



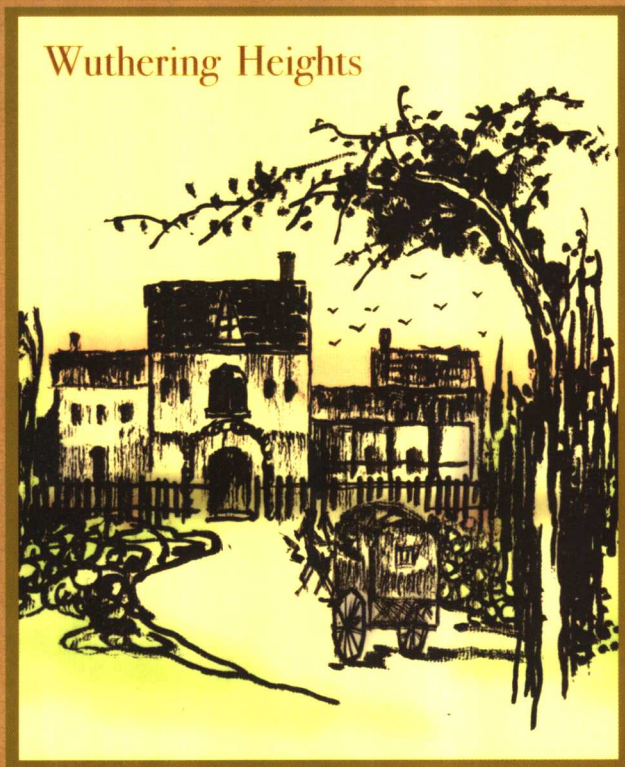
名著名篇双语对照丛书

英国经典文学名著

# 呼啸山庄

中英对照

艾米莉·勃朗特 著 张天华 编译



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## 作者简介

艾米莉·勃朗特 (Emily Bronte 1818-1848) 英国女作家。夏洛蒂·勃朗特之妹，安妮·勃朗特之姐。出生于贫苦的牧师之家，曾在生活条件恶劣的寄宿学校求学，也曾随姐姐去比利时学习法语、德语和法国文学，准备将来自办学校，但未如愿。艾米莉性格内向，娴静文雅，从童年时代起就酷爱写诗。1846年，她们三姐妹曾自费出过一本诗集。《呼啸山庄》是她唯一的一部小说，发表于1847年12月。《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角，并且以真实、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。除《呼啸山庄》外，艾米莉还创作了193首诗，被认为是英国一位天才的女作家。

# 1

I have just returned from a visit to my landlord, the only neighbour I shall have for many miles. In all England, I do not believe that I could have fixed on a country-house more completely removed from society.

Mr. Heathcliff and I are a suitable pair to divide the emptiness between us. As I rode up, his black eyes drew suspiciously under his brows.

“Mr. Heathcliff?” I said.

A nod was the answer.

“I am Mr. Lockwood, your new tenant at Thrushcross Grange, sir. I do myself the honour of calling as soon as possible after my arrival.”

His fingers remained in his waistcoat pocket.

“Walk in!”

He spoke with closed teeth, and continued to lean over the gate. When he saw my horse's chest pushing against it, he did take out his hand to unchain it, and then went before me up the stone path, calling, as we entered the courtyard:



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# 1

我刚拜访过我的房东回来，他是我在这方圆几里之内唯一的邻居。在整个英格兰，我不相信竟能找到这样一个与喧嚣的尘世完全隔绝的地方。

而赫斯克利弗先生和我又是如此适于分享荒凉的一对儿。当我骑着马走过去时，他那深蹙眉头下的乌黑眼睛怀疑地看着我。

“是赫斯克利弗先生吗？”

他以点头代替回答。

“先生，我是洛克伍德，画眉山庄的新房客，一到这儿我就尽快的来向您表示敬意。”

他的手指仍插在马甲的口袋里。

“进来！”

他紧抿着嘴吐出这一句，但仍继续靠在大门上。当他看到我的马胸部几乎碰触栅栏时，才伸出手把门打开了，然后率先走上石径。我们刚走进院里，他就叫道：

“Joseph, take Mr. Lockwood’s horse, and bring up some wine.”

