

英汉对照



世界名著

(英) 夏绿蒂·勃朗特 著

简·爱



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时代文艺出版社

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作 者: 夏绿蒂·勃朗特 著

责任编辑: 姚家余

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本书编委

主 编:张志军

副主编:李淑静 高荣玲 李志敏

胡继卫

编 委:王学青 张艳琴 李志荣

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董 芪 赵 伟 杨 静

王小凤 张海宁 潘 英

CHAPTER I

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 Ehza, John, and Georgiana were now clustered round their mama in the drawing-room: she lay reclined on a sofa by the fire-side, 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 book-case: 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 Lindenes, or Naze, to the North Cape—

第一章

那一天不可能去散步了。尽管那天早晨我们还在铺了层层落叶灌木林中游逛了一个小时，可自从吃午饭时起（没来客人时，里德太太很早就吃午饭），就刮起了凛冽的东风，阴云昏暗，冷雨透骨，这就不可能再去室外活动了。

这样我倒是很高兴，我从来不喜欢散步走到老远，尤其是在冬日的下午。在阴冷的傍晚回到家中我觉得非常可怕，手脚都冻僵了，还得挨保姆贝茜的责骂，弄得心里悲戚戚的，又意识到自己的体质不如里德家的伊莱莎、约翰和乔治安娜，更是感到自卑。

上面所说的伊莱莎、约翰和乔治安娜这时正在客厅里簇拥在他们妈妈的周围。她斜倚在炉边的沙发上，让几个宝贝儿女围着（这时候既不争吵，也不哭闹），显得十分快活。我呢，她不让我加入他们那个圈子，并说她很遗憾不得不让我离他们远点，只有那些知足、快乐的小孩子才配受到宠爱；她确实没法那样宠爱我，除非她听到贝茜说了而且她自己也亲自观察到了我确实正在认真地努力养成一种更为天真合群性情，更加活泼可爱的举止——似乎是一种更开朗、更坦率、更自然的什么吧。

“贝茜说我都干了些什么啦？”我问。

“简，我可不喜欢爱挑剔、乱打听的人；再说，一个小孩子这样打断大人的话，确实有点可怕！去找个地方坐着，不会说中听的话，就别吭声。”

客厅的隔壁是间小小的早餐室，我溜了进去。屋里有个书架，我很快就找到了一本书，特意挑选那尽是图画的。我爬上窗台，蜷缩双脚，像个土耳其人似地盘腿坐着，再把红色的波纹呢窗帘几乎完全拉上，这样我就在一个加倍隐蔽的地方紧紧地藏了起来。

那一道道的绯红色窗帘的褶裥挡住了我右边的视线，左边是一扇扇明净的玻璃窗。它们把冬天阴冷的天气挡在窗外，保护着我不受寒冷的侵袭，却又不把我与外面隔绝。看书的当儿，我不时地仔细望一望这冬日下午的景象。远处是一片苍茫的云雾，近处可以看到一片湿漉漉的草坪和在风雨中摇曳的灌木丛，凄厉的狂风把连绵的冬雨刮得横扫而过。

我又重新看书，看的是毕维克的《英国禽鸟史》。一般说来，书中的正文部分我不太感兴趣，但有几页导言，虽然我是个孩子，却也不能就当空白页翻过去。那几页导言讲到海鸟常去的那些地方，讲到只有海鸟栖息的那些“荒凉的岩石和海角”，还讲到挪威的海岸。沿着挪威的海岸，从最南端的林内斯或者称纳斯一直到北角点缀着许多岛屿——

"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 fenn 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 breakfast-room 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."

那里，北冰洋旋涡滚滚，巨浪滔滔，
绕着北极地荒凉的岛屿翻腾咆哮，
大西洋的汹涌浪潮，
涌入雨骤风狂的赫布里底群岛。

还有些地方我也不能略过，这些提到了拉普兰、西伯利亚、斯匹次卑尔根、新地岛、冰岛和格陵兰的荒凉海岸，“那辽阔连绵的北极地带和那一片片凄凉广漠，阒无人迹的地区。那儿是冰雪的天地，经过千百个严冬的积累，形成了一片片坚硬的冰雪高原，晶莹闪烁，宛如阿尔卑斯山峰般层层高耸。它们围绕着北极地，积聚了严寒的无比严酷的威力。”对画上这些惨白色的区域，我形成了一种自己的看法：朦朦胧胧，就像所有那些隐隐约约地浮过孩子们脑海的似懂非懂的概念一样，可是又能给人留下异常深刻的印象。这几页导言的文字说明都和后面的小插图相关联，使我看懂了那屹立在波涛翻滚、浪花飞溅的大海边的孤零零的礁石，搁浅在荒凉海岸上的破船，以及那从云缝间俯视沉舟的幽灵般清冷的月亮。

