

SELECTED STORIES OF MARK TWAIN

英汉对照 ● 英美文学精品

马

美国的一面镜子  
马克·吐温短篇小说选

刘建刚 阎建华 译

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# 美国的一面镜子

## 马克·吐温

马克·吐温（Mark Twain 1835 - 1910）是 19 世纪美国现实主义文学的主要奠基人之一，他在现实主义小说理论和小说语言风格方面为美国文学的发展做出了卓越的贡献。用美国小说家和评论家威廉·狄恩·豪威尔斯（William Dean Howells）的话来说，他是“美国文学的林肯。”福克纳（William Faulkner）也说：“我认为马克·吐温是第一位真正的美国作家，我们大家都是他的后继人。我们是他的后裔。”这两位文学大家的评论充分证明了马克·吐温在美国文学史上不可磨灭的地位。

马克·吐温是第一位用地道的美国口语写作的美国作家，他的《哈克贝利·费恩历险记》为美国小说的语言带来意义深远的变化，奠定了美国文学口语化风格的基础。他那清新幽默的文笔，毫无雕琢、简明朴素的语言开创了美国小说语言口语化的先河，对后世作家产生了巨大的影响。海明威（Ernest Hemingway）评价说：“全部现代美国文学起源于马克·吐温的一本名叫《哈克贝利·费恩历险记》的书……这是我们所有的书中最好的一本。”

马克·吐温生于 1835 年，卒于 1910 年，原名塞缪尔·朗荷恩·克莱门斯（Samuel Langhorne Clemens），他的笔名“马克·吐温”源于水手测量水深时说的话，意思为“二英寻深”。他出生在密苏里州一个叫做佛罗里达的小村子，自幼身体不好，家境贫寒，童年几乎没有受过多少正规教育。他 12 岁时就到一家印刷所当学徒，后来进了他哥哥办的小报社，不久他又离家出外谋生，先后到过美国东部和中西部。1865 年，由于一次很偶然的机会，他成了密西西比河上的领航员，这期间，他结识了各色各样的人，经历了各种各样的事。内战爆发后，

密西西比河上的航运中断，他便随哥哥到了西部。他当过兵，淘过金，但都没有他后来所从事的记者职业那样成功。广泛而复杂的生活阅历使他对社会、对民众的生活与思想有了更加广泛深刻的了解，为他以后的文学创作提供了丰富的素材。大约在1862年，他在弗吉尼亚市当了一位报社记者，并且结识了当时西部的幽默小说家，从此走上文学创作的道路。

马克·吐温的一生充满了悲剧和不幸。12岁时，他的父亲就因患肺炎去世。他的哥哥因蒸汽轮船爆炸而丧命，他的儿子在19个月的时候就死去了，他的大女儿死于脊髓炎，他的妻子死于心脏病，他最小的女儿患有癫痫症，淹死在楼上的澡盆里。一位如此不幸的人，却能使全世界的人笑起来！美国文学评论家诺埃尔·格罗夫（Noel Grove）称马克·吐温是“美国的一面镜子”。他从自己所熟悉的地方开始，从自己所熟悉的生活着手，以美国人民生动幽默的语言讲述美国人民的故事，以温文尔雅揶揄讽刺的语言抨击美国社会的荒谬，批判美国社会的虚伪，活灵活现地展现出他那个时代美国人民的生活风貌。他的作品不仅为美国读者所喜爱，也深深地扎根于中国读者的心中。一提到马克·吐温，不少读者就会联想起他那脍炙人口的《汤姆·索亚历险记》以及她的姊妹篇《哈克贝利·费恩历险记》；许多人都会为那些富有浓郁的乡土气息的人物的经历所打动，为他的朴实生动的口语化的描述所折服；也有许多人为他的《百万英镑》式的传奇故事情节所吸引，为他《卡拉韦拉斯县驰名的跳蛙》那样轻松诙谐的故事而捧腹大笑。

然而，我们对于马克·吐温的魅力的感受尚不全面。我们已经翻译出版的，读者已经看到的主要是一些他的“经典作品”，其实他在短篇小说领域内也是成绩斐然。就翻译过来的短篇小说而言，我们一般了解的就是他的《竞选州长》、《百万英镑》、《败坏了赫德莱堡的人》以及他最有名的短篇小说如《卡拉韦拉斯县驰名的跳蛙》等。本书主要翻译介绍马克·吐温的一些鲜为人知的短篇小说。之所以这样做，是想把一个更加全面的马克·吐温更加忠实地介绍给中国读者，让读者全方位地领略这位文学大家的风采，感受他的魅力。

