

英汉对照全译



呼啸山庄

Wuthering heights

英语大书虫世界文学名著文库

〔英〕艾米莉·勃朗特著 英语学习大书虫研究室译

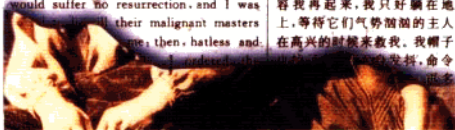


lantern, I started the lamp, placing my retreat. "Hev, gosh! Hev, dig! Hev, Well, hold him, hold him!"

On opening the little door, two hairy monsters flew at my throat, bearing me down and extinguishing the light; while a mingled guffaw from Heathcliff and Hareton, put the copestone on my rage and humiliation. Fortunately, the beasts seemed more bent on stretching their paws and yawning and flourishing their tails, than devouring me alive; but they would suffer no resurrection, and I was left to the malignant masters of the house, then, hatless and

打。这老头，你喊，走过来，喂，吃人的！喂，你！喂，喂！捉住他，捉住他！”

推开这扇小门，两个毛茸茸的怪物向我额头扑来，把我弄倒，把灯也弄灭了。这时候希恩克利夫和哈里顿一起哈哈大笑，既激怒了我，又使我感到羞辱。所幸的是，这些畜生只是伸伸爪子，打打呵欠，摇摇尾巴，并没有将我活剥生存的意思，但是它们也不容我再起来，我只好躺在地上，等待它们气势汹汹的主人在高兴的时候来救我，我帽子



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导 读

在英国小说近三百年的历史中，出现了许多名家佳作，艾米莉·勃朗特就是其中之一，她唯一的小说《呼啸山庄》奠定了她在英国文学、乃至世界文学上的地位。

艾米莉·勃朗特的祖上是北爱尔兰的贫苦农民，但她的父亲在剑桥大学毕业后当了英格兰北部一个贫瘠荒凉教区的牧师。她在六兄妹中排行第五，她最年长的两位姐妹未成年即死于肺病，母亲也在此之前就离开了人世。她和姐姐夏洛蒂、哥哥布兰威尔及妹妹安妮在一起读书、写诗，讲述自己编造的千奇百怪的故事，生活在与世隔绝的、自己制造的幻想世界里，也形成了她们十分奇特的性格。亲人的去世，以及她哥哥后来放浪形骸、酗酒无度，给这个本来就十分贫困的家庭更带来了忧愁的气氛，《呼啸山庄》中关于辛德雷堕落和酗酒的描写就是以她的哥哥为原型的，而小说中耐莉的形象则有她的姐姐夏洛蒂的影子。在幸存的这四兄妹中，数艾米莉最沉默寡言，喜欢在荒野上孤独地漫游，连善解人意的夏洛蒂也猜不透她的心事。如果说《简·爱》表现了夏洛蒂的某些性格特征和生活经历的话，《呼啸山庄》则把它的作者遮盖得严严实实。这两本小说和她们的妹妹安妮的小说《安格尼斯·格雷》于1837年的出版是英国小说史上的一件不同寻常的事，三本小说化名出版，隐去作者的真实性别，也表明当时的社会对女性作家的歧视。《简·爱》获得巨大的成功，而《呼啸山庄》则不为人理解和接受，这种状况直到本世纪二十年代现代主义文学兴起才结束，《呼啸山庄》一跃而成为世界经典名著，它的作者也被列入世界文学名家的行列。不幸的是，这位天赋极高的女作家在小说出版后的第二年，在没有体验到成功的喜悦的情况下，默默无闻地与世长辞，享年仅三十岁。

