

中文导读英文版

Wuthering Heights

呼啸山庄

[英] 艾米莉·勃朗特 原著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社



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内 容 简 介

Wuthering Heights, 中文译名为《呼啸山庄》, 是世界上最伟大的小说之一, 它由英国著名女作家艾米莉·勃朗特编著而成。呼啸山庄的主人恩萧先生收养了一名孤儿, 取名希斯克里夫。希斯克里夫与恩萧的女儿凯瑟琳从小青梅竹马, 逐渐产生了爱情。恩萧死后, 他的儿子辛德雷继承了庄园。由于仇视希斯克里夫, 辛德雷将他降为仆人, 不准他和凯瑟琳交往。后凯瑟琳嫁给了画眉山庄主人林顿, 希斯克里夫愤然出走。几年后希斯克里夫荣归故里, 畸形的复仇心理使他策划了一系列阴谋, 先是使辛德雷倾家荡产, 之后诱骗林顿的妹妹与他成婚, 之后恣意虐待, 而凯瑟琳也在极大的悲痛中早产而亡。希斯克里夫最后做了两家庄园的主人, 但由于对凯瑟琳仍怀念不已, 很快也离开了人世。

该书自出版以来, 已被译成世界上几十种语言, 多次被改编成电视剧、舞台剧和电影。书中所展现的故事感染了一代又一代青少年读者的心灵。无论作为语言学习的课本, 还是作为通俗的文学读本, 本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况, 进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平, 在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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艾米莉·勃朗特（Emily Bronte, 1818—1848），英国 19 世纪最伟大的作家之一。艾米莉·勃朗特出生于英国北部约克郡的豪渥斯，父亲是当地一位牧师，母亲是家庭主妇。姐姐夏洛蒂·勃朗特、妹妹安妮·勃朗特也是著名作家，在英国文学史上有“勃朗特三姐妹”之称。

艾米莉·勃朗特的童年生活很不幸。3 岁时，母亲便患癌症去世。父亲收入很少，全家生活艰苦凄凉。幸好父亲是剑桥圣约翰学院的毕业生，学识渊博，他常常教子女读书，指导他们看书报杂志，还给他们讲故事。这是自母亲去世后孩子们所能得到的唯一的乐趣，同时也给艾米莉以及两个姐妹带来最初的影响，使她们从小就对文学产生了浓厚的兴趣。

艾米莉性格内向，娴静文雅，从童年时代起就酷爱写诗。1845 年秋天，勃朗特三姐妹自费出版了一本诗集。尽管她们的诗写得很美，却没有引起人们的注意。诗集的出版激发了“勃朗特三姐妹”的创作热情，于是三姐妹开始创作小说。《呼啸山庄》是艾米莉唯一的一部小说，发表于 1847 年 12 月。她们三姐妹的三部小说——夏洛蒂的《简·爱》、艾米莉的《呼啸山庄》和小妹妹安妮的《艾格尼斯·格雷》是同一年问世的。除《呼啸山庄》外，艾米莉还创作了 193 首诗，被认为是英国的天才女作家。

《呼啸山庄》是一部震撼人心的“奇特的小说”，被誉为“文学界的斯芬克斯”，是世界公认的文学名著之一。时至今日，该书仍然拥有大批读者，依然在英国乃至世界文学史上占有重要地位。在中国，《呼啸山庄》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典小说之一。目前，在国内数量众多的《呼啸山庄》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是英文原版。而其中的英文原版越来越受到读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看，直接使用纯英文素材更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第



三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《呼啸山庄》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作简洁、精练、明快的风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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第一章

Chapter 1



1801 年。

我刚刚拜访我的房东希斯克里夫先生回来，我对于我租住的画眉山庄非常满意，它距离最近的村子也有几英里，这正合我意。况且约克郡真是一个风景如画的地方！

希斯克里夫先生和我性格差不多，也喜欢离群索居。

我在他庄园的大门口见到了他，并向他做了自我介绍。

他皱皱眉头，一句话也没说，并没有邀请我进去坐坐的意思。过了一会儿，他决定让我进去了。

他吩咐仆人约瑟夫牵走我——洛克伍德先生——的马，并让约瑟夫从地窖拿些酒来。约瑟夫的年纪很大了，表情也并不友好。他牵走我的马的时候还有些愤怒。

约瑟夫嘴里嘟哝着说些什么，我想可能没有别的佣人了，而且看起来希斯克里夫先生也极少接待特别的客人。

他的住所叫“呼啸山庄”，意思是山冈上烈风中的山庄，这个名字非常贴切。房子周边的树木都不是垂直生长的，而是被常年肆虐在山冈上的北风吹弯。幸运的是房子非常坚固，即使是冬天最糟糕的暴风雪也没有摧毁它。前门的石头上，刻着“恩萧”的名字。

我和希斯克里夫进了大厅。它像是任何一个约克郡农家的厨房，不同的是这里并没有生火做饭的迹象，也没有农夫坐在餐桌旁。希斯克里夫先生显然不像个农夫。他有着棕色的皮肤和头发，像个吉普赛人，但是举止

却很绅士。他本应该对自己的外表多用点儿心，但是他本身很英俊。我觉得他高傲而郁郁寡欢。

我们在炉火旁落座，沉默不语。

希斯克里夫喊了约瑟夫一声，但是地窖里没有传出回应，他只好自己下去找。把我一个人以及几条看上去相当凶猛的大狗留在了客厅里。突然其中一条狗对着我一跃而起，瞬间所有的狗都向我展开攻击。他们从四面八方扑向我，似乎要把我撕开。

