中译经典文库·世界文学名著
（英语原著版·第五辑）

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夏洛蒂·勃朗特女性题材的代表作之一

SHIRLEY

（UNABRIDGED）

雪莉

■ Charlotte Brontë

夏洛蒂·勃朗特的作品主要描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。《雪莉》是英国文学史上第一部反映工人破坏机器的卢德派运动的小说，在文学史上的地位不容忽视。书中的雪莉是艾米莉·勃朗特的[illegible]用过来，塑造了一[illegible]良、热情、勇敢，[illegible]崇。

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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心灵的滋养与巨大的审美满足。

中国对外翻译出版有限公司originally为外语言学习和中外文化交流为自己的出版方向，originally为广大爱好者提供既能提升语言能力，又能滋养心灵的精神大餐是我们的一贯宗旨。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。

《雪莉》的故事背景是19世纪初英国纺织工人自发捣毁机器而引起的产业界的骚动。书中的雪莉是艾米莉的写照，作者将艾米莉强悍、独特的性格借用过来，塑造了一个神采奕奕，充满活力的女主人公。故事主要描述雪莉、卡罗琳、罗伯特·穆尔、路易斯·穆尔四人之间的爱恨纠葛。雪莉是当地名门菲尔特府的唯一女继承人。她豁达豪放、热情善良，一边帮助罗伯特引进机器，一边又十分同情失业的工人，在双方产生矛盾斗争时给工人送去慰问的食物。她追求不以社会地位和财产为标准，真正建立在互相尊重、平等相爱基础上的纯真爱情，毫不留情地讽刺因为工厂机器被工人砸毁后向她求婚的罗伯特·穆尔，毅然决然地拒绝家财万贯的菲利普·南尼利男爵的求婚，毫无顾忌地爱上自己的家庭教师路易斯·穆尔，最终与路易斯结了婚。卡罗琳出生后不久母亲就离开了她，父亲酗酒而死，叔叔把她带大。她纯洁善良，娴静美丽，她对表哥罗伯特·穆尔一见钟情，却屡被伤害，但她执着于自己的爱情，在罗伯特工厂失败身无分文后仍然包容他爱他，罗伯特最后幡然醒悟，两个人终于走到了一起。

这部小说是英国文学史上第一部反映破坏机器的卢德派运动的小说，在文学史上的地位不容忽视。作品充分显示了作者处理社会历史题材的熟练技巧。主题从社会上的产业骚动转到了私人的生活场景，故事错综复杂，人物性格鲜明。同时，女主人公的善良、热情、勇敢、追求平等和自由的精神，也备受现代女性推崇。

CONTENTS

CHAPTER 1
Levitical

Of late years an abundant shower of curates has fallen upon the north of England: they lie very thick on the hills; every parish has one or more of them; they are young enough to be very active, and ought to be doing a great deal of good. But not of late years are we about to speak; we are going back to the beginning of this century: late years—present years are dusty, sunburnt, hot, arid; we will evade the noon, forget it in siesta, pass the midday in slumber, and dream of dawn.

If you think, from this prelude, that anything like a romance is preparing for you, reader, you never were more mistaken. Do you anticipate sentiment, and poetry, and reverie? Do you expect passion, and stimulus, and melodrama? Calm your expectations; reduce them to a lowly standard. Something real, cool and solid lies before you; something unromantic as Monday morning, when all who have work wake with the consciousness that they must rise and betake themselves thereto. It is not positively affirmed that you shall not have a taste of the exciting, perhaps towards the middle and close of the meal, but it is resolved that the first dish set upon the table shall be one that a Catholic—ay, even an Anglo-Catholic—might eat on Good Friday in Passion Week: it shall be cold lentils and vinegar without oil; it shall be unleavened bread with bitter herbs, and no roast lamb.

