

桃
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最纯洁、最真挚的爱情
献给情人最美的礼物

Wuthering Heights

呼啸山庄

【英】艾米莉·勃朗特 Emily Bronte

侯皓元 译



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序

两千五百多年前，遥远而神秘的东方土地上，一个美丽的姑娘收拾好自己的行装，准备出发。看着自己成长的地方，到处都留下点点滴滴成长的记忆。突然心里弥漫着一种说不出的怅惘，从此之后，这里再也不是属于她的地方了。而且她在这一瞬间明白了一个道理，那就是——这里从来就没有属于过她，因为今天她才真正要回归到属于自己的家园。前半生就是为了这一天的到来，这一天到来之际，自己的生活才真正开始。

那天，是她一生中最美好最灿烂最绚丽的一天，阳光明媚，爱抚的光芒洒遍每一个角落。放眼望去，满眼都是灼灼的桃花，开得那样的热情而又热烈，好像她的命运与这桃花有着某种默契。耳畔传来了悠扬的歌声“桃之夭夭，灼灼其华。之子于归，宜其室家。”

她终于找到了自己的归宿，阳光下，一切都是那么美丽，充满了色彩的生机。所以，没有人愿意去想，桃花开到最艳丽的时候，等待着它们的将会是什么。没有人肯承认，桃花的艳丽是一个姿态优雅的谏语，阳光背后隐藏着它的忧郁。所以，古今中外美丽的神话传说最后总是用千篇一律的一句话收尾——从此，他们过上了幸福的生活。总之，花开花落，一时的繁华过后，等待着收获的人儿，期待着沉甸甸的果实，饱满而甜蜜。就像《诗经·桃夭》中的那个女孩子，春华秋实，回到了属于自己的家。从此，日复一日，年复一年，时光流逝，爱情的基调却就这样固着了一般，新翻的曲子永远在这个调子上婉转流动，始终无法摆脱它的纠缠。

然而，我们也许是习惯了在美丽虚幻中麻痹自己，不想去面对桃之夭夭过后还可能出现的其他情形，比如雨打桃花、落红满地，比如华而不实、有花无果，甚至有始无终、始乱终弃，那些悲悲凄凄的惨状，有谁愿意面对？何况还有更加令人痛心疾首惨不忍闻的故事。现实中受够了痛苦的人，怎么会愿意在别人故事里再去揭开刚刚复原的伤口。所以，无数人面桃花相映红的故事在流传着，鲜艳欲滴的花儿旁边播出的是满心欢喜的爱情剧，戏里戏外的人都在快乐地欢笑中忘掉了悲与愁。

可是，在遥远的西方却有着完全不同的爱情故事。在那里，故事里的花是断了根、剪了枝、打了包、带了修饰的，故事里的人却是真真实实的存在。人生无常，命运多蹇，该是什么就是什么，没有粉饰没有遮掩。本来，爱情就难得看到一个圆圆满满的收梢，何必非要让它粉墨登场呢？

于是，一幕幕的悲剧开始上演……

虽然真实与虚幻没有严格的界限，但爱情的果子一定不会只有一种，酸、甜、苦、辣，五味俱陈，而它之所以让人心驰神往，就在于着了魔的人正处于期待中。桃之夭夭给予人的是启示，表明爱情都有那浓艳耀眼的一刻；同时它也有暗示，群芳过后必然是狼藉残红，谁也无法遮住爱情的无奈和凄凉。

这次，我们选取国外多篇著名爱情小说，汇编成《罗密欧与朱丽叶·奥赛罗》《卡门·高龙巴》《红字》《曼依》《傲慢与偏见》《呼啸山庄》《麦琪的礼物》《了不起的盖茨比》《魔沼》《野姑娘黛茜·密勒》十种，并做成英汉对照版，以期使读者在阅读一篇篇震撼人心的爱情故事

的同时，也能潜移默化地提高自己的英文水平。

艾米莉·勃朗特，英国女作家。安妮·勃朗特之姐，夏洛蒂·勃朗特之妹。她们三姐妹的三部小说——夏洛蒂的《简·爱》、艾米莉的《呼啸山庄》和安妮的《艾格尼斯·格雷》是同一年问世的。艾米莉性格内向，娴静文雅，从童年时代起就酷爱写诗。《呼啸山庄》是她唯一的一部小说，发表于1847年12月。除《呼啸山庄》外，艾米莉还创作了193首诗，被认为是英国一位天才的女作家。

