

# THE WOMAN IN WHITE

"THERE  
IS  
A  
SKELETON  
IN  
YOUR  
CUPBOARD  
HERE  
AT  
BLACKWATER  
PARK"

BY  
WILKIE  
COLLINS

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS · L<sup>td</sup>

Price 75 Cents.

THE  
WOMAN IN WHITE.

A Novel.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF

"THE QUEEN OF HEARTS," "ANTONINA," "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK,"  
&c., &c., &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MCLANAN.

NEW YORK:  
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1860.

# The Woman in White

By Wilkie Collins.



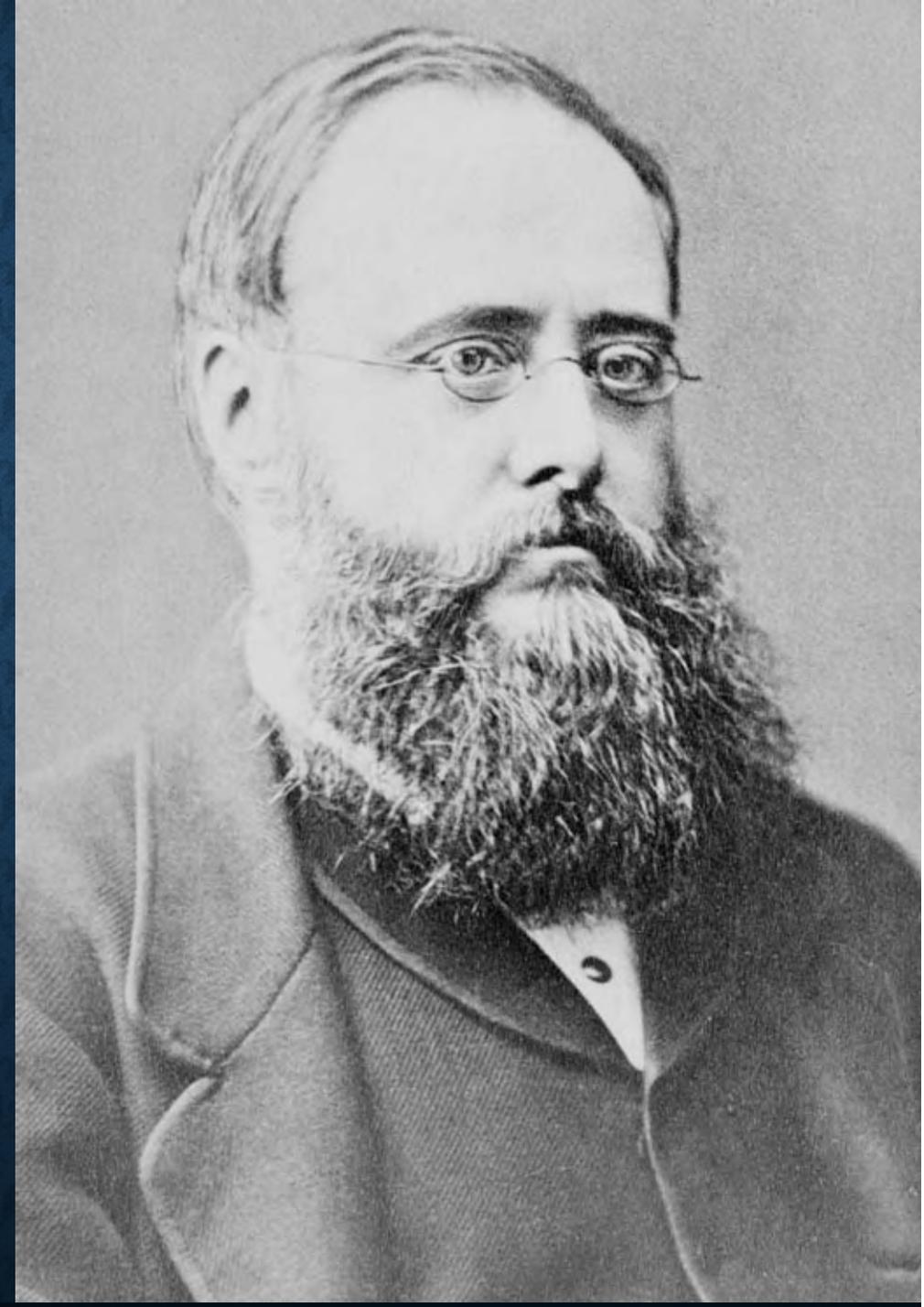
Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly.

