



读名著 学英语

英汉双语经典阅读

悲惨世界

les misérables



天津科学技术出版社



语·英汉双语经典阅读
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悲 惨 世 界

Les Miserables



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编译者名单

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❀ 简 介 ❀

维克多·雨果（Victor Hugo 1820—1885），法国诗人、小说家及剧作家，主导法国浪漫主义运动。他在法国被尊崇为著名的抒情诗人，在其他国家则以小说《钟楼怪人》（Notre-Dame a Paris）与《悲惨世界》（Les Miserables）闻名。《悲惨世界》一书，是浪漫主义文学的代表作品，文学史家们称其为新剧和新小说的重要先驱之一，名声遍及全世界。从1911年第一部《悲惨世界》的影片上映至今，已有八位导演拍过这部文学名著，其中以1957年让·保罗（Jean-Paul）所执导的《悲惨世界》最忠实于原文。小说的片段，几乎每一个环节、每一个大小重点都被体现在电影情节中。

小说的情节是这样的。冉阿让因偷了一块面包被捕，19年后出狱，走投无路的他被主教收留，他却偷走了主教的银器。警察逮住他后，主教并没有把他再次送进监狱，反而又送给他一座银制的烛台，冉阿让受到感化，从此洗心革面奋发向上，十年后成为小镇市长和成功的商人。这时，以前缉拿过他的警长沙威出现，一心要找他的麻烦。而他这时需要照顾他工厂里的女工芳汀，并应承了照顾她的私生女的重任。一个是改恶向善的冉阿让，另一个是相信人一旦失足便终生堕落的警长，两人之间的纠葛与较量推动着全剧的发展。

《悲惨世界》是以真实的事件为蓝本而创作的，当时一个贫苦农民因偷了一块面包被判五年苦役，出狱后又因黄色身份证而不能就业，这深深触动了雨果，他花了十七年的时间完成了这部巨著。在“作者序”中，雨果指明了创作目的：揭露法律和习俗对人的压迫，暴露这个世界贫困如何使男子潦倒、饥饿如何使女人堕落、黑暗如何使儿童羸弱，期望这部小说能够暴露社会问题并对其解决有所裨益。

❀ 小说人物关系谱 ❀

Jean Valjean冉阿让——故事的主人公，被判入狱十九年，出狱后痛改前非，改名为马德兰（Mr. Madeleine）并当了市长，在马吕斯与珂赛特的陪伴下，冉阿让安详地与世长辞

Bishop Myriel米里哀主教——迪涅地区的主教，冉阿让出狱后唯一愿意收留他的人，以爱心和宽容感动了冉阿让，由此改变了冉阿让的一生

Javert沙威——警察巡官，始终追捕苦役犯冉阿让，后来发现了冉阿让的爱与善良，停止追捕，最后选择自尽

Fantine芳汀——马德兰先生工厂的一名女工珂赛特的母亲，为穷困所迫，为养育女儿卖掉了自己的头发和牙齿，后来病逝

Cosette珂赛特——芳汀的女儿，马德兰先生偶遇芳汀并了解了珂赛特的情况以后，带她在修道院生活，直到她长大，过上幸福的生活

Thenardier德纳第夫妇——滑铁卢中士客栈的老板，凶狠且爱钱如命，芳汀把珂赛特寄养在他们家

Marius马吕斯——一个代表革命的年轻人，爱上珂赛特，最后两人结婚

Eponine爱潘妮——德纳第夫妇的大女儿，暗恋马吕斯，但马吕斯并不爱她，最后在马吕斯怀里断了气

Enjolras安灼拉——革命青年的领袖，马吕斯的好朋友，街垒失陷后被政府军枪杀

Gavroche伽弗洛什——德纳第夫妇的第三个孩子，为革命捐躯

So long as there shall exist, by virtue of law and custom, decrees of damnation pronounced by society, artificially creating hells amid the civilization of earth, and adding the element of human fate to divine destiny; so long as the three great problems of the century—the degradation of man through pauperism, the corruption of woman through hunger, the crippling of children through lack of light—are unsolved; so long as social asphyxia is possible in any part of the world; in other words, and with a still wider significance, so long as ignorance and poverty exist on earth, books of the nature of *Les Misérables* cannot fail to be of use.

——Victor Hugo

HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, 1862.

