# Gateway to the Great Books

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# Gateway to the Great Books

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# Gateway to the Great Books

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## Introduction & Syntopical Guide

ENCYCLOPÆDIA Britannica®

# GATEWAY TO THE GREAT BOOKS

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## 1

INTRODUCTION
SYNTOPICAL GUIDE

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*Note on Texts and Text Illustrations*

The spelling and punctuation of certain texts in this set have been changed in accordance with modern British and American usage. Translations and transliterations added by the editors are enclosed in brackets. Text illustrations in Volumes 8 and 9 have been revised and adapted to show modern equipment.

Portraits of authors in Volumes 2 through 10 are by Fred Steffen of Chicago

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# Introduction

## I
## The Ways–and Whys–of Reading

### *Great Books and the Gateway to Them*

The works in this set are outstanding creations of the human mind, but they are not of the same order as the works included in *Great Books of the Western World.* They consist of short stories, plays, essays, scientific papers, speeches, or letters; and in some cases they are relatively short selections from much larger works. In contrast, *Great Books of the Western World* generally contains whole books or extensive collections of books.

The works in that set not only have a certain magnitude, but they also occupy a unique place in the formation and development of Western culture. Each of them represents a primary, original, and fundamental contribution to our understanding of the universe and of ourselves. It has been said of them that they are books which never have to be written again, that they are inexhaustibly rereadable, that they are always contemporary, and that they are at once the most intelligible books (because so lucidly written) and the most rewarding to understand (because they deal with the most important and profound subjects). It has also been said of them that they are the repository and reservoir of the relatively small number of great ideas which we have forged in our efforts to understand the world and our place in it; and that they are over everyone's head all of



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the time, which gives them the inexhaustible power to elevate all of us who will make the effort to lift our minds by reaching up to the ideas they contain.

The works included in *Gateway to the Great Books* have some of the special attributes which distinguish the great books. Some of the things which have been said of the great books can also be said of them. The works in this set are, each of them, masterpieces of the imagination or intellect. Many of them are modern, even recent; some were written in ages past; but they are all forever contemporary. In whatever time or place we live, they speak to us of our own condition. Like the great books, they are readable again and again, with renewed pleasure and added profit. And like the great books, they throw light on as well as draw light from the great ideas. They, too, have the power to lift our minds up to new levels of enjoyment, new levels of insight, new levels of understanding. They have that power by virtue of holding out more to understand than most of us can manage to understand in a first reading. And if we make the effort to understand more in subsequent readings, they sustain such effort by the intellectual excitement they afford us—the excitement and the challenge of coming to closer grips with the great mysteries of nature and human nature, the order of the universe and the course of human history.

Like the great books in these respects, the selections included in this set are entitled to be regarded as proper companions to the greatest works of the human mind. That, however, does not fully describe the function they are intended to perform. They are more than just companion pieces. We have another and what seems to us a more important reason for associating the contents of these volumes with the contents of *Great Books of the Western World.*

Because this set consists of much shorter works and, on the whole, of things somewhat easier to read, we think that the reading of the selections here included will effectively serve as an introduction to the reading of the great books. That is why we have called this set a *gateway* to the great books. Readers who open their minds to all, or even to some, of the works in this set, have opened the gates for themselves and are on the high road to the world of ideas and the lifetime of learning which the great books make accessible.

More than half of the contents of this set consists of stories and plays, essays, speeches, and letters. Good writing of this kind almost has to be about things and experiences and feelings which are famil-

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iar to every human being; and when the writing is of a high order of excellence, as it is in the case of all the selections here included, it deals with the familiar aspects of life in a way that is at once lively and illuminating. Readers are quickly entertained and, to the extent that they are entertained (which means that their attention is held with delight), they read–and learn.

While the political, scientific, and philosophical readings in *Gateway to the Great Books* must be read with more conscious effort to attend to what they try to teach us, they nevertheless remain easier than the basic political, scientific, and philosophical treatises in *Great Books of the Western World.* In part, this is due to their brevity; in part, it must be also said that what they try to teach us is more readily grasped.

All the works included in this set are comprehensible to any reader who will give them the measure of attention which they require. That requirement is easy to fulfill, and can be fulfilled with pleasure, precisely because all these works have the quality of entertainment. Entertaining books invite and sustain our attention, delighting us at the same time that they profit us. The pleasure and profit that readers derive from this set of books should–and, the editors think, will–help them to develop the habits and improve the skills which should make the great books easier for them to read, some at the same time, some later.

## *Kinds of Reading Matter*

Different kinds of reading matter call for different kinds of reading. Readers must, first of all, decide what type of reading matter they have at hand; and they must then read it accordingly. Every piece of reading matter that comes before our eyes is not equally worth reading; nor do all make equal claims on our attention. All do not deserve from us the same devotion to the task of considering what the writer has in mind–what he is trying to teach us or to make us feel.

A telephone book, an airline timetable, or a manual for operating a washing machine may be useful or even indispensable reading, requiring attention to certain details; but these certainly do not deserve sustained study or devoted consideration. Most periodicals that come our way do not deserve more than passing attention. And what is called "light reading" is no different from most television

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programs or motion pictures, which succeed only if they give us the relaxation that we seek from them. Whatever use or value these things may have for us, they are seldom worth reading twice, and none of them is worth reading over and over again.

The great books, and the smaller masterpieces that constitute a gateway to them, exert a whole series of claims upon us that other kinds of reading seldom make. They have treasures to yield, and they will not yield their treasures without our digging. They will not give something to us unless we give something to them. Such works command our interest, our humility, and our fidelity. They have much to teach us—if we want to learn.

These are the works which are most worth reading for the first time, precisely because we will find, on that first reading, that they deserve to be read over and over again. It might almost be said that a book which is not worth rereading one or more times is not really worth reading carefully in the first place. Like the great books, the works in this set are not idle-hour affairs, mere time passers like picture magazines. None of them is a sedative compounded of paper and ink. Every one of them calls for and deserves active, as contrasted with merely passive, reading on our part.

Young people—and older ones—who in ages past had access to only a few books in a lifetime knew how to read them without being told. We all know to what good use young Abraham Lincoln, by the light of the log fire, put the Bible, Euclid, Blackstone, Bunyan, and a few other books. He, and others like him, read not only with eyes wide open but also with a mind fully awake—awake because it was intensely active in an effort to get, by reading, everything that the writer had to offer.

We need to remind ourselves of this bygone situation in which a book was a lifelong treasure, to be read again and again. Deluged as we are with a welter of printed words, we tend to devaluate all writing, to look at every book on the shelf as the counterpart of every other, and to weigh volumes instead of words. The proliferation of printing, on the one hand a blessing, has had, on the other, a tendency to debase (or, in any case, homogenize) our attitude toward reading.

What was true centuries ago is still true: there are great books and masterpieces of writing which can entertain us while they enlighten us; there are merely useful books or printed materials which we go to only for specific facts or instruction; there are trivial books which,

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To say that these are four different kinds of writing—writings about four different kinds of subjects—is not enough. They represent four different kinds of thinking, too. And they reflect four different aspects of our one human nature. They are four in one, at once different and the same. Since these four kinds of writings all spring from the human mind, and since that is a unity, so in the end all thought is unified.

The mind is not four separate compartments. No single thought is unrelated to any other. Our ideas, beliefs, sentiments, and fancies do not exist in isolation, to be collected artificially and arbitrarily. Neither is a set of volumes representing all the major aspects of human thought and feeling an aggregation of snippets. For all its diversification of content, *Gateway to the Great Books* has an underlying unity—the unity of the human mind itself.

Most of the writers in this set, though they lived at different times and had special interests and abilities, are talking to each other across the centuries. Like the authors of the great books, they are engaged in a continuing conversation. They are talking to each other through the walls that seem to separate the physicist from the novelist, the philosopher from the historian; for all are involved in a common adventure—the unending exploration of the human condition, of the mind and imagination, of our earth-home, and of the illimitable cosmos of which we are, though a small part, by far the most interesting members. Those who read and reread all the selections in this whole set—and that may take a long time—will in the end gain a vision of this common adventure and sense the unity which underlies the whole.

But in the beginning, as readers thread their way among the many different strands here woven together, they would be well advised to observe the differences in the four kinds of writing included in this set. They have to be read differently. Each of them has to be approached with a special attitude, a particular frame of mind. Confusion and bewilderment would result from our addressing a poet as if he were a mathematician, a philosopher as if he were a historian, or a historian as if he were a scientist. So, too, we would tend to confuse and bewilder ourselves if we failed to distinguish between fiction and nonfiction, or between philosophy and science, history and mathematics, and read them as if they were all the same.

These different kinds of writing require different kinds of reading on our part, because to read them well—with an active mind—we

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must ask different sorts of questions as we read. Unless we know what to look for (and how to look for it) in each kind of reading that we do, we shall demand of fiction knowledge it cannot give us, ascribe to history values it does not have, ask science for opinions that lie wholly outside its scope, and expect philosophy to produce a mode of proof that is impossible for it to achieve.

## *Some Rules of Reading*

So basic are the differences among various kinds of writing that it is almost impossible to formulate rules of reading which are general enough to apply to every kind of writing in the same way. But there is one rule which takes account of this very fact; for it recommends that we pay attention, first of all, to the character of the writing before us. Is it fiction or nonfiction? And if the latter, what sort of expository writing is it—criticism, history, political theory, social commentary, mathematics, science, or philosophy?

There is one other rule which applies to every piece of writing, insofar as it has the excellence that is common to all pieces of writing that are works of art, whether they are imaginative or expository writing. A work of art has unity. Readers must apprehend this unity. It may be the unity of a story or of a play, or the unity of a historical narrative, a scientific theory, a mathematical analysis, a philosophical argument. But whatever it is, it can be stated simply as a kind of summary of what the whole work or piece of writing is about. Readers should make the effort to say what the whole is about in a few sentences. When they have done this, they have answered for themselves the first of the four questions which should be asked about anything worth reading actively and with a mind fully awake.[1] Since a work of art is a complex unity, a whole consisting of parts, readers should also try to say what the major parts of the work are, and how they are ordered to one another and to the whole.

The rules to which we now turn apply most readily to nonfiction (expository writing of all sorts), though, as we shall presently see, corresponding rules can be stated for guidance in the reading of imaginative literature.

The writer of an expository work is usually engaged in solving a problem or a set of problems. Hence the reader, in dealing with such

[1]See p. 5 above for an enumeration of the four questions.

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works as wholes, should try to summarize the problems which the author posed and tried to solve. What are they? How are they related to one another? Knowing the author's problems is necessary to any understanding of the answers he tries to give and to the judgment we make of his success or failure in giving them.

Examining a piece of writing as a whole and as an orderly arrangement of parts is only one approach to it. It constitutes one way of reading a book or anything less than a book which has artistic unity. A second approach involves attention to the language of the author, with concern not only for his use of words and the manner in which he expresses his meaning, but also for the verbal formulation of his opinions and the reasons that he has for holding them. Here readers should do a number of things, in successive steps, each a way of trying to get at the thought of the writer by penetrating through his language to his mind.

Readers should, first of all, try to come to terms with the author, that is, try to discover the basic terms which express the author's central notions or ideas. This can be done only by noting the words carefully and discovering the five or ten (rarely more than twenty) which constitute the author's special vocabulary. Finding such words or phrases will lead readers to the writer's basic terms. Thus, for example, a careful reader of Calhoun's "The Concurrent Majority" from *A Disquisition on Government* (Volume 7) can come to terms with Calhoun only by discovering what he means by such words or phrases as "constitution," "numerical majority," "concurrent majority," "interposition," "nullification," and "veto."

A term is a word used unambiguously. It is a word tied down to a special meaning which does not change within the context of a particular piece of writing. We come to terms with an author by noting the one or more meanings with which he uses the words in his own special vocabulary. Good writers are usually helpful, indicating explicitly by verbal qualifications—such as quotation marks, underlining, or parenthetical explanations—that a word is now being used in one sense and now in another; but even the best writers frequently depend upon the context to provide such qualifications. This requires the reader to do the work of interpretation which is involved in coming to terms.

Language is a difficult and imperfect medium. For the transmission of thought or knowledge, there must be communication, which can occur only when writer and reader have a common understand-

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ing of the words which pass from one to the other. Terms made by the one and discovered by the other produce communication.

Coming to terms underlies all the subsequent acts of interpretation on the part of the reader. Terms are the building blocks of propositions, and propositions are put together in arguments. The next two steps in the process of interpretation concern the author's propositions and arguments–represented on the printed page by sentences and paragraphs, just as terms are represented there by words and phrases.

Readers should try to find out what the author is affirming and denying–what his bedrock assertions are. To do this, they must spot the crucial sentences in the text, the sentences in which the author expresses the opinions which are central in his mind. Most of the sentences in a piece of writing are not crucial. Only a few set forth the propositions which the author is undertaking to defend. Spotting these is not enough. We must know what they mean.

There are two simple ways in which we can test our understanding of the crucial sentences in an author's work. First, can we say precisely in our own words what the author is saying in his; that is, can we extract the author's meaning from his words by translating it into another form of speech? Second, can we think of examples that clearly illustrate the author's meaning or apply it to concrete experiences?

The third step of interpretative reading requires us to look for and find the key paragraphs which express the writer's basic arguments in support of the opinions that he wishes to persuade us to accept. An argument is a sequence of propositions, having a beginning in principles and an end in conclusions. It may be simple, or it may be complex, having simpler arguments as parts. Sometimes the writer will put his whole argument down in one place in the form of a summary paragraph; but more frequently the reader must piece together the parts of the argument by connecting sentences, or parts of paragraphs, which are on different pages.

The first of the suggested approaches to reading a book or piece of writing is analytical: it dissects a whole work into its parts and relates the parts. The second is interpretative: it attempts to construe what a writer means from what he says. There is a third approach, which should follow and complement the other two. It is critical.

Here the task is to judge a piece of writing in terms of the truth and falsity of its basic propositions, both its principles and its

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conclusions, in terms of the cogency or soundness of its arguments, and in terms of the adequacy or completeness of its analysis. It is at this stage or in this phase of reading that readers must decide whether they agree or disagree with the writer, or determine the extent of this agreement or disagreement. In doing this, they should be governed by a number of rules or maxims.

The first is that readers should neither agree nor disagree with an author until they are sure that they understand what the author is saying. To agree with what you do not understand is inane; to disagree in the absence of understanding is impertinent. Many readers start to disagree with what they are reading almost at once–before they have performed the tasks of analysis and interpretation which should always precede that of criticism. In effect, they are saying to an author: "I don't know what you are talking about, but I think you are wrong." It would be just as silly for them to say "right" as it is for them to say "wrong." In either case, they are expressing prejudices rather than undertaking genuine criticism, which must be based on understanding.

This rule calls for patience and humility on the reader's part. If we are reading anything worth reading–anything which has the power to instruct us and elevate our minds–we should be loath to judge it too soon, for it would be rash to presume that we have so quickly attained an adequate understanding of it. If we suspect that we have fallen short in our understanding, we should always blame ourselves rather than the author. Not only is that the proper attitude if the author is worth reading at all; but, in addition, such an attitude may keep our mind on the task of interpretation. There is always time for criticism after that is well done.

A second maxim by which we should be guided can be stated thus: there is no point in winning an argument if we know, or even suspect, that we are wrong. This is an important rule of intellectual behavior in face-to-face discussions–one, unfortunately, which is frequently violated. It is even more important in the very special one-way conversation that a good reader carries on with an author. The author is not there to defend himself. Disagreement with an author demands the utmost in intellectual decency on the part of the reader.

A third closely related maxim recommends to readers that they should not undertake criticism unless they are as willing to agree as to disagree–unless they are prepared to agree intelligently as well

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pository writing calls for different types of criticism on the reader's part. Aristotle pointed out that "the standard of correctness is not the same in poetry and politics," which we can generalize by saying that the soundness of a fictional narrative is not to be judged in the same way as the soundness of a scientific or philosophical exposition. In the latter, the standard is objective truth; in the former, internal plausibility. To be true in its own way, fiction need not portray the world as it actually is. Its truth is not that of simple factual realism or representation. Its truth depends upon an internal necessity and probability. Characters and action must fit together to make the narrative a likely story. However fanciful the story may be, it has the ring of truth if it is believable as we read it–if we can feel at home in the world that the imaginative writer has created for us.

The differences that we have pointed out between imaginative and expository writing should not be allowed to obscure the fact that there are mixed works–works which somehow participate in the qualities of both types. One example of this will suffice. Historical narratives are, in a way, mixtures of poetic and scientific or philosophical writing. They offer us knowledge or information about the past, gained by methodical investigation or research, but that knowledge or information comes to us in the form of a story, with a sequence of events, a cast of characters, and a plot. Hence histories must be read in both ways. They must be judged by the standard of objective truth–truth of fact–and also by the standard of internal plausibility–truth of fiction.

## *Some Further Suggestions to the Reader*

One way of putting into practice the rules of reading outlined in the preceding pages is to read with a pencil in hand–to mark the pages being read, without scruples about damaging the volume. Marking a book is not an act of mutilation, but one of love. Of course, no one should mark a book that one does not own. But the books that we buy, we are at liberty to mark or write in as we read.

Buying a book is only a prelude to owning it. To own a book involves more than paying for it and putting it on the shelf in one's home. Full ownership comes only to those who have made the books they have bought part of themselves–by absorbing and digesting them. The well-marked pages of a much-handled volume constitute one of the surest indications that this has taken place.

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Too many persons make the mistake of substituting economic possession or physical proprietorship for intellectual ownership. They substitute a sense of power over the physical book for a genuine grasp of its contents. Having a fine library does not prove that its legal owner has a mind enriched by books. It proves only that he was rich enough to buy them. If someone has a handsome collection of volumes–unread, untouched–we know that this person regards books as part of the home furnishings. But if the books, many or few, are dog-eared and dilapidated, shaken and loosened by continual use, marked and scribbled in from cover to cover, then we know that the owner has come into the full ownership of the books.

Why is marking a book so important a part of reading it? It helps to keep you awake while reading–not merely conscious, but mentally alert. And since reading, if it is an active process, involves thinking, and thinking tends to express itself in words, spoken or written, writing in the book enables readers to express their thoughts while reading. Marking a book thus turns the reader into a writer, engaged, as it were, in a conversation with the author.

There are many ways of marking a book intelligently and fruitfully. As one discovers the terms, propositions, and arguments in an expository work, one can mark them by underlining or by asterisks, vertical lines, or arrows in the margin. Key words or phrases can be circled; the successive steps of an argument can be numbered in the margin. Imaginative works can be similarly treated: underlining or marginal notations can be used to mark significant developments in character, crucial turns in plot, or revelations of insight by the author himself. In addition, one should not hesitate to use the margin, or the top or bottom of the page, to record questions that the text arouses in one's mind, or to jot down one's own comments about the significance of what is being read.

The margins of a book, or the space between its lines, may not afford enough room to record the thoughts of intensive readers. In that case, they should read with a scratch pad in hand. The sheets of paper on which the notations have been made can then be inserted into the book at appropriate places.

The person who marks a book cannot read it as quickly as one who reads it passively or merely flips its pages inattentively. Far from being an objection to marking books, this fact constitutes one of the strongest recommendations for doing it. It is a widely prevalent fallacy that speed of reading is a measure of intelligence.

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There is no right speed for intelligent reading. Some things should be read quickly and effortlessly, some should be read slowly and even laboriously. The sign of intelligence in reading is the ability to read different things differently according to their worth. With regard to the great books, or with regard to the selections in this set, the point is not to see how many of them you can get through, but rather to see how many can get through you–how many you can make your own.

Most things worth reading carefully are likely to present some difficulties to the reader on a first reading. These difficulties tend to slow us up. But we should never allow them to stop us in our tracks. Readers who bog down completely because they cannot fully understand some statement or reference in the course of their reading fail to recognize that no one can be expected to achieve complete understanding of a significant work on the first go at it. A first reading is bound to be a relatively superficial one, as compared with the reading in greater and greater depth that can be done when one rereads the same work later.

Readers who realize this should adopt the following rule in reading worthwhile materials for the first time. The rule is simply to read the work through without stopping to puzzle out the things one does not fully understand on that first reading. Failure to clear all the hurdles should not lead one to give up the race. The things which may be stumbling blocks on the first reading can be surmounted on later readings, but only if they are not allowed to become insuperable obstacles that prevent the first reading from being completed.

Readers should pay attention to what they can understand, and not be stopped by what they do not immediately grasp. Go right on reading past the point where you have difficulties in understanding, and you will soon come again to paragraphs and pages that you readily understand. Read the work through, undeterred by paragraphs, arguments, names, references, and allusions that escape you. If you let yourself get tripped up by any of these stumbling blocks, if you get stalled by them, you are lost. In most cases, it is not possible to puzzle the thing out by sticking to it. You will have a much better chance of understanding it on a second reading, but that requires you to have read the work *through* at least once.

Reading it through the first time, however superficially, breaks the crust of the book or work in hand. It enables readers to get the feel or general sense of what they are reading, and some grasp,

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however incomplete, of what it is all about. It is necessary to get some grasp of the whole before we can see the parts in their true perspective–or, sometimes, in any perspective at all.

Most of us were taught in school to pay attention to the things we did not understand. We were told to go to a dictionary when we met with an unfamiliar word. We were told to go to an encyclopedia or some other reference work when we were confronted with allusions or statements we did not understand. We were told to consult footnotes, scholarly commentaries, or other secondary sources in order to get help. Unfortunately, we never received worse advice.

The tremendous pleasure that comes from reading Shakespeare was spoiled for generations of high school students who were forced to go through *Julius Caesar* or *Macbeth* scene by scene, to look up all the words new to them in a glossary, and to study all the scholarly footnotes. As a result, they never read a play of Shakespeare's. By the time they got to the end of it, they had forgotten the beginning and lost sight of the whole. Instead of being forced to take this pedantic approach, they should have been encouraged to read the play through at one sitting and discuss what they got out of that first quick reading. Only then, if at all, would they have been ready to study the play carefully, and closely, because they would have understood enough of it to be able to learn more.

What is true of reading a play by Shakespeare applies with equal force to all the works included in this set, both the fiction and the nonfiction. What first readers of these works will understand by reading each of them *through*–even if it is only 50 percent or less–will help them to make the additional effort later to go back to the difficult places which they wisely passed over on the first reading. Even if they do not go back, understanding 50 percent of something really worth reading is much better than not understanding it at all, which will certainly be the case if they allow themselves to be stopped by the first difficult passage they come to.

There are some technical books–usually written by professors for professors, and in the jargon of the trade–which are not only difficult for first readers, but impossible for the nonprofessional to understand by any means. Such books are difficult because they are written in a way that is not intended for the person of ordinary background and training. In contrast, the great books, and to a lesser extent the masterpieces included in this set, are difficult for a quite different reason.

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It is not because the author has not tried to be clear to the ordinary reader. It is not because the author is not a good writer. The difficulty, where it exists, lies in the subject matters being treated and in the ideas being conveyed. Precisely because the authors of *Great Books of the Western World* and the writers represented in *Gateway to the Great Books* have a mastery of these difficult subject matters or ideas, do they have the power to deal with them as simply and clearly as possible. Hence they make such material as easy as it can be made for the reader.

No major subject of human interest, nor any basic idea, need be a closed book to the ordinary person. On every one of them, there exist great books or masterpieces of writing which afford enlightenment to anyone who will make the effort to read them. However difficult the subject matter being treated or the idea being expounded, these writings help ordinary and inexpert readers to make some headway in understanding if they will only follow the rule of cracking a tough nut by applying pressure at the softest spot. That, in other words, is the rule of paying maximum attention to what you do understand, and not being deterred by what you fail to understand, on the first reading of these works.

## *A Word About What Follows*

The succeeding sections of this introductory essay will attempt to acquaint the reader with the four types of subject matter which are represented in *Gateway to the Great Books.* Section II will discuss the works of the imagination that are included in Volumes 2–5; Section III, the writings about man and society that are included in Volumes 6 and 7; Section IV, the works in natural science and in mathematics that are included in Volumes 8 and 9; and Section V, the philosophical writings that are included in Volume 10.

Each of these sections will try to provide a general framework in which the writings indicated above can be read. Illustrative materials from *Great Books of the Western World,* as well as references to particular selections in *Gateway to the Great Books,* will be utilized to bring readers face to face with the ideas and themes appropriate to each kind of writing, and to fill them in on the basic background in each field. In addition, reference will be made from time to time to the *Syntopicon,* the index to the great ideas, which comprises Volumes 1 and 2 in *Great Books of the Western World.* The quotations

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MEMORY AND IMAGINATION (GBWW, Vol. 2), we learn that the two powers "depend upon sense perception or upon previous experience. Except for illusions of memory, we do not remember objects we have never perceived or events in our own life, such as emotions or desires, that we have not experienced. The imagination is not limited in the same way by prior experience, for we can imagine things we have never perceived and may never be able to."

How is this possible, when our imagination depends upon sense perception or upon previous experience? We do not know, except that we have both the involuntary instinct (as in dreams) and the voluntary power of *combining*. "Even when imagination outruns perception," the *Syntopicon* continues, "it draws upon experience for the materials it uses in its constructions. It is possible to imagine a golden mountain or a purple cow, though no such object has ever presented itself to perception. But, as Hume suggests, the possibility of combining a familiar color and a familiar shape depends upon the availability of the separate images to be combined."

The *Syntopicon* quotes Hume–some of whose shorter works we read in Volumes 5 and 7 of this set–as saying, "When we think of a golden mountain, we only join two consistent ideas, *gold* and *mountain,* with which we were formerly acquainted. . . . All this creative power of the mind amounts to no more than the faculty of compounding, transposing, augmenting, or diminishing the materials afforded us by the senses and experience." Congenitally colorblind persons who lived entirely in a world of grays would not be able to imagine a golden mountain or a purple cow, though they might be able to imagine other things as unreal as these.

The object imagined, then, need not be located in the past like the object remembered, though the former depends upon the memory of the objects combined to produce it. But the imagined object need not have any definite location in time and space. It need have no actual existence. It may be a mere possibility, unlike the kind of object which cannot be known without being known to exist; it is a *figment* or construction. Having seen horses, we do not imagine a horse; we remember it. Having seen both horses and birds, we cannot remember a winged horse, but we can all imagine one. Memory preserves those things which are no longer present or no longer exist. Imagination evokes those things which have never existed, and, maybe, never will.

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## *". . . in which he dwells delighted."*

Consider for a moment what memory and imagination mean to our human experience and our civilization. Without them, says the *Syntopicon,* "man would live in a confined and narrow present, lacking past and future, restricted to what happens to be actual out of the almost infinite possibilities of being." But what imagination means to the life of each of us is perhaps best stated by a master of the art. In *The Lantern-Bearers* (Vol. 7), Robert Louis Stevenson asserts that, "Justice is not done to the versatility and the unplumbed childishness of man's imagination. . . . His life from without may seem but a rude mound of mud; there will be some golden chamber at the heart of it, in which he dwells delighted. . . ."

To the poet Shelley the imagination is the key to all goodness: "The great secret of morals is love; or a going out of our own nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively: he must put himself in the place of another and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is the imagination . . . We want the creative faculty to imagine that which we know; we want the generous impulse to act that which we imagine; we want the poetry of life . . ." (*A Defence of Poetry,* Vol. 5).

Let us recall the shipwrecked sailor in Stephen Crane's *The Open Boat* (Vol. 3). Doomed, as he thought, in a tiny lifeboat which could not make land, he suddenly remembered a poem of his childhood that began, "A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers," and only now, for the first time, understood it; for the first time he felt sorry for that soldier now that he himself "lay dying." His own mortal experience brought that soldier before him. What Shelley insists upon is that all men, so few of whom have such an experience, use their imaginations to put themselves "in the place of another and of many others."

This is what poetry—the traditional term for what we call "fiction"—does for us. The poet's imagination takes us into the heart of another, of a person, a place, an event, and in doing so moves and lifts us. Volumes 2, 3, and 4 of *Gateway to the Great Books* are a collection of masterpieces of the imagination, Volume 5 a collection of the great critical and imaginative essays which enlighten our appreciation and enjoyment of what we read.

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We emphasize appreciation and enjoyment, in addition to understanding, because the test of an imaginative work is its beauty. The French expression for such works, both stories and essays, is *belles-lettres;* literally untranslatable, it would have to be rendered something like "beautiful knowledge." But the test of knowledge is truth, not beauty; does this mean that poetry is false? And–if it is–how can it possibly serve us? We say that a person has "let his imagination run away with him" when we don't believe him. What then, if fiction or poetry be untrue, can it profit us?

The apparent contradiction has never been more clearly resolved than in Aristotle's little treatise *On Poetics* (GBWW, Vol. 8). "The poet's function," he says, "is to describe, not the thing that has happened, but a kind of thing that might happen, *i.e.,* what is possible. . . . The distinction between historian and poet is not in the one writing prose and the other verse–you might put the work of Herodotus into verse, and it would still be a species of history; it consists really in this, that the one describes the thing that has been, and the other a kind of thing that might be. Hence poetry is something more philosophic and of graver import than history, since its statements are of the nature rather of universals, whereas those of history are singulars. By a universal statement I mean one as to what such or such a kind of man will probably or necessarily say or do–which is the aim of poetry, though it affixes proper names to the characters; by a singular statement, one as to what, say, Alcibiades did or had done to him" (*ibid.*).

". . . a kind of thing that might happen"–this is poetry, fiction, the work of the imagination. Not the actual here and now, or yesterday, or in 1776, nor *this* man, John Smith of 1332 State Street, Philadelphia; but the possible, today, tomorrow, yesterday, here or anywhere, as it might happen to such and such a *kind* of person. And insofar as we see ourselves as such a kind of person, and those we know as this or that kind, we are moved emotionally, to sympathy, to pity, forgiveness, love, noble deeds and impulses (and, conversely, to fear and hate and cruelty and ignoble deeds and impulses). But what moves us–through its beauty–is the universal truth of the tale; in it we recognize ourselves or others. It is the possible, and the possible cannot be false.

Thomas De Quincey calls imaginative works "the literature of power" as opposed to the literature of knowledge. The function of the latter is to teach us, of the former to move us. In his *Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power* (Vol. 5), he asks, "What do you

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learn from *Paradise Lost*? Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new." What we owe the immortal author of the first, he goes on, is power—the materialization of our own latent capacity to move and be moved. "Were it not that human sensibilities are ventilated and continually called out into exercise by the great phenomena . . . of literature . . . it is certain that, like any animal power or muscular energy falling into disuse, all such sensibilities would gradually droop and dwindle. It is in relation to these great moral capacities of man that the literature of power, as contradistinguished from that of knowledge, lives and has its field of action." He points out that the Psalmist asks the Lord to give him not understanding, but an "understanding heart."

After attending a theater for the first time as a child, Charles Lamb tells us that he "knew nothing, understood nothing, discriminated nothing. I felt all, loved all, wondered all—*Was nourished, I could not tell how*" (*My First Play,* Vol. 5). What had happened to him?—The play had brought his heart into contact with those peculiar sources of joy which, in the cultivation of the intellect alone, tend, according to psychologist William James, to dry up and leave us "stone-blind . . . to life's more elementary . . . goods" (*On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings,* Vol. 7). Literature, says Stevenson in *The Lantern-Bearers,* moves us with "something like the emotions of life . . . Not only love, and the fields, and the bright face of danger but sacrifice and death and unmerited suffering humbly supported touch in us the vein of the poetic. We love to think of them, we long to try them, we are humbly hopeful that we may prove heroes also."

This is what the great works of the imagination do to us, and their effect is not without its dangers. The human heart is at once the best and worst of our blessings. So readily and so mysteriously moved, and in turn moving us to the great actions of life, its power may carry us to beatitude or perdition—depending on the goal to which it is moved and the means we choose to reach the goal.

This is where criticism comes in. The critic or essayist is part "poet" and part "historian," who comprehends the imagination and analyzes its output. The critic may deal (as De Quincey and others do in Vol. 5) with specific works or forms of literature, or (like Francis Bacon) with mankind itself. In either case, the writer examines and instructs or admonishes. Like preachers, critics want to direct and deepen our view of beauty; like scientists, they inquire into the truth of that view.

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## *What Makes a Book Good?*

The great issue here is the existence or nonexistence of standards of criticism. Can we say of a literary work that it is "good" or "bad," or "true or false," as we can of a pot or a pan–or a mathematical formula? And, if we can, with what degree of certainty? Can we say that it is "good" or "bad" only here and now, for our time or for our place; or can we criticize it in universal terms of time and place? And, if we can, what are the standards by which we do it, and how are they arrived at? What–or who–is the ultimate authority?

In Volume 5 of *Gateway to the Great Books* Sainte-Beuve looks at the history of criticism and reminds us that "the greatest names to be seen at the beginning of literatures are those which disturb and run counter to certain fixed ideas of what is beautiful and appropriate in poetry. For example, is Shakespeare a classic? Yes, now, for England and the world; but in the time of Pope he was not considered so. Pope and his friends were the only pre-eminent classics; directly after their death they seemed so forever. At the present time they are still classics, as they deserve to be, but they are only of the second order, and are forever subordinated and relegated to their rightful place by him who has again come to his own on the height of the horizon" (*What Is a Classic?*).

We are all familiar with the famous aphorisms, the Latin *de gustibus non est disputandum* ("there is no disputing about tastes") and the French *chacun á son goût* ("each to his taste"). But Hume (*Of the Standard of Taste,* Vol. 5) is willing to say that there *is* a way to measure literature: ". . . strong sense, united to delicate sentiment, improved by practice, perfected by comparison, and cleared of all prejudice, can alone entitle critics to this valuable character; and the joint verdict of such, wherever they are to be found, is the true standard of taste and beauty."

But the difficulties are at once apparent: How do we determine "strong sense"? How do we define "delicate sentiment"? How does a man, that creature of prejudice, clear himself of all prejudice? What if the verdict of such men is not joint at all, but divided?

While different forms of literature are to be criticized differently–see Schopenhauer's essays *On Style* and *On Some Forms of Literature* (Vol. 5)–we can generally accept the traditional view that the unity and completeness of an imaginative work–plus the harmony of its construction–serve as criteria under the experi-

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two of the world's favorites are Homer's Odysseus (Ulysses) and Daniel Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. Homer and Defoe lived thousands of years apart, but *The Odyssey* and *Robinson Crusoe* continue to fascinate the old and the young in every language and in every land. They are the all-time best-selling adventure stories. *The Odyssey* (along with *The Iliad*) constitutes Volume 3 of *Great Books of the Western World,* and sections of Crusoe's classic (in spite of everyone's having read it as a child) have their place (in Vol. 2 of this set) in the living library of every young and old adult.

Ulysses was a divinely descended king, Crusoe a common sailor boy. Their adventures were in some ways radically different: Ulysses had his men and his ships, and wherever he went his life was thronged with companions lovely or terrible, human or divine; Crusoe, shipwrecked on a desert island, lived without the sound of human voice or the sight of human face until his "man Friday" came and relieved the solitude in which he faced and mastered fate. But the two figures are essentially more alike than different: In Dante's *The Divine Comedy* (GBWW, Vol. 19) the shade of Ulysses bemoans the fact that neither fondness for his small son nor piety for his father nor the love of his wife had been able to overcome "the longing that I had to gain experience of the world"—an ardor which delayed his return home from the Trojan War by ten years. And Crusoe, cursing his restlessness and curiosity as "the general plague of mankind," says that half of men's miseries flow from their "not being satisfied with the station wherein God and Nature hath placed them."

Ulysses deliberately sought out every challenge that man or god could muster, and Crusoe, all alone, tamed primeval nature to his civilized wants. Such heroes, increasing their stature to giant size, vicariously increase the size of those who read of their exploits. Men ourselves, we say, "mind you, a mere man did this." Crusoe's ingenious devices for carving a home for himself out of next to nothing have their echo in the do-it-yourself kit with which we moderns construct or repair an implement we could have bought cheaper at the store; we are all Crusoes and Ulysseses and our small adventures spring from their great ones. "Neither in the theoretic nor in the practical sphere," says William James (*The Principles of Psychology,* in GBWW, Vol. 53), "do we care for, or go for help to, those who have no head for risks, or sense for living on the perilous edge. . . . We draw new life from the heroic example."

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The sedate philosopher John Stuart Mill tells us in the opening chapters of his *Autobiography* (Vol. 6) how the young Crusoe enriched his own sheltered childhood in which raw adventure had no place. So all of us, sheltered from the most primitive trials of life, are enriched by the youngster who would not and could not be kept to a way of life calculated for "peace and plenty . . . moderation, quietness," the way in which "men went silently and smoothly through the world, and comfortably out of it. . . ." Like him, we all rebel against the smooth, silent way, but he, unlike us, was pushed on by fate, "born," he says, "to be my own destroyer."

## *The Adventure of Comedy*

The heroism of all adventure stories is essentially comic: It is read for delight, and its pervasive character is the happy ending. It *pleases* us. But where the adventurer increases our own stature vicariously, the comic victim (even while we are laughing at him) reduces it. "This, too," we say again, "is a mere man, like me," and thus Marcus Aurelius, in *The Meditations* (GBWW, Vol. 11), finds comedy useful in "reminding men to beware of insolence." It enables one (says Melville in *Moby Dick,* in GBWW, Vol. 48), to take "this whole universe for a vast practical joke . . . at nobody's expense but his own."

But it has a much higher aim, according to Schiller (*On Simple and Sentimental Poetry,* Vol. 5); it enables man to liberate himself "from the influence of violent passions, and taking a calm and lucid survey of all that surrounds him, and also of his own being, and of seeing everywhere occurrence rather than fate or hazard, and ultimately rather smiling at the absurdities than shedding tears and feeling anger at sight of the wickedness of man."

This certainly sounds as if comedy has a purpose beyond mere entertainment, though perhaps we should consider these the *effects* of comedy rather than its *aim.* Still, comedy may be a way of communicating a deadly serious message. Works like Dickens' *The Pickwick Papers* (Vol. 2) involve a sharp–if often hilarious–critique of the deplorable social situation in England in the nineteenth century. Sheridan's *The School for Scandal* and Molière's *The Misanthrope* and *The Doctor in Spite of Himself* (all three plays in Vol. 4) are "drawing-room comedies" in which we are seen saying and doing the opposite of what we feel. The comedy of manners (such as those

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just mentioned) more often than not involves the traditionally and universally amusing, but none the less real, "battle of the sexes," with the helpless woman winning.

The characters in comedy do not bleed when they are pricked–their suffering is usually mere embarrassment–and the authors are making fun. But in making fun of human foibles they are nevertheless *arguing*. They seem to have no purpose, no message, no moral, but Sainte-Beuve, in his *What Is a Classic?* (Vol. 5) reminds us that Goethe said that Molière "is so great that he astonishes us afresh every time we read him." The king of critics (as Sainte-Beuve calls him) would hardly have spoken thus of a writer whose power was limited to making us laugh. The fact is that when we reject every sermon, every plea, and every scientific proof, and cling obstinately to our prejudices, comedy may still reach us where the other forms of discourse fail.

It is at this point that comedy gives rise to its most purposeful–and often savage–form in what is known as satire. The writer is a satirist, says Schiller (*On Simple and Sentimental Poetry,* Vol. 5), "when he takes as subject the distance at which things are from nature, and the contrast between reality and the ideal . . . he may place earnestness and passion, or jests and levity, according as he takes pleasure in the domain of the will or in that of the understanding. In the former case it is avenging and pathetic satire; in the second case it is sportive, humorous, and mirthful satire. . . . In satire the real as imperfection is opposed to the ideal, considered as the highest reality," But of *all* satire we may certainly say that it has a purpose, and that its purpose, unlike that of pure comedy, is never nebulous or concealed.

Voltaire's little satire, *Micromégas* (Vol. 2), for instance, brings a gigantic visitor to earth from the stars to inspect and make mock of the tiny dwellers on our tiny planet. The device of size to take us down a peg is, of course, also used by Jonathan Swift in the greatest of all satires, *Gulliver's Travels* (GBWW, Vol. 34). Nothing so well illustrates the saying that "there is no such thing as a children's book" as does *Gulliver's Travels.* Beloved of youngsters the world over, it says infinitely more to the world of adults than it does to children.

But where Voltaire in his disillusionment is "sportive, humorous," Swift, in his, is "avenging and pathetic." We have only to turn to Volume 7 and read the great Irishman's *A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Ireland from Being a Burden to Their*

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*Parents or Country* to see how satire can be the agonized cry of a great heart against man's inhumanity to man. Hazlitt (*On Swift,* Vol. 5) says of this "children's" writer that "the ludicrous in Swift arises out of his keen sense of impropriety, his soreness and impatience of the least absurdity. He separates, with a severe and caustic air, truth from falsehood. . . . His better genius was his spleen. It was the biting acrimony of his temper that sharpened his other faculties."

Which is the more effective, gentle or sharp satire? In the latter category we find Shaw's *The Man of Destiny* (Vol. 4), which, like Aristophanes' renowned *Lysistrata* (GBWW, Vol. 4), is a theater piece mirthfully satirizing the most terrible of all human activities, war. Here we are seen deluding ourselves with grandiose aims and purposes, justifying our most monstrous behavior by the highest ideals. "When [an Englishman] wants a thing," says Shaw, "he never tells himself that he wants it. He waits patiently until there comes into his mind, no one knows how, a burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who possess the thing he wants." In both Shaw and Aristophanes, the heart of the satire is the victory of "helpless" woman over both warriors and war.

Satire may play an effective role in all works of social criticism, even in the construction of literary utopias–imaginary places where people live under ideal conditions. The most famous utopias (included in *Great Books of the Western World*) are Plato's *The Republic* (Vol. 6), founded on virtue; St. Augustine's *The City of God* (Vol. 16), founded on the Christian faith; and Francis Bacon's *New Atlantis* (Vol. 28), founded on science. But Machiavelli, that hardest-boiled of all hard-boiled realists, is scornful of such depictions of "republics and principalities which in fact have never been known or seen, because how one lives is so far distant from how one ought to live, that he who neglects what is done for what ought to be done, sooner effects his ruin than his preservation" (*The Prince,* in GBWW, Vol. 21).

This dim view of the confection of ideal commonwealths whose inhabitants exist under perfect conditions inspired one great utopian reformer to produce his plan in the form of a satire. This is Samuel Butler's *Erewhon* (Vol. 2 of this set). *Erewhon*–an anagram of "nowhere"–is borrowed directly from the word "utopia," compounded from the Greek οὐ, not, and τόπος, a place. Butler uses the device of holding a mirror to our institutions so that we see them in reverse: In Erewhon, disease, misfortune, debt, and poverty are

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treated as crimes against society and are punished. But what *we* call crimes are treated as diseases–as, indeed, many modern psychologists think they are–and are treated as such by men trained in "soul-craft" (we would say "psychiatry") called "straighteners" (our "therapists").

The reason for satire is plain: Whoever is moved to criticize humans and their ways has to choose between a direct and a devious approach to the audience. The satirist chooses the latter, in the hope that, by entertaining them the while, he can circumvent the resistance they ordinarily display to criticism. He tries to "kid" them into facing their defects, where the moralist or preacher tries to compel them to face them. The literature of social protest tries to compel, to shock people into awareness. As *belles-lettres* it is rarely successful, but in Henrik Ibsen it reaches its artistic peak. In *An Enemy of the People* (Vol. 4) we see the protagonist on his feet fighting social evil. He is beaten but he is never stupid, as he is in satire, or ridiculous, as he is in comedy.

## *The Society–and the Person*

In social protest we always see a minority pitted against what John Stuart Mill calls "the tyranny of the majority." (See *On Liberty,* in GBWW, Vol. 40.) "The strongest man in the world," says the heroic (some would say bullheaded) Dr. Stockmann in Ibsen's classic, "is he who stands most alone," echoing Walt Whitman's words in his *Preface to Leaves of Grass* (Vol. 5): "take off your hat to nothing known or unknown, or to any man or number of men." Standing alone against the commercial cupidity of the whole community–including the government and the press–Ibsen's honest physician is destroyed, but in his destruction we read his triumph. He has triumphed over the materialism of a civilization which teaches a man, says Matthew Arnold in his *Sweetness and Light* (Vol. 5), "to value himself not on what he *is* . . . but on the number of the railroads he has constructed, or the bigness of the tabernacle he has built."

What a person is brings us to the heart of literature and to the heart of life: the individual. Social criticism focuses on society and, insofar as it treats of the Dr. Stockmanns, portrays the worth and nobility of human nature in, if not the many, then at least the few. It shows us people daring alone, the adventurers. So, too, comedy, though it mocks our professions and our professional humbug (the

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Sir Walter Scott's *The Two Drovers* (Vol. 2), and in Isak Dinesen's *Sorrow-Acre* (Vol. 3).

Opposing "necessity" and the persistent theme of fate among the ancients is the doctrine of moral freedom under the servitude of God, notably illustrated by Tolstoy's *What Men Live By* and *The Three Hermits* (both in Vol. 3). In the former strange story the angel sent to live with the shoemaker has come to earth to learn the truth about humans. He learns that they live by their love for each other, and not by caring for themselves. This is likewise the motive of the French master Flaubert, in whose *Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller* (Vol. 3) a man who has lived a life of violence and accidentally kills his parents becomes a beggar in penitence and achieves salvation by absolute charity. The power of faith reaches its heights here, as it does in Tolstoy's hermits, who simply cannot learn the outward forms of prayer the mighty bishop tries to teach them.

The ultimate human adventure is tragedy, and so is the ultimate achievement in storytelling. Each of the greatest tragedies of literature weaves a web of action around a man or woman who plays the role of the tragic hero; a role so universal in its appeal that the spectator is filled, as Aristotle says, with pity and fear (*On Poetics,* in GBWW, Vol. 8); pity for the character which, without being really wicked, suffers the worst of punishments, fear lest what befalls an Oedipus or a Macbeth, mighty kings, might all the more easily befall ourselves.

Why do we read of such macabre matters? Why do we *enjoy* reading of them—enjoy them more than we enjoy light comedy or dazzling adventure? Aristotle says in his famous analysis (*ibid.*) that the spectacle serves as a catharsis, evoking and purging us of our most dreadful emotions. The passions of comedy are small, of tragedy great; and thus the relief we obtain from comedy is less than that which we find in tragedy. "It is difficult," says Shelley, "to define pleasure in its highest sense; the definition involving a number of apparent paradoxes. . . . Sorrow, terror, anguish, despair itself are often the chosen expressions of an approximation to the highest good. Our sympathy in tragic fiction depends on this principle; tragedy delights by affording a shadow of that pleasure which exists in pain" (*A Defence of Poetry,* Vol. 5).

In *Gateway to the Great Books* we encounter tragedy in many of the stories in Volumes 2 and 3, in Scott's *The Two Drovers,* in Dinesen's *Sorrow-Acre,* above all in Herman Melville's *Billy Budd.* Is

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young Billy wrongly condemned to die? Was he actually innocent? His commander, who judged him and sent him to his death, never knew; nor do we, though there is no mystery (in the ordinary sense) about the events that lead to the climax. Is Billy the tragic hero, or is Captain Vere? Whose plight is the worse? Who suffers the more? Which of the two is wrong, or right? We may read *Billy Budd* many times and still ask ourselves these questions; *this* is the nature of tragedy.

Instead of saying that truth is stranger than fiction, we may say, after reading these masterpieces, that fiction is as strange as truth, and that the best fiction is closer to truth than the commonplace events we encounter every day of our lives. Closer to truth, so to say, than truth itself, for it speaks to us of the worlds within us that the white light of day rarely or never illuminates. Everything that *can* happen–for good or ill–is buried within us and directs our dreams, our desires, our ambitions, our choices with its unseen hand. The masters of imagination, entertaining us the while, bring us always nearer to the possession of the "understanding heart" which the Psalmist besought of God.

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# III
# Human Society

## *Neither a Beast nor a God*

Humans have always lived in society; we are social animals. True, there have been occasional hermits or "solitaries," whether by their own intent or, like Robinson Crusoe, accidentally, but they have come *out of* the society to which people generally belong. Being by nature a member of a community, the individual does not, and normally cannot, set up personal standards of thought or conduct without reference to others. Human history is the history of individuals whose lives mold, and are molded by, the community.

Nor is it a mere relationship, like that of a citizen and the government, or even that of a husband and wife, a relationship of independent entities which may be broken leaving each of them intact. It is integral, and the view of the Greeks that one who lives outside society is not human, but "a beast or a god," is a basic assumption of many political theorists. For them, living in society is indispensable to living humanly. Individual morality and politics (in the highest sense of the word) are inseparable, for the moral person is, among other things, just, and justice is the bond of people in communities.

