shelby went on a short business _____.
- 2) A _____ pushed open the door of Uncle Tom's cabin.

- 3) There was much honest sympathy and _____ about Tom.
- 4) Haley went into the _____'s shop to fix the handcuffs.

Discussing the Text

1. Talk about the day when Haley took Uncle Tom away. Prove that it was a sad day for Tom, his wife and other slaves.
2. Imagine that you're George Shelby. Describe your meeting with Uncle Tom at the blacksmith's shop.



CHAPTER 10

It was late in the afternoon when a traveller entered the door of a small country hotel, in the village of N—, in Kentucky. There he found great, tall Kentuckians, dressed in hunting-shirts, with rifles, hunting-dogs, and little negroes.

The man was a short, **thick-set** old man, carefully dressed, with a round, friendly face. He looked round

the room, found a chair in the warmest corner, and sat down.

“Would you like some?” said a long-legged gentleman, sitting close to fire-place. And he handed the old man a piece of his **tobacco**.

“No, thank you. **It doesn't agree with me,**” said the little man.

“What's that?” said the old gentleman, looking at a group around a large advertisement.

“**Nigger advertised!**” said one of the men.

Mr. Wilson, for that was the old gentleman's name, rose, and read as follows:

“Ran away, my mulatto boy, George. Six feet in height, a very light mulatto, brown curly hair; is very intelligent, can read and write; will probably try to **pass for a white man**; has deep scars on his back and shoulders. I will give four hundred dollars for him alive, and the same sum for satisfactory proof that he has been killed.”

The old gentleman read this advertisement from beginning to end in a low voice, as if he were studying it.

The long-legged man walked up to the advertisement and spat on it.

“I'd do the same to the writer of that that paper, if he were here,” he said, and sat down again. “Any man that has a boy like that, and can't find any better way of treating him, deserves to lose him. Such papers as these are a shame to Kentucky.”

“Well, that's a fact,” said Mr. Wilson.

“I've got negroes myself, sir,” said the long man. “And I just tell them ‘Boys, run when you want to! I'll never come to look after you!’ That's the way I keep mine. I let them know they are free to run any time. That's why they stay. More than that, I've got free papers for all of them, **in case I get killed**, and they know

it. And I tell you, stranger, **there isn't a fellow in our parts who gets more out of his niggers than I do.** Treat them like dogs, and you'll have dogs' work and dogs' actions. Treat them like men, and you'll have men's work."

And the man spat at the fireplace.

At that moment the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a well-dressed gentleman with a coloured servant. He was very tall, with a handsome dark, Spanish face. Expressive black eyes, straight thin nose and fine body impressed other guests as something uncommon. He nodded to the men and, with his hat in his hand, walked up to the bar, and gave in his name as Henry Butler, Oaklands, Shelby County. Then he came up to the advertisement, and read it over.

"Jim," he said to his servant, "seems to me we met a boy something like this, up at Bernan's, didn't we?"

"Yes, Master," said Jim, "only I am not sure about the scars."

"Well, I didn't look, of course," said the stranger with a careless yawn. Then he asked for a room and sat on a chair waiting.

Mr. Wilson continued to look at the stranger. He seemed familiar, but **he could not place him.** Every few moments, when the man moved, or smiled, he fixed his eyes on him, and then suddenly withdrew them, as the bright, dark eyes met his. At last the stranger walked up to him.

"Mr. Wilson, I think," he said, "I'm sorry, I didn't come up to you before. I see you remember me."

"Ye — yes — yes, sir," said Mr. Wilson.

Just then a negro boy entered, and said that Master's room was ready.

"Mr. Wilson," said the gentleman, "I should like to speak to you, in my room, if you please."

Mr. Wilson followed him, walking as if in a dream. They entered a large room, where a new-made fire was crackling. The young man locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and looked at Mr. Wilson.

"George!" said Mr. Wilson.

"Yes, George," said the young man, with a smile. "You see **I don't answer to the advertisement at all.**"

George had inherited from his white father **a set of fine European features.** A slight change in the colour of his skin and hair had transformed the mulatto into the Spanish-looking man. He had nice manners, and he found no difficulty in playing the part of a gentleman travelling with his servant.

"Well, George, I see that you're running away — leaving your lawful master," said Mr. Wilson, who was the owner of the factory where George had worked. "**But you're running an awful risk.** If you're caught, it will be worse with you than ever. They'll half kill you, and sell you down south."

"Mr. Wilson, I know all this," said George. "I do run a risk, but —" he opened his coat, and showed two guns and a knife. "There!" he said. "I'm ready for them! I'll never go down south. No!"

"George, this is bad. You're going to break the laws of your country!"

"My country! Mr. Wilson, you have a country, but what country have I, or anyone like me? What laws are there for us? I had a father — one of your Kentucky gentlemen. **He didn't think enough of me to keep me from being sold with his dogs and horses, when he died.** My six brothers and sisters were sold before my mother's eyes, one by one, all to different masters. And I was the youngest. My mother came to see my master and asked him to buy her with me. And he kicked her away with

his heavy boot. My oldest sister was a good girl, and as pretty as my mother. She was sent to the market in Orleans. And that's the last I know of her. I grew up — long years and years — no father, no mother, no sister, not a living soul that cared for me more than a dog. Nothing but whipping, scolding, starving. I never heard a kind word spoken to me till I came to work in your factory. Mr. Wilson, you treated me well. I learned to read and write, and to try to make something of myself. I am so grateful to you for it. Then, sir, I found my wife — you know how beautiful she is. When I married her, I was so happy. But now what? Now comes my master, takes me right away from my work, and my friends, my wife and child. And why? Because, he says, I forgot who I was; he says, to teach me that I am only a nigger! And these your laws give him power to do. Do you call these the laws of my country? Sir, I haven't any country now. But I'm going to have one. When I get to Canada, where the laws will protect me, that will be my country. And I will obey its laws, Mr. Wilson. But if any man tries to stop me, let him take care. I'll fight for my freedom to the last breath I breathe."

This speech was too much for the kind old man.

"George, go ahead," he suddenly said, "but be careful, my boy."

He took out a **roll of bills** from his pocket and offered them to George.

"Take it. Money is a great help everywhere," he said.

"I will, sir, only if I may pay it back in the future," said George, taking up the money.

"And this black fellow, — who is he?"

"A good man, who went to Canada more than a year ago. He heard, after he got there, his master had whipped his poor old mother. And he has come all the way back to

get her away. After he takes his mother, we're going to Ohio, to put me among friends that helped him."

"Dangerous, very dangerous!" said the old man.

George smiled.

"Jim and I leave early tomorrow morning," he said. "By tomorrow night I hope to sleep safe in Ohio. I'll travel by daylight, stop at the best hotels. So, good-bye, sir. If you hear that I'm caught, you may know that I'm dead!"

George stood up and put out his hand, proudly, like a prince. The friendly little old man shook it. Then he took his umbrella, and left the room.

Helpful Words & Notes

thick-set — коренастый

tobacco — *зд.* жевательный табак

It doesn't agree with me — Мне это вредно

Nigger advertised! — Негра разыскивают!

to pass for a white man — выдать себя за белого

in case I get killed — на тот случай, если меня убьют

there isn't a fellow in our parts who gets more out of

his niggers than I do — ни у кого другого в наших

краях негры не работают так, как у меня

he could not place him — он не мог вспомнить, где

мог его встретить

I don't answer to the advertisement at all — я совсем

не похож на человека, про которого говорится в

объявлении

a set of fine European features — тонкие европейские

черты лица

you're running an awful risk — ты подвергаешь свою

жизнь страшной опасности

He didn't think enough of me to keep me from being sold with his dogs and horses, when he died. — Он не потрудился распорядиться, чтобы после его смерти меня не продали вместе с собаками и лошадьми.
roll of bills — пачка денег

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

- 1) Where did Mr. Wilson meet George?
- 2) What kind of people did he see in the hotel?
- 3) What did the long-legged man think about the advertisement?
- 4) Why did it take Mr. Wilson so long to recognize George?
- 5) Why was Mr. Wilson worried about George?
- 6) What did George say about Jim?

2. Complete the sentences.

- 1) George Harris had with him _____.
- 2) In the hotel George used the name _____.
- 3) Mr. Wilson gave George _____.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Find in the text the English for:

выдавать себя за белого; прочитав от начала до конца; в наших краях; убедительные доказательства.

2. Choose the right modal verb.

- 1) “(Would/Could) you like some tobacco?” asked the long-legged gentleman.
- 2) The stranger looked familiar, but Mr. Wilson still (can't /couldn't) place him.
- 3) “I'll take the money, sir, only if I (must/may) pay it back in the future,” said George.

Discussing the Text

1. Talk about the meeting between Mr. Wilson and George. Say:

- 1) when and where they met.
- 2) what the topic of their conversation was.

2. Mr. Wilson didn't approve of George's escape first. What made him change his mind?

CHAPTER 11

On the way to the Ohio River Haley bought three more negroes. With his four slaves chained together, Haley boarded a boat for Louisiana. One day, when the boat made a stop at a small town in Kentucky, Haley went up into the place on a little matter of business.

Tom had come up to the side of the boat, and stood watching the river. After a while he saw the trader with a coloured woman, who was carrying a child in her arms. The woman was dressed quite respectably and looked cheerful. She followed Haley on board and found a seat on the lower deck.

The trader came up to her, and began saying something to her. Tom soon noticed that the woman was worried by what she heard.

"I don't believe it. I won't believe it!" he heard her say.

"If you won't believe it, look here!" said Haley, drawing out a paper. "This is your **bill of sale**, and there's your master's name. I paid good money for it, too, I can tell you!"

"I don't believe Master's sold me. It can't be true!" cried the woman.

"You can ask any of these men here that can read. Here!" he said, to a man who was passing by. "Read this please, will you? This girl doesn't believe me, when I tell her what it is."

"Why, it's a bill of sale, signed by John Fosdick," said the man, "for the girl Lucy and her child. It's just what I see."

The woman's wild screams attracted a crowd around her, and the trader explained to them the reason of her behaviour.

"He told me that I was going down to **Louisville**, to work as a cook in the same hotel where my husband works," said the woman. "That's what Master told me. I can't believe he lied to me."

"But he has sold you. There's no doubt about it," said the trader.

"Then it's no use talking," said the woman, suddenly growing quite calm. She clasped her child tighter in her arms and turned her back round.

"**She's going to take it easy, after all!**" said the trader.

The woman looked calm, as the boat went on. Only one tear after another slowly fell on the face of her child, a boy of ten months.

"That's a fine young fellow!" said a man, suddenly stopping close to him, with his hands in his pockets. Then he whistled, and walked on. Then he came up to Haley, who was smoking on top of a pile of boxes.

"You've got a good girl round there, stranger," he said to Haley. "Taking her down south?"

"Yes. They told me she was a good cook. And they can use her for that, or **set her at the cotton-picking**. She's got the right fingers for that. I looked at them," said Haley, and smoked on.

"They won't want the young one on the plantation," said the man.

"I shall sell him, first chance I find," said Haley, lighting another cigar.

"And if you sell him now?" asked the man.

"I don't know about that," said Haley.

"Well, stranger, what will you take for him?"

"Well, now," said Haley, "He's a pretty smart young one, fat, strong, and healthy. In a year or two, he'd bring two hundred. I won't take a cent less than fifty for him now."

"O, stranger! That's ridiculous," said the man. "I'll give thirty for him, but not a cent more."

"Now, I'll tell you what I will do," said Haley, spitting. "I say forty-five. And that's the most I will do."

"Well, agreed!" said the man, after a while.

"Done!" said Haley. "Where do you land?"

"At Louisville," said the man.

"Louisville," said Haley. "We get there in the evening. The boy will be asleep. You can get him off quietly, with no screaming. I like to do everything quietly. I hate all these screams."

The man handed the trader the money, and Haley lighted a new cigar.

It was a calm evening when the boat stopped at Louisville. When the woman heard the name of the place, she laid the child down on her cloak among the boxes. Then she ran to the side of the boat, hoping to see her husband on the bank of the river. The crowd pressed in between her and the child.

"Now's your time," said Haley, taking the sleeping child up, and handing him to the stranger. "Don't wake him." The man took the boy carefully, and was soon lost in the crowd that went up the wharf.

After a while the woman returned to her old seat. The trader was still there, but the child was gone!

"Why, why, — where?" she began, in surprise.

"Lucy," said the trader, "your child's gone. You see, you couldn't take him down south. And I had a chance to sell him to a first-rate family, that'll raise him better than you can."

The woman sat down. Her eyes looked straightforward, but she saw nothing.

Haley got up, and the woman turned away, and buried her head in her cloak.

"Takes it hard," he said, "but quiet. She'll be OK."

Tom had seen everything from first to last. He came up to the woman and tried to say something; but she only groaned.

At midnight, Tom suddenly woke up. Something black rushed to the side of the boat, and he heard a splash in the water. No one else saw or heard anything. He raised his head, — the woman's place was vacant!

The trader came to see his slaves in the morning.

"Where is the girl?" he asked Tom.

"I heard a great splash, and then I clearly woke up, and the girl was gone. That's all I know about it."

Haley was neither shocked nor amazed. He was used

to many things that you are not used to. He sat down, with his little book, and **put down the missing woman under the head of 'losses!'**

Helpful Words & Notes

Louisiana — Луизиана; штат в нижнем течении реки Миссисипи

Haley went up into the place on a little matter of business — Хейли отправился в город, где у него было небольшое дельце

bill of sale — купчая

Louisville — Луисвилл; город на реке Огайо, один из основных центров работоторговли до Гражданской войны (1861–1865)

She's going to take it easy, after all! — Кажется, обойдется!

set her at the cotton-picking — отправить ее собирать хлопок

put down the missing woman under the head of 'losses' — внес пропавшую женщину в графу «убытки»

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

- 1) How many more negroes did Haley buy on the way to the Ohio River?
- 2) Who was Lucy?
- 3) What happened when the slave trader told her that her master had sold her to him?

- 4) Whom did Haley sell Lucy's little son?
- 5) What happened to Lucy?
- 6) What did Tom tell Haley about her disappearance?

2. Complete the sentences.

- 1) Haley and his four negroes boarded a _____ for Louisiana.
- 2) Lucy was going to work as _____ in the same hotel as her husband.
- 3) Haley received for Lucy's baby _____ dollars.
- 4) The man left the boat with the boy in _____.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Put the verb in brackets into the correct form.

- 1) The slave trader brought a coloured woman, who (to carry) a child in her arms.
- 2) A man came up to Haley, who (to smoke) on top of a pile of boxes.
- 3) Lucy (to lay) the child on her cloak.
- 4) A sudden splash (to wake) Tom.

2. Fill in the gaps with the adverbs from the box.

overboard straightforward respectably easy
--

- 1) The young woman was dressed quite _____.
- 2) Haley hoped Lucy would take it _____.
- 3) Lucy jumped _____ after her son had been taken from her.
- 4) Her eyes looked _____, but she saw nothing.

Discussing the Text

Tell Lucy's story. What do you think about it?

CHAPTER 12

We go now to a small house of Rachel and Simeon Halliday in a **Quaker** village in Ohio, where our fine old friend Eliza was living with little Harry. One afternoon Eliza and Rachel were sitting in the kitchen when the door opened, and Simeon came in. He was a tall, straight, muscular man in a dark coat and a **broad-brimmed hat**.

"Any news, father?" said Rachel. She was an old woman with a round and rosy face and clear, honest, loving brown eyes. You only needed to look straight into them, to feel that you saw to the bottom of a good and true heart.

"Peter Stebbins told me that they should be here tonight, with — friends," said Simeon, with meaning, as he was washing his hands at a neat sink in a little back porch.

"Indeed!" said Rachel, looking at Eliza.

"Mother!" called said Simeon.

"What do you want, father?" said Rachel, as she went into the porch too.

"This girl's husband is in the village, and will be here tonight," said Simeon. "Yesterday Peter was at the other **stand**, and he brought an old woman and two men. One of them said his name was George Harris. From what he told about himself, he's Eliza's husband. He is a bright, nice fellow, too. Shall we tell her now?" said Simeon.

"Now! This very minute," said Rachel with a happy smile.

The old woman returned to the kitchen, came up to Eliza and said, gently:

"I have news to tell you, my daughter."

The blood flushed in Eliza's pale face. She rose, with nervous anxiety, and looked towards her boy.

"No, no," said Rachel. "It's good news, Eliza. Your husband is among friends, who will bring him here tonight."

"Tonight!" Eliza repeated. "Tonight!"

She sat down, weak and pale. The words lost all meaning to her.

When Eliza opened her eyes, she found herself on the bed, with a blanket over her. It was evening. A candle was burning on the table, her husband was standing beside her...

The following afternoon Simeon Halliday brought to the house a Quaker brother, whom he introduced as Phineas Fletcher. Phineas was tall, red-haired, with a shrewd look in his eyes.

"Our friend Phineas will take you to the next stand. And he knows something important, George," said Simeon.

"Yes," said the man. "Last night I stopped at a little hotel, back on the road. Well, I was tired and, after my supper I lay down on some bags in the corner, to wait till my bed was ready. But I fell asleep. I slept for an hour or two. When I woke up, I found that there were some men in the room, sitting round a table, drinking and talking. I found that they were talking about you. I heard their plans. They wanted to send the young man back to Kentucky, to his master. Then two of them were going to take the wife to New Orleans and sell her for sixteen or eighteen hundred dollars. And the child, they said, was going to a trader, who had bought him. They also were going to send the boy, Jim, and his mother, back to their masters in Kentucky. They said that they

knew two policemen, in a town ahead, who would go with them to get the people. They know quite well the road we are going to take tonight. So now, what's to be done?"

"I know what I shall do," said George. He came into the little room, and began examining his guns. "If you lend me your wagon and give directions, I'll drive alone."

"Ah, well, friend," said Phineas, "**you can do all the fighting**, but you'll still need a driver. I know a thing or two about the road, that you don't."

"I will attack no man," said George. "All I ask is to be let alone. I've had a sister sold in that New

Orleans market. I know what they are sold for. Am I going to stand by and see them take my wife and sell her, when I have a pair of strong arms to defend her? No! I'll fight to the last breath, before they take my wife and son."

"Well," said Phineas. "I came here two or three hours ahead of them if they started at the time they planned. It isn't safe to start till dark, but in two hours I think we may go. I am going out now to warn Jim and the old woman, and to see about the horse." And he closed the door.

"He will do the best that can be done for you, George," said Simeon.

A little while after supper, a large covered wagon drew up before the door. The night was clear. Phineas jumped down from his seat to help his passengers. George walked out of the door, with his child on one arm and his wife on the other. Rachel and Simeon came out after them to say good-bye. When the travellers took their seats, the wagon drove off on the frozen road.

There was no opportunity for conversation, because of the noise of the wheels. The child soon fell asleep.

The poor, frightened old woman at last forgot her fears. Even Eliza's eyes began closing.

About three o'clock George and Phineas heard the noise of galloping horsemen behind. **Phineas lashed the horses to a run.** The wagon jumped, almost flew, over the frozen ground. Then Phineas made a sudden turn, and **the wagon brought them near steep rocks.** It was a place well known to Phineas.

"Now for it!" said he, suddenly jumping from his seat to the ground. "Out, every one, and up into these rocks with me! Run!" And he ran, with little Harry in his arms. Others followed him. As they reached the rocks, they saw a narrow path leading up among them. "Come up!" said Phineas.

The horsemen approached the wagon, and, shouting, got off their horses, ready to follow the slaves, who had already reached the top of the rock. The group consisted of Tom Loker and Marks, two policemen, and some their friends.

"Let them get us, if they can," said Phineas. "Whoever comes here has to walk between those two rocks, do you see, boys? Why don't we tell them, that they'll be shot if they do?"

George appeared on the top of the rock, and, speaking in a calm, clear voice, said,

"Gentlemen, who are you, down there, and what do you want?"

"We want runaway slaves," said Tom Loker. "George Harris, and Eliza Harris, and their son, and Jim Selden, and his mother. We've got the officers, here, and we're going to have them. Aren't you George Harris, that belongs to Mr. Harris, of Kentucky?"

"I am George Harris. Mr. Harris, of Kentucky, did call me his property. But now I'm a free man. As my wife and my child. Jim and his mother are here too.

You can come up, if you like. But we have guns, and we're going to defend ourselves," said George.

There was something in his determination that made an impression almost on all the men below. Marks was the only one who remained untouched. And, right after George's words, he fired at him.

"You see you get just as much for him dead as alive in Kentucky," he said.

George jumped back. The bullet had passed close to his hair. Eliza shrieked.

"It's nothing, Eliza," said George, quickly.

