



*Expressway
to Enjoy
Brilliant*

English

Passages

开卷有益

浩 瀚 等 编 著

英语

文

妙

赏

析



中国水利水电出版社
www.waterpub.com.cn



Expressway to Enjoy Brilliant English Passages

开卷有益

英语妙文赏析

浩瀚 等 编著



中国水利水电出版社
www.waterpub.com.cn

内容提要

本书精选了 12 部世界名著中的经典章节,并在每篇的后面加以注释,以帮助读者扫清词汇方面的障碍。同时还提供了部分习题,以检验读者对文章中重要短语的掌握程度。最后一部分是文章中出现的习语,读者可以从中学学习一些习惯用语。

本书适用于希望提高英语水平的英语爱好者。

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

开卷有益 英语妙文赏析/浩瀚等编著. —北京:中国水利水电出版社,2005

(浩瀚英语)

ISBN 7-5084-3366-1

I. 开... II. 浩... III. 英语-语言读物

IV. H319.4

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2005)第 126060 号

书 名	浩瀚英语 开卷有益 英语妙文赏析
作 者	浩瀚 等 编著
出版发行	中国水利水电出版社(北京市三里河路 6 号 100044) 网址:www.waterpub.com.cn E-mail:sales@waterpub.com.cn 电话:(010)63202266(总机)、68331835(营销中心)
经 售	全国各地新华书店和相关出版物销售网点
排 版	浩瀚英语研究所微机排版中心
印 刷	北京地矿印刷厂
规 格	880mm×1230mm 32 开本 11.25 印张 407 千字
版 次	2006 年 1 月第 1 版 2006 年 1 月第 1 次印刷
印 数	0001—5000 册
定 价	16.00 元

凡购买我社图书,如有缺页、倒页、脱页的,本社营销中心负责调换
版权所有·侵权必究

本书导读

众所周知,学好英语的一个重要途径就是进行大量地阅读,包括阅读世界名著,从中学习英语国家的文化背景和语言习惯。但是众多读者抱怨名著太多,由于时间有限造成阅读没有针对性。

鉴于此,我们编写了这本《开卷有益 英语妙文赏析》。本书精选了12部世界名著中的经典章节,并在每章的后面加了注释,以帮助读者扫清词汇方面的障碍。同时我们还提供了部分习题,以检验读者对本章中重要短语的掌握程度。最后一部分是文章中出现的习语,读者可以从中学习一些习惯用语。

相信本书能够帮助广大读者掌握更多的英语知识,从而提高自己的英语水平。

本书不足之处,敬请读者批评指正。

目录

CONTENT

本书导读

一、Jane Eyre	[1]
二、Pride and Prejudice	[30]
三、The Love Story of a King	[56]
四、Romeo and Juliet	[69]
五、Immensee	[79]
六、Tess of the d'Urbervilles	[121]
七、Good Wives	[147]
八、Sense and Sensibility	[175]
九、Wuthering Heights	[191]
十、Treasure Island	[215]
十一、Chiswick Mall	[247]
十二、The Rose and the Ring	[304]
参考答案	



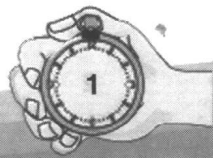
— Jane Eyre



by Charlotte Brontë

(一)

...
When once more alone, I reviewed the information I had got; looked into my heart, examined its thoughts and feelings, and endeavoured^① to bring



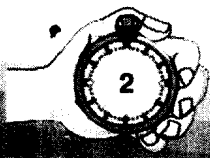


back with a strict hand such as had been straying through imagination's boundless and trackless waste, into the safe fold of common sense.

Arraigned^② at my own bar, memory having given her evidence of the hopes, wishes, sentiments I had been cherishing^③ since last night — of the general state of mind in which I had indulged for nearly a fortnight past. Reason having come forward and told, in her own quiet way, plain, unvarnished tale, showing how I had rejected the real, and rapidly devoured the ideal; — I pronounced judgement to this effect:

That a greater fool than Jane Eyre had never breathed **the breath of life**; that a more fantastic idiot had never surfeited^④ herself on sweet lies, and swallowed poison as if it were nectar^⑤.

