

90年代英语系列丛书

世界文学名著系列

汤姆叔叔的小屋

Uncle Tom's Cabin

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吴景棠 夏飞 评注

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe



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汤妮莉的小屋

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《九十年代英语系列丛书》特邀顾问：

(按姓氏笔划为序)

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“九十年代英语系列丛书”

出版前言

送您一轮风车，朋友！不是为了怀旧——
九十年代，跨入下世纪的最后一级台阶，新世纪的风迎面吹来。这轮风车——新世纪风的信使，将在您手中变幻成一轮轮多彩的旋律，为您的征程增添情趣；它乘风飞旋——热烈，执着，顽强，或许能为您的跋涉增添鼓舞和力量。

是故，我们这套系列丛书以风车为标记。

在国内英语界名家指导下，经过全面调查，深入研究以确定书目，由北京外国语学院等院校一批中青年专家学者进行编撰或译注，采用全新的编排设计，全新的风格，力求内容的实用和装潢的精美。我们把这套大型英语丛书作为跨世纪的礼物奉献给读者。

近代学者王国维先生说，作学问要经过三种境界。学好外语也不能例外。也许您时下正有一种“望尽天涯路”的迷惘与焦灼，也许您“衣带渐宽”，“为伊消得人憔悴”，……我们的目的是要设计一个多彩多姿的英语天地，通过大量阅读和实践，帮助您发展兴趣，开拓视野，改进方法，提高信心，比较顺利地渡入学习的第三种境界。我们相信，这套丛书是您感受英语、学习英语、提高英语、实践英语的新世界。

本丛书首批出版六大系列：

第一辑：世界文学名著系列（原版注释本）

选入这一辑的都是世界上享有盛誉的英美文学名著（已选入我社出版的“学生英语文库”者除外），并

附有汉语注释，初步确定为 30 种。以后还计划适当选入一些最有声望的世界文学名著（如：法国文学和俄罗斯文学中）的英译本。

第二辑：世界畅销书系列（原版注释本）

我们从当代风靡世界的英语文学著作中选拔其佼佼者，并附有详细的注释。使读者在学习和熟悉当代英语的同时了解欧美的社会、风习、生活、事业、爱情等。

第三辑：实用英语系列（英汉对照本）
包括书信英语、报刊英语、电话电报电传英语、公关秘书英语、广告英语等一系列培养英语交际能力和指导性、方法性的实用图书。

第四辑：娱乐英语系列（英汉对照本）
这一辑包括幽默英语、奇闻趣事、锦言妙语、名歌金曲等等。它将开阔您的视野，丰富您的话题，装点您的言谈，赋予您九十年代不可或缺的素质和风度。

第五辑：中学英语读物系列（英汉对照本）
本系列面向英语初学者，尤其是广大中学生和自学者；题材多样，语言简明、规范，循序渐进。它包括小说、散文、童话、寓言、冒险故事等，其中不乏广为传诵的世界文学宝库中的名篇。我们希望它成为有志于掌握英语的初学者的良师益友。

第六辑：简易世界文学名著系列（英汉对照本）
选入本辑的都是世界文学名著的英语简写本，计划出版 30 种。为了满足初级和中级学习者的需要，我们用英汉对照的形式出版。

我们还将陆续推出第七辑、第八辑……

这套丛书希望能得到读者的喜爱，并诚恳希望读者提出宝贵意见。

《九十年代英语系列丛书》
编辑委员会

作者介绍

哈丽特·比彻·斯托即斯托夫人,1811年6月14日生于康涅狄格州的利奇菲尔德。她的父亲莱曼·比彻是一位虔诚的基督教公理会加尔文宗的牧师。她的兄弟亨利·沃德和爱德华后来也都当了牧师。她是在基督徒的兄弟友爱与献身精神的教育中成长的。她的父亲因就任兰恩神学院院长职务而举家迁往辛辛那提,这时哈丽特首次接触到蓄奴和废奴主义,并目睹了种族暴乱,耳闻了逃亡奴隶的故事,还参与了援助由南方逃亡而来的奴隶的活动。这在当时是冒了触犯法律条文的危险的。

