

# 呼啸山庄

Wuthering Heights

中英对照全译本

艾米莉·勃朗特

*Emily Brontë*



世界图书出版公司

H319.4  
BLT2.6

# 呼啸山庄

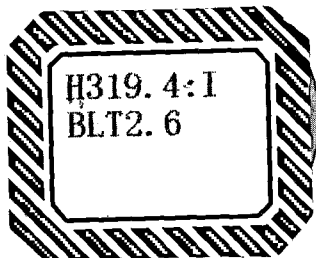
Wuthering Heights

中英对照全译本

(英) 艾米莉·勃朗特

*Emily Bronte*

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会  
主任：黎小波 高民芳  
本册委员：王清辉 经婧 章杰  
叶文彬 程玉洁 韩建伟



世界图书出版公司

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

呼啸山庄/(英)勃朗特著;盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会译. —上海:上海世界图书出版公司,2008.5

ISBN 978-7-5062-9698-4

. I. 呼… II. ①勃…②盛… III. ①英语-汉语-对照读物②长篇小说-英国-近代 IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2008)第 056126 号

呼啸山庄

[英]艾米莉·勃朗特 著  
盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译

---

上海世界图书出版公司 出版发行

上海市尚文路 185 号 B 楼

邮政编码 200010

北京泰山兴业印务责任有限公司印刷

如发现印刷质量问题,请与印刷厂联系

(质检科电话:010-52052501)

各地新华书店经销

---

开本:880×1230 1/32 印张:13.5 字数:281 000

2008 年 5 月第 1 版 2008 年 5 月第 1 次印刷

ISBN 978-7-5062-9698-4/H·806

定价:18.80 元

www.wpcsh.com.cn

# 前 言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了五十年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。

送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。



CONTENTS  
目录

第一章 .....	1	第十八章 .....	238
第二章 .....	8	第十九章 .....	251
第三章 .....	22	第二十章 .....	257
第四章 .....	39	第二十一章 .....	266
第五章 .....	49	第二十二章 .....	289
第六章 .....	54	第二十三章 .....	297
第七章 .....	63	第二十四章 .....	308
第八章 .....	78	第二十五章 .....	321
第九章 .....	90	第二十六章 .....	326
第十章 .....	113	第二十七章 .....	333
第十一章 .....	136	第二十八章 .....	349
第十二章 .....	151	第二十九章 .....	358
第十三章 .....	169	第三十章 .....	366
第十四章 .....	184	第三十一章 .....	375
第十五章 .....	196	第三十二章 .....	383
第十六章 .....	208	第三十三章 .....	398
第十七章 .....	214	第三十四章 .....	409



Chapter 1  
第一章

1801—I have just returned from a visit to my landlord—the solitary neighbour that I shall be troubled with. This is certainly a beautiful country! In all England, I do not believe that I could have fixed on a situation so completely removed from the stir of society. A perfect misanthropist’s Heaven; and Mr. Heathcliff and I are such a suitable pair to divide the desolation between us. A capital fellow! He little imagined how my heart warmed towards him when I beheld his black eyes withdraw so suspiciously under their brows, as I rode up, and when his fingers sheltered themselves, with jealous resolution, still further in his waistcoat, as I announced my name.

“Mr. Heathcliff?” I said.

A nod was the answer.

“Mr. Lockwood your new tenant, sir. I do myself the honour of calling as soon as possible after my arrival, to express the hope that I have not inconvenienced you by my perseverance in soliciting the occupation of Thruscross Grange: I heard yesterday you had had some thoughts—”

“Thruscross Grange is my own, sir,” he interrupted, wincing. “I should not allow any

一八零一年——我刚拜访我的房东回来——就是那个我将要费心相处的孤独的邻居。这儿可真是美丽的乡村!在整个英格兰境内,我不相信还能找到一个像这儿一样与熙熙攘攘的尘世彻底隔绝的地方。一个完美的厌世者的天堂:而希斯克利夫先生和我则是共同分享这荒凉景色的再相配不过的一对。一个绝妙的家伙!我骑着马走到他近前,看到他眉毛下那双乌黑的眼睛满腹狐疑地往里缩,在我通报自己姓名时,他非常警惕地把手指更深地藏到背心袋里。这时,我对他充满了亲切感,他却一点也没有察觉到。

“希斯克利夫先生?”我说。

他点一下头,算是回答。

“先生,我是洛克伍德,您的新房客。为了表达我的敬意,我一到此地就赶来拜访您,希望我坚持要把画眉田庄租下来不会给您带来什么不便。昨天我听说您想——”

“先生,画眉田庄是我的产业。”他打断我的话,闪烁其词:“只要我能

one to inconvenience me, if I could hinder it—walk in!”