“There must be only one servant.” I thought. “No wonder the grass grows up between the stones, and cattle are the only hedge-cutters.”

Joseph seemed a disagreeable old man.

“The Lord help us!” he muttered in a displeased tone, as he took my horse.

Wuthering Heights is the name of Mr. Heathcliff’s home. “Wuthering” is a local adjective, descriptive of the wildness of the weather in this lonely part of Yorkshire in time of storm. One may guess the power of the north wind blowing over the hillside, by the angle of a few poorly grown trees at the end of the house, and by a row of thorn bushes all stretching their limbs one way, as if begging the warmth of the sun.

The house is strongly built. The narrow windows are deeply set in the wall, and the corners defended with large stones outside.

Before I entered, I paused to admire some curious old carving over the front. Above it I saw the date “1500”, and the name “Hareton Earnshaw”. I would have asked for a few details about the place, but the owner appeared impatient.

One step brought us into the family sitting-room. On the wall at one end there

“约瑟夫，把洛克伍德先生的马牵走，顺便带点酒来。”

“这里一定只有一个仆人。”我想，“难怪石缝中杂草丛生，只有牛群替他们修剪篱笆。”

约瑟夫看来是个坏脾气的老头。

当他牵走我的马时，不高兴地嘟囔着：“求主保佑我们！”

“呼啸山庄”是赫斯克利弗先生家的名字。“呼啸”是当地一个颇具意义但太偏隘的形容词，显示出在暴风雨的季节这地方的气候骚动。这房子的一侧几棵生长不良的枫树过度倾斜，而一排荆棘却朝一个方向伸展过来，好像在企求太阳的施舍似的，由此我们便可以猜到那北风的声势是什么模样。

但这所房子却很坚固。狭小的窗子深嵌在墙里，墙角也用突出的大石头保护着。

在进屋之前，我停下来观看那些屋子前面稀奇古怪的旧石雕。石雕上刻着“一五〇〇”的日期以及“哈莱顿·恩萧”的名字。我原本想问一些这个地方的事情，但主人却显得很不耐烦。

跨过一个台阶我们就进了起居室。在屋子的一端，一个大橡木碗橱上摆放着一叠

was row after row of immense metal dishes, with silver jugs and drinking vessels, up to the very roof. Above the huge fireplace were several evil-looking guns, and a couple of pistols. The floor was of smooth white stone; the chairs were high-backed and painted green. In a corner lay an enormous dog and her young ones. Other dogs haunted other corners.

The room and furniture would have been nothing extraordinary if they had belonged to a simple northern farmer, but Mr. Heathcliff seems out of place in his home and style of living. He is a dark-skinned gypsy in appearance, in dress and manners a gentleman: that is, as much a gentleman as many a country landowner rather careless of his person, perhaps, but upright and handsome, and certainly disagreeable.

I took a seat by the fire and filled up an interval of silence by trying to stroke the mother dog.

"You'd better leave her alone," said Heathcliff roughly, pushing the animal away with his foot, as she showed me all her teeth. Then, crossing to a side door, he shouted again: "Joseph!"

