



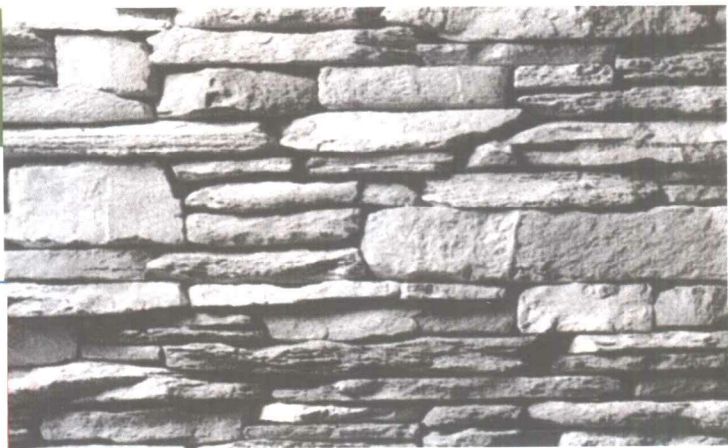
总策划
苑涛
樊昕
樊昕

思马得学校“掌上名著”英语系列丛书

Jane Eyre

Charlotte Brontë 原著

简爱



- 标明“背诵部分”，精选出背诵与记忆的要点
- 设有“读书笔记”区，助你轻松阅读并做好属于自己的笔记
- 难词、难句、难点、好句子均在文中标出，让你随时得到“名师”的指点

世界图书出版公司

简 爱

Jane Eyre

Charlotte Brontë

苑 涛 樊一昕 丛书总策划

樊一昕 编 著

世界图书出版公司

(思马得英语掌上名著系列)

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

简爱:英文/(英)勃朗特(Brontë, C.)著. —上海:
上海世界图书出版公司, 2001. 2

I. 简… II. 勃… III. 英语-语言读物, 小说

IV. H319.74: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2000)第 49440 号

简 爱

樊一昕 编著

上海**世界图书出版公司**出版发行

(上海市武定路 555 号, 邮编: 200040)

江苏昆山市亭林印刷总厂印刷

各地新华书店经销

开本: 880×1230mm 1/32 印张: 6.5 字数: 211 680

2001 年 2 月第 1 版 2001 年 2 月第 1 次印刷

印数: 1-12 000 册

ISBN: 7-5062-4902-2/H·276

定价: 8.00 元

思马得英语掌上名著系列丛书编委会

总策划 苑 涛 樊一昕

主 编 樊一昕 竺 蕊

编 委 (按姓氏笔划排列)

王 怡	王忠焕	冯国雄
朱险峰	杨浩明	竺 蕊
苑 涛	夏 天	裘承裕
樊一昕		

前 言

阅读英文名著是提高英文水平的最佳方式,但很多学生往往会走入追求故事情节的误区,读完之后收获甚微。

我们的调查结果令人瞠目:大多数学生在读完英文名著之后却不能正确拼出书名、作者名与主要人物名,更不知道其中的经典名句。因此,思马得呼吁读者要走上正确的阅读之路,这套“引导式”的掌上名著便应运而生了。

本书的特点与使用方法如下:

1. 特别设有“背诵部分”,精选出了背诵与记忆要点,要求读者将此部分完全背熟;
2. 将复杂且难以理解的句子用下划波浪线标出,并加以中文注释;
3. 将难词标出并进行注释,省去查字典的麻烦;
4. 将好句子用**黑体加斜体**标出,让读者随时得到“老师”的指导;
5. 编排方式上采取左右对照的方式,特设“**读书笔记**”区,不仅有全方位的注释,还可以让读者做好属于自己的笔记。

由于时间有限,疏忽之处在所难免,欢迎读者指正。

思马得学校图书编辑部

2001年2月

Brief comment and general introduction

简评与梗概

The strength of the book lies in its unity, in its clear development from Jane's wronged and rebellious childhood to the freedom and happiness of her marriage, in the writer's ability to arouse responsive emotion in the readers.

Jane Eyre's parents died when she was a baby, leaving her an orphan. She spent her early years in the hostile household of her aunt Mrs. Reed. When Mrs. Reed didn't want to support her any more, Jane left Gateshead Hall and was sent to Lowood School.

Mrs. Reed's low estimate of her character made Jane, in the eyes of many people, a bad girl. Those who treated her with kindness were Miss Temple, who proved Jane to be a nice girl, and Helen, who was her friend in need. During the eight years of the rigid rule by Brocklehurst, Jane grew up to be an independent lady with a strong sense of equality. Reluctant to be a teacher there, she advertised for a position as a governess at Thornfield.