The “walk in” was uttered with dosed teeth, and expressed the sentiment, “Go to the Deuce”: even the gate over which he leant manifested no sympathizing movement to the words; and I think that circumstance determined me to accept the invitation; I felt interested in a man who seemed more exaggeratedly reserved than myself.

When he saw my horse’s breast fairly pushing the barrier, he did pull out his hand to unchain it, and then sullenly preceded me up the causeway, calling, as we entered the court, —“Joseph, take Mr. Lockwood’s horse; and bring up some wine.”

“Here we have the whole establishment of domestics, I suppose,” was the reflection, suggested by this compound order. “No wonder the grass grows up between the flags, and cattle are the only hedge-cutters.”

Joseph was an elderly, nay, an old man: very old, perhaps, though hale and sinewy. “The Lord help us!” he soliloquised in an undertone of peevish displeasure, while relieving me of my horse, looking, meantime, in my face so sourly that I charitably conjectured he must have need of divine aid to digest his dinner, and his pious ejaculation had no reference to my unexpected advent.

Wuthering Heights is the name of Mr. Heathcliff’s dwelling. “Wuthering” being a significant provincial adjective, descriptive of the atmospheric tumult to which its station is exposed in stormy weather. Pure, bracing ventilation they must have up there at all times, indeed; one may guess the power of the north

阻止，我不会让任何人给我造成不便。进来！”

这一声“进来”是从牙缝中挤出来的，表达了这样一种情绪：“见鬼！”甚至他靠着的那扇大门也没有因他的话作出相应的移动，而我认为这样的情况决定了我必须接受他的邀请：我对这个仿佛比我还要冷淡的人很感兴趣。

当看见我的马胸部快要压上栅栏时，他倒也伸手解开了门链，然后郁郁不乐地领我走上石路。我们一进到院子里，他就喊道：“约瑟夫，把洛克伍德先生的马牵走，再拿些酒。”

“我想这是他所有的家仆了，”这个双重任务的吩咐暗示我。“这也就怪不得石板缝里长满了草，树篱只有靠牛在修剪呢。”

约瑟夫是个上了年纪的人，不，是个老头儿——尽管健壮结实，但是非常老。当牵过我的马时，他恨声怨气地小声嘟哝着：“主保佑我们！”同时还那么愤怒地盯着我的脸，以至于我好心地推测，他一定是需要神的帮助来消化他的晚餐，而他突然说出来的虔诚祈祷与我这个不速之客是毫不相干的。

呼啸山庄是希斯克利夫先生住所的名称。“呼啸”是一个意味深长的当地的形容词，形容这地方在暴风雨天气里空气的喧嚷。的确，他们这儿一定随时都流通着清新凉爽的空气。从房屋那头那几棵过度倾斜的矮小的冷杉，还有那一排瘦削的荆棘——它们

wind blowing over the edge, by the excessive slant of a few stunted firs at the end of the house; and by a range of gaunt thorns all stretching their limbs one way, as if craving alms of the sun. Happily, the architect had foresight to build it strong: the narrow windows are deeply set in the wall, and the corners defended with large jutting stones.

Before passing the threshold, I paused to admire a quantity of grotesque carving lavished over the front, and especially about the principal door; above which, among a wilderness of crumbling griffins and shameless little boys, I detected the date "1500", and the name "Hareton Earnshaw". I would have made a few comments, and requested a short history of the place from the surly owner; but his attitude at the door appeared to demand my speedy entrance, or complete departure, and I had no desire to aggravate his impatience previous to inspecting the penetralium.

One step brought us into the family sitting-room, without any introductory lobby or passage: they call it here "the house" preeminently. It includes kitchen and parlour, generally; but I believe at Wuthering Heights the kitchen is forced to retreat altogether into another quarter: at least I distinguished a chatter of tongues, and a clatter of culinary utensils, deep within; and I observed no signs of roasting, boiling, or baking, about the huge fire-place; nor any glitter of copper saucepans and tin cullenders on the walls. One end, indeed, reflected splendidly both light and heat from ranks of immense pewter dishes, interspersed with silver jugs and tankards, towering row after row, on a vast oak dresser, to the very roof. The lat-