《呼啸山庄》讲的是一个爱情和复仇的故事。弃儿希思克利夫在利渥浦的大街上被好心的恩肖先生捡起，抱回家里收养，与恩肖的儿子辛德雷和女儿凯瑟琳在一起生活。辛德雷讨厌希思克利夫，而他的妹妹却喜欢希思克利夫。恩肖死后，辛德雷成了一家之主，把希思克利夫当仆人和佃农对待，剥夺了他受教育的权利，并百般侮辱，虐待他。与此同时，凯瑟琳和希思克利夫由于性格和爱好上的一致成为最要好的朋友并产生了朦胧的爱情。邻近的富绅之子林顿向凯瑟琳求爱，频繁登门拜访，凯瑟琳对他表示了好感并决定嫁给他，希思克利夫愤而出走。三年后凯瑟琳嫁给了林顿。希思克利夫也发了财回来，同时实施他的报复。辛德雷因丧妻而染上了酗酒和赌博的恶习，希思克利夫引诱他进一步堕落，轻而易举地占有了他的全部家产，并将他的儿子调唆成一个文盲和无赖。希思克利夫利用欺骗手段娶了林顿的妹妹伊莎贝拉为妻，婚后百般虐待她。凯瑟琳在病痛中生下女儿小凯瑟琳后去世，伊莎贝拉在认清希思克利夫的真面目后也离他而去，并生下儿子小林顿。后来，伊莎贝拉死去，儿子被希思克利夫夺回到自己手中，并诱使他

与小凯瑟琳相爱。在林顿病重之时，他设计劫持了小凯瑟琳，强迫她与自己的儿子小林顿成亲，吞并了林顿的全部家产，完成了他的复仇计划。小林顿不久死去，小凯瑟琳与辛德雷的儿子哈里顿产生了爱情。与此同时，希思克利夫被凯瑟琳的鬼魂缠绕得坐卧不宁，不思饮食睡眠，他从哈里顿和小凯瑟琳的眼睛里看到了凯瑟琳的那双眼睛，不愿再阻挠他们的爱情，在抑郁和精神错乱中死去。

从《呼啸山庄》中可以看到十八世纪后期英国“哥特式小说”和十九世纪初期浪漫主义诗歌的影响。英国小说在经历了十八世纪中期的第一次繁盛之后，出现了两个趋向，一是侧重表现内心细腻情感的所谓“感伤小说”，另一个就是侧重神秘现象和恐怖气氛的“哥特式小说”。艾米莉的这部小说里没有感伤的成分，倒继承了一点哥特式小说的神秘与恐怖。另一方面，十九世纪初的浪漫主义运动，尤其是华兹华斯的自然观，也在艾米莉的心里产生了共鸣。要了解《呼啸山庄》，必须记住它的作者还是一位诗人，她眼睛里的自然与人一样是有生命的、有灵魂的。而且她还是一位神秘主义者，相信灵魂的不朽。她相信凯瑟琳的灵魂始终纠缠着希思克利夫，也相信希思克利夫死后的灵魂与凯瑟琳的结合了，至于是在天堂还是在地狱是次要的问题。

这部小说的独特之处首先在于它揭示的人性的复杂与深刻，在于它所蕴含的爱与恨的激情。十九世纪的其他小说尽管也表现人性的复杂、人与社会、与自然的各种矛盾冲突，但它们都是以温和的、平静的、甚至是超脱或讽刺的方法表现的，没有一部象《呼啸山庄》这样震撼人心。表现爱情的作品，不管是西方的侠士美女也好，还是中国式的才子佳人，都是以男女双方的互补性为特征的，尤其是表现浪漫的爱情，更多的是一见钟情。而《呼啸山庄》里凯瑟琳和希思克利夫的爱情是以他们的性格和兴趣的完全认同为基础的，这种认同是经过多年的接触和了解形成的。所以凯瑟琳说，“我就是希思克利夫”，而希思克利夫也把凯瑟琳当作他生命中不可缺少的一部分。虽然小说也描写了希思克利夫的雄健和凯瑟琳的柔美，他们之间的爱情主要是精神上的一致而非外貌上的相互吸引，是心灵的契合而非欲望上的需要，就连凯瑟琳与希思克利夫最后一次见面中那狂风暴雨般不可遏制的激情，也不夹杂有丝毫情欲的成分。这也许寄托了女作家对理想的、纯洁的爱情的向往。

