

英汉双语版

Charlotte Brontë

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简·爱

〔英〕夏洛特·勃朗特 著

施建华 译



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译序

一

作者柯勒·贝尔于1847年发表了小说《简·爱》，在英国引起了非同一般的反响。默默无闻的作者受到了读者与评论界的竭力追捧和关注。人们纷纷探究这个从未耳闻过的柯勒·贝尔到底是谁，是怎样一个人。1848年，作者和她妹妹安妮来到了伦敦，在世人面前展现了自己真实的形象和身世。原来，柯勒·贝尔是一个瘦弱矮小、相貌平平的乡村姑娘，她的真实姓名是夏洛蒂·勃朗特，一位清贫牧师的女儿。

夏洛蒂（1816—1855）出生在英国北部的约克郡，她的父亲帕特里克·勃朗特是一位出身贫寒的爱尔兰人。虽然他地位低下，但天生聪颖。凭着他的刻苦努力，在卫理公会的资助下，他完成了剑桥大学的学业。老勃朗特共育有六个子女，夏洛蒂排行老三，上有两个姐姐，下有两个妹妹和一个弟弟。老勃朗特早年丧妻，他把自己卓越的才智和全部的爱倾注到对孩子们的教育和培养上。他教孩子们阅读写字，鼓励他们博览各种书籍和报刊，并展开丰富自由的想象。虽成长在单亲家庭，孩子们在心理和精神上都得到了精心的呵护。日后，其中的三个孩子，夏洛蒂和她的两个妹妹——艾米莉·勃朗特和安妮·勃朗特都名震英国文坛，并称“勃朗特三姐妹”，成为英国文学史上的佳话。

夏洛蒂8岁时和她妹妹艾米莉一起被送到哈沃斯附近的一所寄宿学校读书。此前，她的两个姐姐也在该校就读。学校房屋破旧，伙食粗劣，但管理森严，几近残暴。孩子们在那里吃不饱，穿不暖，且时常受到体罚。后来学校里伤寒病爆发，夏洛蒂的两个姐姐不幸染上此病，被接回家后不久就去世。学校里所经历的可怕一切在夏洛蒂幼小的心灵里留下了深刻的烙印。后来，小说《简·爱》里所描述的罗沃德的种种悲惨景象就是她幼年印象的重现；小说中可爱的小姑娘海伦就是她姐姐玛丽亚的翻版。

夏洛蒂15岁时，她来到了伍勒小姐所办的学校读书。后来，她以非凡的成绩和渊博的知识博得了学校老师和学生的认同，她留校担任教师。

作为家中最大的孩子，夏洛蒂得照顾家庭。在她22岁时，夏洛蒂离开了伍勒小姐的学校。第二年，她到附近一个有钱人家担任家庭教师。家庭教师在当时是个受人歧视的职业，收入低廉，地位低下，甚至受人侮辱。在短短的三年内，她换过两次东家，均因不喜欢这个职业，甚至痛恨这个职业，所以经历非常短暂。但这些经历给夏洛蒂后来写作《简·爱》提供了宝贵的素材，小说中简·爱的角色和自己的经历非常相像。

夏洛蒂和艾米莉希望能自己办所学校以避免去外地谋生，同时又可以摆脱家庭经济上的窘迫状况。她们的想法得到了她们姨妈的支持，她拿出自己的积蓄送她们去布鲁塞尔学习法语和德语，以备日后回家乡教孩子们学习。她们进了埃热夫妇办的学校。在那里，姐妹俩阅读了大量的文学作品，这对她们日后写作产生了积极的影响。埃热先生是位学识渊博、为人热情、要求严格的优秀教师。他的一言一行对夏洛蒂产生了巨大的影响；他独特的个性引起了夏洛蒂的爱慕之心。在《简·爱》罗切斯特先生的身上，我们可以看到埃热先生的影子。但在现实生活中，埃热先生是有妇之夫，而且埃热先生对她、对此全然无心，夏洛蒂无法表达自己的心迹。这种微妙的感情给夏洛蒂带来了极大的痛苦。布鲁塞尔的经历丰富了夏洛蒂的感情生活，在她的小说《教师》、《简·爱》和《维莱特》中，这种感情都得到了生动的反映。

