

快速阅读35部世界一流名著



英汉对照35部

世界文学名著 精彩篇章

Shijie wenxue mingzhu
jingcai pianzhang

丁志凌 刘秀芬 编译

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一卷在手，尽览世界一流名著精华



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精 彩 篇 章

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前言

名著即经典。经典即传世之作。传世之作之所以能经受时间流沙的考验代代相传,是因为其具备使人信从的思想精髓。

青少年具有极大的可塑性。青少年时代亦是随心所欲的时代。因此,青少年精神世界的健全完善,离不开经典文学名著的熏陶。

但是,几千年来,世界文学名著汗牛充栋,要想仔细阅读完每一本似乎也不太实际。因此,我们精选了三十多位文学巨匠的代表作品。力图使读者一卷在手便可阅尽文学美景。

此外,本书还采取英汉对照的方式进行编辑,希望广大读者在提高文学修养的同时,也能提高英文水平。

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NOTRE-DAME DE PARIS

巴黎圣母院

...
Or rather his whole person was grimace. A large head bristling with red hair; between his shoulders an enormous hump, the effects of which were also visible in front; an assemblage of thighs and legs so strangely distorted that they touched only at the knees and, from the front, looked like two sickle blades joined at the handle; big feet, monstrous hands; and with all that deformity a certain air of fearsome energy, agility, and courage; a strange exception to the eternal rule which says that strength, like beauty, results from harmony. Such was the pope whom the fools had just given themselves.

He looked like a giant, broken into pieces and then badly mended.

When this kind of Cyclops appeared at the entrance to the chapel, motionless, squat, and almost as broad as he was tall, 'squared by the base' as a great man put it, his surcoat, half red, half violet, sprinkled with silver bells, and above all his quite perfect ugliness, at once enabled the people to recognize him, and they cried with one voice:

'It's Quasimodo, the bell-ringer! It's Quasimodo the hunchback of Notre-Dame!

.....
或者更恰当地说,他整个人就是这样一副怪相。一个硕大无比的脑袋上,竖立着红棕色的头;两个肩膀之间高耸着一个巨大的驼峰,这一点在前面也可以看得出来;大腿与小腿,很是奇怪地组合在一起,两条腿只在膝盖处才能合拢,从前面看上去,就像两把只有刀把相连接在一起的镰刀;大脚板,巨大的手掌;并且,在这样一个畸形的身躯中,隐含着一种可怕的力量;敏捷活泼,勇敢非凡。这是力与美相互融合的结果,也是一个永恒的法则,但这是奇异地例外!这就是愚人们自己刚选出来的教皇。

他看起来象是一个被拆开后,又胡乱拼在一起的巨人。

当这个独眼巨人出现在小礼拜堂的入口处,一动不动,蹲坐着时,他身体的宽度与他的身高差不多,正象一位伟人所说的那样:“下部是四方的”,他身上穿着一件半红半紫的外衣,缀满银色的钟形花纹,尤其其他那几近完美的丑相,使人们一眼就会把他认出来,他们都异口同声地大喊道:

“是卡西莫多,那个敲钟人!这是卡西莫多,圣母院那个驼背!

One-eyed Quasimodo! Bandy-legged Quasimodo! Noël! Noël!’

The poor devil clearly had a choice of nicknames.

‘Watch out, any pregnant women!’ shouted the students.

‘Or any who want to be,’ Joannes put in.

The women were indeed hiding their faces.

‘Oh! the ugly monkey,’ said one.

* * *

Quasimodo, object of the uproar, still stood at the chapel door, sombre and serious, letting them admire him.

A student, Robin Poussepain, I think, went up to laugh in his face, but came too near. Quasimodo contented himself with seizing him round the waist and hurling him ten yards into the crowd. All without uttering a word.

* * *

In the huge open space left between the crowd and the fire, a girl was dancing.

Whether this girl was a human being, a fairy, or an angel was something that Gringoire, sceptical philosopher, ironic poet though he was, could not decide straight away, so fascinated was he by the dazzling vision.

