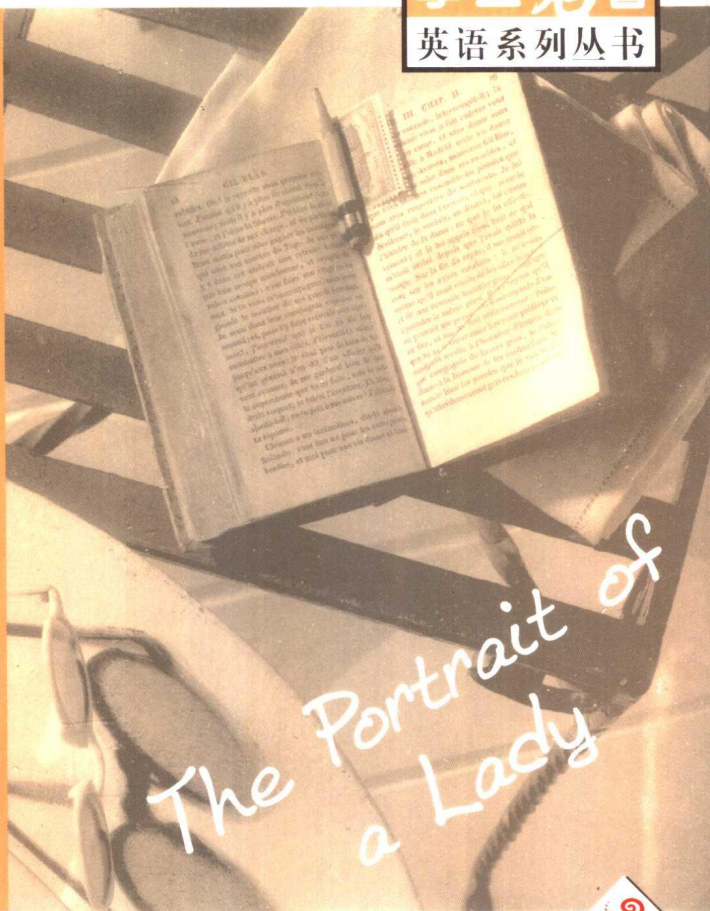


- 原 著 / [英]亨利·詹姆斯
- 改 写 / 思马得学校
- 总 策 划 / 苑 涛 杨恒达 樊一昕

思 马 得
掌上名著
英语系列丛书

贵夫人画像



The Portrait of
a Lady

- 标明“背诵部分”，精选出背诵与记忆的要点
- 设有“读书笔记”区，助你轻松阅读并做好属于自己的笔记
- 难词、难句、难点，好句子均在文中标出，让你随时得到“名师”的指点

W 世界图书出版公司

贵夫人画像

The Portrait of a Lady

Henry James

[英]亨利·詹姆斯 著

苑 涛 杨恒达 樊一昕 丛书总策划

思马得学校 改 写

世界图书出版公司

上海·西安·北京·广州

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

贵夫人画像:英文/(英)亨利·詹姆斯(Henry James)著;思马得学校改写.
—上海:上海世界图书出版公司,2004.3
(思马得掌上名著英语系列丛书)
ISBN 7-5062-6166-9

I. 贵... II. ①亨... ②思... III. 英语-语言读物,小说
IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2003)第 125289 号

贵夫人画像

思马得学校 改写

上海世界图书出版公司 出版发行

(上海市尚文路 185 号 B 楼,邮编:200010)

常熟市大宏印刷有限公司印刷

如发现印装质量问题,请与印刷厂联系调换

(质检科电话:0512-52621873)

各地新华书店经销

开本:880×1230 1/32 印张:7 字数:200 700

2004 年 3 月第 1 版 2004 年 3 月第 1 次印刷

印数:1-4 000 册

ISBN 7-5062-6166-9/H·445

定价:10.00 元

前 言

阅读英文名著是提高英文水平的最佳方式,但很多学生往往会走入追求故事情节的误区,读完之后收获甚微。

我们的调查结果令人瞠目:大多数学生在读完英文名著之后却不能正确拼出书名、作者名与主要人物名,更不知道其中的经典名句。因此,思马得呼吁读者要走上正确的阅读之路,这套“引导式”的掌上名著便应运而生了。

