

书虫·牛津英汉对照读物

Jane Eyre



Charlotte Brontë

简·爱



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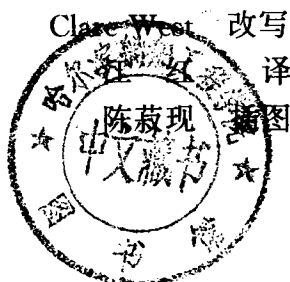
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简·爱

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简 介

简·爱背负着自然与社会给她的一切不幸,开始了她的人生:她没有双亲,没有钱财,她是(男人世界中的)一个弱女子;雪上加霜的是,她不漂亮。她有着坚强的个性,这使她在世人眼里更加失去了魅力,因为她不会对别人逆来顺受。

她不像是世上伟大爱情故事中的女主角,然而她却有着相当于此的举动。世人看到的是她的种种劣势,告诉她对生活不要有太多奢望。然而简·爱不听这一套,她拒绝接受世人给予她的卑微地位。她要求世人接受她的本来面目:她可能微不足道,但却是自己命运的主宰;她也许不漂亮,却值得他人爱。

夏洛特·勃朗蒂(1816—1855)是英国最伟大的小说家之一。她在英格兰北部约克郡的生活本身狭窄有限,然而其小说充满激情与想像,享誉世界。

People in This Story

Jane Eyre

At Gateshead

Mrs Reed, Jane Eyre's aunt

Eliza Reed

Georgiana Reed

John Reed

} Jane Eyre's cousins

Bessie, the nursemaid

Miss Abbott, Mrs Reed's maid

Dr Lloyd

Robert, the coachman

At Lowood School

Mr Brocklehurst, the school's financial manager

Miss Temple, the headmistress

Miss Miller

Miss Scatcherd

} teachers

Helen Burns, a pupil

At Thornfield

Mrs Fairfax, the housekeeper

Adèle, daughter of Mr Rochester's French mistress

Edward Rochester, the owner of Thornfield Hall

Blanche Ingram

Mary Ingram

} sisters

Lady Ingram, their mother

Grace Poole

Dick Mason

Mr Briggs, lawyer to Mr Eyre of Madeira

Bertha Mason

At Moor House

Diana Rivers

Mary Rivers

} sisters

St John Rivers, brother of Diana and Mary, and vicar of
Morton

Hannah, his housekeeper

Rosamund Oliver, daughter of a rich factory-owner

At Ferndean Manor

John

Mary, his wife

} Mr Rochester's servants

人物表

简·爱

盖茨赫德

里德太太, 简·爱的舅妈

伊丽莎·里德

乔治娜·里德

约翰·里德

} 简·爱的表兄妹

贝茜, 保姆

阿伯特小姐, 里德太太的女仆

洛依德医生

洛伍德学校

布鲁克赫斯特先生, 学校财务总管

丹伯尔小姐, 女学监

米勒小姐

斯盖查德小姐

} 老师

海伦·伯恩斯, 学生

特恩费得

费尔法斯太太, 管家

阿黛拉, 罗切斯特先生的法国情妇的女儿

爱德华·罗切斯特, 特恩费得府的主人

布朗蒂·英格姆 } 姐妹
玛丽·英格姆 }

英格姆夫人, 她们的母亲

格丽丝·普尔

迪克·梅森

布莱克斯先生, 马迪拉的爱先生的律师

伯莎·梅森

摩尔屋

戴安娜·李维斯 } 姐妹
玛丽·李维斯 }

圣约翰·李维斯, 戴安娜和玛丽的哥哥, 莫顿的牧师

汉娜, 管家

罗莎蒙特·奥利弗小姐, 富有工厂主的女儿

枫丹庄园

约翰 } 罗切斯特先生的仆人
玛丽, 他的妻子 }

Part one—A child at Gateshead

1

The red room

We could not go for a walk that afternoon. There was such a freezing cold wind, and such heavy rain, that we all stayed indoors. I was glad of it. I never liked long walks, especially in winter. I used to hate coming home when it was almost dark, with ice-cold fingers and toes, feeling miserable because Bessie, the nursemaid, was always scolding me. All the time I knew I was different from my cousins, Eliza, John and Georgiana Reed. They were taller and stronger than me, and they were loved.

