

<<红字>>

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内容概要

《红字》是19世纪美国浪漫主义作家霍桑的长篇小说，发表于1850年。小说以两百多年前的殖民地时代的美洲为题材，但揭露的却是19世纪资本主义发展时代美利坚合众国社会典法的残酷、宗教的欺骗和道德的虚伪。主人公海丝特被写成了崇高道德的化身。她不但感化了表里不一的丁梅斯代尔，同时也在感化着充满罪恶的社会。小说惯用象征手法，人物、情节和语言都颇具主观想象色彩，在描写中又常把人的心理活动和直觉放在首位。因此，它不仅是美国浪漫主义小说的代表作，同时也被称作是美国心理分析小说的开创篇。

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作者简介

纳撒尼尔·霍桑（Nathaniel Hawthorne，1804—1864），美国19世纪影响最大的浪漫主义小说家，美国心理分析小说的开创者。爱伦·坡称他的小说“属于艺术的最高层次，一种唯有最高级别的天才方能驾驭的艺术”。霍桑对美国文学史上一批卓有成就的作家，诸如海明威、菲茨杰拉德、福克纳等，都产生过深远影响。

书籍目录

CHAPTER 1
THE PRISON-DOOR
CHAPTER 2
THE MARKET-PLACE
CHAPTER 3
THE RECOGNITION
CHAPTER 4
THE INTERVIEW
CHAPTER 5
HESTER AT HER NEEDLE
CHAPTER 6
PEARL
CHAPTER 7
THE GOVERNOR'S HALL
CHAPTER 8
THE ELF-CHILD AND THE MINISTER
CHAPTER 9
THE LEECH
CHAPTER 10
THE LEECH AND HIS PATIENT
CHAPTER 11
THE INTERIOR OF A HEART
CHAPTER 12
THE MINISTER'S VIGIL
CHAPTER 13
ANOTHER VIEW OF HESTER
CHAPTER 14
HESTER AND THE PHYSICIAN
CHAPTER 15
HESTER AND PEARL
CHAPTER 16
A FOREST WALK
CHAPTER 17
THE PASTOR AND HIS PARISHIONER
CHAPTER 18
A FLOOD OF SUNSHINE
CHAPTER 19
THE CHILD AT THE BROOK-SIDE
CHAPTER 20
THE MINISTER IN A MAZE
CHAPTER 21
THE NEW ENGLAND HOLIDAY
CHAPTER 22
THE PROCESSION
CHAPTER 23

THE REVELATION OF THE SCARLET LETTER
CHAPTER 24
CONCLUSION

章节摘录

How soon-with what strange rapidity, indeed!-did Pearl arrive at an age that was capable of social intercourse, beyond the mother's ever-readysmile and nonsense-words! And then what a happiness would it have been, could Hester Prynne have heard her clear, bird-like voice mingling with the uproar of other childish voices, and have distinguished and unravelled her own darling's tones, amid all the entangled outcry of a group of sportive children! But this could never be. Pearl was a born outcast of the infantile world. An imp of evil, emblem and product of sin, she had no right among christened infants. Nothing was more remarkable than the instinct, as it seemed, with which she could comprehend her loneliness; the destiny that had drawn an inviolable circle round about her; the whole peculiarity, in short, of her position in respect to other children. Never, since her release from prison, had Hester met the public gaze without her. In all her walks about the town, Pearl, too, was there; first as the babe in arms, and afterwards as the little girl, small companion of her mother, holding a forefinger with her whole grasp, and tripping along at the rate of three or four footsteps to one of Hester's. She saw the children of the settlement, on the grassy margin of the street, or at the domestic thresholds, disporting themselves in such grim fashion as the Puritanic nurture would permit; playing at going to church, perchance; or at scourging Quakers; or taking scalps in a sham-fight with the Indians; or scaring one another with freaks of imitative witchcraft. Pearl saw, and gazed intently, but never sought to make acquaintance. If spoken to, she would not speak again. If she could re-gathered about her, as they sometimes did, Pearl would grow positively terrible in her puny wrath, snatching up stones to fling at them, with shrill, incoherent exclamations, that made her mother tremble, because they had so much the sound of a witch's anathemas in some unknown tongue. The truth was, that the little Puritan, being of the most intolerant