# WILLIAM “WILKIE” COLLINS [1824-1889]

## Notable works [ edit ]

*Main article: Wilkie Collins bibliography*

- *Antonina, or The Fall of Rome* (1850)
- *Basil* (1852)
- "Gabriel's Marriage" (1853), a short story
- *Hide and Seek* (1854)
- *The Dead Secret* (1856)
- *After Dark* (1856), a short story collection
- *The Frozen Deep* (1857), a play co-written with Charles Dickens
- "A House to Let" (1858), a short story co-written with Charles Dickens, [Elizabeth Gaskell](#) and [Adelaide Anne Procter](#)
- "The Haunted House", a short story co-written with Charles Dickens, Elizabeth Gaskell, Adelaide Anne Procter, [George Sala](#) and [Hesba Stretton](#)
- *The Woman in White* (1860)
- *No Name* (1862)
- *Armada* (1866)
- *No Thoroughfare* (1867), a story and play co-written with Charles Dickens
- *The Moonstone* (1868)
- *Man and Wife* (1870)
- *Poor Miss Finch* (1872), dedicated to [Frances Minto Elliot](#)
- *The Law and the Lady* (1875)
- *The Fallen Leaves* (1879)
- *Jezebel's Daughter* (1880)
- *The Black Robe* (1881)
- *Heart and Science* (1882–1883)
- *The Evil Genius* (1885)



# NEW SENSATIONS



The more we perceive the perfectly legitimate nature of the means used to produce the sensation, the more striking does that sensation become. The machinery of miracle, on the contrary, is troublesome and expensive, and never satisfactory; a miraculous issue ought to come out of it to justify the miraculous means; and miraculous issues are at war with all the economy of nature, not to say that they are difficult of invention and hard to get credit for. A writer who boldly takes in hand the common mechanism of life, and by means of persons who might all be living in society for anything we can tell to the contrary, thrills us into wonder, terror, and breathless interest, with positive personal shocks of surprise and excitement, has ac-

complished a far greater success than he who effects the same result through supernatural agencies, or by means of the fantastic creations of lawless genius or violent horrors of crime. When we are to see a

The rise of a Sensation School of art in any department is a thing to be watchful with jealous eyes; but nowhere is it so dangerous as in fiction, where the artist cannot resort to a daring physical plunge, as on the stage, or to a blaze of palpable colour, as in the picture-gallery, but must take the passions and emotions of life to make his effects withal. We will not deny that the principle may be used with high and pure results, or that we should have little fault to find with it were it always employed with as much skill and self-control as in the 'Woman in White;' but that is an unreasonable hope; and it seems but too likely that Mr. Wilkie Collins, in his remarkable novel, has given a new impulse to a kind of literature which must, more or less, find its inspiration in crime, and, more or less, make the criminal its hero.



“OH, MY GOD! AM I GOING TO BE ILL?”

His eyes seemed to reach my inmost soul through the thickening obscurity of the twilight. **His voice trembled along every nerve in my body**, and turned me hot and cold alternately. The mystery and terror of my dream, which had haunted me at intervals all through the evening, now oppressed my mind with an unendurable foreboding and an unutterable awe”.

*The Woman in White*







"LAURA, LADY GLYDE, WAS STANDING BY THE INSCRIPTION, AND WAS LOOKING AT ME OVER THE GRAVE."

"Let me go away alone for a little while," I said. "I shall bear it better when I have looked once more at the place where I first saw her—when I have knelt and prayed by the grave where they have laid her to rest."

I departed on my journey—my journey to the grave of Laura Fairlie.

It was a quiet autumn afternoon when I stopped at the solitary station, and set forth alone, on foot, by the well-remembered road. The waning sun was shining faintly through thin white clouds; the air was warm and still; the peacefulness of the lonely country was overshadowed and saddened by the influence of the falling year.

I reached the moor; I stood again on the brow of the hill; I looked on, along the path—and there were the familiar garden trees in the distance, the clear sweeping semicircle of the drive, the high white walls of Limmeridge House. The chances and changes, the wanderings and dangers of months and months past, all shrank and shriveled to nothing in my mind. It was like yesterday since my feet had last trodden the fragrant heathy ground! I thought I should see her coming to meet me, with her little straw hat shading her face, her simple dress fluttering

in the air, and her well-filled sketch-book ready in her hand.

O Death, thou hast thy sting! O Grave, thou hast thy victory!

I turned aside; and there below me, in the glen, was the lonesome gray church; the porch where I had waited for the coming of the woman in white; the hills encircling the quiet burial-ground; the brook bubbling cold over its stony bed. There was the marble cross, fair and white, at the head of the tomb—the tomb that now rose over mother and daughter alike.

