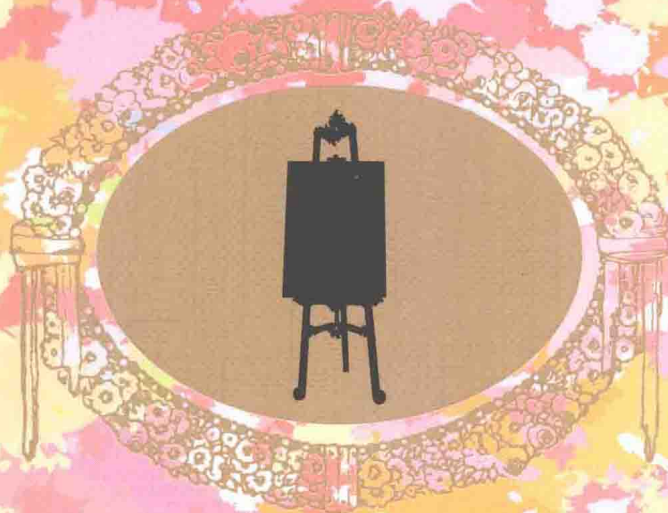


【 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版 】
凡尔纳科幻经典丛书



隐身新娘

[法] 凡尔纳 著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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The Secret of Wilhelm Storitz

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内 容 简 介

《隐身新娘》是一部充满传奇与幻想的科幻著作。故事的主人公麦娜是一位美丽、善良的姑娘，她与英俊的青年画家马克相恋、相爱。而就在他们准备举行婚礼的前夕，迷恋麦娜的斯托里茨企图用卑鄙的手段让这对有情人解除婚约。同时，他们所在的城市——拉兹城出现了一些奇怪的现象，一个隐身人给整个城市带来阴影。不过不管过程如何坎坷、神奇，这对有情人终成眷属。故事情节跌宕起伏、引人入胜。该书至今已被译成世界上多种文字。书中所展现的神奇故事联运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和科普读本，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，同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。

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儒勒·凡尔纳（Jules Verne, 1828—1905），法国著名作家，现代科幻小说的奠基人，被誉为“世界科幻小说之父”、“科学时代的预言家”。他一生共创作了六十多部充满神奇与浪漫的科幻小说，代表作有《格兰特船长的儿女》、《海底两万里》和《神秘岛》等，这些小说被译成世界上几十种文字，并无数次被搬上银幕，在世界上广为流传。

1828年2月8日，凡尔纳出生在法国西部海港南特。他自幼热爱海洋，向往远航探险。他的父亲是一位事业成功的律师，并希望凡尔纳日后也以律师作为职业。18岁时，他遵从父训到巴黎攻读法律。可是他对法律毫无兴趣，却爱上了文学和戏剧。1863年，他发表了第一部科幻小说《气球上的五星期》，之后又出版了使他获得巨大声誉的科幻小说三部曲：《格兰特船长的儿女》、《海底两万里》和《神秘岛》。凡尔纳的科幻小说是真实性与大胆幻想的结合：奇幻的故事情节、鲜明的人物形象、丰富而奇妙的想象、浓郁的浪漫主义风格和生活情趣，使之产生了巨大的艺术魅力，赢得了全世界各国读者，特别是青少年读者的喜爱。他的作品中所表现的自然科学方面的许多预言和假设，在他去世之后得以印证和实现，至今仍然启发着人们的想象力和创造力。

凡尔纳的科幻小说有两大特点。第一，他的作品是丰富的幻想和科学知识的结合。虽然凡尔纳笔下的幻想极为奇特、大胆，但其中有着坚实的科学基础，这些作品既是科学精神的幻想曲，也是富有幻想色彩的科学预言，他的许多科幻猜想最后变成了现实。例如，他不仅在小说《从地球到月球》中用大炮将探月飞行器送上太空，甚至还将发射场安排在了美国佛罗里达州，这正是“阿波罗登月计划”的发射场；他在小说《海底两万里》中虚构了“鹦鹉螺号”潜水艇，在该小说出版10年后，第一艘真正的潜水艇才下水；在《征服者罗比尔》中有一个类似直升飞机的飞行器，数十年后人类才将这一设想变成了现实。此外，他的小说中还出现了电视、霓