'You,' I said, 'a favourite with Mr. Rochester? You gifted with the power of pleasing him? You of importance to him **in any way**? Go! Your folly sickens me, and you have **derived** pleasure from occasional tokens^⑥ of preference — equivocal tokens shown by a gentleman of family and a man of the world to a dependant and a novice. How dared you? Poor stupid dupe^⑦! — Could not even self-interest make you wiser? You repeated to yourself this morning the brief scene of last night? — Cover your face and be ashamed! He said something in praise of your eyes, did he? Blind puppy! Open their bleared^⑧ lids and look on your own accursed^⑨ senselessness! It does good to no woman to be flattered by her superior, who cannot possibly intend to marry her; and it is madness in all women to let a secret love kindle^⑩ within them, which, if unreturned and unknown, must devour the life that feeds it; and, if discovered and responded to, must lead ignis-fatuus-like^⑪, into miry wilds whence there is no extrication. ^⑫



He comes in last; I am not looking at the arch, yet I see him enter. I try to concentrate^⑬ my attention on these netting-needles, on the meshes^⑭ of the purse I am forming—I wish to think only of the work I have in my hands, to see only the silver beads and silk threads that lie in my lap; whereas, I distinctly behold^⑮ his figure, and I inevitably^⑯ recall the moment when I last saw it; just after I had rendered^⑰ him, what he deemed^⑱, an essential service, and he, holding my hand, and looking down on my face, surveyed me with eyes that revealed a heart full and eager to overflow; in whose emotions I had a part. How near had I approached him at that moment! What had occurred since, calculated to change his and my relative positions? Yet now, how distant, how far estranged^⑲ we were! So far estranged, that I did not expect him to come and speak to me. I did not wonder, when, without looking at me, he took a seat at the other side of the room, and began conversing^⑳ with some of the ladies.

No sooner did I see that his attention was riveted^㉑ on them, and that I might gaze without being observed, than my eyes were drawn involuntarily^㉒ to his face: I could not keep their lids under control; they would rise, and the Lids would fix on him. I looked, and had an acute pleasure in looking, — a precious, yet poignant^㉓ pleasure; pure gold, with a steely point of agony: a pleasure like what the thirst-perishing man might feel who knows the well to which he has crept is poisoned, yet stoops and drinks divine^㉔ draughts nevertheless.

Most true is it that ‘beauty is in the eye of the gazer’. My master’s colourless, olive face, square and heavy forehead, broad and jetty eyebrows, deep eyes, strong features, firm, grim mouth — all energy, decision, will — were not beautiful, accord-






ing to rule; but they were more than beautiful to me; they were full of an interest, an influence that quite mastered me — that took my feelings from my own power and fettered[Ⓢ] them in his. I had not intended to love him; the reader knows I had wrought[Ⓢ] hard to extirpate[Ⓢ] from my soul the germs of love there detected; and now, at the first renewed view of him, they spontaneously revived, green and strong! He made me love him without looking at me.

...
I have told you, reader, that I had learnt to love Mr. Rochester, I could not unlove him now, merely because I found that he had ceased to notice me — because I might pass hours in his presence and he would never once turn his eyes in my direction — because I saw all his attentions appropriated[Ⓢ] by a great lady, who scorned[Ⓢ] to touch me with the hem of her robes as she passed; who, if ever her dark and imperious[Ⓢ] eye fell on me by chance, would withdraw it instantly as from an object too mean to merit[Ⓢ] observation. I could not unlove him, because I felt sure he would soon marry this very lady — because I read daily in her a proud security in his intentions respecting her — because I witnessed hourly in him a style of courtship which, if careless and choosing rather to be sought than to seek, was yet, in its very carelessness, captivating[Ⓢ], and in its very pride, irresistible[Ⓢ].