I approached the grave. I crossed once more the low stone stile, and bared my head as I touched the sacred ground. Sacred to gentleness and goodness; sacred to reverence and grief.

I stopped before the pedestal from which the cross rose. On one side of it, on the side nearest to me, the newly-cut inscription met my eyes—the hard, clear, cruel black letters which told the story of her life and death. I tried to read them. I did read as far as the name, "Sacred to the Memory of Laura—" The kind blue eyes dim with tears; the fair head drooping wearily; the innocent, parting words which implored me to leave her—oh, for a happier last

memory of her than this; the memory I took away with me, the memory I bring back with me to her grave!

A second time I tried to read the inscription. I saw, at the end, the date of her death; and, above it—

Above it, there were lines on the marble, there was a name among them which disturbed my thoughts of her. I went round to the other side of the grave, where there was nothing to read—nothing of earthly vileness to force its way between her spirit and mine.

I knelt down by the tomb. I laid my hands. I laid my head, on the broad white stone, and closed my weary eyes on the earth around, on the light above. I let her come back to me. Oh, my love! my love! my heart may speak to you now! It is yesterday again since we parted—yesterday, since your dear hand lay in mine—yesterday, since my eyes looked their last on you. My love! my love!

Time had flowed on, and Silence had fallen, like thick night, over its course.

The first sound that came, after the heavenly peace, rustled faintly, like a passing breath of air, over the grass of the burial-ground. I heard it nearing me slowly, until it came changed to my ear—came like footsteps moving onward—then stopped.

I looked up.

The sunset was near at hand. The clouds had parted; the slanting light fell mellow over the hills. The last of the day was cold and clear and still in the quiet valley of the dead.

Beyond me, in the burial-ground, standing together in the cold clearness of the lower light, I saw two women. They were looking toward the tomb; looking toward me.

Two.

They came a little on, and stopped again. Their veils were down, and hid their faces from me. When they stopped, one of them raised her veil. In the still evening light I saw the face of Marian Halcombe.

Changed, changed as if years had passed over it! The eyes large and wild, and looking at

me with a strange terror in them. The face worn and wasted piteously. Pain and fear and grief written on her as with a brand.

I took one step toward her from the grave. She never moved—she never spoke. The veiled woman with her cried out faintly. I stopped. The springs of my life fell low, and the shuddering of an unutterable dread crept over me from head to foot.

The woman with the veiled face moved away from her companion and came toward me slowly. Left by herself, standing by herself, Marian Halcombe spoke. It was the voice that I remembered—the voice not changed, like the frightened eyes and the wasted face.

"My dream! my dream!" I heard her say these words softly, in the awful silence. She sank on her knees, and raised her clasped hands to the heaven. "Father! strengthen him. Father! help him, in his hour of need."

The woman came on—slowly and silently came on. I looked at her—at her, and at none other, from that moment.

The voice that was praying for me faltered and sank low—then rose on a sudden, and called affrightedly, called despairingly to me to come away.

But the veiled woman had possession of me, body and soul. She stopped on one side of the grave. We stood face to face, with the tombstone between us. She was close to the inscription on the side of the pedestal. Her gown touched the black letters.

The voice came nearer, and rose and rose more passionately still. "Hide your face! don't look at her! Oh, for God's sake, spare him—" The woman lifted her veil.

SACRED  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
LAURA,  
LADY GLYDE—

Laura, Lady Glyde, was standing by the inscription, and was looking at me over the grave.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.



**AWFUL APPARITION!**

*Mrs. T. (to T., who has been reading the popular novel).* "PRAY, MR. TOMKINS, ARE YOU NEVER COMING UP-STAIRS? HOW MUCH LONGER ARE YOU GOING TO SIT UP WITH THAT 'WOMAN IN WHITE?'"

**THE WOMAN IN WHITE**



**OLYMPIC THEATRE**

## PREFACE

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE" has been received with such marked favour by a very large circle of readers, that this volume scarcely stands in need of any prefatory introduction on my part. All that it is necessary for me to say may be summed up in few words.

I have endeavoured, by careful correction and revision, to make my story as worthy as I could of a continuance of the public approval. Certain technical errors which had escaped me while I was writing the book are here rectified. None of these little blemishes in the slightest degree interfered with the interest of the narrative—but it was as well to remove them at the first opportunity, out of respect to my readers; and in this edition, accordingly, they exist no more.