虹灯、导弹、坦克和太空飞船等科学技术应用概念，而这些后来都变成了现实。第二，他的作品中的主人公是一些鲜明、生动而富有进取心和正义感的人物，他们或是地理发现者、探险家、科学家、发明家，他们具有超人的智慧、坚强的毅力和执著不懈的精神；或是反对民族歧视、民族压迫的战士，反对社会不公的抗争者，追求自由的旅行家，在他们身上具有反压迫、反强权、反传统的战斗精神，他们热爱自由、热爱平等，维护人的尊严。凡尔纳所塑造的这些人物形象，他们远大的理想、坚强的性格、优秀的品质和高尚的情操已赢得了亿万读者的喜爱和尊敬，并一直成为人们向往的偶像和学习的榜样。

1900 年，儒勒·凡尔纳的第一部中译本小说《八十天周游世界》（当时的中文译名是《八十日环游记》）被介绍给中国的读者，直至新中国成立之前，陆续又有梁启超、鲁迅等文化名人将凡尔纳的作品翻译出版。20 世纪 50 年代后期，凡尔纳的科幻小说又开始为国内翻译界和出版界所关注。20 世纪 80 年代，凡尔纳的作品再次受到读者的青睐，国内许多出版社相继翻译出版了凡尔纳的科幻小说，一时形成了“凡尔纳热”。时至今日，凡尔纳的科幻小说仍然显示出旺盛的生命力。基于以上原因，我们决定编译凡尔纳系列科幻小说中被公认的经典名篇，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，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。我们相信，这些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。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书中的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT，还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在 TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、



SAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由王勋编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。

啄木鸟教育（www.zmnedu.com）

2014 年 5 月



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第一章

Chapter 1



亨利·韦德尔于一七五七年四月四日收到了弟弟马克·韦德尔的来信，邀请他作为一家之长去参加自己的婚礼。

马克比哥哥小八岁，今年二十八岁，是一位颇受欢迎的肖像画家。他在布达佩斯期间画了几幅非常成功的肖像画，后来到了匈牙利重镇拉兹城。

拉兹城名门之一的罗德里克医生家资雄厚、医术高超，家庭成员只有妻子、儿子哈拉朗上尉和女儿麦娜。

马克经常去医生家，被麦娜吸引，同样他也吸引了麦娜。马克请大哥去，以便确定婚期；而麦娜也想见一下这位大家推崇的大哥，并由此判断一下自己将要进入的家庭。

亨利也乐意趁这次机会欣赏匈牙利的风光，决定乘船经多瑙河前往拉兹城。亨利处理了几样紧急事务，办齐马克需要的文件，准备了简单的行李。

亨利写信给马克，告诉自己即将启程，具体到达日期现在还无法确定，必要时可发电报告诉他自己到达拉兹城的时间。

出发前的四月十三日晚，亨利到秘书长的办公室提交辞呈并领取护照。秘书长已于头天晚上在奥地利大使馆举办的晚会上，从刚回国的一位布达佩斯卫戍区的一名军官那里知道了他弟弟的婚事，并提起了麦娜小姐曾被化学家奥多·斯托里茨的儿子威廉·斯托里茨追求，但被罗德里克医生一口回绝了。亨利的朋友提醒他威廉为人很不安分，需要提防。

亨利表示，自己会提防着他，便回去做最后的准备。



收到弟弟的来信

‘And do come as soon as you can my dear Henri; I am waiting impatiently for you. Besides, the country is magnificent, and this district in Lower Hungary is just the thing to interest an engineer. Were it only from that point of view, you would not regret making the journey.

Very Heartily Yours,

Marc Vidal’

Thus ended the letter which I received from my brother on 4th April, 1757.