Of late years, I say, an abundant shower of curates has fallen upon the north of England, but in eighteen-hundred-eleven-twelve that affluent rain had not descended. Curates were scarce then: there was no Pastoral Aid—no Additional Curates' Society to stretch a helping hand to worn-out old rectors and incumbents, and give them the where-withal to pay a vigorous young colleague from Oxford or Cambridge. The present successors of the apostles, disciples of Dr Pusey and tools of the Propaganda, were at that time being hatched under cradle-blankets, or undergoing regeneration by nursery-baptism in wash-hand basins. You

could not have guessed by looking at any one of them that the Italian-ironed double frills of its net-cap surrounded the brows of a preordained, specially-sanctified successor of St Paul, St Peter, or St John; nor could you have foreseen in the folds of its long night-gown the white surplice in which it was hereafter cruelly to exercise the souls of its parishioners, and strangely to nonplus its old-fashioned vicar by flourishing aloft in a pulpit the shirt-like raiment which had never before waved higher than the reading-desk.

Yet even in those days of scarcity there were curates: the precious plant was rare, but it might be found. A certain favoured district in the West Riding of Yorkshire could boast three rods of Aaron blossoming within a circuit of twenty miles. You shall see them, reader. Step into this neat garden-house on the skirts of Whinbury, walk forward into the little parlour. There they are at dinner. Allow me to introduce them to you: Mr Donne, curate of Whinbury; Mr Malone, curate of Briarfield; Mr Sweeting, curate of Nunnely. These are Mr Donne's lodgings, being the habitation of one John Gale, a small clothier. Mr Donne has kindly invited his brethren to regale with him. You and I will join the party, see what is to be seen, and hear what is to be heard. At present, however, they are only eating; and while they eat we will talk aside.

These gentlemen are in the bloom of youth; they possess all the activity of that interesting age—an activity which their moping old vicars would fain turn into the channel of their pastoral duties, often expressing a wish to see it expended in a diligent superintendence of the schools, and in frequent visits to the sick of their respective parishes—But the youthful Levites feel this to be dull work; they prefer lavishing their energies on a course of proceeding which, though to other eyes it appear more heavy with *ennui*, more cursed with mo notony, than the toil of the weaver at his loom, seems to yield them an unfailing supply of enjoyment and occupation.

I allude to a rushing backwards and forwards, amongst themselves, to and from their respective lodgings—not a round, but a triangle of visits, which they keep up all the year through, in winter, spring, summer, and autumn. Season and weather make no difference; with unintelligible zeal they dare snow and hail, wind and rain, mire and dust, to go and dine, or drink tea, or sup with each other. What attracts them it would be difficult to say. It is not friendship, for whenever they meet they quarrel. It is not religion—the thing is never named amongst them; theology they may

discuss occasionally, but piety—never. It is not the love of eating and drinking: each might have as good a joint and pudding, tea as potent, and toast as succulent, at his own lodgings, as is served to him at his brother's. Mrs Gale, Mrs Hogg, and Mrs Whipp—their respective landladies—affirm that 'it is just for naught else but to give folk trouble.' By 'folk' the good ladies of course mean themselves, for indeed they are kept in a continual 'fry' by this system of mutual invasion.

Mr Donne and his guests, as I have said, are at dinner; Mrs Gale waits on them, but a spark of the hot kitchen fire is in her eye. She considers that the privilege of inviting a friend to a meal occasionally, without additional charge (a privilege included in the terms on which she lets her lodgings), has been quite sufficiently exercised of late. The present week is yet but at Thursday, and on Monday Mr Malone, the curate of Briarfield, came to breakfast and stayed dinner; on Tuesday Mr Malone and Mr Sweeting of Nunnely came to tea, remained to supper, occupied the spare bed, and favoured her with their company to breakfast on Wednesday morning; now, on Thursday, they are both here at dinner, and she is almost certain they will stay all night. 'C'en est trop,' she would say, if she could speak French.

Mr Sweeting is mincing the slice of roast beef on his plate, and complaining that it is very tough; Mr Donne says the beer is fiat. Ay, that is the worst of it: if they would only be civil Mrs Gale wouldn't mind it so much, if they would only seem satisfied with what they get she wouldn't care; but 'these young parsons is so high and so scornful, they set everybody beneath their "fit." They treat her with less than civility, just because she doesn't keep a servant, but does the work of the house herself, as her mother did afore her; then they are always speaking against Yorkshire ways and Yorkshire folk,' and by that very token Mrs Gale does not believe one of them to be a real gentleman, or come of gentle kin. 'The old parsons is worth the whole lump of college lads; they know what belongs to good manners, and is kind to high and low.'

