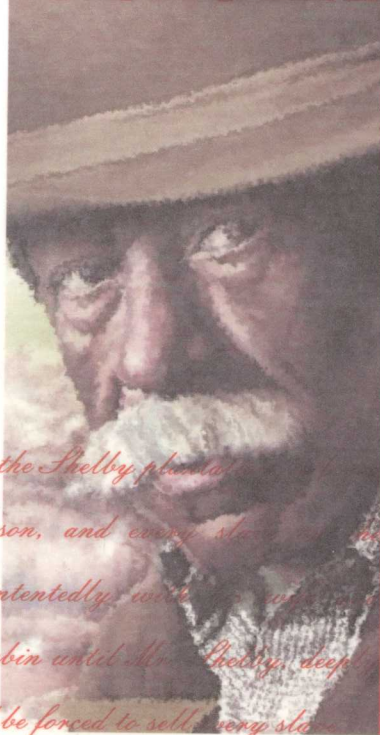


汤姆叔叔的小屋

Uncle Tom's Cabin



Uncle Tom, a slave on the Shelby plantation, is loved by his owners, their son, and every slave on the property. He lives contentedly with the Shelby children in their own cabin until Mr. Shelby, deep in debt to a slave would be forced to sell every slave

那些让我魂牵梦系的精彩篇章

中文导读学习版

[美] 斯托夫人 著

李俏云 编译



电子工业出版社

PUBLISHING HOUSE OF ELECTRONICS INDUSTRY

<http://www.phei.com.cn>

汤姆叔叔的小屋

[美] 斯托夫人 著

李俏云 编译

Uncle Tom's
Cabin

那些让我魂牵梦系的精彩篇章

中文导读学习版

电子工业出版社

Publishing House of Electronics Industry

北京 • BEIJING

内 容 简 介

《汤姆叔叔的小屋》以 19 世纪 60 年代美国南北战争为背景，描写了一位对主人忠心耿耿的黑奴，名为汤姆叔叔。主人在破产的情况下只好将他和所有黑奴一起卖给奴隶贩子，最终将他们一起运回南方。在历经周折之后，汤姆叔叔仍没有摆脱奴隶贩子的控制。一次，汤姆叔叔为解救女奴卡茜，被车撞死。他在生命的最后一刻，终于悟出了只有斗争才会有自由的真理。

未经许可，不得以任何方式复制或抄袭本书之部分或全部内容。
版权所有，侵权必究。

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

汤姆叔叔的小屋：英文 / (美) 斯托夫人 (Stowe, H.B.) 著；

李俏云编译. —北京：电子工业出版社，2011.9

(那些让我魂牵梦系的精彩篇章)

ISBN 978-7-121-13833-1

I. ①汤… II. ①斯… ②李… III. ①英语—语言读物
②长篇小说—美国—近代 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2011) 第 110614 号

责任编辑：雷洪勤

特约编辑：梁卫红

印 刷：北京天宇星印刷厂

装 订：三河市鹏程印业有限公司

出版发行：电子工业出版社

北京市海淀区万寿路 173 信箱 邮编 100036

开 本：880×1230 1/32 印张：10.375 字数：266 千字

印 次：2011 年 9 月第 1 次印刷

定 价：22.00 元



凡所购买电子工业出版社图书有缺损问题，请向购买书店调换。若书店售缺，请与本社发行部联系，联系及邮购电话：(010) 88254888。

质量投诉请发邮件至 zltts@phei.com.cn，盗版侵权举报请发邮件至 dbqq@phei.com.cn。

服务热线：(010) 88258888。

目 录

Chapter 1	In Which the Reader Is Introduced to a Man of Humanity	001
第一章	给读者介绍一位好心人	001
Chapter 2	An Evening in Uncle Tom's Cabin	025
第二章	汤姆叔叔小屋之夜	025
Chapter 3	The Property Is Carried Off	053
第三章	黑奴伏首	053
Chapter 4	Select Incident of Lawful Trade	077
第四章	在合法交易中的平常之事	077
Chapter 5	Of Tom's New Master, and Various Other Matters	115
第五章	汤姆的新主人及其他	115
Chapter 6	Miss Ophelia's Experiences and Opinions ...	151
第六章	奥菲利亚的经历及见解	151
Chapter 7	Death	225
第七章	归天	225
Chapter 8	The Slave Warehouse	255
第八章	黑奴交易所	255
Chapter 9	The Quadroon's Story	281
第九章	混血女人的经历	281
Chapter 10	Results	307
第十章	结局	307