勃朗特家的孩子在生活上似乎从来没有安稳过。夏洛蒂的弟弟布兰威尔在做家庭教师期间被指控勾引主人的妻子，遭到解雇，前程由此断送；失去了工作，弟弟成了家庭的负担。夏洛蒂和妹妹想通过办学校来维持家庭生计，可付出了许多努力后却没有一个



人来报名。于是她们想到了写作，也许写作可以为她们谋得一条出路。1845年秋，夏洛蒂看到了妹妹艾米莉写的一本诗集，深受鼓舞。她们动用姨妈留给她们的遗产做印刷费，三姐妹合作出版了一本诗集，分别使用了三个假名：柯勒·贝尔、埃利斯·贝尔和阿克顿·贝尔。诗写得很美，印刷也很顺利，可只卖掉了两本。

那年，夏洛蒂已年届三十，书也只卖出了两本，但书籍出版这件事却极大地鼓舞了三姐妹。她们埋头写起了小说。夏洛蒂用将近一年的时间写出了她的第一部小说《教师》，艾米莉则写出了《呼啸山庄》，安妮写出了《艾格尼丝·格雷》。她们把三部小说寄给了出版社，两个妹妹的小说被出版社接受了，唯独夏洛蒂的《教师》被退回。这显然对夏洛蒂是个打击，但她并不退缩。相反，她以极大的激情开始写作《简·爱》。她把自己坎坷艰辛的人生经历和情感融入到小说之中，所以写来得心应手。大约用一年的时间，夏洛蒂完成了《简·爱》的写作，寄给出版社。出版商读稿后欣喜不已，加班加点编审小说。不到8个星期，小说就出版了，且大获成功。而《艾格尼丝·格雷》和《呼啸山庄》却是在《简·爱》之后才相继出版。三部小说的出版引起了英国文坛的轰动，给三姐妹带来了极大的荣誉，一时成为英国文坛的佳话。

但她的弟弟又遭遇了感情和婚姻的挫折。他意志消磨，酗酒成性，最后死于毫无节制的放荡生活。1848年至1849年，不到一年的时间里，弟弟布兰威尔、妹妹艾米莉和安妮相继病逝，夏洛蒂受到了沉重的打击，写作成了她唯一的精神支柱和安慰。1849年9月她写出了长篇小说《谢莉》，10月就出版，这是她又一部重要作品，且同样获得了巨大的成功。随后，夏洛蒂去了伦敦，并结识了不少文学界的名流，有当时的名人萨克雷、盖斯凯尔夫人等。她曾把《简·爱》的第二版献给了萨克雷。而后者——盖斯凯尔夫人则专门为她写了一本传记，客观而全面地记录了夏洛蒂的一生。

夏洛蒂在做家庭教师期间曾拒绝过两次求婚，对埃热先生的情感又只能藏在心灵的深处。直到1852年，夏洛蒂36岁的时候她才接受她父亲的副牧师亚瑟·贝尔·尼科尔斯的求婚。小说《维莱特》就是她和副牧师恋爱期间写就的小说。1854年，他们结婚，婚后过着幸福美满的生活。夏洛蒂边写作，边照顾父亲和丈夫。她开始写作《爱玛》。但厄运再次降临勃朗特家。夏洛蒂仅写了开头两章便一病不起，在病床上苦苦支撑了几个月，于1855年3月31日离开人世。天妒英才，上帝毫不吝啬地塑造了这个天才之家，又似乎急不可耐地向他们伸出了毁灭之手。

二

夏洛蒂一生共写了四部小说，《简·爱》、《维莱特》、《谢莉》和《教师》。长篇小说《教师》是在作家去世两年后出版，而《爱玛》是一部没有完成的小说。《简·爱》是夏洛蒂的代表作，被认为是英国19世纪现实主义小说的经典之作。

《简·爱》成功地塑造了一个对爱情、生活、社会以及宗教都采取了独立自主态度、敢于斗争、敢于争取自由平等地位的女性形象。小说题材新颖，情感真实，吸引了当时大批的读者，也引起了文学界褒贬不同的反响。抨击它的人说，小说情节、人物、情感不可信，内容粗野。《每季评论》就说它“趣味低级”，而且“正是在滋养了宪章运动的那种思想情绪的推动下才写出了《简·爱》这样的书”。然而，褒奖的声音以绝对的优势压过贬低的噪音。人们纷纷认为《简·爱》有“深刻”、“真实”、“独创”和“感人”的思想和艺术魅力，显示了作者非凡的文学天赋和艺术才华。当时的著名小说家萨克雷写信给出版商说：“《简·爱》使我非常感动，非常喜爱，请代我向作者致意和道谢。这是我一连几天读而不厌的第一部英国小说。”《批评家》杂志在评论中写道：“我们真诚地向读者推荐《简·爱》，把它列在借阅书目的首位……”