本书的特点与使用方法如下:

1. 特别设有“背诵部分”,精选出了背诵与记忆要点,要求读者将此部分完全背熟;
2. 将复杂且难以理解的句子用下划 波浪线 标出,并加以中文注释;
3. 将难词标出并进行注释,省去查字典的麻烦;
4. 将好句子用 **黑体加斜体** 标出,让读者随时得到“老师”的指导;
5. 编排方式上采取左右对照的方式,特设“**读书笔记**”区,不仅有全方位的注释,还可以让读者做好属于自己的笔记。

由于时间有限,疏忽之处在所难免,欢迎读者指正。

思马得学校图书编辑部

2004年3月



Brief comment and general introduction

简 评 与 梗 概

The *Portrait of a Lady* is the most stunning achievement of Henry James's early period—in the 1860s and '70s when he was transforming himself from a talented young American into a resident of Europe, a citizen of the world, and one of the greatest novelists of modern times. A kind of delight at the success of this transformation informs every page of this masterpiece. Isable Archer, a beautiful, intelligent, and headstrong American girl newly endowed with wealth and embarked in Europe on a treacherous journey to self-knowledge, is delineated with a magnificence that is at once casual and tense with force and insight. The characters with whom she is entangled—the good man and the evil one, between whom she wavers, and the mysterious witchlike woman with whom she must do battle—are each rendered with a virtuosity that suggests dazzling imaginative powers. And the scene painting—in England and Italy—provides a continuous visual pleasure while always remaining crucial to the larger drama.



背 诵 部 分

1. 书名: The Portrait of a Lady 贵夫人画像

2. 作者: Henry James 亨利·詹姆斯 (1843~1916)

3. 主要人物:

Isabel Archer	伊莎贝尔·阿切尔
Ralph Touchett	拉尔夫·杜歇
Lord Warburton	沃伯顿勋爵
Gilbert Osmond	吉尔伯特·奥斯蒙德

4. 叙述方式: Third person narration (第三人称叙述)

5. Good Quotations: (好句子)
 - (1) *The importance of what had happened was out of proportion to its appearance; there had really been a change in the life. What it would bring with it was as yet extremely indefinite.*



- (2) ***“I’ve always been intensely determined to be happy, and I’ve often believed I should be. But it comes over me every now and then that I can never be happy in any extraordinary way; not by turning away, by separating myself.”***
- (3) ***“I don’t see what harm there is in my wishing not to tie myself. I don’t want to begin life by marrying. There are other things a woman can do.”***
- (4) ***A large fortune means freedom. It’s such a fine thing, and one should make such a good use of it. If one shouldn’t one would be ashamed.***
- (5) ***The elation of success, which surely now flamed high, emitted meanwhile very little smoke for so brilliant a blaze, Contentment took no vulgar form; excitement, in the most self-conscious of men, was a kind of ecstasy of self-control.***
- (6) ***There’s nothing makes us feel so much alive as to see others die. That’s the sensation of life—the sense that we remain.***



- (7) ***Life is better for in life there's love. Death is good—but there's no love.***
- (8) ***"Here on my knees, with you dying in my arms, I'm happier than I have been for a long time. And I want you to be happy—not to think of anything sad; only to feel that I'm near you and I love you. Why should there be pain? In such hours as this what have we to do with pain? That's not the deepest thing; there's something deeper."***



Chapter 1

The shadows on the perfect lawn were straight and angular; they were the shadows of an old man sitting in a deep wicker^①-chair near the low table on which the tea had been served, and of two younger men strolling to and fro, in desultory^② talk, in front of him.

The old gentleman at the tea-table, who had come from America thirty years before, had brought with him, at the top of his baggage, his American physiognomy; and he had not only brought it with him, but he had kept it in the best order, so that, if necessary, he might have taken it back to his own country with perfect confidence. At present, obviously, nevertheless, he was not likely to displace himself; his journeys were over and he was taking the rest that precedes the great rest.