brood that ever lived, had got a vague idea of something outlandish, unearthly, or at variance with ordinary fashions, in the mother and child; and therefore scorned them in their hearts, and not unfrequently reviled them with their tongues. Pearl felt the sentiment, and requited it with the bitterest hatred that can be supposed to rankle in a childish bosom. These outbreaks of a fierce temper had a kind of value, and even comfort, for her mother; because there was at least an intelligible earnestness in the mood, instead of the fitful caprice that so often thwarted her in the child's manifestations. It appalled her, nevertheless, to discern here, again, a shadowy reflection of the evil that had existed in herself. All this enmity and passion had Pearl inherited, by an inalienable right, out of Hester's heart. Mother and daughter stood together in the same circle of seclusion from human society; and in the nature of the child seemed to be perpetuated those unquiet elements that had distracted Hester Prynne before Pearl's birth, but had since begun to be soothed away by the softening influences of maternity. At home, within and around her mother's cottage, Pearl wanted not a wide and various circle of acquaintance. The spell of life went forth from her ever-creative spirit, and communicated itself to a thousand objects, as a torch kindles a flame wherever it may be applied. The unlikeliest materials—a stick, a bunch of rags, a flower—were the puppets of Pearl's witchcraft, and, without undergoing any outward change, became spiritually adapted to whatever drama occupied the stage of her inner world. Her one baby-voice served a multitude of imaginary personages, old and young, to talk withal. The pine-trees, aged, black and solemn, and flinging groans and other melancholy utterances on the breeze, needed little transformation to figure as Puritan elders; the ugliest weeds of the garden were their children, whom Pearl smote down and uprooted, most unmercifully. It was wonderful, the vast variety of forms into which she threw her intellect, with no continuity, indeed, but darting up and dancing, always in a state of pre-matural activity, — soon sinking down, as if exhausted by so rapid and feverish a tide of life, — and succeeded by other shapes of a similar wild energy. It was like nothing so much as the phantasmagoric play of the northern lights. In the mere exercise of the fancy, however, and the sportiveness of a growing mind, there might be little more than was observable in other children of bright faculties; except as Pearl, in the dearth of human playmates, was thrown more upon the visionary through which she created. The singularity lay in the hostile feelings with which the child regarded all these offspring of her own heart and mind. She never created a friend, but seemed always to be sowing broadcast the dragon's teeth, whence sprung a harvest of armed enemies, against whom she rushed to battle. It was inexpressibly sad — then what depth of sorrow to a mother, who felt in her own heart the cause! — to observe, in one so young, this constant

recognition of an adverse world, and so fierce a training of the energies that were to make good her cause, in the contest that must ensue. Gazing at Pearl, Hester Prynne often dropped her work upon her knees, and cried out with an agony which she would fain have hidden, but which made utterance for itself, betwixt speech and a groan,—"O Father in Heaven, if Thou art still my Father, what is this being which I have brought into the world!" And Pearl, overhearing the ejaculation, or aware, through some more subtle channel, of those throbs of anguish, would turn her vivid and beautiful little face upon her mother, smile with sprite-like intelligence, and resume her play.

One peculiarity of the child's deportment remains yet to be told. The very first thing which she had noticed in her life was—what?—not the mother's smile, responding to it, as other babies do, by that faint, embryonic smile of the little mouth, remembered so doubtfully afterwards, and with such fond discussion whether it were indeed a smile. By no means! But that first object of which Pearl seemed to become aware was—shall we say it?—the scarlet letter on Hester's bosom! One day, as her mother stooped over the cradle, the infant's eyes had been caught by the glimmering of the gold embroidery about the letter; and, putting up her little hand, she grasped at it.

媒体关注与评论

It is beautiful, admirable, extraordinary; it has in the highest degree that merit which I have spoken of as the mark of Hawthorne's best things—an indefinable purity and lightness of conception.... One can of ten return to it; it supports familiarity and has the inexhaustible charm and mystery of great works of art. ——Henry James

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编辑推荐

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