

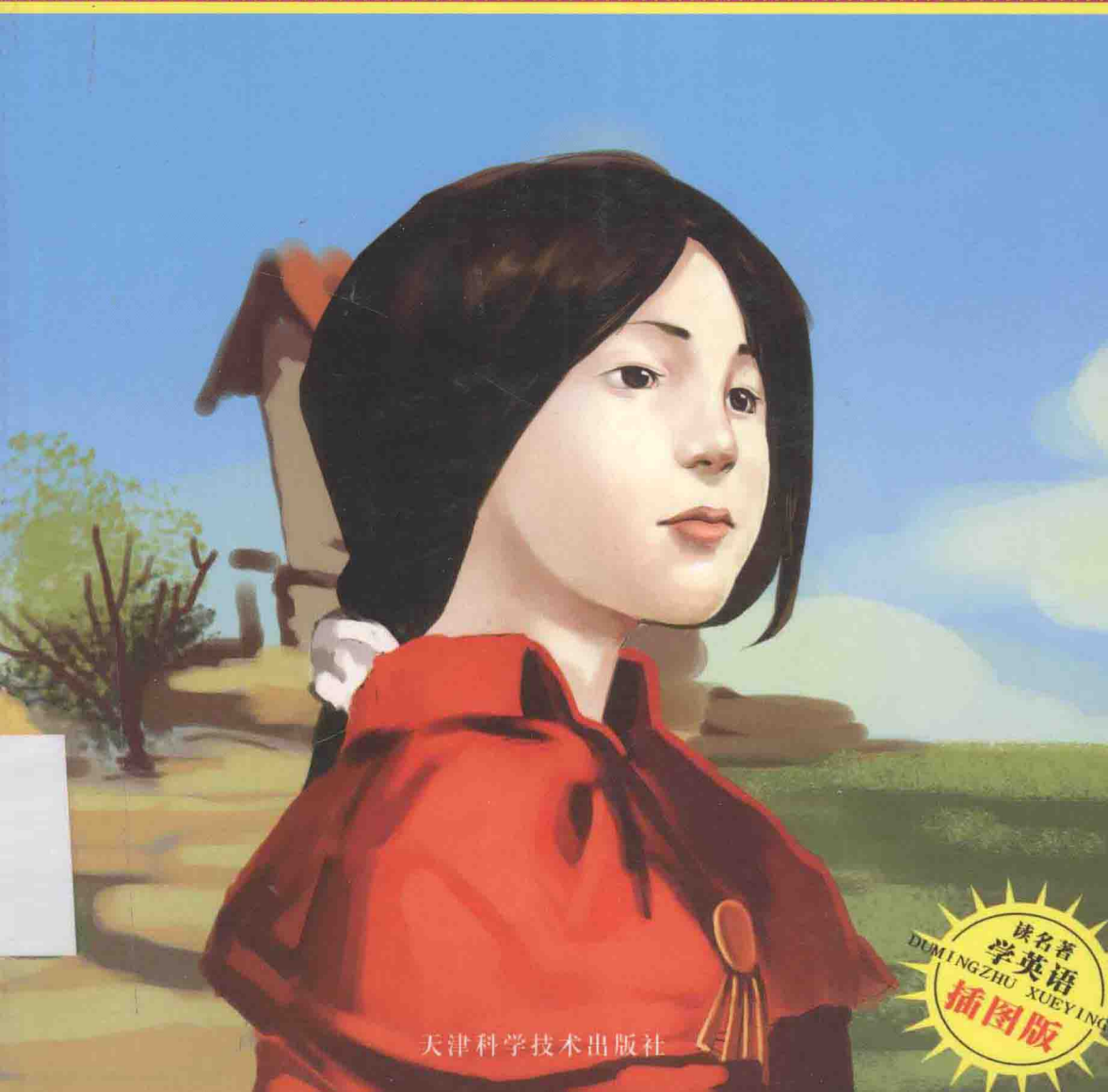


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# 简·爱

*Jane Eyre*



天津科学技术出版社

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A decorative floral frame with symmetrical scrollwork and a central leaf-like motif at the top. The text '编译者名单' is centered within the frame.

