

英汉对照



世界名著

(英) 艾米莉·勃朗特 著

呼啸山庄



Mingzhu

时代文艺出版社

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Chapter 1

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.’

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

第一章

一八〇一年。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间！在整个英格兰境内，我不相信我竟能找到这样一个能与尘世的喧嚣完全隔绝的地方，一个厌世者的理想的天堂。而希刺克厉夫和我正是分享这儿荒凉景色的如此合适的一对。一个绝妙的人！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，他把手指更深深地藏到背心口袋里，完全是一副不信任我的神气。刹那间，我对他产生了亲切之感，而他却根本未察觉到。

“希刺克厉夫先生吗？”我说。

回答是点一下头。

“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，希望我坚持要租画眉田庄没什么使您不方便。昨天我听说您想——”。

“画眉田庄是我的，先生。”他打断了我的话，闪避着。“只要是我能够阻止，我总是不允许任何人给我什么不方便的。进来吧！”

这一声“进来”是咬着牙说出来的，表示了这样一种情绪，“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；我想情况决定我接受这样的邀请：我对一个仿佛比我还更怪僻的人颇感兴趣。

他看见我的马的胸部就要碰上栅栏了，竟也伸手解开了门链，然后阴郁地领我走上石路，在我们到了院子里的时候，就叫着：

“约瑟夫，把洛克乌德先生的马牵走。拿点酒来。”

“我想他全家只有这一个人吧，”那句双重命令引起了这种想法。“怪不得石板缝间长满了草，而且只有牛替他们修剪篱笆哩。”

约瑟夫是个上年纪的人，不，简直是个老头——也许很老了，虽然还很健壮结实。“求主保佑我们！”他接过我的马时，别别扭扭地不高兴地低声自言自语着，同时又那么愤怒地盯着我的脸，使我善意地揣度他一定需要神来帮助才能消化他的饭食，而他那虔诚的突然喊叫跟我这突然来访是毫无关系的。

呼啸山庄是希刺克厉夫先生的住宅名称。“呼啸”是一个意味深长的内地形容词，形容这地方在风暴的天气里所受的气压骚动。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松树过度倾斜，还有那一排瘦削的荆棘都向着一个方向伸展枝条，仿佛在向太阳乞讨温暖，就可以猜想北风吹过的威力了。幸亏建筑师有先见把房子盖得很结实：窄小的窗子深深地嵌在

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 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

墙里，墙角有大块的凸出的石头防护着。

在跨进门槛之前，我停步观赏房屋前面大量的稀奇古怪的雕刻，特别是正门附近，那上面除了许多残破的怪兽和不知羞的小男孩外，我还发现“一五〇〇”年代和“哈里顿·恩萧”的名字。我本想说一两句话，向这倨傲无礼的主人请教这地方的简短历史，但是从他站在门口的姿势看来，是要我赶紧进去，要不就干脆离开，而我在参观内部之前也并并不想增加他的不耐烦。

不用经过任何穿堂过道，我们径直进了这家的起坐间：他们颇有见地索性把这里叫作“屋子”。一般所谓屋子是把厨房和大厅都包括在内的；但是我认为在呼啸山庄里，厨房是被迫撤退到另一个角落里去了；至少我辨别出在顶里面有喋喋的说话声和厨房用具的磕碰声；而且在大壁炉里我并没看出烧煮或烘烤食物的痕迹，墙上还有铜锅和锡滤锅之类在闪闪发光。倒是在屋子的一头，在一个大橡木橱柜上摆着一叠叠的白色盘子；以及一些银壶和银杯散置着，一排排，垒得高高的直到屋顶，的确它们射出的光线和热气映照得灿烂夺目。

橱柜从未上过漆；它的整个构造任凭人去研究。只是有一处，被摆满了麦饼、牛羊腿和火腿之类的木架遮盖住了。壁炉台上有杂七杂八的老式难看的枪，还有一对马枪；并且，为了装饰起见，还有三个画得俗气的茶叶罐靠边排列着。地是平滑的白石铺砌的；椅子是高背的，老式的结构，涂着绿色；一两把笨重的黑椅子藏在暗处。橱柜下面的圆拱里，躺着一条好大的、猪肝色的母猎狗，一窝唧唧叫着的小狗围着它，还有些狗在别的空地走动。

