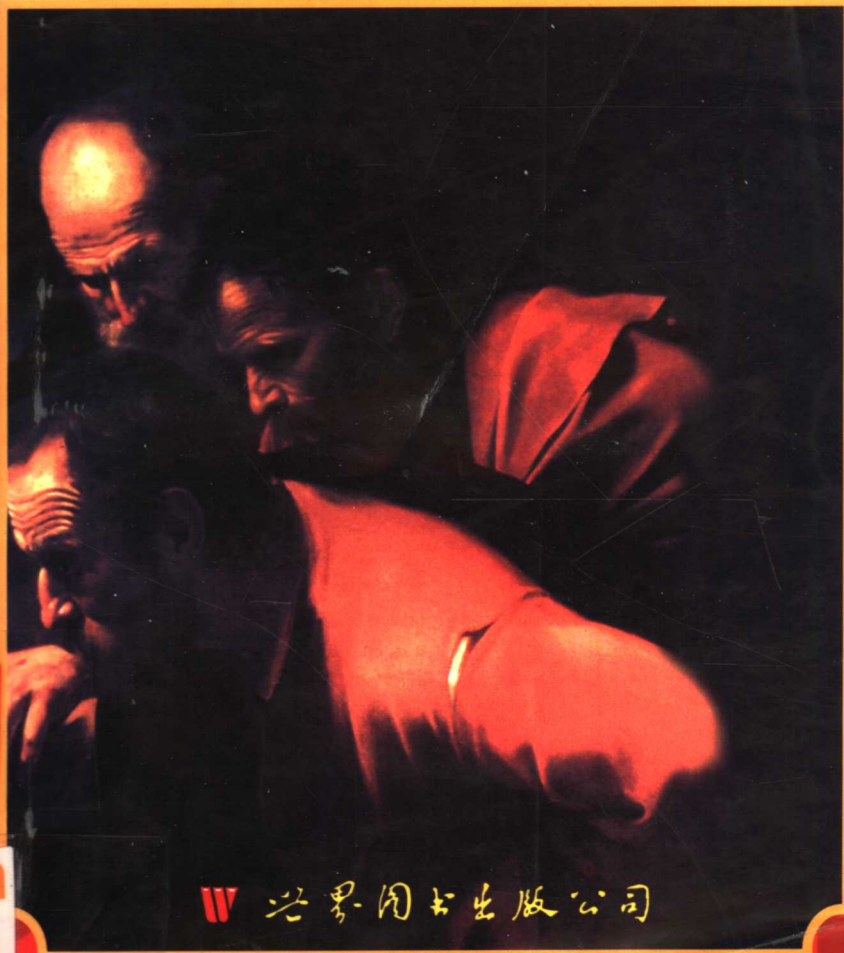


世·界·文·学·经·典·名·著·文·库

Harriet Beecher Stowe

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

汤姆大叔的小屋



W 世界图书出版公司

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赵世平 注释

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作者简介

哈里特·比彻·斯陀是一位语惊一时、影响过美国历史进程的女作家。1811年，她出生在美国康涅狄格州的利奇菲尔德，五岁丧母，其父莱曼·比彻是一位有名望的长老会牧师。1832年比彻率全家迁至俄亥俄州的辛辛那提。同年，比彻在该城西部创建了莱恩神学院。哈里特从小接受的是父亲的神学教育，对基督教有较深的了解，同时她很喜欢阅读文学作品，特别是拜伦和司各特的著作，而且很早便显露出在文学方面的天赋。1836年，她与莱恩神学院的圣经文学教授卡尔文·埃利斯·斯陀结婚。斯陀别无收入，孩子一个个出生，生活很是拮据。后来又出现瘟疫，在那场瘟疫中，一个孩子夭折，斯陀夫人也染病受尽折磨。斯陀全家一直处在当时的社会漩涡之中，经历了种种苦楚。这些都给斯陀夫人以后的创作奠定了基础。

当时，最大的社会问题莫过于奴隶制问题。工业发达的北方坚决主张废除奴隶制，而以农业为主的南方却死抱住奴隶制不放。斯陀夫人所住的辛辛那提和奴隶制猖獗的肯塔基州隔河相望，两种制度激烈斗争的体现日有所见，时有所闻。从1831年南方发生奴隶暴动到1850年间，每年都有各种事件发生，不是奴隶主被杀，便是废奴主义者遇害，奴隶被迫逃亡则不时发生，辛辛那提的许多好心人都曾庇护和帮助过逃亡奴隶。斯陀夫妇也曾帮助过一位女奴，并用手枪保护她逃脱奴隶主的追捕。