《简·爱》的同名主人公是一名孤儿。她的父亲是个穷牧师，当她还在幼年时，父母因得伤寒而相继去世。简·爱被送到盖茨黑德庄园的舅母里德太太家抚养，里德先生



临死前曾嘱咐妻子好好照顾简·爱。但舅舅去世后，简·爱在那里度过了10年被轻视、被虐待的生活，受尽了表兄表姊妹的欺侮。一天表兄又打她了，她回手反抗，却被舅母关进红房子里，她的舅舅里德先生就死在这间屋子里。她被幻想中的鬼魂吓昏了过去。重病一场，过了很久才慢慢恢复健康。

她厌恶这个家庭，里德太太也不喜欢她。后来，她就被送进了罗沃德孤儿院。孤儿院院长是个冷酷的伪君子，他用种种办法从精神和肉体上摧残孤儿。简·爱与孤儿海伦结成好友，教师坦普尔小姐很关心她。在孤儿院里一场传染性的伤寒，夺走了许多孤儿的生命，海伦就在这场伤寒中死去，这对简·爱打击很大。简·爱毕业后留校当了两年教师，她受不了那里的孤寂、冷漠，登广告找到了一个家庭教师的工作，于是她来到了桑菲尔德庄园。

庄园主罗切斯特先生是个很有个性的人，表面上盛气凌人，但内心似乎很痛苦脆弱。简·爱第一次和罗切斯特见面就显示了不亢不卑的态度。主人的神秘使简·爱渐渐地对他发生了兴趣，并爱上了他。进一步的接触后，她发现罗切斯特和她在思想上有许多相似之处。虽然主人年纪比她大，人长得也不怎么样，简·爱还是深深地爱上了他。另一方面，罗切斯特也发现，简·爱其貌不扬，只是一个普通的家庭教师，但谈吐文雅，举止不凡。他感到“相见恨晚”，决心娶简·爱为妻。但桑菲尔德庄园也是个神秘之地，奇怪的事情接二连三地发生：夜里突然响起了令人毛骨悚然的狂笑声；罗切斯特的卧室莫名其妙地起火……当罗切斯特向她求婚时，她接受了。但，正当他们举行婚礼时，有人说罗切斯特已经有妻子了，不能结婚。罗切斯特将简·爱领到了庄园三楼的一间密室，里面关着他痴傻的妻子。此时，简·爱完全明白，原来庄园里一切莫名其妙的事情都是这个疯女人干的。罗切斯特的妻子已经发疯。按当时的英国法律，他不能离婚，更不能结婚。简·爱毅然决然地选择了离开。

简·爱悲痛欲绝地离开了桑菲尔德庄园。她仅有的积蓄花光了，沿途乞讨，最后晕倒在牧师圣·约翰家门前，被圣·约翰和他的两个妹妹所救助。简·爱住了下来，圣·约翰为她谋了一个乡村教师的职位。不久，圣·约翰接到家庭律师的通知，说他的舅舅约翰·简去世了，留给简二万英镑，要圣·约翰帮助寻找简·爱。圣·约翰发现简·爱就是他的表妹。真相弄清后，简·爱执意要与他们分享遗产。圣·约翰准备去印度传教，临行前向简·爱求婚，但他坦率地告诉她，他要娶她并不是因为爱她，而是他需要一个很有教养的助手。简·爱觉得应该报答他的恩情，但迟迟不肯答应他。当夜，圣·约翰在荒原上等待简·爱的答复，就在简·爱要作出决定的时候，她仿佛听到罗切斯特在遥远的地方呼喊她的名字“简，回来吧！简，回来吧！”她决定回到罗切斯特身边。

当简·爱回到桑菲尔德庄园时，整个庄园变成一片废墟。原来几个月前，在一个风雨交加的夜晚，疯女人伯莎放火烧毁了整个庄园，罗切斯特为了救她，被烧伤了一只手臂并且瞎了双眼，孤独地生活在几英里外的一个农场里。简·爱赶到农场，向他吐露自己的爱情，他们终于结婚了。

