

简易英汉对照读物

简 · 爱
Jane Eyre

Charlotte Brontë 原著

Evelyn Attwood 简写

陈 小 眉 译

陈 易 校

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Charlotte Brontë

Jane Eyre

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简·爱
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本书简介

夏洛蒂·勃朗特 (Charlotte Brontë, 1816—1855) 是十九世纪英国杰出的女作家。她出生于英国北部山区约克郡哈沃斯一个农村牧师的家庭, 和五个姐弟在极端贫困的环境中度过了青少年时代。夏洛蒂·勃朗特在寄宿学校里受教育, 十九岁时作过这个学校的教员, 以后又做了家庭教师, 并从事写作, 先后写过一个诗集和四部小说: 《教授》(The Professor, 1847)、《简·爱》(Jane Eyre, 1847)、《维莱特》(Villette, 1853)、《谢利》(Shirley, 1849)。

十九世纪四十年代勃朗特姐妹中出现了三个作家。除夏洛蒂外, 艾米莉·勃朗特 (Emily Brontë, 1818—1848) 发表了著名小说《呼啸山庄》(Wuthering Heights, 1847), 安妮·勃朗特 (Anne Brontë, 1820—1849) 发表了小说《艾格妮丝·格雷》(Agnes Grey, 1847)、《瓦尔德费尔山庄的房客》(The Tenant of the Wildfell Hall, 1849)。三姐妹同时出现在文坛上, 在英国文学史上传为佳话。

夏洛蒂·勃朗特的代表作《简·爱》深刻地暴露了英国当时社会的现实, 对普通人的命运寄予了深切同情, 是一部反映当时被压迫妇女的生活处境和精神面貌的小说。

《简·爱》的故事发生在十九世纪中叶英国乡村。女主人公简·爱从小失去父母, 寄养在舅母里德太太家里, 深受虐待, 后被送进洛伍德慈善学校。那里实行所谓惩罚肉体、拯救灵魂

的残酷教育，使简·爱继续遭受着精神和肉体上的折磨。她在那里当了六年学生，两年教师。为了追求独立自由的生活，她用登广告的办法，应聘到桑费尔德府当家庭教师。简·爱与庄园主罗切斯特先生精神境界一致，情趣爱好相投，两人互相爱慕，决定结为夫妻。但在教堂举行婚礼时，有人揭发罗切斯特在十五年前已经结过婚，疯癫的妻子一直关在他家一间密室里。简·爱离开桑费尔德出走，后来被里弗斯兄妹收留，担任了乡村小学教师。简·爱的叔父去世，她得到了一笔遗产，同时得知里弗斯兄妹是她的表亲。表兄圣·约翰为了寻找到印度传教的助手，要与简·爱结婚，她拒绝了这个把感情献给了上帝的人。爱情的力量使她重新返回桑费尔德庄园。却只见昔日的豪华的府邸已变成了焦黑的废墟。罗切斯特双目失明，一手残废，蛰居乡间。最后，简·爱和罗切斯特结婚。

简·爱是不甘心忍受资本主义社会压迫的、具有个性反抗精神的妇女形象。她那贫苦低微的社会地位、漂泊无依的生活环境、痛苦不幸的个人遭遇是十九世纪中叶英国下层人民苦难生活的真实反映。作者把贫苦的普通妇女作为小说的正面人物，并热情歌颂了她争取妇女平等的社会地位和幸福生活所进行的斗争，这一点，在批判现实主义文学中是难能可贵的。这本书的出现在当时社会上引起了强烈的反响。马克思把夏洛蒂和狄更斯、萨克雷并列，给予高度的评价，认为他们是出色的小说家。《简·爱》一书虽有时代和阶级的局限性，但至今在艺术上仍具有不衰的魅力。

这个简写本保留了原作的基本内容与风格，文字浅易流畅。现加汉语译文出版，供初级或中级英语学习者阅读。

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第一章

盖茨海德

那一天没有散步的可能了。实际上，我们早晨已在没有树叶的花园里逛了一个小时。但是午饭后，寒冷的冬风卷着乌云，送来了一场大雨，再去室外活动是不可能的了。

我倒是高兴的。我一向不喜欢长时间地散步，尤其是在寒冷的下午。对我来说，黄昏时回家，实在可怕——手脚冻得冰凉，还得听保姆贝茜的责骂，心中感到很不痛快，而且自己意识到，和里德家的孩子伊丽莎、约翰和乔治亚娜相比，我那瘦小的身体是多么单薄。

