

中文导读英文版

Jane Eyre
简·爱

[英] 夏洛蒂·勃朗特 原著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社



(中 文 导 读 英 文 版)

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内 容 简 介

Jane Eyre, 中文译名为《简·爱》, 是世界上最伟大的经典小说之一, 它由英国著名女作家夏洛蒂·勃朗特编著而成。故事发生在 19 世纪中叶的英国乡村。主人公简·爱是一个孤儿, 从寄养在舅父家到生活在寄宿学校, 受尽人间的不平与凌辱。她孤独忧郁, 追求平等使她充满反抗精神和奋发意志。为了追求独立、自由的生活, 她自登广告应聘到桑菲尔德庄园当家庭教师, 并与比她年龄大 20 岁的主人罗切斯特产生了真挚的爱情。经过几番离奇而痛苦的波折, 他们终成眷属。故事超凡脱俗, 催人泪下。主人公不因自己地位低下而自卑, 不以贫富而取人, 不随境遇变迁而异化自我, 始终以至善的心和不屈的意志面对生活。书中所展现的故事感染了一代又一代青少年读者的心灵。

无论作为语言学习的课本, 还是作为通俗的文学读本, 本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况, 进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平, 在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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前言

夏洛蒂·勃朗特（Charlotte Brontë，1816—1855），英国 19 世纪最伟大的作家之一，被马克思誉为“现代英国的最杰出的小说家”之一。夏洛蒂·勃朗特出生于英国北部约克郡的豪渥斯，父亲是当地一位牧师，母亲是家庭主妇。夏洛蒂·勃朗特排行第三，有两个姐姐、两个妹妹和一个弟弟。两个妹妹，即艾米莉·勃朗特和安妮·勃朗特，也是著名作家，因而在英国文学史上常有“勃朗特三姐妹”之称。

夏洛蒂·勃朗特的童年生活很不幸。5 岁时，母亲便患癌症去世。父亲收入很少，全家生活既艰苦又凄凉。幸好父亲是剑桥圣约翰学院的毕业生，学识渊博，他常常教子女读书，指导他们看书报杂志，还给他们讲故事。这是自母亲去世后孩子们所能得到的唯一的乐趣，同时也给夏洛蒂以及两个妹妹带来最初的影响，使她们从小就对文学产生了浓厚的兴趣。

1845 年秋天，夏洛蒂·勃朗特与她的两个妹妹艾米莉·勃朗特和安妮·勃朗特自费出版了一本诗集。尽管她们的诗写得很美，却没有引起人们的注意。诗集的出版激发了“勃朗特三姐妹”的创作热情，于是三姐妹开始创作小说。一年之后，夏洛蒂完成了第一部长篇小说，取名《教师》；妹妹艾米莉和安妮则分别完成了长篇小说《呼啸山庄》和《艾格妮丝·格雷》，《呼啸山庄》和《艾格妮丝·格雷》被出版商接受，而夏洛蒂的《教师》被退回。这对夏洛蒂来说是很大的打击，但她没有退缩，继而用一年的时间完成了另一部长篇小说的创作，这就是《简·爱》。稿子交出去后，令出版商大为惊喜，认为这将是—部传世佳作，1847 年《简·爱》正式出版，而此时两个妹妹的作品还在印刷之中。不久，三姐妹的三部作品全部问世。当时的英国文坛大为震惊，因为三姐妹的三部长篇小说都非常出色，

前言



尤其是夏洛蒂的《简·爱》，更是引起轰动。之后，夏洛蒂于1849年出版了她的另一部巨著《谢利》，该书的出版使她再一次获得巨大成功。这之后，她便去了伦敦。在伦敦的几年里，她结识了不少作家，其中最有名的是萨克雷和盖斯凯尔夫人。萨克雷对她的作品评价很高，盖斯凯尔夫人也成了她的挚友，两人过往甚密。1852年，当时夏洛蒂已36岁，她父亲的助手尼古拉斯牧师向她求婚。尽管她的父亲并不同意，但夏洛蒂认为尼古拉斯是真心爱她的，她自己也喜欢尼古拉斯，于是说服了父亲，于1854年6月和尼古拉斯结婚。在此期间，她还完成并出版了长篇小说《维莱特》。他们的婚后生活相当幸福。夏洛蒂在照顾丈夫和父亲之余，仍花大量时间从事写作。她在写长篇小说《爱玛》。可是，命运多舛，只过了6个月幸福的家庭生活，《爱玛》也仅写完两章，夏洛蒂就一病不起了。1855年3月31日，这位性格刚强、才华出众的女作家与世长辞，享年39岁。