She was not very tall, but her slim figure stood so boldly straight that she seemed to be so. She was dark, but one could see that in daylight her skin would have the fine golden glow of Andalusian and Roman women. Her

是独眼龙卡西莫多！瘸子卡西莫多！太好了！太好了！”

可见这可怜虫竟会有那么多可供选择的绰号。

“孕妇们可要当心！”学生们叫喊道。

“想做孕妇的也要小心！”约翰也跟着喊道。

女人们真的把她们的脸给掩了起来。

“哦！这只丑陋的猴子！”一个女人说道。

* * *

而卡西莫多，这个喧闹的对象，却仍然站在小礼拜堂的门口，神情阴沉而严肃，听凭别人对他的赞赏。

一个学生，我认为是罗班·普斯潘，走上前去，冲着他的脸大笑，但离得太近。卡西莫多也只不过把他拦腰抱起，扔到十步以外的人群中。他始终都是一言不发。

* * *

在人群与焰火之间的那块很大的开阔地上，有个姑娘在那里跳舞。

这位姑娘是人、是仙，还是天使，甘古瓦——这位持怀疑态度的哲人，善于讽刺的诗人，一时也说不上来，他不能马上得出定论。因为他被那种眼花缭乱的景象所迷惑了。

她那不高的身材，苗条的身段，显得是那么地挺拔。她的皮肤微微有点黑色，但可以想象得到，要是白天里看上去，她的肤色会象安达卢西亚姑娘和罗马的姑娘一

small foot too was Andalusian, for it fitted both snugly and easily into her dainty shoe. She was dancing, turning, whirling on an old Persian carpet, thrown down carelessly beneath her feet; and each time her radiant face passed before you as she spun round her great, dark eyes flashed lightning.

Around her everyone gazed open-mouthed; and in truth, while she danced like that, to the thrumming of a tambourine held above her head by her two pure, shapely arms, slim, frail, lively as a wasp, with her golden unpleated bodice, her brightly coloured dress swirling out, her bare shoulders, her slender legs uncovered now and then by her skirt — her dark hair, her blazing eyes, she was a supernatural creature.

* * *

It is certain that the spirit atrophies in a defective body. Quasimodo was scarcely aware of the blind movements within him of a soul made in his own image. The impressions made on him by objects underwent considerable refraction before reaching his mind. His brain was a peculiar medium; the ideas which passed through it merged all twisted. The reflections resulting from such refraction were inevitably divergent and deviant.

Hence innumerable optical illusions, innumerable aberrations of judgement, innumerable diversions for his errant thoughts, now wild, now idiotic.

样,闪着淡黄色的金光。她那纤细秀足也是安达卢西亚人式的,穿在秀丽的鞋子里显得合适而又舒服。她在一张随便扔在脚下的破波斯地毯上跳着舞,旋转着,飞旋着;当她每次转过身来,那张光洁的脸蛋儿从您眼前闪过的时候,她那双乌黑的大眼睛会向您投射灼灼的目光。

她周围的每个人都盯着她,嘴巴张得很大。实际上,当她用两只洁白匀称的手臂把一只巴斯克小手鼓举过头顶敲着,就这样跟着鼓点起舞时;她那纤细,柔弱的身材转动起来象胡蜂那样活跃;她穿着平整无褶的金色紧身胸衣,色彩鲜艳的服装在飞快地转动着,她那裸露着的肩膀,不时在裙子下面露出的那双纤细的小腿;乌黑的秀发,闪光的眼睛,真是一个超自然的生灵。

* * *

在一具不健全的身体里,精神也一定会萎靡不振,这是毫无疑问的。卡西莫多几乎意识不到会有一个依照他的形象制成的灵魂,在他身体内盲目地活动着。事物的形象先得经过一阵巨大的折射后,才能反应到他的内心。他的大脑是一种特殊的媒体,经过大脑的东西没有不被扭曲的。经过这种折射得到的结果,一定是偏离正轨的。

因此,他产生过无数视觉上的幻影,无数判断上的失误,还有无数思想上的偏向,经常胡思乱想,时而疯狂,时而痴呆。

The first effect of this fatal organism was to disturb the way he looked at things. He had almost no direct perception of them. The outside world seemed much further away to him than to us.

The second effect of his misfortune was to make him vicious.