These three usually spent their time crying and quarrelling, but today they were sitting quietly around their mother in the sitting-room. I wanted to join the family circle, but Mrs Reed, my aunt, refused. Bessie had complained about me.

‘No, I’m sorry, Jane. Until I hear from Bessie, or see for myself, that you are really trying to behave better, you cannot be treated as a good, happy child, like *my* children.’

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

‘Jane, it is not polite to question me in that way. If you cannot speak pleasantly, be quiet.’

I crept out of the sitting-room and into the small room next door, where I chose a book full of pictures from the bookcase. I climbed on to the window-seat and drew the curtains, so that

第一部 盖茨赫德的孩子



1 红房子

那天下午,我们不能出去散步。寒风刺骨,大雨瓢泼,大家都待在家里,我倒是因此感到高兴。我从来不喜欢走长路,特别是在冬天。过去我最讨厌回到家时天色已暗,手脚冰凉,女仆贝茜总是训斥我而使我痛苦不堪。无论何时我都懂得我和我的表兄妹——里德家的伊丽莎、约翰和乔治娜不一样。他们不仅比我高大、强壮,而且还受宠。

这三个人常常吵闹不休,但今天却和妈妈一起静静地坐在起居室里。我也想参加进去,可我的舅妈里德太太不允许。贝茜告了我的状。

“对不起,简。如果不听到贝茜说或是由我亲眼看到你的确努力要学好,你就不能像我的孩子那样,被当成是快乐的好孩子。”

“贝茜说我干什么了?”我问。

“简,这样问我是不礼貌的。如果你不能好好讲话,就闭嘴。”

我悄悄退出起居室,走进隔壁的小房间,从书架上选了一本图画书。我爬上窗台,拉好窗帘,把自己整个藏了起来。我坐

miserable *adj.* very unhappy. 痛苦的。**nurse-maid** *n.* a woman employed to take care of a young child. 保姆;女仆。**scold** *v.* to blame. 斥责;责骂。**complain** *v.* speak or say in an unhappy, annoyed, dissatisfied way. 埋怨。

I was completely hidden. I sat there for a while. Sometimes I looked out of the window at the grey November afternoon, and saw the rain pouring down on the leafless garden. But most of the time I studied the book and stared, fascinated, at the pictures. Lost in the world of imagination, I forgot my sad, lonely existence for a while, and was happy. I was only afraid that my secret hiding-place might be discovered.

Suddenly the door of the room opened. John Reed rushed in.

‘Where are you, rat?’ he shouted. He did not see me behind the curtain. ‘Eliza! Georgy! Jane isn’t here! Tell Mamma she’s run out into the rain — what a bad animal she is!’

‘How lucky I drew the curtain,’ I thought. He would never have found me, because he was not very intelligent. But Eliza guessed at once where I was.

‘She’s in the window-seat, John,’ she called from the sitting-room. So I came out immediately, as I did not want him to pull me out.

‘What do you want?’ I asked him.

‘Say, “What do you want, *Master* Reed”,’ he answered, sitting in an armchair. ‘I want you to come here.’

John Reed was fourteen and I was only ten. He was large and rather fat. He usually ate too much at meals, which made him ill. He should have been at boarding school, but his mother, who loved him very much, had brought him home for

了一会儿,时而望望窗外。11月的午后天气阴沉,大雨倾泻在秃枝枯叶的花园里。不过大部分时候,我认真读着书,完全被书中的图画吸引住了。我沉浸在想像的世界中,暂时忘掉了伤心和孤单,只感到快活。我唯一担心的就是我的秘密藏身处可能会被发现。

突然,门开了,约翰·里德冲了进来。

“老鼠,你在哪儿?”他叫着,没有看到窗帘后面的我。“伊丽莎! 乔吉! 简不在这儿! 告诉妈妈她跑出去淋雨了。真是个畜生!”

