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WUTHERING HEIGHTS

呼啸 山庄

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To Readers

With honor, pleasure and sincerity, we present this bouquet of flowers from the English garden to you, our dear readers.

The highest stage of learning, according to the famous scholar, Mr. Wan Guowei (Guantang), is like the situation as below:

In the crowd once and again

I look for her in vain

When all at once turn my head

I find her there where lantern light is dimly shed.

We are delighted to find that we can offer English learners a shortcut to this stage by supplying them with the best of the best materials to study. Yes, the gem of the classical works is what you need and want and have to study. That is the excellent excerpts of the classics. The English text is original, and the Chinese is exactly matching the English paragraph by paragraph, sentence by sentence, if not strictly word by word, for your benefit. Reading real, original version will no longer be a heavy burden; it could be a pleasure and leisure. You don't have to go through all the contents, however, you will not only get the

plot of the story all the same, but also can learn the best parts of it with a focused attention. That's why we call it a shortcut to find *her*.

To arrange such a bouquet of flowers in front of you consumed much energy and time of many people. Our sincere thanks firstly go to the staff in the English Department of the Beijing Youth Politics Institute, especially Mr. Yu Xibin. We also feel obliged to the editors of Foreign Languages Press, Zeng Huijie and Zhang Yong. Without their selfless assistance, you won't see such wonderful flowers in your hands. The last but not the least, we will be very grateful and relieved to see you enjoying this series of books and reaching the highest stage on the English learning road.

With the best of the best of the English works, you will be the best of the best among Chinese peers.

Try it and enjoy yourself.

《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》是她唯一一部小说, 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山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、伊沙贝拉、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。

VOLUME 1

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.

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“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

第一部

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——而西斯克立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。

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“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

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.

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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.

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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.

.....

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。

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呼啸山庄是西斯克立夫先生住宅的名称。“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枫树过度倾斜，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，正在象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。

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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 coalscuttles, 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

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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

第二章

昨天下午有雾且很冷。我想就在书房炉边打发一下午时光，不想踩着杂草淤泥到呼啸山庄了。

但是，吃过午饭站起来——在怀着这个懒惰的想法上了楼，走进屋子的时候，我看见一个女仆正双膝跪在地上，身边放着扫帚和煤斗。她正在用一堆堆煤渣封住炉子里的火焰，扬起一片灰尘。这个场面立刻就把我赶出来了。我戴上帽子，步行四英里路，到达了西斯克立夫的花园门口，刚好躲过了今年第一场鹅毛大雪。

.....

雪开始下大了。我抓住门柄进行第二次尝试。这时一个没穿外套的年轻人，扛着一根草耙，出现在后面院子里了。他招呼我跟着他走，穿过了一个洗衣房和一片铺得十分平坦的区域，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热闹的大屋子。

煤、炭和木材混合在一起燃起熊熊炉火，在它的照射之下使这屋子变得相当的温暖。丰盛的晚餐即将摆上，在桌旁，我很高兴地看

"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 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.

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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,

到了那位“太太”，以前我从未料想到会有这么一个人存在。

我鞠躬等候，以为她会叫我坐下。她望望我，往她的椅背一靠，丝毫没有动，也没有说话。

“天气真坏！”我评论着说，“西斯克立夫太太，恐怕因您的仆人偷懒的原故而没有看好大门，我费了好大劲敲门他们才听见！”

她就是不开口。我瞪着她——她也瞪着我。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。

.....

她把茶叶、汤匙全收起来，又要脾气地坐在椅子上。她皱起前额，红嘴唇撅起，像个小女孩就要哭了。

与此同时，那年轻人已经给自己穿上了一件明显很破的上衣，他让自己站在炉火前面，用眼角的余光十分轻蔑地看见我，就那种情形而言，好像我们之间存在着极大的而又不能报复的仇恨。我开始怀疑他到底是不是一个仆人了。他的穿着和言词都显得缺乏教养，完全没有在西斯克立夫先生和他太太身上所能看到的那种高贵。他那厚厚的棕色卷发乱蓬蓬的，胡子像头熊似的长得满脸都是，而他的手就像普通工人的手那样变成褐色；

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.

.....

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.

.....

可是，他很随便，几乎有点傲慢，而且一点没有家仆伺候女主人那种小心翼翼的感觉。

我因为缺乏明显的证据来判断他的地位，于是决定最好还是不去注意他那古怪的举止。五分钟以后，西斯克立夫进来了，总算把我从窘迫中解脱出来。

.....

我好像犯了个错误，便要改正它。我本来该看出双方的年龄相差悬殊，不像是夫妻。一个大概四十了，正是精力健壮的时期，男人在这时期很少还抱有女孩子们由于爱情而嫁给他的妄想。那种梦是留给我们到老年时聊以自慰的。另一个人呢，望上去却还不到十七岁。

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CHAPTER 3

WHILE leading the way upstairs, she recommended that I should hide the candle, and not make a noise; for her master had an odd notion about the chamber she would put me in, and never let anybody lodge there willingly.

I asked the reason.

She did not know, she answered; she had only lived there a year or two; and they had so many queer goings on, she could not begin to be curious.

Too stupified to be curious myself, I fastened my door and glanced round for the bed. The whole furniture consisted of a chair, a clothes-press, and a large oak case, with squares cut out near the top resembling coach windows.

Having approached this structure, I looked inside, and perceived it to be a singular sort of old-fashioned couch, very conveniently designed to obviate the necessity for every member of the family having a room to himself. In fact, it formed a little closet and the ledge of a window, which it enclosed, served as a table.

I slid back the panelled sides, got in with my light, pulled them together again, and felt secure against the vigilance of Heathcliff, and every one else.

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第三章

她把我领上楼时，劝我把蜡烛藏起来，而且不要出声。因为她的主人对我去住的那间卧房有一种奇怪的看法，而且从来也不乐意让任何人在那儿睡。

我问是什么原因。

她回答说她不知道。她在这里才住了一两年，他们又有这么多古怪的行为，她已经开始学会不再好奇了。

我自己晕得已不再好奇了，插上了门，向四下里望着想找张床。全部家具只有一把椅子，一个衣橱，还有一个大橡木箱。靠近顶上挖了几个方洞，像是马车的窗子。

走近这个东西，我往里瞧，才看出它是一种样子特别的老式卧榻，设计得非常方便，以至于可以省去家庭里的每一位成员都占一间屋子的必要。事实上，它形成一个小小的套间和一个窗台，里面的这个窗台可以当一张桌子用。

我推开嵌板的门，拿着蜡烛进去，把嵌板门又关上，觉得安安稳稳，躲开了西斯克立夫以及其他人的注意。

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