Some doubts having been expressed, in certain captious quarters, about the correct presentation of the legal "points" incidental to the story, I may be permitted to mention that I spared no pains—in this instance, as in all others—to preserve myself from unintentionally misleading my readers. A solicitor of great experience in his profession most kindly and carefully guided my steps whenever the course of the narrative led me into the labyrinth of the Law. Every doubtful question was submitted to this gentleman before I ventured on putting pen to paper; and all the proof-sheets which referred to legal matters were corrected by his hand before the story was published. I can add, on high judicial authority, that these precautions were not taken in vain. The "law" in this book has been discussed, since its publication, by more than one competent tribunal, and has been decided to be sound.

One word more, before I conclude, in acknowledgment of the heavy debt of gratitude which I owe to the reading public.

It is no affectation on my part to say that the success of this book has been especially welcome to me, because it implied the recognition of a literary principle which has

I was the first to speak in answer to this appeal. My own course was plain to me. **It is the great beauty of the Law that it can dispute any human statement, made under any circumstances, and reduced to any form.** If I had felt professionally called upon to set up a case against Sir Percival Glyde, on the strength of his own explanation, I could have done so beyond all doubt. But **my duty** did not lie in this direction—my function was of the purely judicial kind. I was to weigh the explanation we had just heard, to allow all due force to the high reputation of the gentleman who offered it, and to decide honestly whether the probabilities, on Sir Percival's own showing, were plainly with him, or plainly against him. My own conviction was that they were plainly with him, and I accordingly declared that his explanation was, to my mind, unquestionably a satisfactory one.

"The Story Continued by Vincent Gilmore (of Chancery Lane, Solicitor)"

The  
**Woman in White**

By Wilkie Collins.



Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly.

Part 2 of 2



"I TURNED ON THE INSTANT, WITH MY FINGERS TIGHTENING ROUND THE HANDLE OF MY STICK."

I had now arrived at that particular point of my walk where four roads met—the road to Hampstead, along which I had returned, the road to Finchley, the road to West End, and the road back to London. I had mechanically turned in this latter direction, and was strolling along the lonely high-road—idly wondering, I remember, what the Cumberland young ladies would look like—**when, in one moment, every drop of blood in my body was brought to a stop by the touch of a hand laid lightly and suddenly on my shoulder from behind me.**

I turned on the instant, with my fingers tightening round the handle of my stick.

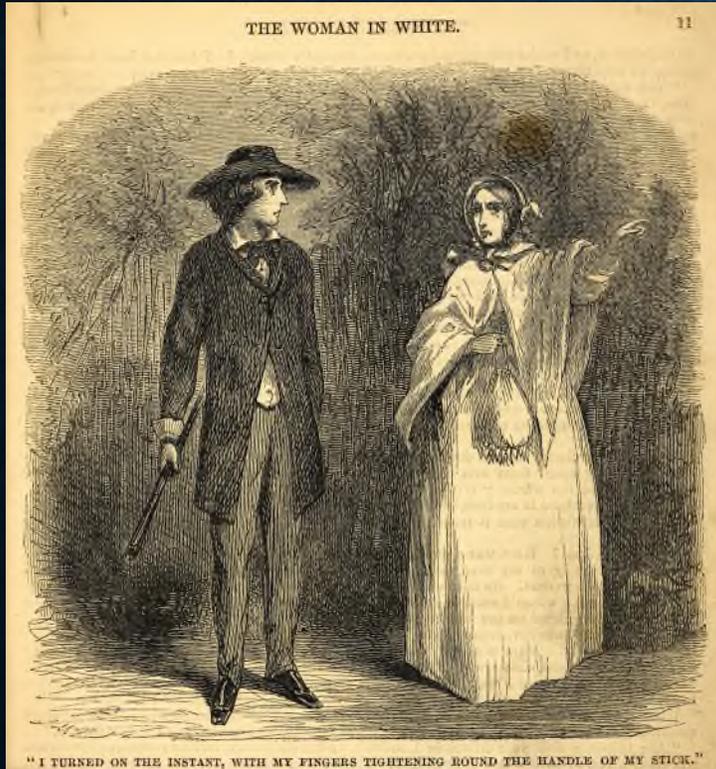
**There, in the middle of the broad bright high-road—there, as if it had that moment sprung out of the earth or dropped from the heaven—stood the figure of a solitary Woman, dressed from head to foot in white garments, her face bent in grave inquiry on mine, her hand pointing to the dark cloud over London, as I faced her.**

I was far too seriously startled by the suddenness with which this extraordinary apparition stood before me, in the dead of night and in that lonely place, to ask what she wanted. The strange woman spoke first.

"Is that the road to London?" she said.