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



第一章 给读者介绍一位好心人

中文导读

故事从一个奴隶主和一个奴隶贩子的讨价还价中开始。美国肯塔基州的奴隶主希尔比在股票市场上投机失败，为了还债，决定将两个奴隶卖掉：一个是汤姆，他是在希尔比种植场出生的，稳重、精明、虔诚，颇得主人欢心；另一个要卖掉的是黑白混血女奴艾莉查的儿子哈利，艾莉查秀色宜人，又敏捷睿智，当她无意中听到主人要卖掉自己的儿子时，便去央求对她宠爱有加的主母——希尔比太太。

本章是全书的开头，情节紧张富有节奏感，人物的性格和关系在巧妙的对话中得到淋漓尽致的展现。全书共有两条线索，从这里出发，展开了汤姆和伊丽莎二人求取自由的坎坷历程。

Chapter 1

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's ^① 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^② 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^③ 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

① convenience [kən'vinjəns] **n.** 方便, 便利 (CET4)

② arrange [ə'reindʒ] **v.** 安排, 准备 (CET4)

③ graphic ['græfɪk] **adj.** 绘画的, 文字的, 图表的; 形象的 (CET6)

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^① 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^② 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^③ 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^④ 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^⑤."

"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, 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

-
- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| ① religion [ri'lɪdʒən] | n. 宗教, 宗教信仰 (CET4) |
| ② folk [fəʊk] | n. 人们, 父母, 亲人, 家属 (CET4) |
| ③ genuine ['dʒenjuɪn] | adj. 真的, 非人造的; 真诚的, 真心的 (CET4) |
| ④ master ['mɑːstə] | n. 主人; 男教师; 院长 (CET4) |
| ⑤ conscience ['kɒnʃəns] | n. 良心 (CET4) |

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^①. 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^② 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^③ 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!”

① engaging [in'geɪdʒɪŋ] **adj.** 美丽动人的, 有吸引力的 (CET6)

② accompany [ə'kʌmpəni] **vt.** 陪伴的, 附属的 (CET4)

③ instantly ['ɪnstəntli] **adv.** 立刻, 立即, 马上 (CET4)

At this moment, the door was pushed gently^① 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^② 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^③, “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^④ 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^⑤ her for her weight in gold.”

“Ay, ay! Women always say such things, cause they ha’nt no sort^⑥ 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

-
- | | | |
|-----------------------------|------|-------------------|
| ① gently [ˈdʒentli] | adv. | 温和地, 慈祥地 (CET4) |
| ② bound [baʊnd] | vi. | 跳, 蹦着跑 (CET6) |
| ③ admiration [ˌædməˈreɪʃən] | n. | 令人钦佩的, 出色的 (CET4) |
| ④ slap [slæp] | vt. | 掌击, 拍打 (CET4) |
| ⑤ part with | | 与…分开 (CET4) |
| ⑥ sort [sɔ:t] | n. | 群, 种类, 类别 (CET4) |

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^① 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 yer 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!”

“I would rather not sell him,” said Mr. Shelby, thoughtfully; “the fact is, sir, I’m a humane man, and I hate to take the boy from his mother, sir.”

“O, you do?—La! yes—something of that ar natur. I understand, perfectly. It is mighty onpleasant getting on with women, sometimes, I al’ays hates these yer screechin,’ screamin’ times. They are mighty onpleasant; but, as I manages business, I generally avoids ’em, sir. Now, what if you get the girl off for a day, or a week, or so; then the thing’s done quietly,—all over before she comes home. Your wife might get her some ear-rings, or a new gown, or some such truck, to make up with her.”

“I’m afraid not.”

