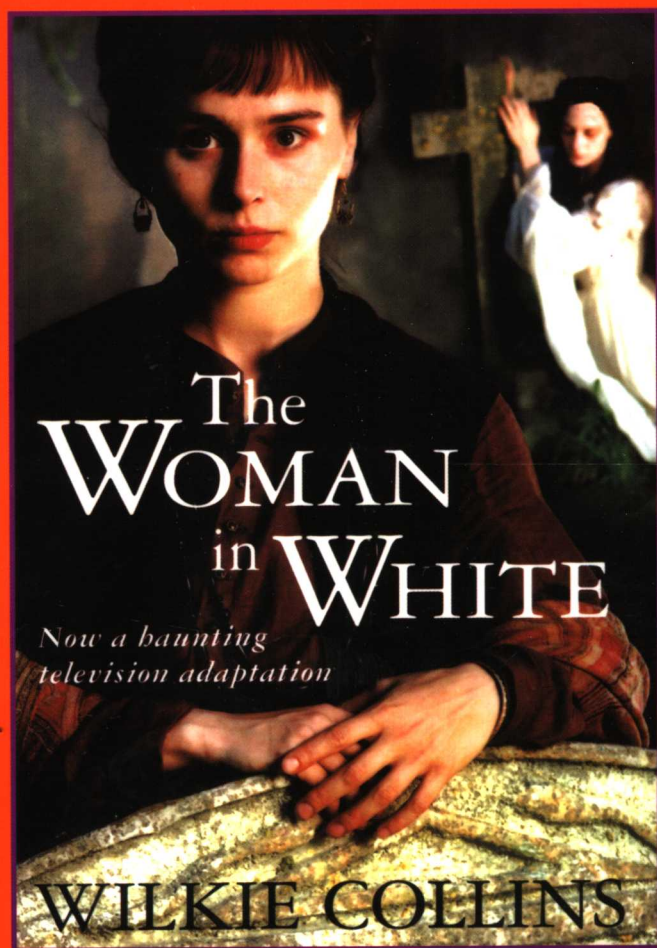




企鵝英語簡易讀物精選

白衣女人



世界圖書出版公司



① 企鹅英语简易读物精选 (大二学生)

The Woman in White

白衣女人

原
改
丛书

江苏工业学院图书馆

[英] Wilkie Collins

写: [英] Anne Collins

主编: [英] Andy Hopkins

[英] Jocelyn Potter

藏书章

(2300 - 3000 词)

世界图书出版公司



图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

白衣女人/[英]柯林斯 (Collins, W.) 著; [英]柯林斯 (Collins, A.) 改写. —北京:

世界图书出版公司北京公司, 2006.8

(企鹅英语简易读物精选·大二学生)

ISBN 7-5062-8534-7

I. 白… II. ①柯… ②柯… III. 英语—语言读物 IV. H319.4

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2006) 第 103165 号

This edition of *The Woman in White*, First Edition is published by arrangement with Pearson Education Limited and Penguin Books Limited.

Copyright © Penguin Books Ltd 1999

Illustrations copyright © David Cuzik 1999

企鹅英语简易读物精选 (大二学生)

白衣女人

原 著 者: Wilkie Collins

改 写 者: Anne Collins

责任编辑: 张颖颖 王志宇

出 版: 世界图书出版公司北京公司

发 行: 世界图书出版公司北京公司

(地址: 北京朝内大街 137 号 邮编: 100010 电话: 64077922)

销 售: 各地新华书店和外文书店

印 刷: 北京朝阳印刷厂有限责任公司

开 本: 889×1194 1/32

印 张: 3

版 次: 2006 年 8 月第 1 版 2006 年 8 月第 1 次印刷

版权登记: 图字 01 - 2006 - 5073

ISBN 7-5062-8534-7/H.944

版 权 所 有 翻 印 必 究

大量阅读简易读物 打好英语基础（代序）

北京外国语大学英语系历来都十分重视简易读物的阅读。我们要求学生在一、二年级至少要阅读几十本经过改写的、适合自己水平的英语读物。教学实践证明，凡是大量阅读了简易读物的学生，基础一般都打得比较扎实，英语实践能力都比较强，过渡到阅读英文原著困难也都比较小。这是我们几十年来屡试不爽的一条经验。