He was in fact vicious because he avoided people; he avoided people because he was ugly. There was a logic in his nature as there is in ours.

His strength, so extraordinarily developed, was a further cause of viciousness. '*Malus puer robustus*', says Hobbes. 'The strong boy is vicious.'

Besides, to be fair to him, his viciousness was perhaps not innate. From his earliest steps among men he had felt, then seen himself the object of jeers, condemnation, rejection. Human speech for him always meant mockery or curses. As he grew older he had found nothing but hatred around him. He had caught it. He had acquired the general viciousness. He had picked up the weapon with which he had been wounded.

After all this he turned towards mankind only with reluctance. His cathedral was sufficient for him. It was peopled by marble figures, kings, saints, bishops, who at least did not burst out laughing in his face and looked on him only with serenity and benevolence. The other statues, of monsters and demons, showed no hatred for Quasimodo. He resembled them too closely for that. They kept their mockery rather for other men. The saints were his friends, and blessed him; the mon-

这种命中注定的生命体,造成的第一个结果就是他看事物的目光受到干扰。他对外界事物几乎接受不到任何直接的感知。外部世界与他之间的距离看来要比我们远得多。

他的不幸所造成的第二个结果,就是使他变得很堕落。

他确实很恶毒,因为他要躲避人们;而对人们的躲避是因为他长得太丑。在他的天性中也有和我们一样的逻辑。

他的气力得到了很大的发展,也是他恶毒的原因之一。霍布斯曾说过,(原文为拉丁文——译者注)“强壮的孩子都很凶恶。”

此外,对他也应当公平一些,恶毒也许并不是他的天性。他自从来到人间,便感觉到,然后又看到自己是一种别人嘲笑、指责、排斥的对象。人类对他说的话,也总是带着一种嘲弄和诅咒的意思。在他慢慢地长大时,发现自己周围所遇到的只有仇恨。他便忍受了,也染上了普遍的恶性。他把别人用来伤害他的武器捡起来自己用。

结果,他即使把脸扭向人类,也总是很勉强。他的教堂对他已经足够了。里面到处都是用大理石雕塑的人们,有国王、圣徒、主教,至少他们不会冲着自己大声嘲笑,总是用安详而又和善的眼光望着他。其他的雕像虽然是些妖魔鬼怪,却对他卡西莫多并不带有仇恨。他在这方面很像它们,它们当然也不会恨他。它们一定不愿去嘲笑别人的。圣徒们是他的朋友,

sters were his friends, and protected him. So he would pour out his heart to them at length. So he would sometimes spend hours at a time squatting in front of one of these statues, in solitary conversation with it. If anyone happened to appear, he would flee like a lover surprised while serenading.

* * *

He had let himself be led and pushed, carried, perched, bound and bound again. All that could be read on his face was the astonishment of a savage or an idiot. He was known to be deaf, it was as though he were also blind.

He was made to kneel on the circular planks, he let them do it. They stripped him of shirt and doublet down to his waist, he let them do it. They trussed him up in a new system of straps and buckles, he let them buckle and bind him. He merely snorted noisily from time to time, like a calf with its head hanging and jolting over the side of the butcher's cart.

‘The dolt,’ Jehan Frollo du Moulin said to his friend Robin Poussepain (for the two students had followed the victim, as might be expected); ‘he doesn’t understand any more than a cockchafer shut up in a box!’

The crowd could not control their mirth when they saw Quasimodo’s naked hump, his camel’s chest, his calloused, shaggy shoulders. While all this merriment was going on, a short sturdy-looking man in the town’s livery climbed up on to the platform and stood by the victim. His name ran quickly through the public. It was Maître Pierrat Torterue, sworn torturer of the Châtelet.

