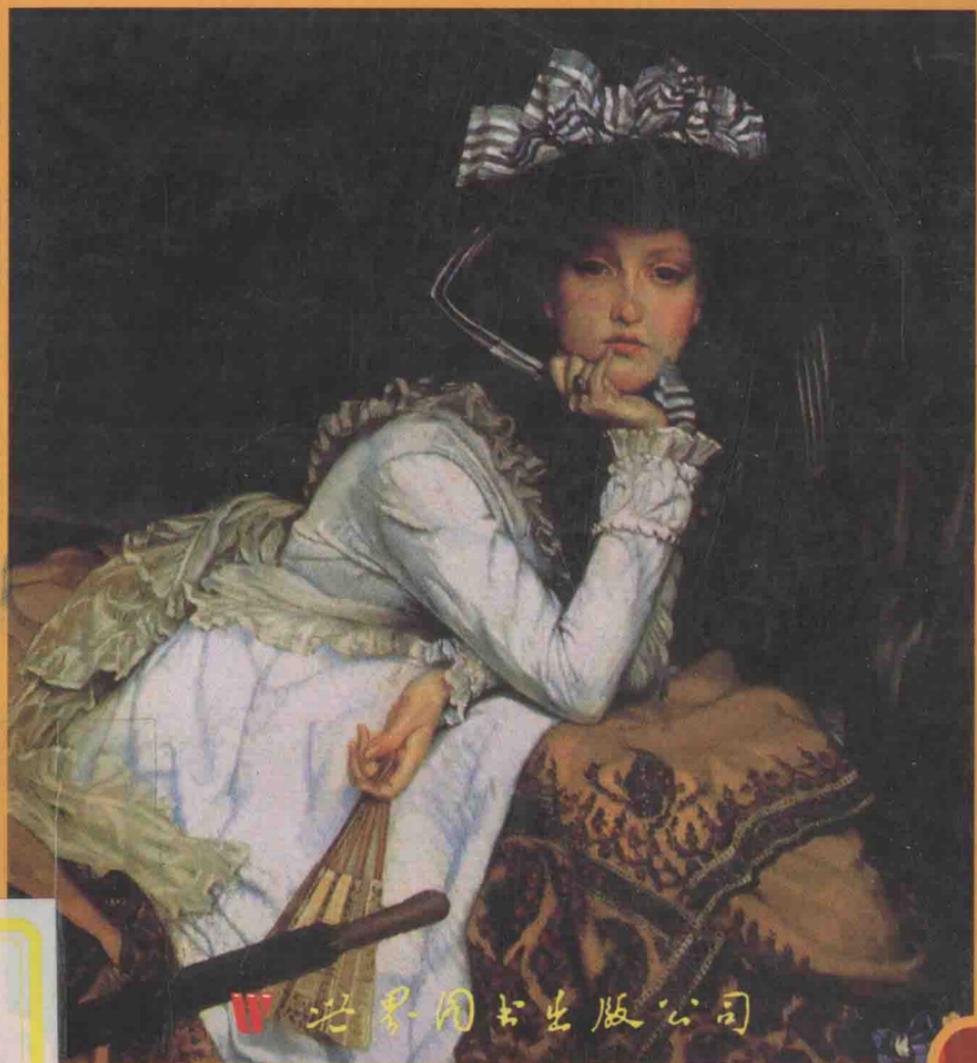


世·界·文·学·经·典·名·著·文·库

Emily Brontë

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

呼 啸 山 庄



W 世界图书出版公司

世·界·文·学·经·典·名·著·文·库

呼啸山庄

王艾芬 注释

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

[英] EMILY BRONTË

世界图书出版公司

西安 北京 广州 上海

(陕)新登字 014 号

责任编辑·张群刚  
封面设计·王晓勇  
内文插图·刘学训

世界文学经典名著文库  
WUTHERING HEIGHTS  
呼啸山庄

[美] 艾米莉·勃朗特 著 王艾芬 注释

世界图书出版西安公司出版发行

(西安市南大街 17 号 邮编 710001)

