

# 简 爱

Jane Eyre

中英对照全译本

夏洛特·勃朗特

*Charlotte Brontë*



世界图书出版公司



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(英) 夏洛特·勃朗特

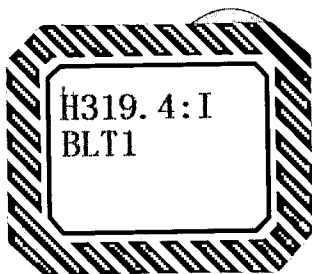
*Charlotte Bronte*

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## 简爱

[英]夏洛特·勃朗特 著

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译

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I was greatly afraid of  
a jumping horse!



# JANE EYRE



It reared my head  
from its giant's head, rent it in two parts,  
and, flinging both on the floor, trampled on them.

简·爱

JANE EYRE



"Poor little heart, it's  
so shy and afraid!"

简·爱

JANE EYRE



"You are altogether a  
human being, Jane?  
You are certain of that?"

简·爱



## 前言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了五十年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。

送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。



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# Chapter 1

## 第一章

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<sup>①</sup> (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 mamma 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

那一天要再出去散步是不可能的了。我们早上确实是在那个光秃秃的灌木林里溜达了一个小时；然而从用正餐时起（在没有客人时，里德太太开饭会很早），冬日的寒风就刮起来，带来那样阴沉的云和那么刺骨的雨，室外活动只能作罢。

我对此倒是挺高兴：我从来就不喜欢远距离的散步，尤其是在寒冷的下午。对我来说，在阴冷的黄昏回到住所，手指脚趾全都冻得刺痛，一颗心因为保姆贝茜的斥责而快快不乐，又因觉得体质比伊莱扎、约翰和乔治亚娜·里德虚弱而备受挫折，那情形真是糟糕透顶。

上面提到的伊莱扎、约翰和乔治亚娜这会儿都在休息室里，拥在他们母亲身边。她则斜躺在火炉边的沙发上，身旁是她那几个宝贝（眼下既没有争吵也没有哭闹），看上去着实快活。至于我呢，她没让我同大家坐在一起，她说她感到很遗憾，不得不让我离他们远一点；然而除非贝茜告诉

① dinner: 正餐。英国人一般在午间用正餐。然而在十八、十九世纪，人们以推迟正餐时间为时尚以标榜自己的社会地位。里德太太在有客人时用正餐的时间晚，没客人时用餐时间早，与此时尚有关。

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 crosslegged, 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 in my book, I studied the aspect of that winter afternoon. A-far, 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 <sup>①</sup>*History of British Birds*: the letterpress thereof I cared

她，而且她自己也亲眼看到，我确实是在努力培养一种更随和更天真的性情，一种更活泼更可爱的态度——大概是种更轻捷、更坦白、更自然的什么吧——否则她真的不能把那些只有知足、快乐的小孩才能享受的特权给我。

“贝茜说我干什么啦？”我问。

“简，我不喜欢没事儿找茬或追根究底的人；再说，一个小孩子是绝不可以跟大人这样顶嘴的。找个地方坐着去，不会说讨好的话，就别多嘴。”

休息室隔壁连着一间早餐室，我溜了进去。那里面有一个书柜。我很快就给自己找了一册书，特意挑了一本图片多的。接着，我爬上窗台，缩起双脚，像土耳其人那样盘腿而坐，又把红色的波纹毛呢窗帘几乎完全拉拢来，我就愈加隐蔽了，好像坐在神龛里一样。

在我的右边，层叠的猩红色窗幔挡住了我的视线；在我的左边，是明净的窗格玻璃，它使我免受那十一月阴沉天气的侵袭，但又不让我与外界隔绝。趁翻书的当儿，我不时眺望一下冬日午后的景象。远望，只见一片云气和雾气苍茫；近看，是湿漉漉的草地和风雨袭击下的灌木；以及那持久而凄厉的狂风，卷着连绵不断的暴雨横扫而过。

我又去看我的书——那是比维克的《英国禽鸟史》。大体来讲，我对

① Thomas Bewick; 托马斯·比维克(一七五三年至一八二八年) 英国画家, 木刻家, 以书籍插图而闻名。他的《英国禽鸟史》于一七九七年出版。

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 Lindeness<sup>①</sup>, or Naze, to the North Cape<sup>②</sup>—

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<sup>③</sup>.

