中译经典文库·世界文学名著
（英语原著版·第五辑）

★★★★★

《简·爱》的姊妹篇，夏洛蒂·勃朗特的处女作

THE PROFESSOR

（UNABRIDGED）

教师

■ Charlotte Brontë

《教师》是夏洛蒂·勃朗特的处女作，也是她仅次于《简·爱》的最好作品。她的小说最突出的主题就是表现女性的呼声、女性要求独立自主的强烈愿望，在英国文学史上，她是表现这一主题的第一人。她的小说的人物和情节都与她自己的生活有关，因而具有浓厚的抒情色彩。后世作家，在处理女性主尊为先驱，把她的

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出版前言

一部文学史是人类从童真走向成熟的发展史，是一个个文学大师用如椽巨笔记载的人类的心灵史，也是承载人类良知与情感反思的思想史。阅读这些传世的文学名著就是在阅读最鲜活生动的历史，就是在与大师们做跨越时空的思想交流与情感交流，它会使一代代的读者获得[illegible]大的审美满足。

中国对外翻译出版有限公司以[illegible]外语言学习和中外文化交流为自己的出版方向，[illegible]能提升语言能力，又能滋养心灵的精神大餐是[illegible]尽管随着网络技术和数字出版的发展，读者获得这些作品的途径更加便捷，但是，一本本装帧精美、墨香四溢的图书仍是读书人的最爱。

“熟读唐诗三百首，不会做诗也会吟”，汉语学习如此，外语学习尤其如此。要想彻底学好一种语言，必须有大量的阅读。这不仅可以熟能生巧地掌握其语言技能，也可了解一种语言所承载的独特文化。“中译经典文库·世界文学名著（英语原著版）”便是这样一套必将使读者受益终生的读物。

PREFACE

A history of literature is a phylogeny of human beings growing from childhood to adulthood, a spiritual history of masters in literature portraying human spirit with great touch, as well as a thinking history reflecting human conscience and emotional introspection Reading these immortal classics is like browsing through our history, while communicating across time and space with great writers into thinking and feelings It bestows spiritual nutrition as well as aesthetic relish upon readers from generation to generation.

China Translation and Publishing Corporation (CTPC), with a publishing mission oriented toward readings of Chinese and foreign languages learning as well as cultural exchange, has been dedicated to providing spiritual feasts which not only optimize language aptitude but also nourish heart and soul Along with the development of Internet and digital publication, readers have easier access to reading classic works Nevertheless, well-designed printed books remain favorite readings for most readers

"After perusing three hundred Tang poems, a learner can at least utter some verses, if cannot proficiently write a poem " That is true for learning Chinese, more so for learning a foreign language To master a language, we must read comprehensively, not only for taking in lingual competence, but also for catching the unique cultural essence implied in the language. "World Literary Classics (English originals)" can surely serve as a series of readings with everlasting edifying significance.

作家与作品

夏洛蒂·勃朗特(1816—1855)是19世纪著名的英国女作家。夏洛蒂出生于英国北部约克郡的豪渥斯，父亲是穷牧师，母亲是家庭主妇，她有两个姐姐、两个妹妹和一个弟弟。她的童年生活很不幸，5岁时母亲便患癌症去世，父亲收入少，全家生活艰苦凄凉；她8岁时被送进一所女子寄宿学校，那里生活条件恶劣，两个姐姐因染上肺病而先后死去，于是她和妹妹回到家乡，在荒凉的约克郡山区度过了童年。她父亲是剑桥圣约翰学院的毕业生，学识渊博，他常常教子女读书，指导他们看书报杂志，还给他们讲故事，这给夏洛蒂及两个妹妹带来最初的影响，使她们从小就对文学产生了浓厚的兴趣。她15岁时进伍勒小姐办的学校读书，几年后又在那里当教师。后来她做过家庭教师，但因不能忍受贵妇人、阔小姐的歧视，放弃了走以做家庭教师谋生的道路。她曾打算自办学校，在姨母的资助下与妹妹艾米莉一起去意大利进修法语和德语，但因没有人来就读学校没能办成。不过，她在意大利学习的经历激发了她表现自我的强烈愿望，促使她走上了文学创作的道路。她的妹妹艾米莉·勃朗特和安妮·勃朗特也是著名作家，在英国文学史上常有“勃朗特三姐妹”之称。