(二)

...
ow he has his back towards me,' thought I, 'and he is occupied too; perhaps, if I walk softly, I can slip away unnoticed.'

I trod on an edging of turf that the crackle of the pebbly gravel



might not betray me: he was standing among the beds at a yard or two distant from where I had to pass; the moth apparently engaged him. 'I shall get by very well,' I meditated^①. As I crossed his shadow, thrown long over the garden by the moon, not yet risen high, he said quickly, without turning:

'Jane, come and look at this fellow.'

I had made no noise, he had not eyes behind — could his shadow feel? I started at first, and then I approached him.

'Look at his wings,' said he; 'he reminds me rather of a West Indian insect; one does not often see so large and gay a night-rover in England; there! he is flown.'

The moth roamed away. I was sheepishly^② retreating^③ also; but Mr. Rochester followed me, and when we reached the wicket^④, he said:

'Turn back, on so lovely a night it is a shame to sit in the house; and surely no one can wish to go to bed while sunset is thus at meeting with moonrise.'

It is one of my faults, that though my tongue is sometimes prompt enough at answer, there are times when it sadly fails me in framing an excuse; and always the lapse^⑤ occurs at some crisis, when a facile^⑥ word or plausible^⑦ pretext is specially wanted to get me out of painful embarrassment. I did not like to walk at this hour alone with Mr. Rochester in the shadowy orchard; but I could not find a reason to allege^⑧ for leaving him. I followed with lagging step, and thoughts busily bent on discovering a means of extrication; but he himself looked so composed and so grave also, I become ashamed of feeling confusion, the evil — if evil existent or prospective there was — seemed to lie with me only; his mind was unconscious and quiet.





‘Jane,’ he recommenced^⑨, as we entered the laurel^⑩ walk and slowly strayed down in the direction of the sunk fence and the horse-chestnut, ‘Thornfield is a pleasant place in summer, is it not?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘You must have become in some degree attached^⑪ to the house — you who **have an eye for natural beauties**, and a good deal of the organ of Adhesiveness^⑫?’

‘I **am attached** to it, indeed.’

‘And though I don’t comprehend how it is, I perceive^⑬ you have acquired a degree of regard for that foolish little child Adèle, too; and even for simple Dame Fairfax?’

‘Yes, sir; in different ways, I have an affection^⑭ for both.’

‘And would be sorry to part with them?’

‘Yes.’

‘Pity!’ he said, and sighed and paused. It is always the way of events in this life,’ he continued presently; ‘no sooner have you got settled in a pleasant resting-place, than a voice calls out to you to rise and **move on**, for the hour of repose^⑮ is expired.’

‘Must I move on, sir?’ I asked. ‘Must I leave Thornfield?’

‘I believe you must, Jane. I am sorry, Janet, but I believe indeed you must.’

This was a blow, but I did not let it prostrate^⑯ me.

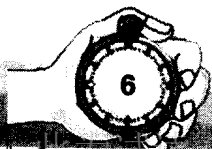
‘Well, sir, I shall be ready when the order to march comes.’

‘It is come now — I must give it tonight.’

‘Then you are going to be married, sir?’

‘Ex-act-ly-pre-cise-ly; with your usual acuteness, you have hit the nail straight on the head.’

‘Soon, sir?’



‘In about a month I hope to be a bridegroom^⑭,’ continued Mr. Rochester; ‘and in the interim^⑮, I shall myself look out for employment and an asylum^⑯ for you.’

‘Thank you, sir; I am sorry to give —’

‘Oh, no need to apologize! I consider that when a dependent does her duty as well as you have done yours, she has a sort of claim upon her employer for any little assistance he can conveniently render her; indeed, I have already, through my future mother-in-law, heard of a place that I think will suit. It is to undertake^⑰ the education of the five daughters of Mrs. Dionysius O’Gall of Bitternutt Lodge, Connaught, Ireland. You’ll like Ireland, I think; they’re such warm-hearted people there, they say.’