要是这屋子和家具属于一个质朴的北方农民，他有着顽强的面貌，以及穿短裤和绑腿套挺方便的粗壮的腿，那倒没有什么稀奇。这样的人，坐在他的扶手椅上，一大杯啤酒在面前的圆桌上冒着白沫，只要你在饭后适当的时间，在这山中方圆五六英里区域内走一趟，总可以看得到的。但是希刺克厉夫先生和他的住宅，以及生活方式，却形成一种古怪的对比。在外貌上他像一个黑皮肤的吉普赛人，在衣着和风度上他又像个绅士——也就是，像乡绅那样的绅士：也许有点邋遢，可是懒拖拖的并不难看，因为他有一个挺拔、漂亮的身材；而且有点郁郁不乐的样子。可能有人会怀疑，他因某种程度的缺乏教养而傲慢无礼；我内心深处却产生了同情之感，认为他并不是这类人。我直觉地知道他的冷淡是由于对矫揉造作——对互相表示亲热感到厌恶。他把爱和恨都掩盖起来，至于被人爱或恨，他又认为是一种

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 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-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 con-

鲁莽的事。不，我这样下判断可太早了：我把自己的特性慷慨地施与他了。希刺克厉夫先生遇见一个算是熟人时，便把手藏起来，也许另有和我所想的完全不同的原因。但愿我这天性可称得上是特别的吧。我亲爱的母亲总说我永远不会有舒服的家的。直到去年夏天我自己才证实了真是完全不配有那样一个家。

我正在海边享受着一个月的好天气的时候，一下子认识了一个迷人的人儿——在她还没注意到我的时候，在我眼中她就是一个真正的女神。我从来没有把我的爱情说出口；可是，如果神色可以传情的话，连傻子也猜得出我在没命地爱她。后来她懂得我的意思了，就回送我一个秋波——一切可以想象得到的期盼中最甜蜜的秋波。我怎么办呢？我羞愧地忏悔了——冷冰冰地退缩，像个蜗牛似的；她越看我，我就缩得越冷越远。直到最后这可怜的天真的孩子不得不怀疑她自己的感觉，她自以为猜错了，感到非常惶惑，便说服她母亲撤营而去。由于我古怪的举止，我得了个冷酷无情的名声；

多么冤枉啊，那只有我自己才能体会。

我在炉边的椅子上坐下，我的房东就去坐对面的一把。为了消磨这一刻的沉默，我想去摩弄那只母狗。它才离开那窝崽子，正在凶狠地偷偷溜到我的腿后面，呲牙咧嘴地，白牙上馋涎欲滴。我的爱抚却使它从喉咙里发出一声长长的狺声。

“你最好别理这只狗，”希刺克厉夫先生以同样的音调咆哮着，跺一下脚来警告它。

“它是不习惯受人娇惯的——它不是当作玩意儿养的。”接着，他大步走到一个边门，又大叫：

“约瑟夫！”

约瑟夫在地窖的深处咕哝着，可是并不打算上来。因此他的主人就只好下地窖去找他，留下我和那凶暴的母狗和一对狰狞的蓬毛守羊狗面面相觑。这对狗同那母狗一起对我的一举一动都提防着，监视着。我并不想和犬牙打交道，就静坐着不动；然而，我以为它们不会理解沉默的蔑视，不幸我又对这三只狗挤挤眼，作作鬼脸，我脸上的某种变化激怒了狗夫人，它忽然暴怒，跳上我的膝盖。我把它推开，赶忙拉过一张桌子作挡箭牌。这举动惹起了公愤；六只大小不同、年龄不一的四脚恶魔，从暗处一齐窜到屋中。我觉得我的脚跟和衣边尤其是攻击的目标，就一面尽可能有效地用火钳来挡开较大的斗士，一面又不得不大声求援，请这家里的什么人来重建和平。

strained 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.

'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.