No premonitory warning marked the arrival of this letter, which reached me in the usual way, by the successive interventions of the messenger, the porter and my valet, who, without imagining the importance of his gesture, offered it to me on a salver with his accustomed calm.

And I too was calm when I opened the letter and when I read it right to the end, right to these last lines which nonetheless contained the seed of the extraordinary events in which I was to be involved.

Such is the blindness of men! It is thus that, unknown to them, there is secretly woven the mysterious drama of their fate!

My brother was speaking the truth. I do not regret that journey. But am I right to describe it? Are there not some things regarding which it is better to keep silent? Who will put faith in so strange a story, which even the most daring poet would hardly have dared to write?

Well, so let it be! I shall run the risk. Whether I ought to be believed or not, I am giving way to an irresistible need to live once again this series of amazing events, to which my brother’s letter forms, so to speak, a sort of prologue.

My brother Marc, then twenty-eight years old, had already obtained a gratifying success as a portrait-painter. The most tender, the closest affection bound us together. On my side, too, there was a little paternal affection, for I was his elder by eight years. While still young, we had been deprived of our father and mother and it had been myself, the big brother, who had undertaken to educate Marc. As he showed an amazing aptitude for painting. I had urged him into that career, in which he was to gain a well-merited success.

But here was Marc on the eve of getting married. For some time now he

had been staying at Ragz, an important town in Southern Hungary. Several weeks spent at Budapest, where he had painted a number of successful and wellpaid portraits, had enabled him to appreciate the welcome which artists receive in Hungary. Then he had gone down the Danube from Budapest to Ragz.

Among the foremost families of the town was that of Doctor Roderich, one of the most renowned physicians in all Hungary. To a considerable inheritance he had added a large fortune gained in the practice of his art. During the holidays which he allowed himself every year and which he spent in travelling, the rich invalids deplored his absence. So did the poor, for he never refused them his services. nor did his charity disdain even the most humble, and this had gained him universal esteem.

His family consisted of the Doctor himself, his wife, his son Captain Haralan, and his daughter Myra. Marc had not been able to frequent that hospitable house without being touched by the young lady's grace and beauty, and this had greatly prolonged his stay in Ragz. But if Myra Roderich attracted him, it is not too much to say that he had attracted her. It will be agreed that he deserved it, for Marc was—thank Heaven he still is! —a fine charming fellow, somewhat about middle height, with lively blue eyes, chestnut hair, a poet's forehead, the happy expression of one to whom life offers itself in its pleasantest aspects, a friendly character with the temperament of an artist fanatically devoted to beauty.

As for Myra Roderich, I knew her only through Marc's impassioned letters, and I was burning with a desire to see her. My brother wanted no less to introduce me to her. He begged me to come to Ragz as head of the family, and he insisted that I should stay at least a month. His fiancée—he never stopped telling me—was impatiently waiting for me; and as soon as I arrived they would fix the wedding-day. But first Myra wanted to see with her own eyes, her future brother-in-law, whom he had extolled so highly in every way—that was really how she expressed herself, it seems! The least thing one can do is to be able to judge for oneself the members of the family which one means to enter. Indeed, she would not say the fatal yes, until Henri had been introduced by Marc.

All this my brother excitedly told me in his letters, and I could feel that he was head-over-heels in love with Myra Roderich.

I have explained that I knew her only by Marc's enthusiastic words. And yet, as my brother was an artist, he would have found it easy to take her as his model, and to send her on canvas, or at least on paper, in a graceful pose and clad in her prettiest dress. I would then have been able to admire her, *de visu*, as they say. But Myra would not agree. It was in person that she would appear to my dazzled eyes, declared Marc, who, I fancy, had not tried too hard to make her change her mind. What the two of them wanted was to get Henri Vidal to put his engineering on one side, and to show himself in the Roderich drawing-room as the first of the wedding-guests.

Did it take so many reasons to make me decide? Most certainly not, and I should not have allowed my brother to get married without being present at the wedding. Before very long I should make the acquaintance of Myra Roderich, and that too before she had become my sister-in-law.