的分支伸向一侧，仿佛在渴求太阳的布施，我们就可以猜想北风刮过房檐的威力了。所幸的是，建筑师很有远见地把房子建得很坚固：狭窄的窗子深深地嵌在墙里，两边都用凸出的大石块保护着。

在跨进门槛之前，我驻足观赏布满了整个房屋正面，尤其是正门周围的许多形状怪异的雕刻；在正门上，除了许多碎裂的狮身鹰首兽和不知害羞的小男孩外，我还发现了“1500”这个年份和“哈里顿·恩肖”这个名字。我本该评论一番，向这位乖戾的主人请教一下这个地方的简要历史，可从他站在门口的架式看来，是要我要么赶快进屋，要么就赶紧走人，而我可不愿意在参观内部之前就把手主人惹恼，让他越发不耐烦。

根本不用经过任何会客室或是走道，我一步就跨进了起居室，这就是典型的他们所谓的“屋子”，通常的屋子连厨房带客厅都包括在内，但是我认为，在呼啸山庄里，厨房必定是被挤到另一个角落去了：至少我听出来在里屋有喋喋的说话声和厨房用具的碰撞声；而在大壁炉四周我看不出什么烤、煮或烘焙的痕迹；在墙上也没有发现有铜制炖锅和锡制滤勺之类的东西在闪闪发光。倒是在屋子的另一头，在一个巨大的橡木橱柜里陈列着白镏盘子，中间夹杂着银壶、银杯，一排一排的垒到橱顶，反射出非常壮观的光线和热气。橱柜从没上过漆，它的整个结构一览无遗。只有一处，



ter had never been underdrawn; its entire anatomy lay bare to an inquiring eye, except where a frame of wood laden with oatcakes and clusters of legs of beef, mutton, and ham, concealed it. Above the chimney were sundry villanous old guns, and a couple of horse-pistols; and, by way of ornament, three gaudily painted canisters disposed along its ledge. The floor was of smooth, white stone; the chairs, high-backed, primitive structures, painted green and one or two heavy black ones lurking in the shade. In an arch under the dresser, reposed a huge, liver-coloured bitch pointer, surrounded by a swarm of squealing puppies; and other dogs haunted other recesses.

The apartment and furniture would have been nothing extraordinary as belonging to a homely, northern farmer, with a stubborn countenance, and stalwart limbs set out to advantage in knee-breeches and gaiters. Such an individual seated in his armchair, his mug of ale frothing on the round table before him, is to be seen in any circuit of five or six miles among these hills, if you go at the right time after dinner. But Mr. Heathcliff forms a singular contrast to his abode and style of living. He is a dark-skinned gypsy in aspect, in dress and manners a gentleman; that is, as much a gentleman as many a country squire; rather slovenly, perhaps, yet not looking amiss with his negligence, because he has an erect and handsome figure; and rather morose. Possibly, some people might suspect him of a degree of underbred pride; I have a sympathetic chord within that tells me it is nothing of the sort. I know, by instinct, his reserve springs from an aversion to showy displays of feeling to mani-

被搁着麦饼、牛腿、羊肉还有火腿的木架遮住了一部分。壁炉台上挂着各式各样的蹩脚的老式枪，以及一对马枪。还有三个涂色很俗气的茶叶罐排列在壁架上，当作装饰。地板是平滑的白石铺砌的，椅子是高背的，结构粗糙，涂着绿漆，还有一两只笨重的黑椅子躲在阴暗处。橱柜下面的圆拱里，睡着一条巨大的、深褐色的母猎狗，身边围着一群尖叫着的小狗，还有些别的狗在其他地方安身。

要是主人是一个普通的北方庄稼汉，长着一张倔强的脸，拥有一双被绑腿马裤衬托得尤为粗壮的腿，那么像这样的屋子和陈设倒也没什么特别。只要你去的时间恰巧是午饭之后，那么在这山中周围五六英里内，随处都可以看到这样的人，他坐在扶手椅上，一大杯冒着泡沫的啤酒放在他面前的圆桌上。然而希斯克利夫先生和他的住宅，以及生活方式，却形成了一种奇怪的对比。从容貌来说，他是个深色皮肤的吉普赛人，从衣着和言谈举止来说，他是个绅士——也就是说，像乡绅那样的绅士；也许有点不修边幅，可这点疏忽并不见得就叫人看不顺眼，因为他的身材挺拔、外表英俊，只是有点郁郁不乐。可能有人会猜想，他多少带点缺乏教养的傲慢，然而我和他有一种感情上的共鸣，告诉我并不是那么一回事。我凭着本能，知道他的沉默源于他对浮华的反感——互相表示亲热的厌恶。他

festations of mutual kindness. He'll love and hate equally under cover, and esteem it a species of impertinence to be loved or hated again. No, I'm running on too fast. I bestow my own attributes over liberally on him. Mr. Heathcliff may have entirely dissimilar reasons for keeping his hand out of the way when he meets a would-be acquaintance, to those which actuate me. Let me hope my constitution is almost peculiar: my dear mother used to say I should never have a comfortable home; and only last summer I proved myself perfectly unworthy of one.

