

УДК 373.5.016:811.111

P49

*Навчальний посібник відповідає
чинній програмі з англійської мови.*

Рецензенти:

В. В. Зіневич, доцент кафедри германських і романських мов Київського національного лінгвістичного університету, кандидат філологічних наук;

С. С. Нагорна, доцент кафедри германських і романських мов Київського національного лінгвістичного університету, кандидат філологічних наук.

Рід, Томас Майн.

P49 Оцеола, вождь семінолів = Osceola the Seminole / Томас Майн Рід; адапт., вправи, словник С. М. Кривець. — К. : Арій, 2019. — 176 с. — (Читаю англійською).

ISBN 978-966-498-694-3.

Ця книга містить адаптований текст пригодницького роману «Оцеола, вождь семінолів» (1859) видатного англо-ірландсько-американського письменника Томаса Майна Ріда (1818–1883). Події розгортаються у 30-х рр. XIX ст. у Флориді під час Другої семінольської війни. Джордж і Вірґінія Рендольфи, діти збіднілого плантатора, предками якого були індіанці, знайомляться з благородним Пауелло (Оцеолою), який виявився вождем племені семінолів. Головна інтрига твору пов'язана з трагічним коханням Вірґінії й Оцеоли та боротьбою Джорджа за право взяти за дружину індіанку Маюмі.

Текст супроводжується системою вправ, метою яких є перевірити розуміння змісту прочитаного, відпрацювати та закріпити лексику й граматичні конструкції, сприяти розвитку мовленнєвих навичок і творчих здібностей у дітей. Вправи розроблено з урахуванням сучасних вимог методики викладання іноземних мов.

До книги додаються підсумковий тест і англо-український словник. Призначена для учнів загальноосвітніх і спеціалізованих шкіл, гімназій, ліцеїв, а також широкого кола читачів, які вивчають англійську мову самостійно.

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ISBN 978-966-498-694-3

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Chapter One

The Flowery Land

Beautiful Florida! fair land of flowers! Thus greeted you bold Spanish adventurer, as standing upon the prow of his caravel, he first caught sight of the shores.¹

It was upon the Sunday of Palms – the festival of the flowers – and the devout Castilian saw in this coincidence a good sign.

That was three hundred years ago.² You are just as covered with flowers as three centuries ago. Your forests are still virgin and inviolate; your savannahs are full of greenery.

¹ Florida was discovered by the Spanish explorer Juan Ponce de Leon in 1513.

² The novel "Osceola, the leader of the Seminoles" was written by Mein Reed in 1858.

Beautiful Florida! Who can look at you without peculiar emotion? without conviction that you are a favoured land?

And yet I observe a change. The scene is the same, but not the characters! Where are they of that red race who were born of you, and nurtured on your bosom? I see them not. In your fields, I see white and black, but not red – European and African, but not Indian – not one of that ancient people who were once your own. Where are they?

Gone! all gone! But not willing went they away – for who could leave you with a willing heart? No, fair Florida; your red children were true to you, and parted only in sore unwillingness. Whole armies, and many a hard straggle, it cost the pale-face to dispossess them; and then they went not willingly. Sad their hearts, and slow their steps, as they faced toward the setting sun. Silent or weeping, they moved onward. In all that band, there was not one voluntary exile.

With eyes bent upon the blue ether of your heavens, I have listened to my heart repeating the words of the eastern poet:

“Oh! if there can be an Elysium on earth,
It is this – it is this!”

My father was an indigo planter; his name was George Randolph. There is Indian blood in my veins. He was proud of his Indian ancestry.

It may sound unusually, especially to European ears; but it is true, that white men in America,

who have Indian blood in them, are proud of the taint.

My father belonged to an old proud colonial family. In his youth he owned hundreds of black slaves, but hospitality, bordering on wastefulness, brought his rich inheritance to nothing. He could not reconcile himself to such a humiliating position for him, collected the remainders of his fortune and left for the south to begin a new life there.

I was born before this removal, and am therefore a native of Virginia; but my earliest impressions of a home were formed upon the banks of the beautiful Suwanee in Florida. That was the scene of my boyhood's life – the spot consecrated to me by the joys of youth and the charms of early love.

I would paint the picture of my boyhood's home. Well do I remember it: so fair a scene is not easily effaced from the memory.

Under the shade of a big oak-tree I see a beautiful girl, in light summer robes. That is my sister Virginia, my only sister, still younger than myself. Her golden hair indicates not her Indian descent, but that she takes after our mother. She is playing with her pets, the doe of the fallow deer, and its pretty spotted fawn. Another favourite is by her side, led by its tiny chain. It is the black fox-squirrel, with glossy coat and quivering tail.

The scene has its accompaniment of music. The golden oriole, whose nest is among the orange-trees, gives out its clear song; the mock-bird,

caged in the verandah, repeats the tune with variations.

The backside of the dwelling presents a different aspect – perhaps not so bright, though not less cheerful. Here is exhibited a scene of active life – a picture of the industry of an indigo plantation.

Beyond are rows of pretty little cottages, uniform in size and shape, each sheltered in its grove of orange-trees, whose ripening fruit and white wax-like flowers fill the air with perfume. These are the negro-cabins.

Beyond the enclosure stretch wild fields, backed by a dark belt of cypress forest that shuts out the view of the horizon. These fields exhibit the staple of cultivation, the precious dye-plant, though other vegetation appears upon them. There are maize-plants and sweet potatoes (*Convolvulus batatas*), some rice, and sugar-cane. These are not intended for commerce, but to provision the establishment.