我说不出在那块荒凉清冷的墓地里究竟笼罩着一种什么样的情调。墓地里有着刻着铭文的墓碑，一扇大门，还有两棵树，四周是残破的围墙，显得视野狭窄，还有一弯初升的弯月，表明已是日暮时分。

两艘船停泊在寂然不动的海面上，我相信它们一定是海中的两个幽灵。
魔鬼从窃贼的背后按住了他的包，我急忙翻过去，那样子好可怕。

头上长有角的黑乎乎的怪物高坐在一块岩石上，望着远处一群围着绞架的人。

每张画都讲述一个故事。尽管我理解力还不发达，感受力也不全面，常觉得这些故事有点神秘，但仍感到它们总是十分有趣，耐人寻味的，就像贝茜有时讲的故事一样。冬日的夜晚，碰上贝茜心情好的时候，她把熨衣桌搬到育儿室的壁炉旁边，让我们在周围坐好，一边熨里德太太的挑花褶边，把睡帽的边熨出褶线，一边给我们讲一些爱情和历险故事的片断。我们都急于想听，全神贯注，一饱耳福。她那些故事片断来自于古老的童话和远古的民谣，或者（像我后来所发现的）来自《帕美拉》和《莫兰伯爵亨利》。

我把毕维克的书摊放在膝盖上，当时觉得很快活，至少是自得其乐吧。我什么都不怕，就怕别人来打扰，可怕什么就来什么，而且来得太快了。早餐室的门一下给打开了。

“嘿！烦恼小姐！”约翰·里德在叫喊，是他的声音。接下来他停了一会儿，很显然，他发
现屋里没人。

“她到底在哪儿？”他接着说。“丽茜、乔琪！”（他在叫他的两个妹妹）“琼没在这儿。告诉妈妈她跑到外面雨地里去了，——讨厌的畜牲！”

“幸亏拉上了窗帘，”我想，同时强烈地希望他不会发现我藏身的地方。约翰·里德自己倒是找不到的，他眼睛不尖，头脑也不灵，可伊莱莎刚在门口探进头来一望，就立即说道：

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 pin-ing 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 stungly. I tottered, and on regaining my equilibrium retired back a step or two from his chair.

"That at 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 hve here with gentlemen's

“她在窗台上呢，准没错，杰克。”

我立即走了出来，因为一想到会被那个杰克拽出来我就不寒而栗。

“你有什么事吗？”我局促而胆怯地问道。

“该说：‘你有什么事吗，里德少爷？’”他回答。“我要你到这儿来。”说着，他就在一张扶手椅上坐下，做了个手势让我走过去站在他跟前。

约翰·里德是个十四岁的学生，比我大四岁，我才十岁。和他的年龄不相称，他长得又高又胖，但却肤色灰暗，看起来不健康。他长着一张宽脸盘，胳膊腿儿又粗又壮，大手大脚，显得相貌粗俗。他吃起饭来总是狼吞虎咽，结果弄得肝火太旺，使他目光呆滞，脸颊肌肉松弛。他现在本该在学校上学，但他妈妈说“由于他身体虚弱”，把他接回家来住一两个月。他的老师迈尔斯先生断言，如果他家里少给他送些糕饼甜食去，他一定会过得很好。可做母亲的不爱听这么苛刻的意见，而宁愿抱着另一种更高尚的看法，那就是约翰之所以面带菜色是因为用功过度或者思家太切。

约翰并不怎么爱他的母亲和两个妹妹，对我则怀着一种反感。他欺负我，虐待我，不是一星期两三次，也不是一天一两回，而是持续不断。结果，只要他一接近我，我浑身每一根神经都战栗，每一块肌肉都直发紧。有些时候我都被他吓呆了，因为无论是受了他的威吓，还是挨了他的打骂，我都求助无门，申辩无处。佣人们可不愿帮我对付他而得罪他们的少爷，而里德太太对此又总是装聋作哑。尽管他时常当着她的面对我又打又骂，可她从来都视若无睹，置若罔闻。当然，背着她的次数就更多了。