# 编译者名单

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## ❁ 简 介 ❁

夏洛蒂·勃朗特（Charlotte Brontë 1816—1855）是19世纪英国著名的现实主义女作家，曾被马克思誉为“现代英国的一批杰出的小说家”之一，长篇小说《简·爱》（Jane Eyre）写于1846年，是英国文学史乃至世界文学史上的经典作品，也是一部自传成分很浓的小说，虽然书中的故事是虚构的，但是对女主人公以及其他许多人物的生活环境，甚至许多生活细节的描写，都取自作者及其周围人的真实经验。

小说通过简·爱与罗切斯特间的爱情故事，反映了在金钱与地位凌驾于一切之上的社会里，出身贫苦、无依无靠的女教师简·爱的曲折遭遇。这部作品带有浓厚的浪漫主义色彩，塑造了一个不屈于世俗压力、独立自主、积极进取的女性形象。她蔑视权贵的骄横，嘲笑他们的愚蠢，显示出自强自立的人格和美好的理想。小说所表达出的思想，即妇女不甘于社会指定给她们的地位而且要求在工作上以及婚姻上独立平等的思想，在当时的影响不同凡响。

《简·爱》（Jane Eyre）自从1944年曾八次被搬上银幕，其中以德尔伯特·曼（Delbert Mann）导演、乔治·斯科特（George Scott）和苏珊娜·约克（Susannah York）主演的版本表现维多利亚朝代的浪漫迷离气息最成功，演员搭配亦佳。本片的配乐由著名作曲家约翰·威廉姆斯（John Williams）完成，对烘托故事情节起到了重要的作用，并于1972年获得艾米奖杰出作曲成就奖。同年，乔治·斯科特（George Scott）和苏珊娜·约克（Susannah York）获得杰出男演员和女演员的艾米奖的提名。

## ❁ 小说人物关系谱 ❁

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The old Johns 老约翰夫妇——桑菲尔德府的佣人

Sophie 索菲娅——桑菲尔德府的女佣

**M**y name is Jane Eyre. I was born in 1820, a harsh time of change in England. Money and position seemed all that mattered. Religion too often wore a mask of bigotry and cruelty. There was no proper place for the poor and the unfortunate.

I have no father or mother, brother or sister. An orphan since early childhood, I was raised by Mrs. Reed, my cruel, wealthy aunt at Gateshead Hall. I do not remember that she ever spoke a kind word to me. Moreover, she forbade me to play with my cousins Eliza, Georgiana, and John Reed. A servant named Bessie is the only one at Gateshead Hall providing me with some of the few kindnesses I received, telling me stories and singing songs to me.

One day, my cousin John and I fought. Mrs. Reed held me responsible for the scuffle. To punish me, she sent me to the “red-room”, in which my uncle Mr. Reed breathed his last. In the red-room, I was struck with the impression that I saw my uncle’s ghost and cried out in terror, then fainted in fear. When I woke, I found myself in my own bedroom in the care of Bessie and a gentleman.



**我**的名字叫简·爱，出生在英国历史发生重大转变的1820年。当时的英国是个金钱和地位万能的世界。在那个社会里，偏狭、残虐都披着宗教的外衣，没什么地方适合于穷人。

我没有父母，也没有兄弟姐妹，从小就寄住在我残暴而富有的舅妈里德夫人家——盖茨黑德府。我的舅妈对我从来都是恶声恶气，她还不许我和她的孩子伊丽莎·里德、乔治亚娜·里德以及约翰·里德玩耍。在盖茨黑德，女佣贝茜是唯一一个关心我的人。她常常给我讲故事，还给我唱歌。