作为美国的一面镜子，马克·吐温的短篇小说犹如一颗颗璀璨的

明珠，折射出他那个时代美国人民丰富的精神世界以及他们的物质生活的风貌，也折射出《圣经》所积淀下来的文化内涵或是从欧洲文化中继承过来的文化遗产等等。我们翻译的这 20 篇短篇小说中，有的讽刺宗教的伪善、人们价值观的颠倒，有的探讨社会发展和环境保护，有的探讨人类和动物的关系，有的演绎人生成就与命运，有的生动地再现他那个时代的风土人情。有政治讽喻故事，有反映早期公正与法律的，也有迷宫一般的传奇故事，有思考人的生命历程的，有讽喻偏见和愚昧的寓言，有扣人心弦的喜剧故事，当然还有以人类最初无知的眼光思考混沌之初的世界的。这些短篇小说让读者在一笑之余能够深深地思考我们生活在其中的世界，思考我们的生活、我们的政治、我们的宗教、我们的人生价值观等等。尽管许多故事讲述的是一个多世纪以前（甚至更早）发生在那个（些）遥远的国度里的事情，但对于我们认真思考今天的知识经济时代仍然有着极其重要的现实意义。

翻译马克·吐温的作品远非易事。他的作品既富于现实主义的刻画，又富于浪漫主义的抒情，两者达到和谐的统一。他的语言极具个性，幽默与讽刺这两种手法他运用得得心应手。要传达出他的作品的神韵，译者少不得丰富的知识和厚实的语言功底。再者，学海无涯，译境无边，所以，尽管我们竭尽全力，详细查阅资料，多次请教有关人士，但由于我们能力有限，译文中不妥之处在所难免，敬请读者指正。

刘建刚 阎建华于杭州

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雅各布·布利文斯是一个本分老实的好男孩，他总是很听父母亲的话，总是好好念书，上主日学校从不迟到，从不逃学，从不撒谎，对任何形式的娱乐从不感兴趣。然而他的遭遇却是非同一般，“也许永远都无法解释。”

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还有财富，因为伙伴们的恶作剧为他创造了发财的契机。

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SELECTED STORIES OF MARK TWAIN

美国的一面镜子

# 马克·吐温短篇小说选

# The Story of the Good Little Boy

Once there was a good little boy by the name of Jacob Blivens. He always obeyed his parents, no matter how absurd and unreasonable their demands were; and he always learned his book, and never was late at Sabbath-school. He would not play hookey, even when his sober judgment told him it was the most profitable thing he could do. None of the other boys could ever make that boy out, he acted so strangely. He wouldn't lie, no matter how convenient it was. He just said it was wrong to lie, and that was sufficient for him. And he was so honest that he was simply ridiculous. The curious ways that that Jacob had, surpassed everything. He wouldn't play marbles on Sunday, he wouldn't rob birds' nests, he wouldn't give hot pennies to organ-grinders' monkeys; he didn't seem to take any interest in any kind of rational amusement. So the other boys used to try to reason it out and come to an understanding of him, but they couldn't arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. As I said before, they could only figure out a sort of vague idea that he was "afflicted," and so they took him under their protection, and never allowed any harm to come to him.

This good little boy read all the Sunday-school books; they were his greatest delight. This was the whole secret of it. He believed in the good little boys they put in the Sunday-school books; he had every confidence in them. He longed to come across one of them alive once; but he never did. They all died before his time, maybe. Whenever he read about a particularly good one he turned over quickly to the end to see what became of him, because he wanted to travel thousands of miles and gaze on him; but it wasn't any use; that good little boy always died in the last chapter, and there was a picture of the funeral, with all his relations and the Sunday-school children standing around the grave in pantaloons that were too short, and bonnets that were too large, and everybody crying into handkerchiefs that had as much as a yard and a half of stuff in them. He was always headed off in this way. He never could see one of those good little boys on account of his always dying in the last chapter.