She was employed by Mrs. Fairfax who was Mr. Rochester's housekeeper. The pupil whom she was to teach was Adele, a ward of Mr. Rochester. Jane liked the job in such a quiet and comfortable place, but she knew nothing about Mr. Rochester except that he seldom came home.

It so happened that one day Jane, while she was out walking, saw a man was thrown off his horse and came to help him. Later, she found the man to be her employer. He was an enigmatic and moody man who always spoke brusquely, but somehow Jane could see that he was kind and sensitive in heart and also that there was something weighing on his mind.

Gradually Jane came to love Mr. Rochester. At the same time, she experi-

enced something strange. A tenant who was named Grace Poole was living in a room on the third floor where furious cry was often heard. On top of that, Mr. Rochester's bed was on fire one day. When Jane was arousing the household about it, Mr. Rochester stopped her. He commanded her to keep quiet about the whole affair.

Mr. Rochester attended many parties. What made Jane feel bad was that Mr. Rochester was always paying court to a beautiful girl whose name was Blanche Ingram. One night a fortune teller came to the party and read the ladies' hands. Jane, after opening her mind to the interviewer, discovered at last that this fortune teller was no other than Mr. Rochester himself.

She decided to marry Rochester. Just as the wedding was going on, a man came up and declared the existence of an impediment to the marriage. The man was Mr. Mason who was the brother of the mad "wife" whom Rochester married a few years ago through a deception. Jane realized that she was just the charge of Grace Poole on the third floor where the noise she heard came from.

Jane left Thornfield. Without food and clothing, she was wandering aimlessly in a strange land. Reverend St. John Rivers and his two sisters, Mary and Diana, who happened to be her relatives, found her and offered her help. Later, the nice family helped her receive a handsome legacy which her uncle left her. To them she felt grateful, and with them she shared the fortune.

While Jane was working as a mistress in the village school, St. John proposed marriage to her. Jane could not accept it as she wanted very much to go back to Thornfield to look for Mr. Rochester. When she arrived there, however, she found the house was burned down and the place became a blackened ruin. It was the mad woman who set the fire. Mr. Rochester became blind while trying to save his mad "wife". Now, blind and penniless, Mr. Rochester was living with his dog in a lonely farm.

All's well that ends well. After Jane and Rochester got married, they had a son. Then one of Rochester's eyesight was recovered. All of their friends and relatives were living happily. Jane's good spirit and high principles brought her an emotional fulfilment as well as a beneficial welfare.

(2) *I wanted to be equal to my future husband , I wanted to be independent upon myself . I wanted to love , and I wanted to be loved .*

(3) *The eagerness of a listener quickens the tongue of a narrator .*

(4) *Miss Ingram was a mark beneath jealousy : she was too inferior to excite the feeling .*

(5) *Most true is it that beauty is in the eye of the gazer .*

(6) *Reason , and not feeling , is my guide .*



CHAPTER 1

There was no possibility of taking a walk that day. We had been wandering, indeed, in the leafless shrubbery for an hour in the morning. The cold winter wind had brought with it clouds so sombre^①, and a rain so penetrating, that further outdoor exercise was now out of the question.

The dull and overcast weather made me more aware of my orphanage. Both my father and my mother died when I was a baby. I was passed, at Gateshead, into the care of Mrs. Reed, my aunt, who, as far as I remembered, never spoke a kind word with me. Whenever I said anything to her, the following words could greet my ears:

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

That was a harsh time undergoing great change. *The poor, the weak, and the unfortunate, without money and position, could go nowhere, and charity was of course an empty word.* I was bullied and never treated equally in my aunt’s home.

That afternoon, after I slipped into the room where there were many books, I took a book and went

①[ˈsɒmbə] *adj.* 昏暗的



to the window to read. I feared nothing but interruption, but it came too soon. John Reed, the son of Mrs. Reed, rushed in.

‘What were you doing behind here?’ cried he.

‘I was reading.’

‘Show me the book.’

I returned to the window and brought the book I was reading.

‘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 warn you not to come to 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^① the book and stand in act to hurl it, I instinctively^② 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 shouted at him.