"I'm going right up," said Tom Loker. "I was never afraid of niggers, and I am not going to be now. Who goes after?" he said, going up the rocks. One of the policemen followed him.

George heard the words. He took his gun, and when Tom was close enough to him, he fired.

Loker fell down among the trees, bushes, stones. But his clothes caught in the branches of a large tree, and that saved the man's life.

"I say, fellows," said Marks, "go round and pick up Tom, there, while I go back for help."

Soon he was seen galloping away.

"Look at that dog! Leaving us like that!" said one of the men.

"Well, we must pick up that fellow," said another.

They found Loker and, holding him up under each shoulder, they got him as far as the horses.

George looked over the rocks, and saw them trying to lift the heavy man into the saddle. After two or three attempts, he fell heavily to the ground.

"They're leaving him, I think," said Phineas.

It was true. After some discussion, all the men got on their horses and rode away.

"Well, we must go down to the wagon," said Phineas.

"Do something for that poor man," said Eliza, as they approached Loker.

"Well," said Phineas. "Here, let's have a look at him."

He came up to the wounded man.

"Marks," said Tom, weakly, "is that you, Marks?"

"No," said Phineas. "Marks doesn't care for you. He's off, long ago."

Phineas stopped the bleeding using his own handkerchief as a bandage.

"We'll take you to a house where they'll help you," he said.

Tom groaned, and shut his eyes.

"What will you do with this poor fellow?" said George.

"O, we'll take him to Amariah's house. There's old Grandma Stephens there. Dorcas, they call her. She's an amazing nurse," said Phineas. "Well, now. It's time to go. We should be there in an hour."

Helpful Words & Notes

Quaker — квакер; последователь протестантского религиозного течения, проповедующего ненасилие и благотворительность

broad-brimmed hat — широкополая шляпа

stand — «станция»; жильё для отдыха и укрытия, которое предоставляли беглым рабам люди, которые им сочувствовали

you can do all the fighting — подраться ты сможешь

Phineas lashed the horses to a run. — Финеас стегнул лошадей.

the wagon brought them near steep rocks — фургон привез их к крутым скалам

You see you get just as much for him dead as alive in Kentucky — В Кентукки мертвый стоит не меньше, чем живой

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

- 1) Where did Eliza and Harry stay in Ohio?
- 2) When did George Harris arrive?
- 3) Why did the runaways have to leave as soon as possible?
- 4) Why did Marks fire at George?
- 5) What happened to Loker? What saved his life?
- 6) Who stopped the bleeding?

2. Circle the correct answer.

- 1) What family protected Eliza and Harry in a Quaker village in Ohio?
 - a) the Rachels
 - b) the Hallidays
 - c) the Birds
- 2) Who was the Quaker who drove George's family to the next stand?
 - a) Phineas Fletcher
 - b) Tom Loker
 - c) Fletcher Phineas
- 3) Where did Fletcher take the wounded Loker?
 - a) to his own house
 - b) to his grandmother's place
 - c) to Dorcas's house

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

blood nurse bleeding bullet bandage

- 1) Fletcher stopped the _____ and carried Loker to the wagon.
- 2) He decided to use a scarf as a _____.
- 3) Dorcas was a _____ who could take care of Loker.
- 4) Eliza's feet were covered in _____, but she didn't notice it.
- 5) The _____ didn't touch George.

2. Put the verb in brackets into the correct form.

- 1) Eliza and Rachel (to sit) in the kitchen when the door opened.
- 2) Little Harry, they said, was going to a trader, who (to buy) him.
- 3) After supper, a large covered wagon (to draw up) before the door.
- 4) Marks said he (to go) back for help.

Discussing the Text

1. Talk about the Quakers who helped Eliza and George.
2. Imagine that you're Phineas Fletcher. Describe that night as you remember it.
3. Give your opinion.

Marks and other people from their group left Tom Loker without help and rode away. Why did they do it? Was it a surprise to Loker?



CHAPTER 13

The boat with the slaves sailed down the Ohio River and out into the broad and muddy Mississippi. Haley soon saw that Tom could be trusted. At first he had watched him through the day, and never allowed him to sleep at night without shackles. But then, impressed by the man's quiet character and patience, the trader took off his handcuffs and chains, and let him go about freely over the boat.

Among the passengers on the steamer there was a young rich gentleman from New Orleans, Augustine St. Clare. He had with him a five-year-old daughter, and a lady who took care of the girl.

Tom could hardly keep his eyes off this sweet little girl, as she flitted about the deck. She was one of those busy creatures, which never stay in one place. Charming little face with a dreamy expression, long golden-brown hair, violet blue eyes — all marked her out from other children, and made every one turn and look after her. She was always dressed in white, and seemed to fly everywhere, with a half smile on her mouth, and singing to herself. Whenever Tom saw her golden head and deep blue eyes, he half believed that he saw one of the angels.

The girl often walked round the place where Haley's slaves sat in their chains. Several times she appeared suddenly among them, with her hands full of **candy**, nuts, and oranges, which she gave to them.

Tom could cut pretty little baskets out of cherry-stones, could make funny figures on nuts and whistles of all sizes and sorts. One by one he offered the girl these little things. **Soon they got on really friendly terms.**

"What is little missy's name?" he asked at last.

"Evangeline St. Clare," said the little one, "but papa and everybody else call me Eva. Now, what's your name?"

"My name's Tom. In Kentucky the little children used to call me Uncle Tom."

"Then I'll call you Uncle Tom, because, you see, I like you," said Eva. "So, Uncle Tom, where are you going?"

"I don't know, Miss Eva."

"Don't know?" said Eva.

"No, I am going to be sold to somebody. I don't know who."

"My papa can buy you," said Eva, quickly. "And if he buys you, you will have good times. I'll ask him, this very day."

"Thank you, my little lady," said Tom.

The boat stopped **to take in wood**, and Eva, hearing her father's voice, ran away. Tom rose up, and went to help the crew.

Eva and her father were standing together by the railing, looking at the bank. Suddenly the boat moved, and the little girl lost her balance and fell over the side of the boat into the water. Her father started to jump after her, but someone held him back. There was no need of his help, because his daughter was already out of danger.

Tom was right under her on the lower deck, as Eva fell. He jumped after her, caught her in his arms and swam with her to the boat.

The following day was the last day of the trip. The steamer was getting near New Orleans. The passengers were gathering their things, and the crew were busy cleaning the boat.

Tom was sitting on the lower deck, anxiously, from time to time, turning his eyes towards a group on the other side of the boat. There stood Evangeline, a little paler than the day before, her father and Haley.

"Well, now, my good fellow, how much do you want?" asked St. Clare.

"Well," said Haley, "if I say thirteen hundred dollars for that fellow, it would be a very modest price. Just look at him — tall and strong as a horse. And he's smart. That fellow managed his master's whole farm. He has an extraordinary talent for business."

"Bad, bad!" said the young man, **with a mocking smile**. "Your smart fellows are always running away and

stealing horses. I think you'll have to take off a couple of hundred for his smartness."

"Papa, do buy him! It's no matter what you pay," whispered Eva, softly, putting her arm around her father's neck. "You have enough money, I know. I want him."

"What for, honey? Are you going to use him as a rocking-horse, or what?"

"I want to make him happy."

"An original reason, certainly."

"There, count your money, old boy!" said St. Clare. And he gave the trader the roll of bills.

"All right," said Haley. He filled out a bill of sale, which, in a few moments, he handed to the man.

"Come, Eva," said St. Clare.

Then, Eva and her father walked over to Tom. He put the tips of his fingers under Tom's chin and said with a kindly smile, "Look up, Tom. How do you like your new master?"

Tom looked up quickly into the young handsome face beside him. He felt the tears start in his eyes, and just nodded.

Augustine St. Clare was the son of a rich planter in Louisiana. His father and his uncle had come from Canada. One of the brothers settled on a farm in Vermont, and the other became a planter in Louisiana and married a lady whose family had emigrated from France. Augustine gave to his child his mother's name, as he hoped that she would inherit her pure character.

After college the young man fell in love with a beautiful woman from one of the northern states. But they couldn't be together, and, with his heart broken, he married a popular southern belle, Marie. She was a selfish young woman with no heart, who fancied all the

time that she was ill. As a result Marie St. Clare spent a lot of time in her room, and their little daughter was left to the care of servants. Augustine had taken Eva with him on a tour to Vermont, and had persuaded his cousin, Miss Ophelia St. Clare, to return with him to Louisiana to look after his little daughter.

Miss Ophelia was forty-five years old, tall, thin and energetic. She had a clear, strong, active mind, and, though she was never much of a talker, her words were always direct and to the purpose. To her the word 'ought' was law, and nothing could keep her from doing her duty.

Though Miss Ophelia she was so different from easy, unpunctual, unpractical, skeptical Augustine St. Clare, she always loved him. Then she liked the lovely little girl. And when he asked her to go with him to New Orleans, she agreed.

Helpful Words & Notes

candy — конфеты

Soon they got on really friendly terms. — Вскоре они по-настоящему подружились.

to take in wood — чтобы запастись дровами

with a mocking smile — с насмешливой улыбкой

to take off a couple of hundred for his smartness — скостить пару сотен за его ум

rocking-horse — игрушечная деревянная лошадка-качалка

Vermont — Вермонт; штат на северо-востоке США

belle — красавица

who fancied all the time that she was ill — которая всё время находила у себя воображаемые болезни

though she was never much of a talker, her words were always direct and to the purpose — ХОТЯ СЛОВ ОНА ПОПУСТУ НЕ ТРАТИТ, НО УЖ ЕСЛИ ГОВОРИТ, ТО ПРЯМО И ПО СУЩЕСТВУ

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

- 1) Where did Uncle Tom meet Eva?
- 2) How did they make friends?
- 3) When did Tom save Eva?
- 4) How did Eva's father thank him?
- 5) Why did Eva ask her father to buy Tom?
- 6) What kind of person was Ophelia St. Clare?

2. Complete the sentences.

- 1) Haley took off Tom's shackles and handcuffs because... .
- 2) Eva attracted everyone's attention because... .
- 3) St. Clare bought Tom because... .
- 4) Miss Ophelia decided to come to New Orleans because... .

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Explain in your own words who is:

- a passenger
- planter
- a talker

2. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

balance crew patience candy

- 1) Eva often came to visit the slaves and brought for them _____ and fruit.
- 2) Haley liked Tom's _____ and began to trust him.
- 3) Eva lost her _____ and fell over the side of the boat into the water.
- 4) Before the end of the trip the _____ cleaned the steamer.

Discussing the Text

1. Talk about Uncle Tom and Eva. Describe:

- 1) how they met on the boat;
- 2) how they made friends;
- 3) how Tom saved Eva when she fell into the river;
- 4) how her father bought Tom to take him with his family to New Orleans.

2. Prove that Eva was an unusual girl with unusual ideas.

CHAPTER 14

The carriage stopped in front of an old mansion, built in that strange mixture of Spanish and French style, that was still seen in some parts of New Orleans. In the middle of the courtyard, a fountain threw

high its clear water, which fell in a **marble basin**, full of gold and silver fish. Around the fountain ran a walk, surrounded by plants of the tropics and flowers. On the whole, the place was splendid and romantic.

As the carriage drove in, Eva seemed like a bird ready to get away from a cage.

"O, isn't it beautiful, lovely!" she said to Miss Ophelia. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"It's a pretty place," said Miss Ophelia; "though it looks rather old to me."

St. Clare smiled. He turned to Tom, who was looking round in admiration, and said:

"Tom, my boy, **this seems to suit you.**"

"Yes, Master, it looks about the right thing," said Tom.

Eva flew like a bird to a little bedroom, opening on the verandah. A tall, dark-eyed woman half rose from a couch.

"Mamma!" said Eva, throwing herself on her neck.

"That will do, child. Don't, you make my head ache," said the mother, after she had kissed her.

St. Clare came in, with his cousin. Marie curiously lifted her large eyes on Miss Ophelia. A crowd of servants were now seen at the door, and among them a middle-aged mulatto woman.

"O, there's Mamma!" said Eva.

She flew across the room, threw herself into her arms, and kissed her more than once. This woman did not tell her that she made her head ache. She hugged her, and laughed, and cried. Then Eva flew from her to another, shaking hands and kissing.

"Well!" said Miss Ophelia, "you southern people can do something that I couldn't."

"What?" said St. Clare.

"Well, I want to be kind to everybody, but kissing —"

"Niggers," said St. Clare. "**That you're not up to?**"

"Yes, that's it. How can she?"

St. Clare laughed. "Here, you all — Mammy, Jimmy, Polly, Sukey — glad to see Master?" he said, as he went shaking hands from one to another.

Miss Ophelia took charge of the house in a few days after their arrival. **Marie St. Clare had been a terrible housekeeper.** Things were bad enough even before she decided that she had several different diseases, and began spending most of her time on her couch with a novel and **smelling-salts.** At the time of Miss Ophelia's arrival, everything had gone from bad to worse.

Miss Ophelia was up at four o'clock, ready for work. The practical lady looked over store-rooms, cupboards, cellars, and closets. Then she went to the kitchen, opened all the drawers and set things in order with her own hands. But the day after the kitchen looked again **as if it had been arranged by a hurricane blowing through it.**

Almost all the servants agreed that Miss Ophelia was 'curious.' Some of them even thought that she was no lady. Ladies never keep working as she did, they said. Even Marie said that it was absolutely tiring to see Cousin Ophelia always so busy.

Augustine St. Clare made Tom the head coachman. He was kept well dressed, because Marie St. Clare said that she could not have any smell of the horses about him when he came near her. In his good suit, with his serious, kind black face, he looked very respectable.

A day or two after the return home, **St. Clare sent Tom on some errands.** He was surprised to see how quickly and how well his new servant did them. Then he gave him more and more tasks, and finally Tom was asked to provide the family with everything they needed.

Tom and Eva had become close friends. The girl asked her father that he might be her special servant, in her walks or rides. Tom had orders to let **everything else go**, and take Miss Eva whenever she wanted him. And these orders were very pleasant to him.

After a while Tom felt so homesick, that he decided to write a letter home. He got a sheet of paper from Eva and sat at the table, trying to remember Master George's instructions. It was not easy. He had forgotten the forms of some of the letters. Those he did remember, he did not know exactly which to use. While he was working, and breathing very hard, Eva flew into his room, like a bird, and looked over his shoulder.

"O, Uncle Tom! What funny things you are making, there!"

"I'm trying to write to my poor old woman, Miss Eva, and my little children," said Tom, sadly. "But I'm afraid I can't do it."

"I'm so sorry, Tom, I can't help you! Last year I could write all the letters, but I'm afraid I've forgotten."

Eva put her golden head close to his, and the two began a discussion over every word.

"Look, Uncle Tom, it really begins to look beautiful," said Eva. "How happy your wife will be, and the poor little children! O, it's a shame you ever had to go away from them! I'll ask papa to let you go back, some time."

"Missis said that she would send down money for me, as soon as they could get it," said Tom. "Young Master George said he'd come for me. He gave me this dollar as a sign." And Tom showed the girl the silver dollar.

"O, he'll certainly come, then!" said Eva. "I'm so glad!"

"I say, Tom!" said St. Clare, coming into the room. "What's here?"

"O, it's Tom's letter. I'm helping him to write it," said Eva; "isn't it nice?"

"I think, Tom, you'd better get me to write your letter for you," said St. Clare. "I'll do it, when I come home from my ride."

The letter for Tom was written that evening, and taken to the post-office.

One August morning Tom received the answer from George Shelby.

The boy wrote that Aunt Chloe had gone to work for a baker in Louisville, where she got four dollars a week for her wonderful cakes. Mrs. Shelby put all of the money into the bank to buy Tom back. Mose and Pete were well, and baby Polly was already running around the house, under the care of the Shelby family. The rest of this letter gave a list of George's school subjects, and also told the names of four new horses, which were bought since Tom had left.

Tom thought that it was the most wonderful letter. He was never tired of looking at it, and he even spoke to Eva about getting it framed and hung up in his room.

Helpful Words & Notes

built in that strange mixture of Spanish and French style — выстроеннѣмъ в том странномъ полуйспанскомъ, полуйфранцузскомъ стилѣ (В районѣ Нового Орлеана на протяжении инесколькихъ столѣтій соперни-

чали испанцы и французы, что повлияло на характер городской архитектуры.)

marble basin — мраморный бассейн

this seems to suit you — тебе это, похоже, по душе

That you're not up to? — На это вас не хватит?

Marie St. Clare had been a terrible housekeeper. — Мари Сен-Клер совсем не занималась домашним хозяйством.

smelling salts — нюхательная соль; порошки с эфирными маслами, которые использовались для снятия головной боли и предупреждения обмороков

as if it had been arranged by a hurricane blowing through it — как будто по ней пронесся ураган

St. Clare sent Tom on some errands — Сен-Клер дал Тому несколько поручений

to let everything else go — отложить все другие дела

Tom felt so homesick — Том так заскучал по дому

about getting it framed and hung up in his room —

о том, чтобы вставить его в рамку и повесить на стену

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

- 1) What kind of place was the St. Clares' house in New Orleans?
- 2) What did Miss Ophelia think about Eva's kissing the slaves?
- 3) Why did St. Clare need his cousin's help with the house?
- 4) What did the slaves think about Miss Ophelia?

5) Why did Tom decide to write a letter home?

6) What kind of answer did Tom receive?

2. Complete the sentences.

- 1) The courtyard of St. Clares' mansion had a _____ with gold and silver fish.
- 2) Marie St. Clare spent most of her time on a _____ with a novel and smelling salts.
- 3) Mr. St. Clare made Tom the head _____.
- 4) _____ wrote the letter for Tom.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

housekeeper verandah cage baker

- 1) Eva seemed like a bird ready to get away from a _____.
- 2) Marie St. Clare was a terrible _____.
- 3) Aunt Chloe went to work for a _____ to make money and buy Tom back.
- 4) Marie's bedroom opened on the _____.

2. Fill in the prepositions *over, as, in, on*.

- 1) Eva threw herself _____ her mother's neck.
- 2) Miss Ophelia set things _____ order with her own hands.
- 3) Eva looked _____ Uncle Tom's shoulder.
- 4) George Shelby gave Tom a silver dollar _____ a sign that he would come for him some day.

Discussing the Text

1. Describe Tom's life in New Orleans.
2. Prove that Eva saw no differences between black and white people.

CHAPTER 15

We see our friend Tom again two years later. The St. Clare family had gone for the summer to their villa on Lake Pontchartrain. The villa was a cottage with light bamboo verandahs, surrounded by beautiful gardens. The drawing-room opened on to a large garden, where winding paths ran down to the banks of the lake.

It was one of those golden sunsets which make the water another sky. Tom and Eva were seated on a bench near the lake.

"Tom," said Eva, "I'm going to die soon."

The faithful old heart felt a sudden thrust. Tom couldn't say a word. He thought how often he had noticed, that Eva's little hands had grown thinner, and how, when she ran or played in the garden, as she once could for hours, she became soon very tired.

At that moment Tom and Eva heard the voice of Miss Ophelia.

"Eva — Eva! You mustn't be out there! It's getting cool!"

Eva and Tom hurried back to the house.

Miss Ophelia had long been worried about Eva. She tried to talk to St. Clare about her fears, but he refused to hear her suggestions.

"You needn't worry, Cousin!" he said. "Don't you see that the child is only growing? Children always lose strength when they grow fast."

"But she has that cough!"

"O! Nonsense! She has caught a little cold, perhaps," said St. Clare. "Take care of the child, keep her from the night air. Don't let her play too hard, and she'll do well enough."

So he said, but he became nervous. He watched Eva, spent more time with her than before, and took her more often to ride with him.

Marie St. Clare paid even less attention to her child's health, because she was too busy studying two or three new diseases which she believed she herself had. Marie was sure that nobody around her could be as sick as herself. It was nothing but laziness, she said.

About this time, St. Clare's brother Alfred, with his eldest son spent a day or two with the family at the lake. Henrique was a noble, dark-eyed boy of twelve.

The two cousins began going for long rides together. Eva had a little white pony, Henrique had brought his own horse, a small black **Arabian**.

One morning when the children were ready to go for their ride, Henrique saw some dust on his horse.

"What's this, Dodo, you little lazy dog? You haven't rubbed my horse down this morning!" he said to his servant, a little mulatto boy of about thirteen.

"Yes, Master," said Dodo. "He rubbed him, but he just —"

"Shut your mouth!" said Henrique, violently raising his whip.

"Master Henrique!" he began.

Henrique struck him across the face with his whip. Then he seized one of his arms, forced him on to his knees, and beat him till he was out of breath.

"Now will you learn not to answer back when I speak to you? Take the horse back, and clean him properly. I'll teach you your place!"