夏洛蒂·勃朗特的作品主要写贫苦的小资产者的孤独、反抗和奋斗，属于曾被马克思称为以狄更斯为首的“出色的一派”，在文学史上有相当重要的地位。她在短暂的一生中共写了五部小说，即《教师》、《简·爱》、《雪莉》、《维莱特》、《艾玛》；其中《艾玛》

因她早逝而未能完成，代表作《简·爱》已为我国广大读者所熟知并受到了广泛的喜爱。她的小说最突出的主题就是表现女性的呼声、女性要求独立自主的强烈愿望，在英国文学史上，她是表现这一主题的第一人。她的小说的人物和情节都与她自己的生活有关，因而具有浓厚的抒情色彩。女性主题加上抒情色彩，是夏洛蒂·勃朗特创作的基本特色，也是她影响后世英美作家的重要原因。后世作家，尤其是关心女性自身命运问题的女作家，在处理女性主题时都不同程度地受到她的影响，并把她尊为先驱，把她的作品视为“现代女性小说”的楷模。

《教师》是夏洛蒂·勃兰特的处女作，也是她仅次于《简·爱》的最好作品，但直到她死后才出版。小说的主人公威廉·克利姆斯沃思的母亲原是一位贵族小姐，因嫁了一位商人得罪了两位哥哥。丈夫死后她贫病交加，在死亡线上苦苦挣扎，而两位哥哥却见死不救，她含恨离开人世，留下两个孤儿。威廉在由舅父抚养的十年间受尽欺辱，最后毅然与舅父决裂，去投靠已发迹成为工厂主的哥哥。然而，哥哥生怕威廉在事业上压过自己，不念手足之情，千方百计虐待他。威廉愤然辞职而去，他来到布鲁塞尔在一所私立学校当英文教员。他在这里结识了女主人公弗朗西丝·亨利。她是一位英瑞混血的日内瓦姑娘，父母双亡，随姑妈来到布鲁塞尔，先是以修补花边为生，后在一女子寄宿学校当手工课教员。她既没有地位、金钱、学历，又是异教徒，女校长鄙夷她，学生们也欺负她。但她聪明好学、善良倔强，深受在该校兼课的威廉爱慕。弗朗西丝发现，这位英国教师博学多才、正直诚实，值得自己尊敬与爱戴。就这样，相同的命运和地位、相同的性格和情趣，使两颗心发生了碰撞，迸发出爱情的火花。女校长因嫉妒解雇了弗朗西丝，威廉一气之下辞去了在该校的工作。后来，经过几个月的苦苦寻觅，威廉才找到已失去姑妈、无依无靠的弗朗西丝，有情人终成眷属。

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CHAPTER I
Introductory

The other day, in looking over my papers, I found in my desk the following copy of a letter, sent by me a year since to an old school acquaintance:

> DEAR CHARLES—I think when you and I were at Eton together, we were neither of us what could be called popular characters. You were a sarcastic, observant, shrewd, cold-blooded creature. My own portrait I will not attempt to draw, but I cannot recollect that it was a strikingly attractive one; can you? What animal magnetism drew thee and me together I know not; certainly I never experienced anything of the Pylades and Orestes sentiment for you, and I have reason to believe that you, on your part, were equally free from all romantic regard to me. Still, out of school hours, we walked and talked continually together. When the theme of conversation was our companions or our masters, we understood each other, and when I recurred to some sentiment of affection, some vague love of an excellent or beautiful object, whether in animate or inanimate nature, your sardonic coldness did not move me. I felt myself superior to that check *then* as I do *now*.
>
> It is a long time since I wrote to you, and a still longer time since I saw you. Chancing to take up a newspaper of your county the other day, my eye fell upon your name. I began to think of old times, to run over the events which have transpired since we separated, and I sat down and commenced this letter. What you have been doing I know not; but you shall hear, if you choose to listen, how the world has wagged with me.
>
> First, after leaving Eton, I had an interview with my maternal uncles, Lord Tynedale and the Hon. John Seacombe. They asked me if I would enter the Church, and my uncle the nobleman offered me the living of Seacombe, which is in his gift, if I would; then my other

uncle, Mr Seacombe, hinted that when I became rector of Seacombe-cum-Scaife, I might perhaps be allowed to take, as mistress of my house and head of my parish, one of my six cousins, his daughters, all of whom I greatly dislike.

