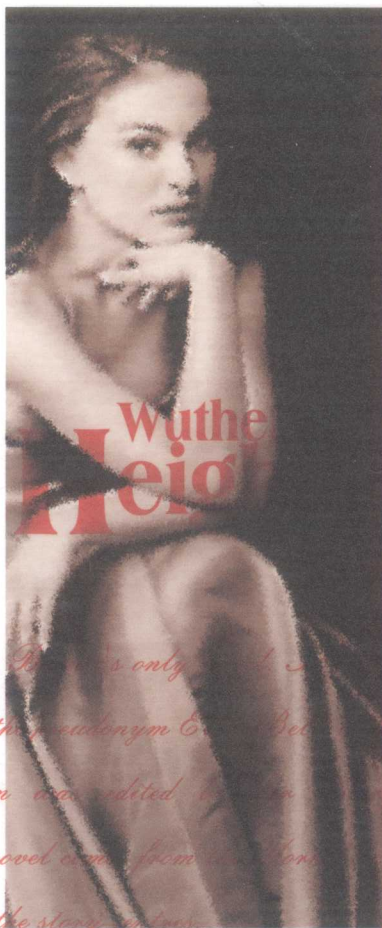


# 呼啸山庄

那些让我魂牵梦系的精彩篇章



中文导读学习版

*Wuthering Heights is Emily Brontë's only novel. It was first published in 1847 under the pseudonym Emily Bell. A posthumous second edition was edited by her sister Charlotte. The name of the novel comes from the moor manor on the moors on which the story is set.*

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[英] 艾米莉·勃朗特 著

李俏云 编译



电子工业出版社  
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[英] 艾米莉·勃朗特 著

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Wuthering  
Heights

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北京·BEIJING

## 内 容 简 介

18 世纪末, 在遥远的约克郡地区, 吉卜赛弃儿希刺克厉夫被呼啸山庄的老主人恩萧收养, 他与恩萧的女儿凯瑟琳青梅竹马, 彼此产生了真挚的爱情, 然而凯瑟琳却嫁给了富有的林惇。因不堪凌辱, 希刺克厉夫愤然出走。若干年后, 他带着财富和一颗报复的心回到呼啸山庄, 不安宁和痛苦开始不断侵袭山庄……

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# Chapter 1 Visit Wuthering Heights In Night

## 第一章 夜访呼啸山庄

### 中文导读

1801年，洛克乌德先生来到了呼啸山庄拜访希刺克厉夫先生，要租下他的画眉山庄。希刺克厉夫对他很粗暴，一群恶狗也对他发起了攻击。但受到好奇心的驱使，他还是又一次造访了希刺克厉夫，他遇到了行为粗俗、不修边幅的少年哈里顿·恩萧和貌美的希刺克厉夫之子遗孀。由于天黑下雪，希刺克厉夫不得不留他住下来，夜里他做了一个奇怪的梦，梦见树枝在拍打窗棂。当他想要折断树枝时，却触到了一双冰凉的小手，一个幽灵似的啜泣声求他把她放进来。她叫凯瑟琳，在这里已经游荡了20年，他从梦中惊醒，发现窗外毫无声息，一阵冷风吹熄了蜡烛。

一系列怪诞事件的发生激发了洛克乌德的好奇心，他被这座神秘的山庄深深吸引，由此，一段关于爱情和复仇的故事悄悄展开。

## 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 farther in his waistcoat, as I announced<sup>①</sup> my

name.

“Mr Heathcliff!” I said.

A nod was the answer.

“Mr Lockwood, your new tenant, sir. I do myself the honour<sup>②</sup> 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<sup>③</sup>, he did put out his hand to unchain it, and then sullenly preceded me up the causeway, calling, as we entered the court:

① announce [a'nauns]

vt.

宣布, 宣告, 发表(CET4)

② honour ['ɒnə]

n.

尊重, 敬重 (CET4)

③ barrier ['bæriə]

n.

栅栏, 关卡 (CET4)

“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<sup>①</sup> 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<sup>②</sup>.

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<sup>③</sup> 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

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- |                         |           |                  |
|-------------------------|-----------|------------------|
| ① compound ['kɒmpaʊnd]  | <b>n.</b> | 有建筑物围绕的场地 (CET6) |
| ② advent ['ædvənt]      | <b>n.</b> | 出现, 到来 (CET6)    |
| ③ architect ['ɑ:kitekt] | <b>n.</b> | 建筑师, 设计师 (CET6)  |

tankards, towering row after row, on a vast oak dresser, to the very roof. The latter had never been underdrawn: its entire anatomy<sup>①</sup> lay bare to an inquiring eye, except where a frame<sup>②</sup> 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<sup>③</sup> 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<sup>④</sup> 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<sup>⑤</sup> 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,

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- |                         |      |                          |
|-------------------------|------|--------------------------|
| ① anatomy [ə'natəmi]    | n.   | 解剖, 解剖学(CET6)            |
| ② frame [freim]         | n.   | 框架; 骨架, 构架 (CET4)        |
| ③ primitive ['primitiv] | adj. | 原始的, 早期的; 简单的; 粗糙的(CET6) |
| ④ actuate ['æktʃu:eit]  | vt.  | 使动作, 开动, 促使(CET6)        |
| ⑤ company ['kʌmpəni]    | n.   | 陪伴, 伙伴 (CET4)            |

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<sup>①</sup> 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<sup>②</sup>, 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<sup>③</sup> 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<sup>④</sup>: a lusty dame, with tucked-up gown,

- |                       |    |                    |
|-----------------------|----|--------------------|
| ① doubt [daʊt]        | n. | 怀疑, 疑虑; 未确定 (CET4) |
| ② insult [in'sʌlt]    | n. | 侮辱, 冒犯 (CET6)      |
| ③ heel [hi:l]         | n. | 高跟鞋 (CET4)         |
| ④ dispatch [dis'pætʃ] | n. | 派遣, 调遣, 发送 (CET6)  |

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<sup>①</sup> 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.

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<sup>②</sup> that I might be served at five), on mounting the stairs with this lazy intention, and stepping into the room, I

① intelligent [in'telidʒənt]

adj.

聪明的，理解力强的(CET4)

② request [ri'kwest]

n.

要求，请求；所请求的事物(CET4)

saw a servant girl on her knees surrounded by brushes and coal-scuttles, and raising an infernal dust as she extinguished the flames<sup>①</sup> 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<sup>②</sup>, 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<sup>③</sup> 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<sup>④</sup>, 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 it 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.

“Rough weather!” I remarked. “I’m afraid, Mrs Heathcliff, the door must bear the consequence<sup>⑤</sup> of your servants’ leisure

- 
- |                             |                    |                         |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|-------------------------|
| ① flame [fleim]             | <b>n.</b>          | 火焰, 火舌(CET4)            |
| ② frost [frɒst]             | <b>n.</b>          | 霜, 霜冻, 严寒天气(CET4)       |
| ③ deserve [di'zə:v]         | <b>vt.</b>         | 应受, 应得, 值得(CET6)        |
| ④ resolve [ri'zɒlv]         | <b>vt.&amp;vi.</b> | 决定; 决心(CET4)            |
| ⑤ consequence ['kɒnsɪkwəns] | <b>n.</b>          | 结果, 后果; 重要(性), 重大(CET6) |