

# 名著镜头——

第一辑

英汉  
双语  
经典阅读

## 呼啸山庄

Lens Masterpiece Classical English-Chinese Bilingual Reading  
Wuthering Heights

天津科学技术出版社

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# 简介

艾米莉·勃朗特(Emily Bronte 1818-1848)于1818年7月30日生于英格兰北部约克郡一个名叫索顿(Thorton)的小镇里,是夏洛蒂·勃朗特之妹,安妮·勃朗特之姐。她曾在生活条件恶劣的寄宿学校求学,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,感情含蓄,表面沉默寡言,内心却有火一般的激情。她具有独立而坚强的性格,不受传统思想的约束。《呼啸山庄》是她唯一的一部小说,发表于1847年12月。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。

《呼啸山庄》凝结了艾米莉短促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人公希斯克里夫,并以真实质朴、充满约克郡乡土气息的文字描写了刻骨铭心的爱情。这本书当时虽然不像她姐姐夏洛蒂的《简·爱》那样立即引起轰动,然而它却以其充满野性、感人肺腑的美征服了19世纪后期英国文坛,被誉为英国文字史上“最奇异的小说”。和夏洛蒂的《简·爱》一样,《呼啸山庄》已成为世界文学宝库中一颗璀璨的明珠。

《呼啸山庄》(Wuthering Heighs)曾多次被搬上屏幕。本书中所选的电影由美国高德温影片公司于1939年出品。由美国著名导演威廉·惠勒(William Wyler)执导,主演是第二十一届奥斯卡影帝劳伦斯·奥立佛(Laurence Olivier)。该片讲述了一个爱情与复仇的离奇故事,充满了凄婉哀伤的悲剧色彩,既催人泪下,又震撼人心。这部影片成功地再现了原作的精髓,被公认是《呼啸山庄》的经典电影版。

## 小说人物关系谱

Mr.Earnshaw 恩肖先生——呼啸山庄主人

Hindley Earnshaw 亨德利·恩肖——恩肖先生之子

Catherine Earnshaw 凯瑟琳·恩肖——恩肖先生之女

Heathcliff 希斯克里夫——恩肖先生抚养的孤儿

Nelly Dean 耐莉·丁恩——女管家,又名艾伦 Ellen

Joseph 约瑟夫——呼啸山庄的老仆人

Mr.Linton 林顿先生——画眉田庄主人

Edgar Linton 埃德加·林顿——林顿先生之子,后娶凯瑟琳·恩肖为妻

Isabella Linton 伊莎贝拉·林顿——林顿先生之女,后嫁给希斯克里夫

Catherine Linton 凯瑟琳·林顿——埃德加与凯瑟琳之女

Mr. Lockwood 洛克伍德先生——房客

Dr. Kenneth 肯尼兹医生——当地牧师、医生

Zillah 齐拉——呼啸山庄的女仆



1 801.

One day, I have just returned from a visit to my landlord—the solitary neighbor 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. It is a perfect misanthropist's heaven. 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 honor of calling as soon as possible after my arrival, to express the hope that I have not inconvenienced you by my perseverance in requesting the occupation of Thrushcross Grange: I heard yesterday you had had some thoughts...”

1 801 年。

那一天,我刚刚拜访过我的房东回来,他就是那个将要给我惹麻烦的孤僻邻居。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与尘世喧嚣完全隔绝的地方,一个厌世者的理想天堂。而希斯克里夫和我正好是十分般配的一对,我们可以分享这里的荒凉景色了。他真是一个绝妙的人!在我骑马走到他跟前时,看见他的黑眼睛缩在眉毛下猜忌地瞅着我。看来他一点都没有想到,我心里对他怀有多大的热情。而当我说出自己姓名时,他把手深深地插进背心口袋里,完全是一副不信任我的样子。

“希斯克里夫先生吗?”我问道。

他点了点头,权作回答。

“先生,我是洛克伍德,您的新房客。我一到这儿,就赶快前来拜访您,以向您表示敬意,希望我这样再三要求租下画眉山庄,没有给您造成什么不便。昨天我听说您想……”。

“Thrushcross Grange is my own, sir,” he interrupted, frowning. “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 sympathizing movement to the words.