只是要是法律和习俗造成的社会压迫还存在，这种压迫就会在人类文明的鼎盛时期创造一个人间地狱，毁灭人类与生俱来的幸运；只要本世纪的三大问题还得不到解决——贫困使男人颓废，饥饿使妇女堕落，黑暗使儿童羸弱；只要世界上还存在社会阶层的毒害，换句话说，也是从更广的意义来说，只要世界上还存在无知和贫困，像《悲惨世界》这种性质的作品就是无裨益的。

——维克多·雨果

一八六二年于奥特维尔别墅

In 1802, in the south of France, the convicts from the galley with bonds were walking towards the donkeywork fields. Laws were cruel to the poor. These people became desperate because of poverty and committed the crime because of desperation. They were obliged to do the hardest and the most insignificant work in the stone pit of Toulon.



“Did you see that person? You could never judge that he had tried to flee away for several times.” The police chief, pointing at one convict, said to his son.

Suddenly there was a bomb opposite to them. Some convicts were pressed by big stones; time allowed no delay. The police chief stood quietly. The convict hurried to smack the shackle and tries to save the convicts. Consequently, the convicts were saved, but he was sentenced to another three-year imprisonment.

The convict was Jean Valjean. He was sentenced into prison for five years for having taken a loaf of bread. Later on, he tried to flee away twice. When he got the freedom, he had passed nineteen years in the galleys.



1802年，在法国南部，带着镣铐的囚犯正走向苦役场。法律对穷人是残酷的。这些人因贫困而绝望，因绝望而走向犯罪的道路。在土伦的采石场上，他们被迫干最苦的甚至是最无意义的活。

“这个人你看见了吗？他逃役过好几次了，看不出来吧。”警长指着一个囚犯对自己的儿子说。

这时，只听到对面一声爆炸，有几个囚犯被炸开的石头压住了，不及时解救就来不及了。警长站在那儿一动不动，而一个囚犯却赶紧用石头砸断自己脚镣，跑去救那些被压着的囚犯。结果那些囚犯被救了，而他因脚镣被砸断而又被判三年苦役。

这个囚犯叫冉阿让，他曾被判五年苦役，只因为他偷了一个面包。冉阿让后来又逃过两次，当自由终于来到的时候，他已经服了十九年的苦役。

“Jean Valjean, here are your personal things. Take a bath, cut the hair and get rid of the louses. This is your list. One hundred and nine francs fifteen sous. Sign here. And this is your yellow paper. Show it when you pass the blocks, otherwise they will send you back the prison, understand?” shouted a police.



He was free, but this was not the true freedom as he had no power, no jobs and no dwelling. Although the shackle was removed, he should show the yellow paper everywhere. It was as heavy as the bullet and the shackle. The poor could not help him; the rich closed the doors at the sight of him. Jean Valjean had been walking for four days. That evening, when he arrived in Dier, he went to an inn, and they turned him out because of his yellow passport. He went to other inns. No one would take him. He went to the prison; the jailer would not admit him. He went into a dog's kennel; the dog bit him and chased him off. He went into the fields, intending to sleep in the open air, beneath the stars. There were no stars. He thought it was going to rain, and he reentered the town, to seek the recess of a doorway. In the square, a good woman pointed out the Bishop—Mr. Myriel's house to him.



“你的东西，冉阿让。好好洗个澡，理理发，把虱子清理干净。这是你的清单。一百零九法郎，十五苏。签字吧。这是你的证件，过卡子的时候要给他们看看，要不会扣住你，把你带回来，懂吗？”一个狱警朝他吼道。

自由了，可是没有权力，没有工作，没有住处，这算是自由？虽然镣铐已经除掉，但是到处都要验那个黄色证件，它还不是与子弹和镣铐一样沉重吗？穷人无法帮助他，富人见到他就把大门关上。走了四天，天黑时冉阿让来到了迪涅。他到过一家客栈，只因为黄色证件而被人赶了出来；他去过其他的客栈，哪家也不收留他；他又到了监狱，看门人也不开门；他到过狗窝，被狗咬了并被撵出来；他跑到田里，打算露天过一宿，可是天上没有星星。他想，要下雨了，只好再回到城里，想找个门洞。在广场，一个好心的婆婆让他敲大主教米里哀先生的门。



Mr. Myriel was Bishop of Dier. He was an old man of about seventy-five years of age; he had occupied the see of Dier—since 1806. He was in all things just, true, equitable, intelligent, humble and dignified, beneficent and kindly, which is

only another sort of benevolence. He was a priest, a sage, and a man. As the bishop, Mr. Myriel received a yearly income of five hundred francs, which sufficed for her personal wants at the vicarage, but he settled on the disposition of this sum for religious establishments, the prisoners and the poor, only 1,000 livres for personal expenses.