《呼啸山庄》是一出典型的爱情悲剧，里面的男女主人公都生活在一个阴郁的世界中，到处是仇恨的气息，甚至相爱的人也是在浓浓的恨意中爱恋着。

希刺克里夫是一个被老主人带回庄园的弃儿，他是悲剧的根源，一切因他而起。老主人死后，少主人辛德雷视他为眼中钉，将他降为仆人，还动辄对他鞭打辱骂。由于出身的差距，他在生活中饱受冷遇和委屈，由此形成了极端强烈的爱憎情感。辛德雷的皮鞭使他尝到了人生的残酷，也教会他在忍气吞声的屈服后，将仇恨的种子深深地埋藏在心里。

庄园主人的女儿凯瑟琳曾经是他儿时忠实的伙伴，二人在共同的生活里萌发了朦胧的爱情。但原本就不般配的爱在碰到外界的诱惑时简直不堪一击。一次意外使希刺克里夫和凯瑟琳走入了另外一个庄园——画眉农庄，那儿的少主人埃德加对凯瑟琳一见钟情。而她似乎还没有能力去识别一时的迷惑和真正的爱情，再加上埃德加的公子身份看起来和她是那么的般配，她糊里糊涂地答应了埃德加的求婚。

当希刺克里夫意识到寄身庄园无法改变自己受辱的地位后，他坚定地选择了反抗，而长期的压抑使他的性格发生了扭曲，他要报复，要让那些欺侮过他的人都受到惩罚。他离开了自己成长的地方。而失去之后才知道珍惜，凯瑟琳得知希刺克里夫离开的消息后，大病一场，康复后嫁给了埃德加。

可以说，从凯瑟琳嫁入画眉农庄，希刺克里夫就开始了他的复仇之旅。

然而，爱情的报复永远是一场没有赢家的战争，生命与爱情同样脆弱得不堪一击。希刺克里夫在复仇的道路上看着一个个仇人消失在自己面前，一个又一个生命在爱恨交织中离开了人世，可是他始终没有体会到复仇的快乐，阴森忧郁陪伴着他的一生，因为凯瑟琳一直占据着他全部的心灵。最后，这位悲剧的始作俑者也在寂寞中离开了人世。

希刺克里夫也是一个牺牲者。他的内心充满了仇恨。凯瑟琳曾经是他精神生活的全部，他无法接受凯瑟琳要嫁给他人，他的精神世界从此崩溃了。当爱已成为不可能时，他要使恨成为可能，仇恨化作一股不可阻挡的力量，驱使着希刺克里夫向曾经蔑视他、摧残他的人以及他们的后代实施报复，以此换来内心的平衡。

然而，舞台的悲剧没有谢幕，又开始了新的轮回……

小说深刻地揭示了人性深处的悲剧根源。

《呼啸山庄》出版后一直被人认为是英国文学史上的一部“最奇特的小说”，它那笼罩全书的冷冷笔调和书中人物“神秘莫测”的种种古怪行为，让人在阅读中沉浸在神秘的氛围中。英国当代著名小说家及创作家毛姆向读者介绍世界文学十部最佳小说时曾选了《呼啸山庄》，并专门撰文说明其入选原因：“我不知道还有哪一部小说，其中爱情的痛苦、迷恋、残酷、执著，曾经被如此令人吃惊地描述出来。《呼啸山庄》使我想起埃尔·格里科的那些伟大的绘画中的一幅，在那幅画上是一片乌云下的昏暗的荒瘠土地的景色，雷声隆隆，拖长了的憔悴的人影东歪西

倒，被一种不属于尘世间的情绪弄得恍恍惚惚，他们屏息着。铅色的天空掠过一道闪电，给这一情景加上最后一笔，增添了神秘的恐怖之感。”

毛姆的评价恰如其分。

侯长生

2009年3月于长安大学

Chapter 1

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 a jealous resolution, still farther 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 Thrushcross Grange: I heard yesterday you had had some thoughts – ”

“Thrushcross Grange is my own, sir,” he interrupted, wincing. “I should not allow anyone to inconvenience me, if I could hinder it – walk in!”

The “walk in” was uttered with closed 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 put 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.