History, then, is the account of that unique society compounded of sameness (in that humans, like the bees, are invariably social) and differences (in that humans form a variety of societies, public and private, and in constantly changing forms). *Gateway to the Great Books* includes the shorter works of some of the greatest historians of the ages, *Great Books of the Western World* the long masterpieces beginning with Herodotus, "the father of history," who tells us that he has written his account of the Persian War "in the hope of thereby preserving from decay the remembrance of what men have done . . ." (*The History,* in GBWW, Vol. 5).

Is this all that history can do? No, says Hume, in his *Of the*



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*Study of History* (Vol. 7); it also "amuses the fancy . . . improves the understanding . . . strengthens virtue."

But isn't it also the key to the future? Here is where historians—and we with them—get into deep water. If only people would, like the bees, do tomorrow what they did yesterday, history would be an infallible guide and solve our problems for us. But will people do tomorrow what they did yesterday? The second great ancient historian, Thucydides, seemed to think so; at the opening of his marvelous account of the long war between Athens and Sparta—which ended in the ruin of both—he says he will be content if his book be judged useful "by those inquirers who desire an exact knowledge of the past as an aid to the interpretation of the future, which in the course of human things must resemble if it does not reflect it . . ." (*The History of the Peloponnesian War,* in GBWW, Vol. 5).

"Peoples and governments never have learned anything from history, or acted on principles deduced from it," says the great German philosopher of history, G. W. F. Hegel. "Each period is involved in such peculiar circumstances, exhibits a condition of things so strictly idiosyncratic, that its conduct must be regulated by considerations connected with itself, and itself alone" (*The Philosophy of History,* in GBWW, Vol. 43).

But surely there are situations in our own day which, as Thucydides says, resemble the past? No doubt. But so, too, each individual confronts personal situations which at least resemble those the preceding generation confronted, and we know how hard it is for parents to persuade their children, on the basis of their own experience, to a course of action or a way of life. The fact seems to be that we are so variable a creature, so strong-willed and individualistic, that we must learn, if at all, from our own experience alone.

## *The Road We Have Traveled*

If history cannot prophesy the future, it should at least be able to show us the road we have traveled thus far; we ought then to be able to say something, however unsurely, about the next stages in the journey. But even here we appear to be asking more of Clio—the mythological muse of history—than she can tell us. The ancients thought of history as a kind of cycle, or a repetitious round which people mistook for change. But when science and technology began to alleviate the hardships of human life, the idea of historical

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progress was born. Toward the close of the eighteenth century Gibbon concluded his study of ancient Rome with "the pleasing conclusion that every age of the world has increased and still increases the real wealth, the happiness, the knowledge, and perhaps the virtue, of the human race" (*The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* in GBWW, Vol. 38).

Far from having caught (or from having been caught by) this pleasing conclusion, Rousseau at the same time reached the unpleasing conclusion that "Man is born free; and everywhere he is in chains" (*The Social Contract,* in GBWW, Vol. 35). His "noble savage" was better, and better off, than modern man. A century later a leading exponent of the doctrine of progress answered Rousseau: "To believe," said Darwin in 1859, "that man was aboriginally civilized and then suffered utter degradation in so many regions, is to take a pitiably low view of human nature. It is apparently a truer and more cheerful view that progress has been much more general than retrogression; that man has risen, though by slow and interrupted steps, from a lowly condition to the highest standard as yet attained by him in knowledge, morals and religion" (*The Descent of Man,* in GBWW, Vol. 49).

These same three traditional readings of human history–the cyclical, the progressive, and the retrogressive–appear in many of the great writers in *Gateway to the Great Books.* Of the three views, the cyclical is, in modern times, least often taken. Tacitus (as might be expected of an ancient historian) sees no great change in things; he tells us how the Romans led the conquered Britons "step by step . . . to things which dispose to vice . . . All this in their ignorance they called civilization, when it was but a part of their servitude" (*The Life of Gnaeus Julius Agricola,* Vol. 6). But Guizot, in nineteenth-century France, is convinced that "all the great developments of the internal man have turned to the profit of society; all the great developments of the social state to the profit of individual man" ("Civilization," Vol. 6). On the eve of the twentieth century Ruskin's *An Idealist's Arraignment of the Age* (Vol. 7) attacks this optimistic attitude (especially as it springs from scientific progress) with consummate eloquence–and scorn.

Can we say, then, that there is a science of history? Again we have no agreement of historians or philosophers of history. Karl Marx of course believes that there is, or at least that there are discoverable laws that flow from history, that "the economic formation of society

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of Tacitus on Agricola in this set (Vol. 6) is an example. Julius Agricola was Tacitus' father-in-law, and many of the details of his life were certainly known personally to Tacitus. It is obvious, however, that much of the material he presents on the Roman general's life must also have come from other sources.

Finally, the historian may write wholly of the past, and one view (the great historians of antiquity notwithstanding) is that the loss involved in doing so is more than compensated by the detachment of the scholar. True, the flesh-and-blood vividness of personal knowledge has to be sacrificed, but the history gains both impartiality and depth by the writer's distance from the passions of the occasion, the time, and the place. Prescott's "The Land of Montezuma" (Vol. 6) is such a history, relating the approach of Cortez and his men to the rich and lush heartland of Montezuma, the Aztec ruler. It is clear that Prescott has done immense research to bring us the picture of the reckless daring of the tiny band of Spaniards, as well as Montezuma's fear and paralysis as the Spaniards approach his capital.

History, says Lucian, "is nothing from beginning to end but a long narrative" (*The Way to Write History,* Vol. 6). But the story of history is restricted because it depends on facts, and the historian must balance the role of storyteller with the role of investigator. If it concentrates only on facts, the history is deadly dull. If it concentrates on story, the author may be tempted to sacrifice truth to entertainment. And there is no doubt in Lucian's mind that the historian's first duty is truth: "The historian's one task is to tell the thing as it happened."

A contrary view is presented by the great historian Macaulay, in his essay on Machiavelli (Vol. 7). "The best portraits," says Macaulay, "are perhaps those in which there is a slight mixture of caricature, and we are not certain that the best histories are not those in which a little of the exaggeration of fictitious narrative is judiciously employed. Something is lost in accuracy; but much is gained in effect. The fainter lines are neglected; but the great characteristic features are imprinted on the mind for ever."

J. B. Bury goes so far as to claim that Herodotus was more of an epic poet than a historian: "He had a wonderful flair for a good story . . . It is fortunate for literature that he was not too critical; if his criticism had been more penetrating and less naive, he could not have been a second Homer" (*Herodotus,* Vol. 6). "The classical histories," says Macaulay, "may almost be called romances founded in

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fact." If they were *purely* factual, they would have had few readers. And though popularity should be sacrificed to truth, we have only to reflect for a moment to realize that it is impossible to write a factual history that tells the truth. The facts themselves are *in fact* hearsay; do we know that "Columbus discovered America" when and where and how we say he did? Indeed we do not. We have it from participants, to be sure, but do we know (or do we simply assume) that they were telling the truth, or that any one of them actually *saw* the events he describes? Historical facts turn out to be slippery; in general they are based on a consensus of individual reports, any or all of which may be false.

But the difficulty is greater than this. The truth of an event includes the feelings and the spirit of the participants and the onlookers; indeed, these nonfactual ingredients are often the most significant in any historical recital. Consider, for example, the Nazi invasion of Poland on September 1, 1939, which followed a number of clashes on the border between the two countries. Hitler was clearly the aggressor on that day and subsequently, but he and his followers claimed that the Poles had attacked them and that they were defending their country. The *truth* not only includes, but includes above all else, the real attitude and intentions of the German and Polish leaders and the sentiments of the two peoples, and such definitive things are so close to impossible to know (even if there are written records purporting to reveal them) that they probably will be argued by historians to the end of time.

## *The Way to Read History*

The writer of history cannot present *only* the facts—or *all* the facts. He has to weigh and judge them. As the *Syntopicon* puts it (GBWW, Vol. 1), the historian "tries to make credible statements about particular past events. He makes an explicit effort to weigh the evidence himself or, as Herodotus so frequently does, to submit conflicting testimony to the reader's own judgment. 'Such is the account which the Persians give of these matters,' he writes, 'but the Phoenicians vary from the Persian statements'; . . . or 'such is the truth of this matter; I have also heard another account which I do not at all believe'; or again, 'thus far I have spoken of Egypt from my own observation, relating what I myself saw, the ideas that I formed, and the results of my own researches. What follows rests

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on accounts given me by the Egyptians, which I shall now repeat, adding thereto some particulars which fell under my own notice.'"

The historian is human (or shall we say "only human"). The judgment and interpretation of the relevance or irrelevance of the materials that are examined, of the weight to assign to Document A or Witness B, are the judgment and interpretation of a human, not a god. We should suppose that the historian ought to be dispassionate, a neutral. But whoever is dispassionate or neutral? Who lives today, or ever has, or ever will, who meets the requirements established for the historian by Lucian?–". . . fearless, incorruptible, independent, a believer in frankness and veracity; one that will call a spade a spade, make no concession to likes and dislikes, nor spare any man for pity or respect or propriety; an impartial judge, kind to all, but too kind to none; a literary cosmopolite with neither suzerain nor king, never heeding what this or that man may think, but setting down the thing that befell" (*The Way to Write History,* Vol. 6).

"Setting down the thing that befell"–as if history were an almanac, and an endless almanac at that! "Clearly," the *Syntopicon* says, "the historians have different criteria of relevance in determining the selection and rejection of materials and different principles of interpretation in assigning the causes which explain what happened. These differences are reflected in the way each historian constructs from the facts a grand story, conceives the line of its plot and the characterization of its chief actors." The writer of history is not an Olympian–or even a Martian. The historian is a citizen of one nation or another, conditioned, like all of us, by the values and habits of time and place. Above all, the historian is an individual human being, with human biases: a person dealing with the actions of humans, and whose view of historical actions can hardly help but reflect personal views of human action in general.

The best he–and we–can hope for is his consciousness of his biases. If he is unconscious of them, he can do nothing to correct them; if he is conscious of them, he can submit his judgment and interpretation to colleagues who, if not unbiased, are at least blessed with biases contrary to his own. He may even warn the reader against himself, but perhaps that is too much to hope, of the historian or of anyone. Bury, finding in Herodotus a strong bias for the Athenians in the only history we have of the earth-shaking Persian War, says that "it was the work of a historian who cannot help being

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partial; it was not the work of a partisan who becomes a historian for the sake of his cause" (*Herodotus,* Vol. 6).

Perhaps no historian can help being partial; in which case what Bury said of Herodotus may be said of every great historian and of all great history. Bertrand Russell long ago urged that a country's history used for study in the schools should be written by citizens of other countries than that in which it is studied, and in an age like ours, deluged on all sides by government propaganda, the student of history, present or past, has got to read sharply, if not suspiciously. Consciousness of the forms which human bias takes–including one's own–is imperative. The study of the great historians and philosophers of history in *Gateway to the Great Books* (and then in *Great Books of the Western World*) will serve the reader in the development of that consciousness so crucial to a realistic apprehension and a balanced appraisal of the modern world.

## *The Domain of Liberty*

Much of human history–and certainly its most stirring episodes–involves the struggle for human liberty. But the meaning of liberty is itself controversial, and always has been; more so today, perhaps, than ever before, in spite of the fact that the greatest thinkers of every age have argued it. One point should be kept in mind: individual liberty and national independence must never be confused. Though the American Revolution was fought both for human liberty and national independence, it was not fought for the latter alone, as indeed, many colonial revolutions, or uprisings against the oppression of a foreign power, have been. An *independent* government may exist without human liberty.

What individual liberty is, how much of it there should be, and why, are questions that raise a host of other questions. And the questions it raises take us always more deeply into all of the great ideas dealing with human beings. What is man? What is God? What is the will? The soul? What is fate? Necessity? Law? Justice? Equality? Slavery? Government? The State? Society? Happiness? Pursuing these ideas through the *Great Books of the Western World*–the passages dealing with them are all indexed under these terms in the *Syntopicon*–we are sooner or later drawn to almost every one of the other great ideas. And nowhere is the dispute among thinkers hotter than it is in connection with this one concept, liberty.

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Most of the works in Volumes 6 and 7 of *Gateway to the Great Books* deal with liberty, as do many of the writings in the other volumes. The collection in Volume 6 entitled *Great Documents* is as good a starting point as any for the reader's study. Proceeding from *The English Bill of Rights* (1689) to the *Universal Declaration of Human Rights* in 1948, we may trace the development of the theory of liberty in the past two and a half centuries since John Locke, the English philosopher whose essay *Concerning Civil Government* (GBWW, Vol. 33) promulgates the doctrine that each person has a natural right to "life, health, liberty [and] possessions"–a phrase which the authors of the American *Declaration of Independence* borrowed and amended to read, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" (Vol. 6).

The liberties of Englishmen are held in the 1689 document to rest mainly with the sovereignty of Parliament against the king. Their statement, expanded through the successive documents in Volume 6, culminates in the United Nations' statement, which in addition to the general rights asserted by the earlier documents, asserts the freedom of residence and movement, both within one's own country and for the purpose of leaving one's country or any other (*and* to return to one's own country). It asserts the freedom of association–and the freedom *not* to associate. It maintains the universal right to work, free choice of employment, the right to form and join trade unions, "just and favorable conditions of work," protection against unemployment, social security, education, and a "standard of living adequate for the health and well-being of [every individual] and of his family."

Can these be said to be rights in any strict sense? Who is to guarantee them? Government? And if not government, who? And how is, for example, a "standard of living adequate for health and well-being" to be guaranteed by government (or any other power) in the underdeveloped and overpopulated societies in which most people live on or over the brink of starvation?

We may note that these "rights" are not only a spelling-out of the political liberties implied in the older documents but include economic conditions which the older documents do not touch; conditions which, in fact, cannot be guaranteed in the same way as political liberty. What the *Universal Declaration of Human Rights* reveals is the growing power in the world of the doctrine, so boisterously maintained by the Communists, but also embraced by the

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rights of the individual against society. This figure we see among the heroes and martyrs of history, beginning with Socrates and Christ. Their "rights" are crushed. But can we expect *any* form of social organization to allow one individual to hamstring its activities?

This is the hard question to which Henry David Thoreau addresses himself in his powerful essay, *Civil Disobedience* (Vol. 6). Thoreau refused to pay his taxes because a portion of them supported the Mexican War and slavery in the United States. He was sent to prison and released when his friend Emerson (whose essay on Thoreau we read in Vol. 6), paid his taxes for him. Thoreau, seeing the one individual at the mercy of the majority, asks if democracy as we know it is "the last improvement possible in government? Is it not possible to take a step further toward recognizing and organizing the rights of man? There will never be a really free and enlightened state until the state comes to recognize the individual as a higher and independent power."

But can there be such a State? Would it still be a State? Would it not instantly dissolve into anarchy? Washington in his *Farewell Address* (Vol. 6) says that until the *Constitution* is changed it is "sacredly obligatory upon all." Abraham Lincoln, taking the oath as President in the dreadful year 1860, asserts in his *First Inaugural Address* (Vol. 6) that "it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to, and abide by, all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them. . . ." But John Brown claimed that he had a more sacred obligation than the *Constitution* and the laws, an obligation to free the slaves; and as Thoreau defends the abolitionist (*A Plea for Captain John Brown,* Vol. 6), so Carlyle, in *The Hero as King* (Vol. 6), defends the words of Oliver Cromwell against the scandal they produced: "If the King should meet me in battle, I would kill the King."

## *Land of the Free—and Equal*

The state so consecrated to human liberty that it long stood on the brink of anarchy—and the one and only state ever so established—was the United States of America. Elsewhere the rights of man have been won piecemeal: the tree of liberty was watered by the blood of millions, from the time of the slave revolutions like that of Spartacus in Rome (Plutarch, *The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans,* in GBWW, Vol. 13). In America, it was planted by the men who

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founded the new nation and nurtured by the waves of the oppressed of Europe who swarmed to her open shores.

The United States is the case history of a human community hewn out of the wilderness to serve as a laboratory for utopianism then and thereafter. The American experiment staggered mankind and triggered all the revolutions that followed it. And it is a relatively new revolution and a new history, its beginnings voluminously recorded by capable writers and keen observers; a historian's paradise. A geographical paradise, too: a "vast tract of continent," as George Washington said, "comprehending all the various soils and climates of the world, and abounding with all the necessaries and conveniences of life." An Eden, with an indigenous population so small and scattered as to be routed by what, in military terms, were merely skirmishes.

An empty paradise, in effect, into which poured all the national and racial stocks of the earth in a process of self-selection. Only those came who wanted to start life anew, build "new heavens and a new earth," in the words of Christopher Columbus taken from the Book of Isaiah. "Here," says the American chronicler Crèvecoeur, "individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labours and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world" ("The Making of Americans," Vol. 6). None of the nations of the earth had been (or has up to now been) populated by peoples so diverse in background as America; nor of any other nation, past or present, may it be said that its people were there because they wanted to be there *and went there.*

In *Gateway to the Great Books,* we read the works of many Americans and commentators on America. Among the former are its greatest men of letters, Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, Mark Twain, Melville, Poe, Whitman, James; among the latter such European geniuses as Tocqueville, whose "Observations on American Life and Government" (Vol. 6) should be studied by every American interested to know his own country as only a stranger can study a country and know it. The America that fascinated Tocqueville in the 1830's fascinates us today, with its people and their manners and attitudes brilliantly delineated, their accomplishments, their shortcomings, and their perils both seen and unseen in their utopian form of government and the spirit of their society. ("Observations on American Life and Government" is an excerpt of *Democracy in America,* which appears in full as Vol. 44 of *Great Books of the Western World.*)

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Urged by a variety of motives–high and low–the dissatisfied came pouring into the new land. Crèvecoeur, who saw them come, found that in the new land: "Everything has tended to regenerate them; new laws, a new mode of living, a new social system; here they are become men: in Europe they were as so many useless plants, wanting vegetative mold, and refreshing showers; they withered, and were mowed down by want, hunger, and war; but now by the power of transplantation, like all other plants they have taken root and flourished!" ("The Making of Americans," Vol. 6.) There was room for everybody, and room for everybody to go on and up. The "new world," it was called; it was the old dream at long last come true, and it uncoiled the springs in the hearts of men "within half an hour after landing at New York," as Henry Adams said ("The United States in 1800," Vol. 6).

They were the "laboring poor" of Europe, who were suddenly numbered as free and independent citizens, for the first time in history the equal of every other man. There was all the work they wanted, and no unemployment, and they had only to work and save for a few years to become independent farmers and tradesmen. They came to think of themselves as individuals, and to be moved by individual self-interest to get ahead and always further ahead. Under their suddenly animated hands the economy sprang to life, and the sanctity of private property, the right to acquire it in free competition, to improve it, to dispose of it as one wished, grew at the center of the American faith, a doctrine shared enthusiastically by statesmen as different from one another as Thomas Jefferson and Herbert Hoover.

The rich open country afforded men good land cheap and even free–men whose ancestors had from time immemorial slaved on other men's land in Europe. Freedom of speech and press and assembly and worship created a society in which, as Tocqueville noted, everyone talked politics all the time and everyone joined associations of every kind. And freedom to exercise one's talents and ambitions released in these new men and women a materialism pent up for generations; people whose parents had starved to death dreamed of seeing their children rich. And that, too, came to pass.

But at the heart of the phenomenon lay something other than the love of freedom, said Tocqueville: "I think that democratic communities have a natural taste for freedom; left to themselves, they will seek it, cherish it, and view any privation of it with regret. But for equality, their passion is ardent, insatiable, incessant, invincible:

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they call for equality in freedom; and if they cannot obtain that, they still call for equality in slavery. They will endure poverty, servitude, barbarism, but they will not endure aristocracy" ("Observations on American Life and Government," Vol. 7).

The passion for equality was fortified by the country's freedom from the militarism which had formed the base of all European caste and class. The puny thirteen American colonies had repulsed the British Empire; behind the moat of the two oceans they could not be successfully attacked. Maintaining that a militia would be enough to defend the new country, Washington in his *Farewell Address* (Vol. 6) warned against "those overgrown military establishments which under any form of government are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty"; an echo of the assertion in the great *Virginia Declaration of Rights* (Vol. 6) that "standing armies, in time of peace, should be avoided as dangerous to liberty."

Believing, according to Adams, that "in the long run interest, not violence, would rule the world, and that the United States must depend for safety and success on the interests they could create, [the early Americans] were tempted to look upon war and preparations for war as the worst of blunders; for they were sure that every dollar capitalized in industry was a means of overthrowing their enemies more effective than a thousand dollars spent on frigates or standing armies. The success of the American system was, from this point of view, a question of economy. If they could relieve themselves from debts, taxes, armies, and government interference with industry, they must succeed in outstripping Europe in economy of production; and Americans were even then partly aware that if their machine were not so weakened by these economies as to break down in the working, it must of necessity break down every rival" ("The United States in 1800," Vol. 6).

We may say now that these men were optimists; but they had reason to be. Everything–except history–was propitious to their experiment. Above all, they believed in it–and not just the eminent leaders but the millions and more millions who came to participate in it. They believed that it was, in Jefferson's words, "the world's best hope" (*First Inaugural Address,* Vol. 6); in Washington's, "a most conspicuous theater, which seems to be peculiarly designated by Providence for the display of human greatness and felicity" (*Circular Letter to the Governors of All the States on Disbanding the*

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*Army,* Vol. 6). And Adams observed that European travelers in this early America "noticed that everywhere, in the White House at Washington and in log cabins beyond the Alleghenies, except for a few Federalists, every American, from Jefferson and Gallatin down to the poorest squatter, seemed to nourish an idea that he was doing what he could to overthrow the tyranny which the past had fastened on the human mind."

## *The Shadow of War*

In the 1830's Alexis de Tocqueville wrote the following remarkable words: "There are, at the present time, two great nations in the world which seem to tend towards the same end, although they started from different points: I allude to the Russians and the Americans. . . . Their starting point is different and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems to be marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe" ("Observations on American Life and Government," Vol. 6).

What Tocqueville did not predict–nor did anyone else–was that the hostility of Russia and America would one day threaten the extinction of the human race. There was little his imagination failed to grasp, but its grasp did not reach to the scientific development in which weapons, which in his time measured their carrying power in yards, would carry their deadly message for thousands of miles across oceans and continents.

On the contrary, he appeared to see a prospect for world peace in the fact that "the nations seem to be advancing to unity. Our means of intellectual intercourse unite the most remote parts of the earth; and it is impossible for men to remain strangers to each other, or to be ignorant of the events which are taking place in any corner of the globe." If this was true in 1835, how much truer it is today! Never has the world been so close to unification as now; never before could unification be imagined on an other than utopian basis. But this so nearly unified world continues to be divided by aggression and wars.

"Certain attitudes toward war between states seem to recur in every century," according to the *Syntopicon*'s introduction to the subject of WAR AND PEACE (GBWW, Vol. 2). "In the face of the ever-present fact of war, men deplore its folly or find some benefit to compensate for its devastation. But throughout most of the tradition, those who see only suffering, no less than those who celebrate the

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an universal republic (if all is not to be lost) the negative supplement of a permanent alliance . . ."; in short, a federation, not a union.

## *The Issue of Our Time*

And this–federation or union–is the heart of the issue. Rousseau, in his *A Lasting Peace through the Federation of Europe* (Vol. 7), in the eighteenth century proposed a European *federation* (since, he said, Europe was already homogenous because of geography, trade and commerce, habit and custom, and religion), but it was actually a federal *union,* with a legislative body with power to pass binding laws, a coercive force to enforce laws and prohibitions, and the power to prevent the withdrawal of any member. But he concluded gloomily that such an organization could never be established except by a revolution. "That being so," he says, "which of us would dare to say whether the League of Europe is a thing more to be desired or feared? It would perhaps do more harm in a moment than it would guard against for ages."

If the problem of conflicting sovereignties is to be resolved, all conflicts which arise between states must be submitted to a higher power for arbitration, and, as in civil society, this power must have the force to ensure that its decisions are obeyed. An *indissoluble* community requires a government superior to any or all of its components. This was the issue of the American Civil War, and before that, the heart of the greatest of the great debates in American history–whether to adopt the *Constitution* in place of the unworkable *Articles of Confederation.* It has continued to be a fundamental issue in our time in the efforts to create the European Community.

In the *Charter of the United Nations* (Vol. 6), the preamble states that the people are "determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war. . . ." But Chapter I, Article 2, Paragraph 1, asserts that "the Organization is based on the principle of the sovereign equality of all its Members"–just as were the ill-fated American *Articles of Confederation.* And after establishing the all-powerful Security Council, Paragraph 3 of Article 27 provides, in effect, that any permanent member may prevent action by the Security Council by casting a negative vote–the power of veto. And the veto is coupled with a still broader assertion of national sovereignty, which provides that "nothing contained in the present Charter shall authorize the United Nations to intervene in matters

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which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any state or shall require the Members to submit such matters to settlement under the present Charter" (Chap. I, Art. 2, Par. 7).

But these are the same guarantees of sovereignty which, as "state's rights," had wrecked the confederation of American states after the Revolution. Similar guarantees of national sovereignty undid the League of Nations. Germany quit the League in 1935, just as South Carolina had seceded from the American Union in 1860–both of them on the principle of sovereignty which forbade interference in their domestic affairs or organizational action without their consent. Can we say that a community from which a member resigns when it is charged with an offense is a true community?

Like the League, and like every federation of sovereigns before it, the United Nations was destined to great achievements *in matters on which the sovereign members could agree.* The United Nations could, and did, prevent or end "small wars," and, in so doing, earned the gratitude of all mankind. The war it could not prevent was the big one on the verge of which the world teetered after 1948. None of the heads of the three great powers (Britain, the U.S.A., and the U.S.S.R., who agreed to the veto at Yalta in 1945) nor, in all probability, their peoples, were able to move beyond Hegel's conception of the nation-state as "the absolute power on earth" (*The Philosophy of Right,* in GBWW, Vol. 43).

Like war, chattel slavery was for thousands of years regarded as part of the order of the universe. An Aristotle thought it was natural (*Politics,* in GBWW, Vol. 8); a John Locke accepted it as a concomitant of conquest (*Concerning Civil Government,* in GBWW, Vol. 33); a Thomas Jefferson wrote *The Declaration of Independence* (Vol. 6) without denouncing it. But it was destroyed at last, partly, to be sure, by machinery that was cheaper even than slaves, but partly by the slowly evolving moral and religious sentiment of mankind. The combination of man's self-interest and morality may do away with war–before war does away with man.

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# IV
# Science and Mathematics

## *Product and Process*

Every day, every hour, every minute, we feel the accelerating impact of science on our lives. Science has a hand in nearly everything which affects us—our food, clothing, shelter, job, amusements, and cultural pursuits. The very air we breathe has been changed by the combustion engine and by nuclear fission. Our whole environment is constantly being altered.

Should we not, then, try to understand science? Why? Why should we not be content, rather, simply to read the instructions on the outside of the package, and forget about the ideas, the techniques, and the processes that went into the making of the product? Are not the findings, after all, the only things that need concern us? We read a poem written two thousand years ago because it still has something to tell us. But science is progressive and rapidly outdated; why read about ideas that have been superseded by two thousand years, or even two years? And if science is a mystery story, why not just read the last page?

But the last page has not yet been written, the mystery is still not solved. Perhaps it will never be; and if it is, it may turn out that the clues were in the first chapter. And in all the chapters, from the first to the latest, there is the story of one of the most important human activities: the struggle to comprehend the universe.

Humans are question-asking animals, and our first questions are about the world we see around us, the "world of science." We wonder, and our wonder will not let us rest. We feel that we are growing when we are inquiring and investigating and only when we are inquiring and investigating. We want to know—and always to push beyond the known. We are a "natural-born" frontier people. Let us discover a new world, and we push on to a new planet, a new universe. To ask is to be excited. To be excited is to live.



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True, this curiosity is not evenly distributed among all persons. All of us possess it in insatiable quantity at birth. Unfortunately, most of us lose it, or stifle it, as we grow older. A few men and women retain it, and are activated by it, all their lives. They become the persistently, professionally curious whose curiosity changes the world. This is the fraternity to which the great scientists–like the great poets and philosophers–belong.

The rest of us need not be content with only the end product of science. We may all know the why and the how. True, the terminology of science and technology is "another language," but it is a language which we can comprehend, above all when we tackle the original masterpieces–the exposition of the fundamental discoveries upon which the highly technical applications are all based. And our comprehension is facilitated by the fact that many such works are expounding theories which, once strange and spectacular, have long since become familiar to us.

It is in the presentation of a new concept that scientists are most precise, clear, and simple. They are not, at this point, speaking to specialists and technicians–this will come later–and they are not talking shop with colleagues. At the great turning points in the advance of science there is no inside group waiting to receive the word in language that only it can understand. Here the scientists come closest to speaking to everyone; it is here that they are most eloquent and lucid.

A scientific theory is like a shelter against chaos. It is designed to hold in some sort of order the known facts of the universe. New facts require a little juggling of the old, the addition of a new wing or second story; some sections may have to be torn down and rebuilt. Increasingly inadequate, the structure stands, representing a world view, a comfort to us who cannot rest until we perceive that nature has a pattern.

Then, one day, there is a crisis. The foundation begins to crumble. A hypothesis that has been brought in to "save the appearances" has become an embarrassment, and is now a skeleton in the closet. But most pressing of all, new knowledge has been acquired that does not fit in anywhere. It is time for a move.

Rescuing materials that will be useful in building anew, the scientist starts all over again to build a shelter; never entirely from scratch, for something is always salvaged, often a great deal. It is in the salvaged material that the continuity of science exists. There are

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no complete breaks in the story. There are dormant periods, blind alleys, revolutions, and crises, but no breaks.

Sometimes the new structure can be built only because the framework had been created decades, or even centuries, before by mathematicians, who, pursuing mathematical knowledge for its own sake, foresaw no possible applications of their formulas to science. The idea of conics was for more than 1,500 years a purely intellectual exercise. Euclid, Archimedes, and Apollonius investigated the mathematical properties of these curves, which were not then known in nature. Then, early in the seventeenth century, when Kepler discovered that planets move in elliptical orbits, the language in which to express his theory was found in conics.

The story of science could be told in a series of such crises. "There are no eternal theories in science," Albert Einstein and Leopold Infeld write in "The Rise and Decline of Classical Physics" (Vol. 8). "It always happens that some of the facts predicted by a theory are disproved by experiment. Every theory has its period of gradual development and triumph, after which it may experience a rapid decline. . . . Nearly every great advance in science arises from a crisis in the old theory, through an endeavor to find a way out of the difficulties created. We must examine old ideas, old theories, although they belong to the past, for this is the only way to understand the importance of the new ones and the extent of their validity."

The establishment and development in the seventeenth century of classical physics, to which Einstein and Infeld refer, represented just such a crisis–a break with the past. It began, as so often happens, with a revolution, the "Copernican revolution." The new structure was imposing, and the architects were giants. Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, and Newton outlined the material framework for the world in which we lived from the second half of the seventeenth century to the end of the nineteenth.

The Greek astronomer Ptolemy was a great synthesizer of knowledge, and his system of the world also represented a break with the past. Before Ptolemy, astronomy consisted largely of a mass of more or less unconnected observations of the movements of the heavenly bodies. Ptolemy's theory imposed a unity upon these masses of data and was adequate to the phenomena then observable. The shift from Ptolemy, who believed that the earth was the center of the universe, to Copernicus, who offered the simpler hypothesis that the sun was at the center, and therefore that the earth was only a small part

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imposed a barrier to scientific progress? Is it because, as the *Syntopicon* suggests, he relied too strongly on his senses? "Just as Ptolemy's astronomy conforms to what we see as we look at the heavens, so Aristotle's physics represents a too simple conformity with everyday sense-experience. We observe fire rising and stones falling. Mix earth, air, and water in a closed container, and air bubbles will rise to the top, while the particles of earth will sink to the bottom. To cover a multitude of similar observations, Aristotle develops the theory of the natural motions and places of the four terrestrial elements–earth, air, fire, and water. Since bodies move naturally only to attain their proper places, the great body which is the earth, already at the bottom of all things, need not move at all. Being in its proper place, it is by nature stationary" (GBWW, Vol. 1).

The fate that Aristotle suffered at the hands of his successors, who took his tentative conclusions as a rounded body of complete knowledge rather than as incentives to inquiry and further discovery, indicates that science is the making of knowledge, and not knowledge as such. And in the making of knowledge, modern science uses two tools that Aristotle did not use–experiment and mathematics.

## *Experiment and Observation*

While the scientific method employs both experiment and observation, it is clear that not all branches of science are experimental. As the *Syntopicon* points out: "It is not always possible for the scientist to perform experiments, as, for example, in astronomy, where the phenomena can be methodically observed and exactly recorded, but cannot be manipulated or controlled. Among the great books of natural science, the biological writings of Hippocrates, Aristotle, Galen, and Darwin, the astronomical works of Ptolemy, Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton, and the clinical studies of Freud are examples of scientific works which are more or less empirical, but not experimental" (GBWW, Vol. 1).

Due, however, to the great strides made by physics and chemistry from the middle of the nineteenth century, experiment has gained so much prestige that it has been hailed by some as the only method of obtaining knowledge of any kind, scientific or otherwise. Furthermore, it has been said that questions which cannot be answered by scientific methods are not only unanswerable: they should not even be asked.

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In *The Great Conversation* (a book that accompanies *Great Books of the Western World*), we find a discussion of the question whether the scientific method can be extended beyond the natural sciences. "Consider, for example, statements about God's existence or the immortality of the soul. These are answers to questions that cannot be answered—one way or the other—by the experimental method. If that is the only method by which probable and verifiable knowledge is attainable, we are debarred from having knowledge about God's existence or the immortality of the soul. If modern man, accepting the view that he can claim to know only what can be demonstrated by experiment or verified by empirical research, still wishes to believe in these things, he must acknowledge that he does so by religious faith or by the exercise of his will to believe; and he must be prepared to be regarded in certain quarters as hopelessly superstitious."

The author of *The Great Conversation* goes on to consider what is meant by the scientific method. "If all that is meant is that a scientist is honest and careful and precise, and that he weighs all the evidence with discrimination before he pronounces judgment, then we can agree that the scientific method is the only method of reaching and testing the truth in any field." But, he adds, these methods have been used by historians, philosophers, and theologians since the beginning of time, and it is misleading to name after science a method used in so many fields.

Does the scientific method mean the observing and collecting of facts? Though facts are indispensable, they are not sufficient. "To solve a problem it is necessary to think. It is necessary to think even to decide what facts to collect. Even the experimental scientist cannot avoid being a liberal artist, and the best of them, as the great books show, are men of imagination and of theory as well as patient observers of particular facts."

Whatever is meant by scientific method, the writer continues, "the issue remains whether the method associated with experimental science, as that has developed in modern times, is the only method of seeking the truth about what really exists or about what men and societies should do."

Questions raised by the experimental method are not confined to its use outside of natural science. There is also a feeling that even within certain branches of science, it is no longer sufficient unto itself. This is the attitude of Max Planck, one of the giants of

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contemporary physics. (He is the "father" of quantum mechanics.) "Scientists," says Planck, "have learned that the starting point of their investigations does not lie solely in the perceptions of the senses, and that science cannot exist without some small portion of metaphysics. Modern physics impresses us particularly with the truth of the old doctrine which teaches that there are realities existing apart from our sense perceptions, and that there are problems and conflicts where these realities are of greater value for us than the richest treasures of the world of experience" (*The Universe in the Light of Modern Physics,* reprinted in *The Great Ideas Today* 1962).

All through the great books, we find examples of the authors' efforts to seek the truth about the world and themselves, and the boundary line between the scientific and the nonscientific method is not always clear. Consider, for instance, the collecting of facts. Since facts are beyond number, and since a scientist must make a judgment about *which* facts to consider, on what basis is this judgment made? It is the aesthetic sensibility that chooses, says Henri Poincaré. "It may be surprising to see emotional sensibility invoked *à propos* of mathematical demonstrations which, it would seem, can interest only the intellect. This would be to forget the feeling of mathematical beauty, of the harmony of numbers and forms, of geometric elegance. This is a true aesthetic feeling that all real mathematicians know, and surely it belongs to emotional sensibility" (*Mathematical Creation,* Vol. 9).

Considering the application of mathematics to science, Campbell touches on the same point when he says that "relations which appeal to the sense of the mathematician by their neatness and simplicity are found to be important in the external world of experiment. . . . The expert mathematician has a sense about symbols, as symbols; he looks at a page covered with what, to anyone else, are unintelligible scrawls of ink, and he immediately realizes whether the argument expressed by them is such as is likely to satisfy his sense of form; whether the argument will be 'neat' and the results 'pretty.'" The author believes that "the only way to understand what Einstein did is to look at the symbols in which his theory must ultimately be expressed and to realize that it was reasons of symbolic form, and such reasons alone, which led him to arrange the symbols in the way he did and in no other" (*Numerical Laws and the Use of Mathematics in Science,* Vol. 9).

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The same application of mathematical order and neatness to data resulted in the discovery of another important piece of scientific knowledge–the periodic law of the chemical elements ("The Genesis of a Law of Nature," Vol. 8). Are scientists, then, for all their devotion to cold, hard facts, essentially artists? Where do the patterns lie from which they construct their models of reality? In nature, or in their minds?

## *Whose Footprint?*

The interplay between the mind and the universe–which governs which?–may be subject for the philosophers, but scientists also have their philosophical moods. Tobias Dantzig (selections from his work are in Vol. 9 of this set) asks, "Has the universe an existence *per se* or does it exist only in the mind of man?" Giving a tentative answer to the age-old dilemma, he continues: "To the man of science, the acceptance of the one hypothesis or the other is not at all a question of 'to be or not to be'; for from the standpoint of logic either hypothesis is tenable, and from the standpoint of experience neither is demonstrable. So the choice will forever remain a matter of expediency and convenience. The man of science will act *as if* this world were an absolute whole controlled by laws independent of his own thoughts or acts; but whenever he discovers a law of striking simplicity or one of sweeping universality or one which points to a perfect harmony in the cosmos, he will be wise to wonder what role his mind has played in the discovery, and whether the beautiful image he sees in the pool of eternity reveals the nature of this eternity, or is but a reflection of his own mind" (*Number, The Language of Science,* 4th ed., Macmillan, 1962).

Arthur Eddington said, in *Space, Time, and Gravitation* (Cambridge University Press, 1987 edition), "We have found a strange footprint on the shores of the unknown. We have devised profound theories, one after another, to account for its origin. At last, we have succeeded in reconstructing the creature that made the footprint, And Lo! it is our own."

The question of the actual existence of the objects of scientific inquiry is nowhere more puzzling than in the field of mathematics. Do mathematical truths reside in the external world, or are they man-made inventions? The answers reflect the dual role that mathemat-

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ics plays—appearing sometimes as servant of science, sometimes as queen in her own right.

To Bertrand Russell, mathematics is independent of mankind, and her true role is that of queen. "To those who inquire as to the purpose of mathematics, the usual answer will be that it facilitates the making of machines, the travelling from place to place, and the victory over foreign nations, whether in war or commerce." Russell regards these ends of doubtful value, and adds: "As respects those pursuits which contribute only remotely, by providing the mechanism of life, it is well to be reminded that not the mere fact of living is to be desired, but the art of living in the contemplation of great things. . . . Mathematics, rightly viewed, possesses not only truth, but supreme beauty—a beauty cold and austere, like that of sculpture, without appeal to any part of our weaker nature, without the gorgeous trappings of painting or music, yet sublimely pure, and capable of a stern perfection such as only the greatest art can show. . . . The contemplation of what is non-human, the discovery that our minds are capable of dealing with material not created by them, above all, the realization that beauty belongs to the outer world as to the inner are the chief means of overcoming the terrible sense of impotence, of weakness, of exile amid hostile powers . . ." (*The Study of Mathematics,* Vol. 9).

But it is about mathematics as the servant of science that Lancelot Hogben writes when he says that mathematics is a language, a *size* language, developed in response to man's material needs: "Plato's exaltation of mathematics as an august and mysterious ritual had its roots in dark superstitions which troubled, and fanciful puerilities which entranced, people who were living through the childhood of civilization, when even the cleverest people could not clearly distinguish the difference between saying that 13 is a 'prime' number and saying that 13 is an unlucky number. His influence on education has spread a veil of mystery over mathematics and helped to preserve the queer freemasonry of the Pythagorean brotherhoods, whose members were put to death for revealing mathematical secrets now printed in school-books" (*Mathematics, the Mirror of Civilization,* Vol. 9).

It was from the "queer freemasonry" of the Pythagorean teachers that Plato derived the so-called "Platonic bodies," the five regular polyhedra that have equal sides and equal angles. The teachings of the Pythagoreans, who held that numbers have a real and separate

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the mechanism of heredity was unknown in Darwin's day, statistical methods had been devised and applied in such works on the subject as Francis Galton's "The Classification of Human Ability," from *Hereditary Genius* (Vol. 8).

Charles Lyell, who deeply influenced Darwin's whole thought and work, had suggested that natural forces still at work could account for the present structure of the earth. His glimpses into the past, revealed by the study of fossils, contributed to biological researches on which were based the concept of evolution ("Geological Evolution," Vol. 8). To Huxley, geology opened a book, whose authority could not be impeached. "There is a writing upon the wall of cliffs at Cromer, and whoso runs may read it," he says (*On a Piece of Chalk,* Vol. 8). For Huxley the writings pointed toward a connection between the physical changes of the world and the changes in its living inhabitants.

From the time of Galileo, many persons have held that the worth of a science or a philosophy could be estimated by the degree to which it could be presented under mathematical formulas. David Hume, the eighteenth-century philosopher, went so far as to say, at the end of *An Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding:* "If we take in our hand any volume; of divinity or school metaphysics, for instance; let us ask, *Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number?* No. *Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence?* No. Commit it then to the flames: for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion" (GBWW, Vol. 33).

Yet in the nineteenth century it was the nonmathematical geologists and biologists who framed most precisely the questions: What is man? What is his past and what is his future? If he is part of the animal world, does he differ from animals in having a soul? Does the doctrine of the survival of the fittest apply to human institutions? Does evolution necessarily mean progress? A large part of the essay on MAN in the *Syntopicon* is devoted to the questions that arise when man is considered in connection with the idea of evolution. The chapters on SOUL, EVOLUTION, PROGRESS, and NATURE are relevant, too.

The study of mankind is an ancient one and is the only study in which the knower and known are one. It may be that this unique relationship poses insoluble problems, and that the quest for knowledge will forever travel in a circle. But the *Syntopicon* says that

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the "ultimate questions which man asks about himself are partly answered by the very fact of their being asked. The answer may be that man is the measure of all things; that he is sufficient unto himself or at least sufficient for the station he occupies and the part he plays in the structure of the universe. The answer may be that man is not a god overlooking the rest of nature, or even at home in the environment of time and space, but rather that he is a finite and dependent creature aware of his insufficiency, a lonely wanderer seeking something greater than himself and this whole world. Whatever answer is given, man's asking what sort of thing he is, whence he comes, and whither he is destined symbolizes the two strains in human nature–man's knowledge and his ignorance, man's greatness and his misery" (GBWW, Vol. 2).

The whole structure of science is now so vast that no one person can hope to comprehend it. The scientist tends to specialize more and more intensely *within* a field–and to flounder as helplessly as any layman outside it. But the original thinking that characterized the early "greats" of science is still to be found in our time. Such thinking–in contrast to the work of the specialist or technician–inevitably leads the scientist to the ultimate questions about the universe. At the center of these questions stands humankind. Who are we and what is the purpose of life? Once we ask *these* questions, we enter into the realm of philosophy.

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# V
# Philosophy

## *Questions Without Answers?*

How ought we to live? Or is there an "ought"? Is there in fact a good (or right) way of life, and where are we to look for the knowledge of it? Is it demonstrable knowledge, like that of mathematics? Are we bound in reason to accept it as we are the findings of the scientists based on controlled experimentation and observation? If so, why don't we all cleave to its truth as we do to the physicist's or the engineer's? If not, are we to conclude that the realm of living is only a matter of speculation, in which one person's opinion is as good as another's and knowledge does not exist at all?

A true science (as we use the term today) does not tell us that we ought to do anything. Its business is to tell us what is, not what should be or should be done. Engineers do not tell us whether we ought to build a bridge. They say, "If you want to build a bridge, we can tell you how," and if we say, "But should we build a bridge rather than a school or a school rather than a hospital?" they say, "That's not for us to say. We're only engineers." So, too, the physicians. They may tell us to stop smoking if we want to live longer, but when we say we'd rather smoke than live longer, they shrug their shoulders and say, "That's up to you. We're only physicians."

Who is there who is not only an engineer, or a physician, or someone who can answer all the questions but the hard ones? Who can help us make moral choices and political decisions? If there is a science of living, there should be a scientist whose "field" is just that, who can tell us what life is and what the right way to live is. If there is an applied science (or art) of living, there should be, not just a Doctor of Medicine, but a Doctor of Life, who can tell us with doctoral authority not how to live longer but how to live well. If there is a science or art of human life, it would certainly be the queen



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of all the sciences and merit the concentration of every young (and old) man and woman.

We sometimes speak of "a philosophy of life," as if philosophy is that science. But is it in fact a science, or even an art derived from the conclusions of science? Where are its laboratories in which rigorous experimentation is carried on by highly trained specialists under rigidly controlled conditions? Where are its proofs, to which every reasonable person must yield? Where are its experts, whose judgments are made on certain and indisputable knowledge? Or is it a science in a different sense? Or is it something else entirely?

These are the questions to which the selections in Volume 10 of *Gateway to the Great Books* lead us. Nor need we read very far before we discover that there are two disciplines which claim to have the knowledge–as surely as science has knowledge–of the way men ought to live: philosophy and theology. Neither need we read very far before we discover that not the least of the difficulties both of them have in maintaining their claims is their frequent and bitter opposition (in modern times) to each other. In his famous *History of Western Philosophy,* philosopher-mathematician Bertrand Russell (whom we read on mathematics in Vol. 9 of this set) tries to define the fields and their opposition and their problems thus:

"Philosophy . . . is something intermediate between theology and science. Like theology, it consists of speculations on matters as to which definite knowledge has, so far, been unascertainable; but like science, it appeals to human reason rather than to authority, whether that of tradition or that of revelation. All *definite* knowledge–so I should contend–belongs to science; all *dogma* as to what surpasses definite knowledge belongs to theology. But between theology and science there is a No Man's Land, exposed to attack from both sides; this No Man's Land is philosophy.

"Almost all the questions of most interest to speculative minds are such as science cannot answer, and the confident answers of theologians no longer seem so convincing as they did in former centuries. Is the world divided into mind and matter, and, if so, what is mind and what is matter? Is mind subject to matter, or is it possessed of independent powers? Has the universe any unity or purpose? Is it evolving towards some goal? Are there really laws of nature, or do we believe in them only because of our innate love of order? Is man what he seems to the astronomer, a tiny lump of impure carbon and water impotently crawling on a small and unimportant planet? Or is

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he what he appears to Hamlet? Is he perhaps both at once? Is there a way of living that is noble and another that is base, or are all ways of living merely futile?" (*A History of Western Philosophy,* Simon and Schuster, 1972.)

To such questions, as Russell says, no answers can be found in the laboratory. Where can they be found? Whose business is the answering of them? If they are unanswerable–unanswerable by science, theology, and philosophy–are we not in a fine fix indeed? What boots it to be able to answer the lesser questions of the physical and biological worlds if we cannot answer the greater?

Immanuel Kant, at the opening of his famous *The Critique of Pure Reason,* maintains that we have no choice: the questions bedevil us, and we cannot dodge them. "Human reason," he says, "is called upon to consider questions, which it cannot decline, as they are presented by its own nature, but which it cannot answer, as they transcend every faculty of the mind" (GBWW, Vol. 39). Thus, as the *Syntopicon* notes in the Introduction to Chapter 66: "Socrates speaks of philosophy as the love of wisdom, implying thereby its pursuit rather than its attainment. A man would not be called a scientist in a particular field–mathematics, let us say–unless he actually had some mathematical knowledge; but a man who is not actually wise can be called a philosopher by virtue of his effort to become wise" (GBWW, Vol. 2). What kind of learning is this that is a form of *love*? What is this pursuit of the unattainable?