Nor could I pass unnoticed the suggestion of the bleak shores of Lapland<sup>④</sup>, Siberia, Spitzbergen<sup>⑤</sup>, Nova Zembla<sup>⑥</sup>, 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 centre the multiplied rigours of extreme cold." Of these death-white realms I formed an idea of my own: shadowy, like all the halfcomprehended 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;

其中的文字部分不感兴趣;可里面有几页导言,我虽说是个孩子,却也不愿把它当作空页翻过去。那几页导言里写到海鸟的栖息地:那些只有它们栖居的“孤寂的岩石和海岬”;写到自南端的林讷斯内斯角——或者说纳斯——直至北角都遍布着小岛的挪威海岸:

那里,北冰洋掀起巨大漩涡,  
围绕着世界尽头光秃凄凉的小岛  
咆哮。

大西洋的惊涛骇浪汹涌激荡,  
泻入狂暴的赫布里底群岛。

还有些部分我也不能一翻而过,那就是书里提到的荒凉海岸:拉普兰、西伯利亚、西斯匹茨卑尔根群岛、新地岛、冰岛和格陵兰,还有“那广袤无垠的北极地带和那些阴暗的不毛之地,是冰雪的储藏库。经过了几百年寒冬的积聚,已经成了一片冰的天地,如同阿尔卑斯山般峰峦迭起,冰面光滑而晶莹,包围着地极,汇集了与日俱增的严寒。”对这些惨白色的地域,我已有了自己的看法:朦朦胧胧,就像孩子们脑海里浮现的所有那些模模糊糊、似懂非懂的念头一样,但又出奇地生动。这几页导言里的文字,是和后面的小插图关联在一起的。这些文字使得那些画面——兀立于浪涛四溅的大海中的孤岩,搁

① Lindeness:林讷斯内斯角,又名纳斯(Naze),挪威南部一海角。

② North Cape:北角。在挪威北部马格吕岛北端。

③ Hebrides:赫布里底群岛,在英国大不列颠岛西北的大西洋上。

④ Lapland:拉普兰。芬兰北极圈以北的地方称“Lapland”,号称“圣诞老人的故乡”。

⑤ Spitzbergen:西斯匹茨卑尔根群岛,在挪威北部。

⑥ Nova Zembla:新地岛,又名“Novaya Zemlga”,在巴伦支海和喀拉海之间。

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 older ballads; or (as at a later period I discovered) from the pages of *Pamela*<sup>①</sup>, and *Henry, Earl of Moreland*<sup>②</sup>.

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 breakfast-room door was opened.

浅在荒凉海岸上的破船，还有那透过云层俯视着沉船的幽幽月光——变得重要了。

我说不清是一种什么情调弥漫在孤寂的墓地：刻着铭文的墓碑、一扇大门、两棵树、低低的地平线、四周环着残破的墙，还有一弯初升的月牙，证明正是黄昏时分。

两艘大船泊在凝滞不动的海面上，我相信那是海上的幽灵。

魔鬼从身后按住窃贼的包，我赶紧翻了过去，因为那景象实在是恐怖。

一样可怕的还有那个头上长角的黑东西，高高地坐在岩石上，望着远处在绞架周围的一群人。

每张画都讲述了一个故事。由于我理解力不够，感情也不太成熟，所以这些故事对我而言往往是很神秘的，但又颇为有趣——就像某些冬天的夜晚，贝茜碰巧心情不错的时候，讲的故事一样有趣。这种时候，贝茜会把熨衣桌搬到保育室的火炉边上来，让我们围着坐好。她一面熨着里德太太的蕾丝饰边，把睡帽的边烫出褶裥来，一面给我们讲一些爱情和冒险的故事，来满足迫不及待想听故事的我们。她的这些故事都来自于古老的神话和民谣，或者（像我后来所发现的）来自《帕美拉》和《莫兰伯爵亨利》。

膝盖上摊着比维克的书，我那时觉得很开心，至少我有我自己的开心之处。我什么都不怕，就怕有人来打扰，可偏偏就有人过早地来打扰。餐

① *Pamela*:《帕美拉》，英国作家 Samuel Richardson(一六八九年—一七六一年)于一七四零年出版的书信体家庭伦理小说。

② *Henry, Earl of Moreland*:《莫兰伯爵亨利》，出版于一七八一年。

“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<sup>①</sup>! Georgy<sup>②</sup>! (calling to his sisters) Jane is not here: tell mamma 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<sup>③</sup>.”

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 arm-chair, 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 with flabby cheeks. He ought now to have been at school; but his mamma had taken him home

室的门开了。

“喂! 愁姑娘!” 约翰·里德叫着, 随后又打住了, 显然发觉屋里空无一人。

“她去哪个鬼地方了?” 他接着道, “莉齐! 乔琪! (他在喊自己的姐妹) 简不在这儿啦, 告诉妈妈, 她跑到外面雨地里去了, 这个死东西!”