围绕着奴隶制的斗争也使教会发生了分裂。哈里特的父亲和丈夫都因反对卡尔文教派关于只有极少数人才能成为上帝的选民的教义而被开除出教会。这种教义认为黑人奴隶不够上帝选民的资格，该当受苦受难，成了奴隶制的护身符。奴隶制拥

护派的死硬分子甚至烧毁了废奴派的教堂，威胁他们的人身安全，但翁婿二人坚持自己的主张，广泛宣传废奴思想，并以实际行动继续帮助和解救奴隶。哈里特的几位兄长也是圣职人员，全都参加了维护奴隶权益的斗争。

斯陀夫人虽只是家庭妇女，其貌不扬，但她笃信基督，心地善良，对奴隶们的悲苦命运关心备至、魂牵梦绕。她认识了一位黑人传道士，此人曾是一个奴隶；看到他的双臂被鞭打至残，她心头阵阵作痛。她曾到肯塔基做过访问，奴隶制的恶迹令她终身难忘。到1850年，她已对许多奴隶主的残暴忍无可忍，要对他们进行控诉的愿望像烈火一样燃烧着她的整个身心。同年底，《逃亡奴隶法》正式生效。该法规定，非南方人如果庇护从南方逃亡的黑奴，必须承担法律责任；对交还黑奴的有功人员论功行赏。对此，斯陀夫人怒不可遏；再加上她的一位嫂嫂、两个哥哥都鼓励她拿起笔来揭露奴隶制的丑行，呼吁全社会都来关心和解救奴隶，虽然此时她已有四个孩子，家务活很多，但她毅然承担起了这一历史重任。这就是她初始创作小说《汤姆大叔的小屋》的动因。

就在开始写作不久的一个星期天的早晨，在接受圣餐的时候，斯陀夫人的脑海里突然出现了汤姆大叔遭毒打而死的场景，她实在无法抑制那股激情，返身便跑回家里，把这幅场景记录了下来。其后的几天晚上，她都是一做完家务，便关起门来，一直写到深夜。汤姆大叔的悲惨遭遇“犹如一股股无法抵御的潮水，……连绵不断地迎面向她涌来。”斯陀夫人说，是上帝在指引着她写作。她写作时几乎来不及使用标点符号，只管跟着思绪走，写就的手稿真与《尤利西斯》中写莫利·布洛姆沉思的段落有一比，既无逗号，也无句号，完成一部分，还来不及检查，便把稿件发了出去。

小说第一部分最初于1851年6月8日在华盛顿出版的一家反奴周刊上发表后，立即引起了读者的极大兴趣和关注，其

后便期期连载，一直延续到1852年4月1日，故事才告结束。由于情节感人，而又环环相扣，语言自然，毫无雕琢之感，因而大受读者欢迎。编辑曾在按语中暗示希望作者早些结束故事，立即招来众多读者的强烈抗议。全书于1852年5月20日出版。出版仅一年便售出305,000册，按当时美国人口计算，每七十余人便可购得一本，创历史最高记录。小说的影响不仅遍及美国，而且远播欧洲。林肯总统高度评价了斯陀夫人的贡献，在接见她时，曾幽默地说：

“原来你就是那位发动了这场伟大战争的可爱的妇人。”

小说发表后，曾招致许多奴隶主和奴隶制卫道士们的抗议和诽谤，他们声称，斯陀夫人的小说毫无事实根据，纯属捏造和说谎。为回答他们，1853年，斯陀夫人发表了[关于《汤姆大叔的小屋》的答辩]一书，用法律条文、法庭记录、新闻报道、私人信件、笔记和调查材料等证明作品所描写的内容是真实的，有真凭实据的。这篇答辩无疑进一步扩大了小说的影响。

斯陀夫人的另一本涉及奴隶制的小说名为《德雷德·凄凉沼泽的传说》发表于1856年，可以视为《汤姆大叔的小屋》的续篇。

从1853年到1859年，斯陀夫人曾三次访问英国，既受到过热烈欢迎，也代美国人受过招致过抗议。她在第一次访问归来后，曾写了一本《在国外生活的快乐回忆》(1854)。