Joseph muttered in the room below, but gave no sign of returning, so his master dived down after him, leaving me face to face with the mother dog and a couple of



叠的白铜碟子，还有一些银制的瓶罐直顶到天花板。在壁炉上面，放着几只老式难看的枪和一对手枪。地是用平滑的白石头铺成的，椅子是绿色的旧式高背椅。角落里躺着一条大狗以及几条围着它叫的小狗。其它的狗则在另外的角落吠着。

如果这所房子与家俱属于一个淳朴的北方农民的话，那倒没有什么特别的。但赫斯克利弗先生本人与他的住所和生活方式却有点不太协调。他的外表像皮肤黝黑的吉普赛人，但在服装和态度上却又像个绅士：有点像普通乡绅那个样子的绅士，有几分不修边幅，但因为体格挺拔俊秀，所以虽懒散但却不难看，就是性格有些乖僻。

我在炉子旁边的椅子上坐了下来，想用手去抚摸那只母狗，以便打发这短暂的静默。

就在那只狗对着我呲牙咧嘴的时候，赫斯克利弗用脚把它踢开，粗鲁地对我说：“你最好不要招惹它。”然后，他走到边门叫道：“约瑟夫！”

约瑟夫在地窖里咕哝了几声，但没有要上来的意思，于是他的主人亲自跑下去找他，留下我一个人对着这只恶犬和另一对牧羊犬。它们合力监视着我的一举一动。我

sheep dogs, who watched all my movements. I sat still, but could not help showing my dislike of the animals, and presently the biggest leapt at my knees. I threw her back and got the table between us. This aroused the whole three. Others came out and joined in: I was surrounded, and had to call for help.

Mr. Heathcliff and his man were slow to answer. Luckily, a stout woman from the kitchen, with bare arms and cheeks red from cooking, rushed into our midst and drove off the attack with a frying-pan. Heathcliff entered shortly after.

“What the devil is the matter?” he asked.


I told him what I thought of his dogs.

“They won’t interfere with persons who touch nothing,” he remarked, putting a bottle before me, and replacing the table. “The dogs are right to be watchful. Take a glass of wine?”

“No, thank you.”

“Not bitten, are you?”

“If I had been, I would have left my mark on the biter!”



---

静静的坐着不动，但却忍不住表现出了我对它们的厌恶。那只母狗也许是看出了我的敌意，突然跳到我的膝上来。我把它推下去，赶快拉了一张桌子横在我们中间。这动作激怒了全部的三条狗。其他狗过来加入，它们一齐朝我冲过来，我投降了，不得不呼救。

赫斯克利弗和他的仆人慢吞吞地响应。幸运的是，一个壮硕的妇人从厨房里冲进我们中间，她光着胳膊，两颊火红，用煎锅驱散了它们的攻击。赫斯克利弗不久也进来了。

“见鬼了，到底是什么事呀？”他问道。

我向他表达了我对这三只恶犬的极度不满。

“它们决不会动一个没有招惹它们的人。”他说着便把酒瓶放在我的前面，把桌子归回原位。“狗就应该是时时保持警戒的。要来杯酒吗？”

“不了，谢谢你。”

“没有被咬到吧？”

“如果被咬到的话，我一定会在它们身上打上我的印记。”



Heathcliff laughed.

“Come, come,” he said, “you are upset, Mr. Lockwood. Here, take a little wine. Guests are so rare in this house that I and my dogs, I am willing to admit, hardly know how to receive them. Your health, sir!” I bowed, beginning to see that it was foolish to be annoyed with a lot of ill-behaved dogs, and feeling, too, unwilling to provide my host with further amusement by losing my temper. He, probably realizing the foolishness of offending a good tenant, began to talk with greater politeness, and on a subject that he supposed might interest me. I found him very intelligent, and before I went home I was encouraged to offer another visit tomorrow. He showed no further wish for my company, but I shall go all the same.

赫斯克利弗先生笑了。

“好了，好了，”他说，“你受惊了，洛克伍德先生，喝一点酒吧。来这里的客人很少，我愿意承认，我和我的狗都不大知道如何去招待客人。祝你健康，先生！”我还了一个礼，开始觉得因一群狗的失礼而生气是极愚蠢的，而且我也不愿再给这个家伙当笑料。他也许意识到得罪一个好房客是愚蠢的，说话也变得有礼貌起来，并且提起个他认为我会有兴趣的话题。在交谈中，我发现他见多识广，这使我在回家之前又主动提出明天再来拜访。他显然不愿意我再来打扰，但我还是想来。



**Y**esterday afternoon set in misty and cold. I had half a mind to spend it by my study fire, but on coming up from dinner I found the servant still trying to light it. I took my hat, and after a four miles' walk, arrived at Heathcliff's garden gate just in time to escape the firstlight feathers of a shower of snow.