凯瑟琳和希思克利夫是反抗社会传统的一对叛逆，他们爱情悲剧的根本原因是凯瑟琳的反抗不坚决彻底，在关键的时刻背叛了希思克利夫。她的哥哥和老林顿夫妇利用她的虚荣心，尽力奉承恭维她，用传统的淑女标准要求她，改造她。她明明心里爱着希思克利夫，却心甘情愿地成了林顿的妻子，欺骗自己的感情。她为自己的选择寻求的开脱理由是站不住脚的，她所谓的嫁给林顿后有了牢靠的社会地位再帮助希思克利夫摆脱困境是纯粹的自欺欺人，她也为自己的这一错误付出了惨重的代价。

小说塑造的最鲜明、生动的人物形象是希思克利夫。他没有像其他小说中的弃儿那样的好运，到最后找到自己富有的双亲，继承大宗遗产，娶一位出身高贵的小姐做妻子。他的一切都要靠自己的努力去争取。他所受的压迫是双重的，一是社会对他的压迫，以辛德雷为代表，这他是可以忍受的；二就是爱情上的折磨，凯瑟琳对他的轻蔑和嘲笑，这是他忍受不了的。沉重的压力扭曲了他的心灵，这可以解释他后来复仇时的残酷与疯狂。他自始至终深爱着凯瑟琳，心里也清楚凯瑟琳虽然嫁给了林顿，心始终是向着他的，所以他对凯瑟琳说，“你对我做的一切

我都能宽恕。我爱害我的人——但害你的人呢！我怎么能宽恕？”

艾米莉描写的爱情炽烈、纯洁到了前所未有的程度，她描写的希思克利夫的复仇，其残酷和疯狂也达到了令人发指的程度，他的阴谋、狡诈、狠毒也是以前的小说人物中所达不到的，激起读者强烈的义愤，为凯瑟琳的命运担心。他的淫威施够了，目的也完全达到了，却没有一点儿胜利的喜悦，反而陷入更深的痛苦中。他明白他始终需要的是和凯瑟琳永远在一起。凯瑟琳的阴魂缠着他，他感到喜悦，忘记了一切，要跟着她的魂一起去。他用重金收买教堂司事，在他死后把他埋在凯瑟琳坟墓的另一边，并在凯瑟琳的棺木边上撬了一个洞，好让他钻进去。他完全有能力像过去施行破坏一样破坏哈里顿和小凯瑟琳的爱情，但一个是凯瑟琳的亲侄子，一个是她的亲生女儿，他们在他们的眼里看到了凯瑟琳的那双眼睛，更重要的是他在这对年青人身上看到了当年的自己和凯瑟琳。他放弃了，让这对年青人享受他当年未能享受的幸福，自己则去阴间同凯瑟琳的灵魂会合。

《呼啸山庄》的另一重要特点是叙述结构的复杂性，自本世纪初亨利·詹姆斯提出叙述视点的问题后，关于这个问题的讨论成为批评界的一个热点。六十年代叙述学的兴起进一步把这个问题作为一门专门学问的重要部分来研究。《呼啸山庄》打破传统的按事件发生的时间顺序来叙述的方法，采取从中间切入，先倒叙，后顺叙的方法。小说的前三章是叙述故事的起点，从第四章到第三十章讲述发生在过去的事情，是全书的主干部分，从三十一章开始的最后四章又回到叙述起点，与第三章的末尾相衔接。这样的叙述方法比平铺直叙更显得引人入胜，悬念迭出，收到吸引读者兴趣的艺术效果。