What's more, he donated the episcopal palace to establish a hospital for the local people and he took up his abode in a shabby house adjacent to the hospital. The Bishop even converted his carriage into alms, but he never omitted his pastoral visits. The diocese of Dier—is a fatiguing one. There are very few plains and a great many mountains; hardly any roads; to visit all these is quite a task. The Bishop managed to do it. He went on foot when it was in the neighborhood, in a tilted spring-cart when it was on the plain, and on a donkey in the mountains.

米里哀先生是迪涅的主教，一个75岁左右的老人，从1806年起就担任迪涅区主教之职，他总是那么正直、诚实、公平、明智、谦虚、高尚、乐善好施、关心别人。米里哀先生是一个神父，一个贤士，也是一个大丈夫。身为主教，米里哀先生每年从政府领取500法郎的俸禄，可是他把他的薪俸用来修建教会，帮助囚犯和穷人，自己只留下1 000利弗作为个人生活开支。

并且，他把政府给他的主敎院让出来在当地建了医院，自己搬到主敎院旁边一个简陋的小房子里去住了。主教先生甚至把他的马车换成了救济款，但是他并没有因此而减少他的巡回视察工作。在迪涅教区这个苦地方，平原少，山地多，几乎看不到路，要在那里巡视所有的地方，确实是个问题，主教先生却能完成任务。如果是在附近，他就步行；在平原，他就坐破烂的小马车；在山里，他就骑毛驴。

Every time he went to other cities on a donkey, he would be sneered at, as it was strange to see the bishop riding a donkey to go for his trip. Actually, his purse was very dry at that moment, which did not permit him any other equipage. Mr. Myriel had an elderly sister, Miss Baptistine, who was ten years younger. She was a long, pale, thin, gentle creature; she can even be called the angel from heaven. Their only domestic was a female servant of the same age as Miss Baptistine, and named Miss Magloire, who was a little, fat, white old woman, corpulent and bustling; always out of breath—in the first place, because of her activity, and in the next, because of her asthma. At that moment when Miss Magloire and Miss Baptistine were talking about the door bar, there came a tolerably violent knock on the door.

“Come in,” said the Bishop. Jean Valjean entered, leaving the door open behind him. He had his knapsack on his shoulders, his cudgel in his hand, a rough, audacious, weary, and violent expression in his eyes. The fire on the hearth lighted him up. He was hideous. It was a sinister apparition.



每次他骑着毛驴去别的城市，总会被人家耻笑，一个主教居然会骑着一头毛驴。那时他确实身无分文，没有其他代步工具。米里哀先生有个比他小10岁的妹妹——巴狄斯丁，她身材瘦长、

面貌清纯、性情温厚，简直可以说是落在人间的仙女。他们只有一个佣人——和巴狄斯丁同岁的女仆，名叫马格洛。马格洛身材矮胖、整天忙忙碌碌、终日气喘吁吁，一方面因为她勤劳，另一方面也因为她有气喘病。

一天，正当马格洛兴高采烈地和“姑娘”谈关于大门的门闩问题时，有人敲门，而且敲得很凶。

“请进。”主教说。冉阿让走了进来，没有关门。肩上背着布袋，手里拿着木棍，眼里透有粗野、鲁莽、疲倦和凶暴的神情。壁炉里的火照着他，显得凶恶可怕，他简直是魔鬼的化身。



Without waiting for the Bishop to speak, he said, in a loud voice: "My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict from the galleys. I have passed nineteen years in the galleys. I have been walking for four days since I left Toulon; I have travelled a dozen leagues today on foot today. I am very

weary and very hungry too. I have money. One hundred and nine francs fifteen sous, which I earned in the galleys by my labor, in the course of nineteen years. I will pay. Are you willing that I should remain and you give me something to eat?"