她的其他小说包括《神父的求爱》(1859)、《奥尔岛上的珍珠》(1862)、《古镇居民》(1869)、《妻子和我》(1872)及《波格纳克人》(1878)。

斯陀夫人幼时常听父亲讲起英国大诗人拜伦，父亲对拜伦故世所产生的极其沉痛的遗憾的心情深深地感染了她。故而，她对拜伦很为崇敬，对拜伦与其妻子的故事也颇感兴趣，曾拜访过拜伦夫人，并于1869年在《大西洋》月刊上发表了题为《拜伦夫人的真实故事》的文章，还写了《为拜伦夫人辩白》一书。文

章和书都涉及了拜伦与其同父异母的妹妹奥古斯塔·利之间的恋情,虽然斯陀夫人对拜伦表示了宽宥,但仍使得许多喜欢她的英国人背她而去。

斯陀夫人晚年的生活安闲、舒适,但文思已大不如前,所以晚年的著作不太为人称道。1896年7月1日,她在康涅狄格州首府哈特福特病逝,终年85岁。

故事梗概

汤姆是肯塔基州P——镇希尔比庄园的管家黑奴。他笃信基督，为人忠厚诚实，处处与人为善，多才多艺，管理得法，因此很受主人赏识和信赖。他和小主人关系密切，常被称为大叔。奴隶们都敬重他，也称他为大叔。但是主人希尔比经营无方，向奴隶贩子赫利借下了巨债，又无力偿还，在赫利的威逼利诱下，决定卖掉汤姆及一伶俐的小奴抵债。

小奴名叫哈利，是希尔比夫人的贴身女奴伊丽莎的儿子。伊丽莎从小跟随希尔比夫人，受教育较多，很受宠爱。但在得知汤姆和自己的儿子将被主人卖掉的确切消息后，决定携子出逃。在出逃的路上，她转向汤姆的住处，力劝汤姆也出逃。但汤姆一为伊丽莎考虑，二为主人考虑，虽知一旦被卖，将来必凶多吉少，但仍决定留下不走。对伊丽莎的出逃，则全力支持。

如今合同已签，交易已成，赫利前来领人，才发现伊丽莎已经逃走。他一面责骂希尔比先生不守信用，一面要求希尔比派奴隶、马匹帮他追捕伊丽莎。希尔比夫人本来讨厌赫利，此时却留他吃饭后再追不迟。厨师奇萝是汤姆的妻子，对汤姆的被卖本来就不高兴，现在要她做饭款待奴隶贩子，而且他吃完饭后还要去追伊丽莎，所以故意慢吞吞地收拾。奴隶山姆故意在赫利的马鞍下放一坚果，赫利刚一压马鞍，马就因疼痛受惊而狂奔起来。山姆和安迪假装追马，实际上是在拖延时间。过了许久，才逮得马匹归来。

伊丽莎抱着孩子，一路奔波，好不容易才来到了俄亥俄河边，正在一户人家休息，突然听到山姆和安迪的喊声，知道赫利已经赶来。现在唯一的逃路是越过俄亥俄河。她抱着孩子，不顾死活地冲向冰凌汹涌的河道，跳上相互撞击的冰块，飞身过河。

赫利害怕被淹死，不敢跟踪追击。伊丽莎逃过河后，被指点到一议员家求救，幸被收留。议员夫妇非常同情伊丽莎母子的不幸遭遇，决定尽全力帮助他们。议员半夜还亲自驾车把他们送到一废奴主义者的家里。

伊丽莎的丈夫乔治·哈利斯是哈利斯的奴隶，勤学好问，心灵手巧，在被出租给威尔逊期间，为威尔逊发明了一台机器，创利颇丰，因此小有名气。哈利斯嫉妒成性，不让乔治继续为威尔逊工作，也不允许他从事智力活动，偏要他回到庄园做苦役。虽然威尔逊多次斡旋，哈利斯仍不肯改变决定。面对险恶的命运，乔治决定出逃。出逃之前，他去见了还未逃走的伊丽莎，告诉她只要他活着，就一定会回来接走她和孩子。伊丽莎笃信基督，力劝丈夫千万不可杀人，做下傻事。