While enjoying a month of fine weather at the sea coast, I was thrown into the company of a most fascinating creature: a real goddess in my eyes, as long as she took no notice of me. I "never told my love" vocally; still, if looks have language, the merest idiot might have guessed I was over head and ears. She understood me at last, and looked a return—the sweetest of all imaginable looks. And what did I do? I confess it with shame—shrunk icily into myself, like a snail; at every glance retired colder and farther; till finally the poor innocent was led to doubt her own senses, and, overwhelmed with confusion at her supposed mistake, persuaded her mamma to decamp. By this curious turn of disposition I have gained the reputation of deliberate heartlessness; how undeserved, I alone can appreciate.

I took a seat at the end of the hearthstone opposite that towards which my landlord advanced, and filled up an interval of silence by attempting to caress the canine mother, who had left her nursery, and was sneaking wolfishly to the back of my legs, her lip curled up,

把爱和恨全都埋在心里，却又把被人爱或恨看作是不合时宜的事情。不，我扯得太远了，我把自己的喜好强加于他了。希斯克利夫先生可能就有他完全不同于我的理由，才在遇见一个准熟人的时候，便把手收起来。但愿我的天性算是非常特别的：我那亲爱的母亲总是说我永远也不会有一个舒适的家。就在去年夏天，我证实了我的确不配有那样一个家。

那时候我正在海滨享受着一个月的好天气，遇见了一个迷人的同伴：在我看来她简直就是女神，即便她根本就没有注意到我。我从来没有把自己的爱情说出口，可是，如果眉目也可以传情的话，就连傻子也能猜得出我坠入了爱河。最后她明白了我的意思，送我一个秋波——这是可以想像到的最甜蜜的秋波。而我做了什么呢？说出来丢人——我冷冰冰地退缩了，像个蜗牛似的；她的每一瞥都让我退缩得更冷更远。直到最后这可怜的天真的人儿开始怀疑她自己的感觉，疑惑自己推测错了，于是说服她母亲离开了。因为这样奇怪的性情，我得了个冷酷无情的名声，只有我自己才明白，这是多么的不应该的啊。

我坐到壁炉的一头，我的房东上前坐到我对面。为了打破这一刻的沉默，我想去抚摸那只才离开待喂养的狗崽的母狗。它像狼一般偷偷地溜到我的腿后，龇牙咧嘴地，白牙上淌着口水，只准备咬我一口。我的抚摸激

and her white teeth watering for a snatch. My caress provoked a long, guttural gnarl.

“You’d better let the dog alone,” growled Mr. Heathcliff in unison, checking fiercer demonstrations with a punch of his foot. “She’s not accustomed to be spoiled—not kept for a pet.” Then, striding to a side door, he shouted again, “Joseph!”

Joseph mumbled indistinctly in the depths of the cellar, but gave no intimation of ascending; so his master dived down to him, leaving me *vis-à-vis* the ruffianly bitch and a pair of grim shaggy sheep-dogs, who shared with her a jealous guardianship over all my movements. Not anxious to come in contact with their fangs, I sat still; but, imagining they would scarcely understand tacit insults, I unfortunately indulged in winking and making faces at the trio, and some turn of my physiognomy so irritated madam, that she suddenly broke into a fury, and leapt on my knees. I flung her back, and hastened to interpose the table between us. This proceeding roused the whole hive. Half-a-dozen four-footed fiends, of various sizes and ages, issued from hidden dens to the common centre. I felt my heels and coat-laps peculiar subjects of assault; and, parrying off the larger combatants as effectually as I could with the poker, I was constrained to demand, aloud, assistance from some of the household in establishing peace.