有一天，我和表兄约翰打了起来。里德夫人认为这次打斗事件全由我引起。作为对我的惩罚，她把我锁在了红屋子里面，我的舅舅里德先生就是在这间屋子里断气的。在红屋子里，我深信自己看到了舅舅的鬼魂，吓得尖叫起来，然后就昏了过去。当我醒来时，我发现自己正躺在我的卧室里，贝茜和一位先生在照顾我。



I knew that gentleman. He was Mr. Lloyd, an apothecary, sometimes called in by Mrs. Reed when the servants were ailing. For herself and the children she employed a physician. He was now sitting in a chair near my pillow, leaning over me, smiling.

Mr. Lloyd addressed Bessie and charged her to be very careful that I was not disturbed during the night. Having given some further directions and intimated that he should call again the next day, he departed. To my grief, I felt so sheltered and befriended while he sat in the chair near my pillow, but, as he closed the door after him, all the room darkened.

I remained in bed the following day, and Bessie sang me a song. In the course of the morning Mr. Lloyd came again. Mr. Lloyd spoke with me about my life at Gateshead, and he asked me whether I would like to go to school. Although I scarcely knew what school was, I imagined school would be a complete change: it implied a long journey, an entire separation from Gateshead, an entrance into a new life. Then, I told him that I should indeed like to go to school.



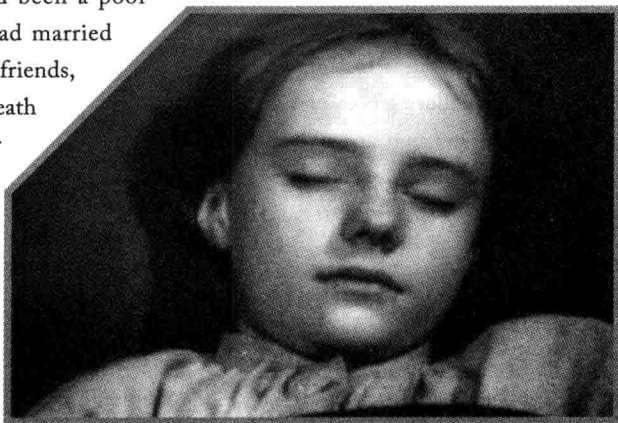
我认识那位先生。他是劳埃德先生，是个药剂师，逢到下人们有病，里德太太有时请他来过。她自己和孩子有病时是另请医生的。他现在坐在我枕旁的椅子上，正微笑着俯身望着我。

劳埃德先生告诉贝茜说要她多加小心，夜里别让我受到打扰。他又交代几句，说了明天再来之后，就走了。这叫我很难受，因为他坐在我枕边的椅子上时，我感到那么有依靠，有人帮助，而等他一走，关上了门，整个屋子马上黯然失色。

第二天，我仍然卧病在床，贝茜在一旁唱歌给我听。午饭前，劳埃德先生又来了。他问我在盖茨黑德府生活的情况，又问我是否愿意去上学。尽管我对学校基本上一无所知，但是我想象着进学校肯定是个彻底的变化，意味着作一次长途旅行，完全离开盖茨黑德府，踏进一种新的生活。于是，我对他说我当然很愿意进学校。

In the interview which followed between Mr. Lloyd and Mrs. Reed, I presumed, from after-occurrences, that the apothecary ventured to recommend my being sent to school, and the recommendation was no doubt readily enough adopted, for as servant Abbot said, in discussing the subject with Bessie when both sat sewing in the nursery one night, after I was in bed, and, as they thought, asleep, “Missis is, I dare say, glad enough to get rid of Miss Jane!”

On that same occasion I learned, for the first time, from Miss Abbot’s communications to Bessie, that my father had been a poor clergyman, that my mother had married him against the wishes of her friends, who considered the match beneath her, that my grandfather Reed was so irritated at her disobedience, he cut her off without a shilling, that after my mother and father had been married a year, the latter caught the typhus fever while visiting among the poor of a large manufacturing town where his curacy was situated, and where that disease was then prevalent, that my mother took the infection from him, and both died within a month of each other.