伊丽莎、约翰和乔治亚娜这时正在盖茨海德，在他们家的客厅里簇拥在他们的妈妈周围。她正斜靠在火炉边休息，她的宝贝们都在身边，这时候，他们既不争吵，也不哭闹，她显得十分快活。她早已把我排除在这个圈子之外了，她说，她很遗憾，不得不叫我离远一点儿，在我认真努力养成更随和更可爱的性格之前，她不能允许我得到那种只有感到知足、快乐的孩子才能享有的愉快和幸福。

“可是，我干了什么呢？”我问。

“简，我不喜欢寻根究底和提出异议。小孩子不应该对他们的长辈这样说话。找个什么地方去坐下，不会说讨人喜欢的话，就不要多嘴。”

客厅的隔壁是一个小小的早餐间。我蹑手蹑脚地走了进去。房里有个书架，我很快拿到一本书，当然挑里面有很多画儿的。我爬上窗台，缩起脚，盘腿坐着。我把红色的窗帘拉

having drawn the red curtains, I felt doubly sheltered.

Every picture told a story, mysterious often to my undeveloped understanding, yet always deeply interesting—as interesting as the stories that Bessie sometimes began on winter evenings, when she happened to be in a good temper, holding our eager attention with memories of love and adventure taken from old songs and stories.

With the book on my knee, I was happy. I feared nothing but interruption, and that came too soon.

The voice of John Reed called me. Then he paused. He found the room empty.

‘Where in the world is she?’ he cried. ‘Lizzy! Georgy!’ he called to his sisters. ‘Jane is not here. Tell Mama she has run out into the rain. Bad animal!’

‘It is lucky that I drew the curtain,’ I thought, and I wished with all my heart that he might not discover my hiding place. Nor would he have found it out for himself, as he was neither sharp-sighted nor intelligent, but Eliza put her head in at the door, and said at once:

‘She is in the window-seat, surely, John.’

I came out immediately, because I trembled at the idea of being dragged out by John.

‘What do you want?’ I asked.

‘Say, “What do you want, Master Reed?”’ was the answer. ‘I want you to come here.’ Seating himself in an armchair, he made a sign to me to approach and stand before him.

John Reed was a schoolboy of fourteen years, four years older than I, large and fat for his age, with an unhealthy skin, coarse features and thick arms and legs. 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’. His schoolmaster said that his condition was the result of greed, but his mother’s heart turned from such a severe

好，感到在那里加倍安全。

每幅图画都讲述着一个故事，对于我那还不开窍的理解力来说，这些故事往往显得神秘，然而又十分有趣——就象在冬天的夜晚，碰上贝茜心情好，她有时讲给我们听的故事一样有趣。那些记忆深处的、来自古老的歌谣和传说的爱情和冒险故事，深深地吸引着我们的注意力。

我把书放在膝上，心里感到很快活。我什么也不怕，就怕别人来打扰我。可偏偏有人过早地来打扰我了。

是约翰·里德在叫我。接着他停了一会儿。他发现那房间是空的。

“她到底跑哪儿去了？”他叫道。“莉西！乔琪！”他在叫他的妹妹。“简不在这儿！告诉妈妈，她跑到雨地里去了。讨厌的畜牲！”

“幸亏我拉上了窗帘！”我这样想，但愿他不会发现我躲藏的地方。他自个儿是找不到的，因为他这个人眼睛不尖，人也笨。可是伊丽莎却从门口探进头来一望，就立刻叫道：

“她在窗台上，准没错儿！约翰。”

我赶紧跳下窗台，因为我一想到要被拽下来，就不寒而栗。

“你要干什么？”我问。

“你说，‘你要干什么？里德少爷？’”他回答。“我要你到这来。”他坐到一把扶手椅上，做了个手势，示意要我走过去站在他面前。

约翰·里德是个十四岁的学生，比我大四岁，长得高大肥胖，和他的年龄不相称，肤色不健康，相貌粗俗，四肢肥壮。他现在本来应该住在学校里，但他妈妈“因为他体质不好”，把他接回家来过一两个月。他的校长说，这是贪吃的结果，他妈

opinion, and she preferred to believe that he worked too hard and missed his home.