Mr. Heathcliff and his man climbed the cellar steps with vexatious phlegm. I don’t think they moved one second faster than usual, though the hearth was an absolute tempest of worrying and yelping. Happily, an inhabitant of the kitchen made more dispatch: a lusty

起它一声长长的嗥叫。

“你最好别理那只狗，”希斯克利夫先生同时喊道，顿了一下脚来制止凶恶的示威。“它不习惯被宠——它可不是宠物。”而后他跨进一个侧门，再次大声喊道：“约瑟夫！”

约瑟夫在地窖的深处喃喃而语，并没有要上来的意思。因此他的主人就亲自下去找他，丢下我和那条凶猛的母狗四目相对，还有一对令人害怕的蓬毛守羊狗，它们同那母狗一起警惕地监视着我的一举一动。我并不同意和它们的犬牙打交道，只能一动不动地坐着。可是，我以为它们不会理解非言语的冒犯，非常不幸地对这三个畜生挤眉弄眼，做鬼脸，我脸上某个面部表情的变化是如此惹恼了狗太太，以至于它忽然暴跳起来，直扑我的膝盖。我把它猛推回去，慌忙拉来一张桌子挡在中间。这一举动可激起了全体狗的公愤了：六只不同体形、不同年龄的四脚恶魔，一窝蜂地从隐蔽的洞穴窜到了中间。我觉得我的脚后跟和衣摆都是容易受到攻击的地方，就一面极力的用拨火棒来挡开较大的斗士，一面被迫大声呼救，希望这家的主人快来维持秩序。

希斯克利夫和他的仆人迈着令人伤脑筋的懒散的步伐，爬上了地窖的梯阶。我觉得他们没有比平常快一秒钟，尽管壁炉这边已经是又嗥又咬，闹得天翻地覆。幸亏厨房里有个人出来的比较快：一个健壮的女人，长袍

dame, with tucked-up gown, bare arms, and fire-flushed cheeks, rushed into the midst of us flourishing a frying-pan; and used that weapon, and her tongue, to such purpose, that the storm subsided magically, and she only remained, heaving like a sea after a high wind, when her master entered on the scene.

“What the devil is the matter?” he asked, eyeing me in a manner I could ill endure after this inhospitable treatment.

“What the devil, indeed!” I muttered. “The herd of possessed swine<sup>①</sup> could have had no worse spirits in them than those animals of yours, sir. You might as well leave a stranger with a brood of tigers!”

“They won’t meddle with persons who touch nothing,” he remarked, putting the bottle before me, and restoring the displaced table. “The dogs do right to be vigilant. Take a glass of wine?”

“No thank you.”

“Not bitten, are you?”

“If I had been, I would have set my signet on the biter.”

Heathcliff’s countenance relaxed into a grin.

“Come, come,” he said, “you are flurried, Mr. Lockwood. Here, take a little wine. Guests are so exceedingly rare in this house that I and my dogs, I am willing to own, hardly know how to receive them. Your health, sir!”

I bowed and returned the pledge; beginning to perceive that it would be foolish to sit

的袖子卷着，露出胳膊，两颊火红，她冲到我们中间，挥舞着一个煎锅。她运用的武器和她的舌头颇为见效，暴乱奇迹般地平息了。等她的主人上场的时候，她像大风过后的海洋一般平静。

“见什么鬼了？”他问道，向我瞪了一眼。我受了这样不友好的接待，他还这样对我，可真难以忍受。

“是，真是见鬼！”我懊恼地抱怨。“先生，就算有一群着了魔的猪，也不可能比您的那些畜生更恶毒。您倒不如把一个生客丢给一群老虎的好！”

“他们不会对不碰它们的人乱来的。”他说，把酒瓶放在我面前，又把移位的桌子复原。“狗保持警觉是对的。喝杯酒吧？”

“不，谢谢。”

“没有被咬着，是吧？”

“要是我给咬着了，我会在咬我的狗的身上打下我的印记。”

希斯克利夫先生的脸上露出了笑容。

“行啦，行啦，”他说，“你受惊了，洛克伍德先生。来，喝点酒。这儿真难得有客人光临，所以我愿意承认，我和我的狗简直都不知道该怎么接待客人。祝你健康，先生。”

我鞠了一躬并回敬了他，我开始意识到如果因为一群狗的失礼而坐在

① 着了魔的猪：见《圣经·新约·路加福音》第八章第三十一节到第三十三节：“鬼就央求耶稣，不要吩咐他们到无底坑里去。那里有一大群猪，在山上吃食。鬼央求耶稣，准他们进入猪里去。耶稣准了他们。鬼就从那人身上出来，进入猪里去。于是那群猪闯下山崖，投在湖里淹死了。”

sulking for the misbehaviour of a pack of curs. Besides, I felt loath to yield the fellow further amusement at my expense; since his humour took that turn. He—probably swayed by prudential considerations of the folly of offending a good tenant—relaxed a little in the laconic style of chipping off his pronouns and auxiliary verbs, and introduced what he supposed would be a subject of interest to me, —a discourse on the advantages and disadvantages of my present place of retirement. I found him very intelligent on the topics we touched; and before I went home, I was encouraged so far as to volunteer another visit tomorrow. He evidently wished no repetition of my intrusion. I shall go, notwithstanding. It is astonishing how sociable I feel myself compared with him.