I looked attentively at her, as she put that singular question to me. It was then nearly one o'clock. All I could discern distinctly by the **moonlight was a colourless, youthful face, meagre and sharp to look at about the cheeks and chin; large, grave, wistfully attentive eyes; nervous, uncertain lips; and light hair of a pale, brownish-yellow hue.** There was nothing wild, nothing immodest in her manner: it was quiet and self-controlled, a little melancholy and a little touched by suspicion; not exactly the manner of a lady, and, at the same time, not the manner of a woman in the humblest rank of life. The voice, little as I had yet heard of it, had something curiously still and mechanical in its tones, and the utterance was remarkably rapid. She held a small bag in her hand: and her dress—bonnet, shawl, and gown all of white—was, so far as I could guess, certainly not composed of very delicate or very expensive materials. Her figure was slight, and rather above the average height—her gait and actions free from the slightest approach to extravagance. This was all that I could observe of her in the dim light and under the perplexingly strange circumstances of our meeting. **What sort of a woman she was, and how she came to be out alone in the high-road, an hour after midnight, I altogether failed to guess. The one thing of which I felt certain was, that the grossest of mankind could not have misconstrued her motive in speaking, even at that suspiciously late hour and in that suspiciously lonely place.**

# WHITENESS



“The first is his encounter with Anne Catherick, the eponymous woman in white, and the third, after his shock at Marian, is to encounter Anne's double Laura, so that the two scenes of whiteness surround and contain the shock at darkness. To the degree that whiteness figures the desirable blank of femininity not yet written on, which Walter values and sees in that pliability that makes for beauty, Marian seems masculine in look-in mouth and eyes- because of her active and decisive mind. She is so much an intelligent subject already that she cannot be written on. She generates her own meanings, and creates a shock.”

(Gindele, p.69)

Whiteness signifies blankness: the absence of colour, the absence of writing, the absence of experience, the absence – even – of life, and Anne as a woman in white signifies a blank on which other people can inscribe their own meanings. To Walter she is a mystery at the very least, but in Bronfen's argument she is also an object of desire, which means a desire for death or for a dead body. To Marian and Laura she represents the hope of uncovering a secret, but to Sir Percival she represents a threat to that secret; she stands for the blank space in the parish register, and, like the offending page, must be removed from the public arena and the possibility of examination. The plot authored by Count Fosco may remove Anne's body from society, but the blankness that she has represented is now embodied in Laura as another woman in white, so that the puzzles of identity, which concern Sir Percival, Anne and Fosco, reach their greatest intensity in Laura's predicament. Not only has she lost the bloom of health, which had previously distinguished her from Anne, but her bewildering experience in the asylum has enfeebled her wits and she has lost a significant part of her memory.

Pedlar, (2001), p.88.

Left	Node	Right	Book	In bk.
51	a dry hacking cough, and when he put up his	white right hand to his mouth, he showed the red scar	wwhite	
52	in the twilight? And what was it like?" "Arl in	white-- as a ghast should be," answered the ghost-seer, with a	wwhite	
53	folly. He saw, or thought he saw, a woman in	white, yesterday evening, as he was passing the churchyard; and the	wwhite	
54	saw in the churchyard he called it 'a woman in	white." "Not Anne Catherick?" "Yes, Anne Catherick." "She put her hand	wwhite	
55	afforded entrance, at various points, to the church-yard, rose the	white marble cross that distinguished Mrs. Fairlie's grave from the humbler	wwhite	
56	position, and waited and watched, with my eyes on the	white cross that rose over Mrs. Fairlie's grave. CHAPTER XIII. The	wwhite	
57	heart beat fast as I noted the colour--it was	white. "After advancing about half-way between the church and the grave	wwhite	
58	is right about your looking too particular, yesterday, all in	white. I'll walk about a little while you're here, churchyards being	wwhite	
59	while. She then glanced all round her, and taking a	white linen cloth or handkerchief from under her cloak, turned aside	wwhite	
60	and returned to the grave. I saw her kiss the	white cross, then kneel down before the inscription, and apply her	wwhite	
61	a stain on her tomb! It ought to be kept	white as snow, for her sake. I was tempted to begin	wwhite	
62	is it?" "They will tease me about dressing all in	white-- they say it looks so particular. How do they know	wwhite	
63	wear this ugly blue cloak! Ah! she was fond of	white in her lifetime, and here is white stone about her	wwhite	
64	was fond of white in her lifetime, and here is	white stone about her grave--and I am making it whiter	wwhite	
65	am making it whiter for her sake. She often wore	white herself, and she always dressed her little daughter in white	wwhite	
66	white herself, and she always dressed her little daughter in	white. Is Miss Fairlie well and happy? Does she wear white	wwhite	
67	white. Is Miss Fairlie well and happy? Does she wear	white now, as she used when she was a girl?" "Her	wwhite	
68	to see in this weary world of the woman in	white. CHAPTER XIV. "Half an hour later I was back at	wwhite	
69	idea of an old lawyer. His complexion was florid-- his	white hair was worn rather long and kept carefully brushed-- his	wwhite	
70	coat, waistcoat, and trousers fitted him with perfect neatness--his	white cravat was carefully tied, and his lavender- coloured kid gloves	wwhite	
71	taught her to paint from, were gone, and the tiny	white paths that led between the beds were damp and green	wwhite	
72	round the sandhills, down to the beach. There was the	white rage of the surf, and the multitudinous glory of the	wwhite	
73	Mr. Fairlie sat, serenely twirling the magnifying glass between his	white fingers and thumbs. "I have come to speak to you	wwhite	
74	from a stolen look at Laura in her pretty little	white bed--the bed she has occupied since the days of	wwhite	