## *Thunderbolts of the Gods*

It is through the dialogues of Plato that we come to know the "father" of philosophy, the incomparable Socrates. Socrates, though he always denied that he had any knowledge, when he was on trial for his life warned the judges of Athens that they should not offer him acquittal on the condition that he cease to inquire and speculate. To such an offer, he says, he would have to reply, "Men of Athens, I honour and love you; but I shall obey God rather than you, and while I have life and strength I shall never cease from the practice and teaching of philosophy, exhorting any one whom I meet and saying to him after my manner: You, my friend,–a citizen of the great and mighty and wise city of Athens,–are you not ashamed of heaping up the greatest amount of money and honour and reputation, and caring so little about wisdom and truth and the greatest improvement

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with our faith, we are not only not to shrink from it, but to claim it for our own use from those who have unlawful possession of it,' even as the spoils of the Egyptians belong to the Jews."

The *Syntopicon* continues: "Though Augustine and Aquinas conceive the relation of faith and reason differently, they seem to share a conception of philosophy as the handmaiden of theology when faith seeks understanding. For Aquinas this does not appear to imply lack of dignity or even the loss of a certain autonomy on the part of philosophy. On the contrary, so highly does he regard the demonstrations of Aristotle, whom he calls 'the philosopher,' that he opens the *Summa Theologica* with the question 'Whether, besides the philosophical sciences, any further doctrine is required.'

"He answers that 'it was necessary for the salvation of man that certain truths which exceed human reason should be made known to him by divine revelation. Even as regards those truths about God which human reason can investigate, it was necessary that man be taught by a divine revelation. For the truth about God, such as reason can know it, would only be known by a few, and that after a long time, and with the admixture of many errors; whereas man's whole salvation, which is in God, depends upon the knowledge of this truth . . .' " (GBWW, Vol. 2).

## *Two Kind of Theology*

Thus the need of the "sacred science," theology. But here it is necessary to make the classical division of theology itself–a division which the modern skeptics deny or, more often, ignore. Theology has two branches–the dogmatic and the natural. Dogma is based upon the revelation of the Scriptures. God does not argue with Moses, or try to prove the validity of the Ten Commandments; he says, "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not"; he is laying down the Law. So, too, Christ's ever-repeated phrase, "*I say unto you . . .*" is the voice of authority which neither reasons nor appeals to reason (however "reasonable" or "unreasonable" the commandments may be). Moses and Christ are not philosophers.

Dogmatic theology is the explication of the articles of faith; it belongs wholly to religion proper, and draws upon reason only to reach conclusions from premises established by the Word of God. But natural theology rests wholly upon reason. It may serve faith; in any case, reason must reach the same conclusions as faith (though

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it may not reach so far) if faith is taken to be true; in the religious view, faith and the *power* of reason both proceed from God, Who, being perfect, is without falsehood or contradiction. But the problems of natural theology are in no sense whatever dogmatic. They are independent of religion, and they are studied and argued by men of all religions and of none.

Whoever wants to see natural theology in operation should open the *Summa Theologica* to page 12d (GBWW, Vol. 18) and study the short passage which begins with the celebrated words, "*I answer that,* the existence of God can be proved in five ways." The famous "five proofs" are all of them drawn from reason alone, and, indeed, they draw most heavily upon the thinking of the great Greek pagan, Aristotle. They are not all of them easy to comprehend at every point–far from it–and some of them are subject of philosophical attack. But in no respect does any one of them at any step rely upon revelation or faith. And Henry Adams, in his essay on Aquinas (Vol. 10), expounding on the great struggle between theology and science, points out that "the quality that rouses most surprise in Thomism is its astonishingly scientific method."

As philosophy attacks theology, so science attacks philosophy; and on the same ground, namely, that it cannot demonstrate its procedures or verify its conclusions in the way that the natural sciences do. The phrase "armchair philosophy" makes the point; without the laboratory and its controlled experimentation and demonstration *in action* no knowledge is really binding upon the reason, and no claim to knowledge can be validated. The ancient and medieval scientists called themselves philosophers, but the giants of modern science–beginning with Galileo, Newton, Huygens, and, in the eighteenth century, Lavoisier and Fourier–made the distinction of calling their work "experimental philosophy."

"In this phrase," according to the *Syntopicon* (GBWW, Vol. 2), "lies the root of the distinction between philosophy and science as that distinction is generally understood by writers since the 18th century. The word 'experimental' applied to philosophy signifies a radical difference in the method of inquiry and even in the objects to be investigated, for certain objects can be known only by experimental or empirical research. Kant appears to be the first (in the great books at least) to make a sharp separation between the investigation of either nature or mind by what he calls 'empirical' as opposed to 'rational' methods. He still uses the name 'science' for

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both sorts of investigation, but he appears to restrict 'philosophy' to the latter—the pure, the *a priori,* the rational sciences.

"Kant's innovations in vocabulary plainly announce the separation of philosophy from mathematics and experimental science, which is only intimated by earlier modern writers. . . . The final step is taken in the 19th century when the word 'science' is restricted to mathematics and to such knowledge of nature, man, and society as can be obtained by the methods of experimental or empirical research. William James, for example, stresses the fact that he is trying to expound psychology as one of the natural sciences, and to that end he tries to separate the problems which are capable of empirical investigation from those which belong to philosophical speculation. For Freud that separation is an accomplished fact, and one which leaves to philosophy no problem that can be solved by science.

"According to Freud, 'it is inadmissable to declare that science is one field of human intellectual activity, and that religion and philosophy are others, at least as valuable, and that science has no business to interfere with the other two.' On the contrary, Freud thinks it is right for scientific research to look 'on the whole field of human activity as its own,' and to criticize the unscientific formulations of philosophy. The trouble with philosophy is that 'it behaves itself as if it were a science . . . but it parts company with science, in that it clings to the illusion that it can produce a complete and coherent picture of the universe.' It is this illusion which science continually punctures, since, in Freud's opinion, 'that picture must needs fall to pieces with every new advance in our knowledge.'"

It is questionable whether the nineteenth-century scientist who said that he "never saw a soul in a test tube" would accept either James's psychology or Freud's psychoanalysis as science; but it is clear that he would accept neither theology *nor* philosophy. So, too, the atheist of our own time, observing, as did the Soviet cosmonaut Titov, that he "saw no God or angels" during his orbits of the earth may find himself drawn all the way back to the outright materialism of the ancient Roman Lucretius, who, though his view of the world was not as sophisticated as the modern physicist's, believed that the universe and everything in it could be explained by the constitution and motion of atoms. The denial of the existence in humans—or anywhere else—of the *immaterial* leads ineluctably to the denial not only of the Greek or Christian ideas of soul, but also of the

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concept of the existence of mind apart from brain cells and central nervous system.

## *Mind Looks at Itself*

The age-old effort to comprehend the mind and catch it "red-handed" in the act of thinking has resulted in some of the most penetrating inquiry of both philosophers and, in modern times, psychologists. In *The Principles of Human Knowledge* (GBWW, Vol. 33), the eighteenth-century English philosopher Berkeley staunchly refuses to concede that there is *any* question that the mind cannot answer. "I am inclined to think," he says, "that the far greater part . . . of those difficulties which have . . . blocked up the way to knowledge, are entirely owing to ourselves–that we have first raised a dust and then complain we cannot see." But Berkeley's optimism has not been justified–at least not yet. We are still asking, two hundred years later, what the mind is and how it works.

Modern psychology, particularly in America, though it may not have advanced the inquiry, has produced an approach to it that had not previously been emphasized, in either ancient or modern Europe. "The Americans," the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says, "were bound to be practical and functional, to see mind in terms of its use for the survival of the organism in the struggle of the race for existence and in the social competition of the individual for success." Hence in the United States, at the end of the nineteenth century, there emerged a functional–or "is-for"–view of the human mind.

This view, which first appears in William James's *The Principles of Psychology* (GBWW, Vol. 53) is the basis of pragmatism, the philosophy which appears in his writings (in Vols. 7 and 10 of this set and in full in GBWW, Vol. 55). But its most famous exponent is the late John Dewey, whose influence on American philosophy was almost as great as his "progressive" influence in education.

Dewey does not ask what the mind *is;* he asks what it is *for.* Thinking, he asserts, is a process that appears in response to one's need to make a more adequate adjustment to the environment. It is aimed at straightening out tangles in the achievement of goals. Mankind wants something, and the activity of the mind is directed at getting it. The value of thinking lies in the fact that it makes action possible. "There is," says Dewey ("The Process of Thought," Vol. 10), "a challenge to understanding only when there is either a

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desired consequence for which means have to be found by inquiry, or things . . . are presented under conditions where reflection is required to see what consequences can be effected by their use."

It is our desire to get what we want that underlies philosophy and all philosophical systems, says James: "Pretend what we may, the whole man within us is at work when we form our philosophical opinions. Intellect, will, taste, and passion cooperate just as they do in practical affairs; and lucky it is if the passion be not something as petty as a love of personal conquest over the philosopher across the way. . . . It is almost incredible," he goes on to say, "that men who are themselves working philosophers should pretend that any philosophy can be, or ever has been, constructed without the help of personal preference, belief, or divination. How have they succeeded in so stultifying their sense for the living facts of human nature as not to perceive that every philosopher, or man of science either, whose initiative counts for anything in the evolution of thought, has taken his stand on a sort of dumb conviction that the truth must lie in one direction rather than another . . . ?" (*The Sentiment of Rationality,* Vol. 10).

This view that intellectual objectivity is impossible would be familiar to the great philosophers of earlier times and equally to the natural scientists of our own day. A nuclear physicist might object to being told that he has "taken his stand on a sort of dumb conviction." Yet there is a sense in which philosophy long ago posited something analogous to the "dumb conviction" as the indispensable first step in thinking, and that is in regard to first principles. First principles, or statements of ultimate ends, are classically the starting points of all thought. And from Aristotle's argument that first principles are apprehended intuitively to Mill's assertion that no first principle can be proved, philosophers ancient and modern have maintained that these foundations of reasoning are not to be discovered by the reasoning process.

Whence, then, come first principles? What is meant by "intuition," a term commonly held in contempt? Is it the same in everyone, or different from society to society (or even from individual to individual)? Traditionally philosophy has taken the view that it proceeds from *natural law*–not to be confused with the laws which govern the physical universe. Natural law (which theology also recognizes) is thought to be inherent in the mind of every person. One–anyone anywhere–has but to consult reason to discover, at

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passionate essay on *Self-Reliance* (Vol. 10), summons the individual to "learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within . . ." He who does—and he only—will be a man. But to be a man, Emerson insists, is to be a nonconformist to society: "To be great is to be misunderstood."

There is something of the ancient Stoic philosophy in this acceptance of self even if it means rejection by the world. Plutarch (*Contentment,* Vol. 10) points out that whatever may happen to a person is largely beyond that person's control; but how he reacts to what happens is within his own power: "Fortune can infect a man with sickness, take his money away, malign him to his countrymen or a tyrant; but she cannot make a good and virile and high-spirited man a poltroon or mean-spirited or ignoble or envious." And the most stoical of all the Stoics, Epictetus, declares that, "You can be unconquerable if you enter into no combat in which it is not in your own power to conquer" (*The Enchiridion,* Vol. 10).

Is this the way to live—or is it the counsel of escape from the challenge of life? Epicurus, in his *Letter to Menoeceus* (Vol. 10), reveals how close to Stoicism is the Epicurean doctrine that pleasure is the end of life. For pleasure here involves, above all, one's freeing oneself from desire for external things: "Independence of desire we think a great good—not that we may at all times enjoy but a few things, but that, if we do not possess many, we may enjoy the few in the genuine persuasion that those have the sweetest pleasure in luxury who least need it, and that all that is natural is easy to be obtained, but that which is superfluous is hard."

Here the serenity which Plutarch counsels seems to be the ultimate goal and the key to successful living. Philosophy appears in its role of consolation and solace which Clifford disdains, enabling us to accept life rather, perhaps, than to live. But Santayana, in his essay on Goethe (Vol. 10), finds another moral entirely in *Faust:* "To live, to live just as we do, that—if we could only realize it—is the purpose and the crown of living." So, too, Walter Pater in "The Art of Life" (Vol. 10): "Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end. . . . To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life." The service of philosophy to the human spirit, he adds, "is to rouse, to startle it to a life of constant and eager observation."

However philosophy may serve the human spirit—or whether it serves it at all—the fact is that we are all philosophers. Our

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philosophy may be good or bad, profound or nonsensical, useful or useless, but we cannot help asking the questions *it* asks: What and who am I? What is life for and how should I live it? What is right and what is wrong? What are my rights and duties toward others? What is happiness, and how is it to be pursued, obtained, and secured? In a word, we all philosophize, and philosophy, unlike the so-called "exact" sciences, deals with all the commonplace problems of everyone's life. In this sense every good book we read, every painting, every sunset, every symphony is philosophical: It says something to us about the questions we cannot help asking.

We are all philosophers and, it may be, theologians. We may not know it; we may not like it; we may call ourselves agnostics (know-nothings) or atheists (disbelievers); but whether we affirm or deny God's existence, or say that we simply don't know, we are saying something about a theological subject. Willingly or unwillingly, wittingly or unwittingly, we are moving in the realm of natural theology. Are we all dogmatists, too? Believers? The atheist *believes* that there is no God. The motorist driving at high speed *believes* that there won't be a blowout. The scientist *believes* that it is good to know.

But there are things none of us know "for sure," and other things we cannot know at all. The future is hidden from us, and prediction and prophecy fail. We plan—and catastrophe (or a stroke of good fortune) smashes our plan to smithereens. Today's sixteen-year-old is old enough to know how radically different the world is today from what we thought it would be, *intended* it to be, at, say, the end of World War II. And it would be a reckless person indeed who was ready to predict with confidence what the world will be like a year from now.

## *Of Youth and Age*

Amid the uncertainties of life, this much is certain: Whoever lives long enough will grow old. This too: Whoever grows old will first grow older.

What follows from this succession of obvious certainties is the commonsense conclusion that we should prepare ourselves for all of life, and not just for that part that passes fastest.

It is not *impossible* to form new mental habits in middle life, or even in old age; but it is an achievement of note, an exception.

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On the other hand, we all know of a person whose mental powers, developed in youth, were more acute than ever in their eighties and even in their nineties–from Sophocles in the fourth century B.C. to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes in our own time. Sophocles must have been ninety, when, according to Cicero in his *On Old Age* (Vol. 10), "his sons brought him into court to get a judicial decision depriving him of the management of his property on the ground of weak intellect. . . . Thereupon the old poet is said to have read to the judges the play he had on hand and had just composed–*Oedipus Coloneus* [*Oedipus at Colonus,* GBWW, Vol. 4]–and to have asked them whether they thought that the work of a man of weak intellect. After the reading he was acquitted by the jury."

What we all want is a satisfying life. Assuming a modest economic sufficiency, one who is happy (or as happy as one may be expected to be in this life) is everywhere esteemed rich, and one who is unhappy poor. Nor have the philosophers dismissed wealth, power, or fame as the condition of human happiness simply because these goods are unworthy, but, rather, because they are achieved and lost by chance, because they depend on others for their achievement and loss, and because, like the pleasures of the moment, they are transient.

When, then, we think of happiness over a whole life and ask ourselves what course we should take in youth that will be most likely to produce it, the wisdom of the ages commends to us the path of Socrates, who in his old age was sent to his death by an Athens whose chief glory he is today. While his trial, imprisonment, and execution are set forth in those three magic dialogues of Plato, the *Apology,* the *Crito,* and the *Phaedo* (GBWW, Vol. 6), another of his contemporaries, Xenophon, tells us ("The Character of Socrates," Vol. 6) of a conversation the great philosopher held with his friend Hermogenes just before the trial:

"When Meletus had actually formulated his indictment," Hermogenes told Xenophon, "Socrates talked freely in my presence, but made no reference to the case. I told him that he ought to be thinking about his defence. His first remark was, 'Don't you think that I have been preparing for it all my life?' And when I asked him how, he said that he had been constantly occupied in the consideration of right and wrong, and in doing what was right and avoiding what was wrong, which he regarded as the best preparation for a defence. Then I said, 'Don't you see, Socrates, that the juries in our courts are apt to be misled by argument, so that they often put the

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innocent to death, and acquit the guilty?' 'Ah, yes, Hermogenes,' he answered, 'but when I did try to think out my defence to the jury, the deity at once resisted,' 'Strange words,' said I; and he, 'Do you think it strange, if it seems better to God that I die now? Don't you see that to this day I never would acknowledge that any man had lived a better or a pleasanter life than I? For they live best, I think, who strive best to become as good as possible: and the pleasant life is theirs who are conscious that they are growing in goodness.'"

There may be those who think that Socrates was wrong–or who live as if they did–but there are few who want to argue the point with him. Most of us, rather, as we grow older, spend our time putting the blame on others–or on bad luck–for our failure to live as he did and enjoy as pleasant a life. But the abiding pleasure of a whole life is not entirely in our stars, but in ourselves. There are none of us so persistently ridden by misfortune that we have not had the occasion, again and again, to choose freely this fork in the road or that one, to resist or to yield, to say "Yes" or "No" and affect our own fates accordingly.

To most people the last years of life, says Cicero in his *On Old Age* (Vol. 10), "are so hateful that they declare themselves under a weight heavier than Aetna." He points out the contradiction that old age is something "to which all wish to attain, and at which all grumble when attained," and examines the contradiction in the form of a dialogue, the most beautiful ever written on the subject, between the great Marcus Cato as an old man and two of his younger friends who come to inquire what the end of life is like. Jonathan Swift, in his *Resolutions when I Come to Be Old* (Vol. 7), means "Not to be peevish, or morose, or suspicious" but at the end of his resolutions indicates that he is likely to be all of them.

Cicero, however, does not find Cato unhappy. The great Roman's secret of happiness in old age is simply that people "keep their minds active and fully employed," thus retaining the power of their intellects. Reminding his young friends that the aged Solon grew old "daily learning something new," he asks them which of the two they would rather have given to them–the bodily strength of Milo, who stepped into the Olympics carrying a live ox on his shoulders, or intellectual strength like that of Pythagoras.

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## *Of Death*

There is one more certainty in life—the absolute of all absolutes—and that is death. This one certainty overrides our lives from the first time we have seen a sparrow, or a worm, that doesn't move no matter how we prod it. But we do not know what it is to die—nor do we know if we shall know even at the moment of death—nor what it is to be dead. What little we know of death is physiological: the dust returneth to dust. For the rest, we believe. We are, we must be, dogmatists, however we try to escape.

And death colors our view of life—and more than colors it. It forms it. It lies at the very center of all our philosophy. It tells us some of the answers to some of the hardest questions philosophy asks. It tells us—as Sir Thomas Browne says—of our "vanity, feeding the wind, and folly." In his deathless dissertation on death ("Immortality," from *Urn-Burial,* Vol. 10), this seventeenth-century doctor-philosopher-theologian celebrates the futility of monuments and of man's every effort to be great, in life no less than in memory. Those who would build themselves monuments would be well advised to live according to the precepts of philosophy: Had the builders of their own mausoleums "made as good provisions for their names as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. . . . Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world that they are not afraid to meet them in the next, who, when they die, make no commotion among the dead."

Browne's notable essay will ring strange in youthful ears. It is a classic contribution to the literature of melancholy, and youth is more properly addicted to mirth, adventure, success, and the stars. So philosophy is hard to "sell" to young people; but it is young people above all who have the courage to confront it, and to be undismayed by the questions that are hardest to answer. The key to philosophy is nothing more than this: since every child philosophizes, youth is not a moment too soon to enter the company of the great philosophers and partake of the banquet they spread before us.

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"It is better," says John Stuart Mill, "to be a human being dissatisfied than a pig satisfied . . . And if the fool, or the pig, are of a different opinion, it is because they only know their own side of the question. The other party to the comparison knows both sides."

It may be objected, Mill goes on, "that many who begin with youthful enthusiasm for everything noble, as they advance in years sink into indolence and selfishness. But I do not believe that those who undergo this very common change, voluntarily choose the lower description of pleasures in preference to the higher. I believe that before they devote themselves exclusively to the one, they have already become incapable of the other. Capacity for the nobler feelings is in most natures a very tender plant, easily killed, not only by hostile influences, but by mere want of sustenance; and in the majority of young persons it speedily dies away if the occupations to which their position in life has devoted them, and the society into which it has thrown them, are not favourable to keeping that higher capacity in exercise" (*Utilitarianism,* in GBWW, Vol. 40). The dissatisfied person, in other words, is the one who is continuously maturing, one who has embarked on a journey without an end.

We never fully grow up, but we must continue to try to. The earlier the habit of reading good books is formed, the sooner it becomes habitual. It enables us even in youth, and all the more so as we go on in years, to be at home in the world of clear thinking and exalted imagination. A schooled and skilled people is a free people in the fullest sense only when it is a thinking people. The societies of the West, America above all, are not distinctively contemplative; they are societies of great action whose triumphs of discovery, invention, and production have changed the face of the earth. Now they must turn, not to the stars, but to themselves, to make of life a rich experience and of the world a livable place. If anything is clear to us today, it is that the rising generation will have to think, and to think hard and straight.

Neither the random romping of a child, nor the porcine satisfaction of a pig, nor yet the dreadful monotony of an empty adulthood will serve ourselves or the family of man. What will serve both is the constant employment of our highest faculties, at once assuaging and aggravating the divine discontent of the thinker. So far may human happiness extend over the whole of a long life. This set is published with the faith that all human beings, of whatever age, can achieve that happiness, and in the hope that they will.

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# Syntopical Guide

As its name implies, this guide to the contents of *Gateway to the Great Books* is based on the *Syntopicon,* which comprises Volumes 1 and 2 of *Great Books of the Western World.*

The *Syntopicon* serves the readers of the Great Books in a number of ways. It contains 102 essays introducing readers to the great ideas as these are discussed in the Great Books. It contains lists of additional readings on each of the 102 great ideas. It provides readers with useful bibliographical information. But what it does principally is to enable them, on any subject of special interest, to read *in* the Great Books in a way that relates what various authors have to say on the subject. This mode of reading is quite different from reading a single book *through.* Without the *Syntopicon,* it would be impossible to do this kind of syntopical reading, for unless you had already read through the whole set, not once, but many times, you could not even begin to assemble all the related passages in the Great Books on a particular topic.

The Syntopical Guide to *Gateway to the Great Books* is a similar device, enabling readers to do another kind of syntopical reading. For any particular selection in this set which happens to interest you, the Syntopical Guide directs you to other related selections in Gateway; it recommends the reading of related sections or passages in *Great Books of the Western World;* and it relates all these selections in Gateway and passages in Great Books to the great ideas, or, more strictly, to certain topics under the great ideas which happen to be major themes in the particular selection with which the reader began.

The Syntopical Guide thus provides directions for reading *in* this set of books before one has read the whole set *through.* It does more than that for the person who also has *Great Books of the Western*



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*World* on his shelves. It makes it possible to go from each selection in Gateway to the most germane of related passages in Great Books.

Anyone who examines the Syntopical Guide will quickly see why this set is a gateway to the great books; anyone who uses the Syntopical Guide will have opened the gates. It is the key–and one that is quite easy to turn.

In Section I of the Introduction, on ways of reading, some rules are recommended. It is there suggested that the active reading of a work requires us to ask–and try to answer–four questions about it: (1) What is the piece about? What is it trying to say? (2) How does it say what it is trying to say? (3) Is it true in whole or part? What reasons do we have for disagreeing with it? (4) What of it? What meaning does it have for us? (See page 5, above.) In addition, a whole series of rules are proposed for reading any piece of literature, whether narrative or expository, in a number of ways–analytically, interpretatively, and critically. (See pp. 8–14, above.) All these rules or recommendations serve the reader well when the aim is to read one book or one piece of writing as throughly as possible–*but by itself and in isolation from other books or pieces of writing*. Good readers, however, usually have one further question in mind, a question which goes beyond the four questions proposed in the Introduction. They ask themselves how the particular piece that they are reading is related to other pieces of writing. Or, to put the question another way, they want to know what other pieces of writing deal with the same general themes–themes which are central in the piece they are reading now.

*The Syntopical Guide answers this question for them, at least so far as two large sets of books are concerned, comprising in all more than 650 works. The rules proposed earlier give the reader guidance on how to read a single work, whereas the Syntopical Guide shows how to read not just one but two large collections of works.*

To do this, the Syntopical Guide has been organized in the following manner. It lists in alphabetical order each of the authors who has one or more writings in Gateway. It thus provides an alphabetical index, by authors' names, to the contents of this set. (The endpapers, to be found in each volume of the set, indicate the contents of the several volumes by listing the names of the authors in the order in which they appear in that volume.)

The authors' names constitute what we shall call the main entries in the Syntopical Guide. There are 133 of them. The operative units

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of the Guide are more numerous, for they are constituted by the one or more works of each author included in this set.

For example, in the case of Charles Darwin, one selection–his *Autobiography*–constitutes the syntopical unit. In the case of Ralph Waldo Emerson, there are four such units, *i.e.,* one for each of the four of his essays included in this set: *Thoreau, Nature, Self-Reliance,* and *Montaigne; or, the Skeptic.* In the case of David Hume, there also happen to be four units, but one of these units comprises three essays which are grouped together because they all deal with the same general themes; thus here the four syntopical units are as follows: (1) *Of the Standard of Taste;* (2) *Of Refinement in the Arts;* (3) *Of Money, Of the Balance of Trade,* and *Of Taxes;* (4) *Of the Study of History.* Wherever two or more selections, whether singly or grouped, constitute distinct syntopical units under a main entry (*i.e.,* a particular author), the units are placed in an order that corresponds to the order in which the several selections appear in the volumes of this set.

So much for the overall structure of the Syntopical Guide–its 133 main entries (one for each author) and the one or more syntopical units under each of these. Now let us turn to the structure of the syntopical units, of which there are 214. Each of these is divided into three principal parts. The first part carries the heading SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon;* the second part, the heading RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World;* the third part, the heading RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books.* In certain instances, there is a fourth heading, which usually consists of a reference to other works by the author in question when these are included in *Great Books of the Western World.* For example, in the case of Darwin, this fourth heading reads "For other works by Darwin in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 49." And when a selection in Gateway deals with an author in Great Books, this fourth heading refers to the works of the latter. For example, in the case of Macaulay's essay on Machiavelli, the fourth heading reads "For Machiavelli's *The Prince* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 21."

The fourth heading needs no further explanation, but something more must be said about the three principal headings of each syntopical unit. Let us take these up in the order in which they occur.

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had taken up their abode in Capri, absent-minded because of their bookish meditations, unkempt, bearded, spectacled, the collars of their old drab overcoats turned up; and a group of long-legged, long-necked, round-headed German youths in Tyrolean costumes, with canvas knapsacks slung over their shoulders–these latter stood in need of nobody's services, feeling themselves at home everywhere, and were not at all generous in their expenditures. The gentleman from San Francisco, on the other hand, who was calmly keeping aloof from both the one group and the other, was immediately noticed. He and his ladies were bustlingly assisted to get out, some men running ahead of him to show him the way: he was surrounded anew by urchins, and by those robust Caprian wives who carry on their heads the portmanteaux and trunks of respectable travellers. The wooden pattens of these women clattered over a *piazzetta* that seemed to belong to some opera, an electric globe swaying above it in the damp wind; the rabble of urchins burst into sharp, bird-like whistles, and, as though on a stage, the gentleman from San Francisco proceeded in their midst toward some mediaeval arch, underneath houses that had become welded into one mass, beyond which a little echoing street–with the tuft of a palm above flat roofs on its left, and with blue stars in the black sky overhead–led slopingly to the grand entrance of the hotel, glittering ahead. . . . And again it seemed that it was in honour of the guests from San Francisco that this damp little town of stone on a craggy little island of the Mediterranean Sea had come to life, that it was they who had made so happy and affable the proprietor of the hotel, that it was they only who had been waited for by the Chinese gong that now began wailing the summons to dinner through all the stories of the hotel, the instant they had set foot in the vestibule.

The proprietor, a young man of haughty elegance, who had met them with a polite and exquisite bow, for a minute dumbfounded the gentleman from San Francisco: having glanced at him, the gentleman from San Francisco suddenly recalled that just the night before, among the rest of the confusion of images that had beset him in his sleep, he had seen precisely this gentleman–just like him, down to the least detail: in the same sort of frock with rounded skirts, and with the same pomaded and painstakingly combed head. Startled, he was almost taken aback; but since, from long, long before, there was not even a mustard seed of any sort of so-called mystical emotions left in his soul, his astonishment was dimmed the same instant, passing through a corridor of the hotel, he spoke jestingly to his wife and daughter of this strange coincidence of

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dream and reality. And only his daughter glanced at him with alarm at that moment: her heart suddenly contracted from sadness, from a feeling of their loneliness upon this foreign, dark island—a feeling so strong that she almost burst into tears. But still she said nothing of her feelings to her father—as always.

An exalted personage—Rais [Rex] XVII—who had been visiting Capri, had just taken his departure, and the guests from San Francisco were given the same apartments that he had occupied. To them was assigned the handsomest and most expert chambermaid, a Belgian, whose waist was slenderly and firmly corseted, and who wore a little starched cap that looked like a pronged crown; also, the stateliest and most dignified of flunkies, a fiery-eyed Sicilian, swarthy as coal; and the nimblest of bell-boys, the short and stout Luigi, a fellow who was very fond of a joke, and who had changed many places in his time. And a minute later there was a slight tap at the door of the room of the gentleman from San Francisco—the French *maître d'hôtel* had come to find out if the newly arrived guests would dine, and, in the event of an answer in the affirmative—of which, however, there was no doubt—to inform them that the *carte de jour* consisted of crawfish, roast beef, asparagus, pheasants, and so forth. The floor was still rocking under the gentleman from San Francisco—so badly had the atrocious little Italian steamer tossed him about—but, without hurrying, with his own hands, although somewhat clumsily from being unaccustomed to such things, he shut a window that had banged upon the entrance of the *maître d'hôtel* and had let in the odours of the distant kitchen and of the wet flowers in the garden, and with a leisurely precision replied that they would dine, that their table must be placed at a distance from the door, at the farthest end of the dining-room, that they would drink local wine and champagne, moderately dry and only slightly chilled. The *maître d'hôtel* concurred in every word of his, in intonations most varied, having, however, but one significance—that there was never a doubt, nor could there possibly be any, about the correctness of the wishes of the gentleman from San Francisco, and that everything would be carried out punctiliously. In conclusion he inclined his head, and asked deferentially:

"Will that be all, Sir?"

And, having received a long-drawn-out "Yes" in answer, he added that the *tarantella* would be danced in the vestibule to-day—the dancers would be Carmella and Giuseppe, known to all Italy, and to "the entire world of tourists."

"I have seen her on post cards," said the gentleman from San Francisco

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in a voice devoid of all expression. "About this Giuseppe, now–is he her husband?"

"Her cousin, Sir," answered the *maître d'hôtel.*

And, after a little wait, after considering something, the gentleman from San Francisco dismissed him with a nod.

And then he began his preparations anew, as though for a wedding ceremony: he turned on all the electric lights, filling all the mirrors with reflections of light and glitter, of furniture and opened trunks; he began shaving and washing, ringing the bell every minute, while other impatient rings from his wife's and daughter's rooms floated through the entire corridor and interrupted his. And Luigi, in his red apron, was rushing headlong to answer the bell, with an ease peculiar to many stout men, the while he made grimaces of horror that made the chambermaids, running by with glazed porcelain pails in their hands, laugh till they cried. Having knocked on the door with his knuckles, he asked with an assumed timidity, with a respectfulness that verged on idiocy:

"*Ha sonato, Signore?* [Did you ring, Sir?]"

And from the other side of the door came an unhurried, grating voice, insultingly polite:

"Yes, come in. . . ."

What were the thoughts, what were the emotions of the gentleman from San Francisco on this evening that was of such portent to him? He felt nothing exceptional, for the trouble in this world is just that everything is apparently all too simple! And even if he had sensed within his soul that something was impending, he would, nevertheless, have thought that this thing would not occur for some time to come–in any case, not immediately. Besides that, like everyone who has gone through the rocking of a ship, he wanted very much to eat, was anticipating with enjoyment the first spoonful of soup, the first mouthful of wine, and performed the usual routine of dressing even with a certain degree of exhilaration that left no time for reflections.

Having shaved and washed himself, having inserted several artificial teeth properly, he, standing before a mirror, wetted the remnants of his thick, pearly-grey hair and plastered it down around his swarthy-yellow skull, with brushes set in silver; drew a suit of cream-coloured silk underwear over his strong old body, beginning to be full at the waist from excesses in food, and put on silk socks and dancing slippers on his shrivelled, splayed feet; sitting down, he put in order his black trousers, drawn high by black silk braces, as well as his snowy-white shirt, with the bosom bulging out; put the links through the glossy cuffs, and began

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the torturous pursuit of the collar-button underneath the stiffly starched collar. The floor was still swaying beneath him, the tips of his fingers pained him greatly, the collar-button at times nipped hard the flabby skin in the hollow under his Adam's-apple, but he was persistent and finally, his eyes glittering from the exertion, his face all livid from the collar that was choking his throat–a collar far too tight–he did contrive to accomplish his task, and sat down in exhaustion in front of the pier-glass, reflected in it from head to foot, a reflection that was repeated in all the other mirrors.

"Oh, this is dreadful!" he muttered, letting his strong bald head drop, and without trying to understand, without reflecting, just what, precisely, was dreadful; then, with an accustomed and attentive glance, he inspected his stubby fingers, with gouty hardenings at the joints, and his convex nails of an almond colour, repeating, with conviction: "This is dreadful. . . ."

But at this point the second gong, sonorously, as in some heathen temple, reverberated through the entire house. And, getting up quickly from his seat, the gentleman from San Francisco drew his collar still tighter with the neck-tie and his stomach by means of the low-cut vest, put on his tuxedo, drew out his cuffs, scrutinized himself once more in the mirror. . . . This Carmella, swarthy, with eyes which she knew well how to use most effectively, resembling a mulatto woman, clad in a dress of many colours, with the colour of orange predominant, must dance exceptionally, he reflected. And, stepping briskly out of his room and walking over the carpet to the next one–his wife's–he asked, loudly, if they would be ready soon?

"In five minutes, Dad!" a girl's voice, ringing and by now gay, responded from the other side of the door.

"Very well," said the gentleman from San Francisco.

And, leisurely, he walked down red-carpeted corridors and staircases, descending in search of the reading room. The servants he met stood aside and hugged, the wall to let him pass, but he kept on his way as though he had never even noticed them. An old woman who was late for dinner, already stooping, with milky hair but *décolleté* in a light-grey gown of silk, was hurrying with all her might, but drolly, in a hen-like manner, and he easily outstripped her. Near the glass doors of the dining-room, where all the guests had already assembled, and were beginning their dinner, he stopped before a little table piled with boxes of cigars and Egyptian cigarettes, took a large Manila cigar, and tossed three *lire* upon the little table; upon the closed veranda he glanced, in passing,

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through the open window: out of the darkness he felt a breath of the balmy air upon him, thought he saw the tip of an ancient palm that had flung wide across the stars its fronds, which seemed gigantic, heard the distant, even noise of the sea floating in to him. . . . In the reading room, snug, quiet, and illuminated only above the tables, some grey-haired German was standing, rustling the newspapers–unkempt, resembling Ibsen, in round silver spectacles and with the astonished eyes of a madman. Having scrutinized him coldly, the gentleman from San Francisco sat down in a deep leather chair in a corner near a green-shaded lamp, put on his *pince-nez,* twitching his head because his collar was choking him, and hid himself completely behind the newspaper sheet. He rapidly ran through the headlines of certain items, read a few lines about the never ceasing Balkan War, with an accustomed gesture turned the newspaper over–when suddenly the lines flared up before him with a glassy glare, his neck became taut, his eyes bulged out, the *pince-nez* flew off his nose. . . . He lunged forward, tried to swallow some air, and gasped wildly; his lower jaw sank, lighting up his entire mouth with the reflection of the gold fillings; his head dropped back on his shoulder and began to sway; the bosom of his shirt bulged out like a basket–and his whole body, squirming, his heels catching the carpet, slid downward to the floor, desperately struggling with someone.

Had the German not been in the reading room, the personnel of the hotel would have managed, quickly and adroitly, to hush up this dreadful occurrence; instantly, through back passages, seizing him by the head and feet, they would have rushed off the gentleman from San Francisco as far away as possible–and never a soul among the guests would have found out what he had been up to. But the German had dashed out of the reading room with a scream–he had aroused the entire house, the entire dining-room. And many jumped up from their meal, overturning their chairs; many, paling, ran toward the reading room. "What–what has happened?" was heard in all languages–and no one gave a sensible answer, no one comprehended anything, since even up to now men are amazed most of all by death, and will not, under any circumstances, believe in it. The proprietor dashed from one guest to another, trying to detain those who were running away and to pacify them with hasty assurances that this was just a trifling occurrence, a slight fainting spell of a certain gentleman from San Francisco. . . . But no one listened to him; many had seen the waiters and bell-boys tearing the neck-tie, the vest, and the rumpled tuxedo off this gentleman, and even, for some reason or other, the dancing slippers off his splayed feet, clad in black silk.

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used in Italian depots at the departure of trains, and the chambermaids, choking with silent laughter, let their heads sink on each other's shoulder.

Thereupon, hopping softly, he ran up to the very door, gave it the merest tap, and, inclining his head to one side, in a low voice, asked with the utmost deference:

*"Ha sonato, Signore?"*

And, squeezing his throat, thrusting out his lower jaw, in a grating voice, slowly and sadly, he answered his own question, as though from the other side of the door:

"Yes, come in. . . ."

And at dawn, when it had become light beyond the window of room number forty-three, and a humid wind had begun to rustle the tattered leaves of the banana-tree; when the blue sky of morning had lifted and spread out over the Island of Capri, and the pure and clear-cut summit of Monte Solaro had grown aureate against the sun that was rising beyond the distant blue mountains of Italy; when the stonemasons, who were repairing the tourists' paths on the island, had set out to work—a long box that had formerly been used for soda water was brought to room number forty-three. Soon it became very heavy, and was pressing hard against the knees of the junior porter, who bore it off briskly on a one-horse cab over the white paved highway that was sinuously winding to and fro over the slopes of Capri, among the stone walls and the vineyards, ever downwards, to the very sea. The cabby, a puny little man with reddened eyes, in an old, wretched jacket with short sleeves and in trodden-down shoes, was undergoing the after-effects of drink—he had diced the whole night through in a *trattoria,* and kept on lashing his sturdy little horse, tricked out in the Sicilian fashion, with all sorts of little bells livelily jingling upon the bridle with its tufts of coloured wool, and upon the brass points of its high pad; with a yard-long feather stuck in its cropped forelock, a feather that shook as the horse ran. The cabby kept silent; he was oppressed by his shiftlessness, his vices, by the fact that he had, that night, lost to the last mite all those coppers with which his pockets had been filled. But the morning was fresh; in air such as this, with the sea all around, under the morning sky, the after-effects of drink quickly evaporate, and a man is soon restored to a carefree mood, and the cabby was furthermore consoled by that unexpected sum, the opportunity to earn which had been granted him by some gentleman from San Francisco whose lifeless head was bobbing from side to side in the box at his back. . . . The little steamer—a beetle lying far down below, against the tender and vivid deep-blue with which the Bay of

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Naples is so densely and highly flooded–was already blowing its final whistles, which reverberated loudly all over the island, whose every bend, every ridge, every stone was as distinctly visible from every point as if there were absolutely no such thing as atmosphere. Near the wharf the junior porter was joined by the senior, who was speeding with the daughter and wife of the gentleman from San Francisco in his automobile–they were pale, with eyes hollow from tears and a sleepless night. And ten minutes later the little steamer was again chugging through the water, again running toward Sorrento, toward Castellammare, carrying away from Capri, for all time, the family from San Francisco. . . . And again peace and quiet resumed their reign upon the island.

Upon this island, two thousand years ago, had lived a man who had become completely enmeshed in his cruel and foul deeds, who had for some reason seized the power over millions of people in his hands, and who, having himself lost his head at the senselessness of this power and from the fear of death by assassination, lurking in ambush behind every corner, had committed cruelties beyond all measure–and humankind has remembered him for all time; and those who, in their collusion, just as incomprehensively and, in substance, just as cruelly as he, reign at present in power over this world gather from all over the earth to gaze upon the ruins of that stone villa where he had dwelt on one of the steepest ascents of the island. On this splendid morning all those who had come to Capri for just this purpose were still sleeping in the hotels, although, toward their entrances, were already being led little mouse-grey burros with red saddles, upon which, after awaking and sating themselves with food, Americans and Germans, men and women, young and old, would again clamber up ponderously this day, and after whom would again run the old Caprian beggar women, with sticks in their gnarled hands–would run over stony paths, and always uphill, up to the very summit of Mount Tiberio. Set at rest by the fact that the dead old man from San Francisco, who had likewise been planning to go with them but instead of that had only frightened them with a *memento mori,* had already been shipped off to Naples, the travellers slept on heavily, and the quiet of the island was still undisturbed, the shops in the city were still shut. The market-place on the *piazzetta* alone was carrying on traffic–in fish and greens; and the people there were all simple folk, among whom, without anything to do, as always, was standing Lorenzo the boatman, famous all over Italy, a tall old man, a carefree rake and a handsome fellow, who had served more than once as a model to many artists; he had brought, and had already sold for a song, two lobsters that

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he had caught that night and which were already rustling in the apron of the cook of that very hotel where the family from San Francisco had passed the night, and now he could afford to stand in calm idleness even until the evening, looking about him with a kingly bearing (a little trick of his), consciously picturesque with his tatters, clay pipe, and a red woollen *berretta* drooping over one ear.

And, along the precipices of Monte Solaro, upon the ancient Phoenician road, hewn out of the crags, down its stone steps, two mountaineers of Abruzzi were descending from Anacapri. One had bagpipes under his leathern mantle, a large bag made from the skin of a she-goat, with two pipes; the other had something in the nature of wooden Pan's-reeds. They went on, and all the land, joyous, splendid, sun-flooded, spread out below them: the stony humps of the island, which was lying almost in its entirety at their feet; and that fairy-like deep-blue in which it was a-swim; and the radiant morning vapours over the sea, toward the east, under the blinding sun, which was now beating down hotly, rising ever higher and higher; and, still in their morning vagueness, the mistily azure massive outlines of Italy, of her mountains near and far, whose beauty human speech is impotent to express. . . . Half-way down the pipers slackened their pace: over the path, within a grotto in the craggy side of Monte Solaro, all illumed by the sun, all bathed in its warmth and glow, in snowy-white raiment of gypsum, and in a royal crown, golden-rusty from inclement weathers, stood the Mother of God, meek and gracious, her orbs lifted up to heaven, to the eternal and happy abodes of Her thrice-blessed Son. The pipers bared their heads, put their reeds to their lips, and there poured forth their naïve and humbly jubilant praises to the sun, to the morning, to Her, the Immaculate Intercessor for all those who suffer in this evil and beautiful world, and to Him Who had been born of Her womb in a cavern at Bethlehem, in a poor shepherd's shelter in the distant land of Judaea. . . .

Meanwhile, the body of the dead old man from San Francisco was returning to its home, to a grave on the shores of the New World. Having gone through many humiliations, through much human neglect, having wandered for a week from one port warehouse to another, it had finally gotten once more on board that same famous ship upon which but so recently, with so much deference, he had been borne to the Old World. But now he was already being concealed from the quick—he was lowered in his tarred coffin deep into the black hold. And once more the ship was sailing on and on upon its long sea voyage. In the night-time it sailed past the Island of Capri, and, to one watching them from the is-

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(1) SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*. Here the subordinate entries consist of the names of one or more of the great ideas, concerning each of which there is a separate chapter in the *Syntopicon*. The great ideas referred to are listed in the alphabetical order in which they appear in the *Syntopicon*. In every case, the reference to a great idea is followed by the citation of the volume in the *Syntopicon* where that great idea is treated.

For example, an entry may read as follows: "CUSTOM AND CONVENTION, Vol. 1." The opening section in each chapter of the *Syntopicon* consists of an essay on the great idea that is the subject of that chapter, giving an account of its meanings, its development, and the major issues or problems that have been discussed. *If you own a* Syntopicon *it is strongly recommended that you read the essays on whatever ideas are cited under the first heading in the syntopical unit with which you happen to be dealing.*

In most cases, but not always, the citation of a chapter in the *Syntopicon* is followed by reference to one or more topics that are especially of interest to the reader in connection with the work in Gateway under consideration. For example, in the case of Darwin's *Autobiography,* the user of the Syntopical Guide will find a reference that runs as follows:

> EVOLUTION, Vol. 1 especially
> Topic 5: The facts of evolution: evidences bearing on the history of life on earth

The user will also find a reference which involves two or more topics, as follows:

> SCIENCE, Vol. 2, especially
> Topic 2*b*: The comparison of science with poetry and history
> Topic 5*a*: The role of experience; observation and experiment

The one or more topics referred to in each case will be found in that section of a *Syntopicon* chapter which is called "*OUTLINE OF TOPICS*." This always immediately follows the essay with which the chapter opens. It in turn is immediately followed by a section called "*REFERENCES*." Here owners of the *Syntopicon* will again find the particular topics to which they have been referred, but now under each topic are listed references to the relevant passages in *Great*

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land, there was something sad about the ship's lights, slowly disappearing over the dark sea. But, upon the ship itself, in its brilliant *salons* resplendent with lustres and marbles, there was a crowded ball that night, as usual.

There was a ball on the second night also, and on the third–again in the midst of a raging snow storm, whirling over an ocean booming like a funeral mass, and heaving in mountains trapped out in mourning by the silver spindrift. The innumerable fiery eyes of the ship that was retreating into the night and the snow-gale were barely visible for the snow to the Devil watching from the crags of Gibraltar, from the stony gateway of two worlds. The Devil was as enormous as a cliff, but the ship was still more enormous than he; many-tiered, many-funnelled, created by the pride of the New Man with an ancient heart. The snow-gale smote upon its rigging and wide-throated funnels, hoary from the snow, but the ship was steadfast, firm, majestic–and awesome. Upon its topmost deck were reared, in their solitude among the snowy whirlwinds, those snug, dimly lit chambers where, plunged in a light and uneasy slumber, was its ponderous guide who resembled a heathen idol, reigning over the entire ship. He heard the pained howlings and the ferocious squealings of the storm-stifled siren, but soothed himself by the proximity of that which, in the final summing up, was incomprehensible even to himself, that which was on the other side of his wall: that large cabin, which had the appearance of being armoured, and was being constantly filled by the mysterious rumbling, quivering, and crisp sputtering of blue flames, flaring up and exploding around the pale-faced operator with a metal half-hoop upon his head. In the very depths, in the underwater womb of the *Atlantida,* were the thirty-thousand-pound masses of boilers and of all sorts of other machinery–dully glittering with steel, hissing out steam and exuding oil and boiling water–of that kitchen, made red-hot from infernal furnaces underneath, wherein was brewing the motion of the ship. Forces, fearful in their concentration, were bubbling, were being transmitted to its very keel, into an endlessly long catacomb, into a tunnel, illuminated by electricity, wherein slowly, with an inexorability that was crushing to the human soul, was revolving within its oily couch the gigantean shaft, exactly like a living monster that had stretched itself out in this tunnel. Meanwhile, amidship the *Atlantida,* its warm and luxurious cabins, its dining-halls and ball-rooms poured forth radiance and joyousness, were humming with the voices of a well-dressed gathering, were sweetly odorous with fresh flowers, and the strains of the stringed orchestra were their song. And again excruciatingly writhed and at inter-

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vals came together among this throng, among this glitter of lights, silks, diamonds and bared feminine shoulders, the supple pair of hired lovers: the sinfully modest, very pretty young woman, with eye-lashes cast down, with a chaste coiffure, and the well-built young man, with black hair that seemed to be pasted on, with his face pale from powder, shod in the most elegant of patent-leather foot-gear, clad in a tight-fitting dresscoat with long tails—an Adonis who resembled a huge leech. And none knew that, already for a long time, this pair had grown wearied of languishing dissemblingly in their blissful torment to the sounds of the shamelessly sad music, nor that far, far below, at the bottom of the black hold, stood a tarred coffin, in close proximity to the sombre and sultry depths of the ship that was toilsomely overpowering the darkness, the ocean, the snow storm. . . .

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*Translated by Bernard Guilbert Guerney.*

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the Salem Customhouse. Three years later he was dropped when the Whigs returned to power.