Jacob had a noble ambition to be put in a Sunday-school book. He wanted to be put in, with pictures representing him gloriously declining to lie to his

## 好孩子的故事

曾经有一个名叫雅各布·布利文斯的好男孩，他总是很听父母亲的话，不管他们的要求多么荒唐或是多么不合情理。他总是好好念书，上主日学校从不迟到，即使他清醒地意识到逃学是他所能做的最好的事情，他也绝不会那样做。别的孩子都弄不懂他，他的行为太古怪了。不管撒谎有多么方便，他也从不撒谎，他只是说撒谎不对，别的再不多说。他的确太诚实了，诚实得简直有点荒唐。雅各布的各种古怪行为简直不胜枚举。他星期天不玩弹子游戏，他不掏鸟窝，他不把滚烫的便士扔给街头手摇风琴师的猴子。对于任何形式的适当的娱乐，他好像从不感兴趣。于是其他孩子总想通过推理来弄懂他，可他们就是无法得出满意的结论。就像前面已经说过的那样，他们只能得出一个很模糊的看法——他“有病”。所以他们自告奋勇来保护他，绝不允许他受到任何伤害。

这个好男孩认真读主日学校的全部课本，因为书本是他最大的乐趣。这，就是全部的秘密所在。他崇尚主日学校课本上所讲的那些好男孩，对他们充满了信任。他盼望有朝一日能够遇上一个活生生的这样的好男孩，可是从没有如愿过。也许早在他出生以前，他们全都死掉了。只要读到一个特别好的男孩子，他就三下两下翻到书的最后，看他到底怎么样了，因为他想旅行几千里路程去看看他，可总是不能遂愿：在书的结尾，那个好男孩总要死去，书上还有一幅葬礼的插图，男孩的所有亲属以及主日学校的孩子们都站在坟墓四周，穿着短短的裤子，戴着大大的帽子，人人都嚎啕大哭，捂在嘴上的手帕里至少有一码半的泪水和鼻涕。他读到的结果总是这样的。正因为那些男孩总是在书的最后一章死去，所以他从来没有看到过一个那样的好孩子。

雅各布有一个崇高的理想，希望能够被写进主日学校的课本里。

mother, and her weeping for joy about it; and pictures representing him standing on the doorstep giving a penny to a poor beggar-woman with six children, and telling her to spend it freely, but not to be extravagant, because extravagance is a sin; and pictures of him magnanimously refusing to tell on the bad boy who always lay in wait for him around the corner as he came from school, and welked him over the head with a lath, and then chased him home, saying, "Hi! hi!" as he proceeded. That was the ambition of young Jacob Blivens. He wished to be put in a Sunday-school book. It made him feel a little uncomfortable sometimes when he reflected that the good little boys always died. He loved to live, you know, and this was the most unpleasant feature about being a Sunday-school-book boy. He knew it was not healthy to be good. He knew it was more fatal than consumption to be so supernaturally good as the boys in the books were; he knew that none of them had ever been able to stand it long, and it pained him to think that if they put him in a book he wouldn't ever see it, or even if they did get the book out before he died it wouldn't be popular without any picture of his funeral in the back part of it. It couldn't be much of a Sunday-school book that couldn't tell about the advice he gave to the community when he was dying. So at last, of course, he had to make up his mind to do the best he could under the circumstances—to live right, and hang on as long as he could, and have his dying speech all ready when his time came.

But somehow nothing ever went right with this good little boy; nothing ever turned out with him the way it turned out with the good little boys in the books.

They always had a good time, and the bad boys had the broken legs; but in his case there was a screw loose somewhere, and it all happened just the other way. When he found Jim Blake stealing apples, and went under the tree to read to him about the bad little boy who fell out of a neighbor's apple tree and broken his arm, Jim fell out of the tree, too, but he fell on *him* and broke *his* arm, and Jim wasn't hurt at all. Jacob couldn't understand that. There wasn't anything in the books like it.

And once, when some bad boys pushed a blind man over in the mud, and Jacob ran to help him up and receive his blessing, the blind man did not give him any blessing at all, but whacked him over the head with his stick and said he would like to catch him shoving *him* again, and then pretending to help him up. This was not in accordance with any of the books. Jacob looked them all over to see.

