

中文导读英文版

福尔摩斯经典探案系列

The Hound of the Baskervilles

巴斯克维尔的猎犬

[英] 阿瑟·柯南·道尔 原著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社



(中 文 导 读 英 文 版)

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内 容 简 介

The Hound of the Baskervilles, 中文译名为《巴斯克维尔的猎犬》,这是一部充满传奇、冒险与智慧的侦探故事,它由英国著名侦探小说家、“英国侦探小说之父”阿瑟·柯南·道尔编著。在充满雾气的伦敦贝克街上,住着一位富有正义感的侦探福尔摩斯。他和他忠实的医生朋友华生一起经历了无数千奇百怪的案子,制造了许多经典的侦探故事。《巴斯克维尔的猎犬》便是其中的一部。该书被公认为世界侦探小说的经典之作,至今已被译成多种文字,并曾经多次被改编成电影。书中所展现主人公福尔摩斯的传奇故事伴随了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。

无论作为语言学习的课本,还是作为通俗的文学读本,本书对当代中国读者,特别是青少年读者将产生积极的影响。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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阿瑟·柯南·道尔（Arthur Conan Doyle，1859—1930），英国著名侦探小说家、剧作家，现代侦探小说的奠基人之一，被誉为“英国侦探小说之父”。

柯南·道尔于1859年5月22日出生于爱丁堡，1881年获爱丁堡大学医学博士学位。博士毕业后，柯南·道尔以行医为职业。1885年，柯南·道尔开始创作侦探小说《血字的研究》，并于1887年发表在《比顿圣诞年刊》上。1890年，柯南·道尔出版了第二部小说《四签名》，并一举成名。次年，他弃医从文，专事侦探小说的创作，陆续出版了以福尔摩斯为主人公的系列侦探小说：《波希米亚丑闻》、《红发会》、《身份案》、《恐怖谷》、《五个橘核》、《巴斯克维尔的猎犬》等。1902年，他因有关布尔战争的著作被加封为爵士。1930年7月7日，柯南·道尔逝世于英国。

柯南·道尔一生共创作了60多篇以福尔摩斯为主人公的侦探小说，他塑造的福尔摩斯形象其实就是正义的化身。福尔摩斯已成为世界上家喻户晓的人物、侦探的象征，印在全世界不同种族、不同肤色的人心中。福尔摩斯是一个栩栩如生、有血有肉的形象。他活动在伦敦大雾迷漫的街道上、普普通通的公寓里，似乎随时都可能跟走在街上的读者擦肩而过，因此使人感到十分亲切可信。福尔摩斯善于运用医学、心理学、逻辑学，尤其是他的逻辑推理能力令人叹为观止。他又十分注重调查研究，并且对案子极其热情、认真负责，这些使他的侦探本领到了神鬼莫测的境地。柯南·道尔通过福尔摩斯探案故事，宣扬善恶有报、法网难逃的思想。小说中所涉及的医学、化学、生物学、犯罪学、法学知识以及探案和侦察方法，即便是对今天的侦探工作也具有一定的借鉴作用。

柯南·道尔以福尔摩斯为主人公的系列侦探小说出版100多年来，一直畅销至今，被译成世界上几十种语言，是全世界公认的侦探小说名著。在中国，福尔摩斯系列侦探小说是最受广大读者欢迎的外国文学作品之



一。目前，在国内数量众多的福尔摩斯侦探小说书籍中，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“福尔摩斯经典探案系列”丛书，该系列丛书收入了柯南·道尔的《血字的研究》、《四签名》、《福尔摩斯冒险史》、《福尔摩斯回忆录》、《福尔摩斯归来》、《巴斯克维尔的猎犬》、《恐怖谷》、《最后的致意》、《新探案》等经典之作，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，也尽可能保留原作故事主线。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科学素养和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、左新杲、黄福成、冯洁、徐鑫、马启龙、王业伟、王旭敏、陈楠、王多多、邵舒丽、周丽萍、王晓旭、李永振、孟宪行、熊红华、胡国平、熊建国、徐平国、王小红等。限于我们的文学素养和英语水平，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 夏洛克·福尔摩斯先生

Chapter 1 Mr. Sherlock Holmes



早晨起来，华生拿起前一晚未曾碰面的访客的手杖细细观看，手杖顶端有一圈约一英寸宽的银环，刻着“赠皇家外科学会会员詹姆士·莫提默。C. C. H. 的朋友们敬致。一八八四”。福尔摩斯问他从上面看出了什么。