At first he tried to fight his dismissal. Then, in grim anger, he sat down to write his best-known work, *The Scarlet Letter*, which appeared in 1850. At long last he was famous. In the following year he produced *The House of the Seven Gables* and *The Snow-Image and Other Twice-Told Tales;* in 1852 *The Blithedale Romance*, *A Wonder-Book for Boys and Girls*, and a campaign biography of Franklin Pierce, his schoolmate at Bowdoin. In 1853 came *Tangle-wood Tales for Girls and Boys.*

During this period he lived for a while at Lenox in western Massachusetts. In nearby Pittsfield, Herman Melville was writing *Moby Dick.* They became mutually admiring friends. Hawthorne bought "The Wayside" house at Concord in 1852. The following year President Pierce appointed him American consul at Liverpool. He served four years there, spent most of 1858 to 1859 in Rome and Florence, and returned to England to write *The Marble Faun.*

Back in Concord by the middle of 1860, his health "rapidly and mysteriously" worsened. In 1862 he visited the Civil War battlefields and wrote an article that contains a striking picture of Lincoln.[1] On a trip with ex-President Pierce, he died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, on May 19, 1864.

Hawthorne, as Newton Arvin writes, felt "a cloudy and obfuscating sense of guilt at the heart of all human relations. . . ." It is perhaps the most profound thing that can be said about him, as man or writer. The testimony comes to us in a hundred voices. Henry James, Sr. said that Hawthorne had "the look all the time . . . of a rogue who suddenly finds himself in a company of detectives." Hawthorne himself was well aware of this quality. He once remarked, putting it lightly, that he was a "lover of the moral picturesque."

How can we help but find him one of the most puzzling of nineteenth-century writers? We hardly need to be told that *Pilgrim's Progress* was a favorite of his. In certain ways he seems more a man of Bunyan's century than of Balzac's. Few of his stories remain plausible under any sort of hard scrutiny. They are "romance" and claim the privileges of romance. But they are *moral* "romance." Like

[1] See Vol. 6, pp. 168–171, in this set.

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an eighteenth-century writer, he states or implies a moral judgment on each of his characters. Who could guess that he was Flaubert's contemporary? And even on his home ground, New England history, we get the sense that he is often uninformed, confused, or prejudiced.

Why then do we read him? Because he is a powerful writer who can build a story stone by stone to its full height. Because he was perhaps the greatest historian of the Puritan conscience in America. He knew it in its darkest depth, in its involvement with every other human feeling. He came to it at that point in time when it was most in conflict with itself, when it was reaching out toward a larger and more humane life. He endured that conflict in himself and wrote it out of himself. In him, as in Melville, the sense of sin and guilt was still powerful. Like Melville, he said no to American free will, to Emerson's optimism and his call to the self.

*Rappaccini's Daughter*, like *The Marble Faun*, may be said to have come out of his two-year sojourn in Italy. But in it the "sunny Italy" of the ballads turns "desolate" and "gloomy." Perhaps it resembles the real Italy as little as the setting of some of his other tales resembles the New England of his own time. We cannot help but feel that all his stories take place in the Country of Hawthorne, an allegorical region as unmapped as Erewhon or Bluebeard's domain. Through it runs the dark River of Predestination, and the Mountains of Evil are never far off.

As we read *Rappaccini's Daughter,* we catch ourselves asking questions. How does Giovanni, alone among unpoisonous things, escape death in Rappaccini's garden? Why is the innocent and vital Beatrice made the carrier of evil and guilt? Is this meant to suggest the old Christian association between woman and sexual "evil"? Why are we—and Giovanni—not warned that Dr. Baglioni's antidote may not have the effect he intended? But we concede the author's freedom in his fable and pass on to the allegory. It stands out bold and plain: the scientist who puts himself beyond good and evil may also put himself outside the human community and work great evil in his pride of power.

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# *Rappaccini's Daughter*

young man, named Giovanni Guasconti, came, very long ago, from the more southern region of Italy to pursue his studies at the University of Padua. Giovanni, who had but a scanty supply of gold ducats in his pocket, took lodgings in a high and gloomy chamber of an old edifice which looked not unworthy to have been the palace of a Paduan noble, and which, in fact, exhibited over its entrance the armorial bearings of a family long since extinct. The young stranger, who was not unstudied in the great poem of his country, recollected that one of the ancestors of this family, and perhaps an occupant of this very mansion, had been pictured by Dante as a partaker of the immortal agonies of his Inferno. These reminiscences and associations, together with the tendency to heartbreak natural to a young man for the first time out of his native sphere, caused Giovanni to sigh heavily as he looked around the desolate and ill-furnished apartment.

"Holy Virgin, signor!" cried old Dame Lisabetta, who, won by the youth's remarkable beauty of person, was kindly endeavoring to give the chamber a habitable air, "what a sigh was that to come out of a young man's heart! Do you find this old mansion gloomy? For the love of Heaven, then, put your head out of the window, and you will see as bright sunshine as you have left in Naples."

Guasconti mechanically did as the old woman advised, but could not quite agree with her that the Paduan sunshine was as cheerful as that of southern Italy. Such as it was, however, it fell upon a garden beneath the window and expended its fostering influences on a variety of plants, which seemed to have been cultivated with exceeding care.

"Does this garden belong to the house?" asked Giovanni.

"Heaven forbid, signor, unless it were fruitful of better pot herbs than



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any that grow there now," answered old Lisabetta. "No; that garden is cultivated by the own hands of Signor Giacomo Rappaccini, the famous doctor, who, I warrant him, has been heard of as far as Naples. It is said that he distills these plants into medicines that are as potent as a charm. Oftentimes you may see the signor doctor at work, and perchance the signora, his daughter, too, gathering the strange flowers that grow in the garden."

The old woman had now done what she could for the aspect of the chamber; and, commending the young man to the protection of the saints, took her departure.

Giovanni still found no better occupation than to look down into the garden beneath his window. From its appearance, he judged it to be one of those botanic gardens which were of earlier date in Padua than elsewhere in Italy or in the world. Or, not improbably, it might once have been the pleasure place of an opulent family; for there was the ruin of a marble fountain in the center, sculptured with rare art, but so woefully shattered that it was impossible to trace the original design from the chaos of remaining fragments. The water, however, continued to gush and sparkle into the sunbeams as cheerfully as ever. A little gurgling sound ascended to the young man's window, and made him feel as if the fountain were an immortal spirit that sung its song unceasingly and without heeding the vicissitudes around it, while one century embodied it in marble and another scattered the perishable garniture on the soil. All about the pool into which the water subsided grew various plants that seemed to require a plentiful supply of moisture for the nourishment of gigantic leaves, and, in some instances, flowers gorgeously magnificent. There was one shrub in particular, set in a marble vase in the midst of the pool, that bore a profusion of purple blossoms, each of which had the luster and richness of a gem; and the whole together made a show so resplendent that it seemed enough to illuminate the garden, even had there been no sunshine. Every portion of the soil was peopled with plants and herbs, which, if less beautiful, still bore tokens of assiduous care, as if all had their individual virtues, known to the scientific mind that fostered them. Some were placed in urns, rich with old carving, and others in common garden pots; some crept serpentlike along the ground or climbed on high, using whatever means of ascent was offered them. One plant had wreathed itself round a statue of Vertumnus, which was thus quite veiled and shrouded in a drapery of hanging foliage, so happily arranged that it might have served a sculptor for a study.

While Giovanni stood at the window he heard a rustling behind a

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screen of leaves, and became aware that a person was at work in the garden. His figure soon emerged into view, and showed itself to be that of no common laborer, but a tall, emaciated, sallow, and sickly looking man, dressed in a scholar's garb of black. He was beyond the middle term of life, with gray hair, a thin, gray beard, and a face singularly marked with intellect and cultivation, but which could never, even in his more youthful days, have expressed much warmth of heart.

Nothing could exceed the intentness with which this scientific gardener examined every shrub which grew in his path: it seemed as if he was looking into their inmost nature, making observations in regard to their creative essence, and discovering why one leaf grew in this shape and another in that, and wherefore such and such flowers differed among themselves in hue and perfume. Nevertheless, in spite of this deep intelligence on his part, there was no approach to intimacy between himself and these vegetable existences. On the contrary, he avoided their actual touch or the direct inhaling of their odors with a caution that impressed Giovanni most disagreeably; for the man's demeanor was that of one walking among malignant influences, such as savage beasts, or deadly snakes, or evil spirits, which, should he allow them one moment of license, would wreak upon him some terrible fatality. It was strangely frightful to the young man's imagination to see this air of insecurity in a person cultivating a garden, that most simple and innocent of human toils, and which had been alike the joy and labor of the unfallen parents of the race. Was this garden, then, the Eden of the present world? And this man, with such a perception of harm in what his own hands caused to grow—was he the Adam?

The distrustful gardener, while plucking away the dead leaves or pruning the too luxuriant growth of the shrubs, defended his hands with a pair of thick gloves. Nor were these his only armor. When, in his walk through the garden, he came to the magnificent plant that hung its purple gems beside the marble fountain, he placed a kind of mask over his mouth and nostrils, as if all this beauty did but conceal a deadlier malice; but, finding his task still too dangerous, he drew back, removed the mask, and called loudly, but in the infirm voice of a person affected with inward disease, "Beatrice! Beatrice!"

"Here am I, my father. What would you?" cried a rich and youthful voice from the window of the opposite house—a voice as rich as a tropical sunset, and which made Giovanni, though he knew not why, think of deep hues of purple or crimson and of perfumes heavily delectable. "Are you in the garden?"

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Rappaccini, it is said of him—and I, who know the man well, can answer for its truth—that he cares infinitely more for science than for mankind. His patients are interesting to him only as subjects for some new experiment. He would sacrifice human life, his own among the rest, or whatever else was dearest to him, for the sake of adding so much as a grain of mustard seed to the great heap of his accumulated knowledge."

"Methinks he is an awful man indeed," remarked Guasconti, mentally recalling the cold and purely intellectual aspect of Rappaccini. "And yet, worshipful professor, is it not a noble spirit? Are there many men capable of so spiritual a love of science?"

"God forbid," answered the professor, somewhat testily; "at least, unless they take sounder views of the healing art than those adopted by Rappaccini. It is his theory that all medicinal virtues are comprised within those substances which we term vegetable poisons. These he cultivates with his own hands, and is said even to have produced new varieties of poison, more horribly deleterious than Nature, without the assistance of this learned person, would ever have plagued the world withal. That the signor doctor does less mischief than might be expected with such dangerous substances is undeniable. Now and then, it must be owned, he has effected, or seemed to effect, a marvellous cure; but, to tell you my private mind, Signor Giovanni, he should receive little credit for such instances of success—they being probably the work of chance—but should be held strictly accountable for his failures, which may justly be considered his own work."

The youth might have taken Baglioni's opinions with many grains of allowance had he known that there was a professional warfare of long continuance between him and Dr. Rappaccini, in which the latter was generally thought to have gained the advantage. If the reader be inclined to judge for himself, we refer him to certain black-letter tracts on both sides, preserved in the medical department of the University of Padua.

"I know not, most learned professor," returned Giovanni, after musing on what had been said of Rappaccini's exclusive zeal for science. "I know not how dearly this physician may love his art; but surely there is one object more dear to him. He has a daughter."

"Aha!" cried the professor, with a laugh. "So now our friend Giovanni's secret is out. You have heard of this daughter, whom all the young men in Padua are wild about, though not half a dozen have ever had the good hap to see her face. I know little of the Signora Beatrice save that Rappaccini is said to have instructed her deeply in his science, and that, young and beautiful as fame reports her, she is already qualified to fill a

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professor's chair. Perchance her father destines her for mine! Other absurd rumors there be, not worth talking about or listening to. So now, Signor Giovanni, drink off your glass of lachryma."

Guasconti returned to his lodgings somewhat heated with the wine he had quaffed, and which caused his brain to swim with strange fantasies in reference to Dr. Rappaccini and the beautiful Beatrice. On his way, happening to pass by a florist's, he bought a fresh bouquet of flowers.

Ascending to his chamber, he seated himself near the window, but within the shadow thrown by the depth of the wall, so that he could look down into the garden with little risk of being discovered. All beneath his eye was a solitude. The strange plants were basking in the sunshine, and now and then nodding gently to one another, as if in acknowledgment of sympathy and kindred. In the midst, by the shattered fountain, grew the magnificent shrub, with its purple gems clustering all over it; they glowed in the air, and gleamed back again out of the depths of the pool, which thus seemed to overflow with colored radiance from the rich reflection that was steeped in it. At first, as we have said, the garden was a solitude. Soon, however—as Giovanni had half hoped, half feared, would be the case—a figure appeared beneath the antique sculptured portal, and came down between the rows of plants, inhaling their various perfumes as if she were one of those beings of old classic fable that lived upon sweet odors. On again beholding Beatrice, the young man was even startled to perceive how much her beauty exceeded his recollection of it; so brilliant, so vivid, was its character, that she glowed amid the sunlight, and, as Giovanni whispered to himself, positively illuminated the more shadowy intervals of the garden path. Her face being now more revealed than on the former occasion, he was struck by its expression of simplicity and sweetness—qualities that had not entered into his idea of her character, and which made him ask anew what manner of mortal she might be. Nor did he fail again to observe, or imagine, an analogy between the beautiful girl and the gorgeous shrub that hung its gemlike flowers over the fountain—a resemblance which Beatrice seemed to have indulged a fantastic humor in heightening, both by the arrangement of her dress and the selection of its hues.

Approaching the shrub, she threw open her arms, as with a passionate ardor, and drew its branches into an intimate embrace—so intimate that her features were hidden in its leafy bosom and her glistening ringlets all intermingled with the flowers.

"Give me thy breath, my sister," exclaimed Beatrice; "for I am faint with

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common air. And give me this flower of thine, which I separate with gentlest fingers from the stem and place it close beside my heart."

With these words the beautiful daughter of Rappaccini plucked one of the richest blossoms of the shrub, and was about to fasten it in her bosom. But now, unless Giovanni's draughts of wine had bewildered his senses, a singular incident occurred. A small orange-colored reptile, of the lizard or chameleon species, chanced to be creeping along the path, just at the feet of Beatrice. It appeared to Giovanni—but, at the distance from which he gazed, he could scarcely have seen anything so minute—it appeared to him, however, that a drop or two of moisture from the broken stem of the flower descended upon the lizard's head. For an instant the reptile contorted itself violently, and then lay motionless in the sunshine. Beatrice observed this remarkable phenomenon, and crossed herself, sadly, but without surprise; nor did she therefore hesitate to arrange the fatal flower in her bosom. There it blushed, and almost glimmered with the dazzling effect of a precious stone, adding to her dress and aspect the one appropriate charm which nothing else in the world could have supplied. But Giovanni, out of the shadow of his window, bent forward and shrank back, and murmured and trembled.

"Am I awake? Have I my senses?" said he to himself. "What is this being? Beautiful shall I call her, or inexpressibly terrible?"

Beatrice now strayed carelessly through the garden, approaching closer beneath Giovanni's window, so that he was compelled to thrust his head quite out of its concealment in order to gratify the intense and painful curiosity which she excited. At this moment there came a beautiful insect over the garden wall; it had, perhaps, wandered through the city, and found no flowers or verdure among those antique haunts of men until the heavy perfumes of Dr. Rappaccini's shrubs had lured it from afar. Without alighting on the flowers, this winged brightness seemed to be attracted by Beatrice, and lingered in the air and fluttered about her head. Now, here it could not be but that Giovanni Guasconti's eyes deceived him. Be that as it might, he fancied that, while Beatrice was gazing at the insect with childish delight, it grew faint and fell at her feet; its bright wings shivered; it was dead—from no cause that he could discern, unless it were the atmosphere of her breath. Again Beatrice crossed herself and sighed heavily as she bent over the dead insect.

An impulsive movement of Giovanni drew her eyes to the window. There she beheld the beautiful head of the young man—rather a Grecian than an Italian head, with fair, regular features, and a glistening of gold

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among his ringlets—gazing down upon her like a being that hovered in mid air. Scarcely knowing what he did, Giovanni threw down the bouquet which he had hitherto held in his hand.

"Signora," said he, "there are pure and healthful flowers. Wear them for the sake of Giovanni Guasconti."

"Thanks, signor," replied Beatrice, with her rich voice, that came forth as it were like a gush of music, and with a mirthful expression half childish and half womanlike. "I accept your gift, and would fain recompense it with this precious purple flower; but if I toss it into the air it will not reach you. So Signor Guasconti must even content himself with my thanks."

She lifted the bouquet from the ground, and then, as if inwardly ashamed at having stepped aside from her maidenly reserve to respond to a stranger's greeting, passed swiftly homeward through the garden. But few as the moments were, it seemed to Giovanni, when she was on the point of vanishing beneath the sculptured portal, that his beautiful bouquet was already beginning to wither in her grasp. It was an idle thought; there could be no possibility of distinguishing a faded flower from a fresh one at so great a distance.

For many days after this incident the young man avoided the window that looked into Dr. Rappaccini's garden, as if something ugly and monstrous would have blasted his eyesight had he been betrayed into a glance. He felt conscious of having put himself, to a certain extent, within the influence of an unintelligible power by the communication which he had opened with Beatrice. The wisest course would have been, if his heart were in any real danger, to quit his lodgings and Padua itself at once; the next wiser, to have accustomed himself, as far as possible, to the familiar and daylight view of Beatrice—thus bringing her rigidly and systematically within the limits of ordinary experience. Least of all, while avoiding her sight, ought Giovanni to have remained so near this extraordinary being that the proximity and possibility even of intercourse should give a kind of substance and reality to the wild vagaries which his imagination ran riot continually in producing. Guasconti had not a deep heart—or, at all events, its depths were not sounded now; but he had a quick fancy, and an ardent southern temperament, which rose every instant to a higher fever pitch. Whether or no Beatrice possessed those terrible attributes, that fatal breath, the affinity with those so beautiful and deadly flowers which were indicated by what Giovanni had witnessed, she had at least instilled a fierce and subtle poison into his system. It

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was not love, although her rich beauty was a madness to him; nor horror, even while he fancied her spirit to be imbued with the same baneful essence that seemed to pervade her physical frame; but a wild offspring of both love and horror that had each parent in it, and burned like one and shivered like the other. Giovanni knew not what to dread; still less did he know what to hope; yet hope and dread kept a continual warfare in his breast, alternately vanquishing one another and starting up afresh to renew the contest. Blessed are all simple emotions, be they dark or bright! It is the lurid inter-mixture of the two that produces the illuminating blaze of the infernal regions

Sometimes he endeavored to assuage the fever of his spirit by a rapid walk through the streets of Padua or beyond its gates: his footsteps kept time with the throbbings of his brain, so that the walk was apt to accelerate itself to a race. One day he found himself arrested; his arm was seized by a portly personage, who had turned back on recognizing the young man and expended much breath in overtaking him.

"Signor Giovanni! Stay, my young friend!" cried he. "Have you forgotten me? That might well be the case if I were as much altered as yourself."

It was Baglioni, whom Giovanni had avoided ever since their first meeting, from a doubt that the professor's sagacity would look too deeply into his secrets. Endeavoring to recover himself, he stared forth wildly from his inner world into the outer one and spoke like a man in a dream.

"Yes; I am Giovanni Guasconti. You are Professor Pietro Baglioni. Now let me pass!"

"Not yet, not yet, Signor Giovanni Guasconti," said the professor, smiling, but at the same time scrutinizing the youth with an earnest glance. "What! did I grow up side by side with your father? and shall his son pass me like a stranger in these old streets of Padua? Stand still, Signor Giovanni; for we must have a word or two before we part."

"Speedily, then, most worshipful professor, speedily," said Giovanni, with feverish impatience. "Does not your worship see that I am in haste?"

Now, while he was speaking there came a man in black along the street, stooping and moving feebly like a person in inferior health. His face was all overspread with a most sickly and sallow hue, but yet so pervaded with an expression of piercing and active intellect that an observer might easily have overlooked the merely physical attributes and have seen only this wonderful energy. As he passed, this person exchanged a cold and distant salutation with Baglioni, but fixed his eyes upon Giovanni with an

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adjustment of events would seem to summon his appearance. So was it now with Giovanni. Day after day his pulses had throbbed with feverish blood at the improbable idea of an interview with Beatrice, and of standing with her, face to face, in this very garden, basking in the Oriental sunshine of her beauty, and snatching from her full gaze the mystery which he deemed the riddle of his own existence. But now there was a singular and untimely equanimity within his breast. He threw a glance around the garden to discover if Beatrice or her father were present, and, perceiving that he was alone, began a critical observation of the plants.

The aspect of one and all of them dissatisfied him; their gorgeousness seemed fierce, passionate, and even unnatural. There was hardly an individual shrub which a wanderer, straying by himself through a forest, would not have been startled to find growing wild, as if an unearthly face had glared at him out of the thicket. Several also would have shocked a delicate instinct by an appearance of artificialness indicating that there had been such commixture, and, as it were, adultery, of various vegetable species, that the production was no longer of God's making, but the monstrous offspring of man's depraved fancy, glowing with only an evil mockery of beauty. They were probably the result of experiment, which in one or two cases had succeeded in mingling plants individually lovely into a compound possessing the questionable and ominous character that distinguished the whole growth of the garden. In fine, Giovanni recognized but two or three plants in the collection, and those of a kind that he well knew to be poisonous. While busy with these contemplations he heard the rustling of a silken garment, and, turning, beheld Beatrice emerging from beneath the sculptured portal.

Giovanni had not considered with himself what should be his deportment; whether he should apologize for his intrusion into the garden, or assume that he was there with the privity at least, if not by the desire, of Dr. Rappaccini or his daughter; but Beatrice's manner placed him at his ease, though leaving him still in doubt by what agency he had gained admittance. She came lightly along the path and met him near the broken fountain. There was surprise in her face, but brightened by a simple and kind expression of pleasure.

"You are a connoisseur in flowers, signor," said Beatrice, with a smile, alluding to the bouquet which he had flung her from the window. "It is no marvel, therefore, if the sight of my father's rare collection has tempted you to take a nearer view. If he were here, he could tell you many strange and interesting facts as to the nature and habits of these shrubs; for he has spent a lifetime in such studies, and this garden is his world."

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"And yourself, lady," observed Giovanni, "if fame says true, you likewise are deeply skilled in the virtues indicated by these rich blossoms and these spicy perfumes. Would you deign to be my instructress, I should prove an apter scholar than if taught by Signor Rappaccini himself."

"Are there such idle rumors?" asked Beatrice, with the music of a pleasant laugh. "Do people say that I am skilled in my father's science of plants? What a jest is there! No; though I have grown up among these flowers, I know no more of them than their hues and perfume; and sometimes methinks I would fain rid myself of even that small knowledge. There are many flowers here, and those not the least brilliant, that shock and offend me when they meet my eye. But pray, signor, do not believe these stories about my science. Believe nothing of me save what you see with your own eyes."

"And must I believe all that I have seen with my own eyes?" asked Giovanni, pointedly, while the recollection of former scenes made him shrink. "No, signora; you demand too little of me. Bid me believe nothing save what comes from your own lips."

It would appear that Beatrice understood him. There came a deep flush to her cheek; but she looked full into Giovanni's eyes, and responded to his gaze of uneasy suspicion with a queenlike haughtiness.

"I do so bid you, signor," she replied. "Forget whatever you may have fancied in regard to me. If true to the outward senses, still it may be false in its essence; but the words of Beatrice Rappaccini's lips are true from the depths of the heart outward. Those you may believe."

A fervor glowed in her whole aspect and beamed upon Giovanni's consciousness like the light of truth itself; but while she spoke there was a fragrance in the atmosphere around her, rich and delightful, though evanescent, yet which the young man, from an indefinable reluctance, scarcely dared to draw into his lungs. It might be the odor of the flowers. Could it be Beatrice's breath which thus embalmed her words with a strange richness, as if by steeping them in her heart? A faintness passed like a shadow over Giovanni and flitted away; he seemed to gaze through the beautiful girl's eyes into her transparent soul, and felt no more doubt or fear.

The tinge of passion that had colored Beatrice's manner vanished; she became gay, and appeared to derive a pure delight from her communion with the youth, not unlike what the maiden of a lonely island might have felt conversing with a voyager from the civilized world. Evidently her experience of life had been confined within the limits of that garden. She talked now about matters as simple as the daylight or summer clouds, and

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now asked questions in reference to the city, or Giovanni's distant home, his friends, his mother, and his sisters—questions indicating such seclusion, and such lack of familiarity with modes and forms, that Giovanni responded as if to an infant. Her spirit gushed out before him like a fresh rill that was just catching its first glimpse of the sunlight and wondering at the reflections of earth and sky which were flung into its bosom. There came thoughts, too, from a deep source, and fantasies of a gemlike brilliancy, as if diamonds and rubies sparkled upward among the bubbles of the fountain. Ever and anon there gleamed across the young man's mind a sense of wonder that he should be walking side by side with the being who had so wrought upon his imagination, whom he had idealized in such hues of terror, in whom he had positively witnessed such manifestations of dreadful attributes—that he should be conversing with Beatrice like a brother, and should find her so human and so maidenlike. But such reflections were only momentary; the effect of her character was too real not to make itself familiar at once.

In this free intercourse they had strayed through the garden, and now, after many turns among its avenues, were come to the shattered fountain, beside which grew the magnificent shrub, with its treasury of glowing blossoms. A fragrance was diffused from it which Giovanni recognized as identical with that which he had attributed to Beatrice's breath, but incomparably more powerful. As her eyes fell upon it, Giovanni beheld her press her hand to her bosom as if her heart were throbbing suddenly and painfully.

"For the first time in my life," murmured she, addressing the shrub, "I had forgotten thee."

"I remember, signora," said Giovanni, "that you once promised to reward me with one of these living gems for the bouquet which I had the happy boldness to fling at your feet. Permit me now to pluck it as a memorial of this interview."

He made a step towards the shrub with extended hand; but Beatrice darted forward, uttering a shriek that went through his heart like a dagger. She caught his hand and drew it back with the whole force of her slender figure. Giovanni felt her touch thrilling through his fibers.

"Touch it not!" exclaimed she, in a voice of agony. "Not for thy life! It is fatal!"

Then, hiding her face, she fled from him and vanished beneath the sculptured portal. As Giovanni followed her with his eyes, he beheld the emaciated figure and pale intelligence of Dr. Rappaccini, who had been

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watching the scene, he knew not how long, within the shadow of the entrance.

No sooner was Guasconti alone in his chamber than the image of Beatrice came back to his passionate musings, invested with all the witchery that had been gathering around it ever since his first glimpse of her, and now likewise imbued with a tender warmth of girlish womanhood. She was human; her nature was endowed with all gentle and feminine qualities; she was worthiest to be worshiped; she was capable, surely, on her part, of the height and heroism of love. Those tokens which he had hitherto considered as proofs of a frightful peculiarity in her physical and moral system were now either forgotten or, by the subtle sophistry of passion, transmitted into a golden crown of enchantment, rendering Beatrice the more admirable by so much as she was the more unique. Whatever had looked ugly was now beautiful; or, if incapable of such a change, it stole away and hid itself among those shapeless half ideas which throng the dim region beyond the daylight of our perfect consciousness. Thus did he spend the night, nor fell asleep until the dawn had begun to awake the slumbering flowers in Dr. Rappaccini's garden, whither Giovanni's dreams doubtless led him. Up rose the sun in his due season, and, flinging his beams upon the young man's eyelids, awoke him to a sense of pain. When thoroughly aroused, he became sensible of a burning and tingling agony in his hand—in his right hand—the very hand which Beatrice had grasped in her own when he was on the point of plucking one of the gemlike flowers. On the back of that hand there was now a purple print like that of four small fingers, and the likeness of a slender thumb upon his wrist.

Oh, how stubbornly does love—or even that cunning semblance of love which flourishes in the imagination, but strikes no depth of root into the heart—how stubbornly does it hold its faith until the moment comes when it is doomed to vanish into thin mist! Giovanni wrapped a handkerchief about his hand and wondered what evil thing had stung him, and soon forgot his pain in a reverie of Beatrice.

After the first interview, a second was in the inevitable course of what we call fate. A third; a fourth; and a meeting with Beatrice in the garden was no longer an incident in Giovanni's daily life, but the whole space in which he might be said to live; for the anticipation and memory of that ecstatic hour made up the remainder. Nor was it otherwise with the daughter of Rappaccini. She watched for the youth's appearance, and flew to his side with confidence as unreserved as if they had been play-

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mates from early infancy—as if they were such playmates still. If, by any unwonted chance, he failed to come at the appointed moment, she stood beneath the window and sent up the rich sweetness of her tones to float around him in his chamber and echo and reverberate throughout his heart: "Giovanni! Giovanni! Why tarriest thou? Come down!" And down he hastened into that Eden of poisonous flowers.

But, with all this intimate familiarity, there was still a reserve in Beatrice's demeanor, so rigidly and invariably sustained that the idea of infringing it scarcely occurred to his imagination. By all appreciable signs, they loved; they had looked love with eyes that conveyed the holy secret from the depths of one soul into the depths of the other, as if it were too sacred to be whispered by the way; they had even spoken love in those gushes of passion when their spirits darted forth in articulated breath like tongues of long-hidden flame; and yet there had been no seal of lips, no clasp of hands, nor any slightest caress such as love claims and hallows. He had never touched one of the gleaming ringlets of her hair; her garment—so marked was the physical barrier between them—had never been waved against him by a breeze. On the few occasions when Giovanni had seemed tempted to overstep the limit, Beatrice grew so sad, so stern, and withal wore such a look of desolate separation, shuddering at itself, that not a spoken word was requisite to repel him. At such times he was startled at the horrible suspicions that rose, monsterlike, out of the caverns of his heart and stared him in the face; his love grew thin and faint as the morning mist, his doubts alone had substance. But, when Beatrice's face brightened again after the momentary shadow, she was transformed at once from the mysterious, questionable being whom he had watched with so much awe and horror; she was now the beautiful and unsophisticated girl whom he felt that his spirit knew with a certainty beyond all other knowledge.

A considerable time had now passed since Giovanni's last meeting with Baglioni. One morning, however, he was disagreeably surprised by a visit from the professor, whom he had scarcely thought of for whole weeks, and would willingly have forgotten still longer. Given up as he had long been to a pervading excitement, he could tolerate no companions except upon condition of their perfect sympathy with his present state of feeling. Such sympathy was not to be expected from Professor Baglioni.

The visitor chatted carelessly for a few moments about the gossip of the city and the university, and then took up another topic.

"I have been reading an old classic author lately," said he, "and met

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"We will thwart Rappaccini yet," thought he, chuckling to himself, as he descended the stairs; "but, let us confess the truth of him, he is a wonderful man—a wonderful man indeed; a vile empiric, however, in his practice, and therefore not to be tolerated by those who respect the good old rules of the medical profession."

Throughout Giovanni's whole acquaintance with Beatrice, he had occasionally, as we have said, been haunted by dark surmises as to her character; yet so thoroughly had she made herself felt by him as a simple, natural, most affectionate, and guileless creature, that the image now held up by Professor Baglioni looked as strange and incredible as if it were not in accordance with his own original conception. True, there were ugly recollections connected with his first glimpses of the beautiful girl; he could not quite forget the bouquet that withered in her grasp, and the insect that perished amid the sunny air, by no ostensible agency save the fragrance of her breath. These incidents, however, dissolving in the pure light of her character, had no longer the efficacy of facts, but were acknowledged as mistaken fantasies, by whatever testimony of the senses they might appear to be substantiated. There is something truer and more real than what we can see with the eyes and touch with the finger. On such better evidence had Giovanni founded his confidence in Beatrice, though rather by the necessary force of her high attributes than by any deep and generous faith on his part. But now his spirit was incapable of sustaining itself at the height to which the early enthusiasm of passion had exalted it; he fell down, groveling among earthly doubts, and defiled therewith the pure whiteness of Beatrice's image. Not that he gave her up; he did but distrust. He resolved to institute some decisive test that should satisfy him, once for all, whether there were those dreadful peculiarities in her physical nature which could not be supposed to exist without some corresponding monstrosity of soul. His eyes, gazing down afar, might have deceived him as to the lizard, the insect, and the flowers; but if he could witness, at the distance of a few paces, the sudden blight of one fresh and healthful flower in Beatrice's hand, there would be room for no further question. With this idea he hastened to the florist's and purchased a bouquet that was still gemmed with the morning dewdrops.

It was now the customary hour of his daily interview with Beatrice. Before descending into the garden, Giovanni failed not to look at his figure in the mirror—a vanity to be expected in a beautiful young man, yet, as displaying itself at that troubled and feverish moment, the token of a certain shallowness of feeling and insincerity of character. He did

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gaze, however, and said to himself that his features had never before possessed so rich a grace, nor his eyes such vivacity, nor his cheeks so warm a hue of superabundant life.

"At least," thought he, "her poison has not yet insinuated itself into my system. I am no flower to perish in her grasp."

With that thought he turned his eyes on the bouquet, which he had never once laid aside from his hand. A thrill of indefinable horror shot through his frame on perceiving that those dewy flowers were already beginning to droop; they wore the aspect of things that had been fresh and lovely yesterday. Giovanni grew white as marble, and stood motionless before the mirror, staring at his own reflection there as at the likeness of something frightful. He remembered Baglioni's remark about the fragrance that seemed to pervade the chamber. It must have been the poison in his breath! Then he shuddered—shuddered at himself. Recovering from his stupor, he began to watch with curious eye a spider that was busily at work hanging its web from the antique cornice of the apartment, crossing and recrossing the artful system of interwoven lines—as vigorous and active a spider as ever dangled from an old ceiling. Giovanni bent toward the insect, and emitted a deep, long breath. The spider suddenly ceased its toil; the web vibrated with a tremor originating in the body of the small artisan. Again Giovanni sent forth a breath, deeper, longer, and imbued with a venomous feeling out of his heart: he knew not whether he were wicked, or only desperate. The spider made a convulsive gripe with his limbs and hung dead across the window.

"Accursed! accursed!" muttered Giovanni, addressing himself. "Hast thou grown so poisonous that this deadly insect perishes by thy breath?"

At that moment a rich, sweet voice came floating up from the garden.

"Giovanni! Giovanni! It is past the hour! Why tarriest thou? Come down!"

"Yes," muttered Giovanni again. "She is the only being whom my breath may not slay! Would that it might!"

He rushed down, and in an instant was standing before the bright and loving eyes of Beatrice. A moment ago his wrath and despair had been so fierce that he could have desired nothing so much as to wither her by a glance; but with her actual presence there came influences which had too real an existence to be at once shaken off: recollections of the delicate and benign power of her feminine nature, which had so often enveloped him in a religious calm; recollections of many a holy and passionate outgush of her heart, when the pure fountain had been unsealed from its depths and made visible in its transparency to his mental

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eye; recollections which, had Giovanni known how to estimate them, would have assured him that all this ugly mystery was but an earthly illusion, and that, whatever mist of evil might seem to have gathered over her, the real Beatrice was a heavenly angel. Incapable as he was of such high faith, still her presence had not utterly lost its magic. Giovanni's rage was quelled into an aspect of sullen insensibility. Beatrice, with a quick spiritual sense, immediately felt that there was a gulf of blackness between them which neither he nor she could pass. They walked on together, sad and silent, and came thus to the marble fountain and to its pool of water on the ground, in the midst of which grew the shrub that bore gemlike blossoms. Giovanni was affrighted at the eager enjoyment—the appetite, as it were—with which he found himself inhaling the fragrance of the flowers.

"Beatrice," asked he, abruptly, "whence came this shrub?"

"My father created it," answered she, with simplicity.

"Created it! created it!" repeated Giovanni. "What mean you, Beatrice?"

"He is a man fearfully acquainted with the secrets of Nature," replied Beatrice; "and, at the hour when I first drew breath, this plant sprang from the soil, the offspring of his science, of his intellect, while I was but his earthly child. Approach it not!" continued she, observing with terror that Giovanni was drawing nearer to the shrub. "It has qualities that you little dream of. But I, dearest Giovanni, I grew up and blossomed with the plant and was nourished with its breath. It was my sister, and I loved it with a human affection; for, alas!—hast thou not suspected it?—there was an awful doom."

Here Giovanni frowned so darkly upon her that Beatrice paused and trembled. But her faith in his tenderness reassured her, and made her blush that she had doubted for an instant.

"There was an awful doom," she continued, "the effect of my father's fatal love of science, which estranged me from all society of my kind. Until Heaven sent thee, dearest Giovanni, oh, how lonely was thy poor Beatrice!"

"Was it a hard doom?" asked Giovanni, fixing his eyes upon her.

"Only of late have I known how hard it was," answered she, tenderly. "Oh, yes; but my heart was torpid, and therefore quiet."

Giovanni's rage broke forth from his sullen gloom like a lightning flash out of a dark cloud.

"Accursed one!" cried he, with venomous scorn and anger. "And, finding thy solitude wearisome, thou hast severed me likewise from all the warmth of life and enticed me into thy region of unspeakable horror!"

"Giovanni!" exclaimed Beatrice, turning her large bright eyes upon his

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face. The force of his words had not found its way into her mind; she was merely thunderstruck.

"Yes, poisonous thing!" repeated Giovanni, beside himself with passion. "Thou hast done it! Thou hast blasted me! Thou hast filled my veins with poison! Thou hast made me as hateful, as ugly, as loathsome and deadly a creature as thyself—a world's wonder of hideous monstrosity! Now, if our breath be happily as fatal to ourselves as to all others, let us join our lips in one kiss of unutterable hatred, and so die!"

"What has befallen me?" murmured Beatrice, with a low moan out of her heart. "Holy Virgin, pity me, a poor heart broken child!"

"Thou—dost thou pray?" cried Giovanni, still with the same fiendish scorn. "Thy very prayers, as they come from thy lips, taint the atmosphere with death. Yes, yes; let us pray! Let us to church and dip our fingers in the holy water at the portal! They that come after us will perish as by a pestilence! Let us sign crosses in the air! It will be scattering curses abroad in the likeness of holy symbols!"

"Giovanni," said Beatrice, calmly, for her grief was beyond passion, "why dost thou join thyself with me thus in those terrible words? I, it is true, am the horrible thing thou namest me. But thou—what hast thou to do, save with one other shudder of my hideous misery to go forth out of the garden and mingle with thy race, and forget that there ever crawled on earth such a monster as poor Beatrice?"

"Dost thou pretend ignorance?" asked Giovanni, scowling upon her. "Behold! this power have I gained from the pure daughter of Rappaccini."

There was a swarm of summer insects flitting through the air in search of the food promised by the flower odors of the fatal garden. They circled round Giovanni's head, and were evidently attracted toward him by the same influence which had drawn them for an instant within the sphere of several of the shrubs. He sent forth a breath among them, and smiled bitterly at Beatrice as at least a score of the insects fell dead upon the ground.

"I see it! I see it!" shrieked Beatrice. "It is my father's fatal science! No, no, Giovanni; it was not I! Never! never! I dreamed only to love thee and be with thee a little time, and so to let thee pass away, leaving but thine image in mine heart; for, Giovanni, believe it, though my body be nourished with poison, my spirit is God's creature, and craves love as its daily food. But my father, he has united us in this fearful sympathy. Yes; spurn me, tread upon me, kill me! Oh, what is death after such words as thine? But it was not I. Not for a world of bliss would I have done it."

Giovanni's passion had exhausted itself in its outburst from his lips.

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There now came across him a sense, mournful, and not without tenderness, of the intimate and peculiar relationship between Beatrice and himself. They stood, as it were, in an utter solitude, which would be made none the less solitary by the densest throng of human life. Ought not, then, the desert of humanity around them to press this insulated pair closer together? If they should be cruel to one another, who was there to be kind to them? Besides, thought Giovanni, might there not still be a hope of his returning within the limits of ordinary nature, and leading Beatrice, the redeemed Beatrice, by the hand? O, weak, and selfish, and unworthy spirit, that could dream of an earthly union and earthly happiness as possible, after such deep love had been so bitterly wronged as was Beatrice's love by Giovanni's blighting words! No, no; there could be no such hope. She must pass heavily, with that broken heart, across the borders of Time—she must bathe her hurts in some fount of paradise, and forget her grief in the light of immortality, and *there* be well.

But Giovanni did not know it.

"Dear Beatrice," said he, approaching her, while she shrank away as always at his approach, but now with a different impulse, "dearest Beatrice, our fate is not yet so desperate. Behold! there is a medicine, potent, as a wise physician has assured me, and almost divine in its efficacy. It is composed of ingredients the most opposite to those by which thy awful father has brought this calamity upon thee and me. It is distilled of blessed herbs. Shall we not quaff it together, and thus be purified from evil?"

"Give it me!" said Beatrice, extending her hand to receive the little silver vial which Giovanni took from his bosom. She added, with a peculiar emphasis, "I will drink; but do thou await the result."

She put Baglioni's antidote to her lips; and, at the same moment, the figure of Rappaccini emerged from the portal and came slowly towards the marble fountain. As he drew near, the pale man of science seemed to gaze with a triumphant expression at the beautiful youth and maiden, as might an artist who should spend his life in achieving a picture or a group of statuary and finally be satisfied with his success. He paused; his bent form grew erect with conscious power; he spread out his hands over them in the attitude of a father imploring a blessing upon his children; but those were the same hands that had thrown poison into the stream of their lives. Giovanni trembled. Beatrice shuddered nervously, and pressed her hand upon her heart.

"My daughter," said Rappaccini, "thou art no longer lonely in the world. Pluck one of those precious gems from thy sister shrub and bid thy bridegroom wear it in his bosom. It will not harm him now. My science

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ing to one's individual taste or fancy. There is still another way of reading the materials here contained: Start with the easiest or most readable selections and go on, in progressive stages of reading, to more and more difficult ones.

For those who wish to proceed in this latter fashion, the Plan of Graded Reading (set forth in the Appendix, which follows the Syntopical Guide) lists the selections in Gateway in an order that roughly corresponds to ascending grades of difficulty. This Plan enables the individual to pursue an organized course of readings in this set.

It differs from the Syntopical Guide in that it recommends the reading of whole works, one after another, *without regard* to their special relevance to one another (though the Plan does group the readings in Gateway according to the type of literature to which they belong); whereas, in contrast, the Syntopical Guide recommends the reading of related works *without regard* to their level of difficulty.

## HENRY ADAMS, 1838–1918

### "The United States in 1800"

from *History of the United States of America*
Vol. 6, pages 322–359

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

DEMOCRACY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2: The derogation of democracy: the anarchic tendency of freedom and equality

LABOR, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7*f*: The relation of economic to political freedom: economic democracy

LIBERTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*a*: The historical significance of freedom: stages in the realization of freedom; the beginning and end of the historical process

PROGRESS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1: The idea of progress in the philosophy of history
Topic 6: Intellectual or cultural progress: its sources and impediments; the analogy of cultural progress to biological evolution

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ing. Lewes died on November 28, 1878. "Here I and sorrow sit," she wrote in her journal. John W. Cross, a friend since 1869, helped to settle her affairs. In 1880—he forty and she sixty-one—she married him. That same year, on December 22, she died in London.

*The Lifted Veil* is a fascinating story on several counts. About the middle of the nineteenth century, psychic phenomena of all kinds were so popular that they became half-serious parlor games. The spiritualist Fox sisters bewitched New York. A medium from Connecticut, D. D. Home, excited the foreign colony in Florence, where George Eliot studied Savonarola and his times in 1861. Ruskin asked Home to help him get in touch with the sixteenth-century painter Paolo Veronese.

Against this background, Latimer, the narrator in *The Lifted Veil*, might have been a fashionable hero of his time. He is both telepathic and clairvoyant—that is, he can receive and read other people's streams of consciousness, and he has accurate visions of future events and scenes not otherwise known to him. Both talents, verified or not, are included under the current term ESP or psi cognition.

Given these talents, plus a sensibility so acute that he can hardly bear the ordinary stresses of life, and Latimer becomes one of the most exasperating characters in English fiction. What does he do? Nothing—or as nearly nothing as any man can and still remain alive. No character in a Russian novel is so helplessly inert. He has a taste for poetry, perhaps some gift. How can he know unless he tries? He does not try. His qualifications as a mind reader and clairvoyant might have made him the most sought-after man in London. Instead, they remain his secret terror. He makes no use of them.

His one positive act is his marriage to Bertha. On this the story revolves. Cautiously enough, the author makes Latimer's psychic powers stop short of penetrating his wife's thoughts. There he draws a blank, or shows only the most ordinary awareness. We grant the

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*Notes from the artist:* ". . . *the profile of George Eliot is superimposed over a facsimile of the original manuscript of her novel* Adam Bede."

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Page of the MS. of "Adam Bede"

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ironic rightness of this. He is not the first or last husband whose insight fails to include his wife. But what if the author had not done this? What if she had allowed Latimer to see into his wife's mind? And what if their hostility to each other had become a duel–his psychic powers against her feminine penetration?

But we see at once that Latimer is not the man for it. If we allow for his limitations, as the author intended we should, he becomes the center of a solidly written story. His psychic gift works as a technical device. It allows the author to foretell each crisis in his life, even the last, but with one exception: Bertha's plot against him. This is revealed, almost by chance, in the doctor's experiment. Only then does Latimer–and the reader–understand the depth of her hatred.

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# *The Lifted Veil*

## CHAPTER I

The time of my end approaches. I have lately been subject to attacks of angina pectoris; and in the ordinary course of things, my physician tells me, I may fairly hope that my life will not be protracted many months. Unless, then, I am cursed with an exceptional physical constitution, as I am cursed with an exceptional mental character, I shall not much longer groan under the wearisome burden of this earthly existence. If it were to be otherwise–if I were to live on to the age most men desire and provide for–I should for once have known whether the miseries of delusive expectation can outweigh the miseries of true prevision. For I foresee when I shall die, and everything that will happen in my last moments.

Just a month from this day, on September 20, 1850, I shall be sitting in this chair, in this study, at ten o'clock at night, longing to die, weary of incessant insight and foresight, without delusions and without hope. Just as I am watching a tongue of blue flame rising in the fire, and my lamp is burning low, the horrible contraction will begin at my chest. I shall only have time to reach the bell, and pull it violently, before the sense of suffocation will come. No one will answer my bell. I know why. My two servants are lovers, and will have quarrelled. My housekeeper will have rushed out of the house in a fury, two hours before, hoping that Perry will believe she has gone to drown herself. Perry is alarmed at last, and is gone out after her. The little scullery-maid is asleep on a bench: she never answers the bell; it does not wake her. The sense of suffocation increases: my lamp goes out with a horrible stench: I make a great effort, and snatch at the bell again. I long for life, and there is no help. I thirsted for the unknown: the thirst is gone. O God, let me stay with



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the known, and be weary of it: I am content. Agony of pain and suffocation–and all the while the earth, the fields, the pebbly brook at the bottom of the rookery, the fresh scent after the rain, the light of the morning through my chamber-window, the warmth of the hearth after the frosty air–will darkness close over them forever?

Darkness–darkness–no pain–nothing but darkness: but I am passing on and on through the darkness: my thought stays in the darkness, but always with a sense of moving onward. . . .

Before that time comes, I wish to use my last hours of ease and strength in telling the strange story of my experience. I have never fully unbosomed myself to any human being; I have never been encouraged to trust much in the sympathy of my fellow-men. But we have all a chance of meeting with some pity, some tenderness, some charity, when we are dead: it is the living only who cannot be forgiven–the living only from whom men's indulgence and reverence are held off, like the rain by the hard east wind. While the heart beats, bruise it–it is your only opportunity; while the eye can still turn towards you with moist, timid entreaty, freeze it with an icy unanswering gaze; while the ear, that delicate messenger to the inmost sanctuary of the soul, can still take in the tones of kindness, put it off with hard civility, or sneering compliment, or envious affectation of indifference; while the creative brain can still throb with the sense of injustice, with the yearning for brotherly recognition–make haste–oppress it with your ill-considered judgements, your trivial comparisons, your careless misrepresentations. The heart will by and by be still–*ubi saeva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit* [Where fierce indignation can no longer tear his heart] [1]; the eye will cease to entreat; the ear will be deaf; the brain will have ceased from all wants as well as from all work. Then your charitable speeches may find vent; then you may remember and pity the toil and the struggle and the failure; then you may give due honour to the work achieved; then you may find extenuation for errors, and may consent to bury them.