One of these was a remarkably well-made man of five-and-thirty, with a face as English as that of the old gentleman I have just sketched was something else; a noticeably handsome face, fresh-coloured, fair and frank, with firm, straight features, a lively grey eye and the rich adornment of a chestnut beard. This person had a certain fortunate, brilliant exceptional look—he air of a happy temperament fertilised by a

①[ˈwɪkə] n. 柳条; a. 柳条制的

②[ˈdesəlt(ə)rɪ] a. 散漫的, 不连贯的, 断断续续的

[除了他的行李外,他还带来了具有美国人特征的相貌。他不仅带来了它,而且还将那特征保持得极为完好无损。]



high civilisation—which would have made almost any observer envy him at a venture. He was the visitor to the Touchett's and usually called Lord Warburton.

His companion, measuring the length of the lawn beside him, was a person of quite a different pattern, who, although he might have excited grave curiosity, would not, like the other, have provoked you to wish yourself, almost blindly, in his place. Tall, lean, loosely and feebly put together, he had an ugly, sickly, witty^①, charming face, furnished, but by no means decorated, with a straggling moustache and whisker. Whenever he passed the old man in the chair he rested his eyes upon him; and at this moment, with their faces brought into relation, you would easily have seen they were father and son. "I'm getting on very well", the son said, whose name was Ralph.

A momentary silence appeared after a round of heated discussion among them about life. Lord Warburton began again, "If I marry an interesting woman I shall be interested: is that what you say?" "I'm not at all keen about marrying—your son misrepresented me; but there's no knowing what an interesting woman might do with me."

"You may fall in love with whomsoever you please; but you mustn't fall in love with my niece", said the old man.

His son broke into a laugh. "He'll think you mean that as a provocation!"

①[¹'wɪtɪ] a. 机智的



读书笔记

“I haven't the honour of knowing your niece”, Lord Warburton said. “I think it's the first time I've heard of her.”

“She's a niece of my wife's; Mrs. Touchett brings her to England.”

Then young Mr. Touchett explained. “My mother, you know, has been spending the winter in America, and we're expecting her back. She writes that she has discovered a niece and that she has invited her to come out with her.”

“I see—very kind of her”, said Lord Warburton. “Is the young lady interesting?”

“We hardly know more about her than you; my mother has not gone into details.”

“You'll see for yourself”, said Lord Warburton. “When does Mrs. Touchett arrive?”

“We're quite in the dark; as soon as she can find a decent cabin. She may be waiting for it yet; on the other hand she may already have disembarked^① in England.”

“In that case she would probably have telegraphed to you.”

“She never telegraphs when you would expect it—only when you don't”, said the old man. “She likes to drop on me suddenly; she thinks she'll find me doing something wrong. She has never done so yet, but she's not discouraged.”

①[ˈdɪsmɪnˈbɑːk] v. (使)起岸,
(使)登陆



Chapter 2

When they approached the house, Ralph's attention was called to her by the conduct of his dog, who had suddenly darted^① forward with a little volley of shrill barks, in which the note of welcome, however, was more sensible than that of defiance^②. The person in question was a young lady, who seemed immediately to interpret the greeting of the small beast.

His master now had had time to follow and to see that Bunchie's new friend was a tall girl in a black dress, who at first sight looked pretty. She was bare-headed, as if she were staying in the house—a fact which conveyed perplexity to the son of its master, conscious of that immunity from visitors which had for some time been rendered necessary by the latter's ill-health. Meantime the two other gentlemen had also taken note of the new-comer.

"Dear me, who's that strange woman?" Mr. Touchett had asked.

"Perhaps it's Mrs. Touchett's niece—the independent young lady", Lord Warburton suggested.

"Probably?" the young man exclaimed, laughing. "I supposed it was quite settled! Have you arrived with my mother?"

"Yes, half an hour ago."

① [dɑ:t] *v.* 飞奔, 投掷

② [di'faɪəns] *n.* 挑战, 蔑视, 挑衅



读书笔记

“And has she deposited you and departed again?”

“No, she went straight to her room, and she told me that, if I should see you, I was to say to you that you must come to her there at a quarter to seven.”