华生认为这是某个狩猎组织赠送给一位年长的乡村医生的。福尔摩斯拿起放大镜观察后告诉他，这人是个乡村医生。从上面字母看应是“查林十字街医院”送的。赠手杖发生在他去乡下行医的时候，而主人应当是在医院工作的年轻人。华生从医学人名录中核实了福尔摩斯的这些判断是对的。从手杖中间的牙痕上可以看出，那人有一条狗，这狗总是衔住手杖中间跟着主人。

这时，响起了敲门声。进来一位有点驼背的年轻人，带着一条小长毛狗。来人看到手杖很高兴，他正不知道自己把手杖忘在哪里了，这是他结婚时朋友送的，婚后他自己开业行医。福尔摩斯向他介绍了华生，他还出于职业习惯摸了一下福尔摩斯的颅顶凹缝。

福尔摩斯让他坐下，把自己的事情说出来。

Mr. Sherlock Holmes, who was usually very late in the mornings, save upon those not infrequent occasions when he was up all night, was seated at the breakfast table. I stood upon the hearth-rug and picked up the stick which our visitor had left behind him the night before. It was a fine, thick piece of



wood, bulbous-headed, of the sort which is known as a “Penang lawyer.” Just under the head was a broad silver band, nearly an inch across. “To James Mortimer, M. R. C. S., from his friends of the C. C. H., “was engraved upon it, with the date” 1884. “It was just such a stick as the old-fashioned family practitioner used to carry—dignified, solid, and reassuring.

“Well, Watson, what do you make of it?”

Holmes was sitting with his back to me, and I had given him no sign of my occupation.

“How did you know what I was doing? I believe you have eyes in the back of your head.”

“I have, at least, a well-polished, silver-plated coffee-pot in front of me,” said he. “But, tell me, Watson, what do you make of our visitor’s stick? Since we have been so unfortunate as to miss him and have no notion of his errand, this accidental souvenir becomes of importance. Let me hear you reconstruct the man by an examination of it.”

“I think,” said I, following as far as I could the methods of my companion, “that Dr. Mortimer is a successful, elderly medical man, well-esteemed, since those who know him give him this mark of their appreciation.”

“Good!” said Holmes. “Excellent!”

“I think also that the probability is in favour of his being a country practitioner who does a great deal of his visiting on foot.”

“Why so?”

“Because this stick, though originally a very handsome one, has been so knocked about that I can hardly imagine a town practitioner carrying it. The thick iron ferrule is worn down, so it is evident that he has done a great amount of walking with it.”

“Perfectly sound!” said Holmes.

“And then again, there is the ‘friends of the C. C. H.’ I should guess that to be the Something Hunt, the local hunt to whose members he has possibly given some surgical assistance, and which has made him a small presentation in return.”

“Really, Watson, you excel yourself,” said Holmes, pushing back his chair and lighting a cigarette. “I am bound to say that in all the accounts which you

have been so good as to give of my own small achievements you have habitually underrated your own abilities. It may be that you have habitually underrated your own abilities. It may be that you are not yourself luminous, but you are a conductor of light. Some people without possessing genius have a remarkable power of stimulating it. I confess, my dear fellow, that I am very much in your debt."

He had never said as much before, and I much admit that his words gave me keen pleasure, for I had often been piqued by his indifference to my admiration and to the attempts which I had made to give publicity to his methods. I was proud, too, to think that I had so far mastered his system as to apply it in a way which earned his approval. He now took the stick from my hands and examined it for a few minutes with his naked eyes. Then with an expression of interest he laid down his cigarette, and, carrying the cane to the window, he looked over it again with a convex lens.

"Interesting, though elementary," said he as he returned to his favourite corner of the settee. "there are certainly one or two indications upon the stick. It gives us the basis for several deductions."

"Has anything escaped me?" I asked with some self-importance. "I trust that there is nothing of consequence which I have overlooked?"

"I am afraid, my dear Watson, that most of your conclusions were erroneous. When I said that you stimulated me I meant, to be frank, that in noting your fallacies I was occasionally guided towards the truth. Not that you are entirely wrong in this instance. The man is certainly a country practitioner. And he walks a good deal."

"Then I was right."

"To that extent."

"But that was all."

"No, no, my dear Watson, not all—by no means all. I would suggest, for example, that a presentation to a doctor is more likely to come from a hospital than from a hunt, and that when the initials 'C. C.' are placed before that hospital the words 'Charing Cross' very naturally suggest themselves."