That is a trivial schoolboy text; why do I dwell on it? It has little reference to me, for I shall leave no works behind me for men to honour. I have no near relatives who will make up, by weeping over my grave, for the wounds they inflicted on me when I was among them. It is only the story of my life that will perhaps win a little more sympathy from strangers when I am dead, than I ever believed it would obtain from my friends while I was living.

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1. Jonathan Swift's epitaph, written by himself.

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tutor was assuring me that "an improved man, as distinguished from an ignorant one, was a man who knew the reason why water ran downhill." I had no desire to be this improved man; I was glad of the running water; I could watch it and listen to it gurgling among the pebbles, and bathing the bright green water-plants, by the hour together. I did not want to know *why* it ran; I had perfect confidence that there were good reasons for what was so very beautiful.

There is no need to dwell on this part of my life. I have said enough to indicate that my nature was of the sensitive, unpractical order, and that it grew up in an uncongenial medium, which could never foster it into happy, healthy development. When I was sixteen I was sent to Geneva to complete my course of education; and the change was a very happy one to me, for the first sight of the Alps, with the setting sun on them, as we descended the Jura, seemed to me like an entrance into heaven; and the three years of my life there were spent in a perpetual sense of exaltation, as if from a draught of delicious wine, at the presence of Nature in all her awful loveliness. You will think, perhaps, that I must have been a poet, from this early sensibility to Nature. But my lot was not so happy as that. A poet pours forth his song and *believes* in the listening ear and answering soul, to which his song will be floated sooner or later. But the poet's sensibility without his voice—the poet's sensibility that finds no vent but in silent tears on the sunny bank, when the noonday light sparkles on the water, or in an inward shudder at the sound of harsh human tones, the sight of a cold human eye—this dumb passion brings with it a fatal solitude of soul in the society of one's fellow-men. My least solitary moments were those in which I pushed off in my boat, at evening, towards the centre of the lake; it seemed to me that the sky, and the glowing mountain tops, and the wide blue water, surrounded me with a cherishing love such as no human face had shed on me since my mother's love had vanished out of my life. I used to do as Jean Jacques did—lie down in my boat and let it glide where it would, while I looked up at the departing glow leaving one mountain top after the other, as if the prophet's chariot of fire were passing over them on its way to the home of light. Then, when the white summits were all sad and corpse-like, I had to push homeward, for I was under careful surveillance, and was allowed no late wanderings. This disposition of mine was not favourable to the formation of intimate friendships among the numerous youths of my own age who are always to be found studying at Geneva. Yet I made *one* such friendship; and, singularly enough, it was with a youth whose intellectual tendencies were the very reverse of my own. I shall call him

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STATE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4: The physical foundations of society: the geographic and biologic conditions of the state
Topic 9*a*: Commerce and trade between states: commercial rivalries and trade agreements; free trade and tariffs
WEALTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3: The production of wealth in the political community

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bk. VIII
Smith, Vol. 36, *Wealth of Nations,* Bk. IV, Chap. I
*Articles of Confederation,* Vol. 40
Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Vol. 40, *Federalist,* Nos. 13–14
Hegel, Vol. 43, *Philosophy of Right,* Third Part; *Philosophy of History,* Fourth Part
Tocqueville, Vol. 44, *Democracy in America,* Vol. 1, Part II, Chaps. 7–8

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Calhoun, "Concurrent Majority," Vol. 7
Crèvecoeur, "Making of Americans," Vol. 6
Franklin, *Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania,* Vol. 6
Great Documents, *Virginia Declaration of Rights; Declaration of Independence,* Vol. 6
Guizot, "Civilization," Vol. 6
Jefferson, *First Inaugural Address,* Vol. 6
Lincoln, *Address at Cooper Institute,* Vol. 6
Tocqueville, "Observations on American Life and Government," Vol. 6
Washington, *Farewell Address,* Vol. 6

## *St. Thomas Aquinas*

Vol. 10, pages 422–450

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

GOD, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*b*: The evidences and proofs of God's existence
Topic 5*a*: God as first and as exemplar cause: the relation of divine to natural causation
Topic 5*g*: God's will: divine choice
MIND, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*a*: The immateriality of mind: mind as an immaterial principle, a spiritual substance, or as an incorporeal power functioning without a bodily organ

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Charles Meunier; his real surname—an English one, for he was of English extraction—having since become celebrated. He was an orphan, who lived on a miserable pittance while he pursued the medical studies for which he had a special genius. Strange! that with my vague mind, susceptible and unobservant, hating inquiry and given up to contemplation, I should have been drawn towards a youth whose strongest passion was science. But the bond was not an intellectual one; it came from a source that can happily blend the stupid with the brilliant, the dreamy with the practical: it came from community of feeling. Charles was poor and ugly, derided by Genevese gamins, and not acceptable in drawing-rooms. I saw that he was isolated, as I was, though from a different cause, and, stimulated by a sympathetic resentment, I made timid advances towards him. It is enough to say that there sprang up as much comradeship between us as our different habits would allow; and in Charles's rare holidays we went up the Salève together, or took the boat to Vevey, while I listened dreamily to the monologues in which he unfolded his bold conceptions of future experiment and discovery. I mingled them confusedly in my thought with glimpses of blue water and delicate floating cloud, with the notes of birds and the distant glitter of the glacier. He knew quite well that my mind was half absent, yet he liked to talk to me in this way; for don't we talk of our hopes and our projects even to dogs and birds, when they love us? I have mentioned this one friendship because of its connection with a strange and terrible scene which I shall have to narrate in my subsequent life.

This happier life at Geneva was put an end to by a severe illness, which is partly a blank to me, partly a time of dimly-remembered suffering, with the presence of my father by my bed from time to time. Then came the languid monotony of convalescence, the days gradually breaking into variety and distinctness as my strength enabled me to take longer and longer drives. On one of these more vividly remembered days, my father said to me, as he sat beside my sofa—

"When you are quite well enough to travel, Latimer, I shall take you home with me. The journey will amuse you and do you good, for I shall go through the Tirol and Austria, and you will see many new places. Our neighbours, the Filmores, are come; Alfred will join us at Basel, and we shall all go together to Vienna, and back by Prague. . . ."

My father was called away before he had finished his sentence, and he left my mind resting on the word *Prague*, with a strange sense that a new and wondrous scene was breaking upon me: a city under the broad sunshine, that seemed to me as if it were the summer sunshine of a long-

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past century arrested in its course—unrefreshed for ages by dews of night, or the rushing rain-cloud; scorching the dusty, weary, time-eaten grandeur of a people doomed to live on in the stale repetition of memories, like deposed and superannuated kings in their regal gold-inwoven tatters. The city looked so thirsty that the broad river seemed to me a sheet of metal; and the blaekened statues, as I passed under their blank gaze, along the unending bridge, with their ancient garments and their saintly crowns, seemed to me the real inhabitants and owners of this place, while the busy, trivial men and women, hurrying to and fro, were a swarm of ephemeral visitants infesting it for a day. It is such grim, stony beings as these, I thought, who are the fathers of ancient faded children, in those tanned time-fretted dwellings that crowd the steep before me; who pay their court in the worn and crumbling pomp of the palace which stretches its monotonous length on the height; who worship wearily in the stifling air of the churches, urged by no fear or hope, but compelled by their doom to be ever old and undying, to live on in the rigidity of habit, as they live on in perpetual midday, without the repose of night or the new birth of morning.

A stunning clang of metal suddenly thrilled through me, and I became conscious of the objects in my room again: one of the fire-irons had fallen as Pierre opened the door to bring me my draught. My heart was palpitating violently, and I begged Pierre to leave my draught beside me; I would take it presently.

As soon as I was alone again, I began to ask myself whether I had been sleeping. Was this a dream—this wonderfully distinct vision—minute in its distinctness down to a patch of rainbow light on the pavement, transmitted through a coloured lamp in the shape of a star—of a strange city, quite unfamiliar to my imagination? I had seen no picture of Prague: it lay in my mind as a mere name, with vaguely-remembered historical associations—ill-defined memories of imperial grandeur and religious wars.

Nothing of this sort had ever occurred in my dreaming experience before, for I had often been humiliated because my dreams were only saved from being utterly disjointed and commonplace by the frequent terrors of nightmare. But I could not believe that I had been asleep, for I remembered distinctly the gradual breaking in of the vision upon me, like the new images in a dissolving view, or the growing distinctness of the landscape as the sun lifts up the veil of the morning mist. And while I was conscious of this incipient vision, I was also conscious that Pierre came to tell my father Mr. Filmore was waiting for him, and that my

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father hurried out of the room. No, it was not a dream; was it—the thought was full of tremulous exultation—was it the poet's nature in me, hitherto only a troubled yearning sensibility, now manifesting itself suddenly as spontaneous creation? Surely it was in this way that Homer saw the plain of Troy, that Dante saw the abodes of the departed, that Milton saw the earthward flight of the Tempter. Was it that my illness had wrought some happy change in my organization—given a firmer tension to my nerves—carried off some dull obstruction? I had often read of such effects—in works of fiction at least. Nay; in genuine biographies I had read of the subtilizing or exalting influence of some diseases on the mental powers. Did not Novalis feel his inspiration intensified under the progress of consumption?

When my mind had dwelt for some time on this blissful idea, it seemed to me that I might perhaps test it by an exertion of my will. The vision had begun when my father was speaking of our going to Prague. I did not for a moment believe it was really a representation of that city; I believed—I hoped it was a picture that my newly liberated genius had painted in fiery haste, with the colours snatched from lazy memory. Suppose I were to fix my mind on some other place—Venice, for example, which was far more familiar to my imagination than Prague: perhaps the same sort of result would follow. I concentrated my thoughts on Venice; I stimulated my imagination with poetic memories, and strove to feel myself present in Venice, as I had felt myself present in Prague. But in vain. I was only colouring the Canaletto engravings that hung in my old bedroom at home; the picture was a shifting one, my mind wandering uncertainly in search of more vivid images; I could see no accident of form or shadow without conscious labour after the necessary conditions. It was all prosaic effort, not rapt passivity, such as I had experienced half an hour before. I was discouraged; but I remembered that inspiration was fitful.

For several days I was in a state of excited expectation, watching for a recurrence of my new gift. I sent my thoughts ranging over my world of knowledge, in the hope that they would find some object which would send a reawakening vibration through my slumbering genius. But no; my world remained as dim as ever, and that flash of strange light refused to come again, though I watched for it with palpitating eagerness.

My father accompanied me every day in a drive, and a gradually lengthening walk as my powers of walking increased; and one evening he had agreed to come and fetch me at twelve the next day, that we might go together to select a musical box, and other purchases rigorously

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demanded of a rich Englishman visiting Geneva. He was one of the most punctual of men and bankers, and I was always nervously anxious to be quite ready for him at the appointed time. But, to my surprise, at a quarter past twelve he had not appeared. I felt all the impatience of a convalescent who has nothing particular to do, and who has just taken a tonic in the prospect of immediate exercise that would carry off the stimulus.

Unable to sit still and reserve my strength, I walked up and down the room, looking out on the current of the Rhône, just where it leaves the dark-blue lake; but thinking all the while of the possible causes that could detain my father.

Suddenly I was conscious that my father was in the room, but not alone: there were two persons with him. Strange! I had heard no footstep, I had not seen the door open; but I saw my father, and at his right hand our neighbour Mrs. Filmore, whom I remembered very well, though I had not seen her for five years. She was a commonplace middle-aged woman, in silk and cashmere; but the lady on the left of my father was not more than twenty, a tall, slim, willowy figure, with luxuriant blond hair, arranged in cunning braids and folds that looked almost too massive for the slight figure and the small-featured, thin-lipped face they crowned. But the face had not a girlish expression: the features were sharp, the pale grey eyes at once acute, restless, and sarcastic. They were fixed on me in half-smiling curiosity, and I felt a painful sensation as if a sharp wind were cutting me. The pale-green dress, and the green leaves that seemed to form a border about her pale blond hair, made me think of a Water-Nixie—for my mind was full of German lyrics, and this pale, fatal-eyed woman, with the green weeds, looked like a birth from some cold sedgy stream, the daughter of an aged river.

"Well Latimer, you thought me long," my father said. . . .

But while the last word was in my ears, the whole group vanished, and there was nothing between me and the Chinese painted folding-screen that stood before the door. I was cold and trembling; I could only totter forward and throw myself on the sofa. This strange new power had manifested itself again. . . . But *was* it a power? Might it not rather be a disease—a sort of intermittent delirium, concentrating my energy of brain into moments of unhealthy activity, and leaving my saner hours all the more barren? I felt a dizzy sense of unreality in what my eye rested on; I grasped the bell convulsively, like one trying to free himself from nightmare, and rang it twice. Pierre came with a look of alarm in his face.

"*Monsieur ne se trouve pas bien?*" he said anxiously.

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stantly separated, and who, in his present stage of character and appearance, came before me as a perfect stranger, was bent on being extremely friendly and brotherlike to me. He had the superficial kindness of a good-humoured, self-satisfied nature, that fears no rivalry, and has encountered no contrarieties. I am not sure that my disposition was good enough for me to have been quite free from envy towards him, even if our desires had not clashed, and if I had been in the healthy human condition which admits of generous confidence and charitable construction. There must always have been an antipathy between our natures. As it was, he became in a few weeks an object of intense hatred to me; and when he entered the room, still more when he spoke, it was as if a sensation of grating metal had set my teeth on edge. My diseased consciousness was more intensely and continually occupied with his thoughts and emotions, than with those of any other person who came in my way. I was perpetually exasperated with the petty promptings of his conceit and his love of patronage, with his self-complacent belief in Bertha Grant's passion for him, with his half-pitying contempt for me—seen not in the ordinary indications of intonation and phrase and slight action, which an acute and suspicious mind is on the watch for, but in all their naked skinless complication.

For we were rivals, and our desires clashed, though he was not aware of it. I have said nothing yet of the effect Bertha Grant produced in me on a nearer acquaintance. That effect was chiefly determined by the fact that she made the only exception, among all the human beings about me, to my unhappy gift of insight. About Bertha I was always in a state of uncertainty: I could watch the expression of her face, and speculate on its meaning; I could ask for her opinion with the real interest of ignorance; I could listen for her words and watch for her smile with hope and fear: she had for me the fascination of an unravelled destiny. I say it was this fact that chiefly determined the strong effect she produced on me: for, in the abstract, no womanly character could seem to have less affinity for that of a shrinking, romantic, passionate youth than Bertha's. She was keen, sarcastic, unimaginative, prematurely cynical, remaining critical and unmoved in the most impressive scenes, inclined to dissect all my favourite poems, and especially contemptuous towards the German lyrics which were my pet literature at that time. To this moment I am unable to define my feeling towards her: it was not ordinary boyish admiration, for she was the very opposite, even to the colour of her hair, of the ideal woman who still remained to me the type of loveliness; and she was without that enthusiasm for the great and good, which, even at

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the moment of her strongest dominion over me, I should have declared to be the highest element of character. But there is no tyranny more complete than that which a self-centred negative nature exercises over a morbidly sensitive nature perpetually craving sympathy and support. The most independent people feel the effect of a man's silence in heightening their value for his opinion–feel an additional triumph in conquering the reverence of a critic habitually captious and satirical: no wonder, then, that an enthusiastic self-distrusting youth should watch and wait before the closed secret of a sarcastic woman's face, as if it were the shrine of the doubtfully benignant deity who ruled his destiny. For a young enthusiast is unable to imagine the total negation in another mind of the emotions which are stirring his own: they may be feeble, latent, inactive, he thinks, but they are there–they may be called forth; sometimes, in moments of happy hallucination, he believes they may be there in all the greater strength because he sees no outward sign of them. And this effect, as I have intimated, was heightened to its utmost intensity in me, because Bertha was the only being who remained for me in the mysterious seclusion of soul that renders such youthful delusion possible. Doubtless there was another sort of fascination at work–that subtle physical attraction which delights in cheating our psychological predictions, and in compelling the men who paint sylphs, to fall in love with some *bonne et brave femme*, heavy-heeled and freckled.

Bertha's behaviour towards me was such as to encourage all my illusions, to heighten my boyish passion, and make me more and more dependent on her smiles. Looking back with my present wretched knowledge, I conclude that her vanity and love of power were intensely gratified by the belief that I had fainted on first seeing her purely from the strong impression her person had produced on me. The most prosaic woman likes to believe herself the object of a violent, a poetic passion; and without a grain of romance in her, Bertha had that spirit of intrigue which gave piquancy to the idea that the brother of the man she meant to marry was dying with love and jealousy for her sake. That she meant to marry my brother was what at that time I did not believe; for though he was assiduous in his attentions to her, and I knew well enough that both he and my father had made up their minds to this result, there was not yet an understood engagement–there had been no explicit declaration; and Bertha habitually, while she flirted with my brother, and accepted his homage in a way that implied to him a thorough recognition of its intention, made me believe, by the subtlest looks and phrases–feminine nothings which could never be quoted against her–that he

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was really the object of her secret ridicule; that she thought him, as I did, a coxcomb, whom she would have pleasure in disappointing. Me she openly petted in my brother's presence, as if I were too young and sickly ever to be thought of as a lover; and that was the view he took of me. But I believe she must inwardly have delighted in the tremors into which she threw me by the coaxing way in which she patted my curls, while she laughed at my quotations. Such caresses were always given in the presence of our friends; for when we were alone together, she affected a much greater distance towards me, and now and then took the opportunity, by words or slight actions, to stimulate my foolish timid hope that she really preferred me. And why should she not follow her inclination? I was not in so advantageous a position as my brother, but I had fortune, I was not a year younger than she was, and she was an heiress, who would soon be of age to decide for herself.

The fluctuations of hope and fear, confined to this one channel, made each day in her presence a delicious torment. There was one deliberate act of hers which especially helped to intoxicate me. When we were at Vienna her twentieth birthday occurred, and as she was very fond of ornaments, we all took the opportunity of the splendid jewellers' shops in that Teutonic Paris to purchase her a birthday present of jewellery. Mine, naturally, was the least expensive; it was an opal ring—the opal was my favourite stone, because it seems to blush and turn pale as if it had a soul. I told Bertha so when I gave it her, and said that it was an emblem of the poetic nature, changing with the changing light of heaven and of woman's eyes. In the evening she appeared elegantly dressed, and wearing conspicuously all the birthday presents except mine. I looked eagerly at her fingers, but saw no opal. I had no opportunity of noticing this to her during the evening; but the next day, when I found her seated near the window alone, after breakfast, I said, "You scorn to wear my poor opal. I should have remembered that you despised poetic natures, and should have given you coral, or turquoise, or some other opaque unresponsive stone." "Do I despise it?" she answered, taking hold of a delicate gold chain which she always wore round her neck and drawing out the end from her bosom with my ring hanging to it; "it hurts me a little, I can tell you," she said, with her usual dubious smile, "to wear it in that secret place; and since your poetical nature is so stupid as to prefer a more public position, I shall not endure the pain any longer."

She took off the ring from the chain and put it on her finger, smiling still, while the blood rushed to my cheeks, and I could not trust myself

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to say a word of entreaty that she would keep the ring where it was before.

I was completely fooled by this, and for two days shut myself up in my own room whenever Bertha was absent, that I might intoxicate myself afresh with the thought of this scene and all it implied.

I should mention that during these two months—which seemed a long life to me from the novelty and intensity of the pleasures and pains I underwent—my diseased participation in other people's consciousness continued to torment me; now it was my father, and now my brother, now Mrs. Filmore or her husband, and now our German courier, whose stream of thought rushed upon me like a ringing in the ears not to be got rid of, though it allowed my own impulses and ideas to continue their uninterrupted course. It was like a preternaturally heightened sense of hearing, making audible to one a roar of sound where others find perfect stillness, The weariness and disgust of this involuntary intrusion into other souls was counteracted only by my ignorance of Bertha, and my growing passion for her; a passion enormously stimulated, if not produced, by that ignorance. She was my oasis of mystery in the dreary desert of knowledge. I had never allowed my diseased condition to betray itself, or to drive me into any unusual speech or action, except once, when, in a moment of peculiar bitterness against my brother, I had forestalled some words which I knew he was going to utter—a clever observation, which he had prepared beforehand. He had occasionally a slightly-affected hesitation in his speech, and when he paused an instant after the second word, my impatience and jealousy impelled me to continue the speech for him, as if it were something we had both learned by rote. He coloured and looked astonished, as well as annoyed; and the words had no sooner escaped my lips than I felt a shock of alarm lest such an anticipation of words—very far from being words of course, easy to divine—should have betrayed me as an exceptional being, a sort of quiet energumen, whom every one, Bertha above all, would shudder at and avoid. But I magnified, as usual, the impression any word or deed of mine could produce on others; for no one gave any sign of having noticed my interruption as more than a rudeness, to be forgiven me on the score of my feeble nervous condition.

While this superadded consciousness of the actual was almost constant with me, I had never had a recurrence of that distinct prevision which I have described in relation to my first interview with Bertha; and I was waiting with eager curiosity to know whether or not my vision of Prague

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WILL, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*a*: The relation of the divine will and intellect
Topic 6*b*: The distinction between the will's freedom of exercise and the will's freedom of choice

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aquinas, Vol. 17, *Summa Theologica,* First Part, Q 1–11
Dante, Vol. 19, *Divine Comedy,* Paradise, Cantos I, X–XII, XXXIII
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Apology for Raymond Sebond*
Descartes, Vol. 28, *Meditation III*
Spinoza, Vol. 28, *Ethics,* Part I
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sect. IV, VII, VIII
Locke, Vol. 33, *Essay Concerning Human Understanding,* Bk. II, Chaps. XXI, XXIII
Hume, Vol. 33, *Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding,* Sect. XI
Freud, Vol. 54, *New Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis,* Lecture 35

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Clifford, *Ethics of Belief,* Vol. 10
Eliot, T. S., *Dante,* Vol. 5
Emerson, *Nature,* Vol. 10
Flaubert, *Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller,* Vol. 3
Mill, J. S., *Nature,* Vol. 10
Singer, *Spinoza of Market Street,* Vol. 3
Tolstoy, *Three Hermits,* Vol. 3

For Aquinas' *Summa Theologica* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vols. 17–18

## SHERWOOD ANDERSON, 1876–1941

### *I'm a Fool*

Vol. 2, pages 511–520

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CUSTOM AND CONVENTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*b*: The effect of custom on the training and character of men
Topic 7*d*: The influence of custom on the liberty of the individual: the force of discipline
DESIRE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*b*: The objects of desire: the good and the pleasant

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would prove to have been an instance of the same kind. A few days after the incident of the opal ring, we were paying one of our frequent visits to the Lichtenberg Palace. I could never look at many pictures in succession; for pictures, when they are at all powerful, affect me so strongly that one or two exhaust all my capability of contemplation. This morning I had been looking at Giorgione's picture of the cruel-eyed woman, said to be a likeness of Lucrezia Borgia. I had stood long alone before it, fascinated by the terrible reality of that cunning, relentless face, till I felt a strange poisoned sensation, as if I had long been inhaling a fatal odour, and was just beginning to be conscious of its effects. Perhaps even then I should not have moved away, if the rest of the party had not returned to this room, and announced that they were going to the Belvedere Gallery to settle a bet which had arisen between my brother and Mr. Filmore about a portrait. I followed them dreamily, and was hardly alive to what occurred till they had all gone up to the gallery, leaving me below; for I refused to come within sight of another picture that day. I made my way to the Grand Terrace, since it was agreed that we should saunter in the gardens when the dispute had been decided. I had been sitting here a short space, vaguely conscious of trim gardens, with a city and green hills in the distance, when, wishing to avoid the proximity of the sentinel, I rose and walked down the broad stone steps, intending to seat myself farther on in the gardens. Just as I reached the gravel-walk, I felt an arm slipped within mine, and a light hand gently pressing my wrist. In the same instant a strange intoxicating numbness passed over me, like the continuance or climax of the sensation I was still feeling from the gaze of Lucrezia Borgia. The gardens, the summer sky, the consciousness of Bertha's arm being within mine, all vanished, and I seemed to be suddenly in darkness, out of which there gradually broke a dim firelight, and I felt myself sitting in my father's leather chair in the library at home. I knew the fireplace–the dogs for the wood-fire–the black marble chimneypiece with the white marble medallion of the dying Cleopatra in the centre. Intense and hopeless misery was pressing on my soul; the light became stronger, for Bertha was entering with a candle in her hand–Bertha, my wife–with cruel eyes, with green jewels and green leaves on her white ball-dress; every hateful thought within her present to me. . . . "Madman, idiot! Why don't you kill yourself, then?" It was a moment of hell. I saw into her pitiless soul–saw its barren worldliness, its scorching hate–and felt it clothe me round like an air I was obliged to breathe. She came with her candle and stood over me with a bitter smile of contempt; I saw the great emerald brooch on

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it seemed like a deferring of a terribly decisive moment, to be in the city for hours without seeing it. As we were not to remain long in Prague, but to go on speedily to Dresden, it was proposed that we should drive out the next morning and take a general view of the place, as well as visit some of its specially interesting spots, before the heat became oppressive—for we were in August, and the season was hot and dry. But it happened that the ladies were rather late at their morning toilet, and to my father's politely-repressed but perceptible annoyance, we were not in the carriage till the morning was far advanced. I thought with a sense of relief, as we entered the Jews' quarter, where we were to visit the old synagogue, that we should be kept in this flat, shut-up part of the city, until we should all be too tired and too warm to go farther, and so we should return without seeing more than the streets through which we had already passed. That would give me another day's suspense—suspense, the only form in which a fearful spirit knows the solace of hope. But, as I stood under the blackened, groined arches of that old synagogue, made dimly visible by the seven thin candles in the sacred lamp, while our Jewish cicerone reached down the Book of the Law, and read to us in its ancient tongue—I felt a shuddering impression that this strange building, with its shrunken lights, this surviving withered remnant of medieval Judaism, was of a piece with my vision. Those darkened dusty Christian saints, with their loftier arches and their larger candles, needed the consolatory scorn with which they might point to a more shrivelled death-in-life than their own.

As I expected, when we left the Jews' quarter the elders of our party wished to return to the hotel. But now, instead of rejoicing in this, as I had done beforehand, I felt a sudden overpowering impulse to go on at once to the bridge, and put an end to the suspense I had been wishing to protract. I declared, with unusual decision, that I would get out of the carriage and walk on alone; they might return without me. My father, thinking this merely a sample of my usual "poetic nonsense," objected that I should only do myself harm by walking in the heat; but when I persisted, he said angrily that I might follow my own absurd devices, but that Schmidt (our courier) must go with me. I assented to this, and set off with Schmidt towards the bridge. I had no sooner passed from under the archway of the grand old gate leading on to the bridge than a trembling seized me, and I turned cold under the midday sun; yet I went on; I was in search of something—a small detail which I remembered with special intensity as part of my vision. There it was—the patch of rainbow light on the pavement transmitted through a lamp in the shape of a star.

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## CHAPTER II

Before the autumn was at an end, and while the brown leaves still stood thick on the beeches in our park, my brother and Bertha were engaged to each other, and it was understood that their marriage was to take place early in the next spring. In spite of the certainty I had felt from that moment on the bridge at Prague, that Bertha would one day be my wife, my constitutional timidity and distrust had continued to benumb me, and the words in which I had sometimes premeditated a confession of my love, had died away unuttered. The same conflict had gone on within me as before—the longing for an assurance of love from Bertha's lips, the dread lest a word of contempt and denial should fall upon me like a corrosive acid. What was the conviction of a distant necessity to me? I trembled under a present glance, I hungered after a present joy, I was clogged and chilled by a present fear. And so the days passed on: I witnessed Bertha's engagement and heard her marriage discussed as if I were under a conscious nightmare—knowing it was a dream that would vanish, but feeling stifled under the grasp of hard-clutching fingers.

When I was not in Bertha's presence—and I was with her very often, for she continued to treat me with a playful patronage that wakened no jealousy in my brother—I spent my time chiefly in wandering, in strolling, or taking long rides while the daylight lasted, and then shutting myself up with my unread books; for books had lost the power of chaining my attention. My self-consciousness was heightened to that pitch of intensity in which our own emotions take the form of a drama which urges itself imperatively on our contemplation, and we begin to weep, less under the sense of our suffering than at the thought of it. I felt a sort of pitying anguish over the pathos of my own lot: the lot of a being finely organized for pain, but with hardly any fibres that responded to pleasusre—to whom the idea of future evil robbed the present of its joy, and for whom the idea of future good did not still the uneasiness of a present yearning or a present dread. I went dumbly through that stage of the poet's suffering, in which he feels the delicious pang of utterance, and makes an image of his sorrows.

I was left entirely without remonstrance concerning this dreamy wayward life: I knew my father's thought about me: "That lad will never be good for anything in life: he may waste his years in an insignificant way on the income that falls to him: I shall not trouble myself about a career for him."

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One mild morning in the beginning of November, it happened that I was standing outside the portico patting lazy old Caesar, a Newfoundland almost blind with age, the only dog that ever took any notice of me—for the very dogs shunned me, and fawned on the happier people about me—when the groom brought up my brother's horse which was to carry him to the hunt, and my brother himself appeared at the door, florid, broad-chested, and self-complacent, feeling what a good-natured fellow he was not to behave insolently to us all on the strength of his great advantages.

"Latimer, old boy," he said to me in a tone of compassionate cordiality, "what a pity it is you don't have a run with the hounds now and then! The finest thing in the world for low spirits!"

"Low spirits!" I thought bitterly, as he rode away; "that is the sort of phrase with which coarse, narrow natures like yours think to describe experience of which you can know no more than your horse knows. It is to such as you that the good of this world falls: ready dullness, healthy selfishness, good-tempered conceit—these are the keys to happiness."

The quick thought came, that my selfishness was even stronger than his—it was only a suffering selfishness instead of an enjoying one. But then, again, my exasperating insight into Alfred's self-complacent soul, his freedom from all the doubts and fears, the unsatisfied yearnings, the exquisite tortures of sensitiveness, that had made the web of my life, seemed to absolve me from all bonds towards him. This man needed no pity, no love; those fine influences would have been as little felt by him as the delicate white mist is felt by the rock it caresses. There was no evil in store for *him:* if he was not to marry Bertha, it would be because he had found a lot pleasanter to himself.

Mr. Filmore's house lay not more than half a mile beyond our own gates, and whenever I knew my brother was gone in another direction, I went there for the chance of finding Bertha at home. Later on in the day I walked thither. By a rare accident she was alone, and we walked out in the grounds together, for she seldom went on foot beyond the trimly-swept gravel-walks. I remember what a beautiful sylph she looked to me as the low November sun shone on her blond hair, and she tripped along teasing me with her usual light banter, to which I listened half fondly, half moodily; it was all the sign Bertha's mysterious inner self ever made to me. To-day perhaps the moodiness predominated, for I had not yet shaken off the access of jealous hate which my brother had raised in me by his parting patronage. Suddenly I interrupted and startled her by saying, almost fiercely, "Bertha, how can you love Alfred?"

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She looked at me with surprise for a moment, but soon her light smile came again, and she answered sarcastically, "Why do you suppose I love him?"

"How can you ask that, Bertha?"

"What! Your wisdom thinks I must love the man I'm going to marry? The most unpleasant thing in the world. I should quarrel with him; I should be jealous of him; our ménage would be conducted in a very ill-bred manner. A little quiet contempt contributes greatly to the elegance of life."

"Bertha, that is not your real feeling. Why do you delight in trying to deceive me by inventing such cynical speeches?"

"I need never take the trouble of invention in order to deceive you, my small Tasso"—that was the mocking name she usually gave me. "The easiest way to deceive a poet is to tell him the truth."

She was testing the validity of her epigram in a daring way, and for a moment the shadow of my vision—the Bertha whose soul was no secret to me—passed between me and the radiant girl, the playful sylph whose feelings were a fascinating mystery. I suppose I must have shuddered, or betrayed in some other way my momentary chill of horror.

"Tasso!" she said, seizing my wrist, and peeping round into my face, "are you really beginning to discern what a heartless girl I am? Why, you are not half the poet I thought you were; you are actually capable of believing the truth about me."

The shadow passed from between us, and was no longer the object nearest to me. The girl whose light fingers grasped me, whose elfish charming face looked into mine—who, I thought, was betraying an interest in my feelings that she would not have directly avowed—this warm breathing presence again possessed my senses and imagination like a returning siren melody which had been overpowered for an instant by the roar of threatening waves. It was a moment as delicious to me as the waking up to a consciousness of youth after a dream of middle age. I forgot everything but my passion, and said with swimming eyes—

"Bertha, shall you love me when we are first married? I wouldn't mind if you really loved me only for a little while."

Her look of astonishment, as she loosed my hand and started away from me, recalled me to a sense of my strange, my criminal indiscretion.

"Forgive me," I said, hurriedly, as soon as I could speak again; "I did not know what I was saying."

"Ah, Tasso's mad fit has come on, I see," she answered quietly, for she

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had recovered herself sooner than I had. "Let him go home and keep his head cool. I must go in, for the sun is setting."

I left her—full of indignation against myself. I had let slip words which, if she reflected on them, might rouse in her a suspicion of my abnormal mental condition—a suspicion which of all things I dreaded. And besides that, I was ashamed of the apparent baseness I had committed in uttering them to my brother's betrothed wife. I wandered home slowly, entering our park through a private gate instead of by the lodges. As I approached the house, I saw a man dashing off at full speed from the stable-yard across the park. Had any accident happened at home? No; perhaps it was only one of my father's peremptory business errands that required this headlong haste.

Nevertheless I quickened my pace without any distinct motive, and was soon at the house. I will not dwell on the scene I found there. My brother was dead—had been pitched from his horse, and killed on the spot by a concussion of the brain.

I went up to the room where he lay, and where my father was seated beside him with a look of rigid despair. I had shunned my father more than any one since our return home, for the radical antipathy between our natures made my insight into his inner self a constant affliction to me. But now, as I went up to him, and stood beside him in sad silence, I felt the presence of a new element that blended us as we had never been blent before. My father had been one of the most successful men in the money-getting world: he had had no sentimental sufferings, no illness. The heaviest trouble that had befallen him was the death of his first wife. But he married my mother soon after; and I remember he seemed exactly the same, to my keen childish observation, the week after her death as before. But now, at last, a sorrow had come—the sorrow of old age, which suffers the more from the crushing of its pride and its hopes, in proportion as the pride and hope are narrow and prosaic. His son was to have been married soon—would probably have stood for the borough at the next election. That son's existence was the best motive that could be alleged for making new purchases of land every year to round off the estate. It is a dreary thing to live on doing the same things year after year, without knowing why we do them. Perhaps the tragedy of disappointed youth and passion is less piteous than the tragedy of disappointed age and worldliness.

As I saw into the desolation of my father's heart, I felt a movement of deep pity towards him, which was the beginning of a new affection—an

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Topic 2*c*: Desire as a cause of action: motivation, purpose, ambition; voluntariness
HAPPINESS, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*b*(5): The importance of friendship and love for happiness
TRUTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 8*c*: Truth and falsehood in relation to love and friendship: the pleasant and the unpleasant truth

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Symposium*
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of giving the lie*
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *Much Ado About Nothing; As You Like It*
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sect. II
Melville, Vol. 48, *Moby Dick,* Chap. 10

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Anonymous, *Aucassin and Nicolette,* Vol. 2
Apuleius, "Cupid and Psyche," Vol. 3
Balzac, *Passion in the Desert,* Vol. 3
Bunin, *Gentleman from San Francisco,* Vol. 3
Conrad, *Youth,* Vol. 2
Dostoevsky, *White Nights,* Vol. 3
Eliot, G., *Lifted Veil,* Vol. 3
Galsworthy, *Apple-Tree,* Vol. 3
Plutarch, *Of Bashfulness,* Vol. 7
Turgenev, *First Love,* Vol. 3

## ANONYMOUS, *c.* early 13th century

### *Aucassin and Nicolette*

Vol. 2, pages 523–551

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ETERNITY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*d*: The eternity of Heaven and Hell: everlasting life and death
Topic 5: The knowledge and imagery of eternity
LOVE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*e*: The intensity and power of love: its increase or decrease; its constructive or destructive force
Topic 2*c*: Romantic, chivalric, and courtly love: the idealization and supremacy of the beloved

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twenty-one, and madly in love with her. Poor father! He kept that hope a little while after our first year of marriage, and it was not quite extinct when paralysis came and saved him from utter disappointment.

I shall hurry through the rest of my story, not dwelling so much as I have hitherto done on my inward experience. When people are well known to each other, they talk rather of what befalls them externally, leaving their feelings and sentiments to be inferred.

We lived in a round of visits for some time after our return home, giving splendid dinner-parties, and making a sensation in our neighbourhood by the new lustre of our equipage, for my father had reserved this display of his increased wealth for the period of his son's marriage; and we gave our acquaintances liberal opportunity for remarking that it was a pity I made so poor a figure as an heir and a bridegroom. The nervous fatigue of this existence, the insincerities and platitudes which I had to live through twice over–through my inner and outward sense–would have been maddening to me, if I had not had that sort of intoxicated callousness which came from the delights of a first passion. A bride and bridegroom, surrounded by all the appliances of wealth, hurried through the day by the whirl of society, filling their solitary moments with hastily snatched caresses, are prepared for their future life together as the novice is prepared for the cloister–by experiencing its utmost contrast.

Through all these crowded excited months, Bertha's inward self remained shrouded from me, and I still read her thoughts only through the language of her lips and demeanour: I had still the human interest of wondering whether what I did and said pleased her, of longing to hear a word of affection, of giving a delicious exaggeration of meaning to her smile. But I was conscious of a growing difference in her manner towards me; sometimes strong enough to be called haughty coldness, cutting and chilling me as the hail had done that came across the sunshine on our marriage morning; sometimes only perceptible in the dexterous avoidance of a tête-à-tête walk or dinner to which I had been looking forward. I had been deeply pained by this–had even felt a sort of crushing of the heart, from the sense that my brief day of happiness was near its setting; but still I remained dependent on Bertha, eager for the last rays of a bliss that would soon be gone for ever, hoping and watching for some afterglow more beautiful from the impending night.

I remember–how should I not remember?–the time when that dependence and hope utterly left me, when the sadness I had felt in Bertha's growing estrangement became a joy that I looked back upon with longing as a man might look back on the last pains in a paralysed

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limb. It was just after the close of my father's last illness, which had necessarily withdrawn us from society and thrown us more upon each other. It was the evening of my father's death. On that evening the veil which had shrouded Bertha's soul from me—had made me find in her alone among my fellow-beings the blessed possibility of mystery, and doubt, and expectation—was first withdrawn. Perhaps it was the first day since the beginning of my passion for her, in which that passion was completely neutralized by the presence of an absorbing feeling of another kind. I had been watching by my father's deathbed: I had been witnessing the last fitful yearning glance his soul had cast back on the spent inheritance of life—the last faint consciousness of love he had gathered from the pressure of my hand. What are all our personal loves when we have been sharing in that supreme agony? In the first moments when we come away from the presence of death, every other relation to the living is merged, to our feeling, in the great relation of a common nature and a common destiny.

In that state of mind I joined Bertha in her private sitting-room. She was seated in a leaning posture on a settee, with her back towards the door; the great rich coils of her pale blond hair surmounting her small neck, visible above the back of the settee. I remember, as I closed the door behind me, a cold tremulousness seizing me, and a vague sense of being hated and lonely—vague and strong, like a presentiment. I know how I looked at that moment, for I saw myself in Bertha's thought as she lifted her cutting grey eyes, and looked at me: a miserable ghost-seer, surrounded by phantoms in the noonday, trembling under a breeze when the leaves were still, without appetite for the common objects of human desires, but pining after the moonbeams. We were front to front with each other, and judged each other. The terrible moment of complete illumination had come to me, and I saw that the darkness had hidden no landscape from me, but only a blank prosaic wall: from that evening forth, through the sickening years which followed, I saw all round the narrow room of this woman's soul—saw petty artifice and mere negation where I had delighted to believe in coy sensibilities and in wit at war with latent feeling—saw the light floating vanities of the girl defining themselves into the systematic coquetry, the scheming selfishness, of the woman—saw repulsion and antipathy harden into cruel hatred, giving pain only for the sake of wreaking itself.

For Bertha too, after her kind, felt the bitterness of disillusion. She had believed that my wild poet's passion for her would make me her slave; and that, being her slave, I should execute her will in all things. With the

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essential shallowness of a negative, unimaginative nature, she was unable to conceive the fact that sensibilities were anything else than weaknesses. She had thought my weaknesses would put me in her power, and she found them unmanageable forces. Our positions were reversed. Before marriage she had completely mastered my imagination, for she was a secret to me; and I created the unknown thought before which I trembled as if it were hers. But now that her soul was laid open to me, now that I was compelled to share the privacy of her motives, to follow all the petty devices that preceded her words and acts, she found herself powerless with me, except to produce in me the chill shudder of repulsion—powerless, because I could be acted on by no lever within her reach. I was dead to worldly ambitions, to social vanities, to all the incentives within the compass of her narrow imagination, and I lived under influences utterly invisible to her.

She was really pitiable to have such a husband, and so all the world thought. A graceful, brilliant woman, like Bertha, who smiled on morning callers, made a figure in ball-rooms, and was capable of that light repartee which, from such a woman, is accepted as wit, was secure of carrying off all sympathy from a husband who was sickly, abstracted, and, as some suspected, crack-brained. Even the servants in our house gave her the balance of their regard and pity. For there were no audible quarrels between us; our alienation, our repulsion from each other, lay within the silence of our own hearts; and if the mistress went out a great deal, and seemed to dislike the master's society, was it not natural, poor thing? The master was odd. I was kind and just to my dependants, but I excited in them a shrinking, half-contemptuous pity; for this class of men and women are but slightly determined in their estimate of others by general considerations, or even experience, of character. They judge of persons as they judge of coins, and value those who pass current at a high rate.

After a time I interfered so little with Bertha's habits that it might seem wonderful how her hatred towards me could grow so intense and active as it did. But she had begun to suspect, by some involuntary betrayal of mine, that there was an abnormal power of penetration in me—that fitfully, at least, I was strangely cognizant of her thoughts and intentions, and she began to be haunted by a terror of me, which alternated every now and then with defiance. She meditated continually how the incubus could be shaken off her life—how she could be freed from this hateful bond to a being whom she at once despised as an imbecile, and dreaded as an inquisitor. For a long while she lived in the hope that my evident

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wretchedness would drive me to the commission of suicide; but suicide was not in my nature. I was too completely swayed by the sense that I was in the grasp of unknown forces, to believe in my power of self-release. Towards my own destiny I had become entirely passive; for my one ardent desire had spent itself, and impulse no longer predominated over knowledge. For this reason I never thought of taking any steps towards a complete separation, which would have made our alienation evident to the world. Why should I rush for help to a new course, when I was only suffering from the consequences of a deed which had been the act of my intensest will? That would have been the logic of one who had desires to gratify, and I had no desires. But Bertha and I lived more and more aloof from each other. The rich find it easy to live married and apart.

That course of our life which I have indicated in a few sentences filled the space of years. So much misery–so slow and hideous a growth of hatred and sin, may be compressed into a sentence! And men judge of each other's lives through this summary medium. They epitomize the experience of their fellow-mortal, and pronounce judgment on him in neat syntax, and feel themselves wise and virtuous–conquerors over the temptations they define in well-selected predicates. Seven years of wretchedness glide glibly over the lips of the man who has never counted them out in moments of chill disappointment, of head and heart throbbings, of dread and vain wrestling, of remorse and despair. We learn *words* by rote, but not their meaning; *that* must be paid for with our life-blood, and printed in the subtle fibres of our nerves.

But I will hasten to finish my story. Brevity is justified at once to those who readily understand, and to those who will never understand.

Some years after my father's death, I was sitting by the dim firelight in my library one January evening–sitting in the leather chair that used to be my father's–when Bertha appeared at the door, with a candle in her hand, and advanced towards me. I knew the ball-dress she had on–the white ball-dress, with the green jewels, shone upon by the light of the wax candle which lit up the medallion of the dying Cleopatra on the mantelpiece. Why did she come to me before going out? I had not seen her in the library, which was my habitual place for months. Why did she stand before me with the candle in her hand, with her cruel contemptuous eyes fixed on me, and the glittering serpent, like a familiar demon, on her breast? For a moment I thought this fulfilment of my vision at Vienna marked some dreadful crisis in my fate, but I saw nothing in Bertha's mind, as she stood before me, except scorn for the look of over-

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whelming misery with which I sat before her. . . . "Fool, idiot, why don't you kill yourself, then?" that was her thought. But at length her thoughts reverted to her errand, and she spoke aloud. The apparently indifferent nature of the errand seemed to make a ridiculous anticlimax to my prevision and my agitation.

"I have had to hire a new maid. Fletcher is going to be married, and she wants me to ask you to let her husband have the public house and farm at Molton. I wish him to have it. You must give the promise now, because Fletcher is going to-morrow morning—and quickly, because I'm in a hurry."

"Very well; you may promise her," I said, indifferently, and Bertha swept out of the library again.

I always shrank from the sight of a new person, and all the more when it was a person whose mental life was likely to weary my reluctant insight with worldly ignorant trivialities. But I shrank especially from the sight of this new maid, because her advent had been announced to me at a moment to which I could not cease to attach some fatality: I had a vague dread that I should find her mixed up with the dreary drama of my life—that some new sickening vision would reveal her to me as an evil genius. When at last I did unavoidably meet her, the vague dread was changed into definite disgust. She was a tall, wiry, dark-eyed woman, this Mrs. Archer, with a face handsome enough to give her coarse hard nature the odious finish of bold, self-confident coquetry. That was enough to make me avoid her, quite apart from the contemptuous feeling with which she contemplated me. I seldom saw her; but I perceived that she rapidly became a favourite with her mistress, and, after the lapse of eight or nine months, I began to be aware that there had arisen in Bertha's mind towards this woman a mingled feeling of fear and dependence, and that this feeling was associated with ill-defined images of candlelight scenes in her dressing-room, and the locking-up of something in Bertha's cabinet. My interviews with my wife had become so brief and so rarely solitary, that I had no opportunity of perceiving these images in her mind with more definiteness. The recollections of the past become contracted in the rapidity of thought till they sometimes bear hardly a more distinct resemblance to the external reality than the forms of an oriental alphabet to the objects that suggested them.

Besides, for the last year or more a modification had been going forward in my mental condition, and was growing more and more marked. My insight into the minds of those around me was becoming dimmer and more fitful, and the ideas that crowded my double consciousness became

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bring myself to tell this man the secrets of my lot. Might there not lie some remedy for *me*, too, in his science? Might there not at least lie some comprehension and sympathy ready for me in his large and susceptible mind? But the thought only flickered feebly now and then, and died out before it could become a wish. The horror I had of again breaking in on the privacy of another soul, made me, by an irrational instinct, draw the shroud of concealment more closely around my own, as we automatically perform the gesture we feel to be wanting in another.

When Meunier's visit was approaching its conclusion, there happened an event which caused some excitement in our household, owing to the surprisingly strong effect it appeared to produce on Bertha—on Bertha, the self-possessed, who usually seemed inaccessible to feminine agitations, and did even her hate in a self-restrained hygienic manner. This event was the sudden severe illness of her maid, Mrs. Archer. I have reserved to this moment the mention of a circumstance which had forced itself on my notice shortly before Meunier's arrival, namely, that there had been some quarrel between Bertha and this maid, apparently during a visit to a distant family, in which she had accompanied her mistress. I had overheard Archer speaking in a tone of bitter insolence, which I should have thought an adequate reason for immediate dismissal. No dismissal followed; on the contrary, Bertha seemed to be silently putting up with personal inconveniences from the exhibitions of this woman's temper. I was the more astonished to observe that her illness seemed a cause of strong solicitude to Bertha; that she was at the bedside night and day, and would allow no one else to officiate as head-nurse. It happened that our family doctor was out on a holiday, an accident which made Meunier's presence in the house doubly welcome, and he apparently entered into the case with an interest which seemed so much stronger than the ordinary professional feeling, that one day when he had fallen into a long fit of silence after visiting her, I said to him—

"Is this a very peculiar case of disease, Meunier?"

"No," he answered, "it is an attack of peritonitis, which will be fatal, but which does not differ physically from many other cases that have come under my observation. But I'll tell you what I have on my mind. I want to make an experiment on this woman, if you will give me permission. It can do her no harm—will give her no pain—for I shall not make it until life is extinct to all purposes of sensation. I want to try the effect of transfusing blood into her arteries after the heart has ceased to beat for some minutes. I have tried the experiment again and again with animals that have died of this disease, with astounding results, and I want to try it

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on a human subject. I have the small tubes necessary, in a case I have with me, and the rest of the apparatus could be prepared readily. I should use my own blood–take it from my own arm. This woman won't live through the night, I'm convinced, and I want you to promise me your assistance in making the experiment. I can't do without another hand, but it would perhaps not be well to call in a medical assistant from among your provincial doctors. A disagreeable foolish version of the thing might get abroad."