On that cold hill-top the earth was hard with frost, and the air made me shiver. I knocked in vain on the front door and set the dogs barking.

I knocked a second time. The head of sour-faced Joseph appeared out of a round window of the storehouse.

"What do you want?" he shouted. "The master's down at the farm."

"Is there nobody to open the door?" I called.

"There's only the mistress, and she won't open, if you shout till nightfall."

"Why? Can't you tell her who I am?"

"It's not my business." His head disappeared.

昨天下午，有雾而且寒冷。我很想在我书房的火炉边消磨一下午，但当我吃过饭后，一进门就看到一个仆人一直在那里想办法点燃它。这幅景况把我逼了出来。我拿了帽子，走了四里路来到赫斯克利弗的花园门口时，恰好避开了今年的第一场鹅毛大雪。

在这荒凉的山顶上，地面全覆着霜雪，我的手脚被冷冽的空气刺得发抖。我敲了半天门，却无人来应，反而引来了狗吠。

我又敲了一阵。约瑟夫不高兴地 从谷仓的一个圆窗中探出头来。

"你有什么事吗？他大声说道："主人下乡去了。"

"屋里没有人开门吗？"我问道。

"只有女主人 在家，你就是敲门敲到天黑，她也不会开门让你进来的。"

"为什么？你不能告诉她我是谁吗？"

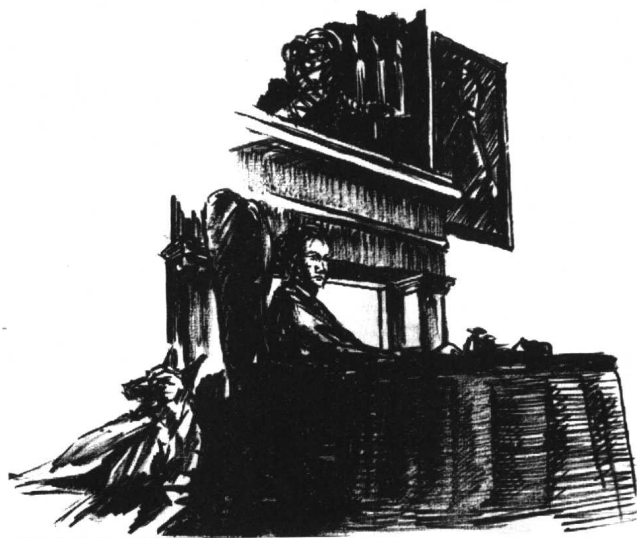
"这不关我的事。"他的头又缩回去了。

The snow began to drive thickly. I was about to knock a third time, when a young man without a coat and carrying a spade came from the yard behind. He called me to follow him, and after marching through a wash house, and a courtyard containing a coal-shed, a pump and a pigeon-house, we at length arrived in the huge, warm, cheerful room in which I was received before.

An immense fire was burning, and near the table, laid for a plentiful evening meal, I was pleased to observe the “mistress.”

I bowed and waited, thinking she would bid me take a seat. She looked at me, leaning back in her chair, and remained silent and unmoving.

“Rough weather,” I remarked. “I had hard work, Mrs. Heathcliff, to make your servant hear me.”