后来，伊丽莎在那个废奴主义者的护送下来到一教友会教友的家，与返回来找她的丈夫相遇了。与丈夫同行的还有返回来解救母亲的黑人吉姆。在一大批教友会教友们的帮助和庇护下，乔治一家三口和吉姆及其母亲终于摆脱了奴隶贩子的跟踪和追捕，安全地进入了加拿大国境，从而获得了自由。

赫利没有逮住丽莎及其孩子，便以共同获利为条件委托另外两名奴隶贩子帮他抓人，自己则返回希尔比庄园押走了汤姆。

在南下的船上，汤姆遇到一位名叫圣·克莱尔的庄园主及其年约五六岁的女儿伊娃。伊娃极为喜欢汤姆，坚持要父亲买下汤姆。汤姆来到克莱尔庄园后，一心服侍伊娃，主仆俩的友谊日益加深。伊娃离不开汤姆，汤姆也为能使小主人高兴而感到愉快。可是好景不长，两年后，伊娃染上了肺病，不治而死。全家人及奴隶们均陷入极度的悲痛之中。钟爱女儿的克莱尔受打击尤重。为散心，克莱尔散步来到一家酒馆。见两人打架，他便上前劝解，却遭到其中一人的刀刺，因伤及要害，当晚身亡。克莱尔夫人决定卖掉地产和奴隶返回娘家。克莱尔生前曾许诺要给

汤姆自由并已开始办理有关手续，但他的突然死亡却使之成了泡影。

汤姆等奴隶被带到拍卖市场，一位壮实而凶恶的奴隶主李格利买走了汤姆。李格利同时还买走了两个女奴，其中年龄较大点的叫露茜，小的才十五岁，漂亮非凡，名叫埃米琳。李格利打算让汤姆做管家，把露茜赏给一名黑人监工，让埃米琳代替他以前与之同居的女奴凯茜。在庄园里，汤姆因拒绝服从主人命令，不愿鞭打女奴，所以自己反而遭到了毒打。他按基督教教义，既自己好好劳动又主动帮助其他体弱的奴隶。此事被奴隶主和两个监工认为是在蓄谋挑动奴隶造反，汤姆因此又受到惩罚。凯茜和埃米琳不堪主人虐待，借机灌醉李格利，并请求汤姆帮她们将其杀死。汤姆劝她们相信基督耶稣会救她们脱离苦海，万万不可杀人亵渎神灵。凯茜想出一条良策，既可以杀不杀人，又可以安全逃走，劝汤姆和她们同行。汤姆却只是支持凯茜二人逃离庄园，宁愿自己一人应付可能出现的后果。

凯茜的计策付诸实施后，李格利组织大批奴隶、雇佣外庄园人员并牵出猎狗进行搜捕，但毫无结果。李格利推测汤姆一定知道真相，便对其严刑拷打，威逼他说出凯茜和埃米琳的下落。汤姆承认自己知道真相，但拒绝说出二人的去处。原来，凯茜二人佯装出逃，走到一条河边后，便下河涉水沿河而上，然后又返回庄园，藏在一间废弃的顶阁中。她们在里边早已储存了够较长时间用的食物、用具等。李格利连续几日搜捕，均无获而返，只好放弃。

希尔比老爷现已去世，由其夫人继承并管理家业。乔治·希尔比也已长大成人，奉母命帮助管理。在还清债务、整顿好庄园后，母子二人决定兑现曾经许下的诺言，由乔治南下赎回汤姆。乔治几经辗转，方打听到汤姆的下落。可是，当他赶到李格利庄园时，汤姆却因为惨遭毒打，已气息奄奄。汤姆看到小主人赶来救赎自己，深信上帝知道自己在受苦，觉得为救助他人而

牺牲自我所做的一切都很值得。他随后告别曾疼爱多年的小主人，安然故去。乔治从小热爱、敬重汤姆，看到如今汤姆竟被毒打至死，义愤填膺，挥拳打到李格利，然后怀着庄重、恭敬的心情安埋了汤姆。办理完其他业务后，才返程归家。

汤姆死后，凯茜利用李格利非常迷信的弱点，在阁楼上，在李格利的卧室，在一切可能的地方制造鬼魂频繁出没的假象，吓得李格利灵魂出窍，一病不起。这时，她和埃米琳才仔细地准备盘资，收拾细软，扮作贵夫人和侍女从容北去。