"Have you spoken to my wife on the subject?" I said, "because she appears to be peculiarly sensitive about this woman: she has been a favourite maid."

"To tell you the truth," said Meunier, "I don't want her to know about it. There are always insuperable difficulties with women in these matters, and the effect on the supposed dead body may be startling. You and I will sit up together, and be in readiness. When certain symptoms appear I shall take you in, and at the right moment we must manage to get every one else out of the room."

I need not give our farther conversation on the subject. He entered very fully into the details, and overcame my repulsion from them, by exciting in me a mingled awe and curiosity concerning the possible results of his experiment.

We prepared everything, and he instructed me in my part as assistant. He had not told Bertha of his absolute conviction that Archer would not survive through the night, and endeavoured to persuade her to leave the patient and take a night's rest. But she was obstinate, suspecting the fact that death was at hand, and supposing that he wished merely to save her nerves. She refused to leave the sick-room. Meunier and I sat up together in the library, he making frequent visits to the sick-room, and returning with the information that the case was taking precisely the course he expected. Once he said to me, "Can you imagine any cause of ill-feeling this woman has against her mistress, who is so devoted to her?"

"I think there was some misunderstanding between them before her illness. Why do you ask?"

"Because I have observed for the last five or six hours–since, I fancy, she has lost all hope of recovery–there seems a strange prompting in her to say something which pain and failing strength forbid her to utter; and there is a look of hideous meaning in her eyes, which she turns continually towards her mistress. In this disease the mind often remains singularly clear to the last."

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"I am not surprised at an indication of malevolent feeling in her," I said. "She is a woman who has always inspired me with distrust and dislike, but she managed to insinuate herself into her mistress's favour." H was silent after this, looking at the fire with an air of absorption, till he went upstairs again. He stayed away longer than usual, and on returning, said to me quietly, "Come now."

I followed him to the chamber where death was hovering. The dark hangings of the large bed made a background that gave a strong relief to Bertha's pale face as I entered. She started forward as she saw me enter, and then looked at Meunier with an expression of angry inquiry; but he lifted up his hand as if to impose silence, while he fixed his glance on the dying woman and felt her pulse. The face was pinched and ghastly, a cold perspiration was on the forehead, and the eyelids were lowered so as to conceal the large dark eyes. After a minute or two, Meunier walked round to the other side of the bed where Bertha stood, and with his usual air of gentle politeness towards her begged her to leave the patient under our care—everything should be done for her—she was no longer in a state to be conscious of an affectionate presence. Bertha was hesitating, apparently almost willing to believe his assurance and to comply. She looked round at the ghastly dying face, as if to read the confirmation of that assurance, when for a moment the lowered eyelids were raised again, and it seemed as if the eyes were looking towards Bertha, but blankly. A shudder passed through Bertha's frame, and she returned to her station near the pillow, tacitly implying that she would not leave the room.

The eyelids were lifted no more. Once I looked at Bertha as she watched the face of the dying one. She wore a rich peignoir, and her blond hair was half covered by a lace cap: in her attire she was, as always, an elegant woman, fit to figure in a picture of modern aristocratic life: but I asked myself how that face of hers could ever have seemed to me the face of a woman born of woman, with memories of childhood, capable of pain, needing to be fondled? The features at that moment seemed so preternaturally sharp, the eyes were so hard and eager—she looked like a cruel immortal, finding her spiritual feast in the agonies of a dying race. For across those hard features there came something like a flash when the last hour had been breathed out, and we all felt that the dark veil had completely fallen. What secret was there between Bertha and this woman? I turned my eyes from her with a horrible dread lest my insight should return, and I should be obliged to see what had been

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POETRY, Vol. 2, especially
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Plotinus, Vol. 11, *Third Ennead,* Seventh Tractate
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Chaucer, Vol. 19, *Troilus and Criseyde,* Bk. II
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *Romeo and Juliet*
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Flaubert, *Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller,* Vol. 3
Galsworthy, *Apple-Tree,* Vol. 3
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Hazlitt, *On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth,* Vol. 10
Schiller, *On Simple and Sentimental Poetry,* Vol. 5
Turgenev, *First Love,* Vol. 3

## LUCIUS APULEIUS, fl. 2nd century A.D.

### "Cupid and Psyche"
from *The Golden Ass*
Vol. 3, pages 197–212

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

BEAUTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3: Beauty in relation to desire and love, as object or cause
Topic 4: Beauty and ugliness in relation to pleasure and pain or good and evil
GOD, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*a*: The nature and existence of the gods
Topic 1*c*: The intervention of the gods in the affairs of men: their judgment of the deserts of men

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breeding about two unloving women's hearts. I felt that Bertha had been watching for the moment of death as the sealing of her secret: I thanked Heaven it could remain sealed for me.

Meunier said quietly, "She is gone." He then gave his arm to Bertha, and she submitted to be led out of the room.

I suppose it was at her order that two female attendants came into the room, and dismissed the younger one who had been present before. When they entered, Meunier had already opened the artery in the long thin neck that lay rigid on the pillow, and I dismissed them, ordering them to remain at a distance till we rang: the doctor, I said, had an operation to perform—he was not sure about the death. For the next twenty minutes I forgot everything but Meunier and the experiment in which he was so absorbed, that I think his senses would have been closed against all sounds or sights which had no relation to it. It was my task at first to keep up the artificial respiration in the body after the transfusion had been effected, but presently Meunier relieved me, and I could see the wondrous slow return of life; the breast began to heave, the inspirations became stronger, the eyelids quivered, and the soul seemed to have returned beneath them. The artificial respiration was withdrawn: still the breathing continued, and there was a movement of the lips.

Just then I heard the handle of the door moving: I suppose Bertha had heard from the women that they had been dismissed: probably a vague fear had arisen in her mind, for she entered with a look of alarm. She came to the foot of the bed and gave a stifled cry.

The dead woman's eyes were wide open, and met hers in full recognition—the recognition of hate. With a sudden strong effort, the hand that Bertha had thought for ever still was pointed towards her, and the haggard face moved. The gasping eager voice said—

"You mean to poison your husband . . . the poison is in the black cabinet . . . I got it for you . . . you laughed at me, and told lies about me behind my back, to make me disgusting . . . because you were jealous . . . are you sorry . . . now?"

The lips continued to murmur, but the sounds were no longer distinct. Soon there was no sound—only a slight movement: the flame had leaped out, and was being extinguished the faster. The wretched woman's heart-strings had been set to hatred and vengeance; the spirit of life had swept the chords for an instant, and was gone again for ever. Great God! Is this what it is to live again . . . to wake up with our unstilled thirst upon us, with our unuttered curses rising to our lips, with our muscles ready to act out their half-committed sins?

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Bertha stood pale at the foot of the bed, quivering and helpless, despairing of devices, like a cunning animal whose hiding-places are surrounded by swift-advancing flame. Even Meunier looked paralysed; life for that moment ceased to be a scientific problem to him. As for me, this scene seemed of one texture with the rest of my existence: horror was my familiar, and this new revelation was only like an old pain recurring with new circumstances.

Since then Bertha and I have lived apart—she in her own neighbourhood, the mistress of half our wealth, I as a wanderer in foreign countries, until I came to this Devonshire nest to die. Bertha lives pitied and admired; for what had I against that charming woman, whom every one but myself could have been happy with? There had been no witness of the scene in the dying room except Meunier, and while Meunier lived his lips were sealed by a promise to me.

Once or twice, weary of wandering, I rested in a favourite spot, and my heart went out towards the men and women and children whose faces were becoming familiar to me; but I was driven away again in terror at the approach of my old insight—driven away to live continually with the one Unknown Presence revealed and yet hidden by the moving curtain of the earth and sky. Till at last disease took hold of me and forced me to rest here—forced me to live in dependence on my servants. And then the curse of insight—of my double consciousness, came again, and has never left me. I know all their narrow thoughts, their feeble regard, their half-wearied pity.

It is the 20th of September, 1850. I know these figures I have just written, as if they were a long familiar inscription. I have seen them on this page in my desk unnumbered times, when the scene of my dying struggle has opened upon me. . . .

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We notice that the viewpoint shifts between Venus, Psyche, and her sisters. We get no glimpse of the story through male eyes. Its logic, its way of feeling, are purely feminine. Psyche's father, Jupiter, and even Cupid are mere agents. Cupid, undependable male that he is, first ignores his mother's errand and then flies off in a huff when Psyche burns him. For a god of love, he shows little understanding of women. We see finally why all this might be so. "Cupid and Psyche" is a young girl's fantasy, beautifully done, and true in any country or time. This is how she daydreams about the delights and terrors of being beautiful and wronged; of a husband who is rich and a god; of a mother-in-law who is a powerful rival; of marrying, and bearing a child, and finding the immortality of happiness.

"Now read on," said Apuleius, "and enjoy yourself!"

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# Cupid and Psyche

## from *The Golden Ass*

In a certain city lived a king and queen who had three daughters exceeding fair. But the beauty of the elder sisters, though pleasant to behold, yet passed not the measure of human praise, while such was the loveliness of the youngest that men's speech was too poor to commend it worthily and could express it not at all. Many of the citizens and of strangers, whom the fame of this excellent vision had gathered thither, confounded by that matchless beauty, could but kiss the finger-tips of their right hands at sight of her, as in adoration to the goddess Venus herself. And soon a rumour passed through the country that she whom the blue deep had borne, forbearing her divine dignity, was even then moving among men, or that by some fresh germination from the stars, not the sea now, but the earth, had put forth a new Venus, endued with the flower of virginity.

This belief, with the fame of the maiden's loveliness, went daily farther into distant lands, so that many people were drawn together to behold that glorious model of the age. Men sailed no longer to Paphos, to Cnidus or Cythera, to the presence of the goddess Venus: her sacred rites were neglected, her images stood uncrowned, the cold ashes were left to disfigure her forsaken altars. It was to a maiden that men's prayers were offered, to a human countenance they looked, in propitiating so great a godhead: when the girl went forth in the morning they strewed flowers on her way, and the victims proper to that unseen goddess were presented as she passed along. This conveyance of divine worship to a mortal kindled meantime the anger of the true Venus. "Lo! now, the ancient parent of nature," she cried, "the fountain of all elements! Behold me, Venus, benign mother of the world, sharing my honours with a mortal maiden, while my name, built up in heaven, is profaned by the mean things of earth! Shall a perishable woman bear my image about with her?



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In vain did the shepherd of Ida prefer me! Yet shall she have little joy, whosoever she be, of her usurped and unlawful loveliness!" Thereupon she called to her that winged, bold boy, of evil ways, who wanders armed by night through men's houses, spoiling their marriages; and stirring yet more by her speech his inborn wantonness, she led him to the city, and showed him Psyche as she walked.

"I pray thee," she said, "give thy mother a full revenge. Let this maid become the slave of an unworthy love." Then, embracing him closely, she departed to the shore and took her throne upon the crest of the wave. And lo! at her unuttered will, her ocean servants are in waiting: the daughters of Nereus are there singing their song, and Portunus, and Salacia, and the tiny charioteer of the dolphin, with a host of Tritons leaping through the billows. And one blows softly through his sounding sea-shell, another spreads a silken web against the sun, a third presents the mirror to the eyes of his mistress, while the others swim side by side below, drawing her chariot. Such was the escort of Venus as she went upon the sea.

Psyche meantime, aware of her loveliness, had no fruit thereof. All people regarded and admired, but none sought her in marriage. It was but as on the finished work of the craftsman that they gazed upon that divine likeness. Her sisters, less fair than she, were happily wedded. She, even as a widow, sitting at home, wept over her desolation, hating in her heart the beauty in which all men were pleased.

And the king, supposing the gods were angry, inquired of the oracle of Apollo, and Apollo answered him thus: "Let the damsel be placed on the top of a certain mountain, adorned as for the bed of marriage and of death. Look not for a son-in-law of mortal birth; but for that evil serpent thing, by reason of whom even the gods tremble and the shadows of Styx are afraid."

So the king returned home and made known the oracle to his wife. For many days she lamented, but at last the fulfilment of the divine precept is urgent upon her, and the company make ready to conduct the maiden to her deadly bridal. And now the nuptial torch gathers dark smoke and ashes; the pleasant sound of the pipe is changed into a cry; the marriage hymn concludes in a sorrowful wailing; below her yellow wedding veil the bride shook away her tears; insomuch that the whole city was afflicted together at the ill luck of the stricken house.

But the mandate of the god impelled the hapless Psyche to her fate, and, these solemnities being ended, the funeral of the living soul goes forth, all the people following. Psyche, bitterly weeping, assists not at her

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marriage but at her own obsequies, and while the parents hesitate to accomplish a thing so unholy the daughter cries to them: "Wherefore torment your luckless age by long weeping? This was the prize of my extraordinary beauty! When all people celebrated us with divine honours, and in one voice named the New Venus, it was then ye should have wept for me as one dead. Now at last I understand that that one name of Venus has been my ruin. Lead me and set me upon the appointed place. I am in haste to submit to that well-omened marriage, to behold that goodly spouse. Why delay the coming of him who was born for the destruction of the whole world?"

She was silent, and with firm step went on the way. And they proceeded to the appointed place on a steep mountain, and left there the maiden alone, and took their way homewards dejectedly. The wretched parents, in their close-shut house, yielded themselves to perpetual night; while to Psyche, fearful and trembling and weeping sore upon the mountain top, comes the gentle Zephyrus. He lifts her mildly, and, with vesture afloat on either side, bears her by his own soft breathing over the windings of the hills, and sets her lightly among the flowers in the bosom of a valley below.

Psyche, in those delicate grassy places, lying sweetly on her dewy bed, rested from the agitation of her soul and arose in peace. And lo! a grove of mighty trees, with a fount of water, clear as glass, in the midst; and hard by the water, a dwelling-place, built not by human hands but by some divine cunning. One recognized, even at the entering, the delightful hostelry of a god. Golden pillars sustained the roof, arched most curiously in cedar-wood and ivory. The walls were hidden under wrought silver: all tame and woodland creatures leaping forward to the visitor's gaze. Wonderful indeed was the craftsman, divine or half-divine, who by the subtlety of his art had breathed so wild a soul into the silver! The very pavement was distinct with pictures in goodly stones. In the glow of its precious metal the house is its own daylight, having no need of the sun. Well might it seem a place fashioned for the conversation of gods with men!

Psyche, drawn forward by the delight of it, came near, and, her courage growing, stood within the doorway. One by one, she admired the beautiful things she saw; and, most wonderful of all! no lock, no chain, nor living guardian protected that great treasure house. But as she gazed, there came a voice—a voice, as it were unclothed of bodily vesture—"Mistress!" it said, "all these things are thine. Lie down, and relieve thy weariness, and rise again for the bath when thou wilt. We thy servants,

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whose voice thou hearest, will be beforehand with our service, and a royal feast shall be ready."

And Psyche understood that some divine care was providing, and, refreshed with sleep and the bath, sat down to the feast. Still she saw no one: only she heard words falling here and there, and had voices alone to serve her. And the feast being ended, one entered the chamber and sang to her unseen, while another struck the chords of a harp, invisible with him who played on it. Afterwards the sound of a company singing together came to her, but still so that none was present to sight; yet it appeared that a great multitude of singers was there.

And the hour of evening inviting her, she climbed into the bed; and as the night was far advanced, behold a sound of a certain clemency approaches her. Then, fearing for her maidenhood in so great solitude, she trembled, and more than any evil she knew dreaded that she knew not. And now the husband, that unknown husband, drew near, and ascended the couch, and made her his wife; and lo! before the rise of dawn he had departed hastily. And the attendant voices ministered to the needs of the newly married. And so it happened with her for a long season. And as nature has willed, this new thing, by continual use, became a delight to her: the sound of the voice grew to be her solace in that condition of loneliness and uncertainty.

One night the bridegroom spoke thus to his beloved: "O Psyche, most pleasant bride! Fortune is grown stern with us, and threatens thee with mortal peril. Thy sisters, troubled at the report of thy death and seeking some trace of thee, will come to the mountain's top. But if by chance their cries reach thee, answer not, neither look forth at all, lest thou bring sorrow upon me and destruction upon thyself." Then Psyche promised that she would do according to his will. But the bridegroom was fled away again with the night. And all that day she spent in tears, repeating that she was now dead indeed, shut up in that golden prison, powerless to console her sisters sorrowing after her, or to see their faces; and so went to rest weeping.

And after a while came the bridegroom again, and lay down beside her, and embracing her as she wept, complained: "Was this thy promise, my Psyche? What have I to hope from thee? Even in the arms of thy husband thou ceasest not from pain. Do now as thou wilt. Indulge thine own desire, though it seeks what will ruin thee. Yet wilt thou remember my warning, repentant too late." Then, protesting that she is like to die, she obtains from him that he suffer her to see her sisters, and present to them moreover what gifts she would of golden ornaments; but therewith he

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her bridegroom is one of the gods: it is a god she bears in her womb. And let that be far from us! If she be called mother of a god, then will life be more than I can bear."

So, full of rage against her, they returned to Psyche, and said to her craftily: "Thou livest in an ignorant bliss, all incurious of thy real danger. It is a deadly serpent, as we certainly know, that comes to sleep at thy side. Remember the words of the oracle, which declared thee destined to a cruel beast. There are those who have seen it at nightfall, coming back from its feeding. In no long time, they say, it will end its blandishments. It but waits for the babe to be formed in thee, that it may devour thee by so much the richer. If indeed the solitude of this musical place, or it may be the loathsome commerce of a hidden love, delight thee, we at least in sisterly piety have done our part." And at last the unhappy Psyche, simple and frail of soul, carried away by the terror of their words, losing memory of her husband's precepts and her own promise, brought upon herself a great calamity. Trembling and turning pale, she answers them: "And they who tell those things, it may be, speak the truth. For in very deed never have I seen the face of my husband, nor know I at all what manner of man he is. Always he frights me diligently from the sight of him, threatening some great evil should I too curiously look upon his face. Do ye, if ye can help your sister in her great peril, stand by her now."

Her sisters answered her: "The way of safety we have well considered, and will teach thee. Take a sharp knife, and hide it in that part of the couch where thou art wont to lie; take also a lamp filled with oil, and set it privily behind the curtain. And when he shall have drawn up his coils into the accustomed place, and thou hearest him breathe in sleep, slip then from his side and discover the lamp, and, knife in hand, put forth thy strength, and strike off the serpent's head." And so they departed in haste.

And Psyche left alone (alone but for the furies which beset her) is tossed up and down in her distress, like a wave of the sea; and though her will is firm, yet, in the moment of putting hand to the deed, she falters, and is torn asunder by various apprehensions of the great calamity upon her. She hastens and anon delays, now full of distrust, and now of angry courage: under one bodily form she loathes the monster and loves the bridegroom. But twilight ushers in the night; and at length in haste she makes ready for the terrible deed. Darkness came, and the bridegroom; and he first, after some faint essay of love, falls into a deep sleep.

And she, erewhile of no strength, the hard purpose of destiny assisting her, is confirmed in force. With lamp plucked forth, knife in hand, she put

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by her sex; and lo! as the secrets of the bed became manifest, the sweetest and most gentle of all creatures, Love himself, reclined there, in his own proper loveliness! At sight of him the very flame of the lamp kindled more gladly! But Psyche was afraid at the vision, and, faint of soul, trembled back upon her knees, and would have hidden the steel in her own bosom. But the knife slipped from her hand; and now, undone, yet ofttimes looking upon the beauty of that divine countenance, she lives again. She sees the locks of that golden head, pleasant with the unction of the gods, shed down in graceful entanglement behind and before, about the ruddy cheeks and white throat. The pinions of the winged god, yet fresh with the dew, are spotless upon his shoulders, the delicate plumage wavering over them as they lie at rest. Smooth he was, and, touched with light, worthy of Venus his mother. At the foot of the couch lay his bow and arrows, the instruments of his power, propitious to men.

And Psyche, gazing hungrily thereon, draws an arrow from the quiver, and trying the point upon her thumb, tremulous still, drove in the barb, so that a drop of blood came forth. Thus fell she, by her own act, and unaware, into the love of Love. Falling upon the bridegroom, with indrawn breath, in a hurry of kisses from eager and open lips, she shuddered as she thought how brief that sleep might be. And it chanced that a drop of burning oil fell from the lamp upon the god's shoulder. Ah! maladroit minister of love, thus to wound him from whom all fire comes; though 'twas a lover, I trow, first devised thee, to have the fruit of his desire even in the darkness! At the touch of the fire the god started up, and beholding the overthrow of her faith, quietly took flight from her embraces.

And Psyche, as he rose upon the wing, laid hold on him with her two hands, hanging upon him in his passage through the air, till she sinks to the earth through weariness. And as she lay there, the divine lover, tarrying still, lighted upon a cypress tree which grew near, and, from the top of it, spake thus to her, in great emotion: "Foolish one! unmindful of the command of Venus, my mother, who had devoted thee to one of base degree, I fled to thee in his stead. Now know I that this was vainly done. Into mine own flesh pierced mine arrow, and I made thee my wife, only that I might seem a monster beside thee—that thou shouldst seek to wound the head wherein lay the eyes so full of love to thee! Again and again, I thought to put thee on thy guard concerning these things, and warned thee in lovingkindness. Now I would but punish thee by my flight hence." And therewith he winged his way into the deep sky.

Psyche, prostrate upon the earth, and following far as sight might reach the flight of the bridegroom, wept and lamented; and when the breadth

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of space had parted him wholly from her, cast herself down from the bank of a river which was nigh. But the stream, turning gentle in honour of the god, put her forth again unhurt upon its margin. And as it happened, Pan, the rustic god, was sitting just then by the waterside, embracing, in the body of a reed, the goddess Canna, teaching her to respond to him in all varieties of slender sound. Hard by, his flock of goats browsed at will. And the shaggy god called her, wounded and outworn, kindly to him and said: "I am but a rustic herdsman, pretty maiden, yet wise, by favour of my great age and long experience; and if I guess truly by those faltering steps, by thy sorrowful eyes and continual sighing, thou labourest with excess of love. Listen then to me, and seek not death again, in the stream or otherwise. Put aside thy woe, and turn thy prayers to Cupid. He is in truth a delicate youth: win him by the delicacy of thy service."

So the shepherd god spoke, and Psyche, answering nothing, but with a reverence to his serviceable deity, went on her way. And while she, in her search after Cupid, wandered through many lands, he was lying in the chamber of his mother, heartsick. And the white bird which floats over the waves plunged in haste into the sea, and approaching Venus, as she bathed, made known to her that her son lies afflicted with some grievous hurt, doubtful of life. And Venus cried angrily: "My son, then, has a mistress! And it is Psyche, who witched away my beauty and was the rival of my godhead, whom he loves!"

Therewith she issued from the sea, and returning to her golden chamber, found there the lad, sick, as she had heard, and cried from the doorway: "Well done, truly! to trample thy mother's precepts under foot, to spare my enemy that cross of an unworthy love; nay, unite her to thyself, child as thou art, that I might have a daughter-in-law who hates me! I will make thee repent of thy sport, and the savour of thy marriage bitter. There is one who shall chasten this body of thine, put out thy torch, and unstring thy bow. Not till she has plucked forth that hair, into which so oft these hands have smoothed the golden light, and sheared away thy wings, shall I feel the injury done me avenged." And with this she hastened in anger from the doors.

And Ceres and Juno met her, and sought to know the meaning of her troubled countenance. "Ye come in season," she cried; "I pray you, find for me Psyche. It must needs be that ye have heard the disgrace of my house." And they, ignorant of what was done, would have soothed her anger, saying: "What fault, Mistress, hath thy son committed, that thou wouldst destroy the girl he loves? Knowest thou not that he is now of age? Because he wears his years so lightly must he seem to thee ever but a

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child? Wilt thou for ever thus pry into the pastimes of thy son, always accusing his wantonness, and blaming in him those delicate wiles which are all thine own?" Thus, in secret fear of the boy's bow, did they seek to please him with their gracious patronage. But Venus, angry at their light taking of her wrongs, turned her back upon them, and with hasty steps made her way once more to the sea.

Meanwhile Psyche, tost in soul, wandering hither and thither, rested not night or day in the pursuit of her husband, desiring, if she might not soothe his anger by the endearments of a wife, at the least to propitiate him with the prayers of a handmaid. And seeing a certain temple on the top of a high mountain, she said: "Who knows whether yonder place be not the abode of my lord?" Thither, therefore, she turned her steps, hastening now the more because desire and hope pressed her on, weary as she was with the labours of the way, and so, painfully measuring out the highest ridges of the mountain, drew near to the sacred couches. She sees ears of wheat, in heaps or twisted into chaplets; ears of barley also, with sickles and all the instruments of harvest, lying there in disorder, thrown at random from the hands of the labourers in the great heat. These she curiously sets apart, one by one, duly ordering them; for she said within herself: "I may not neglect the shrines, nor the holy service, of any god there be, but must rather win by supplication the kindly mercy of them all."

And Ceres found her bending sadly upon her task, and cried aloud: "Alas, Psyche! Venus, in the furiousness of her anger, tracks thy footsteps through the world, seeking for thee to pay her the utmost penalty; and thou, thinking of anything rather than thine own safety, hast taken on thee the care of what belongs to me!" Then Psyche fell down at her feet, and sweeping the floor with her hair, washing the footsteps of the goddess in her tears, besought her mercy, with many prayers: "By the gladdening rites of harvest, by the lighted lamps and mystic marches of the marriage and mysterious invention of thy daughter Proserpine, and by all beside that the holy place of Attica veils in silence, minister, I pray thee, to the sorrowful heart of Psyche! Suffer me to hide myself but for a few days among the heaps of corn, till time has softened the anger of the goddess, and my strength, outworn in my long travail, is recovered by a little rest."

But Ceres answered her: "Truly thy tears move me, and I would fain help thee; only I dare not incur the ill will of my kinswoman. Depart hence as quickly as may be." And Psyche, repelled against hope, afflicted now with twofold sorrow, making her way back again, beheld among the

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half-lighted woods of the valley below a sanctuary builded with cunning art. And that she might lose no way of hope, howsoever doubtful, she drew near to the sacred doors. She sees there gifts of price, and garments fixed upon the door-posts and to the branches of the trees, wrought with letters of gold which told the name of the goddess to whom they were dedicated, with thanksgiving for that she had done. So, with bent knee and hands laid about the glowing altar, she prayed, saying: "Sister and spouse of Jupiter! be thou to these my desperate fortunes, Juno the Auspicious! I know that thou dost willingly help those in travail with child; deliver me from the peril that is upon me." And as she prayed thus, Juno in the majesty of her godhead was straightway present, and answered: "Would that I might incline favourably to thee; but against the will of Venus, whom I have ever loved as a daughter, I may not, for very shame, grant thy prayer."

And Psyche, dismayed by this new shipwreck of her hope, communed thus with herself: "Whither, from the midst of the snares that beset me, shall I take my way once more? In what dark solitude shall I hide me from the all-seeing eye of Venus? What if I put on at length a man's courage, and yielding myself unto her as my mistress, soften by a humility not yet too late the fierceness of her purpose? Who knows but that I may find him also whom my soul seeketh after, in the abode of his mother?"

And Venus, renouncing all earthly aid in her search, prepared to return to heaven. She ordered the chariot to be made ready, wrought for her by Vulcan as a marriage gift, with a cunning of hand which had left his work so much the richer by the weight of gold it lost under his tool. From the multitude which housed about the bedchamber of their mistress, white doves came forth, and with joyful motions bent their painted necks beneath the yoke. Behind it, with playful riot, the sparrows sped onward, and other birds sweet of song, making known by their soft notes the approach of the goddess. Eagle and cruel hawk alarmed not the quireful family of Venus. And the clouds broke away, as the uttermost ether opened to receive her, daughter and goddess, with great joy.

And Venus passed straightway to the house of Jupiter to beg from him the service of Mercury, the god of speech. And Jupiter refused not her prayer. And Venus and Mercury descended from heaven together; and as they went, the former said to the latter: "Thou knowest, my brother of Arcady, that never at any time have I done anything without thy help; for how long time, moreover, I have sought a certain maiden in vain. And now naught remains but that, by thy heraldry, I proclaim a reward for

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was now thrust openly upon death, who must go down, of her own motion, to Hades and the Shades. And straightway she climbed to the top of an exceeding high tower, thinking within herself: "I will cast myself down thence: so shall I descend most quickly into the kingdom of the dead." And the tower, again, broke forth into speech: "Wretched Maid! Wretched Maid! Wilt thou destroy thyself? If the breath quit thy body, then wilt thou indeed go down into Hades, but by no means return hither. Listen to me. Among the pathless wilds not far from this place lies a certain mountain, and therein one of hell's vent-holes. Through the breach a rough way lies open, following which thou wilt come, by straight course, to the castle of Orcus. And thou must not go empty-handed. Take in each hand a morsel of barley-bread, soaked in hydromel; and in thy mouth two pieces of money. And when thou shalt be now well onward in the way of death, then wilt thou overtake a lame ass laden with wood, and a lame driver, who will pray thee reach him certain cords to fasten the burden which is falling from the ass: but be thou cautious to pass on in silence. And soon as thou comest to the river of the dead, Charon, in that crazy bark he hath, will put thee over upon the farther side. There is greed even among the dead: and thou shalt deliver to him, for the ferrying, one of those two pieces of money, in such wise that he take it with his hand from between thy lips. And as thou passest over the stream, a dead old man, rising on the water, will put up to thee his mouldering hands, and pray thee draw him into the ferry-boat. But beware thou yield not to unlawful pity.

"When thou shalt be come over, and art upon the causeway, certain aged women, spinning, will cry to thee to lend thy hand to their work; and beware again that thou take no part therein; for this also is the snare of Venus, whereby she would cause thee to cast away one at least of those cakes thou bearest in thy hands. And think not that a slight matter; for the loss of either one of them will be to thee the losing of the light of day. For a watch-dog exceeding fierce lies ever before the threshold of that lonely house of Proserpine. Close his mouth with one of thy cakes; so shalt thou pass by him, and enter straightway into the presence of Proserpine herself. Then do thou deliver thy message, and taking what she shall give thee, return back again; offering to the watch-dog the other cake, and to the ferryman that other piece of money thou hast in thy mouth. After this manner mayst thou return again beneath the stars. But withal, I charge thee, think not to look into, nor open, the casket thou bearest, with that treasure of the beauty of the divine countenance hidden therein."

So spake the stones of the tower; and Psyche delayed not, but proceed-

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ing diligently after the manner enjoined, entered into the house of Proserpine, at whose feet she sat down humbly, and would neither the delicate couch nor that divine food the goddess offered her, but did straightway the business of Venus. And Proserpine filled the casket secretly, and shut the lid, and delivered it to Psyche, who fled therewith from Hades with new strength. But coming back into the light of day, even as she hasted now to the ending of her service, she was seized by a rash curiosity. "Lo! now," she said within herself, "my simpleness! who, bearing in my hands the divine loveliness, heed not to touch myself with a particle at least therefrom, that I may please the more, by the favour of it, my fair one, my beloved." Even as she spoke, she lifted the lid; and behold! within, neither beauty, nor anything beside, save sleep only, the sleep of the dead, which took hold upon her, filling all her members with its drowsy vapour, so that she lay down in the way and moved not, as in the slumber of death.

And Cupid being healed of his wound, because he would endure no longer the absence of her he loved, gliding through the narrow window of the chamber wherein he was holden, his pinions being now repaired by a little rest, fled forth swiftly upon them, and coming to the place where Psyche was, shook that sleep away from her, and set himself in his prison again, awaking her with the innocent point of his arrow. "Lo! thine old error again," he said, "which had like once more to have destroyed thee! But do thou now what is lacking of the command of my mother: the rest shall be my care." With these words, the lover rose upon the air; and being consumed inwardly with the greatness of his love, penetrated with vehement wing into the highest place of heaven, to lay his cause before the father of the gods. And the father of gods took his hand in his, and kissed his face, and said to him: "At no time, my son, hast thou regarded me with due honour. Often hast thou vexed my bosom, wherein lies the disposition of the stars, with those busy darts of thine. Nevertheless, because thou hast grown up between these mine hands, I will accomplish thy desire." And straightway he bade Mercury call the gods together; and, the council chamber being filled, sitting upon a high throne, "Ye gods," he said, "all ye whose names are in the white book of the Muses, ye know yonder lad. It seems good to me that his youthful heats should by some means be restrained. And that all occasion may be taken from him, I would even confine him in the bonds of marriage. He has chosen and embraced a mortal maiden. Let him have fruit of his love, and possess her forever."

Thereupon he bade Mercury produce Psyche in heaven; and holding out to her his ambrosial cup, "Take it," he said, "and live forever; nor shall

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Cupid ever depart from thee." And the gods sat down together to the marriage feast. On the first couch lay the bridegroom, and Psyche in his bosom. His rustic serving-boy bare the wine to Jupiter; and Bacchus to the rest. The Seasons crimsoned all things with their roses. Apollo sang to the lyre, while a little Pan prattled on his reeds, and Venus danced very sweetly to the soft music. Thus, with due rites, did Psyche pass into the power of Cupid; and from them was born the daughter whom men call Voluptas.

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*Walter Pater's translation of "Cupid and Psyche"*
*is taken from his*
MARIUS THE EPICUREAN.

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# Ivan Turgenev

1818–1883

Ivan Turgenev was born at Orel, Russia, October 28, 1818 (Old Style). He grew up under a tyrannical mother on the family estate at Spasskoye. He was graduated from the University of St. Petersburg, where he studied under Gogol. In 1843 he took a job in the Ministry of the Interior. That same year he published *Parasha*, a story in verse, and met the Spanish gypsy opera singer Pauline Garcia, wife of Louis Viardot, her manager, and sister of the equally famous Malibran. Turgenev began a lifelong attachment to her.

During the late 1840's, he spent his summers at the Viardots' estate at Courtavenel and wintered in Paris. He wrote *A Month in the Country* and other plays. After his mother's death in 1850 he inherited the Spasskoye estate but bad management largely diminished his income. In 1852 his obituary tribute to Gogol got him imprisoned for a month (visiting friends made it a triumph) and he was later confined to his estate. That same year *A Sportsman's Sketches* was published.

All his life he maintained hot-and-cold friendships with Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. Turgenev's *Rudin* and *A Nest of Gentlefolk* appeared in the late 1850's, followed by *On the Eve* in 1860 and *Fathers and Sons* in 1862. Two years later he was called before a Russian Senatorial committee to answer the charge that he had conspired with Herzen's revolutionary group in London. He was exonerated.

About this time he became a member of the Paris coterie composed of Flaubert, Edmond de Goncourt, Zola, and Daudet. He befriended young Henry James. In 1872 *A Month in the Country* was staged for the first time, in Moscow, and Turgenev published *Spring Freshets*. He and the Viardots built a joint villa at Bougival, near Paris.



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*Virgin Soil* appeared in 1877. By 1882 he was gravely ill, but continued work on *Clara Milich* and *Poems in Prose*. He is regarded as the most Western of the great Russian writers, the most poetic of realists and one of the fathers of the modern objective novel. He died at Bougival on September 3, 1883.

Like Dostoevsky's *White Nights*[1] and Galsworthy's *The Apple-Tree*,[2] *First Love* is a commemoration of that early "happiness verging on imbecility." It was published in March, 1860. In his biography of the author, Avrahm Yarmolinsky mentions that Turgenev said he "drew upon his reminiscences of the family life of his parents. The self-contained, elegantly groomed gentleman of the tale, with his spasmodically affectionate manner toward his family, his excellent horsemanship, and his epicurean tastes, was modeled upon the author's father. . . ." But such reminiscences have been freely transformed into a work of art. The mother of the story, for example, shows little likeness to the author's mother. Even in his old age, Turgenev recalled that when he was young she saw to it that he was "flogged nearly every day."

He spoke of *First Love* as one of his "fairy tales." Why? Partly, perhaps, because the incidents of the story might have happened in any time or place; but partly because it had little to do with the social struggle that nearly all nineteenth-century Russian writers felt themselves obliged to treat. But it is much more than a "fairy tale." It is, quite clearly, a little masterpiece. It is put together with such extraordinary grace that we are hardly conscious of reading a story at all. We simply live it. We take part in young Vladimir's feelings and act them out with him, because they are also ours. They are the feelings of every man who was ever in love in his first youth. And by that sign, in the perfect candor of art, they remind us

[1] See Vol. 3, pp. 276–319, in this set.
[2] See Vol. 3, pp. 323–367, in this set.

*Notes from the artist:* ". . . *a fantasy of scenes from* Fathers and Sons *surrounds the profile of Turgenev, an interpretation of an amusing, Cyrano-like self-caricature drawn by Turgenev in 1881.*"

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# *First Love*

The visitors had left long ago. The clock struck half past twelve. Only the host, Sergey Nikolayevich, and Vladimir Petrovich were left in the room.

The host rang and ordered the remains of the supper to be cleared away. "So that's agreed, then," he said, settling himself more deeply in his arm-chair and lighting a cigar. "Each of us is to tell the story of his first love. It's your turn, Sergey Nikolayevich."

Sergey Nikolayevich, a rotund little man with a chubby face and fair hair, glanced first at his host, then raised his eyes to the ceiling. "I had no first love," he said at last. "I started straight with the second."

"How was that?"

"Quite simple. I was eighteen when I first took an interest in a very charming young girl, but I did this as if it were nothing new to me; and it was just like that that I afterwards flirted with others. Strictly speaking, I fell in love for the first and last time with my nurse when I was six years old. But that was a very long time ago. The details of our relationship have been blotted out from my memory, and even if I remembered them, how could they possibly interest anyone?"

"So what are we to do?" began the host. "There's nothing interesting in my first love, either. I did not fall in love with anyone before I met my wife–and everything went swimmingly with us: our parents arranged the match, we very soon fell in love with each other and got married without wasting much time. My tale is soon told. I don't mind admitting, gentlemen, that when I raised the question of first love, I was relying on you–I won't say old, but not such young bachelors, either. Won't *you*, Valdimir Petrovich, entertain us with some story?"

"My first love certainly cannot be said to be quite ordinary," Vladimir Petrovich, a man of about forty, with greying black hair, replied a little hesitantly.



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"Oh," the host and Sergey Nikolayevich cried in one voice, "so much the better! Tell us about it."

"By all means. Or—no! I won't tell it to you; I'm not very good at telling stories. I'm afraid my stories are either too short and dry or too long and unconvincing. If you don't mind, I'd much rather write down all I can remember and read it to you."

At first his friends would not agree, but Vladimir Petrovich insisted on having it his own way. Two weeks later they met again, and Vladimir Petrovich kept his word.

This was what he had written down.

I was sixteen at the time. It happened in the summer of 1833.

I was living in Moscow with my parents. They used to take a country house for the summer near the Kaluga Toll Gate, opposite the Neskoochny Park. I was preparing for the university, but I did very little work and was in no particular hurry.

No one interfered with my freedom. I did what I liked, especially after parting with my last tutor, a Frenchman, who could never get used to the idea that he had dropped like a bomb (*comme une bombe*) into Russia, and he used to lie about in bed for days on end with a resentful expression on his face. My father treated me with good-humoured indifference; my mother scarcely paid any attention to me, although she had no other children: other worries occupied her completely. My father, who was still young and very handsome, had married her for money; she was ten years older than he. My mother's life was far from happy: she was in a state of constant irritation and was always jealous and bad-tempered, though never in my father's presence—she was terrified of him—while his attitude to her was severe, cold, and aloof. I have never seen a man more exquisitely calm, more self-possessed, or more despotic.

I shall never forget the first weeks I spent in the country. The weather was lovely; we left Moscow on the ninth of May, St. Nicholas's Day. I used to go for walks either in the garden of our country house or in the Neskoochny Park or on the other side of the toll gate; I used to take some book with me—Kaydanov's *Primer*, for instance—but I did not open it very often; I preferred much more to recite poetry, and I knew a great many poems by heart; my blood was in a ferment, and my heart ached—so sweetly and so foolishly; I was always expecting something to happen; I was in a state of constant dread of something; and I was full of wonder and seemed always to be seeking something; my imagination fluttered, and the same ideas winged their way swiftly like

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martins round a bell tower at dawn; I would fall into a reverie, I would be sad, and I would even cry; but through the tears and through the sadness, inspired by some melodious verse or the beauty of the evening, there always shot up, like the grass in springtime, a joyous feeling of young, surging life.

I had a horse; I used to saddle it myself and go for long rides into the country, breaking into a gallop and imagining myself a knight at a tournament (how gaily the wind whistled in my ears!)—or, turning my face towards the sky, received its shining azure light into my wide-open soul.

I remember that at that time the image of woman, the vision of a woman's love, hardly ever took any definite shape in my mind; but in everything I thought, in everything I felt, there was hidden a half-conscious, shy presentiment of something new, unutterably sweet, feminine.

This presentiment, this expectation, pervaded my whole being: I breathed it; it ran through my veins with every drop of blood. . . . It was soon to be fulfilled.

Our country place consisted of a wooden manor house with columns and two one-storied cottages; in the cottage on the left was a very small factory for the manufacture of cheap wall-paper; I used to go over there quite frequently to watch about a dozen thin and dishevelled boys with pinched faces, in long greasy smocks, who kept jumping onto wooden levers and pressing them down onto the square blocks of the presses and in this way, by the weight of their feeble bodies, stamp the brightly coloured patterns on the wall-paper. The cottage on the right stood empty and was to let. One day, three weeks after the ninth of May, the shutters of this cottage were opened and women's faces appeared in the windows. Some family must have moved in. I remember that that same day at dinner my mother asked the butler who our new neighbours were, and hearing the name of Princess Zasyekin first remarked, not without a certain note of respect, "Oh, a princess," and then added, "A poor one, I expect."

"They arrived in three cabs, ma'am," observed the butler, handing her a dish deferentially. "I don't think they have a carriage of their own, ma'am. Their furniture is of the cheapest kind."

"I see," said my mother. "So much the better."

My father gave her a cold look, and she fell silent.

And indeed Princess Zasyekin could not have been a rich woman; the cottage she had rented was so dilapidated, so small, and so low that people who were even moderately well off would not have consented to live

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in it. However, at the time I paid no attention to it. The princely title had little effect on me; I had just been reading Schiller's *The Robbers.*

I was in the habit of wandering about our garden every evening with a gun, looking for crows. I had for a long time felt a detestation for these wary, predatory, and cunning birds. On the day I am speaking of I also went into the garden, and, having walked through all the avenues without result (the crows knew me and only cawed harshly from afar), I chanced to come near the low fence which separated *our* property from the narrow strip of garden which ran to the right behind the cottage and which belonged to it. I was walking along with my eyes fixed on the ground. Suddenly I heard voices. I looked across the fence and stood rooted to the spot. A curious sight met my eyes.

A few paces from me, in a clearing among the green raspberry bushes, stood a tall, slender girl in a striped pink dress with a white kerchief on her head; she was surrounded by four young men and she was tapping them in turn on the forehead with those small grey flowers whose name I do not know, though they are very well known to children: these flowers form little bags and burst with a pop when struck against anything hard. The young men presented their foreheads so eagerly, and there was in the movements of the young girl (I saw her in profile) something so fascinating, imperious, caressing, mocking, and charming, that I nearly cried out with wonder and delight and would, I believe, have given everything in the world at that moment to have those lovely fingers tap me on the forehead too. My gun slipped to the grass; I forgot everything; my eyes devoured this graceful figure, the slender neck, the beautiful arms, the slightly untidy fair hair under the white kerchief, and the half-closed, intelligent eye, the eyelashes, the delicate cheek beneath them.

"I say, young man," said a voice suddenly near me, "is it proper to stare like that at young ladies you do not know?"

I started, thunderstruck. Near me, on the other side of the fence, stood a man with close-cropped black hair, looking ironically at me. At that very moment the young girl too turned towards me. I saw a pair of enormous grey eyes in a vivacious, lively face, and this face suddenly quivered and laughed; her white teeth flashed and her eyebrows lifted in a rather amusing fashion. I flushed, snatched up my gun from the ground, and, pursued by ringing though not unkind laughter, fled to my room, flung myself on the bed, and covered my face with my hands. My

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heart leapt inside me; I was very ashamed and happy; I felt tremendously excited.

After a short rest I brushed my hair, tidied myself, and went downstairs to tea. The image of the young girl floated before me; my heart was no longer leaping but seemed to contract delightfully.

"What's the matter with you?" my father asked me suddenly. "Shot a crow?"

I was about to tell him everything, but stopped short and merely smiled to myself. As I was going to bed, without knowing myself why, I spun round three times on one foot, put pomade on my hair, got into bed, and slept soundly all night. Before morning I woke up for a moment, raised my head, looked round me in ecstasy, and—fell asleep again.

"How can I get to know them?" was my first thought when I woke in the morning.

Before breakfast I went for a walk in the garden, but did not go too near the fence and saw no one. After breakfast I walked several times up and down the street before the cottage and peered into the windows from a distance. I thought I could see *her* face behind the curtain, and I walked away quickly in a panic. "Still, I must get to know them," I thought, walking aimlessly about the sandy stretch before the Neskoochny Park. "But how? That is the question." I recalled the minutest details of yesterday's meeting: for some reason I had a most vivid recollection of the way she had laughed at me. But while I worried and made all sorts of plans, fate was already doing her best to gratify my desire.

While I was out, my mother had received from her new neighbour a letter on grey paper, sealed with the sort of brown wax that is used only in official post office notices and on the corks of bottles of cheap wine. In this letter, illiterate and written in a slovenly hand, the princess begged my mother to do her a great favour: my mother, the princess wrote, was on very intimate terms with people in high positions on whom depended the fortunes of herself and her children, for she was engaged in a number of very important lawsuits. "I rite to you," she wrote, "as one noblewoman to another, and becos of that I am pleesed to make use of this oportunity." In conclusion she asked my mother's permission to call on her. I found my mother in a disagreeable mood: my father was not at home, and she had no one to consult. Not to reply to a "noblewoman," and a princess into the bargain, was impossible. But my mother was at a loss as to how to reply. To write a note in French was, she thought, in-

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## SIR FRANCIS BACON, 1561–1626

### *Of Beauty*

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SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

BEAUTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*a*: The beautiful and the good: beauty as a kind of fitness or order
Topic 1*c*: The elements of beauty: unity, proportion, clarity
TRUTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*c*: The relation of truth, goodness, and beauty

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Phaedrus*
Plotinus, Vol. 11, *First Ennead,* Sixth Tractate
Aquinas, Vol. 17, *Summa Theologica,* First Part, Q 5, Art. 4; Part I–II, Q 27, Art. 1

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way–to my room." She nodded to me and left the drawing room. I followed her.

In the room we entered, the furniture was a little better and arranged with more taste. At that moment, though, I was quite unable to notice anything: I moved as though in a dream and was overwhelmed by an intense feeling of happiness verging on imbecility.

The young princess sat down, took a skein of red wool, and, motioning me to a chair opposite, carefully untied the skein and put it across my hands. All this she did in silence with a kind of amused deliberation and with the same bright, sly smile on her slightly parted lips. She began to wind the wool round a bent card and then suddenly dazzled me with so swift and radiant a glance that I could not help dropping my eyes. When her eyes, mostly half-closed, opened wide, her face was completely transformed, as though flooded with light.

"What did you think of me yesterday, M'sieu Woldemar?" she asked, after a short pause. "I expect you must have thought me dreadful."

"Why, I–er–Princess–I–I–didn't think anything–how–could–I?" I replied in confusion.

"Listen," she said. "You don't know me yet. I'm an awfully strange person. I want people to tell me the truth always. You are sixteen, I hear, and I am twenty-one. You see, I'm very much older than you, and that is why you must always tell me the truth–and," she added, "do what I tell you. Look at me! Why don't you look at me?"

I was more confused than ever, but I did raise my eyes and look at her. She smiled, not as before, but approvingly.

"Look at me," she said, dropping her voice caressingly. "I do not mind it at all. I like your face. I have a feeling we shall be friends. And do you like me?" she added slyly.

"Princess–" I began.

"First of all, you must call me Zinaida Alexandrovna, and, second, what a strange habit children"–she quickly corrected herself–"young men have of not saying frankly what they feel. That's all very well for grown ups. You do like me, don't you?"