由于已习惯于服从他了，我走到他椅子跟前。他向我使劲地伸舌头，伸了大约三分钟，差点没撑断他的舌根。我知道他马上就要打我了，我一边胆战心惊地等着挨打，一边审视着这个就要动手打我的人那副丑陋可恶的嘴脸。我不知道他是否从我脸上看出了我的心思，因为突然间，他一下子就狠狠给了我一下。我打了个趔趄，一站稳了脚就从他椅子那里往后退了一两步。

“谁叫你刚才敢无礼地跟妈妈顶嘴，”他说，“谁叫你偷偷地躲在窗帘后面，谁叫你刚才眼睛里露出那个鬼样子，你这耗子！”

对他的辱骂我已习以为常了，所以根本就没想答理他。我一心想的只是怎样忍受辱骂之后肯定会接之而来的殴打。

“你躲在窗帘后面干什么？”他问。

“看书。”

“把书拿来。”

我到窗台把书拿了过来。

“你没有权力拿我们的书，妈妈说你是靠我们养活的。你是个穷光蛋，你爹一文也没留给你，你本该去讨饭，不该在这儿和我们这些绅士的孩子一起过，跟我们吃一样的

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.

饭，穿我妈花钱买来的衣服。听着，你乱翻我的书架，我要教训教训你。书是我的，府里的一切都是我的，要么再过几年就都是我的了。滚，到门口去站着，离镜子和窗户远点。”

我照着做了，开始还没觉察到他是什么用意，但一看他举起书，掂了掂，站起来做出要扔过来的架式时，我本能地惊叫了一声，往旁边一闪。可是，已经来不及了。书扔了过来，重重地砸在我身上，我摔倒在地，头撞在门上，磕破了。伤口流出血来，疼得要命。此时我恐惧的心理已经超过了极限，不再害怕了，另一种感占据了我的心。

“你这残酷的坏小子！”我说。“你简直像个杀人犯，像虐待奴隶的监工头，像那些罗马暴君！”

我曾读过哥尔斯密的罗马史，对尼禄、喀利古拉等暴君形成了自己的看法，还曾在心里将约翰·里德和他们作过比较，但决没想到竟会这样大声说出来。

“什么！什么！”他嚷嚷起来，“她那话是对我说的吗？伊莱莎，乔治安娜，你们听见她的话了吗？这能不告诉妈妈吗？不过我得——”

他向我直扑过来。我感到他揪住了我的头发，抓住了我的肩膀。这下他可是打了一个急得什么都不顾的人了，我看着他那凶恶的样子真像是个暴君和杀人犯。我觉得有一两滴血从头上顺着脖子往下滴，感到了剧烈的疼痛。这种种感觉一时压倒了恐惧的心理，我就发疯似地和他撕打起来。我自己也不大清楚我的双手究竟都干了些什么，只听见他一边骂我“耗子！耗子！”一边大声嚎叫。他的帮手就在近旁，伊莱莎和乔治安娜早已去报告上了楼的里德太太了。此时她赶到了现场，身后还跟着贝茜和使女埃博特。我们被拉开了，只听见有人说：

“哎呀！哎呀！竟然撒泼到敢打约翰少爷！”

“谁见过这么样大发脾气的！”

接着里德太太补充道：

“把她带到红屋子里去，关在那。”话音没落，就有四只手抓住了我，把我向楼上拖去。

CHAPTER II

I RESISTED all the way: a new thing for me, and a circumstance which greatly strength-ened the bad opinion Bessie and Miss Abbot were disposed to entertain of me. The fact is, I was a trifle beside myself; or rather out of my-self, as the French would say: I was conscious that a moment's mutiny had already rendered me liable to strange penalties, and, like any other rebel slave, I felt resolved, in my desper-ation, to go all lengths.

"Hold her arms, Miss Abbot: she's like mad cat."

"For shame! for shame!" cried the lady's-maid. "What shocking conduct, Miss Eyre, to strike a young gentleman, your benefactress's son! Your young master."

"Master! How is he my master? Am I a ser. vant?"

"No; you are less than a servant, for you & nothing for your keep. There, sit down, and think over your wickedness."

They had got me by this time into the apart ment indicated by Mrs. Reed, and had thrus me upon a stool: my impulse was to rise from it like a spring; their two pair of hands arrested me instantly.

"If you don' t sit still, you must be tied, down," said Bessie. "Miss Abbot, lend me your garters; she would break mine directly."

Miss Abbot turned to divest a stout leg of the necessary ligature. This preparation for bonds and the additional ignominy it inferred, took a little of the excitement out of me.