会保佑他的；妖怪也是他的朋友，也会保护他。因此，他便常向它们倾诉自己的衷肠。有时一连几个钟头，蹲在随便哪一尊雕像跟前，独自与它谈天。如果有人出现，他就像一个正唱着小夜曲、而猛吃一惊地情人似的赶紧跑开。

* * *

卡西莫多所任别人把他牵着、推着、抬着、举着，把他绑了又绑。在他的脸上只是流露出一种野人或白痴般的惊奇。他是个聋子，这是众所周知的，而现在，他好象也是个瞎子。

他被放到轮盘上，让他跪下，他按要求做了；他的上衣和衬衫被脱到腰部，他让人随便摆布；那些人用一套新的皮条和环扣把他捆上，他也让那些人系绳子把他捆住。他只是不时地喘着粗气，象是一头被绑在屠夫大车上的小牛似的，脑袋在车沿上耷拉着晃来晃去。

“这是个白痴！”约翰·弗洛罗对他的朋友罗班·普斯潘说道（这两个学生自然跟着犯人来了）。“他并不比一只关在盒子里的金龟子聪明！”

当人们看到卡西莫多那赤裸着的驼背鸡胸，以及起老茧的长满茸毛的肩膀，便忍不住狂笑不止。正在大伙快活的时刻，平台上爬上一个身穿城防制服的矮壮军兵，站到了犯人的一旁。他的名字立即就在观众中传开了，这就是小堡宣过誓的刽子手——皮埃拉·托特吕。

He began by setting down in one corner of the pillory a black hourglass, whose upper cup was filled with red sand which filtered through to the lower one. Then he took off his parti-coloured surcoat, and they saw hanging from his right hand a thin, slender whip of long, white, shiny, knotted, plaited thongs, armed with metal hooks. With his left hand he casually rolled up his shirt sleeve round his right arm up to the armpit.

Meanwhile Jehan Frollo raised his fair curly head above the crowd (climbing on Robin Poussepain's shoulders to that end) and cried: 'Come and look, ladies and gentlemen! They are about to give a peremptory flogging to Maitre Quasimodo, bell-ringer to my brother, Monsieur the Archdeacon of Josas, a weird bit of oriental architecture, with a dome for a back, and twisted columns for legs!'

And the crowd laughed, especially the children and the girls.

At length the torturer stamped his foot. The wheel began to turn. Quasimodo staggered in his bonds. The stupefaction suddenly depicted on his deformed features provoked renewed gusts of laughter all round.

Suddenly, just as the rotating wheel presented Quasimodo's mountainous back to Maitre Pierrat, the latter raised his arm. The slender thongs hissed sharply through the air like a bunch of snakes and came down furiously on the poor wretch's shoulders.

Quasimodo jerked up as if suddenly roused from sleep. He was beginning to understand. He writhed in his bonds; a violent spasm of surprise and pain distorted the muscles of his face; but he uttered not a sigh. He merely

他开始把一只黑色的沙漏,放到耻辱柱的一个角落上。让瓶子中装满了红色细沙,泻向下面的容器。随后脱掉身上那件斑驳陆离的多色外衣,只见他右手拿着一根细长的皮鞭,那是用白色的长皮条编制而成,闪闪发光,疙疙瘩瘩,还带金属吊钩。他用左手漫不经心地把右臂衬衫的袖子一直挽到腋窝下。

与此同时,约翰·弗洛罗(爬到罗班·普斯潘的肩膀上)在人群中探出他那个金色卷发的脑袋,大声喊道:“女士们,先生们,来看看吧!马上就要强行鞭打卡西莫多先生了,那是我的哥哥,若札副主教大人的敲钟人,一个古怪的东方建筑,背上背着个圆屋顶,两腿长成弯弯曲曲的柱子!”

人们都欢声大笑起来,特别是那些孩子以及姑娘们。

终于,刽子手跺了一下脚,圆盘开始转了起来。捆绑着的卡西莫多,晃了一晃。畸形的脸突然露出的惊慌神色,使周围的观众笑得更欢了。

当旋转着的轮盘猛然把卡西莫多的驼背转到皮埃拉大人的眼前时,皮埃拉大人举起了手臂,细长的皮条有如一团毒蛇,在空中发出刺耳的嘶嘶声,猛烈地抽打在那个可怜的不幸人的肩膀上。

卡西莫多晃动了一下,象在梦中猛然惊醒了似的,他才明白过来。他在绑索里折腾着,脸上的肌肉在惊愕和痛苦中猛烈地抽搐着。但是,他却没有任何呻吟,只是把

turned his head backwards, to the right, then to the left, swinging it about like a bull stung on its flank by a horsefly.

