

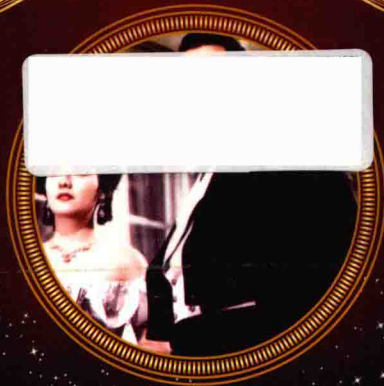
呼啸山庄 英文版

ONLY FOR YOU



WUTHERING HEIGHTS

Emily Brontë



人民日报出版社

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Wuthering Heights

艾米莉·勃朗特

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Chapter 1

Contents

Wuthering Heights 001

Chapter I

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."

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 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 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 **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.

“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 his 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.

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 fourmiles' 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 round by ot' end ut' laith, if ye went to spake to 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.

"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 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 **weather-bound** 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 —”

“My amiable lady!” he interrupted, with an almost **diabolical** sneer on his face. “Where is she — my amiable lady?”

“Mrs. Heathcliff, your wife, I mean.”

“Well, yes — oh, you would intimate that her spirit has taken the post of ministering angel, and guards the fortunes of Wuthering Heights, even when her body is gone. Is that it?”

Perceiving myself in a blunder, I attempted to correct it. I might have seen there was too great a **disparity** between the ages of the parties to make it likely that they were man and wife. One was about forty: a period of mental vigour at which men seldom cherish the delusion of

being married for love by girls: that dream is reserved for the **solace** of our declining years. The other did not look seventeen.

Then it **flashed upon** me — “The clown at my elbow, who is drinking his tea out of a basin and eating his bread with unwashed hands, may be her husband: Heathcliff, junior, of course. Here is the consequence of being buried alive: she has thrown herself away upon that **boor** from sheer ignorance that better individuals existed! A sad pity — I must beware how I cause her to regret her choice.” The last reflection may seem **conceited**; it was not. My neighbour struck me as bordering on **repulsive**; I knew, through experience, that I was tolerably attractive.

“Mrs. Heathcliff is my daughter-in-law,” said Heathcliff, **corroborating** my **surmise**. He turned, as he spoke, a peculiar look in her direction: a look of hatred; unless he has a most **perverse** set of facial muscles that will not, like those of other people, interpret the language of his soul.

“Ah, certainly — I see now: you are the favoured possessor of the beneficent fairy,” I remarked, turning to my neighbour.

This was worse than before: the youth grew **crimson**, and **clenched** his fist, with every appearance of a meditated assault. But he seemed to recollect himself presently, and smothered the storm in a brutal curse, muttered on my behalf: which, however, I took care not to notice.

“Unhappy in your **conjectures**, sir,” observed my host; “we neither of us have the privilege of owning your good fairy; her mate is dead. I said she was my daughter-in-law, therefore, she must have married my son.”

“And this young man is —”

“Not my son, assuredly.”

Heathcliff smiled again, as if it were rather too bold a **jest** to attribute the paternity of that bear to him.

“My name is Hareton Earnshaw,” growled the other; “and I’d counsel you to respect it!”

"I've shown no disrespect," was my reply, laughing internally at the dignity with which he announced himself.

He fixed his eye on me longer than I cared to return the stare, for fear I might be tempted either to box his ears or render my hilarity audible. I began to feel unmistakably out of place in that pleasant family circle. The dismal spiritual atmosphere overcame, and more than neutralized, the glowing physical comforts round me; and I resolved to be cautious how I ventured under those **rafters** a third time.

The business of eating being concluded, and no one uttering a word of sociable conversation, I approached a window to examine the weather. A sorrowful sight I saw: dark night coming down prematurely, and sky and hills mingled in one bitter whirl of wind and **suffocating** snow.

"I don't think it possible for me to get home now without a guide," I could not help exclaiming. "The roads will be buried already; and, if they were bare, I could scarcely distinguish a foot in advance."

"Hareton, drive those dozen sheep into the barn porch. They'll be covered if left in the fold all night: and put a plank before them," said Heathcliff.

"How must I do?" I continued, with rising irritation.

There was no reply to my question; and on looking round I saw only Joseph bringing in a pail of porridge for the dogs, and Mrs. Heathcliff **leaning over** the fire, diverting herself with burning a bundle of matches which had fallen from the chimney-piece as she restored the tea canister to its place. The former, when he had deposited his burden, took a critical survey of the room, and in cracked tones, **grated** out:

"Aw wonder how yah can fashian to stand thear i' idleness un war, when all on 'em's goan aght! Bud yah're a nowt, and it's noa use talking — yah'll niver mend uh' yer ill ways, bud, goa raight tuh t' divil, like yer mother afore ye!"

I imagined, for a moment, that this piece of **eloquence** was