In the inclosure, and over the indigo-fields, a hundred human forms are moving; with one or two exceptions, they are all of the African race – all slaves. Some cut down the indigo flowers; others carry the bundles in from the fields to the great shed; a few are employed in throwing them into the upper feed box, the “steeper”; while another few are drawing off and “beating.” Some shovel the sediment into the draining-bags, while others control the drying and cutting out. All have their own tasks, and all seem alike cheerful in the performance of

them. They laugh, and chatter, and sing; they give back jest for jest; and scarcely a moment passes that merry voices are not ringing upon the ear. And yet these are all slaves – the slaves of my father. He treats them well.

Such pleasant pictures are gravening on my memory, sweetly and deeply impressed. Here passed my childhood, here began my conscious life.

Exercises

I. Match the sentences halves:

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. In the inclosure, and over the indigo-fields, | a) it cost the pale-face to dispossess them. |
| 2. The scene is the same, | b) perhaps not so bright, though not less cheerful. |
| 3. Whole armies, and many a hard straggle, | c) and all seem alike cheerful in the performance of them. |
| 4. The backside of the dwelling presents a different aspect – | d) a hundred human forms are moving; with one or two exceptions. |
| 5. All have their own tasks, | e) – the spot consecrated to me by the joys of youth and the charms of early love. |
| 6. That was the scene of my boyhood's life | f) but not the characters. |

II. Answer the following questions:

1. Where did the events described in the novel take place?
2. What changes had taken place since the discovery of Florida?
3. Why did the indigenous population have to leave their native places?
4. Who was the narrator's father?
5. What was his attitude towards his slaves?
6. What did they grow on their plantations?
7. What was indigo and what was it used for?
(find the answer to this question on the Internet)

III. Study the following adjectives. Divide them into two groups: 1 – those that can be used to describe Florida; 2 – those that can be used to describe the childhood memories of the main character.

weeping proud different inviolate ripening
active beautiful wax-like humiliating
virgin red precious ancient native
willing golden true clear sad silent
cheerful merry pleasant

Get ready to tell the story on one of these topics using the selected adjectives.

IV. Fill in the blanks with prepositions or adverbs:

1. Where are they of that red race who were born _____ you, and nurtured on your bosom?
2. Your red children were true _____ you.
3. He was proud _____ his Indian ancestry.
4. Hospitality, bordering _____ wastefulness, brought his rich inheritance to nothing.
5. He left _____ the south to begin a new life there.
6. It was the spot consecrated to me _____ the joys of youth and the charms of early love.
7. The golden oriole gives _____ its clear song.

V. Translate the following sentences into Ukrainian:

1. Gone! all gone! But not willing went they away – for who could leave you with a willing heart? No, fair Florida; your red children were true to you, and parted only in sore unwillingness. Whole armies, and many a hard straggle, it cost the pale-face to dispossess them.
2. All have their own tasks, and all seem alike cheerful in the performance of them. They laugh, and chatter, and sing; they give back jest for jest; and scarcely a moment passes that merry voices are not ringing upon the ear. And yet these are all slaves – the slaves of my father.

Chapter Two

The Two Jakes

Every plantation has its "bad fellow" – often more than one, but always one who holds pre-eminence in evil. "Yellow Jake" was the fiend of ours.

He was a young mulatto, in person not ill-looking, but of sullen habit and morose disposition. On occasions he had shown himself capable of fierce resentment and cruelty.

People of such character are more common among mulattoes than negroes. Pride of colour on the part of the yellow man – confidence in a higher organism, both intellectual and physical, and consequently a keener sense of the injustice of his degraded position, explain this psychological difference.

Yellow Jake was always distinguished by cruelty. It was innate in his disposition – no doubt inherited. He was a Spanish mulatto; that is, paternally of Spanish blood – maternally, negro. His father had sold him to mine!

A slave-mother, a slave-son. The father's freedom affects not the offspring. Among the black and red races of America, the child follows the mother's fortunes. Only she of Caucasian race can be the mother of white men.

There was another "Jacob" upon the plantation – hence the distinctive nickname of "Yellow Jake." This other was "Black Jake;" and only in age and size was there any similarity between the

two. In disposition they differed even more than in complexion. If Yellow Jake had the brighter skin, Black Jake had the lighter heart. Their countenances exhibited a complete contrast – the contrast between a sullen frown and a cheerful smile. The white teeth of the latter were ever set in smiles: the former smiled only when under the influence of some evil trick.

Black Jake was a Virginian. He was one of those belonging to the old plantation – had "moved" along with his master. He regarded himself as one of our family, and gloried in bearing our name.

There was one who thought him handsome – handsomer than his yellow namesake. This was the quadroon¹ Viola, the belle of the plantation. For Viola's hand, the two Jakes had long time been rival suitors. Both had assiduously sought her smiles – somewhat capricious they were, for Viola was not without coquetry – but she had at length exhibited a marked preference for the black.

The story of the two Jakes – their loves and their jealousies – is but a common affair in the petite politics of plantation-life. I have singled it out, not from any separate interest it may possess, but as leading to a series of events that exercised an important influence on my own subsequent history.

Soon there was one more event, which showed that Yellow Jack was vindictive.

¹ quadroon – a person who is one-quarter black by descent