在夏洛蒂的所有作品中，《简·爱》的影响最大也最深远。时至今日，该书仍然在全世界范围内拥有大批读者，依然在英国乃至世界文学史上占有显著地位。在中国，《简·爱》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典小说之一。目前，在国内数量众多的《简·爱》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种，一种是中文翻译版，另一种是英文原版。其中英文原版越来越受到读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。从英文学习的角度上来看，直接使用纯英文素材更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《简·爱》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的风格。我们希望能够编译出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞、赵雪编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理



前言

及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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卷 一

第一章

Chapter 1



早上我们还在空旷的树林中散步，可到了下午，天空便乌云密布，风雨交加。我倒是很庆幸只能呆在室内，想象手脚冰凉地回来之后还得受到数落，实在是可怕。

表姐伊丽莎白、乔治亚娜，表兄约翰他们都坐在舅妈里德太太身边，而我因为顶嘴惹恼了舅妈被支到一边。我偷偷地溜进餐室，从书架上拿出比由伊克的《英国鸟史类》随手翻读。正当我自得其乐的时候，约翰开始到处找我。他才十四岁，又高又胖，却病恹恹的样子。他经常欺侮我，每次看到他，我都会毛骨悚然。这次也不例外，他把我揪出来之后又开始拼命揍我，甚至用书砸我。我忍不住骂他像杀人犯，和他对打起来，结果被舅妈关进了红房子中。

There was no possibility of taking a walk that day. We had been wandering, indeed, in the leafless shrubbery an hour in the morning; but since dinner (Mrs. Reed, when there was no company, dined early) the cold winter wind had brought with it clouds so sombre, and a rain so penetrating, that further outdoor exercise was now out of the question.

I was glad of it: I never liked long walks, especially on chilly afternoons:



dreadful to me was the coming home in the raw twilight, with nipped fingers and toes, and a heart saddened by the chidings of Bessie, the nurse, and humbled by the consciousness of my physical inferiority to Eliza, John, and Georgiana Reed.

The said Eliza, John, and Georgiana were now clustered round their mama in the drawing-room: she lay reclined on a sofa by the fireside, and with her darlings about her (for the time neither quarrelling nor crying) looked perfectly happy. Me, she had dispensed from joining the group; saying, ‘She regretted to be under the necessity of keeping me at a distance; but that until she heard from Bessie, and could discover by her own observation, that I was endeavouring in good earnest to acquire a more sociable and childlike disposition, a more attractive and sprightly manner—something lighter, franker, more natural, as it were—she really must exclude me from privileges intended only for contented, happy, little children.’

‘What does Bessie say I have done?’ I asked.

‘Jane, I don’t like cavillers or questioners; besides, there is something truly forbidding in a child taking up her elders in that manner. Be seated somewhere; and until you can speak pleasantly, remain silent.’

A small breakfast-room adjoined the drawing-room, I slipped in there. It contained a bookcase: I soon possessed myself of a volume, taking care that it should be one stored with pictures. I mounted into the window-seat: gathering up my feet, I sat cross-legged, like a Turk; and, having drawn the red moreen curtain nearly close, I was shrined in double retirement.

Folds of scarlet drapery shut in my view to the right hand; to the left were the clear panes of glass, protecting, but not separating me from the drear November day. At intervals, while turning over the leaves of my book, I studied the aspect of that winter afternoon. Afar, it offered a pale blank of mist and cloud; near a scene of wet lawn and storm-beat shrub, with ceaseless rain sweeping away wildly before a long and lamentable blast.

I returned to my book—Bewick’s *History of British Birds*: the letterpress thereof I cared little for, generally speaking; and yet there were certain

introductory pages that, child as I was, I could not pass quite as a blank. They were those which treat of the haunts of sea-fowl; of ‘the solitary rocks and promontories’ by them only inhabited; of the coast of Norway, studded with isles from its southern extremity, the Lindenness, or Naze, to the North Cape—

‘Where the Northern Ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked, melancholy isles
Of farthest Thule; and the Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides.’