艾米莉在小说里引入了双重的叙述模式。她让一个陌生的外乡人来叙述正在发生的事，即小说的前三章，然后让这陌生客躺在病榻上，由女管家丁耐莉向他讲述发生在过去的事情。过去的故事讲完了，他病也好了，接着讲述正在发生的事，即小说结尾处的四章。在有些地方，作者采用了三重甚至多重叙述模式，如凯瑟琳和希思克利夫夜闯画眉田庄就是通过希思克利夫、耐莉和凯瑟琳三个人来叙述的，这三个人各自从自己的视点和态度来观察评判事件，事情的真实面目究竟是什么，读者并没有一个清楚的印象，只能从他们的叙述中推测。因为他们都是“不可靠的叙述者”，所以事情的真相就永远是一个谜。再如，伊莎贝拉婚后所受的屈辱和虐待是以书信的方式由她讲给耐莉听的，这一段时间生活的真实情况究竟怎样，读者很容易相信伊莎贝拉的叙述。也许艾米莉在使用这种叙述时并没有意识到她使用的是不可靠的叙述者，希望读者相信洛克伍德先生、耐莉以及书中人物讲的故事都是真实可靠的。但近年来的文学批评理论表明，这只不过是一种假象。在这部小说里，希思克利夫除了向凯瑟琳表达爱情的时候外很少讲话，他的一切行动，甚至他的内心活动都是通过耐莉和书中其他人物讲述的，也就是说作者剥夺了他为自己辩护的权利。这在很大程度上决定了他在读者心目中一个残忍无道的形象。

最后谈谈本书的翻译情况。《呼啸山庄》目前在国内有多种译本，其中以方平和杨苾的译本为佳。方平的译本一看即知是大家手笔，不拘泥个别字句，而是抓住内容的精神，信手译来，绝妙地传达了原文的意蕴，不少地方让人读了不禁拍案叫绝。但相对来说添加字句多，有个别误译之处。杨苾的译本紧扣原文，译得忠实、流畅、抒情，但相对来说不够灵活，也有个别误译之处。笔者在翻译过程中，深感受赶上方平、杨苾的译本水平，差距实在很大，考虑到本书是一个英汉对照本，

有帮助读者学习英语的目的在内,所以侧重忠实、通顺的原则,因此在翻译过程中较多地参考了杨苡的译本,有些地方参考了方平的译本。

《呼啸山庄》目前有多种英文版本,方平和杨苡使用的就是不同的英文版本。本书使用的是大陆图书公司的西风丛书版,也是目前国内最流行、最容易找到的版本。笔者起初曾想使用方平先生使用的版本,也就是根据艾米莉手稿排印的初版本。尽管方先生在译后记中列举了使用这个版本的好处,批评了经夏洛蒂校订过的版本的缺陷,笔者仍感到经夏洛蒂校订的版本比艾米莉的初稿本要好,更符合读者阅读小说的心理习惯。从学术研究的角度讲,因为是艾米莉的小说,她初稿的特点和段落划分当然比她姐姐修改过要有价值。但作为一本英汉对照读物,艾米莉的标点显得不够规范,她的段落划分也太多,给人以零乱、头绪不清之感。所以笔者仍然采用了较传统的版本。

译 者

二〇〇〇年十月

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.

"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 any one 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 sympathising movement to the words; and I think that circumstance

第一章

一八〇一年。

一天,我刚刚拜访过我的房东回来——就是那个将给我带来许多麻烦的孤独的邻居。这儿的的确是一个美丽的乡间!在整个英国我相信再也找不到如此远离社会喧嚣的地方了。这是厌恶人类者一个完美的天堂,而希思克利夫先生和我正好是分享这荒凉景色合适的一对。一个顶呱呱的汉子!当我骑马走近他跟前,看见他的黑眼睛缩在眉毛下猜忌地望着我,而当我通报自己的姓名时,他的手更深地藏到背心里,满脸的不信任。他没有想到,就在这一刻我对他产生了十分亲切的感情。

"希思克利夫先生吗?"我问。

他点头作为回答。

"先生,我是洛克伍德,您的新房客。我决定一到这里就立即来拜访您,向您表示敬意,并且希望我坚持在画眉田庄居住的要求不会给您带来什么不方便。昨天我听说您有些想法。"——

"画眉田庄是我自己的,先生,"他打断我的话,眨着眼睛,"如果我能做到的话,我不会让任何人给我带来不方便。进来吧!"

"进来吧"是咬着牙说出来的,表达"去你妈的!"这样一种情绪,甚至连他斜靠着的大门也没有移动来表现听到这句话后应有的同情。我认为情况决定了

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 suddenly 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 soliloquised 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.

