

【插图 · 中文导读英文版】



The Woman in White

白衣女人

下

[英] 威尔基·柯林斯 著
陈起永 猴哥 等 编译

清华大学出版社



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内容简介



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内 容 简 介

《白衣女人》是世界侦探小说宝库中的经典之作，讲述了一个曲折、传奇的爱情故事。男主人公哈特莱特是一位青年画师，应聘去一个贵族人家做家庭教师。路上，他遇见一个从疯人院里逃出来的白衣女人，白衣女人在他的帮助下逃脱了追踪。随后哈特莱特发现，自己的学生劳拉与白衣女人相非常相像。哈特莱特与劳拉坠入爱河，可劳拉的父亲临终前却将她许配给了泊西瓦尔爵士……在经历了一系列的磨难后，哈特莱特和劳拉有情人终成眷属。

该书一经出版，很快就成为当时最受关注和最畅销的侦探小说，特别是受到青少年的热烈欢迎，至今被译成世界上几十种文字，先后多次被改编成电影和电视剧。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，该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，在每篇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，书中加入了插图。

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威廉·威尔基·柯林斯 (William Wilkie Collins, 1824—1889), 英国著名侦探小说家。柯林斯于 1828 年 1 月 8 日生于伦敦, 他的父亲是当时世界上最著名的风景画家。他 12 岁时随父母迁居意大利, 三年后回到英国并就读于海伯里私立寄宿学校。柯林斯曾经在茶叶公司工作, 之后学习法律并在伦敦从事律师工作。1847 年, 在他的父亲去世后不久, 柯林斯开始从事小说创作。柯林斯与狄更斯是同时代的作家, 是挚友, 他们在小说创作上互相影响。如果说爱伦·坡开创了侦探小说之先河, 那么柯林斯的贡献不但是把侦探小说从短篇引向长篇, 而且在故事情节和人物形象构思上更具文学性。以写《福尔摩斯侦探案》闻名的柯南·道尔在小说创作上也很大程度上受到柯林斯的影响。

柯林斯一生共出版过 30 多部长篇小说和短篇小说集, 而让他闻名于世的是他的侦探小说代表作《白衣女人》和《月亮宝石》。《白衣女人》出版一百多年来, 至今仍广受来自世界各地读者的欢迎, 尤其是受到青少年朋友的喜爱。也正因为此, 该书故事曾先后多次被改编成电影、电视剧和卡通片, 它已成为一本经典的青少年读物。在中国, 《白衣女人》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的外国经典小说之一。基于以上原因, 我们决定编译本书, 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, 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人文修养是非常有帮助的。

英语学习的目的是为了学以致用, 而最好的使用方式莫过于把英语作为一种工具去获得知识, 然后更好地发展自己的事业并报效国家。近年来, 选择出国留学的国内学子越来越多, 他们中的大多数选择去英语国家留



学，也必然会在两个阶段遇到这门语言的挑战。

首先是准备英语的标准化考试阶段，主要包括托福、雅思、SAT、SSAT、GRE、GMAT等。如果把这些考题翻译成中文，那么可以看出难度是不高的，但很多学生不能取得高分，其原因在于对西方历史、文化、传统、价值观的了解不足。在考试取得高分的学生中有相当多一部分人是有在国外学习和生活经历的。少则数月多则数年的海外经历，让这些学生对西方历史、文化、传统、价值观的了解大大加强，面对这些考试自然就得心应手。因此，加强对西方历史、文化、传统、价值观的了解是一个有效的方法。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，啄木鸟教育编写的这套中文导读英文名著系列图书，可以让读者在较为枯燥的英语备考过程中，通过对世界名著的轻松愉快的阅读，在不知不觉中提高学生的阅读速度和阅读水平，了解西方历史、文化、传统、价值观。而在托福、雅思、SAT、SSAT、GRE、GMAT等考试中考出高分，也会水到渠成，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外大学。

其次是在主流英语国家的学习过程中，不管是中学、大学、研究生院，都需要学生对英语的熟练掌握。如果不了解西方历史、文化、传统、价值观，那么很多课程的学习就会面临很大困难，尤其是面临大量阅读和写作的课程时更是如此。

对于那些正在学习英语、准备或正在准备出国的学生，啄木鸟教育编写的这套中文导读英文名著系列图书，同样可以让你借助于中文导读、以及纯英文的学习氛围，迅速摆脱英文阅读借助中文注释的习惯，快速提升英语能力。

本书主要内容由陈起永、猴哥编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有王勋、纪飞、郑佳、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、刘乃亚、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。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）

2013年10月



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2. 一位挚友的后记

Postscript by a Sincere Friend



这是福斯科用卑鄙的手段让妻子偷来哈尔科姆的日记，偷看完所有内容之后写下的文字。记述中他首先对哈尔科姆的机智勇敢表示了敬佩和赞美，还假惺惺地说如果他们之间没有利益冲突的话，他将很荣幸结识这样一位非凡的女性。之后，他得意地声明自己早已对一切了如指掌，并且已经部署周密，哈尔科姆为妹妹做的每项计划都必将失败。最后，他叫妻子把日记放回了原处。

*T*he illness of our excellent Miss Halcombe has afforded me the opportunity of enjoying an unexpected intellectual pleasure.