Nor could I pass unnoticed the suggestion of the bleak shores of Lapland, Siberia, Spitzbergen, Nova Zembla, Iceland, Greenland, with ‘the vast sweep of the Arctic Zone, and those forlorn regions of dreary space,—that reservoir of frost and snow, where firm fields of ice, the accumulation of centuries of winters, glazed in Alpine heights above heights, surround the pole and concentrate the multiplied rigours of extreme cold.’ Of these death-white realms I formed an idea of my own: shadowy, like all the half-comprehended notions that float dim through children’s brains, but strangely impressive. The words in these introductory pages connected themselves with the succeeding vignettes, and gave significance to the rock standing up alone in a sea of billow and spray; to the broken boat stranded on a desolate coast; to the cold and ghastly moon glancing through bars of cloud at a wreck just sinking.

I cannot tell what sentiment haunted the quite solitary churchyard, with its inscribed headstone; its gate, its two trees, its low horizon, girdled by a broken wall, and its newly-risen crescent, attesting the hour of eventide.

The two ships becalmed on a torpid sea, I believed to be marine phantoms.

The fiend pinning down the thief’s pack behind him, I passed over quickly: it was an object of terror.

So was the black horned thing seated aloof on a rock, surveying a distant crowd surrounding a gallows.

Each picture told a story; mysterious often to my undeveloped understanding and imperfect feelings, yet ever profoundly interesting: as interesting as the tales Bessie sometimes narrated on winter evenings, when she

chanced to be in good humour; and when, having brought her ironing-table to the nursery hearth, she allowed us to sit about it, and while she got up Mrs. Reed's lace frills, and crimped her nightcap borders, fed our eager attention with passages of love and adventure taken from old fairy tales and other ballads; or (as at a later period I discovered) from the pages of Pamela, and Henry, Earl of Moreland.

With Bewick on my knee, I was then happy: happy at least in my way. I feared nothing but interruption, and that came too soon. The breakfastroom door opened.

'Boh! Madam Mope!' cried the voice of John Reed; then he paused: he found the room apparently empty.

'Where the dickens is she !' he continued. 'Lizzy ! Georgy ! (calling to his sisters) Joan is not here: tell mama she is run out into the rain—bad animal !'

'It is well I drew the curtain,' thought I; and I wished fervently he might not discover my hiding-place: nor would John Reed have found it out himself; he was not quick either of vision or conception; but Eliza just put her head in at the door, and said at once—

'She is in the window-seat, to be sure, Jack.'

And I came out immediately, for I trembled at the idea of being dragged forth by the said Jack.

'What do you want?' I asked, with awkward diffidence.

'Say, "What do you want, Master Reed?"' was the answer. 'I want you to come here;' and seating himself in an armchair, he intimated by a gesture that I was to approach and stand before him.

John Reed was a schoolboy of fourteen years old; four years older than I, for I was but ten: large and stout for his age, with a dingy and unwholesome skin; thick lineaments in a spacious visage, heavy limbs and large extremities. He gorged himself habitually at table, which made him bilious, and gave him a dim and bleared eye and flabby cheeks. He ought now to have been at school; but his mama had taken him home for a month or two, 'on account of his

delicate health.' Mr. Miles, the master, affirmed that he would do very well if he had fewer cakes and sweetmeats sent him from home; but the mother's heart turned from an opinion so harsh, and inclined rather to the more refined idea that John's sallowness was owing to over-application and, perhaps, to pining after home.

John had not much affection for his mother and sisters, and an antipathy to me. He bullied and punished me; not two or three times in the week, nor once or twice in the day, but continually: every nerve I had feared him, and every morsel of flesh in my bones shrank when he came near. There were moments when I was bewildered by the terror he inspired, because I had no appeal whatever against either his menaces or his inflictions; the servants did not like to offend their young master by taking my part against him, and Mrs. Reed was blind and deaf on the subject: she never saw him strike or heard him abuse me, though he did both now and then in her very presence, more frequently, however, behind her back.