为什么强调在阅读英文原著之前必须阅读大量的简易读物呢？原因之一是简易读物词汇量有控制，内容比较浅易，而原著一般来说词汇量大，内容比较艰深。在打基础阶段，学生的词汇量比较小，阅读原著会遇到许多困难。在这种情况下，要保证足够的阅读量只能要求学生阅读简易读物。其次，简易读物使用的是常用词汇、短语和语法结构，大量阅读这类读物可以反复接触这些基本词语和语法，有助于他们打好基础，培养他们的英语语感。第三，简易读物大部分是文学名著改写而成，尽管情节和人物都大为简化，但依旧保留了文学名著的部分精华，仍不失为优秀读物。大量阅读这些读物对于拓宽学生视野、提高他们的人文素养大有帮助。

在这里我们还可以援引美国教学法家克拉申（Stephen Krashen）的一个著名观点。他认为，学生吸收外语有一个前提，即语言材料只能稍稍高于他们的语言理解水平，如果提供的语言材料难度大大超过学生的水平，就会劳而无功。这是克拉申关于外语学习的一个总的看法，但我们不妨把这个道理运用到阅读上。若要阅读有成效，必须严格控制阅读材料的难易度。目前学生阅读的英语材料往往过于艰深，词汇量过大，学生花了很多时间，而阅读量却仍然很小，进展缓慢，其结果是扼杀了学生的阅读兴趣，影响了他们的自信心。解决这个问题的关键是向学生提供适合他们水平的、词汇量有控制的、能够引起他们兴趣的英语读物。“企鹅英语简易读物精选”是专门为初、中级学习者编写的简易读物。这是一套充分考虑到学生的水平和需要，为他们设计的有梯度的读物，学生可以循序渐进，逐步提高阅读难度和扩大阅读量，从而提高自己的英语水平。

应该如何做才能取得最佳效果呢？首先，要选择难易度适当的读物。如果一页书上生词过多，读起来很吃力，进展十分缓慢，很可能选的材料太难了。不妨换一本容易些的。总的原则是宁易毋难。一般来说，学生选择的材料往往偏难，而不是过于浅易。其次，要尽可能读得快一些，不要一句一句地分析，更不要逐句翻译。读故事要尽快读进去，进入故事的情节，就像阅读中文小说一样。不必担心是否记住了新词语。阅读量大，阅读速度适当，就会自然而然地记住一些词语。这是自然吸收语言的过程。再次，阅读时可以做些笔记，但不必做太多的笔记；可以做一些配合阅读的练习，但不要在练习上花过多时间。主要任务还是阅读。好的读物不妨再读一遍，甚至再读两遍。你会发现在读第二遍时有一种如鱼得水的感觉。

青年朋友们，赶快开始你们的阅读之旅吧！它会把你们带进一个奇妙的世界，在那里你们可以获得一种全新的感受，观察世界也会有一种新的眼光。与此同时，你们的英语水平也会随之迅速提高。

Introduction

There, in the middle of the wide road – there, as if she had just that moment sprung out of the earth or dropped from heaven – stood the figure of a lonely woman, dressed from head to foot all in white.

'Is this the road to London?' she asked.

From the moment that Walter Hartright, a young art teacher, meets the mysterious Woman in White on a lonely road, his future and that of Laura, the woman he falls in love with, are linked to the strange woman's for ever.

Can Walter discover the terrible secret which the Woman in White knows about Laura's cruel husband, Sir Percival Glyde? Can he put right the wrongs done to Laura and her sister Marian by Sir Percival and his attractive but dangerous friend, Count Fosco? And is he too late to help the Woman in White herself?

Wilkie (William) Collins, the son of a painter, was born in London in 1824. He was educated privately and discovered his gift for storytelling while he was still a schoolboy. He was in business for a few years, and studied law, but he spent most of his life as a writer. His private life was very unusual for those times; he lived for years with a woman called Caroline Graves, and at the same time kept Martha Rudd, the mother of his three children, in a second home. He did not marry either of them.