希刺克厉夫和他的仆人迈着烦躁的懒洋洋的脚步，爬上了地窖的梯阶：我认为他们走得并不比平常快一秒钟，虽然炉边已经给撕咬和狂吠闹得大乱。幸亏厨房里有人快步走来：一个健壮的女人，她卷着衣裙，光着胳膊，两颊火红，挥舞着一个煎锅冲到我们中间——而且运用那个武器和她的舌头颇为见效，很奇妙地平息了这场风暴。等她的主人上场时，她已如大风过后却还在起伏的海洋一般，喘息着。

“见鬼，到底是怎么回事？”他问。就在我刚才受到那样不礼貌的接待后，他还这样瞅着我，可真难以忍受。

“是啊，真是见鬼！”我咕嘟着。“先生，有鬼附体的猪群，还没有您那些畜生凶呢。您倒不如把一个生客丢给一群老虎的好！”

“对于不碰它们的人，它们不会多事的。”他说，把酒瓶放在我面前，又把搬开的桌子归回原位。

“狗是应该警觉的。喝杯酒吗？”

“不，谢谢您。”

“没给咬着吧？”

“我要是给咬着了，我可要在这咬人的东西上打上我的印记呢。”

希刺克厉夫的脸上现出笑容。

“好啦，好啦，”他说，“你受惊啦，洛克乌德先生。喏，喝点酒。这所房子里客人极少，所以我愿意承认，我和我的狗都不大知道该怎么接待客人。先生，祝你健康！”他鞠躬，我也回敬了他；我开始觉得为了一群狗的失礼而坐在那儿生气，可有点傻。此外，我也讨厌让这个家伙再取笑我，因为他的兴致已经转到取乐上来了。也许他也已察觉到，得罪一个好房客是愚蠢的，语气便稍稍委婉些，提起了他以为我会有兴趣的话头——谈到我目前住处的优点与缺点。我发现他对我们所触及的话题，是非常有才智的；在我回家之前，我居然兴致勃勃，提出明天再来拜访。而他显然并不愿我再来打搅。但是，我还是要去。我感到我自己跟他比起来是多么擅长交际啊，这可真是惊人。

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 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 i' t' fowld. Go 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, 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.

第二章

昨天下午又冷又有雾。我想就在书房炉边消磨一下午，不想踩着杂草污泥到呼嘯山庄了。

但是，吃过午饭（注意——我在十二点与一点钟之间吃午饭，而可以当作这所房子的附属物的管家婆，一位慈祥的太太却不能，或者并不愿理解我请求在五点钟开饭的用意），在我怀着这个懒惰的想法上了楼，迈进屋子的时候，看见一个女仆跪在地上，身边是扫帚和煤斗。她正在用一堆堆煤渣封火，搞起一片弥漫的灰尘。这景象立刻把我赶回头了。我拿了帽子，走了四里路，到达了希刺克厉夫的花园门口，刚好躲过了一场今年初降的鹅毛大雪。

在那荒凉的山顶上，土地由于结了一层黑冰而冻得坚硬，冷空气使我四肢发抖。我弄不开门链，就跳进去，顺着两边种着蔓延的醋栗树丛的石路跑去。我白白地敲了半天门，一直敲到我的手指骨都痛了，狗也狂吠起来。

“倒霉的人家！”我心里直叫，“只为你这样无礼待客，就该一辈子跟人群隔离。我至少还不会在白天把门闩住。我才不管呢——我要进去！”如此决定了。我就抓住门闩，使劲摇它。苦脸的约瑟夫从谷仓的一个圆窗里探出头来。

“你干吗？”他大叫。“主人在牛栏里，你要是找他说话，就从这条路口绕过去。”

“屋里没人开门吗？”我也叫起来。

“除了太太没有别人。你就是闹腾到夜里，她也不会开。”

“为什么？你就不能告诉她我是谁吗，呃，约瑟夫？”

“别找我！我才不管这些闲事呢，”这个脑袋咕噜着，又不见了。

雪开始下大了。我握住门柄又试一回。这时一个没穿外衣的年轻人，扛着一根草耙，在后面院子里出现了。他招呼我跟着他走，穿过了一个洗衣房和一片铺平的地，那儿有煤棚、抽水机和鸽笼，我们终于到了我上次被接待过的那间温暖的、热闹的大屋子。煤、炭和木材混合在一起燃起的熊熊炉火，使这屋子放着光彩。在准备摆上丰盛晚餐的桌旁，我很高兴地看到了那位“太太”，以前我从未料想到会有这么一个人存在的。我鞠躬等候，以为她会叫我坐下。她望望我，往她的椅背一靠，不动，也不出声。

‘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, who deigned, at this second interview, to move the extreme tip of her tail, in 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 anyone attempted to assist him in counting his gold.