雪下得更大了。我第三次敲门时，一个没有穿外套的青年，扛着一个铁锹在后面的空地出现了。他叫我跟着他，越过洗衣室，经过一个有煤栅、抽水机与鸽笼的院子，最后到了一间宽大、温暖、热闹的房间，这是我上一次接受招待的地方。

一个大火炉正燃烧着，散发出令人温暖的热度，在摆着丰盛晚餐的桌子旁边，我很高兴地看到了这位“太太”。

我鞠躬致意，认为她会让我坐下来。但她只是瞧着我，靠倒在椅背上，不动也不说话。

“天气真糟糕！”我说，“赫斯克利弗太太，我好不容易才使您的仆人听到我的敲门声。”

She never opened her mouth, but kept her eyes on me in a cool manner, exceedingly disagreeable.

“Sit down,” said the young man roughly. “He’ll be in soon.”

I obeyed.

One of the dogs now came up in a more friendly manner than the first time.

“A beautiful animal,” I began again. “Do you intend to keep the little ones, madam?”

“They are not mine,” said my hostess, more rudely than Heathcliff himself.

I repeated my remark on the wildness of the evening.

“You should not have come out,” said the lady, rising and reaching from the shelf above the chimney, two painted tea tins.

Her position, before, had been sheltered from the light; now, I had a distinct view of her whole face and figure. She seemed scarcely past girlhood, with an admirable form, and the most delicate little face that I have ever had the pleasure of seeing.

The tins were almost out of her reach. I made a movement to aid her. She turned on me.

“I don’t want your help,” she said sharply.

I hastily begged her pardon.

她没有开口，只以冷漠的态度看着我，使我感到坐立不安。

“坐下来。”那青年粗鲁地说，“他马上就会回来的。”

我遵从了他的话。

“好漂亮的狗呀！”我又开始说话，“你是不是打算不要那些小狗呀，太太？”

“它们不是我的。”女主人说，语气比赫斯克利弗的回答更粗鲁。

我再一次把话题引回到那个晚上来。

“你不应该出来的。”她站起来说着，并走向放在壁炉上两个有彩绘的茶叶罐。

先前她是坐在光线被遮住的地方；现在，我可以把她的容貌和身形看个仔细了。她看起来还是个少女，身段很迷人，还有一个我生平未见的秀美小脸。

她好象拿不到那茶罐，我想过去帮她的忙。但她立刻转过来对着我。

“我不需要你的帮忙。”她气冲冲地说。

我连忙请求她原谅。



“Were you asked to tea?” she demanded, standing with a spoonful of tea held over the pot.

“No,” I said, half smiling. “You are the proper person to ask me.”

She threw the tea back, spoon and all and returned to her chair, her under-lip pushed out, like a child’s, ready to cry.

Meanwhile the young man had put on some sort of a coat, and, standing before the fire, was looking down on me fiercely. I began to doubt his being a servant. Both his dress and speech were rough, his hair uncut and his hands brown as a labourer’s; still, his manner was free, almost proud, and he showed no sign of waiting on the lady of the house.

Five minutes later, Heathcliff arrived.

“I wonder that you should choose the thick of a snowstorm to walk out in,” he said, shaking the white powder from his clothes. “Do you know you run a risk of being lost? Even people familiar with these moors often miss their way on an evening like this.”

“Perhaps I can get a guide from among your boys. Could you spare me one?”

“No, I could not.”



“你是被邀请来喝茶的吗?”她问道,站在那里拿着一匙茶叶而不放进壶里去。

“不是,”我略微笑着说:“你是最适合请我喝茶的人了。”

她连茶带匙的都丢了回去,又回到座位,皱着眉头,红润的下嘴唇撅起来,就像一个孩子要哭出来的样子。

这时那青年穿上了一件破旧的上衣,挺直的站在火炉前面,瞪着我,好象我们之间有未解的夙仇似的。我怀疑他是一个仆人。他的衣着和谈吐都是粗鲁的,他的头发粗乱不已,他的手像苦力一样的焦黄,但是他的态度很随便,几乎是傲慢的,而且对这个屋子的女主人也丝毫没有殷勤的样子。

五分钟后,赫斯克利弗进来了。

“我觉得奇怪,你竟选了这样一个坏天气到这里来。”他说着抖一抖他衣服上的雪花。“你知道你是冒着在沼泽中迷路的危险吗?在这样的下午,就是对沼泽地最熟悉的人往往也会迷路的。”

“也许我可以在你的仆人之中找一个带路的吧,你可以叫一个和我回去吗?”