I refer to the perusal (which I have just completed) of this interesting Diary.

There are many hundred pages here. I can lay my hand on my heart, and declare that every page has charmed, refreshed, delighted me.

To a man of my sentiments it is unspeakably gratifying to be able to say this.

Admirable woman!

I allude to Miss Halcombe.

Stupendous effort!

I refer to the Diary.



去偷哈尔科姆的日记

There are many hundred
 declare that every page has charmed, refreshed, delighted me.
 To a man of my sentiments it is unspeakably gratifying to be able to say
 this.

Admirable woman!
 I allude to Miss Halcombe.
 Stupendous effort!
 I refer to the Diary.

Yes! these pages are amazing. The tact which I find here, the discretion, the rare courage, the wonderful power of memory, the accurate observation of character, the easy grace of style, the charming outbursts of womanly feeling, have all inexpressibly increased my admiration of this sublime creature, of this magnificent Marian. The presentation of my own character is masterly in the extreme. I certify, with my whole heart, to the fidelity of the portrait. I feel how vivid an impression I must have produced to have been painted in such strong, such rich, such massive colours as these. I lament afresh the cruel necessity which sets our interests at variance, and opposes us to each other. Under happier circumstances how worthy I should have been of Miss Halcombe—how worthy Miss Halcombe would have been of ME.

The sentiments which animate my heart assure me that the lines I have just written express a Profound Truth.

Those sentiments exalt me above all merely personal considerations. I bear witness, in the most disinterested manner, to the excellence of the stratagem by which this unparalleled woman surprised the private interview between Percival and myself—also to the marvellous accuracy of her report of the whole conversation from its beginning to its end.

Those sentiments have induced me to offer to the unimpressionable doctor who attends on her my vast knowledge of chemistry, and my luminous experience of the more subtle resources which medical and magnetic science have placed at the disposal of mankind. He has hitherto declined to avail himself of my assistance. Miserable man!

Finally, those sentiments dictate the lines—grateful, sympathetic, paternal lines—which appear in this place. I close the book. My strict sense of propriety restores it (by the hands of my wife) to its place on the writer's table. Events are hurrying me away. Circumstances are guiding me to serious issues. Vast perspectives of success unroll themselves before my eyes. I accomplish my destiny with a calmness which is terrible to myself. Nothing but the homage of my admiration is my own. I deposit it with respectful tenderness at the feet of Miss Halcombe.

I breathe my wishes for her recovery.

I condole with her on the inevitable failure of every plan that she has

formed for her sister's benefit. At the same time, I entreat her to believe that the information which I have derived from her Diary will in no respect help me to contribute to that failure. It simply confirms the plan of conduct which I had previously arranged. I have to thank these pages for awakening the finest sensibilities in my nature—nothing more.

To a person of similar sensibility this simple assertion will explain and excuse everything.

Miss Halcombe is a person of similar sensibility.

In that persuasion I sign myself.

Fosco.

Those sentiments which animate my heart assure me that the lines I have just written express a profound truth.

Those sentiments exalt me above all merely personal considerations. I bear witness, in the most disinterested manner, to the excellence of the suggestion by which this unparalleled woman surprised the private interview between Percival and myself—also to the unparalleled accuracy of her report of the whole conversation from its beginning to its end.

Those sentiments have induced me to offer to the unapproachable doctor who attends on her my vast knowledge of chemistry, and my luminous experience of the more subtle resources which medical and magnetic science have placed at the disposal of mankind. He has hitherto declined to avail himself of my assistance. Miserable man!

Finally, those sentiments dictate the lines—grateful, sympathetic, paternal lines—which appear in this place. I close the book. My strict sense of propriety restores it (by the hands of my wife) to its place on the writer's table. Events are hurrying me away. Circumstances are guiding me to serious issues. Vast perspectives of success unroll themselves before my eyes. I accomplish my destiny with a calmness which is terrible to myself. Nothing but the homage of my admiration is my own. I deposit it with respectful tenderness at the feet of Miss Halcombe.

I dedicate my wishes for her recovery.