"You may be right."

"The probability lies in that direction. And if we take this as a working

hypothesis we have a fresh basis from which to start our construction of this unknown visitor.”

“Well, then, supposing that ‘C. C. H.’ does stand for ‘Charing Cross Hospital,’ what further inferences may we draw?”

“Do none suggest themselves? You know my methods. Apply them!”

“I can only think of the obvious conclusion that the man has practised in town before going to the country.”

“I think that we might venture a little farther than this. Look at it in this light. On what occasion would it be most probable that such a presentation would be made? When would his friends unite to give him a pledge of their good will? Obviously at the moment when Dr. Mortimer withdrew from the service of the hospital in order to start in practice for himself. We know there has been a presentation. We believe there has been a change from a town hospital to a country practice. Is it, then, stretching our inference too far to say that the presentation was on the occasion of the change?”

“It certainly seems probable.”

“Now, you will observe that he could not have been on the staff of the hospital, since only a man well-established in a London practice could hold such a position, and such a one would not drift into the country. What was he, then? If he was in the hospital and yet not on the staff he could only have been a house-surgeon or a house-physician—little more than a senior student. And he left five years ago—the date is on the stick. So your grave, middle-aged family practitioner vanishes into thin air, my dear Watson, and there emerges a young fellow under thirty, amiable, unambitious, absent-minded, and the possessor of a favourite dog, which I should describe roughly as being larger than a terrier and smaller than a mastiff.”

I laughed incredulously as Sherlock Holmes leaned back in his settee and blew little wavering rings of smoke up to the ceiling.

“As to the latter part, I have no means of checking you,” said I, “but at least it is not difficult to find out a few particulars about the man’s age and professional career. “From my small medical shelf I took down the Medical Directory and turned up the name. There were several Mortimers, but only one who could be our visitor. I read his record aloud.

“Mortimer, James, M.R.C.S., 1882, Grimpen, Dartmoor, Devon. House-surgeon, from 1882 to 1884, at Chafing Cross Hospital. Winner of the Jackson prize for Comparative Pathology, with essay entitled ‘Is Disease a Reversion?’ Corresponding member of the Swedish Pathological Society. Author of ‘Some Freaks of Atavism’ (*Lancet* 1882). ‘Do We Progress?’ (*Journal of Psychology*, March, 1883). Medical Officer for the parishes of Grimpen, Thorsley, and High Barrow.”

“No mention of that local hunt, Watson,” said Holmes with a mischievous smile, “but a country doctor, as you very astutely observed. I think that I am fairly justified in my inferences. As to the adjectives, I said, if I remember right, amiable, unambitious, and abesen-minded. It is my experience that it is only an amiable man in this world who receives testimonials, only an unambitious one who abandons a London career for the country, and only an absentminded one who leaves his stick and not his visiting-card after waiting an hour in your room.”

“And the dog?”

“Has been in the habit of carrying this stick behind his master. Being a heavy stick the dog has held it tightly by the middle, and the marks of his teeth are very plainly visible. The dog’s jaw, as shown in the space between these marks, is too broad in my opinion for a terrier and not broad enough for a mastiff. It may have been—yes, by Jove, it is a curly-haired spaniel.”

He had risen and paced the room as he spoke. Now he halted in the recess of the window. There was such a ring of conviction in his voice that I glanced up in surprise.

“My dear fellow, how can you possibly be so sure of that?”

“For the very simple reason that I see the dog himself on our very door-step, and there is the ring of its owner. Don’t move, I beg you, Watson. He is a professional brother of yours, and your presence may be of assistance to me. Now is the dramatic moment of fate, Watson, when you hear a step upon the stair which is walking into your life, and you know not whether for good or ill. What does Dr. James Mortimer, the man of science, ask of Sherlock Holmes, the specialist in crime? Come in!”

The appearance of our visitor was a surprise to me, since I had expected a

typical country practitioner. He was a very tall, thin man, with a long nose like a beak, which jutted out between two keen, gray eyes, set closely together and sparkling brightly from behind a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. He was clad in a professional but rather slovenly fashion, for his frock-coat was dingy and his trousers frayed. Though young, his long back was already bowed, and he walked with a forward thrust of his head and a general air of peering benevolence. As he entered his eyes fell upon the stick in Holmes's hand, and he ran towards it with an exclamation of joy. "I am so very glad," said he. "I was not sure whether I had left it here or in the Shipping Office. I would not lose that stick for the world."

"A presentation, I see," said Holmes.