‘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

“天气真坏！”我说，“希刺克厉夫太太，恐怕大门因为您的仆人偷懒而吃苦头，我费了好大劲才使他们听见我敲门！”

她死不开口。我瞪眼——她也瞪眼。反正她总是以一种冷冷的、漠不关心的神气盯住我，使人十分窘迫，而且不愉快。

“坐下吧，”那年轻人粗声粗气地说，“他就要来了。”

我服从了；轻轻咳了一下，叫唤那恶狗朱诺。临到第二次会面，它总算赏脸，摇起尾巴尖，表示认我是熟人了。

“好漂亮的狗！”我又开始说话。“您是不是打算不要这些小的呢，夫人？”

“那些不是我的，”这可爱可亲的女主人说，比希刺克厉夫夫人所能回答的腔调还要更冷淡些。

“啊，您所心爱的是在这一堆里啦！”我转身指着一个看不清楚的靠垫上那一堆像猫似的的东西，接着说下去。

“谁会爱这些东西那才怪呢！”她轻蔑地说。

倒霉，原来那是堆死兔子。我又轻咳一声，向火炉靠近些，又把今晚天气不好的话评论一通。

“你本来就不该出来。”她说，站起来去拿壁炉台上的两个彩色茶叶罐。

她原先坐在光线被遮住的地方，现在我把她的全身和面貌都看得清清楚楚。她苗条，显然还没有过青春期。挺好看的体态，还有一张我生平从未有幸见过的绝妙的小脸蛋。五官纤丽，非常漂亮。淡黄色的卷发，或者不如说是金黄色的，松松地垂在她那细嫩的颈上。至于眼睛，要是眼神能显得和悦些，就要使人无法抗拒了。对我这容易动情的心说来倒是常事，因为它们所表现的只是在轻蔑与近似绝望之间的一种情绪，而在那张脸上看见那样的眼神是特别不自然的。

她简直够不到茶叶罐。我动了一动，想帮她一下。她猛地扭转身向我，像守财奴看见别人打算帮他数他的金子一样。

“我不要你帮忙，”她怒气冲冲地说，“我自己拿得到。”

“对不起！”我连忙回答。

“是请你来吃茶的吗？”她问，把一条围裙系在她那干净的黑衣服上，就这样站着，拿一匙茶叶正要往茶壶里倒。

“我很想喝杯茶。”我回答。

“是请你来的吗？”她又问。

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 entrance of Heathcliff relieved me, in some measure, from my uncomfortable state.

‘You see, sir, I am come, according to promise!’ I exclaimed, assuming the cheerful; ‘and I fear I shall be weatherbound for half an hour, if you can afford me shelter during that space.’

‘Half an hour?’ he said, shaking the white flakes from his clothes; ‘I wonder you should select the thick of a snowstorm to ramble about in. Do you know that you run a risk of being lost in the marshes? People familiar with these moors often miss their road on such evenings; and I can tell you there is no chance of a change at present.’

‘Perhaps I can get a guide among your lads, and he might stay at the Grange till morning – could you spare me one?’

‘No, I could not.’

‘Oh, indeed! Well, then, I must trust to my own sagacity.’ ‘Umph!’

‘Are you going to mak th’ tea?’ demanded he of the shabby coat, shifting his ferocious gaze from me to the young lady.

‘Is he to have any?’ she asked, appealing to Heathcliff.

‘Get it ready, will you?’ was the answer, uttered so savagely that I started. The tone in which the words were said revealed a genuine bad nature. I no longer felt inclined to call Heathcliff a capital fellow. When the preparations were finished, he invited me with – ‘Now, sir, bring forward your chair.’ And we all, including the rustic youth, drew round the table: an austere silence prevailing while we discussed our meal.

I thought, if I had caused the cloud, it was my duty to make an effort to dispel it. They could not every day sit so grim and taciturn; and it was impossible, however ill – tempered they might be, that the universal scowl they wore was their everyday countenance.

‘It is strange,’ I began, in the interval of swallowing one cup of tea and receiving another – ‘it is strange how custom can mould our tastes and ideas: many could not imagine the existence of happiness in a life of such complete exile from the world as you spend, Mr Heathcliff; yet I’ll venture to say, that, surrounded by your family, and with your amiable lady as the presiding genius over your home and heart –’