各地新华书店、外文书店经销

世界图书出版西安公司印刷厂印刷

开本：787×1092 1/32 印张：10 字数：377 千字

1999 年 10 月第 1 版 2002 年 6 月第 3 次印刷

印数：5001—8000

ISBN 7-5062-3122-0/I·14  
Wx3122 定价：11.00 元



艾米莉·勃朗特 像

# “世界文学经典名著文库”编委会

(按姓氏笔划为序)

## 顾问

李赋宁(北京大学英语教授)

孙天义(西安外国语学院英语教授)

## 主编

刘海平(南京大学外国语学院英美文学教授)

杜瑞清(西安外国语学院英美文学教授、英语博士)

余宝珠(西安外国语学院英语教授)

侯维瑞(上海外国语学院英美文学教授)

金 莉(北京外国语大学英美文学副教授、英语博士)

## 副主编

王艾芬(西北大学英美文学教授)

王监龙(西安交通大学人文学院英语教授)

孙 宏(西北大学英美文学教授、英语博士)

李天舒(西北大学英美文学教授)

张亚伦(西安外国语学院英美文学教授)

郝克琦(西安交通大学英语教授)

执行主编 杜瑞清 孙 宏

选题策划 世图 3·6·9 工作室

## 作者简介

艾米莉·勃朗特(Emily Brontë 1818—1848), 19世纪英国诗人兼小说家, 1818年7月30日生于英格兰北部约克郡的一个名叫索顿(Thorton)的小镇。她父亲帕特利克·勃朗特先生是爱尔兰一位农民的儿子, 母亲玛丽娅·布兰威尔则出自英格兰康沃尔(Corwall)一个有名的世家。艾米莉有三个姐姐、一个哥哥和一个妹妹。在她两岁时, 随父母搬到约克郡西部的哈沃斯(Haworth)小镇, 在小镇最高处, 教堂对面的一处小屋里安了家。这里气候严寒, 生活条件艰苦, 她的母亲和两位姐姐先后染病去世, 父亲忙于教区事务, 所以请她们的姨母来照料家务和失去母亲的四个孩子, 从此艾米莉和他的姐姐夏洛蒂、哥哥布兰威尔和妹妹安妮在此度过了短促、凄苦却又丰富多彩的一生。姊妹三人都因各自的不朽著作而蜚声世界文坛, 被称作“勃朗特三姊妹”, 地处穷乡僻壤的哈沃斯小镇也成了文人游客朝拜的文学圣地之一。

勃朗特住宅的对面是教堂、墓地, 是小镇居民宗教和社会活动的中心; 住宅后面是无际的茫茫荒野和小溪潺潺的丘陵谷地。勃朗特一家虽离群索居, 却非远离尘嚣, 孤陋寡闻。艾米莉生长的时代, 正是社会激烈变革的时代, 英国社会生活几乎每个方面都受到这些变革的影响。她们的父亲帕特利克先生虽是农民的儿子, 然而他靠着决心和毅力, 自学成材, 不但当了教师, 而且踏上了高等教育的殿堂, 成为剑桥大学一名最穷苦但却学业优秀的毕业生。他酷爱文学艺术, 忠于宗教圣职, 对政治也有浓厚的兴趣。他为人拘谨寡言, 然而对失去母亲的孩子们却不失为一个尽职尽责, 威严而慈爱的父亲。艾米莉和她的姊

妹们继承了父亲的性格，严谨而勤奋。在家里，他们如饥似渴地博览群书，吸取着文学营养。由于父亲是牧师这一特殊职业，她们有幸成为父亲和姨母谈论小镇及外面世界人物风情及社会事件的热心听众。与此同时，她们从姨母及老仆人那里听到无数神仙鬼怪的传说和神奇的冒险故事。她们还常常结伴到屋后荒野及峡谷散步，受到约克郡北部严酷而美丽的大自然的熏陶。家庭、社会和大自然给了她们无穷的灵感。为了打发寂寞的时光，他们常常编出各种各样的冒险故事，共同编织着彩色斑斓的文学之梦。

