

<<月亮宝石>>

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内容概要

这部享有现代第一部优秀的长篇侦探小说美誉的作品《月亮宝石(英文版)》是柯林斯的代表作。故事围绕着印度的一颗镶嵌于月亮神额上的神秘宝石展开：几百年来，这颗受诅咒的宝石由三个婆罗门看护着，任何拿走宝石的人必将遭遇祸害；一位军官将宝石掠至英国，导致多人丧生，从而使作品广泛地反映了英国的社会现实，见出世路的艰辛与人性的险恶。

柯林斯是与狄更斯同时代的大作家，艺术手法娴熟，《月亮宝石(英文版)》中悬疑、跟踪、自杀、谋杀等神秘事件层见叠出，惊魂摄魄，多年来此书一直是青少年十分喜爱的英语读物。

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作者简介

柯林斯(1824-1889年), 英国小说家。

生于伦敦。

青年时期的柯林斯在从事写作之前, 当过茶商助手和律师, 1850年开始创作小说。

不久, 他与狄更斯结识, 后成为终生的朋友。

他的小说不但在狄更斯主编的《家常话》杂志上连载, 更在创作上互相影响。

柯林斯写过10余部长篇小说和一些短篇小说, 后期作品着重揭露不平等的社会和虚伪的道德观念, 如小说《没有姓名》(1862年)、《丈夫和妻子》(1870年)、《新玛格达琳》(1873年)。

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章节摘录

THE STORMING OF SERINGAPATAM (1799) -Extracted from a Family Paper ADDRESS these lines-written in India-to my relatives in England. My object is to explain the motive which has induced me to refuse the right hand of friendship to my cousin , JohnHerncastle. The reserve which I have hitherto maintained in this matter has been misinterpreted by members of myfamily whose good opinion I cannot consent to forfeit. I request them to suspend their decision until they have readmy narrative. And I declare , on my word of honour , thatwhat I am now about to write is , strictly and literally , thetruth. The private difference between my cousin and me tookits rise in a great public event in which we were bothconcerned-the storming of Seringapatam , under GeneralBaird , on the 4th of May , 1799. In order that the circumstances may be clearly understood , I must revert for a moment to the period before the assault , and to the stories current in our camp of the treasure in jewels and gold stored up in the Palace of Seringapatam. One of the wildest of these stories related to a YellowDiamond-a famous gem in the native annals of India. The earliest known traditions describe the stone as havingbeen set in the forehead of the four-handed Indian god whotypifies the Moon. Partly from its peculiar colour , partlyfrom a superstition which represented it as feeling the On the twenty-ninth of the month , Miss Rachel and Mr.Franklin hit on a new method of working their way togetherthrough the time which might otherwise have hung heavyon their hands. There are reasons for taking particular noticehere of the occupation that amused them. You will find it hasa bearing on something that is still to come. Gentlefolks in general have a very awkward rock aheadin life-the rock ahead of their own idleness. Their livesbeing , for the most part , passed in looking about them forsomething to do , it is curious to see-especially when theirtastes are of what is called the intellectual sort-how oftenthey drift blindfold into some nasty pursuit. Nine timesout of ten they take to torturing something , or to spoiling something-and they firmly believe they are improvingtheir minds , when the plain truth is , they are only makinga mess in the house. I have seen them (ladies , I am sorr}' to say , as well as gentlemen) go out , day after day , for example , with empty pill-boxes , and catch newts , and beetles , andspiders , and frogs , and come home and stick pins throughthe miserable wretches , or cut them up , without a pang of remorse , into little pieces. You see my young master , or myyoung mistress , poring over one of their spiders' insideswith a magnifying-glass; or you meet one of their frogswalking downstairs without his head-and when youwonder what this cruel nastiness means , you are told that itmeans a taste in my young master or my young mistress fornatural history. Sometimes , again , you see them occupiedfor hours together in spoiling a pretty flower with pointedinstruments , out of a stupid curiosity to know what theflower is made of. Is its colour any prettier , or its scent anysweeter , when you DO know? But there! The poor soulsmust get through the time , you see-they must get throughthe time. You dabbled in nasty mud , and made pies , whenyou were a child; and you dabble in nasty science , anddissect spiders , and spoil flowers , when you grow up. Inthe one case and in the other , the secret of it is , that youhave got nothing to think of in your poor empty head , andnothing to do with your poor idle hands. And so it ends inyour spoiling canvas with paints , and making a smell inthe house; or in keeping tadpoles in a glass box full of dirtywater , and turrung everybody's stomach in the house; or in chipping off bits of stone here , there , and everywhere , anddropping grit into all the victuals in the house; or in stainingyour fingers in the pursuit of photography , and doing justicewithout mercy on everybody's face in the house. It often fallsheavy enough , no doubt , on people who are really obligedto get their living , to be forced to work for the clothes thatcover them , the roof that shelters them , and the food thatkeeps them going. But compare the hardest day's work youever did with the idleness that splits flowers and pokes itsway into spiders' stomachs , and thank your stars that yourhead has got something it MUST think of , and your handssomething that they must do.

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编辑推荐

THE DEITY breathed the breath of his divinity on the Diamond in the forehead of the god. And the Brahmins knelt and hid their faces in their robes. The deity commanded that the Moonstone should be watched, from that time forth, by three priests in turn, night and day, to the end of the generations of men. And the Brahmins heard, and bowed before his will. The deity predicted certain disaster to the presumptuous mortal whose hands on the sacred gem, and to all of his house and name who received it after him. And the Brahmins caused the prophecy to be written over the gates of the shrine in letters of gold.

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