Though I was very pleased that she should be talking so frankly to me, I was a little hurt. I wanted to show her that she was not dealing with a mere boy, and, assuming as serious and nonchalant an air as I could, I said, "Of course I like you very much, Zinaida Alexandrovna. I have no wish to conceal it."

She shook her head slowly. "Have you a tutor?" she asked suddenly.

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"No, I haven't had one for ages." I was telling a lie: it was not a month since I had parted with my Frenchman.

"Oh, I see, you're quite grown up." She rapped me lightly over the fingers. "Hold your hands straight!"

And she busily began winding the ball of wool. I took advantage of the fact that she did not raise her eyes to examine her at first stealthily and then more and more boldly. I thought her face was even more lovely than on the previous day: everything in it was so delicate, intelligent, and charming. She was sitting with her back to the window, which was covered with a white blind: the sunshine streaming through the blind shed a soft light on her fine, golden hair, her virginal throat, her sloping shoulders, and her calm, tender bosom. I gazed at her—and how dear and near she was already to me! I couldn't help feeling that I had known her a long, long time and that before her I had known nothing and had not lived. She was wearing a dark, rather old and worn dress with an apron; I would gladly have caressed every fold of that dress and that apron. The tips of her shoes peeped from under her skirt: I could have knelt in adoration to those shoes! "And here I am, sitting in front of her," I thought. "I have made her acquaintance. God! What happiness!" I almost leapt from my chair in ecstasy, but, in fact, all I did was to swing my legs a little, like a child eating a sweet.

I was as happy as a fish in water. I could have stayed in that room forever. I could have never left it.

Her eyelids were slowly raised and once more her bright eyes shone caressingly upon me, and again she smiled. "How you do look at me!" she said slowly, and she shook a finger at me.

I blushed. "She understands everything; she sees everything," flashed across my mind. "And how could she fail to understand it all and see it all?"

Suddenly there was a clatter in the next room—a sabre clanked.

"Zeena," the old princess cried from the drawing room, "Belovzorov has brought you a kitten!"

"A kitten!" cried Zinaida, and, rising impetuously from her chair, she threw the ball of wool into my lap and ran out of the room.

I too got up and, leaving the skein and the ball of wool on the windowsill, went out into the drawing room and stopped dead in amazement: a tabby kitten was lying in the middle of the room with its paws in the air; Zinaida was on her knees before it, cautiously lifting up its tiny head. Near the old princess, almost filling the entire space between the two

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windows, I saw a fair-haired and curly-headed, stalwart, young hussar officer, with a pink face and protruding eyes.

"What a funny little thing!" Zinaida was saying. "And its eyes aren't grey—they're green—and what enormous ears he's got! Thank you, Victor! How sweet of you."

The hussar, whom I recognized as one of the young men I had seen the previous evening, smiled and bowed, clicking his spurs and clinking the chain of his sabre.

"You were pleased to say yesterday that you'd like to have a tabby kitten with large ears, so I—I got one. Your word is law." And he bowed again.

The kitten miaowed feebly and began to sniff the floor.

"It's hungry!" cried Zinaida. "Vonifaty, Sonia, bring some milk."

The maid, in an old yellow dress and with a faded kerchief round her neck, came in with a saucer of milk in her hands and set it before the kitten. The kitten gave a start, screwed up its eyes, and began to lap.

"What a pink little tongue it's got!" observed Zinaida, bending her head almost to the floor and looking at the kitten sideways under its very nose.

The kitten drank its fill and began purring and moving its paws up and down finickingly. Zinaida got up and, turning to the maid, said in an indifferent voice, "Take it away."

"Allow me to kiss your hand in return for the kitten," said the hussar, flashing his teeth and flexing his whole powerful frame, tightly encased in a new uniform.

"Both of them," replied Zinaida, and she held out her hands to him.

While he kissed them, she looked at me over his shoulder.

I stood stock still and did not know whether to laugh, to say something, or to remain silent. Suddenly I caught sight of our footman, Fyodor, through the open passage door. He was making signs to me. Mechanically I went out to him.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"Your mother has sent for you," he said in a whisper. "She is angry because you haven't come back with the answer."

"Why, have I been here long?"

"Over an hour, sir."

"Over an hour!" I repeated involuntarily and, returning to the drawing room, I began to take my leave, bowing and scraping my feet.

"Where are you off to?" asked the young princess, glancing at me from behind the hussar.

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"I'm afraid I have to go home. . . . So I am to say," I added, turning to the old woman, "that you will call on us about two o'clock?"

"Yes, do say that, dear boy." The old princess hurriedly reached for a snuff-box and took the snuff so noisily that it almost made me jump. "Yes, do say that," she repeated, blinking tearfully and groaning.

I bowed once more, turned, and walked out of the room with that uncomfortable sensation in my back which a very young man feels when he knows he is being watched from behind.

"Mind you come and see us again, M'sieu Woldemar!" cried Zinaida, and laughed again.

"Why is she always laughing?" I thought as I was returning home, accompanied by Fyodor, who said nothing to me, but walked behind me with a disapproving air. My mother scolded me and wondered what I could have been doing so long at the princess's. I made no answer and went off to my room. Suddenly I felt very sad. I tried hard not to cry. I was jealous of the hussar.

The old princess paid a visit to my mother as she had promised. My mother did not like her. I was not present at their interview, but at dinner my mother told my father that this Princess Zasyekin struck her as *une femme très vulgaire*, that she had wearied her out with her requests to intercede on her behalf with Prince Sergey, that she seemed to be involved in some lawsuits and shady business deals–*des vilaines affaires d'argent*–and that she must be a thoroughly unpleasant woman. My mother, however, added that she had asked her and her daughter to dinner the next day (hearing the words "and her daughter," I buried my nose in my plate), because she was, after all, a neighbour and a titled woman. Upon which my father informed my mother that he now remembered who this lady was; that when he was a young man he had known the late Prince Zasyekin, a highly cultured but frivolous and ridiculous man; that in society he was known as "*le Parisien*" because he had lived in Paris for a long time; that he had been very rich but had gambled away his entire fortune, and for some unknown reason, probably for money–"though he could have made a much better choice," my father added with a cold smile–married the daughter of some departmental clerk and after his marriage had begun speculating and completely ruined himself.

"I do hope she's not going to ask for a loan," observed my mother.

"I should not be in the least surprised," my father said calmly. "Does she speak French?"

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"Very badly."

"I see. However, that doesn't matter. I think you said you'd also asked her daughter? Someone was telling me that she was a very charming and well-educated girl."

"Oh? Then she can't take after her mother."

"No, nor after her father," said my father. "He was cultured too, but a fool."

My mother sighed and sank into thought. My father was silent. I felt very uncomfortable during this conversation.

After dinner I went into the garden, but without my gun. I vowed not to go near the "Zasyekin garden," but an irresistible force drew me there, and I was not disappointed. For I had hardly reached the fence when I caught sight of Zinaida. This time she was alone. She had a book in her hand and was walking slowly along the path. She did not notice me.

I nearly let her pass by, but suddenly recollected myself and coughed. She turned round but did not stop. With her hand she pushed back the broad blue ribbon of her round straw hat, looked at me, smiled gently, and again dropped her eyes to the book.

I took off my cap and, after hesitating a little, walked away with a heavy heart. "*Que suis je pour elle* [What am I to her]?" I thought (goodness only knows why!) in French.

Familiar footsteps sounded behind me: I looked round—my father was coming towards me with his light, quick step. "Is that the young princess?" he asked me.

"Yes."

"Do you know her?"

"I saw her this morning at the old princess's."

My father stopped and, turning sharply on his heels, went back. Drawing level with Zinaida, he bowed to her courteously. She too bowed to him—not without some surprise, though—and lowered her book. I saw how she followed him with her eyes. My father always dressed very exquisitely and simply and in a style all his own; but never before had his figure struck me as more elegant, and never before had his grey hat sat more handsomely on his barely perceptibly thinning hair.

I walked towards Zinaida, but she did not even glance at me. She raised her book again and walked away.

I spent the whole of that evening and the following morning in a state of stunned misery. I remember I tried to work and opened Kaydanov, but the clearly printed lines and pages of the celebrated text-book flashed

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The count was a very handsome and fashionably dressed, dark-haired young man with expressive brown eyes, a small, narrow white nose, and a thin moustache above a tiny mouth.

"It's not fair," repeated Belovzorov and the gentleman who had been introduced as a retired captain, a man in his forties, hideously pockmarked, with frizzy hair like a Negro's, bandy-legged, and dressed in a military coat without epaulettes, which he wore unbuttoned.

"Write out the ticket, I tell you," repeated the princess. "What is this? A mutiny? M'sieu Woldemar is here for the first time, and today the rules do not apply to him. Don't grumble, and write it out! That is my wish."

The count shrugged his shoulders, but, bowing his head obediently, picked up a pen in his white, beringed fingers, tore off a scrap of paper, and began writing on it.

"Let me at least explain to M'sieu Woldemar what this is all about," began Lushin in a sarcastic voice, "or else he'll be completely at a loss. You see, young man, we are playing a game of forfeits. The princess has to pay a forfeit, and he who draws the lucky ticket will have the right to kiss her hand. Do you understand what I have told you?"

I just glanced at him and continued to stand like one in a trance, while the young princess again jumped on a chair and once more began shaking the hat. They all moved up to her, and I with the rest.

"Maydanov," said the princess to the tall young man with a thin face, short-sighted little eyes, and extremely long black hair, "you, as a poet, ought to be magnanimous and give up your ticket to M'sieu Woldemar so that he may have two chances instead of one."

But Maydanov shook his head and tossed back his hair. I put my hand into the hat after all the others and unfolded my ticket. Good Lord, what did I feel when I saw on it the word *kiss!*

"Kiss!" I cried involuntarily.

"Bravo, he won!" the young princess cried. "I am so glad!" She got off the chair, looked into my eyes, and gave me such a bright and sweet look that my heart turned over within me. "Are you glad?" she asked me.

"Me?" I murmured.

"Sell me your ticket," Belovzorov suddenly blurted out in my ear. "I'll give you a hundred roubles."

I answered the hussar with so indignant a look that Zinaida clapped her hands, while Lushin cried, "Stout fellow! But," he added, "as master of ceremonies, I am obliged to see that all the rules are kept. M'sieu Woldemar, go down on one knee! That's our rule."

Zinaida stood in front of me with her head a little on one side, as though she wished to get a better look at me, and held out her hand to

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Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sect. I
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Judgement,* First Part, Sect. I, Bk. I
Joyce, Vol. 59, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Apuleius, "Cupid and Psyche," Vol. 3
Arnold, *Study of Poetry; Sweetness and Light,* Vol. 5
De Quincey, *On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth,* Vol. 5
Fabre, *Laboratory of the Open Fields,* Vol. 8
Hume, *Of the Standard of Taste,* Vol. 5
Pater, "Art of Life," Vol. 10
Schopenhauer, *On the Comparative Place of Interest and Beauty in Works of Art,* Vol. 5

## *Of Discourse*

Vol. 5, pages 95–96

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

DIALECTIC, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*b*(2): The technique of question and answer
OPINION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*c*: Reasoning and argument concerning matters of opinion: comparison of demonstration and persuasion, principles and assumptions, axioms and postulates
RHETORIC, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*a*: The devices of rhetoric: figures of speech; the extension and contraction of discourse

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bks. VI–VII
Aristotle, Vol. 7, *Topics,* Bk. VIII; Vol. 8, *Rhetoric,* Bk. I, Chaps. 1–2; Bk. II, Chaps. 18–26
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of the art of discussion*
Bacon, Vol. 28, *Advancement of Learning,* Second Book
Mill, J. S., Vol. 40, *On Liberty,* Chap. 2

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Dewey, "Process of Thought," Vol. 10
Dickens, "Full and Faithful Report of the Memorable Trial of Bardell against Pickwick," Vol. 2
Kipling, *Mowgli's Brothers,* Vol. 2
Mill, J. S., "Childhood and Youth," Vol. 6
Tolstoy, *Three Hermits,* Vol. 3
Voltaire, "Philosophy of Common Sense," Vol. 10

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me with an air of great solemnity. Everything went black before my eyes; I was about to go down on one knee, but sank on both and touched Zinaida's fingers so awkwardly with my lips that I scratched the tip of my nose on her nail.

"Splendid!" cried Lushin, and helped me to get up.

The game of forfeits went on. Zinaida made me sit down beside her. The forfeits she thought of! She had, among other things, to represent a statue, and she chose the hideous Nirmatsky as her pedestal, told him to lie down on the floor and to lower his head to his chest. The laughter never ceased for a moment. All this noise and uproar, all this unceremonious, almost riotous gaiety, all this strange relationship with unknown persons, simply went to my head, for I had been brought up soberly, in the seclusion of a staid country house. I was intoxicated, as though with wine. I began laughing at the top of my voice and talking a lot of nonsense more loudly than the others, so that even the old princess, who was sitting in the next room with some pettifogging lawyer's clerk from the Iversky Gate, who had been invited for a consultation, came out to have a look at me. But I felt so intensely happy that I did not care for anyone's sarcastic remarks or anyone's disapproving looks.

Zinaida continued to show a preference for me, and would not let me leave her side. For one forfeit I had to sit beside her, both of us covered with the same silk kerchief: I had to tell her *my secret.* I remember how both our heads were suddenly plunged in a close, semi-transparent, fragrant darkness and how near and how softly her eyes shone in this darkness, and I remember the burning breath of her parted lips and the glint of her teeth and how her hair tickled and scorched me. I was silent. She smiled mysteriously and slyly and at last whispered to me, "Well, what is it?" but I only blushed and laughed and turned away, hardly able to breathe. We got tired of forfeits and began playing a game with string. Heavens, how delighted I was when, in a moment of absentmindedness, I received a sharp and painful blow on my fingers and how I afterwards purposely tried to pretend that I was not paying attention and she teased me and refused to touch the hands that I held out to her!

The things we did that evening! We played the piano, we sang and danced, and we acted a gipsy encampment. Nirmatsky was dressed up as a bear and made to drink salt water. Count Malevsky showed us all sorts of card tricks and finished up by shuffling the cards and dealing himself all the trumps at whist, upon which Lushin "had the honour" to congratulate him. Maydanov recited passages from his poem "The Murderer" (all this took place at a time when the romantic movement was at its

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height), which he intended to publish in a black cover with the title printed in blood-red letters; we stole the lawyer's clerk's cap off his knee and made him dance a Cossack dance by way of ransom; we dressed up old Vonifaty in a bonnet, and the young princess put on a man's hat . . . It is impossible to enumerate everything we did that evening. Belovzorov alone skulked in a corner, looking cross and frowning. Sometimes his eyes would become bloodshot, he flushed all over, and it seemed as though he would at any moment hurl himself upon us all and scatter us in all directions; but the young princess would glance at him, shake her finger, and he would once more slink back to his corner.

We were quite worn out at last. Even the old princess, who, as she expressed it, could "put up with anything"–no amount of noise seemed to trouble her–felt tired and declared that she would like to have a little rest. At midnight, supper was served. It consisted of a piece of stale, dry cheese and some cold ham patties which seemed more delicious to me than any pies; there was only one bottle of wine, and that too was a rather strange one: a dark-coloured bottle with a blown-out neck, and the wine in it smelt of pink paint: however, no one drank it. Tired and exhausted with happiness, I left the cottage: at parting, Zinaida pressed my hand warmly and again smiled enigmatically.

The night air was heavy and damp against my burning face. A storm seemed to be gathering. Black clouds grew and crept across the sky, changing their smoky outlines even while one looked at them. The breeze quivered restlessly in the dark trees, and somewhere far beyond the horizon thunder was growing angrily and hollowly, as though to itself.

I made my way to my room by the back door. The old man-servant who looked after me was asleep on the floor, and I had to step over him; he woke up, saw me, and told me that my mother had again been angry with me and had again wanted to send for me, but that my father would not let her. (I never went to bed without saying good night to my mother and asking her blessing.) However, there was nothing to be done about it now!

I told my man-servant that I would undress and get myself to bed, and put out the candle. But I did not undress and I did not go to bed.

I sat down on a chair and sat there a long time, like one enchanted. What I felt was so new and so sweet. I sat still, hardly looking around and without moving, breathing slowly, and only at times laughing silently at something I remembered or turning cold inwardly at the thought that I was in love and that that was *it*, that was love. Zinaida's face floated slowly before me in the darkness–floated, but did not float away; her

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lips still wore the same enigmatic smile; her eyes still looked at me a little sideways, questioningly, dreamily, tenderly, as at the moment when I had parted from her. At last I got up, tiptoed to my bed, and without undressing, carefully laid my head on the pillow, as though afraid to disturb by an abrupt movement that which filled my whole being.

I lay down but did not even close my eyes. Soon I noticed faint glimmers of light continually lighting up my room. I sat up and looked at the window. The window bars showed up against the mysteriously and dimly lit panes. "A thunderstorm," I thought, and I was right. It was a storm, but it was very far away, so that the thunder could not be heard; only the faint, long, branching-out forks of lightning flashed uninterruptedly across the sky: they did not flash so much as quiver and twitch, like the wing of a dying bird. I got up, went to the window, and stood there till morning. The lightning did not cease for a moment; it was what is known among the peasants as a "sparrow night," or a night of uninterrupted storm with thunder and lightning. I looked at the silent stretch of sand and the dark mass of the Neskoochny Park, at the yellowish façades of distant buildings, which also seemed to quiver with each faint flash. I looked and could not tear myself away: this silent lightning, these restrained gleams of light, seemed to respond to the mute and secret fires which kept blazing up in me too. Morning began to break; the dawn came up in crimson patches. As the sun rose higher in the sky, the flashes of lightning grew fainter and less frequent: they quivered more and more seldom and at last vanished, drowned in the tempering and clear light of the rising day.

And the lightning within me vanished too. I felt a great weariness and silence. But Zinaida's image continued to hover triumphant over my soul. Only this image too seemed more at peace; like a swan rising from the reeds of a marsh into the air, it detached itself from the unseemly figures which surrounded it, and as I fell asleep I clung to it for a last time in a parting and trusting adoration.

Oh, gentle feelings, soft sounds, the goodness and the growing calm of a heart that is deeply moved, the melting gladness of the first tender raptures of love—where are you? Where are you?

Next morning when I came down to breakfast my mother scolded me—not as much as I had expected, however—and made me tell her how I had spent the previous evening. I answered her in a few words, leaving out many details and trying to make everything appear most innocent.

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"All the same, they're not *comme il faut* [socially proper]," observed my mother, "and you have no business to be hanging about there instead of working for your examinations."

Knowing that my mother's concern for my studies would be confined to these few words, I did not consider it necessary to take exception to what she had said; but after breakfast my father put his arm through mine, and, going into the garden with me, made me give him a full account of all I had seen at the Zasyekins'.

My father had a strange influence on me—and strange indeed were our relations towards one another. He took practically no part in my education, but he never hurt my feelings; he respected my freedom; he even was, if I may put it this way, polite to me; but he never let me come near him. I loved him and I admired him. He seemed to me to be a paragon of a man—and, dear me, how passionately attached to him I should have grown if only I had not constantly felt his restraining hand! Yet he could, whenever he wanted to, arouse in me an absolute trust in him almost instantaneously, by one single movement, as it were. My heart opened up to him and I chatted to him as I would to an intelligent friend or an indulgent teacher; then he would desert me with the same suddenness, and his hand would push me away again—gently and tenderly, but push me away it did for all that.

Occasionally a gay mood would come upon him, and then he would be ready to play with me as though he were a little boy himself (he was fond of all strong physical exertions); once—only once!—he caressed me with such tenderness that I nearly burst into tears. But his gaiety and tenderness vanished without a trace, and what had passed between us gave me no hope for the future; it was as though it had all been happening in a dream. Sometimes as I gazed at his handsome, clever, bright face my heart would leap up and all my being would rush towards him. . . . He seemed to feel what was going on inside me, and he would give me a casual pat on the cheek and go away and do something, or he would suddenly turn cold as only he knew how to turn cold, and I would shrink back within myself at once and go cold too. His rare fits of friendliness towards me were never caused by my mute but unmistakable entreaties: they always came quite unexpectedly. Reflecting on my father's character afterwards, I came to the conclusion that he could not be bothered with me—or with his family; it was other things he cared for, and he derived full satisfaction from them. "Grab all you can, but never allow yourself to be caught; to belong to yourself alone is the whole trick of living," he

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the same time irony, pensiveness, and passionateness. The most various emotions, light and swift like shadows of clouds on a windy, sunny day, chased each other continuously over her lips and eyes.

Every one of her admirers was necessary to her. Belovzorov, whom she sometimes called "my wild beast," and sometimes simply "mine," would gladly have flung himself into the fire for her; placing little confidence in his own intellectual abilities and other accomplishments, he kept proposing marriage to her, hinting darkly that the others only talked. Maydanov responded to the poetic chords of her soul: a rather cold man, like nearly all writers, he kept assuring her strenuously, and perhaps himself too, that he adored her; he extolled her in endless verses and read them to her with a kind of affected yet sincere enthusiasm. She sympathized with him and at the same time made fun of him a little; she had no great faith in him, and, after listening to his effusions, made him read Pushkin—in order, as she said, to "clear the air." Lushin, the sarcastic doctor, who was so cynical in speech, knew her better than any of them—and loved her more than any of them, though he scolded her to her face and behind her back. She respected him but paid him back in his own coin, and occasionally used to make him feel with particularly malicious pleasure that he was completely in her power. "I am a flirt, I'm heartless, I am an actress by nature," she said to him once in my presence. "Oh, all right, then! Give me your hand and I will stick a pin in it and you'll be ashamed before this young man. It will hurt you, but all the same you will be good enough to laugh, Mr. Truthful Man." Lushin flushed, turned away, bit his lips, but in the end held out his hand to her. She pricked him, and he did begin to laugh—and she laughed too, driving the pin in quite deep, and kept peering into his eyes, with which he tried in vain not to look at her.

Least of all did I understand the relations which existed between Zinaida and Count Malevsky. He was good-looking, adroit, and intelligent, but even I, at sixteen, felt that there was something equivocal, something false about him, and I was surprised that Zinaida did not notice it. But possibly she did notice this falseness and felt no aversion to it. Her irregular education, strange acquaintances and habits, the constant presence of her mother, poverty and disorder in the house—everything, beginning with the very freedom which the young girl enjoyed, and with the consciousness of her superiority over the people round her, had developed in her a sort of half-disdainful carelessness and a lack of fastidiousness. Whatever happened, whether Vonifaty came in to announce that there was no sugar left, or whether some unsavoury piece of scandal

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came to light, or her guests began to quarrel, she would only shake her curls, say, "Nonsense," and take no notice of it.

On the other hand, my blood used to boil every time Malevsky went up to her, swaying cunningly like a fox, leaned elegantly against the back of her chair, and began whispering into her ear with a self-satisfied and ingratiating little smile, while she would fold her arms over her bosom, look attentively at him, and smile herself and nod her head.

"What do you want to receive Count Malevsky for?" I asked her one day.

"Oh, but he has such a lovely little moustache," she replied. "But I'm afraid that is something you don't understand. . . .

"You don't think I'm in love with him, do you?" she said to me another time. "Oh, no, I couldn't possibly be in love with people whom I have to look down on. I want someone who will master me. But, thank goodness, I shall never come across any man like that! I will never fall into any man's clutches–never!"

"You'll never be in love, then?"

"And what about you? Don't I love you?" she said and flicked me on the nose with the tips of her glove.

Yes, Zinaida amused herself a great deal at my expense. For three weeks I saw her every day, and what didn't she do to me! She visited us seldom, and I was not sorry for it: in our house she became transformed into a young lady, a princess, and I was shy of her. I was afraid of betraying myself in front of my mother; she was not at all kindly disposed towards Zinaida, and watched us with an unfriendly eye. I was not so much afraid of my father: he did not seem to notice me and spoke very little to her, but whatever he said to her seemed somehow particularly brilliant and significant.

I stopped working and reading; I even stopped going for walks in the neighbourhood and riding. Like a beetle tied by the leg, I circled constantly round my beloved little cottage: I would have stayed there forever if I could. But that was impossible. My mother grumbled at me, and sometimes Zinaida herself used to drive me away. Then I would shut myself up in my room, or go to the end of the garden, climb onto the very top of the ruin of a high brick green-house, and, with my legs dangling from the wall that looked onto the road, sit there for hours, staring and staring and seeing nothing. White butterflies fluttered lazily on the dusty nettles near me; a cheeky sparrow settled not far off on a half-broken red brick, twittering irritably, incessantly turning with its whole body and preening its little tail; now and then the still mistrustful crows

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cawed, sitting very high up on the bare top of a birch; the sun and the wind played gently in its sparse branches; the sound of the bells of the Donskoy monastery came floating across at times, tranquil and melancholy, while I sat there, gazing and listening, filled to overflowing with a kind of nameless sensation which had everything in it: sadness and joy, a premonition of the future, and desire, and fear of life. But just then I understood nothing of it and could not have given a name to anything that was seething within me, or I should have called it all by one name–the name of Zinaida.

And Zinaida continued to play with me like a cat with a mouse. Sometimes she would flirt with me, and I was all agitated and melting with emotion; at other times she would suddenly push me away, and I dared not go near her, dared not look at her.

I remember she was very distant with me for several days. I was completely abashed and, dropping in timidly at the cottage, tried to keep close to the old princess, in spite of her being particularly loud-voiced and abusive just at that time: her financial affairs had been going badly and she had already had to give two statements to the police.

One day as I was walking in the garden past the familiar fence I caught sight of Zinaida: she was sitting on the grass, her head propped up on both her hands, and did not stir. I was about to retreat cautiously, but she suddenly raised her head and signalled to me imperiously to come up to her. I was rooted to the spot: I failed to understand what she meant at first. She signalled to me again. I jumped over the fence at once and rushed joyfully up to her, but she stopped me with a glance and pointed to a path two paces away from her. Overcome with confusion and not knowing what to do, I knelt at the edge of the path. She was so pale, and such bitter grief, such profound weariness were manifest in every feature of her face that my heart contracted and I murmured involuntarily, "What's the matter?"

Zinaida stretched out her hand, tore off a blade of grass, bit it, and flung it from her as far as she could. "Do you love me very much?" she asked at last. "Do you?"

I made no answer, and what need was there for me to answer?

"You do," she said, looking at me as before. "That is so. The same eyes," she added; then sank into thought and buried her face in her hands. "I'm sick and tired of it all," she whispered. "I wish I could go away somewhere, far, far away. I can't bear it; I can't do anything about it. And what sort of future can I hope for? Oh, I am so miserable! God, I am so miserable!"

"Why?" I asked timidly.

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Zinaida did not reply, and only shrugged her shoulders. I remained on my knees, looking at her with blank despondency. Every word of hers cut me to the heart. At that moment I would, I believe, gladly have given up my life, if only she would have no more cause to grieve. I gazed at her, and, still not understanding why she was so unhappy, I vividly pictured to myself how, suddenly, in a fit of irrepressible sorrow, she had gone into the garden and collapsed on the ground as though felled by a blow. All round us everything was bright and green; the wind rustled in the leaves of the trees, now and again swinging a long raspberry cane over Zinaida's head. Somewhere doves were cooing and bees were buzzing, flying low over the sparse grass. Overhead the sky was blue and tender—but I felt terribly sad.

"Read me some poetry, please," said Zinaida softly, raising herself on an elbow. "I like the way you read poetry. You speak it in a sing-song way, but that doesn't matter; that is because you are so young. Read me 'On the Hills of Georgia,' only first sit down."

I sat down and recited "On the Hills of Georgia."

" 'Which it cannot choose but love,' " Zinaida repeated. "That's why poetry is so good: it speaks to us of what does not exist and which is not only better than what exists but even more like the truth. . . . 'Which it cannot choose but love'—it would like not to, but cannot!"

She fell silent again and suddenly started and got up. "Come along. Maydanov is in the house with Mother. He's brought me his poem, but I left him. His feelings too are hurt now, but it can't be helped. You'll find out someday—only don't be angry with me!" Zinaida pressed my hand hurriedly and ran on ahead.

We went back to the cottage. Maydanov began reading to us his "Murderer," which had just been published, but I did not listen to him. He shouted his four-foot iambics in a sing-song voice; the rhymes alternated, ringing like harness bells, loud and hollow, while I kept looking at Zinaida, trying to grasp the meaning of her last words.

> Or perchance some secret rival
> Hath without warning conquered thee?

Maydanov cried suddenly in a nasal tone—and my eyes and Zinaida's met. She dropped them and blushed slightly. I saw her blush, and froze with terror. I had been jealous of her before, but it was only at that moment that the thought that she was in love flashed through my mind. "Good Lord, she is in love!"

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## *Of Studies*

Vol. 5, pages 97–98

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

EDUCATION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*c*: The nature of learning: its several modes
MIND, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*a*(3): The functioning of intellect: the acts of understanding, judgment, and reasoning

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bks. VI–VII
Aquinas, Vol. 17, *Summa Theologica,* First Part, Q 85, Art. 1–Q 87, Art. 3
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of books*
Bacon, Vol. 28, *Advancement of Learning,* First Book
Descartes, Vol. 28, *Rules for the Direction of the Mind,* Rules VIII–XII; *Discourse on Method,* Part I
Dewey, Vol. 55, *Experience and Education*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

De Quincey, *Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power,* Vol. 5
Erskine, *Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent,* Vol. 10
Franklin, *Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania,* Vol. 6
Mill, J. S., "Childhood and Youth," Vol. 6
Saint-Beuve, *What Is a Classic?,* Vol. 5
Schopenhauer, *On Some Forms of Literature,* Vol. 5; *On Education,* Vol. 7
Tolstoy, *Three Hermits,* Vol. 3
Woolf, *How Should One Read a Book?,* Vol. 5

## *Of Youth and Age*

Vol. 7, pages 3–4

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

FAMILY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*c*: The condition of immaturity
Topic 6*e*: The initiation of children into adult life
MAN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 6*c*: The ages of man: infancy, youth, maturity, senescence; generational conflict

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bks. I, VI, VII

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From that moment my real torments began. I racked my brain, thought it over again and again, and kept a relentless, though as far as possible secret, watch on Zinaida. It was quite clear that a change had come over her. She went for walks alone and was away for hours. Sometimes she refused to see her visitors; she sat for hours in her room. This had never happened to her before. I had suddenly become—or imagined that I had become—extremely perspicacious. "It isn't he, or is it?" I asked myself in alarm as I went over her different admirers in my mind. Count Malevsky (though for Zinaida's sake I was ashamed to admit it to myself) I secretly regarded as more dangerous than the others.

My powers of observation did not go farther than the end of my nose, and my secrecy most likely deceived no one; Dr. Lushin, at least, soon saw through me. He too, though, had changed of late. He had grown thinner; he laughed just as often, it is true, but his laughter somehow sounded more hollow, more spiteful, and much shorter, and in place of his former light irony and affected cynicism he now displayed a nervous irritability.

"Why are you always hanging about here, young man?" he said to me one day when we were left alone together in the Zasyekins' drawing room. (The young princess had not yet returned from her walk, and the shrill voice of the old princess could be heard on the first floor: she was having words with her maid.) "You ought to be studying, working, while you're young, and what on earth do you think you're doing?"

"You can't tell whether I work at home or not," I replied, not without haughtiness, though not without some embarrassment, either.

"Working indeed! You've something else on your mind. Well, I won't argue with you about it. At your age it's what one would expect. Except that you've been terribly unlucky in your choice. Don't you see what sort of house this is?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said.

"Don't you? So much the worse for you. I consider it my duty to warn you. It's all right for old bachelors like me to go on coming here: nothing much could happen to us, could it? We've been hardened in the battle of life. Nothing can hurt us now. But you've still got a tender skin. The atmosphere here is bad for you. Believe me, you might become infected."

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. Are you well now? Are you in a normal condition? Is what you feel now healthy for you? Is it good for you?"

"Why, what am I feeling?" I said, while in my heart I realized full well that the doctor was right.

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"And is that all?" asked Maydanov.

"That's all," she replied.

"That can't be the subject of a whole epic poem," he remarked pompously, "but I shall make use of your idea for a lyric poem."

"In the romantic style?" asked Malevsky.

"Of course, in the romantic style. The Byronic."

"Well, in my opinion Hugo is better than Byron," the young count declared nonchalantly. "More interesting."

"Hugo is a first-rate writer," replied Maydanov, "and my friend Tonkosheyev, in his Spanish novel *El Trovador*–"

"Oh," interrupted Zinaida, "is that the book with the question marks upside down?"

"Yes. That is the rule with the Spaniards. What I wanted to say was that Tonkosheyev–"

"Oh, dear, you'll be arguing again about classicism and romanticism," Zinaida interrupted him a second time. "Come, we'd better play a game."

"Forfeits?" Lushin asked.

"No. Forfeits is boring. Let's play comparisons." (Zinaida had invented this game herself. Some object was mentioned, and everyone tried to compare it with something else, and the one who chose the best comparison got the prize.)

She went up to the window. The sun had just set; long red clouds stood high in the sky.

"What are those clouds like?" asked Zinaida, and, without waiting for an answer, said, "I think they are like the purple sails on the golden ship in which Cleopatra sailed to meet Antony. Remember, Maydanov, you were telling me about it not long ago?"

All of us, like Polonius in *Hamlet*, declared that the clouds were exactly like those sails and that not one of us could find a better comparison.

"And how old was Antony then?" asked Zinaida.

"He was certainly a young man," observed Malevsky.

"Yes, a young man," Maydanov affirmed emphatically.

"I'm sorry," cried Lushin, "but he was over forty!"

"Over forty," repeated Zinaida, giving him a quick glance.

I went home soon. "She's in love," my lips whispered involuntarily. "But with whom?"

Days passed. Zinaida became stranger and stranger and more and more incomprehensible. One day I went into her room and saw her sitting

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on a wicker chair with her head pressed against the sharp edge of the table. She sat up–her face was wet with tears. "Oh, it's you!" she said with a cruel smile. "Come here."

I went up to her. She put her hand on my head and, seizing me by the hair suddenly began to twist it.

"It hurts!" I said at last.

"Oh, it hurts, does it? And do you think it doesn't hurt me? Me?" she repeated. "Oh, dear!" she cried suddenly, seeing she had pulled a little tuft of hair out of my head. "What have I done? Poor M'sieu Woldemar!" She carefully smoothed the hair she had torn out, wrapped it round her finger, and twisted it into a ring. "I'll put your hair in a locket and wear it round my neck," she said, tears still glistening in her eyes. "This will perhaps comfort you a little, and now good-bye."

I returned home to discover a disagreeable state of affairs. My mother was having words with my father, she was reproaching him for something; and he, as was his habit, responded with a polite and frigid silence, and soon left the house. I could not hear what my mother was saying, and, anyway, I had other things on my mind; I remember only that after her talk with my father, she sent for me to the study and told me that she was very displeased with my frequent visits to the old princess, who, in her words, was *"une femme capable de tout."* I kissed her hand (this was what I always did when I wanted to cut short a conversation) and went up to my room. Zinaida's tears had completely bewildered me. I simply did not know what to think and was about to burst into tears myself: I was a child, after all, in spite of my sixteen years.

I was no longer thinking of Malevsky, though Belovzorov was assuming more and more menacing attitudes every day and kept looking at the shifty count like a wolf at a sheep. As for me, I had no longer any thought of anyone or anything. I was lost in all sorts of speculations and was always trying to find some secluded spots. I became particularly fond of the ruins of the hot-house. I used to climb onto the high wall, sit on top of it, and remain sitting there, an unhappy, solitary, and melancholy youth, so that in the end I felt sorry for myself. And how sweet were those mournful sensations! How I revelled in them!

One day I was sitting on the wall, looking into the distance and listening to the ringing of the church bells; suddenly something passed over me–it wasn't a wind, it wasn't a shiver, but something like a hardly perceptible breath, like a sensation of someone's presence. I looked down. Below, on the road, in a light grey dress with a pink parasol on her shoulder, Zinaida was walking rapidly. She saw me, stopped, and turn-

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ing back the brim of her straw hat, raised her velvety eyes to me.

"What are you doing up there at such a height?" she asked me with a strange sort of smile. "Now," she went on, "you keep telling me that you love me. Jump down into the road to me, if you really love me."

Zinaida had scarcely uttered those words when I was falling headlong towards her just as though someone had pushed me from behind. The wall was about fifteen feet high. I reached the ground on my feet, but the impact was so strong that I could not keep my balance. I fell down and for a moment lost consciousness. When I came to, I felt, without opening my eyes, Zinaida beside me.

"My sweet boy," she was saying, bending over me, and there was a note of alarmed tenderness in her voice, "how could you do it? How could you listen to me—you know I love you. Please get up."

Her bosom rose and fell close to me; her hands were touching my head; and suddenly—oh, what became of me then?—her soft fresh lips began to cover my face with kisses—they touched my lips—but at that moment, Zinaida probably guessed from the expression on my face that I had regained consciousness, though I still did not open my eyes, and, rising quickly, she said, "Well, get up, you naughty boy, you crazy young lunatic. Why are you lying in the dust?"

I got up.

"Give me my parasol," said Zinaida. "See where I have thrown it! And don't stare at me like that! Really! You're not hurt, are you? Stung by the nettles, I expect. I tell you, don't keep staring at me. . . . Why, he doesn't understand a word, he doesn't answer," she added, as though to herself. "Go home, M'sieu Woldemar, and brush yourself, and don't you dare follow me, or I shall be angry and will never again—"

She did not finish the sentence and walked rapidly away, while I sat down by the side of the road. My legs would not support me. My arms throbbed from the stings of the nettles, my back ached, my head swam, but the feeling of bliss I experienced at that moment I never again felt in my life. It spread like a sweet pain through all my limbs and resolved itself at last in rapturous leaps and shouts. Yes, indeed, I was still a child.

I was so gay and proud all that day, I retained so vividly the sensation of Zinaida's kisses on my face, I recalled her every word with such a shudder of delight, I cherished my unexpected happiness so much, that I felt absolutely terrified, and did not even want to see her who was the cause of all these new sensations. It seemed to me that I had no right to demand anything more of fate, that all I had to do now was "go, take a

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deep breath for the last time, and die." Yet the next day, on my way to the cottage, I felt greatly embarrassed and I tried in vain to conceal my embarrassment by assuming a modestly nonchalant air, such as is proper for a man who wishes to convey that he knows how to keep a secret.

Zinaida received me very simply, without betraying any emotion. She merely shook a finger at me and asked whether I had any bruises on my body. All my modest nonchalance and air of mystery vanished instantly, and with them my embarrassment. Of course I had never expected anything in particular, but Zinaida's composure made me feel as though someone had poured cold water over me: I realized that I was a child in her eyes–and I felt very unhappy! Zinaida walked up and down the room, giving me a quick smile every time she glanced at me; but her thoughts were far away–I saw that clearly enough. "Shall I speak to her about what happened yesterday," I thought, "and ask her where she was going in such a hurry and find out once and for all?" But I just dismissed it all as hopeless and sat down quietly in a corner.

Belovzorov came in; I was glad to see him.

"I couldn't find you a quiet horse," he said in a hard voice. "Freitag says he can answer for one, but I'm not so sure. I am afraid."

"What are you afraid of, may I ask?" asked Zinaida.

"What am I afraid of? Why, you don't know how to ride. Goodness knows what might happen! And what a fantastic idea has come into your head suddenly!"

"Well, that's my affair, my dear wild beast. In that case, I'll ask Peter." (My father's name was Peter, and I was surprised that she mentioned his name in so free and easy a manner, just as though she were sure of his readiness to do her a service.)

"I see," replied Belovzorov, "so it's with him you mean to go out riding."

"With him or someone else–what difference does it make to you? Not with you, at any rate."

"Not with me," repeated Belovzorov. "As you wish. Oh, all right. I'll get you a horse."

"Only mind it isn't some old cow. I warn you, I want to gallop."

"Gallop, by all means. But with whom? You won't go riding with Malevsky, will you?"

"And why not with him, O Great Warrior? Now please calm down and don't glare at me like that. I'll take you too. You know that for me Malevsky is now–ugh!" She tossed her head.

"You say that to console me," growled Belovzorov.

Zinaida narrowed her eyes. "Does that console you? Oh, oh, oh,

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Great Warrior!" she said at last, as though unable to find another word. "And you, M'sieu Woldemar, would you come with us?"

"I shouldn't like to—not in—in a crowd," I murmured without raising my eyes.

"You prefer tête-à-tête? Well," she added with a sigh, "freedom to the free; heaven—to the saints! Go along, Belovzorov, and do your best. I must have a horse for tomorrow."

"Yes, but where are you going to get the money?" the old princess put in.

Zinaida wrinkled her brow. "I'm not asking you for it: Belovzorov will trust me."

"Trust you, trust you," growled the old princess and suddenly shouted at the top of her voice, "Dunyashka!"

"Mother, I've given you a bell," the young princess observed.

"Dunyashka!" the old woman shrieked again.

Belovzorov took his leave; I left with him. Zinaida made no attempt to detain me.

Next day I got up early, cut myself a stick, and went out for a walk beyond the toll gate. "I'll go for a walk," I thought to myself, "and get rid of my grief." It was a beautiful day, sunny and not too hot; a gay, fresh wind roamed the earth, playing and murmuring away gently, setting everything astir but disturbing nothing. I wandered a long time, over hills and through woods; I did not feel happy; I had left home with the intention of giving myself up to melancholy thoughts; but youth, the glorious weather, the fresh air, the fun of rapid walking, the delight of lying on thick grass away from everyone, got the better of me: the recollection of those unforgettable words, of those kisses, again invaded my soul. I was glad to think that Zinaida could not but recognize my resolution, my heroism. "Others may please her better than I," I thought, "let them! They will only tell her what they will do, while I have done it. . . . And that is not the only thing I could do for her!" I gave full rein to my imagination. I imagined how I would save her from the hands of enemies; how, covered with blood, I would drag her out of a dark dungeon; how I would die at her feet. I remembered a picture which hung in our drawing room: Malek-Adel carrying off Matilda—and at that very moment became absorbed in the appearance of a large, brightly coloured woodpecker, busily climbing up the slender trunk of a birch tree and peeping nervously from behind it, first to the right and then to the left, just like a double-bass player behind the neck of his instrument.

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Aristotle, Vol. 7, *On the Soul,* Bk. I, Chap. 4; Vol. 8, *Nicomachean Ethics,* Bk. I, Chap. 4; Bk. VI, Chap. 8; *Politics,* Bk. VII, Chap. 13; Bk. VIII, Chap. 7; *Rhetoric,* Bk. II, Chaps. 12–16
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of age; All things have their season; On some verses of Virgil*
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *As You Like It,* Act II, Scene VII; Vol. 25, *King Lear,* especially Act I, Scene I
Swift, Vol. 34, *Gulliver's Travels,* Part III, Chap. X
Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Vol. 40; *Federalist,* No. 79
Boswell, Vol. 41, *Life of Samuel Johnson*
Twain, Vol. 48, *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*
Tolstoy, Vol. 51, *War and Peace,* Bk. 8, Chaps. II–IV; Bk. 13, Chap. XVII
Ibsen, Vol. 52, *Wild Duck*
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chaps. XI, XV, XXIV

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Cicero, *On Old Age,* Vol. 10
Conrad, *Youth,* Vol. 2
Galsworthy, *Apple-Tree,* Vol. 3
Hazlitt, *On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth,* Vol. 10
Lamb, *Dream Children,* Vol. 5
Mill, J. S., "Childhood and Youth," Vol. 6
Plutarch, *Of Bashfulness,* Vol. 7; *Contentment,* Vol. 10
Singer, *Spinoza of Market Street,* Vol. 3
Swift, *Resolutions When I Come to be Old,* Vol. 7
Turgenev, *First Love,* Vol. 3

## *Of Parents and Children*
## *Of Marriage and Single Life*

Vol. 7, pages 5–8

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

FAMILY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4: The institution of marriage: its nature and purpose
Topic 4*c*: Matrimony and celibacy
Topic 6: Parents and children: fatherhood, motherhood
Topic 6*a*: The desire for offspring: the birthrate
Topic 7*c*: Patterns of friendship in the extended family
Topic 8: Historical observations on the institution of marriage and the family
LOVE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*b*(4): Patterns of love and friendship in the family
Topic 2*d*: Conjugal love: its sexual, fraternal, and romantic components

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I looked at her: her eyes shone softly and her face was smiling as though through a haze. "Are you still not well?" I asked her.

"No, that's all over now," she replied and picked a small red rose. "I'm a little tired, but that too will pass."

"And you'll be the same as before?" I asked.

Zinaida held the rose up to her face, and it seemed to me as if her cheeks had caught the reflection of its bright petals. "Why, have I changed?" she asked me.

"Yes, you have," I answered in a low voice.

"I've been cold to you, I know," began Zinaida, "but you shouldn't have paid any attention to it. I'm afraid I couldn't help it–but why talk about it?"

"You don't want me to love you, that's what it is!" I exclaimed darkly, in an uncontrollable outburst.

"No, do love me, but not as before."

"How then?"

"Let us be friends–that's how!" Zinaida said, giving me the rose to smell. "Listen," she said, "you know I am much older than you, don't you? I might be your aunt, mightn't I? Well, perhaps not your aunt, but your elder sister. And you–"

"And I am a child so far as you're concerned," I interrupted.

"Well, yes, a child, but a sweet, good, clever child whom I love very much. Do you know what? I'm going to make you my page from today, and please don't forget that pages should never be very far from their ladies. And here's the token of your new dignity," she added, sticking the rose in the buttonhole of my tunic, "a sign of our gracious favour."

"I used to get other favours from you before," I murmured.

"Oh!" Zinaida said, giving me a sidelong look. "What a memory he has. Oh, well, I'm just as ready now." And bending over me, she imprinted a chaste, calm kiss on my forehead.

I just looked at her, but she turned away and saying, "Follow me, my page," went towards the cottage. I followed her, but still in a state of bewilderment. "Can this gentle sensible girl," I could not help thinking, "be the Zinaida I used to know?" I thought that she walked more quietly now and that her whole figure was more stately and more graceful.

And, good Lord, with what fresh force my love flared up in me!

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After dinner the visitors gathered again at the cottage–and the young princess came out to them. The entire company was there in full force, as on that first unforgettable evening. Even Nirmatsky dragged himself to the party to see her; this time Maydanov arrived before anyone else and brought a new poem with him. The game of forfeits began again, but this time without the strange pranks, without the horseplay and noise–the gipsy element had gone. Zinaida gave a new tone to our gathering. I sat beside her, as her page. Among other things, she proposed that anyone who had to pay a forfeit should tell his dream; but this was not a success. The dreams were either uninteresting (Belovzorov had dreamt that he fed carp to his mare and that she had a wooden head), or unnatural and made-up. Maydanov regaled us with a long, long story; there were sepulchres in it, angels with lyres, talking flowers, and mysterious sounds coming from afar.

Zinaida did not let him finish. "If we have to have fiction," she said, "then let everyone tell something he has made up."

It was Belovzorov again who had to begin. The young hussar looked embarrassed. "I can't think of anything!" he exclaimed.

"What nonsense!" Zinaida cried. "Well, imagine, for instance, that you are married and tell us how you would spend your time with your wife. Would you lock her up?"

"Yes, I should."

"And would you stay with her yourself?"

"Yes, I should most certainly stay with her myself."

"Excellent. But what if she got tired of it and was unfaithful to you?"

"I'd kill her."

"And if she ran away?"

"I'd catch up with her and kill her all the same."

"I see. Well, and suppose I were your wife, what would you do then?"

Belovzorov was silent for a minute. "I'd kill myself."

Zinaida laughed. "I can see that your tale is quickly told."

The next forfeit was Zinaida's. She lifted her eyes to the ceiling and sank into thought. "Now listen," she began at last, "this is what I have thought of. Imagine a magnificent palace, a summer night, and a wonderful ball. The ball is being given by a young queen. Everywhere is gold, marble, crystal, silk, lights, diamonds, flowers, burning joss-sticks, all the wild extravagances of luxury."

"You like luxury?" Lushin interrupted her.

"Luxury is beautiful," she replied, "and I love everything beautiful."

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"More than the beautiful?" he asked.

"That sounds a little too clever," she replied. "I don't understand it. Please don't interrupt. And so, the ball is magnificent. Lots and lots of guests, and all of them are young, handsome, and brave, and all are head over heels in love with the queen."

"Are there no women among the guests?" Malevsky asked.