Concordance

Search the corpora:  
The Woman in White (Wilkie Collins) X

Only in subsets:  
All text

Search for terms:  
White

Whole phrase  Any word

Results

View as:  
 Basic results  
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Filter rows:  
e.g. 'hands'

KWICGrouper

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L5 L4 L3 L2 L1 R1 R2 R3 R4 R5

Search for types:  
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Tags

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Subsets

Clusters

Keywords

- **Corpus Linguistics** is the study of linguistic phenomena through large collections of machine-readable texts: **corpora**. It is not the same as mainly obtaining language data through the use of computers. Corpus linguistics is **the study and analysis of data** obtained from a corpus.

# WHITENESS

“The early 1860s are white years. The arrival of ‘sensation’ as a byword for the breathlessly modern (...) seems curiously wedded to that color. To be more precise, the sensation era is ushered in by a series of female figures identified with whiteness.”

Nicholas Daly, (2005), p.1.

“*The Italian* in 1707 to *Zofloya* in 1806 to *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights* in the late 1840s to *The Woman in White* in 1860, representations of Gothic villainy progress from religious and national categories of otherness metonymically associated with black as a color designating evil, through a category of otherness that conflates enslaved, sexualized dark people with the daunting allure of the Prince of Darkness himself, and finally toward conceptions of a dark, sexual, bestial *racial* Other that reflects the triumph of biological racism”

(DeLaMotte, pp.19-20)

# WHITENESS

Walter's "encounter with 'dark, dwarfish men' who 'lurked murderously among the trees' in some tropical place in *The Woman in White*, an episode whose exasperating gratuitousness in terms of plot suggests the extent to which the subject of Anglo Gothic had been clarified, by 1860, as whiteness'

(DeLaMotte, p.25)



INTERIOR OF PRIMEVAL FOREST ON THE AMAZONS.

