

中文导读英文版

*Uncle Tom's Cabin*

# 汤姆叔叔的小屋

[美] 比彻·斯托夫人 原著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译



清华大学出版社

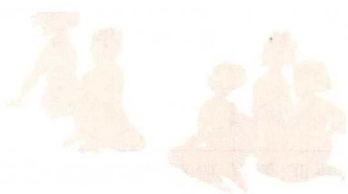
( 中 文 导 读 英 文 版 )

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## 内 容 简 介

*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, 中文译名《汤姆叔叔的小屋》, 是 19 世纪最伟大的文学巨著之一, 被誉为“影响美国历史进程”的经典著作, 由美国著名作家比彻·斯托夫人编著。

奴隶主谢尔比为了还债, 决定把两个奴隶卖掉。一个是汤姆, 他忠心耿耿, 全身心维护主人利益; 另一个是哈里, 他的母亲伊莱扎是一个不愿被主人任意摆布的奴隶。当伊莱扎偶然听到主人要卖掉汤姆和自己的儿子哈里后, 就连夜带着儿子逃亡并与丈夫汇合, 在废奴人士的帮助下, 他们历经艰险, 终于成功逃到加拿大。而故事的主人公汤姆的命运却是另外一番景象。他从小就被奴隶主灌输敬畏上帝、逆来顺受、忠顺于主人这类的基督教说教, 甘愿听从主人摆布。他知道并支持伊莱扎逃走, 但他自己却没有逃跑, 几经辗转, 最后被奴隶主活活折磨而死。本书既描写了不同表现和性格的黑奴, 也描写了不同类型的奴隶主的嘴脸。

本书一经出版, 很快就成为当时最受关注和最畅销的文学作品, 在当时的美国社会背景下, 不失为引发、推动废奴运动的巨力之作。该书问世至今已被译成世界上几十种文字, 曾经先后几十次被改编成电影、电视、卡通片等。无论作为语言学习的课本, 还是作为通俗的文学读本, 本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况, 进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平, 本书在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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比彻·斯托夫人（Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1811—1896），美国 19 世纪最著名的女作家，生于康涅狄格州，她的父亲是著名牧师革曼·比彻。比彻·斯托夫人幼年因父亲关系颇受加尔文教派影响，青年时期因其叔父萨缪尔·福特的影响接受了自由主义信仰。1836 年，她与父亲所在的神学院的 C. E. 斯托教授结婚。其间，她访问了肯塔基州，目睹了那里奴隶的生活，这为她后来的小说提供了素材；她又受到父亲学校中强烈的反奴隶制情绪的影响，这种情绪成了她日后小说创作的基调。1850 年，她随丈夫迁至缅因州，那里关于反奴隶制的讨论使她无比激动，这部被誉为“影响美国历史进程”的经典著作《汤姆叔叔的小屋》（1852）就是在这种背景下出版的。《汤姆叔叔的小屋》一经出版就受到广大反奴隶制人士的热烈欢迎，并在美国引起了强烈反响。为了反驳保奴隶制势力的攻击，1853 年她出版了《〈汤姆叔叔的小屋〉题解》，引用法律、法院档案、报纸和私人信件等大量材料证明她的小说所揭露的事实。之后，她陆续出版了《德雷德，阴暗的大沼地的故事》（1856）、《奥尔岛上的明珠》（1862）、《老镇上的人们》（1869）、《粉色和白色的暴政》（1871）、《我妻子和我》（1871）、《棕榈叶》（1873）以及一些宗教诗等。

斯托夫人一生著作颇丰，然而让她名垂千古的还是被认为“美国南北战争的导火线之一”的《汤姆叔叔的小屋》。这部巨著的产生与当时的历史背景、斯托夫人对奴隶悲惨命运的了解以及她坚定的反奴隶制的态度是密不可分的。她在辛辛拉提市住了 18 年，与南部蓄奴的村镇仅一河之隔，这使她有机会接触到一些逃亡的黑奴。奴隶们的悲惨遭遇引起了她深深的同情。她本人也去过南方，亲自了解了那里的情况。她对美国的蓄奴制所产生的把黑奴当成没有灵魂的牲畜肆意虐待和进行买卖的行为深恶痛绝。