When he saw my horse's breast fairly pushing the barrier, he did put 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.”

Joseph was an elderly, nay, an old man: very old, perhaps, though hale and sinewy. “The Lord help us!” he murmured with peevish displeasure, while relieving me of my horse: looking, meantime, in my face so sourly that I charitably assumed he must have need of divine aid to digest his dinner, and his pious ejaculation had no reference to my unexpected arrival.

“画眉田庄是我自己的，先生。”他皱起眉头，打断了我的话。“只要是我能够阻止，我是绝对不允许任何人给我造成什么不便的。进来吧！”

这一声“进来吧”是咬牙切齿说出来的，里面有一种类似“见鬼去吧”的情绪，甚至他靠着的那扇大门也没有对这句邀请做出任何反应，一点都没有移动。

当他看到我那匹马的胸膛快要碰到栅栏上了，他倒也伸手解开了门链，然后很不情愿地领我走上了石子路。我们到了院子里，他就叫嚷着：“约瑟夫，把洛克伍德先生的马牵走。拿点酒来！”

约瑟夫是个上年纪的人，不，简直是个老头，也许他已经很老了，不过还很健壮结实。“上帝保佑我们吧！”他接过我的马时，不高兴地低声自言自语着，还狠狠地瞪了我一眼。于是我好心地猜想，他或许是需要上帝帮助他消化肚子裡的饭食吧！他这声虔诚的祈求，应该跟我的突然来访毫不相干。





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 airing 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 main door; above which, among a wilderness of crumbling griffins, 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 house.



呼啸山庄是希斯克里夫先生住宅的名称。“呼啸”是一个意味深长的形容词,在当地尤其意味深远。它形容这地方在风暴的天气里所特有的风呼雨啸。的确,他们这儿一定随时都流通着令人精神振奋的纯洁空气。只需要看一下房屋那头几棵矮小的过度倾斜的枞树,还有那一排瘦削的都向着一个方向伸展枝条的荆棘,仿佛在向太阳乞讨温暖,就可以猜想到这里北风吹过的威力了。幸亏建筑师有先见之明,把房子盖得很结实。窄小的窗子深深地嵌在墙里,墙角都砌有大块凸出的石头保护着。

在跨进门槛之前,我停步观赏房屋前面大量的稀奇古怪的雕刻。在大门的顶部,在那些破损的怪兽中间,我发现“1500”这个年份和“哈里顿·恩肖”这个名字。我原本想就此发表一点意见,还想向希斯克里夫请教一下这座山庄的历史,可是看他站在门口的那副架势,分明是要我马上去或是马上离开。我可不希望在进屋参观之前,就把他惹恼了,弄得他更不耐烦。

One stop brought us into the family sitting-room, without any introductory lobby or passage: they call it here “the house” preeminently. It includes kitchen and parlor, generally; but I believe at Wuthering Heights the kitchen is forced to retreat altogether into another quarter.

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 lay a huge, liver-colored bitch pointer, surrounded by a swarm of squealing puppies; and other dogs haunted other recesses.

I took a seat at the end of the hearthstone opposite 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, rasping snarl.