“Lor bless^② ye, yes! These critters ain’t like white folks,

you know; they gets over things, only manage right. Now, they say,” said Haley, assuming a candid and confidential air, “that this kind o’ trade is hardening to the feelings; but I never found it so. Fact is, I never could do things up the way some fellers manage the business. I’ve seen ’em as would pull a woman’s child out of her arms, and set him up to sell, and she screechin’ like mad all the time;—very bad policy—damages the article—makes ’em quite unfit for service sometimes. I knew a real handsome gal once, in Orleans, as was entirely^③ ruined by this sort o’ handling. The fellow that was trading for her didn’t want her baby; and she was one of your real high sort, when her blood was up. I tell you, she squeezed up her child in her arms, and talked, and went on real awful. It kinder makes my blood run cold to think of ’t; and when they carried off the child, and locked her up, she jest went ravin’ mad, and died in a week. Clear waste, sir, of a thousand dollars, just for want of management,—there’s where ’t is. It’s always best to do the humane thing, sir; that’s been my experience.” And the trader leaned back in his chair, and folded his arm, with an air of virtuous decision^④,

-
- | | | |
|------------------------|-------------|------------------------------------|
| ① branch [bra:ntʃ] | n. | 树枝, 枝条; 分支, 分科, 分系 (CET4) |
| ② bless [bles] | vt. | 求神赐福于 (CET4) |
| ③ entirely [in'taiəli] | adv. | 全部地, 完整地, 完全地 (CET4) |
| ④ decision [di'siʒən] | n. | 决定, 决心, 判断果断, 坚决;
决议, 结果 (CET4) |

apparently considering himself a second Wilberforce.

The subject appeared to interest the gentleman deeply; for while Mr. Shelby was thoughtfully peeling an orange, Haley broke out afresh, with becoming diffidence, but as if actually driven by the force of truth to say a few words more.

“It don’t look well, now, for a feller to be praisin’ himself; but I say it jest because it’s the truth. I believe I’m reckoned to bring in about the finest droves of niggers that is brought in,—at least, I’ve been told so; if I have once, I reckon I have a hundred times,—all in good case,—fat and likely, and I lose as few as any man in the business. And I lays it all to my management, sir; and humanity, sir, I may say, is the great pillar of my management.”

Mr. Shelby did not know what to say, and so he said, “Indeed!”

“Now, I’ve been laughed at for my notions, sir, and I’ve been talked to. They an’t pop’lar, and they an’t common; but I stuck to ’em, sir; I’ve stuck to ’em, and realized well on ’em; yes, sir, they have paid their passage, I may say,” and the trader laughed at his joke.

There was something so piquant and original in these elucidations of humanity, that Mr. Shelby could not help laughing in company. Perhaps you laugh too, dear reader; but you know humanity comes out in a variety^① of strange forms now-a-days, and there is no end to the odd things that

humane people will say and do.

Mr. Shelby's laugh encouraged the trader to proceed.

"It's strange, now, but I never could beat this into people's heads. Now, there was Tom Loker, my old partner, down in Natchez; he was a clever fellow, Tom was, only the very devil with niggers,—on principle 't was, you see, for a better hearted feller never broke bread; 't was his system, sir. I used to talk to Tom. 'Why, Tom,' I used to say, 'when your gals takes on and cry, what's the use o' crackin on' em over the head, and knockin' on 'em round? It's ridiculous^②,' says I, 'and don't do no sort o' good. Why, I don't see no harm in their cryin',' says I; 'it's natur,' says I, 'and if natur can't blow off one way, it will another. Besides, Tom,' says I, 'it jest spiles your gals; they get sickly, and down in the mouth; and sometimes they gets ugly^③,—particular yallow gals do,—and it's the devil and all gettin' on 'em broke in. Now,' says I, 'why can't you kinder coax 'em up, and speak 'em fair? Depend on it, Tom, a little humanity^④, thrown in along, goes a heap further than all your jawin' and crackin'; and it pays better,' says I, 'depend on 't.' But Tom couldn't get the

① variety [və'raɪəti]

n.

品种, 种类 (CET4)

② ridiculous [rɪ'dɪkjʊləs]

adi.

可笑的, 荒谬的 (CET4)

③ ugly ['ʌgli]

adi.

难看的, 丑陋的, 难听的 (CET4)

④ humanity [hju:'mænɪti]

n.

(总称)人, 人类; 人道, 仁慈; 人性; 人文学科 (CET6)