John was not very fond of his mother and sisters, and he hated me. He treated me badly; and punished me, not two or three times in the week, nor once or twice in the day, but continually. I had no protection from him. The servants did not like to offend their young master, and Mrs Reed never appeared to see him strike me or to hear him insult me, though he did both sometimes in her presence—more frequently, however, behind her back.

Being by long habit obedient to John, I came up to his chair. He spent about three minutes in putting out his tongue at me. I knew that he would soon strike, and while I waited fearfully for the blow, I considered his disgusting and ugly appearance. I wonder whether he read the thought in my face, for suddenly, without speaking, he struck sharply and hard. I almost fell, and on recovering my balance, drew back a step from his chair.

‘That is for questioning Mama,’ he said, ‘and for creeping like a thief behind curtains, and for the look you had in your eyes two minutes ago, you rat!’

I was so accustomed to John Reed’s insults that I never had any idea of replying to them. My care was how to receive the blow that would certainly follow.

‘What were you doing behind the curtain?’ he asked.

‘I was reading.’

‘Show me the book.’

I returned to the window and fetched it in silence.

‘You have no right to take our books. You are a poor relation, Mama says. You have no money. Your father left you none. You ought to beg, and not live here with gentlemen’s children like us, and eat the same meals as we do, and wear clothes at our mama’s expense. Now, I’ll teach you to interfere with my bookshelves, because they *are* mine. All the house is mine, or will be in a few years.

妈却认为这个说法太苛刻了，不爱听，宁可相信他用功过度，还想家。

约翰不大喜欢他的母亲和妹妹，他更恨我。他对我很粗暴，老虐待我，一星期不止两三次，一天也不止一两回，而是经常不断地折磨我。没有人保护我不受他的虐待。用人们不愿得罪他们的少东家，里德太太似乎从来听不见他骂我，也从来看不见他打我，尽管有时候他当着她的面又打又骂——当然，背着她打骂我的次数就更多了。

很久以来，我已习惯于服从约翰，于是走到他的椅子跟前。他用了大约三分钟的时间向我伸出舌头。我知道他很快又要打人了，我一面胆战心惊地等着挨打，一面想着，他那副丑相，多么讨厌，多么难看。我不知道他是否从我的脸上看出我的心思，突然间，他一声不吭，就猛然使劲一拳打来，几乎把我打倒。我站稳了，从他的椅子那里往后退了一步。

“谁叫你顶撞妈妈，”他说，“谁叫你像贼一样躲在窗帘后面，谁叫你两分钟以前眼睛里露出那副神色，你这耗子！”

我对约翰·里德的凌辱已习以为常，从来不想回嘴。我只是在盘算：怎样应付一定会接着打来的那一拳。

“你躲在窗帘后面干什么？”他问。

“我在看书。”

“把书给我看。”

我回到窗前，一声不响地去拿那本书。

“你没有权利拿我们家的书。妈妈说，你是个穷亲戚，你没有钱。你爸爸也没有给你留下钱。你应该去要饭，不该在这儿和我们这些绅士的孩子一起生活，跟我们吃一样的饭，穿我妈妈花钱买来的衣服。听着，你乱翻我的书架，我要教训你，因为书是我的。整座房子都是我的，或者说几年之后就会归我

Go and stand by the door, out of the way of the mirror and the windows.'

I did so, not at first realising his intention, but when I saw him lift and balance the book and stand in the act of aiming it, I sprang aside with a cry of alarm. Not soon enough, however. The heavy thing was thrown, it hit me, and I fell, striking my head against the door and cutting it. The cut bled, and the pain was sharp. My extreme fear had passed its limit, and changed to other feelings.