在北去途中，凯茜二人正好碰上乔治·希尔比。她们曾从他们藏身的阁楼上看到乔治打倒李格利的场景，从而断定他会帮助她们。因此，她们主动要求与他结伴而行。交谈中，凯茜无比惊喜地得知从希尔比庄园逃走的伊丽莎白原来是她被卖掉的女儿，便决心前往寻找。

乔治·希尔比返回家中后，将汤姆的死讯告诉了母亲和奇萝大婶，然后宣布解放自己庄园上的所有奴隶，并要求大家把汤姆大叔的小屋铭记在心，作为解放的永久纪念。

凯茜和埃米琳继续北上，到加拿大后找到了已获得了自由的伊丽莎白。乔治·哈利斯被卖多年的姐姐如今已是法国的一位贵夫人，在前来寻找弟弟的途中，不期与凯茜和乔治·希尔比邂逅，当然也就知道了弟弟的下落。

妈妈寻到了女儿，姐姐找到了弟弟，分离多年的亲人，如今终得以相聚，不禁涕泪俱下，百感交集。

In Which the Reader Is Introduced to a Man of Humanity

Late in the afternoon of a chilly day in February, two gentlemen were sitting alone over their wine, in a well-furnished dining parlor, in the town of P—, in Kentucky. There were no servants present, and the gentlemen, with chairs closely approaching, seemed to be discussing some subject with great earnestness.

For convenience sake, we have said, hitherto, two *gentlemen*. One of the parties, however, when critically examined, 'did not seem, strictly speaking, to come under the species. He was a short, thick-set man, with coarse, commonplace features, and that swaggering air of pretension which marks a low man who is trying to elbow his way upward in the world. He was much over-dressed, in a gaudy vest of many colors, a blue neckerchief, bedropped gayly with yellow spots, and arranged with a flaunting tie, quite in keeping with the general air of the man. His hands, large and coarse, were plentifully bedecked with rings; and he wore a heavy gold watch-chain, with a bundle of seals of portentous size, and a great variety of colors, attached to it,—which, in the ardor of conversation, he was in the habit of flourishing and jingling with evident satisfaction. His conversation was in free and easy defiance of 'Murray's Grammar, and was garnished at convenient intervals with various profane expressions, which not even the desire to be graphic in our account shall induce us to transcribe.

His companion, Mr. Shelby, had the appearance of a gentle man; and the arrangements of the house, and the general air of the housekeeping, indicated easy, and even opulent circumstances. As we before stated, the two were in the midst of an earnest conversation.

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

"I can't make trade that way—I positively can't, Mr. Shelby," said the other, holding up a glass of wine between his eye and the light.

"Why, the fact is, Haley, Tom is an uncommon fellow; he is certainly worth that sum anywhere,—steady, honest, capable, manages my whole farm like a clock."

"You mean honest, as niggers go," said Haley, helping himself to a glass of brandy.

"No; I mean, really, Tom is a good, steady, sensible, pious fellow. He got religion at a camp-meeting, four years ago; and I believe he really *did* get it. I've trusted him, since then, with everything I have,—money, house, horses,—and let him come and go round the country; and I always found him true and square in everything."

"Some folks don't believe there is pious niggers, Shelby," said Haley, with a candid flourish of his hand, "but *I do*. I had a fellow, now, in this 'yer last lot I took to Orleans—'t was as good as a meetin', now, really, to hear that 'critter pray; and he was quite gentle and quiet like. He fetched me a good sum, too, for I bought him cheap of a man that was 'bliged to sell out; so I realized six hundred on him. Yes, I consider religion a valeable thing in a nigger, when it's the genuine article, and no mistake."

"Well, Tom's got the real article, if ever a fellow had," rejoined the other. "Why, last fall, I let him go to Cincinnati alone, to do business for me, and bring home five hundred dollars. 'Tom,' says I to him, 'I trust you, because I think you're a Christian—I know you wouldn't cheat.' Tom comes back, sure enough; I knew he would. Some low fellows, they say, said to him—'Tom, why don't you make tracks for 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 ought to let him cover the whole balance of the debt; and you would, 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, you know, to swear by, as 't were," said the trader, jocularly; "and, then, I'm ready to do anything in reason to 'blige friends; but this yer, you see, is a 'leettle too hard on a fellow—a leettle too hard." The trader sighed contemplatively, and poured out some more brandy.