"Don' t take then off," I cried; "I will not stir."

In guarantee whereof, I attached myself to my seat by my hands.

"Mind you don' t," said Bessie; and when she had ascertained that I was really sub-siding, she loosened her hold of me; then she and Miss Abbot stood with folded arms, looking darkly and doubtfully on my face, as incredulous of my sanity.

"She never did so before," at last said Bessie, turning to the Abigail.

"But it was always in her," was the reply. "I' ve told Missis often my opinion about the child, and Missis agreed with me. She's an un-derhand little thing: I never saw a girl of her age with se much cover."

Bessie answered not; but ere long, address-ing me, she said—

"You ought to be aware, Miss, that you are under obligations to Mrs. Reed: she keeps you: if she were to turn you off, you would have to go to the poorhouse."

I had nothing to say to these words: they were not new to me: my very first recollections of existence included hints of the same kind. This reproach of my dependence had become a vague sing-song in my ear: very painful and crushing, but only haft intelligible. Miss Abbot joined in—

"And you ought not to think yourself on an equality with the Misses Reed and Master Reed, because Missis kindly allows you to be brought up with them. They will have a great deal of money, and you will have none: it is your place to be humble, and to try to make yourself agreeable to them."

第二章

一路上我不停地反抗着，我从来还没有这样过，可这一来就大大增强了贝茜和埃博特小姐对我本来就抱有的恶感。我确实有点失去了自制，或者像法国人所说的，身不由己了。我心里清楚一时的反抗注定要使我遭受种种难以想象的惩罚，绝望之中，像任何造反的奴隶一样，我下定了决心，索性一不做二不休，反抗到底。

“抓住她的胳膊，埃博特小姐，她简直像只发了疯的猫。”

“真丢人！真丢人！”埃博特叫道。“你的行为多吓人呀，爱小姐，竟然敢打一位小绅士，你恩人的儿子，你的小主人！”

“主人，他怎么会是我的主人？难道我是个佣人吗？”

“你不是佣人，可还比不上佣人呢！你白吃白住，什么也不干。得了，坐下好好掂量掂量你那坏脾气吧！”

这时候她们已将我拖进了里德太太指定的那间屋子，把我按在了一张凳子上。我禁不住要像弹簧似地蹦起来，她们那两双手立即又把我摁住。

“要不好好坐着，就把你绑起来。”贝茜说。“埃博特小姐，把你的袜带借给我，她一下就会挣断我的。”

埃博特小姐开始从她那胖腿上解所需的带子。看到她们真准备捆我，再想想捆绑会带来的更多的耻辱，我激愤的心情稍稍平静了一些。

“别解了，”我叫道，“我不动就是了。”

作为保证，我双手紧紧抓住凳子，一动不动地坐着。

“记住可真的别动。”贝茜说。她确信我真的平静下来之后才松开手，不再摁着我。随后，她和埃博特小姐都抱着胳膊站在那儿，面色阴沉，满腹狐疑地望着我的脸，似乎还拿不准我是否真的已经清醒了。

“她以前从没这样过，”临了，贝茜转过脸对那个阿比盖尔说：

“可她心里一直都有这个念头，”对方答道。“我常跟太太说起我对这孩子的看法，太太也同意我的看法。她是个不老实的小家伙。我从没见过像她这么大胆的小姑娘就那么鬼头鬼脑的。”

贝茜没有搭腔，但不久她对我说道：

“你应该明白，小姐，里德太太对你是有恩的，是她在抚养你。要是她把你赶出门，你就只好进贫民院了。”

听了这些，我无话可说。这些话对我并不新鲜，从我能记事时起，就听到别人诸如此类的暗示。这种指责我靠人养活的话在我耳朵里已经成了涵义模糊的陈词滥调了，让人非常痛苦，非常沮丧，但我还是似懂非懂。接着，埃博特小姐也附和道：

“太太好心好意把你和两位小姐，少爷放在一块儿带大，你可别因此就以为自己可以和人家平起平坐了。人家将来会有很多钱，而你却一无所有。你就得低声下气，讨人家的喜欢，这才是你的本分呢。”

"What we tell you is for your good," added Bessie, in no harsh voice; "you should try to be useful and pleasant, then, perhaps, you would have a home here; but if you become passionate and rude, Missis will send you away, I am sure."

