

英 美 文 学 注 释 丛 书

Mark Twain



# The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

湯姆·莎耶歷險記

商 务 印 书 馆

英美文学注释丛书  
**湯姆·莎耶历险記**  
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## 关于馬克·吐溫和他的

### 《湯姆·莎耶历险記》

馬克·吐溫 (Mark Twain, 1835—1910) 原名 Samuel Langhorne Clemens, 生于美国密苏里州的一个小鎮里。他父亲是当地的一个律师。在他十二岁时父亲就去世。家貧，他不得不在孩童时期出外謀生。他曾在当地印刷厂当学徒，在紐約当过排字工人，后来又在一艘在密西西比河上航行的船上学习駕駛。他的写作生涯就在这一时期开始。他根据自己当領航員的經驗写了許多小品文，署名“馬克·吐溫”。“馬克·吐溫”意譯就是“两个标記”，即两噶。(噶是船員用以測量河水深淺的船錘測量計上的計度标記，每噶約合两米。)

1867 年馬克·吐溫出版了第一本故事集 *The Jumping Frog and Other Stories*, 立即得到讀者良好的反应。其后馬克·吐溫担任 *Alta California* 報紙的記者，去欧洲旅行。在旅欧期間，他写了不少随笔，于 1870 年出版，名为 *The Innocents Abroad*, 受到讀者热烈的欢迎。在这一段創作期間，馬克·吐溫所写的故事比較輕松，富有机智和幽默感。但不久他的写作轉向对现实生活的批判，如 *A Chinaman's Letters* (1870), *Running for Governor* (1870) 等，对美国的政治及反动報紙作了无情的揭露和諷刺。在他的第一部小說 *The Gilded Age* (1873) 中，馬克·吐溫揭发了美国国會議員的貪污行为以及資產階級報紙的反动和腐朽的实质。

1873—1888 年是馬克·吐溫創作最旺盛的时期。这个时期的主要作品有 *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*

(1876), *The Prince and the Pauper* (1881), *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1884), *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1889) 等。其中 *Tom Sawyer* 与 *Huckleberry Finn* 是馬克·吐溫最負盛譽的兩本書。*The Prince and the Pauper* 一書雖以十六世紀的英國作為背景，而 *A Connecticut Yankee* 一書以六世紀的英國作為背景，但實質上都有作者對當時美國政治社會制度的尖刻諷刺。

其後，馬克·吐溫又寫成了 *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*, *Joan of Arc*。在 *Tom Sawyer Abroad* (1894), *To the Person Sitting in the Darkness*, *A Chinaman in America* 等書中，他指責美國以及其他國家掠奪、奴役弱小民族的無恥行為。

在創作過程中，馬克·吐溫經常遭到反動資產階級的迫害，但他不是孤立的，他的著作忠實地反映了廣大美國人民的真正的意志，因而得到美國人民的支持和愛戴。馬克·吐溫的作品充滿了尖刻的幽默和辛辣的諷刺，文筆犀利流暢，題材涉及社會、政治、經濟、教育等各个方面；是十九世紀後期美國批判現實主義文學的代表。

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*The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (湯姆·莎耶歷險記) 是一本有趣的書，同時也是一本嚴肅而真實的書。在這部書里，作者馬克·吐溫吸取了他自己童年回憶錄中的許多材料。本書主人公 Tom 所居住的小市鎮——聖彼得堡也和馬克·吐溫的出生地有很多相似之處。

Tom 同他的姨媽 Polly 和異父兄弟 Sid 住在聖彼得堡。這是一座位於密西西比河上的人跡稀少、交通閉塞的小市鎮。Sid 是個“模範”兒童，他聽話、溫和，但會計算人。他過的是沒有生氣、沒有意義的刻板生活。Tom 跟