第一章

1801年的某天，我刚刚从房东那里回来，在以后的日子里，这个孤独的邻居将会给我带来无穷的麻烦。当然了，我现在位于一个环境优美的小山村。我敢说就是在整个英格兰，要想找出一个远离喧嚣、完全与世隔绝的地方恐怕都不大可能。这里恰好就是一个厌世者的天堂，更重要的是，还有一个人可以和我一起分享这片荒无人烟之地。他就是希刺克里夫先生，一个极好的人！当我骑着马满腔热诚地向他走去，就会看到他那粗粗的眉毛下面乌黑的眼睛里满是怀疑的神色，而当我热情地向他通报姓名时，他那一直藏在马甲口袋中的手更坚定地伸向口袋深处。似乎我的一切好意，他全都视而不见。

“请问您是希刺克里夫先生吗？”我问道。

他轻轻地点了点头，算是回答。

“噢，我是洛克伍德，您的新房客。我一到这儿就尽快赶来拜访您，向您表示我的敬意，我近来一直在恳请您同意我租用画眉农庄，希望我这样的坚持己见没有给您增添什么麻烦。我听说您昨天另有一些想法……”

“画眉农庄一直是我独自在用，先生。”他打断了我的话，往后退了退，“我不希望有任何人来打扰我，如果我能阻止的话——进来说吧！”

听得出“进来说吧”这句话是从他那紧咬着的牙关中迸出来的，很明显他更想说的是“真见鬼”。而他背后的大门也似乎在证明着这一点，紧紧地关闭着，一动也没动。我觉得在这样一种环境下接受邀请会让我对这个人产生更加浓厚的兴趣，因为他看上去比我还要怪僻。

当他看到我径直骑着马往前走，眼看马的胸部就要碰到栅栏时，不得不伸手拉开了门，满脸的不高兴，走在前面带路，我们一起进了院子。刚到院子门口，他就冲里面大叫着：

“约瑟夫，过来牵走洛克伍德先生的马，再拿点儿酒过来。”

大概他所有的家当全都在这儿了，他那句含糊其辞的话让我不能不这么想。

所以难怪他的院子里荒草遍地，唯一担任锄草任务的是他的牛。

Joseph was an elderly, nay, an old man: very old, perhaps, though hale and sinewy. “The Lord help us!” he soliloquized 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 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 fireplace; 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 latter 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 villainous; old guns, and a couple of horse-pistols: and, by

约瑟夫看上去年纪可不小，不，他简直就是个老头，也许比看上去的还要老，尽管他还是那样结实强壮、孔武有力。“愿主保佑我们！”他小声地自言自语着，声音里透露着不快，伸手接过我的马，一脸的不屑。我好心地想，一定是神的帮助才能让他消化掉肚里的食物，所以他那虔诚的祈祷与我这位不速之客没有什么关系。

希刺克里夫先生的宅名是“呼啸山庄”。“呼啸”在当地可是一个别有深意的形容词，非常恰当地描述了这儿的天气状况，它处于一个风暴气候带上。空中流淌着纯净而令人头脑清醒的新鲜空气，事实上，人们也许会从房屋旁边那些矮小倾斜的冷杉和向着一个方向伸展的荆棘条上猜得出这儿风暴的威力，这些植物的姿态全都像是在渴求着太阳的施舍。值得庆幸的是，建筑师颇有远见，房子修得很结实。狭小的窗户深深地镶在墙里面，墙角则是巨大无比的石块，突出来一大部分，坚不可摧地保护着房子。

经过庭院的尽头时，我停了下来，屋子前面有一些雕刻，看上去怪模怪样的。特别是大门周围，有一大片都刻着残损的怪兽和一些尚不知羞耻为何物的天真小男孩，我发现那里还刻有“1500”字样和“哈里顿·恩斯邵”。我本想对此做一番评论，顺便向这位老板着孔的主人请教一下这地方的简短历史，但是，他站在门口那副不耐烦的姿态已经表明，我要么快点进去，要么就早点离开。我可不想在参观之前惹得他更加不快。

我们直接就走进了他们家的起居室，中间没有任何的过渡或走道。他们非常聪明，把这部分称为“房子”。一般来说，这种意义上的房子是包括厨房和大厅在内的。但是，在我看来呼啸山庄的厨房一定因为某种特殊的原因，而被安置在了一个不为人所知的偏僻角落。至少我可以听到不知何处传来的窃窃私语声和锅碗瓢盆叮叮咚咚的撞击声。而且他房中那个一尘不染的大壁炉显然没有烹饪过食物的痕迹，同时，墙上也没有与烹饪配套的亮闪闪的锅碗瓢盆之类的厨具。事实上，在房间一边的顶头处，有一个橡木橱柜，柜子里摆满了漂亮精致的白蜡色盘子，另外还有一些银壶和银杯随随便便摆在上面，垒得很高，简直快要挨到房顶了，在阳光的照耀下，它们反射的光芒似乎带着腾腾的热气。橱柜没有刷过漆，它的整体构造可以让人一览无余。橱柜的一个角落里，乱七八糟地放满了麦饼、牛羊肉和火腿，上面用一个木架遮盖住。壁炉上面的台子上横七竖八地摆着几支老式枪支，样子丑陋不堪，

