

<<简爱>>

图书基本信息

书名：<<简爱>>

13位ISBN编号：9787302183754

10位ISBN编号：7302183759

出版时间：2008-10

出版时间：清华大学出版社

作者：（英）勃朗特（Bronte，C）著

页数：572

版权说明：本站所提供下载的PDF图书仅提供预览和简介，请支持正版图书。

更多资源请访问：<http://www.tushu007.com>

## <<简爱>>

### 内容概要

Jane Eyre，中文译名为《简爱》，是世界上最伟大的经典小说之一，它由英国著名女作家夏洛蒂·勃朗特编著而成。

故事发生在19世纪中叶的英国乡村。

主人公简·爱是一个孤儿，从寄养在舅父家到生活在寄宿学校，受尽人间的不平与凌辱。

她孤独忧郁，追求平等使她充满反抗精神和奋发意志。

为了追求独立、自由的生活，她自登广告应聘到桑菲尔德庄园当家庭教师，并与比她年龄大20岁的主人罗切斯特产生了真挚的爱情。

经过几番离奇而痛苦的波折，他们终成眷属。

故事超凡脱俗，催人泪下。

主人公不因自己地位低下而自卑，不以贫富而取人，不随境遇变迁而异化自我，始终以至善的心和不屈的意志面对生活。

书中所展现的故事感染了一代又一代青少年读者的心灵。

无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，《简·爱》对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。

为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

## <<简爱>>

### 作者简介

夏洛蒂·勃朗特（Charlotte Bronte，1816-1855），英国19世纪最伟大的作家之一，被马克思誉为“现代英国的最杰出的小说家”之一。

夏洛蒂·勃朗特出生于英国北部约克郡的豪渥斯，父亲是当地一位牧师，母亲是家庭主妇。

夏洛蒂·勃朗特排行第三，有两个姐姐、两个妹妹和一个弟弟。

她的两个妹妹，即艾米莉·勃朗特和安妮·勃朗特，也是著名作家，三人在英国文学史上有“勃朗特三姐妹”之称。

<<简爱>>

书籍目录

卷一第一章/Chapter 1 2第二章/Chapter 2 9第三章/Chapter 3 17第四章/Chapter 4 27第五章/Chapter 5 44第六章/Chapter 6 60第七章/Chapter 7 69第八章/Chapter 8 80第九章/Chapter 9 90第十章/Chapter 10 100第十一章/Chapter 11 113第十二章/Chapter 12 131第十三章/Chapter 13 144第十四章/Chapter 14 157第十五章/Chapter 15 172卷二第一章/Chapter 1 188第二章/Chapter 2 200第三章/Chapter 3 225第四章/Chapter 4 243第五章/Chapter 5 256第六章/Chapter 6 274第七章/Chapter 7 300第八章/Chapter 8 309第九章/Chapter 9 322第十章/Chapter 10 345第十一章/Chapter 11 361卷三第一章/Chapter 1 376第二章/Chapter 2 406第三章/Chapter 3 426第四章/Chapter 4 441第五章/Chapter 5 452第六章/Chapter 6 462第七章/Chapter 7 476第八章/Chapter 8 491第九章/Chapter 9 518第十章/Chapter 10 531第十一章/Chapter 11 543第十二章 尾声/Chapter 12 CONCLUSION 566

## &lt;&lt;简爱&gt;&gt;

## 章节摘录

第一章 Chapter 1 早上我们还在空旷的树林中散步，可到了下午，天空便乌云密布，风雨交加。  
我倒是很庆幸只能呆在室内，想象手脚冰凉地回来之后还得受到数落，实在是可怕。  
表姐伊丽莎、乔治亚娜，表兄约翰他们都坐在舅妈里德太太身边，而我因为顶嘴惹恼了舅妈被支到一边。  
我偷偷地溜进餐室，从书架上拿出比由伊克的《英国鸟史类》随手翻读。  
正当我自得其乐的时候，约翰开始到处找我。  
他才十四岁，又高又胖，却病恹恹的样子。  
他经常欺侮我，每次看到他，我都会毛骨悚然。  
这次也不例外，他把我揪出来之后又开始拼命揍我，甚至用书砸我。  
我忍不住骂他像杀人犯，和他对打起来，结果被舅妈关进了红房子中。

here 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 outdoor 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 dont 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 small breakfast-room adjoined the drawing-room, I slipped in there. It contained a bookcase: I soon possessed myself of a 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—Bewicks 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 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 childrens

<<简爱>>

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 thieves 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. Reeds 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. 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 breakfastroom 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 armchair , 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 mothers heart turned from an opinion so harsh , and inclined rather to the more refined idea that Johns sallowness was owing to over-application and , perhaps , to pining after home. 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

<<简爱>>

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 Reeds 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 dependant , mama says ; you have no money ; your father left you none ; you ought to beg , and not to live here with gentlemens children like us , and eat the same meals we do , and wear clothes at our mamas expense. Now , Ill 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 Goldsmiths 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? Wont 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 dont 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 !

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. Jane Eyre

<<简爱>>

版权说明

本站所提供下载的PDF图书仅提供预览和简介，请支持正版图书。

更多资源请访问:<http://www.tushu007.com>