① [poiz] vt. 使平衡

② [in'stɪŋktɪvli] adv. 本能地
[那本书已经砸了过来。]



读书笔记

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 tyrant¹, a murderer. I felt a drop or two of blood from my head trickle² down my neck, and was sensible of somewhat pungent³ suffering: these sensations for the time predominated⁴ 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 bellowed⁵ cut aloud. Aid was near him: his two sisters, Eliza and Georgiana, had run for Mrs. Reed, who was gone upstairs; she now came upon the scene, followed by Bessie, the nurse, 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 subjoined⁶:

'Take her away to the red-room, and lock her in there.' Four hands were immediately laid upon me, and I was borne upstairs.

I was thrown into the red-room and locked there for a long time. So much did I suffer that at last I lost my consciousness. The next thing I remember is waking up with a feeling as if I had had a frightful nightmare, and seeing before me a terrible red glare, crossed with thick black bars. I heard voices, too, speaking with a hollow sound, and as if muffled⁷ by a rush of wind or water, agitation⁸, uncertainty, and an

[他向我直奔过来。]

[他已经在跟一个不顾死活的家伙扭打在一起了,]

①['taɪənt] *n.* 暴君

②['trɪkl] *v.* 滴流

③['pʌndʒənt] *adj.* 尖锐的, 苦痛的

[这些感觉一时占了上风, 我不再畏惧, 便发疯似地向他对打起来。]

④['pri:'dɒmɪneɪt] *v.* 占优势

⑤['beləʊ] *v.* 吼叫, 怒吼

[多撒泼, 竟然敢打约翰少爷!]

⑥[ɪsəb'dʒɔɪn] *vt.* 增补, 附加

⑦['mʌfl] *v.* 蒙住, 压抑(声音)

⑧[ɪdʒɪ'teɪʃən] *n.* 激动, 兴奋



all-predominating sense of terror confused my faculties.

Before long, I became aware that someone was handling me, lifting me up and supporting me in a sitting posture, and that more tenderly than I had ever been raised or upheld before. I rested my head against a pillow or an arm, and felt easy.

Five minutes later, *the cloud of bewilderment^① dissolved*. I knew quite well that I was in my own bed, and that the red glare was the nursery fire. It was night, a candle burnt on the table; Bessie stood at the bed-foot with a basin in her hand, and a gentleman sat in a chair near my pillow, leaning over me.

I felt an inexpressible relief, a soothing^② conviction^③ of protection and security, when I knew that there was a stranger in the room, an individual not belonging to Gateshead, and nor related to Mrs. Reed.

Turning from Bessie, I *scrutinised^④* the face of the gentleman. I knew him; it was Mr. Lloyd, an *apothecary^⑤*, sometimes called in by Mrs. Reed when the servants were *ailing^⑥*. For herself and the children she employed a physician.

‘Well, who am I?’ he asked.

I pronounced his name, offering him at the same time my hand, he took it, smiling and saying, ‘We shall do very well by and by.’ Then he laid me down, and *addressing^⑦* Bessie, *charged^⑧* her to be very careful that I was not disturbed during the night. Having

① [bi'wɪldəmənt] *n.* 迷乱

② [su:ð] *vt.* 平静, 安慰

③ [kən'vɪkʃən] *n.* 深信, 确信

④ ['skru:tɪnaɪz] *vt.* 仔细检查

⑤ [ə'pɒθɪkəri] *n.* 药剂师, 药师

⑥ [eɪl] *vt.* 使疼痛

⑦ [ə'dres] *vt.* 对……说

⑧ ['tʃɑ:dʒ] *v.* 命令, 指示



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; and as he closed the door after him, all the room darkened and my heart again sank: inexpressible sadness weighed it down.

‘Do you feel as if you should sleep, Miss?’ asked Bessie, rather softly.

Scarcely dared I answer her, for I feared the next sentence might be rough. ‘I will try.’

‘Would you like to drink, or could you eat anything?’

‘No, thank you, Bessie.’

‘Then I think I shall go to bed, for it is past twelve o’clock; but you may call me if you want anything in the night.’ saying so, she left the room.

Next day, by noon, I was up and dressed, and sat wrapped in a shawl^① by the nursery hearth^②. I felt physically weak and broken down, *but my worst ailment was an unutterable wretchedness of mind—a wretchedness which kept drawing from my silent tears; no sooner had I wiped one salt drop from my cheek than another followed.* Yet, I thought, I ought to have been happy, for none of the Reeds were there, they were all gone out in the carriage with their mama.