‘It is a long way off, sir.’

‘No matter — a girl of your sense will not object to the voyage or the distance.’

‘Not the voyage but the distance; and then the sea is a barrier—’

‘From what, Jane?’

‘From England and from Thornfield, and —’

‘Well?’

‘From you, sir.’

I said this almost involuntarily, and with as little sanction of free will, my tears gushed out. I did not cry so as to be heard, however; I avoided sobbing. The thought of Mrs. O’Gall and Bitternutt Lodge struck cold to my heart; and colder the thought of all the brine^⑱ and foam^⑲, destined, as it seemed, to rush between me and the master at whose side I now walked; and coldest the remembrance^⑳ of the wider ocean — wealth, caste, custom — in-





tervened between me and what I naturally and inevitably loved.

‘It is a long way,’ I again said.

...

‘It is a long way to Ireland, Janet, and I am sorry to send my little friend on such weary[Ⓢ] travels, but if I can’t do better, how is it to be helped? Are you anything akin[Ⓢ] to me, do you think, Jane?’

I could risk no sort of answer by this time, my heart was full.

‘Because,’ he said, ‘I sometimes have a queer feeling **with regard to you** — especially when you are near to me, as now, it is as if I had a string somewhere under my left ribs, tightly and inextricably[Ⓢ] knotted[Ⓢ] to a similar string situated in the corresponding quarter of your little frame. And if that boisterous[Ⓢ] Channel, and two hundred miles or so of land, come broad between us, I am afraid that cord of communion will be snapped; and then I’ve a nervous notion I should take to bleeding inwardly. **As for you** — you’d forget me.’

‘That I never should, sir, you know —’ Impossible to proceed.

‘Jane, do you hear that nightingale singing in the wood? Listen!’

In listening, I sobbed convulsively[Ⓢ]; for I could repress what I endured no longer; I was obliged to yield, and I was shaken from head to foot with acute distress[Ⓢ]. When I did speak, it was only to express an impetuous[Ⓢ] wish that I had never been born, or never come to Thornfield.

‘Because you are sorry to leave it?’

The vehemence[Ⓢ] of emotion, stirred by grief and love within me, was claiming mastery, and struggling for full sway, and as-



serting^③ a right to predominate, to overcome, to live, rise, and reign at last, yes — and to speak.

‘I grieve^④ to leave Thornfield, I love Thornfield — I love it, because I have lived in it a full and delightful life — momentarily at least. I have not been **trampled on**. I have not been petrified^⑤. I have not been buried with inferior minds, and excluded from every glimpse of communion with what is bright and energetic and high. I have talked, face to face, with what I reverence, with what I **delight in** — with an original, a vigorous, an expanded mind. I have known you, Mr. Rochester; and it strikes me with terror and anguish^⑥ to feel I absolutely must be torn from you for ever. I see the necessity of departure; and it is like looking on the necessity of death.’

‘Where do you see the necessity?’ he asked suddenly.

‘Where? You, sir, have placed it before me.’

‘In what shape?’

‘In the shape of Miss Ingram; a noble and beautiful woman — your bride.’

‘My bride! What bride? I have no bride!’

‘But you will have.’

‘Yes — I will! — I will!’ he set his teeth.

‘Then I must go — you have said it yourself.’

‘No, you must stay! I swear it — and the oath shall be kept.’

‘I tell you I must go!’ I retorted, roused to something like passion. ‘Do you think I can stay to become nothing to you? Do you think I am an automaton? — a machine without feeling? And can bear to have my morsel^⑦ of bread snatched from my lips, and my drop of living water dashed from my cup? Do you think, be-





cause I am poor, obscure, plain, and little, I am soulless and heartless? You think wrong! — I have as much soul as you — and full as much heart! And if God had gifted me with some beauty and much wealth, I should have made it as hard for you to leave me, as it is now for me to leave you. I am not talking to you now through the medium of custom, conventionalities, nor even of mortal flesh; it is my spirit that addresses your spirit; just as if both had passed through the grave, and we stood at God's feet, equal — as we are!'

'As we are!' repeated Mr. Rochester — 'so,' he added, enclosing me in his arms, gathering me to his breast, pressing his lips to my lips, 'so, Jane!'

'Yes, so, sir,' I rejoined: 'and yet not so: for you are a married man — or as good as a married man, and wed to one inferior to you — to one with whom you have no sympathy — whom I do not believe you truly love; for I have seen and heard you sneer at her. I would scorn such a union, therefore I am better than you — let me go!'

'Where, Jane? To Ireland?'

'Yes — to Ireland. I have spoken my mind, and can go anywhere now.'

'Jane, be still; don't struggle so, like a wild frantic^⑧ bird that is rending its own plumage^⑨ in its desperation.'

'I am no bird, and no net ensnares me; I am a free human being with an independent will, which I now exert^⑩ to leave you.'

Another effort set me at liberty, and I stood erect before him.

'And your will shall decide your destiny,' he said. 'I offer you my heart, my hand, and a share of all my possessions.'

'You play a farce, which I merely laugh at.'



‘I ask you to **pass through** life at my side — to be my second self, and best earthly companion.’

‘For that fate you have already made your choice, and must abide by it.’

‘Jane, be still a few moments, you are over-excited, I will be still too.’

A waft of wind came sweeping down the laurel-walk, and trembled through the boughs^④ of the chestnut^⑤, it wandered away — away — to an indefinite distance — it died. The nightingale's^⑥ song was then the only voice of the hour, in listening to it I again wept. Mr. Rochester sat quiet, looking at me gently and seriously. Some time passed before he spoke; he at last said:

‘Come to my side, Jane, and let us explain and understand one another.’

‘I will never again come to your side, I am torn away now, and cannot return.’

‘But, Jane, I **summon**^⑦ you as my wife, it is you only I intend to marry.’

I was silent, I thought he **mocked**^⑧ me.

‘Come, Jane — come hither.’

‘Your bride stands between us.’

He rose, and with a stride reached me.

‘My bride is here,’ he said, again drawing me to him, ‘because my equal is here, and my likeness. Jane, will you marry me?’

Still I did not answer, and still I **writhed**^⑨ myself from his grasp; for I was still incredulous.

‘Do you doubt me, Jane?’

‘Entirely.’





‘You have no faith in me?’

‘Not a whit.’

‘Am I a liar in your eyes?’ he asked passionately⁴⁷. ‘Little sceptic⁴⁸, you shall be convinced. What love have I for Miss Ingram? None, and that you know. What love has she for me? None, as I have taken pains to prove; I caused a rumour to reach her that my fortune was not a third of what was supposed, and after that I presented myself to see the result; it was coldness both from her and her mother. I would not — I could not — marry Miss Ingram. You — you strange, you almost unearthly thing! — I love you as my own flesh. You — poor and obscure, and small and plain as you are — I entreat to accept me as a husband.’

‘What, me!’ I ejaculated⁴⁹, beginning in his earnestness — and especially in his incivility⁵⁰ — to credit his sincerity. ‘me who have not a friend in the world but you — if you are my friend, not a shilling but what you have given me?’

‘You, Jane, I must have you for my own — entirely my own. Will you be mine? Say yes, quickly.’

‘Mr. Rochester, let me look at your face; turn to the moonlight.’

‘Why?’

‘Because I want to read your countenance⁵¹; turn!’

‘There! You will find it scarcely more legible than a crumpled⁵², scratched page. Read on, only make haste, for I suffer.’

His face was very much agitated⁵³ and very much flushed, and there were strong workings in the features, and strange gleams⁵⁴ in the eyes.

‘Oh, Jane, you torture⁵⁵ me!’ he exclaimed. ‘With that searching and yet faithful and generous look, you torture me!’