Collins travelled as a child with his parents. As an adult, he spent time in France, Italy and the United States, often with his friend Charles Dickens, who had a great influence on him. He worked with Dickens on a number of theatrical and writing projects and wrote for his magazines.

Collins died in 1889. Before his death he gave instructions for the words that he wanted on his gravestone: his full name, dates of birth and death, followed by the words '*Author of The Woman in White* and

other works'. Like many of his readers, Collins regarded *The Woman in White* as his best novel, better even than his other great mystery novel, *The Moonstone* (1868), also in Penguin Readers.

Collins wrote articles, short stories and plays, and his first full-length work was the life of his father, which was published in 1848. He is best known, though, for his detective and mystery novels, especially those written in the 1860s; these made him one of the most popular writers of his time. The writer T. S. Eliot called *The Moonstone* 'the first, the longest and the best of modern English detective novels'. Collins used three kinds of detectives in his books: amateurs (like Walter Hartright and Marian Halcombe in *The Woman in White*), professional police detectives (Sergeant Cuff in *The Moonstone*, for example), and extremely unpleasant private investigators (like James Bashwood in Collins's novel *Armada*, 1866). These works sold widely in Britain, the United States and Europe, and were translated into many other languages. Collins's own advice to other writers was: 'Make 'em laugh, make 'em cry, make 'em wait'.

The novels that he wrote after 1870, which included occasional mystery stories, were generally less popular. Collins was repeatedly ill in this period, and he also appeared to be more concerned in his novels with social issues like divorce and the influence of Jesuit priests than with the quality of his stories.

The Woman in White was Collins's fifth novel. It first appeared between 1859 and 1860 in the popular magazine *All The Year Round*, started by Charles Dickens. *The Woman in White* was so successful that every week there were long queues of people waiting to buy the next issue of the magazine to find out what happened next. The idea for the character of the Woman in White came, it seems, from his first meeting with a mysterious lady, dressed all in white, one evening in London. The lady was Caroline Graves, who later shared part of his life.

Contents

	page
Introduction	v
PART ONE	
Chapter 1 The Woman in White	1
Chapter 2 Walter Arrives at Limmeridge House	5
Chapter 3 Laura Receives a Warning	8
Chapter 4 In the Churchyard	12
Chapter 5 Anne Catherick Disappears	16
Chapter 6 Mr Gilmore Takes Charge	19
Chapter 7 Sir Percival Explains	22
Chapter 8 The Marriage Settlement	27
Chapter 9 Laura Prepares for the Wedding	30
PART TWO	
Chapter 1 At Blackwater Park	34
Chapter 2 Mr Merriman Brings News	36
Chapter 3 Sir Percival is Angry	39
Chapter 4 The Figure by the Lake	43
Chapter 5 A Meeting is Postponed	47
Chapter 6 Marian Hears Terrible Plans	50
Chapter 7 The Sisters are Separated	54
Chapter 8 A Sudden Death	58
Chapter 9 Back in the Churchyard	60
PART THREE	
Chapter 1 At the Asylum	62
Chapter 2 Walter Makes a Plan of Action	67
Chapter 3 Mrs Catherick Shares a Secret	70
Chapter 4 The Proof of the Crime	73
Chapter 5 A Second Death	76
Chapter 6 Walter is Rewarded	80
Chapter 7 The End of the Affair	82
Activities	87

PART ONE

The story is told by Walter Hartright, teacher of art

Chapter 1 The Woman in White

It was the last day of July, 1849, and the heat in London had been terrible all day. I was sitting in my room, trying to read, but I couldn't concentrate on my book. It was too hot and the constant noises from the street disturbed me. So as I had many things to think about, I decided to go for a walk in the cool evening air.

My name is Walter Hartright and I'm an art teacher. This was my last night in London. Early the following morning I was due to travel to Cumberland in the north of England. I had been offered a job there – at a place called Limmeridge House, near the small village of Limmeridge.

My future employer was a gentleman called Mr Frederick Fairlie. He had advertised for an art teacher to teach drawing and sketching to his two nieces. This teacher would live at Limmeridge House with the family.

I knew I was very lucky to get this job. Teaching the young ladies would be easy and pleasant, and the pay and working conditions were excellent. But at the same time I had a very strange feeling about the job. I didn't want to take it, but I couldn't explain why. Perhaps even then I knew deep inside that it would change my life for ever.