“不,我不能。”

“Are you going to make the tea?” asked the young man, looking at the lady.

“Is he to have any?” she asked, turning to Heathcliff.

“Get it ready, will you?” was the answer, so fiercely spoken that I startled.

When the preparations were completed, he invited me with: “Now, sir, bring forward your chair.” We all drew round the table, and the meal proceeded without further speech.

It seemed impossible that they should sit every day so unfriendly and silent. I thought, if I had caused the cloud, it was my duty to try to drive it away.

“Many could not imagine living in happiness so far from society,” I began, “but you, Mr. Heathcliff, with your wife and family?”

“My wife is no longer alive, sir.”

I realized that I had made a mistake. I looked at the young man.

“Mrs. Heathcliff is my daughter-in-law.” As he spoke, Heathcliff turned a peculiar look of hatred in her direction.

“And this young man?”

“你是不是该准备弄一点茶啦？”那青年看着那个女主人问道。

“也给他来一杯么？”她转过去问赫斯克利弗。

“快一点，行吗？”这个蛮横的回答使我吃了一惊。

当茶泡好了之后，他这样邀请我：“现在，先生，把你的椅子挪过来。”我们都围着一张圆桌子坐下来，而在吃着的当中没有再说些什么话了。

这简直是不可能的，他们怎么能每天这样不友善和沉默的坐着。我想，如果这可怕的沉静是我引起的，那我应该负责驱散它。

“很多人都不能想象这样与世隔绝的生活会令人快乐。”我说：“但是您，赫斯克利弗先生跟您的太太及家庭——”

“我的太太已经过世了，先生。”

我意识到我搞错了。我看着那个年轻女人。

“赫斯克利弗太太是我的儿媳妇。”当说话时，他转过身去，以一种特别的带有一丝憎恨的神情看着她。

“那这位年轻人是——”



“Is not my son. My son is dead.”

The youth reddened. “My name is Hareton Earnshaw,” he said roughly, “and I advise you to respect it!”

He fixed his eye on me in a threatening manner. I began to feel very much out of place in this strange family circle, and I resolved to be cautious of risking my presence beneath its roof a third time.

The business of eating being over, I approached the window. Dark night was coming on, and sky and hills were indistinguishable in the whirl of wind and snow.

“I don’t think it possible for me to get home now without a guide,” I said.

“Hareton, drive those dozen sheep into shelter. They’ll be covered if left out all night,” said Heathcliff, rising.

“What must I do?” I continued.

There was no reply, and looking round I saw only Joseph bringing in the dogs’ food, and Mrs. Heathcliff leaning over the fire.

“Mrs. Heathcliff,” I said earnestly, “you must excuse me for troubling you. Do



“不是我的儿子，我的儿子死了。”

那个青年脸红了。“我的名字是哈莱顿·恩萧。”他粗鲁地叫着，“希望你放尊重一点！”

他以一种可怕的态度盯着我瞧。我开始觉得在这个奇怪的家庭里很不安稳，我决定下一次来这个家庭时要小心一点。

直到吃完东西，我走到窗口看看天气，夜幕已垂，天空与群山迷蒙在凛冽的旋风与浓密的雪花中。

“没有一个带路的，我可真没法子回去了。”我说。

“哈莱顿，把那十二只羊赶到房厩里去。要是整夜留在外面就得盖点东西。”赫斯克利弗站起来说。

“我该怎么办呢？”我继续说。

没有一个人理我，我环顾四周，只看到约瑟夫提着狗食进来，而赫斯克利弗太太则依偎在火炉边。

“赫斯克利弗太太，”我恳切地说，“很抱歉麻烦您。请您指出几个路标，我好能知

point out some landmarks by which I may know my way home.”