'More bread!' cries Mr Malone, in a tone which, though prolonged but to utter two syllables, proclaims him at once a native of the land of shamrocks and potatoes. Mrs Gale hates Mr Malone more than either of the other two; but she fears him also, for he is a tall strongly-built personage, with real Irish legs and arms, and a face as genuinely national—not the Milesian face, not Daniel O'Connell's style, but the high featured, North-

American-Indian sort of visage, which belongs to a certain class of the Irish gentry, and has a petrified and proud look, better suited to the owner of an estate of slaves than to the landlord of a free peasantry. Mr Malone's father termed himself a gentleman: he was poor and in debt, and besottedly arrogant; and his son was like him.

Mrs Gale offered the loaf.

'Cut it, woman,' said her guest; and the 'woman' cut it accordingly. Had she followed her inclinations, she would have cut the parson also; her Yorkshire soul revolted absolutely from his manner of command.

The curates had good appetites, and though the beef was 'tough,' they ate a great deal of it. They swallowed, too, a tolerable allowance of the 'flat beer,' while a dish of Yorkshire pudding, and two tureens of vegetables, disappeared like leaves before locusts. The cheese, too, received distinguished marks of their attention; and a 'spice-cake,' which followed by way of dessert, vanished like a vision, and was no more found. Its elegy was chanted in the kitchen by Abraham, Mrs Gale's son and heir, a youth of six summers; he had reckoned upon the reversion thereof, and when his mother brought down the empty platter, he lifted up his voice and wept sore.

The curates, meantime, sat and sipped their wine, a liquor of unpretending vintage, moderately enjoyed. Mr Malone, indeed, would much rather have had whisky; but Mr Donne, being an Englishman, did not keep the beverage. While they sipped they argued, not on politics, nor on philosophy, nor on literature—these topics were now, as ever, totally without interest for them—not even on theology, practical or doctrinal, but on minute points of ecclesiastical discipline, frivolities which seemed empty as bubbles to all save themselves. Mr Malone, who contrived to secure two glasses of wine, when his brethren contented themselves with one, waxed by degrees hilarious after his fashion; that is, he grew a little insolent, said rude things in a hectoring tone, and laughed clamorously at his own brilliancy.

Each of his companions became in turn his butt. Malone had a stock of jokes at their service, which he was accustomed to serve out regularly on convivial occasions like the present, seldom varying his wit; for which, indeed, there was no necessity, as he never appeared to consider himself monotonous, and did not at all care what others thought. Mr Donne he favoured with hints about his extreme meagreness, allusions to his

turned-up nose, cutting sarcasms on a certain threadbare chocolate surtout which that gentleman was accustomed to sport whenever it rained or seemed likely to rain, and criticisms on a choice set of cockney phrases and modes of pronunciation, Mr Donne's own property, and certainly deserving of remark for the elegance and finish they communicated to his style.

Mr Sweeting was bantered about his stature—he was a little man, a mere boy in height and breadth compared with the athletic Malone; rallied on his musical accomplishments—he played the flute and sang hymns like a seraph, some young ladies of his parish thought; sneered at as 'the ladies' pet;' teased about his mamma and sisters, for whom poor Mr Sweeting had some lingering regard, and of whom he was foolish enough now and then to speak in the presence of the priestly Paddy, from whose anatomy the bowels of natural affection had somehow been omitted.

The victims met these attacks each in his own way: Mr Donne with a stilted self-complacency and half-sullen phlegm, the sole props of his otherwise somewhat rickety dignity; Mr Sweeting with the indifference of a light, easy disposition, which never professed to have any dignity to maintain.

When Malone's raillery became rather too offensive, which it soon did, they joined in an attempt to turn the tables on him by asking him how many boys had shouted 'Irish Peter!' after him as he came along the road that day (Malone's name was Peter—the Revd Peter Augustus Malone); requesting to be informed whether it was the mode in Ireland for clergymen to carry loaded pistols in their pockets, and a shillelah in their hands, when they made pastoral visits; inquiring the signification of such words as vele, firrum, hellum, storrum (so Mr Malone invariably pronounced veil, firm, helm, storm), and employing such other methods of retaliation as the innate refinement of their minds suggested.