我接受这样的邀请。我感到自己对一个比我还要矜持百倍的人产生了兴趣。

他看到我的马肚子即将撞着栅栏,就伸出手来解开门链,然后突然领我走上石阶,在我们走进院子时喊道:"约瑟夫,把洛克伍德先生的马牵走。拿点酒来。"

"我想他家里只有这一个人吧,"希思克利夫连续的指令使我冒出了这个想法。"怪不得石板缝间长满了野草,只有牛来替他们修剪篱笆。"

约瑟夫是个上了年纪的人,不,是个老头。也许很老了,但还很健壮结实。"主保佑我们!"他从我手里牵过马时嘴里吐出烦躁不安的话,同时又那么恼怒地盯着我。我善意地猜测他得有神的帮助才能消化掉吃到肚里的食物,而他那虔诚的突然叫喊同我的突然到来是没有任何关系的。

希思克利夫先生的住地叫呼啸山庄。"呼啸"是一个意味深长的地方形容词,描绘在多风的天气里这地方大气的骚动。的确,他们这个地方一定一年四季都流通着振奋精神的新鲜空气。可以想象北风的威力有多么强大。因为在房屋尽头有几株矮小的枞树过度倾斜,还有一排面容憔悴的荆棘都向一个方向伸展它们的四肢,仿佛向太阳乞讨温暖。幸亏建筑师有先见之明,把房屋盖得很牢固。狭窄的窗户都深深嵌入墙里,墙角有大块凸出的石头保护。

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" pre-eminently. 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 fire-place; 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;

在跨进门槛之前,我停下来观赏房屋前墙上大量奇形怪状的雕刻,特别是正门周围。在正门上面,在许多残破的怪兽和不知羞的男孩之中我发现了“一五〇〇”的年代和“哈里顿·恩肖”的名字。我很想发一番议论,从乖戾的房主人那里打听关于这个地方的简单历史。但他站在门口的态度仿佛是要我要么马上去,要么立即离开。在参观内部之前,我不想加重他的不耐烦。

没有经过任何穿堂过道,我们一步就迈进了这个家庭的起居间。他们很恰当地称这里为“屋子”。一般所谓屋子包括厨房和客厅,但我觉得在呼啸山庄,厨房被挤到了另外一个角落里。至少我分辨出喋喋的说话的声音和里面炊具的碰撞声,但看不到大壁炉上有烧煮或烘烤食物的迹象,在墙上也看不到铜锅和锡罐锅在闪闪发光。倒是在屋子一头的大橡木橱柜上摆着一排排垒得高到屋顶的银壶和银杯,以及一叠叠的白腊盘子,它们散发出的光线和热气映照得灿烂夺目。橡木橱柜从未上过漆,它的内部结构也一览无余,只是在有些地方被摆放着麦饼、牛羊腿和火腿的木架遮盖住了。壁炉台上放着各式各样难看的枪,还有一对马枪;而且为了装饰起见,还有三个漆得很花哨的茶叶罐靠边排列着。地板是平滑的白石铺成;椅子是高背,很原始的结构,漆成了绿色;在阴影处还摆着一两把深黑色的椅子。橱柜下的圆拱里躺着一条巨大的、猪肝

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 arm — chair, 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 underbred 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