"Young Master," said Tom, "he was going to say, that the horse rolled on the ground when he was bringing him up from the stable. That's the way he got that dirt on him."

"You hold your tongue till you're asked to speak!" said Henrique.

He turned and walked to speak to Eva, who was standing on the verandah.

"Dear Cousin, I'm sorry this stupid fellow has kept you waiting," he said. "Let's sit down here, on this seat till they come. What's the matter, Cousin?"

"How could you be so cruel to poor Dodo?" asked Eva.

"Cruel!" said the boy, surprised. "What do you mean, dear Eva?"

"I don't want you to call me dear Eva, when you do such things," said Eva.

"Dear Cousin, you don't know Dodo. He's so lazy. And I can't believe a word he says. The only way is to **put him down** at once, not let him open his mouth. That's the way papa does."

"But Uncle Tom said it was an accident, and he never tells what isn't true."

"He's an uncommon old nigger, then!" said Henrique. "Dodo will lie as fast as he can speak."

"He's frightened. And you beat him."

"A **whipping does him good**. O, well, I won't beat him again before you, if you don't like it."

Dodo soon appeared, with the horses.

"Well, Dodo, you've done pretty well, this time," said his young master. "Come, now, and hold Miss Eva's horse while I put her on to the saddle."

Dodo came and stood by Eva's pony. His face was sad. His eyes looked as if he had been crying.

Henrique helped his cousin into the saddle, and, gathering the reins, placed them in her hands. But Eva bent to the other side of the horse, where Dodo was standing, and said, "That's a good boy, Dodo. Thank you!"

Dodo looked up in amazement into the sweet young face. The blood rushed to his cheeks, and the tears to his eyes.

"Here, Dodo," said his master and handed the boy a coin. "Go get some candy, Dodo."

And Henrique rode off after Eva. Dodo stood looking after the two children. One had given him money. And the other had given him what he wanted more — a kind word.

The two brothers St. Clare were seated in the verandah, playing chess, when Augustine said, "There come the children." And he hurried down to take his daughter Eva off her horse.

"Eva darling! You're not much tired?" he said, as he clasped her in his arms. Eva's short, hard breathing alarmed her father. "How could you ride so fast, dear? You know it's bad for you."

"I felt so well, papa, and liked it so much, I forgot."

St. Clare carried her in his arms into the drawing-room, and laid her on the sofa. Henrique sat down by the sofa, and took Eva's hand.

Helpful Words & Notes

It was one of those golden sunsets which make the water another sky. — Это был один из тех золотистых закатов, которые отражаются в воде, неотличимой от неба.

The faithful old heart felt a sudden thrust. — Сердце верного старого слуги сжалось.

Arabian — арабский конь

to put him down — осадить его

A whipping does him good. — Лишняя порка ему только на пользу.

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Say true or false. Correct the false statements.

- 1) The St. Clare family went for the summer to Marie's home.
- 2) Eva was seriously ill, and she felt worse and worse.
- 3) Eva's parents were worried about her health.
- 4) Mr. St. Clare's father came with a visit.
- 5) Henrique whipped his slave because he had allowed his horse to get dirty.
- 6) Eva gave Dodo a coin for candy.

2. Fill in the names.

- 1) _____ brought his own horse, a small black Arabian.

2) _____ tried to explain to Henrique what had really happened with the horse.

3) _____ carried Eva to the house in her arms.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

cold health disease cough

- 1) Miss Ophelia was worried about Eva's _____.
- 2) The girl had a bad _____, and she became tired very soon.
- 3) Eva's father thought she had caught a _____.
- 4) Marie paid little attention to her daughter's _____.

2. Fill in the prepositions *by, for, in, with*.

- 1) Eva and her cousin began going _____ long rides together.
- 2) Henrique struck him across the face _____ his whip.
- 3) Dodo looked up _____ amazement in Eva's face.
- 4) Henrique sat down _____ the sofa, and took Eva's hand.

Discussing the Text

1. Describe the incident with Dodo. Say:

- 1) why Henrique whipped the boy.
- 2) who defended him.

3) the whole story changed the young master and his slave.

2. Give your opinion.

Henrique didn't believe Dodo when he tried to give an explanation. Can you say why? Can you think of another character of this book who was sure that the slaves were just lazy?



CHAPTER 16

Soon Alfred St. Clare and his son went back home. Eva's health began to get worse very fast, and the doctor was finally called. **Marie suddenly took a new turn.**

"I knew it," she said. "I always felt that my only child would die before my eyes."

"My dear Marie, don't talk like that!" said St. Clare.

"You don't have mother's feelings, St. Clare!" said Marie. "If you don't feel when your only child is so sick, I do. It's too much for me."

"It's true," said St. Clare, "that Eva's situation is critical. But the doctor says there is still hope."

In a week or two, Eva's health even improved. She played and laughed again. Her happy father said that she soon would be all right. Miss Ophelia and the doctor alone knew that it was not true. There was one other heart, too, that felt the same, and that was the little heart of Eva.

One afternoon the girl came up the verandah steps to her father and sat beside him.

"Papa," said Eva, firmly, "I want to say something to you. I want to say it now, before I get weaker."

"O, now, my dear little Eva!" said St. Clare, trying to speak cheerfully. "You mustn't have such sad thoughts. See here, I've bought a statuette for you!"

"No, papa," said Eva, putting it gently away, "don't deceive yourself! I am not any better, I know it perfectly well. And I want you to do something for me."

"Yes, dear, I will do anything in the world. Anything you could ask me to."

"Papa, isn't there some way to have all the slaves made free?"

"That's a difficult question, dear. There's no doubt that **this way is a very bad one**. Many people think so. I myself wish that there were not a slave in our country. But, then, I don't know what can be done about it!"

"Papa, you are such a good man, and so noble, and kind. And people always listen to you. Couldn't you go around and ask people to set the slaves free? When I am dead, papa, then you will think about me, and try to do this."

"When you are dead, Eva," said St. Clare, with emotion. "My dear little Eva! Oh, don't talk like that. I tell you I can't let you go, Eva."

"Papa, I know how much you love me. And, oh, I love you so much. But these poor creatures love their children as much as you love me. Do something for them! Poor Mammy loves her children. And Tom loves his little children, too. Still he had to leave them. If anything happens to you, what would become of them? There are very few men like you, papa. Uncle Alfred isn't like you, and mamma isn't," said Eva sadly. "And promise me, dear father, that you will make Tom free, so he can go back to his children."

"I promise, darling," said St. Clare.

Eva died one early morning, in the end of summer. Then there was a funeral, and carriages drove up to the door, and strangers came, and there were white flowers everywhere in the house. St. Clare stood beside the little grave — he could not realize that it was his Eva there.

In a few days the St. Clare family left the house and garden, with its little grave, and returned to New Orleans. St. Clare walked the streets, and he smiled, and talked to people, and read the newspapers. Who could see that he used all these smiles to hide his deep grief?

"Mr. St. Clare is a strange man," said Marie to Miss Ophelia, in a complaining tone. "I used to think, if there was anything in the world he did love, it was our dear little Eva. But he seems to be forgetting her very easily. I can't ever get him to talk about her. I really thought he would show more feeling!"

"**Still waters run deepest**, they say," said Miss Ophelia.

"O, I don't believe in such things. If people have feeling, they show it."

"Missis, Master St. Clare is getting thin. He eats nothing," said Mammy. "I know he doesn't forget Miss

Eva. Nobody could. Dear little girl!" she added, wiping her eyes.

While this conversation was taking place in the drawing-room, another was going on in St. Clare's library.

"Tom," said St. Clare, "I'm going to make you a free man. So pack your things and get ready to go back to Kentucky."

The sudden light of joy shone in Tom's face.

"Thank you so much, sir," he whispered.

St. Clare didn't like it that Tom should be so ready to leave him.

"You haven't had very bad times here, that you need be so happy, Tom," he said drily.

"No, no, Master! It isn't that! It's being a free man! That's what I'm so happy about."

"Why, Tom, you know, you can't possibly earn, by your work, such clothes and such living as I have given you."

"I know all that, Master St. Clare. You've been very good to me, Master, but I'd rather have poor clothes, poor house, poor everything, and have them mine, than have the best, and have them any man's else. **I think it's nature.**"

"I suppose so, Tom, and you'll be going off and leaving me, in a month or so," said St. Claire.

"Not while Master's in trouble," said Tom. "I'll stay with Master as long as he wants me."

"Not while I'm in trouble, Tom?" said St. Clare, looking sadly out of the window. "And you really mean to stay till my trouble is over? Ah, Tom, you silly boy! I won't keep you till that day. Go home to your wife and children, and give my love to everyone."

St. Clare got up and walked thoughtfully up and down the library. He seemed to forget everything in his

own thoughts. Tom had to tell him twice that the tea bell had rung, before he could get his attention.

St. Clare was absent and thoughtful, all tea-time. After tea, he and Marie and Miss Ophelia came into the drawing-room.

Marie lay down on the sofa, under a silk mosquito curtain, and was soon asleep. Miss Ophelia took her knitting. St. Clare sat down to the piano, and began playing a soft and melancholy tune.

"Dear little Eva, poor child!" said St. Clare, stopping, thoughtfully. "**She had set her simple soul on a good work for me.**"

It was the first time since Eva's death that he had ever said as many words to his cousin. And he was speaking with very strong feeling.

"We should do something to change this bad system that lies at the foundation of all our society," he added. "You see, I am braver than I was, because I have lost everything. And a person who has nothing to lose can afford all risks."

"And what are you going to do?" said Miss Ophelia.

"My duty, I hope, to the poor and miserable," said St. Clare. "I'm going to begin with my own servants, for whom I have yet done nothing. And, perhaps, some day, I could do something to save my country from slavery."

"Do you think it possible that a nation ever will voluntarily set the negroes free?" asked Miss Ophelia.

"I don't know," said St. Clare. "**Perhaps, among us may be found generous souls, who do not estimate honour and justice by dollars and cents.**"

Miss Ophelia did not reply. There was a pause of some moments. St. Clare walked up and down the room for some minutes more, and then said:

"I'll go down street, a few moments, and hear the news."

He took his hat, and went out. Tom followed him to the gate, and asked if he should go with him.

"No, my boy," said St. Clare. "I'll be back in an hour."

Helpful Words & Notes

Marie suddenly took a new turn. — Мари вдруг сменила тактику.

isn't there some way to have all the slaves made free —

нельзя ли отпустить всех рабов на волю

this way is a very bad one — то, что происходит сей-

час — это очень плохо

Still waters run deepest — В тихом омуте черти водятся

I think it's nature. — Я думаю, такова природа человека.

She had set her simple soul on a good work for me. —

Ее простая душа вывела меня на правильный путь.

Perhaps, among us may be found generous souls, who

do not estimate honour and justice by dollars and

cents. — Возможно, среди нас найдутся благородные

люди, которые не считают возможным оценивать

честь и справедливость в долларах и центах.

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

- 1) What did Eva ask his father before her death?

- 2) Why did Marie think that her husband was a strange man?

- 3) What did St. Clare tell Tom?

- 4) Why was Tom so happy when his master promised him freedom?

- 5) What decision did St. Clare make that evening?

2. Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) St. Clare decided to do something to save the country from slavery.

- 2) Eva asked her father to free Tom.

- 3) The St. Clare family left the house and garden, with its little grave, and returned to New Orleans.

- 4) Eva's health began to get worse very fast, and the doctor was finally called.

- 5) Marie suddenly took a new turn.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the adjectives from the box.

free melancholy deep critical

- 1) Eva's situation was _____, but her family still tried to hope for the best.

- 2) St. Clare used his smiles to hide his _____ grief.

- 3) Eva's father promised to set Tom _____.

- 4) He sat down to the piano, and played a soft and _____ tune.

2. Report the sentences in indirect speech.

- 1) "You don't have mother's feelings, St. Clare!" said Marie.

- 2) "Papa, don't deceive yourself," said Eva.
- 3) "You've been very good to me, Master," said Tom.
- 4) "And what are you going to do?" said Miss Ophelia.

Discussing the Text

1. Talk about the promises St. Clare made to his daughter before her death. How could he fulfill them? Give your ideas.
2. "Still waters run deepest," said Miss Ophelia about her cousin. Can you explain what she meant?

CHAPTER 17

Tom sat down in the verandah. It was a beautiful moonlight evening. Tom thought of his home, and that he should soon be a free man, and he could return to it. He thought how he should work to buy his wife and children. Then he thought of his noble young master, and then his thoughts passed on to the beautiful Eva. And, so thinking, he fell asleep, and dreamed he saw her coming towards him, just as she used to come, with flowers in her hair, her cheeks bright, and her eyes happy.

Suddenly Tom heard a loud knocking, and a sound of many voices at the gate. He hurried to open it. Several men came in, bringing a body. The light of the lamp fell on the face. Tom gave a wild cry of amaze-

ment and despair, as the men approached the open door of the drawing-room, where Miss Ophelia still sat knitting.

St. Clare had gone into a café, to look over an evening paper. As he was reading, two gentlemen, whom he slightly knew, quarreled. St. Clare and one or two others tried to separate them, and St. Clare was fatally wounded with a knife in the struggle.

The house was full of cries, shrieks and screams of Marie St. Clare and servants. Tom and Miss Ophelia alone seemed to have any **presence of mind**. At Miss Ophelia's direction, St. Clare was taken to the drawing-room. The doctor arrived, and made his examination. It was clear, from the expression of his face, that there was no hope. He **dressed the wound**, and then looked at the frightened servants, who had gathered by the doors and windows of the verandah.

"Now," said the doctor, "we must turn all these creatures out. He should be kept quiet."

St. Clare opened his eyes, and looked at the negro servants, whom Miss Ophelia and the doctor were trying to get from the verandah.

"Poor creatures!" said St. Clare, and an expression of bitter self-reproach passed over his face. After a while, he laid his hand on Tom's, who was standing beside him, and said, "Tom! Poor fellow!"

"What, Master?" asked Tom.

"I am dying!" said St. Clare, pressing his hand.

A few moments later he was gone.

When the negro servants knew that their kind master was dead, their sobs and groans and shrieks of despair filled every room and gallery of the house. They had all loved him. And they knew that they had lost a kind friend.

Marie, at the time her husband breathed his last, was passing from one fainting fit to another. Miss Ophelia, with her strength and self-control, had remained with her cousin to the last, doing everything of the little that could be done.

The funeral was over, with prayers, and sad faces. Then the cool, muddy waves of every-day life rolled back. "What is to be done next?" was the question in everybody's eyes.

Miss Ophelia began to think about going back to her northern home. Marie St. Clare spent most of her time with the dressmakers. The servants felt she had no feeling for them. They knew that, after their master's death, **there would be no screen between them and tyrannical mistress** in whose hands they were left.

It was about a fortnight after the funeral, that Miss Ophelia heard a gentle knock at her door. She opened it and saw Rosa, the pretty young quadroon. Her hair was in disorder, and her eyes red with crying.

"O, Miss Ophelia," she said, falling on her knees, and catching the skirt of her dress, "Please go to Miss Marie for me! She's going to send me out to be whipped! Look there!" And she handed to Miss Ophelia a piece of paper.

It was an order, written in Marie's hand, to the master of a **whipping-house** to give the girl fifteen lashes.

"You know, Miss Ophelia, I was trying on Miss Marie's dress, and she slapped my face. I spoke out before I thought. **She said that she'd bring me down, once and for all.** She wrote this, and said that I should carry it."

Miss Ophelia looked at the paper in her hand.

"You see, Miss Ophelia," said Rosa, "I don't mind the whipping so much from Miss Marie or you. But to be sent to a man! And such a terrible man! Such a shame, Miss Ophelia!"

Miss Ophelia knew that women and young girls were sent to whipping-houses. She had known it before, but she had never realized how awful it was for them. She crushed the paper firmly in her hand, and said to Rosa:

"Sit down, child, while I go to your mistress."

She found Marie sitting up in her easy chair, with Mammy standing by her, brushing her hair.

"How are you today?" said Miss Ophelia.

A deep sigh, and a closing of the eyes, was the only answer, for a moment. Then Marie said:

"O, I don't know, Cousin. I think I'm as well as I ever shall be!" and Marie wiped her eyes with a handkerchief.

"I need to speak with you about poor Rosa," said Miss Ophelia, with a short, dry cough.

Marie's eyes were open wide enough now, and she answered, sharply,

"Well, what about her?"

"She is very sorry for her fault."

"She is, is she? I'm tired of that child's bad behaviour. Now I'll bring her down. I'll make her lie in the dust!"

"But couldn't you punish her some other way? Some way that would be less shameful?"

"That's just what I want. She's forgotten who she is. I'll give her one lesson that will bring her down!"

"But that's so cruel!" said Miss Ophelia, with energy.

"I'd like to know what cruel is! I wrote orders for only fifteen lashes. I'm sure there's no cruelty there. It might seem so to anybody with your feeling. But all these creatures get used to it. It's the only way they can be kept in order. Let them all know that I'll send everyone out to be whipped, one after another, if they forget themselves!" said Marie, looking around her decidedly.

Miss Ophelia sat for a moment, as if she had swallowed some explosive mixture, and were ready to burst. Then she gathered herself up, and walked out of the room.

It was hard to go back and tell Rosa that she could do nothing for her. Shortly after that, one of the manservants came to say that her mistress had ordered him to take Rosa with him to the whipping-house.

Helpful Words & Notes

presence of mind — присутствие духа

dressed the wound — перевязал рану

Marie, at the time her husband breathed his last, was passing from one fainting fit to another. — Когда муж Мари умирал, у нее один обморок сменялся другим.

there would be no screen between them and tyrannical mistress — никакая сила не защитит их от деспотичной хозяйки

whipping-house — специальное заведение для порки рабов

She said that she'd bring me down, once and for all. — Она сказала, что приструнит меня раз и навсегда.

as if she had swallowed some explosive mixture, and were ready to burst — как будто она проглотила какую-то взрывоопасную смесь, и ее вот-вот разорвет на части

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Say who:

- 1) dreamed about Eva.

- 2) dressed St. Clare's wound.
- 3) was passing from one fainting fit to another.
- 4) began to think about going back to the north.
- 5) ordered to give Rosa fifteen lashes of the whip.

2. Answer the questions.

- 1) What happened to Augustine St. Clare in the café?
- 2) How did the family and servants take St. Clare's death?
- 3) Who remained with him to the last?
- 4) Why were the slaves so worried about their future after their master's death?
- 5) What happened to Rosa after the funeral?

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the adjectives from the box.

sudden frightened muddy bitter

- 1) An expression of _____ self-reproach passed over St. Clare's face.
- 2) After the funeral the cool, _____ waves of every-day life rolled back.
- 3) St. Clare's death was very _____, and he had no time to free Tom.
- 4) The _____ servants gathered by the doors and windows of the verandah.

2. Fill in prepositions if necessary.

- 1) St. Clare was wounded _____ a knife in the struggle.

- 2) Rosa was trying _____ Marie's dress, when she slapped _____ her face.
- 3) Rosa's hair was _____ disorder, and her eyes were red _____ crying.
- 4) Ophelia gathered herself _____ and walked out of the room.

Discussing the Text

1. **Prove that Mr. St. Clare's death was a shock to his family and slaves.**
2. **Describe the conversation between Marie and Ophelia about Rosa's punishment.**

Why did Rosa ask Miss Ophelia for help? Why couldn't she help her? Give your ideas.

CHAPTER 18

A few days after, Tom was standing by the balconies, when one of the servants, Adolph, came up to him.

"Do you know, Tom, that we are all going to be sold?" said Adolph.

"Where did you hear that?" said Tom.

"I hid myself behind the curtains when Missis was talking with the lawyer. She's going to send us all off to auction, Tom. All except Mammy and Jane. She's going to sell the house, too, and go back to her father's plantation."

Tom turned away with a heavy heart. Freedom had been so near. He had dreamed how he would return to his wife and the children.

He went to Miss Ophelia, who had always treated him with respectful kindness.

"Miss Ophelia," he said. "Master St. Clare promised me my freedom. He told me that **he had begun to take it out for me**. Perhaps, if you could speak about it to Missis, she would agree to go on with it, because it was Master St. Clare's wish."

"I'll speak for you, Tom, and do my best," said Miss Ophelia. "But, if it depends on Mrs. St. Clare, I can't hope much for you. Nevertheless, I'll try."

Miss Ophelia gathered herself up, and, taking her knitting, went to Marie's room. She wanted to be as nice as possible, and talk about Tom with all the diplomatic skill which she had.

She found Marie on a sofa, surrounded by pillows. One of the servants, Jane, who had been out shopping, was putting before her pieces of thin black **fabric**.

"That will do," said Marie, taking one of them. "What do you think, Cousin?"