Habitually obedient to John, I came up to his chair: he spent some three minutes in thrusting out his tongue at me as far as he could without damaging the roots: I knew he would soon strike, and while dreading the blow, I mused on the disgusting and ugly appearance of him who would presently deal it. I wonder if he read that notion in my face; for, all at once, without speaking, he struck suddenly and strongly. I tottered, and on regaining my equilibrium retired back a step or two from his chair.

'That is for your impudence in answering mama awhile since,' said he, 'and for your sneaking way of getting behind curtains, and for the look you had in your eyes two minutes since, you rat!'

Accustomed to John Reed's abuse, I never had an idea of replying to it; my care was how to endure the blow which would certainly follow the insult.

'What were you doing behind the curtain?' he asked.

'I was reading.'

'Show the book.'

I returned to the window and fetched it thence.

‘You have no business to take our books; you are a dependant, mama says; you have no money; your father left you none; you ought to beg, and not to live here with gentlemen’s children like us, and eat the same meals we do, and wear clothes at our mama’s expense. Now, I’ll teach you to rummage my bookshelves: for they are mine; all the house belongs to me, or will do in a few years. Go and stand by the door, out of the way of the mirror and the windows.’

I did so, not at first aware what was his intention; but when I saw him lift and poise the book and stand in act to hurl it, I instinctively started aside with a cry of alarm: not soon enough, however; the volume was flung, it hit me, and I fell, striking my head against the door and cutting it. The cut bled, the pain was sharp: my terror had passed its climax; other feelings succeeded.

‘Wicked and cruel boy!’ I said. ‘You are like a murderer—you are like a slave-driver—you are like the Roman emperors!’

I had read Goldsmith’s *History of Rome*, and had formed my opinion of Nero, Caligula, etc. Also I had drawn parallels in silence, which I never thought thus to have declared aloud.

‘What! what!’ he cried. ‘Did she say that to me? Did you hear her, Eliza and Georgiana? Won’t I tell mama? but first—’

He ran headlong at me: I felt him grasp my hair and my shoulder: he had closed with a desperate thing. I really saw in him a tyrant, a murderer. I felt a drop or two of blood from my head trickle down my neck, and was sensible of somewhat pungent suffering: these sensations for the time predominated over fear, and I received him in frantic sort. I don’t very well know what I did with my hands, but he called me ‘Rat! Rat!’ and bellowed out aloud. Aid was near him: Eliza and Georgiana had run for Mrs. Reed, who was gone upstairs: she now came upon the scene, followed by Bessie and her maid Abbot. We were parted: I heard the words—

‘Dear! dear! What a fury to fly at Master John!’

‘Did ever anybody see such a picture of passion!’

Then Mrs. Reed subjoined—‘Take her away to the red-room, and lock her in there.’ Four hands were immediately laid upon me, and I was borne upstairs.

第二章

Chapter 2



我被仆人贝茜和艾略特押往红房子，可是一路上我却不停地挣扎反抗。她们很不满，不停地教训我，说我连仆人都不如，整天白吃白喝。到了红房子，为了避免被她们捆绑，我平静了很多。她们说完那些应该报恩，应该忏悔的言语之后终于走了，我也被锁在了红房子中。

这间最宽敞、最豪华的卧室是舅父生前住的，平时除了佣人每周打扫一次，几乎从来没有人过夜。房间没有生火，地处偏僻，因此格外凄凉。我站在一个大镜子前，看着自己，产生了一些莫名的恐惧。我愤怒不平，为什么表姐表兄他们那么恶毒，那么蛮横，却依然得到很多人的纵容。而我努力做好任何事情，却天天挨骂挨打。在这里，我跟周围格格不入，不被任何人喜欢。如果舅父还在世，一定会对我很好。我幻想着他能够听到外甥女的冤屈，走到人世间为我报仇。突然，眼前闪过一道光线，耳朵不停地嗡嗡作响，我感到一阵窒息，异常难受，就拼命敲打大门，大叫着放我出去。贝茜她们开了门，并没有让我出去，可是舅妈认为我在耍花招，锁上门，让我继续再待一小时。我的昏倒结束了这场吵闹。

I resisted all the way: a new thing for me, and a circumstance which