他想被写进去，再附上插图，表现他高尚地拒绝对母亲撒谎，母亲因此高兴得热泪盈眶；还有插图表现他站在门口台阶上，给一个可怜的带着六个孩子的女叫花子一个便士，告诉她随心所欲地花掉它，但是绝不能铺张浪费，因为浪费是一种罪孽；还有插图表现他宽宏大量地拒绝告那个坏男孩的状，那家伙总是埋伏在拐弯处，在他放学路过那里时用一根板条打他的头，追赶着他回家，一边追还一边“嗨！嗨！”地喊。这就是小雅各布·布利文斯的理想：希望能够被写进主日学校的课本里。有时候，一想到那些好男孩总是会死去，他心里就感到有些不舒服，他热爱生命，这你是知道的，做主日学校课本里的好男孩就这一点最不好。他知道要做好孩子，就不宜于健康。他知道要像书里的好孩子们那样超乎自然地好，简直比患结核病还要命；他知道那些好男孩中没有一个人能够长期忍受这种生活。他想，即使人们把他写进书里面，他自己永远也看不到，或者即使在他死以前书已经印出来了，可是假如在最后一章没有任何表现他的葬礼的插图，那他也不会出名的，一想到这些他就感到痛苦。要是书里面没有他临终前对于社区的忠告，那根本就算不了什么主日学校课本。所以最后他当然不得不下定决心，就目前这个情况，他只要尽力而为就是了，堂堂正正过日子，能活多久就活多久，在死之前准备好他的临终遗嘱就成了。

可是不知为什么，这个好孩子遇到的事情没有一样顺心的，没有一样像书上的好男孩所遇到的那样。

他们总是很开心，摔断胳膊的总是那些坏孩子。然而他遇到的情形就不一样了，总是什么地方有颗螺丝松动了，总是事与愿违。当他发现吉姆·布莱克在偷摘苹果时，他来到树底下，把书上的话读给他听。书上讲，一个坏男孩从邻居家的苹果树上掉下来摔断了胳膊。吉姆也从树上掉下来，不过他落在了雅各布的身上，把他的胳膊给砸断了，而吉姆本人竟安然无恙。雅各布不明白这是为什么，书本上可没有这样的事情。

曾经有一次，几个坏小子把一个盲人掀翻在泥地里，雅各布过去扶起他，正等着接受他的祝福呢，谁知盲人根本就没有给他任何祝福，而是用他的拐杖使劲打雅各布的头，还说要是再敢推倒他还假装来扶他，他就会逮住他。这可与书上说的情况大相径庭，雅各布翻阅

One thing that Jacob wanted to do was to find a lame dog that hadn't any place to stay, and was hungry and persecuted, and bring him home and pet him and have that dog's imperishable gratitude. And at last he found one and was happy; and he brought him home and fed him, but when he was going to pet him the dog flew at him and tore all the clothes off him except those that were in front, and made a spectacle of him that was astonishing. He examined authorities, but he could not understand the matter. It was of the same breed of dogs that was in the books, but it acted very differently. Whatever this boy did he got into trouble. The very things the boys in the books got rewarded for turned out to be about the most unprofitable things he could invest in.

Once, when he was on his way to Sunday-school, he saw some bad boys starting off pleasuring in a sailboat. He was filled with consternation, because he knew from his reading that boys who went sailing on Sunday invariably got drowned. So he ran out on a raft to warn them, but a log turned with him and slid him into the river. A man got him out pretty soon, and the doctor pumped the water out of him, and gave him a fresh start with his bellows, but he caught cold and lay sick abed nine weeks. But the most unaccountable thing about it was that the bad boys in the boat had a good time all day, and then reached home alive and well in the most surprising manner. Jacob Blivens said there was nothing like these things in the books. He was perfectly dumfounded.

When he got well he was a little discouraged, but he resolved to keep on trying anyhow. He knew that so far his experiences wouldn't do to go in a book, but he hadn't yet reached the allotted term of life for good little boys, and he hoped to be able to make a record yet if he could hold on till his time was fully up. If everything else failed he had his dying speech to fall back on.