I declined both the Church and matrimony. A good clergyman is a good thing, but I should have made a very bad one. As to the wife—oh, how like a nightmare is the thought of being bound for life to one of my cousins! No doubt they are accomplished and pretty; but not an accomplishment, not a charm of theirs, touches a chord in my bosom. To think of passing the winter evenings by the parlour fireside of Seacombe Rectory alone with one of them—for instance, the large and well-modelled statue, Sarah—no. I should be a bad husband, under such circumstances, as well as a bad clergyman.

When I had declined my uncles' offers, they asked me what I intended to do. I said I should reflect. They reminded me that I had no fortune, and no expectation of any, and after a considerable pause Lord Tynedale demanded sternly whether I had thoughts of following my father's steps and engaging in trade. Now, I had had no thoughts of the sort. I do not think that my turn of mind qualifies me to make a good tradesman. My taste, my ambition does not lie in that way; but such was the scorn expressed in Lord Tynedale's countenance as he pronounced the word *trade*, such the contemptuous sarcasm of his tone, that I was instantly decided. My father was but a name to me, yet that name I did not like to hear mentioned with a sneer to my very face. I answered then, with haste and warmth, 'I cannot do better than follow in my father's steps; yes, I will be a tradesman.' My uncles did not remonstrate. They and I parted with mutual disgust. In reviewing this transaction, I find that I was quite right to shake off the burden of Tynedale's patronage, but a fool to offer my shoulders instantly for the reception of another burden—one which might be more intolerable, and which certainly was yet untried.

I wrote instantly to Edward—you know Edward, my only brother, ten years my senior, married to a rich mill-owner's daughter, and now possessor of the mill and business which was my father's before he failed. You are aware that my father—once reckoned a Croesus of wealth—became bankrupt a short time previous to his death, and that my mother lived in destitution for some six months after him, unhelped

by her aristocratical brothers, whom she had mortally offended by her union with Crimsworth, the shire manufacturer. At the end of the six months she brought me into the world, and then herself left it, without, I should think much regret, as it contained little hope or comfort for her.

My father's relations took charge of Edward, as they did of me, till I was nine years old. At that period it chanced that the representation of an important borough in our county fell vacant. Mr Seacombe stood for it. My uncle Crimsworth, an astute mercantile man, took the opportunity of writing a fierce letter to the candidate, stating that if he and Lord Tynedale did not consent to do something towards the support of their sister's orphan children, he would expose their relentless and malignant conduct towards that sister, and do his best to turn the circumstances against Mr Seacombe's election. That gentleman and Lord T. knew well enough that the Crimsworths were an unscrupulous and determined race. They knew also that they had influence in the borough of X—; and, making a virtue of necessity, they consented to defray the expenses of my education. I was sent to Eton, where I remained ten years, during which space of time Edward and I never met. He, when he grew up, entered into trade, and pursued his calling with such diligence, ability, and success, that now, in his thirtieth year, he was fast making a fortune. Of this I was apprised by the occasional short letters I received from him, some three or four times a year; which said letters never concluded without some expression of determined enmity against the house of Seacombe, and some reproach to me for living, as he said, on the bounty of that house. At first, while still in boyhood, I could not understand why, as I had no parents, I should not be indebted to my uncles Tynedale and Seacombe for my education; but as I grew up, and heard by degrees of the persevering hostility, the hatred till death evinced by them against my father, of the sufferings of my mother, of all the wrongs, in short, of our house, then did I conceive shame of the dependence in which I lived, and form a resolution no more to take bread from hands which had refused to minister to the necessities of my dying mother. It was by these feelings I was influenced when I refused the rectory of Seacombe and the union with one of my patrician cousins.

An irreparable breach thus being effected between my uncles and

myself, I wrote to Edward, told him what had occurred, and informed him of my intention to follow his steps and be a tradesman. I asked, moreover, if he could give me employment. His answer expressed no approbation of my conduct, but he said I might come down to—shire if I liked, and he would 'see what could be done in the way of furnishing me with work'. I repressed all, even *mental* comment on his note, packed my trunk and carpetbag, and started for the north directly.

After two days' travelling (railroads were not then in existence) I arrived, one wet October afternoon, in the town of X—. I had always understood that Edward lived in this town, but on enquiry I found that it was only Mr Crimsworth's mill and warehouse which were situated in the smoky atmosphere of Bigben Close; his *residence* lay four miles out, in the country.