"You can judge about it better than I," said Miss Ophelia.

"The fact is," said Marie, "that I have no dresses that I can wear. I am going off next week. So I must **decide on something**."

"Are you going so soon?"

"Yes. St. Clare's brother has written. He and the lawyer think that I should put the servants and furniture up at auction, and leave the place with our lawyer."

"There's one thing I wanted to speak to you about," said Miss Ophelia. "Augustine promised Tom his freedom, and began to prepare the papers. I hope you will use your influence to have it done."

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing!" said Marie, sharply. "Tom is one of the most valuable servants. I can't

let him go. Besides, why does he want freedom? **He's a great deal better off as he is.**"

"But he wants it, and his master promised it," said Miss Ophelia.

"I'm sure he wants it," said Marie. "They all want it. They always want something what they haven't got. Now, I'm against setting him free, in any case. Keep a negro under the care of a master, and he does well enough, and is respectable. But if you set them free, and they get lazy, and won't work, and start drinking. I've seen it hundreds of times."

"But Tom is so steady and hard-working."

"O, you needn't tell me! I've seen a hundred like him. He'll do very well, as long as he's taken care of. That's all."

"But, then," said Miss Ophelia, "**when you set him up for sale**, he can get a bad master."

"O, that's all nonsense!" said Marie. "It is one time in a hundred that a good fellow gets a bad master. Most masters are good. I've lived and grown up here, in the South, and I've never seen a master that didn't treat his servants well."

"Well," said Miss Ophelia, energetically, "I know it was one of the last wishes of your husband that Tom should have his freedom. It was one of the promises that he made to dear little Eva. I don't think you would like to break that promise."

Marie began sobbing.

"Everybody goes against me!" she said. "How can you be so unkind? It's so hard to lose my only daughter and a husband. And you seem to have so little feeling for me. You keep talking about them so carelessly, when you know how bad it is for me!"

And Marie sobbed, and told Mammy to open the window, and to bring her the smelling-salts. Miss Ophelia

returned to her room. She saw, at once, that it would do no good to say anything more. But **she did the next best thing she could for Tom** — she wrote a letter to Mrs. Shelby, asking her to buy him, if possible.

The next day, Tom and Adolph, and some other St. Clare servants, were sent to a **slave warehouse**, to the trader, who was going to sell them at auction. The warehouse was divided into two long rooms, one for men, the other for women. They entered a long room, full of many other men, of all ages and sizes. The trader, Mr. Skeggs, told the slaves to be good boys and go to sleep, and left the warehouse.

The women's room was full of girls and women, sleeping on the floor. In a corner, sitting apart from the rest, were two women. One of them was a respectably dressed mulatto woman. She was forty or fifty years old, with soft eyes and a pleasant face. By her side was a young girl of fifteen — her daughter. She was a quadroon, as may be seen from her fairer skin, though she had her mother's soft, dark eyes, with longer lashes, and brown curly hair.

Mother and daughter, called Susan and Emmeline, used to live in the house of a kind lady of New Orleans. She had carefully trained them, and taught them to read and write. And their life had been as happy as was possible. But the only son of the lady lost a large amount of money, and the creditors decided to sell these two women and a lot of plantation slaves to get back the money.

Both were crying, but each quietly, that the other may not hear.

"Mother, just lay your head on my lap, and see if you can't sleep a little," said the girl, trying to appear calm.

"I can't sleep, Em. It's the last night we may be together!"

"O, mother, don't say so! Perhaps we shall get sold together. Who knows?"

"I'm so afraid of losing you that I don't see anything but the danger," said the woman.

"Why, mother, **the man said we would sell well.**"

Susan remembered the man's looks and words. She remembered how he had looked at Emmeline's white little hands, and her curly hair.

"I want you to brush your hair all back straight, tomorrow," she said.

"What for, mother? I don't look so well, that way."

"Yes, but you'll sell better, if you look more respectable."

"Well, mother, then I will."

"And, Emmeline, if we shouldn't ever see each other again, after tomorrow, always remember how you've been brought up, and all Missis has told you."

The poor woman knew that any man, however cruel and brutal, if he only had money to pay for her, could become owner of her daughter, body and soul. She thought about that, as she held her pretty daughter in her arms.

Early in the morning Mr. Skeggs came in the warehouse, with his cigar in his mouth, for a last review before the auction.

"How's this?" he said, stepping in front of Susan and Emmeline. "Where are your curls, girl?"

The girl looked at her mother, who answered:

"I was telling her, last night, to put up her hair smooth and neat. It looks more respectable."

"Nonsense!" said the man, turning to the girl. "You go right along, and make those curls again! And you go

and help her," he added, to the mother. "**These curls may make a hundred dollars difference in the sale of her.**"

Helpful Words & Notes

he had begun to take it out for me — он уже начал оформление бумаг

fabric — ткань, материал

decide on something — что-то выбрать

He's a great deal better off as he is. — Ему так гораздо лучше живется.

when you set him up for sale — когда вы выставите его на продажу

she did the next best thing she could for Tom — она сделала для Тома, что могла

slave warehouse — невольничий барак

the man said we were would sell well — тот человек сказал, что нас продадут в хорошие руки

These curls may make a hundred dollars difference in the sale of her. — Из-за этих кудряшек за нее можно будет выручить на сто долларов больше.

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Say *true* or *false*. Correct the false statements.

- 1) Miss Ophelia told Tom that Marie was going to sell almost all the slaves.
- 2) Marie asked her servant to buy pieces of black fabric for her dresses.

- 3) Ophelia decided to buy Tom herself.
- 4) Tom and other slaves from St. Clare's home were sent straight to the action.
- 5) Emmeline was a pretty quadroon girl with brown curly hair.

2. Complete the sentences.

- 1) Miss Ophelia needed all her patience and diplomatic skill in conversations with Marie because... .
- 2) Marie refused to set Tom free because... .
- 3) The trader ordered Emmeline to make the curls again because... .

 **Working with Vocabulary and Grammar**

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.


auction warehouse review influence

- 1) Miss Ophelia had no _____ on Marie St. Clare.
- 2) The _____ was divided into two parts — one for men, the other for women.
- 3) The lawyer recommended to put the slaves and furniture up at _____.
- 4) The trader came to the slave warehouse for a last _____.

2. Choose the correct form of the verbs.

- 1) "If it (depend/depends) on Marie St. Clare, I can't hope much for you," said Ophelia.
- 2) The slaves were sent to the trader who (was/had been) going to sell them at auction.

- 3) "It's the last night we (must/may) be together!" said Susan.
- 4) Susan remembered how the man (looked/had looked) at Emmeline.

 **Discussing the Text**

1. Describe the conversation between Ophelia and Marie about Tom.

What arguments did Ophelia use? Why were they useless?

2. Talk about Susan and her daughter.

Why did Susan ask her daughter Emmeline to brush her hair straight back? Why didn't her trick work?



CHAPTER 19

The slave market was a big beautiful house with a splendid dome and a fine marble floor. Here and there were placed small platforms for the slaves, so that they could be more easily seen by those who wished to buy them. One of the platforms was surrounded by a group, waiting for the moment of sale. Among them were the St. Clare servants — Tom, Adolph, and others. And there were, too, Susan and Emmeline.

Tom stood examining the faces around him, trying to find one whom he would wish to call master. He saw

a lot of men, every variety of commonplace men, who pick up their fellow-men as one picks up chips, putting them into the fire or a basket with the same face. But he saw no St. Clare.

A little before the sale, a short, broad, muscular man elbowed his way through the crowd. He came up to the group and began to examine the slaves. From the moment that Tom saw him, he immediately felt horror that increased as he came near. He was a strong man with a round head, large, light-gray eyes, with sandy eyebrows, and sun-burned hair. His hands were very large, hairy, sun-burned, and very dirty.

The man seized Tom by the jaw, and pulled open his mouth to see his teeth. Then he made him show his muscles, turned him round, made him jump.

“Where are you from?” he asked.

“From Kentucky, Master,” said Tom.

“What did you do?”

“I took care of Master’s farm,” said Tom.

“Likely story!” said the man, as he passed on. He stood for a moment before Adolph, and then walked on. Then he stopped again before Susan and Emmeline. He put out his heavy, dirty hand to the girl. He felt her arms, looked at her teeth, and then pushed her back against her mother.

The girl was frightened, and began to cry.

“Stop that!” said the salesman. “The sale is going to begin.” And the sale began.

Adolph and the other St. Clare servants went to various buyers.

“Now, up with you, boy!” said the salesman to Tom.

Tom stepped on the platform, gave a few anxious looks round. And almost in a moment Tom was sold. He was pushed from the platform. The short, round-headed

man seized him by the shoulder, pushed him to one side, saying, "Stand there, you!"

Tom hardly realized anything. But the sale still went on. The hammer went down again. Susan was sold! She went down from the platform, stopped, looked back at her daughter. Then she looked with agony in the face of the respectable middle-aged man who had bought her.

"O, Master, please buy my daughter!"

"I'd like to, but I'm afraid I can't afford it!" said the gentleman, looking, with sympathy, as the young girl stepped on the platform. "I'll do what I can," said the kind gentleman.

But he could do nothing, because **the bids were too high**. The hammer fell — and the round-headed man got the girl too. Tom, Emmeline and two other men now had a new master — Mr. Legree, owner of a cotton plantation on **the Red river**.

The girl went off, crying. The kind gentleman was sorry for her mother. But, then, the thing happens every day, he said, it can't be helped. And he walked off, taking Susan with him, in another direction.

Mr. Simon Legree bought slaves at one place and another, in New Orleans, to the number of eight. Then he chained them, in couples of two and two, and brought them to the steamer called *Pirate*, which was ready for a trip up the Red river.

When the boat was off, he came up to Tom, who was wearing his best suit and shining boots, and said:

"Stand up."

Tom stood up.

"Take off those clothes!"

Legree turned to Tom's box and took from it a pair of old pants and a coat, which Tom had put on to work

in the stable. Then he took handcuffs off Tom's hands, and, pointing to a spot among the boxes, said:

"You go there, and put these on."

Tom obeyed, and in a few moments returned.

"Take off your boots," said Mr. Legree.

Tom did it.

"There," said Mr. Legree, throwing him a pair of old, coarse shoes, such as were common among the slaves, "put these on."

Then Mr. Legree put the handcuffs on again and began examining the pockets of Tom's clothes. He drew out a silk handkerchief, and put it into his own pocket. Then he drew out several little things — gifts from Eva, and threw them over his shoulder into the river. Then he took Tom's box and sold all the things to sailors.

"Now, Tom, you have no extra baggage, you see. Take good care of the clothes. It'll be long enough before you get more. **One suit has to do for one year, on my place.**"

Legree walked up to the place where Emmeline was sitting, chained to another woman.

"Well, my dear," he said, taking her chin, "**keep up your spirits.**"

The look of horror, which the girl gave him, did not escape his eye. He frowned fiercely.

"None of that, girl! You've got to keep a pleasant face, when I speak to you. Do you hear? I say, all of you," he said to his slaves, showing his great, heavy fist, "do you see this fist? Well, I tell you **this fist has got as hard as iron knocking down niggers**. Do what I tell you, quickly, the moment I speak. **That's the way to keep in with me**. Always remember that!"

Simon turned, and went to the bar of the boat.

"That's the way I begin with my niggers," he said to a man, who had stood by him during his speech. "**It's my**

system to begin strong. Just let them know what to expect.”

“Indeed!” said the stranger, looking upon him with the curiosity of a naturalist studying a butterfly.

“Yes, indeed. I’m none of your gentlemen planters. I don’t go for saving niggers. Use up, and buy more. That’s my way,” said Simon, drinking from his glass.

“And how long do they generally last?” said the stranger.

“Well, don’t know. Strong fellows last six or seven years. Weak ones — two or three. I used to keep them comfortable, and give them clothes and blankets, and what not. It was no use. I lost money on them. Now, you see, when one nigger’s dead, I buy another. I find it comes cheaper and easier, every way.”

Helpful Words & Notes

every variety of commonplace men, who pick up their fellow-men as one picks up chips, putting them into the fire or a basket — ничем не примечательных людей всех видов, для которых ближний все равно что щепка: понадобится — бросай ее в огонь, не понадобится — оставляй в корзине.

Likely story! — Ври больше!

the bids were too high — ставки были слишком высоки

the Red river — река Ред-Ривер

One suit has to do for one year, on my place. — Я выдаю одежду раз в год.

keep up your spirits — не грусти

this fist has got as hard as iron knocking down niggers — этот кулак такой железный, потому что я бью им негров

That’s the way to keep in with me. — Только так со мной можно ладить.

It’s my system to begin strong. — Я считаю, что их нужно сразу припугнуть.

I don’t go for saving niggers. — Я не стараюсь беречь негров.

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

- 1) Where did the auction take place?
- 2) What did Legree do before the auction?
- 3) Who bought Susan and Emmeline?
- 4) Where did Legree take the slaves?
- 5) What did Legree do with Tom’s things?

2. Complete the sentences.

- 1) Susan’s new owner couldn’t buy Emmeline because... .
- 2) Legree’s system with the slaves was... .
- 3) Legree stopped saving slaves because... .

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the words from the box.

gifts dome bids way

- 1) The slave market was a big house with a splendid _____.

- 2) A man elbowed his _____ through the crowd to see the slaves.
- 3) _____ for Emmeline were very high.
- 4) Legree threw into the river the _____ from Eva.

2. Find in the text the English for:

выгоревшие на солнце волосы; схватить за челюсть; владелец хлопковой плантации; лишний багаж.

Discussing the Text

1. Talk about the auction.

Describe the slave market and the buyers. Say what happened to the slaves.

2. Talk about the way Legree treated his slaves.

CHAPTER 20

Legree's plantation had once belonged to a gentleman, who had taken a good care of his grounds. After his death it had been bought by Legree, who used it, as he did everything else, only to make money.

What once was a large garden was now all grown over with weeds. What was once a smooth lawn before the house, was now covered with grass. Here and there, on the ground, in all directions, there were broken buckets and boxes, **cobs of corn**, straw.

The large house was built in a manner common at the South, with white columns and wide verandahs on both

floors. But the place looked uncomfortable. Some windows were broken, **some were stopped up with boards**.

"Here, you, Sambo," said Legree to one of his overseers, "take these boys down to the village."

The village was a part of the plantation, far off from the house. **Tom's heart sunk** when he saw the cabins. He had imagined himself a cottage, rude, indeed, but one which he might make neat and quiet. A place to be alone after work. He looked into some of the cabins. There were only walls, with no furniture, except a heap of dirty straw over the floor.

"Which of these will be mine?" he asked Sambo.

"I don't know. You can turn in here, I think," said Sambo. "There's a pretty big crowd of niggers in each of them, now. I don't know what to do with more."

It was late in the evening when the slaves came back from the cotton fields. Men and women, in dirty clothes, were too tired to look pleasantly on newcomers. They had to grind their own corn for supper yet.

"There, you," said the other of Legree's overseers, Quimbo, throwing down a small bag of corn. "Take care of it. You'll get no more this week."

Tom was hungry with his day's journey, but he waited till a late hour, to get a place at the hand-mills. And then he ground corn for two very tired women, put more wood into the fire, where many had baked cakes before them, and then began to prepare his own supper. **Help was new there, small as it was.** An expression of kindness came over the hard face of the women. They made his cake for him. When they left, Tom sat alone, by the fire, then he went to his cabin, and he stretched himself in the straw and fell asleep.

Tom quickly saw **what was to be hoped or feared in his new way of life.** He had always been good at every-

thing he did. So he decided to work hard in the fields to avoid trouble. But he still hoped that that some way of escape might yet be opened to him.

Legree noticed what a good worker Tom was. Yet he felt a secret dislike to him. He didn't like Tom's kindness and sympathy for his fellow-sufferers. He had bought Tom to make him the manager of the plantation. But Tom, in his opinion, was not hard enough for that. So he decided to change him.

One morning Tom noticed, with surprise, a newcomer. It was a quadroon woman of about forty, tall and slender, with delicate hands and feet, and dressed in a neat dress. Her proud face, once seen, could never be forgotten. Her high forehead, straight nose, fine mouth, and large black eyes showed that she had once been beautiful. But her face had deep wrinkles, and her cheeks were thin, and there was a hopeless expression in her eyes.

Tom did not know who that woman was. But the other slaves knew that she was Legree's mistress.

"He! he! he!" said one. "You'll know how good it is!"

"We'll see Cassy work, like the rest of us!" said another.

Cassy paid no attention to these words, but walked on, with angry scorn, as if she heard nothing. Tom saw the same expression on her face, when she picked cotton.

That day Tom was working near Lucy, the mulatto woman who had been bought at the same auction with him. She had never been strong, and had grown weaker very fast under the hard life of the plantation. Tom silently came up to her and put some of the cotton from his own basket to hers.

"O, don't, don't!" said the woman, looking surprised. "It'll get you into trouble."

Just then Sambo came up and said:

"What is this, Lucy?"

He kicked the woman with his heavy shoe and then struck Tom across the face with his whip.

Tom said nothing and went on picking the cotton.

Later Tom came up to Lucy again, and put all his cotton into her basket.

"O, you mustn't! You don't know what they'll do to you!" she said.

"I can stand it," said Tom, "better than you." And he was at his place again.

Suddenly, the strange woman, who had come near enough to hear Tom's last words, looked at him for a second. Then she took some cotton from her basket and put it into his.

"You know nothing about this place," she said. "It's hard enough to take care of your own skin!"

The woman suddenly turned to her work. Before the day was over, her basket was filled, and she had several times put cotton into Tom's.

In the evening the slaves, with their baskets on their heads, went to the warehouse to weigh the cotton. Legree was there, talking with Sambo and Quimbo. He already knew that Tom had helped Lucy.

"Hey-dey! He'll have to get a breaking in, won't he, boys?" said Legree.

Both negroes laughed.

Tom's basket was weighed and approved, and he anxiously looked at Lucy. She came up to Legree and put her basket on the scales. It was of full weight. But Legree said:

"What, you lazy nigger! Short again! Stand there. You'll catch it!"

The woman in despair sat down on a board.

"Come here, you Tom," said Legree. "You know that I didn't buy you just for the common work. I want to make you my overseer. You can start tonight. Now take this girl and whip her. You've seen enough of it to know how."

"I'm sorry, Master," said Tom. "It's what I'm not used to. I never did, and can't do."

"You can't?" said Legree, taking his belt, and striking Tom across his face and then across his shoulders.

"There! Now, will you tell me you can't do it?"

"Yes, Master," said Tom, putting up his hand, to wipe the blood on his face. "I'm ready to work, night and day, and work while there's life in me. But this thing I can't feel it right to do, Master. I'll never do it!"

When Tom said these words, all the slaves looked at each other and **drew in their breath**, as if to prepare for a storm. Legree for some moments couldn't say a word. At last he found his voice:

"What! You tell me you don't think it right to do what I tell you! What do you think you are? Why, perhaps you think you're a gentleman master, Tom, to be a telling your master what's right, and what isn't!"

"Yes, Master," said Tom, "I think the poor woman is sick, and it would be cruel to whip her. It's what I will never do. If you want to kill me, kill me, but I'll die first than raise my hand against anyone here!"

Tom spoke in a soft voice, but with firmness that could not be mistaken.

"Well, here's a gentleman, at last!" said Legree in anger. And he kicked Tom with his heavy boot. "Didn't I pay twelve hundred dollars for you? Aren't you mine, body and soul? Tell me!"

"No! My soul isn't yours, Master! You haven't bought it. You can't buy it! You can't hurt it!" exclaimed Tom.

"I can't!" laughed Legree. "We'll see, we'll see! Here,

Sambo, Quimbo, give this dog such a breaking in as he won't get over, this month!"

The poor woman screamed, when the two gigantic negroes dragged Tom from the place.

Helpful Words & Notes

cobs of corn — кукурузные початки

some were stopped up with boards — некоторые были забиты досками

Tom's heart sunk — Сердце у Тома сжалось

Help was new there, small as it was. — Помощь, даже самая скромная, была здесь в диковинку.

what was to be hoped or feared in his new way of life — на что можно было надеяться и чего следовало опасаться на новом месте

for his fellow-sufferers — к своим товарищам по несчастью

He'll have to get a breaking in — Придется его образумить

Short again! — Опять недовес!

You'll catch it! — Это тебе даром не пройдет!

drew in their breath — затаили дыхание

give this dog such a breaking in as he won't get over, this month — всыпьте этому псу, чтобы он месяц очухаться не смог

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Say who:

- 1) took the newcomers to the village.

- 2) baked a cake for Tom.
- 3) put cotton in Lucy's basket.
- 4) kicked Tom with a heavy boot.

2. Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) Lucy screamed when the two gigantic negroes dragged Tom from the place.
- 2) In the evening the slaves went to the warehouse to weigh the cotton.
- 3) Tom ground corn for two very tired women, and then began to prepare his own supper.
- 4) Cassy put some of the cotton from his own basket to Tom's.

 **Working with Vocabulary and Grammar**

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

straw wrinkles cotton scales

- 1) Cassy's face had deep _____, and her cheeks were thin.
- 2) It was hard to pick _____ all day long.
- 3) The ground in cabins was covered with _____.
- 4) Lucy put down his basket on the _____.

2. Fill in the prepositions *against, into, under, in*.

- 1) All the slaves in horror drew _____ their breath.
- 2) Lucy grew weak very fast _____ the hard life of the plantation.

- 3) Cassy was afraid that Tom's help would get him _____ trouble.
- 4) Tom refused to raise his hand _____ anyone.

 **Discussing the Text**

1. Describe Tom's first day on Legree's plantation.

What kind of place was it? Was it what he had expected?

2. Talk about Legree's attitude (отношение) towards Tom.

Why did he dislike him? Why did he order to beat Tom?

CHAPTER 21

It was late at night, and Tom lay alone, groaning, in an old shed. Suddenly somebody entered the shed, behind him, and the light of a lantern flashed on his eyes.

"Who's there? O, please give me some water!"

Cassy set down her lantern, and poured some water from a bottle. Then she raised his head, and gave him water to drink.

"Drink all you want," she said. "I knew how it would be. It isn't the first time I've been out in the night, carrying water to somebody like you."

"Thank you, Missis," said Tom after his third cup of water.

"Don't call me Missis! I'm a slave, like you," said Cassy.

She raised his head on a heap of cotton, using it as a pillow, and then washed his wounds.

"Now," she said, "That's the best I can do for you."

Tom thanked her. Cassy sat down on the floor, and looked before her.

"It's no use, my poor fellow!" she said, at last, "it's no use. You were a brave fellow. **You had the right on your side.** But any struggle is out of the question here. You are in the devil's hands. He is the strongest, and you must give up!"

"How can I give up?" groaned Tom.

"You see," said Cassy, "you don't know anything about this place. I do. I've been here five years, under this man's foot. Here you are, on a plantation, ten miles from any other, in the swamps. There's no law here. There's nothing this man can't do. I can tell you what I've seen here. Did I want to live with him? And yet, I've lived with him, these five years, and hated every moment of my life, night and day! And now, he's got a new one — a young thing, only fifteen. I hate him!"

Tom closed his eyes; all was darkness and horror.

"And what are these dogs you don't want to hurt? Every one of them would turn against you, the first time they got a chance. All of them are cruel to each other as they can be."

"Poor people!" said Tom. "What made them cruel? And if I give up, I'll get used to it, and become just like them! No, no, Missis! I've lost everything: wife, and children, and home, and a kind Master. And I can't become cruel."

"You see me now," said Cassy. "You see what I am! Well, I was brought up like a white girl, in a rich family, and learned music, French, and what not. When I was fourteen, my father died from cholera, very suddenly. My

mother was a slave woman, and my father had always wanted to set me free, but he hadn't done it. Nobody ever expects that a strong, healthy man is going to die.

"My father's wife took her children, and went up to her father's plantation. There was a young lawyer who was going to sell the house. He came every day, and spoke very politely to me. He brought with him, one day, a handsome young man, Henry. I'll never forget that evening. I walked with Henry in the garden. I was lonely and sad, and he was so kind to me. He told me that he had seen me before, and that he had loved me, and that he would be my friend and protector. He didn't tell me that he had paid two thousand dollars for me.

"How I loved Henry! How I still love him! He was so handsome, so noble! He put me into a beautiful house, with servants, horses, and carriages, and furniture, and dresses. He gave me everything **that money could buy.** I wanted only one thing — I wanted him to marry me. But he said it would be impossible.

"We had two beautiful children. The first was a boy, and we called him Henry. He had his father's beautiful eyes, and he had all his talent, too. Little Elise, he said, looked like me. He used to tell me that I was the most beautiful woman in Louisiana. He was so proud of me and the children. O, those were happy days! I thought I was as happy as anyone could be. But then came bad times. He had a cousin, Butler Simmons, who was his best friend. He introduced him to another lady and I saw soon that **his heart was gone from me.** They started to play cards. Once Butler offered to buy me and my children, **to clear off his gambling debts,** so he could marry that lady. And Henry sold us. He told me, one day, that he had business in the country, and should be gone two or three weeks. He spoke kinder than usual, and said he

should come back. But it didn't deceive me. I knew that the time had come. **I was just like one turned into stone.** He kissed me and kissed the children, and went out.

"Then came Butler. He told me that he had bought me and my children and showed me the papers. I told him I'd die sooner than live with him. 'Just as you please,' he said; 'but, if you don't behave well, I'll sell both the children, where you shall never see them again.'

"I gave up: my hands were tied. He had my children. O, what a life it was! To live with a man I hated. Butler was harsh to children. Elise was a timid little thing, but Henry was high-spirited, like his father. Butler was always quarrelling with him. I tried to make my son respect him, but it did no good. He sold both children, went away, and left me at this house to be sold.

"One day, a gentleman came, Captain Stuart. He bought me, and promised to do all he could to find and buy back my children. But he found out that my Henry had been sold to a planter up on the Pearl river. Then he found where my daughter was. And old woman was keeping her. He offered a lot of money, but she refused to sell her.

"Captain Stuart was very kind to me. He had a splendid plantation, and took me to it. A year after I had a son born. O, that child! How I loved it! The little thing looked just like my poor Henry! But I had made up my mind. Yes, I had. I would never again let a child live to grow up! I took the little fellow in my arms, when he was two weeks old, and kissed him, and cried over him. Then I gave him some medicine, and held him, while he slept to death. How I cried over it! Everyone thought that I'd made a mistake. But I am still glad I did this thing. I am not sorry, to this day. What better than death could I give him, poor child!

"After a while, the cholera came, and Captain Stuart died. Everybody died who wanted to live, and I'm lived! Then I was sold, and **passed from hand to hand**, till Simon Legree bought me, and brought me here. And here I am!"

Cassy stopped.

"Now, I'm a **lost soul**," she said, after a pause. "But I know what to do with this devil. I'll send him where he belongs, one of these nights!"

A wild, long laugh ran through the room. In a few moments, she was calm again.

"Can I do anything more for you, my poor fellow?" she said, coming up to Tom. "Do you want some more water?"

Tom drank the water, and looked at her, as if he wanted to say something.

"Don't talk, my poor fellow. Try to sleep, if you can," said Cassy.

She put water beside Tom, and left the shed.

Helpful Words & Notes

You had the right on your side. — Правда на твоей стороне.

that money could buy — что можно купить за деньги

his heart was gone from me — я для него больше ничего не значу

to clear off his gambling debts — чтобы расплатиться по карточным долгам

I was just like one turned into stone. — Я словно окаменела.

passed from hand to hand — и стала переходить от одного хозяина к другому

lost soul — пропащий человек

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

- 1) Who came to Tom in the night?
- 2) What did Cassy do for Tom?
- 3) What did Cassy tell Tom about her family and children?
- 4) Who was Captain Stuart?
- 5) What did Cassy do to her third child?

2. Full in the names.

- 1) _____ paid two thousand dollars for Cassy.
- 2) _____ offered to buy Cassy and her children to clear gambling debts.
- 3) _____ had a splendid plantation.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Find in the text the English for:

- Но любое сопротивление здесь исключено.
- Ты попал в руки дьявола.
- Каждый из них предаст тебя при первой же возможности.
- У меня были связаны руки.

2. Fill in the prepositions *through*, *from*, *to*, *on*.

- 1) The light of a lantern flashed _____ Tom's eyes.
- 2) Captain Stuart died _____ cholera.

3) Cassy passed from hand _____ hand.

4) A wild, long laugh ran _____ the room.

Discussing the Text

1. Tell Cassy's story.

What do you think about it?

2. What do you think?

Tom refused to be cruel to his fellow-sufferers. Why? Did Cassy approve of his decision? Why?



CHAPTER 22

It was between one and two o'clock at night. Cassy was returning from the shed, when she heard the sounds of **wild shrieking**, and singing, from the sitting-room of the house.

She came up on the verandah steps, and looked in. Legree and both overseers, drunk, were singing, shouting, and upsetting chairs.

Cassy looked at them. There was scorn and anger in her black eyes. She turned hurriedly away, and, passing round to a back door, opened it.

Emmeline was sitting, pale with fear, in the furthest corner of the room. As Cassy came in, the girl ran up to her and caught her arm.

"O Cassy, I'm so glad you've come! Do you hear that terrible noise downstairs?"

"Yes," said Cassy, dryly. "I've heard it often enough before."

"O Cassy! Couldn't we get away from this place? Into the swamp among the snakes — anywhere! Couldn't we get somewhere away from here?"

"Nowhere," said Cassy.

"Did you ever try?"

"I've seen enough of trying and what comes of it," said Cassy.

"I'd rather live in the swamps than here. I'm not afraid of snakes!" said Emmeline, eagerly.

"You couldn't stay in the swamps," said Cassy. "You'd be tracked by the dogs, and brought back, and then —"

"What would he do?" said the girl, looking, with interest, into her face.

"What wouldn't he do, you'd better ask," said Cassy.

"O, Cassy, do tell me what I shall do!" said Emmeline.

"What I've done. Do the best you can. Do what you must."

"He wanted to make me drink some of his brandy," said Emmeline. "And I hate it."

"You'd better drink," said Cassy. "I hated it, too. And now I can't live without it. Drink brandy. Drink all you can, and it'll make things easier."

Simon Legree woke up in the morning in a bad mood. He poured himself a glass of brandy, and drank half of it. At that moment Cassy entered the sitting-room.

"Simon, I've one piece of advice to give you," she said.

"I don't need your advice."

"My advice is," said Cassy, steadily, as she began cleaning up the room, "that you let Tom alone."

"What business is it of yours?"

"What? I don't know what it should be. If you want to pay twelve hundred for a fellow, and lose him **right up in the press of the season**, it's not my business. I've done what I could for him."

"You have?"

"Yes. I've saved you some thousands of dollars, at different times, by taking care of your workers. And that's all the thanks I get. Do you want to **lose your bet on the cotton crop?**"

Legree's ambition was to beat other planters by having the heaviest crop of the season. And he had several bets on that season in town. Cassy, with woman's tact, touched the only string that would be made to vibrate.

"Well, I'll leave him alone now," said Legree; "but he should apologize."

"He won't do that," said Cassy.

"Won't, eh?"

"No, he won't," said Cassy.

"I'd like to know why," said Legree.

"Because he's done right, and he knows it, and won't say he's done wrong."

"Who cares what he knows? The nigger shall say what I need, or —"

"Or you'll lose your bet on the cotton crop, by keeping him out of the field."

"But he will give up. Of course, he will. Don't I know what niggers are?"

"He won't, Simon. You don't know this kind. You may kill him, but **he won't beg your pardon.**"

"We'll see. Where is he?" said Legree, going out.

"In the old shed," said Cassy.

"Well, my boy," said Legree, coming into the shed. "How do you like it?"

Tom answered nothing.

"Get up!" said Legree, kicking him.

It was difficult for Tom to get up. As he made efforts to do it, Legree laughed.

"What makes you so slow, this morning, Tom? Perhaps, you caught a cold last night."

Tom by this time had stood up, and was looking at his master.

"The devil, you can!" said Legree, looking him over. "I believe you haven't got enough yet. Now, Tom, get right down on your knees and beg my pardon, for what you did last night."

Tom did not move.

"Down, you dog!" said Legree, striking him with his whip.

"Master Legree," said Tom, "I can't do it. I did only what I thought was right. I shall do it again, if I have to. I'll never do a cruel thing, **come what may.**"

"Yes, but you don't know what may come, Master Tom. You think what you've got is something. I tell you've got nothing. Nothing at all. How would you like to be tied to a tree, and have a slow fire lit up around you? Wouldn't that be pleasant, eh, Tom?"

"Master," said Tom in a clear voice, "You bought me. I'll be a true and faithful servant to you. I'll give you all the work of my hands, all my time, all my strength. But I won't give up my soul to you. Master Legree, I know you can do very bad things to me. You may whip me, burn me. I'm not afraid to die."

"You dog!" said Legree, and with one blow of his fist he knocked Tom down.

A cold soft hand fell on Legree's shoulder at this moment. He turned and saw Cassy.

"Will you be a fool?" said Cassy, in French. "Let him go! Let me take care of him. He'll be in the field again soon."

Legree turned away.

"Well, have it your own way," he said to Cassy.

"You!" he said to Tom. "I won't deal with you now, because the business is pressing, and I need all my workers. But I never forget anything. Sometime you'll pay me for this!"

Legree turned, and went out.

"There you go," said Cassy, looking darkly after him. "My poor fellow, how are you?"

"The lion's shut his mouth, this time," said Tom.

"Yes, this time, to be sure," said Cassy. "But now he'll hate you. He'll follow you **day in, day out**, hanging like a dog on your throat, sucking your blood, drop by drop. I know the man."

Helpful Words & Notes

wild shrieking — дикие крики

right up in the press of the season — в самое горячее время

to lose your bet — проиграть пари

Legree's ambition was to beat other planters by having the heaviest crop of the season. — Легри стремился обойти других плантаторов, собрав больше всего хлопка.

Cassy, with woman's tact, touched the only string that would be made to vibrate. — Кэсси с чисто женской хитростью затронула в нем единственную чувствительную струнку.

he won't beg your pardon — он не будет просить прощения

I won't deal with you now, because the business is pressing — Сейчас мне некогда с тобой возиться
come what may — чем бы мне это ни обернулось
day in, day out — из дня в день

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Say true or false. Correct the false statements.

- 1) Cassy heard the screams and singing from Emmeline's room.
- 2) Simon Legree woke up in the morning in an excellent mood.
- 3) Cassy suggested that Legree should leave Tom alone.
- 4) Legree came to the shed to apologize to Tom for his cruelty.

2. Say why:

- 1) Legree agreed to leave Tom alone.

- 2) Legree needed all his workers in the field.
- 3) Cassy spoke to Legree in French.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the words from the box.

bet crop pardon advice

- 1) Legree wanted to have the biggest _____ of cotton.
- 2) Cassy offered Legree a piece of _____.
- 3) All the planters hoped to win a _____ on that season.
- 4) Tom refused to beg his master's _____.

2. Report the sentences in indirect speech.

- 1) "Couldn't we get somewhere away from here?" asked Emmeline.
- 2) "What makes you so slow, this morning, Tom?" asked Legree.
- 3) "He'll follow you day in, day out, sucking your blood, drop by drop," said Cassy to Tom.

Discussing the Text

1. Describe how Cassy managed to make Legree leave Tom alone.
2. Talk about relations between Cassy and Emmeline. Did Cassy hate or support the girl?

Now we must leave Tom in the hands of Legree, and return to the story of George and his wife Eliza, whom we left in a friends' farmhouse in Ohio.

Tom Loker was left in the house of Aunt Dorcas, groaning in a clean Quaker bed.

"That fellow and the girl are here, I suppose," he said the next day.

"Yes, they are," said Aunt Dorcas.

"They'd better be off up to the lake," said Tom. "The quicker the better."

"Probably they will do it," said the old woman, knitting.

"We've got people in Sandusky, who watch the boats for us," said Tom. "I don't care if I tell, now. I hope they will get away, **just to spite that dog Marks!**"

"Thomas!" said Aunt Dorcas.

"Well, I won't, granny," said Tom. "But about the girl — tell them **to dress her up some way**. Her description's out in Sandusky."

"We'll think about that," said Aunt Dorcas.

At this place we leave Tom Loker, and we may say, that he spent three weeks in the Quaker house. He rose from his bed a somewhat sadder and wiser man. Instead of slave-catching, he went to live in one of the new villages, and **he made himself quite a name as a hunter**.

As Tom had informed them that Marks's people would be looking for the group of runaway slaves in Sandusky, it was decided to divide them. Jim left with his old mother. And a night or two after, George and Eliza, with their child, were taken to Sandusky. They stayed with a friendly family and began to prepare for the passage on **Lake Erie**.

It was early morning when Eliza put on men's clothes and came up to the mirror.

"Now for it," she said, and shook down her long black curly hair. "I say, George, it's almost a pity, isn't it?" she said, and held some of it in her hand. "**Pity it's all got to come off.**"

George smiled sadly at his wife, and made no answer.

Eliza turned to the mirror, and the scissors glittered as one long lock after another was cut from her head.

"There, now, that'll do," she said, taking a hairbrush. "Am I not a pretty young fellow?" she said.

She turned around to her husband, and laughed.

"You will always be pretty, do what you want," said George.

"Why are you so sad?" said Eliza, laying her hand on his. "We'll be in Canada in twenty-four hours, they say. Only a day and a night on the lake, and then — oh, then! —"

"O, Eliza!" said George, coming up to her. "Will these years and years of unhappiness come to an end? Shall we be free?"

"I am sure of it, George," said Eliza, looking at him. There were tears of hope on her long, dark lashes.

"I believe you, Eliza," said George. "Well, indeed," he added, looking admiringly at her, "you are a pretty little fellow. Put on your hat. A little to one side. I never saw you look quite so pretty. But, it's almost time for the carriage."

The door opened, and a respectable middle-aged woman entered, leading little Harry, dressed in girl's clothes.

"What a pretty girl he makes," said Eliza, turning him round. "We'll call him Harriet, you see. Isn't it a nice name?"

The child stood looking, silently, at his mother in her new and strange clothes.

"Does Harry know mamma?" said Eliza, stretching her hands towards him.

The child kept beside the woman.

"Come Eliza, why do you do this? You know that he should be kept away from you?"

"I know it's silly," said Eliza. "But come — where are my gloves? Oh, my hands are lost in them."

"I ask you to keep them on," said George. "Your little hands might **bring us all out.** Now, Mrs. Smyth, be our aunty, please."

Mrs. Smyth, a respectable woman from the village in Canada, where they were going, had agreed to appear as the aunt of little Harry. She had spent the last two days with the boy, and they were good friends now.

The carriage drove to the wharf. The two young men, as they appeared, boarded the boat. Eliza gallantly gave her arm to Mrs. Smyth. George brought on board their bags.

George was standing at the captain's office, when he overheard two men talking by his side.

"I've watched everyone that came on board," said one of them, "and I know they're not on this boat."

It was the voice of **the clerk of the boat.** The other man was our old friend Marks. He had come to Sandusky himself to catch the runaway slaves.

"**You wouldn't know the woman from a white one,**" said Marks. "The man is a very light mulatto."

The hand with which George was taking the tickets and change trembled a little. But he turned around, and walked slowly to another part of the boat, where Eliza stood waiting for him. Mrs. Smyth, with little Harry, went to the ladies' cabin.

The bell rang, and Marks walked down to the shore.

It was a superb day. The blue waves of Lake Erie danced, sparkling, in the sunlight. A fresh breeze blew from the shore, and the boat flew right on. At last, she approached the small town of Amherstberg, in Canada. The bell rang, and the boat stopped.

The little company landed on the shore, and Mrs. Smyth took George's family to the pastor who was ready to help them.

It was the first day of freedom for George and Eliza. They were happy to speak, breathe, and move, free of danger. They didn't have a roof that they could call their own. They had spent their money, to the last dollar. Yet they were so happy they couldn't sleep that night.

Helpful Words & Notes

just to spite that dog Marks — назло этому псу Марку
to dress her up some way — чтобы одели ее как-нибудь по-другому

he made himself quite a name as a hunter — он прославился как охотник

Lake Erie — озеро Эри; одно из Великих озер, омывающее берега США и Канады

Pity it's all got to come off. — Жаль со всем этим расставаться.

bring us all out — всех нас выдать

the clerk of the boat — корабельный служащий

You wouldn't know the woman from a white one — Эту женщину почти не отличишь от белой

? Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

- 1) Where did wounded Tom Loker stay?
- 2) What advice did he give to George Harris and his family?
- 3) Who was Mrs. Smyth?
- 4) Where in Canada did George and Eliza land?
- 5) Who agreed to help them?

2. Complete the sentences.

- 1) Loker said that Marks' people would look for the runaways slaves in Sandusky because... .
- 2) Eliza cut her hair because... .
- 3) Mrs. Smyth pretended to be Harry's aunt because... .

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Use the synonyms from the text.

- 1) Tom Loker wanted *to annoy* his ex-friend Marks.
- 2) George and Eliza began to prepare for the *journey* on Lake Erie.
- 3) Eliza turned to the *looking-glass* with the scissors in her hand.