1836年她与加尔文·斯托结婚并于1850年随同他迁往缅因州,因为他在那里的鲍杜因学院得到了一个教授的职位。正是在此时此地,《逃亡奴隶法》的通过促使她写了《汤姆叔叔的小屋》一书。这本书首先以连载形式发表在一份废奴主义者的报纸上。此后,一家波士顿出版商出它的单行本时,第一周内销售量即达1万册,一年内则达到了30万册,在当时是前所未有的畅销数字。同时,它还被译成了37种文字。著名英国评论家兼小说家托马斯·巴宾顿·麦考利,著名法国女作家乔治·桑,著名德国作家和诗人亨利希·海涅都为这本书写了书评,可见其国际声誉之高。

写完《汤姆叔叔的小屋》一书后，哈丽特·比彻·斯托继续从事写作，几乎每年写一本小说，但是她的家庭经济状况却仍旧常处于窘困之中。她以后的著作中包括：1856年出版的《德雷德》，1859年出版的《牧师的求婚》，1859年出版的《老镇上的人们》，以及由大西洋月刊于1869年发表的维护她的挚友拜伦夫人的专著《拜伦夫人一生的真相》。除拜伦夫人之外，斯托夫人的英国友人中还包括罗斯金夫妇和女小说家乔治·爱略特。此后，当哈丽特·比彻·斯托夫人住在哈特福德市期间，她与马克·吐温为邻。可能是由于早年受宗教教育的影响，斯托夫人一向敢于就有争议的道德问题公开表明自己的观点。这些问题中包括：禁酒问题，妇女选举权问题，当然还有蓄奴问题。虽然她由于宗教及观点的限制，从来没有真正与激进的废奴主义者结成联盟。

纵观斯托夫人的一生，我们可以看见，作为虔信基督的家庭出身的一介弱女子，她走过了一条坎坷的战斗道路。她在举世对奴隶制的残暴熟视无睹的时候首当其冲以文艺形式为黑奴“吁天”而唤起了有良知的白人的不平，以致史家列她的著作为南北战争起因之一。她为维护挚友拜伦夫人的名誉而透露拜伦与其妹的暧昧关系，触怒许多英国绅士淑女群起围攻，诬她为“丑闻贩子”。《汤姆叔叔的小屋》一书受尽诽谤，绅士们声称书中事实全属伪造，而黑奴是生活在主人的仁慈爱护之下。为此她又发表《汤姆叔叔的小屋题解》，列举大量无可辩驳的文字证据，使奴隶制铁案如山，不可隐讳。为了保卫妇女的职业权利她不惜笔墨连写了两部

小说。为针砭俗世的虚伪卑下，她写了数篇社会讽刺文学作品。最后，她体会到加尔文教派的偏颇窒扼，除在《牧师的求婚》中加以辛辣的讽刺以外，还永远脱离了其父兄所毕生宣授而自己前半生也深信不疑的这种教义。从这些方面考察，我们所应有的反应应当是对她的真诚勇敢感到敬佩，而不应是对她的阶级和历史的局限性有所指责。不幸的是，斯托夫人既以《汤姆叔叔的小屋》一书为废奴舆论的掀起树立了不朽的业绩，她的其余作品也就被掩无闻，而今日人们论功评过时，也就一叶蔽目，不见全貌了。这是斯托夫人及其时代的悲剧。

斯托夫人早年因丈夫体弱多病，生活陷于贫穷焦虑的境地，成名后又屡遭攻击，处处不见谅于市侩阶层。但晚年过着文人生活，后又退隐于佛罗里达州，生活憩静安谧，以《葵叶》(1873)一书记载了绚烂归于平淡的心境，差慰人意。她于1896年以85岁的高龄逝于康涅狄格州哈特福德市。