The young man looked at his watch. “Thank you very much; I shall be punctual^①.” And then he looked at his cousin. “You’re very welcome here. I’m delighted to see you.”

“Is one of those gentlemen your father?”

“Yes, the elder one—the one sitting down”, said Ralph.

The girl gave a laugh. “I don’t suppose it’s the other. Who’s the other?”

“He’s a friend of ours—Lord Warburton.”

They had come by this time to where old Mr. Touchett was sitting, and he slowly got up from his chair to introduce himself.

“My mother has arrived”, said Ralph, “and this is Miss Archer.”

The old man placed his two hands on her shoulders, looked at her a moment with extreme benevolence and then gallantly kissed her.

“I’m sorry you’re out of health”, she said, resting her eyes upon her venerable^② host.

“Oh, I’m an old man, my dear; it’s time for me to be old. But I shall be the better for having you here.” She had been looking all round her again, and

①[ˈpʌŋktʃʊəl] a. 准时的

②[ˈvenərəbl] a. 庄严的, 古老的



读书笔记

exclaimed, "I've never seen anything so beautiful as this."

"I've got a very good one; I think in some respects it's rather better", said Lord Warburton, who as yet had not spoken, but who had kept an attentive eye upon Miss Archer. He slightly inclined himself, smiling; he had an excellent manner with women. The girl appreciated it in an instant; she had not forgotten that this was Lord Warburton. "I should like very much to show it to you", he added.

Lord Warburton was left standing with Ralph Touchett, to whom in a moment he said: "You wished a while ago to see my idea of an interesting woman. There it is!"



Chapter 3

Mrs. Touchett was certainly a person of many oddities, of which her behaviour on returning to her husband's house after many months was a noticeable specimen. She had her own way of doing all that she did.

She had taken up her niece—there was little doubt of that. One wet afternoon, some four months earlier than the occurrence lately narrated, this young lady had been seated alone with a book. To say she was so occupied is to say that her solitude did not press upon her; **for her love of knowledge had a fertilizing quality and her imagination was strong.**

“Ah”, said Isabel slowly, “you must be our crazy Aunt Lydia!”

“Is that what your father told you to call me? I'm your Aunt Lydia, but I'm not at all crazy: I haven't a delusion^①! And which of the daughters are you?”

“I'm the youngest of the three, and my name's Isabel.”

The aunt had quarrelled years before with her brother-in-law, after the death of her sister, taking him to task for the manner in which he brought up his three girls. For many years she held no communication with

① [dɪ'luzən] n. 错觉



him and after his death had addressed not a word to his daughters.

“You should go to Florence if you like houses in which things have happened—especially deaths. I live in an old palace in which three people have been murdered; three that were known and I don’t know how many more besides.”

Isabel felt some emotion, for she had always thought highly of her grandmother’s house. But the emotion was of a kind which led her to say: “I should like very much to go to Florence.”

“Well, if you’ll be very good, and do everything I tell you I’ll take you there”, Mrs. Touchett declared.

“And yet, to go to Florence”, the girl exclaimed in a moment, “I’d promise almost anything!”



Chapter 4

Left to herself for the evening she sat a while under the lamp, her hands empty, her usual avocations unheeded. Then she rose and moved about the room, and from one room to another, preferring the places where the vague lamplight expired. She was restless and even agitated; at moments she trembled a little.

The importance of what had happened was out of proportion to its appearance; there had really been a change in her life. What it would bring with it was as yet extremely indefinite.

The poor girl liked to be thought clever, but she hated to be thought bookish. She had a great desire for knowledge, and had an immense curiosity about life and was constantly staring and wondering.

The servant came in with the name of a gentleman. The name of the gentleman was Caspar Goodwood; he was a straight young man from Boston, who had known Miss Archer for the last twelve month and who, thinking her the most beautiful young woman of her time, had pronounced the time.

Now that she learned he was there, nevertheless, she felt no eagerness to receive him. He was the finest young man she had ever seen, was indeed quite a splendid young man; he inspired her with a

[她两手空着,没有像以往那样握着书。]