色的母猎狗, 身边围着一群唧唧叫的狗娃。还有一些狗在别处安身。

如果是一个质朴的北方农民, 他有着一副坚忍的面貌, 粗壮的适合穿短裤和绑腿套的腿, 拥有这样的房子和家具, 倒没有什么稀奇。如果你在饭后的适当时候出去, 在这一带的任何家庭里都能看到这样一个坐在扶手椅子上的人, 在他面前的圆桌上放着一大杯冒着白沫的啤酒。但是希思克利夫先生与他的住所和生活方式形成一种独特的对照。在外貌上他象一个黑肤色的吉普赛人, 而在服装和举止上又象一位绅士, 也就是说和许多乡绅差不到哪儿去。也许有些懒散, 但这种不修边幅并不使他难看, 因为他有着笔直和漂亮的身材, 而且很有些郁郁不乐。也许有人会怀疑他有某种程度上的出身低微者的傲慢, 而我心里同情的心弦告诉我根本不是这么回事。我凭本能知道他的矜持出自对于轻易显露感情的厌恶, 对于相互间表示好意的厌恶。他把爱与恨都深藏起来, 而把别人对他的爱与恨都视为鲁莽的行为。不, 我这样作出判断还太早, 我把自己的特性随便地加到了他身上。希思克利夫在遇到可能是熟人时, 便把手插进背心里, 可能有我所认为的完全不同的原因。但愿我的体质是独特的, 我亲爱的母亲曾经说过我不会有舒适的家, 直到去年夏天我才明白我完全不配有舒适的家。

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—shrank icily into myself, like a snail; at every glance retired colder and farther; 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 snarl.

“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

当我在海边享受一个月的
好天气时,得到了一个十分迷人的姑娘的陪伴。她在我眼里是一个真正的天仙。在她不注意我之前,我就是这样看她的。没有把我的爱情说出口,但如果眉目能传情的话,任何一个傻瓜也能猜出我是神魂颠倒地恋上了她。后来她终于明白了我的意思,对我回眸一望——是能想象得到的最含情脉脉的秋波。而我又怎么做的?我羞愧地供认——就象蜗牛一样冷冰冰地缩回到壳里去。她每看我一眼,我就退缩得更厉害,表现出更冷淡,直到最后这位可怜的纯情少女不得不怀疑自己的感觉,而且因此对自己认为的失误感到狼狽不堪,竟说服她的母亲一块儿离开了。由于性情上这一令人难解的变化,我赢得了冷酷无情的名声;至于这个名声与我有多么不相称,只有我自己知道。

我在炉边的椅子上坐下,而我的房东则向对面的另一把椅子走过去。为了填补沉默的空间,我想去抚弄那只母狗。它已经离开了自己的崽子,象狼一样在我的腿后面鬼鬼祟祟的乱动,大张着嘴,白牙上淌着口水,准备咬我。我的爱抚挑起了它一声长长的、发自喉头的嚎叫。

“你最好别理这只狗,”希思克利夫先生以类似的音调咆哮着,同时跺了一下脚制止狗进一步的行动。“它不习惯受人宠爱——不是把它当宠物养起来的。”接着,他大踏步走到一个旁门,喊道,“约瑟夫!”

约瑟夫在地窖的深处含糊

of the cellar, but gave no intimation of ascending; so his master dived down to him, leaving me vis-a-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 despatch; 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.

不清地嘟哝着,但没有上来的意思,所以他的主人就下地窖里去,剩下我孤身一人面对这凶暴的母狗和两只狰狞的、蓬毛看羊狗。这两只看羊狗也同那只母狗一样,对我的一举一动保持高度的警觉。我担心被它们锋利的牙咬伤,就坐着一动不动。但是我以为它们大概不会理解沉默的轻侮,就向它们挤眼做鬼脸。不幸的是我脸上表情的变化不知怎么激怒了狗夫人,它突然暴怒,跳上我的膝盖。我把它推开,急忙用桌子作挡身之物。这一举动惊动了狗群。六只大小年龄不等的四脚恶魔从藏身之处一起出来。我感到脚后跟和衣边尤其是攻击的目标,就用火钳尽可能有效地挡开大个的斗士,同时大声呼救,希望这家里的什么人出来恢复秩序。

希思克利夫先生和他的仆人迈着令人心急的懒洋洋的步子爬上了地窖的阶梯。虽然炉边撕咬声和狗吠声乱作一团,我认为他们一点儿也不比平时走得快。幸亏厨房里有人快步走来:一个健壮的女人,卷着衣裙,光着胳膊,两颊火红,挥舞着一个煎锅冲进我们中间,用她的武器和舌头奇迹般地平息了这场风暴。当她的主人登场时她还在那儿,就象大风过后的海洋一样沉重地喘息着。

"究竟是怎么回事?"他问,用眼盯着我。在受到如此不友好的接待后,我无法忍受他的盯视。

"真的,是怎么回事?"我咕

"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." Heathcill'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 to — tomorrow. He evidently wished no repetition of my intrusion. I shall go, notwithstanding. It is astonishing how sociable I feel myself compared with him.