艾米莉性格内向，感情含蓄，表面沉默寡言，内心却有火一般的激情。她具有独立而坚强的性格，不受传统思想的约束。在她短短一生中，除了求学和工作短期离家外，其余时间都是深居简出，一面承担家务，一面沉浸在文学艺术天地里，写诗学画，任凭自己的想象飞越高山峡谷，沃野荒原，领略卑微而又香气四溢的紫色石楠在荒野中摇曳生姿的美丽景象。这一切在她心中酿成深刻而真挚的诗篇，她默默写了出来，不为家人所知。直到1845年，才被姐姐夏洛蒂发现。夏洛蒂深深为妹妹的才华所感动，在她的鼓励下，艾米莉才同意和姐姐妹妹共同出版一本诗集。该诗集于1846年由姊妹三人自费出版。为了避免世俗对女子偏见的影 响，诗集署名为三个男子名“柯勒、埃里斯和埃克顿”，分别代表夏洛蒂、艾米莉和安妮。

与此同时，姊妹三人都在写着各自的第一部小说。《呼啸山庄》可能始笔于1845年10月，1847年12月和妹妹安妮的小说同时发表。

《呼啸山庄》凝结了艾米莉短促的一生的全部心血和才华。书中，她刻画了一个非凡的，暴风雨式的男主人公，以真实、质朴，充满爱尔兰和约克郡乡土气息的文字描写了刻骨铭心的爱与社会、与自然的野性抗争和残酷报复。这本书当时虽然不像她姐姐夏洛蒂的《简·爱》那样立即引起轰动，然而它却以其野

性的，感人肺腑的美征服了十九世纪后期的英国文坛，被誉为英国文学史上“最奇异的小说”，而且在英国文学研究中，已有“《呼啸山庄》学”，专门研究其人物、情节和表现手法等。和夏洛蒂的《简·爱》一样，《呼啸山庄》也已成为世界文学宝库中一颗璀璨的明珠。

1848年9月，布兰威尔因酗酒、吸毒而染病去世。这位父亲的独子，家庭的“骄傲和希望”留给他的亲人们的是无限悲痛和追忆。本来就身体柔弱的艾米莉痛惜胞兄早逝，在葬礼当天染病。她拒绝任何治疗，仍以坚强的毅力坚持写作与操持家务，于同年12月19日病死在书房的长沙发上，那里曾是她和姊妹们编织无数文学艺术美梦的地方。

## 故事梗概

希刺克历夫为一被弃孤儿，流落街头，被呼啸山庄主人老恩萧先生收养。在山庄，他受到老恩萧先生的钟爱，与其独生女凯瑟琳友爱相处，然而却引起其子辛德雷的忌恨。老恩萧去世后，辛德雷成为山庄主人，呼啸山庄从此成为辛德雷施虐、报复，众奴仆互相争吵妒忌的地方。希刺克历夫被当作家奴，成为凌辱与虐待的对象，幸有凯瑟琳与他青梅竹马，两小无猜，使他在凄苦中有一份真挚的友情和希望。

一天，他和凯瑟琳在野外嬉戏，凯瑟琳被画眉田庄大狗咬伤，被田庄主人收留养伤，从此结识了田庄独子，温文尔雅的贵族青年林惇和他的妹妹伊莎贝拉小姐。田庄养伤五个礼拜归来之后，凯瑟琳行为举止都发生了变化，俨然一位富家千金。她意识到她与希刺克历夫地位相差悬殊。一天，她向女管家艾伦倾吐了自己的真实感情，说她虽然深爱希刺克历夫，但若嫁给他，便会降低自己的身份，也难以帮助他摆脱当前的困境，所以她选择了林惇作未婚夫。她的表白无意被希刺克历夫听到，在风雨交加之夜，他愤然出走，从此杳无音信。凯瑟琳痛失情侣，大病一场，后与林惇结婚，过了一段平静的生活。