What was more, as the letter had told me, I should find it both pleasant and profitable to visit that part of Hungary. This is above all the country of the Magyars whose past is so rich in heroic deeds, and who, refusing to mix with the German peoples, have taken a leading place in the history of Central Europe.

I decided to travel partly by post-chaise, partly down the Danube, on the journey out, and by post-chaise all the way when I came back. Everything showed the magnificence of this river, which I should follow only beyond Vienna. If I did not traverse the seven hundred leagues of its course I should see at least its most interesting part, across Austria and Hungary as far as Ragz, near the Serbian frontier.

It seemed to me that three months would be enough for the journey I had in mind. I would spend a month between Paris and Ragz; Myra Roderich would not be too impatient and would allow the traveller this delay. After a stay of the same length in my brother's new fatherland, the rest of the time would be devoted to my return to France.

After putting my urgent affairs in order and getting some documents which Marc needed, I made ready for the start.

My preparations were quite simple and did not take up much time, as I did not mean to load myself with luggage. I would only take one trunk, of reasonable size, containing the ceremonial attire necessitated by the solemn event which called me into Hungary.

I need not worry about the language of the country, having become familiar with German during my travels. As for the Magyar tongue, perhaps I should not find too much difficulty in understanding it. Moreover, French is spoken fluently in Hungary, at least among the upper classes, and my brother had never had any trouble on this account beyond the Austrian frontier.

‘You are French, you have a citizen’s rights in Hungary,’ a nobleman had said to one of our compatriots, and in that cordial sentence he had interpreted the feeling of the Magyar people towards France.

So I wrote to Marc in reply to his last letter, begging him to tell Myra Roderich that my impatience was as great as her own, and that the future brother-in-law was burning with anxiety to know his future sister-in-law. I added that I was going to set out quite soon but that I could not be certain what day I would arrive at Ragz, that would depend on the chances of the journey. But I assured my brother that I would certainly not lag on the way. So if the Roderich family wished it, they could without further delay fix the date of the marriage, towards the end of May.

‘Please don’t overwhelm me with curses,’ I ended, ‘if all my stages are not marked by a letter informing you of my presence in this town or that. I shall write sometimes, just enough to allow Mademoiselle Myra to estimate the number of leagues which still separate me from her home. But later on I shall tell you in good time the hour, and if possible the minute, when I shall arrive.’

On the evening of my departure, 13th April, I went to the office of the Police-Lieutenant, with whom I was on friendly terms, to bid him farewell and to get my passport. In giving it to me he loaded me with a thousand compliments for my brother, whom he knew by reputation and personally, and whose proposed marriage he had heard of.

‘I know too,’ he added, ‘that the family of Doctor Roderich, which your brother is going to enter, is one of the most honourable in Ragz.’

‘Somebody’s mentioned it to you?’ I asked.

‘Yes, only yesterday, at a party given by the Austrian Ambassador which I

attended!’

‘And who gave you this information?’

‘An officer from Budapest, who had got friendly with your brother during his stay in the Hungarian Capital; he praised him very highly. His success was remarkable, and the welcome which he had received at Budapest he also found waiting for him at Ragz. That ought not to surprise us, my dear Vidal.’

‘But,’ I insisted, ‘that officer didn’t spare his praise regarding the Roderich family?’

‘Surely not. The Doctor is a savant in every sense of the word. He is renowned throughout Austria-Hungary. He has received every distinction, and on the whole it is a splendid marriage that your brother’s going to make, for it seems that Mademoiselle Myra Roderich is a very attractive person.’

‘You won’t be surprised, my friend,’ I replied, ‘when I tell you that Marc thinks she is, and that he seems very much smitten with her.’

‘That’s all for the best, my dear Vidal, and I would like you to convey my congratulations and my good wishes to your brother, whose happiness will be enough to make everybody jealous... but,’ my friend hesitated, ‘I don’t know if I am committing an indiscretion ... in telling you ...’

