

<<悲惨世界>>

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### 内容概要

世界文学名著表现了作者描述的特定时代的文化。

阅读这些名著可以领略著者流畅的文笔、逼真的描述、详细的刻画，让读者如同置身当时的历史文化之中。

为此，将这套精心编辑的“名著典藏”奉献给广大读者。

我们找来了专门研究西方历史、西方文化的专家学者；请教了专业的翻译人员，精心挑选了这些可以代表西方文学的著作，并听取了一些国外专门研究文学的朋友的建议，不删节、不做任何人为改动，严格按照原著的风格，提供原汁原味的西方名著，让读者能享受纯正的英文名著。

随着阅读的展开，你会发现自己的英语水平无形中有了大幅提高，并且对西方历史文化的了解也日益深入广阔。

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## 章节摘录

One day he saw some country people busily engaged in pulling up nettles , he examined the plants , which were uprooted and already dried , and said : "They are dead. Nevertheless , it would be a good thing to know how to make use of them. When the nettle is young , the leaf makes an excellent vegetable; when it is older , it has filaments and fibres like hemp and flax. Nettle cloth is as good as linen cloth. Chopped up , nettles are good for poultry; pounded , they are good for horned cattle. The seed of the nettle , mixed with fodder , gives gloss to the hair of animals; the root , mixed with salt , produces a beautiful yellow coloring-matter. Moreover , it is an excellent hay , which can be cut twice. And what is required for the nettle? A little soil , no care , no culture. Only the seed falls as it is ripe , and it is difficult to collect it. That is all. With the exercise of a little care , the nettle could be made useful; it is neglected and it becomes hurtful , It is exterminated. How many men resemble the nettle!" He added , after a pause : "Remember this , my friends : there are no such things as bad plants or bad men. There are only bad cultivators." The children loved him because he knew how to make charming little trifles of straw and cocoanuts. When he saw the door of a church hung in black , he entered : he sought out funerals as other men seek christenings. Widowhood and the grief of others attracted him , because of his great gentleness; he mingled with the friends clad in mourning , with families dressed in black , with the priests groaning around a coffin. He seemed to like to give to his thoughts for text these funereal psalmodies filled with the vision of the other world. With his eyes fixed on heaven , he listened with a sort of aspiration towards all the mysteries of the infinite , those sad voices which sing on the verge of the obscure abyss of death.

He performed a multitude of good actions , concealing his agency in them as a man conceals himself because of evil actions. He penetrated houses privately , at night; he ascended staircases furtively. A poor wretch on returning to his attic would find that his door had been opened , sometimes even forced , during his absence. The poor man made a clamor over it : some malefactor had been there. He entered , and the first thing he beheld was a piece of gold lying forgotten on some piece of furniture. The "malefactor" who had been there was Father Madeleine. He was affable and sad. The people said : "There is a rich man who has not a haughty air. There is a happy man who has not a contented air." Some people maintained that he was a mysterious person , and that no one ever entered his chamber , which was a regular anchorite's cell , furnished with winged hour-glasses and enlivened by cross-bones and skulls of dead men! This was much talked of , so that one of the elegant and malicious young women of M. sur M. came to him one day , and asked : "Monsieur le Maire , pray show us your chamber. It is said to be a grotto." He smiled , and introduced them instantly into this "grotto." They were well punished for their curiosity. The room was very simply furnished in mahogany , which was rather ugly , like all furniture of that sort , and hung with paper worth twelve sous. They could see nothing remarkable about it , except two candlesticks of antique pattern which stood on the chimney-piece and appeared to be silver , "for they were hall-marked , " an observation full of the type of wit of petty towns. Nevertheless , people continued to say that no one ever got into the room , and that it was a hermit's cave , a mysterious retreat , a hole , a tomb.

VOLUME 1 BOOK 5 CHAPTER 4 It was also whispered about that he had "immense" sums deposited with Laffitte , with this peculiar feature , that they were always at his immediate disposal , so that , it was added , M. Madeleine could make his appearance at Laffitte's any morning , sign a receipt , and carry off his two or three millions in ten minutes. In reality , "these two or three millions" were reducible , as we have said , to six hundred and thirty or forty thousand francs. CHAPTER 4 M. MADELEINE IN MOURNING At the beginning of 1820 the newspapers announced the death of M. Myriel , Bishop of D- , surnamed "Monseigneur Bienvenu , " who had died in the odor of sanctity at the age of eighty-two. The Bishop of D- to supply here a detail which the papers omitted - had been blind for many years before his death , and content to be blind , as his sister was beside him. Let us remark by the way , that to be blind and to be loved , is , in fact , one of the most strangely exquisite forms of happiness upon this earth , where nothing is complete. To have continually at one's side a woman , a daughter , a sister , a charming being , who is there because you need her and because she cannot do without you; to know that we are indispensable to a person who is necessary to us; to be

able to incessantly measure one's affection by the amount of her presence which she bestows on us , and to say to ourselves , "Since she consecrates the whole of her time to me , it is because I possess the whole of her heart"; to behold her thought in lieu of her face; to be able to verify the fidelity of one being amid the eclipse of the world; to regard the rustle of a gown as the sound of wings; to hear her come and go , retire , speak , return , sing , and to think that one is the centre of these steps , of this speech; to manifest at each instant one's personal attraction; to feel one's self all the more powerful because of one's infirmity; to become in one's obscurity , and through one's obscurity , the star around which this angel gravitates , - few felicities equal this. The supreme happiness of life consists in the conviction that one is loved; loved for one's own sake - let us say rather , loved in spite of one's self; this conviction the blind man possesses. To be served in distress is to be caressed. Does he lack anything ?

No. One does not lose the sight when one has love. And what love! A love wholly constituted of virtue! There is no blindness where there is certainty. Soul seeks soul , gropingly , and finds it. And this soul , found and tested , is a woman. A hand sustains you; it is hers : a mouth lightly touches your brow; it is her mouth : you hear a breath very near you; it is hers. To have everything of her , from her worship to her pity , never to be left , to have that sweet weakness aiding you , to lean upon that irremovable reed , to touch Providence with one's hands , and to be able to take it in one's arms , - God made tangible , - what bliss! The heart , that obscure , celestial flower , undergoes a mysterious blossoming. One would not exchange that shadow for all brightness. The angel soul is there , uninterruptedly there; if she departs , it is but to return again; she vanishes like a dream , and reappears like reality. One feels warmth approaching , and behold! she is there. One overflows with serenity , with gaiety , with ecstasy; one is a radiance amid the night. And there are a thousand little cares. Nothings , which are enormous in that void. The most ineffable accents of the feminine voice employed to lull you , and supplying the vanished universe to you. One is caressed with the soul. ....

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