三

19世纪中叶，英国工人运动风起云涌。工人阶级把宪章运动不断推向高潮，成百万的工人和劳动群众积极投身到争取自身权利的运动中，劳动人民要平等，要独立。在这样的环境下，夏洛蒂创作了《简·爱》，通过一个孤女争自由、为独立、求平等的奋斗故事，一方面反映了当时英国妇女受歧视、受压迫的悲惨地位，另一方面反映了英国妇女反压迫、抗歧视的抗争精神。这样的小说和小说人物把压抑在劳动人民心中的呼声表达了出来，引起了读者的共鸣和强烈反响。

第一，小说主人公是一个普通平民百姓，用夏洛蒂自己的话说，是一个“新型的主人公，她同我一样矮小和丑陋”。这样的小说人物颠覆了英国以往小说那种王公贵族、小姐公



子的人物形象。简·爱出身贫寒，从小父母双亡，从事的是受人歧视的家庭教师职业，这样的人物出现在小说中，在当时确实属于“新型”，难怪会引起读者的极大兴趣。

第二，简·爱代表着19世纪处于萌芽状态的欧美运动的女性形象。她来自社会的底层，代表了平民百姓的强烈呼声和愿望。她们要求和男子平等；捍卫自己独立的人格和尊严；勇敢地表达自己的爱情和情感。简·爱自孤儿院长大成后就选择了教师的工作，她希望通过自己的劳动来获得独立和人格的尊严。当她遇到罗切斯特，尽管对方是豪门贵族，她也能勇敢地追求自己的爱情。当她知道罗切斯特有妻子后，她又果断地离开了他。她想做一个独立的人，不想依附于他人，更不想做一个贵族的情人以此衣食无忧地过完一生。当圣·约翰以上帝的名义强迫她和自己结婚，简·爱能辨别出感激和感情的区别，断然拒绝了他的要求。当她获悉罗切斯特妻子已死、罗切斯特本人双目失明时，她又勇敢地走向罗切斯特，向他坦诚倾诉自己的爱情。这一切都明白无误地显示简·爱对女性人格尊严的追求，她不仅要维护自己的名誉，更要维护自己的独立。这样的人物形象正完美地刻画了当时处于觉醒之中的新型女性的特征。

第三，简·爱有自己的理想和追求，不趋炎附势，不与传统社会思想同流合污，因而成为一个典型的反抗者形象。年幼时，她被寄养在舅妈家。表哥表妹欺负她，舅妈看不起她。她不畏强暴，甚至和表哥对打起来。在第四章里，她和舅妈吵了起来，舅妈以为凭她的地位和架势可以吓倒这个小女孩，可让舅妈意想不到的是，小小的外甥女竟对着自己破口大骂：“别人以为你是个好女人，可事实是你狠毒，你很坏。”在孤儿院，她多次顶撞蛮横无理的院长和学监，即便遭到无情惩罚也不屈服。在婚姻和恋爱上她敢于冲破阶级鸿沟和社会陋习，和罗切斯特先生发生了情真意切、感人至深的爱情。在宗教信仰上，她也是个大胆的反抗者。她不信圣·约翰以上帝名义向她提出的要求，拒绝了这样的要求，也就是拒绝了上帝的要求。当圣·约翰责备她不爱上帝时，她很干脆地回答，她只相信能为人们带来幸福的上帝。这一切都反映出新型女性和传统社会之间的矛盾和冲突；同时也表明，简·爱是一个具有反抗精神的女性。

第四，和简·爱相比，罗切斯特则是一个典型的叛逆的贵族形象。他出生贵族，家财万贯，但却没有爱情，没有幸福，也没有自由。他的爱情是两个望族之间卑鄙交易的牺牲品，他也长期被束缚在一个疯女人的身边。当他见到独立自主、有理想有追求的简·爱时，他被简·爱的新型女性魅力所吸引，很快就爱上了她。他不顾贵族社会的世俗偏见，勇敢地追求简·爱，希望和她开始一种新的生活。在小说里，疯女人可以说是一种象征，象征着贵族社会的桎梏，只有当“它”自我毁灭不再存在时，罗切斯特才可以获得“解放”，才能与简·爱结合，开始一种全新的生活。