'Wicked and cruel boy!' I said. 'You are like a murderer—you are like a slave-driver—you are like the evil rulers of ancient Rome!'

'What! What!' he cried. 'Did she say that to me? Did you hear her, Eliza and Georgiana? I'll tell Mama! But first—'

He ran straight at me. I felt him grasp my hair and shoulder. He had attacked a dangerous thing: I really thought him a murderer. I felt a drop or two of blood from my head running down my neck, and my sense of suffering for the moment conquered my fear. I fought him madly. I don't very well know what I did with my hands, but he called me 'Rat! Rat!' and wept aloud. Help was near him. His sisters had run for Mrs Reed, who had gone upstairs. Now she came upon the scene, followed by Bessie and by Abbot, her maid. We were separated. I heard the words:

'Oh! What a wicked little thing, to fly at Master John like that!'

'Did ever anybody see such evil temper!'

Then Mrs Reed commanded:

'Take her away to the red room, and lock her in there.'

所有。到门口去站着，离镜子和窗户远点。”

我照办了，起初还不明白他的用意，但是，我一看到他举起那本书，托在手上掂掂，站起来摆好了瞄准的架势，不禁惊叫一声，往旁边一闪。然而，已经来不及。那本沉重的书飞过来，打在我身上，我摔倒在地，头撞在门上，磕破了。磕破的地方淌着血，疼得厉害。我那极度的恐惧超过了顶点，变成了另一种感情。

“残酷的坏孩子，”我说，“你象个杀人犯——像一个监管奴隶的人——你象个古罗马的暴君！”

“什么！什么！”他大叫起来，“她居然敢跟我说这样的话？伊丽莎，乔治亚娜，你们听见她的话了吗？我要告诉妈妈！可是，我先得——”

他向我直扑过来。我感到他揪住我的头发，抓住我的肩膀。他打了一个急得什么都不顾的人；我真的觉得他是一个杀人犯。我觉得有一两滴血从我头上滴下来往脖子流下去，一霎间，痛苦的感觉压倒了恐惧。我发疯似地和他撕打起来。我自己也不大清楚究竟我的手干了些什么，但是他叫我：“耗子！耗子！”而且放声大哭。帮他的人就在跟前。他的妹妹跑去找已经上楼的里德太太。这时，她赶到闹事的地方来，贝茜和女用人艾博特也跟着来了。我们被拉开来。我听见这样的话：

“哎呀！真是个小坏蛋！居然敢那样往约翰少爷的身上扑过去！”

“谁见过这样的坏脾气！”

这时，里德太太命令道：

“把她拖到红房间里关起来！”

Chapter 2

The red room

I resisted all the way. This was a new thing for me, and an act that greatly strengthened the bad opinion that Bessie and Abbot tended to hold concerning me.

'Hold her arms. She's like a mad cat.'

'For shame! For shame!' cried the lady's maid. 'What terrible behaviour, Miss Eyre, to strike a young gentleman, your guardian's son—your young master!'

'Master! How is he my master? Am I a servant?'

'No, you are less than a servant, because you do nothing to support yourself. There, sit down, and think over your wickedness.'

They had got me by this time into the room named by Mrs Reed, and had pushed me on to a chair, I began to rise from it like a spring. Their two pairs of hands prevented me instantly.

'If you don't sit still, you must be tied down,' said Bessie. 'Miss Abbot, lend me your belt. She would break mine at once.'

'Don't do that,' I cried. 'I will not move.'

'Take care that you don't,' said Bessie, and when she had made sure that I really was becoming quieter, she loosened her hold on me. She and Abbot stood with folded arms, looking darkly and doubtfully at my face.

'She never did this before,' said Bessie at last, turning to the lady's maid.