那儿生闷气，可有点傻。再说，我也觉得让这个家伙继续在我付出的代价上寻开心实在是讨厌，因为他的兴致已经转移到取乐上来了。他呢，也许是出于谨慎的考虑，觉得把一个好房客给得罪了是件愚蠢的事，就开始略微改变他谈话的简洁风格，比如省掉代词和辅助动词，提起了他以为我会感兴趣的话题——谈到我现在要住的地方的优点与缺点。我发现在我们所谈到的话题上，他是非常睿智的，于是在我回家之前，受到鼓励以至于有勇气提出明天再来拜访。他显然并不希望我再来打搅。无所谓，我还是要去。我觉得，与他相比我是多么喜欢交际啊，这可真是令人吃惊。



Chapter 2  
第二章

Yesterday afternoon set in misty and cold. I had half a mind to spend it by my study fire, instead of wading through heath and mud to Wuthering Heights. On coming up from dinner<sup>①</sup>, however, (N. B. —I dine between twelve and one o'clock; the housekeeper, a matronly lady,

昨天下午又有雾又冷。我本想就在火炉旁看看书什么的消磨一下午，而不是踩着泥路，穿过石楠树丛走到呼啸山庄。但是，吃过午饭（注——我的吃饭时间是在十二点与一点钟之间；这里的女管家，一位庄重的太

① 正餐。英国人一般在午间用正餐。然而在十八、十九世纪，人们以推迟正餐时间为时尚以标榜自己的社会地位。洛克伍德来自城里，喜欢把正餐安排在晚上；而管家太太却根据当地习惯在中午安排正餐。

taken as a fixture along with the house, could not, or would not, comprehend my request that I might be served at five), on mounting the stairs with this lazy intention, and stepping into the room, I saw a servant-girl on her knees, surrounded by brushes, and coal-scuttles; and raising an infernal dust as she extinguished the flames with heaps of cinders. This spectacle drove me back immediately; I took my hat, and, after a four miles' walk, arrived at Heathcliff's garden gate just in time to escape the first feathery flakes of a snow-shower.

On that bleak hill-top the earth was hard with a black frost, and the air made me shiver through every limb. Being unable to remove the chain, I jumped over, and, running up the flagged causeway bordered with straggling gooseberry bushes, knocked vainly for admittance, till my knuckles tingled, and the dogs howled.

"Wretched inmates!" I ejaculated, mentally, "you deserve perpetual isolation from your species for your churlish inhospitality. At least, I would not keep my doors barred in the daytime. I don't care—I will get in!" So resolved, I grasped the latch and shook it vehemently. Vinegarfaced Joseph projected his head from a round window of the barn.

"Whet are ye for?" he shouted. "T' maister's dahn i' t' fowld. Goa rahnd by th' end ut' laith, if yah went tuh spake tull him."

"Is there nobody inside to open the door?" I hallooed, responsively.

"They's nobbut t' missis; and shoo'll nut oppen 't an ye mak yer flaysome dins till neeght."

"Why? Cannot you tell her who I am,

太,却不能,或者并不愿理我在五点钟开饭的请求),我怀着这个懒惰的想法登上楼梯,走进房间,恰巧看见一个女仆跪在地上,周围堆着刷子和煤斗。她正在用一堆堆煤渣来封火,搞起一片如恶魔般的灰尘。这情形立刻促使我回去。我拿了帽子,走了四里路,到达希斯克利夫的花园门口时,天上飘起了第一片鹅毛般的雪花,我刚好逃过了这场大雪。

在这个荒凉的山头上,盖着黑霜的泥土已冻得坚硬,冷空气使我手脚都在哆嗦。由于弄不开门链,我就跳了进去,跑过两边长着醋栗树丛的石板道,敲起了门。敲到我的手节骨都痛了,狗也嚎叫起来,却没有谁来开门。

"倒霉的人家!"我在心里叫道,"就冲你的无礼怠慢,就该永远跟人类隔绝。至少,我是不会在白天把门锁起来的。我才不管呢——我要进去!"打定了主意,我就抓住门上的插销猛烈地摇。约瑟夫从谷仓上一个圆形窗户里探出头来,一脸的不高兴。

"你要干什么?"他喊道。"主人在羊圈里,如果你要找他的话,打谷仓那边绕过去。"

"屋里没有人开门吗?"我大声回喊道。

"没有人,只有太太在家。就算你闹到半夜,她也不会来开门的。"

"为什么?你就不能告诉她我是

eh, Joseph?"