“Take the road you came by,” she answered, settling herself in a chair with a book and a candle. “I cannot show you the way. They wouldn’t let me go beyond the garden wall.”

“Are there no boys at the farm?”

“No, there are only Heathcliff, Earnshaw, Zillah, Joseph and myself.”

“I hope this will be a lesson to you, to make no more foolish journeys on these hills,” cried the voice of Heathcliff from the kitchen. “As for staying here, I don’t keep rooms for visitors. You must share a bed with Hareton or Joseph.”

“I can sleep on a chair in this room.”

“No! A stranger is a stranger, be he rich or poor. It will not suit me to have anyone wandering round this place when I am not on guard.”

With this insult, my patience was at an end. I pushed past him into the courtyard. It was so dark that I could not see the way out.

Joseph was milking the cows by the light of a lantern. I seized it, and calling that

道回家的路。”

“从你来的路回去。”她坐在椅子上，拿了一本书，点了一枝蜡烛，便说道：“我不能为你指路。他们不许我走到花园尽头的那道墙边去。”

“庄园里没有男工吗？”

“没有，这里只有赫斯克利弗、恩萧、塞拉、约瑟夫和我这几个人。”

“我希望这对你是一种教训，以后别再到这山里乱跑。”赫斯克利弗的声音从厨房里吼了出来。“如果你要留下来，我可没有客房。你必须跟哈莱顿或是约瑟夫同睡一张床。”

“我可以睡在这个房间的椅子上。”

“不行！陌生人就是陌生人，不管他是贫或富。我不习惯任何人在我不及防备的地方任意行动。”

受到这个侮辱，我的耐心已到了极点。我从他的前面冲到院子里。因为天色太暗了，所以我看不清出去的路在那里。

约瑟夫正在一盏提灯下挤牛奶，我把提灯夺过来，嚷叫说我第二天会把它送回，



I would send it back the next day, rushed to the nearest gate.

“Master, master, he’s stealing the lantern!” shouted the old man. “Hold him, dogs, hold him!”

Two hairy animals sprang at my throat, bringing me to the ground and putting out the light, while rude laughter from Heathcliff and Hareton increased the force of my wild rage and humiliation. There I was forced to lie, till they called off the dogs.

The violence of my emotion brought on a bleeding of the nose. Heathcliff continued to laugh, and I continued to scold. At length Zillah, the stout woman servant, came out to see what was happening.

“Are we going to murder people on our very doorstep? Look at that poor young gentleman? he’s nearly choking! Come in, and I’ll cure that.”

With these words she suddenly splashed some icy water down my neck, and pulled me into the kitchen.

I felt sick and faint. Heathcliff told Zillah to give me a glass of something strong to drink, after which I seemed somewhat better. I then allowed her to lead me to bed.



然后冲到最近的门边去。

“主人，主人，他把提灯偷跑了！”那老头大喊，“狗，截住他，截住他！”

两只毛茸茸的动物向我的喉咙飞扑过来，把我扑倒在地，灯也被弄灭了。这时哈莱顿和赫斯克利弗一齐大声笑着，更增加了我的愤怒和屈辱。我被迫躺着，直到他们把那些狗赶走为止。

我因过度的激动，流了很多鼻血，赫斯克利弗继续笑着，而我也不停地咒骂。最后那个壮硕的女仆人塞拉才出来看，到底发生了什么事？

“我们是不是想在家门口谋害人呢？看那个可怜的年轻绅士，他都快不能呼吸了！进来，我给你治治。”

说这些话时，她突然泼了一些冰冷的水在我脖子上，然后把我推进厨房去。

我觉得晕眩无力。赫斯克利弗叫塞拉给我喝一些烈酒，喝了之后我似乎觉得好一点儿。然后我才允许她领我上床。