几年后，希刺克历夫突然出现在画眉田庄，行为举止颇似一位有钱的绅士。他一方面骗取了往日压迫他的仇人辛德雷的信任，住在呼啸山庄，诱使他酗酒、赌博，把田产一点点输给自己；另一方面，他不能忘情于凯瑟琳，常去画眉田庄拜访她，同时对情敌林惇进行有计划的报复。他利用林惇的妹妹伊莎贝拉对他的痴情，拐带她离开林惇与自己结婚，这样既可激怒林惇，又可在日后夺得他的田产。此时凯瑟琳也难以掩饰她对往日情

人的爱恋。希刺克历夫对田庄的频繁造访终于酿成轩然大波，林悖盛怒中对他下了逐客令。凯瑟琳深受刺激，旧病复发，终于在与希刺克历夫悲惨地诀别后，离开人世。身后留下一女，取名也叫凯瑟琳，成为林悖唯一的安慰和希望。

凯瑟琳死后，希刺克历夫悲痛欲绝，他已失去人生一切乐趣和希望，这使他更加疯狂地对两家仇人进行报复。伊莎贝拉不堪他的虐待，逃往伦敦，生下一子，也取名林悖。希刺克历夫此时已是呼啸山庄主人，因为辛德雷已把全部家产输给了他。不久辛德雷去世，他的儿子哈里顿已没有财产可继承，反而成了依附他父亲的仇人希刺克历夫的奴仆。

12年以后，伊莎贝拉也去世了，临终把儿子小林悖托付给自己的哥哥，让他带回画眉田庄抚养。体弱多病的小林悖在田庄没呆一夜就被生父希刺克历夫强行接回呼啸山庄。几年后，小凯瑟琳已长成亭亭玉立、美丽活泼、心地善良的少女。有一次她在草地嬉游，误入呼啸山庄，见到了此时已长大成人的小林悖，才知她仅见过一面，却又不能忘怀的表弟原来生活在离田庄不远的地方。小林悖虽然自私，暴戾，在长相上却酷似舅父老林悖，不失为一翩翩少年。天真的小凯瑟琳对他一见钟情，不顾父亲严厉阻止，常常偷偷拜访山庄，与表弟私会。这正中希刺克历夫圈套，因为他也在极力引诱小凯瑟琳与其子结婚，这样既能伤害情敌林悖的感情，又能使画眉田庄落入自己手中。当他得知老林悖病重后，他设计把小凯瑟琳监禁在呼啸山庄五六天，强迫她与已患重病的小林悖成婚。

凯瑟琳逃回田庄时，她父亲已奄奄一息，没有时间更改遗嘱，不久小林悖也已死去，这样画眉田庄也落入希刺克历夫之手。希刺克历夫富有两个田庄，两家仇人之后，小凯瑟琳和哈里顿也尽在其掌握之中，然而他始终悲痛地怀念着早已长眠在地下的情人，渴望与她团聚，终于不能忍受漫长的、孤独的等待，绝食数天而亡。他死后，古老的田庄又回到了其合法主人小凯

瑟琳和哈里顿的手中。他们幸福地结合了。然而在当地却流传着这样一个故事：牧羊人常常在夜深人静时，看见希刺克历夫和凯瑟琳的鬼魂游荡在茫茫荒原上。

## 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 am 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 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 Thrushcross Grange; I heard yesterday you had had some thoughts-

"Thrushcross Grange is my own, sir," he interrupted, wincing, "I should not allow any one 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 pull out his hand to unchain it, and then suddenly 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 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" pre-eminently. 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 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. Heathchiff 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 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. Heathchiff 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 seacoast, 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 at-

tempting 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-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 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 I could ill endure after this inhospitable treatment.

"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 re-

marked, 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 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 to-morrow.

He evidently wished no repetition of my intrusion. I shall go, notwithstanding. It is astonishing how sociable I feel myself compared with him.

## 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, however, (N. B. —I dine between twelve and one o'clock; the housekeeper, a matronly lady, 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 cause-way 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 in hospitality. 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 i’ t’ fowld. Goa rahnd by th’ end ut’ Iaith, if yah went tuhspake tull him.”

“Is there nobody inside to open the door?” I hallooed, espansively.

“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! Awll hae noa hend wi’t,” muttered the head vanishing.

The snow had begun 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-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, exceed-