嗜着。“有魔鬼附身的猪群也不比你这些畜生更凶。先生。您倒不如把一个陌生的客人丢给一群老虎更好些！”

“它们不惹不乱摸乱动的人，”他说，把酒瓶放在我面前，把挪动过的桌子拉过来。“狗警惕性高是件好事。喝一杯吗？”

“不，谢谢。”

“没有被咬伤，对吧？”

“如果我被咬伤，我会在咬人的东西身上留下印记。”希恩克利夫的脸放松了，露出笑容。

“好啦，好啦，”他说，“你受惊了，洛克伍德先生。喏，来点酒。来这里做客的人太少了，我得承认我和我的狗几乎不知道该怎样接待他们。先生，为你的健康干杯。”

我鞠躬，也回敬他，开始感到因为一群狗的胡闹而绷着脸未免傻气。而且我不愿让对方拿我寻开心，因为他的兴致已经转到取乐上了。也许他出于清醒的考虑，觉得得罪一个好房客决非上策，在省去代词和助词的简练的表达方式上有所变化，用稍稍委婉的口气谈起一个他认为我会关心的话题——我目前想住的地方的长处和短处。我发觉在我们论及的题目上他十分精明。在我回家之前，我居然兴致勃勃地提出第二天再来拜访。他显然不愿意我再来打扰。但是我还是要去。我觉得比起他来，我的交际能力强多了，这可真令人吃惊。

CHAPTER II

第二章

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 door 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

昨天下午有雾,天很冷。我打算在书房的炉火边消磨时间,不再踩着杂草和泥污到呼啸山庄去了。但是吃过午饭(注意——我在十二点和一点之间吃午饭;而可以看作这幢房子附属物的管家婆,一位慈祥的太太,却不能,或者不愿意理解我在五点钟吃饭的要求),带着这懒惰的心思登上楼梯,迈进房间,我看见一个女仆跪在地板上,身边是扫帚和煤斗。在她用大堆的煤渣封火时,荡起铺天盖地弥漫的烟尘。这景象立即使我退避出来。我戴上帽子,走了四英里来到希思克利夫花园门口,刚巧避过一场初降的鹅毛大雪。

在那个荒凉的山顶,地面因结了一层黑霜而变得坚硬,冷风吹得我四肢打颤。我打不开门链,就跳了进去,顺着两边长着蔓延醋栗树丛的石路跑过去,徒劳地敲了半天门,敲到手指骨都疼了,狗也狂吠起来。

“讨厌的人家!”我心里想,“就凭你们这样无礼待客,就活该过永久与同类隔绝的日子。至少我不会在大白天就插着门。我才不在乎呢——我得进去!”这样下定了决心,我抓住门闩,狠劲地摇。哭丧着脸的约瑟夫从谷

Joseph projected his head from a round window of the barn.

“What are ye for?” he shouted. “T’ maister’s down i’ t’ fowld. Go round by th’ end o’ t’ laith, if ye went to spake to him.”

“Is there nobody inside to open the door?” I halloed, responsively.

“There’s nobbut t’ missis; and shoo’ll not oppen’t an ye mak yer flaysome dins till neeght.”

“Why? Cannot you tell her who I am, eh, Joseph?”

“Nor — ne me! I’ll hae no 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 washhouse, and a paved area containing a coal-shep, 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.

仓的圆窗户外里探出头来。

“你想干什么?”他喊道,“主人在牛栏里。如果你要找他说话,就从这条路口绕过去。”

“里面就没有人能出来开门吗?”我也叫起来。

“除了太太外没有别人。你就是折腾到夜里,她也不会给你开门。”

“为什么?难道你不能告诉她我是谁,哦,约瑟夫?”