# IDENTITY

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

95

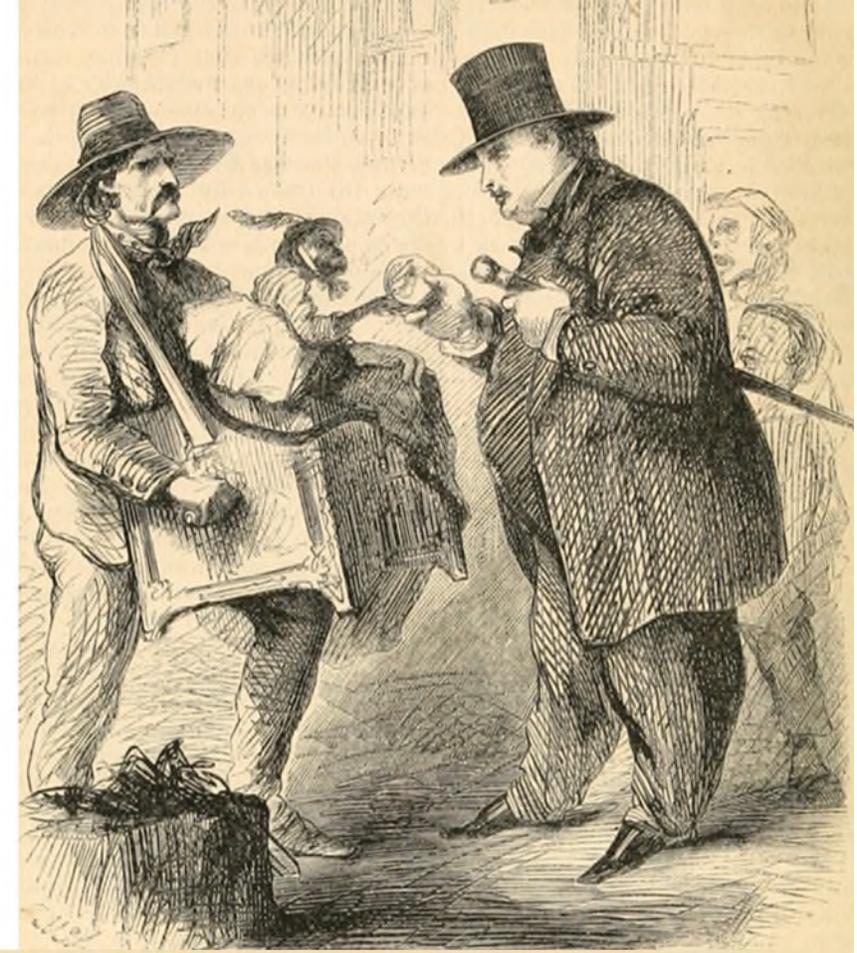
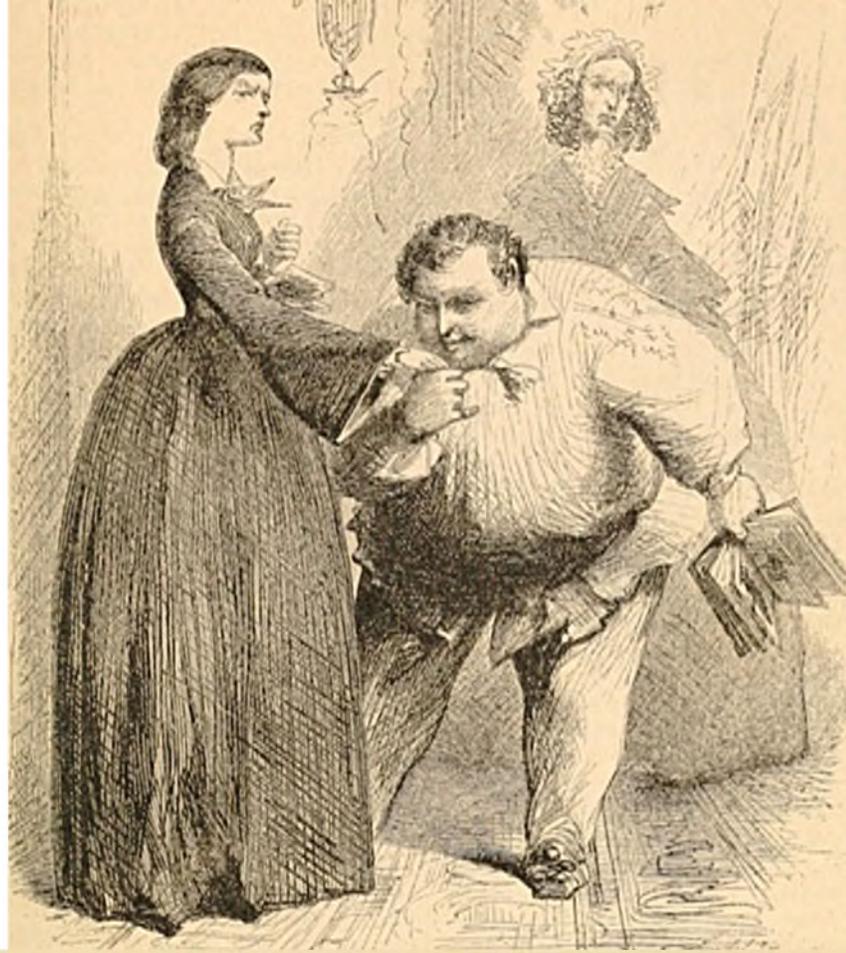


“FIGARO QUÀ! FIGARO LÀ!” ETC.

famous song in the Barber of Seville, with that | determined manner. What has he said or done  
crisply fluent vocalization which is never heard | to justify you?”

How am I to describe him? There are peculiarities in his personal appearance, his habits, and his amusements, which I should blame in the boldest terms, or ridicule in the most merciless manner, **if I had seen them in another man.** What is it that makes me unable to blame them, or to ridicule them in *him*?