A second blow followed the first, then a third, and another, continuously. The wheel did not stop turning nor the blows raining down. Soon the blood spurted, and could be seen trickling in countless streams over the hunchback's black shoulders, and the slender thongs as they whirled slashing through the air sprinkled drops of it over the crowd.

Quasimodo had resumed, at least apparently, his original impassivity. He had first tried silently and with no great outward effort to burst his bonds. They had seen his eye blaze, his muscles tense, his limbs gather themselves, and the straps and chains stretch. The effort was mighty, prodigious, desperate; but the provost's old restraints held out. They creaked, and that was all. Quasimodo fell back in exhaustion. The stupefaction written on his features gave way to a mood of bitter, profound dejection. He closed his one eye, let his head drop on to his chest and looked as if he were dead.

* * *

Quasimodo was deaf, but he could see clearly enough, and the people's fury was written no less vigorously on their faces than in their words. Besides, the stones that hit him explained the laughter.

He stuck it out at first. But gradually his patience, hardened under the torturer's whip, bent and gave way before all these insect bites. The Asturian bull, unmoved by the picador's attacks, is irritated by the dogs and banderillas.

他的头往后、向右、向左地来回摇晃着,像一头被牛虻咬着肋部的公牛。

第一鞭打过后,紧接着是第二鞭,第三鞭,接连不断。轮盘不停地旋转,皮鞭象纷纷落下的雨点,很快就冒出了鲜血,在黝黑的驼背上、肩膀上出现了无数条血流,而细长的皮条在空中挥舞时,鲜血飞溅,撒到人群中间。

卡西莫多至少在表面上又恢复了原先那种冷漠的表情。他先是不露声色,外表上也看不出什么动静,却在暗中使劲,想要挣断身上的绑索。众人看见他独眼冒火,肌肉紧绷,四肢收缩在一起,皮带和链条被拉得很紧。这种挣扎有力而又近似绝望。然而,那种刑具只是响了一声,仅仅如此。而卡西莫多在精疲力尽中放弃了这种努力。脸上也由惊愕换成痛苦和深深地沮丧的表情。他闭起了那一只眼睛,把脑袋垂到胸前,看上去象是死了似的。

* * *

卡西莫多虽然耳聋,却看得很清晰,人们在愤怒地咒骂着,同样也在表情上流露出来。况且,扔过来的石头,也表明人们在笑着什么。

起初他并不为之所动,但是在这些卑鄙的人的刺激下,渐渐地激动起来。对斗牛士的进攻几乎从不介意的阿斯图里亚的公牛,却被狗和短标枪所激怒。

He began by looking round the crowd threateningly. But trussed as he was, his look was quite unable to drive away these flies biting at his wound. Then he struggled in his bonds, and his frenzied convulsions made the old pillory wheel creak on its boards. All that only increased the catcalls and jeers.

Then the poor wretch, unable to burst the bonds which chained him like a wild animal, grew quiet again. Only intermittently did a groan of rage swell every cavity in his chest. His face showed no sign of shame or blushes. He was too far from the social state and too near the state of nature to know what shame was. Besides, with such a degree of deformity, is infamy something that can be felt? But anger, hatred, despair slowly covered that hideous face with a cloud that grew darker and darker, full of more and more electricity which burst out as incessant lightning flashes from that Cyclops' eye.

However, this cloud lightened momentarily as a mule passed through the crowd with a priest on its back. At his first distant sight of this mule and this priest the poor victim's face softened, the fury contracting it gave way to a strange smile, full of ineffable gentleness, docility, and affection. As the priest drew nearer this smile became clearer, more distinct, more radiant. It was as though the poor wretch was greeting the arrival of a saviour. However, just as the mule came close enough to the pillory for its rider to recognize the victim, the priest dropped his eyes, abruptly turned back, spurred his mule as though in a hurry to avoid humiliating recriminations and

他开始用威胁的眼光巡视着人群,但是,由于他还被绑在那里,他的眼光不能把那群叮在他伤口上的苍蝇赶走。于是,他就在绑绳中用力挣扎着,愤怒地扭动着,扭得那陈旧的轮盘木轴也在吱吱作响。这些只是让那些观众笑得更凶了。