'But it was always in her,' was the reply. 'I've often told Missis

第二章

红房间

一路上我一直反抗着。我从来没有这样过，这个举动越发加深了贝茜和艾博特对我的恶感。

“抓住她的胳膊。她像只疯猫。”

“真不害臊！真不害臊！”太太的女用人嚷嚷着，“多么吓人的举动啊，爱小姐，居然打起年轻的绅士，打起你保护人的儿子来了——居然打你的小主人！”

“小主人！他怎么是我的主人，难道我是用人吗？”

“你连个用人还比不上呢，因为你什么也不干，养活不了自个儿。喏，坐下，好好想想你的坏脾气吧。”

这时，她们已经把我拖进了里德太太说的那间屋子，把我按在一把椅子上。我像个弹簧似地蹦起来。她们的两双手立即把我按住。

“你要是不乖乖地坐着，我非把你捆起来不可，”贝茜说，

“艾博特小姐，把你的带子借给我。她会很快把我的带子弄断的。”

“别捆我，”我叫道，“我不动就是了。”

“你可真的别动，”贝茜说，她肯定我真的平静下来了，便松开了按着我的手。她和艾博特抱着胳膊站在那儿，阴沉沉地、不放心地看着我的脸。

“她以前从来没有这样过。”临了，贝茜对太太的女用人说。

“可是她一直存在心里，”这是回答，“我常对太太讲我

my opinion about the child, and Missis agreed with me. She's a deceitful little thing.'

Bessie did not answer, but, before long, she addressed me and said: 'You ought to know, Miss, that you should be grateful to Mrs Reed. She supports you. If she were to send you away, who would look after you?'

I had nothing to say to these words. They were not new to me. I had heard many suggestions of the same kind before, very painful and wounding to my pride, but only half understood. Abbot joined in:

'And you ought not to think yourself equal to the two 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 duty to be humble, and to try to make yourself pleasant to them.'

'What we tell you is for your good,' added Bessie in a milder voice. 'You should try to be useful and to please them. Then, perhaps, you will have a home here. But if you become passionate and rude, Missis will send you away, I am sure.'

'Besides,' said Abbot, 'God will punish you. He might strike you dead in the middle of your fury. Come, Bessie, we will leave her. Say your prayers, Miss Eyre, because if you are not sorry for your wickedness, something bad might come down the chimney and take you away.'

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

The red room was a square room, furnished in dark wood, with a heavy red carpet, and a huge bed and red curtains always drawn across the windows. This room was cold, because it rarely had a fire; silent, because it was far from the nursery and the kitchen; solemn, because it was seldom entered. It was here that Mr Reed had died nine years before.

I was not quite sure whether they had locked the door, and when I dared move, I got up and went to see. Ah, yes! No prison was ever more firmly fastened.

对这孩子的看法，太太也同意。她是个不老实的小家伙。”

贝茜没有接茬儿，但过了一会儿，她对我说：

“你该知道，小姐，你应当感激里德太太。她抚养了你。如果她要把你撵走，谁会收养你呢？”

听了这些话，我没什么说的。这些话对我并不新鲜。以前我已经听到过许多类似的劝告，它使我痛苦，伤害我的自尊心，然而我却似懂非懂。艾博特插嘴说：

“你不应该因为女主人好心好意把你和两位里德小姐、里德少爷一同抚养成人，就以为你和他们的地位是平等的了。他们会有许多钱，而你却什么也没有。低声下气地讨他们喜欢才是你的本分。”

“我们说这些话是为了你好，”贝茜用比较温和的语调接着说，“你应该想办法学得有用一点，让他们高兴。那么，也许你会在这里有个安身之地。可是，如果你性情急躁，粗暴无礼，我敢说，太太准会把你赶出去的。”

“还有，”艾博特说，“上帝也会惩罚你。他也许会在你大发脾气的时候，把你劈死。走吧，贝茜，咱们得离开她了。做做祷告吧，爱小姐，要是你不对你那坏行为表示忏悔，就会有样什么邪恶的东西从烟囱里下来，把你抓走。”

她们走了，关上了门，还随手上了锁。

红房间是个方形的屋子，摆着乌木家俱，铺着很厚的红地毯，有一张大床，红色的窗帘总是挡着窗户。房间里很冷，因为难得生火；它很静，因为离厨房和儿童室很远，很庄严，因为很少有人进来。九年前，里德先生就是在这间屋子里去世的。

我不很肯定，她们是否真的把门锁上了，等我敢走动了，便站起来，过去看看。啊，真锁上了！任何牢房也不会锁得这样牢固了。