他的弟弟却完全不同。小资产阶级的优闲生活对他来说是死气沉沉的。他爱淘气、恶作剧。在学校里，他上课不专心，脑子里老是想一些和功课毫不相干的事情。他不听 Dobbins 先生的话。这位残酷而不学无术的老师经常用戒尺或鞭子打他，但没有能使他就范。Tom 的知心朋友是 Huck，一个被人瞧不起又缺乏教养的“野孩子”。

然而，Tom 虽然淘气，却读了不少书。他想使自己生活得像他在书里读到的那些主角一样的光明磊落，也想使自己成为他读到的那些主角一样的勇敢正直。他经常与其他的一些孩子扮演侠盗罗宾汉，或是印第安人的英武的领袖。有一天，他甚至同 Huck 与另外一个同学从市镇里逃出去做“海盗”，过自由自在的、充满着冒险精神的生活。

有一次，Tom 和 Huck 意外地目击了一件谋杀案。在审讯时，Tom 勇敢地检举了真正的凶犯 Injun Joe，拯救了一个被诬告的人。Tom 立即成为一个英雄的人物。

由于真正的凶犯在审讯时逃脱，Tom 与 Huck 终日惴惴不安，唯恐遭到报复。但这种恐惧心理抑制不住两人的冒险心理。他们又几次夜出，到离镇三里以外的树林或荒屋中去寻找宝藏。有一次两人险乎落入 Injun Joe 的手掌，那时他在荒屋中意外地找到了一匣金币。

不久，Tom 参加了一次郊游。他与当地法官的女儿 Becky 在山洞中迷了路，但凭着他的沉着、勇敢，终于找到了出路。而 Injun Joe 则由于洞口封闭而饿死其中。

当 Tom 与 Huck 发现了 Injun Joe 隐藏在小洞中的宝藏而变为巨富时，全城轰动，连最体面的人都投入了寻找宝藏的热潮。但 Tom 和 Huck 又感觉他们完全不需要钱，他们不要过资产阶级的生活，而仍是一心向往自由的、英雄的生活。

馬克·吐溫在这部书里描繪了 Tom 和 Huck 两个普通美国孩子的眞实形象。他們活泼、淘气，但又聪明、勇敢、爱冒险，也有旺盛的求知欲。作者以眞挚的同情和对儿童心理最深切的了解，通过两个孩子的种种冒险，反映出美国典型小市鎮中的死气沉沉的生活、美国学校的腐朽制度和资产阶级的矫揉造作。

## PREFACE

Most of the adventures recorded in this book really occurred; one or two were experiences of my own, the rest those of boys who were school-mates of mine. Huck Finn is drawn from life; Tom Sawyer also, but not from an individual—he is a combination of the characteristics of three boys whom I knew, and therefore belongs to the composite order of architecture.

The odd superstitions touched upon were all prevalent among children and slaves in the West at the period of this story—that is to say, thirty or forty years ago.

Although my book is intended mainly for the entertainment of boys and girls, I hope it will not be shunned by men and women on that account, for part of my plan has been to try to pleasantly remind adults of what they once were themselves, and of how they felt and thought and talked, and what queer enterprises they sometimes engaged in.

THE AUTHOR.

HARTFORD, 1876

## 內 容 提 要

《湯姆·莎耶历险記》(*The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*) 是美国杰出的批判现实主义作家馬克·吐温 (Mark Twain, 1835—1910) 写的一部著名小說。內容主要描写一个天真活泼的孩子湯姆在家里、在学校里、在和同伴一起时的一些淘气的趣事，和一段惊人的覓宝经历。由于湯姆的勇敢和誠实，他破获了一件謀杀案，从而为当地人民除一大害。通过湯姆等孩子的形象，作者諷刺了资产阶级的社会的虛伪，和表达了他对人民群众的热爱。

本书根据 Grosset & Dunlap Publishers 版本排印。为帮助讀者理解原文起見，书后附有汉语注释。本书供大学英语专业三年級学生或相当程度的讀者閱讀。





"Say—what is dead cats good for, Huck?"

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## CHAPTER I

### TOM PLAYS, FIGHTS, AND HIDES

"TOM!"