"Yes, sir."

"From Charing Cross Hospital?"

"From one or two friends there on the occasion of my marriage."

"Dear, dear, that's bad!" said Holmes, shaking his head.

Dr. Mortimer blinked through his glasses in mild astonishment.

"Why was it bad?"

"Ohly that you have disarranged our little deductions. Your marriage, you say?"

"Yes, sir. I married, and so left the hospital, and with it all hopes of a consulting practice. It was necessary to make a home of my own."

"Come, come, we are not so far wrong, after all," said Holmes. "And now, Dr. James Mortimer—"

"Mister, sir Mister—a humble M. R. C. S."

"And a man of precise mind, evidently."

"A dabbler in science, Mr. Holmes, a picker up of shells on the shores of the great unknown ocean. I presume that it is Mr. Sherlock Holmes whom I am addressing and not—"

"No, this is my friend Dr. Watson."

"Glad to meet you, sir. I have heard your name mentioned in connection with that of your friend. You interest me very much, Mr. Holmes. I had hardly expected so dolichocephalic a skull or such well-marked supra-orbital development. Would you have any objection to my running my finger along

your parietal fissure? A cast of your skull, sir, until the original is available, would be an ornament to any anthropological museum. It is not my intention to be fulsome, but I confess that I covet your skull.”

Sherlock Holmes waved our strange visitor into a chair. “You are an enthusiast in your line of thought, I perceive, sir, as I am in mine,” said he. “I observe from your forefinger that you make your own cigarettes. Have no hesitation in lighting one.”

The man drew out paper and tobacco and twirled the one up in the other with surprising dexterity. He had long, quivering fingers as agile and restless as the antennae of an insect.

Holmes was silent, but his little darting glances showed me the interest which he took in our curious companion.

“I presume, sir,” said he at last, “that it was not merely for the purpose of examining my skull that you have done me the honour to call here last night and again to-day?”

“No, sir, no; though I am happy to have had the opportunity of doing that as well. I came to you, Mr. Holmes, because I recognized that I am myself an unpractical man and because I am suddenly confronted with a most serious and extraordinary problem. Recognizing, as I do, that you are the second highest expert in Europe—”

“Indeed, sir! May I inquire who has the honour to be the first?” asked Holmes with some asperity.

“To the man of precisely scientific mind the work of Monsieur Bertillon must always appeal strongly.”

“Then had you not better consult him?”

“I said, sir, to the precisely scientific mind. But as a practical man of affairs it is acknowledged that you stand alone. I trust, sir that I have not inadvertently—”

“Just a little,” said Holmes. “I think, Dr. Mortimer, you would do wisely if without more ado you would kindly tell me plainly what the exact nature of the problem is in which you demand my assistance.”

第二章 巴斯克维尔的诅咒

Chapter 2 The Curse of the Baskervilles



詹姆士·莫提默医生从口袋中掏出一张旧手稿，告诉福尔摩斯这是查理士·巴斯克维尔爵士让他保管的他们家族的文件。福尔摩斯看到文件上面写着一七四二年，莫提默医生告诉他们，文件是关于巴斯克维尔猎犬的传说。

传说当年残暴、邪恶的修果·巴斯克维尔爱上了附近一个少女。一次趁其父、兄不在家时把少女抢回了庄园。当晚，在修果与同伴饮酒作乐时，少女冒险从窗户抓着长青藤下来，向父亲的农场奔去。

修果发现后冲到房外，放出猎狗、骑上马，追了出去。其余的人也随后跟去。在野外，一位夜牧人告诉他们修果过去后一个魔犬般的东西跟在他后面。他们又走了一段发现修果的马死在那里，大部分人不敢走了，有三人继续追了过去。

走到前面，他们发现了死于恐惧的少女。有一只黑色的野兽正在撕扯躺在地下的修果，三人中一人吓死，其余二人也吓疯了。之后巴斯克维尔家族便告诫后代：在阴森的夜晚不要穿过野外荒地。

福尔摩斯认为这是神话故事，莫提默医生又掏出近期报纸，上面记载了查理士·巴斯克维尔爵士死亡一事。

原来巴斯克维尔在南非赚了一大笔钱，回到英国。因孤身一人，曾公开表示，要让住在自己附近的人得到好处。

查理士虽然富有，但庄园内仅雇用了拜瑞莫夫妇。查理士有每晚散步的习惯，五月四日，他宣布第二天去伦敦，让拜瑞莫替他收拾行李。他照