This, of course, would not do. Malone, being neither good-natured nor phlegmatic, was presently in a towering passion. He vociferated, gesticulated; Donne and Sweeting laughed. He reviled them as Saxons and snobs at the very top pitch of his high Celtic voice; they taunted him with being the native of a conquered land. He menaced rebellion in the name of his 'counthry,' vented bitter hatred against English rule; they spoke of rags, beggary, and pestilence. The little parlour was in an uproar; you would have thought a duel must follow such virulent abuse; it seemed a wonder that Mr and Mrs Gale did not take alarm at the noise, and send for a constable

to keep the peace. But they were accustomed to such demonstrations; they well knew that the curates never dined or took tea together without a little exercise of the sort, and were quite easy as to consequences, knowing that these clerical quarrels were as harmless as they were noisy, that they resulted in nothing, and that, on whatever terms the curates might part tonight, they would be sure to meet the best friends in the world tomorrow morning.

As the worthy pair were sitting by their kitchen fire, listening to the repeated and sonorous contact of Malone's fist with the mahogany plane of the parlour table, and to the consequent start and jingle of decanters and glasses following each assault, to the mocking laughter of the allied English disputants, and the stuttering declamation of the isolated Hibernian—as they thus sat, a foot was heard on the outer door-step, and the knocker quivered to a sharp appeal.

Mr Gale went and opened.

'Whom have you upstairs in the parlour?' asked a voice—a rather remarkable voice, nasal in tone, abrupt in utterance.

'O Mr Helstone, is it you, sir? I could hardly see you for the darkness; it is so soon dark now. Will you walk in, sir?'

'I want to know first whether it is worth my while walking in. Whom have you upstairs?'

'The curates, sir.'

'What! all of them?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Been dining here?'

'Yes, sir.'

'That will do.'

With these words a person entered—a middle-aged man, in black. He walked straight across the kitchen to an inner door, opened it, inclined his head forward, and stood listening. There was something to listen to, for the noise above was just then louder than ever.

'Hey!' he ejaculated to himself; then turning to Mr Gale—'Have you often this sort of work?'

Mr Gale had been a churchwarden, and was indulgent to the clergy.

'They're young, you know, sir—they're young,' said he deprecatingly.

'Young! They want caning. Bad boys—bad boys! And if you were a Dissenter, John Gale, instead of being a good Churchman, they'd do the

like—they'd expose themselves; but I'll . . .'

By way of finish to this sentence, he passed through the inner door, drew it after him, and mounted the stair. Again he listened a few minutes when he arrived at the upper room. Making entrance without warning, he stood before the curates.

And they were silent; they were transfixed; and so was the invader. He—a personage short of stature, but straight of port, and bearing on broad shoulders a hawk's head, beak, and eye, the whole surmounted by a Rehoboam, or shovel hat, which he did not seem to think it necessary to lift or remove before the presence in which he then stood—*he* folded his arms on his chest and surveyed his young friends, if friends they were, much at his leisure.

'What!' he began, delivering his words in a voice no longer nasal, but deep—more than deep—a voice made purposely hollow and cavernous—'what! has the miracle of Pentecost been renewed? Have the cloven tongues come down again? Where are they? The sound filled the whole house just now. I heard the seventeen languages in full action: Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphyha, in Egypt and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians; every one of these must have had its representative in this room two minutes since.'

'I beg your pardon, Mr Helstone,' began Mr Donne; 'take a seat, pray, sir. Have a glass of wine?'

His civilities received no answer. The falcon in the black coat proceeded,—

'What do I talk about the gift of tongues? Gift, indeed! I mistook the chapter, and book, and Testament—gospel for law, Acts for Genesis, the city of Jerusalem for the plain of Shinar. It was no gift but the confusion of tongues which has gabbled me deaf as a post. *You*, apostles? What! you three? Certainly not; three presumptuous Babylonish masons—neither more nor less!'

'I assure you, sir, we were only having a little chat together over a glass of wine after a friendly dinner—settling the Dissenters!'

'Oh! settling the Dissenters, were you? Was Malone settling the Dissenters? It sounded to me much more like settling his co-apostles. You were quarrelling together, making almost as much noise—you three