I condole with her on the inevitable failure of every plan that she has

3. 弗雷德里克·费尔利 先生的叙述

The Story Continued by Frederick
Fairlie, Esq., of Limmeridge House[†]



劳拉和哈尔科姆的叔叔费尔利先生一直是装腔作势、自私无情的人。这次受到委托要记述他经历的一些相关情况，他又在埋怨怎么总是有人成心和他过不去，不肯放过他这个可怜的、神经衰弱的人。于是他和仆人路易共同回忆了以下文字。

先是范妮的来访。范妮带着哈尔科姆给叔叔的信来拜见费尔利先生。费尔利极不情愿地接待了来访者，并且对这位女仆十分厌恶，因为她打搅了他的休息，并且他嫌她举止粗鲁，还哭哭啼啼，对于范妮忠心耿耿为她的女主人向费尔利陈述的话，他觉得是与他无干的废话。范妮除了把信交给费尔利，还说，哈尔科姆把信交给她走了以后不久，福斯科伯爵夫人来到她住的客栈，说哈尔科姆有些话忘记让她带了。但是她却没有说是什么，而是着急地让范妮先喝杯饮料，之后，范妮就昏迷了，醒来之后，伯爵夫人已经走了，范妮发现信还在，但是被弄皱了。于是范妮就很着急也很懊悔自己没有听到哈尔科姆小姐要她带什么话就那样迷迷糊糊睡着了，所以这次除了送信，她还请求费尔利先生去信的时候帮她问一下，她错过了哈尔科姆小姐的那些重要的话。

[†] The manner in which Mr. Fairlie's Narrative and other Narratives that are shortly to follow it, were originally obtained, forms the subject of an explanation which will appear at a later period.



范妮带来了哈尔科姆的信

† The manner in which Mr. Fairlie's Narrative and other Narratives that are shortly to follow it were originally obtained, forms the subject of an explanation which will appear in a later period.

费尔利很不耐烦地把范妮打发走了，还嫌她走路弄出很大的声响。

费尔利很怕哈尔科姆，觉得她是个不好惹的主儿，一般对哈尔科姆提出的事都赶快妥协。但是他看完信后觉得，自己冒然就把人家的妻子请回娘家来住不太好，还是想个折中的办法，于是就写信叫哈尔科姆先回来，先向她问明一些情况。其实他就是想用“拖”字诀。

又过了几天，费尔利收到了吉尔摩律师合伙人的来信，信中说哈尔科姆小姐给他的信居然是一张白纸，他很震惊，怀疑信件被人偷了，他立刻给哈尔科姆小姐回信，但是没有回音，于是写信来向费尔利先生询问。费尔利觉得这位律师是在自找麻烦，这样的举动十分荒谬，于是他用十分犀利、尖锐的言辞回了信，之后便再也没收到过那位律师的来信。费尔利感觉这人不再打扰他了，很满意。

之后，福斯科伯爵的亲自来访令费尔利再度陷入他所谓的“麻烦”之中，他是最害怕处理家庭事务的。

福斯科和费尔利简单寒暄之后，便切入正题，说哈尔科姆小姐那封信中所说的都是实情，劳拉和丈夫之间出现了问题，再在家里待下去对她情绪不好，所以他和劳拉的姑母商量觉得她马上回利默里奇庄园比较好。但哈尔科姆现在病得很重，劳拉是不肯独自离开的。于是想请费尔利先生亲自去信叫劳拉回家。并且提出，劳拉精神不好，没有人陪同，一个人长途旅行费尔利先生可能不太放心，为了避免劳拉过度劳累，福斯科提出，中途劳拉可以在伦敦她姑母的寓所休息一晚，第二天他亲自送她上火车，再由她的贴身女仆接她回庄园来。费尔利想了想，这个办法听上去还不错，为了打发这个人快走，好让自己耳根清净，他就赶快照福斯科的意思写了信。后来福斯科独自还在那里说着一些客套话，费尔利干脆闭目养神，由他去说，后来不知不觉都睡着了，连福斯科几时走的都不知道。

*I*t is the grand misfortune of my life that nobody will let me alone.

Why—I ask everybody—why worry me? Nobody answers that question, and nobody lets me alone. Relatives, friends, and strangers all combine to annoy me. What have I done? I ask myself, I ask my servant, Louis, fifty times a day—what have I done? Neither of us can tell. Most extraordinary!

The last annoyance that has assailed me is the annoyance of being called upon to write this Narrative. Is a man in my state of nervous wretchedness

capable of writing narratives? When I put this extremely reasonable objection, I am told that certain very serious events relating to my niece have happened within my experience, and that I am the fit person to describe them on that account. I am threatened if I fail to exert myself in the manner required, with consequences which I cannot so much as think of without perfect prostration. There is really no need to threaten me. Shattered by my miserable health and my family troubles, I am incapable of resistance. If you insist, you take your unjust advantage of me, and I give way immediately. I will endeavour to remember what I can (under protest), and to write what I can (also under protest), and what I can't remember and can't write, Louis must remember and write for me. He is an ass, and I am an invalid, and we are likely to make all sorts of mistakes between us. How humiliating!