Miss Magloire trembled, and stood with her mouth wide open. Miss Baptistine half started up in terror; then, turning her head and observed her brother, and her face became once more profoundly calm and serene. The Bishop fixed a tranquil eye on the man.

"Come in, please." The Bishop took Jean Valjean in and put Jean Valjean's knapsack and his cudgel in a corner. "And Miss Magloire, another fork and spoon."

Miss Magloire retired to execute these orders.

还没等米里哀先生开口，他便大声说：“我叫冉阿让，是个苦役犯，在监牢里呆了19年。我从土伦来，已经走了4天了，今天一天又走了12法里，我累极了，也饿得很。我有钱，109法郎15苏，这是我在监牢里用19年的时间赚来的。我可以付您钱。您肯让我歇下并给我一些吃的吗？”

马格洛大吃一惊，目瞪口呆地站在那儿。巴狄斯丁姑娘也吓得快站不住了，慢慢地转过头去，望着她哥，面色也逐渐深沉而平静下来。主教却用镇静的目光瞧着那人。

“快进来吧。”米里哀先生一面说，一面接过他的布袋和棍子，放在屋角里。“马格洛，加一副刀叉。”

马格洛立即执行了命令。

The Bishop turned to the man. “Sit down, sir. We are going to sup in a few moments, and your bed will be soon prepared.”

When Jean Valjean heard the word “sir”, in such a gently grave and polished voice, his face lighted up. A convict was respected as a sir, which was so luxurious, but every man desired to be respected.

“Oh, what a fine priest! Then you are not going to demand any money of me?”

“No,” said the Bishop, “keep your money.” The Bishop sighed deeply, and then he asked his servant Miss Magloire to place the several sets of glittering silver forks and spoons upon the cloth. Miss Magloire went out without saying a word, and a moment later the three sets of silver forks and spoons demanded by the Bishop were glittering upon the cloth, symmetrically arranged before the three persons seated at the table.



主教转过身来，朝着那人：“先生，请坐吧。等一会儿，我们就吃晚饭，您的床也会准备好的。”

当他听到主教用他那种柔和严肃、真诚待客的声音说出“先生”那两个字

时，冉阿让喜形于色。“先生”对于罪犯是个奢侈的称呼，但是任何人都渴望得到这样的尊重。

“呵，好神父！那么您不要我的钱吧？”

“不用付账，”主教说，“留着您的钱吧。”主教深深地叹了一口气。这时主教又吩咐女仆马格洛摆上那几套招待客人用的闪闪发光的银具。马格洛一声不响，走了出去，一会儿，主教要的那三副亮闪闪的餐具，整整齐齐地摆在了三位用餐人的面前。



The Bishop then went to get the two silver candlesticks from the chimney-piece in his own bed-chamber, and placed them, lighted, on the table.

Supper had been served: soup, made with water, oil, bread, and salt; a little bacon, a bit of mutton, figs, a fresh

cheese, and a large loaf of rye bread. The Bishop asked a blessing; then helped the soup himself, according to his custom.

Jean Valjean paid no attention to any one. He had observed the six sets of silver forks and spoons and the ladle which Miss Magloire had placed on the table.

Jean Valjean ate voraciously. After supper, he was not paying much heed to anything then. He was no longer talking, and he seemed very much fatigued. Miss Magloire cleared the table very promptly in order to allow him to go to sleep. A moment later, the Bishop sent Miss Magloire down to carry to the man's bed a goat skin. The nights are frigid, and that keeps one warm. It is a pity that this skin is old; all the hair is falling out.

主教走进自己的卧室，从壁炉上取下了那两个银烛台，点好放在了桌上。

晚餐备好了，一盆用白开水、植物油、面包和盐做的汤，还有一点烤肉、一块羊肉、无花果、新鲜乳酪和一大块黑麦面包。主教依照他的习惯，先做祷告，再亲手分汤。

冉阿让没有注意别人，他只看到马格洛放在桌上的那六副银的刀叉和汤勺。

冉阿让狼吞虎咽地吃了起来。饭后，他已经不大留心别的东西，注意力已不怎么集中了。他不再说话，显得非常疲倦。马格洛赶忙收拾桌子，让他去休息。过了一会儿，主教又叫马格洛把那张羊皮送到冉阿让的房间，夜间寒冷，那东西可以御寒。可惜那张羊皮已经旧了，毛都已经掉光了。

The next morning at sunrise, when Mr. Bienvenu was strolling leisurely in his garden, Miss Magloire ran up to him in complete horror.