“别找我!我不插手这样的事。”这个脑袋咕嘟着,消失了。

雪开始下大起来。我抓住门柄又试了一次。这时一个没穿外衣的年轻人,肩上扛着一根草耙,出现在后面的院子里。他招呼我跟他走,穿过洗衣房和一片铺平的地(那里有煤棚、抽水机和鸽笼),终于来到一处宽敞、温暖令人感到快乐的房屋。我第一次来也是在这里被接待的。煤、炭和木柴混合在一起燃起的熊熊大火,照耀得整个房子充满光彩;餐桌摆好了就等端上丰盛的晚餐。我高兴地看见了坐在餐桌旁的“太太”,我先前从没有想到她的存在。我鞠躬等候,以为她会吩咐我坐下。她望着我,又靠回在椅背上,一动不动,一言不发。

“糟糕的天气!”我说,“希思克利夫太太,我恐怕大门因您仆人的偷懒而大吃苦头,要让他们听见我在敲门可真难。”

她没有开口。我盯着她——她也盯着我:无论如何她以一种冷漠的、毫不关心的眼神望着我,令人感到十分困窘和不舒

“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 commented 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, that 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

服。

“坐下吧。”年轻人粗声粗气地说，“他很快就回来。”

我听从了，轻声哼着，唤那恶狗朱诺。这第二次见面，它算是赏脸，摇动尾巴尖，认我是熟人了。

“一支漂亮的狗！”我议论道，“您打算不要这些狗娃吗，夫人？”

“它们不是我的，”这位和蔼可亲的女主人说，比希思克利夫本人的语气还要更拒人于千里之外。

“哦，您喜欢的是在这堆里吗？”我指着一个看不清楚的靠垫上一堆像猫一样的东西接着说。

“谁会爱那些东西才怪呢，”她轻蔑地说。

不巧的是，我原来指的是一堆死兔子。我又哼起来，挪得离炉火更近些，重复我对晚上坏天气的评论。

“你不该来，”她说。站起身来，从壁炉台上拿起两个喷彩的茶叶罐。

她刚才的位置隐蔽在暗处；现在我对她的全身和面部看得一清二楚。她身材修长，显然还是个姑娘；令人羡慕的体态，一张极为精巧的小脸，我看见了感到愉快；五官纤丽，皮肤白皙，淡黄色勿宁说是金黄色的卷发，松松地垂在她那细嫩的脖颈上；双眼如果显得再和悦些，就会有不可抵挡的魅力。幸运的是在我易受感染的心灵上它们唤起的是一种轻蔑和绝望的感觉，而这种感觉对于这样一张脸、这样一副身材显得十分不相称。茶叶罐她

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

够不着;我移动一下想帮她;她转身看我,那副表情就象守财奴看见有人要帮他数他的金子一样。

"我不需要你的帮助,"她怒冲冲地说,"我自己能拿得到。"

"对不起!"我急忙回答。

"是请你来吃茶的吗?"她问,把一条围裙系在她干净的黑上衣上,站在那儿把一匙茶叶往茶壶里放。

"我很想喝杯茶,"我回答道。

"是请你来的吗?"她又问。

"不,"我说,稍微笑了一下,"您正是该请我喝茶的人。"

她把茶放回去,还有茶匙和别的东西,然后不耐烦地坐回到椅子上,前额蹙起,红红的下唇撅起来,象个要哭的孩子似的。

这时候,那年轻人已经被上了一件十分破旧的上衣,站在炉火前,用眼角向下看着我,好象我们之间有血海深仇一般。我开始怀疑他到底是不是一个仆人:他的穿着和说话都显得没有教养,完全没有在希思克利夫先生和夫人身上看到的那种优越感。他那浓密的棕色卷发蓬乱不堪,没有修剪过,他的胡子象头熊那样布满双颊,他的两手象普通农民那样发褐。但是他的态度很随便,甚至是傲慢,他在家里的女主妇面前没有丝毫谨慎殷勤的样子。在对他的身份缺乏清楚的了解之前,我认为最好是不去注意他那奇怪的行为。五分钟后希思克利夫进来,在某种程度上把我从不安的状态中解脱出来。