不用经过任何穿堂或过道，我们径直进了这所房子的客厅。他们颇有见地，索性把这里叫做“正屋”。一般所谓正屋是把厨房和客厅都包括在内的。但是我认为在呼啸山庄里，厨房是被迫挤到另一个角落里去了。

地是平滑的白石铺就的；椅子是高背的，老式的简单结构，涂着绿色：一两把笨重的黑椅子藏在暗处。橱柜下面的圆拱里，躺着一条硕大的、棕色的母猎狗，一窝尖叫的小狗围着它，还有几只狗则躺卧在别的隐蔽的地方。

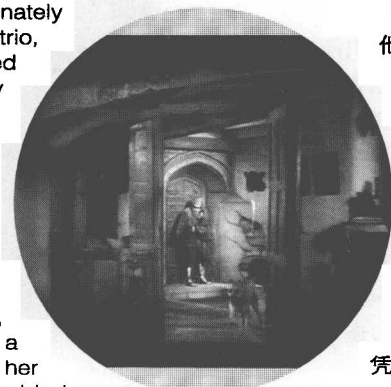
我在炉边的椅子上坐下，我的房东就去坐在对面的一把椅子上。为了消磨这一刻的沉默，我想伸手去摸那只母狗。这时，它已离开那窝小狗，像狼似的偷偷溜到我的腿后面，龇牙咧嘴，白白的牙齿上馋涎欲滴。我的爱抚却使它从喉咙里发出一声长长的犬吠声。



“You'd better let the dog alone,” growled Mr. Heathcliff in accord, 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 ruffian 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 implicit 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.

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.



“你最好别理这只狗，”希斯克里夫先生用同样的音调咆哮着，跺脚警告它。“它不习惯受人娇惯，它不是当做好玩的玩意儿养的。”接着，他大步走到一个边门，又大叫：“约瑟夫！”

约瑟夫在地窖的深处，含糊不清地咕哝了几句，可是并不打算上来。于是，他的主人就下地窖去找他，留下我和那凶暴的母狗和一对狰狞的蓬毛牧羊犬面面相觑。这对狗和那只母狗一起提防着、监视着我的一举一动。我并不想和犬牙打交道，于是静坐着不动；然而，不幸的是，我原以为它们不会理解含蓄的蔑视，便对这三只狗挤挤眼，做了个鬼脸。我脸上的某种变化竟然激怒了狗夫人，它忽然暴怒，跳上我的膝盖。

令人恼火的是，希斯克里夫和他的仆人依旧迈着懒洋洋的脚步，爬上了地窖的梯阶。我认为他们走得并不比平常快一秒钟，尽管火炉边已经被撕咬和狂吠闹得大乱。幸亏厨房里有人快步走来：是一个健壮的女人，她卷着衣裙，光着胳膊，两颊火红，挥舞着一个煎锅冲到我们中间；而且凭着这个武器和她的舌头，很奇妙地平息了这场风暴。等她的主人上

场时，只留下了她。她已如大风过后却还在起伏的海洋一般，喘息着。

“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!”



“见鬼，到底是怎么回事？”希斯克里夫问道，朝我瞪了一眼。刚才受到那么不友好的对待，这会儿还得受这样的眼色，真让人受不了。

“是啊，真是见鬼！”我咕嘟着说，“先生，就算是有鬼附体的猪群，也没有您这些畜生凶呢！您倒不如把一个陌生的客人丢给一群老虎！”

“你要是不去碰它们，它们是不会多事的。”他说着，把酒瓶放在我面前，又把搬开的桌子放回原位。“狗是应该警觉的。喝杯酒吗？”

“不，谢谢您。”

“没咬着您吧？”

“我要是给咬着了，我可要在这咬人的东西上打上我的印记了。”希斯克里夫紧绷的脸上露出了一丝笑意。

“好啦，好啦，”他说，“你受惊啦，洛克伍德先生。喏，喝点酒。这所房子里客人极少，所以我愿意承认，我和我的狗都不大知道该怎么接待客人。先生，祝你健康！”

I bowed and returned the pledge, beginning to perceive that it would be foolish to sit sulking for the misbehavior of a pack of curs; besides, I felt loath to yield the fellow further amusement at my expense; since his humor 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 tomorrow. He evidently wished no repetition of my intrusion. I shall go, notwithstanding. It is astonishing how sociable I feel myself compared with him.