“Sir, sir!” she exclaimed, “do you know where the basket of silver is?”

“Yes,” replied the Bishop.

The Bishop had just picked up the basket in a flower-bed. He presented it to Miss Magloire.

“Here it is.”

“Well!” said she. “Nothing in it! And the silver?”

“Ah,” returned the Bishop, “so it is the silver which troubles you? I don't know where it is.”



次日破晓，主教正在他的院中悠闲地散步，马格洛慌慌张张地向他跑来。

“主教，主教，”她喊着说，“您知道那装银器的篮子在什么地方吗？”

“知道。”主教说。

主教刚在花坛下拾起了那

篮子，交给马格洛。

“篮子在这里。”

“噢？”她说。“里面什么也没有！那些银器呢？”

“呀，”主教回答说，“您原来是问银器啊？我也不知道。”



“Great, good God! That convict who was here last night has stolen it. But sir, the man is gone! The silver has been stolen!” As she uttered this exclamation, her eyes fell upon a corner of the garden, where traces of the wall having been scaled were visible. The coping of the wall had

been torn away. “Stay! There is the way he went. Ah, the abomination! He has stolen our silver!”

The Bishop remained silent for a moment; then he raised his grave eyes, and said gently to Miss Magloire: “Miss Magloire, I have for a long time detained that silver wrongfully. It should have belonged to the poor. Evidently, that man is a poor man.”

“A pretty idea, truly,” said Miss Magloire to herself, as she went and came, “to take in a man like that! And to lodge him in our house! And how fortunate that he did nothing but steal! Ah, it makes one shudder to think of it!” At this time, the door opened.

Three policemen holding a fourth man by the collar entered the door. The man was Jean Valjean.

“上帝啊！一定是昨天晚上那个苦役犯偷的！可是，那个人已经走了！银器也被偷走了。”她大声嚷着，忽然她注意到院子的一角上，还留下了明显的越墙的痕迹。墙上的垛子也弄掉了一个。“您看！他就是从那儿逃跑的。呀！可耻的家伙！他居然偷了我们的银器！”

主教沉默了片刻，随后深沉地、轻声地向马格洛说：“马格洛，那些银器已经搁置很久了。那本是属于穷人的。而那个人就是个穷人。”

“真想不到，”马格洛走来走去，自言自语道，“招待这样一个人，还让他睡在自己家里！幸亏他只偷了这点东西！我的上帝！想想都使人毛骨悚然。”正在这时，门开了。

三个警察抓着一个人的衣领进来了，这个人就是冉阿让。

“Sir,” said the brigadier of gendarmes, “We came across him. He was walking like a man who is running away. We stopped him to look into the matter. He had this silver.”

“Did he say anything?” asked the Bishop.

“No.”

“Ah. Why didn't you say the silver was sent to you? And the candlesticks, you forgot to take them away.” The Bishop stepped into the house, took the two silver candlesticks, and brought them to Jean Valjean. The two women looked on without uttering a word, without a gesture, without a look which could disconcert the Bishop. Jean Valjean was trembling in every limb. He took the two candlesticks mechanically, and with a bewildered air. He could not have told whether he was touched or humiliated. He perceived with dismay that the sort of frightful calm which the injustice of his misfortune had conferred upon him was giving way within him.



敬言 察队长说，“他在路上走的时候被我们碰到了。他的样子像是在逃跑。所以我们把他拦下来检查发现他手里拿着这些银器……”

“他说什么了吗？”主教问道。

“没有。”

“嗯。你怎么不说呢？这些银器是我送给你的，还有你的烛台，你忘了拿了。”他走进屋，拿了那两个银烛台，出来递给了冉阿让。那两个妇人在一旁站着，没敢说一个字，也没敢做一个手势或露一点神情去阻止主教，她们眼瞧着他的一举一动。冉阿让则全身发抖。他机械地接过了那两个烛台，不知所措，他说不出是受了感动还是受了侮辱。过去他所受的那种不公平的处罚早已使他决心从恶，现在他那种决心动摇了，反而感到不安。