Bessie had been down into the kitchen, and she brought up with her a tart on a certain brightly painted

[一种无可名状的哀伤压迫着我。]

[我几乎不敢回答她。]

① [ʃɔ:l] n. 披肩, 围巾

② [hɑ:θ] n. 壁炉, 炉边



china plate, whose bird of paradise, nesting in a wreath of convolvul⁽¹⁾ and rosebuds, had been wont⁽²⁾ to stir in me a most enthusiastic⁽³⁾ sense of admiration; and which plate I had often petitioned⁽⁴⁾ to be allowed to take in my hand in order to examine it more closely, but had always hitherto⁽⁵⁾ been deemed unworthy of such a privilege. This precious vesse⁽⁶⁾ was now placed on my knee, and I was cordially⁽⁷⁾ invited to eat the circle⁽⁸⁾ of delicate pastry⁽⁹⁾ upon it.

While Abbot was talking to Bessie, I learned 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⁽¹⁰⁾ fever while visiting among the poor of a large manufacturing town where his curacy⁽¹¹⁾ 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.

- ① [kən'vɒlvjʊli] *n.* 旋花植物
 ② [wəʊnt] *adj.* 惯于, 常常
 ③ [in,θju:zi'æstɪk] *adj.* 热心的, 热情的
 ④ [pi'tɪʃən] *v.* 请求, 恳求
 ⑤ [hɪðə'tu:] *adv.* 迄今, 至今
 ⑥ ['vesl] *n.* 容器, 器皿
 ⑦ ['kɔ:diəli] *adv.* 诚恳地, 诚挚地
 ⑧ ['sɜ:kli:t] *n.* 小圈
 ⑨ ['peɪstri] *n.* 面粉糕饼, 馅饼皮
 ⑩ ['taɪfəs] *n.* (医) 斑疹伤寒症
 ⑪ ['kjʊərəsi] *n.* 副牧师的职务

[结果两个人都去世了, 前后相差不到一个月。]



CHAPTER 2

One day, Mr. Brocklehurst came to Mrs. Reed's home. After being introduced to him by Mrs. Reed as a bad girl, I was asked some harsh questions. An agreement, after I answered them, was made that I was to be sent to Lowood School where I was told I could "improve" myself with other small girls like myself.

Five o'clock had hardly struck on the 19th of January, when Bessie brought a candle into my closet and found me already up and nearly dressed. I had risen half an hour before her entrance, and had washed my face, and put on my clothes by the light of a half-moon just setting, *whose rays streamed through the narrow window near my crib*^①. I was to leave Gateshead that day by a coach which passed the *lodge*^② gates at six a. m. Bessie was the only person yet risen; she had lit a fire in the nursery, where she now proceeded to make my breakfast. Few children can eat when excited with the thoughts of a journey, nor could I. Bessie, having pressed me in vain to take a few spoonfuls of the boiled milk and bread she had prepared for me, wrapped up some biscuits in a paper and put them into my bag, then she helped me on with my *pelisse*^③ and *bonnet*^④, and wrapping herself in a shawl she and I left the nursery. As we passed Mrs. Reed's bedroom, she said, 'Will you go in and

①[krib] n. 婴儿床

②[lɒdʒ] n. 门房

③[pe'li:s] n. 皮上衣

④['bonit] n. 无边女帽



bid Missis good-bye?’

‘No, Bessie, she came to my crib last night when you were gone down to supper, and said I need not disturb her in the morning, or my cousins either; and she told me to remember that she had always been my best friend, and to speak of her and be grateful to her accordingly.’

‘What did you say, Miss?’

‘Nothing. I covered my face with the bedclothes, and turned from her to the wall.’

‘That was wrong, Miss Jane.’

‘It was quite right, Bessie. Your Missis has not been my friend, she has been my foe^①.’

‘O Miss Jane! Don’t say so!’

‘Good-bye to Gateshead!’ cried I, as we passed through the hall and went out at the front door.

The moon was set, and it was very dark; Bessie carried a lantern, whose light glanced on wet steps and gravel^② road sodden^③ by a recent thaw. Raw and chill was the winter morning: my teeth chattered as I hastened down the drive. There was a light in the porter’s lodge, when we reached it, we found the porter’s wife just kindling^④ her fire, my trunk, which had been carried down the evening before, stood corded^⑤ at the door. It wanted but a few minutes of six, and shortly after that hour had struck, the distant roll of wheels announced the coming coach; I went to the door and watched its lamps approach rapidly through

①[fəʊ] n. 反对者, 敌人

②[ˈgrævəl] n. 砂砾

③[ˈsɒdn] adj. 浸透的
[我匆匆沿着车道走着, 牙齿直打哆嗦。]

④[ˈkɪndl] vt. 点燃, 使着火

⑤[kɔ:d] v. 束缚
[这时离6点只有几分钟了。]