It was late in the evening when I alighted at the gates of the habitation designated to me as my brother's. As I advanced up the avenue, I could see through the shades of twilight, and the dark gloomy mists which deepened those shades, that the house was large, and the grounds surrounding it sufficiently spacious. I paused a moment on the lawns in front, and leaning my back against a tall tree which rose in the centre, I gazed with interest on the exterior of Crimsworth Hall.

'Edward is rich,' thought I to myself, 'I believed him to be doing well, but I did not know he was master of a mansion like this.' Cutting short all marvelling speculation, conjecture, etc., I advanced to the front door and rang. A manservant opened it. I announced myself. He relieved me of my wet cloak and carpetbag, and ushered me into a room furnished as a library, where there was a bright fire and candles burning on the table. He informed me that his master was not yet returned from X—market, but that he would certainly be at home in the course of half an hour.

Being left to myself, I took the stuffed easy-chair, covered with red morocco, which stood by the fireside, and while my eyes watched the flames dart from the glowing coals, and the cinders fall at intervals on the hearth, my mind busied itself in conjectures concerning the meeting about to take place. Amidst much that was doubtful in the subject of these conjectures, there was one thing tolerably certain—I was in no danger of encountering severe disappointment; from this the moderation of my expectations guaranteed me. I anticipated no

overflowings of fraternal tenderness. Edward's letters had always been such as to prevent the engendering or harbouring of delusions of this sort. Still, as I sat awaiting his arrival, I felt eager—very eager. I cannot tell you why. My hand, so utterly a stranger to the grasp of a kindred hand, clenched itself to repress the tremor with which impatience would fain have shaken it.

I thought of my uncles; and as I was engaged in wondering whether Edward's indifference would equal the cold disdain I had always experienced from them, I heard the avenue gates open. Wheels approached the house—Mr Crimsworth was arrived; and after the lapse of some minutes, and a brief dialogue between himself and his servant in the hall, his tread drew near the library door. That tread alone announced the master of the house.

I still retained some confused recollection of Edward as he was ten years ago—a tall, wiry, raw youth; *now*, as I rose from my seat and turned towards the library door, I saw a fine-looking and powerful man, light-complexioned, well-made, and of athletic proportions. The first glance made me aware of an air of promptitude and sharpness, shown as well in his movements as in his port, his eye, and the general expression of his face. He greeted me with brevity, and, in the moment of shaking hands, scanned me from head to foot. He took his seat in the morocco-covered armchair, and motioned me to another seat.

'I expected you would have called at the counting-house in the Close,' said he; and his voice, I noticed, had an abrupt accent, probably habitual to him. He spoke also with a guttural northern tone, which sounded harsh in my ears, accustomed to the silvery utterance of the south.

'The landlord of the inn where the coach stopped directed me here,' said I. 'I doubted at first the accuracy of his information, not being aware that you had such a residence as this.'

'Oh, it is all right!' he replied, 'only I was kept half an hour behind time, waiting for you; that is all. I thought you must be coming by the eight o'clock coach.'

I expressed regret that he had had to wait. He made no answer, but stirred the fire, as if to cover a movement of impatience; then he scanned me again.

I felt an inward satisfaction that I had not, in the first moment of

meeting, betrayed any warmth, any enthusiasm, that I had saluted this man with a quiet and steady phlegm.

'Have you quite broken with Tynedale and Seacombe?' he asked hastily.

'I do not think I shall have any further communication with them. My refusal of their proposals will, I fancy, operate as a barrier against all future intercourse.'

'Why,' said he, 'I may as well remind you at the very outset of our connection that "no man can serve two masters". Acquaintance with Lord Tynedale will be incompatible with assistance from me.' There was a kind of gratuitous menace in his eye as he looked at me in finishing this observation.

Feeling no disposition to reply to him, I contented myself with an inward speculation on the differences which exist in the constitution of men's minds. I do not know what inference Mr Crimsworth drew from my silence—whether he considered it a symptom of contumacity, or an evidence of my being cowed by his peremptory manner. After a long and hard stare at me, he rose sharply from his seat.

'Tomorrow,' said he, 'I shall call your attention to some other points; but now it is supper-time, and Mrs Crimsworth is probably waiting. Will you come?'

