

浓咖啡
双语经典



04



呼啸山庄

Wuthering Heights

Emily Brontë

[英] 艾米莉·勃朗特 著

配电影光盘



双盘装



中国对外翻译出版公司



浓咖啡双语经典丛书

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WUTHERINGS
AT
HEATH

Emily Brontë

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田 元 译

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读“浓咖啡”双语经典

我们正面临着一个各种各样的思维方式和价值取向杂陈并存的众声喧哗的时代，我们需要塑造属于我们自己的时代的经典之作。殊不知，经典之所以成为经典，是历经了一个漫长而艰辛的过程，如同大浪淘沙。在一个相对短促的时期内，我们检验经典的成效自然大打折扣。因此，拥抱经典，无疑是我们获取有益人生经验的捷径！

“浓咖啡”双语经典丛书，将引领你与文学经典亲密接触。不知不觉间，你将沉浸在阅读的欢娱中爱不释手。在体味经典淡雅、隽永的芳香之时，你芜杂的心绪能得到最妥帖的慰藉。沉思移时，你将感谢大师们所馈赠的多汁、味美的精神食粮。面对当下物欲横流、日益喧嚣的世界，借助经典的辉光，你将会以从容的姿态寻找到最适合你的生存方式。

“浓咖啡”对原著进行必要的“节录”“浓缩”，既不失原著的主旨，又体现出巨著的精髓。同时配上经典影视光盘，并对名著中人物的不同汉译名称统一加注，使您在快节奏的今天，能在短时间内品味经典，体味人生。

让文学经典伴随我们漫漫人生路！

让我们在经典中沉醉，在经典中沉静，在经典中明心见性！

编者



《呼啸山庄》简介

艾米莉·勃朗特 (Emily Brontë), 生于 1818 年, 卒于 1848 年, 英国著名诗人, 小说家, 是夏洛蒂·勃朗特的胞妹。《呼啸山庄》是她惟一一部小说, 却奠定了她在英国文学史以及世界文学史上的地位。

《呼啸山庄》讲述了呼啸山庄的恩萧家族和画眉农庄的林顿家族之间的故事。

西斯克利夫是老恩萧收养的孤儿, 遭到老恩萧的儿子辛德雷的仇视, 但他女儿凯茜喜欢他。凯茜虽深爱着西斯克利夫, 但由于地位的差异而无法表白。西斯克利夫愤然出走, 发誓报复。

当西斯克利夫回来时, 凯茜已嫁给了画眉山庄的主人埃德加·林顿。西斯克利夫先使辛德雷破了产, 接着又骗娶了埃德加的妹妹, 企图占领画眉山庄。

不久, 辛德雷、凯茜、伊莎贝拉、埃德加先后去世, 西斯克利夫就奴役辛德雷的儿子哈里顿和埃德加的女儿凯瑟琳, 甚至对自己与伊莎贝拉所生的儿子林顿也恨之入骨。

西斯克利夫虽然达到了复仇的愿望, 但并不感到高兴, 于是在一个风雨之夜结束了自己的生命, 去和他魂牵梦系的凯茜相会。

另外, 本书的写作手法比较独特, 经常由不同的人物讲述故事的进展, 请读者阅读时注意。



主要人物表

老恩萧：呼啸山庄的老主人

西斯科克利夫：老恩萧的养子

辛德雷·恩萧：老恩萧的儿子

凯瑟琳·恩萧：又称凯茜，老恩萧的女儿，埃德加·林顿的妻子。

埃德加·林顿：画眉山庄的主人

伊莎贝拉·林顿：埃德加·林顿的妹妹，西斯科克利夫的妻子

凯瑟琳·林顿：凯瑟琳·恩萧和埃德加·林顿的女儿，林顿·西斯科克利夫的妻子。

哈里顿·恩萧：辛德雷·恩萧的儿子

林顿·西斯科克利夫：西斯科克利夫和伊莎贝拉·林顿的儿子

艾伦：呼啸山庄和画眉山庄的仆人



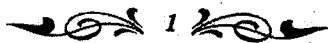
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WUTHERING HEIGHTS

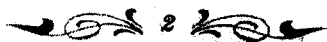
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VOLUME 1



*My caress provoked a long,
guttural gnarl.*



CHAPTER 1

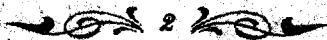
1801—I have just returned from a visit to my landlord — the solitary neighbour that I shall be troubled with. This is certainly a beautiful country! In all England, I do not believe that I could have fixed on a situation so completely removed from the stir of society. A perfect misanthropist's Heaven — 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 further in his waistcoat, as I announced my name.

.....

'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 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.

.....

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.

.....

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.

.....



第一部



我对一个仿佛比我还更
孤僻的人颇感兴趣。

第一章

——八〇一年——我刚刚拜访过我的房东回来——就是那个将要给我惹麻烦的孤独的邻居。这儿可真是一个美丽的乡村！在整个英格兰境内，我不相信我竟能找到这样一个完全能与世隔绝的地方，一个厌世者的理想的天堂——而西斯克利夫和我正是分享这儿荒凉景色的如此合适的一对。一个不错的人！在我骑着马走上前去时，看见他的黑眼睛缩在眉毛下猜忌地瞅着我。而在我通报自己姓名时，他把手指更深地埋到背心的口袋里，完全是一副不信任我的神气。

……


“先生，我是洛克乌德，您的新房客——我一到这儿就尽可能马上来向您表示敬意，表达我的希望，那就是我坚持要租画眉农庄，没什么使您不方便。昨天，我听说您有一些想法——”。

“画眉农庄是我的，先生。”他打断了我，闪烁其词。“如果我能够阻止这事儿，我不允许任何人给我带来不方便——进来吧！”

这一声“进来”是从牙缝里挤出来的，代表了他的这样的情绪，“见鬼！”甚至他靠着的那扇大门也没有对这句许诺表现出同情而移动分毫；我想这种情况决定我接受这样的邀请：我对一个仿佛比我还更孤僻的人颇感兴趣。

……

呼啸山庄是西斯克利夫先生住宅的名称。“呼啸”是一个重要的地方形容词，



形容这个山庄的位置在风暴的天气里面临着所受的气压骚动。的确，他们这儿一定是随时都流通着振奋精神的纯洁空气。从房屋那头有几棵矮小的枞树过度倾斜，还有那一排稀薄的荆棘都向着一个方向伸展枝条，仿佛在向太阳乞讨，人们就可以猜想到北风呼啸的威力了。幸好，建筑师有先见之明把房子盖得很结实：窄小的窗子深深地嵌在墙里，墙角有大块的凸出的石头保护。

……

我在火炉的另一头坐下来，我的房东上前坐到了我的对面。为了打发沉默，我想去摸摸那只正在做妈妈的母狗。它才离开那窝崽子，正在像狼一样凶狠地溜到我的腿后面，呲牙咧嘴，闪着白牙准备咬一口。

我的爱抚激起一阵长咆。

……

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, — 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 coals-cuttles, 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

.....

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 cote, we at length arrived in the large, 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 'Mrs,' 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 floor 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.

.....

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 onto 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 a 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