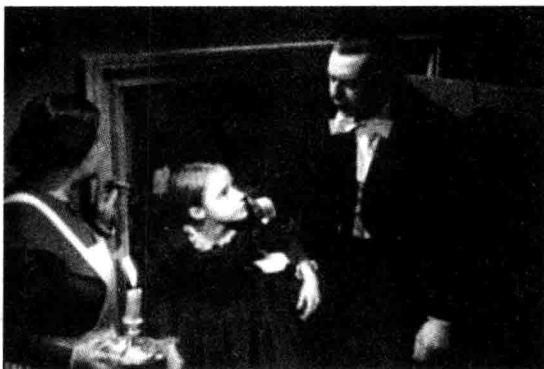
从后来发生的事情来看，我估计劳埃德先生在随后和里德夫人的谈话中，准是大胆地建议应该把我送到学校去，而这个建议无疑是马上被采纳了。因为有一天晚上女佣阿博特和贝茜一起在育儿室里做针线活时谈起这件事。当时我已经上床了，她们还以为我睡着了。阿博特说：“我敢说，太太正巴不得能摆脱掉简小姐呢！”

就在这一次，从阿博特和贝茜的谈话中，我头一回听说我父亲是个穷教士，虽然亲友们担心有失身份而纷纷反对，我母亲还是不顾这些，嫁给了他。我外祖父里德对她的违拗勃然大怒，一文钱的遗产也不留给她。我父母结婚后一年，我父亲在一个大工业城市当副牧师。当时那儿正流行斑疹伤寒，他在访问穷人时染上了病，我母亲又从他那儿受到了感染，不到一个月，两人都先后去世。

From my discourse with Mr. Lloyd, and from the above reported conference between Bessie and Abbot, I gathered enough of hope to suffice as a motive for wishing to get well. A change seemed near—I desired and waited it in silence.

About two months had passed, and I had been enduring even crueller treatment from my aunt and cousins while anxiously waiting for the arrangements to be made for my schooling. One day, I was pulled out of the nursery by a male servant. Then he hurried me to the top of the stairs and bid me go down directly, as I was wanted in the breakfast-room. Bessie was also with me, but she was ordered to keep blind to his cruelty to me.

I would have asked who wanted me. I would have demanded if Mrs. Reed was there, but Bessie was already gone. I slowly descended. For nearly three months, I had never been called to Mrs. Reed's presence, restricted so long to the nursery. The breakfast, dining, and drawing-rooms became for me awful regions, on which it dismayed me to intrude.



根据我和劳埃德先生的交谈，以及前面所说的贝茜和阿博特之间的议论，我有了足够的信心可以指望日子能变得好起来。看来不久就会有一种变动，我默默地盼望着，等待着。

两个月过去了，在这段时间里，我一边忍受着我的舅妈和表兄弟姊妹对我更加残酷的虐待，一边在焦急地等待着关于安排我进学堂的消息。一天，我被一个男佣从育儿室里揪了出来。他催着我来到楼梯口，吩咐我立刻下楼去，因为早餐室里正有人在等我。贝茜也和我在一起，但是那个男佣命令她不要插手，任凭他对我施暴。

我本想问她是谁在找我，打听一下里德太太是不是在那里。可是贝茜已经走了。我慢吞吞地走下楼梯。近三个月来，我从未被叫到里德太太跟前，我在育儿室里禁锢了那么久，早餐室、餐室和客厅都成了令我心寒的地方，一跨进去便惶惶不安。

I now stood in the empty hall. Before me was the breakfast-room door. I stopped, intimidated and trembled. What a miserable little poltroon had unjust punishment made of me in those days! I feared to return to the nursery, and feared to go forward to the parlor. Ten minutes I stood in agitated hesitation till the vehement ringing of the breakfast-room bell decided me I MUST enter. “Who could want me?” I asked



inwardly, as with both hands I turned the stiff door-handle, which, for a second or two, resisted my efforts. “What should I see besides Aunt Reed in the apartment? —a man or a woman?”