内 容 介 绍

汤姆叔叔是肯塔基州庄园主谢尔贝最得力的男奴，他的妻子是主人的女厨子。谢尔贝不善经营，债台高筑，而借据又落入人贩子海利之手。海利来到庄园，挑中了汤姆和谢尔贝妻子最喜爱的使女埃莉沙的爱子小哈利两人抵债。埃莉沙偷听到消息，连夜携子逃走，在被海利骑马追及时抱着孩子跳越河上浮水间的裂缝，来到北方，遇到了不少好心的反对蓄奴的人，暂时安下身来。

埃莉沙的丈夫乔治·哈里斯是另一个奴隶主的财产。乔治聪明能干，性格刚毅。他被主人转赁给一个白人工厂主，在那里发明了新机器，改进了工作，赢得了声誉。但主人只因妒恨他，就强行把他索回自己的农庄，对他施行残暴的凌辱和虐待。他曾去找埃莉沙，表示决定逃走。不久他用巧妙的计谋逃走。但在旅途中被人认出，幸而认出他的人被他说服，没有将他出卖。

乔治同埃莉沙在逃亡途中不期而遇。但乔治的主人收买了一伙凶残的专门追捕逃亡黑奴的人，讲好条件，捉到乔治后交给主人，带回庄园杀死，用以杀一儆百，而埃莉沙则归捕人者带到新奥尔良卖掉，作为报酬，孩子则归海利所有。在这危急关头乔治得到几个具有正义感的白人的帮助，在山尖上一场枪战之后，把色

厉内荏的敌手打跑了。乔治一家三口终于逃到加拿大，获得了自由。

美貌聪明的女奴凯茜身世坎坷悲惨，在白人“丈夫”死后不幸落入残暴的庄园主勒格里之手，受他的凌辱。而汤姆也落到了这里。他主张不用暴力反抗奴隶主，但竭力维护其他黑奴，拒绝当工头鞭打他们，因而触怒了勒格里。这时凯茜设下巧计逃走，汤姆拒绝对勒格里说出底细，被这个魔王毒打致伤，死于谢尔贝的儿子奉母命前来赎回他的时候。直到死前，他仍坚持他的逆来顺受的观点。

凯茜终于逃出虎口，途中在船上遇到小谢尔贝和一位叫德都太太的富孀。从谈话中知道德都太太就是乔治的姐姐，已被好心的买主娶为妻子，得到自由，夫死后正在寻找乔治。同时还提到了乔治的妻子埃莉沙。这时在旁听着的凯茜发现，原来埃莉沙就是她的女儿，是多年以前和她以及她的儿子一齐被卖掉的。而出卖他们的人，就是假称爱她，和她共同生活了7年，生了一儿一女的那个白人男子。其后不久，新的主人又把两个孩子卖给别人。后来她又被另一人买去同居。虽然那人对她很好，但生了一个男孩后，她绝对不肯让孩子走上当奴隶的道路，便把他毒死了。凯茜和德都太太结伴前去加拿大，找到了乔治和埃莉沙。这样德都太太认了弟弟乔治，凯茜认了女儿埃莉沙。

德都太太给了乔治一大笔钱，他们全家到法国去住。乔治念了4年大学，全家又回到美国。最后乔治决定到非洲去，在利比里亚建设黑人自己的国家。凯茜的儿子后来也找到了，将追随母亲，姐姐和姐夫一家到非

洲去建设新的生活。

作者在书的最后一章详述她的书中的情节均有事实根据，并对蓄奴制进行了义正词严的批判。她还表示了自己的看法，认为美国的黑人问题只能在美国社会内部解决，反对把黑人“硬塞到”非洲的利比里亚去。这些在当时都是超过世人一般见解的。后人每以汤姆的形象过于温良软弱而对本书提出批评，但我们在阅读本书时应当采取历史的观点。

Uncle Tom's Cabin

"I can't make heads 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 nigged?" and Haley, helping him-

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, common-place 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—it 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 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 'twere," 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, 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 Blider 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'n'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