小说的结局似乎有迎合读者嗜好的嫌疑。人们希望简·爱苦尽甘来，能有一个幸福美满的结局。于是夏洛蒂刻意如此安排：做生意的叔叔死了，留下了大笔财产。简·爱拿了这笔钱既可以还了圣·约翰表哥的人情，又可以成为财主小姐，做自己想做的事。接着，夏洛蒂又安排疯女人烧了桑菲尔德庄园，葬身火海，罗切斯特因救疯妻子而身受重伤，双目失明。这样，简·爱不仅可以成为罗切斯特生活上的救世主，更可以光明正大地和他结婚，为整个故事画上一个圆满的句号。这样做，读者的心理得到了安抚，但小说的艺术性却被削弱了。

施建华

2010年3月于西子湖畔



PREFACE

A preface to the first edition of “Jane Eyre” being unnecessary, I gave none: this second edition demands a few words both of acknowledgment and miscellaneous remark.

My thanks are due in three quarters.

To the Public, for the indulgent ear it has inclined to a plain tale with few pretensions.

To the Press, for the fair field its honest suffrage has opened to an obscure aspirant.

To my Publishers, for the aid their tact, their energy, their practical sense and frank liberality have afforded an unknown and unrecommended Author.

The Press and the Public are but vague personifications for me, and I must thank them in vague terms; but my Publishers are definite: so are certain generous critics who have encouraged me as only large-hearted and high-minded men know how to encourage a struggling stranger; to them, *i.e.*, to my Publishers and the select *Reviewers*, I say cordially, Gentlemen, I thank you from my heart.

Having thus acknowledged what I owe those who have aided and approved me, I turn to another class; a small one, so far as I know, but not, therefore, to be overlooked. I mean the timorous or carping few who doubt the tendency of such books as “Jane Eyre:” in whose eyes whatever is unusual is wrong; whose ears detect in each protest against bigotry—that parent of crime—an insult to piety, that regent of God on earth. I would suggest to such doubters certain obvious distinctions; I would remind them of certain simple truths.

Conventionality is not morality. Self-righteousness is not religion. To attack the first is not to assail the last. To pluck the mask from the face of the Pharisee, is not to lift an impious hand to the Crown of Thorns.

These things and deeds are diametrically opposed: they are as distinct as is vice from virtue. Men too often confound them: they should not be confounded: appearance should not be mistaken for truth; narrow human doctrines, that only tend to elate and magnify a few, should not be substituted for the world-redeeming creed of Christ. There is—I repeat it—a difference; and it is a good, and not a bad action to mark broadly and clearly the line of separation between them.

The world may not like to see these ideas dissevered, for it has been accustomed to blend them; finding it convenient to make external show pass for sterling worth—to let white-washed walls vouch for clean shrines. It may hate him who dares to scrutinise and expose—to rase the gilding, and show base metal under it—to penetrate the sepulchre, and reveal charnel relics: but hate as it will, it is indebted to him.

Ahab did not like Micaiah, because he never prophesied good concerning him, but evil; probably he liked the sycophant son of Chenaannah better; yet might Ahab have escaped a bloody death, had he but stopped his ears to flattery, and opened them to faithful counsel.

There is a man in our own days whose words are not framed to tickle delicate ears: who, to my thinking, comes before the great ones of society, much as the son of Imlah came before the throned Kings of Judah and Israel; and who speaks truth as deep, with a power as prophetic-like and as vital—a mien as dauntless and as daring. Is the satirist of “Vanity Fair” admired in high places? I cannot tell; but I think if some of those amongst whom he hurls the Greek fire of his sarcasm, and over whom he flashes the levin-brand of his denunciation, were to take his warnings in time—they or their seed might yet escape a fatal Rimoth-Gilead.

Why have I alluded to this man? I have alluded to him, Reader, because I think I see in

him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognised; because I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day—as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things; because I think no commentator on his writings has yet found the comparison that suits him, the terms which rightly characterise his talent. They say he is like Fielding: they talk of his wit, humour, comic powers. He resembles Fielding as an eagle does a vulture: Fielding could stoop on carrion, but Thackeray never does. His wit is bright, his humour attractive, but both bear the same relation to his serious genius that the mere lambent sheet-lightning playing under the edge of the summer-cloud does to the electric death-spark hid in its womb. Finally, I have alluded to Mr. Thackeray, because to him—if he will accept the tribute of a total stranger—I have dedicated this second edition of “JANE EYRE.”