I was still thinking about Limmeridge House when I reached Hampstead Heath, a wide area of open parkland in the north of London. By now the moon had risen and the night air felt wonderful – fresh and cool.

There was a road stretching out across the Heath and I began to walk along it. Nobody else was around. I was passing by some trees on one side of the road when suddenly somebody touched me lightly on the shoulder from behind.

Every drop of blood inside me froze. I turned round, my hand tightening on the handle of my stick.

There, in the middle of the wide road – there, as if she had just that moment sprung out of the earth or dropped from heaven – stood the figure of a lonely woman, dressed from head to foot all in white.

‘Is this the road to London?’ she asked.

Her face looked thin and pale in the moonlight, and there was something very sad about her expression. She had fair hair and large trusting eyes, and in her hand she carried a small bag. I guessed her to be about twenty-two years old.

‘What on earth was such a woman doing all by herself in this lonely place?’

‘Please, sir,’ she repeated, ‘is this the road to London?’

‘Yes,’ I replied. ‘But where did you come from? I didn’t see you until you touched me. You gave me quite a shock.’

‘I was hiding among those trees,’ she replied. ‘I saw you pass by, but I was afraid to speak to you until I had seen your face. When I saw that your face was kind, I followed you and touched you. Will you help me?’

She looked so sad and lonely that I agreed. I couldn’t do anything else.

‘All right,’ I said. ‘Tell me how I can help you.’

‘I don’t know London very well,’ she said. ‘But I have a friend here, a lady, who will be very glad to see me. I can stay with her but I need a carriage to take me to her house. Can you help me find one?’

‘Yes, of course,’ I said. ‘Come with me.’

We set off walking back to London together. The whole



There, in the middle of the wide road – there, as if she had just that moment sprung out of the earth or dropped from heaven – stood the figure of a lonely woman, dressed from head to foot all in white.

experience was like a dream. Who was this mysterious woman?

‘I want to ask you something,’ she said suddenly. ‘Do you know anybody in London with the title of Baronet*?’

As she asked me this, she was staring hard into my face. I was astonished by her question.

‘Why do you ask?’ I said.

‘Because there is one baronet who is cruel and wicked,’ she replied. ‘I hope you don’t know *him*.’

‘No,’ I said, ‘I don’t know any baronets. I’m only a humble teacher of art. Who is this wicked baronet?’

‘I can’t tell you any more,’ the woman said, looking very upset. ‘Please don’t ask me any more questions.’

We walked for some time in silence before she spoke again.

‘Do you live in London?’ she asked.

‘Yes,’ I replied. ‘But tomorrow I’m going away to the north of England – to Cumberland.’

‘Cumberland!’ she repeated. ‘How I wish I was going there too. I was happy in Cumberland once. When I was a child, I spent several months in a village called Limmeridge and I went to the local village school. It was run by a dear, kind lady called Mrs Fairlie, who was my good friend. Mrs Fairlie’s husband was very rich and they lived in a big house, called Limmeridge House, just outside the village.’

Now it was my turn to stare. Limmeridge House was the very place I was going to. I couldn’t believe it.

‘Mrs Fairlie is dead now,’ continued the strange woman. ‘She had a pretty little girl a bit younger than I was. I suppose the little girl must have grown up and gone away.’

I was about to ask my mysterious companion some more questions, but by now we were getting near the centre of

* *Baronet: a man from a noble family, who holds a high position in society*

London. As we turned a corner, we noticed a carriage standing outside some houses.

'I'm so tired,' said the woman. 'I don't think I can walk any further. Let me take that carriage.'

I saw that the driver had a kind face and I was sure he wouldn't harm her. She got into the carriage but I didn't hear what address she gave to the driver. The carriage set off slowly. Gradually the sound of its wheels grew fainter as it disappeared into the darkness.

The Woman in White had gone.

Chapter 2 Walter Arrives at Limmeridge House

The following day I travelled to Cumberland. The journey was very long and it was late in the evening when I arrived at Limmeridge House. Except for one servant, everybody had gone to bed, and as I was very tired, I went to bed too.