No answer.

"Tom!"

No answer.

"What's gone with that boy, I wonder? You 5  
TOM!"

No answer.

The old lady pulled her spectacles down and looked over them about the room; then she put them up and looked out under them. She seldom 10 or never looked *through* them for so small a thing as a boy; they were her state pair, the pride of her heart, and were built for "style," not service—she could have seen through a pair of stove-lids just as well. She looked perplexed for a moment, and 15 then said, not fiercely, but still loud enough for the furniture to hear:

"Well, I lay if I get hold of you I'll—"

She did not finish, for by this time she was bending down and punching under the bed with the 20 broom, and so she needed breath to punctuate the punches with. She resurrected nothing but the cat.

"I never did see the beat of that boy!"

She went to the open door and stood in it and looked out among the tomato vines and "jimson" 25 weeds that constituted the garden. No Tom. So she lifted up her voice at an angle calculated for distance, and shouted:

"Y-o-u-u Tom!"

There was a slight noise behind her and she turned just in time to seize a small boy by the slack of his roundabout and arrest his flight.

"There! I might 'a' thought of that closet.  
5 What you been doing in there?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Look at your hands. And look at your mouth. What *is* that truck?"

"I don't know, aunt."

10 "Well, I know. It's jam—that's what it is. Forty times I've said if you didn't let that jam alone I'd skin you. Hand me that switch."

The switch hovered in the air—the peril was desperate—

15 "My! Look behind you, aunt!"

The old lady whirled round, and snatched her skirts out of danger. The lad fled, on the instant, scrambled up the high board fence, and disappeared over it.

20 His aunt Polly stood surprised a moment, and then broke into a gentle laugh.

"Hang the boy, can't I never learn anything? Ain't he played me tricks enough like that for me to be looking out for him by this time? But old  
25 fools is the biggest fools there is. Can't learn an old dog new tricks, as the saying is. But my goodness, he never plays them alike, two days, and how is a body to know what's coming? He 'pears to know just how long he can torment me before  
30 I get my dander up, and he knows if he can make out to put me off for a minute or make me laugh, it's all down again and I can't hit him a lick. I ain't doing my duty by that boy, and that's the Lord's truth, goodness knows. Spare the rod and  
35 spile the child, as the Good Book says. I'm a-laying up sin and suffering for us both, I know,

He's full of the Old Scratch, but laws-a-me! he's my own dead sister's boy, poor thing, and I ain't got the heart to lash him, somehow. Every time I let him off, my conscience does hurt me so, and every time I hit him my old heart most breaks. 5 Well-a-well, man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble, as the Scripture says, and I reckon it's so. He'll play hookey this evening, and I'll just be obleeged to make him work, tomorrow, to punish him. It's mighty hard to make 10 him work Saturdays, when all the boys is having holiday, but he hates work more than he hates anything else, and I've got to do some of my duty by him, or I'll be the ruination of the child."

Tom did play hookey, and he had a very 15 good time. He got back home barely in season to help Jim, the small colored boy, saw next-day's wood and split the kindlings before supper—at least he was there in time to tell his adventures to Jim while Jim did three-fourths of the work. 20 Tom's younger brother (or rather, half-brother), Sid, was already through with his part of the work (picking up chips), for he was a quiet boy, and had no adventurous, troublesome ways.

While Tom was eating his supper, and stealing 25 sugar as opportunity offered, Aunt Polly asked him questions that were full of guile, and very deep—for she wanted to trap him into damaging revelations. Like many other simple-hearted souls, it was her pet vanity to believe she was endowed 30 with a talent for dark and mysterious diplomacy, and she loved to contemplate her most transparent devices as marvels of low cunning. Said she:

"Tom, it was middling warm in school, warn't it?"

"Yes'm."

35

"Powerful warm, warn't it?"

"Yes'm."

"Didn't you want to go in a-swimming, Tom?"