‘An indiscretion?’ I was amazed.

‘So your brother hasn’t told you that a few months before he reached Ragz...’

‘Before he reached Ragz ... ?’ I repeated.

‘Yes Mademoiselle Myra Roderich ... After all, my dear Vidal, it’s possible that your brother didn’t know about it.’

‘Explain yourself, my friend, because I can’t see at all what you are driving at.—

‘Well, it seems—which ought not to surprise us—that Mademoiselle Roderich has already been sought after, and what is more, by a personage who, it seems, is not of the most estimable type. That, at least, is what my friend the officer told me; it happened five weeks ago, while he was still at Budapest.’

‘And this rival?’

‘Doctor Roderich showed him to the door.’

‘Well then, there’s no need to worry about him. Anyhow, if Marc did know he had a rival, he’s not mentioned it in his letters. Indeed, he hasn’t said a

word about it. So it can't be so very important.'

'That's quite true, my dear Vidal, and yet the claims of this personage to the hand of Mademoiselle Roderich have made some stir in Ragz, and are maybe more important than you think.'

'No doubt, and you've done well to warn me, so long as it's not mere gossip!'

'No, the information is quite serious.'

'But the matter isn't,' I replied, 'and that's the main thing.' Then as I was going. 'By the way, my friend,' I asked, 'did the officer mention the name of this rival who's been shown the door?'

'Yes,'

'And he's called?'

'Wilhelm Storitz.'

'Wilhelm Storitz? The son of the chemist, or rather of the alchemist?'

'Exactly.'

'Well, that is a name! The name of a savant whose discoveries have made him famous.'

'And of whom Germany is justly very proud, my dear Vidal.'

'Isn't he dead?'

'Yes, several years ago, but his son is still alive; and what's more, according to my informant, this Wilhelm Storitz is a disquieting sort of man.'

'Disquieting? What do you mean by that, my friend?'

'I don't know how to tell you, but, to believe my officer friend, Wilhelm Storitz isn't, like other men.'

'Well!' I joked, 'that's something really interesting! Has this lovesick swain got three legs, or four arms, or only a sixth sense?'

'It isn't very clear,' laughed my friend, 'but I have to suppose that the term applies rather to the moral than to the physical condition of Wilhelm Storitz, of whom, so I am led to understand, it's as well to be wary.'

'And we shall be wary, my friend, at least until the day when Mademoiselle Myra Roderich shall become Madame Marc Vidal.'

Thereupon, without otherwise troubling myself about this information, I exchanged a cordial hand-shake with the lieutenant of police, and went home to finish my preparations for my departure.