Next morning, when I got up, the sun was shining. From my window I had a wonderful view of the gardens stretching down to the bright blue sea in the distance. It was all so different from my tiny room in London that I began to feel enthusiastic and happy about starting my new life.

At nine o'clock I went downstairs to the breakfast room. When I opened the door, I saw a young lady standing by the far window, looking out across the garden. She turned and came towards me, holding out her hand and smiling warmly.

She had thick black hair and dark shining eyes. She wasn't at all beautiful but the expression on her face was bright, friendly and intelligent. I liked her immediately.

'Good morning, Mr Hartright,' she said. 'I hope you slept well. I'm Marian Halcombe, one of your two pupils here. Laura, your other pupil, is still in her room. She has a slight headache, but

you'll be able to meet her later.'

'Is Laura your sister?' I asked.

'She's my half-sister,' replied Miss Halcombe. 'My mother married twice. Her first husband was Mr Halcombe, my father. Then he died and later my mother married Mr Fairlie, Laura's father and the owner of Limmeridge House.'

'Although we shared the same mother, Laura and I are very different both in character and situation. My father was poor and Laura's father was rich, so I have no money and she has a fortune. I'm ugly and bad-tempered and she's beautiful and behaves like an angel.'

'Is Laura's father dead too?' I asked.

'Yes. His brother, Mr Frederick Fairlie, your employer, is now the owner of this house. You'll meet him after breakfast. He's not very keen on visitors; he has great trouble with his nerves and never leaves his room.'

'I do hope you'll be happy with us,' continued Miss Halcombe. 'We enjoy living here, but it's very quiet. We don't have any of the excitement or adventures which you must be used to in London.'

Immediately her words reminded me of the Woman in White.

'I don't need any more adventures,' I said. 'Two nights ago, I had an adventure which I will never forget.'

Then I told Miss Halcombe about my meeting with the mysterious woman on Hampstead Heath.

'The strange thing is that she mentioned your mother, Mrs Fairlie,' I said. 'She seemed to have known her and loved her very much. Do you know who this woman can possibly be?'

Miss Halcombe shook her head. She looked interested but also astonished. Clearly she had no idea who the Woman in White could be.

'It's a complete mystery,' she said. 'But I have an idea which may help us to solve it. Upstairs I have a large collection of my

mother's letters. I'll read through them and see if I can find any information about this woman. Meanwhile, it's time for you to visit Mr Fairlie.'

We arranged to meet later and I went upstairs to Mr Fairlie's room. He was sitting in an armchair, reading. He was about sixty years old with a delicate, nervous face. When he spoke, his voice sounded tired and complaining. As I came into the room, he waved his hand towards a chair.

'Do sit down, Mr Hartright,' he said. 'But would you mind not making any noise. My nerves are very delicate, you know. Have you got everything you want? Do you like your room?'

'Everything is fine,' I started to say, but to my surprise Mr Fairlie held up his hand and stopped me.

'Please,' he said, 'would you mind not speaking so loud? My nerves are very delicate. Have you met Marian and Laura?'

'I've only met Marian,' I said. 'What kind of art would you like me to teach the two young ladies?'

'I'm afraid I don't feel strong enough to discuss that,' said Mr Fairlie. 'You must ask Marian and Laura. Mr Hartright, it's been a great pleasure meeting you, but now I'm getting tired. Please excuse me, and please don't bang the door on your way out. So kind of you. Good morning!'

It was a great relief to get out of Mr Fairlie's room. Clearly he was a very self-centred person who was interested in nothing except his own health. I went downstairs and found Miss Halcombe waiting for me.

'Laura's in the garden,' she said. 'Do come and meet her.'

On the way she said, 'I've found out something interesting. I've been reading my mother's letters and in one of them she mentions a little girl called Anne Catherick, who was visiting Limmeridge one summer with her mother. My mother had set up a school for the village children and while Anne was in Limmeridge, she went to this school.'

'My mother writes about Anne Catherick with great affection. Anne told her that she would always wear white to remember her by, as my mother's favourite colour was white.'

'So it's quite possible that the Woman in White is Anne Catherick grown-up,' I said slowly. 'What happened to Anne?'