CURRER BELL
December 21st, 1847

NOTE TO THE THIRD EDITION

I avail myself of the opportunity which a third edition of “Jane Eyre” affords me, of again addressing a word to the Public, to explain that my claim to the title of novelist rests on this one work alone. If, therefore, the authorship of other works of fiction has been attributed to me, an honour is awarded where it is not merited; and consequently, denied where it is justly due.

This explanation will serve to rectify mistakes which may already have been made, and to prevent future errors.

CURRER BELL
April 13th, 1848



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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 out-door 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 Eliza, John, and Georgiana were now clustered round their mama in the drawing-room: she lay reclined on a sofa by the fireside, 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 breakfast-room adjoined the drawing-room, I slipped in there. It contained a bookcase: I soon possessed myself of a

那天，出去散步是不可能了。不错，我们早上已经在光秃秃的灌木林中溜达了一个小时，但从午饭时起（如果没有客人造访，里德太太很早就用午饭）便刮起了冬日凛冽的寒风，随后阴云密布，冷雨骤降，室外的活动也就只能作罢了。

我倒是巴不得如此。我向来不喜欢远距离散步，尤其在冷飕飕的下午。试想，阴冷的薄暮时分回得家来，手脚都冻僵了，还要受到保姆贝茜的数落，又自觉体质不如伊丽莎、约翰和乔治亚娜，心里既难过又惭愧，那情形实在可怕。

刚才提到的伊丽莎、约翰和乔治亚娜都在客厅里，此时此刻正簇拥着他们的妈妈。她则斜倚在炉边的沙发上，身旁坐着自己的小宝贝们（眼下既未争吵也未哭叫），看上去很是快乐。对于我，她没让我和他们坐在一起，说是很遗憾，不得不让我独个儿在一旁待着。她真的不能把那些能给小孩带来快乐和知足的特权恩施于我，除非是她亲耳从贝茜那儿听到，或亲自过来看到，我确实在尽力养成一种比较单纯随和的习性，活泼可爱的举止，也就是更开朗、更率直、更自然些。

"贝茜说我干了什么？"我问。

"简，我不喜欢吹毛求疵或者刨根究底的人，更何况小孩子家这么跟大人说话实在不礼貌。找个地方去坐着，不会好好说话就别多嘴。"

客厅的隔壁是一间小小的餐室，我溜了进去。里面有一个书架。不一会儿，我从上面拿下一本书来，特意挑插图多的，

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 Lindeness, or Naze, to the North Cape—

*"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

爬上窗台，缩起双脚，像土耳其人那样盘腿坐下，将红色的波纹窗帘几乎完全拉拢，把自己加倍隐蔽了起来，仿佛坐在神龛里似的。

层层叠叠的绯红色窗幔挡住了我右边的视线；左边则是明亮的玻璃窗，它庇护着我，使我既免受十一月阴沉天气的侵害，又不与外面的世界隔绝，在翻书的间隙，我抬头细看冬日下午的景色。只见远方白茫茫一片云雾，近处湿漉漉一块草地和受风雨袭击的灌木。一阵持久而凄厉的狂风，驱赶着如注的暴雨，横空扫过。

我重又低头看书，那是本比尤伊克^①的《英国鸟类史》。文字部分我一般不感兴趣，但有几页导言，虽说我是孩子，却也不能完全当作空白翻过。内中写到了海鸟生息之地；写到了只有海鸟栖居的“孤零零的岩石和海峡”；写到了自南端林纳斯尼斯^②，至北角^③都遍布小岛的挪威海岸：

那里，北冰洋掀起的巨大漩涡
咆哮在极光秃凄凉的小岛四周
大西洋的汹涌波涛
泻入了狂暴的赫布里底群岛^④

还有些地方我也不能放过，那就是书中提到的下面这些荒凉的海岸：拉普兰^⑤、西伯利亚、斯匹次卑尔根群岛^⑥、新地岛、冰岛和格陵兰，以及那“广袤无垠的北极地带和那些阴凄凄的不毛之地，宛若冰雪

① 比尤伊克(1753—1828)，英国画家，木刻家，博物学家。《英国鸟类史》中木刻插图是他所作，文字部分系科茨所写。

② 林纳斯尼斯，又称纳斯，挪威南部一海角，属北海。

③ 北角，位于挪威北部马格吕岛北端。

④ 赫布里底群岛，位于英国大不列颠岛西北的大西洋上。

⑤ 拉普兰，北欧的一个地区。

⑥ 斯匹次卑尔根群岛，位于挪威北部。



of dreary space,—that reservoir of frost and snow, where firm 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*.