2. Fill in the prepositions *out, of, on, as*.

- 1) Loker made himself a name _____ a hunter.
- 2) Eliza put _____ men's clothes and cut her hair.
- 3) Eliza's small hands could bring them all _____.

- 4) George and Eliza were happy to be at last free
_____ danger.

Discussing the Text

1. **Talk about Loker. Prove that the life with the Quakers changed him.**
2. **Eliza and George finally reached freedom. Describe the voyage to Canada and their preparations for it.**

CHAPTER 24

Legree sent Tom back to the fields **long before his wounds were healed**. And then came day after day of pain and tiredness. Legree sent to pick cotton all his workers even on Sunday. Why shouldn't he? He would make more cotton, and win his bet. If some of his negroes died, he could buy better ones.

Tom came home from the fields so exhausted, that **his head swam**. He could only lie down in his cabin, with the others, sad and unhappy. Sometimes he saw Cassy and Emmeline, but couldn't talk to them. In fact, there was no time for him to talk to anybody.

He thought of Miss Ophelia's letter to his Kentucky friends, and hoped that somebody would come to buy him back. But nobody came.

Tom's kindness and sympathy for the other slaves began to change them. The strange, silent, patient man was ready to help anyone and share what little he had with anyone who needed it. He gave his old blanket to

some sick woman, put his cotton in the baskets of weaker people in the field, and never asked anyone for help. It continued week after week, and month after month, and, at last, Tom began to have a strange power over them. **Even the half-crazy Cassy was calmed by his simple influences.**

One night, after everyone in Tom's cabin were asleep, he suddenly woke up and saw her face at the hole between the logs, which was used as a window. She made a silent gesture for him to come out.

Tom came outside. It was between one and two o'clock at night. Tom noticed, as the light of the moon fell upon Cassy's large, black eyes, that there was a wild expression in them.

"Come here, Tom," she said, laying her small hand on his wrist, and drawing him forward with a force as if the hand were of steel. "Come here. I've news for you."

"What, Missis Cassy?" said Tom, anxiously.

"Tom, wouldn't you like your freedom?"

"I shall have it, Missis, sometime," said Tom.

"But you may have it tonight," said Cassy, with a flash of sudden energy. "Come on."

Tom hesitated.

"Come!" she said, in a whisper, looking at him with her black eyes. "He's asleep. I put something into his brandy. But come, the back door is unlocked. There's an axe there, I put it there. His room door is open. I'll show you the way. I can't do it myself. My arms are so weak."

"Not for ten thousand worlds, Missis!" said Tom firmly.

He stopped and held her back.

"But think about all these poor people," said Cassy. "We may set them all free, and go somewhere in the

swamps, and find an island, and live there. Any life is better than this.”

“No!” said Tom, firmly. “No! Good never comes from bad things.”

“Then I shall do it,” said Cassy, turning.

“O, Missis Cassy!” said Tom, “Don’t sell your soul to the devil, that way! Nothing but evil will come from it. We must wait.”

“Wait!” said Cassy. “Haven’t I waited? What has he made me suffer? What has he made hundreds of poor creatures suffer? His time’s come, and I’ll have his heart’s blood!”

“No, no, no! You mustn’t do that!” said Tom, holding her small hands. “Missis Cassy,” he added in a hesitating tone, “if you only could get away from here — if it was possible — I’d advise you and Emmeline to do it.”

“Would you try it with us, Tom?”

“No,” said Tom. “There was time when I would do it. But I have to stay among these poor souls. I know I am the only one who can help them. It’s different with you. It’s more than you can bear. You’d better go, if you can.”

“Every beast and bird can find a home somewhere,” said Cassy. “Even the snakes and the alligators have their places to lie down and be quiet. But there’s no place for us. Down in the darkest swamps, their dogs will find us. Everybody and everything is against us. Where shall we go?”

Tom stood silent. At last he said:

“I think you should try it. I hope you’ll do it.”

Cassy had often thought, for hours, about all possible or probable plans of escape. All of them were hopeless. But at this moment she had a simple idea.

“I’ll try it, Tom,” she said, suddenly.

Helpful Words & Notes

long before his wounds were healed — когда его раны еще не зажили

his head swam — у него всё плыло перед глазами

Even the half-crazy Cassy was calmed by his simple influences. — Даже полупомешанная Кэсси успокаивалась в его присутствии.

Not for ten thousand worlds, Missis! — Ни за что на свете!

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Say *true* or *false*. Correct the false statements.

- 1) Legree sent Tom back to the fields as soon as his wounds were healed.
- 2) Tom often talked to Cassy and Emmeline.
- 3) Cassy asked Tom to help her kill Legree.
- 4) Tom advised Cassy to try to escape.

2. Complete the sentences.

- 1) Legree sent his slaves to the field on Sunday because... .
- 2) Cassy came to see Tom one night because... .
- 3) Tom refused to kill Legree because... .
- 4) Tom couldn’t run away with the women because... .

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the adjectives from the box.

silent half-crazy exhausted probable
--

- 1) Even the _____ Cassy was much calmer in Tom's presence.
- 2) Tom came home from the field so _____ that he could only lie down in his cabin.
- 3) Cassy made a _____ gesture for Tom to come out of the cabin.
- 4) Cassy spent much time thinking about all possible or _____ plans of escape.

2. Fill in the prepositions *for, from, over, of*.

- 1) Tom began to have a strange power _____ other slaves.
- 2) Cassy drew Tom forward with a force as if the hand were _____ steel.
- 3) Tom helped everyone and never asked anyone _____ help.
- 4) Nothing but evil will come _____ it.

 **Discussing the Text**

1. Describe the conversation between Cassy and Tom. What arguments did they use to express their opinions?
2. What do you think?

“Good never comes from bad things,” said Tom. Do you agree with that? Can you give any examples to support your point of view?



CHAPTER 25

The attic of Legree's house, like most other attics, was large and dusty. The family that had lived in the house before him had brought a great deal of splendid furniture. Some of it they had taken away with them, and some remained in rooms, or kept in this place. One or two big packing-boxes, in which this furniture was brought, stood against the sides of the attic. There was a small window there, which let in, through its dusty glass, some light on the tall chairs and dusty tables.

For some reason the negroes on the plantation were sure that **the place was haunted**. A few years before, Legree had sent there a negro woman for punishment. No one knew what happened there. But it was known that the body of the poor creature was one day taken down from there, and buried. And after that the negroes began to whisper to each other dark stories about the cries and groans of despair, and the sounds of violent blows.

Legree was a **superstitious** man himself. He overheard something of these stories about ghosts and got very angry. He said that the next one that told stories about that attic would spend a week there. As a result, everyone in the house avoided the attic.

Then a sudden thought came to Cassy. Tom's words made her see how she could use Legree's fear of ghosts to run away.

Cassy's room was directly under the attic. One day she suddenly asked the servants to move the furniture of her room to some other place.

"Hallo! Cass!" said Legree, when he returned from a ride. "What's going on?"

"Nothing. Only I choose to have another room," said Cassy.

"And what for?" said Legree.

"I choose to," said Cassy.

"What for?"

"I'd like to get some sleep, now and then."

"Sleep! Why can't you sleep?"

"I could tell, if you want to hear," said Cassy, dryly.

"Speak out!" said Legree.

"O! Nothing! I'm sure it wouldn't disturb you! Only groans, and people rolling round on the floor, half the night, from twelve to morning!"

"People in the attic!" said Legree with a laugh, but uneasily, "Who are they, Cassy?"

Cassy raised her sharp, black eyes, and looked in the face of Legree, with an expression that went through his bones.

"Who are they, Simon?" she said. "If you sleep in that room, you'll know all about it. Perhaps you'd better try it!" And she left the room, and then she immediately shut and locked the door.

Legree threatened to break down the door, but **thought better of it**, and walked uneasily into the sitting-room. Cassy realized that it had been a good beginning, and she should continue what she had begun.

In the attic she found a hole in the wall, and put there the neck of an old bottle. When there was a strong wind, it made the sounds that to superstitious ears might easily seem screams of horror and despair.

A night or two after this, Legree and Cassy were sitting in the old sitting-room, by the side of the fire. It was a stormy, windy night. Legree saw on the table an old book, which Cassy had been reading, the first part of the evening. He took it up, and began to turn it over. It was one of those collections of stories of bloody murders and legends about ghosts. He read the book for some time, turning page after page, and then he threw it down.

"You don't believe in ghosts, do you, Cass?" he said.

Cassy sat looking at him in the shadow of the corner. There was that strange light in her eyes that Legree didn't like.

"Rats and the wind make these noises," said Legree.

"Can rats walk downstairs, and open a door when you've locked it and set a chair against it?" said Cassy. "And walk, walk, walk right up to your bed, and put out their hand like this?"

Cassy kept looking at Legree when she spoke. As she stopped talking, she put her cold hand on his. He sprung back.

"Woman! What do you mean? Nobody did?"

"O, no, of course not. Did I say they did?" said Cassy, with a chilly smile.

"But have you really seen? Come, Cass, what is it, now, speak out!"

"You may sleep there, yourself," said Cassy, "if you want to know. Eh! What was that?"

A heavy old clock that stood in the corner of the room slowly struck twelve.

"Twelve o'clock. Well, now we'll see," she said, opening the door into the corridor, and standing as if listening. "What's that?" she said, raising her finger.

"It's only the wind," said Legree.

A wild scream came from the attic. Legree's knees knocked together. His face became very white with fear.

"You'd better get your gun!" said Cassy, with a smile that froze Legree's blood. "**I'd like to have you go up now.**"

"I won't go!" said Legree.

"Why not? There is no such thing as ghosts, you know! Come!" said Cassy, laughing wildly, as she was leaving the room.

"I think you are the devil!" said Legree. "Come back, Cass!"

But Cassy laughed. He heard her open the doors that led to the attic. Legree heard wild screams again and, terrified, ran into the sitting-room. In a few moments, Cassy came there. She was pale, calm, and cold, and with that same light in her eyes.

"I only went up and shut the doors," she explained. "What's the matter with that attic, Simon?"

"None of your business!" said Legree.

"O, it isn't? Well," said Cassy, "**at any rate**, I'm glad I don't sleep under it."

That was the game that Cassy played with Legree to keep him away from the attic. After that, she often went there at night when everybody else was asleep. She brought there, a little at a time, a lot of candles, food, some books, and a greater part of her own and Emmeline's clothes. The women now only had to wait for an opportunity to run away.

Helpful Words & Notes

the place was haunted — там водятся привидения

superstitious — суеверный

thought better of it — передумал

I'd like to have you go up now. — Прошу тебя, поднимись навверх.

at any rate — во всяком случае

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

- 1) What things were kept in the attic?
- 2) Why did Legree avoid the attic and hate stories about ghosts?
- 3) What did Cassy do to cause screams of horror coming from the attic?
- 4) How did she manage to keep Legree away from the attic?

2. Say why:

- 1) the slaves were sure that the attic was haunted.
- 2) Cassy decided to use Legree's fear of ghosts in her plan.
- 3) Cassy needed to keep Legree away from the attic.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Use the synonyms from the text.

- 1) The negroes began to *say in a low voice* stories about ghosts.
- 2) Legree threatened to break down the door, but *changed his mind*.
- 3) Once Legree returned from a *journey made on a horse*.
- 4) Legree heard wild screams again and, *in horror*, ran into the sitting-room.

2. Choose the correct form of the verb.

- 1) Cassy made Legree believe that the ghosts (haunt/haunted) the attic.
- 2) Cassy said that she (heard/had heard) people rolling round on the floor half the night.
- 3) Legree saw on the table an old book, which Cassy (was reading/had been reading), the first part of the evening.

Discussing the Text

1. The first part of Cassy's plan was to keep Legree from the attic. Explain why and how she did it.

2. Give your opinion.

Who is a superstitious person? Do you know anyone who is superstitious?

CHAPTER 26

It was near evening. Legree was away on a ride to some other farm. Cassy and Emmeline made two small bundles.

"There, these will be large enough," said Cassy. "Now put on your hat, and let's go. It's the right time."

"Why, they can see us yet," said Emmeline.

"That's exactly my plan," said Cassy, coolly. "Don't you know that they must try to catch, at any rate? We will go out of the back door, and run to the swamp. Sambo or Quimbo will see us. They will go after. We will get into the swamp. There, they'll be afraid to follow us. They'll go back, and give the alarm, and take out the dogs, and so on. In the meantime, you and I will go to the creek, that runs back of the house. We walk through the water and get back to the back door. The dogs can't track us there, because **water does not hold a scent**. Everyone will run out of the house to look after us, and then we'll get in at the back door, and up into the attic. I've made us a nice bed in one of the great boxes. We must stay in that attic for a good while. I tell you, **he will raise heaven and earth after us**. He'll use some of those old overseers on the other plantations, and have a great **hunt**. They'll go over every inch of ground in that swamp. So let him hunt."

"Cassy, how well you've planned it!" said Emmeline.

"Come," said Cassy, reaching her hand to Emmeline.

The two women left the house, and ran to the swamp. As Cassy expected, when they were already near the swamp, they heard a voice ordering to them to stop. It was not Sambo, however, but Legree himself. Emmeline seized Cassy's arm, and said, "O, Cassy, I'm going to faint!"

"If you do, I'll kill you!" said Cassy, showing the girl a small knife.

It helped. Emmeline didn't faint, and ran, with Cassy, into a deep and dark part of swamp. It was perfectly hopeless for Legree to think of following them, without help.

"Well," said he. "They've got themselves into a trap now! Sambo! Quimbo!" called Legree. He came up to the village, when the men and women were just returning from work. "There're two runaways in the swamps. I'll give five dollars to any nigger who catches them. Get the dogs!"

Some of the men immediately ran one way, and some another. Some were getting the dogs.

"Master, shall we shoot at them, if can't catch them?" said Sambo, to whom his master brought out a rifle.

"You may shoot at Cass, if you like, but not the girl," said Legree. "And now, boys, be quick. Five dollars for anyone who gets them. And a glass of brandy to every one of you, anyhow."

The whole crowd ran down to the swamp, followed by every servant in the house. The house was empty, when Cassy and Emmeline got in at the back door. Looking from the sitting-room windows, Cassy and Emmeline could see the men near the swamp.

"See there!" said Emmeline, pointing to Cassy. "The hunt's begun! Look at those lights! Listen! The dogs! Don't you hear? Let's hide ourselves. Quick!"

"There's no need to hurry," said Cassy, coolly. "They are all there. We'll go upstairs. Meanwhile," said she, taking a key from the pocket of a coat that Legree had thrown down on the floor, "meanwhile I'll take something."

She unlocked the desk, took from it a roll of bills.

"O, don't do that!" said Emmeline.

"Don't!" said Cassy. "Why not? We'll need the money to pay our way to the free states. Money will do anything, girl."

And she put the money in her pocket.

"It would be stealing," said Emmeline, in a sad whisper.

"Stealing!" said Cassy, with a laugh. "Every one of these bills is stolen from poor creatures who work and die for him. Let him talk about stealing! Now, let's go to the attic. You may be sure they won't come there. But if they do, I'll play ghost for them."

Around midnight the hunters came back.

"Simon has to give up, for this night," said Cassy. "Look, how muddy his horse is. The dogs, too, look tired. Ah, my good sir, you'll have to try the hunt again and again. The game isn't over."

The second hunt began the next morning, with the help of some men and dogs from the nearby plantations. Cassy and Emmeline saw the men and dogs leave early. Then they waited, feeling quite calm and safe, till they saw the hunters come back, tired and very angry.

"Now, Quimbo," said Legree, as he entered the sitting-room, "you just go and bring that Tom here, right away! **The old dog is at the bottom of this matter. I'll have it out of him!**"

The escape of Cassy and Emmeline irritated Legree to the last degree. And his anger fell on the defenseless head of Tom. When he told the slaves about the

runaways, there was a sudden happy light in Tom's eye. Legree saw that Tom hadn't joined the hunt.

"Ay, ay!" said Quimbo, and seized Tom by the shoulder. "You'll catch it, now! Tell you, you'll get it, and no mistake! See how you'll look, now, helping Master's niggers to run away! See what you'll get!"

Tom knew about the plan of the escape, and the attic. And he knew the cruel character of the man who was his master now, and his power. But he hoped he would be strong enough to meet death, rather than betray the helpless women.

"Well, Tom!" said Legree, walking up, and seizing him by the collar of his coat, and speaking through his teeth. "Do you know I've made up my mind to kill you?"

"It's very likely, Master," said Tom, calmly.

"I'll have to do it, Tom, unless you tell me what you know about these girls!" said Legree, with a terrible calmness.

Tom stood silent.

"Do you hear?" said Legree. "Speak out!"

"I have nothing to tell you, Master," said Tom, slowly and firmly.

"Do you tell me, you don't know?" said Legree.

Tom was silent.

"Speak!" shouted Legree, striking him. "Do you know anything?"

"I know, Master, but I can't tell anything."

Legree took Tom by the arm, and, approaching his face almost to his, said, in a terrible voice, "Listen, Tom! You think, because I've let you off before, I don't mean what I say. But, this time, I've made up my mind. **You've always stood it out against me.** Now, you'll tell me what you know, or I kill you! One or the other. I'll

count every drop of blood there is in you, and take them, one by one, till you give up!"

Tom didn't say a word. Legree looked at Tom, and there was silence. But it was only for a moment. Then Legree, struck his victim a heavy blow, and Tom fell to the ground.

"He's still alive," said Sambo.

The two overseers, who had only carried out their master's cruel orders, had been moved, in spite of themselves, by Tom's courage and patience. When Legree went away, they took him to the old cotton shed. They washed his wounds. They made a bed for him, of some cotton. One of them went to the house and brought some brandy, and poured it down Tom's throat.

"O, Tom!" said Quimbo. "We've been so cruel to you!"

"I forgive you, with all my heart!" said Tom, in a weak voice.

Helpful Words & Notes

water does not hold a scent — в воде не сохраняются запахи

he will raise heaven and earth after us — он перевернет всё верх дном, чтобы нас найти

hunt — *зд.* облава

to pay our way to the free states — чтобы добраться до свободных штатов

The old dog is at the bottom of this matter. I'll have it out of him! — Этот старый пес во всём виноват. Я из него всё вытяну!

You've always stood it out against me. — Ты всегда шел мне наперекор.

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

- 1) Why did Cassy choose that evening to make an escape?
- 2) Who ordered Cassy and Emmeline to stop?
- 3) What did Legree promise to the slaves for catching the women?
- 4) Why did Legree's anger fall on Tom's head?
- 5) Why did the overseers feel sorry for Tom?

2. Put the sentences in the right order.

- 1) The second hunt began the next morning.
- 2) Cassy and Emmeline made two small bundles.
- 3) The two women left the house, and ran to the swamp.
- 4) Cassy unlocked the desk and took from it a roll of bills.

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

trap degree ghost swamp

- 1) Cassy and Emmeline ran to the _____ and then returned to the house.
- 2) Legree was sure that the runaways had got themselves in a _____.

3) Cassy was ready to play a _____ for everyone who would approach the attic.

4) The escape irritated Legree to the last _____.

2. Choose the correct form of the verb.

- 1) Cassy knew Legree (would/will) raise heaven and earth after them.
- 2) Legree and his men (went/were going) over every inch of the ground in the swamp.
- 3) Legree came up to the village, when the slaves (were returning/returned) from work.
- 4) The slave-owner saw that Tom (didn't join/hadn't joined) the hunt.



Discussing the Text

1. Talk about the second part of Cassy's plan. Did things go as it was planned?
2. Describe the conversation between Legree and Tom.
3. Prove that Tom's courage and patience made a strong impression even on overseers.

CHAPTER 27

Two days after, a young man drove a light wagon up to Legree's house. It was George Shelby. To show how he came to be there, we must go back in our story.

The letter of Miss Ophelia to Mrs. Shelby had, by accident, was kept, for a month or two, at some post-of-

fice, before it reached the family. And, of course, before it was received, Tom was already among the swamps of the Red river.

Mrs. Shelby read the letter, and was worried about Tom. But there was nothing she could do then. She spent all her time **at the bedside** of her husband, who lay sick with fever. Master George Shelby was no longer a boy, but a tall young man. He helped his mother to manage the estate.

Miss Ophelia sent them the name of the lawyer who did business for the St. Clares. But the sudden death of Mr. Shelby, a few days after, made his wife and son very busy, for a season. Mrs. Shelby and George had to examine accounts, sell property and settle debts.

In the meantime, they received a letter from St. Clare's lawyer. He said that Tom had been sold at a public auction, and he knew nothing where he was.