"Besides," said Miss Abbot, "God will punish her: He might strike her dead in the midst of her tantrums, and then where would she go? Come, Bessie, we will leave her: I wouldn't have her heart for anything. Say your prayers, Miss Eyre, when you are by yourself; for if you don't repent, something bad might be permitted to come down the chimney and fetch you away."

They went, shutting the door, and locking it behind them.

The red-room was a square chamber, very seldom slept in, I might say never, indeed, unless when a chance influx of visitors at Gateshead Hall rendered it necessary to turn to account all the accommodation it contained: yet it was one of the largest and stateliest chambers in the mansion. A bed supported on massive pillars of mahogany, hung with curtains of deep red damask, stood out like a tabernacle in the centre; the two large windows, with their blinds always drawn down, were half shrouded in festoons and falls of similar drapery; the carpet was red; the table at the foot of the bed was covered with a crimson cloth; the walls were a soft fawn colour with a blush of pink in it; the wardrobe, the toilet-table, the chairs were of darkly polished old mahogany. Out of these deep surrounding shades rose high, and glared white, the piled-up mattresses and pillows of the bed, spread with a snowy Marseilles counterpane. Scarcely less prominent was an ample cushioned easy-chair near the head of the bed, also white, with a footstool before it; and looking, as I thought, like a pale throne.

This room was chill, because it seldom had a fire; it was silent, because remote from the nursery and kitchen; solemn, because it was known to be so seldom entered. The housemaid alone came here on Saturdays, to wipe from the mirrors and the furniture a week's quiet dust: and Mrs. Reed herself, at far intervals, visited it to review the contents of a certain secret drawer in the wardrobe, where were stored divers parchments, her jewel-casket, and a miniature of her deceased husband; and in those last words lies the secret of the red-room—the spell which kept it so lonely in spite of its grandeur.

Mr. Reed had been dead nine years: it was in this chamber he breathed his last; here he lay in state; hence his coffin was borne by the undertaker's men; and, since that day, a sense of dreary consecration had guarded it from frequent intrusion.

My seat, to which Bessie and the bitter Miss Abbot had left me riveted, was a low ottoman near the marble chimney-piece; the bed rose before me; to my right hand there was the high, dark wardrobe, with subdued, broken reflections varying the gloss of its panels; to my left were the muffled windows; a great looking-glass between them repeated the vacant majesty of the bed and room. I was not quite sure whether they had locked the door; and when I dared move, I got up and went to see. Alas! yes: no jail was ever more secure. Returning, I had to cross before the looking-glass; my fascinated glance involuntarily explored the depth it revealed. All looked colder and darker in that visionary hollow than in

“我们说这些都是为你好，”贝茜补充道，口气倒还算温和，“你该尽量成为一个有用的人，讨人家的喜欢，那样也许你还能在这个家里住下去。要是你由着性子，动不动就发脾气，粗暴无礼，我敢说太太准会把你赶走的。”

“还有，”埃博特小姐说，“上帝也会惩罚她的，在她正大发脾气时一下把她劈死。那样死了，知道灵魂会到哪儿去么？走吧，贝茜，我们不管她了，反正我也不会得到她的好感。爱小姐，我们走后，你好好祷告祷告吧，要不忏悔准会有什么鬼怪从烟囱里钻进来把你抓走的。”

她们走了，关上了门，还随手上了锁。

红屋子是间备用的卧室，很少有人在那儿睡，实际上我可以说从来没人去睡，除非偶尔盖茨黑德府来了很多客人，不得不占用府里所有的屋子。不过这间卧室却是全府里最宽敞最堂皇的房间之一。屋子中央摆着一张有粗大的桃花心木架子的床，床上挂着绛红色的锦缎帐子，宛如搭起的一个帐篷。两扇大窗户的百叶窗总是拉下的，上面还半掩着用差不多同样的帷幔布料作成的彩饰和垂帘。地毯是红色的。床脚边的桌子上铺着深红色的桌布。四面的墙是淡淡的黄褐色，微微泛红。衣橱，梳妆台，椅子都是乌黑油亮的老桃花心木做的。床上堆起一层层的褥垫和枕头，上面蒙着雪白的马赛布床罩，在周围的深沉色调的映衬下，白得刺眼，显得突出。几乎一样突出的是床头边一张铺着坐垫的大安乐椅，也是白色的，前面还放着一张脚凳。我觉得这椅子看上去就像是灰白的宝座。