的储存库。千万个寒冬所积聚成的坚冰，像阿尔卑斯山的层层高峰，光滑晶莹，包围着地极，积聚了严寒的无穷威力”。对这些惨白色的地域，我有一己之见，但一时难以捉摸，仿佛孩子们某些似懂非懂的念头，朦朦胧胧浮现在脑际，却又出奇的生动。这导言中的几页文字，与后面的插图相配，使兀立于大海波涛中的孤岩，搁浅在荒凉海岸上的破船，以及透过云带俯视着沉船的幽幽月光，更加含义隽永了。

我说不出是一种什么样的情感弥漫在孤寂的墓地：刻有铭文的墓碑、一扇大门、两棵树、低低的地平线、破败的围墙。一弯初升的新月，表明正是黄昏时候。

两艘轮船停泊在静静的海面上，我知道它们是海上的幽灵。

魔鬼从身后按住窃贼的背包，那情景实在吓人，我赶紧翻了过去。

同样吓人的是，那个头上长角的黑色怪物，独踞于岩石之上，远眺着一大群围着绞架的人。

每幅画都是一个故事。在我这样一个理解力不足、欣赏水平有限的小孩看来，这些故事往往显得神秘莫测，但无不趣味盎然，就像在某些冬夜，贝茜碰巧心情不错时讲述的故事一样。遇到这种时候，贝茜会把熨衣桌搬到保育室的壁炉旁边，让我们围着它坐好。她舅里德太太的网眼饰边，把睡帽的边沿烫出褶裥来，一边熨一边让我们迫不及待地倾听她一段段爱情和冒险故事，这些片段取自于古老的神话传说和更古老的歌谣，或者如我后来所发现，来自《帕美拉》^①和《莫兰伯爵亨利》。

① 《帕美拉》，英国小说家理查逊（1689—1761）所写的一本书信体小说。

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."

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 arm-chair, 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 pining after home.

当时，我膝头摊着比尤伊克的书，心里乐滋滋的，至少是自得其乐，就怕别人来打扰。但哪壶不开偏提哪壶，打扰来得很快，餐室的门开了。

"嗨！阴郁小姐！"约翰·里德叫唤着，随后又打住了，显然发觉房间里空无一人。

"她又去了什么鬼地方？！"他接着说。"丽茜^①！乔琪^②！"（他喊着他的姐妹）"琼^③不在这儿呐，告诉妈妈，她窜到雨地里去了，这个可恶的畜生！"

"幸亏我拉好了窗帘，"我想。我真希望他发现不了我的藏身之地。约翰·里德自己是发现不了的，他眼睛不尖，头脑不灵。可是伊丽莎从门外一探进头来，就说：

"她在窗台上，准没错，杰克^④。"

我立即走了出来，因为一想到可能要被那个杰克硬拉出去，身子便直打哆嗦。

"找我什么事呀？"我问，既尴尬又不安。

"该说，‘找我什么事呀，里德少爷？’"这就是我要得到的回答。"我要你到这里来，"他在扶手椅上坐下，打了个手势，示意我走过去站到他面前。

约翰·里德是个14岁的小学生，比我大4岁，我才10岁。从年龄来看，他长得又大又胖，但肤色灰暗，一副病态。脸盘宽广，五官粗短，四肢发达，手大如扇。还喜欢暴饮暴食，落得个肝火很旺，目光迟钝，两颊松弛。这阵子，他本该待在学校里，可是他妈把他领了回来，住上一两个月，说是因为"身体虚弱"。但他老师迈尔斯先生却断言，要是家里少送些糕点糖果去，他会什么都很好的，做母亲的心里却不愿听这么刺耳的意见，而倾向于一种更随和的想法，认为约翰是过于用功，或许还因为想家，才弄得那么面色蜡黄的。

① 丽茜，伊丽莎的昵称。

② 乔琪，乔治亚娜的昵称。

③ 琼，简的异体。

④ 杰克，约翰的昵称。



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 strongly. I tottered, and on regaining my equilibrium retired back a step or two from his chair.