About six months after that, Mrs. Shelby asked her son to do some business down the river. George went to New Orleans, hoping to find any information about his old friend and bring him back. After some more months, by accident, George met a man, in New Orleans, who had that information. And with his money in his pocket, our hero took a steamboat for the Red river.

He saw the owner of the plantation in front of the house. Legree received the stranger with a kind of coarse hospitality.

"I understand," said the young man, "that you bought, in New Orleans, a man, called Tom. He used to be on my father's place, and I came to see if I couldn't buy him back."

Legree's said, passionately: "Yes, I bought such a fellow. **The most rebellious dog!** Because of him two of my best girls have run away. He said he had helped them.

I asked him to tell me where they were. He said he knew, but he wouldn't tell me. And he stood to it, though **I gave him the worst whipping I ever gave nigger yet.** They say he's trying to die, but I don't believe him."

"Where is he?" asked George. "Let me see him."

The cheeks of the young man were red, but he said nothing more.

"He's in that old shed," said a boy, who stood holding George's horse.

Legree kicked the boy, and swore at him. George, without saying another word, turned and went to the shed.

Tom had been lying there for two days, not suffering, because **every nerve of suffering was destroyed.** He lay, for the most part, very quietly. Other slaves visited him in the darkness of the night, to give him only the cup of cold water.

When George entered the shed, **he felt his heart sick.**

"Is it possible, is it possible?" he said, coming up to Tom. "Uncle Tom, my poor, poor old friend! Look up! Here's Master George. Your own little Master George. Don't you know me?"

"Master George!" said Tom, opening his eyes, and speaking in a weak voice. "Master George!"

He smiled, then tears ran down the cheeks.

"It's all I wanted! They didn't forget me!"

"I've come to buy you, and take you home," said George.

"O, Master George, you're too late. I'm dying," said Tom, grasping his hand. "O, Master George! Please, don't tell Chloe, how you found me. And oh, the poor children, and the baby. I was so worried about them! And give my love to Master, and dear good Missis, and everybody there!"

Legree came up to the door of the shed, looked in and turned away.

"The devil!" said George, very angry. "It's a pleasure to think that he will pay him for this, some of these days!"

"O, don't! You mustn't!" said Tom, "he's a poor miserable creature!"

At this moment Tom's eyes closed forever, and with a smile, he died.

George steps at the door and turned: Legree was standing behind him. **The young man felt an impulse to get away from him, with as few words as possible.**

"You have got all you ever can of him. What shall I pay you for the body? I will take it away, and bury it," he said, firmly, pointing to the dead man.

"I don't sell dead niggers," said Legree. "You can bury him where and when you like."

"Boys," said George to two or three negroes, who were looking at the body, "help me carry him to my wagon. And get me a spade."

One of them ran for a spade. The other two helped George to carry Tom's body to the wagon.

George neither spoke to nor looked at Legree, who followed them to where the wagon stood at the door.

Tom's body was put in the wagon, on George's cloak. Then George turned to Legree, and said:

"I haven't said to you what I think of this murder. This is not the time and place. But, sir, I will go to the court, and say everything."

"Do!" said Legree, snapping his fingers. "How are you going to prove it? Come, now!"

George saw, at once, that the man was right. There was not a single white person on the place. **And in all southern courts, the words of coloured people are nothing.**

"After all, **what a fuss, for a dead nigger!**" said Legree. It was more that George can bear. He turned, and, with

one blow, knocked Legree on his face. Then he got into the wagon and drove away.

Legree rose, and brushed the dust from his clothes. He stood, silently, looking at the wagon, until he could no longer see it.

George asked the negroes to make a grave for Tom in a dry, sandy spot among the trees, far from the plantation.

"Shall we take off the cloak, Master?" said the men, when the grave was ready.

"No, no, bury it with him! It's all I can give you, now, poor Tom, and you must have it."

They laid him in the grave.

"You may go, boys," said George, when it was over. He gave each of the negroes a coin.

"If young Master could please buy us —" said one of them.

"Hard times here, Master!" said the other. "Please, Master, buy us!"

"I can't! I can't!" said George, with difficulty. "It's impossible!"

The poor fellows looked sad, and walked off in silence.

"But I promise to do what one man can **to drive out slavery from my land!**" said George, standing by the grave of his poor friend.

Helpful Words & Notes

at the bedside — у постели

The most rebellious dog! — Отъявленный бунтовщик!

I gave him the worst whipping I ever gave nigger yet — Я его выпорол так, как не порол еще ни одного негра

every nerve of suffering was destroyed — истязания притупили у него всякую чувствительность
he felt his heart sick — сердце у него сжалось
The young man felt an impulse to get away from him, with as few words as possible. — Молодой человек почувствовал желание покончить с ним, не тратя лишних слов.
And in all southern courts, the words of coloured people are nothing. — В всех южных штатах с наказаниями негров в судах не считаются.
what a fuss, for a dead nigger — столько шума из-за одного мертвого негра
to drive out slavery — изгнать рабство

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Say who:

- 1) spent all her time at the bedside of her husband.
- 2) helped his mother to manage the estate.
- 3) found Tom near death.
- 4) asked George Shelby to buy them.

2. Answer the questions.

- 1) When did George Shelby begin looking for Tom?
- 2) What helped George to find his old friend?
- 3) What did Tom say to the young man before his death?
- 4) Where did George bury Tom?
- 5) What promise did he make on Tom's grave?

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Find in the text the English for:

случайно; расплатиться с долгами; грубоватое гостеприимство; не говоря ни слова.

2. Fill in the prepositions *off, with, for, on*.

- 1) Mrs. Shelby stayed at the bedside of her husband, who lay sick _____ fever.
- 2) One of the slaves ran _____ a spade.
- 3) George knocked Legree _____ his face.
- 4) The negroes walked _____ in silence.



Discussing the Text

1. Describe the meeting between Tom and George Shelby.
2. Give your opinion.

George knocked Legree down on the ground. Why didn't Legree say or do anything about it?



CHAPTER 28

About this time, the servants on Legree's place started to talk about strange ghosts in the house. They whispered that tall figures in a white sheet walked at night around the house, and in the morning. And the doors were all found shut and locked as ever.

Legree overheard this whispering. He drank more brandy than usual, and swore louder than ever in the daytime. But he had bad dreams. The night after Tom's

body had been carried away, he rode to the next town and drank a lot of brandy. He got home late and tired. He locked his door, and took out the key. Then he set a chair against the door. He set a night-lamp at the head of his bed and put his guns there, and went to sleep.

Well, he slept, because he was tired. Suddenly he heard screams and groans. And, with it all, he knew he was asleep, and he tried to wake up. He was sure something was coming into his room. He knew the door was opening, but he could not move his hand or foot. At last he turned. The door was open, and he saw a hand putting out his light.

It was a cloudy moonlight, and there he saw it! Something white, coming in! The ghost came up to his bed. A cold hand touched his, and a voice said, three times, in a whisper, "Come! come! come!" And, while he lay, terrified, the thing was gone. He got out of bed, and pulled at the door. It was shut and locked. And the man fainted.

After this, Legree became a harder drinker than ever before. There were rumors around the country, soon after that he was sick and dying, and at his bed he saw a white tall figure, saying, "Come! Come! Come!"

In the night when Legree saw that ghost, two white figures left the house and went towards the road.

It was near sunrise when Cassy and Emmeline sat down under a tree to have some rest. Cassy was dressed in black like a **Creole lady**. She had a small black hat on her head. Emmeline was disguised as her maid.

Cassy was brought up in a rich family, and **her language and movements were all in agreement with this idea**. And she had still enough of nice dresses and jewels.

Cassy and Emmeline arrived in town and found a small hotel. The first person they saw, after their ar-

rival, was George Shelby. He was staying in the same hotel, waiting for the next boat.

Cassy had seen the young man from the attic. From the conversations she had overheard among the negroes, as she walked about the house, wearing a white sheet, she knew who he was to Tom.

Cassy's looks and manners, and money, helped to avoid any suspicions in the hotel. People are never interested in those who pay well. Cassy knew that, and she had provided herself with money.

In the evening, a boat came along, and George Shelby helped Cassy to get aboard, **with the politeness which comes naturally to every Kentuckian.**

Cassy stayed in her cabin during the whole time they were on Red river, saying that she was ill. Her young pretty maid took care of her.

When they arrived at the Mississippi river, Cassy, Emmeline and George safely boarded the steamer Cincinnati.

Cassy's health was much better now. She came to the table and walked on the deck.

From the moment that George first saw her face, he couldn't keep himself from looking at her. Where had he seen that face before? Or, if not that face, then where had he seen one very much like it? Cassy noticed that he was watching her. As she met his eyes turned so often toward hers, she felt worried. She began to think that he had suspected something. Finally she decided she could trust the young man, and she told him her story. George said that he would do all in his power to help anyone get away from Legree's plantation.

The next cabin to Cassy's was occupied by a French lady, Madame de Thoux. She was accompanied by a pretty little daughter of twelve.

This lady knew, from her conversations with George, that he was from Kentucky. George's chair was often placed at her cabin door. Cassy could hear their conversations.

Madame de Thoux said she had lived in Kentucky once. George discovered, to his surprise, that she remembered people and things he knew.

"Do you know anything," said Madame de Thoux to him, one day, "about a man, of the name Harris?"

"There is an old fellow, of that name. He lives not far from my father's place," said George.

"He is a large slave-owner, I think," said Madame de Thoux, with a manner which seemed to betray more interest than she wanted to show.

"He is," said George, surprised at her manner.

"Did you ever know about his mulatto boy, called George?"

"O, certainly, George Harris. I know him well. He married my mother's servant. But he's escaped, to Canada."

"He has?" said Madame de Thoux, quickly. "Thank God!"

George looked surprised, but said nothing.

Madame de Thoux leaned her head on her hand, and burst into tears.

"He is my brother," she said.

"Madame!" said George.

"Yes," said Madame de Thoux, proudly, wiping her tears, "Mr. Shelby, George Harris is my brother!"

George pushed back his chair and looked at Madame de Thoux.

"I was sold to the South when he was a boy," said she. "I was bought by a good and generous man. He took me with him to the West Indies, set me free, and married me. He recently died. I was going up to Kentucky, to see if I could find and buy my brother."

"He said he had a sister Emily, who was sold to the South," said George.

"Yes, indeed! I am the one," said Madame de Thoux. "Tell me about him."

"He's a fine young man," said George, "I know, you see, because **he married in our family.**"

"What sort of a girl?" said Madame de Thoux.

"She's beautiful, intelligent, kind," said George. "My mother had brought her up, and trained her as carefully, almost, as a daughter. She can read and write, and she is a beautiful singer."

"Was she born in your house?" said Madame de Thoux.

"No. Father bought her once, in one of his trips to New Orleans, and brought her as a present to mother. She was about eight or nine years old, then. Father never told mother what he had given for her. But, the other day, we found among his old papers the bill of sale. He paid a lot of money for her. I think, it was because of her extraordinary beauty."

George sat with his back to Cassy, and didn't see the expression of her face, as he was giving these details. She came up to him and touched his arm. Her face was white.

"Do you know the names of the people who sold her to him?" she said.

"The man's name was Simmons, I think. Yes, that was the name on the bill of sale."

"O, my God!" said Cassy, and fell on the floor of the cabin, fainting.

George and Madame de Thoux didn't know why Cassy had fainted. But they tried to help her.

Poor Cassy! When she came to, she turned her face to the wall, and cried like a child. She felt sure, in that hour, that she had found her daughter.

Helpful Words & Notes

Legree became a harder drinker than ever before — Легри запил без удержу

Creole lady — креолка (Креолы — потомки первых переселенцев из Испании, Португалии и Франции, заселивших колонии этих стран в Северной и Южной Америке.)

her language and movements were all in agreement with this idea — знание французского языка и умение хорошо держаться позволили ей легко вжиться в новую роль

with the politeness which comes naturally to every Kentuckian — с галантностью, свойственной каждому уроженцу Кентукки

he married in our family — он взял жену из нашего дома

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

- 1) What was Cassy's last trick?
- 2) What happened to Legree after that?
- 3) How were the runaway slaves disguised?
- 4) Who was Madame de Thoux?
- 5) What did Cassy learn about her daughter?

2. Complete the sentences.

- 1) Legree became a hard drinker than ever before because... .
- 2) Cassy and Emmeline avoided suspicions because... .

- 3) Cassy decided to tell George Shelby the truth because... .

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Use the synonyms from the text.

- 1) Cassy, Emmeline and George safely *got on* the steamer Cincinnati.
- 2) Finally Cassy decided she could *believe* the young man.
- 3) Mr. Shelby brought Cassy's daughter home as a *gift* for his wife.

2. Fill in the prepositions if necessary.

- 1) Legree got out of bed, and pulled _____ the door.
- 2) Emmeline was disguised _____ Cassy's maid.
- 3) "He married _____ my mother's servant," said George.
- 4) The French lady was accompanied _____ a pretty little daughter of twelve.

Discussing the Text

Describe the last part of Cassy's plan. What's your opinion of the escape plan?

CHAPTER 29

George Shelby, moved by Cassy's story, sent her Eliza's bill of sale. It had the same date and name as

she remembered. Cassy felt no doubt that Eliza was her child. It remained now only for her to find her.

Madame de Thoux went immediately to Canada, and began looking for her brother and his family among runaway slaves. At Amherstberg she found the pastor with whom George and Eliza had stayed, when they arrived in Canada. And he told her how to find the family in Montreal.

George and Eliza had now been free for five years. George had found a job **in the shop of a machinist**. He was earning enough money to support his family. They had a new daughter, little Eliza. Little Harry — a fine bright boy — was in a good school.

The pastor of the stand from Amherstberg, where George and Eliza had first landed, was very much interested in the stories of Madame de Thoux and Cassy. He agreed to take them to Montreal.

The scene now changes to a small, neat house, on the outskirts of Montreal. It was already evening. A tea-table, covered with a white tablecloth, was prepared for the supper. In one corner of the room there was a table covered with a green tablecloth, with pens and paper on it. Over it there was a shelf of books.

This was George's study. He tried to spend there all the **spare time** he had, reading and writing.

At this time, he was seated at the table, making notes from a book from the family library.

"Come, George," said Eliza, "you've been gone all day. Please put down that book, and let's talk, while I'm getting tea."

And little Eliza tried to pull the book out of his hand, and get herself on his knee.

"O, you little smart girl!" said George.

"That's right," said Eliza, as she began to cut bread. She was a little older, but as happy as a woman should be.

"Harry, my boy, how was that **problem**, today?" said George, as he laid his hand on his son's head.

Harry looked at his father with a happy smile and said, "I did it, every bit of it, myself, father. Nobody helped me!"

"That's right," said his father. "Do everything yourself, my son. You have a better chance to study than your poor father ever had."

At this moment, somebody knocked at the door. Eliza went and opened it. She saw the good pastor from Amherstberg and said, happy, "Why! Is this you?"

There were two more women with him. Eliza asked them to sit down.

The honest pastor had prepared a little program for the meeting. He was taking out his handkerchief to wipe his mouth and give his speech, when Madame de Thoux upset the whole plan. She threw her arms around George's neck, and let all out at once, saying, "O, George! Don't you know me? I'm your sister Emily."

Cassy was quite calm, but at that moment little Eliza suddenly appeared before her. She looked just as her daughter when she saw her last. The little thing looked in her face. Cassy caught her up in her arms, saying, what, at the moment she really believed, "Darling, I'm your mother!"

The good pastor, at last, managed to get everybody quiet, and gave his speech. It was so touching, that it left his whole audience crying with joy.

After a day or two, Madame de Thoux told her brother about her life. The death of her husband had left her a big fortune, which she offered to share with the family. When she asked George what she could do for him, he answered, "Give me an education, Emily. That's what I always wanted. Then, I can do all the rest."

It was decided that the whole family should go, for some years, to France.

Soon they sailed, carrying Emmeline with them. The **first mate of the ship** fell in love with the pretty girl. And, after entering the port, she became his wife.

George remained four years at a French university, and got a very good education. Political troubles in France, at last, made the family leave the country. George refused to return to America because of the slavery. He decided to go to Liberia instead. He wrote about his feelings and ideas in a letter to one of his friends.

"I have no wish to go back to America. I often think about my parents. To my white father I was no more than a fine dog or horse. But to my poor mother I was a child. I never saw her, after the cruel sale that separated us, till she died. But I know that she always loved me dearly. When I think about all she suffered, about my own life, about the struggles of my wife, about my sister, sold in the New Orleans slave market — I have no wish **to pass for an American, or to identify myself with them**. I want a country, a nation, of my own. And I see myself with African people. Where can I to look for such a place?

On the shores of Africa I see **Liberia** — a republic formed by freed slaves. There it is my wish to go, and help make Liberia a great nation.

You may say that I forget those of us who remain slaves in America. But, what can I do for them? Can I break their chains? No, not as an individual. But I can go and form part of a nation. It will have a voice all the world can hear. And then we can speak.

You will call me an enthusiast. You will tell me that I don't realize what I am doing. But I do. I go to Liberia to work. To work with both hands; to work hard; to work against all sorts of difficulties; and to work till I die. This is what I go for. And in this I am quite sure I shall not be disappointed.

Whatever you may think of my decision, think that, in whatever I do, I act with a heart given to my people.

GEORGE HARRIS.”

George, with his wife, children, sister and mother-in-law, went to Africa, some few weeks after. If we are not mistaken, the world will yet hear from him there.

Madame de Thoux finally managed to find Cassy's son. The young man had escaped, some years before his mother, and been received and educated by some friends in the North. He will soon follow his family to Africa.

Helpful Words & Notes

in the shop of a machinist — в механической мастерской

spare time — досуг

on the outskirts of Montreal — на окраине Монреаля

problem — *зд.* арифметическая задача

first mate of the ship — первый помощник капитана

to pass for an American, or to identify myself with them — выдавать себя за американца или иметь с ними что-то общее

Liberia — Либерия; государство в Западной Африке, основанное в 1947 году освобожденными рабами из США; его название означает «земля свободы»

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Say who:

- 1) sent Cassy the bill of sale for her daughter.

- 2) agreed to take Madame de Thoux and Cassy to Canada.

- 3) worked as a machinist.

- 4) offered to share the money with the family.

- 5) fell in love with Emmeline.

2. Answer the questions.

- 1) Where did Madame de Thoux and Cassy finally find George and Eliza?

- 2) What was new in the life of George's family?

- 3) How did George try to spend his spare time?

- 4) Where did the whole family go first?

- 5) Where did they choose to settle down?

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the gaps with the nouns from the box.

audience nation outskirts mate

- 1) George's family settled down on the _____ of Montreal.

- 2) The good pastor impressed his _____ with a touching speech.

- 3) The first _____ of the steamer fell in love with Emmeline.

- 4) George wanted to make Liberia a great _____.

2. Put the verb in the brackets into the right form.

- 1) The pastor from the place where George and Eliza (to land) five years before, was happy to help the women.

- 2) Eliza's bill of sale had the same name and date as she (to remember).
- 3) Cassy's son (to escape) some years before his mother.

Discussing the Text

1. **Imagine that you're Eliza. Say when you finally met your mother and George's sister. Describe that meeting in detail.**
2. **What do you think?**

George decided to stay away from America and settle down in Liberia. Why did he do it? Do you approve of his choice? What kind of future can you imagine for him and his family, say, in twenty years?

CHAPTER 30

George Shelby had written to his mother that he was coming home. He hadn't been able to write about the death of his old friend. He had tried several times, and always finished by tearing up the paper, wiping his eyes, and rushing somewhere to get quiet.

There was excitement all over the Shelby house, on the day of the arrival of young Master George.

Mrs. Shelby was seated in her comfortable sitting-room. The table was prepared for the supper. Old Chloe, in a new dress, with clean, white apron, and high turban, looked happy.

"Now! Won't it look natural to him?" she said. "I put his plate just where he likes it — by the fire. Master George always wants the warm seat. O, why didn't

Sally get out the best teapot, the little new one, Master George got for Missis, for Christmas? I'll ask to have it out! And has Missis heard from Master George?" she said.

"Yes, Chloe. But just to say he would be home tonight, if he could. That's all."

"Did he say anything about my old man?" said Chloe, still arranging the cups.

"No, he didn't. He did not speak of anything, Chloe. He said he would tell everything, when he got home."

"Just like Master George. He's always wanted to tell everything himself. I don't understand, for my part, how white people write things so much as they do. Writing is such a slow kind of work."

Mrs. Shelby smiled.

"I'm thinking that my old man won't recognize the boys and the baby. O! Polly's the biggest girl, now. She is good, too, and smart. She's in the house, now, watching the cake. I'm baking the cake my old man liked so much. I made this cake for him the morning he left. How I felt, that morning!"