我鞠躬，举杯回敬了他。我开始意识到，就为了一群恶狗的失礼，坐在这儿生闷气，确实有点犯傻。再说，我

也不愿让这个家伙再取笑我，因为现在他的兴致已经转到取笑人的方面了。而此时他也许已察觉到，得罪一个好房客是愚蠢的。于是，语气便稍稍委婉些，提起了他以为我会感兴趣的话题——谈到我目前隐居这个地方的优点与缺点。我发现，他对我们谈到的这个话题，是非常有见地的。在我离开那里之前，我居然兴致勃勃，主动提出明天再来拜访。而他显然并不希望我再来打搅。但是，我还是要去。说来奇怪，跟他一比，我感觉我自己实在是太擅长交际了。

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. But finally I took my hat, and, after a four-mile 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!"

I 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.



昨天下午又冷又有雾。我本打算就在书房的火炉边消磨一下午,不想踩着杂草污泥到呼啸山庄去了。可是,最后我还是拿了帽子,走了四英里路,到了希斯克夫家的花园门口。这时开始飘起雪花,我刚好躲过了今年初降的一场鹅毛大雪。

在那荒凉的山顶上,土地由于结了一层黑霜而冻得坚硬,凛冽的寒气冻得我四肢发抖。我弄不开门链,就跳了进去,顺着两边种着醋栗树丛的石路跑去,直奔屋门。我白白敲了半天门,一直敲到我的手指骨都敲疼了,引得狗也狂吠起来。

“倒霉的人家!”我心里直嚷,“你们这样无礼对待客人,就应该一辈子跟人群隔离。我至少不会在白天把门闷住。我才不管呢,说什么我都要进去!”

我最后终于到了上次接待过我的那间温暖热闹的大屋子。煤、炭和木头混合在一起燃起了熊熊炉火,烧得正旺,闪耀出明亮快乐的光辉。

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.

“Sit down,” said Joseph, 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.

Five minutes afterwards, the entrance of Heathcliff relieved me, in some measure, from my uncomfortable state.

“You see, sir, I am come, according to promise!” I exclaimed, assuming the cheerful, “and I fear I shall be weather-bound for half an hour, if you can afford me shelter during that space.”



在准备摆上丰盛晚餐的桌旁,我很高兴地看到了一位“太太”,以前我从未料想到他家里还会有这么一个人存在。我鞠躬等候,以为她会叫我坐下。她看了看我,往她的椅背上一靠,一动不动,不声不响。

“天气真糟糕!”我说,“希斯克里夫太太,恐怕大门因为您的仆人偷懒而大吃苦头,我费了好大劲才让他们听见我敲门!”

她一直不开口。我瞪眼,她也瞪眼。反正她一直以一种冷冷的、漠不关心的神气盯着我,让人甚感窘迫,极不愉快。

“坐下吧!”约瑟夫粗声粗气地说,“他就要来了。”

我依他的话坐了下来,轻轻咳了一下,对那条恶狗朱诺招呼了一声。这是第二次会面,它总算赏脸,摇起尾巴,承认我是熟人了。

五分钟以后,希斯克里夫进来了,多少算是把我从那不舒服的境况中解救出来了。

“您瞧,先生,说话算数,我来啦!”我叫道,装出高兴的样子,“我还以为要给这天气困住半个钟头呢,您能不能让我在这儿避一下。”



“Half an hour?” he said, shaking the white flakes from his clothes, “I wonder you should select the thick of a snow-storm to ramble about in. Do you know that you run a risk of being lost in the marshes? People familiar with these moors often miss their road on such evenings; and I can tell you there is no chance of a change at present.”