于是,这个可怜的不幸者像一头被锁住的野兽似的,在不能挣脱身上的锁链以后,重新又平静了下来。只是不时地鼓起胸膛,发出一声愤怒的叹息。他的脸上也毫无羞愧之色。他平时离这个社会太远,离自然状态又太近,也不知羞愧是什么呢。除此之外,象他这种程度的畸形人儿,怎么能感到羞耻呢?然而,愤怒、仇恨、绝望,却在这张丑陋的脸上慢慢地堆上了一层乌云,它变得越来越暗,堆积起来的负荷也越来越多,从这独眼里不断闪现出一道道似闪电的光芒。

然而,当一个骑在骡背上的牧师,穿过人群时,这个可怜的不幸者远远地望见那头骡子和牧师以后,这个可怜的犯人的脸上变得温柔起来,在刚才愤怒的面孔上,浮现出一种很奇怪的微笑,充满一种说不出的温和、顺从和亲情。随着这位牧师渐渐地走近,这种笑容也就益发明朗,更是容光焕发了。这位可怜的不幸者正在迎接救星的到来,可是,在骡子走近耻辱柱,使骑骡子的人足以认出那位犯人时,牧师却低下眼睛,突然折了回去,用踢马刺踢着他的骡子,急忙离开,仿佛要避开那个可怜的丑八

most unwilling to be greeted and recognized by a poor devil in such a situation.

This priest was the archdeacon, Dom Claude Frollo.

The cloud returned blacker than ever to Quasimodo's brow. The smile still mingled with it for a time, but now bitter, dejected, profoundly sad.

Time went by. He had been there for at least an hour and a half, lacerated, abused, mocked without respite, and almost stoned to death.

Suddenly he struggled again in his chains in renewed desperation, which shook the whole framework supporting him, and breaking the silence which he had obstinately kept so far, he cried in a hoarse, furious voice, more like a bark than a human cry, and rising above the noise of jeers: 'A drink!'

This exclamation of distress, far from exciting compassion, was added entertainment for the good Parisian people round the ladder and who, it must be said, taken in the mass and as a multitude, were then scarcely less cruel and less brutalized than that horrible tribe of truands to whom we have already introduced the reader, and who were quite simply the lowest stratum of the people. Not one voice was raised around the unhappy victim but to mock him for his thirst. Certainly at that moment he was even more grotesque and repulsive than pitiable, with his streaming, purple face, his distraught eye, his mouth frothing with rage and pain, his tongue half lolling out. It must be said too that had there

怪什么耻辱性的要求似的,在这种环境中,他不情愿接受一个认出他的可怜虫对自己的致敬。

这个牧师就是克罗德·弗洛罗副主教。

卡西莫多的脸上又笼上了一层阴云,而且更加晦暗了。阴云中虽然一时还有笑容,但其中却夹杂着一一种痛苦、沮丧和深深地悲哀。

时间渐渐地流逝。他在那里至少已经呆了一个半小时了,不停地遭人殴打、辱骂、嘲弄,而且几乎被石头砸死。

突然,他重新又绝望地在绳索的捆绑中拼命地挣扎着,使那个支撑他的整个木架随之晃动起来。他本来一直都是闭口不语,这时却打破了沉默,用嘶哑的嗓子愤怒地呼喊,听起来与其说那是人的叫喊声,倒不如说是狗吠,压过了全场的喧闹声,他吼叫道:“水!”

这声悲痛的喊叫,不仅远没有激起观众的同情,却反给梯子四周围观的巴黎平民平添了一个笑料。应该说明的是,这些平民,作为一个整体而言,就其残忍无情来说并不亚于那帮令人恐惧的无赖汉。我们对此在前面已经给读者介绍了,他们仅仅是市民阶层中最低层次的人。那不幸的罪人的周围除了一阵为他的渴而引起的嘲笑以外,再没有什么别的声音了。当然,在这个时刻,他不仅显得很可怜,而且还更显得有些奇怪,也很令人讨厌。只见他汗流如注,脸涨得发紫,发狂了的眼睛,嘴角上因愤怒和痛苦而冒着白沫,大部分