这儿很少生火，屋子里很冷；离育儿室和厨房又都较远，所以也很安静；还显得很庄严，因为谁都知道这间屋极少有人出入。只有女佣人每星期六进来擦擦那些镜子和家俱，清除一星期的积尘。里德太太自己隔很长一段才来一次，查看一下衣橱里一个秘密抽屉里的东西。那里面存放着各种羊皮纸契据，她的首饰盒，还有她亡夫的一帧小画像。这间红屋子的秘密就在她亡夫身上。这秘密就象一种魔力，使红屋子尽管富丽堂皇，却显得凄凉冷落。

里德先生去世已经九年了。就是在这间卧室他停止了呼吸，在这儿停灵人殓，也是从这儿殡仪馆的人把他的棺材抬走了。从那一天起人们对红屋子就有了种哀伤和神圣的感觉，也就不常闯入了。

贝茜和刻薄的埃博特让我一动不动地坐在那张软垫矮凳的座位上面，就搁在大理石壁炉架附近。那张床就高高地立在我的面前，我右边是黑油油的高大衣橱，黯淡散漫的反光使橱板上显出变幻的光泽。左边是遮得严严实实的两扇窗户，窗户之间有一面大镜子，映现出床和屋子那空落落的肃穆景象。我拿不准她们是否把门锁上了；等我敢走动了，便站起来走过去看看。天啊，真锁上了！比牢房锁得都紧。往回走时得从镜子前经过，我的目光被强烈地吸引住了，不由自主地向镜中映现出的景象深处探索。在那映现的空幻中一切都显得比现实中更冷清，更阴沉。镜中那个瞪眼盯着我的古怪的小家伙在阴暗中隐约地显出了苍白的脸和胳膊，一双充满恐惧的明亮的眼睛在一片死寂中

reality: and the strange little figure there gazing at me, with a white face and arms specking the gloom, and glittering eyes of fear moving where all else was still, had the effect of a real spirit: I thought it like one of the tiny phantoms, half fairy, half imp, Bessie's evening stories represented as coming out of lone, ferny dells in moors, and appearing before the eyes of belated travellers. I returned to my stool.

Superstition was with me at that moment; but it was not yet her hour for complete victory: my blood was still warm; the mood of the re-voled slave was still bracing me with its bitter vigour; I had to stem a rapid rush of retrospective thought before I quailed to the dismal present.

All John Reed's violent tyrannies, all his sisters' proud indifference, all his mother's aversion, all the servants' partiality, turned up in my disturbed mind like a dark deposit in a turbid well. Why was I always suffering, always browbeaten, always accused, for ever condemned? Why could I never please? Why was it useless to try to win any one's favour? Eliza, who, was headstrong and selfish, was respected. Georgiana, who had a spoiled temper, a very acrid spite, a captious and insolent carriage, was universally indulged. Her beauty, her pink cheeks and golden curls, seemed to give delight to all who, looked at her, and to purchase indemnity for every fault. John no one thwarted, much less punished; though he twisted the necks of the pigeons, killed the little pea-chicks, set the dogs at the sheep, stripped the hothouse vines of their fruit, and broke the buds off the choicest plants in the conservatory: he called his mother "old girl," too; sometimes reviled her for her dark skin, similar to his own; bluntly disregarded her wishes; not unfrequently tore and spoiled her silk attire; and he was still "her own darling." I dared commit no fault: I strove to fulfil every duty; and I was termed naughty and tiresome, sullen and sneak-ing, from morning to noon, and from noon to night.

My head still ached and bled with the blow and fall I had received: no one had reproved John for wantonly striking me; and because I had turned against him to avert farther irrational violence, I was loaded with general opprobrium.

"Unjust! — unjust!" said my reason, forced by the agonising stimulus into precocious though transitory power: and Resolve, equally wrought up, instigated some strange expedient to achieve escape from insupportable oppression-as running away, or, if that could not be effected, never eating or drinking more, and letting myself die.

What a consternation of soul was mine that dreary afternoon! How all my brain was in tumult, and all my heart in insurrection! Yet' in what darkness, what dense ignorance, was the mental battle fought! I could not answer the ceaseless inward question—why I thus suffered; now, at the distance of I will not say how many years, I see it clearly.

I was a discord in Gateshead Hall: I was like nobody there; I had nothing in harmony with Mrs. Reed or her children, or her chosen vassalage. If they did not love me, in fact, as little did I love them. They were not bound to regard with affection a thing that could not sympathise with one amongst them; a heterogeneous thing, opposed to them in temperament, in capacity, in propensities; a useless thing, incapable of serving their interest, or adding