The handle turned and the door unclosed. Passing through and curtsying low, I looked up at—a black pillar!—such, at least, appeared to me, at first sight, the straight, narrow, sable-clad shape standing erect on the rug. The grim face at the top was like a carved mask, placed above the shaft by way of capital. Mrs. Reed occupied her usual seat by the fireside and John was sitting near his mama.

此刻，我站在空空荡荡的大厅里，面前就是早餐室的门。我停住了脚步，吓得直打哆嗦。可怜的胆小鬼，那时候不公的惩罚竟使我怕成了这副样子！我既不敢退后返回育儿室，又怕走向客厅。我焦虑不安、犹犹豫豫地站了十来分钟，直到早餐室一阵喧闹的铃声使我横下了心来：我不能不进去了。“谁会找我呢？”我心里有些纳闷，一面用两只手去转动那很紧的门把手，足有一两秒钟，那把手纹丝不动，“除了里德舅妈之外，我还会在客厅里见到谁呢？——男人还是女人？”

把手转动了一下，门开了。我进去行了一个低低的屈膝礼，抬起来头竟看见了一根黑色的柱子！至少猛一看来是这样，那笔直的、狭小的、裹着貂皮的东西直挺挺立在地毯上，那张凶神恶煞般的脸，像是雕刻成的假面，置于柱子顶端当做柱顶似的。里德太太坐在壁炉旁往常所坐的位置上，约翰坐在他妈妈的身旁。



She made a signal to me to approach. I did so, and she introduced me to the stony stranger with the words: "This is the little girl respecting whom I applied to you."

He, for it was a man, turned his head slowly towards where I stood, and having examined me with the two inquisitive-looking grey eyes which twinkled under a pair of bushy brows, said solemnly, and in a bass voice, "Her size is small. What is her age?"

"Ten years."

"So much?" was the doubtful answer, and he prolonged his scrutiny for some minutes. Presently he addressed me—"Your name, little girl?"

"Jane Eyre, sir."

In uttering these words I looked up. He seemed to me a tall gentleman, but then I was very little. His features were large, and they and all the lines of his frame were equally harsh and prim.

"Well, Jane Eyre, and are you a good child?" It was impossible to reply to this in the affirmative because my little world held a contrary opinion. I was silent. Mrs. Reed answered for me by an expressive shake of the head.



她示意我走近她。我照着做了。她用这样的话把我介绍给那个毫无表情的陌生人：“这就是我跟你谈起过的小女孩。”

他——因为是个男人——缓缓地把头转向我站立的地方，用他那双浓眉下闪着好奇目光的灰色眼睛审视着我，随后响起了他严肃的男低音：“她个子很小，几岁了？”

“十岁。”

“这么大了？”他满腹狐疑地问道，又细细打量了我几分钟，随后跟我说起话来——“你叫什么名字，小姑娘？”

“简·爱，先生。”

说完，我抬起头来，我觉得他是位身材高大的绅士，而我自己是个小不点。他的五官粗大、每个部位以及骨架上的每根线条，都是同样的古板和严峻。

“瞧，简·爱，你是个好孩子吗？”我不可能回答说“是的”，因为我周围那个小天地里的人就有两种截然相反的看法，于是我沉默不语。里德太太使劲摇了一下头，等于替我做了回答。



Then she added soon, “Perhaps the less said on that subject the better, Mr. Brocklehurst.”

“Sorry indeed to hear it! She and I must have some talk.”