“That 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 dependent, 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

约翰对母亲和姐妹们没有多少感情，对我则很有恶感。他欺侮我，虐待我，不是一周三两次，也不是一天一两回，而是经常如此。弄得我每根神经都怕他，他一走近，我身子骨上的每块肌肉都会收缩起来。有时我会被他吓得手足无措，因为面对他的恐吓和欺侮，我无处哭诉。佣人们不愿帮我，以免得罪他们的少爷，而里德太太则装聋作哑，儿子打我骂我，她熟视无睹，尽管他动不动当着她的面这样做，而背着她的时候不用说就更多了。

我对约翰已惯于逆来顺受，因此便走到他椅子跟前。他费了大约三分钟，拼命向我伸出舌头，就差没有绷断舌根。我明白他马上就要打我了，一面担心挨打，一面凝视着这个就要动手的人那副令人厌恶的丑态。我不知道他看出了我的心思没有，反正他二话没说，猛然间狼命揍我。我打了个趔趄，好不容易站稳了，连忙从他椅子那里后退了一两步。

“这是对你的教训，谁让你刚才回答妈妈的时候那么没礼貌，”他说，“谁叫你鬼鬼祟祟躲到窗帘后面，谁叫你两分钟之前眼光里露出那副鬼样子，你这耗子！”

我已经听惯了约翰·里德的谩骂，从来不愿去回嘴，一心只想着如何去忍受随之而来的殴打。

“你躲在窗帘后面干什么？”他问。

“在看书。”

“把书拿来。”

我回到窗前，把书拿去。

“你没有资格动我们的书。妈妈说你是靠别人养活，你没有钱，你爸爸什么也没留给你，你应当去讨饭，而不该同像我们这样体面人家的孩子一起过日子，不该同我们吃一样的饭，穿我们妈妈掏钱买来

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!"

的衣服。听着：你乱翻我书架，我现在要教训你，让你知道翻我书架的好处。这些书都是我的，连整座房子都是，或者不到几年的工夫就要归我了。滚，站到门边去，离镜子和窗子远点。”

我照他的话做了，起初还真不知道他的用意。但是他把书举起，拿稳当了，立起身来摆出要扔过来的架势时，我一声惊叫，本能地往旁边一闪，可是晚了，那本书已经扔过来，正好打中了我，我应声倒下，脑袋撞在门上，碰出了血来，疼痛难忍。我的恐惧心理已经超出了它的极限，种种其他的情感都跟着来了。

“你真是个恶毒残暴的孩子！”我说，“你像个杀人犯——你像个虐待奴隶的人——你像罗马皇帝！”

我读过^①哥尔斯密的《罗马史》，对尼禄^②、卡利古拉^③等人物已有自己的看法，并暗暗作过类比，但绝没有想到会如此大声地说出口来。

“什么！什么！”他大叫大嚷。“她敢对我说这样的话？伊丽莎、乔治亚娜，你们可听见她说了？我会不去告诉妈妈吗？不过我得先——”

他向我直冲过来，我只觉得他抓住了我的头发和肩膀，他已经在跟一个不顾死活的家伙扭打在一起了。我发现他真是暴君，是个杀人犯。我觉得一两滴血从头上顺着脖子淌下来，感到一阵热辣辣的剧痛。这种种感觉一时占了上风，我不再畏惧，而发疯似的同他对打起来。我不太清楚自己的双手到底干了什么，只听得他骂我“耗子！耗子！”一面杀猪似的号叫着。他的帮手近在咫尺，伊丽莎和乔治亚娜早已跑出叫里德太太。她上了楼梯，来到现场，后面跟随着贝茜和女佣艾博特。我们给拉开了，我只听见她们说：

“哎呀！哎呀！多撒泼啊，竟敢用这么大的力气打约翰少爷！”

① 哥尔斯密（1730—1774），英国作家，诗人。

② 尼禄（37—68），古罗马帝国，以暴虐淫荡闻名。

③ 卡利古拉（12—41），古罗马皇帝。



“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.

“谁见过有那么大的火气！”

随后里德太太补充说：

“带她到红房子里去，关起来。”于是马上就有四只手按住我，把我硬推上楼去。