'I don't know,' said Miss Halcombe. 'She and her mother left Limmeridge after a few months and never came back. There is no further mention of her in my mother's letters.'

As we were talking, we had been walking across the garden to the summer house. I saw a young lady sitting inside at a table, drawing, with her head bent closely over her work. She was wearing a pretty summer dress and had golden hair.

'There's Laura,' whispered Miss Halcombe. Then more loudly she said, 'Laura, I've brought our new art teacher, Mr Hartright, to meet you.'

At once the young lady looked up from her drawing and her eyes met mine. She had a lovely face and the most beautiful smile in the world. But there was something else about her too – something that troubled and disturbed me. Had I met her before? I didn't think so. But she reminded me of somebody I knew.

Then I realized. Impossible as it may seem, Laura Fairlie looked very much like the Woman in White!

Chapter 3 Laura Receives a Warning

During the following months, I experienced some of the happiest and most peaceful moments in my life.

Every afternoon I went with Miss Halcombe, or Marian as I'll now call her, and Laura into the countryside to draw and paint. I enjoyed Marian's company very much and I admired and respected her greatly. But feelings of a different kind were awakening within me for Laura.

Every day Laura and I were growing closer. As I was teaching her how to hold her pencil to draw, my hand would nearly touch her hand or my cheek would touch her cheek. At those moments, I could smell the sweet perfume of her hair.

In the evenings after dinner we would light the tall candles in the sitting room and Laura would play the piano. She played with great feeling and I loved to sit and listen to the beautiful music while darkness fell outside.

The truth was that I was falling deeply in love with Laura. I tried hard to keep my feelings hidden, but I suspected that Marian had guessed. I often saw her watching me with an expression almost of pity on her face, which I couldn't understand.

One morning after breakfast, about three months after my arrival at Limmeridge House, Marian asked if she could speak to me privately outside.

We were walking across the garden when the gardener passed us with a letter in his hand. Marian stopped him.

'Is that letter for me?' she asked.

'No, it's for Miss Laura,' answered the man, holding out the letter as he spoke. Marian took it from him and looked at the address.

'That's strange,' she said. 'I don't recognize the handwriting. Who gave this to you?'

'A young woman,' replied the gardener.

'All right,' said Marian. 'Take it to the house and give it to Miss Laura.'

She then led me to the summer house – the same summer house where I had first seen Laura. We went inside and sat down at the small table. I waited, wondering what she would say.

'Mr Hartright,' began Marian, 'I hope you think of me as your friend because I'm going to speak to you now as a friend. I've discovered your secret. I know that you're in love with Laura. I don't blame you and you've done nothing wrong. However

there's something I must tell you – something which will cause you great pain. You must leave Limmeridge House at once.'

I felt terribly saddened by her words.

'I know I'm only a poor art teacher,' I began.

'No,' said Marian, 'it's not because you're an art teacher. The reason you must leave is that Laura is going to get married soon, and her future husband is coming here on Monday with his lawyer. Our family lawyer, Mr Gilmore, is coming here too. The two lawyers are going to draw up the marriage settlement between Laura and her husband. Once they have arranged this, a date for the wedding can be fixed.'

Her words felt like arrows shot into my heart. I could hardly move or speak.

'May I know her future husband's name?' I asked at last.

'Sir Percival Glyde,' replied Marian. 'He's from a very good family and has a large house with a lot of land in Hampshire in the south of England. He's a baronet by title.'

Baronet! Suddenly I was reminded of the Woman in White. She had asked me if I knew any baronets and had told me of one who was cruel and wicked. But then, I told myself, there were hundreds of baronets in England. There was no reason to suppose that she meant Sir Percival Glyde.

'I'm so sorry, Mr Hartright,' Marian said gently, 'but I had to tell you. The marriage was arranged two years ago by Laura's father, before he died.'

'I see,' I said. 'Then there is no place for me here. Let me leave Limmeridge House at once. But what reason shall I give to Mr Fairlie as to why I'm going?'

'Don't leave yet,' said Marian. 'Wait until the post arrives tomorrow. Then tell Mr Fairlie you've received a letter from London and that you have to return there at once on urgent business.'

I had just agreed to this plan when we heard footsteps