Bending from the perpendicular, he installed his person in the arm-chair opposite Mrs. Reed’s. “Come here,” he said. I stepped across the rug, and he placed me square and straight before him. What a face he had, now that it was almost on a level with mine! What a great nose! What

a mouth! What large prominent teeth! “No sight is as sad as that of a naughty child,” he began, “especially a naughty little girl. Do you know where the wicked go after death?”

“They go to hell,” was my ready and orthodox answer.

“And what is hell? Can you tell me that?”

“A pit full of fire.”

“And should you like to fall into that pit, and to be burning there for ever?”

“No, sir.”

“What must you do to avoid it?”

I deliberated a moment, but my answer, when it did come, was objectionable: “I must keep in good health, and not die.”

然后她立即补充道：“这个话题也许还是少谈为妙，布罗克赫斯特先生。”

“很遗憾听你这么说，我一定要同她好好谈一谈。”

他俯下原本垂直的身子，在里德太太对面的扶手椅上坐下了。“过来，”他说。我从炉边地毯上走过去，他让我端端正正地站在他跟前。现在我们俩几乎是面对面，他有一张什么样的脸呀！多大的鼻子！多难看的嘴巴！还有那一口的大板牙！“再也没有瞧着一个淘气孩子更让人丧气的了，”他开始说，“尤其是不听话的小姑娘。你知道坏人死后到哪里去吗？”

“他们下地狱，”我不假思索地作了符合正统的回答。

“那地狱是什么地方？你能告诉我吗？”

“一个大火坑。”

“那么你愿意落到那个火坑里，永远被火烧着吗？”

“不，先生。”

“那你必须怎样才能避免呢？”

我细细思忖了一会，可最后做出的回答却是很不讨人喜欢的：“我该让身体总是健康，不要死掉。”

“How can you keep in good health? Children younger than you die daily. I buried a little child of five years old only a day or two since, —a good little child, whose soul is now in heaven. It is to be feared the same could not be said of you were you to be called hence.” Not being in a condition to remove his doubt, I only cast my eyes down on the two large feet planted on the rug, and sighed, wishing myself far enough away.



“I hope that sigh is from the heart, and that you repent of ever having been the occasion of discomfort to your excellent benefactress.”

“Benefactress! benefactress!” said I inwardly, “They all call Mrs. Reed my benefactress. If so, a benefactress is a disagreeable thing.”

“Do you say your prayers night and morning?” continued my interrogator.

“Yes, sir.”

“Do you read your Bible?”

“Sometimes.”

“With pleasure? Are you fond of it?”

“I like Revelations, and the book of Daniel, and Genesis and Samuel, and a little bit of Exodus, and some parts of Kings and Chronicles, and Job and Jonah.”

“你”怎么能让身体总是健康呢？比你年纪小的孩子，每天都有死掉的。一两天前我才埋葬过一个只有五岁的孩子，他是个好孩子，现在他的灵魂已经上了天，要是你被召唤去的话，恐怕很难说能同他一样了。”我无法消除他的疑虑，便只好低下头去看他那双站立在地毯上的大脚，还叹了一口气，巴不得自己离得远一些。

“但愿你的叹息是发自内心的，但愿你已后悔不该给你的大恩人带来烦恼。”

“恩人！恩人！”我心里嘀咕着，“他们都说里德太太是我的恩人，要是这样，那么恩人倒是个讨厌的家伙。”

“你早晚都祷告吗？”我的询问者继续说。

“是的，先生。”

“你读《圣经》吗？”

“有时候读。”

“高兴读吗？喜欢不喜欢？”

“我喜欢《启示录》《但以理书》《创世纪》和《撒母耳记》，《出埃及记》的一小部分，《列王记》和《历代志》的几个部分，还有《约伯》和《约拿书》。”

“And the Psalms? I hope you like them?”  
“No, sir.”

“No? oh, shocking! I have a little boy, younger than you, who knows six Psalms by heart, and when you ask him which he would rather have, a gingerbread-nut to eat or a verse of a Psalm to learn, he says: ‘Oh! The verse of a Psalm! Angels sing Psalms,’ says he, ‘I wish to be a little angel here below,’ he then gets two nuts in recompense for his infant piety.”