"Nor-ne me! Aw'll hae noa hend wi't,"  
muttered the head vanishing.

The snow began to drive thickly. I seized the handle to essay another trial; when a young man without coat, and shouldering a pitchfork, appeared in the yard behind. He hailed me to follow him, and, after marching through a wash-house, and a paved area containing a coalshed, pump, and pigeon-cote, we at length arrived in the huge, warm, cheerful apartment, where I was formerly received. It glowed delightfully in the radiance of an immense fire, compounded of coal, peat, and wood; and near the table, laid for a plentiful evening meal, I was pleased to observe the "missis," an individual whose existence I had never previously suspected. I bowed and waited, thinking she would bid me take a seat. She looked at me, leaning back in her chair, and remained motionless and mute.

"Rough weather!" I remarked. "I'm afraid, Mrs. Heathcliff, the door must bear the consequence of your servants' leisure attendance. I had hard work to make them hear me!"

She never opened her mouth. I stared—she stared also. At any rate, she kept her eyes on me in a cool, regardless manner, exceedingly embarrassing and disagreeable.

"Sit down," said the young man, gruffly. "He'll be in soon."

I obeyed; and hemmed, and called the villain Juno<sup>①</sup>, who deigned, at this second interview, to move the extreme tip of her tail, in

谁吗,啊,约瑟夫?"

"别找我!这事儿和我没关系,"咕  
噜了这么两句后,那个脑袋又不见了。

雪开始下大了。我抓住把手,企图再试一回。这时,后面院子里出现了一个年轻人,没穿外套,肩上扛着一个草耙。他招呼我跟他走,我们穿过一个洗衣房和一片有煤棚、抽水机和鸽笼的铺平的区域,最后进到了那间宽敞、温暖、舒适的房间,我曾在这儿被接待过。在煤、炭和木头混合燃烧产生的熊熊火焰的烘烤下,屋子放着光彩。桌子旁边摆放着丰盛的晚餐,我非常高兴地看到了那位“太太”,我以前从未料到会有这么一个人存在呢。我鞠了一躬,等着,以为她会叫我坐下。她看着我,往后靠着椅子,保持那个姿态,一言不发。

"天气真是糟糕!"我说,"希斯克利夫太太,恐怕大门要承担您的仆人偷懒的后果了,我好不容易才让他们听见我敲门!"

她根本不开口说话。我瞪眼——她也瞪眼。反正无论怎样,她总是以一种冷冷的、漠不关心的眼神盯着我,让我觉得非常尴尬和不舒服。

"坐下吧,"那年轻人粗声粗气地说,"他一会儿就来了。"

我依了他的话,轻咳了一下,召唤那只恶狗“朱诺”。临到第二次见面,它屈尊动了动它的尾巴尖,表示

① Juno: 朱诺,罗马神话中主神朱庇特的妻子,司婚姻、生育和妇女之神,相当于希腊神话中的赫拉。

token of owning my acquaintance.

“A beautiful animal!” I commenced again. “Do you intend parting with the little ones, madam?”

“They are not mine,” said the amiable hostess, more repellingly than Heathcliff himself could have replied.

“Ah, your favourites are among these!” I continued, turning to an obscure cushion full of something like cats.

“A strange choice of favourites!” she observed scornfully.

Unluckily, it was a heap of dead rabbits. I hemmed once more, and drew closer to the hearth, repeating my comment on the wildness of the evening.

“You should not have come out,” she said, rising and reaching from the chimney-piece two of the painted canisters

Her position before was sheltered from the light; now, I had a distinct view of her whole figure and countenance. She was slender, and apparently scarcely past girlhood, an admirable form, and the most exquisite little face that I have ever had the pleasure of beholding, small features, very fair; flaxen ringlets, or rather golden, hanging loose on her delicate neck; and eyes, had they been agreeable in expression, they would have been irresistible. Fortunately for my susceptible heart, the only sentiment they evinced hovered between scorn and a kind of desperation, singularly unnatural to be detected there.