For example, he is **immensely fat.** Before this time I have always especially **disliked corpulent humanity.** I have always maintained that the popular notion of connecting excessive **grossness of size and excessive good-humour as inseparable** allies was equivalent to declaring, either that **no people but amiable people ever get fat,** or that the accidental addition of so many pounds of flesh has a directly favourable influence over the disposition of the person on whose body they accumulate. I have invariably combated both these absurd assertions by **quoting examples of fat people who were as mean, vicious, and cruel as the leanest and the worst of their neighbours.** I have asked whether Henry the Eighth was an amiable character? Whether Pope Alexander the Sixth was a good man? Whether Mr. Murderer and Mrs. Murderess Manning were not both unusually stout people? Whether **hired nurses, proverbially as cruel a set of women as are to be found in all England,** were not, for the most part, also as fat a set of women as are to be found in all England?—and so on, through dozens of other examples, modern and ancient, native and foreign, high and low. Holding these strong opinions on the subject with might and main as I do at this moment, **here, nevertheless, is Count Fosco, as fat as Henry the Eighth himself, established in my favour, at one day's notice, without let or hindrance from his own odious corpulence.** Marvellous indeed!



“the Victorian era was defined and policed by the compulsion to control. Discipline over the body was perceived as essential in fulfilling the strict boundaries of prescribed manliness”

“Count Fosco is undoubtedly villainous, but he is additionally a bodily mass of contradictions [...] His exteriority is at odds with his interiority.



"FIGARO QUÀ! FIGARO LÀ!" ETC.

famous song in the Barber of Seville, with that | determined manner. What has he said or done  
crisply fluent vocalization which is never heard | to justify you?"

The Count passed the morning quietly indoors, some part of it in the library, some part in the drawing-room, playing odds and ends of music on the piano, and humming to himself. Judging by appearances, the sentimental side of his character was persistently inclined to betray itself still. He was silent and sensitive, and ready to sigh and languish ponderously (**as only fat men *can* sigh and languish**) on the smallest provocation.

*The Woman in White*, second epoch, ch VII



"A thousand pardons, Miss Halcombe," he said. "You know the character which is given to my countrymen by the English? **We Italians are all wily and suspicious by nature, in the estimation of the good John Bull.** Set me down, if you please, as being no better than the rest of my race. I am a wily Italian and a suspicious Italian. You have thought so yourself, dear lady, have you not? Well! it is part of my wiliness and part of my suspicion to object to Madame Fosco being a witness to Lady Glyde's signature, when I am also a witness myself."

"There is not the shadow of a reason for his objection," interposed Sir Percival. "I have explained to him that **the law of England allows** Madame Fosco to **witness** a signature as well as her husband."

"I admit it," resumed the Count. "The law of England says, Yes, but the conscience of Fosco says, No." He spread out his **fat fingers** on the bosom of his blouse, and bowed solemnly, **as if he wished to introduce his conscience to us all**, in the character of an illustrious addition to the society. "What this document which Lady Glyde is about to sign may be," he continued, "I neither know nor desire to know. I only say this, circumstances may happen in the future which may oblige Percival, or his representatives, to appeal to the two witnesses, in which case it is certainly desirable that those **witnesses** should represent two opinions which are perfectly independent the one of the other. **This cannot be if my wife signs as well as myself, because we have but one opinion between us, and that opinion is mine.**

I had first become acquainted with **my Italian friend** by meeting him at certain great houses where he taught his own language and I taught drawing. All I then knew of the history of his life was, that he had once held a situation in the University of Padua; that he had left Italy **for political reasons** (the nature of which he uniformly declined to mention to any one); and that he had been for many years respectably established in London as a teacher of languages.

Without being actually a dwarf—for he was perfectly well proportioned from head to foot—Pesca was, I think, the **smallest human being** I ever saw out of a show-room. Remarkable anywhere, by his personal appearance, he was still further distinguished among the rank and file of mankind by the harmless eccentricity of his character. The ruling idea of his life appeared to be, that **he was bound to show his gratitude to the country which had afforded him an asylum and a means of subsistence by doing his utmost to turn himself into an Englishman.** Not content with paying the nation in general the compliment of invariably **carrying an umbrella**, and invariably **wearing gaiters and a white hat**, the Professor further **aspired to become an Englishman in his habits and amusements**, as well as in his personal appearance. **Finding us distinguished, as a nation, by our love of athletic exercises**, the little man, in the innocence of his heart, devoted himself impromptu to all **our English sports and pastimes** whenever he had the opportunity of joining them; firmly persuaded that he could adopt our **national amusements** of the field by an effort of will precisely as he had adopted our national gaiters and our national white hat.

I had seen him risk his limbs blindly at a fox-hunt and in a cricket-field; and soon afterwards I saw him risk his life, just as blindly, in the sea at Brighton.

We had met there accidentally, and were bathing together. If we had been engaged in any exercise peculiar to my own nation I should, of course, have looked after Pesca carefully; **but as foreigners are generally quite as well able to take care of themselves in the water as Englishmen**, it never occurred to me that the art of swimming might merely add one more to the list of manly exercises which the Professor believed that he could learn impromptu.

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