"Well, then, Haley, how will you trade?" said Mr. Shelby, after an uneasy interval of silence.

"Well, haven't you a boy or 'gal that you could throw in with

Tom?"

"Hum! —none that I could well spare; to tell the truth, it's only hard necessity makes me willing to sell at all. I don't like parting with any of my hands, that's a fact."

Here the door opened, and a small quadroon boy, between four and five years of age, entered the room. There was something in his appearance remarkably beautiful and engaging. His black hair, fine as floss silk, hung in glossy curls about his round, dimpled face, while a pair of large dark eyes, full of fire and softness, looked out from beneath the rich, long lashes, as he peered curiously into the apartment. A gay robe of scarlet and yellow plaid, carefully made and neatly fitted, set off to advantage the dark and rich style of his beauty; and a certain comic air of assurance, blended with bashfulness, showed that he had been not unused to being petted and noticed by his master.

"Hulloa, Jim Crow!" said Mr. Shelby, whistling, and snapping a bunch of raisins towards him, "pick that up, now!"

The child scampered, with all his little strength, after the prize, while his master laughed.

"Come here, Jim Crow," said he. The child came up, and the master patted the curly head, and chucked him under the chin.

"Now, Jim, show this gentleman how you can dance and sing." The boy commenced one of those wild, grotesque songs common among the negroes, in a rich, clear voice, accompanying his singing with many comic evolutions of the hands, feet, and whole body, all in perfect time to the music.

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

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

Instantly the flexible limbs of the child assumed the appearance of deformity and distortion, as, with his back humped up, and his master's stick in his hand, he hobbled about the room, his childish face drawn into a doleful pucker, and spitting from right to left, in imitation of an old man. Both gentlemen laughed uproariously.

"Now, Jim," said his master, "show us how old Elder Robbins leads the psalm." The boy drew his chubby face down to a formidable length, and commenced toning a psalm tune through his nose, with imperturbable gravity.

"Hurrah! bravo! what a 'young 'un!" said Haley; "that chap's a case, I'll promise. Tell you what," said he, suddenly clapping his

hand on Mr. Shelby's shoulder. "fling in that chap, and I'll settle the business—I will. Come, now, if that ain't doing the thing up about the rightest!"

At this moment, the door was pushed gently open, and a young quadroon woman, apparently about twenty-five, entered the room.

There needed only a glance from the child to her, to identify her as its mother. There was the same rich, full, dark eye, with its long lashes; the same ripples of silky black hair. The brown of her complexion gave way on the cheek to a perceptible flush, which deepened as she saw the gaze of the strange man fixed upon her in bold and undisguised admiration. Her dress was of the neatest possible fit, and set off to advantage her finely moulded shape;—a delicately formed hand and a trim foot and ankle were items of appearance that did not escape the quick eye of the trader, well used to run up at a glance the points of a fine female article.

"Well, Eliza?" said her master, as she stopped and looked hesitatingly at him.

"I was looking for Harry, please, sir"; and the boy bounded toward her, showing his spoils, which he had gathered in the skirt of his robe.

"Well, take him away, then," said Mr. Shelby; and hastily she withdrew, carrying the child on her arm.

"By Jupiter," said the trader, turning to him in admiration, "there's an article, now! You might make your fortune on 'that ar gal in Orleans, any day. I've seen over a thousand, in my day, paid down for gals not a bit handsomer."

"I don't want to make my fortune on her," said Mr. Shelby, dryly; and, seeking to turn the conversation, he uncorked a bottle of fresh wine, and asked his companion's opinion of it.

"Capital, sir,—first chop!" said the trader; then turning, and slapping his hand familiarly on Shelby's shoulder, he added—

"Come, how will you trade about the gal? —what shall I say for her—what'll you take?"

"Mr. Haley, she is not to be sold," said Shelby. "My wife would not part with her for her weight in gold."

"Ay, ay! women always say such things, cause they ha'nt no sort of calculation. Just show 'em how many watches, feathers, and trinkets, one's weight in gold would buy, and that alters the case, I reckon."

"I tell you, Haley, this must not be spoken of; I say no, and I