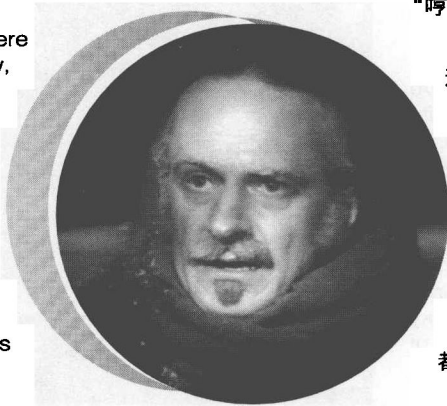
“Perhaps I can get a guide among your lads, and he might stay at the Grange till morning—could you spare me one?”

“No, I could not.”

“Oh, indeed! Well, then, I must trust to my own sagacity.”

“Umph!”

When the preparations were finished, he invited me with—“Now, sir, bring forward your chair.” And we all drew round the table: an stern silence prevailing while we discussed our meal. I thought, if I had caused the cloud, it was my duty to make an effort to dispel it. They could not every day sit so grim and taciturn; and it was impossible, however ill-tempered they might be, that the universal scowl they wore was their every-day countenance.



“半个钟头？”他一边抖落衣服上的雪片一边说道，“我奇怪你为什么非要挑这么个大雪天出来逛荡。你知不知道你可能迷路或掉进沼泽地里呢？熟悉这些荒野的人，还经常会这样的晚上迷路呢。而且我可以告诉你，眼下这种天气是不会转好的。”

“或许我可以在您的仆人中间找一位带路人吧，他可以在画眉田庄住到明天早上，您能派一位仆人帮我吗？”

“不，我不能。”

“啊呀！真的！那我只能靠我自己的本事啦。”

“哼！”

晚餐预备好了之后，他就这样请我道，“现在，先生，把你的椅子挪过来。”于是我们所有人把椅子拉过来围桌而坐。在我们品尝食物时，四下里一片肃静。我想，如果是我带来了这块乌云，那我就该负责努力驱散它。他们不能每天都这么阴沉缄默地坐着吧！无论他们脾气有多坏，都不可能每天脸上都带着怒容吧。



“It is strange,” I began, in the interval of swallowing one cup of tea and receiving another—“it is strange how custom can shape our tastes and ideas: many could not imagine the existence of happiness in a life of such complete exile from the world as you spend, Mr. Heathcliff; yet, I’ll venture to say, that, surrounded by your family, and with your amiable lady as the presiding genius over your home and heart—”

“My amiable lady!” he interrupted, with an almost devil scorn on his face. “Where is she—my amiable lady?”

“Mrs. Heathcliff, your wife, I mean.”

“Well, yes—oh, you would intimate that her spirit has taken the post of ministering angel, and guards the fortunes of Wuthering Heights, even when her body is gone. Is that it?”

Perceiving myself in a mistake, 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. The business of eating being concluded, and no one uttering a word of sociable conversation, I approached a window to examine the weather. A sorrowful sight I saw: dark night coming down prematurely, and sky and hills mingled in one bitter whirl of wind and suffocating snow.

“说来奇怪,”我在喝完一杯茶,接过第二杯时说,“习惯对于我们的趣味和思想的形成,竟然会有这么大的影响。一定有许多人认为:像您,希斯克里夫先生,过着这么一种完全与世隔绝的生活,哪里还会有幸福存在。可是我敢说,有您一家人围着您,还有您可爱的夫人作为您的家庭与您的心灵上的主宰——”

“我可爱的夫人!”他打断我的话,脸上带着几乎是恶魔似的讥笑。“她在哪儿,我可爱的夫人?”

“我的意思是说希斯克里夫夫人,您的太太。”

“哦,是啦!啊!你是说甚至在她的肉体死去了以后,她的灵魂还站在家神的岗位上,而且守护着呼啸山庄的产业。是不是这样?”

我这才意识到自己搞错了,便企图改正它。我本该看出双方的年龄相差太大,不像是夫妻。吃喝完毕,谁也没说句应酬话,我就走到一扇窗子前去看看天气。我见到一片悲惨的景象:黑夜提前降临,天空和群山混杂在一团寒冽的旋风和使人室息的大雪中。