第二章

Chapter 2



亨利离开巴黎时是四月十四日早七点，十天后到达了奥地利的首都维也纳。亨利在那里停留了三十六个小时后，乘上了“马提亚·高万号”船去拉兹。

船的前舱装满了货物，旅客们都在后舱。河流中，各种鼓满风帆的船在河中穿梭往来。“马提亚·高万号”船驶过两岸郁郁葱葱的森林，使人感到格外赏心悦目。

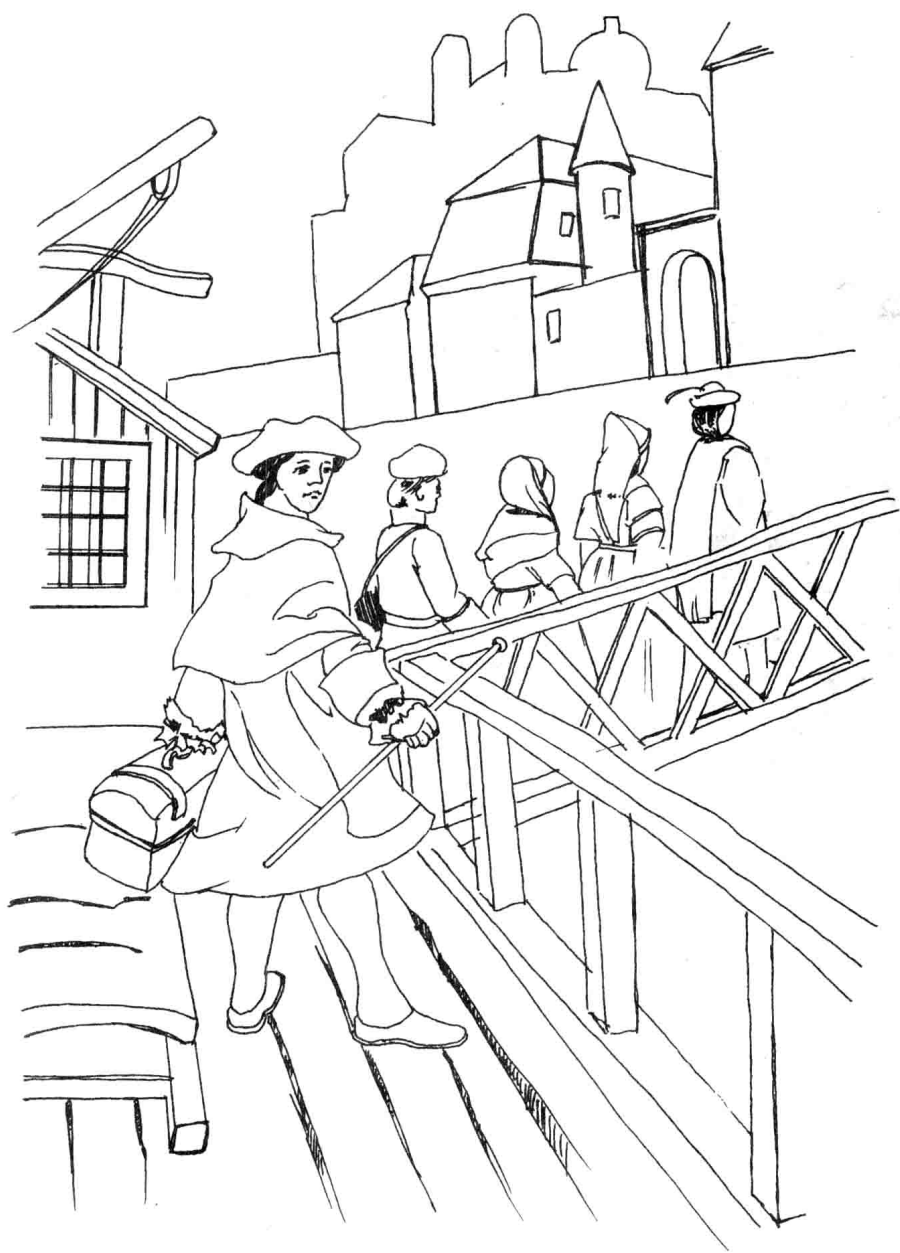
途中，船在布达佩斯停留了几天。在启程的前一天晚上，亨利在咖啡馆看报纸，上面登着五月二十五日在斯普伦贝格庆祝奥多·斯托里茨诞辰的文章。文章中说在这位科学生前，很多人把他当巫师，现在有人传说庆祝会时他的坟墓将炸开，科学家将复活；还有人认为科学家根本就没死。

亨利看了报纸后想，这位科学家的儿子会不会在婚礼上制造麻烦呢？亨利让人拿来笔和纸给马克写信，告诉他自己将于五月十一日晚到达，并向罗德里克家问好。

第二天八点，“马提亚·高万号”继续航行，船上又添了几位乘客。一个大约三十五岁的高个子德国人引起了亨利的注意。这人傲慢无礼、十分冷酷。

一天亨利在船上看风暴，感到身后有人注视他。回头看，却没有一个人。他感到很奇怪。

五月九日，船再次起航。九点时，亨利到甲板上时差点和那位德国人撞上。亨利从德国人的眼光里看到了仇恨。他们素不相识；也许可以从行



船终于到达拉兹