The canisters were almost out of her reach; I made a motion to aid her; she turned upon me as a miser might turn if any one attempted to assist him in counting his gold.

接受我是熟人了。

“好漂亮的狗！”我再次开口。“您打算不要这些小东西吗，太太？”

“那不是我的，”这位和善的女主人说，比希斯克利夫夫人所能做出的回答还要更令人反感一些。

“啊，那您最喜欢的在这些里面吗？”我接着说，转身望着放在暗处靠垫上一堆像猫似的东西。

“谁会喜欢这些东西才怪呢！”她轻蔑地说。

真倒霉，原来那是一堆死兔子。我又轻咳一声，走到更靠近壁炉的地方，把今晚天气不好的话又评论了一通。

“你本来就不该出来。”她说，站起来从烟囱上拿下壁炉架上两个漆成彩色的茶叶罐。

之前，她坐在光线被挡住的地方，这会儿我看清了她的全身和面貌。她很苗条，分明还没有过青春期，体态很好，还有一张我生平从未有幸见过的精致的小脸，五官非常漂亮；淡黄色的卷发，或者说是金色的，松松地垂在她那优雅脖子旁边；至于眼睛，要是眼神和气些，就会让人无法抗拒了。幸运的是，对我这容易动心的心而言，它们所表现出的惟一情绪徘徊在轻蔑与近似绝望之间，叫人觉得异乎寻常的不自然。

她不大够得着茶叶罐。我动了动，想帮她一下。她转过身来对着我，就像一个守财奴看见别人想要帮他数他的金子一样。



“I don't want your help,” she snapped; “I can get them for myself.”

“I beg your pardon,” I hastened to reply.

“Were you asked to tea?” she demanded, tying an apron over her neat black frock, and standing with a spoonful of the leaf poised over the pot.

“I shall be glad to have a cup,” I answered.

“Were you asked?” she repeated.

“No,” I said, half smiling. “You are the proper person to ask me.”

She flung the tea back, spoon and all; and resumed her chair in a pet, her forehead corrugated, and her red under-lip pushed out, like a child's, ready to cry.

Meanwhile, the young man had slung on to his person a decidedly shabby upper garment, and, erecting himself before the blaze, looked down on me, from the corner of his eyes, for all the world as if there were some mortal feud unavenged between us. I began to doubt whether he were a servant or not. His dress and speech were both rude, entirely devoid of the superiority observable in Mr. and Mrs. Heathcliff; his thick, brown curls were rough and uncultivated, his whiskers encroached bearishly over his cheeks, and his hands were embrowned like those of the common labourer. Still his bearing was free, almost haughty, and he showed none of a domestic's assiduity in attending on the lady of the house. In the absence of clear proofs of his condition, I deemed it best to abstain from noticing his curious conduct; and, five minutes afterwards, the entrance of Heathcliff relieved me, in some measure, from my uncomfortable state.

“You see, sir, I am come, according to

“我不要你帮忙,”她呵斥道,“我自己可以拿到。”

“请原谅!”我连忙回答。

“你是被请来喝茶的吗?”她问,把一条围裙系在她那干净的黑衣服上,站在那儿,拿一满匙茶叶正要往茶壶里倒。

“我很想喝杯茶。”我回答。

“你是被请来的吗?”她又问。

“没有,”我说,勉强笑笑。“您是邀请我的合适人选。”

她把茶叶丢了回去,连匙带茶叶一起,使性地又坐在椅子上。她的前额皱起,红红的下嘴唇撅起来,像一个要哭的孩子。

同时,那年轻人披上一件相当破旧的上衣,站起来走到炉火前,用眼角瞅着我,简直仿佛我们之间有什么未了的血海深仇似的。我开始怀疑他到底是不是一个仆人了。他的衣着和言谈都很粗俗,完全没有希斯克利夫先生和他太太身上的那种优越感。他那稠密的棕色卷发乱糟糟的,没有修剪过,他的胡子肆无忌惮的布满脸颊,双手都变成了褐色,就像普通工人的手那样。可是另一方面,他的举止很放肆,几乎有点傲慢,还有他在房子的女主人面前并没有表现出任何家仆该有的那种勤勉。既然对他的地位缺乏足够的证据来判断,我觉得最好还是忽略他那古怪的行径。五分钟以后,希斯克利夫的到来在某种程度上把我从不舒服的状态中解救了出来。

“您瞧,先生,我来了,说话算