“幸好我拉上了窗帘,”我心想。他永远找不到我,因为他并不聪明。可是,伊丽莎一下子就猜出了我在哪里。

“约翰,她坐在窗台上。”她在起居室喊道。于是,我赶紧走了出来,因为我不愿意他来找我。

“你想怎样?”我问道。

“说‘里德主人,您想要什么’,”他坐在椅子上说。“我要你过来。”

约翰·里德已经14岁了,而我只有10岁。他长得又高又胖,常常狼吞虎咽吃得太多,以致闹病。他本该上寄宿学校的,可是他妈妈太宠他,把他接回家一两个月,因为

fascinate *v.* *be very interesting to.* 强烈吸引。

imagination *n.* *making pictures in your mind.* 想像;幻想。

intelligent *adj.* *clever.* 聪明的。**delicate** *adj.* *becoming ill easily.* 体弱易病的。

a month or two, because she thought his health was delicate.

John did not love his mother or his sisters, and he hated me. He bullied and punished me, not two or three times a week, not once or twice a day, but all the time. My whole body trembled when he came near. Sometimes he hit me, sometimes he just threatened me, and I lived in terrible fear of him. I had no idea about how to stop him. The servants did not want to offend their young master, and Mrs Reed could see no fault in her dear boy.

So I obeyed John's order and approached his armchair, thinking how very ugly his face was. Perhaps he understood what I was thinking, for he hit me hard on the face.

'That is for your rudeness to Mamma just now,' he said, 'and for your wickedness in hiding, and for looking at me like that, you rat!' I was so used to his bullying that I never thought of hitting him back.

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

'I was reading,' I answered.

'Show me the book.' I gave it to him.

'You have no right to take our books,' he continued. 'You have no money and your father left you none. You ought to beg in the streets, not live here in comfort with a gentleman's family. Anyway, all these books are mine, and so is the whole house, or will be in a few years' time. I'll teach you not to borrow my books again.' He lifted the heavy book and threw it hard at me.

她觉得他身体弱。约翰既不喜欢他的母亲，也不喜欢他的妹妹，对我更只有恨。他欺侮我，惩罚我，不是一星期两三次，也不是一天里一两次，而是随时随地。他一靠近，我就浑身打颤。他有时打我，有时吓唬我，我整天生活在对他的恐惧中，我根本不知道如何阻止他。仆人们不愿得罪他们的小主人，而里德太太根本看不到她的心肝宝贝会有什么错。

于是，我服从了约翰的命令，走向他坐的椅子，心想他那张脸真是丑极了。可能他看出了我的心思，用手重重地打在我的脸上。

“这是罚你刚才对妈妈无礼，”他说，“罚你藏起来的鬼主意，罚你那么瞪着我，你这老鼠！”我已经习惯了被他欺负，从没想过要还手。

“你在帘子后面干什么？”他问。

“我在读书，”我答道。

“给我看看。”我将书递了过去。

“你没权拿我们的书。”他接着说。“你身无分文，你父亲也没给你留下一分钱。你应该上街讨饭，而不是一位绅士家里过舒服日子。不管怎样，这些书都是我的，几年以后整幢房子也是我的了。我要教训你别再借我的书。”他举起重重的书，狠狠地打在我身上。

bully *v.* hurt or frighten a weaker person. 欺侮；威吓。
punish *v.* make someone suffer because he has done wrong. 惩罚，处罚。
tremble *v.* shake because you are afraid, cold, weak, etc. 发抖。
threaten *v.* promise to hurt someone if he does not do what you want. 威胁，恐吓。

It hit me and I fell, cutting my head on the door. I was in great pain, and suddenly for the first time in my life, I forgot my fear of John Reed.