He examined his authorities, and found that it was now time for him to go to sea as a cabin-boy. He called on a ship-captain and made his application, and when the captain asked for his recommendations he proudly drew out a tract and pointed to the word, "To Jacob Blivens, from his affectionate teacher." But the captain was a coarse, vulgar man, and he said, "Oh, that be blowed! *that* wasn't any proof that he knew how to wash dishes or handle a slush-bucket, and he guessed he didn't want him." This was altogether the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to Jacob in all his life. A compliment from a teacher, on a tract, had never failed to move the tenderest emotions of ship-captains, and open the way to all offices of honor and profit in their gift — it never had in any book that ever *he* had read. He could hardly

所有的书，想弄个明白。

雅各布想做的一件事就是找一只无家可归、又饥又饿、备受迫害的瘸狗，把他带回家里当作宠物喂养，领受狗对他无止境的感激之情。最后他终于找到了一只，满心欢喜地把它带到家里，喂食给它吃，可是当他准备爱抚狗的时候，狗朝他扑过来，把他所有的衣服都撕破了，只剩下前面的没有扯下来，让他出尽了洋相，惊吓不已。他向权威人士请教，可是怎么也弄不懂这是咋回事儿。这只狗和书上所说的狗是一样的品种，可是它的行为和书上的狗的行为却截然不同。不管这孩子做什么事情，他总是闯祸。书本上的孩子所做的、并且能够从中得到回报的事情，在他身上差不多都成了最不值得做的事情。

有一次他正往主日学校走，路上看见几个坏男孩正要乘一艘帆船去游玩。他心里充满了恐惧，因为他从书上知道，男孩子星期天乘船去玩都会淹死的，无一幸免。于是他乘木排赶过去警告他们，谁知木排上面的一根排木一转，他掉进河里去了。一个男子很快把他救起来，医生把他喝进去的水排出来，用风箱吹他，让他清醒过来，可是他终究还是得了感冒，在床上躺了九个星期。然而最不可思议的是，船里的那些坏男孩整整一天玩得非常开心，回家的时候还活蹦乱跳兴高采烈的，真让人难以置信。雅各布·布利文斯说，书本上从没有这样的事情。他简直惊呆了。

好了以后，他有点泄气，不过他决心继续努力。他知道到目前为止，他的经历还不足以写进书里，不过他还没有活到好孩子们的死亡岁数，假如他能够坚持活到他们的岁数，他希望能够创一项记录。要是别的一切都失败了，他还有他的临终遗嘱呢。

他阅读了他的榜样们的事迹，觉得他现在应该当一个船舱服务员，去出海。他去找船长申请工作，当船长要他出示推荐信时，他自豪地拿出一张条子，指着上面的文字说：“致雅各布·布利文斯，他亲爱的老师。”然而船长是个鲁莽粗俗的人，他说：“嗨，见鬼去吧，那也不能证明他会洗碟子或者清理船上的废食桶，他猜想船长不会要他这样的人。”这绝对是雅各布一生中所经历过的最不同寻常的事情。以前，老师写在纸条上的赞美之辞都无一例外地打动船长的恻隐之心，打开成功之门。在他读过的所有书本当中，从没有这样的事情，



believe his senses.

This boy always had a hard time of it. Nothing ever came out according to the authorities with him. At last, one day, when he was around hunting up bad little boys to admonish, he found a lot of them in the old iron-foundry fixing up a little joke on fourteen or fifteen dogs, which they had tied together in long procession, and were going to ornament with empty nitroglycerin cans made fast to their tails. Jacob's heart was touched. He sat down on one of those cans (for he never mindee grease when duty was before him), and he took hold of the foremost dog by the collar, and turned his reproving eye upon wicked Tom Jones. But just at that moment Alderman McWelter, full of wrath, stepped in. All the bad boys ran away, but Jacob Blivens rose in conscious innocence and began one of those stately little Sunday-school-book speeches which always commence with "Oh, sir!" in dead opposition to the fact that no boy, good or bad, ever starts a remark with "Oh, sir." But the alderman never waited to hear the rest. He took Jacob Blivens by the ear and turned him around, and hit him a whack in the rear with the flat of his hand; and in an instant that good little boy shot out through the roof and soared away toward the sun, with the fragments of those fifteen dogs stringing after him like the tail of a kite. And there wasn't a sign of that alderman or that old iron-foundry left on the face of the earth; and, as for young Jacob Blivens, he never got a chance to make his last dying speech after all his trouble fixing it up, unless he made it to the birds; because, although the bulk of him came down all right in a tree-top in an adjoining county, the rest of him was apportioned around among four townships, and so they had to hold five inquests on him to find out whether he was dead or not, and how it occurred. You never saw a boy scattered so.

Thus perished the good little boy who did the best he could, but didn't come out according to the books. Every boy who ever did as he did prospered except him. His case is truly remarkable. It will probably never be accounted for.