He strode from the room, and I followed. In crossing the hall, I wondered what Mrs Crimsworth might be. 'Is she,' thought I, 'as alien to what I like as Tynedale, Seacombe, the Misses Seacombe, as the affectionate relative now striding before me, or is she better than these? Shall I, in conversing with her, feel free to show something of my real nature, or—' Further conjectures were arrested by my entrance into the dining-room.

A lamp, burning under a shade of ground-glass, showed a handsome apartment, wainscoted with oak. Supper was laid on the table. By the fireplace, standing as if waiting our entrance, appeared a lady. She was young, tall, and well-shaped; her dress was handsome and fashionable. So much my first glance sufficed to ascertain. A gay salutation passed between her and Mr Crimsworth. She chid him, half playfully, half poutingly, for being late. Her voice (I always take voices into the account in judging of character) was lively; it indicated, I thought, good animal spirits. Mr Crimsworth soon checked her

animated scolding with a kiss—a kiss that still told of the bridegroom (they had not yet been married a year). She took her seat at the supper-table in first-rate spirits. Perceiving me, she begged my pardon for not noticing me before, and then shook hands with me, as ladies do when a flow of good-humour disposes them to be cheerful to all, even the most indifferent of their acquaintance. It was now further obvious to me that she had a good complexion, and features sufficiently marked but agreeable; her hair was red—quite red. She and Edward talked much, always in a vein of playful contention. She was vexed, or pretended to be vexed, that he had that day driven a vicious horse in the gig, and he made light of her fears. Sometimes she appealed to me.

'Now, Mr William, isn't it absurd in Edward to talk so? He says he will drive Jack, and no other horse, and the brute has thrown him twice already.'

She spoke with a kind of lisp, not disagreeable, but childish. I soon saw also that there was more than girlish—a somewhat infantine expression in her by no means small features. This lisp and expression were, I have no doubt, a charm in Edward's eyes, and would be so to those of most men, but they were not to mine. I sought her eye, desirous to read there the intelligence which I could not discern in her face or hear in her conversation. It was merry, rather small. By turns I saw vivacity, vanity, coquetry, look out through its irid, but I watched in vain for a glimpse of soul. I am no oriental. White necks, carmine lips and cheeks, clusters of bright curls, do not suffice for me without that Promethean spark which will live after the roses and lilies are faded, the burnished hair grown grey. In sunshine, in prosperity, the flowers are very well; but how many wet days are there in life—November seasons of disaster, when a man's hearth and home would be cold indeed without the clear, cheering gleam of intellect!

Having perused the fair page of Mrs Crimsworth's face, a deep, involuntary sigh announced my disappointment. She took it as a homage to her beauty, and Edward, who was evidently proud of his rich and handsome young wife, threw on me a glance, half ridicule, half ire.

I turned from them both, and gazing wearily round the room, I saw two pictures set in the oak panelling—one on each side of the mantelpiece. Ceasing to take part in the bantering conversation that

flowed on between Mr and Mrs Crimsworth, I bent my thoughts to the examination of these pictures. They were portraits—a lady and a gentleman, both costumed in the fashion of twenty years ago. The gentleman was in the shade. I could not see him well. The lady had the benefit of a full beam from the softly shaded lamp. I presently recognised her. I had seen this picture before in childhood. It was my mother—that and the companion picture being the only heirlooms saved out of the sale of my father's property.

The face, I remembered, had pleased me as a boy, but *then* I did not understand it; *now* I knew how rare that class of face is in the world, and I appreciated keenly its thoughtful yet gentle expression. The serious grey eye possessed for me a strong charm, as did certain lines in the features indicative of most true and tender feeling. I was sorry it was only a picture.

I soon left Mr and Mrs Crimsworth to themselves; a servant conducted me to my bedroom. In closing my chamber door, I shut out all intruders—you, Charles, as well as the rest. Goodbye for the present.

WILLIAM CRIMSWORTH

To this letter I never got an answer. Before my old friend received it, he had accepted a Government appointment in one of the colonies, and was already on his way to the scene of his official labours. What has become of him since I know not.

The leisure time I have at command, and which I intended to employ for his private benefit, I shall now dedicate to that of the public at large. My narrative is not exciting, and above all, not marvellous; but it may interest some individuals, who, having toiled in the same vocation as myself, will find in my experience frequent reflections of their own. The above letter will serve as an introduction. I now proceed.