# 前言



1850年，美国联邦议会又通过了《逃奴法案》，规定任何人不得收留逃奴，自由州的居民如协助逃奴，将受到法律制裁。这一法律的通过无异于在美国全境以法律形式承认了黑奴是奴隶主的私有财产，而当时相当一批北方的政界与宗教界的领袖竟然为这一法案辩护，认为为了维护联邦统一，不致分成南北两个国家，这个法案是十分必要的。这使得斯托夫人更为愤怒。她认为只有不了解蓄奴制真相及其残酷性的人才会为蓄奴制与《逃奴法案》进行辩护，于是决心通过文学的形式，把蓄奴制的这种骇人听闻的罪恶公诸于世。她心目中的读者主要是北方信奉基督教的白人，她希望通过自己的作品使他们同情并支持废除奴隶制的斗争。《汤姆叔叔的小屋》便是在这样的背景下写出来的。此书于1852年首次在《民族时代》刊物上连载，立即引起了强烈的反响，受到了人们热烈的欢迎，仅第一年就在美国国内重印了100多次，销售超过30万册。评论界认为本书在启发民众的反奴隶制情绪上起了重大作用，被视为美国南北战争的起因之一。林肯总统后来接见斯托夫人时戏谑地称她是“写了一本书，酿成了一场大战的小妇人”，这一句玩笑话充分反映了《汤姆叔叔的小屋》这部长篇小说的巨大影响。

在中国，《汤姆叔叔的小屋》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典小说之一，同时它还是第一部被译成中文的美国小说。目前在中国出版的各类版本总计不下百种。目前，在国内数量众多的《汤姆叔叔的小屋》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种，一种是中文翻译版，另一种中英文对照版。而其中的中英文对照读本比较受读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。而从英文学习的角度上来看，直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《汤姆叔叔的小屋》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作简洁、精练、明快的风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，



## 前言

特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、熊金玉、赵雪、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中一定会有一些不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。





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## 第一章 介绍一位仁慈的人

### Chapter 1 In Which the Reader is Introduced to a Man of Humanity



在二月的一个下午，两位先生坐在肯塔基州的一间客厅里交谈。

谢尔比先生说：“就这么安排这件事吧，汤姆稳健、诚实，是个不一般的黑奴，到哪都值钱。如果你还有良心的话，就应该让他抵掉剩下的所有债务。”

黑利说：“这件事实在是有点为难，除非你能在汤姆之外再搭上个男孩或女孩。”

谢尔比说：“没有多余的人了。而且只有在万不得已的情况下我才卖黑奴的。”

这时门开了，进来一个四五岁、有四分之一黑人血统的小男孩。他非常漂亮可爱，如丝般的黑发卷曲地垂在带着酒窝的脸上，一双黑亮的大眼睛从浓密的长睫毛下朝外看着。

黑利说：“这个小东西是个好货色，搭上他我就了结了这笔债务。”

这时门又开了，进来一个二十五岁左右的年轻女人。只要看一眼就可以确定她是孩子的母亲。主人让她把孩子带出去。

黑利赞赏地说这是个好东西，把这个女人卖到奥尔良去他会发财的。谢尔比冷冷地说他不想在她身上发财，就算按她的重量给金子也不卖。

黑利说：“那总得把小男孩给我吧，我已经让了很多了。”谢尔比说他心太软，不忍心把孩子从他母亲身边带走。



黑利说他完全了解这种性质的事，他经营生意的时候一般很注意避免这种局面。他建议谢尔比让那女人离开一阵子，等事情办妥了再让她回来。

谢尔比先生厌恶地耸了耸肩。在他俩各自思考片刻之后，黑利问这事怎么办。谢尔比说他需要跟妻子商量一下，晚上六点到七点时再给他答复。

也许蓄奴制最温和的形式出现在肯塔基州，任何人在参观了这里的一些庄园后，都会觉得这种制度也许还行。谢尔比先生是个善良的普通人，庄园上的黑人都过得不错。然而他做投机生意亏了很多钱，他的债据大量地落在了黑利手中。

且说伊莱扎走近客厅门时，偷听到了奴隶贩子要买她的儿子。她向女主人哭诉说老爷要把她的孩子卖掉。女主人安慰她说这种事情永远不会发生的。

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 gentleman; 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 valeyable 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 would n'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 leetle too hard on a fellow,—a leetle 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, have n'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 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 an'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 neat-est 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 han't 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 mean no," said Shelby, decidedly.

"Well, you'll let me have the boy, though," said the trader; "you must own I've come down pretty handsomely for him."

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

"Why, I've got a friend that's going into this yer branch of the business,—wants to buy up handsome boys to raise for the market. Fancy articles entirely,—sell for waiters, and so on, to rich 'uns, that can pay for handsome 'uns. It sets off one of yet great places,—a real handsome boy to open door, wait, and tend. They fetch a good sum; and this little devil is such a comical, musical concern, he's just the article."