A bit of a scare shot through Tom—a touch  
5 of uncomfortable suspicion. He searched Aunt  
Polly's face, but it told him nothing. So he said:

"No'm—well, not very much."

The old lady reached out her hand and felt  
Tom's shirt, and said:

10 "But you ain't too warm now, though." And  
it flattered her to reflect that she had discovered  
that the shirt was dry without anybody knowing  
that that was what she had in her mind. But in  
spite of her, Tom knew where the wind lay, now.

15 So he forestalled what might be the next move:

"Some of us pumped on our heads—mine's  
damp yet. See?"

Aunt Polly was vexed to think she had over-  
looked that bit of circumstantial evidence, and  
20 missed a trick. Then she had a new inspiration:

"Tom, you didn't have to undo your shirt-  
collar where I sewed it, to pump on your head, did  
you? Unbutton your jacket!"

The trouble vanished out of Tom's face. He  
25 opened his jacket. His shirt-collar was securely  
sewed.

"Bother! Well, go 'long with you. I'd made  
sure you'd played hookey and been a-swimming.  
But I forgive ye, Tom. I reckon you're a kind of  
30 a singed cat, as the saying is—better'n you look.  
*This time.*"

She was half sorry her sagacity had miscarried,  
and half glad that Tom had stumbled into obedient  
conduct for once.

35 But Sidney said:

"Well, now, if I didn't think you sewed his

collar with white thread, but it's black."

"Why, I did sew it with white! Tom!"

But Tom did not wait for the rest. As he went out at the door he said:

"Siddy, I'll lick you for that."

5

In a safe place Tom examined two large needles which were thrust into the lapels of his jacket, and had thread bound about them—one needle carried white thread and the other black. He said:

10

"She'd never noticed if it hadn't been for Sid. Confound it sometimes she sews it with white, and sometimes she sews it with black. I wish to geeminy she'd stick to one or t'other—I can't keep the run of 'em. But I bet you I'll lam Sid for that. I'll learn him!"

15

He was not the Model Boy of the village. He knew the model boy very well though—and loathed him.

Within two minutes, or even less, he had forgotten all his troubles. Not because his troubles were one whit less heavy and bitter to him than a man's are to a man, but because a new and powerful interest bore them down and drove them out of his mind for the time—just as men's misfortunes are forgotten in the excitement of new enterprises. This new interest was a valued novelty in whistling, which he had just acquired from a Negro, and he was suffering to practise it undisturbed. It consisted in a peculiar birdlike turn, a sort of liquid warble, produced by touching the tongue to the roof of the mouth at short intervals in the midst of the music—the reader probably remembers how to do it, if he has ever been a boy. Diligence and attention soon gave him the knack of it, and he strode down the street with

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his mouth full of harmony and his soul full of gratitude. He felt much as an astronomer feels who has discovered a new planet—no doubt, as far as strong, deep, unalloyed pleasure is concerned, the advantage was with the boy, not the astronomer.

The summer evenings were long. It was not dark, yet. Presently Tom checked his whistle. A stranger was before him—a boy a shade larger than himself. A new-comer of any age or either sex was an impressive curiosity in the poor little shabby village of St. Petersburg. This boy was well dressed, too—well dressed on a week-day. This was simply astounding. His cap was a dainty thing, his closebuttoned blue cloth roundabout was new and natty, and so were his pantaloons. He had shoes on — and it was only Friday. He even wore a necktie, a bright bit of ribbon. He had a citified air about him that ate into Tom's vitals. The more Tom stared at the splendid marvel, the higher he turned up his nose at his finery and the shabbier and shabbier his own outfit seemed to him to grow. Neither boy spoke. If one moved, the other moved—but only sidewise, in a circle; they kept face to face and eye to eye all the time. Finally Tom said:

"I can lick you!"

"I'd like to see you try it."

"Well, I can do it."

"No you can't, either."

30 "Yes I can."

"No you can't."

"I can."

"You can't."

"Can!"

35 "Can't!"

An uncomfortable pause. Then Tom said: