1 The red room

　　We could not go for a walk that afternoon．There was such a freezing cold wind，and such heavy rain，that we all stayed indoors．I was glad of it．I never liked long walks，especially in winter．I used to hate coming home when it was almost dark，with ice-cold fingers and toes，feeling miserable bccause Bessie，the nursemaid，was always scolding me．All the time I knew I was different from my cousins，Eliza，John and Georgiana Reed．They were taller and stronger than me，and they were loved．

　　These three usually spent their time crying and quarrelling，but today they were sitting quietly around their mother in the sitting-room．I wanted to join the family circle，but Mrs Reed，my aunt，refused Bessie had complainted about me．

　　'No，I'm sorry，Jane．Until I hear from Bessie，or see for myself，that you are really trying to behave better，you cannot be treated as a good，happy child，like my children．'

　　'What does Bessie say I have done？'I asked．

　　'Jane，it is not polite to question me in that way．If you cannot speak pleasantly，be quiet．'

　　I crept out of the sitting-room and into the small room next door，where I chose a book full of pictures from the bookcase． I climbed on to the window-seat and drew the curtains，so that I was completely hidden．I sat there for a while．Sometimes I looked out of the window at the grey November afternoon，and saw the rain pouring down on the leafless garden．But most of the time I studied the book and stared，fascinated，at the pictures．Lost in the world of imagination，I forgot my sad，lonely existence for a while，and was happy，I was only afraid that my secret hiding-place might be discovered．

　　Suddenly the door of the room opened．John Reed rushed in．

　　'Where are you，rat？'he shouted．He did not see me behind the curtain．'Eliza！Georgy！Jane isn't here！Tell Mamma she's run out into the rain—what a bad animal she is！'

　　'How lucky I drew the curtain，'I thought．He would never have found me，because he was not very intelligent．But Eliza guessed at once where I was．

　　'She's in the window-seat，John，'she called from the sitting-room．So I came out immediately，as I did not want him to pull me out．

　　'What do you want？'I asked him．

　　'Say，“What do you want，Master Reed”，'he answered，sitting in an armchair．'I want you to come here．'

　　John Reed was fourteen and I was only ten．He was large and rather fat．He usually ate too much at meals，which made him ill．He should have been at boarding school，but his mother，who loved him very much，had brought him home for a month or two，because she thought his health was delicate．

　　John did not love his mother or his sister，and he hated me He bullied and punished me，not two or three times a week，not once or twice a day，but all the time．My whole body trembled when he came near．Sometimes he hit me，sometimes he just threatened me，and I lived in terrible fear of him．I had no idea about how to stop him．The servants did not want to offend their young master，and Mrs Reed could see no fault in her dear boy．

　　So I obeyed John's order and approached his armchair，thinking how very ugly his face was．Perhaps he understood what I was thinking，for he hit me hard on the face．

　　'That is for your rudeness to Mamma just now，'he said，'and for your wickedness in hiding，and for looking at me like that，you rat！'I was so used to his bullying that I never thought of hitting him back．

　　'What were you doing behind that curtain？'he asked．

　　'I was reading，'I answered．

　　'Show me the book．'I gave it to him．

　　'You have no right to take our books，'he continued．'You have no money and your father left yor none．You ought to beg in the streets，not live here in comfort with a gentleman's family．Aayway，all these books are mine，and so is the whole house，or will be in a few years'time．I'll teach you not to borrow my books again．'He lifted the heavy book and threw it hard at me．

　　It hit me and I fell，cutting my head on the door．I was in great pain，and suddenly for the first time in my life，I forgot my fear of John Reed．

　　'You wicked，cruel boy！'I cried．'You are a bully！You are as bad as a murderer！'

　　'What！What！'he cried．'Did she say that to me？Did you hear，Eliza and Georgiana？I'll tell Mamma，but first…'

　　He rushed to attack me，but now he was fighting with a desperate girl．I really saw him as a wicked murderer．I felt the blood running down my face，and the pain gave me strength．I fought back as hard as I could．My resistance surprised him，and he shouted for help．His sisters ran for Mrs Reed，who called her maid，Miss Abbott，and Bessie．They pulled us apart and I heard them say，'What a wicked girl！She attacked Master John！'

　　Mrs Reed said calmly，'Take her away to the red room and lock her in there．'And so I was carried upstairs，arms waving and legs kicking．

　　As soon as we arrived in the red room，I became quiet again，and the two servants both started scolding me．

　　'Really，Miss Eyre，'said Miss Abbott，'how could you hit him？He's your young master！'

　　'How can he be my master？I am not a servant！'I cried．

　　'No，Miss Eyre，you are less than a servant，because you do not work，replied Miss Abbott．They both looked at me as if they strongly disapproved of me．

　　'You should remember，miss，'said Bessie，'that your aunt pays for your food and clothes，and you should be grateful．You have no other relations or friends．'

　　All my short life I had been told this，and I had no answer to it．I stayed silent，listening to these painful reminders．

　　'And if you are angry and rude，Mrs Reed may send you away，'added Bessie．

　　'Anyway，'said Miss Abbott，'God will punish you，Jane Eyre，for your wicked heart．Pray to God，and say you're sorry．'They left the room，locking the door carefully behind them．

　　The red room was a cold，silent room，hardly ever used，although it was one of the largest bedrooms in the house．Nine years ago，my uncle，Mr Reed，had died in this room，and since then nobody had wanted to sleep in it．

　　Now that I was alone I thought bitterly of the people I lived with．John Reed，his sisters，his mother，the servants，they all accused me，scolded me，hated me．Why could I never please them？Eliza was selfish，but was respected．Georgiana had a bad temper，but she was popular with everybody because she was beautiful John was rude，cruel and violent，but nobody punished him．I tried to make no mistakes，but they called me，naughty every moment of the day．Now that I had turned against John to protect myself，everybody blamed me．

　　And so I spent that whole long afternoon in the red room asking myself why I had to suffer and why life was so unfair．Perhaps I would run away，or starve myself to death．

　　Gradually it became dark outside．The rain was still beating on the windows，and I could hear the wind in the trees．Now I was no longer angry，and I began to think the Reeds might be right．Perhaps I was wicked．Did I deserve to die，and be buried in the churchyard like my uncle Reed？I could not remember him，but knew he was my mother's brother，who had taken me to his house when my parents both died．On his death bed he had made his wife，aunt Reed，promise to look after me like her own children．I supposed she now regretted her promise．

　　A strange idea came to me．I felt sure that if Mr Reed had lived he would have treated me kindly，and now，as I looked round at the dark furniture and the walls in shadow，I began to fear that his ghost might come back to punish his wife for not keeping her promise．He might rise from the grave in the churchyard and appear in this room！I was so frightened by this thought that I hardly dared to breathe．Suddenly in the darkness I saw a light moving on the ceiling．It may have been from a lamp outside，but in my nervous state I did not think of that．I felt sure it must be a ghost，a visitor from another world．My head was hot，my heart beat fast．Was that the sound of wings in my ears？Was that something moving near me？Screaming wildly，I rushed to the door and shook it．Miss Abbott and Bessie came running to open it．

　　'Miss Eyre，are you ill？'asked Bessie．

　　'Take me out of here！'I screamed．

　　'Why？What's the matter？'she asked．

　　'I saw a light，and I thought it was a ghost，'I cried，holding tightly on to Bessie's hand．

　　'She's not even hurt，'said Miss Abbott in disgust．'She screamed just to bring us here．I know all her little tricks．'

　　'What is all this？'demanded an angry voice．Mrs Reed appeared at the door of the room．'Abbott and Bessie，I think I told you to leave Jane Eyre in this room till I came．'

　　'She screamed so loudly，ma'am，'said Bessie softly．

　　'Let go off her hands，Bessie，'was Mrs Reed's only answer．'Jane Eyre，you need not think you can succeed in getting out of the room like this．Your naughty tricks will not work with me．You will stay here an hour longer as a punishment for trying to deceive us．'

　　'Oh aunt，please forgive me！I can't bear it！I shall die if you keep me here…'I screamed and kicked as she held me．

'Silence！Control yourself！'She pushed me，resisting wildly，back into the red room and locked me in．There I was in the darkness again，with the silence and the ghosts．I must have fainted．I cannot remember anything more．

第一部 盖茨赫德的孩子

　　1 红房子

　　那天下午，我们不能出去散步。寒风刺骨，大雨瓢泼，大家都待在家里，我倒是因此感到高兴。我从来不喜欢走长路，特别是在冬天。过去我最讨厌回到家时天色已暗，手脚冰凉，女仆贝茜总是训斥我而使我痛苦不堪。无论何时我都懂得我和我的表兄妹——里德家的伊丽莎、约翰和乔治娜不一样。他们不仅比我高大、强壮，而且还受宠。

　　这三个人常常吵闹不休，但今天却和妈妈一起静静地坐在起居室里。我也想参加进去，可我的舅妈里德太太不允许。贝茜告了我的状。

　　“对不起，简。如果不听到贝茜说或是由我亲眼看到你的确努力要学好，你就不能像我的孩子那样，被当成是快乐的好孩子。”

　　“贝茜说我干什么了？”我问。

　　“简，这样问我是不礼貌的。如果你不能好好讲话，就闭嘴。”

　　我悄悄退出起居室，走进隔壁的小房间，从书架上选了一本图画书。我爬上窗台，拉好窗帘，把自己整个藏了起来。我坐了一会儿，时而望望窗外。11月的午后天气阴沉，大雨倾泻在秃枝枯叶的花园里。不过大部分时候，我认真读着书，完全被书中的图画吸引住了。我沉浸在想像的世界中，暂时忘掉了伤心和孤单，只感到快活。我唯一担心的就是我的秘密藏身处可能会被发现。

　　突然，门开了，约翰·里德冲了进来。

　　“老鼠，你在哪儿？”他叫着，没有看到窗帘后面的我。“伊丽莎！乔吉！简不在这儿！告诉妈妈她跑出去淋雨了。真是个畜生！”

　　“幸好我拉上了窗帘，”我心想。他永远找不到我，因为他并不聪明。可是，伊丽莎一下子就猜出了我在哪里。

　　“约翰，她坐在窗台上。”她在起居室喊道。于是，我赶紧走了出来，因为我不愿意他来拽我。

　　“你想怎样？”我问道。

　　“说'里德主人，您想要什么'，”他坐在椅子子说。“我要你过来。”

　　约翰·里德已经14岁了，而我只有10岁。他长得又高又胖，常常狼吞虎咽吃得太多，以致闹病。他本该上寄宿学校的，可是他妈妈太宠他，把他接回家一两个月，因为她觉得他身体弱。约翰既不喜欢他的母亲，也不喜欢他的妹妹，对我更只有恨。他欺侮我，惩罚我，不是一星期两三次，也不是一天里一两次，而是随时随地。他一靠近，我就浑身打颤。他有时打我，有时吓唬我，我整天生活在对他的恐惧中，我根本不知道如何阻止他。仆人们不愿得罪他们的小主人，而里德太太根本看不到她的心肝宝贝会有什么错。

　　于是，我服从了约翰的命令，走向他坐的椅子，心想他那张脸真是丑极了。可能他看出了我的心思，用手重重地打在我的脸上。

　　“这是罚你刚才对妈妈无礼，”他说，“罚你藏起来的鬼主意，罚你那么瞪着我，你这老鼠！”我已经习惯了被他欺负，从没想过要还手。

　　“你在帘子后面干什么？”他问。

　　“我在读书，”我答道。

　　“给我看看。”我将书递了过去。

　　“你没权拿我们的书。”他接着说。“你身无分文，你父亲也没给你留下一分钱。你应该上街讨饭，而不是在一位绅士家里过舒服日子。不管怎样，这些书都是我的，几年以后整幢房子也是我的了。我要教训你别再借我的书。”他举起重重的书，狠狠地打在我身上。

　　我被打倒在地，头碰在门上磕破了。我感到疼痛不堪，平生第一次突然忘记了我对约翰·里德的恐惧。

　　“你这个残忍的坏蛋！”我喊着，“你欺侮人！你像个刽子手！”

　　“什么！什么！”他叫嚷着，“她说我什么？伊丽莎，乔吉，你们听到了吗？我要告诉妈妈去，可是我先得……”

　　他冲过来打我，不过现在他的对手是一个绝望的女孩子。我真的觉得他是个刽子手坏蛋。我感到血从脸上流下来，疼痛给了我力量，我使出全力还手了。我的反抗吓了他一跳，他大声求救。他的妹妹们跑去叫里德太太，里德太太又叫上了仆人阿伯特小姐和贝茜。她们把我们拉开，我听到她们说：“多坏的小丫头！她竟打了约翰主人！”

　　里德太太平静地说：“把她带到红房子里锁起来。”于是手脚并用、极力挣扎的我被抱到了楼上。

　　一进红房子，我又安静下来，两个仆人开始训斥我。

　　“说真的，爱小姐，”阿伯特小姐说，“你怎么能打他呢？他是你的小主人啊！”

　　“他怎么是我的主人？我又不是仆人！”我喊道。

　　“不，爱小姐。你连仆人都不如，因为你不干活。”阿伯特小姐答道。她们都瞪着我，好像很不赞同我。

　　“小姐，你应该记住，”贝茜说，“你的舅妈负担你的衣食，你应该感恩才对。你再没有其他亲戚朋友了。”

　　在我短短的一生中，总是听到这样的活，而我又无以对答。我沉默着，痛苦地听着她们的提醒。

　　“如果你生气、粗鲁的话，里德太太可能会把你送走。”贝茜又说。

　　阿伯特小姐说：“不管怎样，上帝会惩罚你这颗邪恶的心的，简·爱。向上帝祈祷，说你抱歉。”她们把门仔细锁好，然后走了。

　　红房子阴冷、寂静，尽管是最大的卧室之一，却很少使用。九年前，我舅舅里德先生就死在这里。从此，没人再愿睡在里面了。

　　我孤单单的，心里痛苦地思量着和我一起生活的这些人。约翰·里德，他的妹妹们，他的母亲，仆人——他们所有的人都指责我、训斥我、恨我。为什么我总不能让他们高兴呢？伊丽莎自私，却得到尊重。乔治娜脾气坏却人人喜欢，因为她长得漂亮。约翰粗鲁、残忍、凶暴，却没人惩罚他。我尽量不犯错误，可他们每时每刻都说我捣乱。现在我为了保护自己反抗了约翰，更成了众矢之的。

　　整整一个漫长的下午，我都待在红房子里问自己，为什么我非得受苦，为什么生活如此不公平。也许我应该跑掉或干脆饿死。

　　天渐渐黑了，雨点仍然拍打着窗户，还可以听到风在树枝间呼啸。我已经不生气了，甚至开始觉得也许里德一家是对的。也许我真的挺坏，我是不是应该死，然后像里德舅舅一样被埋在教堂的院子里？我已记不起他了，但我知道他是我妈妈的哥哥。我双亲过世后，他收留了我。临死前，他要妻子里德太太保证像照顾自己的孩子一样照顾我。我想她现在后悔自己的许诺了。

　　我产生了一个怪念头。我能肯定如果里德先生仍在世，他会好好待我的。现在我环顾黑暗中的家具和墙壁，开始害怕他的鬼魂会回来因他的妻子不能信守诺言而惩罚她。他可能从教堂院子里的坟墓走出来，出现在这间屋里！我被这念头吓坏了，连气都不敢喘。突然，黑暗中我看到一道光闪过屋顶，可能是外面的灯光，可我在惊恐之中，没想到这些。我觉得那一定是鬼魂，是来自另一个世界的人。我的头胀起来，心狂跳不已。我耳朵听到的是不是翅膀的声音？是不是有什么东西在靠近我？我尖叫着冲到门口，使劲地摇门，阿伯特小姐和贝茜赶紧跑来开门。

　　“爱小姐，你病了吗？”贝茜问。

　　“把我放出去！”我尖叫着。

　　“为什么？怎么了？”她问。

　　“我看到一道光，我觉得那是鬼。”我哭着紧紧抓住贝茜的手。

　　“她连伤都没有，”阿伯特小姐厌恶地说。“她叫喊就是要我们来。我知道她的小把戏。”

　　“这是怎么了？”一个声音愤怒地问。里德太太出现在门口。“阿伯特，贝茜，我不是告诉你们我来之前让简待在这屋子里吗？”

　　“太太，她叫得太凶了，”贝茜轻声说。

　　“贝茜，让她松开手，”里德太太答道。“简·爱，你别以为这样就可以离开这屋子，你的捣蛋把戏对我行不通。你再在这里关一个钟头，罚你企图欺骗我们。”

　　“噢，舅妈，请原谅我！我受不了！你把我关在这儿，我会死的……”我尖叫着，在她手中挣扎着。

　　“安静！自制一点儿！”她把拼命反抗的我又推进房间里锁了起来。我重新陷入了黑暗，伴着寂静和鬼魂。我一定是昏过去了，其他的什么也记不起来了。

2 Leaving Gateshead

　　I woke up to find the doctor lifting me very carefully into my own bed．It was good to be back in my familiar bedroom，with a warm fire and candle-light．It was also a great relief to recognize Dr Lloyd，who Mrs Reed called in for her servants（she always called a specialist for herself and the children）．He was looking after me so kindly．I felt he would protect me from Mrs Reed．He talked to me a little，then gave Bessie orders to take good care of me．When he left，I felt very lonely again．

　　But I was surprised to find that Bessie did not scold me at all．In fact she was so kind to me that I became brave enough to ask a question．

　　'Bessie，what's happened？Am I ill？'

　　'Yes，you became ill in the red room，but you'll get better，don't worry，Miss Jane，'she answered．Then she went next door to fetch another servant．I could hear her whispers．

　　'Sarah，come in here and sleep with me and that poor child tonight．I daren't stay alone with her，she might die．She was so ill last night！Do you think she saw a ghost？Mrs Reed was too hard on her，I think．'So the two servants slept in my room，while I lay awake all night，trembling with fear，and eyes wide open in horror，imagining ghosts in every corner．

　　Fortunately I suffered no serious illness as a result of my terrible experience in the red room，although I shall never forget that night．But the shock left me nervous and depressed for the next few days．I cried all day long and although Bessie tried hard to tempt me with nice things to eat or my favourite books，I took no pleasure in eating or even in reading．I knew I had no one to love me and nothing to look forward to．

　　When the doctor came again，he seemed a little surprised to find me looking so miserable．

　　'Perhaps she's crying because she couldn't go out with Mrs Reed in the carriage this morning，'suggested Bessie．

　　'Surely she's more sensible than that，'said the doctor，smiling at me．'She's a big girl now．'

　　'I'm not crying about that．I hate going out in the carriage．'I said quickly．'I'm crying because I'm miserable．'

　　'Oh really，Miss！'said Bessie．

　　The doctor looked at me thoughtfully．He had small，grey，intelligent eyes．Just then a bell rang for the servants'dinner．

　　'You can go，Bessie，'he said．'I'll stay here talking to Miss Jane till you come back．'

　　After Bessie had left，he asked，'What really made you ill？'

　　'I was locked up in a room with a ghost，in the dark．'

　　'Afraid of ghosts，are you？'he smiled．

　　'Of Mr Reed's ghost，yes．He died in that room，you know．Nobody ever goes in there any more．It was cruel to lock me in there alone without a candle．I shall never forget it！'

　　'But you aren't afraid now．There must be another reason why you are so sad，'he said，looking kindly at me．

　　How could I tell him all the reasons for my unhappiness！

　　'I have no father or mother，brothers or sisters，'I began．

　　'But you have a kind aunt and cousins．'

　　'But John Reed knocked me down and my aunt locked me in the red room，'I cried．There was a pause．

　　'Don't you like living at Gateshead，in such a beautiful house？'he asked．

　　'I would be glad to leave it，but I have nowhere else to go．'

　　'You have no relations apart from Mrs Reed？'

　　'I think I may have some，who are very poor，but I know nothing about them，'I answered．

　　'Would you like to go to school？'he asked finally．I thought for a moment．I knew very little about school，but at least it would be a change，the start of a new life．

　　'Yes，I would like to go，'I replied in the end．

　　'Well，well，'said the doctor to himself as he got up，'we'll see．The child is delicate，she ought to have a change of air．'

　　I heard later from the servants that he had spoken to Mrs Reed about me，and that she had agreed immediately to send me to school．Abbott said Mrs Reed would be glad to get rid of me．In this conversation I also learned for the first time that my father had been a poor vicar．When he married my mother，Miss Jane Reed of Gateshead，the Reed family were so angry that they disinherited her．I also heard that my parents both died of an illness only a year after their wedding．

　　But days and weeks passed，and Mrs Reed still said nothing about sending me to school．One day，as she was scolding me，I suddenly threw a question at her．The words just came out without my planning to say them．

　　'What would uncle Reed say to you if he were alive？'I asked．

　　'What？'cried Mrs Reed，her cold grey eyes full of fear，staring at me as if I were a ghost．I had to continue．

　　'My uncle Reed is now in heaven，and can see all you think and do，and so can my parents．They know how you hate me，and are cruel to me．'

　　Mrs Reed smacked my face and left me without a word．I was scolded for an hour by Bessie as the most ungrateful child in the world，and indeed with so much hate in my heart I did feel wicked．

　　Christmas passed by，with no presents or new clothes for me．Every evening I watched Eliza and Georgiana putting on their new dresses and going out to parties Sometimes Bessie would come up to me in my lonely bedroom，bringing a piece of cake，sometimes she would tell me a story，and sometimes she would kiss me goodnight．When she was kind to me I thought she was the best person in the world，but she did not always have time for me．

　　On the morning of the fifteenth of January，Bessie rushed up to my room，to tell me a visitor wanted to see me．Who could it be？I knew Mrs Reed would be there too and I was frightened of seeing her again．When I nervously entered the breakfast-room I looked up at a black column！At least that was what he looked like to me．He was a tall，thin man dressed all in black，with a cold，stony face at the top of the column．

　　'This is the little girl I wrote to you about，'said Mrs Reed to the stony stranger．

　　'Well，Jane Eyre，'said the stranger heavily，'and are you a good child？'

　　It was impossible to say yes，with Mrs Reed sitting there，so I was silent．

　　'Perhaps the less said about that，the better，Mr Brocklehurst，'said Mrs Reed，shaking her head．

　　'I'm sorry to hear it，he answered．'Come here．Jane Eyre，and answer my questions．Where do the wicked go after death？'

　　'They go to hell，'I answered．

　　'And what must you do to avoid going there？'he asked．

　　I thought for a moment，but could not find the right answer．

　　'I must keep in good health，and not die，'I replied．

　　'Wrong！Children younger than you die all the time．Another question．Do you enjoy reading the Bible？'

　　'Yes，sometimes，'I replied，hesitating．

　　'That is not enough．Your answers show me you have a wicked heart．You must pray to God to change it，if you ever want to go to heaven．'

　　'Mr Brocklehurst，'interrupted Mrs Reed，'I mentioned to you in my letter that this little girl has in fact a very bad character．If you accept her at Lowood school，please make sure that the headmistress and teachers know how dishonest she is．She will try to lie to them of course．You see，Jane，you cannot try your tricks on Mr Brocklehurst．'

　　However hard I had tried to please Mrs Reed in the past，she always thought the worst of me．It was not surprising that I had come to hate her．Now she was accusing me in front of a stranger．My hopes of starting a new life at school began to fade．

　　'Do not worry，madam，'Mr Brocklehurst said，'the teachers will watch her carefully．Life at Lowood will do her good．We believe in hard work，plain food，simple clothes and no luxury of any kind．'

　　'I will send her as soon as possible then，Mr Brocklehurst．I hope she will be taught according to her low position in life．'

　　'Indeed she will，madam．I hope she will be grateful for this opportunity to improve her character．Little girl，read this book．It tells the story of the sudden death of a young girl who was a liar．Read and pray．'

　　After Mr Brocklehurst had given me the book and left，I felt I had to speak．Anger was boiling up inside me．I walked up to Mrs Reed and looked straight into her eyes．

　　'I do not deceive people！If I told lies，I would say I loved you！But I don't，I hate you！I will never call you aunt again as long as I live．If anyone asks how you treated me，I will tell them the truth，that you were very cruel to me．People think you are a good woman，but you are lying to them！'

　　Even before I had finished I began to experience a great feeling of freedom and relief．At last I had said what I felt！Mrs Reed looked frightened and unhappy．

　　'Jane，I want to be your friend．You don't know what you're saying．You are too excited．Go to your room and lie down．'

　　'I won't lie down．I'm quite calm．Send me to school soon，Mrs Reed．I hate living here．'

　　'I will indeed send her soon，'murmured Mrs Reed to herself．

2 离开盖茨赫德

　　我醒来时，发现医生正小心地把我抱回我的床上。回到自己熟悉的、有温暖的炉火和烛光的卧室，真是太好了。见到洛依德医生也是极大的安慰。里德太太总是请他为仆人看病（她和她的子女请的是专科大夫）。他仔细护理着我，我觉得他可以在里德太太面前保护我。他和我说了会儿话，然后告诉贝茜要好好照顾我。他走了，我又感到非常孤独。

　　但令我惊奇的是贝茜根本没有训斥我。实际上，她待我很好，我竟壮着胆子问了她一个问题。

　　“贝茜，发生了什么事？我病了吗？”

　　“是的，你在红房子里病倒了，不过你会好起来的，别担心，简小姐。”她答道，然后到隔壁屋里叫来了另一个仆人，我能听得到她悄悄的说话声。

　　“莎拉，今晚到这儿来陪我和这个小可怜一起睡。我不敢单独陪她，她可能会死的，昨晚她病得很厉害。你认为她看到鬼了吗？我觉得里德太太待她太狠了。”于是，两个仆人睡在了我的房里。我躺着一夜不曾合眼，浑身惊恐地打颤，两眼因害怕睁得大大的，想象着每个角落里都有鬼魂。

　　幸运的是，我没有因红房子里的可怕经历而害一场大病，但我永远忘不了那个晚上。后来的几天里，由于惊吓我变得非常紧张和忧郁，整天哭泣着。尽管贝茜想尽办法用好吃的和我喜欢的书吸引我，我却不愿意吃东西，甚至不想读书。我知道没有人爱我，没什么可指望的。

　　医生又来了，他看到我痛苦的样子感到很吃惊。

　　“她哭，也许是因为今天早晨不能和里德太太一起坐马车。”贝茜猜测着。

　　“她比这懂事得多，”医生边说边冲我笑着。“她已经是大孩子了。”

　　“我不是因为这个哭。我讨厌坐马车出门。”我马上说。“我哭是因为我很痛苦。”

　　“噢，真的吗，小姐？”贝茜说。

　　医生关切地看着我，他那双灰色的小眼睛充满智慧。这时铃响了，叫仆人们去吃饭。

　　“贝茜，你可以走了，”他说，“我在这儿和简小姐说话，等你回来。”

　　等贝茜走后，他问：“你究竟是怎么病的？”

　　“我被关在有鬼的黑房子里。”

　　他笑了：“怕鬼，是吗？”

　　“是的，怕里德先生的鬼魂。你知道，他是在那间屋里去世的，谁都不再进去。把我单独关在里面，又不点蜡烛，真是太残酷了，我永远忘不了！”

　　“可是你现在并不怕呀！你这么难过一定另有原因。”他说着，和蔼地看着我。

　　我怎么能向他诉说什么让我难过呢！

　　“我没有父亲、母亲，也没有兄弟、姐妹，”我说。

　　“可是你有好心的舅妈和表兄妹呀。”

　　“但是，是约翰·里德把我打倒的，是舅妈把我关起来的。”我哭了，无法再说下去。

　　“你不喜欢住在盖茨赫德、住在这么漂亮的大房子里吗？”他问。

　　“我很乐意离开这里，但是无处可去。”

　　“除了里德太太，你没有其他亲戚吗？”

　　“也许有几个，都很穷，但我对他们一无所知。”我答道。

　　他最后问：“你想上学吗？”我想了一会儿。我对学校几乎根本不了解，但那至少是个变化，是新生活的开始。

　　我最后说：“是的，我想上学。”

　　“好了，好了，”医生自言自语着站了起来。“我们想想办法。孩子太脆弱了，她该透透气了。”

　　后来我从仆人那儿听说，他和里德太太谈了我的事，她立刻就答应送我去学校。阿伯特说里德太太把我打发走了才高兴呢。谈话中我还生平第一次得知我的父亲曾是个穷牧师。他和妈妈——盖茨赫德的简·里德小姐——结婚时，里德一家非常生气，取消了她的继承权。我还得知我的父母在结婚一年后就双双因病去世。

　　时间一天天、一星期一星期地过去了，可是里德太太还是不提送我上学的事。一天，她训斥我时，我冷不防向她提了个问题。我事先并无准备，话就这么从我嘴里溜出来了。

　　“如果里德先生活着，他会怎么说？”我问。

　　“什么？”里德太太叫道，她冷漠的灰眼睛充满恐惧地盯着我，好像我是个鬼。我必须接着说下去。

　　“我的里德舅舅现在在天堂，可以知道你所想的和你干的事，我父母也知道。他们知道你多么恨我，对我多么残忍。”

　　里德太太给了我一个耳光，一言不发地走开了。贝茜训了我一个钟头，说我是世界上最不感恩的孩子。的确，我心中充满仇恨，连自己都觉得自己坏。

　　圣诞节过去了，我没有礼物，也没有新衣服。每天晚上，我都看着伊丽莎和乔治娜换上新裙子去参加舞会。贝茜有时到我孤零零的卧室来，带块蛋糕或讲个故事，有时吻吻我，与我道晚安。她对我好时，我觉得她是世界上最好的人，但她不是总有时间陪我。

　　1月15日早晨，贝茜跑到我的房间里，说有个客人要见我。是谁呢？我知道里德太太也会在场，我怕再见到她。我害怕地走进早餐室，抬起头来，看到的是一根黑柱子！至少，在我看来他的模样就是这样。他又高又瘦，身穿黑衣，上端是一张冰冷、僵硬的脸。

　　“这就是我信中提到的女孩。”里德太太对冷冰冰的陌生人说。

　　“啊，简·爱，”陌生人低沉地说，“你是个好孩子吗？”

　　里德太太坐在那里，我不可能答“是”，于是只好沉默。

　　“布鲁克赫斯特先生，这点最好少提。”里德太太边说边摇头。

　　“真遗憾。”他说。“简·爱，到这儿来回答我的问题。坏人死后去哪里？”

　　“进地狱。”我答道。

　　“你应该做什么才能不进地狱呢？”他问。

　　我想了想，但找不到正确的答案。

　　“我必须保持健康，不要死去。”我答道。

　　“不对，随时都有比你还小的孩子死去。另一个问题，你喜欢读《圣经》吗？”

　　“是的，有时喜欢。”我犹豫着答道。

　　“这还不够，你的回答表明你有颗邪恶的心。如果你想进天堂，你就要向上帝祈祷改变它。”

　　里德太太打断他说：“布鲁克赫斯特先生，我在信中已向你说起这孩子性情很坏。如果你收她进洛伍德学校，就得让所有女学监和教师知道她有多么不老实，她肯定会对她们撒谎。简，你瞧！你不能在布鲁克赫斯特先生那儿耍花招。”

　　无论过去我下了多大功夫取悦里德太太，她总是往最坏里想我。我变得这么恨她也就没什么奇怪的了。现在她又当着生人的面指责我，我到学校开始新生活的愿望开始破灭了。

　　“太太，不必担心。”布鲁克赫斯特先生说。“教师们会严密监督她，洛伍德的生活对她有好处。我们信仰的是刻苦耐劳、节衣简食，无任何奢侈可言。”

　　“布鲁克赫斯特先生，我会尽快把她送去。我希望你们能根据她的低下身份教导她。”

　　“的确是这样，太太。我希望她能为得到改造其品性的机会而表示感激。小姑娘，读读这本书，其中讲的是一个撒谎的女孩突然死去的故事。读吧，祈祷吧！”

　　布鲁克赫斯特先生把书递给我，然后走了。我觉得我必须说话，怒火在我胸中燃烧。我走到里德太太面前，直盯着她的眼睛。

　　“我不骗人。如果我真的撒谎，我会说我爱你！可是，我不爱你，我恨你！只要我活着，我不会再叫你舅妈。如果有人问我你是怎么待我的，我会以实相告，告诉他们你待我很凶。大家都把你当好人，可是你却在骗他们。”

　　话还没说完，我就已经感到无比轻松和自由，我终于说出了我的感受。里德太太看上去既害怕又难受。

　　“简，我想做你的朋友，你不明白你都说了些什么。你太激动了，回房里躺下歇会儿吧。”

　　“我不躺下，我很冷静。里德太太，快把我送去上学，我讨厌住在这里。”

　　里德太太自语道：“我是得尽快让她走。”

3 My first impressions of school

　　Mrs Reed arranged for me to leave on the nineteenth of January．I had to get up very early to catch the coach，but Bessie helped me to get ready．

　　'Will you say goodbye to Mrs Reed，Jane？'she asked．

　　'No，she said I shouldn't disturb her so early．Anyway，I don't want to say anything to her．She's always hated me．'

　　'Oh，Miss Jane，don't say that！'

　　'Goodbye to Gateshead！'I shouted wildly，as we walked together out of the front door，to wait for the coach in the road．It arrived，pulled by four horses，and full of passengers．The coachman took my luggage and called me to hurry up．Bessie kissed me for the last time as I held tightly to her．

　　She shouted up to the coachman，'Make sure you take care of her！Fifty miles is a long way for a young child to go alone．'

　　'I will！'he answered．The door was closed，and the coach rolled off．What a strange feeling to be leaving Gateshead，my home for the whole of my childhood！Although I was sad to say goodbye to Bessie，I was both excited and nervous about the new place I would see，and the new people I would meet．

　　I do not remember much about the journey，except that it seemed far too long．We stopped for lunch，to change the horses．Then in the afternoon I realized we were driving through countryside．I slept for a short time but was woken when the coach stopped．The door opened and a servant called in，

　　'Is there a little girl called Jane Eyre here？'

　　'Yes，'I answered，and was helped out of the coach with my luggage．Tired and confused after the journey，I followed the servant into a large building，where she left me in a sitting-room．In came a tall lady，with dark hair and eyes，and a large，pale forehead．I discovered that she was Miss Temple，the headmistress of Lowood school．She looked at me carefully．

　　'You are very young to be sent alone．You look tired．Are you？'she asked，putting her hand kindly on my shoulder．

　　'A little，ma'am，'I replied．

　　'How old are you，and what is your name？'

　　'I'm Jane Eyre，ma'am，and I'm ten years old．'

　　'Well，I hope you will be a good child at school，'she said，touching my cheek gently with her finger．

　　I was taken by a teacher，Miss Miller，through the silent corridors of the large school，to the long，wide schoolroom．There about eighty girls，aged from nine to twenty，sat doing their homework．I sat on a bench near the door，with my slate．

　　'Put away the lesson-books and fetch the supper-trays！'called Miss Miller．Four tall girls removed all the books，then went out and returned with trays which were handed round．Each child could have a drink of water out of the shared cup，and could take a small piece of biscuit．Then we all went quietly upstairs to the long，crowded bedroom，where two children shared every bed．I had to share Miss Miller's，but I was so tired that I fell asleep immediately．

　　In the morning the ringing of a bell woke me，although it was still dark．I got dressed quickly in the bitter cold of the room，and washed when I could．There was only one basin for six girls．When the bell rang again，we all went downstairs，two by two，and silently entered the cold，badly lit schoolroom for prayers．As the bell rang a third time to indicate the beginning of lessons，the girls moved into four groups around four tables，and the teachers came into the room to start the Bible class．I was put in the bottom class．How glad I was when it was time for breakfast！I had hardly eaten anything the day before．But the only food served to us was porridge，which was burnt．It was so disgusting that we could not eat it，so we left the dining-room with empty stomachs．After breakfast came the one happy moment of the day，when the pupils could play and talk freely．We all complained bitterly about the uneatable breakfast．Lessons started again at nine o'clock and finished at twelve，when Miss Temple stood up to speak to the whole school．

　　'Girls，this morning you had a breakfast which you couldn't eat．You must be hungry，so I have ordered a lunch of bread and cheese for you all．'The teachers looked at her in surprise．

　　'Don't worry，I take responsibility for it，'she told them．

　　We were delighted，and all rushed out into the garden to eat our lunch．Nobody had taken any notice of me so far，but I did not mind that．I stood alone outside，watching some of the stronger girls playing，trying to forget the bitter cold，and thinking about my life．Gateshead and the Reed family seemed a long way away．I was not yet used to school life．And what sort of future could I look forward to？

　　As I wondered，I saw a girl near me reading a book．I felt brave enough to speak to her，since I too liked reading．

　　'Is your book interesting？What is it about？'I asked．

　　'Well，I like it，'she said after a pause，looking at me．'Here，have a look at it．'I glanced quickly at it but found it too difficult to understand，so I gave it back．

　　'What sort of school is this？'I asked．

　　'It's called Lowood school．It's a charity school．We're all charity children，you see．I expect your parents are dead，aren't they？All the girls here have lost either one or both parents．'

　　'Don't we pay anything？Is the school free？'I asked．

　　'We pay，or our relations pay，￡ 15 a year for each of us．That isn't enough，so some kind ladies and gentlemen in London pay the rest．That's why it's called a charity school．'

　　'Who is Mr Brocklehurst？'was my next question．

　　'His mother built this part of the school．He's the manager，and looks after all financial matters．He lives in a large house near here．'

　　I did not see her again until during the afternoon lessons，when I noticed that she had been sent to stand alone in the middle of the schoolroom．I could not imagine what she had done to deserve such a punishment，but she did not look ashamed or unhappy．She was lost in thought，and did not seem to notice that everyone was looking at her．

　　'If that happened to me，'I thought，'I would be so embarrassed！'

After lessons we had a small cup of coffee and half a piece of brown bread，then half an hour's play，then homework．Finally，after the evening biscuit and drink of water，we said prayers and went to bed．That was my first day at Lowood．

3 我对学校的第一印象

　　里德太太安排我在1月19日离开。为了赶上马车，我必须起个大早，贝茜帮助我做好了准备。

　　她问：“简，你去向里德太太道别吗？”

　　“不了，她说不让我这么早打扰她。反正我也不想和她说话。她一向恨我的。”

　　“噢，简小姐，别这么说。”

　　“盖茨赫德，再见了！”我大声喊着。我们一起走出前门，在路边等车。车来了，四匹马拉着，挤满了乘客。车夫接过我的行李，让我赶紧上车。我紧抱着贝茜，她吻了我最后一次。

　　她对车夫喊着：“你一定要好好照顾她。小孩子孤身一人，50英里路太远了。”

　　“我会的。”车夫答道。门关上了，马车继续前行。离开盖茨赫德的感觉真奇怪，这是我整个童年的家呀！和贝茜告别让我很难过，但想到我要去新的地方，见到新的人，我就又激动又害怕。

　　路上的事我已记不太清了，只觉得旅途实在太长了。我们停下来吃中饭、换马匹。下午，我意识到我们正在穿越乡村。我睡了一会儿，车停下我便醒了。门开了，一个仆人叫道：

　　“有没有叫简·爱的女孩？”

　　“有。”我答道，大家帮我下车，并取了行李。由于旅途劳累，昏头昏脑的我随着仆人走进一幢大房子，她让我等在起居室里。一位高高的女士走了进来，她黑发黑眼睛，前额宽阔、苍白。我得知她是丹伯尔小姐，洛伍德学校的女学监，她仔细端详着我。

　　“你一人上路还年龄太小，你看上去累了。累吗？”她问，一只手亲切地搭在我肩上。

　　“有一点儿，太太。”我答道。

　　“你多大了？叫什么名字？”

　　“我叫简·爱，10岁了。”

　　“好啊，我希望你在学校是个好孩子。”她说着用手指轻轻摸着我的脸颊。

　　我被一位叫米勒小姐的教师带着，穿过这座大学校寂静的走廊，来到又长又宽的教室。那儿大约有80个女孩，年龄从9岁至20岁不等，都坐在那儿写作业。我夹着石板，坐在靠近门口的一张长凳上。

　　米勒小姐喊道：“放下书本，去取晚餐盘子。”四个高个女孩收拾起所有的课本，然后出去取来了盘子，一个个传递下去。每个孩子可以喝点儿水，吃一小块儿饼干。然后我们都静静地上楼，来到狭长、拥挤的寝室。每两个孩子共用一张床。我只能和米勒小姐同住，但是我实在太累了，马上就睡着了。

　　早晨，尽管外面天还黑着，铃声就把我叫醒了。屋里很冷，我赶紧穿好衣服，然后找机会洗漱。六个女孩只有一只盆。铃声再次响起时，我们一对一对地下楼，静静地走进寒冷、阴暗的教室祈祷。第三遍铃响表示开始上课。姑娘们分成四组，分别围着四张桌子坐好，老师们走进来开始上《圣经》课。我被编入最低班。早餐时间一到，我真是高兴极了。前一天我几乎什么也没吃，可是我们得到的唯一的食物只有粥。粥糊了，令人恶心，我们根本无法下咽，于是空着肚子离开了餐厅。早餐后是一天中的快乐时光，学生们可以自由玩耍、交谈，我们都起劲儿地抱怨着那没法吃的早餐。9点钟接着上课，直到12点。这时，丹伯尔小姐站起来对全校学生讲话。

　　“姑娘们，今天早晨你们的早餐无法下咽。你们一定饿了，所以我给大家订了面包和奶酪当做午饭。”老师们都惊讶地看着她。

　　“别担心，我负全责。”她对老师们说。

　　我们很高兴，都跑到花园中去吃午饭。到现在还没有人注意到我，可我并不在意。我独自一人站在外面，看着几个比较壮实的女孩玩耍，努力忘掉寒冷，思考着我的生活。盖茨赫德和里德一家似乎那么遥远，我还不习惯学校的生活。我会有什么样的未来呢？

　　我正想着，看到旁边一个女孩儿在读书。我也喜欢读书，于是壮着胆子和她搭话。

　　“你的书有意思吗？讲什么的？”我问。

　　“嗯，我喜欢。”她停了一会儿，看着我说。“喏，看看吧！”我匆匆扫了一眼，觉得太难读懂，就还给了她。

　　“这是个什么样的学校？”我问。

　　“这叫洛伍德学校，是所慈善学校。你知道，我们都是接受慈善的孩子。我想你的父母都去世了吧？这里所有的女孩要么失去了单亲，要么失去了双亲。”

　　“我们要交钱吗？学校是免费的吗？”我问。

　　“我们或我们的亲戚交钱，每人每年15英镑。这不够用，因此伦敦一些好心的先生女士就支付剩下的费用。这就是为什么这儿是慈善学校。”

　　“布鲁克赫斯特先生是谁？”我接着问。

　　“他母亲建立了学校的这一部分。他是经理，管理所有财务的事。他就住在附近的一所大房子里。”

　　直到下午上课，我才又一次见到了她，我看到她被叫去独自站在教室中央。我想像不出她做错了什么，要遭这样的惩罚，可她看上去既不害臊，也不难过。她沉思着，似乎没有注意到大家都在看她。

　　我心想：“如果轮到我，我会非常尴尬的。”

　　下课后，我们喝了一小杯咖啡，吃了半片黑面包，然后玩半小时，再做作业。终于，在晚上吃过饼干、喝过水之后，我们祈祷完毕可以睡觉了。这就是我在洛伍德的第一天。

4 Making a friend

　　The next morning we got up in the dark as before，but the water was frozen，so we could not wash．It was freezing cold in all the rooms．This time the porridge was not burnt，but I still felt hungry，as the quantity was so small．

　　I stayed in the bottom class，but noticed the girl that I had been talking to was in another class．Her surname seemed to be Burns．Teachers called girls by their surnames in this school．Her class were studying history，and her teacher，Miss Scatcherd，appeared constantly annoyed by her．

　　'Burns，hold your head up，can't you！'

　　'Burns，don't stand like that！'

　　The history questions asked by Miss Scatcherd sounded very difficult，but Burns knew all the answers．I kept expecting the teacher to praise her，but instead she suddenly cried out，

　　'You dirty girl！You haven't washed your hands this morning！'

　　I was surprised that Burns did not explain that none of us could wash our faces or hands because the water had been frozen．Miss Scatcherd gave an order．Burns left the room and returned，carrying a stick．The teacher took it and hit Burns several times with it．The girl did not cry or change her expression．

　　'Wicked girl！'said Miss Scatcherd．'Nothing will change your dirty habits！'

　　Later that day，during the play-hour，I found Burns alone by the fireside，reading the same book as before，and I started talking to her．

　　'What is the rest of your name？'I asked．

　　'Helen，'she replied．

　　'Do you want to leave Lowood？'

　　'No，why should I？I was sent to school here，so I must learn as much as I can．'

　　'But Miss Scatcherd is so cruel to you！'I burst out．

　　'Cruel？Not at all．She is strict and she sees my faults．'

　　'If I were you，I'd hate her，'I cried．'If she hit me with a stick，I'd seize it and break it under her nose．'

　　'I don't think you would，'answered Helen quietly．'And if you did，Mr Brocklehurst would send you away from school，and your relations would be upset．Anyway，the Bible tells us to do good，even if other people hurt us．Sometimes you have to put up with some hard things in life．'

　　I could not understand her ideas but I had a feeling she might be right．I looked at her in wonder．

　　'You say you have faults，Helen．What are they？To me you seem very good．'

　　'You are wrong，'she answered．'I'm untidy and careless and I forget the rules．I read when I should be doing my homework．You see，Miss Scatcherd is right to scold me．'

　　'Is Miss Temple as strict as that？'I asked．

　　A soft smile passed over Helen's normally serious face．

　　'Miss Temple is full of goodness．She gently tells me of my mistakes，and praises me if I do well．But even with her help I don't concentrate properly in class，I just dream away the time，and then I can't answer the teacher's questions．'

　　'But today in history you knew all the answers！'I said．

　　'I just happened to be interested，that's all，'she replied．

　　'I expect you are always interested in Miss Temple's lessons，because you like her and she is good to you．I'm like that．I love those who love me，and I hate those who punish me unfairly．'

　　'You should read the Bible and do what Christ says—people who believe in God should love their enemies，'said Helen．

　　'Then I should love Mrs Reed and her son John，which is impossible，'I cried．

　　Helen asked me to explain what I meant，and listened carefully to the long story of what I had suffered at Gateshead．

　　'Well，'I asked impatiently at the end，'isn't Mrs Reed a bad woman？Don't you agree with me？'

　　'It's true she has been unkind to you，because she dislikes your faults，as Miss Scatcherd dislikes mine．But look how bitterly you remember every angry word！Wouldn't you be happier if you tried to forget her scolding？Life is too short to continue hating anyone for a long time．We all have faults，but the time will come soon when we die，when our wickedness will pass away with our bodies，leaving only the pure flame of the spirit．That's why I never think of revenge，I never consider life unfair．I live in calm，looking forward to the end．'

　　For a moment we both stayed silent．Then one of the big girls came up，calling，'Helen Burns！Go and put away your work and tidy your drawer immediately，or I'll tell Miss scatcherd！'

　　Helen sighed，and，getting up，silently obeyed．

4 交朋友

　　第二天早晨，我们和以往一样天黑就起床了，可是水都冻了冰，不能洗漱了。所有的屋里都冰冷冰冷的。这次粥没有烧糊，但我还是饿，因为量太少了。

　　我仍在最低班，却注意到曾和我讲话的女孩在另一个班，她好像姓伯恩斯。在这所学校，老师们总是用姓叫学生。她们班在学历史，她的老师斯盖查德小姐似乎总是被她惹恼。

　　“伯恩斯，抬起头来，难道做不到吗？”

　　“伯恩斯，别那么站着！”

　　斯盖查德小姐提出的历史问题听起来非常艰深，但伯恩斯知道所有的答案。我总是期待着老师表扬她，但却听到老师突然吼道：

　　“你这个脏丫头。早晨你没有洗手！”

　　我感到惊讶的是，伯恩斯并没有解释，我们谁也没洗脸、洗手，因为水冻冰了。斯盖查德小姐下了一个命令。伯恩斯出去了，回来时拿了一根棍子。老师接过棍子，在伯恩斯身上打了好几下。她既没有哭，也没有表情上的变化。

　　“坏丫头！”斯盖查德小姐说。“什么也改变不了你脏的习惯！”

　　后来在游戏的时侯，我找到了独自坐在火边的伯恩斯，她还在读那本书。我开始和她说话。

　　“你叫什么名字？”我问。

　　“海伦。”她答道。

　　“你想离开洛伍德吗？”

　　“不，为什么要离开呢？我被送到这里上学，所以必须尽量多学些东西。”

　　“但斯盖查德小姐待你太狠了！”我生气地说。

　　“狠吗？没什么。她很严格，能看到我的毛病。”

　　“如果我是你，我会恨她的。”我大声说。“如果她用棍子打我，我会把它夺过来，在她眼皮底下把它折断。”

　　“我觉得你不会那样做。”海伦平静地说。“如果你做了，布鲁克赫斯特先生会把你赶出学校，你的亲戚会不高兴的。不管怎样，《圣经》教导我们要做好事，即使别人伤害我们也一样。有时候你必须忍受生活中的艰难。”

　　我不能理解她的想法，但觉得她也许是对的。我疑惑地看着她。

　　“海伦，你说你有错，错在哪儿？我觉得你很好。”

　　“你错了。”她答道。“我不整洁，粗心大意，还常忘了规定，该做作业的时候我却读书。你瞧，斯盖查德小姐批评我是对的。”

　　“丹伯尔小姐也这么严厉吗？”我问。

　　海伦一贯严肃的脸上掠过淡淡的微笑。

　　“丹伯尔小姐好极了。她和蔼地告诉我哪里不对；我做得好，她会表扬我。但即便有她的帮助，我在课上还是不能集中精神。我总是在做梦，于是就回答不了老师的问题。”

　　“但今天历史课上你知道所有的答案啊！”我说。

　　“我只不过感兴趣罢了，仅此而已。”她答道。

　　“我觉得你总是对丹伯尔小姐的课感兴趣，因为你喜欢她，她也待你好。我就是这样，别人爱我，我也会爱她。谁不公平地惩罚我，我就恨谁。”

　　“你应该读读《圣经》，按基督的话去做——信仰上帝的人应该爱他的敌人。”海伦说。

　　“那我应该爱里德太太和她儿子约翰了？不可能！”我叫着。

　　海伦让我解释一下这是什么意思，并仔细地听了我在盖茨赫德漫长的痛苦经历。

　　最后我不耐烦地问：“怎么样，里德太太难道不是坏女人？你不赞成我吗？”

　　“她的确对你不好，因为她不喜欢你的缺点，就像斯盖查德小姐不喜欢我的一样。如果你努力忘了她的训斥，不是会开心点儿吗？生命太短暂了，没时间恨一个人那么久。我们都有错误，但我们不久就会死去，我们的邪恶会随我们的躯体一起消失，只留下精神之火。这就是为什么我从来不想报复，我从不认为生活不公平。我平静地生活，期待着终结。”

　　我们都沉默了一会儿。这时一个大孩子跑过来叫着：“海伦·伯恩斯，赶快去收拾你的课本，整理你的抽屉，否则我就去报告斯盖查德小姐！”

　　海伦叹了口气，站起身，默默地服从了。

5 Mr Brocklehurst's visit and its results

　　It was difficult for me to get used to the school rules at Lowood，and to the hard physical conditions．In January，February and March there was deep snow，but we still had to spend an hour outside every day．We had no boots or gloves，and my hands and feet ached badly．We were growing children，and needed more food than was provided．Sometimes the big girls bullied us little ones and made us hand over our teatime bread or evening biscuit．

　　One afternoon，when I had been at Lowood for three weeks，a visitor arrived．All the teachers and pupils stood respectfully as he entered the schoolroom．I looked up．There，next to Miss Temple，stood the same black column which had frowned on me in the breakfast-room at Gateshead．I had been afraid he would come．I remembered only too well Mrs Reed's description of my character，and the promise he had given her to warn teachers at Lowood about my wickedness．Now they would consider me a bad child for ever．

　　At first Mr Brocklehurst spoke in a murmur to Miss Temple．I could just hear because I was in the front of the class．

　　'Tell the housekeeper she must count the needles，and only give out one at a time to the girls，they lose them so easily！And Miss Temple，please make sure the girls stockings are mended more carefully．Some of them have a lot of holes．'

　　'I shall follow your instructions，sir，'said Miss Temple．

　　'And another thing which surprises me，I find that a lunch of bread and cheese has been served to the girls recently．Why is this？There is nothing about it in the rules！Who is responsible？' 'I myself，sir，'answered Miss Temple．'The breakfast was so badly cooked that the girls couldn't possibly eat it，so they were hungry．'

　　'Madam，listen to me for a moment．You know that I am trying to bring up these girls to be strong，patient and unselfish．If some little luxury is not available，do not replace it with something else，but tell them to be brave and suffer，like Christ Himself．Remember what the Bible says，man shall not live by bread alone，but by the word of God！Madam，when you put bread into these children's mouths，you feed their bodies but you starve，their souls！'

　　Miss Temple did not reply．She looked straight in front of hef，and her face was as cold and hard as marble．Mr Brocklehurst，on the other hand，now looked round at the girls，and almost jumped in surprise

　　'Who—what is that girl with red hair，with curls，madam，with curls everywhere？'

　　'That is Julia Severn，'said Miss Temple quietly．'Her hair curls naturally，you see．'

　　'Naturally！Yes，but it is God we obey，not nature！Miss Temple，that girl's hair must be cut off．I have said again and again that hair must be arranged modestly and plainly．I see other girls here with too much hair．Yes，I shall send someone tomorrow to cut all the girls' hair．'

　　'Mr Brocklehurst…'began Miss Temple．

　　'No， Miss Temple，I insist． To please God these girls must have short， straight hair and plain， simple clothes…'

　　He was interrupted by the arrival of three ladies，who had unfortunately not heard his comments on dress and hair．They all wore the most expensive clothes and had beautiful，long，curly hair．I heard Miss Temple greet them as the wife and daughters of Mr Brocklehurst．

　　I had hoped to hide my face behind my slate while Mr Brocklehurst was talking，so that he would not recognize me，but suddenly the slate fell from my hand and broke in two on the hard floor．I knew only too well what would happen next．

　　'A careless girl！'said Mr Brocklehurst quietly，almost to himself'The new girl，I see． I must not forget to say something to the whole school about her．'and then to me，aloud，

　　'Come here，child．'

　　I was too frightened to move，but two big girls pushed me towards him． Miss Temple whispered kindly in my ear，'Don't be afraid，Jane．I saw it was an accident．'Her kindness touched me，but I knew that soon she would hear the lies about me，and then she would hate me！

　　'Put the child on that chair，said Mr Brocklehurst．Someone lifted me up on to a high chair，so that I was close to his nose．Frightened and shaking，I felt everyone's eyes on me．

　　'You see this girl？'began the black marble column．'She is young，she books like an ordinary child．Nothing about her tells you she is evil． But she is all wickedness！ Children， don't talk to her，stay away from her．Teachers， watch her， punish her body to save her soul—if indeed she has a soul，because this Child…I can hardly say it… this child is a liar！'

　　'How shocking！'said the two Brocklehurst daughters，each wiping a tear or two from their eyes．

　　'I learned this fact，'continued the great man，'from Mrs Reed，the kind lady who took care of her after her parents'death and brought her up as a member of the family． In the end Mrs Reed was so afraid of this child's evil influence on her own children that she had to send her here．Teachers， watch her carefully！'

　　The Brocklehurst farmily stood up and moved slowly out of the schoolroom．At the door， my judge turned and said，

　　'She must stand half an hour longer on that chair， and nobody may speak to her for the rest of the day．'

　　So there I was， high up on the chair， publicly displayed as an ugly example of evil．Feelings of shame and anger boiled up inside me，but just as I felt I could not bear it any longer，Helen Burns walked past me and lifted her eyes to mine． Her look calmed me．What a smile she had！It was an intelligent，brave smile，lighting up her thin face and her tired grey eyes．

　　When all the girls left the schoolroom at five o'clock， I climbed down from the chair and sat on the floor．I no longer felt strong or calm， and I began to cry bitterly．I had wanted so much to make friends at Lowood， to be good， to deserve praise． Now nobody would believe me or perhaps even speak to me．Could I ever start a new life after this？

　　'Never！'I cried．'I wish I were dead！'Just then Helen arrived，bringing my coffee and bread．I was too upset to eat or drink，but she sat with me for some time， talking gently to me， wiping away my tears， and helping me to recover． When Miss Temple came to look for me， she found us sitting quietly together．

　　'Gome up to my room，both of you，'she said．

　　We went to her warm，comfortable room upstairs．

　　'Now tell me the truth， Jane，'she said．'You have been accused， and you must have the chance to defend yourself．'

　　And so I told her the whole story of my lonely childhood with the Reed family，and of my terrible experience in the red room．

　　'I know Dr Lloyd，who saw you when you were ill，'she said．'I'll write to him and see if he agrees with what you say．If he does，I shall publicly tell the school you are not a liar．I believe you now，Jane．'And she kissed me．She turned to Helen．

　　'How are you tonight， Helen？ Have you coughed a lot today？'

　　'Not very much，ma'am．'

　　'And the pain in your chest？'

　　'It's a little better，I think．'

　　Miss Temple examined Helen carefully，and sighed a little Then she gave us some tea and toast．For a while I felt I was in heaven，eating and drinking in the warm，pretty room，with kind Miss Temple and Helen．

　　But when we reached our bedroom，Miss Scatcherd was checking the drawers．

　　'Burns！'she said．'Yours is far too untidy！Tomorrow，all day， you will wear a notice on your forehead saying UN－TIDY！'

　　Helen said Miss Scatcherd was quite right，and wore the notice all the next day But I was furious，and at the end of the afternoon，tore it off her head and threw it in the fire．

When Miss Temple received a letter from Dr Lloyd，agreeing that what I had said was true，she told the whole school that I had been wrongly accused and was not a liar From that moment，I felt I was accepted，and set to work to learn as much as I could，and make as many friends as possible．

5 布鲁克赫斯特先生

的来访及其后果

　　我很难适应洛伍德的校规和艰苦的生活条件。1月、2月和3月，雪积得很厚，但我们仍必须每天在户外活动一小时。我们没有靴子和手套，我的手脚疼得很厉害。我们正在长身体，需要比供给量更多的食品。有时大孩子欺负小孩子，逼我们把下午茶、面包或晚上的饼干交给她们。

　　我到洛伍德三星期后的一个下午，有一个客人来了。所有的老师和学生都恭敬地站着，看他走进教室。我抬头一看，站在丹伯尔小姐身边的不就是在盖茨赫德的早餐室里对我皱眉头的大黑柱子嘛！我就怕他来。我清清楚楚地记得里德太太就我品行所说的一番话，也记得他向她保证要提醒洛伍德的老师们我是多么坏。现在她们会永远认为我是个坏孩子了。

　　布鲁克赫斯特先生先对丹伯尔小姐低语了几句。因为站在前排，我刚好能听到一点儿。

　　“告诉管家她必须清点针数，每次只发给学生们一根针，她们太容易弄丢了。丹伯尔小姐，姑娘们的长筒袜应该补得再仔细些，有的洞太多了。”

　　“先生，我会照办的。”丹伯尔小姐说。

　　“还有一件事让我奇怪，我发现最近孩子们吃了一顿有面包和奶酪的午饭。为什么？校规里没这规定！谁负责任？”

　　“先生，我本人。”丹伯尔小姐答道。“早餐做得很差。孩子们无法吃下去，所以饿着肚子。”

　　“女士，你听我说。你知道我要把这些孩子培养得强壮、耐心和无私。如果缺了点儿奢侈品，不要用其他东西来弥补，应该告诉她们要勇敢，要像基督那样去受苦。记住《圣经》里的话，人不能仅靠面包活着，人要靠上帝的话活着。女士，当你把面包放到这些孩子的嘴里时，你填饱了她们的肚子，却给她们的心灵带来了饥馑。”

　　丹伯尔小姐没有答话，她直视前面，脸孔如大理石般冰冷僵硬。而布鲁克赫斯特先生这时却扫视着孩子们，突然惊讶得几乎跳起来。

　　“这是谁？这个红头发女孩儿是谁？鬈发，满头鬈发！”

　　“她是朱丽雅·沙文。”丹伯尔小姐轻声说。“您知道，她天生鬈发。”

　　“天生！是的，可我们遵从的是上帝，而不是天性！丹伯尔小姐，必须得把那姑娘的头发剪了。我曾反复说头发必须梳理得简单朴实，我看这儿的其他孩子头发也太多了。好吧，明天我派个人来，给所有的孩子理发。”

　　“布鲁克赫斯特先生……”丹伯尔小姐刚开口。

　　“不，丹伯尔小姐，我一定要这样做。为了让上帝高兴，这些孩子必须只留短短的直发，穿朴素、简单的衣服……”

　　他的讲话被三位女士的到来打断了，可惜她们没有听到他关于头发和衣装的高论。她们都穿着最昂贵的衣服，留着长长的美丽的鬈发。我听到丹伯尔小姐和她们打招呼，她们是布鲁克赫斯特先生的太太和女儿。

　　他说话时，我本想把自己的脸藏到石板后，好让他认不出来，可是石板突然从我手中滑落，掉在地上碎成了两片。我完全知道下面该发生什么了。

　　“粗心大意的孩子！”布鲁克赫斯特先生轻声说，几乎像在自言自语。“我知道了，是新来的。我不能忘了向全校讲讲她的事。”然后他大声对我说：

　　“孩子，到这儿来。”

　　我害怕得动弹不得，但两个大女孩把我推了过去。丹伯尔小姐亲切地在我耳边悄悄说：“简，别害怕。我看到你不是故意的。”她的好心感动了我，可我知道她会听到关于我的谎言，然后就会讨厌我了！

　　“让她站在那把椅子上。”布鲁克赫斯特先生说。于是有人把我抱到一把高高的椅子上，我都快碰到他的鼻子了。我害怕得发抖，觉得每个人的眼睛都在盯着我。

　　“你们看到这个女孩了？”黑石头柱子开始说话了。“她很小，看上去像个普通的孩子。从她身上看不出她是邪恶的，但她坏透了。孩子们，不要跟她说话，躲开她。老师们，监视她，惩罚她的身体以便拯救她的灵魂——如果她有灵魂。因为这个孩子……我真难以启齿……这孩子会撒谎！”

　　“真叫人吃惊！”布鲁克赫斯特的两个女儿同声说，还用手擦着眼中的一两滴泪。

　　这个了不起的人又说：“我是从里德太太那儿得知这一切的。这位好心的女士从她父母去世后就照顾她，把她当作自家人一样抚养。最后里德太太因为非常担心这孩子会对自己的子女产生恶劣的影响，不得不把她送到这里。老师们，认真监督她！”

　　布鲁克赫斯特一家站起来，慢慢走出教室。走到门口，我的审判者转过身来说：

　　“她还得在椅子上再站上半个小时，今天谁也不许同她讲话。”

　　于是我就这样高高地站在椅子上，作为邪恶的丑恶典型示众。我心中充满羞愧和愤怒，我正觉得再也无法忍受时，海伦·伯恩斯从我面前走过，抬起头来看着我。她的目光让我平静下来。她笑得多好！那是智慧、勇敢的微笑，映亮了她瘦削的脸颊和疲惫的灰色眼睛。

　　5点钟，所有女孩都离开了教室。我从椅子上爬下来，坐在了地上。我再也不觉得坚强和平静了，开始放声大哭。我曾渴望在洛伍德交朋友，做好孩子，得到表扬，现在谁也不会再相信我，可能也不会再跟我说话了。我以后还能开始新生活吗？

　　“永远不能！”我喊道。“我真希望自己死了！”正在这时海伦来了，给我拿了咖啡和面包。我难过得不想吃，也不想喝，但她陪我坐了一会儿，轻声跟我说话，给我擦眼泪，帮助我恢复常态。丹伯尔小姐来找我时，看到我们俩正静静地坐在一起。

　　“到我房间里来，俩人都来。”她说。

　　我们来到她楼上温暖、舒适的房间。

　　“简，现在跟我说实话。”她说。“你受到指责，必须有机会为自己辩护。”

　　于是我向她讲述了我在里德家度过的孤独的童年，以及在红房子里的可怕经历。

　　“我认识你生病时去看你的洛依德先生。”她说。“我会写信给他，看他是否同意你的说法。如果他同意，我将公开告诉全校，你没撒谎。简，现在我相信你了。”她吻了我，然后转向海伦。

　　“海伦，你今晚怎么样？今天咳得厉害吗？”

　　“不厉害，太太。”

　　“胸口还疼吗？”

　　“我觉得好点儿了。”

　　丹伯尔小姐端详着海伦，叹了口气。然后她让我们喝茶，吃烤面包片。一时间我觉得自己到了天堂，在温暖、漂亮的房子里，和善良的丹伯尔小姐还有海伦一起又吃又喝。

　　但是当我们到教室时，斯盖查德小姐正在检查抽屉。

　　“伯恩斯！”她说。“你的抽屉太乱了！明天一天，你必须在脑门上贴上一个字——乱！”

　　海伦说斯盖查德小姐一点儿没错，第二天果然贴上了字条。但是，我气愤极了，傍晚，我把字条从她头上揪下来，扔进了火里。

　　丹伯尔小姐收到了洛依德医生的回信，同意我说的是实情。于是她向全校宣布我被错怪了，我不是个撒谎的人。从那一刻起，我觉得自己被接受了，开始努力学习，广交朋友。

6 Learning to like school

　　Life at Lowood no longer seemed so hard，as spring approached．We enjoyed walking and playing in the surrounding countryside．But，with fog lying constantly in the valley，it was not a healthy place for a school，and by May more than half the girls were seriously ill with typhus fever．As a result of poor food and bad living conditions，many girls died．

　　While there was fear and death inside the school， the sun shone on the flowers outside，and on the flowing streams in the valleys．So I and the few who had escaped illness enjoyed the beautiful summer weather，with no lessons or discipline at all．

　　Helen Burns could not come walking with me，because she was ill，not with typhus but with tuberculosis．At first I had thought she would recover，but when I learned her illness was serious，I decided to visit her at night，for what might be the last time．I found her lying in bed，looking pale and weak．

　　'You've come to say goodbye，'she whispered，coughing．

　　'You are just in time．I'm going soon．'

　　'Where，Helen？Are you going home？'I asked．

　　'Yes，to my long home—my last home．'

　　'No，no，Helen！'I was crying at the thought of losing her．

　　'Jane，your feet are cold．Lie down with me and cover them with my blanket．'I did so．

　　'I am happy，Jane，'she continued．'You mustn't cry．By dying young，I'll avoid suffering．I am going to heaven．'

　　'Does heaven really exist？'I asked．

　　'Yes，I'm sure of it．I'm sure our souls go there when we die，'she answered firmly．'

　　'Will I see you again，Helen，when I die？'

　　'Yes，you will go to heaven too，Jane．'

　　I could not quite believe that heaven existed，and I held tightly to Helen．I did not want to let her go．We kissed goodnight and fell asleep．In the morning Miss Temple found me asleep with Helen Burns dead in my arms． She was buried in the local churchyard．

　　Gradually the typhus fever left Lowood，but the number of deaths made the public aware of the poor conditions in which the pupils lived．Money was raised to build a new school in a better position， many improvements were made，and Mr Brocklehurst lost his position as manager．So it became a really useful place of education．I stayed for eight years，for the last two as a teacher．I was busy and happy all that time，relying greatly on the help and encouragement of my dear friend Miss Temple．

　　But when she married and movd to a distant part of the country，I decided it was the moment for me to change my life too．I realized I had never known any other world apart from Lowood or Gateshead．Suddenly I wanted freedom…or at least a new master to serve．So I advertised in a newspaper for a job as a governess．When I received an answer from a Mrs Fairfax，who wanted a governess for a girl under ten years old，I accepted，with the permission of the new headmistress of Lowood．

6 开始喜欢学校

　　春天来临，洛伍德的生活似乎不再那么艰难了。我们喜欢到周围的乡村散步、游戏。但是山谷中常常迷雾不散，对学校来说不是个好地方。到了5月，有一半以上的女孩子得了猩红热。由于伙食差，生活条件恶劣，许多孩子都死了。

　　学校里充满了恐怖和死亡，而外面却是阳光照耀着的花朵和山谷间流淌的小溪。因此我和另外几个逃过病魔的孩子尽情享受着美丽的夏日，不用上课，也没有纪律。

　　海伦·伯恩斯不能和我一起散步，因为她病了，得的不是猩红热，而是肺结核。我原以为她会康复，但后来听说她病得很重时，便决定晚上去看她，这很可能是见她最后一面了。我发现她躺在床上，苍白而虚弱。

　　“你来告别了。”她悄声说，并不停地咳嗽。“你来得正是时候，我很快就要走了。”

　　“去哪儿，海伦？你回家吗？”我问。

　　“是的，回我遥远的家，永远的家。”

　　“不，不，海伦！”想到要失去她，我哭了起来。

　　“简，你的脚是冷的。和我一起躺下，用毯子盖上。”我照办了。

　　“简，我很快乐。”她接着说。“你不要哭。早点死，我可以免受痛苦，我要去天堂了。”

　　“真的有天堂吗？”我问。

　　“是的，我敢肯定，我相信我们死时我们的灵魂能上天堂。”她坚定地回答。

　　“海伦，我死的时候会再见到你吗？”

　　“会的，简，你也会进天堂。”

　　我不能完全相信有天堂存在。我紧紧抱着海伦，不想让她走。我们互相亲吻，道晚安，然后就睡着了。早晨，丹伯尔小姐发现我睡着，海伦已死在我怀里。她被埋在当地的教堂院子里。

　　猩红热渐渐离开了洛伍德，但死亡的人数使公众意识到了学生们恶劣的生活条件。人们筹资在较好的位置盖了一所新学校，并做了许多改进。布鲁克赫斯特先生去掉了经理的职位，于是洛伍德变成了名副其实的教育场所。我待了八年，最后两年是做老师。无论何时我都忙忙碌碌、高高兴兴的，在很大程度上，我都依赖我亲爱的朋友丹伯尔小姐的帮助和鼓励。

　　但是，她结婚了，嫁到了一个偏远的地方。我觉得我也该改变自己的生活了。我意识到除洛伍德和盖茨赫德外，我对其他地方一无所知。突然，我想得到自由……或至少去为一个新主人服务。于是我在报上登了做家庭教师的广告。我从费尔法斯太太那儿得到回信，说她要为一个不到10岁的女孩找位家庭教师。经洛伍德新的女学监同意，我答应了下来。

7 Thornfield and Mr Rochester

　　Thornfield Hall was a large gentleman's house in the country， near a town called Millcote．There，after my sixteen－hour journed，I was welcomed by Mrs Fairfax She was a little old lady，dressed in black，who seemed glad to have someone else to talk to，apart from the servants Although the house was dark and frightening，with its big rooms full of heavy furniture，I was excited at being in a new place，and looked forward to my new life there， working for kind Mrs Fairfax．

　　But I was surprised to discover on my first full day at Thornfield that Mrs Fairfax was not in fact the owner，as I had assumed，but the housekeeper，and that my new master was a Mr Rochester，who was often away from home． My pupil was a girl called Adeèe，seven or eight years old， who was born in France and could hardly speak English． Luckily I had learnt French very well at Lowtood，and had no difficulty in communicating with young Adèle，a pretty，cheerful child．It appeared that Mr Rochester，who had known Adèle and her mother very well，had brought Adèle back to England to live with him after her mother had died．I taught her for several hours every day in the library，although it was not easy to make her concentrate on anything for long，as she was clearly not used to the discipline of lessons．

　　One day I took the opportunity of asking Mrs Fairfax a few questions about Mr Rochester，as I was curious about him，and the little housekeeper seemed happy to talk．

　　'Is he liked by most people？'was my first question．

　　'Oh yes，his family have always been respected here．They've owned the land round here for years，'she replied．

　　'But do you like him？What is his character like？'

　　'I have always liked him， and I think he's a fair master to his servants．He's a little peculiar，perhaps．He's travelled a lot，you know．I expect he's clever，but I can't tell，really．'

　　'What do you mean，peculiar？'I asked，interested．

　　'It's not easy to describe． You're never sure whether he's serious or joking．You don't really understand him，at least I don't．But that doesn't matter，he's a very good master．'

　　I could get no further information from Mrs Fairfax about Mr Rochester，but instead she offered to show me round the whole house．We went through many large，impressive rooms，finally reaching the top floor，where there was a narrow corridor with several small black doors，all shut．I stopped to look at them， and thought for a moment they looked like prison doors，hiding evil secrets．No sooner had I turned away to go downstairs than I heard a strange，ghostly laugh．

　　'Mrs Fairfax！'I called out，as the housekeeper was already on her way downstairs．'Did you hear that laugh？ Who is it？'

　　'It may be Grace Poole，'she answered calmly．'She is paid to help the housemaid in her work，and always sews in one of those rooms．'I heard the laugh again．It did not sound human to me．

　　'Grace！'called Mrs Fairfax．I did not expect anyone to answer，but in fact a door opened and a middle－aged woman appeared．She looked too plain and sensible to be a ghost．

　　'Too much noise，Grace，'said Mrs Fairfax．'Remember your instructions！'Grace nodded and went back into the roon．

　　Several times in the next few months I went up to the top floor again，where I could look out of the high windows in the roof to see the surrounding countryside and be alone with my thoughts．I was very happy teaching pretty little Adèle in the daytime，and talking to kind old Mrs Fairfax in the evening，but I felt that something was missing from my life．I had dreams of a greater and better life，and above all，I wanted to do more．People are not always satisfied with a quiet life， and women as well as men need action．

　　While on the top floor I often heard Grace Poole's strange laugh，and sometimes I saw her too．She used to go silently in and out of the room with a plate of food or a glass of beer．

　　One day in January I had a free afternoon， as Adèle wsa ill，so I decided to walk to Hay，a village two miles away，to post a letter for the housekeeper．It was a bright，frosty day，and I was enjoying the fresh air and the exercise．Stopping on the lonely road，I watched the sun go down in the trees behind Thornfield，and then in the silence I heard a horse approaching．Suddenly there was a crash as the horse slipped and fell on the ice，bringing down its rider．I ran to see if I could help the traveller，who was swearing furiously as he pulled himself free of his horse．

　　'Are you hurt，sir？ Can I do anything？'I asked．

　　'Just stand back，'he growled，as he lifted himself painfully to his feet．Obviously his leg hurt him，and he sat down quickly．

　　'If you need help，sir，I can fetch someone either from Thornfield Hall or from Hay，' I offered．

　　'Thank you， but I don't need anyone．I haven't broken any bones，'he replied crossly．I could see him clearly in the moonlight．He was of medium height，with wide shoulders and a strong chest．He had a dark face，with angry－looking eyes，and was about thirty－five．If he had been a young，attractive gentleman，I would have been too shy to offer help，but as he was not handsome，and even quite rough，I felt I wanted to help him．

　　'I can't leave you，sir，so late on this lonely road，till I see you are fit enough to get on your horse，'I insisted．

　　He looked at me for the first time when I said this．

　　'I think you ought to be at home yourself，'he answered．

　　'Do you live near here？'

　　'In that house over therd，'I said，'and I'm not at all afraid of being out at night．I'm just going to Hay to post a letter，and I'll be happy to take a message for you．'

　　'You live in…in that house？'he asked，surprised，pointing to Thornfield Hall，which was lit up in the moonlight．

　　'Yes，sir，'I replied．

　　'Whose house is it？'he asked．

　　'Mr Rochester's．'

　　'Do you know Mr Rochester？'was his next question．

　　'No， I've never seen him，'I answered．

　　'You aren't a servant at Thornfield Hall，of course．You must be…'he hesitated，looking at my plain black dress．He seemed puzzled to know who I was， so I helped him．

　　'I am the governess．'

　　'Ah，the governess！I had forgptten！'He tried to get up but his leg was still hurting him badly．'I don't want you to fetch help，but you could help me yourself，if you like．'

　　'Of course，sir，'I said．And so he leaned his weight on my shoulder and I helped him wald to his horse．In a moment he had jumped on to the horse's back．

　　'Thank you，now take your letter to Hay，then hurry home！'he called as he rode off into the distance．

　　I walked on，glad to have helped someone，to have done something active for once．In my mind I saw that dark，strong face，and I still felt excited by our meeting．Even when I arrived back at Thornfield，I did not go in for a while．I did not want to go into the dark house，where I would spend the evening quietly with old Mrs Fairfax．So I stayed outside，staring up at the moon and the stars with a beating heart，wishing and dreaming of a different， more exciting life．

When I entered，the servants told me that Mr Rochester had arrived，and that he had hurt his leg when his horse slipped on ice on the road to Hay．

第三部 特恩费得的家庭教师

7 特恩费得和罗切斯特先生

　　特恩费得府是乡间一幢绅士住的大房子，在小镇米尔考特附近。经过16个小时的旅途，我受到费尔法斯太太的迎接。她是个小老太太，身穿黑衣，似乎很喜欢除了仆人外能有个人聊聊天。房子阴暗吓人，大大的房间里满是沉重的家具。尽管如此，我还是为来到一个新地方感到激动，期待着新生活的开始，期待着为善良的费尔法斯太太工作。

　　但是，在特恩费得的第一天，我惊讶地发现费尔法斯太太并不像我认为的那样是这里的主人，而是管家。我的新主人是罗切斯特先生，他经常不在家。我的学生是个叫阿黛拉的女孩，七八岁的样子，出生在法国，几乎不会讲英语。幸好我在洛伍德法文学得不错，可以毫不困难地和阿黛拉这个漂亮、快活的孩子进行交流。罗切斯特先生似乎是阿黛拉和她母亲的熟人，她母亲死后他把她接到英国一起生活。每天，我在书房给她上几小时课，我很难让她长时间集中精神做任何事情，因为她显然不习惯上课的纪律。

　　一天，我找机会向费尔法斯太太询问罗切斯特先生的情况，因为我很好奇。管家似乎很乐意谈。

　　“大家都喜欢他吗？”这是我的第一个问题。

　　“噢，是的。他家在这一带很有威望，他们拥有这周围的土地已经许多年了。”她答道。

　　“你喜欢他吗？他性格怎么样？”

　　“我一直都喜欢他，而且我觉得他对仆人来说是个公平的主人。也许，他有点怪，要知道他经常旅行在外。我想他脑子聪明，但真的说不准。”

　　“你是什么意思，有点怪？”我感兴趣地问。

　　“很难形容。你总摸不透他是认真的还是开玩笑。你不能真正了解他，至少我做不到。不过这没关系，他是个好主人。”

　　从费尔法斯太太那儿，我对罗切斯特先生再了解不到什么了，可她主动提出带我参观整幢房子。我们走过许多令人惊叹的大房间，最后来到顶层。那儿有一条狭窄的走廊，几扇小黑门都紧闭着。我停下来看，觉得有点像监狱的门，后面隐藏着罪恶的秘密。我刚转身下楼，就听到了奇怪的鬼一样的笑声。

　　“费尔法斯太太！”我叫出了声，管家正往楼下走。“你听到笑声了吗？那是谁？”

　　“可能是格丽丝·普尔。”她平静地回答。“她是雇来给女佣做帮工的，总是在其中一间屋里做针线。”我又听见了笑声，我觉得那简直不像人的声音。

　　“格丽丝！”费尔法斯太太叫道。我以为不会有人答话，但是门开了，出现了一位中年妇女。她看上去普通、清醒，不可能是个鬼。

　　“格丽丝，太吵了。”费尔法斯太太说。“记住给你的指示。”格丽丝点点头，回到屋里。

　　以后的几个月里，我又几次到过顶层。我从房顶的高大窗户眺望周围的乡村，独自遐想着。我白天教漂亮的小阿黛拉，晚上和费尔法斯老太太聊天，很是快活，但我总觉得生活中缺少点什么。我梦想着更不平凡、更美好的生活，最重要的是我想做更多的事情。人们不会总是满足于平静的生活，无论男女都需要行动。

　　在顶层时，我常常听到格丽丝·普尔的怪笑，有时也能见到她。她经常端着一盘食物或一杯啤酒，静悄悄地进出房间。

　　1月的一天，因为阿黛拉生病了，我整个下午空闲着，就决定步行到两英里外的村子海依去给管家寄封信。天气晴朗，有些雾气，我喜欢这新鲜空气和户外活动。我在孤寂的路上停下脚步，凝视着太阳在树枝间沉到了特恩费得背后，然后，我听到寂静中传来了渐近的马蹄声。突然一声巨响，马打滑摔倒在冰上，把骑马人也带了下来。我跑过去，看是否能帮旅行的人什么忙。他正一面挣脱马鞍，一面狂怒地咒骂着。

　　“你受伤了吗，先生？我能帮忙吗？”我问。

　　“站后面点儿。”他吼道，并艰难地站了起来。显然，他的脚受了伤，他赶紧又坐下来。

　　“先生，如果需要帮助，我可以到特恩费得或海依去叫人来。”我建议着。

　　“谢谢，不过我不需要任何人，我骨头又没断。”他不高兴地答道。月光下，我可以清楚地看到他。他中等身材，肩膀宽阔，有着结实的胸膛。他脸色黑黑的，有着一双呈怒视状的眼睛，大约35岁的样子。如果他是个有魅力的年轻绅士，我会不好意思主动帮忙的，但是他并不英俊，甚至相当粗鲁，我觉得我想帮助他。

　　“先生，我不能离开，让你孤零零这么晚待在路上，除非我看到你还能骑上马去。”我坚持着。

　　我说这话时，他第一次看了看我。

　　“我觉得你自己就该待在家里。”他说。“你住在这儿吗？”

　　“住在那边的房子里。”我说。“我一点儿也不怕晚上外出，我正要去海依寄信，我能帮您带个口信吗？”

　　“你住在那……那幢房子里？”他指着月光下已亮起灯火的特恩费得府，吃惊地问。

　　“是的，先生。”我答道。

　　“是谁的房子？”他问。

　　“罗切斯特先生的。”

　　“你认得罗切斯特先生吗？”他又问。

　　“不，我从没见过他。”我回答说。

　　“你当然不是特恩费得的仆人。你一定是……”他看着我朴素的黑衣服犹豫不决，似乎搞不清我是谁，于是我就帮了他一个忙。

　　“我是家庭教师。”

　　“噢，家庭教师！我忘了！”他试图站起来，但腿仍然疼得厉害。“我不想让你找人帮忙，但如果你愿意，你自己就能帮我。”

　　“当然愿意，先生。”我说。于是他把全身的重量都压到我的肩膀上，我扶他走到马边。不一会儿，他就跳上了马背。

　　“谢谢你。现在去海依发信，然后赶快回家。”他说着，骑马消失在远方。

　　我接着走，心里因帮助了别人并第一次主动做了点事情而感到高兴。我脑中又现出那张黑黑的、坚强的面孔，仍在为我们的相遇感到激动。即使当我回到特恩费得，我也没有马上走进去。我不愿走进昏暗的房子，和费尔法斯太太安静地度过夜晚。于是我待在外面，心情激动地凝视着明月和星空，希望和梦想着另一种更加令人激动的生活。

　　我进屋时，仆人们告诉我罗切斯特先生回来了而他的马在通往海依的路上滑倒在冰上了，他的腿受了伤。

8 Getting to know Mr Rochester

　　Thornfield Hall became quite busy the next day，now that the master had returned．People kept coming to visit him on business．I enjoyed the new，cheerful atmosphere．But I could not make Adele concentrate on her lessons because she was constantly talking about the presents Mr Rochester had promised to bring her．That evening we were invited to have tea with him． I immediately recognized the traveller I had helped，with his dark hair and skin，his square forehead and his stern look．His leg was supported on a chair，but he made no effort to greet me when I entered．In fact，he neither spoke nor moved．

　　'Have you brought a present for Miss Eyre with you as well？'Adele asked him．

　　'A present？Who wants a present？'he said angrily．'Did you expect a present，Miss Eyer？Do you like presents？'

　　'I haven't much experience of them，sir，'I answered．'Anyway，I have no right to expect a present，as I haven't done anything to deserve one．'

　　'Don't be so modest！I've been talking to Adele．She's not very clever，but you've taught her well．'

　　'Sir，that is my present．That's what a teacher wants most，praise of her pupil's progress．'

　　Mr Rochester drank his tea in silence After tea，he called me closer to the fire， while Adèle played with Mrs Fairfax．

　　'Where were you before you came here？'he asked．

　　'I was at Lowood school，sir，for eight years．'

　　'Ah，yes，a charity school！Eight years！I'm surprised you lasted so long in such a place．There is something like magic in your face．When I met you on the road to Hay last night，I almost thought you had put a spell on my horse！I still wonder if you did．What about your parents？'

　　'They're dead．I don't remember them．'

　　'And your relations？'

　　'I have none．'

　　'Who recommended you to come here？'

　　'I advertised，and Mrs Fairfax answered the advertise－ment．'

　　'Yes，'said the old housekeeper，'and I thank God she did．She's a good teacher for Adèle，and a kind friend to me．'

　　'Don't try to give her a good character，Mrs Fairfax，'said Mr Rochester sternly．'She and her magic made my horse slip on the ice last night．'

　　Mrs Fairfax looked puzzled and clearly did not understand．

　　'Miss Eyre，'continued Mr Rochester，'how old were you when you started at Lowood？'

　　'About ten．'

　　'And you stayed there eight years，so you are now eighteen？'I nodded．'I would never have been able to guess your age，'he went on．'Now，what did you learn there？Can you play the piano？'

　　'A little．'

　　'of course，that's what all young women say．Go and play a tune on the piano in the library．'I did as he asked．

　　'That's enough！'he called after a few minutes．'Yes，you do indeed play a ittle，just like any schoolgirl， better than some perhaps．Now，bring me your sketches．'I fetched them from my room Having looked carefully at them， he chose three．

　　'These are interesting，'he said．'You have only expressed the shadow of your ideas，because you aren't good enough at drawing or painting，but the ideas，where did they come from？Who taught you to draw wind，and space，and feeling？But put them away now，Miss Eyre．Do you realize it's nine o'clock？ Adèle should be in bed by now． Good night to you all．'Mr Rochester's mood had suddenly changed，and he clearly wished to be alone．

　　Later tha evening I talked to Mrs Fairfax． 'You said Mr Rochester was a little peculiar，'I said． 'Well， what do you think，Miss Eyre？' 'I think he is very peculiar，and quite rude．' 'He may seem like that to a stranger．I'm so used to him that I never notice it．And he has had family troubles，you know．'

　　'But he has no family，'I answered．

　　'Not now，that's true，but he did have an older brother，who died nine years ago．'

　　'Nine years is a long time．Surely he has recovered from losing his brother by now．'

　　'Well，there was a lot of bad feeling in the family．The father was very fond of money，and wanted to keep the family property together，so the elder brother inherited most of it．I don't know what happened，but I do know Mr Edward（that's the master）quarrelled with his family．That's why he's travelled so much．When his brother died，he inherited Thornfield，but I'm not surprised he doesn't come here often．'

　　'Why should he stay away？'I asked，surprised．

　　'Perhaps he thinks it's a sad place．I really don't know．'It was clear that Mrs Fairfax would not tell me any more．

　　One evening，a few days later，I was invited to talk to Mr Rochester after dinner．At the far end of the room Adèle was delightedly telling Mrs Fairfax about the presents she had received． Mr Rochester called me closer to the fire．

　　'I don't like the conversation of children or old ladies，'he murmured to me．'But they are entertaining each other at the moment，so I can amuse myself．'Tonight he did not look so stern，and there was a softness in his fine，dark eyes．As I was looking at him，he suddenly turned and caught my look．

　　'Do you think I'm handsome，Miss Eyre？'he asked．

　　Normally I would have taken time to think，and said something polite，but somehow I answered at once，'No，sir．'

　　'Ah，you really are unusual！You are a quiet，serious little person，but you can be almost rude．'

　　'Sir，I'm sorry．I should have said that beauty doesn't matter，or something like that．'

　　'No，you shouldn't！I see，you criticize my appearance，and then you stab me in the back！ All right，tell me． What is wrong with my appearance？'

　　'Mr Rochester，I didn't intend to criticize you．'

　　'Well，now you can Look at my head．Do you think I am intelligent？'He pointed to his huge，square forehead．

　　'I do，sir．Is it rude to ask if you are also good？'

　　'Stabbing me again！Just because I said I didn't like talking to old ladies and children！Well，young lady，I wanted to be good when I was younger，but life has been a struggle for me，and I've become as hard and tough as a rubber ball． I only have a little goodness left inside．'He was speaking rather excitedly，and I thought perhaps he had been drinking．'Miss Eyre，you look puzzled．Tonight I want conversation．It's your turn．Speak．'

　　I said nothing，but smiled coldly．

　　'I'm sorry if I'm rude，Miss Eyre．But I'm twenty years older，and more experienced，than you．Don't you think I have the right to command you？'

　　'No，sir，not just because you're older and more experienced than me．You would have the right only if you'd made good use of your experience of life．'

　　'I don't accept that，as I've made very bad use of my experience！But will you agree to obey my orders anyway？'

　　I thought，'He is peculiar，he's forgotten that he's paying me ￡ 30 a year to obey his orders，'and I said，'Not many masters bother to ask if their servants are offended by their orders．'

　　'Of course！I'd forgotten that I pay you a salary！So will you agree because of the salary？'

　　'No， sir，not because of that，but because you forgot about it，and because you care whether a servant of yours is comfortable or not，I gladly agree．'

　　'You have honesty and feeling．There are not many girls like you．But perhaps I go too fast．Perhaps you have awful faults to counterbalance your few good points．'

　　'And perhaps you have too，'I thought．

　　He seemed to read my mind，and said quickly，'Yes，you're right．I have plenty of faults．I went the wrong way when I was twenty－one，and have never found the right path again．I might have been very different．I might have been as good as you，and perhaps wiser．I am not a bad man，take my word for it，but I have done wrong．It wasn't my character，but circumstances which were to blame．Why do I tell you all this？Because you're the sort of person people tell their problems and secrets to，because you're sympathetic and give them hope．'

　　'Do you think so，sir？'

　　'I do．You see，when life was difficult，I became desperate，and now all I have is regret．'

　　'Asking forgiveness might cure it，sir．'

　　'No，it won't．What I really should do is change my character，and I still could but—it's difficult．And if I can't have happiness，I want pleasure，even if it's wrong．'

　　'Pleasure may taste bitter，sir．'

　　'How do you know，a pure young thing like you？You have no experience of life and its problems．But I will try to lead a better life．'

　　I stood up．The conversation was becoming hard to follow．

　　'I must put Adèle to bed now，'I said．

　　'Don't be afraid of me，Miss Eyre．You don't relax or laugh very much，perhaps because of the effect Lowood school has had on you．But in time you will be more natural with me，and laugh，and speak freely．You're like a restless bird in a cage．When you get out of the cage，you'll fly very high．Good night．'

8 认识罗切斯特先生

　　第二天，特恩费得因为主人的返回而忙碌起来，不断有人来跟他谈事情，我喜欢这种欢快的新气氛。但是我没办法让阿黛拉专心上课，因为她总是喋喋不休地说着罗切斯特答应送给她的礼物。晚上，我们被邀请去和他一起喝茶。我一眼就认出了那黑头发、黑皮肤、宽阔的前额和严肃的表情，他正是我帮助过的旅行者。他的腿搭在椅子上，但当我进门时，他根本没有打招呼的表示。实际上，他既没说话，也没动一动。

　　“你也给爱小姐带礼物了吗？”阿黛拉问。

　　“礼物？谁要礼物？”他生气地说。“爱小姐，你想要礼物吗？你喜欢礼物吗？”

　　“先生，这东西我接触得不多。”我答道。“无论怎样，我无权想得到礼物，因为我没有做什么可以赢得礼物。”

　　“别太谦虚了。我已经和阿黛拉谈过。她不是很聪明，但你教得不错。”

　　“先生，这就是我的礼物。表扬学生的进步，就是老师最想得到的。”

　　罗切斯特先生静静地喝着茶。茶喝完后，阿黛拉和费尔法斯太太玩着，罗切斯特先生叫我离火近些。

　　“来这儿之前你在哪里？”他问。

　　“先生，我在洛伍德生活了八年。”

　　“啊，是的，一所慈善学校！八年！你在那种地方坚持了这么久，真让我吃惊。你的脸上有种魔力。昨天晚上我在去海依的路上碰到你时，我差点以为你对我的马念了咒！我还在琢磨你是不是念了咒。你的父母呢？”

　　“他们死了，我不记得他们了。”

　　“你的亲戚呢？”

　　“我没有亲戚。”

　　“谁让你来这儿的？”

　　“我登了广告，费尔法斯太太给了回话。”

　　“是的，”老管家说，“谢天谢地她登了广告。她不仅是阿黛拉的好老师，也是我的好朋友。”

　　“别把她说得那么好。”罗切斯特绷着脸说。“昨天晚上她和她的魔法让我的马摔倒在冰上了。”

　　费尔法斯太太看上去稀里糊涂，显然没搞清是什么意思。

　　罗切斯特先生接着说：“爱小姐，你刚去洛伍德时几岁了？”

　　“大约10岁。”

　　“你在那儿待了八年，那么现在18了？”我点点头。他又说：“我永远猜不出你的年龄。好，你在那儿都学了些什么？会弹钢琴吗？”

　　“会一点儿。”

　　“当然啦，所有的年轻女人都这么说。到书房去弹个曲子。”我照他说的做了。

　　“够了！”几分钟后他喊道。“是的，你的确只会一点儿，和其他女学生一模一样，可能比有的还弹得好一点儿。现在把你的素描拿来看看。”我从房间把画取来，他仔细看了看，挑出了三张。

　　“很有意思。”他说。“你只是表达了你的想法的影子，因为你不善绘画，可是这些想法，都是从哪儿来的？谁教你画风、画空间、画情感的？不过，收起来吧，爱小姐。你知道已经9点钟了吗？阿黛拉该上床了。各位晚安。”罗切斯特先生的情绪忽然变了，他显然想单独待着。

　　那天晚上，我后来和费尔法斯太太聊起来。

　　“你说过罗切斯特先生有点怪。”我说。

　　“那么，你认为呢，爱小姐？”

　　“我觉得他很怪，而且相当粗野。”

　　“对陌生人来说他似乎是这样的。我太习惯他了，从来不觉得。你知道，他曾有过家庭问题。”

　　“可是他没家呀。”我答道。

　　“的确，现在是没有。但他曾有过一个哥哥，九年前去世的。”

　　“九年已经很久了。现在他肯定已经从失去哥哥的痛苦中恢复过来了。”

　　“唉，他家里感情不好。父亲非常贪财，希望把家族的产业守在一起，因此老大继承了大部分产业。我不知出了什么事，但我知道爱德华先生（就是主人）曾和他的家人吵过架，这就是为什么他常常出游。他哥哥死后，他继承了特恩费得，但他不常回来，我并不感到奇怪。”

　　“他为什么要离开呢？”我惊讶地问。

　　“也许他觉得这是个伤心的地方，我真是不清楚。”显然，费尔法斯太太不会再跟我多说了。

　　几天后的一个晚上，我被邀请在晚饭后和罗切斯特先生谈话。在房间的一角，阿黛拉正兴致勃勃地向费尔法斯太太讲述她得到的礼物。罗切斯特先生让我离火近些。

　　“我不喜欢小孩子和老太太的对话。”他悄悄对我说。“可是她们正互相逗趣，我自己也可以找点乐。”今晚他看上去没有那么严肃了，他漂亮的黑眼睛里透着温柔。我正看着，他突然转过身来，碰到了我的目光。

　　“你认为我英俊吗，爱小姐？”他问。

　　一般来说，我会稍微想一想，然后说点客气话，可是现在我却脱口而出：“不，先

　　“啊，你可真不一般！你是个安静、严肃的小人儿，不过你也可以变得几乎粗鲁。”

　　“先生，对不起。我应该说美丽并不重要，或是类似的话。”

　　“不，你不应该！我明白了，你批评了我的外表，还要从背后再捅上一刀！好吧，告诉我，我长得有什么不妥吗？”

　　“罗切斯特先生，我没有批评您的意思。”

　　“好吧，现在你批评吧。看着我的头，你觉得我聪明吗？”他指着自己宽大的前额。

　　“是的，先生。如果问您是不是好人，会不礼貌吗？”

　　“你又捅刀子！就因为我说不喜欢跟老太太和小孩讲话！好吧，年轻的姑娘，我年轻时想做个好人，但生活对我来说是一场斗争，我已经变得和橡胶球一样坚韧了。我只在心底还存着一点好意。”他说得很激动，我想也许他喝酒了。“爱小姐，你看上去有些糊涂。今晚我要的是交谈，轮到你了，说话吧。”

　　我没说什么，只是冷冷地笑着。

　　“爱小姐，如果我太粗鲁了，我道歉。但我比你年长20岁，更有阅历。你不认为我有权命令你吗？”

　　“不，先生。只因为您比我年长、阅历丰富不行。只有您好好利用了你的生活经历，您才有这个权力。”

　　“我不接受，因为我并没有好好利用我的生活经历。不过你能同意尽管如此还是服从我的命令吗？”

　　我心想：“他是怪，他忘了他每年付给我30英镑就是要我服从他的命令。”于是我说：“没有那么多主人会费心询问他们的命令是否得罪了仆人。”

　　“当然！我忘了我付你薪水！那么你会因为薪水服从吗？”

　　“不，先生，不是因为薪水，而是因为您忘了薪水，还因为您关心您的一个仆人是否舒心，我愿欣然从命。”

　　“你老实，有情感，像你这样的女孩子很少见。不过也许我结论下得太快了，也许你有讨厌的缺点来抵消你的好处。”

　　“你或许也有。”我心想。

　　他似乎知道我的心思，马上说：“是的，你是对的。我有很多缺点。我21岁走错了路，就再也没找到正确的道了。我可能曾经和你一样好，可能更聪明。我不是坏人，我向你保证，但我做了错事。这不是我的性格，但环境才是罪魁。我为什么要告诉你这一切？因为你是那种听别人倾诉问题和秘密的人，因为你有同情心，给人以希望。”

　　“先生，您这样认为吗？”

　　“是的。你知道，生活艰难时，我变得绝望了，现在我只有满腹的悔恨。”

　　“请求原谅或许可以医治创伤，先生。”

　　“不，不会的。我真正要做的是改变我的个性，我还能做到，不过很难。如果我没有幸福，我就寻欢，尽管那不对。”

　　“寻欢可能是苦涩的，先生。”

　　“你怎么知道，你这么个纯洁的姑娘？你没有生活经历，不知道生活的艰难。但是我会努力过更好的生活。”

　　我站了起来，交谈已难以继续下去。

　　“我必须让阿黛拉上床了。”我说。

　　“爱小姐，别怕我。你不放松，也很少笑，这可能是洛伍德对你的影响。但是到时候你会和我更自然地相处的，说说笑笑，自由地交谈。你像笼中不安的小鸟，一旦走出笼子，就会远走高飞。晚安。”

9 Mr Rochester's past

　　Soon I discovered what Mr Rochester meant when he said he had done wrong．One afternoon，while walking in the gardens of Thornfield，he told me the story of his love－affair in Paris with a French dancer，Geline．

　　'Yes，Miss Eyre，I was young and foolish then．I was so in love with her that I rented a house and hired servants for her．I gave her a carriage and jewels，in fact I threw away a fortune on her，just like any fool in love．One evening I visited her but found she was out，so I waited on her balcony，smoking a cigar．I heard her carriage arriving．Imagine my horror at seeing her step out followed by a man！You're so young，you've never felt love or jealousy，have you，Miss Eyre？You are floating along a quiet river now，you don't see the water boiling at the foot of the great rocks，but one day you'll come to a point in life's stream where the wild force of the waves may destroy you， where the noisy rushing water may drown you！I am calm enough now，calm enough to like living here at Thornfield．I like it because it's old，and grey，and dark， and yet I hate—'He did not finish what he was saying，staring angrily up at the windows on the top floor of his house．It was a look of disgust，pain and shame．I could not understand what he meant，and wanted to hear more about Celine，so I encouraged him to finish the story．

　　'What happened when she entered the house， sir？'

　　'Oh，I'd forgotten Céline！By the way，it's strange my telling you all this，but I know my secret's safe with you， and I know，too，that it can't have an evil influence on you－your mind's too strong for that． Yes， I listened to her conversation with her lover，an elegant young fool，and I knew I was no longer in love with her．So I walked into the room，told her our relationship was over，and challenged her lover to fight me．Next day I shot him in the arm during our fight，thought that was the end of the whole thing， and left France．But a few months before，Céline had had a baby girl，Adèle，and she claimed that Adèle was my child． She may be，although I doubt it．So when，a few years later，Céline abandoned Adèle and ran away to Italy with a singer，I went to Paris and brought Adèle back to grow up in England．'

　　I felt proud that Mr Rochester had trusted me with the story of his past life．I thought a lot about his character，and although I was aware of his faults，I also saw his goodness and kindness to me．From now on，my happiest moments were spent with him．I could not have imagined a better companion．

　　One night I was woken by a slight noise．I felt sure someone was outside my bedroom door． As I hurried to lock it，I called，'Who's there？There was a strange，inhuman sound，then I heard a door shut upstairs on the top floor．'Was that Grace Poole？'I wondered，trembling．My curiosity made me open the door， and I found the corridor full of smoke．I saw it was coming from Mr Rochester's door，which was slightly open．I completely forgot my fears and rushed into his room．He lay fast asleep，surrounded by flames and smoke． Even his sheets were on fire．

　　'Wake up！Wake up！'I shouted desperately，throwing water over him to put out the flames．Not until the fire was almost out did he wake up，swearing to find himself so wet．

　　'Is there a flood？' he cried．

　　'No，sir，I answered，'but there's been a fire．'

　　'Jane Eyre，is it you and your magic？'he asked．'Have you put a spell on me again？Did you intend to drown me this time？'

　　'Please get up，sir．Someone has plotted to kill you！'And I explained what I had heard and how I had put out the fire．He looked very serious，and thought for a few seconds．

　　'Shall I fetch Mrs Fairfax，sir，or the servants？'I asked．

　　'No， why bother them？Just stay here for a moment．I'm going up to the top floor．Don't call anyone，I'll be back soon．

　　I waited，cold and tired，in his room for what seemed a very long time．Then I saw the light of his candle approaching through the darkness，and he appeared，looking pale and depressed．

　　'Did you see anything when you opened your bedroom door？'he asked，glancing sharply at me．

　　'No，sir，only a candle on the floor．'

　　'But you heard a strange laugh，did you say？'

　　'Yes，I've heard it before．Grace Poole laughs like that．”

　　'That's it．It must have been Grace Poole．You've guessed it．I shall consider what to do about it．But meanwhile I'm glad you're the only person who knows anything about all this Say nothing to anybody else，and now，go back to your own room．

　　'Good night，then，sir，'I said，moving towards the door．

　　'What！Are you leaving me already！'he said，seeming surprised，although he had just told me to go，'And so coldly？'

　　'You said I should go，sir．'

　　'But not without saying goodbye，not without a kind word or two．Why，you've saved my life．I hate being in debt to anyone，but with you it's different，Jane．I'm happy to owe you my life．'His voice was trembling as he took both my hands in his．'I knew，when I first saw you，that you would do me good．I saw it in you eyes when I met you．I was right to…like…your smile and the magic in your face．'There was energy in his voice and a strange light in his eyes．

　　'I'm glad I happened to be awake，'I said，'but I must go now．I'm cold．'I knew I could not control my feelings much longer，and I needed time to think But he still held on to my hands．Then I thought of a way of escaping．

　　'I think I hear the servants moving，sir，'I said．

　　'Well， leave me，'he said， and let me go．

　　That night， or what was left of it，I could not sleep．My mind was full of confusing pictures and disturbed emotions．

9 罗切斯特的过去

　　不久，我就发现了罗切斯特说他曾做过错事是什么意思。一天下午在花园里散步时，他向我讲述了在巴黎和一位叫赛林娜的法国舞女的爱情故事。

　　“是的，简小姐，我那时年轻、愚蠢。我非常爱她，甚至为她租了房子，雇了仆人。我给她马车和首饰，在她身上挥霍了很多钱，就像任何陷入爱情的傻瓜一样。一天晚上，我去看她，她却不在，于是我就在她阳台上抽着雪茄，等着她。我听见马车来了。能想像得出我看到她走下马车、后面跟着一个男人时所感到的惊愕吗！你太年轻了，还没有感受过爱情或是嫉妒，是不是，爱小姐？现在你正随平静的小河漂流而下，看不到岩石脚下湍急的水流，但是有一天，你会在生活的长河中感到可以毁灭你的巨浪，咆哮的急流可能把你淹没！现在我已平静了，平静得喜欢住在特恩费得。我喜欢它，因为它陈旧、晦涩、黑暗，但是我恨——”他没有说完，只是愤怒地瞪着房子顶层的窗户。那目光中饱含厌恶、痛苦和耻辱。我不知他是什么意思，想多听听赛林娜的事，于是就鼓动他把故事讲完。

　　“先生，她进屋后发生了什么事？”

　　“噢，我忘了赛林娜！我告诉你这一切，真有些奇怪，不过我知道你会保守我的秘密，我还知道，它们不会对你产生坏影响——你太有头脑了。是的，我听到她和情人的对话，那是个优雅的年轻笨蛋。我知道我已不再爱她，于是便走进屋去，告诉她我们的关系完了，并向她的情人要求决斗。第二天，我在决斗中击伤了他的胳膊。我觉得事情已经了结，便离开了法国。但是在此几个月前，赛林娜生下一个女孩儿阿黛拉，声称是我的孩子。可能是吧，但我怀疑。几年后，赛林娜抛弃了阿黛拉，跟一个歌手跑到意大利去了，我便去巴黎，把阿黛拉带回英国抚养。”

　　罗切斯特能把他过去的生活讲给我听，我感到非常骄傲。我常常琢磨他的性格，尽管我意识到他的缺点，但也知道他待我很好很和善。从此，我最快活的时光就是和他在一起。我想像不出还有比他更好的伴侣。

　　一天夜里，我被一点响动吵醒。我可以肯定有人在我卧室门外，便赶紧去锁门，喊着：“谁在那儿？”我听到一个不像人发出的奇怪声音，然后是楼上顶层的关门声。“是格丽丝·普尔吗？”我纳闷，身上直发抖。好奇心驱使我打开了门，我看到走廊里全是烟。烟是从罗切斯特先生略开着的房门里冒出来的。我完全忘了害怕，冲进他的房间。他睡得正香，被火焰和浓烟包围着，连床单都着了火。

　　“快醒醒！快醒醒！”我一边声嘶力竭地叫着，一边把水泼到他身上灭火。直到火快灭了他才醒来，发现一身湿，嘴里咒骂着。

　　“发大水了吗？”他叫道。

　　“不，先生。”我说。“不过着火了。”

　　“简·爱，是你和你的魔法吗？”他问。“你是不是又对我念了咒语？这次是想淹死我吗？”

　　“先生，请起来吧。有人要谋害你！”我讲述了我听到的声音以及我灭火的过程。他看上去表情严肃，沉思了一会儿。

　　“我去叫费尔法斯太太或仆人吧？”我问。

　　“不，为什么要打扰他们？在这儿等一会儿，我到顶层去一下。别叫任何人，我马上就回来。”

　　我又冷又累，似乎在他的房间等了很长时间。然后我看到他举着蜡烛从黑暗中走来，他脸色苍白、神情沮丧。

　　“你开卧室门时看到什么了吗？”他问，目光锐利地看着我。

　　“没有，先生，只有地上的一根蜡烛。”

　　“可是你不是说听到一声怪笑吗？”

　　“是的，我以前也听到过。格丽丝·普尔就那么笑。”

　　“不错，一定是格丽丝·普尔。你猜对了。我要考虑一下怎么处理。不过我很高兴你是唯一的知情者。一点儿也不要对别人提起，现在回房间吧。”

　　“那么晚安，先生。”我说完向门口走去。

　　“什么！你这就走了！”他似乎有些吃惊地说，尽管他刚刚让我离开。“就这么冷冰冰地走了？”

　　“先生，你说我该走了。”

　　“但不是不道别，不说点儿什么呀。怎么，你救了我的命啊！我讨厌欠别人的情，不过对你就难办了，简。我很高兴欠你的救命之恩。”他声音有些颤抖，把我的双手握在他手里。“我第一次见到你，就知道你会给我带来好运，我见到你时在你眼睛里看出来的。我……喜欢……你的微笑和脸上的魔力，看来是对的。”他的声音中充满激情，眼中闪着异样的光。

　　“我真高兴我当时正好醒着。”我说。“但我现在必须走了，我冷。”我知道我的感情不能控制太久，我需要时间想一想，但他还是握着我的手。这时我想了个逃脱的办法。

　　“我想我听到仆人们在走动了，先生。”我说。

　　“好吧，去吧。”他说完就放我走了。

　　那天晚上或者说那晚余下的时间里，我无法再入睡。我脑子纷乱一片，心绪不安。

10 The mystery of Grace Poole

　　A fter this sleepless night I was eager to see Mr Rochester in the morning，but there was no sign of him．He had obviously told the servants that he had accidentally set fire to his room by knocking over a lighted candle As I passed his bedroom，I saw Grace Poole sitting inside，calmly mending the curtains She certainly did not look desperate or mad enough to have tried to murder her master But I decided to investigate．

　　Good morning，Grace，I said，entering the room．'Tell me，what happened last night？The servants are talking about it．'

　　'Good morning，miss，'she replied， looking up innocently．'Well，master was reading in bed and fell asleep，so he must have knocked the candle over It set fire to the sheets，but luckily he managed to put the flames out with some water．

　　'How strange！'I said quietly．'Didn't anybody hear what was happening？At this，she seemed to examine me carefully．

　　Mrs Fairfax and you sleep nearest this room，miss Mrs Fairfax is a heavy sleeper，like most old people，and didn't hear anything But you'rs young，miss．Perhaps you heard a noise？' 'I did，'I whispered．'I'm sure I heard a strange laugh．'

　　She went on sewing calmly

　　'I don't think master would have laughed，when he was in such danger，'she said．'You must have been dreaming．'

　　'No，I wasn't dreaming，'I replied sharply． 'You didn't think of opening your door and looking out into the corridor？'she asked．I suddenly realized that if she suspected I knew of her guilt，she might attack me．

　　'No，in fact I locked my door，'I answered，'and I shall lock it every night from now on．'

　　That's wise of you，miss We might have burglars at Thornfield one day，you never know．

　　I was amazed by her self-control，and could not understand why Mr Rochester had not asked the police to arrest her，or at least dismissed her from his service．Why had he asked me to keep the attack a secret？How could such a proud gentleman be so much in the power of one of his servants that he could not even punish her for trying to kill him？Did she know a terrible secret fron his past，which she had threatened to tell？Could he ever have been in love with her？'NO，I thought，'he could never love anyone as plain and coarse as she is．But then，I'm not beautiful either，and I sometimes think he loves me．Last night-his words，his look，his voice!'And my cheeks were red as I thought of those precious moments

　　I was now even more impatient to see Mr Rochester，but when I was having tea with Mrs Fairfax in the afternoon，the first thing she said was，It's fine weather for the master's journey．'

　　'Journey!'I cried．'I didn't know he'd gone anywhere!'

　　'Oh yes，he went off just after breakfast，to visit a family in a big house about sixteen miles away．I know they've invited a lot of guests，who'll be staying in the house．Mr Rochester is always very popular with the ladies at these parties，so he may not come back for a week or so．'

　　'Who are the ladies at this house-party？

　　'Three sisters，very elegant young ladies，and their friends，Blanche and Mary Ingram．But Blanche is the most beautiful of all．I saw her when she came to a Christmas party at Thornfield，six or seven years ago．'

　　'What does she look like？'

　　'She was eighteen then，a lovely girl，with beautiful skin，long curling black hair，and fine black eyes which shone as brightly as her jewels．She looked like a queen．All the gentlemen admired her，not only for her beauty but also for her musical skills．When she and Mr Rochester sang together，it was a delight to hear．'

　　'Mr Rochester？I didn't know he could sing．'

　　'Oh yes，he has a very fine voice．And then she played the piano later．The master said she played extremely well．'

　　'And this beautiful lady isn't married yet？'

　　'No，I don't think she or her sister has much money．'

　　'But I'm surprised some rich gentleman hasn't fallen in love with her．Mr Rochester，for example．He's rich，isn't he？'

　　'Oh yes But you see，there's a considerable difference in age．He's nearly forty，and she's only twenty-five．'

　　'Well，marriages like that happen every day．De you think-'But I was interrupted by Adele，who came to Join us，and the subject was changed．

　　That night in my room I was stern with myself．

　　'You，Jane Eyre，'I accused my reflection in the mirror，'you are the biggest fool in the world! How could you imagine that a gentleman of family and wealth would love you，a plain little governess! Just look at yourself!'And I decided that next day I would draw an honest sketch of myself，and then one of Blanche Ingram，painting the most lovely face I could imagine，according to Mrs Fairfax 's description．In the future，if ever my old feelings about Mr Rochester began to return，I would only have to glance at the two pictures to see the great difference between us，and in this way common sense would destroy my foolish dreams.

10 格丽丝·普尔之谜

　　度过一个不眠之夜后，早晨我很想见到罗切斯特先生，但是根本没有他的人影。显然他已经告诉仆人们他不小心碰翻了蜡烛，使房间着火了。经过他的房间时，我看见格丽丝·普尔坐在里面，平静地补着窗帘。她看上去根本不像绝望或疯狂到要杀死主人的地步。但我还是决定探个究竟。

　　“早上好，格丽丝。”我说着走进屋里。“告诉我，昨晚出了什么事？仆人们都在议论呢。”

　　“早上好，小姐。”她回答着抬起头来，没事儿似的。“嗯，主人躺在床上看书睡着了，他肯定是碰翻了蜡烛。蜡烛点着了床单，好在他用水把火扑灭了。”

　　“多怪啊！”我轻声说。“没有人听到动静吗？”听到这话，她好像仔细打量了我一眼。

　　“费尔法斯太太和你睡得离他最近，小姐。费尔法斯太太像大多数老年人一样，睡得很沉，没听见什么。不过，小姐，你还年轻。也许你听到了动静？”

　　“是的。”我说，“我敢肯定我听到了一声怪笑。”

　　她继续平静地干着手中的针线活。

　　“处在这样的危险之中，我想主人是不会笑的。”她说，“你一定在做梦。”

　　“不，我没有做梦。”我厉声答道。

　　“你没想起要开门朝走廊里看看？”她问。我突然意识到如果她怀疑我知道她的罪过，可能会袭击我。

　　“不，我把门锁上了。”我说，“从今往后我每天晚上都会锁门。”

　　“小姐，这才是明智的。谁知道呢，也许有一天特恩费得会闯进盗贼的。”

　　她的自我克制让我吃惊，我纳闷为什么罗切斯特先生不叫警察抓她或至少解雇她。为什么他要我保守秘密？一个那么骄傲的绅士怎么能这样被自己的仆人左右，那人即使要杀他也不能予以惩罚呢？她是不是知道他过去的什么可怕的秘密，要挟要讲出来呢？他是不是曾经爱过她？“不，”我心想，“他永远不会去爱这么个平淡粗俗的人。可是我也不漂亮呀，但有时我觉得他爱我。昨天夜里——，他的话，他那眼神，他那声音！”想到那些珍贵的瞬间，我的双颊不禁红了。

　　现在我更加急不可耐地想要见到罗切斯特先生，但下午我和费尔法斯太太喝茶时，她第一句话就是：“今天天气不错，正适合主人旅行。”

　　“旅行！”我叫着，“我不知道他已经到别处去了。”

　　“噢，是的，他早饭后就走了、去拜访16英里外的一户人家。我知道他们请了许多客人，都住在家里。在这种晚会上罗切斯特先生总是很受女士们的欢迎，所以他可能会个把星期不回来。”

　　“这次晚会上有哪些女士？”

　　“三姐妹，都是文雅的年轻女士，还有她们的朋友布朗蒂和玛丽·英格姆，可布郎蒂是其中最漂亮的一个。六七年前在特恩费得的圣诞晚会上我见过她。”

　　“她什么样儿？”

　　“她当时18岁，非常可爱，有好看的皮肤，长长的鬈发，美丽的黑眸子像珠宝一样闪着光。她就像个皇后。所有的绅士都喜欢她，这不仅因为她美，还因为她有音乐才华。她和罗切斯特先生一起唱歌时，那听起来非常悦耳。”

　　“罗切斯特先生？我不知道他会唱歌。”

　　“噢，是的，他嗓子很好。然后她弹钢琴，主人说她弹得非常出色。”

　　“这位漂亮的女士还没有结婚？”

　　“没有，我想她或她妹妹都没什么钱。”

　　“但是我奇怪怎么没有哪位富有的绅士爱上她，比如说罗切斯特先生。他很富，是不是？”

　　“噢，是的。可你知道．年龄差得太多。他快40岁了，而她只有25岁。”

　　“不过，这样的婚姻天天都有。你觉得——”但我被阿黛拉打断了，她来找我们，话题也就变了。

　　当晚我在房间里严厉地剖析自己。

　　“你，简·爱，”我指责着镜中的我，“你是世界上最大的傻瓜！你怎么能想象一位有家有产的绅士会爱上你这个不起眼的小家庭教师呢！好好看看你自己吧！”我决定第二天老老实实地画一张自画像，再给布朗蒂·英格姆画一张，根据费尔法斯太太的描述，画出我能想像的最迷人的脸蛋儿。今后如果我对罗切斯特先生旧情复发，我只要看看两幅画，看看我们之间的巨大差别就够了。这样理智就会打破我愚蠢的梦。

11 The Thornfield house-party

　　T wo disappointing weeks passed before we heard from Mr Rochester again．During this time I tried hard to forget my feeling for him．I reminded myself that he paid me to teach Adèle，nothing more，and that no other relationship could exist between us．When his letter finally came，Mrs Fairfax announced with great excitement that he was planning a house-party at Thornfield．He was going to return in three days'time，and had invited a large number of ladies and gentlemen to stay for several days．We all worked extremely hard in the next few days，cleaning all the rooms and preparing the food．

　　The only person in the house who did not appear excited was Grace Poole，who stayed in her room upstairs，coming down once a day for food and drink．None of the servants seemed at all curious about her，but I once heard two of the maids talking，and I listened when I caught her name

　　Does Grace Poole earn a lot，then？ asked one．

　　'Oh yes，live times what you and I earn！'answered the other．

　　'But she's good at the work，I expect，'said the first． 'Ah！She understands what she has to do，that's true，answered the second，'and not everyone would want to do her job，not even for all that money！'

　　'Quite right！I wonder whether the master-'Suddenly they saw me and broke off their conversation

　　'Doesn 't she know？I heard one of them whisper．

　　'No，'said the other，and they were silent．So I realized there was a secret at Thornfield，which nobody wanted to tell me．

　　At last the great day came Everything was ready for the master and his guests．Adele and I watched from an upstairs window as the carriages arrived．In front rode Mr Rochester on his black horse，and with him rode a beautiful lady，her black curls streaming in the wind．Blanche Ingram！'I thought We listened to the laughing and talking in the hall，as the guests were welcomed by their host and his house-keeper From a dark corner of the stairs we admired the ladies as they went up to their rooms，and then again as they descended to dinner in their elegant evening dresses．Adèle was hoping Mr Rochester would call her down to meet the guests，but in the end she was so tired with all the excitement that she and I both went to bed early．

　　Next morning after breakfast the whole group went out for the day．Again I saw Mr Rochester and Blanche Ingram riding together．I pointed this out to Mrs Fairfax．

　　'You see，Mr Rochester clearly prefers her to any of the other ladies．'

　　'Yes，he does seem to admire her，'admitted the housekeeper．

　　'And she admires him．Notice how she looks at him！But I haven't really seen her face yet．I'd like to．”

　　'You'll see her tonight，'answered Mrs Fairfax．'I mentioned to the master that Adèle wanted to be introduced to the ladies，and he asked you to bring her down to meet them this evening．'

　　'Well，I'll go if he wants me to，but I don't like meeting strangers．I'm not used to it．'

　　'I understand how you feel，'said the old lady kindly，'but the guests won't notice you much，and you can easily escape after a short time．'

　　So Adèle and I，dressed in our best，were waiting as the ladies came into the sitting-room after dinner．I was most impressed by the beauty and elegance of all of them，but was especially fascinated by the Ingram family .Lady Ingram，although between forty and fifty，was still a fine woman．Her hair still looked black，by candle-light at least，and her teeth still seemed perfect．But she had fierce，proud eyes，that reminded me of aunt Reed's，and a hard，powerful voice．Her daughter Mary was rather quiet，but her other daughter Blanche was very different．As soon as the gentlemen came into the room and coffee was served，she became the centre of attention．She played the piano excellently,she sang sweetly，she discussed intelligently，and all the time her flashing eyes，rich black curls and fine figure attracted glances from every gentleman in the room．

　　But I was looking for someone else．The last time I had seen him，on the night of the fire，he had held my hands，told me I had saved his life，and looked at me as if he loved me How close we had been then！But now，he entered the room without even looking at me，and took a seat with the ladies．I could not stop looking at him rather like a thirsty man who knows the water is poisoned but cannot resist drinking．I had never intended to love him．I had tried hard to destroy all feelings of love for him，but now that I saw him again，I could not stop myself loving him．I compared him to the other gentlemen present.They were all fine，handsome men，but they did not have his power，his character，his strength，or indeed his deep laugh or his gentle smile．I felt that he and I were the same sort of person，that there was something in my brain and heart，in my blood and bone，that connected me to him for ever. And although I knew I must hide my feelings，must never allow myself to hope，I also knew that while there was breath in my body，I would always love him．

　　Just then I heard Blanche Ingram say to him，'Mr Rochester，you should have sent that little girl-Adèle，is that her name？-to school，but I see you have a governess for her．I saw a strange little person with her just now .Has she gone？Oh no，there she is in the window-seat.It's very foolish of you，you know．Governesses aren't worth their salary，are they，Mamma？'

　　'My dear，don't mention governesses to me！'cried Lady Ingram，holding a white hand to her forehead．'How I have suffered with them！'One of the older ladies whispered to her，pointing in my direction．

　　'Oh，I don't care if she hears me！'said Lady Ingram．'All governesses are useless．They never teach children anything．'

　　'What fun we used to have，playing tricks on them，didn't we，Mary？'laughed Blanche．'But governesses are boring．Let's change the subject.Mr Rochester，Will you sing with me？'

　　'with pleasure，'he answered，bowing，and the group moved towards the piano．This was the moment for me to escape，but I had only just left the sitting-room and reached the hall，when Mr Rochester appeared through another door．

　　'Come back，you're leaving too early，'he said to me．

　　'I'm tired，sir．'He looked at me for a minute．

　　'And a little depressed .Why？Tell me．'

　　'Nothing-it's nothing，sir．l'm not depressed．'

　　'But I think you are．You're almost crying．But I haven't got time now to discover the reason．Well，tonight you may leave early，but I want to see you with my guests every evening．Good night，my-'He stopped，bit his lip，and turned quickly away．

　　Those were cheerful，busy days at Thornfield The old house had never seen so，much life and activity.When it was fine the host and his guests went riding，visited places of interest，and walked in the gardens，and when it was wet they played games indoors．Mr Rochester and Blanche Ingram were always together．Observing them closely，I felt very sure that he would soon marry this fine lady．But I did not feel jealous，because I knew he did not love her．She had made every effort to attract him，but he had not given her his heart．I saw her faults very clearly．She was intelligent but had no opinions of her own．She was beautiful but not good．She spoke of feelings but she knew nothing of sympathy or pity．And above all she had her mother's pride and hardness．Other eyes apart from mine saw all these faults．Mr Rochester himself knew she was not perfect，but he was clearly preparing to marry her，perhaps because she was of good family，perhaps for some other reason．

　　One day when Mr Rochester was out alone on business，a stranger arrived in a carriage，and introduced himself as an old friend of the master's．His name was Mason，and he had just returned from the West Indies，where Mr Rochester had once lived．

11 特恩费得家庭晚会

　　令人失望的两星期过去了，我们终于得到罗切斯特先生的消息。这期间我努力忘掉自己对他的情感。我提醒自己他付钱雇我是计我教阿黛拉，我们之间不可能再有别的其他关系。他的信终于到了，费尔法斯太太激动地宣布他打算在特恩费得举办家庭晚会。他三天后回来，邀请了许多女士先生在这里小住几日，以后几天里，大家打扫房间，准备食物，干得非常卖力。

　　家里唯一不显得激动的人就是格丽丝·普尔。她待在楼上的房间里，每天下来一次取吃的喝的。似乎没有一个仆人对她表示好奇，但有一次我听到两个女仆说话，提到她的名字，便听了起来。

　　“那格丽丝·普尔挣得多吗？”一个问。

　　“噢，当然，是你我挣的五倍。”另一个回答说。

　　“不过我想她干得不错。”第一个又说。

　　“啊，她明白自己该干什么，这没错儿的，”第二个答道，“而且不是每个人都愿于她那份差事，给那么多钱也不会干。”

　　“没错儿。我不知道主人是否……”突然她们看见我，中止了对话。

　　“她不知道吗？”我听见其中一个悄悄说。

　　“不知道。”另一个说，而且两人都不说话了。因此我意识到特思费得有一个秘密，谁都不想告诉我。

　　重大的日子终于来临，为宾主准备的东西已一切就绪。我和阿黛拉透过楼上的窗户看到马车驶来。前面是骑着黑马的罗切斯特，在他身边同行的是一位漂亮的女士，黑色的鬈发随风飘舞。“布朗蒂·英格姆。”我心想。我们听到大厅里充满欢声笑语，主人和管家正忙着迎接客人。我们躲在楼梯的暗处，羡慕着那些上楼走进各自房间的女士们，又在她们穿着优雅的晚装重新下楼用晚餐时欣赏着她们。阿黛拉希望罗切斯特先生会叫她下去见客人，但最后她兴奋得累了，我们俩都早早睡下了。

　　第二天一早吃过早饭后，所有人都外出了。我又一次看到罗切斯特和英格姆并驾齐驱。我跟费尔法斯太太提到了这点。

　　“你瞧，罗切斯特先生显然更喜欢她，而不是其他女士。”

　　“是的，他的确似乎很仰慕她。”管家赞同道。

　　“她也仰慕他。你瞧她是怎么看着他的！可我还没看清她的脸。我真想看看。”

　　“你今晚能见到她。”费尔法斯太太说，“我跟主人说阿黛拉想见见那些女士们，他让你今晚带她下楼来见她们。”

　　“好吧，如果他让我去我就去。不过我不喜欢见生人，我不习惯。”

　　“我了解你的感受。”老太太和善地说，“不过客人们不会太注意你，你过一会儿就可以很容易地溜走。”

　　于是我和阿黛拉穿上最好的衣服，静等女士们晚饭后到客厅来。我被她们所有人的美丽和优雅打动，更被英格姆一家打动。英格姆夫人尽管已经四五十岁，仍然保持着风采。她的头发看上去依然是黑的，至少在烛光下如此，她的牙齿似乎仍是那么光洁。但她的目光严厉而傲慢，让我想起里德舅妈的那种目光，说起话来声音又硬又有力。她的女儿玛丽非常文静，但另一个千金布朗蒂就完全不一样了。先生们刚进门，咖啡刚端上，她就成了大家注意的中心。她弹得一手好钢琴，歌喉甜美，谈吐机智，眨动着的大眼睛、浓密的黑色鬈发和纤巧的身躯一直吸引着屋里每个男人的目光。

　　可是，我在找另一个人。我最后一次见到他时，是在那个起火的晚上，他曾握着我的双手，告诉我我救了他的命，而且看着我，好像他爱我一样。那时我们离得多近啊！但是现在他走进来甚至没看我一眼，就坐到了女士们中间。我不能不看着他，就像一个口干舌燥的人明知水有毒但还是要喝。我从没想过要爱他，也尽力毁掉自己对他的爱慕之情。然而现在我又见到了他，我不能让自己不爱他。我把他和在场的其他先生进行比较。他们都很优雅、英俊，但缺少他的威力、个性和力量，也没有深沉的大笑和温柔的微笑。我觉得他和我是一类人，在我的脑中、心中，在我的血中、骨中，已经有什么东西把我和他永远联系在一起了。尽管我知道我必须掩盖自己的情感，永远不允许自己有所希冀，但我也清楚只要我的身体中一息尚存，我就会永远爱他。

　　这时，我听到布朗蒂·英格姆对他说：

　　“罗切斯特先生，你应该已把这个小女孩——阿黛拉是她的名字吧？——送进学校，可我看到你却为她请了一位家庭教师。刚才我见到一个小怪人和她在一起。她走了吗？噢，没有，她就坐在窗户那儿。你知道，你很傻。家庭教师根本不值那么多工资，妈妈，是不是？”

　　“亲爱的，别跟我提家庭教师。”英格姆夫人叫道，用白净的手抚住了额头。“我受尽了她们的罪。”一位上年纪的女士指着我的方向悄声对她说着什么。

　　“噢，我才不管她是否能听见我呢！”英格姆夫人说。“所有的家庭教师都没用，她们从来不教什么给孩子。”

　　“我们拿她们开心，真是高兴，玛丽，是不是？”布朗蒂笑道，“不过家庭教师乏味得很，我们换个话题吧！罗切斯特先生，你和我一起唱歌吧。”

　　“乐意从命。”他躬身答道，大家都来到钢琴边。是我溜走的时候了。可我刚刚走出客厅来到大厅，罗切斯特先生就从另一扇门中走了出来。

　　“回来，你走得太早了。”他对我说。

　　“先生，我累了。”他看了我一会儿。

　　“还有点儿不高兴。为什么？告诉我。”

　　“没什么，没有什么，先生。我没不高兴。”

　　“可我觉得是，你都快哭了。现在我没时间搞清原因。好吧，今晚你可以早走一会儿，但我希望每晚都看到你和我的客人在一起。晚安，我的——”他停住了，咬着嘴唇，迅速转身走了。

　　这几天特恩费得欢欢闹闹的。老房子从来没有像现在这样充满活力和生机。天好时，宾主一起骑马，停停看看，漫步花园；下雨时，他们就在室内玩游戏。罗切斯特先生和布朗蒂·英格姆小姐总是在一起。我仔细观察着他们，感到他很快就会娶这位漂亮的女士。但我并不嫉妒，因为我知道他不爱她。她使出浑身解数吸引他，但他没有把心交给她。我对她的缺点看得一清二楚。她聪明却毫无主见，她美丽却不善良，她奢谈感情却不懂得什么是同情和怜悯。最重要的是，她继承了母亲的强硬和傲慢。除我以外，其他人的眼睛也看到了这些缺点。罗切斯特先生自己也知道她不是完美的，但他显然准备娶她，也许是因为她有个好家庭，也许出于其他原因。

　　一天，罗切斯特先生有事独自外出。一个陌生人乘马车来到这里，称自己是主人的老朋友。他的名字叫梅森，刚从西印度群岛归来，罗切斯特先生曾在那里住过。

12 The gipsy woman

　　No sooner had Mr Mason joined the group of guests than a servant entered to announce the arrival of an old gipsy woman，who was supposed to be a skilled fortune-teller.The ladies were very excited and decided to ask her to tell their fortunes .Miss Ingram，as usual，was first，and spent fifteen minutes alone with the old woman in the library．She came back looking cross .

　　'It's just childish nonsense！How can you all believe in that sort of thing！'she said，picking up a book and pretending to read it．But as she frowned more and more，and did not turn a page，I assumed that the gipsy's words were more important to her than she wanted us to think．Next，three young ladies went in together，and came back full of praise for the gipsy's skill．

　　'She's old，and dirty， and ugly，' they cried，shocked，'but she knows everything about us，everything！'While the gentlemen were calming them down，the servant entered the room again．

　　'Excuse me，miss，'he said to me．'The gipsy says there's another young single lady in the room．She refuses to leave the house until she has seen all the young ladies．It must be you .'

　　'Oh，I'll go，'I said gladly．I was curious to see the gipsy．

　　She was sitting in an armchair in the library，murmuring

　　words over a little black book.Her large black hat covered most of her face,but when she lifted her head,I saw her dark eyes.

　　'So you want me to tell your fortune?'she asked.

　　'Well,I must warn you,I don't believe in your skill.'

　　'I expected that.why don't you tremble?'

　　'I'm not cold.'

　　'Why don't you turn pale?'

　　'I'm not ill.'

　　'Why don't you ask me to tell your fortune?'

　　'I'm not a fool.'

　　The old woman laughed and started smoking a short black pipe.

　　'I can prove that you're cold,and ill,and a fool,'she said.'Listen.You're cold,because you're alone.You're ill,because you lack love.And you're a fool,because love is near you,and you won't take one step to reach it.'

　　'That's true of many people,'I said, interested.

　　'Yes,but especially true of you.I can see that happiness is waiting for you, if you really want it．Tell me,in that room of fine people,isn't there one face you look at ,one person you're interested in ?'

　　' I hardly know the ladies and gentlemen here,' I answered.

　　'Well,you serely know the master of the house?What do you think of his relationship with his guests, and with one particular guest?' asked the gipsy, smiling wickedly.

　　'They're all very friendly with each other，'I replied cautiously．The gipsy seemed to know a lot about Thornfield．

　　'Friendly！I'd say more than that，in fact I'd go so far as to mention the name of Blanche Ingram and the word，marriage．They will obviously be an extremely happy couple，although I told Miss Ingram something about the Rochester property which made her look quite depressed．If a wealthier gentleman comes along，Mr Rchester might lose his beautiful bride…'

　　But I came to hear about my future，not Mr Rochester's！

　　'It depends on whether you're going to stretch out your hand for happiness．Let me look at your face．Your eyes and your mouth show me that feelings are important to you，but your forehead shows me that common sense is your main guide in life．You will never do anything wrong or shameful．Well，I respect that．I don't want sacrifice or sorrow in my life．I want-but that will do．I'd like to stay here looking at you for ever，but I must stop acting now．'

　　Was I dreaming？What was happening？The old woman's voice had changed and become as familiar to me as my own．

　　'Well，Jane，do you know me？'asked the familiar voice．And，struggling with the old clothes，Mr Rochester stepped out of his disguise．

　　Sir，you've been talking nonsense to make me talk nonsense．It's hardly fair．'

　　'De you forgive me，Jane？'

　　'I shall try to，sir．But you shouldn't have done it．

　　'What are my guests doing，Jane？'

　　'Discussing the gipsy，I imagine．Oh，and did you know that a stranger has arrived to see you？'

　　'A stranger！I wasn't expecting anyone．Who can it be？'

　　'His name's Mason，sir，and he comes from the West Indies．

　　The smile froze on Mr Rochester's lips，and his face went White．

　　'Mason！The west Indies！'he repeated three times．

　　'Do you feel ill，sir？'I asked，worried．

　　'Jane，help me，'he murmured，almost falling．I helped him to sit down，and sat with him．He took my hand and rubbed it gently．

　　'I wish I were on an island with you and nobody else，with no trouble or danger or terrible memories to make me suffer．

　　'How can I help you，sir？I'd give my life to help you．'

　　'Jane，if I need help，I'll ask you，I promise．Get me a glass of wine now．'I fetched one from the dining-room，and gave it to him．He looked less pale，but very stern．

　　'Jane，if all those fine guests of mine came and spat at me，what would you do？'he asked．

　　'Turn them out of the house，sir，if I could．'

　　'But if they only looked at me coldly，and whispered behind their hands about me，and then left me one by one？

　　'I'd stay with you，sir，to comfort you．'

　　'And if the whole world disapproved of me，would you still stay with me？'

　　'If you deserved my friendship，as I'm sure you do，I wouldn't care about other people's disapproval．

　　'Thank you，Jane．Now go and ask Mr Mason to come and see me．'So I did，and，leaving the two men in the library，went to bed．

　　Much later I heard him showing Mr Mason to his bedroom，and was glad that Mr Rochester sounded so cheerful．

12 吉普赛女人

　　梅森刚刚加入客人的行列，仆人就进来通报一位吉普赛老妇人来了，据说是算命高手。女士们都很激动，决定让她算算命。和往常一样，英格姆小姐捷足先登，和老妇在书房里待了一刻钟。她回来时，面带不快。

　　“简直是小孩子说胡话。你们怎么能相信这一套！”她说着拿起一本书，假装读着。但她的眉头越皱越紧，没有翻动一页，我猜普吉普赛人的话对她来说比她让我们想像的要重要。接着，三位年轻女士一起走了进去，回来时对吉普赛人的技巧赞不绝口。

　　“她又老、又脏、又丑。”她们吃惊地叫着。“可是我们的事她什么都知道。”先生们安抚着她们，这时仆人又走了进来。

　　“对不起，小姐。”他对我说，“吉普赛人说还有一位年轻女士在屋里。不见到所有的女士，她不答应离开这里。她指的一定是你。”

　　“噢，那我去。”我高兴地答道。我很好奇，想见见那个吉普赛人。

　　她坐在书房的一把扶手椅上，对着一本小黑书念念有词。宽大的黑帽子几乎遮住了她整个的脸，但她抬起头时，我看到了一双黑眼睛。

　　“那么你想让我算命？”她说。

　　“我得警告你，我不相信你的把戏。”

　　“我料到了。你怎么不发抖呢？”

　　“我不冷。”

　　“为什么你脸色不变得苍白？”

　　“我没病。”

　　“为什么你不让我算命？”

　　“我不是傻瓜。”

　　老妇大笑起来，开始用一个短小的黑烟斗吸烟。

　　“我可以证明你冷，还有病，还是个傻瓜。”她说，“听着，你冷，因为你孤单；你有病，因为你缺少爱；你是个傻瓜，因为爱就近在咫尺，你却不能迈出一步够到它。”

　　“很多人都这样。”我感兴趣地说。

　　“是的，但你更是这样。我可以看出，如果你真想得到幸福，幸福正等待着你。告诉我，在那一屋子的优雅的人当中，不是有一张脸你在看，有一个人你感兴趣吗？”

　　“我几乎不认识这些女士和先生。”我答道。

　　“那么，你当然认得这家的主人了？你觉得他和客人，和其中一位客人，关系如何？”吉普赛人带着狡黠的微笑问道。

　　“他们彼此非常友好。”我小心地回答。吉普赛人似乎很了解特恩费得。

　　“友好！我说不止于此。实际上我还要说出布朗蒂·英格姆的名字和结婚这个词。他们显然会是无比幸福的一对儿，虽然我刚才对英格姆小姐讲了罗切斯特家产的事，让她很不高兴。如果有一位更富有的绅士随行，那么罗切斯特先生可能会失去漂亮的新娘…”

　　“可我是来为自己算命的，不是为罗切斯特先生！”

　　“这取决于你是否伸出手去争取幸福。让我看看你的脸，你的眼睛和嘴巴告诉我情感对你来说是重要的，但你的额头告诉我理智才是你生活的主要指南。你永远不会做出错事或丑事，我尊重这点。我不希望自己的生活中有牺牲或痛苦，我希望——但这样就行。我希望永远待在这里看着你，不过我现在得停止演戏了。”

　　我在做梦吗？出什么事了？老妇的声音变了，变成了与我自己的一样熟悉的声音。

　　“好了，简，你认识我吗？”熟悉的声音问。挣脱着破衣服，罗切斯特先生不再伪装了。

　　“先生，你在胡说，也害得我胡说。这不公平。”

　　“你原谅我吗，简？”

　　“先生，我会努力，可你不该这么做。”

　　“简，我的客人在做什么？”

　　“我想在议论吉普赛人吧。噢，你知道有一个陌生人来看你吗？”

　　“陌生人！我没等谁来啊。是谁呢？”

　　“先生，他叫梅森，从西印度群岛来。”

　　微笑在他的嘴上凝住了，他的脸变得苍白。

　　“梅森！西印度群岛！”他重复了三遍。

　　“先生，你不舒服吗？”我担心地问。

　　“简，帮帮我。”他嘟囔着，几乎摔倒。我扶他坐下，然后坐到他身边。他握着我的手，轻轻抚摸着。

　　“我希望我和你待在一个小岛上，没有别人、没有麻烦、没有危险、没有痛苦的记忆折磨我。”

　　“先生，我怎样才能帮你呢？我可以豁出命来帮助你。”

　　“简，如果我需要帮助，我会叫你，我保证。现在给我拿杯酒来。”我从餐厅拿来一杯酒递给他。他看上去没有那么苍白了，但很严肃。

　　“简，如果我的那些优雅的朋友走过来对我吐唾沫，你会怎么做？”他问。

　　“先生，如果办得到，我就把他们轰出去。”

　　“但如果他们只是冷眼看着我，掩口议论我，然后一个个离开我呢？”

　　“我会留下陪你，安慰你，先生。”

　　“如果全世界都反对我，你还会留下来陪我吗？”

　　“如果你配得上我的友情，我也确信是这样，那么我不会理会其他人的反对。”

　　“简，谢谢。现在叫梅森来见我。”我照办了，我让他们单独在书房待着。自己去睡了。

　　很久以后，我听到他带梅森进了他的卧室；听到他的声音如此愉快，我感到很高兴。

13 The stranger is attacked

　　I was woken by the full moon shining in on me，as I had forgotten to draw my curtains．Suddenly，a wild，terrible cry broke the silence，echoing throughout the house．My heart missed a beat．What could it mean？It came from the top floor．Then I heard the sounds of a desperate struggle，just above my room．

　　'Help！Help！ Help！wofl＼aflyofl6 hdp ffi6？ROCh幻ef！Rochested ForC心d's sake， comJ shouted a voice from SPSt81fS· Bedroom缸rs were opened as the guests woke up．What's happening？''Fetch a candlJ'Is It a fire？''Are there burjars？''Where's Rochester？ He isn't In hs room！' 'Herel am二' called the master of the house， descending with a candle from the top floor．'It's all right．仇n't be afrai人 ladles． Aservant's had a bad dream， that's all， and started screaming． Nothing to worry abut． Please go back to your rooms． You'11 catch cold otherwise．' And so he calmed his guests and persuaded them to return to their rooms． Butl knewthat the soundsl had heard could have nothing to do with a servant's dream．h Idressed and walted In my roonyln easel was needed． After about an hour， when ThOTllfi6ldHall WSS COthpl6t6ly SllCllt sgslll， th6f6 WSS 8cautious knock on my door．

　　'Are you awake，Jane？'asked the voice I had been expecting.

　　'Yes，sir，and dressed．'

　　'Good，I need you．Come and help me．Bring a clean cloth with you．'We went quietly up to the top floor，where he unlocked one of the small black doors．

　　'Do you feel faint at the sight of blood？'he asked．

　　'I don't think so，'I replied．We entered a room with curtains hung on the walls．One of the curtains was tied back to reveal a secret door into another small room．From there came an angry growling sound，almost like a dog．

　　'Wait here，'said Mr Rochester，and Went into the secret room where a shout of laughter greeted him．Ah，so Grace Poole was there！He came out quickly and closed the secret door．Then he showed me why he needed me．In an armchair lay Mr Mason，his clothes and his arm covered in blood。As we bent over him，he opened his eyes and groaned．

　　'Am I going to die？'he murmured weakly．

　　'No，man，don't be foolish．It's just a scratch，'answered Mr Rochester．'Now jane，'he said，turming to me，have to leave you in this room with Mason while I fetch the doctor．You must wipe away the blood with the damp cloth，like this，and help him to drink a little water．But on no account must you speak to him．Is that understood？'I nodded，and nervously watched him leave the room．I could hear him turning the key in the lock．

　　So here I was，in the middle of the night，locked in with a bleeding，dying man，and a wild，murdering woman only on the other side of a door！It seemed a long night，interrupted only by Mason's groans，and by occasional animal-like noises from the secret room．I had plenty of time to wonder why these violent attacks happened，first the fire in Mr Rochester's room，and now a physical attack on a stranger．And how was Mr Mason involved？Why was he here on the top floor？I had heard his host showing him to a bedroom near mine，on the second floor．And why was Mr Rochester so frightened when Mr Mason came to Thornfield？

　　At last Mr Rochester arrived with the doctor，who cleaned and bandaged Mason's wounds．

　　'Strange！'remarked the doctor，'The skin on the shoulder has been torn by teeth，as well as a knife！'

　　'She bit me，murmured Mason，when Rochester managed to get the knife from her．'

　　'Well，I warned you not to see her alone，'said Rochester．'You should have waited till the morning，then we could have seen her together．Den't worry，man，when you get back to the West Indies，you can forget her．Think of her as dead and buried．Now，doctor，is Mason ready to be moved？I have a carriage waiting outside You'll take him home with you to avoid gossip，and then in a few days he'll be fit enough to leave the country．

　　Although it was now early morning，the house was still in total silence，and so there were no witnesses to see Mason being helped downstalrs and put in the carriage．

　　'Look after him，doctor．'said Rochester．'Goodbye，Dick．'

　　'Edward，make sure she's taken care of，make sure she's treated well… Mason could not continue，but burst into tears．

　　'I'll do my best，Dick，as I always have done，'replied Rochester，shutting the door of the carriage，which rolled away．'But I wish there was an end to it！'he murmured to himself．

　　As we were walking back through the garden to the house，he said to me，'Jane，you've had a strange night．You look pale．Were you afraid when I left you alone with Mason？'

　　'Not of Mason，sir，but of Grace Poole in the secret room．'

　　'But I'd locked her door．I would never leave you in danger．'

　　'Will she go on living here，sir？'I asked．

　　'Oh yes．Don't think about her．'

　　'But I'm sure your life is in danger while she's here．'

　　'Den't worry，I can take care of myself．I'm in more danger while Mason's in England．I live in constant fear of a disaster.'

　　'But Mr Mason's weak！You have great influence with him！'

　　'Yes．He wouldn't knowingly hurt me，but by one careless word he could destroy，if not my life，at least my chance of happiness.Sit down with me on this bench，Jane．I want to ask you something．

　　The early sun warmed the bench and the birds were singing．Now，Jane，suppose a boy in a foreign country makes a mistake，not a crime， mind you．The results of this mistake have a terrible effect on his whole life．He comes home aftef years of suffering，and meets someone，who is fresh and good and pure.Now，can he ignore society，can he forget the past,and live the rest of his life with her in peace？'

　　It was a difficult question to answer．In the end I said，

　　'You can't rely on a human being to cure you of evil and give you peace．You must ask for God's help．'

　　'But I think I've found the cure！It's… He paused．I held my breath．I almost thought the birds would stop singing to hear the name he was going to say．

　　'Yes，'he said in quite a different，hard voice，you've noticed my love for Miss Ingram，haven't you？Don't you think she'll cure me of my wickedness，Jane？Oh，I can hear some of the guests in the garden．Go into the house by the back door．'As I went one way，and he another，I heard him say cheerfully to the gentlemen，'Mason's already left．I got up early to say goodbye to him．'

13 陌生人遭袭击

　　由于我忘记拉好窗帘，一轮满月照在我身上，我被弄醒了。突然，一声可怕的狂叫打破了寂静，在整幢房子里回荡。我的心跳都停了。这是怎么回事？声音从顶层传来，接着我听到就在我楼上有死命挣扎的声音。

　　“救命！救命！救命！来人啊！救救我！罗切斯特！罗切斯特！看在上帝的份上，快来啊！”楼上有人喊着。

　　许多卧室的门打开了，客人们都被吵醒了。“出什么事了？”“拿蜡烛来！”“着火了吗？”“有强盗？”“罗切斯特呢？他不在自己屋里！”

　　“我在这儿！”房子的主人喊道，他拿着蜡烛从顶楼走了下来。“没事儿。女士们，别怕。一个仆人做了噩梦，然后开始喊叫，就这样。没什么好担心的。请回屋吧，不然会着凉的。”他安慰着客人们，把他们劝回屋里。

　　但是我知道我听到的声音跟什么仆人的噩梦毫无关系。于是我穿好衣服，等在屋里，以防要我帮忙。大约一小时后，特恩费得已恢复了平静，有人小心地敲我的门。

　　“简，你醒着吗？”我期待的声音问道。

　　“先生，醒了，还穿好了衣服。”

　　“好，我需要你，来帮帮忙，带上一块干净的布。”我们悄悄走上顶层，他打开了其中的一扇小黑门。

　　“你见到血晕不晕？”他问。

　　“我想不会。”我答道。我们走进屋里，只见帘子挂在墙上，其中一个已卷好，露出一个暗门，通向另一间小屋子。从那儿传出了愤怒的嚎叫声，几乎像一只狗似的。

　　“等在这儿。”罗切斯特说完走进密室，一阵狂笑迎接了他。啊，格丽丝·普尔在里面！他很快退身出来，关上了暗门。然后他指给我为什么他需要我。扶手椅上躺着梅森先生，他的衣服上和手臂上都有血。当我们俯身看他时，他睁开眼睛呻吟着。

　　“我会死吗？”他虚弱地轻声说。

　　“不会的，别傻了，不过划伤了一点儿。”罗切斯特说。他转过身来对我交待着：“简，我要你留在屋里陪梅森先生，我去请医生。你必须用湿布擦净血迹，像这样，然后给他喝点儿水。但切莫对他说话，明白吗？”我点点头，害怕地看着他离开了房间，听到他把门锁上了。

　　于是我就这么半夜被锁起来陪伴一个流血不止、就要死去的人，而杀人的疯女人就在门那边！夜显得那么漫长，只有梅森的呻吟和不时从密室里传出的野兽般的声音不时打破长夜。我有许多时间猜测为什么会发生这些暴力事件，先是罗切斯特先生房间着火，现在又是陌生人遭到袭击。梅森先生是怎么卷进来的？他为什么会在顶层呢？我听到主人把他领进二楼我隔壁的卧室的。梅森先生来到特恩费得，为什么罗切斯特先生那么害怕？

　　终于，罗切斯特先生带着医生来了，那医生为梅森清洗、包扎了伤口。

　　“真奇怪！”医生说，“肩上的伤既有牙咬的，也有刀扎的！”

　　梅森低声说；“罗切斯特夺她手里的刀时，她咬了我。”

　　罗切斯特说：“我警告过你不要单独见她。你应该等到早晨，然后我们一起去看她。别担心，伙计，你回到西印度群岛，就可以把她忘掉，就当她死了．被埋掉了。医生，梅森先生能动了吗？我有马车等在外面。你把他带去你家，免生议论，几天后他就可以休养得离开这个国家了。”

　　尽管已是清晨，整幢房子仍是寂静一片，因此没人看到梅森被扶到楼下，坐进了马车。

　　“医生，好好照顾他。”罗切斯特说，“迪克，再见！”

　　“爱德华，保证照顾好她，保证好好待她……”梅森说不下去了，哭了起来。

　　“狄克，我会像以前一样尽最大努力的。”罗切斯特回答说。他关上车门，车走了。“可我希望有结束的一天。”他自语道。

　　我们穿过花园回到屋里时，他对我说：“简，你过了奇怪的一夜。你看上去脸色苍白。我留下你陪梅森时你害怕吗？”

　　“不是怕梅森，是怕暗室里的格丽丝·普尔。”

　　“可我已经锁了门，我不会让你处在危险中的。”

　　“她还会在这儿住下去吗？”我问。

　　“噢，是的。别想她了。”

　　“可我肯定她住在这儿你就会有生命危险。”

　　“别担心，我会照顾好自己。梅森不离开英格兰，我会更有危险。我总是担心灾难会降临。”

　　“但是梅森先生很脆弱！你对他影响力很大！”

　　“是的，他不会故意伤害我，但不小心说错一个字，他如果不是毁掉我的生活，也会夺走我寻求幸福的机会。简，和我一起坐在凳子上。我想问你点儿事。”

　　晨曦照暖了长凳，小鸟在唱歌。“简，如果一个男孩在国外犯了错误，我提醒你不是犯罪，错误的结果严重影响了他的整个生活。经过多年的痛苦之后，他重返故里，遇到一个人，清新、善良、纯洁。那么，他能否不顾社会，忘记过去，和她一起平静地度过余生？”

　　这个问题很难回答。最后我说：

　　“你不能依靠人来医治你的邪恶，给你安宁，你必须请求上帝的帮助。”

　　“但是我觉得我已找到了出路，是……”他停住了。我屏住呼吸，我觉得连小鸟都会停止歌唱，听听他要讲出的名字。

　　“是的。”他换了完全不同的生硬语调，“你已经注意到我对英格姆小姐的爱慕，是不是？简，你不觉得她可以医治我的恶习吗？噢，我听到有客人来花园了。从后门进屋去。”我们分头走开时，我听到他高兴地对先生们说：“梅森已经走了，我一早起来和他道别。”

14 Trouble at Gateshead

　　hen I was a child at Gateshead，Bessie the nursemaid

　　used to say that to dream of children was a sure sign of trouble to come．For a whole week now I had dreamed of a small child every night，and perhaps Bessie was right，as a message came from Gateshead.

　　It appeared that my cousin John Reed，who had spent and wasted all his money and some of his mother's，and been in debt or in prison Most of his life，had killed himself a week before And then Mrs Reed，whose health had been badly affected by worrying about her son，had suddenly fallen ill when she heard of his death Although she could hardly speak，she had recently managed to express a wish to see me And so my cousins Eliza and Georgiana had sent their coachman，Robert，to bring me back to Gateshead

　　I felt I could not refuse to see my aunt，perhaps for the last time，So I went to ask Mr Rochester's permisson to leave Thornfield for a while I found him talking to Miss Ingram，who looked at me in disgust when I interrupted their conversation.

　　'Well，Jane，what is it？'he asked，when we had left the room full of guests and gone into the library．

　　'Please，sir，I would like permission to visit my aunt，who is ill，for a week or two．

　　'Your aunt！You told me you had no relations！'

　　'I have none who，love me，sir．She's Mrs Reed，my uncle's wife.Her son has died recently．I really can't neglect her now that she is dying．

　　'What nonsense，Jane，rushing off to visit an old lady who has never loved you！But I see you've decided to go．Where does she live and how long will you stay？'

　　'She lives at Gateshead，sir，a hundred miles away．I'll stay as short a time as can．

　　'Promise me only to stay a week．

　　I can't promise，sir，I might have to stay longer．

　　'And you certainly can't travel a hundred miles alone！'

　　'They've sent the coachman for me，sir．I'll leave tomorrow.'

　　Mr Rochester thought for a while．

　　'Well，you'll need some money．I haven't paid you any salary yet．How much have you in the world，Jane？' he asked，smiling.

　　I showed him my tiny purse．He took it and laughed as he counted the few coins．Then he took out his wallet．

　　'Here is ￡50，'he said，offering me a note．

　　'But.you only owe me ￡15，sir！'I cried．

　　'On second thoughts，give me that back. If you had&50，perhaps you would stay away for three months．Here is ￡ 10．Is that enough？'

　　'Now you owe me&5，sir，'I pointed out．

　　'You'll have to come back for it then，'he said，laughing．

　　'There's something else，sir．You've told me you'rs going to marry soon. In that case，Adèle should go to boarding school．'

　　'To get her out of my lovely bride's way？A very sensible suggestion．But what about you？'

　　'I must find another job somewhere．I'll advertise．'

　　'Don't you dare！'he growled.'Promise me，Jane，not to look for another job．I'll take care of that.'

　　'I'll promise，sir，if you promise that Adèle and I will be out of your house before your bride enters it.'

　　'Very well！And now we must say goodbye．'

　　'Goodbye，Mr Rochester.'

　　I set out early the next morning and travelled all day．As I approached Gateshead Hall，I realized it was nine years since I had left it. In that time I had made some friends， gained much self-confidence，and finally lost my hatred of the Reeds．

　　I was delighted to see my old friend Bessie again．She had married Robert the coachman，and was very busy with her three young children．The house itself had not changed at all，hut my cousins certainly had. Eliza was now very tall and thin, with a rather sour face，dressed in very plain clothes，and with a cross hanging round her neck Georgiana，on the other hand，was still pretty hut very fat，and wore extremely fashionable clothes．They did not seem pleased to see me，in fact they more or less ignored me，but I hardly noticed their rudeness．I told the housekeeper that I would be staying for several days，and then went straight to my aunt's room．

　　I remembered it well from my childhood．I had often been called there to be punished．Bending over her bed I kissed her．

　　'How are you，dear aunt？'I asked．I had sworn never to call her aunt again，but I did not regret breaking that promise to myself．I held her hand．

　　'Are you Jane Eyre？'she asked．Her face，although deathly pale，was as stern as ever，and she removed her hand from mine．'That child was more trouble to me than anyone would believe！I was glad to send her to Lowood．And John！Poor John！He needs so much money！Where can I get more money from？What will happen？ She seemed very confused and excited，so I left her to sleep．

　　Her illness got worse in the next few days．I spent some time every day looking after her，and the rest of the time with my cousins，listening to their plans for the future．Eliza was planning to joln a religious community after her mother's death，but Georgiana was hoping to stay in London with relations，to see the new fashions and go to all the parties．It was quite clear they had no real feeling for their mother，and were almost looking forward to her death．

　　One dark，stormy night I visited the dying woman．She lay there asleep in her room，neglected by her daughters and servants．As I looked out of the window into the black emptiness，I wondered about the great mystery of death，and thought of Helen Burns，who was so sure her spirit would go to heaven．Would my aunt's spirit go there too？

　　'Who are you？'I heard the sick woman Murmuring．'I wanted to see Jane Eyre．I must tell her something．

　　'I am Jane Eyre，aunt，'I told her gently．

　　'I know I'm very ill，'she said weakly．'Before I die I must confess what I've done wrong．First，I broke my promise to my husband about you，and second She broke off.'After all，perhaps I don't need to tell her，'she said to herself and then，'No，it's no good，I know I'm dying．I must tell her，and quickly！Jane eyre，take the letter from the top drawer of my desk，and read it.'I did so.It said：

　　'Why did I never hear of this'？I asked，amazed．

　　'I hated you so much that I wrote，back to Him，telling him you had died of typhus fever at Lowood That was my revenge on you，for causing me so much trouble！'she cried angrily.

　　'Dear aunt，'I said，'don't think about that any more I was omly a child，it's not surprising I was a nuisance.'

　　'You were always so angry and violent，such a wicked child！'

　　'Not as wicked as you think．I would have loved you if you'd let me．Forget it all and kiss me now，aunt．'But it was too late for her to break the habit of dislike，and she turned away from me． Poor woman！She died soon afterwards，keeping her hatred of me alive in her heart，and no one at Gateshead cried for her．

14 盖茨赫德出了麻烦

　　小时候我还在盖茨赫德时，女仆贝茜就曾对我说梦到孩子一定是祸事的预兆。整整一个星期以来，我每晚都梦到一个小孩儿。也许贝茜是对的，盖茨赫德让人捎信来了。

　　似乎是我的表哥约翰·里德挥霍了他自己的全部钱财以及他母亲的一部分钱，大部分时间都是负债累累或蹲监狱。一星期前他自杀了。里德太太因为替儿子担心，身体受到严重影响，听到他的死讯，突然一病不起。尽管她几乎难以讲话，最近还是设法表示希望见见我。于是我的表姐妹伊丽莎和乔治娜派了车夫罗伯特接我回盖茨赫德。

　　我感到自己无法拒绝去看望舅妈，也许这是最后一面了。于是我到罗切斯特先生那儿，请他准许我离开特恩费得一段时间。我见到他正跟英格姆小姐讲话，我打断他们的谈话时，她正厌恶地看着我。

　　“噢，简，什么事？”我们离开满是客人的房间而来到书房时，他问道。

　　“先生，请您允许我去看望我的舅妈，她已经病了一两个星期了。”

　　“你的舅妈！你告诉我你没有亲戚的！”

　　“先生，我没有喜欢我的亲戚。她是里德太太，我舅舅的妻子。她儿子最近死了。她快不行了，我真的不能不理她。”

　　“简，真是胡说，跑去看一个从未喜欢过你的老太太！不过我看你已决心要走了。她住在哪儿？你去多久？”

　　“先生，她住在100英里以外的盖茨赫德。我尽量待的时间短些。”

　　“答应我只待一星期。”

　　“先生，我不能答应，可能必须逗留得长些。”

　　“你不能只身旅行100英里啊！”

　　“先生．他们派来了车夫。我明天动身。”

　　罗切斯特先生想了想。

　　“好吧，你需要些钱，我还没有付给你工资。简，你全部家当有多少？”他笑着问。

　　我把小钱包拿给他看。他接过去，一边数里面的几个硬币一边笑，然后他掏出自己的钱夹。

　　“这是50英镑。”他说着递给我一张钞票。

　　“可你只欠我15英镑啊，先生！”我叫道。 “我再想想，把钱还给我吧。如果你有50镑，可能会在外面待上三个月。这是10镑，够吗？”

　　“现在你欠我5镑，先生。”我指出。

　　“那么你就得回来讨债了。”他笑着说。

　　“先生，还有别的事。你曾告诉我你快要结婚了。如果是这样，阿黛拉应该去上寄宿学校。”

　　“让她别在可爱的新娘面前碍手碍脚？很有道理。但是你呢？”

　　“我必须在别处找事做，我会登广告。”

　　“你敢！”他吼道，“简，答应我，不要找别的工作，由我来处理。”

　　“先生，我答应，条件是新娘进门前，阿黛拉和我必须离开你家。”

　　“很好！那现在我们得说再见了。”

　　“再见，罗切斯特先生。”

　　第二天我一早就出发了，奔波了一整天。盖茨赫德府渐渐近了，我意识到从我离开这里，九年已经过去了。这期间，我交了些朋友，增长了不少自信，最后也不再恨里德一家了。

　　我很高兴又见到老朋友贝茜。她嫁给了车夫罗伯特，要照顾她的三个小孩，所以很忙。房子本身一点儿没变，但我的表兄妹显然是变了。伊丽莎现在又高又瘦，面带苦相，穿着非常简朴，脖子上挂着个十字架。而乔治娜依然漂亮，但很胖，穿着非常时髦的衣服。她们见到我似乎并不高兴，实际上多少有点儿不理睬我，而我几乎没注意到她们的失礼。我告诉管家我只住几天，然后径直来到舅妈的屋里。

　　儿时的生活让我清楚地记得这屋子。我常常被叫进来受罚。我俯下身去吻了她。

　　“亲爱的舅妈，你好吗？”我问。我曾发誓不再叫她舅妈，但是打破了誓言我并不后悔。我拉住她的手。

　　“你是简·爱吗？”她问。她脸色尽管已是死灰色，却仍像过去一样严厉。她把手抽了回去。“那孩子给我带来的麻烦，比谁想的都要多！我很高兴把她送到洛伍德去了。约翰！可怜的约翰！他需要那么多钱！我到哪儿去多弄钱呢？会出什么事？”她好像又糊涂又激动，于是我起身让她睡了。

　　以后几天里，她病情恶化了。我每天都花些时间照顾她，剩下的时间就和表姐妹在一起，听她们讲述未来的计划。伊丽莎打算在母亲去世后参加一个宗教团体，而乔治娜则希望到伦敦和亲戚住在一起，去观赏时装，参加各种晚会。显然她们和母亲没有什么感情，几乎是在盼着她死。

　　一个风雨交加的夜晚，我又去看望垂死的女人。她正睡在屋里，女儿和仆人们都不理会她。我望着窗外无尽的黑夜，思量着死亡的神秘。我想到了海伦·伯恩斯，她是那么肯定自己会进天堂。我舅妈的灵魂也会进天堂吗？

　　“你是谁？”我听到病人低语道，“我要见简·爱，我必须告诉她一件事。”

　　“舅妈，我就是简·爱。”我轻柔地对她说。

　　“我知道我病得很重。”她虚弱地说。“我死前必须坦白我做的错事。第一，我违背了为你向我丈夫许下的诺言。第二……”她止住了。“也许我没有必要告诉她。”她自言自语道。然后她又说：“不，这不好，我知道我要死了。我必须告诉她，而且要快！简·爱，从我书桌最上面的抽屉里拿一封信，念念。”我照办了。信上说：

　　“我怎么从来没听说过？”我吃惊地问。

　　“我很恨你，就写信告诉他你在洛伍德得猩红热死了。这就是我对你给我惹这么多麻烦的报复！”她恨恨地说。

　　“亲爱的舅妈，”我说，“别再想这些了。我那时还只是个孩子，难免让人烦。”

　　“你总是那么生气，那么凶，真是个坏孩子！”

　　“没有你想像的那么坏。如果你当时允许的话，我会爱你的。舅妈，忘了这一切吧，请吻我一下。”然而现在让她放弃厌恶的习惯已为时太晚，她扭过头去不理我。可怜的女人！她不久就死了，心中仍留着对我的仇恨。盖茨赫德没有一个人为她落泪。

15 The future Mrs Rochester

　　And so I set out on the long journey back to Thornfield．Mrs Fairfax had written to me while I was at Gateshead，telling me that the guests had all gone，and Mr Rochester had gone to London to buy a carriage for his wedding．It was clear that he would be getting married very soon．

　　After a long day sitting in the coach，I decided to get out at Millcote，leave my luggage at the hotel， and walk across the fields to Thornfield．It was a warm June evening，and I felt glad to be going home．I had to remind myself sternly that Thornfield was not my permanent home，and that the person I was so looking forward to seeing was perhaps not even thinking of me．

　　And then I saw him！He was sitting on the gate ahead of me，writing in a notebook He noticed me at once． 'Hallo！'he cried．I was trembling at the unexpected sight of him，and could not control my voice，so I approached in silence．

　　'So it's Jane Eyre！'he continued．'Why didn't you send for a carriage？It's just like you to come on foot from Millcote Now，what have you been doing for a whole month？'

　　'I've been looking after my aunt，sir，who's just died．'

　　'You come from another world，Jane，from the world of the dead．I think you must be a spirit．And absent for a whole month！I'm sure you've quite forgotten me．'

　　Even though I knew I would soon lose him，he had such power to make me happy that I was in heaven listening to him．

　　'Did Mrs Fairfax tell you I've been to London？'he asked．

　　'Oh yes，sir，she did．'

　　'And I expect she told you why I went there？Well，you must see the carriage I've bought，Jane．It will suit Mrs Rochester perfectly．I only wish I were more handsome， as she's so beautiful．Can't you put one of your spells on me，to make me more attractive for her？'

　　'That's beyond the power of magic，sir，'I replied，while thinking，'To someone who loves you，you are handsome enough．'

　　Mr Rochester was sometimes able to read my thoughts， but this time he just smiled warmly at me，and opened the gate．

　　'Pass，friend，'he said，'and welcome home！'

　　I could have just walked past him in silence，but something made me turn and say quickly，before I could stop myself，'Thank you，Mr Rochester，for your great kindness．'I'm glad to come back to you，and wherever you are is my home—my only home．'I ran across the field and into the house before he had time to answer．

　　Two weeks passed after my return， with no news of the wedding．There were no preparations at Thornfield，and no visits to the Ingram family，who lived only a few miles away．I almost began to hope．

　　It was the middle of summer，and every day the sun shone on the green fields，the white，baked roads，and the cool，dark woods．One evening， after Adele had gone to sleep，I went into the garden．I discovered a quiet place where I thought nobody would find me，but then I noticed Mr Rochester had come into the garden too．Hoping to escape back to the house，I crept quietly behind him while he was bending over to admire an insect，but—

　　'Jane，'he said suddenly，'come and look at this beautiful insect．Oh，now he's flown away．No，don't go back to the house，Jane，on such a lovely night．Come and walk with me．'I could not find a reason for leaving him， so I accompanied him in silence．

　　'Jane，'he began，'you like Thornfield，don't you？And you even like little Adele，and old Mrs Fairfax，don't you？'

　　'I do，sir，I really don't want to leave them．'

　　'What a pity！'he sighed．'That's what happens in life．No sooner have you got used to a place than you have to move on．'

　　'Do I have to move on，sir？Leave Thornfield？'

　　'I'm afraid you must， Jane．'

　　'Then you are going to be married，sir？'

　　'Exactly，Jane．And as you have pointed out，when I take the lovely Miss Ingram as my bride，you and Adele must leave the house，so I'm looking for a new job for you．'

　　'I'm sorry to cause you trouble，'I said miserably．

　　'No trouble at all！In fact I've already heard of a very good job which would be just right for you，teaching the five daughters of an Irish family．You'll like Ireland，I think．They're such friendly people，'he said cheerfully．

　　'It's such a long way away， sir！'I was fighting to keep my tears back．There was an icy coldness in my heart．

　　'Away from what，Jane？'

　　'From England and from Thornfield and—'

　　'Well？'

　　'From you，sir！'I could not stop myself，and burst into tears immediately．

　　'It certainly is very far away，'he said calmly．'Let's sit on this bench，Jane，like old friends saying goodbye．You know，I sometimes feel as if you and I were connected by a string tying our two hearts together，and if you went to Ireland，I think that string might break and I might bleed to death．' 'I wish…I wish I'd never been born！'I cried．'I wish I'd never come to Thornfield！'No longer able to control my feelings，I poured out what was in my heart．'I can't bear to leave！Because here I've been treated kindly．And because I've met you，Mr Rochester，and I can't bear never to see you again．Now I have to leave，I feel as if I'm dying！'

　　'Why do you have to leave？'he asked innocently．

　　'Why？'I repeated，amazed．'Because you're marrying Miss Ingram—she's your bride！'

　　'My bride！I have no bride！'he answered．'But I will have one，and you must stay！'

　　'I can't stay！'I cried furiously．'Do you think I can watch another woman become your bride？Do you think I'm a machine，without feelings？Do you think，because I'm small and poor and plain，that I have no soul and no heart？Well，you're wrong！I have as much soul and heart as you．It is my spirit that speaks to your spirit！We are equal in the sight of God！'

　　'We are！'repeated Mr Rochester， taking me in his arms and kissing me．'Don't struggle，Jane，like a wild restless bird！'

　　'Let me go，Mr Rochester．I am no bird，but a free human being．'And I managed to break away．

　　'Yes，Jane，you are free to decide．I ask you to walk through life with me，to be my constant companion．'

　　'You're laughing at me．You've already chosen your companion for life．'I was crying quietly，while Mr Rochester looked gently and seriously at me．

　　'Jane，'he said，'I ask you to be my wife．You are my equal，Jane．Will you marry me？Don't you believe me？'

　　'Not at all，'I answered．

　　'I'll convince you！Listen，I don't love Miss Ingram and she doesn't love me．She only liked me for my wealth，and when I，disguised as the gipsy woman，told her that I had only a little money，she and her mother lost interest in me．You strange magical spirit，I love you！You，small and poor and plain，I ask you to marry me！'

　　'You want to marry me？'I cried，almost beginning to believe him．'But I have no friends，no money，no family！'

　　'I don't care，Jane！Say yes，quickly！It's cruel to make me suffer like this！Give me my name，say，“Edward，I'll marry you！”'he cried，his face very pale in the moonlight．

　　'Are you serious？Do you really love me？ Do you honestly want me to be your wife？'I asked．

　　'I swear it．'

　　'Then，Edward，I will marry you．'

　　'My little wife！'He held me in his arms for a long time，kissing me gently．Once he murmured，'No family！That's good．No family to interfere！'and then，'I don't care what people think！'and again and again，'Are you happy，Jane？'I thought of nothing except the great happiness of being with him for ever．

　　But while we were talking the weather had changed．A strong wind was now blowing and there was a loud crack of thunder．Suddenly rain poured down，and although we hurried back to the house，we were quite wet when we arrived in the hall．We did not notice Mrs Fairfax standing in the shadows．

　　'Good night，my darling，'he said，kissing me repeatedly．As I ran upstairs，I caught sight of the old lady's shocked face．

　　'Tomorrow I'll explain to her，'I thought．Just then I was too happy to think about anything except our bright future．

　　Outside，the storm continued furiously all night，and in the morning we discovered that the great tree at the bottom of the garden，which had stood for hundreds of years，had been hit by lightning and torn in half．

15未来的罗切斯特太太

　　于是我踏上了返回特恩费得的漫长旅途。我在盖茨赫德时，费尔法斯太太曾写信给我，告诉我客人们都走了，罗切斯特先生也去了伦敦，为他的婚礼购置马车。他显然是很快就要结婚了。

　　我在马车里坐了整整一天，于是决定在米尔考特下车，将行李留在旅馆里，步行走过田野，回到特恩费得。6月的夜晚温暖宜人，想到要回家了，我感到非常高兴。我不得不时时严肃地警告自己特恩费得不是我永久的家，我热切希望见到的那个人可能根本想都不想我。

　　后来我看到了他！他就坐在我前头的大门口，正往笔记本里写着什么。他一下子就看见了我。

　　“你好啊！”他喊道。意外地见到他让我浑身发抖，无法控制自己的声音，于是我静静地走了过去。

　　“那么是简·爱了！”他接着说，“你为什么没叫马车去？走着从米尔考特回来，这正像你。好了，你整整一个月都干什么了？”

　　“先生，我一直照顾舅妈，她刚去世。”

　　“简，你来自另一个世界，一个死人的世界，我想你肯定是个幽灵。离开整整一个月！我肯定你已经把我忘了。”

　　尽管我知道我很快就会失去他，但他使我感到幸福的力量是那么强大，听到他的声音我就像进了天堂。

　　“费尔法斯太太告诉过你我去伦敦了吗？”他问。

　　“噢，是的，先生，她告诉我了。”

　　“我想她也跟你说了我为什么去？好了，你必须看看我买的新马车，它完全配得上罗切斯特太太。我只希望自己长得好看些，因为她是那么美。你不能给我念个咒语，让我对她更有吸引力吗？”

　　“先生，这是魔力无能为力的。”我一边回答一边想：“对于爱你的人来说，你已经够英俊的了。”

　　罗切斯特先生有时可以看透我的心思，但这次他只是对我热切地微笑，并打开了大门。

　　“请进，朋友，”他说，“欢迎回家！”

　　我本可以静静地从他面前走过，可不知什么让我转过身来，没等我止住自己，话已说出了口：“罗切斯特先生，谢谢你的盛情。我很高兴回到你这里，你在哪儿，哪儿就是我的家，我唯一的家。”我不等他答话就跑过院子进了房间。

　　我回来后已经两星期了，却没有婚礼的消息。特恩费得没做任何准备，没人去看望仅几英里之遥的英格姆一家。我几乎在盼着婚礼了。

　　时值仲夏，每天骄阳都照耀着绿色的田野，白的、烤硬的路面和凉爽的深绿色树林。一天晚上阿黛拉入睡后，我走进花园。我找了个自认为谁也找不到我的僻静处，可是这时我看到罗切斯特先生也来到花园。我希望能溜回屋去，于是从他背后蹑手蹑脚地走着。他正弯下身去观赏一只小虫子。可是——

　　他突然说：“简，过来看看这只美丽的小虫子。噢，它现在飞了。别走，简，这么美好的夜晚，别回屋里去，过来跟我走走。”我找不到离开他的藉口，便默默地陪着他。

　　“简，”他开始说道，“你喜欢特恩费得，是不是？你甚至喜欢小阿黛拉和费尔法斯老太太，对吗？”

　　“是的，先生。我真不愿离开她们。”

　　“真可惜！”他叹息道。“生活就是这样。你刚刚适应一个地方，就得搬走了。”

　　“先生，我必须搬走吗？离开特恩费得吗？”

　　“简，恐怕你必须这样。”

　　“那么你要结婚了，先生？”

　　“简，正是这样。正像你所说的，当我娶可爱的英格姆小姐为妻时，你和阿黛拉必须离开我家，所以我正在给你找新工作。”

　　“对不起，麻烦你了。”我痛苦地说。

　　“一点儿不麻烦。实际上我已经听说有份很不错的工作，正适合你，到一户爱尔兰人家教五个女孩。我想你会喜欢爱尔兰的，那儿的人非常友好的。”他快活地说道。

　　“先生，这太远了！”我努力抑制住自己的泪水，心里感到冰一样冷。

　　“简，离什么太远了？”

　　“离英格兰，离特恩费得，还有离——”

　　“嗯？”

　　“离你，先生。”我无法克制自己，眼泪一下子涌了出来。

　　“的确非常遥远。”他平静地说，“简，我们一块坐坐，就像老朋友道别一样。你知道，我有时感到我们两个是连在一起的，一根线系着我们的两颗心。如果你去爱尔兰，那根线可能会绷断，我会流血死去的。”

　　“我希望……我希望我根本没来到人世！”我叫道，“我希望我永远没来过特恩费得！”我再也无法控制自己的感情，一下子倾诉出我的心声。“离开这里我无法忍受！因为在这里我得到善待，因为我遇到了你，罗切斯特先生，我不能忍受再也见不到你。现在我必须离开，我觉得我要死了！”

　　“你为什么要走呢？”他茫然地问。

　　“为什么？”我吃惊地重复着。“因为你要娶英格姆小姐——她是你的新娘！”

　　“我的新娘！我没有新娘！”他答道。“不过我会有的，而你必须留下！”

　　“我不能留下，”我恼怒地说，“你认为我能看着别的女人成为你的新娘吗？你认为我是机器没有感情吗？你以为我弱小、贫穷、平凡就没有灵魂、没有心吗？那么，你错了！我和你一样有血有肉。我的灵魂在对你的灵魂讲话！我们在上帝眼里是平等的！”

　　“我们是！”罗切斯特重复着，把我揽在怀里，吻着我。“简，别像只不安的小野鸟一样挣扎！”

　　“罗切斯特先生，让我走。我不是鸟，而是个自由人。”我努力挣脱了出来。

　　“是的，简，你可以自由决定。我请求你在生活中与我同行，做我永远的伴侣。”

　　“你在取笑我，你已经选择了自己的生命伴侣。”我无声地哭着，罗切斯特先生温柔而严肃地看着我。

　　“简，”他说，“我请求你做我的妻子。简，我们是一样的。你嫁给我吗？你不相信我吗？”

　　“一点儿也不相信。”我回答。

　　“我会说服你的。听着，我不爱英格姆小姐，她也不爱我。她为我的财才爱我，而当我装扮成吉普赛女人告诉她我只有一点钱时，她和她母亲都对我失去了兴趣。你这奇怪的带着魔力的小精灵，我爱你！你，弱小、贫穷、平凡，我请求你嫁给我！”

　　“你想娶我？”我叫道，几乎有点儿相信他了。“可是我没有朋友，没有钱，没有亲人！”

　　“简，我不在乎。快答应！让我这么痛苦，真是太残酷了！讲我的名字，说：'爱德华，我嫁给你！'”他喊着，脸色在月光下那么苍白。

　　“你是认真的？你真的爱我？你真的希望我成为你的妻子？”我问。

　　“我发誓！”

　　“那么，爱德华，我嫁给你。”

　　“我的小妻子！”他久久地搂着我，温柔地吻着我。他一时低语着：“没有亲人，这很好。没有家庭的干涉。”一时又说：“我才不管别人怎么想呢！”他重复了一遍又一遍：“简，你幸福吗？”我心里没有别的，只想着能和他永远在一起是多么幸福。

　　我们说话时，天突然变了。大风骤起，并响了一声炸雷。忽然大雨倾盆而下，尽管我们赶紧跑进屋去，到大厅时还是湿透了。我们没注意到费尔法斯太太站在暗处。

　　“亲爱的，晚安！”他说，不停地吻着我。我跑上楼时，看到了老太太脸上吃惊的表情。

　　“明天我再向她解释。”我心想。这时我大高兴了，除了我们的美好未来，再无暇顾及别的。

　　外面雷雨一夜未停。早晨，我们发现花园深处一棵已挺立几百年的大树被雷击中，劈成了两半。

16 Preparing for the wedding

　　I was a little nervous before seeing Mr Rochester next morning．Was I really going to marry him， or was it all a dream？But I soon felt calmer when he came to meet me and kissed me．

　　'Jane，you look well and smiling and pretty，'he said．'You will be Jane Rochester in four weeks' time，not a day more．I'll send for my family jewels，which are kept in a London bank．They are for my bride，whether she's a great lady or a governess．'

　　'Oh no，sir！' I cried．'I'm too plain for jewels！I'm not used to wearing them．'

　　'I insist，Jane．Today I'm taking you in the carriage to Millcote to buy you some elegant clothes．In a month's time we'll have a quiet wedding in the local church，and after a few days in London we'll travel through all the countries of Europe．'

　　'Well，sir，you seem very eager to please me，but I wonder if you will agree to a request of mine．'

　　'Ask me anything，Jane，anything！'

　　'Indeed I will．This is my request．I ask you not to give me jewels and fine clothes．'

　　'If that's really your wish，I agree But can't you think of anything I can give you？'

　　'Well，I'd like you to give me the answer to a question．'

　　He looked worried，and turned away from me．

　　'Curiosity is dangerous，'he said．'I may not be able to agree to this particular request．Well，what is it？'

　　'How stern you look！I suppose that's how you will look when we are married！This is what I want to know．Why did you take such trouble to make me believe you wished to marry Miss Ingram？'

　　He stopped frowning at once and smiled down at me．

　　'Is that all？What a relief！All right，I shall have to confess，although you may be angry with me，Jane—as angry as you were last night，when you told me we were equal．Well，I pretended to love Miss Ingram to make you madly jealous．I wanted you to be as much in love wlth me as I was with you．'

　　'And I suppose you didn't care at all about poor Miss Ingram's feelings？'

　　'She only has one feeling—pride．Were you jealous，Jane？'

　　'Never mind，Mr Rochester．One more request—please explain everything to Mrs Fairfax．She looked so shocked last night！'

　　When I visited the old housekeeper later that day，I found she was amazed by the news that I was going to marry the master．

　　'I would never have thought it！'she kept repeating．'Mr Rochester，so proud and such a gentleman！To marry his governess！'She examined me closely，as if to discover the reason for this strange event，and shook her head，still puzzled．'He's twenty years older than you！He could be your father！'

　　'No，indeed，Mrs Fairfax，'I replied crossly．'He looks much younger than that！'

　　'Is he really going to marry you for love？'she asked．

　　I was so hurt by her amazement that tears came to my eyes．

　　'Why？'I asked．'Do you think he couldn't possibly love me？'

　　'No，no，Miss Eyre，but you must realize that this is a very unusual situation．You must be careful of your reputation． I advise you to keep him at a distance until you are married．'

　　Although I was upset by the old lady's words，I followed her advice，and in the weeks before the wedding I went on teaching Adele as usual．Only in the evenings did I spend some time with Mr Rochester，and I was careful not to allow him to hold me in his arms or kiss me．Sometimes he was angry with me and called me a'hard little thing'or'a cruel spirit'，but I preferred that to being called 'my darling'．I saw that Mrs Fairfax approved of my correct behaviour，and I knew that he respected me for it．But it was not easy for me．I would rather have shown him my love．My future husband was becoming my whole world，and more than that，my hope of heaven．

　　At last the night before the wedding arrived．My clothes were packed and I was ready．But I was anxious to see Mr Rochester，who had been away on business，so I ran out of the quiet house to meet him on the road. A wild，stormy wind was blowing，and in the garden I passed the wreck of the great tree Then suddenly I saw him riding towards me．

　　'You see！'he shouted．'You can't do without me！Jump up onto my horse！'Together we rode back to Thornfield．While he ate dinner，I sat quietly beside him．He looked closely at me．

　　'You look sad，Jane，'he said．'Is anything wrong？Are you nervous about your new life？'

　　'No，'I replied firmly．'I'm not worried about that，because I love you．But last night I had a strange dream，a terrible dream！It was dark and windy outside，and before I went to sleep I could hear a dog growling in the distance．In my dream I was carrying a small child in my arms down a long road．I was trying to catch up with you，but I couldn't． '

　　'And you still worry about a foolish dream，when I'm close to you？But say you love me again，Jane．'

　　'I do love you，Edward．But I haven't finished my story．'

　　'Is there more？Well，go on．'

　　'I dreamed that Thornfield was totally destroyed，just a heap of stones．I was still carrying the child，but now I could see you riding away into the distance．I knew you would never come back！Then I woke up．'

　　'That's all then，Jane．Nothing to worry about．'

　　'No，wait．There was candle-light in my room，and a strange shape examining the wedding dress hanging in my cupboard．My blood ran cold．It wasn't Mrs Fairfax or any of the servants，it wasnt't even Grace Poole．It was a horrible sight！'

　　'Describe the shape，Jane．'

　　'It looked like a tall woman，with long thick dark hair hanging down hhe took up the beautiful veil you bought me，put it on her own head，then turned to admire herself in the mirror．It was then that I saw her wild，inhuman face！She removed the veil，tore it in two and threw it on the floor．'

　　'And then？'Mr Rochester seemed almost nervous．

　　'She came to my bedside，put her candle close to my face and stared fiercely at me．I must have fainted，and I suppose she left．Now can you tell me who or what that woman was？'

　　'Jane，you are too sensitive．That was just a dream． Don't think about it any more！'he answered comfortingly．

　　'That's just what I said to myself when I woke up this morning，but when I looked on the floor，there was me veil，torn in two halves！'I felt Mr Rochester suddenly tremble．

　　'To think what might have happened！'he cried，throwing his arms around me．'Thank God it was only the veil！'After a few moments he said calmly，'Now，Jane，be sensible．That woman must have been Grace Poole．There is no other explanation．'

　　'Perhaps you're right，'I admitted slowly．

　　'One day I'll explain to you why I keep her in my house．But tonight，go and sleep in Adele's room You'll be quite safe there．Just dream about our future！'

16准备婚礼

　　第二天早上，我有些害怕见到罗切斯特先生。我是真的要和他结婚了，还是做了一场梦？但是，他来看我，吻了我，我很快平静下来。

　　“简，你气色不错，有了笑容，还那么漂亮。”他说。“四星期后你将成为简·罗切斯特，一天也不会多。我会派人取来存在伦敦银行里的祖传珠宝。它们是留给我的新娘的，不管她是位了不起的贵妇还是家庭教师。”

　　“噢，不，先生。”我说，“我太平凡了，配不上珠宝，我也不习惯戴首饰。”

　　“简，我一定要你戴。今天我带你坐马车到米尔考特去买些漂亮衣服。一个月后，我们就在本地的教堂里举办安安静静的婚礼，在伦敦待几天后，我们要走遍欧洲所有的国家。”

　　“好了，先生，你好像急着要让我高兴，但不知你可否答应我一个小小的请求。”

　　“说吧，简，要什么都行！”

　　“我是要说。这就是我的要求：我请你不要给我珠宝和漂亮的衣服。”

　　“如果你真这么想，我就答应你。但是你就不能想想我能送给你点儿什么？”

　　“我希望你给我一个问题的答案。”

　　他看上去有些担心，转身背对着我。

　　“好奇是危险的。”他说，“我或许无法答应这个特别的请求。好吧，什么问题？”

　　“你怎么这么严厉！我想我们结婚后你就会是这个样子！这就是我想知道的：你为什么费那么大功夫让我相信你想娶英格姆小姐？”

　　他立即眉头舒展，微笑着俯视着我。

　　“就这个？真让我松了口气。好吧，我必须坦白，不过也许会惹你生气，就像昨晚上你跟我说我们是平等的那时候一样生气。我假装爱英格姆小姐，是为了让你嫉妒得发狂。我希望你能像我爱你一样地爱我。”

　　“那么我想你一点儿也不顾及可怜的英格姆小姐的感情？”

　　“她只有一种感情——傲慢。简，你嫉妒过吗？”

　　“没什么，罗切斯特先生。还有一个请求——请向费尔法斯太太解释这一切。昨天晚上她吃惊不小。”

　　那天我去看老管家时，发现她对我要与主人结婚的消息惊诧不已。

　　“我永远想不到！”她一直反复说着，“罗切斯特先生，这么骄傲，这么一位绅士！要娶他的家庭教师！”她仔细打量着我，似乎想为这件怪事找出点儿什么缘由。她摇着头，还是搞不懂。“他比你年长二十岁，可以当你父亲了！”

　　“不，费尔法斯太太。”我不悦地答道，“他看上去当然比这年轻。”

　　“他真是因为爱你才跟你结婚吗？”她问。

　　我被她的大惊小怪刺痛了，眼泪不禁涌了上来。

　　“怎么了？”我问。“你觉得他不可能爱上我？”

　　“不，不，爱小姐，但你必须知道这种情况很不寻常，你得注意自己的名声。我建议你结婚之前和他保持距离。”

　　尽管老太太的话让我不高兴，我还是听从了劝告，在婚礼前的几星期里继续照常给阿黛拉上课。只有晚上我才和罗切斯特先生待上一会儿，并小心翼翼地不让他搂抱或亲吻我。有时他生我的气，叫我“顽固的小东西”或者“残酷的精灵”，但我更愿听这个，而不愿听他叫我“我亲爱的”。我看出费尔法斯太太赞许我的正确举动，也知道他也因此而尊重我。但是，这对于我并非易事，我宁愿向他表露我的爱。我未来的丈夫已成了我世界的全部，还不止于此，他是我希望的天堂。

　　婚礼的前夜终于来临，我的衣服都已收拾停当，我也做好了准备。但我很想见到罗切斯特先生，他因事外出了。于是我跑出静悄悄的屋子，到路上去迎候他。狂风呼啸着，我走过花园里倒地的大树，突然看到他策马向我奔来。

　　“你瞧！”他喊道，“你不能没有我！快上马！”我们一起骑马回到特恩费得。他吃晚饭时，我就静静地坐在他身边。他端详着我。

　　“简，你好像有点悲伤。”他说，“有什么事吗？你对新生活担心吗？”

　　“不。”我坚定地答道，“我不担心，因为我爱你。可是昨晚我做了一个奇怪的梦，一个可怕的梦！外面很黑，刮着风，临睡前我还听到远处的狗叫。梦中我抱着一个小孩走在一条漫漫长路上。我努力追赶着你，却追不上。”

　　“我离你这么近，你还为这个愚蠢的梦担心吗？简，再说一遍你爱我。”

　　“爱德华，我真的爱你。不过，我的话还没说完。”

　　“还有吗？好吧，接着讲。”

　　“我梦见特恩费得全被毁了，只剩下一堆石头。我仍抱着孩子，不过这时我见你骑马走向远方。我知道你永远不回来了！然后我就醒了。”

　　“简，就这些吧！没什么好担心的。”

　　“不，等等。我的房间里有烛光，一个奇怪的人影仔细察看着我挂在衣柜里的婚纱。我的血都凝住了。那既不是费尔法斯太太，也不是哪个仆人，甚至连格丽丝·普尔都不是。那是一个可怕的景象！”

　　“简，形容一下那个样子。”

　　“那看上去像个高个子女人，浓浓的长发披垂下来。她拿起你给我买的漂亮的面纱，盖在自己头上，然后转身照着镜子欣赏。正是这时我才看到她那张狂野的、不像人长的脸！她取下面纱，将它撕成两半，扔到了地上。”

　　“然后呢？”罗切斯特似乎有些紧张起来了。

　　“她来到我床边，用蜡烛照着我的脸，凶狠地盯着我。我一定晕过去了，她大概也离开了。现在你能告诉我这女人是谁或者是什么吗？”

　　“简，你太敏感了。那只是个梦，别再想它了！”他安慰着。

　　“这也是早晨醒来时我对自己说的，可我看地上的时候，那儿真有面纱，而且撕成了两半！”我感到罗切斯特突然抖了一下。

　　“想想可能出什么事吧！”他叫道，伸手抱住了我。“谢天谢地只是个面纱！”过了一会儿，他镇静地说：“好了，简，理智些。那女人一定是格丽丝·普尔。没有别的解释。”

　　“也许你是对的。”我迟疑地答应着。

　　“总有一天我会向你解释为什么把她留在我家的。不过今晚你到阿黛拉的房间里睡，你会很安全的。做个好梦，想想我们的未来！”

17 The wedding day

　　We had no friends or family to accompany us to the church．I had not told my Reed cousins about our wedding，but I had written to my uncle，John Eyre，in Madeira．Mr Rochester was in such a hurry that he only allowed me a short time to put on my wedding dress and veil．

　　'Jane，you look lovely，'he said．'But you can only have ten minutes for breakfast！'We almost ran up the road to the church，his strong hand holding mine．His dark face looked stern，and he did not speak．I did not notice the weather or my surroundings at all，I only wanted to know why he looked so fierce．Suddenly he noticed how pale I was，and stopped for a moment to let me get my breath back ．Then we walked more slowly into the church．

　　The priest and the clerk were waiting for us．There was nobody else except two strangers who were standing at the back of the church．The ceremony began，and soon I heard the priest come to the point in the wedding where he had to ask，'Is there any reason why these two people should not be married？'

　　The priest paused for a second，as was the custom，but before he could continue，a voice from the back of the church said clearly，

　　'There is a reason．'

　　The priest looked up from his book， and stood silent． Mr Rochester said in his deep voice，without turning his head，'Continue with the ceremony．'

　　Silence fell again．Then the priest shook his head．'I must investigate this first，'he said．One of the strangers from the back of the church came forward and said，calmly and quietly，

　　'This wedding cannot continue，because Mr Rochester is already married．'

　　I felt as if I had been hit．Mr Rochester's whole face was like colourless marble．Without speaking or smiling，he was holding me tightly round the waist，as if he wodld never let go．

　　'Who are you？'he growled at the stranger．'And tell me what you know of this supposed wife of mine．'

　　'I'm a lawyer，sir．I have a certificate here proving that you married Bertha Mason in the West Indies fifteen years ago．'

　　'That may prove I've been married，but it doesn't prove that she's still alive．'

　　'I can produce a witness，'said the lawyer，'who has seen her alive recently．'

　　'Produce him—or go to hell！'said Mr Rochester．

　　'Here he is．Mr Mason！'called the lawyer．And the second stranger slowly spproached from the shadows，his pale face looking frightened．Mr Rochester，staring furiously at him，raised his strong right arm to knock him down．

　　'No！'cried Mason，trembling．Mr Rochester dropped his arm，and turned away in disgust．

　　'Sir，'said the priest，frowning，'don't forget we are in the house of God．Mr Mason，please tell us if this gentleman's wife is still alive．'

　　'She's at Thornfield Hall，'replied Mason in a weak voice．'I'm her brother and I've seen her there．'

　　'Thornfield Hall！'crled the priest．'I've lived here for years，and I've never heard of a Mrs Rochester！'

　　'I was careful to keep her a secret，'murmured Mr Rochester，frowning After a few minutes'thought，he announced，'I must reveal the truth，I suppose．There will be no wedding today．No doubt God will punish me for this．What this lawyer says is true．I've been married，and my wife still lives！I was tricked into marrying her when I was young，in the West Indies Madness runs in her family，but they didn't tell me that．Now she's more of an anlmal than a woman．I keep her locked away，guarded by my old servant Grace Poole．I invite you all to come to my house to see her，and to judge whether I had the right to ask this innocent young girl to marry me．Follow me！'

　　Still holding me firmly，he left the church，followed by the others．At the door of Thornfield Hall，Mrs Faurfax，Adele and the servants rushed forward，smiling，to congratulate us．

　　'Too late！'cried the master，waving them away．'Your congratulations are fifteen years too late！'We all went up to the top floor，and entered the room where Mason had been attacked．Mr Rochester lifted the curtain，opened the secret door and showed us the little room．Grace Poole was making soup over a fire，and behind her a shape crawled on the floor．It was hard to say whether it was animal or human．It growled like a wild animal，but it wore clothes，and had long，thick，dark hair．

　　'How are you，Mrs Poole？'asked the master．'And how is your patient today？'

　　'Not bad，sir，'answered Grace，'but be careful．She'll try and bite you if she sees you，sir．'Just then the shape turned and with a fierce cry attacked Mr Rochester violently．I recognized her dark，ugly face．They struggled for a moment，and then he held her down and，with Mrs Poole's help，tied her to a chair．He turned to the others with a bitter smile．

　　'You see，gentlemen，this is my wife．This is the partner I have to live with for ever．And instead I wished to have this'（laying his hand on my shoulder）'…this young girl．Can you honestly blame me？Compare the two，and then judge me！'

　　We all left the room silently．As we went downstairs the lawyer said to me，'I know you weren't aware of this，Miss Eyre．Nobody will blame you，and Mr Mason will tell your uncle so，when he goes back to Madeira．'

　　'My uncle！Do you know him？'I asked，surprised． 'I'm his lawyer．Mr Mason and he have often done business together．On his way back to the West Indies，Mr Mason stopped in Madeira and stayed with Mr Eyre，who mentioned that his niece was going to marry a Mr Rochester．'

　　'Yes，I wrote to tell him I was getting married，'I said．

　　'Well，when Mr Mason explained that Mr Rochester was already married，your uncle sent him straight back to England to prevent you from marrying and making a terrible mistake． I'm afraid your uncle is very ill and will probably die soon，so I think you had better stay in England， until you receive further news of him．'

　　After the gentlemen had left，I entered my room and locked the door．Slowly I took off my wedding dress and veil．I was weak and exhausted，and only just beginning to realize what had happened．Could I ever again trust the being I had turned into a sort of god？I would not think of him as evil，but he could not have felt real love for me．How foolish I had been to believe him，and love him so much！My hopes were all dead，and my future was empty．I lay on my bed，faint and wishing for death．while darkness swam around me．

17婚礼

　　我们没有朋友或家人陪伴去教堂。我没有把婚礼的事告诉里德家的表姊妹，但给马迪拉的约翰·爱舅舅写了信。罗切斯特先生那么心急，只给了我很短的时间让我穿上结婚礼服、戴好面纱。

　　“简，你可爱极了。”他说，“不过你只有十分钟吃早饭！”我们几乎是跑着来到教堂，他有力的臂膀搂着我，深色的脸膛表情严肃，一语不发。我根本没有注意到天气和周围的环境，只是纳闷他为什么看上去这么严厉。突然他注意到我脸色发白，赶紧停了一下让我喘口气。然后，我们放慢脚步，走进教堂。

　　牧师和执事正等着我们。除了教堂后面站着的两个陌生人，再无他人。仪式开始了，很快牧师就进行到了婚礼中他必须问的一句：“有没有理由说明这俩人不应结婚？”

　　牧师照例停顿了一会儿，然而在他继续之前，教堂后面传来一个清晰的声音：

　　“是有一个理由。”

　　牧师从书本中抬起头来，静静地站着。罗切斯特先生没有回头，用他深沉的声音说：“仪式继续进行。”

　　又是一阵沉默。然后，牧师摇着头说：“我必须先调查一下。”其中一个陌生人从教堂后面走上前来，镇静地轻声说：

　　“婚礼不能继续，因为罗切斯特先生已经结婚了。”

　　我觉得自己像被猛击了一下。罗切斯特先生的脸整个变成了无色的大理石。他既没说话也没有笑，只是紧紧搂着我的腰，好像永远不想放手似的。

　　“你是谁？”他冲陌生人吼道。“告诉我，关于我所谓的妻子你知道些什么！”

　　“先生，我是律师。我有文件在此证明十五年前你在西印度群岛和伯莎，梅森结了婚。”

　　“这可能证明我结过婚，但不证明她还活着。”

　　“我有证人。”律师说，“他最近看到她还活着。”

　　“让他出来，不然就下地狱去！”罗切斯特说。

　　“他在这儿。梅森先生！”律师叫道。另一个陌生人从暗处走近，他的脸吓得发白。罗切斯特先生愤怒地瞪着他，举起强壮的右臂，要把他打翻在地。

　　“不！”梅森发抖地叫着。罗切斯特放下手，厌恶地扭过头去。

　　牧师皱着眉头说：“先生，不要忘记我们是在上帝的圣殿里。梅森先生，请告诉我们这位先生的妻子是不是还活着。”

　　“她就在特恩费得。”梅森用虚弱的声音说。“我是她哥哥，曾在那儿见过她。”

　　“特恩费得！”牧师大声说，“我在这里住了这么多年，从来没听说过什么罗切斯特太太！”

　　“我小心翼翼地保守着这个秘密。”罗切斯特先生紧皱眉头嘟哝着。他沉思了几分钟，宣布说：“我想我必须以实相告了。今天没有婚礼了，无疑上帝会因此而惩罚我。律师说的是对的，我曾结过婚，我的妻子还活着。我年轻时在西印度群岛，被骗娶了她。她家族有癫狂病，但他们并没告诉我。现在她更像野兽，而不是女人。我把她锁起来了，让我的老仆格丽丝·普尔看守着。我请你们各位都到我家去看看她，去判断一下我是否有资格要求这个无辜的女孩嫁给我。跟我来！”

　　他仍然紧紧搂着我，离开了教堂，其他人跟在后面。到了特恩费得门口，费尔法斯太太、阿黛拉和仆人们都跑过来，笑着向我们道喜。

　　“太晚了！”主人喊道，挥手让他们走开。“你们的祝贺迟到了十五年！”我们都走上顶层，来到梅森受袭击的那间屋子。罗切斯特先生掀起布帘，打开暗门，让我们看到了小房间。格丽丝·普尔正在炉子上烧汤，身后一个东西伏在地上，很难看出那究竟是人还是动物，像野生动物一样咆哮着，但穿着衣服，黑发又多又长。

　　“普尔太太，你好吗？”主人问。“今天你的病人怎么样？”

　　“还不错，先生。”格丽丝说。“不过，要小心。她如果看到你会咬你的，先生。”正在这时那东西转过身来，尖叫着向罗切斯特先生扑来。我认出了她那张丑恶的黑脸。他们挣扎了一会儿，他在普尔太太的帮助下，把她按倒在椅子上，绑了起来。他苦笑着转向其余的人。

　　“先生们，你们看，这就是我妻子。这就是我不得不永远与之为伴的人。相反，我想要得到这位”（他把手放到我肩上）“……这位姑娘。你们能真心责怪我吗？比较一下，然后再对我裁决！”

　　我们都沉默着离开了小屋。下楼时律师对我说：“爱小姐，我知道你不了解这一切。谁也不会怪你，梅森先生回到马迪拉时也会这么对你舅舅说。”

　　“我舅舅！你认识他？”我惊奇地问。

　　“我是他的律师。梅森先生和他常在一起做生意。在回西印度群岛的路上，梅森在马迪拉停留，住在爱先生那儿，并听他说他的外甥女要和一位罗切斯特先生结婚。”

　　“是的，我曾写信告诉他我要结婚了。”我说。

　　“那么，梅森先生向他解释说罗切斯特先生已经结婚了，你舅舅让他立刻回英格兰，阻止你结婚，以免铸成大错。我担心你舅舅病得很重，可能不久就会死去，所以我觉得你该留在英格兰，等待他的进一步消息。”

　　先生们走后，我回到自己的房间，锁上了门。我慢慢脱掉礼服，摘下面纱。我虚弱而疲劳，才刚刚开始意识到已经发生的一切。我还能再相信几乎被我当成了上帝的那个人吗？我不会认为他是邪恶的，但他不可能真正地爱过我。我相信他，那么爱他，是多么愚蠢啊！我的一切希望都破灭了，我的未来成了泡影。我躺在床上，昏沉沉的，只想死去。黑暗慢慢将我笼罩了起来。

18 Mr Rochester's explanation

　　Sometime in the afternoon I recovered a little，but I felt faint as I stood up，and realized I had not eaten anything all day．So I opened my bedroom door and almost fell over Mr Rochester，who was sitting in a chair just outside．

　　'I've been waiting for you all this time，Jane，'he said．'And I haven't heard you scream or shout or cry．Aren't you angry with me？I never meant to hurt you．Will you ever forgive me？'

　　He sounded so sincere that I forgave him at once in my heart．

　　'Scold me，Jane！Tell me how wicked I am！'he said．

　　'Sir，I can't．I feel tired and weak．I want some water．'

　　He took me in his arms and carried me downstairs to the library，where he put me in front of the fire，and gave me a glass of wine．I began to feel better．He bent to kiss me，but I turned my face determinedly away．

　　'What！'he cried．'You refuse to kiss me！Because I'm Bertha Mason's husband？Is that it？'

　　'Yes，sir．'

　　'I know you very well，Jane．I know how firm you are when you've decided something．You're planning to destroy my hope of happiness．You intend to be a stranger to me from now on．And if I'm friendly towards you in future，you'll remind yourself，“That man nearly made me his mistress—I must be ice-cold to him，”and ice-cold is what you'll be．'

　　'It's true，sir，'I said，trying to stop my voice from trembling，'that everything around me has changed，so I must change too．Adele must have a new governess．'

　　'Oh，Adele will go to boarding school．I've already decided that．And you and I will both leave this house，this narrow stone hell，this house of living death．We can never be happy here，under the same roof as that woman．Oh，I hate her！'

　　'You shouldn't hate her，sir，'I said．'It's not her fault she's mad，poor thing．'

　　'Jane，my darling，it's not because she's mad that I hate her．If you were mad，I wouldn't hate you．I'd look after you lovingly But why talk of madness？We are all ready to travel，everything is packed．Tomorrow we'll leave．I have a place to go to，where nobody will find us or talk about us—'

　　'And take Adele with you，sir，she'll be a companion for you，'I interrupted．I knew I had to tell him soon．

　　'Adele？What do you mean，Jane？She's going to school．I don't want her，I want you with me．Do you understand？'

　　I did，but I slowly shook my head．He was becoming angry，and was staring fiercely at me．He looked as if he was about to lose control．I was not at all afraid，because I knew I still had the power to calm him．So I took his hand and stroked it，saying，

　　'Sit down，sir，I'll talk or listen to you as long as you like．'I had been struggling with tears for some time and now I let them flow freely．It was a great relief．

　　'Don't cry，Jane，please be calm，'he begged．

　　'How can I be calm when you're so angry？'

　　'I'm not angry，but I love you so much，and your pale little face looked so stern and decided．'He tried to put his arm round me，but I would not let him．

　　'Jane！'he said sadly，'you don't love me，then？'

　　'I do love you，'I answered，'more than ever， but this is the last time I can say it．There is only one thing for me to do，but you'll be furious if I mention it ．'

　　'Oh， mention it！If I'm angry， you can always burst into tears，'he said， with a half-smile．

　　'Mr Rochester，I must leave you．I must start a new life among strangers．'

　　'Of course．I told you we would leave．I'll ignore that nonsense about you leaving me．You'll be Mrs Rochester and I'll be your husband until I die．We'll live happily and innocently together in a little white house I have in the south of France．Jane，don't shake your head，or I'll get angry．'

　　'Sir，your wife is alive，'I dared to say，although he was looking aggressively at me，'and if I lived with you like that，I'd be your mistress．'

　　'I'm a fool！'he said suddenly．'I haven't told you the whole story！Oh，I'm sure you'll agree when you know everything！Listen，Jane，you know that my father loved money very much？'

　　'I heard someone say that，yes，sir．'

　　'Well，he hated the idea of dividing the family property，so he left it all to my elder brother．But that meant I would be poor unless I married a rich wife，so he decided I should marry Bertna Mason，the daughter of his wealtny friend Jonas Mason．I was young and easily impressed，so when I saw her in the West Indies，beautiful and elegantly dressed，I thought I loved her．What a fool I was then！After the wedding I learned that my bride's mother and younger brother were both mad．Dick Mason will probably be in the same state one day．My father knew all this，but did not tell me．I soon found that Bertha and I had nothing in common．Not only was she coarse and stupid，her madness also made her violent．I lived with her for four years．By now my father and brother were dead，so I was rich，but I considered myself poor，because I was tied to a mad wife until death．'

　　'I pity you，sir，I do pity you．'

　　'Pity，Jane，is an insult from some people，but from you I accept it as the mother of love．Well，I had moments of despair when I intended to shoot myself，but in the end I decided to bring the mad woman back to Thornfield Hall，where nobody knew that we were married． She has lived here ever since． Even Mrs Fairfax and the servants don't know the whole truth about her． But although I pay Grace Poole well，and trust her absolutely，she sometimes drinks too much and allows the creature to escape．Twice she has got out of her room at night，as you know．The first time she nearly burnt me in my bed，and the second time she visited you， and must have been reminded of her own wedding day by seeing your wedding dress．'

　　'And what did you do，sir，when you had brought her here？'

　　'I travelled all over Europe，Jane．I was looking for a good and intelligent woman to love—'

　　'But you couldn't marry，sir，' I interrupted．

　　'I believed I could．I thought I might find some reasonable woman who would understand my case and accept me．'

　　'Well， sir， did you？'

　　'Not in Europe，Jane，where I spent ten long years looking for an ideal．I tried taking mistresses，like Celine，the French dancer．But finally，bitter and disappointed with my wasted life，I returned to Thornfield on a frosty winter afternoon．And when my horse slipped and fell on the ice，a little figure appeared and insisted on helping me．In the weeks that followed，I began to depend on that bird－like little figure for my happiness and new interest in life．'

　　'Don't talk any more of the past，sir，' I said，wiping a secret tear from my eyes．

　　'No，Jane，you're right，the future is much brighter．You understand now，don't you？I've wasted half my life in misery and loneliness，but now I've found you．You are at the centre of my heart．It was stupid of me to try to marry you like that without explaining．I should have confessed everything，as I do now，and appealed to your great generosity of spirit．I promise to love you and stay with you for ever．Jane，promise me the same．'

　　A pause．'Why are you silent，Jane？'

　　This was a terrible moment for me．In the struggle and confusion that was going on in my heart I knew that he loved me and I loved him，but I also knew that I must leave him！

　　'Jane，just promise me，“I will be yours．”'

　　'Mr Rochester，I will not be yours．'Another pause．

　　'Jane，'he said，with a gentleness that cut into my soul，'Jane，do you intend us to live apart for ever？'

　　'I do．' 'Jane，'（bending towards me and kissing me）'is that still your intention？'

　　'It is，'I replied，pulling away from him．

　　'Oh Jane，this is a bitter shock．It would not be wicked to love me．'

　　'It would be wicked to do what you want．'

　　'Jane，just imagine my horrible life when you have gone．I shall be alone with that mad woman upstairs．Where shall I find friendship，and hope？'

　　'You can only trust in God and yourself．Live without doing wrong，and die hoping to go to heaven．'

　　'That's impossible without you！And…and you have no family to offend by living with me！'He was beginning to sound desperate．I knew that what he said was true．However，in my heart I also knew I was right to leave．

　　He seemed to read my thoughts．Rushing furiously across the room，he seized me violently and stared fiercely into my eyes．He could have broken me in two with one hand，but he could not break my spirit．Small and weak as I was，I stared firmly back at him．

　　'Your eyes，Jane，'he said，'are the eyes of a bird， a free，wild being：Even if I break your cage，I can't reach you，beautiful creature！You'll fly away from me．But you could choose to fly to me！Come，Jane，come！'He let me go，and only looked at me．How hard it was to resist that look！

　　'I am going，'I said．

　　'Does my deep love mean nothing to you？Oh Jane，my hope…my love…my life！'And be threw himself despairingly on the sofa．I had reached the door，but I could not leave．I walked back，bent over him，and kissed his cheek．

　　'Goodbye，my dear master！'I said．'May God protect you！'

　　'Without your love，Jane，my heart is broken，'he said．'But perhaps you will，so generously，give me your love after all—'He jumped up with hope in his eyes，holding out his arms to me．But I turned and ran out of the room．

　　That night I only slept a little， dreaming of the red room at Gateshead．The moonlight shone into my bedroom，as it did then，and I saw a vision on the ceiling，a white figure looking down on me．It seemed to whisper to my spirit，'Daughter，leave now before you are tempted to stay．'

　　'Mother，I will，'I answered．And when I woke up，although it was still dark outside，I wrapped up some spare clothes in a parcel，and put a little money in a purse．As I crept downstairs，I could hear Mr Rochester in his room，walking up and down and sighing．I could find heaven in this room if I wanted．I just had to enter and say，'I will love you and live with you through life until death！'My hand moved towards the handle．But I stopped myself，and went miserably downstairs and out of the house．

　　Setting out on the road，I could not help thinking of Mr Rochester's despair when he found himself abandoned．I hated myself for wounding him，and for perhaps driving him to a life of wickedness，or even death．I wanted desperately to be with him，to comfort him，but somehow I made myself keep walking，and when a coach passed，I arranged to travel on it as far as my money would pay for．Inside the coach I cried the bitterest tears of my life．

18罗切斯特先生的解释

　　下午不知什么时候，我感觉好些了，但站起来时仍感到头晕，我这才意识到我已一整天没吃一点儿东西了。于是我打开卧室的房门，几乎扑倒在就坐在门外椅子上的罗切斯特先生身上。

　　“简，我一直在等着你。”他说，“我没听到你叫喊或是哭泣。你不生我的气吗？我本无意伤害你。你能原谅我吗？”

　　他说得那么真诚，我立刻就在心里原谅了他。

　　“简，骂我吧！告诉我我有多么坏！”他说。

　　“先生，我不能。我感到很累、很虚。我想喝点水。”

　　他双手将我抱起，将我抱到楼下的书房，把我放在炉火前，递上了一杯酒，我开始感到好些了。他俯身要吻我，但我断然把脸扭开了。

　　“怎么！”他喊道，“你拒绝吻我！因为我是伯莎·梅森的丈夫？是不是？”

　　“是的，先生。”

　　“简，我非常了解你。我知道如果你决心已下，你是不会动摇的。你打算毁掉我幸福的希望，你想从今往后和我成为陌路人。如果今后我对你友好，你会提醒自己：'这个人差点儿让我成了他的情妇——我必须对他冷若冰霜。'你的确会变得冷若冰霜的。”

　　“是这样，先生，”我说，努力控制住自己的声音不让它发抖。“我周围的一切的确都发生了变化，所以我也必须改变。阿黛拉必须有位新老师。”

　　“啊，阿黛拉去上寄宿学校，我已经决定了。你和我将离开这幢房子，这狭小的石头地狱，这活死人的宅邸。在这里和那个女人在同一屋檐下，我们永远不会幸福。噢，我恨她！”

　　“先生，你不该恨她。”我说，“她疯了，可怜兮兮的，这并不是她的错。”

　　“简，亲爱的，我不是因为她疯而恨她。如果你疯了，我不会恨你，我会满怀爱心地照顾你。可是，为什么要说什么疯不疯的？我们已做好出发的准备，所有行李都整理好了，我们明天离开。我有一个地方可去，那儿没人找得到我们，也没人议论我们……”

　　“先生，带上阿黛拉吧，她会陪伴你。”我打断他。我知道我必须马上告诉他了。

　　“阿黛拉？简，你是什么意思？她要上学。我不需要她，我想和你在一起。你明白吗？”

　　我明白，但我慢慢摇了摇头。他变得生气了，两眼狠狠地盯着我，他看上去好像快控制不住自己了。我一点儿不害怕，因为我知道我还有力量让他平静下来。于是我握住他的手，轻轻抚摸着，说：

　　“先生，坐下，只要你愿意，我可以一直跟你说话，听你讲话。”我一直努力抑制着眼泪，现在我随它流淌，心里非常轻松了。

　　“简，别哭，请平静些。”他哀求着。

　　“你这么生气，我又如何能平静呢？”

　　“我没有生气，可是我太爱你了。你苍白的小脸看上去那么严肃，坚决。”他想搂着我，我却不允许。

　　“简！”他伤心地说，“那么你不爱我吗？”

　　“我是爱你的。”我说，“比以往更爱你，不过这是我最后一次这样说了。我能做的只有一件事，但我说出来你会发怒的。”

　　“好了，说吧！如果我生气，你就哭好了。”他带着点笑意说。

　　“罗切斯特先生，我必须离开你。我必须在陌生人中间开始新的生活。”

　　“当然，我跟你说过我们要离开的。我不理会什么你要离开我这类的胡说八道。你将是罗切斯特太太，我将是你的丈夫，直到死。我们将无忧无虑地、幸福地一起生活在我在法国南部购置的小白屋里。简，别摇头，否则我会生气的。”

　　“先生，你的妻子还活着。”尽管他咄咄逼人地看着我，我还是壮着胆子说了出来。“如果我这样跟你生活在一起，我就是你的情妇。”

　　“我是个傻瓜！”他突然说，“我还没把故事的全部告诉给你！噢，我敢肯定你了解一切后会同意的。简，听着。你知道我父亲非常爱财？”

　　“是的，先生，我听别人说过。”

　　“好了，他很不愿意把家产分割开，于是就全部传给了我的哥哥。但这就意味着如果不娶个阔老婆，我就很穷，于是他决定我应该和伯莎·梅森结婚，她是他的富朋友乔那森·梅森的女儿。我当时年轻，很容易被迷住，所以当我在西印度群岛见到漂亮而又着装优雅的伯莎时，我以为我爱她。当时我真是个傻瓜！婚礼之后，我才得知新娘的妈妈和弟弟都疯了。迪克·梅森可能有一天也会这样。我父亲知道这一切，但没有告诉我。我很快就发现伯莎和我毫无共同之处。她不仅粗鲁、愚蠢，疯病还让她变得凶暴。我和她生活了四年。到那时我父亲和哥哥都去世了，所以我有钱了，但我仍认为自己是个穷汉，因为我至死都被拴在这个疯老婆身上了。”

　　“我可怜你，先生。我真的可怜你。”

　　“简，别人的可怜是一种侮辱，但你的可怜，我把它当做爱之源接受。我曾经绝望过，想开枪自杀，但最终还是决定把疯女人带回特恩费得，这儿谁也不知道我们结婚了。此后她一直住在这里，即使费尔法斯太太和仆人也不完全了解她的真相。但是尽管我给格丽丝·普尔的薪水丰厚，并绝对信任她，她有时喝得太多，让那东西跑了出来。她曾两次在夜间跑出她的房间，这你知道的。第一次她几乎把我烧死在床上，第二次她去找了你，看到你的婚纱她一定想起了自己的婚礼。”

　　“先生，你把她带到这儿来后又做了什么？”

　　“简，我游遍了欧洲。我在寻找一位善良、聪明的女人，去爱她——”

　　“但你却不能结婚，先生。”我打断他。

　　“我当时想我能。我以为我能找到一位理智的女人，理解我的处境，并接受我。”

　　“那么，先生，你找到了吗？”

　　“简，在欧洲没找到，我在那儿花了十年时间寻找一个偶像。我曾找过情妇，比如赛林娜，那个法国舞女。但是最终在我浪费了生命，感到痛苦而失望后，我在冬日一个雾蒙蒙的下午回到特恩费得。我的马滑倒在冰上时，一个小家伙出现了，还坚持要帮助我。以后的几个星期里，我开始依赖这个像鸟儿一样的小人来寻找我的幸福和对生活的新兴趣。”

　　“先生，别再说过去这些了。”我说，擦去了不知不觉流出的眼泪。

　　“不，简，你是对的，未来会更加光明。现在你明白了，对不对？我在痛苦和孤独中虚度了前半生，但现在我找到了你，你在我心中。我不解释就要和你结婚，真是太傻了。我应该像现在这样坦白一切，然后请求你的宽容。我保证永远爱你，和你在一起。简，你也对我保证。”

　　一阵沉默。“简，你为什么不说话？”

　　这对我是个可怕的时刻。我内心矛盾着，理不出头绪，我知道他爱我，我也爱他，但我也知道我必须离开他！

　　“简，就答应我，说：'我是你的。'”

　　“罗切斯特先生，我不是你的。”又一阵沉默。

　　“简，”他温柔的声音刺进我的心灵深处，“简，你想让我们俩永远分离吗？”

　　“是的。”

　　“简，”（他弯下腰来吻着我）“你还这么想吗？”

　　“是的。”我回答说，并从他那儿挣脱出来。

　　“噢，简，这真是一个痛苦的打击。爱我不是罪过啊。”

　　“做你想做的事就是罪过。”

　　“简，想象一下你走后我的生活该多么可怕。我将独自伴着楼上的那个疯女人。我到哪里去寻找友谊、寻找希望？”

　　“你只能相信上帝和自己。活着时不要做错事，死去时希望进天堂。”

　　“没有你这是不可能的！再说……你与我生活在一起也不会触怒什么家人。”他开始有些绝望。我知道他说的不错，但我内心也深知我离去是对的。

　　他像看出了我的心思。他狂怒地冲过屋子，猛地抓住我，狠狠地盯着我的眼睛。他用一只手就能把我弄成两半，但他却无法动摇我的意志。尽管我又弱又小，我却坚定地和他对视着。

　　“简，你的眼睛，”他说，“是鸟的眼睛，一个自由的、野性的生命的眼睛。即使我打碎了你的笼子，我也够不到你这个美丽的生灵！你会飞走，离我而去。可你也可以选中向我飞来！来，简，来啊！”他放开我，只是看着我。要抵挡这目光是多么难啊！

　　“我走了。”我说。

　　“难道我深深的爱对你毫无意义？噢，简，我的希望……我的爱人……我的生命！”他绝望地倒在沙发里。我已到了门口，却不能离开。我又走回来，俯下身去，亲吻了他的脸颊。

　　“再见，我亲爱的主人！”我说，“愿上帝保护你！”

　　“简，没有你的爱，我的心都碎了。”他说，“可是毕竟你也许还是可以慷慨地把你的爱给我……”他眼中充满希望地跳起来，向我张开双臂。然而，我转身跑出了房间。

　　那一夜我睡得很少。我梦到了盖茨赫德的红房子。月光照进我的卧室——当时也确实有月光，我看到天花板上有一个白色影子正向下看着我。它好像对我的灵魂悄声说：“女儿，现在就离开，免得你又受诱惑留下来。”

　　“妈妈，我会的。”我答道。我醒来时，虽然外面天还黑着，还是将几件换洗衣服放进包裹，然后在钱包里装了点儿钱。我蹑手蹑脚下楼时，听到罗切斯特先生在他房间里，一边来回踱步，一边叹息不已。如果我愿意，我就可以在那间屋里找到天堂。我只消进去说：“我将爱你，和你一起生活到生命的终结。”我的手向门把移去，但我阻止了自己，痛苦地走下楼梯，走出了房子。

　　上路后，我忍不住要想罗切斯特先生发现自己被抛弃后该是多么绝望。我恨自己伤害了他，或许又让他去过邪恶的生活甚至死去。我渴望和他在一起，安慰他，但不知怎么我还是逼着自己向前走。马车路过时，我打算让自己走到旅费所能负担的最远的地方。马车内，我流下了一生中最伤心的泪。

19 Finding shelter

　　I was put down at Whitcross，a crossroads on the moor，after travelling for two days in the coach．As it rolled away，I realized I had left my parcel inside，and given the coachman all the coins in my purse．I was alone on the open moor，with no money or possessions．Lonely white roads stretched across the great，wide moors as far as the hills．I was glad to see there were no towns here，because I did not want people to question me or pity me．So I walked across the moor，until I found a dry place to sleep，in the shelter of a small hill．Luckily it was a warm night，with no rain．The next day was hot and sunny，but I needed food and water，so I could not stay on the moor．

　　Taking one of the white roads，I eventually found a small village．I needed all my courage to knock on some of the doors，asking if there was any paid work I could do．None of the village people could help me，and I could not bring myself to beg for food，although by now I felt weak and faint．At the baker's I offered to exchange my leather gloves for a small cake，but the baker's wife looked at my dirty clothes and said，'I'm sorry，but how do I know you haven't stolen them？'All I ate that day was a piece of bread，which I begged from a farmer eating his supper．I spent another night on the moor，but this time the air was cold and the ground was damp．Next day I walked from house to house again，looking in vain for work．I was now very weak from lack of food，and I began to wonder why I should struggle to stay alive，when I did not want to live．

　　It was getting dark again，and I was alone on the moor．In the distance I could see a faint light，and I decided to try to reach it．The wind and rain beat down on me，and I fell down several times，but finally I arrived at a long，low house，standing rather isolated in the middle of the moor．Hiding near the door，I could just see into the kitchen through a small uncurtained window．There was an elderly woman，who might be the housekeeper，mending clothes，and two young ladies，who seemed to be learning a language with dictionaries．The kitchen looked so clean and bright，and the ladies so kind and sensible，that I dared to knock at the door．The elderly woman opened it，but she must have thought I was a thief or a beggar，because she refused to let me speak to the young ladies．The door closed firmly，shutting me out from the warmth inside．

　　I dropped on to the wet doorstep，worn out and hopeless，prepared to die．There the young ladies'brother found me，when he returned home a few minutes later，and he insisted，much against the housekeeper's wishes，on bringing me into the house．They gave me bread and milk，and asked my

　　'Jane Elliott，'I replied．I did not want anybody to know where I had come from．To their further questions I answered that I was too tired to speak．Finally they helped me upstairs to a bedroom，and I sank gratefully into a warm，dry bed．

　　For three days and nights I lay in bed，exhausted by my experiences，and hardly conscious of my surroundings．As I was recovering，Hannah，the housekeeper，came to sit with me，and told me all about the family．She had known them since they were babies．Their mother had been dead for years，and their father had died only three weeks before．The girls，Diana and Mary Rivers，had to work as governesses，as their father had lost a lot of money in business．St John，their brother，was the vicar in the nearest village，Morton．They only used this house，called Moor House，in the holidays．

　　When I felt strong enough to get dressed and go downstairs，Diana and Mary looked after me very kindly，and made me feel welcome in their pleasant home．Their brother，however，seemed stern and cold．He was between twenty-eight and thirty，fair-haired and extremely handsome．Diana and Mary were curious about my past，but sensitive enough to avoid asking questions which would hurt me．St John，on the other hand，made determined efforts to discover who I was，but I，just as firmly，refused to explain more than necessary．I told them only that，after attending Lowood school，I became a governess in a wealthy family，where an unfortunate event，not in any way my fault，caused me to run away．That was all I was prepared to say．I offered to do any kind of work，teaching，sewing，cleaning，so that I could become independent again．St John approved of my keenness to work，and promised to find me some paid employment．

第四部 在摩尔屋

19 寻找栖身地

　　乘马车行进了两天后，我在威特考斯下车，一个沼泽地上的十字路口。马车走后我才意识到自己把包裹忘在了车上，钱包里的所有硬币又都给了车夫。我孤零零地站在旷野上，身无分文，一无所有。白色的道路孤独地延伸在广阔的草地上，一直通到山脚下。我很高兴这里看不到乡镇，因为我不想让别人问我或是可怜我。于是我走过沼泽地，直到在小山脚下的避风处找到一块可以睡觉的干地方。所幸夜晚是温暖的，没有下雨。第二天，阳光灿烂，天气很热，但我需要食物和水，所以不能再在沼泽地上待下去。

　　我沿着一条白茫茫的路走着，终于找到一个小村子。我鼓起自己所有的勇气，敲响了一些人家的门，打听是否有什么能挣钱的活可干。村里没人能帮助我；而且尽管我感到虚弱头晕，却不能让自己去乞讨。在面包店，我想用皮手套换一小块点心，但面包师的妻子却看着我的脏衣服说：“对不起，可我怎么知道这不是你偷的呢？”一整天我只吃了一片面包，是从一个正吃晚饭的农民那儿讨来的。我在沼泽地上又过了一夜，但这夜205

　　天凉了，地上湿乎乎的。第二天，我又挨家挨户地去找工作，一无所获。现在我因为没有食物已变得非常虚弱，不想活了时开始纳闷自己为什么还拼命地要活着。

　　天又黑了，我只身一人在沼泽地上。看到远处有微弱的灯光，便决定到那儿去。风裹着雨打在我的身上，我跌倒了好几次，但终于还是走到了一幢孤零零立在沼泽地中间的长长的矮房子前。我藏在门边，只能从一个没挂帘子的小窗看到厨房。一位上年纪的妇人，可能是管家，正在补衣服，还有两个年轻姑娘似乎正借助字典学外语。厨房看上去干净明亮，姑娘们显得那么善良知理，于是我壮着胆子敲了门。年长的妇人开了门，但她一定以为我是一个小偷或乞丐，因为她不让我和两位年轻姑娘讲话。门紧紧关上了，把我和屋里的温暖断然隔开。

　　我倒在潮湿的台阶上，精疲力竭，不抱任何希望，只等着死。几分钟后，年轻姑娘的哥哥从外面回来，在这儿发现了我。他不听管家的话，坚持要把我抬到屋里。他们给了我面包和牛奶，还问我叫什么名字。

　　“简·艾略特，”我回答说。我不愿让任何人知道我是从哪里来的。他们又问了其他问题，我只是说我太累了，不想说话。最后，她们扶我上楼到卧室休息，我感激地躺到了温暖的、干燥的床上。

　　三天三夜，我由于劳累过度一直躺在床上，几乎不知道我周围的一切。随着我渐渐好转，管家汉娜就来陪我坐坐，并跟我讲这家人的事情。他们还在儿时，汉娜就认识他们。他们的母亲已去世多年，而父亲在三个星期前刚刚死去。两个女孩戴安娜和玛丽·李维斯不得不做家庭教师，因为他们父亲的生意亏了大本，她们的哥哥圣约翰是最近的村子莫顿的牧师。她们只是在假期里才住在这幢叫摩尔屋的房子里。

　　我有力气穿好衣服下楼时，戴安娜和玛丽和善地照顾着我，让我觉得在这个和睦的家中是受欢迎的。但她们的哥哥却似乎严肃而冷漠。他约莫28到30岁，金发，非常英俊。戴安娜和玛丽对我的过去感到好奇，但却敏感地不提及可能伤害我的问题。另一方面，圣约翰却坚持不懈地想要搞清我究竟是谁，而我也坚决地拒绝做出没有必要的解释。我只告诉他们在洛伍德上学之后，我到一个富人家做家庭教师，一件不幸的事使我跑掉了，但那绝不是由于我的过错。我就准备说这些。我提出什么事我都愿做，教书、缝补、清洗，只要能再次独立。圣约翰赞同我对工作的迫切要求，答应帮我找份挣钱的工作。

20 A new home

　　I spent a month at Moor House，in an atmosphere of warm friendship．I learned to love what Diana and Mary loved the little old grey house，the wild open moors around it，and the lonely hills and valleys where we walked for hours．I read the books they read，and we discussed them eagerly Diana started teaching me German，and I helped Mary to improve her drawing．We three shared the same interests and opinions，and spent the days and evenings very happily together．

　　However，St John hardly ever joined in our activities．He was often away from home，visiting the poor and the sick in Morton．His strong sense of duty made him insist on going，even if the weather was very bad．But despite his hard work I thought he lacked true happiness and peace of mind．He often stopped reading or writing to stare into the distance，dreaming perhaps of some ambitious plan．Once I heard him speak at a church service in Morton，and although he was an excellent speaker，there was a certain bitterness and disappointment in his words．He was clearly not satisfied with his present life．

　　The holiday was coming to an end．Soon Diana and Mary would leave Moor House to return to the wealthy families in the south，where they were both governesses，and St John would go back to the vicar's house in Morton，with Hannah，his housekeeper．Although，his cold manner made it difficult for me to talk to him，I had to ask him whether he had found any employment for me．

　　'I have，'he answered slowly，'but remember I am only a poor country vicar，and can't offer you a job with a high salary，so you may not wish to accept it．There's already a school for boys in Morton，and now I want to open one for girls，so I've rented a building for it it，with a small small cottage for the schoolteacher．Miss Oliver，who lives in the area and is the only daughter of a rich factory-owner，has kindly paid for the furniture．Will you be the schoolteacher？You would live in the cottage rent-free，and receive thirty pounds a year，no more．

　　I thought about it for a moment．It was not as good as being a governess in an important family，but at least I would have no master．I would be free and independent．

　　'Thank you，Mr Rivers，I accept gladly，'I replied．

　　'But you do understand？'he asked，a little worried．'It will only be a village school．The girls will be poor and uneducated．You'll be teaching reading，writing，counting，sewing，that's all．There'll be no music or languages or painting．'

　　'I understand，and I'll be happy to do it，'I answered．

　　He smiled，well satisfied with me．

　　'And I'll open the school tomorrow，if you like，'I added．

　　'Very good，'he agreed．Then looking at me，he said，'But 214

　　I don't think you'll stay long in the village．'

　　'Why not？I'm not ambitious，although I think you are．'

　　He looked surprised．'I know I am，but how did you discover that？No，I think you won't be satisfied by living alone．You need people to make you happy．'He said no more．

　　Diana and Mary lost their usual cheerfulness as the moment for leaving their home and their brother came closer．

　　'You see，Jane，'Diana explained，'St John is planning to become a missionary very soon．He feels his purpose in life is to spread the Christian religion in unexplored places where the people have never heard the word of God．So we won't see him for many years，perhaps never again！He looks quiet，Jane，but he's very determined．I know he's doing God's work，but it will break my heart to see him leave！'And she broke down in tears．

　　Mary wiped her own tears away，as she said，'We've lost our father．Soon we'll lose our brother too！'

　　Just then St John himself entered，reading a letter．'Our uncle John is dead，'he announced．The sisters did not look shocked or sad，but seemed to be waiting for more information．St John gave them the letter to read，and then they all looked at each other，smiling rather tiredly．

　　'Well，'said Diana，'at least we have enough money to live on．We don't really need any more．'

　　'Yes，'said St John，'but unfortunately we can imagine 216

　　how different our lives might have been．'He went out．There was a silence for a few minutes，then Diana turned to me，

　　'Jane，you must be surprised that we don't show any sadness at our uncle's death．I must explain．We've never met him．He was my mother's brother，and he and my father quarrelled years ago about a business deal．That's when my father lost most of his money．My uncle，on the other hand，made a fortune of twenty thousand pounds，As he never married and had no relations apart from us and one other person，my father always hoped we would inherit uncle John's money．But it seems this other relation has inherited his whole fortune．Of course we shouldn't have expected anything，but Mary and I would have felt rich with only a thousand pounds each，and St John would have been able to help more poor people！'She said no more，and none of us referred to the subject again that evening．

　　The next day the Rivers family returned to their separate places of work，and I moved to the cottage in Morton．

20 一个新家

　　在摩尔屋，我在温暖的友情中度过了一个月。我开始喜欢戴安娜以及玛丽所喜欢的——这个小小的灰色老屋，周围的开阔草地，孤零零的山丘和河谷，我们常去那里散步，一去便是几个钟头。我读她们读的书，然后大家一起热烈地讨论。戴安娜开始教我德文，我则帮助玛丽提高她的素描。我们三人有共同的兴趣和一致的想法，白天晚上都高高兴兴地待在一起。

　　但是，圣约翰却很少参加我们的活动。他常常出门，去看望莫顿的穷人和病人。他强烈的责任心使他即使在天气恶劣的时候也一定要去。然而尽管他工作很努力，我仍觉得他缺少真正的幸福和安宁的心绪。他常常停止读书或写作，呆呆地盯着远处，可能梦想着什么宏伟的计划。一次我听到他在莫顿的教堂里布道，尽管他很有口才，我却听出他话语中的某种痛苦和失望。他显然不满足于现在的生活。

　　假期要结束了。不久戴安娜和玛丽都要离开摩尔屋，回到南方的富人家，继续做家庭教师。圣约翰要带着管家汉娜回到以莫顿的牧师的身份住的屋里去。尽管他举止冷漠，让我很难与他搭话，我还是得问他是否为我找到了工作。

　　“找到了。”他慢慢地说。“但不要忘了我只是个乡下的穷牧师，不可能给你一份薪水高的工作，所以你可能不愿接受。在莫顿已有一所男孩子上的学校，现在我想为女孩子办所学校。因此我已租好了校舍，其中有教师住的小房于。奥利弗小姐住在这一带，是一个富裕的工厂主的女儿，她好心买来了家具。你能做教师吗？你可以免费住在小房子里，每年可得30镑，不会更多。”

　　我考虑了一会儿。和在大家庭中做家庭教师相比，这不算好，但至少我没有什么主人了，我是自由和自立的。

　　“谢谢，李维斯先生，我很乐意接受。”我说。

　　“但是你明白吗？”他有些担心地问。“这只是一所乡村小学。女孩子们很穷，没有受过教育。你要同时教阅读、写作、算术和缝纫。没有音乐、语言或绘画课。”

　　“我明白，我乐意做。”我答道。

　　他微笑着，对我非常满意。

　　“如果你愿意，我明天就开学。”我补充道。

　　“很好。”他应和着，然后看着我说：“但我觉得你在村里不会久留的。”

　　“为什么呢？我没有什么雄心壮志，不过我觉得你有。”

　　他看上去很吃惊。“我知道我有，可你是怎么发现的？不，我觉得你不会满足于孤独的生活，你需要别人给你带来快乐。”他没再说什么。

　　随着离家和离开哥哥的日子一天天临近，戴安娜和玛丽渐渐失去了平日的欢乐。

　　“简，你知道，”戴安娜解释道。“圣约翰计划不久去做传教士。他认为自己生命的意义在于把基督教传播到人们从未听说过上帝之言的蛮荒之地去。所以我们好几年都将见不到他，甚至可能再也见不到了。简，他看上去文静，但却很坚定。我知道他为上帝工作，但看他离去让我心都碎了。”她哭了出来。

　　玛丽擦着自己的眼泪，说：“我们失去了父亲，不久又要失去哥哥！”

　　正在这时圣约翰读着一封信走了进来，“咱们的舅舅约翰去世了。”他宣布说。两姊妹看上去既不吃惊也不悲伤，却似乎在等着什么下文。圣约翰把信递给她们看，然后她们相互对视一眼，疲倦地笑了。

　　“好了，”戴安娜说，“至少我们有足够的钱生活下去。我们真的不需要那么多。”

　　“是的。”圣约翰说。“但不幸的是我们能想像出我们的生活是多么不一样。”他出去了。沉默了几分钟后，戴安娜对我说：“简，我们对舅舅的死显不出一点儿悲哀，你不必惊讶。我必须解释一下。我们从未见过他。他是我母亲的一个兄弟，多年前他和我父亲因为生意上的事大吵了一场。那时我父亲亏了很多钱，而我舅舅却发了财，赚了20 000英镑。他从未结婚，除我们和另一个人之外也没有亲戚，我父亲一直希望我们能继承约翰舅舅的财产。但是似乎另一个人已继承了他的全部遗产。当然我们本不该指望什么，但如果每人有1 000英镑，玛丽和我就会觉得很富裕了，圣约翰也能帮助更多的穷人了。”她没有再说下去，那天晚上谁也没再提起此事。

　　第二天，李维斯一家各自回到不同的工作地点，而我则搬到莫顿的小屋子去了。

21 Mr Rivers'sacrifice

　　I had twenty village girls to teach，some of them with such a strong country accent that I could hardly communicate with them．Only three could read，and none could write，so at the end of my first day I felt quite depressed at the thought of the hard work ahead of me．But I reminded myself that I was fortunate to have any sort of job，and that I would certainly get used to teaching these girls，who，although they were very poor，might be as good and as intelligent as children from the greatest families in England．

　　Ever since I ran away from Thornfield，Mr Rochester had remained in my thoughts，and now，as I stood at my cottage door that first evening，looking at the quiet fields，I allowed myself to imagine again the life I could have had with him in his little white house in the south of France．He would have loved me，oh yes，he would have loved me very much for a while．'He did love me，'I thought，'nobody will ever love me like that again．'But then I told myself that I would only have been his mistress，in a foreign country，and for a short time，until he grew tired of me．I should be much happier here as a schoolteacher，free and honest，in the healthy heart of England．But strangely enough，St John Rivers found me crying as he approached the cottage．Frowning at the sight of the tears on my cheeks，he asked me，

　　'Do you regret accepting this job，then？'

　　'Oh no，'I replied quickly，'I'm sure I'll get used to it soon．And I'm really very grateful to have a home，and work to do．After all，I had nothing a few weeks ago．'

　　'But you feel lonely，perhaps？'he asked，still puzzled．

　　'I haven't had time to feel lonely yet．'

　　'Well，I advise you to work hard，and hot to look back into your past．If something which we know is wrong tempts us，then we must make every effort to avoid it，by putting our energy to better use．A year ago I too was very miserable，because I was bored by the routine life of a country vicar，and I was tempted to change my profession．But suddenly there was light in my darkness，and God called me to be a missionary．No profession could be greater than that！Since that moment of truth，I have been perfectly happy，making my preparations for leaving England and going abroad in the service of God．Happy，that is，except for one little human weakness，which I have sworn to overcome．'

　　His eyes shone as he spoke of his great purpose in life，and I was listening，fascinated，so neither of us heard the light footsteps approaching the cottage along the grassy path．

　　'Good evening，Mr Rivers，'said a charming voice，as sweet as a bell．St John jumped as if hit between the shoulders，then turned slowly and stiffly to face the speaker．A vision in white，with a young，girlish figure，was standing beside him．When she threw back her veil，she revealed a face of perfect beauty．St John glanced quickly at her，but dared not look at her for long．He kept his eyes on the ground as he answered，'A lovely evening，but it's late for you to be out alone．'

　　'Oh，Father told me you'd opened the new girls'school，so I simply had to come to meet the new schoolteacher．That must be you，'she said to me，smiling．'Do you like Morton？And your pupils？And your cottage？'I realized this must be the rich Miss Oliver who had generously furnished my cottage．

　　'Yes，indeed Miss Oliver，''I'replied．'I'm sure 'I'll enjoy teaching here．And I like my cottage very much．'

　　'I'll come and help you teach sometimes．I get so bored at home！Mr Rivers， I've been away visiting friends，you know．I've had such fun！I was dancing with the officers until two o'clock this morning！They're all so charming！'

　　St John's face looked sterner than usual and his lip curled in disapproval，as he lifted his handsome head and looked straight into Miss Oliver's laughing eyes．He breathed deeply and his chest rose，as if his heart wanted to fly out of its cage，but he said nothing，and after a pause Miss Oliver continued，'Do come and visit my father，Mr Rivers．Why don't you ever come？'

　　'I can't come，Miss Rosamund．'It seemed clear to me that St John had to struggle with himself to refuse this smiling invitation．

　　'Well，if you don't want to，I must go home then．

　　Goodbye！'She held out her hand．He just touched it，his hand trembling．

　　'Goodbye！'he said in a low，hollow voice，his face as white as a sheet．They walked away in different directions．She turned back twice to look at him，but he did not turn round at all．

　　The sight of another person's suffering and sacrifice stopped me thinking so much about my own problems．I had plenty of opportunities to observe St John and Miss Oliver together．Every day St John taught one Bible lesson at the school，and Miss Oliver，who knew her power over him，always chose that particular moment to arrive at the school door，in her most attractive riding dress．She used to walk past the rows of admiring pupils towards the young vicar，smiling openly at him．He just stared at her，as if he wanted to say，' I love you，and I know you love me．If I offered you my heart，I think you'd accept．But my heart is already promised as a sacrifice to God．'But he never said anything，and she always turned sadly away like a disappointed child．No doubt he would have given the world to call her back，but he would not give his chance of heaven．

　　When I discovered that Miss Oliver's father greatly admired the Rivers family，and would have no objection to her marrying a vicar，I decided to try to persuade St John to marry her．I thought he could do more good with Miss Oliver's money in England than as a missionary under the baking sun in the East．

　　My chance came some weeks later，when he visited me one November evening in my little cottage．He noticed a sketch I had been doing of Miss Oliver，and could not take his eyes off it．

　　'I could paint you an exact copy，'I said gently，'if you admit that you would like it．'

　　'She's so beautiful！'he murmured，still looking at it．'I would certainly like to have it．'

　　'She likes you，I'm sure，'I said，greatly daring，'and her father respects you．You ought to marry her．'

　　'It's very pleasant to hear this，'he said，not at all shocked by my honesty．'I shall allow myself fifteen minutes to think about her．'And he actually put his watch on the table，and sat back in his chair，closing his eyes．'Married to the lovely Rosamund Oliver！Let me just imagine it！My heart is full of delight！'And there was silence for a quarter of an hour until he picked up his watch，and put the sketch back on the table．

　　'Temptation has a bitter taste，'he said，shaking his head．'I can't marry her．You see，although I love her so deeply，I know that Rosamund would not make a good wife for a missionary．

　　'But you needn't be a missionary！'I cried．

　　'Indeed I must！It's the great work God has chosen me to do！I shall carry with me into the darkest corners of the world knowledge，peace，freedom，religion，the hope of heaven！That is what I live for，and what I shall die for！'

　　'What about Miss Oliver？'I asked after a moment．'She may be very disappointed if you don't marry her．'

　　'Miss Oliver will forget me in a month，and will probably marry someone who'll make her far happier than I ever could！'

　　'You speak calmly，but I know you're suffering．'

　　'You are original，'he said，looking surprised．He had clearly not imagined that men and women could discuss such deep feelings together．'But believe me，I have overcome this weakness of mine，and become as hard as a rock．My only ambition now is to serve God．'As he picked up his hat before leaving，something on a piece of paper on the table caught his eye．He glanced at me，then tore off a tiny piece very quickly，and with a rapid'Goodbye！'rushed out of the cottage．I could not imagine what he had found to interest him so much．

21 李维斯先生的代价

　　我给村里的二十个女孩儿上课，有些女孩儿乡下口音很重，我几乎无法和她们交流。只有三人会读书，没有人会写字。所以第一天下来，想到摆在我面前的艰苦工作，我感到非常沮丧。但是我提醒自己能找到任何一份工作对我来说都是幸运的，我一定能习惯教这些孩子，她们尽管很穷，但可能和来自英格兰大家族的孩子一样好，一样聪明。

　　自从离开特恩费得后，罗切斯特先生一直留在我的脑海里。现在，我在这第一个夜晚站在小屋门口，望着静静的田野，任由自己想象着在法国南部的小白屋里我们会过怎样一种生活。他会爱我。噢，是的，他会一时非常爱我。“他的确爱过我。”我想。“再不会有谁像他那样爱我。”但是我又告诫自己，我只能成为他在异国的情妇，时间不会长，直到他厌倦我了。在这里做教师，生活在英格兰健康的腹地，我会更快活、自由和实在。可奇怪的是当圣约翰来到小屋时，他却发现我在哭泣。他看着我脸颊上的泪痕，皱着眉头问：

　　“那么你后悔了？”

　　“噢，不，”我赶紧说，“我相信我很快会适应的。而且有了家，有了工作，我真的非常感激。无论如何，几星期前我还是一无所有呢！”

　　“也许你感到孤独？”他仍然不解地问。

　　“我还没有时间去感受孤独。”

　　“那么我建议你努力工作，不要去回首往事。如果我们明知是错误的东西在引诱我们，我们就必须尽一切努力避免它，把精力放在更有意义的方面。一年前我也非常痛苦，因为乡村牧师的单调生活让我感到厌倦，我起了换个工作的念头。然而黑暗中突然出现了光明，上帝召唤我去做一名传教士。没有什么职业比这更伟大了！从那个真理显现的时刻起，我就一直非常快乐，准备着离开英格兰，到国外去为上帝效力。这就是快乐，除此之外，我还有一个人性的小弱点需要克服。”

　　他讲述自己的远大人生目标时，眼睛都亮了，我听着，非常激动，因此我们谁也没有听到沿着长满小草的路走向小屋的脚步声。

　　“晚上好，李维斯先生。”有人说道，声音优美动人，如银铃般甜美。圣约翰一抖，好像被人从背后打了一下，然后慢慢地、僵硬地转过身去对着来人。他身后站着一个身穿白衣、年轻、有着少女般体态的人。当她撩起面纱时，她现出了姣好完美的面容。圣约翰迅速瞥了她一眼，却不敢长时间看她。他一直盯着脚下回答道：“夜很美，但太晚了，你不该单独出来。”

　　“噢，父亲告诉我你已开办了新的女童学校，所以我必须来见见新老师。一定是你了。”她笑着对我说。“你喜欢莫顿吗？还有你的学生呢？你的小屋呢？”我意识到这一定是有钱的奥利弗小姐，她慷慨地为我的小屋提供了家具。

　　“的确喜欢，奥利弗小姐。”我答道。“我肯定会喜欢在这里教书，并且我非常喜欢我的小屋。”

　　“我有时会来帮你教书的，我在家里待得无聊。李维斯先生，我出门看朋友去了，过得非常愉快！我一直和军官们跳舞到凌晨两点钟。他们都太迷人了！”

　　当圣约翰抬起英俊的脸而直视奥利弗小姐一双满含笑意的脸时，他的脸比平时变得更加严肃，嘴角向下撇着表示不以为然。他深深地吸了一口气，胸膛鼓了起来，好像他的心要飞出牢笼一般，然而他什么也没说。沉默一阵后，奥利弗小姐继续说：“请一定来看望我父亲，李维斯先生。你为什么不来呢？”

　　“罗莎蒙特小姐，我不能去。”我明显看出圣约翰必须努力克制自己，不接受这带着微笑的邀请。

　　“好吧，如果你不想去，我就得回家了。再见！”她伸出手去。他只是碰了碰，手直发抖。

　　“再见！”他用空落落的声音低声说，脸也变得像纸一样苍白。他们朝不同的方向走去。她两次回过头来看着他，而他根本没有转过一次身。

　　看到别人的痛苦和牺牲，使我暂时不再去想自己的问题。我有很多机会观察圣约翰和奥利弗小姐。每天圣约翰在学校上一次圣经课，而奥利弗小姐明白自己对他的影响力，总是挑这个时候，穿着迷人的骑装，来到学校门口。她常常在孩子们钦慕的注视下走向年轻的牧师，毫不掩饰地向他微笑着。他只是注视着她，好像想说：“我爱你，我也知道你爱我。如果我把心交给你，我想你会接受的，但我的心已经答应奉献给上帝。”可他从来不说什么，而她也总是像个失望的孩子一样伤心地离去。毫无疑问他可以放弃世上的一切唤她回来，但却不能放弃他进入天堂的机会。

　　我发现奥利弗小姐的父亲非常尊重李维斯一家，决不会反对女儿嫁给一个牧师，便决定说服奥利弗和她结婚。我觉得，与在东方的骄阳下做什么传教士相比，他有了奥利弗小姐的财产，可以在英格兰做更多善事。

　　几个星期后，我找到了机会。11月的一个晚上，他到小屋来看我。他注意到我为奥利弗小姐画的一幅素描，无法把目光从上面移开。

　　“如果你承认你喜欢，我可以为你画一幅更细的。”我轻声说。

　　“她太美了！”他喃喃地说，目光仍然盯着画。“我当然愿意要一张。”

　　“我敢肯定她喜欢你。”我大胆地说。“他父亲也尊重你，你应该娶她。”

　　“很高兴听你这么说。”他说，一点儿也不为我的坦率感到惊讶。“我给我自己十五分钟来想她。”他真的将表放在桌上，然后靠到椅子上，闭上了眼睛。“和可爱的罗莎蒙特·奥利弗小姐结婚！让我想像一下吧！我心中充满了快乐！”一刻钟里寂静无声，然后他拿起手表，把素描放回桌上。

　　“诱惑是苦涩的。”他摇着头说。“我不能和她结婚。你知道，尽管我深深地爱着她，但我知道罗莎蒙特不会成为一个传教士的好妻子。”

　　“可你不一定非做传教士啊！”我叫道。

　　“我当然必须做！这是上帝选择我去做的伟大工作！我要给世界上最黑暗的角落带去知识、和平、自由、宗教和天堂的希望。我为此而生，也将为此而死！”

　　“那奥利弗小姐怎么办？”我过了一会儿问。“你不娶她，她可能会非常失望。”

　　“奥利弗小姐一个月后就会把我忘掉，可能会嫁给一个比我更能使她幸福的人！”

　　“你说起来轻松，但我知道你很痛苦。”

　　“你真有创见！”他惊奇地说。显然他想像不出男女之间还可以一起讨论这样深层的情感问题。“不过，相信我，我已经克服了自己的这个弱点，变得如顽石般坚强。我现在唯一的志向就是为上帝服务。”他拿起帽子正要离去，桌上纸上的什么东西吸引了他的注意力。他看了我一眼，然后迅速撕下一个小角。他匆匆说声“再见！”便冲出了小屋。我搞不清他发现了什么让他这么感兴趣的东西。

22 Sudden wealth

　　When St John left，it was beginning to snow，and it continued snowing all night and all the next day．In the evening I sat by my fire，listening to the wind blowing outside，and had just started reading when I heard a noise．The wind，I thought，was shaking the door，but no，it was St John，who came in out of the frozen darkness，his coat covered in snow．

　　'what's happened？'I cried，amazed．'I thought nobody would be out in weather like this！What's the matter？'

　　'There's nothing wrong，'he answered calmly，hanging up his coat，and stamping the snow from his boots．'I just came to have a little talk to you．Besides，since yesterday I've been eager to hear the other half of your story．'He sat down．I had no idea what he was referring to，and remembering his strange behaviour with the piece of paper，I began to fear that he might be going mad．He looked quite normal，however，and we made conversation for a while，although he seemed to be thinking of something else．

　　Suddenly he said，'When I arrived I said I wanted to hear the rest of your story．But perhaps it's better if I tell the story．I'm afraid you've heard it before，but listen anyway．Twenty years ago a poor vicar fell in love with a rich man's daughter．She also fell in love with him，and married him，against the advice of all her family．Sadly，less than two years later the couple were both dead．I've seen their grave．Their baby daughter was brought up by an aunt，a Mrs Reed of Gateshead．You jumped— did you hear a noise？ I'll continue．I don't know whether the child was happy with Mrs Reed，but she stayed there ten years，until she went to Lowood school，where you were yourself．In fact，it seems her life was quite similar to yours．She became a teacher at Lowood，as you did，and then became a governess in the house of a certain Mr Rochester．'

　　'Mr Rivers！'I interrupted，unable to keep silent．

　　'I can imagine how you feel，'he replied，'but wait till I've finished．I don't know anything about Mr Rochester's character，but I do know that he offered to marry this young girl，who only discovered during the wedding ceremony that he was in fact already married，to a mad woman．The governess disappeared soon after this，and although investigations have been carried out，and advertisements placed in newspapers，and every effort made to find her，nobody knows where she's gone．But she must be found！Mr Briggs，a lawyer，has something very important to tell her．'

　　'Just tell me one thing，'I said urgently．'What about Mr Rochester？How and where is he？What's he doing？Is he well？'

　　'I know nothing about Mr Rochester．Why don't you ask the name of the governess，and why everybody is looking for her？'

　　'Did Mr Briggs write to Mr Rochester？'I asked．

　　'He did，but he received an answer not from him，but from the housekeeper，a Mrs Fairfax．'

　　I felt cold and unhappy．No doubt Mr Rochester had left England for a life of wild pleasure in the cities of Europe．That was what I had been afraid of．Oh，my poor master—once almost my husband—who I had often called' my dear Edward'！

　　'As you won't ask the governess's name，I'll tell you myself，'continued St John．'I've got it written down．It's always better to have facts in black and white．'And he took out of his wallet a tiny piece of paper，which I recognized as part of my sketch book，and showed it to me．On it I read，in my own writing，'JANE EYRE'，which I must have written without thinking．

　　'The advertisements and Briggs spoke of a Jane Eyre，but I only knew a Jane Elliott，'said St John．'Are you Jane Eyre？'

　　'Yes—yes，but doesn't Mr Briggs know anything about Mr Rochester？'I asked desperately．

　　'I don't think Briggs is at all interested in Mr Rochester．You're forgetting the really important thing．Don't you want to know why he's been looking for you？'

　　'Well，what did he want？'I asked，almost rudely．

　　'Only to tell you that your uncle，Mr Eyre of Madeira，is dead，that he has left you all his property，and that you're now rich—only that，nothing more．'

　　Rich！One moment I was poor，the next moment I was wealthy．It was hard to realize my new situation．A fortune brings serious worries and responsibilities with it，which I could hardly imagine．I was sorry to hear that my uncle，my only surviving relation，was dead．However，the inheritance would give me independence for life，and I was glad of that．

　　'Perhaps you would like to know how much you've inherited？'offered St John politely．'It's nothing much really，just twenty thousand pounds，I think．'

　　'Twenty thousand pounds？'The news took my breath away．St John，who I had never heard laugh before，actually laughed out loud at my shocked face．'Perhaps…perhaps you've made a mistake？'I asked him nervously．

　　'No，there's no mistake．Now I must be leaving．Good night．'He was about to open the door，when suddenly I called，' Stop！Why did Mr Briggs write to you in order to find me？'

　　'Oh，I'm a vicar．I have ways of discovering things．'

　　'No，that doesn't satisfy me．Tell me the truth，'I insisted，putting myself between him and the door．

　　'Well，I'd rather not tell you just now，but I suppose you'll discover it sooner or later．Did you know that my full name is St John Eyre Rivers？'

　　'No，I didn't！But then what—'And I stopped as light flooded my mind and I saw clearly the chain of circumstances which connected us．But St John continued his explanation．

　　'My mother's name was Eyre，'he said．'She had two brothers，one，a vicar，who married Miss Jane Reed of Gateshead，and the other，John Eyre of Madeira．Mr Briggs，Mr Eyre's lawyer，wrote to us telling us that our uncle had died，and left all his property，not to us，because of his quarrel with our father，but to his brother's daughter．Then Mr Briggs wrote again later，saying this girl could not be found．Well，I've found her．'He moved towards the door，his hat in his hand．

　　'Wait a moment，just let me think，'I said．'So you，Diana and Mary are my cousins？'

　　'We are your cousins，yes，'he said，waiting patiently．

　　As I looked at him，it seemed I had found a brother and sisters to love and be proud of for the rest of my life．The people who had saved my life were my close relations！This was wealth indeed to a lonely heart，brighter and more life-giving than the heavy responsibility of coins and gold．

　　'Oh，I'm glad—I'm so glad！'I cried，laughing．

　　St John smiled．'You were serious when I told you you had inherited a fortune．Now you're excited about something very unimportant．'

　　'What can you mean？It may mean nothing to you．You already have sisters and don't need any more family．But I had nobody，and now I suddenly have three relations in my world，or two，if you don't want to be counted．'I walked rapidly round the room，my thoughts rising so fast I could hardly understand them．The family I now had， the people who had saved me from starvation，I could now help them！There were the four of us cousins．Twenty thousand pounds，shared equally，would be five thousand pounds each，more than enough for each one of us．It would be a fair and just arrangement，and we would all be happy．I would no longer have the worry of controlling a large amount of money，and they would never have to work again．We would all be able to spend more time together at Moor House．

　　Naturally，when I made this suggestion to St John and his sisters，they protested strongly，and it was with great difficulty that I finally managed to convince them of my firm intention to carry out this plan．In the end they agreed that it was a fair way of sharing the inheritance，and so the legal steps were taken to transfer equal shares to all of us．

22 财从天降

　　圣约翰离开时，天下起雪来，持续了一晚上和第二天一天。晚上，我坐在炉边，听着屋外呼啸的风声。我正要开始看书，突然听到什么响动。我想是风吹动门的声音吧，但不是，是圣约翰。他从寒夜中走进来，身上披满雪花。

　　“出了什么事？”我惊讶地问。“我以为没人会在这种鬼天气里外出。怎么啦？”

　　“没出什么事。”他平静地说，一边挂好帽子，并跺掉靴子上的积雪。“我只是要跟你谈谈。另外，从昨天开始，我很想听听你的另外一部分故事。”他坐了下来。我摸不清他指的是什么，想起他昨晚撕纸的奇怪举动，我开始担心他是不是要疯了。但是，他看上去一切正常，我们说了会儿话，不过他显然在想着别的事情。

　　突然，他说：“我刚才到的时候，说我想听听你另一部分故事，不过也许由我来讲更好。也许你以前听过，但还是再听听吧！二十年前，一个穷牧师爱上了一个富家的女儿，女孩也爱上了他，和他结了婚，违背了家庭的意愿。不幸的是，不到两年，他们便双双去世。我曾见到他们的墓。他们的小女儿由舅妈——盖茨赫德的里德太太抚养长大。你抖了一下，是听到什么动静了吗？我接着说。我不知道孩子跟着里德太太生活得是否幸福，但她在那儿住了十年，直到去洛伍德上学。你也在那儿待过。实际上，她的生活经历似乎和你很像。然后，她成了一位罗切斯特先生家的家庭教师。”

　　“李维斯先生！”我无法再保持沉默，打断了他。

　　“我能够想像你的感受，”他答道。“不过，还是先听我说完。我不了解罗切斯特先生的性格，但他提出要娶这位年轻姑娘。姑娘是在婚礼上才发现他已经结婚，妻子是个疯女人。此后不久家庭教师很快失踪了。尽管进行了调查，报上登了启事，用尽了一切办法寻找她，还是没人知道她的下落。但是，必须要找到她！律师布莱格斯先生有重要的事要跟她说。”

　　“就告诉我一件事。”我急切地说。“罗切斯特先生怎么了？他现在怎么样？在哪儿？在做什么？他好吗？”

　　“我对罗切斯特先生一无所知。你为什么不问问家庭教师的名字，以及为什么大家都在找她？”

　　“布莱格斯先生给罗切斯特先生写信了吗？”我问。

　　“他写过，但回信的不是他，而是管家，一位费尔法斯太太。”

　　我感到身上发冷，很不高兴。无疑罗切斯特先生又离开英格兰到欧洲的城市去寻欢作乐了，这正是我所担心的。噢，我可怜的主人，差点儿成了我的丈夫，我曾经常称做“我亲爱的爱德华”的人！

　　“既然你不问家庭教师的名字，我来告诉你。”圣约翰接着说。“我有笔头证据，最好还是白纸黑字清楚些。”他拿出钱包，从里面抽出一张小纸片，拿给我看。我认出那是我速写本上的，上面是我自己的亲笔字“简·爱”，这一定是我无意之中写上去的。

　　“布莱格斯先生及启事中提到一个简·爱，但我只认识一个简·艾略特。”圣约翰说。“你是简·爱吗？”

　　“是的，是的，可布莱格斯先生就没有罗切斯特先生的消息吗？”我迫不急待地问。

　　“我觉得布莱格斯先生对罗切斯特先生毫无兴趣，你忘了真正重要的事。你想知道他为什么在找你吗？”

　　“好吧，他究竟想要什么？”我几乎无礼地问。

　　“只是想告诉你，你舅舅，马迪拉的爱先生去世了，他把财产留给了你，你现在富有了。就这些，再没别的了。”

　　富有！一时我很穷，一时我又富了。我很难意识到自己的新境遇。一笔财富可以带来我根本无法想像的担忧和责任。听到我唯一活着的亲人我的舅舅去世了，我感到很难过。但是继承遗产可以让我独立生活，这点我很高兴。

　　“或许你想知道你继承了多少财产？”圣约翰客气地说。“其实并不很多，我想只有20 000英镑。”

　　“20 000英镑？”这消息让我停止了呼吸。我从未听到过圣约翰的笑声，这时他看到我吃惊的样子，不禁大笑了起来。“也许……也许你搞错了。”我胆怯地问他。

　　“不，没有错。现在我得走了，晚安。”他正要开门，我突然喊道：“站住！为什么布莱格斯找我要写信给你？”

　　“哦，我是牧师，有途径找到。”

　　“不，我不满意你的话，告诉我实情。”我坚持道，站在门前挡住他。

　　“我本不想现在告诉你，不过我想你早晚也会知道。你知道不知道我的全名叫圣约翰·爱·李维斯？”

　　“不，不知道！不过，那么这就是说……”我停住了，脑子里念头一闪，开始明白联系我们之间的那一连串的事情。但圣约翰继续解释着。

　　“我母亲姓爱。”他说。“她有两个哥哥，一个是牧师，娶了盖茨赫德的简·里德小姐，另一个就是马迪拉的约翰·爱。布莱格斯先生是爱先生的律师，他写信告诉我们舅舅死了。因为和我们的父亲吵架，他没有把财产留给我们，而是给了他弟弟的女儿。后来布莱格斯先生又写信来，说找不到那位姑娘。不过，我把你找到了。”他手里拿着帽子朝门口走去。

　　“等一等，让我想想。”我说。“那么戴安娜和玛丽是我的表姐妹了？”

　　“是的，我们是你的表亲。”他耐心地等待着。

　　我看着他，好像自己找到了一个哥哥和两个姐姐，可以一辈子爱他们，并以他们为荣。原来救了我的命的人竟是我的近亲！对一颗孤独的心来说，这的确是一笔财富，比金钱带来的沉重负担更能照亮我的生命。

　　“啊，我真高兴——我真高兴！”我笑着，叫着。

　　圣约翰笑了。“我跟你说你继承了财产时你很严肃，现在对这无关紧要的事你倒激动起来了。”

　　“你这是什么意思？这可能对你毫无意义。你已经有两个妹妹，不再需要什么亲人了。可是我没有一个亲人，而现在我的世界里却突然有了三个亲人，或许是两个，如果241

　　你不愿被称做一个的话。”我在屋里急步踱着，脑子里的念头一个接一个地闪现，我自己都搞不懂了。我现在的亲人，这些曾从饥饿中拯救过我的人，我如今可以帮助他们！我们表兄妹四个，均分 20 000英镑，每人可得5 000英镑，足够用的。这样安排公平合理，我们大家都会感到高兴，我也不必再为掌握着这么多钱而担心，她们也不必再工作了。我们可以有更多的时间一起生活在摩尔屋了。

　　我向圣约翰和他的妹妹们提出这个建议时，他们坚决反对。我费了很大力气才说服她们我一定要这样办。最后他们终于同意这样分配遗产是公平的，于是我们办理了必要的法律手续，把财产平均划到每个人名下。

23 A voice from the past

　　I promised to stay at Morton school until Christmas，when St John would be able to find another teacher．He was there when I closed the school for the Christmas holidays．I was quite sorry to have to say goodbye to some of my pupils．

　　'You see what progress they have made！And you've only worked here a few months！'he said．'Imagine how much more good you coul do if you gave your whole life to teaching！'

　　'Yes，'I answered，'but I couldn't do it for ever．Don't mention school，I'm on holiday now！'

　　He looked serious．'What are your plans？'

　　'I want you to let me have Hannah for a few days．She and I are going to clean Moor House from top to bottom，and make all the Christmas preparations that you know nothing about，being only a man．Everything must be ready for Diana and Mary when they come home next week，for a really wonderful holiday．'

　　St John smiled but he was still not satisfied with me．'That's all right for the moment，but I hope，Jane，that you'll look higher than domestic activity，and think abut a better way of using your energy and intelligence in the service of God．'

　　'St John，I have so many reasons for happiness．I am determined to be happy despite your scolding！'

　　That week Hannah and I worked harder than we had ever worked in our lives before，but at last all was ready．It was a delight to see Diana's and Mary's faces when they arrived cold and stiff from their long journey，and saw the warm fires and polished furniture，and smelt the cakes and meat dishes cooking．

　　We three spent the whole of Christmas week in perfect happiness．The air of the moors，the freedom of home，and the beginning of independence made Diana and Mary happier than I had ever seen them．Only St John remained apart from our conversations and laughter．He continued his serious studies，and spent much time visiting the sick as usual．

　　'Do you still intend to be a missionary？'Diana asked him once，a little sadly．

　　'Nothing has changed or will change my plans，'he answered．'I shall leave England in a few months'time．'

　　'And Rosamund Oliver？'asked Mary gently．

　　'Rosamund Oliver is engaged to a Mr Granby，a very suitable young man，according to her father．'His face was calm．I realized he had managed to overcome what he called his weakness．

　　Gradually our life at Moor House lost its holiday feeling，and as we took up our usual habits and regular studies again，St John sat with us more often．Sometimes I had the impression he was observing us．One day，when Diana and Mary were out and I was learning German，he suddenly said to me，'I want you to learn Hindustani instead of German．I'll need it for my missionary work in India，and you could help me to learn it by studying with me．I've chosen you because I've noticed you have better powers of concentration than either of my sisters．'It seemed so important to him that I could not refuse，and when his sisters returned，they were surprised to find me learning Hindustani with St John．

　　From now on we spent a lot of time together，studying．I had to work very hard to satisfy him．Under his influence，however，I felt I was losing my freedom to be myself．I could no longer talk or laugh freely，as I knew he only approved of serious moods and studies．I fell under his freezing spell，obeying all his commands without thinking．

　　One evening，at bedtime，as he kissed his sisters good night，and was holding out his hand to shake mine，as usual，Diana said，laughing，'St John！You aren't treating Jane like one of the family！You should kiss her too．'I was rather embarrassed，but St John calmly kissed me，and did so every evening after that．

　　I had not forgotten Mr Rochester in all these changes of home and fortune．His name was written on my heart，and would stay there as long as I lived．Not only had I written to ask Mr Briggs more about him，I had also written twice to Mrs Fairfax．But after I had waited in vain for six months，I lost hope，and felt low indeed．Diana said I looked ill，and needed a holiday at the seaside，but St John thought I ought to concentrate on more serious work，and gave me even more Hindustani exercises to do．

　　One day，while he and I were walking on the moors，he announced，'Jane，I'll be leaving in six weeks．'

　　'You're doing God's work．He'll protect you，'I replied．

　　'Yes，it seems strange to me that all my friends don't want to join me．God offers a place in heaven to all who serve Him．What does your heart say to that，Jane？'

　　'My heart is silent—my heart is silent，'I murmured．

　　'Then I must speak for it，'said the deep，stern voice．'Jane，come with me to India as a missionary！'

　　Was it a call from God？I felt as if I was under a terrible spell，and I trembled，afraid that I might not be able to escape．

　　'Oh St John，don't choose me！'I begged．But it was useless appealing to a man who always did what he believed to be his duty，however unpleasant it was．

　　'God intended you to be a missionary's wife，'he continued．'Trust in Him，Jane．Marry me，for the service of God．'

　　'I can't do it，St John，I'm not strong enough！'I cried．The iron bars of a cage seemed to be closing in around me．

　　'I've seen how hard you can work，Jane．You will be a great help to me with Indian women，and in Indian schools．'

　　I thought，' Yes，I could do that．But I know that he doesn't love me， and despite that， he asks me to marry him！'So I said，

　　'I'm ready to go with you to India，but as a sister， not as a wife．'

　　He shook his head．'You must see that's impossible． No， a sister could marry at any time， and leave me．I need a wife，who will obey me in life， and who will stay with me until death．'

　　I trembled as I felt his power over me already．'I'll give my heart to Good，'I said．'You don't want it．'As I looked at his stern face， I knew I could go anywhere in the world with him as a colleague， but I could never lose my freedom by marrying him．

　　'I'll ask you again in a few days'time， he said，'and remember， it isn't me you're refusing， but God！'

　　From then on his manner towards me was as cold as ice，which caused me great pain．I began to understand how，if I were his wife， this good， religious man could soon kill me，without feeling any guilt at all．

　　When he asked me again， we were alone in the sitting－room． He put his hand on my head and spoke quietly in his deep， sincere voice．'Remember， Jane， God calls us to work for Him，and will reward us for it．Say you will marry me，and earn your place in heaven！'I admired and respected him，and under his touch my mind was changing． I was tempted to stop struggling against him， as I had been tempted before，in a different way， by Mr Rochester．The missionary gently held my hand．I could resist his anger， but not his gentleness．I desperately wanted to do what was right．

　　'If I felt certain，'I answered finally，'that God really wanted me to marry you， I would agree！'

　　'My prayers are heard！'cried St John． Close together we stood， waiting for a sign from heaven． I was more excited than I had ever been before． There was a total silence in the house，and the room was full of moonlight．Suddenly my heart stopped beating， and I heard a distant voice cry，'Jane！ Jane！Jane！'—nothing more．Where did it come from？It was the voice of Edward Rochester， and it spoke in sadness and in pain．

　　'I'm coming！'I cried．'Wait for me！'I ran into the garden calling，'Where are you？'Only the hills sent a faint echo back．

　　I broke away from St John， who had followed， asking me questions．It was my time to give orders now． I told him to leave me， and he obeyed．In my room I fell to my knees to thank God for the sign He had sent me， and waited eagerly for daylight．

23 往昔的呼唤

　　我答应在莫顿的那个学校住到圣诞节，那时圣约翰会找到另外一位教师。圣诞节放假时他在学校。要和我的一些学生道别，我感到很难过。

　　“你瞧她们进步多大！而你才工作了不过几个月的时间！”他说。“想像一下，如果你一生从事教育会成就多大的善事啊！”

　　“是的，”我答道，“但我不能一直教下去。别提学校了，我现在放假了！”

　　他表情严肃起来：“你有什么打算？”

　　“我想请你把汉娜借给我几天。我要和她从上到下彻底打扫摩尔屋，做好各种圣诞节的准备。你一个男人，对此一无所知。戴安娜和玛丽下星期回家时，应该一切就绪，我们要过一个真正精彩的节日。”

　　圣约翰笑了，但他对我还不满足。“眼下这样很好。不过，简，我希望你能超越家居琐事，看得更高一点，思考一下用更好的办法以你的精力和智慧为上帝服务。”

　　“圣约翰，我高兴的原因太多了。尽管你批评我，我还是下决心要快快乐乐的。”

　　那一星期里，我和汉娜干得比任何时候都卖力，不过一切终于就绪了。戴安娜和玛丽经过长途跋涉到家时都冻僵了。她们看到了温暖的炉火，锃亮的家具，还闻到了蛋糕和炉子上炖肉的香味。又见到她们的面真让人高兴。

　　圣诞节的一星期里，我们三人过得兴高采烈。沼泽地上的空气、家中的自由自在以及独立生活的开始，使戴安娜和玛丽显得比我见过的任何时候都要高兴。只有圣约翰没有加入我们的谈话和欢笑。他继续他的学习，并像往常一样花许多时间看望病人。

　　“你还想做一个传教土吗？”戴安娜一次有点儿伤心地问他。

　　“什么也没有改变，什么也改变不了我的打算。”他回答说。“我几个月后就离开英格兰。”

　　“那罗莎蒙特·奥利弗小姐呢？”玛丽轻声问。

　　“罗莎蒙特·奥利弗小姐已经和一位格兰比先生订婚，据她父亲说，是个很匹配的年轻人。”他表情很平静。我意识到他已克服了他所说的所谓的弱点。

　　在摩尔屋的生活渐渐褪去了节日的气氛，我们又开始按老习惯生活，进行正常的学习，圣约翰和我们在一起的时间多起来。有时候我感到他在观察我们。一天，戴安娜和玛丽出门了，我正在学习德语，他突然对我说：“我想让你学印度斯坦语，而不是德语。我在印度做传教士的工作需要它，你和我一起学可以帮助我。我之所以选择你，是因为我觉得你比我的两个妹妹更能集中精力。”这对他似乎至关重要，使我难以拒绝。两姐妹回来时，看到我正和圣约翰学习印度斯坦语，感到非常惊讶。

　　从此我们常在一起学习，我必须非常刻苦才能使他满意。但是，在他的影响下我感到我正在失去保持自我的自由。因为我知道他只赞赏严肃认真的态度和学习，我不能再自由地说笑。我好像被他施了定身术，不假思索地服从着他所有的命令。

　　一天晚上，就寝的时间到了，他吻了两个妹妹，并道晚安，又像往常那样伸出手来握我的手。戴安娜笑着说：“圣约翰，你没把简当做一家人来对待！你也应该吻她。”我很尴尬，但圣约翰平静地吻了我。此后每天晚上都这样。

　　在所有这些关于家庭与财富的变迁发生的过程中，我始终不能忘记罗切斯特先生。他的名字已写在我心上，只要我活着，就永远不会消失。我不仅越来越多地给布莱格斯先生写信，打听他的消息，还给费尔法斯太太去过两封信。但是空等了半年，我不抱希望了，感到无比沮丧。戴安娜说我看上去不舒服，需要到海边去疗养，然而圣约翰却说我应该集中精力多做些正经的事，还给我更多的印度斯坦语练习来做。

　　一天，当他和我在沼泽地上散步时，他宣布：“简，我六星期后离开。”

　　“你在为上帝工作。他会保护你。”我说。

　　“是的，奇怪的是我的朋友没有一个愿与我同行。上帝给所有为他服务的人在天堂都准备好了地方。简，你的心对此有什么回答？”

　　“我的心是沉默的——我的心是沉默的。”我喃喃道。

　　“那么我就必须替它说话了。”他用严肃低沉的声音说。“简，跟我一起去印度做传教士吧！”

　　这是上帝的召唤吗？我感到自己被附上了可怕的咒语，我颤抖着，害怕自己无法逃脱出来。

　　“噢，圣约翰，别选择我。”我乞求着。然而他一向认为自己在履行责任，无论那是多么不愉快；向这样的人乞求是徒劳的。

　　“上帝要让你成为一个传教士的妻子。”他接着说。“简，相信我。嫁给我，为上帝服务。”

　　“圣约翰，我不能，我不够坚强。”我大声说。牢笼的铁条似乎正从四面向我逼近。

　　“简，我看到了你工作起来有多么刻苦。你可以在印度妇女中、在印度学校里给我很大帮助。”

　　我心想：“是的，我能够做到，但我知道他不爱我。尽管这样，他还让我嫁给他！”于是我说：

　　“我准备跟你去印度，但是做为妹妹，而不是妻子。”

　　他摇摇头。“你要知道那是不可能的。不行，妹妹随时可以嫁人，离我而去。我需要一个妻子，在生活中听命于我，并伴我至死。”

　　我发起抖来，因为我已感受到他的力量在控制着我。“我会把心交给上帝。”我说。“你不需要的。”我望着他紧绷的脸，知道我可以做为同事伴他到天涯海角，但我永远不能为与他结婚而失去我的自由。

　　“我几天以后再问你一次。”他说。“记住，你拒绝的不是我，而是上帝！”

　　此后他对我的态度便冷若冰霜，使我非常痛苦。我开始明白，如果我是他的妻子，这个善良、虔诚的男人会很快要了我的命，而自己却不感到丝毫的愧疚。

　　他第二次问我时，我们正单独坐在客厅里。他将手放在我的头上，用深沉而真诚的声音轻声地说：“简，记住，上帝呼唤我们为他工作，并将为此奖赏我们。说，你会嫁给我，去争取你在天堂的位置。”我仰慕他、尊重他，在他的触摸下我的想法开始变化。我有些想停止对他的反抗，就像过去在另一种情形下受到罗切斯特先生的诱惑一样。传教士温柔地握着我的手。我可以抵抗他的气愤，却无法抗拒他的温柔。我竭力想把事情做对。

　　我最后说：“如果我的确感到上帝真的想让我和你结婚，我会同意的。”

　　“我的祈祷显灵了！”圣约翰叫道。我们紧紧站在一起，等待来自天堂的信号。我从未像现在这样激动。屋里一片寂静，月光洒了一地。突然，我的心好像停止了跳动。我听到一个遥远的声音呼唤着：“简！简！简！”再没有别的了。这是从哪儿传来的？这是罗切斯特先生的声音，悲伤而痛苦。

　　“我来了！”我喊着。“等等我！”我跑进花园喊着：“你在哪儿？”只有山丘隐约的回声。

　　我从圣约翰身边挣脱着跑出来，他跟在我后面追问着。现在该轮到我下命令了。我让他离开我，他遵从了。回到自己的房间后，我跪到地上。感谢上帝给我带来的讯息。我急切地盼着天亮。

24 Returning to Thornfield

　　In the morning I explained to Diana and Mary that I had to go on a journey， and would be away for several days． Although they did not know the reason for my journey，they were far too sensitive to my feelings to bother me with questions．

　　And so I walked to Whitcross，the lonely crossroads on the moor，where I had arrived a year ago with no money or luggage．I took the coach， and after thirty－six hours of travelling I got down at Thornfield village， and almost ran across the fields in my hurry to see the well－known house again，and its owner．I decided to approach from the front， to get the best view of the house． From there I would be able to see my master's window．'He might even be walking in the gardens，'I thought，'and I could run to him，touch him！Surely that wouldn't hurt anybody？'

　　But when I reached the great stone columns of the main gate，I stood still in horror． There， where I had hoped to see a fine， impressive house， was nothing but a blackened heap of stones，with the silence of death about it．No wonder that letters addressed to people here had never received an answer．There must have been a great fire．How had it started？Had any lives been lost？ I ran back to the village to find answers to my questions．

　　'Well，ma'am，'the hotel－owner told me，'I was one of Mr Rochester's servants at the time， and I can tell you it was his mad wife who started the fire in the governess's room． The master had been wildly in love with the governess， you see，ma'am， although she was just a plain little thing， and when she disappeared， he almost went mad． His wife must have understood enough to be jealous of the girl．Anyway，in the fire the master risked his life helping all the servants out of the house， then bravely went back to save the mad woman． We saw her jump from the roof and fall to her death． But because he went back to help her，he was badly injured in the fire，losing a hand and the sight of both eyes．Very sad， ma'am．'

　　'Where is he now？'I asked urgently．

　　'At another house of his， Ferndean Manor， thirty miles away．

I hired a carriage to drive there at once．

第五部 枫丹庄园的女主人

24 回到特恩费得

　　早晨，我跟戴安娜和玛丽解释说我必须出门，离开几天。尽管她们不知道我出门的原因，但她们都小心地顾及着我的感觉，没有多问什么。

　　于是我走到威特考斯。一年前，我曾身无分文来到这块沼泽地上的十字路口。我乘上马车，经过36个小时的旅程，在特恩费得村下了车。我几乎是跑着走过田野，急切地想再次看到那熟悉的老屋和它的主人。我决定从前面过去，以便看得更清楚些。从这个角度我能见到主人房间的窗户。“他或许就在花园散步呢！”我想。“我可以向他跑过去，抚摸他！这肯定不会伤了谁吧？”

　　但是，当我来到大门的巨大石柱下时，我呆站着，心中充满恐惧。我原本希望看到一座府第巍然矗立的地方，此时却只剩下几堆焦黑的石头，周围是死一般的寂静。难怪写给这里的人的信，没有一点儿回音呢。一定是发生了大火灾，怎么引起的呢？有人死去吗？我跑回村子去寻找答案。

　　“是这样，女士。”旅馆的店主对我说。“我曾是罗切斯特先生的一个仆人，我可以告诉你，一定是他的疯老婆在家庭教师的房间里放了火。女士，你知道，尽管她只是个不起眼的小东西，可是主人却疯狂地爱上了她。她失踪后，他几乎要疯了。他的老婆一定还知道嫉妒那个姑娘。不管怎样，大火中主人冒着生命危险帮助所有的仆人们逃出了屋子，然后又勇敢地冲回去救那疯女人。我们看到她从屋顶跳下来，摔死了。可是他因为回去救她却被大火严重烧伤，失去了一只手，一双眼睛也瞎了。真让人伤心啊，女士。”

　　“他现在在哪儿？”我急切地问。

　　“在他的另一所房子枫丹庄园那儿，离这儿30英里。”

　　我立即租了辆马车，向那里驶去。

25 Finding Mr Rochester again

　　Ferndean Manor was a large old house in the middle of a wood． It looked dark and lonely， surrounded by trees．As I approached，the narrow front door opened，and out came a figure I could not fail to recognize， Edward Rochester． I held my breath as I watched，feeling a mixture of happiness and sadness． He looked as strong as before and his hair was still black， but in his face I saw a bitter， desperate look，that I had never seen there before．He walked slowly and hesitatingly along the path．Although he kept looking up eagerly at the sky，it was obvious that he could see nothing．After a while he stopped， and stood quietly there， the rain falling fast on his bent， uncovered head．Finally he found his way painfully back to the house， and closed the door．

　　When I knocked at the door， Mr Rochester's old servant，John，opened it and recognized me． He and his wife Mary were the only servants their master had wanted to keep when he moved from Thornfield． Although they were surprised to see me，I had no difficulty in arranging to stay at Ferndean that night．

　　'But he may not want to see you，'warned Mary， as we sat together in the kitchen．'He refuses to see anybody except us．'She was lighting some candles．'He always wants candles in the sitting－room when it's dark， even though he's blind．'

　　'Give them to me，Mary，'I said．'I'll take them to him．'

　　The blind man was sitting near the neglected fire in the dark room．'Put down the candles， Mary，'he sighed．

　　'Here they are， sir，'I said．

　　'That is Mary， isn't it？'he asked， listening carefully．

　　'Mary's in the kitchen，'I answered．

　　'What sweet madness has seized me？'he cried suddenly．

　　'Where is the speaker？I can't see， but I must feel，or my heart will stop， and my brain will burst！Let me touch you，or I can't live！I held his wandering band with both of mine．'Is it Jane？This is her shape…' He released his hand and seized my arm，shouldter，neck， waist and held me close to him．

　　'She is here，'I said，'and her heart too．I am Jane Eyre．I've found you and come back to you．'

　　'My living darling！So you aren't lying dead in a ditch somewhere！Is it a dream？I've dreamed so often of you，only to wake in the morning， abandoned， my life dark，my soul thirsty．'

　　'I'm alive， and I'm not a dream，In fact，I'm an independent woman now I've inherited five thousand pounds from my uncle．'

　　'Ah， that sounds real！I couldn't dream that．But perhaps you have friends now， and don't want to spend much time in a lonely house with a blind man like me．'

　　'I can do what I like，and I intend to stay with you，unless you object．I'll be your neighbour， your nurse， your housekeeper， your companion． You will never be sad or lonely as long as I live．'

　　He did not reply immediately， and I was a little embarrassed by his silence．I had assumed he would still want me to be his wife， and wondered why he did not ask me．

　　'Jane， he said sadly，'you cannot always be my nurse．It's kind and generous of you， but you're young， and one day you will want to marry．If I could only see，I'd try to make you love me again， but…'And he sighed deeply．

　　I was very relieved to discover that was all he was worrying about，because I knew that his blindness made no difference at all to my love for him． However， I thought too much excitement was not good for him， so I talked of other things，and made him laugh a little．As we separated at bedtime，he asked me，'Just one thing， Jane． Were there only ladies in the house where you've been？'I laughed， and escaped upstairs，still laughing．'A good idea！'I thought．'A little jealousy will stop him feeling so sorry for himself！'

　　Next day I took him outside for a long walk in the fresh air．I described the beauty of the fields and sky to him， as we sat close together in the shade of a tree．

　　'Tell me， Jane， what happened to you when you so cruelly abandoned me？'he asked， holding me tightly in his arms．

　　And so I told him my story． Naturally he was interested in St John Rivers，my cousin．

　　'This St John，do you like him？'

　　'He's a very good man．I couldn't help liking him．'

　　'He's perhaps a man of fifty or so？'

　　'St John is only twenty－nine，sir．'

　　'Rather stupid，I think you said？Not at all intelligent？'

　　'He has an excellent brain，sir．'

　　'Did you say he was rather plain， ugly，in fact？'

　　'St John is a handsome man，tall and fair， with blue eyes．'

　　Mr Rochester frowned， and swore loudly．

　　'In fact， sir，'I continued，'he asked me to marry him．'

　　'Well，Jane， leave me and go．Oh，until now I with thought you would never love another man！ But go and marry Rivers！'

　　'I can never marry him，sir He doesn't love me， and I don't love him． He's good and great， but as cold as ice． You needn't be jealous， sir All my heart is yours．'

　　He kisseed me．'I'm no better than the great tree hit by lightning at Thornfierld，'he said．'I can't expect to have a fresh young plant like you by my side，all my life．'

　　'You are still strong， sir， and young plants need the strength and safety of a tree to support them．' 'Jane， will you marry me， a poor blind man with one hand，twenty years older than you？'

　　'Yes， sir．'

　　'My darling！We'll be married in three days'time，Jane．Thank God！You know I never thought much of religion？Well，lately I've begun to understand that God has been punishing me for my pride and my past wickedness．Last Monday night，in a mood of deep depression，I was sitting by an open window， praying for a little peace and happiness in my dark life．In my heart and soul I wanted you．I cried out “Jane！”three times．'

　　'Last Monday night，about midnight？'I asked，wondering．

　　'Yes， but that doesn't matter．This is what's really strange．I heard a voice calling “I'm coming，wait for me！”and“Where are you？”And then I heard an echo sent back by hills， but there's no echo here，in the middle of the wood．Jane， you must have been asleep． Your spirit and mine must have met to comfort each other！ It was your voice I heard！'

　　I did not tell him I had actually spoken those words many miles away，at that exact moment on that night， because I could hardly understand how it happened myself．

　　'I thank God！'said Edward Rochester，'and ask Him to help me live a better life in future！'Together we returned slowly to Ferndean Manor， Edward leaning on my shoulder．

　　We had a quiet wedding．I wrote to tell the Rivers the news．Diana and Mary wrote back with delighted congratulations，but St John did not reply．

　　Now I have been married for ten years．I know what it is like to love and be loved， No woman has ever been closer to her husband than I am to Edward．I am my husband's life，and he is mine． We are always together，and have never had enough of each other's company． After two years his sight began to return in one eye．Now he can see a little， and when our first child was born and put into his arms， he was able to see that the boy had inherited his fine large black eyes．

Mrs Fairfax is retired，and Adele has grown into a charming young woman．Diana and Mary are both married，and we visit them once， a year．St John achieved his ambition by going to India as planned，and is still there．He writes to me regularly．He is unmarried and will never marry now．He knows that the end of his life is near， but he has no fear of death，and looks forward to gaining his place in heaven．

25 重新找到罗切斯特先生

　　枫丹庄园是一幢建在树林中间的高大的旧房子，看上去灰暗、孤单，周围绿树环绕。当我走近时，狭窄的前门打开了，里面走出的正是我永远都能认出的爱德华·罗切斯特。我屏住呼吸注视着，心中悲喜交加。他看上去还和过去一样强壮，头发依然乌黑，但在他的脸上，我看到的是从未见过的痛苦、绝望的表情。他慢慢地、踌躇地在路上走着。尽管他抬起头来热切地望着天空，但显然他什么也看不见。过了一会儿，他停住脚步，静静地站着，雨水打在他低着的、光光的头上。最后他艰难地找到了回家的路，关上了门。

　　当我敲门时，罗切斯特先生的老仆人约翰打开门，并认出了我。主人从特恩费得搬来时，他和妻子玛丽是主人唯一想留下的仆人。尽管他们见到我很吃惊，我还是没费什么事就做好了当晚住在枫丹的安排。

　　我们一起坐在厨房里，玛丽警告说：“他也许不愿见到你。除了我们以外，他拒绝见任何人。”她点上几根蜡烛。“尽管他瞎了，却总希望天黑时在客厅里点上蜡烛。”

　　“把蜡烛给我，玛丽。”我说。“我给他拿去。”

　　这个双目失明的人坐在黑屋子里无人照管的炉火边。“把蜡烛放下，玛丽。”他叹了口气。

　　“先生，它们在这里。”我说。

　　“你是玛丽，对吗？”他说，并仔细听着。

　　“玛丽在厨房里。”我答道。

　　“是什么甜蜜的疯狂攫住了我？”他突然喊道。“说话的人在哪儿？我看不到，但我必须感觉到，否则我的心就会停止跳动，我的脑子就会迸裂！让我摸摸你，否则我会活不下去！”我双手握住他摸索着的手。“是简吗？这是她的样子……”他腾出手来，抓住我的胳膊、肩膀、脖子、腰肢，把我紧紧抱住。

　　“她在这里。”我说。“她的心也在这里，我是简·爱。我找到你了，回到你身边来了。”

　　“我的宝贝还活着！那么你没有死在某处的阴沟里！这是不是梦？我常常梦见你，早上醒来却已被抛弃，只剩下黑暗的生活和饥渴的灵魂。”

　　“我活着，我不是梦。实际上我现在是个独立的女人了，我从舅舅那儿继承了5 000英镑。”

　　“啊，这听起来倒是真的！我不会梦到这个。但是也许你现在有了朋友，不再想到这幢孤零零的房子里，花许多时间陪伴一个像我这样的瞎子了。”

　　“我想做什么，就能做什么。我想和你一起住，除非你反对。我要成为你的邻居，你的护士，你的管家，你的伴侣。只要我活着，你就永远不会悲伤或孤独。”

　　他没有立刻回答，他的沉默使我感到有些尴尬。我本以为他仍然希望我成为他的妻子，却纳闷他为什么不向我提出来。

　　“简，”他悲哀地说。“你不能永远做我的护士。你很慷慨善良，但你还年轻，总有一天你会想结婚。如果我能够看得见，我会努力让你再爱上我，但是……”他深深地叹了口气。

　　原来他担心的就是这些，我感到轻松了许多，因为他失明丝毫没有影响到我对他的爱。但是，我觉得过于激动对他没好处，于是就开始扯些别的话题，逗他笑一点儿。我们分手去就寝时，他问我：“简，就一件事。你住的家里只有女士吗？”我笑了，逃上楼去，仍止不住笑。“好主意。”我想。“小小的嫉妒会让他减少对自己的伤心。”

　　第二天，我带他到户外散步，呼吸些新鲜空气。当我们紧挨着坐在树阴下时，我向他描述着田野和天空的美丽。

　　“简，告诉我。你狠心抛下我后，又发生了什么事？”他紧紧搂着我问。

　　于是我向他讲述了我的经历。他自然对我的表兄圣约翰很感兴趣。

　　“这个圣约翰，你喜欢他吗？”

　　“他是个很好的人，我不能不喜欢他。”

　　“他也许五十多岁？”

　　“不，先生，圣约翰只有29岁。”

　　“我想你说过他很傻？一点儿也不聪明？”

　　“先生，他有着出色的头脑。”

　　“你是不是说过他实际上很平凡、很丑？”

　　“圣约翰是个美男子，个子高高的，金发碧眼。”

　　罗切斯特先生皱起眉头，大声诅咒着。

　　“先生，”我接着说，“实际上他要我嫁给他。”

　　“好了，简，离开我走吧！啊，直到此刻我一直以为你不会再爱上别人！但是走吧，去和李维斯结婚！”

　　“先生，我永远不能和他结婚。他不爱我，我也不爱他。他很好、很伟大，但却冷若冰霜。你不必嫉妒，我整个的心都是你的。”

　　他吻吻我。“我跟特恩费得被雷击倒的大树没什么两样。”他说，“我不能指望像你这样一棵稚嫩的小树一辈子陪伴在我身边。”

　　“先生，你仍然强壮。小树需要大树的力量和庇护来支撑自己。”

　　“简，你愿嫁给我，一个比你年长20岁、只有一只手的、可怜的盲人吗？”

　　“是的，先生。”

　　“我亲爱的！简，我们三天内就结婚。感谢上帝！你知道我从来不那么看重宗教吧？不过最近我认为上帝在为我的傲慢和邪恶的过去惩罚我。上星期一晚上，我情绪很坏，坐在敞开的窗边，祈求我黑暗的生活中出现一点儿安宁和幸福。在我的内心和灵魂深处，我想得到你。我喊了三声'简！'”

　　“上星期一晚上，大约午夜时？”我奇怪地问。

　　“是的，不过这还无关紧要。真正奇怪的是这个：我听到一个声音回答着：'我来了，等等我！'还说：'你在哪儿？'然后我听到山丘传来的回声，可我们这里没有山丘，是在树林当中。简，你当时一定睡了。你我的魂灵一定见了面，互相安慰！我听到的正是你的声音。”

　　我自己也搞不清这一切是如何发生的，便没有告诉他就在那天夜里的那个时刻，我在很远的地方说出的正是他听到的话。

　　“我感谢上帝！”爱德华·罗切斯特说，“我请求他帮助我在未来过上更好的生活。”爱德华扶着我的肩膀，我们一起慢慢回到枫丹庄园。

　　我们举行了简单的婚礼。我写信告诉了李维斯一家，戴安娜和玛丽回信热情祝贺我们，但圣约翰没有回复。

　　现在我已结婚十年。我懂得什么是爱和被爱。没有任何女人与丈夫，能像我和爱德华那样亲密。我是我丈夫的生命，而他也是我的。我们总是在一起，享受不够彼此的陪伴。两年后，他的一只眼睛开始恢复视力。现在他已经能看到一点儿。我们的第一个孩子出世、放到他怀里时，他可以看出孩子继承了他那双又大又黑的漂亮眼睛。

　　费尔法斯太太退休了，阿黛拉已出落成一个迷人的姑娘。戴安娜和玛丽都结了婚，我们每年都去看她们一次。圣约翰实现了他的远大志向，如期去了印度，至今还在那里。他经常给我写信，没有结婚，也不打算结婚了。他知道自己的生命就要完结，但是他对死亡毫不惧怕，盼着在天堂中获得他的一席之地。