“Psalms are not interesting,” I remarked.

“That proves you have a wicked heart, and you must pray to God to change it, to give you a new and clean one, to take away your heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh.”

I was about to propound a question, touching the manner in which that operation of changing my heart was to be performed, when Mrs. Reed interposed, telling me to sit down. She then proceeded to carry on the conversation herself.

“Mr. Brocklehurst, this little girl has not quite the character and disposition I could wish. Should you admit her into Lowood School, I should be glad if the superintendent and teachers were requested to keep a strict eye on her, and, above all, to guard against her worst fault, a tendency to deceit.”

“还有《诗篇》呢？我想你也喜欢吧。”

“不喜欢，先生。”

“不喜欢？哎呀，真让人吃惊！有个小男孩，比你年纪还小，却能背六首赞美诗。你要是问他，愿意吃姜饼呢，还是背一首赞美诗，他会说‘啊，背赞美诗！因为天使也唱’。还说‘我真希望当一个人间的小天使’，随后他得到了两块姜饼，作为他小小年纪就那么虔诚的报偿。”

“赞美诗很乏味，”我说。

“这说明你心很坏，你应当祈求上帝给你换一颗新的纯洁的心，把那颗石头般的心取走，赐给你一颗血肉之心。”

我正要问他换心的手术怎样做时，里德太太插嘴了，吩咐我坐下来，随后她接着话题谈了下去。

“布罗克赫斯特先生，这个小姑娘缺乏我所期望的人品与气质。如果你准许她进罗沃德学校，我乐意恭请校长和教师们对她严加看管，尤其要提防她身上最大的毛病，一种爱说谎的习性。”





Well might I dread; well might I dislike Mrs. Reed, for it was her nature to wound me cruelly. Never was I happy in her presence. However carefully I obeyed, however strenuously I strove to please her, my efforts were still repulsed and repaid by such sentences as the above. Now, uttered before a stranger, the accusation cut me to the heart. I dimly perceived that she was already obliterating hope from the new phase of existence which she destined me to enter. I felt, though I could not



have expressed the feeling, that she was sowing aversion and unkindness along my future path. I saw myself transformed under Mr. Brocklehurst's eye into an artful, noxious child, and what could I do to remedy the injury? "Nothing, indeed," thought I, as I struggled to repress a sob, and hastily wiped away some tears, the impotent evidences of my anguish.

"Deceit is, indeed, a sad fault in a child," said Mr. Brocklehurst, "it is akin to falsehood, and all liars will have their portion in the lake burning with fire and brimstone. She shall, however, be watched, Mrs. Reed. I will speak to Miss Temple and the teachers."

我满有理由害怕里德太太，讨厌她，因为她生性就爱恶毒地伤害我，在她面前我从来不会愉快。不管我怎样陪着小心顺从她，千方百计讨她欢心，我的努力仍然受到鄙夷，并被报之以上述这类言词。她当着陌生人的面，竟如此指控我，实在伤透了我的心。我依稀感到，她抹去了我对新生活所怀的希望，这种生活是她特意为我安排的。尽管我不能表露自己的感情，但我感到，她在通向我未来的道路上，播下了反感和无情的种子。我看到自己在布罗克赫斯特先生的心中已变成了一个狡诈、邪恶的孩子，我还能有什么办法来消除这种伤害呢？“说实在，没有，”我思忖道。一面竭力忍住哭泣，急忙擦掉几滴泪水，那是我无可奈何的痛苦的见证。

“欺骗在孩子身上，的确是一种可悲的缺点，”布罗克赫斯特先生说，“它近乎于说谎，而所有的说谎者，都有份儿落到燃烧着硫磺烈火的湖里。不过，我们会对她严加看管的，里德太太，我要告诉坦普尔小姐和教师们。”