I am told to remember dates. Good heavens! I never did such a thing in my life—how am I to begin now?

I have asked Louis. He is not quite such an ass as I have hitherto supposed. He remembers the date of the event, within a week or two—and I remember the name of the person. The date was towards the end of June, or the beginning of July, and the name (in my opinion a remarkably vulgar one) was Fanny.

At the end of June, or the beginning of July, then, I was reclining in my customary state, surrounded by the various objects of Art which I have collected about me to improve the taste of the barbarous people in my neighbourhood. That is to say, I had the photographs of my pictures, and prints, and coins, and so forth, all about me, which I intend, one of these days, to present (the photographs, I mean, if the clumsy English language will let me mean anything) to present to the institution at Carlisle (horrid place!), with a view to improving the tastes of the members (Goths and Vandals to a man). It might be supposed that a gentleman who was in course of conferring a great national benefit on his countrymen was the last gentleman in the world to be unfeelingly worried about private difficulties and family affairs. Quite a mistake, I assure you, in my case.

However, there I was, reclining, with my art-treasures about me, and wanting a quiet morning. Because I wanted a quiet morning, of course Louis came in. It was perfectly natural that I should inquire what the deuce he meant

by making his appearance when I had not rung my bell. I seldom swear—it is such an ungentlemanlike habit—but when Louis answered by a grin, I think it was also perfectly natural that I should damn him for grinning. At any rate, I did.

This rigorous mode of treatment, I have observed, invariably brings persons in the lower class of life to their senses. It brought Louis to HIS senses. He was so obliging as to leave off grinning, and inform me that a Young Person was outside wanting to see me. He added (with the odious talkativeness of servants), that her name was Fanny.

“Who is Fanny?”

“Lady Glyde’s maid, sir.”

“What does Lady Glyde’s maid want with me?”

“A letter, sir—”

“Take it.”

“She refuses to give it to anybody but you, sir.”

“Who sends the letter?”

“Miss Halcombe, sir.”

The moment I heard Miss Halcombe’s name I gave up. It is a habit of mine always to give up to Miss Halcombe. I find, by experience, that it saves noise. I gave up on this occasion. Dear Marian!

“Let Lady Glyde’s maid come in, Louis. Stop! Do her shoes creak?”

I was obliged to ask the question. Creaking shoes invariably upset me for the day. I was resigned to see the Young Person, but I was not resigned to let the Young Person’s shoes upset me. There is a limit even to my endurance.

Louis affirmed distinctly that her shoes were to be depended upon. I waved my hand. He introduced her. Is it necessary to say that she expressed her sense of embarrassment by shutting up her mouth and breathing through her nose? To the student of female human nature in the lower orders, surely not.

Let me do the girl justice. Her shoes did not creak. But why do Young Persons in service all perspire at the hands? Why have they all got fat noses and hard cheeks? And why are their faces so sadly unfinished, especially about the corners of the eyelids? I am not strong enough to think deeply myself on any subject, but I appeal to professional men, who are. Why have we no variety

in our breed of Young Persons?

"You have a letter for me, from Miss Halcombe? Put it down on the table, please, and don't upset anything. How is Miss Halcombe?"

"Very well, thank you, sir."

"And Lady Glyde?"

I received no answer. The Young Person's face became more unfinished than ever, and I think she began to cry. I certainly saw something moist about her eyes. Tears or perspiration? Louis (whom I have just consulted) is inclined to think, tears. He is in her class of life, and he ought to know best. Let us say, tears.

Except when the refining process of Art judiciously removes from them all resemblance to Nature, I distinctly object to tears. Tears are scientifically described as a Secretion. I can understand that a secretion may be healthy or unhealthy, but I cannot see the interest of a secretion from a sentimental point of view. Perhaps my own secretions being all wrong together, I am a little prejudiced on the subject. No matter. I behaved, on this occasion, with all possible propriety and feeling. I closed my eyes and said to Louis—

"Endeavour to ascertain what she means."

Louis endeavoured, and the Young Person endeavoured. They succeeded in confusing each other to such an extent that I am bound in common gratitude to say, they really amused me. I think I shall send for them again when I am in low spirits. I have just mentioned this idea to Louis. Strange to say, it seems to make him uncomfortable. Poor devil!

Surely I am not expected to repeat my niece's maid's explanation of her tears, interpreted in the English of my Swiss valet? The thing is manifestly impossible. I can give my own impressions and feelings perhaps. Will that do as well? Please say, Yes.

My idea is that she began by telling me (through Louis) that her master had dismissed her from her mistress's service. (Observe, throughout, the strange irrelevancy of the Young Person. Was it my fault that she had lost her place?) On her dismissal, she had gone to the inn to sleep. (I don't keep the inn—why mention it to me?) Between six o'clock and seven Miss Halcombe had come to say good-bye, and had given her two letters, one for me, and one