Mrs. Shelby sighed, and felt a heavy weight on her heart. She had felt uneasy, ever since she received her son's letter. She suspected that he was trying to hide something.

"Has Missis got the bills?" said Chloe, anxiously.

"Yes, Chloe."

"I want to show my old man the bills that baker gave me. 'And,' he says, 'Chloe, I wish you'd stay longer.' 'Thank you, Master,' I say, 'I would, only my old man's coming home. And Missis can't do without me any longer.' That's what I told him. A very nice man, that Master Jones was."

The sound of wheels now was heard.

"Master George!" said Aunt Chloe, running up to the window.

Mrs. Shelby ran to the door to meet her son. Aunt Chloe stood anxiously looking out into the darkness.

"O, poor Aunt Chloe!" said George. He stopped, and took her hand, black and cold between both his hands. "I'm sorry! I couldn't bring him with me."

There was an exclamation from Mrs. Shelby, but Aunt Chloe said nothing.

The group entered the sitting-room. The money, of which Chloe was so proud, was still lying on the table.

"There," she said, gathering it up, and giving it to her mistress, "I don't want to see it again. Just as I knew it would be. He was sold, and killed on those terrible old plantations!"

Chloe turned, and walked proudly out of the room. Mrs. Shelby followed her. She took one of her hands, drew her down into a chair, and sat down by her.

"My poor, good Chloe!" she said.

Chloe leaned her head on her mistress' shoulder, and cried, saying, "O Missis! Excuse me, my heart's broken. That's all!"

"I know it is," said Mrs. Shelby, as her tears fell fast.

There was a silence for some time. At last, George, took her Chloe's hand, and told her about her husband's death, and his last words.

About a month after this, one morning, all the servants of the Shelby estate gathered in the great hall of the house to hear a few words from their young master.

To the surprise of everyone, he appeared among them with a pile of papers in his hand. These were **certificates of freedom** to everyone on the place. He read the papers, and gave them to all the negroes, amid the sobs and tears and shouts.

Many servants, however, asked him not to send them away. They tried to give their free papers back.

"We don't want to be freer than we are. We've always had all we wanted. We don't want to leave the old place, and Master and Missis, and the rest!"

"My good friends," said George, as soon as he could get silence, "there'll be no need for you to leave me. We need here as many workers as before. But, you are now free men and free women. I shall pay you wages for your work. The advantage is, that if something happens to me, you can't now be taken and sold. I plan to teach you what, perhaps, it will take you some time to learn — how to use the rights I give you as free men and women."

"One thing more," said the young man. "Do you all remember our good old Uncle Tom?" And he told his servants about Tom's death. "It was on his grave, my friends, that I made up my mind, that I would no longer own slaves. I made up my mind that no one would have to leave his home and friends because of me, and die on a lonely plantation, as he died. So, when you think that you're free, remember that **you owe it to Uncle Tom**. And please pay the debt to his wife and children. Be kind to them. And I hope that every time you see Uncle Tom's Cabin, you'll remember what a good and honest man he was, and how kind he was to everybody. **Try to follow in his steps.**"

Helpful Words & Notes

Won't it look natural to him? — Надо, чтобы всё было так, как всегда.

I'll ask to have it out! — Пойду попрошу его достать.

for my part — если вы хотите знать мое мнение

certificates of freedom — вольные

you owe it to Uncle Tom — вы обязаны этим дяде Тому
Try to follow in his steps. — Постарайтесь стать такими же, как он.

Activities

? Checking Comprehension

1. Answer the questions.

- 1) When did George return to the Kentucky farm?
- 2) Why everyone in the house was excited about George's arrival?
- 3) How did Aunt Chloe take the news about her husband's death?
- 4) How long did it take George to prepare the certificates of freedom for his slaves?
- 5) What did George ask his people to remember about Uncle Tom?

2. Complete the sentences.

- 1) George Shelby couldn't make himself write his mother about Tom's death because... .
- 2) Mrs. Shelby felt something was wrong because... .
- 3) Many servants tried to give their free papers back because... .

Working with Vocabulary and Grammar

1. Fill in the prepositions *amid*, *up*, *in*, *on*.

- 1) Mrs. Shelby felt a heavy weight _____ her heart.
- 2) George gave the free papers to the slaves _____ the sobs and tears and shouts.

- 3) George made _____ his mind that he would no longer own slaves.
- 4) George asked his people to follow _____ Tom's steps.

2. Report the sentences in indirect speech.

- 1) "Did he say anything about my old man?" said Chloe to Mrs. Shelby.
- 2) "I want to show my old man the bills that baker gave me," said Chloe.
- 3) "I shall pay you wages for your work," said George to his people.
- 4) "Please pay the debt to his wife and children," said George to the negroes.



Discussing the Text

1. George Shelby came back home. What news did he bring Aunt Chloe? How did she take it? Describe the scene in the house.
2. George Shelby told his people, "When you think that you're free, remember that you owe it to Uncle Tom." Do you agree? Why?
3. What do you think?
 - 1) What's your opinion about the end of the story? Was it unexpected?
 - 2) Did you like the novel? What did you like about it?
 - 3) Talk about the main characters of the book. Whom did you like best? Why?
 - 4) What basic problems and ideas does the author touch in her book?

Vocabulary

A

abstractedly [æb'stræktɪdli] *adv* рассеянно
account [ə'kaʊnt] *n* счет, отчетность
ache [eɪk] *v* болеть
action ['ækʃn] *n* действие, поступок
adjust [ə'dʒʌst] *v* приводить в порядок, поправлять
afford [ə'fɔ:d] *v* позволить себе
amid [ə'mɪd] *prep* среди, посреди
ankle ['æŋkl] *n* лодыжка
appearance [ə'riəgəns] *n* зд. внешний вид
arrange [ə'reɪndʒ] *v* организовывать, договариваться (о чем-то)
article ['ɑ:tɪkl] *n* зд. вещь, товар
attic ['ætɪk] *n* чердак
auction ['ɔ:kʃn] *n* аукцион, торги
average ['ævərɪdʒ] *a* обыкновенный, средний
axe [æks] *n* топор

B

baker ['beɪkə] *n* булочник, пекарь
bandage ['bændɪdʒ] *n* повязка
bank [bæŋk] *n* берег (реки)
bear [beə] (**bore, born**) *v* зд. выносить
beech [bi:tʃ] *n* бук
betray [brɪ'treɪ] *v* предавать, выдавать
bid [bɪd] *n* предлагаемая цена на аукционе
bitter ['bɪtə] *a* горький
blacksmith ['blæksmɪθ] *n* кузнец
blame [bleɪm] *v* винить
bleeding ['bli:dɪŋ] *n* кровотечение

board [bɔ:d] *n* доска; борт (корабля); *v* садиться (на корабль)

brutal ['bru:tɪl] *a* бесчеловечный, жестокий

C

cabin ['kæbɪn] *n* хижина, лачуга; каюта
cellar ['selə] *n* погреб
chain ['tʃeɪn] *n* цепь; *v* заковывать в цепи
change [tʃeɪndʒ] *n* изменение; сдача; *v* менять(ся)
chilly [tʃɪl] *a* прохладный
cholera ['kɒləgə] *n* холера
cloak ['kləʊk] *n* плащ
closet ['klɒzɪt] *n* чулан, кладовка
coachman ['kəʊtʃmən] *n* кучер
coarse [kɔ:s] *a* грубый
colored ['kɒləd] *a* цветной
come to ['kʌm'tu:] *phr* *v* очнуться, прийти в себя
commonplace ['kɒmənpleɪs] *a* ничем не примечательный
conceal [kən'si:l] *v* скрывать, прятать
cough [kɒf] *n* кашель; *v* кашлять
creak [kri:k] *v* скрипеть
creature ['kri:tʃə] *n* существо
creek [kri:k] *n* ручей
crew [kru:] *n* экипаж (судна)
crop [krɒp] *n* урожай
curl [kɜ:l] *n* локон
curly ['kɜ:li] *a* кудрявый

D

damage ['dæmɪdʒ] *v* повреждать
debt [det] *n* долг
deceive [dɪ'si:v] *v* обманывать
deck [dek] *n* палуба

delicate [ˈdelɪkət] *a* тонкий, уточенный
deserve [dɪˈzɜ:v] *v* заслуживать
despair [dɪsˈpeə] *n* отчаяние
determined [dɪˈtɜ:mɪnd] *a* решительный
disguise [dɪsˈgaɪz] *v* изменять внешность, переодевать
disrespect [ˌdɪsrɪsˈpekt] *n* неуважение
disturb [dɪsˈtɜ:b] *v* беспокоить, тревожить
dome [dəʊm] *n* купол
draw [drɔ:] (**drew, drawn**) *v* тянуть
 draw out вытаскивать
 draw up останавливаться (*о транспорте*)
drawer [ˈdrɔ:ə] *n* ящик (стола)

Е

earn [ɜ:n] *v* зарабатывать
easy [ˈi:zi] *a* легкий, простой; *adv* легко
escape [ɪsˈkeɪp] *n* побег
estate [ɪˈsteɪt] *n* поместье, имение
evil [ˈi:vəl] *n* зло
expect [ɪkˈspekt] *v* ожидать
extend [ɪkˈstend] *v* вытягивать, протягивать

Ф

faint [feɪnt] *v* потерять сознание
fair [feə] *a* честный, справедливый; светлый
faithful [ˈfeɪθfʊl] *a* преданный
fate [feɪt] *n* судьба
fault [fɔ:lt] *n* вина, проступок
feature [ˈfi:tʃə] *n* *зд.* черта лица
ferry [ˈferɪ] *n* паром
fire [ˈfaɪə] *v* стрелять
firmly [ˈfɜ:mli] *adv* твердо, решительно
firmness [ˈfɜ:mnes] *n* стойкость, непоколебимость

fix [fɪks] *v* чинить; улаживать; сосредоточивать (взгляд)
flit [flɪt] *v* порхать
flourish [ˈflaʊrɪʃ] *v* расцветать
fluently [ˈflu:əntli] *adv* бегло, легко
flush [flʌʃ] *v* хлынуть
forbid [fəˈbɪd] (**forbade, forbidden**) *v* запрещать
fortnight [ˈfɔ:tnaɪt] *n* две недели
fortune [ˈfɔ:tju:n] *n* состояние
free [fri:] *a* свободный; *v* освобождать
 set free освобождать
frown [fraʊn] *v* смотреть неодобрительно

Г

gather up [ˈgæðə(r) ˈʌp] *phr v* собраться с силами
generous [ˈdʒenərəs] *a* великодушный, щедрый
gentle [dʒentl] *a* тихий, мягкий
ghost [ˈgəʊst] *n* призрак, привидение
give up [ˈgɪv ʌp] *phr v* сдаться, уступить
glitter [ˈglɪtə] *v* блестеть, сверкать
good-natured [ˈgʊdˈneɪtʃəd] *a* добродушный
grief [gri:f] *n* горе, печаль
grind [graɪnd] (**ground, ground**) *v* молоть
groan [grəʊn] *n* стон; *v* стонать
ground [graʊnd] *форма прошедшего времени от grind*

Н

handcuffs [ˈhændklʌfs] *n pl* наручники
hand-mill [ˈhændmɪl] *n* ручная мельница
harsh [hɑ:ʃ] *a* жесткий, суровый
heap [hi:p] *n* груда, куча
high-spirited [ˌhaɪˈspɪrɪtɪd] *a* горячий, непокорный
highway [ˈhaɪweɪ] *n* большая дорога
hug [hʌg] (**hugged**) *v* обнимать

hump up [ˈhʌmpʻʌp] *phr* *v* сгорбиться

hurt [hɜ:t] *v* причинить боль; болеть

I

indignation [ˌɪndɪgʻneɪʃn] *n* негодование, возмущение

inherit [ɪnʻherɪt] *v* унаследовать

insult [ɪnʻsʌlt] *v* оскорблять

iron [˻aɪən] *n* *зд.* утюг; *v* гладить

irritate [˻ɪrɪ˻teɪt] *v* раздражать

K

kick [kɪk] *v* пинать ногами; *n* пинок

kindly [˻kaɪndli] *a* доброжелательный

knock [nɒk] *v* стучать; ударять

knock down сбить с ног

L

land [lænd] *v* высаживаться на берег

lantern [˻læntən] *n* фонарь

lash [læʃ] *n* удар хлыстом, плетью

last [lɑ:st] *v* длиться; выдерживать

lawful [˻lɔ:ful] *a* законный

lay [leɪ] (**laid**) *v* положить

let off [˻letʻɒf] *phr* *v* прощать, отпускать без наказания

lie [laɪ] *v* I (**lay, lain**) лежать; II (**lied**) лгать

load [ləʊd] *v* грузить, нагружать

look over [lʊkʻəʊvə] *phr* *v* просматривать

loss [lɒs] *n* потеря

M

manage (smth) [˻mænɪdʒ] *v* заведовать, управлять

(чем-л.)

manufacturer [˻mænjuʻfæktʃəgə] *n* предприниматель, фабрикант

mark out [˻mɑ:kʻaʊt] *phr* *v* выделять

matter [˻mætə] *n* дело, проблема

mean [mi:n] *v* иметь в виду; значить

miserable [˻mɪzərəbl] *a* жалкий, несчастный

mistress [˻mɪstrɪs] *n* хозяйка; любовница

mood [mu:d] *n* настроение

moved [mu:vd] *a* растроганный

muddy [˻mʌdi] *a* мутный

muscular [˻mʌskjʊlə] *a* мускулистый

N

neat [ni:t] *a* аккуратный

neckerchief [˻nekətʃɪf] *n* шейный платок

newcomer [˻nju:˻kʌmə] *n* новоприбывший

nigger [˻nɪgə] *n* *груб.* негр, черномазый

nightgown [˻naɪtgaʊn] *n* ночная рубашка

noble [˻nəʊbl] *a* благородный

nurse [nɜ:s] *v* ухаживать (за больным)

O

obey [əbeɪ] *v* слушаться, подчиняться

open on [˻əʊrənʻɒn] *phr* *v* выходить (на что-л), вести (куда-л.)

overhear [˻əʊvə˻hɪə] (**overheard, overheard**) *v* нечаянно услышать; подслушивать

overseer [˻əʊvəsiə] *n* надсмотрщик

P

part [pɑ:t] *v* расставаться; разлучать

pass [pɑ:s] *v* проходить, переходить; принимать (о законе)

path [pɑ:θ] *n* тропинка
patience [ˈpeɪʃns] *n* терпение
patient [ˈpeɪʃnt] *a* терпеливый
pick [pɪk] *v* собирать
 pick up заезжать (за кем-л.)
pitcher [ˈpɪtʃə] *n* кувшин
plump [plʌmp] *a* полный, пухлый
pop out [ˈpɒpaʊt] *phr v* высовывать
porch [pɔ:tʃ] *n* крыльцо
prayer [preə] *n* молитва
press [pres] *v* жать; настаивать (на чем-л.)
proof [pru:f] *n* доказательство
provide (with smth) [prəˈvaɪd] *v* снабжать, обеспечивать (чем-л.)

R

railing [ˈreɪlɪŋ] *n* ограждение, перила
raise [reɪz] *v* растить, воспитывать
respectable [rɪˈspektəbl] *a* respectable, приличный
review [rɪˈvju:] *n* проверка, осмотр
rheumatism [ˈru:mətɪz(ə)m] *n* ревматизм
ride [raɪd] (**rode, ridden**) *v* ездить (верхом, в машине); *n* прогулка верхом, поездка
ridiculous [rɪˈdɪkjʊləs] *a* нелепый, смешной
rifle [ˈraɪfl] *n* ружье
rock [rɒk] *n* камень; скала
rub down [ˈrʌbˈdaʊn] *phr v* зд. вычистить
runaway [ˈrʌnəweɪ] *n* беглец; *a* беглый, сбежавший
rush [rʌʃ] *v* броситься

S

sale [seɪl] *n* продажа
save [seɪv] *v* спасать; накопить

scorn [skɔ:n] *n* презрение
scratch [skrætʃ] *v* зд. чесать
scream [skri:m] *n* вопль, визг; *v* вопить, визжать
servant [ˈsɜ:vənt] *n* слуга, служанка
settle [setl] *v* улаживать
 settle down устроиться, обустроиваться
sew [səʊ] (**sewed, sewn**) *v* шить
sewing [ˈsəʊɪŋ] *n* шитье
shackles [ˈʃækls] *n pl* кандалы
shame [ʃeɪm] *n* позор
shed [ʃed] *n* сарай
sheet [ʃi:t] *n* простыня
shore [ʃɔ:] *n* берег (моря, озера)
shrewd [ʃru:d] *a* проницательный
shyly [ˈʃaɪli] *adv* робко, недоверчиво
sincerely [sɪnˈsɪəli] *adv* искренне
slap [slæp] (**slapped**) *v* хлопать, шлепать
slave [sleɪv] *n* раб
slavery [ˈsleɪvəri] *n* рабство
slave-trader [ˈsleɪvˌtreɪdə] *n* работорговец
slender [ˈslendə] *a* тонкий, стройный
slight [slaɪt] *a* небольшой, незначительный
smooth [smu:θ] *a* ровный, гладкий
sob [sɒb] (**sobbed**) *v* рыдать, всхлипывать; *n* рыдание, всхлипывание
soul [səʊl] *n* душа
spade [speɪd] *n* лопата
spat [spæt] *форма прошедшего времени от spit*
speak out [ˈspi:kˈaʊt] *phr v* говорить, высказываться
spit [spɪt] (**spat, spat**) *v* плевать
splash [splæʃ] *n* всплеск
spoil [spɔɪl] *v* портить
spot [spɒt] *n* место; пятно, пятнышко
spread [spred] *n* зд. покрывало

spring [sprɪŋ] (**sprang, sprung**) *v* прыгать, скакать
squeeze [skwi:z] *v* сжимать
stable ['steɪbl] *n* конюшня
stand [stænd] (**stood, stood**) *v* стоять; выдерживать; *n* зд.
«станция» (жилье для беглых рабов)
starve [stɑ:v] *v* голодать
steady ['stedɪ] *a* уравновешенный
steamer ['sti:mə] *n* пароход
straight ['streɪt] *a* прямой; *adv* прямо
strength ['streŋθ] *n* сила
strike [straɪk] (**struck, struck**) *v* ударять, бить
string [strɪŋ] *n* веревка, шнурок
swamp [swɒmp] *n* болото
swear [sweə] (**swore, sworn**) *v* ругаться
sympathy ['sɪmpəθɪ] *n* сочувствие, сострадание

T

tablecloth ['teɪblklɔ:θ] *n* скатерть
terrified ['teri,faɪd] *a* охваченный ужасом
tie [taɪ] *v* привязывать, завязывать
timid ['tɪmɪd] *a* робкий
tiredness ['taɪədneɪs] *n* усталость
tiring ['taɪərɪŋ] *a* утомительный
torment [tɔ:'ment] *v* мучить
torn [tɔ:n] *a* изорванный
track [træk] *v* выслеживать
trader ['treɪdə] *n* торговец, коммерсант
trap [træp] *n* западня
treat [tri:t] (sb) *v* обращаться (с кем-л.)
tremble ['treɪmbl] *v* дрожать
triangular [traɪ'æŋgjʊlə] *a* треугольный
trick [trɪk] *n* уловка, хитрость
tune [tju:n] *n* мелодия

U

uncommon [ʌn'kɒmən] *a* необыкновенный
uneasily [ʌn'i:zɪli] *adv* беспокойно
untie [ʌn'taɪ] *v* развязывать
upset [ʌp'set] (**upset, upset**) *v* опрокидывать; расстраи-
вать
use up ['ju:z'ʌp] *ph* *v* израсходовать

V

vacant ['veɪkənt] *a* незанятый, пустой
voluntarily ['vɒləntərɪli] *adv* добровольно

W

wages [weɪdʒs] *n pl* зарплата (рабочих)
wagon ['wæɡən] *n* повозка, фургон
wait [weɪt] *v* зд. прислуживать за столом
watch over ['wɒtʃ'əʊvə] *phr* *v* опекать
weed [wi:d] *n* сорняк
weigh [weɪt] *v* взвешивать
wharf [wɔ:f] *n* пристань
whip [wɪp] *n* кнут; *v* сечь кнутом
whip up подстегивать
whipping ['wɪpɪŋ] *n* порка
winding ['waɪndɪŋ] *a* извилистый
wipe [waɪp] *v* вытирать
withdraw [wɪð'drɔ:] (**withdrew, withdrawn**) *v* отводить
worth [wɜ:θ] *a* стоящий; имеющий стоимость
wounded ['wu:ndɪd] *a* раненый
wrinkle ['rɪŋkl] *n* морщина
wrist [rɪst] *n* запястье

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