“幸亏我拉上了窗帘,” 我想。我真希望别叫他发现我的藏身之处——约翰·里德自己倒是发现不了的, 他眼睛不尖, 头脑也不灵。可惜伊莱扎刚把头探进门来, 就说:

“她在窗台上, 肯定没错, 杰克。”

我赶紧出来, 因为一想到要被这个杰克硬拖出来, 我就直打哆嗦。

“你想干什么?” 我既难堪又不安地问道。

“说‘您想干什么, 里德少爷?’ ”他答道。“我要你过来,” 他往扶手椅里一坐, 打了个手势, 招呼我过去站到他跟前。

约翰·里德还是个学生, 十四岁, 比我大了四岁, 因为我才十岁。按年纪来看, 他的块头算是又大又胖了, 但他灰暗的皮肤显得病恹恹的; 粗粗的五官散在大大的脸盘上, 四肢粗壮, 手脚肥大。他习惯在饭桌前狼吞虎咽, 这使得他肝火过旺, 目光迟钝, 脸部松弛。这阵子, 他本该在学校里的, 可他妈妈把他领回家来住了一两个月, 说是“因为他身体虚弱”。约翰的老师迈尔斯先生断定说,

① Lizzy: 莉齐, 伊莱扎(Eliza)的昵称。

② Georgy: 乔琪, 乔治亚娜(Georgiana)的昵称。

③ Jack: 杰克, 约翰(John)的昵称。

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 a day, but continually; every nerve I had feared him, and every morsel of flesh on 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.

要是家里少给他送些糕点糖果去，他准会过得很好。可做母亲的却不爱听这么刺耳的话，宁可往好里想，觉得约翰的脸色那么难看是因为用功过度，还有可能是因为想家。

约翰对他的母亲和姐妹没多少友爱之情，对我则颇为厌恶。他欺侮我，虐待我，一星期不止两三次，一天也不止一两回，而是经常这样，弄得我每根神经都怕他。只要他一走近，我身上的每块肉都会吓得缩起来。有时候我甚至会吓得不知该怎么办才好，因为无论他再怎么恫吓我、欺负我，我都无处哭诉。佣人们可不愿站在我这边去得罪他们的少爷，而里德太太在这种事情上总是装聋作哑；她的儿子打我骂我，她都视而不见，置若罔闻。他时常当着她的面就对我又打又骂，背着她打骂我的次数不用说就更多了。

我已经习惯了顺从约翰，便来到他的椅子跟前。他朝我拼命地伸舌头，伸了有三分钟，就差没绷断舌根了。我知道他马上就要动手了，我一边担心着挨揍，一边看着他动手前那副令人作呕的丑恶嘴脸。不知他是不是从我脸上看出了我的心思，因为他二话没说，猛地狠狠打了我。我打了个趔趄，从椅子前倒退了一两步，才算站稳。



“That is for your impudence in answering mamma a while 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, mamma 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 mamma’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!”

“叫你再那么无礼地跟妈顶嘴，”他说，“叫你再鬼鬼祟祟躲到窗帘后头，叫你眼睛再跟两分钟前那副样子看我，你这耗子！”

我已经听惯了约翰·里德的咒骂，也从来不想去还嘴，我想的只是怎么挨过他咒骂后势必随之而来的毒打。

“你躲在窗帘后面干什么？”他问。

“我在看书。”

“把书拿出来。”

我回到窗前，把书拿了过去。

“你不配动我们的书。我妈说了，你靠我们养活；你又没钱，你爸什么都没留，你该去讨饭的，根本不配住在这儿，同我们这样体面人家的孩子住一起；你也不配和我们吃一样的饭菜，穿我妈掏钱买来的衣服。我现在要教训教训你，看你再敢翻我的书架！这些书全都是我的，整幢房子也都是我的，要不了几年就归我了。你给我站到门边去，离镜子和窗户远一点。”

我照做了，起初还不明白他的用意。可我一看见他举起书，拿稳了，站起要把它扔过来，我就本能地一声惊叫，往旁边一闪。然而，已经来不及了。书已经扔了出来，打中了我，我摔倒在地，头撞在门上弄破了。伤口流出血来，钻心地疼。我的恐惧已经超过了极限，其他的感受接踵而来。

“你这恶毒凶残的人！”我说。  
“你是个杀人犯——是奴隶的监