

<<茶花女>>

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内容概要

主人公玛格丽特本是一位贫穷的乡下姑娘，为谋生来到巴黎，不幸落入风尘，做了妓女，染上了挥霍钱财的恶习，她疯狂地寻欢作乐麻痹自己，但内心却讨厌这种空虚的生活。

这个依旧保持着纯洁心灵的沦落女子，向往真正的爱情生活，后来被阿尔芒的一片赤诚之心所感动，彼此深深地相爱，在远离巴黎市区的乡间过起美满的田园生活。

玛格丽特受到创伤的心灵也开始愈合，并决心彻底改掉过去的习惯，永远和阿尔芒在一起，享受一个正常女人的真正生活。

不幸阿尔芒父亲的出现粉碎了她的美梦，他的虚伪、自私再一次把玛格丽特推入灾难之中。

他被迫离开了阿尔芒，事后遭到阿尔芒不明真相的种种侮辱和伤害，终因心力交瘁，饮恨黄泉……

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作者简介

小仲马 (Alexandre Dumas fils) , (1824 ~ 1895) 法国小说家、戏剧家。

著名作家大仲马的私生子。

7岁时大仲马才认其为子,但仍拒不认其母为妻。

私生子的身世使小仲马在童年和少年时代受尽世人的讥诮。

成年后痛感法国资本主义社会的淫靡之风造成许多像他们母子这样的

章节摘录

We could go on quoting the initials of many of those who had gathered in that drawing-room and who were not a little astonished at the company they kept ; but we should , we fear , weary the reader. Suffice it to say that everyone was in the highest spirits and that , of all the women there , many had known the dead girl and gave no sign that they remembered her. There was much loud laughter ; the auctioneers shouted at the tops of their voices ; the dealers who had crowded on to the benches placed in front of the auction tables called vainly for silence in which to conduct their business in peace. Never was a gathering more varied and more uproarious. I slipped unobtrusively into the middle of the distressing tumult , saddened to think that all this was taking place next to the very room where the unfortunate creature whose furniture was being sold up to pay her debts , had breathed her last. Having come to observe rather than to buy , I watched the faces of the tradesmen who had forced the sale and whose features lit up each time an item reached a price they had never dared hope for.

Honest men all , who had speculated in the prostitution of this woman , had obtained a one-hundred per cent return on her , had dogged the last moments of her life with writs , and came after she was dead to claim both the fruits of their honourable calculations and the interest accruing on the shameful credit they had given her.

How right were the Ancients who had one God for merchants and thieves !

Dresses , Indian shawls , jewels , came under the hammer at an unbelievable rate. None of it took my fancy , and I waited on. Suddenly I heard a voice shout : ' A book , fully bound , gilt-edges , entitled : Manon Lescaut. There's something written on the first page : ten francs. ' ' Twelve , ' said a voice , after a longish silence. ' Fifteen , ' I said. Why ?

I had no idea. No doubt for that ' something written' . ' Fifteen , ' repeated the auctioneer . ' Thity , ' said the first bidder , in a tone which seemed to defy any-body to go higher. It was becoming a fight. ' Thirty-five !

' I cried , in the same tone of voice. ' Forty . ' ' Fifty . ' ' Sixty . ' ' A hundred . ' I confess that if I had set out to cause a stir , I would have succeeded completely , for my last bid was followed by a great silence , and people stared at me to see who this man was who seemed so intent on possessing the volume.

Apparently the tone in which I had made my latest bid was enough for my opponent : he chose therefore to abandon a struggle which would have served only to cost me ten times what the book was worth and , with a bow , he said very graciously but a little late : ' It's yours , sir. ' No other bids were forthcoming , and the book was knocked down to me . Since I feared a new onset of obstinacy which my vanity might conceivably have borne but which would have assuredly proved too much for my purse , I gave my name , asked for the volume to be put aside and left by the stairs. I must have greatly intrigued the onlookers who , having witnessed this scene , doubtless wondered why on earth I had gone there to pay a hundred francs for a book that I could have got anywhere for ten or fifteen at most. An hour later , I had sent found for my purchase. On the first page , written in ink in an elegant hand , was the dedication of the person who had given the book. This dedication consisted simply of these words : ' Manon to Marguerite , Humility. ' It was signed : Armand Duval. What did this word ' Humility' mean ?

Was it that Manon , in the opinion of this Monsieur Armand Duval , acknowledged Marguerite as her superior in debauchery or in true love ?

The second interpretation seemed the more likely , for the first was impertinently frank , and Marguerite could never have accepted it , whatever opinion she had of herself. I went out again and thought no more of the book until that night , when I retired to bed. Manon Lescaut is a truly touching story every detail of which is familiar to me and yet , whenever I hold a copy in my hand , an instinctive feeling for it draws me on* I open it and for the hundredth time I live again with the abbe Prevost's heroine . Now , his heroine is so lifelike that I feel that I have met her. In my new circumstances , the kind of comparison drawn between her and Marguerite added an unexpected edge to my reading , and my forbearance was swelled with pity , almost love , for the poor girl , the disposal of whose estate I could thank for possessing the volume. Manon died in a desert , it is true , but in

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the terms of the man who loved her with all the strength of his soul and who , when she was dead , dug a grave for her , watered it with his tears and buried his heart with her ; whereas Marguerite , a sinner like Manon , and perhaps as truly converted as she , had died surrounded by fabulous luxury , if I could believe what I had seen , on the bed of her own past , but no less lost in the desert of the heart which is much more arid , much vaster and far more pitiless than the one in which Manon had been interred.

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