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: 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 gipsy 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 under-bred 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 manifestations 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 further; till finally the poor innocent was led to doubt her own senses, and, overwhelmed

另外还有一对专用的马枪。旁边并排画着三个恶俗不堪的茶叶罐，似乎是用来作装饰的。地面上铺着雪白光滑的石头，摆着一把老式的绿油油的靠背椅，另外还有两把黑椅子放在不引人注目的暗处，看上去异常笨重。一条个头很大的母猎狗，毛色暗红，一窝嗷嗷待哺的小狗围着它，躺在橱柜下面的拱形凹陷处，其他的一些狗在空地上走来走去。

这间房子和这些家具简直就像是一个老实巴交的北方农民所有，他应该有着一张坚毅不屈的面孔，穿一条短裤，绑腿打得结结实实，粗壮的大腿将裤子绷得紧紧的，静静地坐在扶手椅上，面前的圆桌上放着一大杯啤酒，白色的泡沫滚滚地向上冒着。晚饭后，只要你在特定的时间出来转，大致也就方圆五六里的地方，铁定会遇到他。而希刺克里夫先生与他那不同寻常的住宅，再加上稀奇古怪的生活方式，让人感受到一种触目惊心的对比。他有着吉普赛人特有的黝黑皮肤，穿着打扮像个绅士——不过就算绅士，也只是乡下那种带点土气的绅士：散发着缺乏精神支持的懒散劲头。尽管这样，他懒洋洋的样子并不难看。他那高挑而又健美的身材掩饰了这一点，他那忧郁的神态也给人一种别样的感受。可能有人会怀疑他如此傲慢无礼是因为缺乏教养。但我不这样认为，我内心深处对他有深刻的同情和理解。直觉告诉我，他的冷淡不是傲慢，而是对那些装腔作势故作热情的抗议和姿态。他宁可掩盖自己的所有感情，因为别人对他的爱与恨在他眼里根本都不算什么。也许我过早做出结论，会与事实相悖，但是，我是一个乐天派，所以愿意把他看作同一类人。希刺克里夫先生每次碰到熟人时，总是急忙把自己的手藏起来，避免与其握手。所以我的猜测也未必合乎情理，但我总以为他这样做肯定有不为人知的原因。而我也总有一些与众不同的看法。母亲过去常常说我，她认为我这辈子也不会有一个安全舒适的家，当时我心里还颇不以为然。直到去年夏天，事实证明，我真的不配拥有那样一个家。

那天我一个人正在海边享受令人心旷神怡的好天气时，一位绝世佳人闯入了我的眼帘。在我眼中，她就是真正的女神，我呆呆地凝望着她，而她一点儿也没有觉察。我不敢把自己的爱说出口，如果表情能够传情达意的话，那么就算是个白痴，也可以看得出我对她的迷恋。后来，她总算是明白了我的心意，对我回眸一笑——那是只有在想象中才能见到的甜蜜。我该怎么应对呢？我当时简直就像个受惊的蜗牛，脸涨得通红，胆怯地向后退着。她越是盯着我看，我就越发颤抖地缩成一团。最后她也不由得困惑起来，反思自己是不是自作多情了，于是她劝说母亲一起离开了。

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, 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 – ` – 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 re-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 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 that I could ill endure after this inhospitable treatment.

由于我古怪的应对，她肯定把我误认作一个铁石心肠的家伙。真冤枉啊，可惜只有我自己心里清楚是怎么回事。

我在壁炉边坐了下来，正好与我的这位房东面对面。百无聊赖的我顺手逗弄起屋里的那只母狗，打算抚摸一下它，没料到这只刚刚离开一窝小狗崽子的家伙，已经偷偷地溜到了我的腿后，正咧着嘴，露出雪白的牙齿，一副馋涎欲滴的样子。而我的抚摸恰到好处地激怒了它，它登时发出不顾一切的狂吠来。

“你最好别去招惹那只狗，”希刺克里夫先生的咆哮声与狗吠声如出一辙，他狠狠地跺着脚示意那只狗安静下来，“它不习惯别人的随意抚弄——它不是当作宠物来养着玩的。”说完，他迈步跨出了门，冲着外面吼道，“约瑟夫！”