‘You wicked, cruel boy!’ I cried. ‘You are a bully! You are as bad as a murderer!’

‘What! What!’ he cried. ‘Did she say that to me? Did you hear, Eliza and Georgiana? I’ll tell Mamma, but first...’

He rushed to attack me, but now he was fighting with a desperate girl. I really saw him as a wicked murderer. I felt the blood running down my face, and the pain gave me strength. I fought back as hard as I could. My resistance surprised him, and he shouted for help. His sisters ran for Mrs Reed, who called her maid, Miss Abbott, and Bessie. They pulled us apart and I heard them say, ‘What a wicked girl! She attacked Master John!’

Mrs Reed said calmly, ‘Take her away to the red room and lock her in there.’ And so I was carried upstairs, arms waving and legs kicking.

As soon as we arrived in the red room, I became quiet again, and the two servants both started scolding me.

‘Really, Miss Eyre,’ said Miss Abbott, ‘how could you hit him? He’s your young master!’

‘How can he be my master? I am not a servant!’ I cried.

‘No, Miss Eyre, you are less than a servant, because you do not work,’ replied Miss Abbott. They both looked at me as if they strongly disapproved of me.

我被打倒在地，头碰在门上磕破了。我感到疼痛不堪，平生第一次突然忘记了我对约翰·里德的恐惧。

“你这个残忍的坏蛋！”我喊着，“你欺侮人！你像个刽子手！”

“什么！什么！”他叫嚷着，“她说我什么？伊丽莎，乔吉，你们听到了吗？我要告诉妈妈去，可是我先得……”

他冲过来打我，不过现在他的对手是一个绝望的女孩子。我真的觉得他是个刽子手坏蛋。我感到血从脸上流下来，疼痛给了我力量，我使出全力还手了。我的反抗吓了他一跳，他大声求救。他的妹妹们跑去叫里德太太，里德太太又叫上了仆人阿伯特小姐和贝茜。她们把我们拉开，我听到她们说：“多坏的小丫头！她竟打了约翰主人！”

里德太太平静地说：“把她带到红房子里锁起来。”于是手脚并用、极力挣扎的我被抱到了楼上。

一进红房子，我又安静下来，两个仆人开始训斥我。

“说真的，爱小姐，”阿伯特小姐说，“你怎么能打他呢？他是你的小主人啊！”

“他怎么是我的主人？我又不是仆人！”我喊道。

“不，爱小姐。你连仆人都不如，因为你都不干活。”阿伯特小姐答道。她们都瞪着我，好像很不赞同我。

bully *n.* someone who insults people. 恶棍。**desperate** *adj.* (of a person) ready for any wild act because of loss of hope. (指人)拼命的；绝望的。**resistance** *n.* opposition. 抵抗；反抗。

‘You should remember, miss,’ said Bessie, ‘that your aunt pays for your food and clothes, and you should be grateful. You have no other relations or friends.’

All my short life I had been told this, and I had no answer to it. I stayed silent, listening to these painful reminders.

‘And if you are angry and rude, Mrs Reed may send you away,’ added Bessie.

‘Anyway,’ said Miss Abbott, ‘God will punish you, Jane Eyre, for your wicked heart. Pray to God, and say you’re sorry.’ They left the room, locking the door carefully behind them.

The red room was a cold, silent room, hardly ever used, although it was one of the largest bedrooms in the house. Nine years ago my uncle, Mr Reed, had died in this room, and since then nobody had wanted to sleep in it.

Now that I was alone I thought bitterly of the people I lived with. John Reed, his sisters, his mother, the servants, they all accused me, scolded me, hated me. Why could I never please them? Eliza was selfish, but was respected. Georgiana had a bad temper, but she was popular with everybody because she was beautiful. John was rude, cruel and violent, but nobody punished him. I tried to make no mistakes, but they called me naughty every moment of the day. Now that I had turned against John to protect myself, everybody blamed me.

And so I spent that whole long afternoon in the red room asking myself why I had to suffer and why life was so unfair.