我边抵挡这些狗，边向希斯克里夫喊救命。我的房东和他的佣人并没有要赶着来帮忙的意思，而是慢得不能再慢地从地窖里沿着楼梯往上走。幸亏一个女人，我猜是女管家，来到大厅帮我解了围。

希斯克里夫毫不客气，质问我到底是怎么回事儿。我谴责他的狗，并告诫他，把一个陌生人和它们单独留下很危险。希斯克里夫不再生气，招呼我去喝点酒，或者因为这里很少有客人来，他和他的狗都不懂得该如何待客了。

这之后我心里稍微平静了些，我们坐下来一起喝了点酒，边喝边交谈。我提议明天我再来拜访他，他似乎对此没有很大的热情。但是我无论如何会来的，因为我对他很感兴趣，虽然他对我并没有。

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 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 dosed 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 pull 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 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.

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 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 villanous 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 gypsy 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 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 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 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 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 considerations 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.

第二章

Chapter 2



两天后。

昨天下午大雾弥漫，天气寒冷，我步行了四英里，到了呼啸山庄。我前脚刚到，后脚就跟着下雪了。我在大门口敲了十分钟的门，天气越来越冷。终于约瑟夫从一扇窗子探出头来。

我请求进去，然而约瑟夫告诉我，只有希斯克里夫夫人一个人在家，她是不会给我开门的。

这时来了一个年轻人，叫我跟着他。我们从后门进到了大厅。我眼前一亮，因为看到了温暖的炉火和桌子上丰盛的菜肴。一个女人坐在火旁，我想她一定是希斯克里夫夫人了。我没想到希斯克里夫已经结婚了。她面无表情地看着我，一言不发。

我想找点话题说说，但是无论是谈天气还是谈家里的那些狗，她都一直沉默。过了一会儿，她起身沏茶。她大约十七岁，有一张我见过的最美的脸，金色的卷发披在肩上。

沏茶时，她还问我，是不是希斯克里夫来请我喝茶，语气别别扭扭的。我说不是，但是我觉得您应该请我。这话不知为何让她不高兴了。她不再沏茶，而是放回了茶叶罐，带着怒气坐回椅子上。同时，那个年轻人也用挑衅的眼神盯着我。他看上去像个在农场做粗活的工人，但又像是这个家庭的一员。我觉得很不自在。最后希斯克里夫终于回来了。

我高高兴兴地和希斯克里夫打招呼，而他却很冷淡。他抖落衣服上的雪，警告我不应该过来，因为天黑了不可能找到回去的路。我提议让他派个仆人送我回去，但是被拒绝了，理由是这里只有约瑟夫和女管家。之后，

希斯克里夫蛮横地命令那个年轻女人沏茶，这不悦的态度让我大吃一惊。

我们就座开始用餐，我尝试和这三个沉默的人搭话。我开始恭维希斯克里夫的幸福生活，并且误认为这个年轻的女子是他的妻子，然而这招来了希斯克里夫的恶语相向。原来他的夫人已经去世了。我猛然间意识到我犯了一个严重的错误。以他的年纪，显然和这个年轻的姑娘不是一对。这姑娘一定是我旁边这个年轻人的妻子，现在他正在喝茶，拿面包的手也没有洗。也许这可怜的姑娘在这样人烟稀少的地方找不到更好的人可以嫁了。我礼貌地转向那个年轻人，这次我认定了他是这个年轻小姐的丈夫了。但这回更加糟糕了。他涨红了脸，仿佛想揍我一顿；嘴里也在嘟囔了什么，我没听清。

最终希斯克里夫向我解释，原来这是希斯克里夫儿子的妻子，而他已经去世了。桌边的这个年轻人，叫哈顿·恩萧，看得出来他们的关系并不友好。

我们在沉默中吃完了饭。我望向窗外，只能看到一片黑暗和大雪。我请求一个仆人把我送回去，但是无论是希斯克里夫还是年轻的夫人，都没人理我。最后希斯克里夫建议我可以和哈顿或者约瑟夫睡一张床。我对他们几个简直是怒不可遏，一分钟也待不下去了，我当即冲出房门，外面漆黑一片。我看见约瑟夫站在后门那儿，于是一把夺过他手里的灯，向大门奔去。但是那些狗开始攻击我，我被扑倒在地上。我对着狗怒斥，挣扎着想站起来，希斯克里夫和哈顿却站在门口看着我笑着。最终还是女管家泽拉救了我，她赶走了狗，把我扶起来。

我浑身是伤，筋疲力尽，没力气走回家了，虽然我不想留下，但也不得不在呼啸山庄过夜了。泽拉带我上楼要为我找了张床，谁也没对我说晚安。

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 doors barred in the day-time. I don't care—I will get in!" So resolved, I grasped the latch and shook it vehemently. Vinegarfaced Joseph projected his head from a round window of the barn.

"Whet are ye for?" he shouted. "T' maister's dahn i' t' fowld. Goa 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 pitch-fork, appeared in the yard behind. He hailed me to follow him, and, after marching through a wash-house, and a paved area containing a coalshed, pump, and pigeon-cote, 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