从地窖深处传来约瑟夫含糊糊的嘟哝声，听得出他没有一点儿打算上来帮忙的意思。没办法，主人只好屈就下去找他了。这样一来，就把我和那只虎视眈眈的母狗留在了一起，更可怕的是外面还有一对面目狰狞的牧羊犬。它们高度戒备地盯着我的一举一动，好像在提防着我一样。事实上，我并不想惹它们，所以只好安安静静、一动不动地坐着。我以为这些动物们一定不会明白人类无声的侮辱，就冲着它们挤眉弄眼地做鬼脸。不幸的是，母狗似乎明白了我面部变化的含义，怒不可遏，猛然跳起，跃上了我的膝盖。我吓坏了，急忙把它推到一边，随手扯过一张桌子作为防护。这边的动静不知怎的惊动了四周，六只大小不同年龄不同的四脚畜生一起向我冲了过来。我知道，脚后跟和衣服边缘是防护最薄弱的地方，容易成为它们袭击的对象，便疯狂地挥舞着拨火棍，尽可能把几个头比较大的家伙驱逐得远一些，同时扯开嗓门大声呼救，希望这个家庭中的某位成员能够出来救我于危难之中，好让这个世界重新恢复和平。

希刺克里夫终于领着他的仆人不紧不慢地从地窖爬了上来，虽然外边已是鸡飞狗跳乱成一团，但我却看得出，他的动作丝毫不比平常快。还好，厨房里有人及时地跑过来给我解了围。那是一位体格魁梧的女人，她的衣袖高高挽起，露着两只粗壮的胳膊，面颊通红，手中举着一只煎锅，她手中的武器和大声的呵斥真是立竿见影，这场骚动奇迹般平息了。她也因此而累得气喘吁吁，直到她的主人出场上，她还像波涛起伏的大海一样喘个不停。

“究竟是怎么回事？”他问道，眼睛毫不客气地上下打量着我。在经受了刚才那场令人心有余悸的骚乱之后，他还这样对待我，真令人难以接受。



“What the devil, indeed!” I muttered. “The herd of possessed swine 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 sulking for the misbehaviour of a pack of curs: besides, I felt loath to yield the fellow further amusement at my expense; since the humour took that turn. He – probably swayed by prudential consideration 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.

“是啊，真是活见鬼！”我嘟囔着，“就算是一群着魔的猪，也不可能比你养的那群畜生更凶猛，先生，我看你还不如把客人留给一窝老虎好一些呢！”

“它们才不会多管闲事呢，除非有人故意招惹它们。”他淡淡地反驳说，把手中的酒瓶放在我面前，又把挪到一边的桌子放回原处。

“狗的警觉性是它天生的权利。要来一杯吗？”

“不用了，谢谢你！”

“它们没咬到你吧？”

“如果它们胆敢咬到我的话，我一定会给它们点儿颜色看看的。”

希刺克里夫紧绷着的脸上终于浮现出一丝笑意。

“好了，来吧，”他对我说，“让你受惊啦，洛克伍德先生。过来吧，喝点酒。在我这屋里，客人是稀有的东西，平日里只有我和我的狗，所以不得不承认，我们都不知道怎样招待客人。来吧，为健康干杯！”

我微微欠了欠身，举杯回敬了他。而此刻我也意识到，为一群卷毛畜生，气哼哼地坐在这儿可实在是有些愚蠢。而且，我也不愿意因为这点事，成为这个家伙嘲笑的对象，因为他已经开始以取笑我为乐了。同时，他说话也客气了很多。也许，他自己很清楚，一味地嘲笑自己的房客是很不明智的行为，所以稍稍改变了一下自己说话的语气和方式，有意地寻找一些我们可能会有共同语言的话题，比如，我现在的住处有些什么好处或不足。在我们谈话的过程中，我发现他是一个很聪明的人，所以我在回家的时候仍是意犹未尽，于是兴致勃勃地提出明天再来拜访他。不过，他看上去一点儿热情也没有，很明显并不愿意我来打扰他。才不管他那么多呢，反正我还是要来的。令我惊讶不已的是，和他相比，我这个一贯木讷的人显得是那么擅长交际。

Chapter 2

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, 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 day time. I don't care - I will get in!" So resolved, I grasped the latch and shook it vehemently. Vinegar-faced Joseph projected his head from a round window of the barn.

"Whet are ye for?" he shouted. "T' maister's dahn it fowld. Go rahnd by thend utlaith, 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, 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 coal shed, pump, and pigeon cot, 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.