"No, or wait—there are."

"Are they all unattractive?"

"No, they're lovely. But the men are all in love with the queen. She is tall and graceful, and she has a little gold diadem on her black hair."

I looked at Zinaida, and at that moment she seemed to me so much above us all, there was such bright intelligence and such power about her white forehead and her motionless eyebrows, that I could not help thinking, "You are that queen yourself!"

"They all crowd round her," Zinaida went on, "they all lavish the most flattering speeches upon her."

"Why, does she like flattery?" asked Lushin.

"What an insufferable creature you are! You *will* interrupt. Who doesn't like flattery?"

"Just one last question," Malevsky observed. "Has the queen a husband?"

"I hadn't thought of that. No, why a husband?"

"Naturally," Malevsky put in. "Why should she?"

*"Silence!"* cried Maydanov in French, which he spoke badly.

*"Merci,"* Zinaida said to him. "And so," she went on, "the queen listens to these speeches, listens to the music, but does not look at any of the guests. Six windows are open from top to bottom, from floor to ceiling, and beyond them is a dark sky with big stars and a dark garden with big trees. The queen looks out into the garden. There, near the trees, is a fountain: it is white in the darkness, and it is tall, tall like a ghost. The queen hears through the talk and the music the soft plashing of its waters. She looks and thinks, 'You, gentlemen, are all noble, intelligent, rich, you crowd round me, you treasure every word I utter, you are all ready to die at my feet, I have you all in my power. But there, near the fountain, near that plashing water, he whom *I* love and who holds me in his power awaits me. He wears neither costly garments nor precious stones, no one knows him, but he waits for me, certain that I will come—and I will come, and there is no power on earth which can stop me when I want to go to him, stay with him, and lose myself with him there in the darkness of the garden, with the whispering trees and the plashing of the fountain. . . .' "

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Zinaida fell silent.

"Is this–fiction?" Malevsky inquired cunningly.

Zinaida did not even look at him.

"And what should we have done, gentlemen," Lushin suddenly said, "if we had been among the guests and had known of the lucky fellow at the fountain?"

"Wait, wait," Zinaida interrupted. "I will myself tell you what each of you would have done. You, Belovzorov, would have challenged him to a duel; you, Maydanov, would have written an epigram on him–though, no, you don't know how to write epigrams: you would have written a long poem on him in iambics, something in the style of Barbier, and would have published it in the *Telegraph.* You, Nirmatsky, would have borrowed–no, you would have loaned him money at high interest. You, Doctor . . ." She stopped. "I'm sorry, but I really don't know what you would have done."

"As her court physician," replied Lushin, "I should have advised the queen not to give balls when she was not in the mood for entertaining guests."

"Perhaps you'd have been right. And you, Count?"

"And I?" Malevsky repeated with his evil smile.

"You would have offered him a poisoned sweet."

Malevsky's face became slightly twisted and for a moment assumed a villainous look, but he burst out laughing immediately.

"As for you, Woldemar . . ." Zinaida went on. "But I suppose that's enough. Let's play another game."

"M'sieu Woldemar, as the queen's page, would have carried her train as she ran into the garden," Malevsky remarked venomously.

I flushed, but Zinaida quickly laid a hand on my shoulder and, getting up, said in a slightly trembling voice, "I never gave your lordship the right to be insolent, and I must ask you to leave." She pointed to the door.

"Good Lord, Princess," murmured Malevsky, turning very pale.

"The princess is right," cried Belovzorov and he too rose.

"Good Lord, I never expected–" Malevsky went on. "I–I believe there was nothing in my words–I had never intended to insult you. . . . Forgive me."

Zinaida looked him up and down very coldly and smiled coldly. "You may stay, if you like," she said, with a careless gesture of the hand. "M'sieu Woldemar and I have no real cause to be angry. You seem to enjoy stinging people–much good may it do you."

"Forgive me," Malevsky repeated.

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But I, recalling Zinaida's gesture, could not help reflecting once more that no real queen could have shown an impertinent man the door with greater dignity.

After this little scene the game of forfeits went on for only a short time; everyone felt rather ill at ease, not so much because of the scene itself as because of another vague but oppressive feeling. No one spoke of it, but everyone was conscious of it in himself and in his neighbour. Maydanov read us his poem, and Malevsky praised it with exaggerated warmth.

"How keen he is to show us now what a good fellow he is," Lushin whispered to me.

We soon left. Zinaida suddenly became thoughtful; the old princess sent word that she had a headache; Nirmatsky started complaining of his rheumatism.

I could not sleep for a long time. I was very much struck by Zinaida's story. "Can there have been a hint in it?" I asked myself. "And at whom and at what could she have been hinting? And if there really is something to hint at, what am I going to do about it?

"No, no, it can't be," I whispered, turning from one hot cheek to the other; but I recalled the expression on Zinaida's face as she told her story; I remembered the exclamation that had escaped Lushin in the Neskoochny Park, the sudden changes in her behaviour to me, and I was lost in conjectures. "Who is he?" These three words seemed to stand before my eyes, traced clearly in the darkness; it was as though a low, omnious cloud hung over me and I felt its pressure and was waiting for it to burst at any moment. I had got used to many things during the last few weeks, and I had seen as much as I wanted at the Zasyekins': their disorderly life, the tallow candle-ends, the broken knives and forks, the gloomy Vonifaty, the slatternly maids, the manners of the old princess herself–all this strange mode of life no longer surprised me. But what I seemed to be dimly discerning now in Zinaida I could never become used to. . . . "An adventuress," my mother had once described her. An adventuress–she, my idol, my goddess! That word stung me. I tried to escape from it into my pillow. I was indignant and, at the same time, what would I not have agreed to do, what would I not have given, to be that lucky fellow at the fountain!

My blood was on fire and coursing through my veins. "The garden–the fountain," I thought. "I'll go to the garden." I dressed quickly and slipped out of the house. The night was dark. The trees scarcely whispered; a gentle chill fell from the sky; the scent of fennel came from the

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past been in a state of almost continual wild exasperation, noticed my look of desperate determination and said to me at supper, "What are you sulking for, like a bear with a sore head?"

I just smiled condescendingly to her in reply and thought, "If they only knew!" It struck eleven; I went to my room but did not undress; I was waiting for midnight; at last it struck. "Time I went!" I muttered through my teeth, and buttoned my coat up to the top, and even rolled up my sleeves. I went into the garden. I had already selected the spot from which to keep watch: at the end of the garden, where the fence separating our part of the grounds from the Zasyekins' joined the common wall, grew a solitary pine tree. Standing under its low, thick branches, I could see quite well, as far as the darkness of the night permitted, everything that went on round me; nearby ran a path which always seemed full of mystery to me; like a snake, it crept under the fence which, at that spot, bore the marks of climbing feet and led up to a round summer-house of thickly growing acacias. I made my way to the pine tree, leaned against its trunk, and began my watch.

The night was still and quiet, like the night before; but there were fewer clouds in the sky, and the outlines of the bushes and even of tall flowers could be seen more clearly. The first moments of waiting were full of agonizing suspense and almost of terror. I was determined to stop at nothing; all I was uncertain of was what I had to do. Was I to thunder out, "Where are you going? Stop! Confess, or die!" Or should I simply strike? Every sound, every rustle and whisper, seemed extraordinarily significant. . . . I was getting ready. . . . I leaned forward. . . . But half an hour passed, an hour passed: my blood grew calmer, colder; the realization that I was doing it all for no reason, that I was even a little ridiculous, that Malevsky had pulled my leg began to dawn on me. I left my hiding place and walked all round the garden. As though on purpose, not the slightest noise could be heard; everything was at rest; even our dog was asleep, curled up by the gate. I climbed up on the ruins of the hot-house, saw the open countryside stretching far into the distance, recalled my meeting with Zinaida, and sank into a reverie. . . .

I gave a start; I thought I heard the creak of an opening door, then the faint crack of a snapping twig. In two bounds I got down from the ruin and—stood rooted to the spot. I could clearly hear the sound of rapid, light, but cautious footsteps in the garden. They were coming towards me. "Here he is—here he is at last!" raced through my heart. I pulled the knife out of my pocket convulsively, opened it convulsively—red sparks whirled round before my eyes, my hair stood on end from terror and fury.

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The footsteps were coming straight towards me. I stooped and crouched forward to meet them. A man came into view–Good heavens, it was my father!

I recognized him at once, although he was all muffled in a dark cloak and his hat was pulled down over his face. He walked past me on tiptoe. He did not notice me, though nothing concealed me, shrunk into myself and huddled up so that I seemed to be almost level with the ground. Jealous Othello, ready for murder, was suddenly transformed into a schoolboy. I became so terrified by my father's unexpected appearance that for the first few moments I did not notice where he had come from or in what direction he had disappeared. It was only when everything was quiet again that I got up from the ground and thought to myself, "Why is my father walking about in the garden at night?" In my panic I dropped my knife in the grass, but I did not even try to look for it: I was so terribly ashamed of myself. I became quite sober all at once. On my way back, however, I went up to my seat under the elder bush and looked up at the window of Zinaida's bedroom. The small, slightly curved window-panes showed dimly blue in the faint light that fell from the night sky. Suddenly their colour began to change. Behind them I saw–saw quite clearly–a whitish blind pulled down cautiously and gently to the window-sill–and it remained like that, absolutely still.

"What does this mean?" I said aloud, almost involuntarily, when I found myself once more in my room. "A dream, a mere coincidence, or–" The suppositions which suddenly came into my head were so new and disturbing that I did not dare even consider them.

I got up in the morning with a headache. The excitement of the previous day had gone. It was replaced by an oppressive feeling of bewilderment and a strange sadness I had never experienced before. It was as though something were dying inside me. "Why are you looking like a rabbit who has had half its brain removed?" said Lushin as he met me. At lunch I kept glancing stealthily first at my father and then at my mother. My father was, as usual, composed; my mother, also as usual, secretly irritated. I waited to see whether my father would say something friendly to me, as he sometimes did, but he showed not even a sign of his ordinary cold affection. "Shall I tell Zinaida everything?" I thought. "It really can't make any difference–it is all over between us, anyway." I went to see her, but not only told her nothing; I did not even succeed in talking to her, much as I wanted to. The old princess's son, a twelve-year-old cadet, had arrived from Petersburg for his holidays and Zinaida at once asked me to take him under my wing.

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"Here," she said, "my dear Vladimir (she called me that for the first time), is a companion for you. His name is Vladimir too. Please be friends. He is still very shy, but he has a kind heart. Show him the Neskoochny Park, take him for walks, take him under your protection. You will do so, won't you? You're so kind too!" She laid both her hands affectionately on my shoulders, and I was completely lost. The arrival of this boy turned me into a boy too. I looked in silence at the cadet, who stared silently back at me.

Zinaida burst out laughing and pushed us towards each other. "Come on, children," she said, "embrace."

We embraced.

"Want me to take you round the garden?" I asked the cadet.

"If you like," he replied in a hoarse, regular cadet-like voice.

Zinaida laughed again. I had time to notice that never before had the colour in her face been so lovely. The cadet and I set off for our walk. There was an old swing in our garden. I sat him down on the thin plank and began swinging him. He sat motionless in his small new uniform of thick cloth with wide gold braiding, and held on tightly to the ropes.

"Why don't you unbutton your collar?" I said to him.

"It's all right, I'm used to it," he said, and cleared his throat. He was like his sister. His eyes especially recalled her. I was glad to be of some use to him, and at the same time an aching sadness was gnawing at my heart. "Now," I thought, "I really am a little boy, whereas yesterday . . ." I remembered where I had dropped my knife the night before, and found it. The cadet asked me for it, broke off a thick stalk of wild parsley, cut himself a whistle out of it, and began whistling. Othello whistled a little too.

But, that very evening, how he wept, this same Othello, in Zinaida's arms, when, finding him in a corner of the garden, she asked him why he was so sad? My tears gushed out of my eyes with such force that she was frightened.

"What's the matter? What's wrong with you, Vladimir?" she kept repeating, and seeing that I neither replied to her nor stopped weeping, she bent down to kiss my wet cheek. But I turned away from her and whispered through my sobs, "I know everything. Why did you play with me? What did you want my love for?"

"I'm sorry, dear, dear Vladimir," said Zinaida. "Oh, I am very much to blame," she said, clasping her hands tightly. "There's so much in me that is evil, dark and wicked. . . . But now I am not playing with you. I do love you. I don't think you even suspect why and how much I love you. . . . But—what is it you know?"

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## *Of Great Place*

Vol. 7, pages 9–11

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What could I tell her? She stood before me and looked at me, and I belonged to her entirely from head to foot the moment she looked at me. . . . A quarter of an hour later I was running races with the cadet and Zinaida: I was no longer crying, I was laughing, though, as I laughed, my swollen eyelids dropped tears; Zinaida's ribbon was tied round my neck instead of a cravat, and I screamed with joy every time I succeeded in catching her by the waist. She did what she liked with me.

I should have found it very difficult if someone had asked me to describe in detail what was going on within me during the week after my unsuccessful midnight expedition. It was a strange, feverish time, a kind of chaos, in which the most conflicting feelings, thoughts, suspicions, hopes, joys, and pains whirled about madly within me. I was afraid of looking into myself, if a boy of sixteen can ever look into himself. I was afraid of giving an account to myself of anything; I simply tried to live through the day as fast as I could, but at night I slept—the lightheartedness of childhood came to my aid. I did not want to know whether I was loved, and I did not want to admit to myself that I was not loved. I avoided my father, but avoid Zinaida I could not. In her presence I burnt as in a fire, but what did I care what kind of fire it was in which I burnt and melted, so long as I felt happy to burn and melt? I gave myself up to all my sensations and tried to cheat myself by turning away from my memories and shutting my eyes to what I felt was going to happen. . . . This state of sweet anguish would probably not have lasted long in any case. A thunderbolt cut it all short at one blow and flung me onto an altogether new path.

One day when I came back to dinner after a rather long walk I learnt with astonishment that I was to dine alone, that my father had gone away and my mother was not well and did not want any dinner and had shut herself up in her bedroom. I could see by the faces of the footmen that something unusual had happened. I did not dare to question them, but I had a friend among them, a young pantry-boy, Phillip by name, who was passionately fond of poetry and an excellent performer on the guitar, and it was to him that I turned. From him I learnt that a terrible scene had taken place between my father and my mother (every word of it had been overheard in the maids' room; much of it had been spoken in French, but Masha, our parlourmaid, had lived for five years with a dress-maker in Paris and understood every word); that my mother had accused my father of infidelity, of being on intimate terms with the young lady next door; that my father had at first tried to justify himself,

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but afterwards had lost his temper and, in his turn, said something brutal, "something about Madam's age," which had made my mother cry; that my mother too had alluded to some loan given to the old princess, and spoken very unfavourably of her and of the young lady also, and that then my father had threatened her.

"And the whole trouble arose," continued Phillip, "from an anonymous letter, and no one knows who wrote it. Otherwise there's no reason why anything should have come out at all."

"Why, was there anything?" I managed to bring out with difficulty, while my hands and feet went cold, and something began to tremble deep inside me.

Phillip winked significantly. "There was. There's no hiding these things. However careful your father was this time, he had, you see, to hire a carriage. Besides, you can't do nothing without servants' knowing, neither."

I dismissed Phillip and flung myself on my bed. I did not sob; I did not give myself up to despair; I did not ask myself when and how all this had happened; I did not wonder how it was I had not guessed it all before, long ago; I did not even harbour any ill will against my father. What I had learnt was more than I could cope with: this sudden revelation crushed me utterly. All was at an end. All my flowers were torn out by the roots at one fell swoop and they lay about me, strewn all over the place and trampled underfoot.

Next day my mother announced that she was moving back to town. In the morning my father went into her bedroom and remained with her a long time alone. No one heard what he said to her, but my mother cried no more. She grew calm and asked for food but did not show herself, nor did she change her decision. I remember I wandered about all day, but did not go into the garden and did not once glance at the cottage. In the evening I was the witness of a most extraordinary scene: my father led Count Malevsky by the arm through the drawing room into the hall and, in the presence of the footman, said to him coldly, "A few days ago your lordship was shown the door in a certain house. I shall not enter into any kind of explanation with you, but I should like to make it quite clear to you that if you ever do me the honour of calling on me again I shall throw you out of the window. I don't like your handwriting."

The count bowed, gritted his teeth, shrank into himself, and disappeared.

Preparations began for our removal to town, to the Arbat, where we

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But I was destined to see Zinaida once more.

My father used to go riding every day. He had an excellent roan English mare, with a long slender neck and long legs, an indefatigable and vicious animal. She was called Electric. No one could ride her except my father. One day he came into my room in a good humour, something which had not happened to him for a long time: he was about to go for his ride and had already put on his spurs. I began to beg him to take me with him.

"I'd rather have a game of leap-frog with you," my father replied, "for you'll never keep up with me on your pony."

"I will. I'll wear spurs too."

"Oh, all right."

We set off. I had a black, shaggy pony, sturdy and very spirited; it is true he had to gallop at full speed when Electric was in full trot, but all the same I did not lag behind. I have never seen a horseman who could ride as well as my father; he sat on his horse so beautifully and with such effortless ease that it seemed that the horse herself felt it and took pride in him. We rode through all the boulevards, rode across Devichy Square, took several fences (at first I used to be afraid of the jumps, but my father despised timid people, and I stopped being afraid), crossed the Moskva River twice, and I was beginning to think that we were returning home, particularly as my father himself remarked that my horse was getting tired, when suddenly he turned away from me at the Crimean Ford and galloped off along the bank. I rode after him. On reaching a high pile of stacked-up old timber, he jumped nimbly off Electric, told me to dismount, and, giving me his bridle to hold, asked me to wait for him there at the stack, while he himself turned into a small back street and disappeared.

I began to walk up and down along the bank of the river, leading the horses and scolding Electric, who kept tossing her reins, shaking herself, snorting, and neighing; whenever I stopped, she kept pawing the ground and biting my pony in the neck, whinnying–in short, she behaved like the spoilt thoroughbred she was. My father did not come back. An unpleasant dampness came drifting from the river; a fine rain began to fall softly, covering with tiny dark spots the stupid grey timber logs which I kept walking past backwards and forwards and which, by that time, I was heartily sick of. I was beginning to feel depressed, but still my father did not come. A Finnish policeman, who was also grey all over, with a huge, old-fashioned shako like a pot on his head and with a halberd

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(why on earth a policeman in such an old-fashioned attire should be patrolling the bank of the river Moskva is quite beyond me!) approached me, and turning his face, wrinkled like an old woman's, towards me, said, "What are you doing here with them horses, sir? Come, let me hold them for you."

I made no answer; he asked me for some tobacco. To get rid of him (besides, I was getting very impatient), I took a few steps in the direction in which my father had disappeared, walked down to the end of the lane, turned the corner, and stopped dead. In the street, about forty paces from me, stood my father in front of the open window of a small wooden house; he had his back to me and was leaning with his chest over the window-sill; inside the house, half-hidden by a curtain, sat a woman in a dark dress, talking to my father; the woman was Zinaida.

I was thunderstruck. That, I confess, I had not expected. My first impulse was to run away. "Father will look round," I thought, "and I shall be done for." But a strange feeling, a feeling stronger than curiosity, stronger even than jealousy, stronger than fear, stopped me. I began to watch. I did my best to hear what they were saying. My father seemed to be insisting on something. Zinaida would not agree. I can see her face just as if it were all happening now—sad, serious, beautiful, and with an indescribable imprint of devotion, sadness, love, and a kind of despair—I can find no other word for it. She uttered words of one syllable; she did not raise her eyes but just smiled—submissively and obstinately. It was by this smile alone that I recognized my Zinaida as I used to know her. My father shrugged and set his hat straight on his head, which was always a sign of impatience with him. Then I heard the words: "*Vous devez vous séparer de cette . . .*" Zinaida drew herself up and stretched out her hand. . . . Suddenly something quite unbelievable took place before my very eyes: my father all of a sudden raised his riding crop, with which he had been flicking the dust from the skirts of his coat, and I heard the sound of a sharp blow across her arm, which was bared to the elbow. I just managed to restrain myself from crying out, while Zinaida gave a start, looked at my father without uttering a word, and, raising her arm to her lips, kissed the scar that showed crimson on it. My father flung away the crop and, running up the steps rapidly, rushed into the house. Zinaida turned round, tossed back her head, and, with arms outstretched, also moved away from the window.

Faint with fright, and my heart gripped with a kind of bewildered horror, I rushed back, and running down the lane, nearly letting go of Electric, returned to the bank of the river. I simply did not know what to

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make of it. I knew that my cold and reserved father was sometimes given to fits of fury, but for all that I could not possibly make any sense of what I had just seen. But at the same time I felt sure that however long I lived, I could never forget Zinaida's gesture, her look, her smile; and that image of her, this new image which had so suddenly arisen before me, was forever imprinted on my memory. I gazed vacantly at the river and did not notice that tears were streaming down my cheeks. "They are beating her," I thought, "beating, beating. . ."

"Hello there, what are you doing? Give me the horse!" I heard my father's voice behind me.

Mechanically I gave him the bridle. He leapt on Electric's back. The horse, chilled with standing, reared on its hind legs and leapt forward about six feet, but my father soon curbed her; he drove the spurs into her sides and hit her on the neck with his fist.

"Damn, no crop," he murmured.

I recalled the swish and the blow from the same crop a short while before, and shuddered.

"Where have you put it?" I asked my father after a short pause.

My father made no answer and galloped on. I overtook him. I simply had to see his face.

"You weren't bored waiting for me, were you?" he muttered through his teeth.

"A little. Where did you drop your crop?" I asked him again.

My father glanced quickly at me. "I did not drop it," he said. "I threw it away."

He sank into thought and lowered his head, and it was then that I saw for the first and almost for the last time how much tenderness and pity his stern features could express.

He galloped on again, and this time I could not overtake him; I arrived home a quarter of an hour after him.

"This is love," I again said to myself, sitting at night at my writing desk on which my books and exercise books had begun to make their appearance. "This is passion. How was it possible not to feel resentment, to suffer a blow from any hand–even the dearest! But it seems one can if one is in love . . . and I–I imagined . . ."

I had grown much older during the last month–and my love, with all its excitements and sufferings, struck me as something very small and childish and trivial beside that other, unknown something which I could scarcely grasp and which frightened me like an unfamiliar, beautiful, but menacing face one tries in vain to make out in the gathering darkness.

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That night I had a strange and terrible dream. I dreamt that I went into a low, dark room. My father, whip in hand, was standing there and stamping angrily with his feet; Zinaida was crouching in a corner, and there was a red scar, not on her arm, but on her forehead, and behind them both rose Belovzorov, covered with blood, and he opened his pale lips and shook his fist angrily at my father.

Two months later I entered the university, and six months after that my father died (of a stroke) in Petersburg, where he had just moved with my mother and me. A few days before his death he received a letter from Moscow which upset him greatly. He went to beg some favour from my mother and, I was told, he even wept, he—my father! On the morning of the day he had his stroke, he had begun a letter to me in French. "My son," he wrote, "fear the love of woman, fear that ecstasy, that poison . . ." My mother, after his death, sent a considerable sum of money to Moscow.

Four years passed. I had just left the university and had not quite made up my mind what to do with myself, at what door to knock; for the time being, I just did nothing. One fine evening I met Maydanov at the theatre. By that time he had got married and joined the civil service, but I found him quite unchanged. He still went into raptures for no obvious reason and grew depressed just as suddenly.

"You know," he said to me, "Mrs. Dolsky is here."

"What Mrs. Dolsky?"

"Why, you've not forgotten, have you? The former Princess Zasyekin. The girl we were all in love with—and you, too. Remember, in the country near the Neskoochny Park?"

"Is she married to a Dolsky?"

"Yes."

"And is she here, in the theatre?"

"No, she's in Petersburg. She arrived a few days ago. She's going abroad."

"What sort of man is her husband?"

"Oh, a splendid fellow. A man of property. He's a colleague of mine in Moscow. You understand, after that affair—I expect you must know all about it"—Maydanov smiled significantly—"it was not so easy for her to make a match. There were consequences—but with her brains, nothing is impossible. Go and see her. I am sure that she'll be very pleased to see you. She is prettier than ever."

Maydanov gave me Zinaida's address. She was staying in the Hotel

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Demuth. Old memories stirred in me. . . . I made up my mind to call on my former flame. But all sorts of things prevented me from calling on her. A week passed, then another; and when at last I went to the Hotel Demuth and asked for Mrs. Dolsky I was told that she had died four days before, quite suddenly, in childbirth.

I felt a sudden stab in my heart. The thought that I could have seen her and did not, and would never see her again–that bitter thought drove its sting into me with all the force of an irrepressible reproach. "She is dead," I repeated, staring vacantly at the hotel porter, and, going out into the street quietly, I walked on without knowing myself where I was going. All my past suddenly rose up and stood before me. So that was the end of this young, passionate, and brilliant life! That was the goal to which, in its haste and agitation, it aspired. When I thought of this, I conjured up those dear features, those eyes, those curls–in the narrow box, in the dank underground darkness, quite near, not far from me who was still living, and perhaps only a few paces from my father. I thought of all this; I exerted my imagination; and meanwhile–

> From lips indifferent, the tidings
> Of death I heard, and, indifferent
> To it. I listened–

sounded in my heart. Oh, youth, youth! You don't care for anything, you seem to own all the treasures of the world; even sorrow amuses you, even grief becomes you; you are self-confident and insolent; you say, "I alone am alive–look at me!"–even while your days pass away and vanish without trace and without number, and everything in you melts away like wax in the sun, like snow. . . . And perhaps the whole secret of your charm lies not in your ability to do everything, but in your ability to think that you will do everything–lies just in the way you are scattering to the winds the powers which you could never have used for anything else–in the fact that each of us seriously considers himself to have been a spendthrift, seriously believes that he has a right to say, "Oh, what could I not have done if I had not wasted my time!"

So I too–what did I hope for? What did I expect? What rich promise did the future hold out to me when–with scarcely a sigh, with no more than a feeling of bleak despondency–I bade farewell to the phantom of my first love, risen for a fleeting moment?"

And what came of it all–of all I had hoped for? Now, when evening shadows are beginning to fall on my life, what have I left that is fresher,

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*Underworld,* in 1864, was the first of his important later works. His first wife having died, he married Anna Snitkina and went abroad again to evade his creditors.

Between 1866 and 1871, he produced *Crime and Punishment*, *The Gambler*, *The Idiot*, *The Eternal Husband*, and *The Possessed.* In the latter year he went back to Russia and edited a conservative weekly. Later he conducted a prosperous journal of his own, *An Author's Diary. A Raw Youth* was published in 1875, and in 1880 came the last great work of his maturity, *The Brothers Karamazov*. He died on January 28, 1881.

We can begin *White Nights* with the perfect assurance that we are in the hands of a great storyteller. True, Dostoevsky has many other facets as a writer. Politically, from first to last, he has been called everything from a radical to a reactionary. As a psychologist, normal or more often than not clinical, he ranks among the first in literature. This talent is vivid enough in all his work and amazing in the best of it. He was an important journalist in his time, though much of his occasional writing is all but unreadable now except to students of Russian history. In his early works at least–the later ones were often written in great haste–he showed a decided sense of literary structure. He emerged from prison an intense Christian. Christianity became fused for him with his mystical sense of Russian nationalism. As leader of the nativist school, he could be the most provincial of Russians. At the same time, his vision was broad enough to contain the whole of humanity. He was a "profound Jobean and Promethean questioner." But from beginning to end, in all his fiction, the story–and it is usually a powerful one–comes first.

This is true of *White Nights* (an idiom meaning "sleepless nights"). The scene is St. Petersburg in summer. The story moves across four nights and the morning of the following day. It is–on the face of it, at least–the simplest of love conflicts. The girl Nastenka and two nameless young men make the three points of the triangle. Behind this simplicity we glimpse the moving shadows of human impulse, of needing and giving, of sincerity and delusion, of love and self-love.

When we first meet the narrator, he is, characteristically, alone. He tells us that he has no friends. Instead, his imagination is peo-

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pled with the whole outdoor life of his city. Certain faces have become old acquaintances. He knows the route of every inhabitant. Even the houses are personified for him. He shares in their changes of paint and weather. But now he discovers why so many people seem to be missing, why he has felt deserted. St. Petersburg is moving out to the country for the summer.

At this point of extreme loneliness he meets Nastenka. Though he does not know it at first, she too is lonely, she too has come to a crisis in her life. So their mutual need is intense. They tell each other their life stories—and his, at least, seems to us a little too long. But out of it we get the sense of powerful fantasy, of a poet without poems. He and Nastenka laugh and cry. They seem utterly natural. We believe in their wish to be completely sincere with each other.

But are they? Sincerity is no guarantee of self-knowledge. Skeptics that we are, at first we may even refuse to believe Nastenka's story about the other young man. She is a lonely girl. Is it not possible, we think, that she may have invented this story to make the narrator jealous, to make herself more desirable in his eyes? But we see that we have misjudged her. She really tries to be kind. She warns him not to fall in love with her. But it is useless. He loves her and tries generously to help her. She too is generous. They make plans. He will move into her house and take the room and place of her former lover. So we are touched by the sense of bad faith, of guilt, in her letter on the last morning. Do we feel that she is guilty of betraying him? Or is it only that the unknown and unknowable chances of life have been too much for them?

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# *White Nights*

## A TALE OF LOVE FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF A DREAMER

Could he be born from the start,
If only for a fleeting moment,
To be so dear to your heart?
IVAN TURGENEV

### THE FIRST NIGHT

It was a marvelous night, the sort of night one only experiences when one is young. The sky was so bright, and there were so many stars that, gazing upward, one couldn't help wondering how so many whimsical, wicked people could live under such a sky. This too is a question that would only occur to the young, to the very young; but may God make *you* wonder like that as often as possible!

Now, mentioning whimsical, angry people makes me think how well I behaved that day. A strange anguish had tormented me since early morning. I suddenly had the impression that I had been left all alone, that everyone was shrinking away from me, avoiding me. You are, of course, right to ask who that "everyone" is, for although I've lived in Petersburg for eight years now, I haven't managed to make a single friend. But what do I need friends or acquaintances for? As it is, I'm acquainted with all of Petersburg. And that's why I had the impression of being abandoned by everyone when the whole city rose and left for the summer. I was afraid to be left alone, and for three days I roamed dejectedly through the city, unable to understand what was happening to me. Whether I went to Nevsky Avenue, to the park, or wandered along the embankments, I never came across the people I was accustomed to meet in certain spots at



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certain hours all year round. They, of course, didn't know me; but I knew them, all right. I knew them intimately, and having studied their faces, I rejoiced with them when they were cheerful and grieved with them when they were downcast. I almost became friends with a little old man whom I met every day at a certain time on the Fontanka Embankment. His face was so dignified and thoughtful; he carried a knotty walking cane with a gold top in his right hand, swinging his left arm, and was constantly mumbling something inaudible. He even noticed me and took a keen interest in *my* existence. I'm sure he must've been quite upset when I did not appear at a given hour on the embankment. That's why sometimes we almost exchanged greetings, especially when we both happened to be in a good mood. Recently, two days went by without our seeing each other, and on the third day, our hands almost shot up to our hats, but thank God, we came to our senses, dropped our hands, and passed by with mutual sympathy.

I'm acquainted with houses too. As I walk up a street, each house seems to have darted ahead and to be waiting for me, looking at me out of all its windows, almost saying: "Hello! How are you getting on? I'm fine myself. And do you know what? They're going to add another story to me in May!" Or: "How are you? Well, me, I'll have to undergo some repairs tomorrow." Or: "You know, I almost burned down last night. It gave me such a fright!" And other things of that sort. Among houses, I have my favorites. Some are intimate friends. One had decided to undergo a course of treatment with an architect during the summer. I'll make a point of visiting him every day, in case the treatment turns out to be fatal, God forbid! I'll never forget what happened to one very pretty, rosy little house. Although he was rather haughtily distant with his clumsy neighbors, that little stone house used to look at me so nicely that I always felt glad as I passed by. But last week, as I was walking along that street, my friend looked at me dejectedly, and I heard his plaintive cry: "They're painting me yellow!" Ah, the criminals! The barbarians! They spared nothing; neither the columns nor the cornices, and my friend became yellow as a canary. I nearly had an attack of jaundice myself, and I still haven't been able to go back and visit my poor disfigured friend painted in the color of the Celestial Empire.

So you see, that's what I meant by being acquainted with all Petersburg.

As I said, I'd been uneasy for three days and now I'd discovered why. Things didn't feel right in the street—this one was missing, that one was missing, and where on earth was such-and-such? And at home, too, I

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rapidly, so irretrievably, that it flashed so deceptively and pointlessly before your eyes–you're sorry, for you didn't even have time to fall in love with her. . . .

But, even so, the night was better than the day! This is what happened.

It was very late when I got back into the city. As I approached the house I live in, it struck ten. I was walking along the embankment; at that hour there was no one around, for I live in a remote part of town. I sang as I walked, for when I'm happy, I always hum something–as does every happy, friendless man who has no one with whom to share his happiness. Then suddenly the most unexpected thing happened to me.

I saw a woman leaning against the railing along the embankment. She appeared to be gazing attentively at the murky water. She wore a ravishing little yellow hat and an elegant black cape. "She must be young and dark-haired," I decided. I don't think she heard my footsteps, and she didn't even stir when I passed her, holding my breath, my heart beating wildly. "Strange," I thought, "she must be quite lost in thought–" Suddenly I stopped dead. Stifled sobs reached my ears. Yes, that was it–she was crying. Again I heard the girl trying to catch her breath. Ah, God! My heart contracted with pity, and shy though I am with women, I retraced my steps and walked up to her. I'm sure I'd have exclaimed "Madame!" had I not been so acutely aware that this form of address has already been used so often in Russian novels with a high-society background. That was all that stopped me. But while I was searching for an alternative approach, the girl recovered, turned her head, glanced at me, looked away, and darted off along the embankment. I followed her. She must have realized, for she turned her back to the water, crossed the street, and went along the opposite sidewalk. I didn't dare follow her across the street. My heart was quivering like that of a bird held in a man's hand. Then something came to my assistance.

I saw a man walking on the other side of the street, not far from the girl. He wore a frock coat, and seemed to have reached an age of respectability, although there was nothing respectable about his gait. He was staggering and stumbling along, guiding himself by leaning against the walls. Now the girl was moving lightly and apprehensively, as girls do at night when they don't wish strange men to offer to see them home; the staggering gentleman never would have caught up with her if he hadn't changed his tactics (for which I thank my lucky stars).

But suddenly, without uttering a word, the man set off at a gallop. She

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darted ahead with quickened, fearful steps, but the swaying figure kept gaining on her. He came closer and closer, then he caught up with her. The girl let out a cry, and–I thank my lucky stars again for placing my excellent knobby walking stick in my right hand. In no time, I was on the opposite sidewalk; in no time, the uninvited gentleman made a practical appraisal of the situation, took into consideration the unanswerable argument in my hand, slowed down, and fell back. And only when he felt there was a safe distance between us did he voice his indignation in no uncertain terms. But his words hardly reached us.

"If," I said to the girl, "you will allow me to take your arm, that man won't dare annoy you again."

Silently she allowed me. Her hand was still trembling from fear and her earlier emotions. Ah, what blessings I wished at that moment upon the unwelcome gentleman! I squinted at her discreetly. She was terribly pretty. Her hair was dark, just as I'd guessed. Tears glistened on her black eyelashes, whether from her recent fright or from her sorrow, I didn't know, but a smile was already sparkling on her lips. She glanced at me out of the corner of her eye, blushed, and looked down.

"Now, you see, you shouldn't have spurned me like that. Nothing would've happened if I'd been at your side."

"But I didn't know you; I thought you too . . ."

"Do you feel you know me now?"

"A little. For instance, I know you're trembling. Tell me why."

"Ah, you've guessed right from the start!" I said, delighted that she should turn out to be so clever–never a drawback in a woman, as long as she's pretty. "Yes, you've seen through me straight away. I'm afraid of women, and it's that fear that makes me tremble, just as it made you tremble a few moments ago when that gentleman frightened you. I'm frightened now, all right. It's like a dream, although I've never actually dreamed that I'd be talking like this to a woman."

"Really?"

"Yes. And if you feel my arm tremble, it's because it has never yet been held by a pretty hand like yours. I'm quite unused to being with women. In fact, I've never got used to them. I live all alone. I don't even know how to talk to women. For instance, I don't know if I haven't said something stupid to you. Please, tell me frankly–I promise I won't be offended."

"No, no, on the contrary. And since you want me to be frank, let me tell you that women like your sort of shyness; I'll even tell you that I like

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it too, and I won't ask you to leave me until we're at my doorstep."

"If you go on saying things like that," I said, out of breath with enthusiasm, "I'll lose my shyness and, along with it, my advantage. . . ."

"Advantage? Advantage to what end? Ah, now you've said something I don't like."

"I *am* sorry, it just slipped off my tongue. You can't really expect that, at such a moment, I shouldn't wish that . . ."

"What? Wish that I should like you?"

"Yes, that's it. But please, try to understand: I'm twenty-six already and I've never known anyone closely. So how can I be expected to be good at speaking to people? How can I say things well and to the point? Besides, isn't it better for you when everything is out in the open? For I don't know how to be silent when my heart is talking. Well, what's the difference? But believe me, I've never, never spoken to any woman. Never. I've never known one. I've only gone around dreaming that one day I might meet someone. If you only knew how many times I've fallen in love that way. . . ."

"But how's that, who did you fall in love with?"

"Why, no one in particular, just with the ideal woman, the one I'd dreamed of. I can dream up whole novels, you know. Oh, you really have no idea about me! Of course, as you can well imagine, I have come across two or three women in my time. But what sort of women were they? They were such housewives that– But now you'll laugh when I tell you that I planned for a long time to address some aristocratic lady in the street. When she was alone, of course. Talk to her shyly, respectfully, passionately; tell her that I was perishing in my loneliness; beseech her not to send me away; say that it was impossible for me to get to know any other woman; persuade her that it was even the *duty* of a woman not to spurn the timid approach of one so unhappy; convince her that, finally, all I wanted from her was a few understanding, sisterly words, and that she shouldn't just turn her back on me, but should believe what I told her–then she might laugh at me if she wished, so long as she said one or two words of hope, only two words, then, if she wished, we'd never meet again! . . . I see you're laughing. . . . Well, that's why I told you about it, after all."

"Don't be offended. I'm only laughing because you're your own worst enemy. If you'd tried you'd have succeeded, maybe even in the street. The simpler, the easier. . . . No decent woman, unless she was dismally stupid or happened to be very irritated about something at that particular moment, would have refused you the two words for which you begged

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with such humility. . . . Although, after all, she might very well have taken you for a madman. I was thinking of how I would have reacted, but then I have quite a good idea of what life is all about."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" I cried. "You have no idea what you're doing for me!"

"All right, all right. But tell me, what made you think I was the type of woman with whom . . . well, who would be worthy of . . . your attention, your friendship? How did you know that I was not just another housewife, as you put it? What made you decide to speak to me?"

"What made me—why, you were alone, and that man was most indiscreet, and it's nighttime. . . . I couldn't have done anything else."

"No, no, before that, on the other sidewalk. Weren't you thinking of speaking to me?"

"On the other sidewalk? I really don't know what to say. I was happy today. I was walking along and singing. I went beyond the city limits. I'd never before experienced such happy moments. And you—please excuse me, I may have imagined it, but I thought you were crying, and I couldn't bear it. . . . My heart shrank. . . . Ah, God, why shouldn't I be entitled to grieve with you? Why is it a sin for me to feel brotherly compassion for your sorrow? . . . Excuse me, I said compassion. . . . Well, I don't see why it should offend you if I couldn't resist my impulse to come over and talk to you."

"Enough, don't talk of it any more." She lowered her head, and her fingers pressed my arm. "It's my fault for bringing it up, and I'm so pleased that it wasn't a mistake. . . . But we're almost at my place. I must turn here, into that street. It's only a few steps from here. Good-by now, and thank you very much!"

"But is it possible that we'll never meet again? Can we leave it like this?"

"But you said you were only after two words," the girl said, laughing, "and now you . . . However, who can tell, perhaps we'll meet again some day."

"I'll be waiting here tomorrow. Forgive me, I seem to be demanding things already."

"Yes, you're quite impatient, and you *are* almost demanding things—"

"Listen, listen to me," I interrupted her, "and forgive me if I say something wrong. You see, I can't help coming here tomorrow. I'm simply a dreamer who has little real life, and moments like this are so rare in my existence that I must repeat them again and again in my thoughts. You'll stay in my thoughts throughout the night—throughout a whole

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year. I'll be here without fail tomorrow, in this very spot, at this very time–and I'll be happy thinking of what happened today. Already this spot is dear to me. I have two or three spots like this in Petersburg. Once I even cried, like you. . . . Well, how can I know? Perhaps a few minutes ago you too were crying at the thought . . . Ah, forgive me, I'm forgetting myself again. . . . I simply meant, perhaps you were once especially happy here somehow. . . ."

"All right then," the girl said, "I suppose I'll be here tomorrow night too. At ten. I see I can't stop you, and I have to come here anyway. But don't think I've made a date with you. I warn you: I have to be here for my own reasons. So I may as well tell you now: I won't mind if you're here too, because that may save me an unpleasant incident like tonight's. But that's just incidental. To be brief, I'd be very pleased to see you . . . to say a couple of words to you. But I don't want you to think badly of me. You mustn't think that I make dates so easily. I would never have agreed to meet you again had it not been for . . . No, let it remain a secret! Only, from now on, let's reach an agreement."

"An agreement? Just name it! I agree to anything in advance!" I said with ardor. "I assure you, I'll be docile, respectful . . . you know me."

"It's because I know you that I want you to come tomorrow," the girl said, laughing. "And I know you fully. But if you come, it must be on my terms. First–and please do as I ask, for I'm being completely frank about it–don't fall in love with me. You mustn't, believe me. But I'd like us to be friends. Here, let's shake hands on it. But, remember, no falling in love!"

"I swear!" I shouted, taking her hand.

"Stop, don't swear so readily. I know very well that you can burst into flame in a second, like gunpowder–forgive me for saying so. Ah, if you knew . . . I, too–I have had no one with whom I could exchange a word, of whom to ask advice. Where could I look for advisors? Certainly not in the street. But you're an exception. I know you as if we'd been friends for twenty years. Am I right in thinking you won't let me down?"

"You'll see. Only I don't know how I'll keep myself alive, waiting for twenty-four hours."

"Sleep deeply. Good night, and remember I've put my trust in you. But you put it so well yourself: Does one really have to give an account of every feeling, even of brotherly compassion? You know, you put it so well that right away I decided to confide in you."

"For heaven's sake, what is it? What?"

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said, infected by her childish laughter. "He's a sort of freak. Listen, do you know what a dreamer is, for instance?"

"A dreamer? Well, how could I *not* know what a dreamer is? I suppose I'm one myself. You can't imagine what things go through my head sometimes as I sit next to my grandmother! I plunge into my dreams, and sometimes, when I really get going, I reach a point where I marry a Chinese prince. . . . Why, sometimes it's so nice to dream!" But then she added unsmilingly: "Well, not really! Especially when there are other things to think of."

"Wonderful! Since you've already been married to a Chinese potentate, you'll probably be able to understand me too. So listen . . . But wait, I don't even know your name."

"It's Nastenka."

"Nastenka. Is that all?"

"Is that all! Nothing satisfies you. You seem to be insatiable."

"Ah, no, it satisfies me all right, it thoroughly satisfies me! You're a very nice girl to become Nastenka for me right away!"

"That's better! But go on, tell me about yourself."

"All right, Nastenka, listen to this ridiculous story then."

I installed myself on the bench next to her, assumed a grave, theatrical pose, and began, as if I were reading the script of a monologue.

"There are, my dear Nastenka, in case you don't know, some rather strange corners in Petersburg. It's as if the sun that warms the rest of the city never shines on them, and instead another sun, especially designed for them, supplies them with a different light. In those corners, Nastenka, a life goes on quite unlike the one seething around us, a life that is possible in some faraway dreamland but certainly not here in our overserious time. That life is a mixture of something out of pure fantasy, ardently idealistic, with, alas, something bleak and dull and ordinary, not to say outright vulgar."

"Brrr! . . . What an introduction! What am I to hear next?"

"You'll hear, Nastenka–I think I'll never get tired of calling you Nastenka–that dreamers live in those corners. A dreamer, if you want me to define him, is not a real human being but a sort of intermediary creature. He usually installs himself in some remote corner, shrinking even from the daylight. And once he's installed in that corner of his, he grows into it like a snail or at least like that curious thing which is at the same time an animal and a house–the tortoise. And why do you think he so loves his four bleak walls that are sooty, reek unspeakably of tobacco smoke, and are always daubed over with green paint? Why do

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you think this ridiculous creature, when some rare acquaintance comes to see him (ultimately he's bound to lose all his acquaintances anyway), looks so embarrassed and taken aback, as if he'd just committed a crime between those very walls, as if he'd been forging money or writing verses to be sent to a magazine with an anonymous letter explaining that the author of the piece is dead and that the sender considers it his sacred duty to see the poem published? Why do you think, Nastenka, that conversation between the two of them is so painful? Why can't the visitor laugh or say something amusing now? In other circumstances he is prone to laugh, say amusing things, and chat about the fair sex and other pleasant matters. Why does that acquaintance, probably a recent one, on his very first visit–for under such circumstances there cannot be more than one visit, as no friend returns for a second time–even assuming that he's exceptionally perceptive, why does he feel so awkward looking at the agonized face of his host, who, after desperate but futile efforts to comfort the hapless man who has blundered into his house on a friendly visit by making the conversation flow, giving it some sparkle, and showing that he too is fully aware of elegant ways and can talk about the fair sex, has become completely lost by then. And why, in the end, does the visitor suddenly remember that he has some terribly urgent matter to attend to, grab his hat and dart off, managing to free his hand from the warm pressure of his host's while the host tries by every means possible to show that he's sorry and is trying to redeem himself? Why does the departing visitor laugh as he closes the door behind him and promise himself never to return to the house of that queer fish, although deep down the queer fish really means well? Why, at the same time, is the visitor unable to refrain from comparing his host's face during his visit to a kitten perfidiously captured, manhandled, and scared by children–which kitten then, completely bewildered, hides under some chair in the darkness, and can't help bristling and spitting while he washes his offended little face with his front paws, and even after that, goes around for a long time looking with apprehension and hostility at the world and even at the tidbits from the master's table saved for him by a compassionate housekeeper?"

"Now look here," Nastenka interrupted me. She had been listening with her eyes and her small mouth wide open. "I have no idea why it all happened nor why you should ask me to answer all those ridiculous questions. I'm sure of one thing only: that all this happened to you exactly as you have told me."

"You're right," I said with a straight face.

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"Well, why don't you go on? I'm anxious to find out how it all ends."

"You'd like to find out, Nastenka, why the hero of the story—that is, me—was so perturbed and bewildered by the unexpected visit of a friend? You'd like to know why I became so flustered and turned so red when the door of my room was opened, why I was incapable of receiving my visitor properly, and why I was crushed so ignominiously under the weight of my embarrassment?"

"Well, yes, yes, that's just it! And then—you speak beautifully, but couldn't you please speak less beautifully? You sound as though you were reading aloud from a book."

"Nastenka," I said with ponderous gravity, hardly able to control my laughter, "I know I say things too beautifully; I'm terribly sorry, but I don't know how to say them otherwise. At this moment, Nastenka, I feel like the spirit of King Solomon that has been kept imprisoned for a thousand years in a jar under seven seals—and now all the seals have been removed. Now, Nastenka, that we have come together again after our long separation—for the fact is, I've known you a long time. You see, I've been looking for someone, and that's a sure sign that it must have been you I was looking for and that we were destined to meet. Now, thousands of valves have been opened in my head, and I cannot hold back the torrent of words or I'll burst. So, I must ask you to be a good girl and listen to me without interrupting. Otherwise, I won't tell you any more!"

"No, no, please go on! Keep talking, I won't say another word."

"So, I'll go on, Nastenka. There's a certain hour of the day, my dear, of which I'm particularly fond. It is the hour when practically all business, office hours, and all that sort of thing come to an end and people rush off home to dine, to have a little rest; and on their way, they think up ways to spend the evening ahead, the night, or whatever free time is left to them that day. At that hour, the hero of this story—for I hope you'll allow me, Nastenka, to go on telling it in the third person, it's really too embarrassing to say certain things in the first person—at that hour, my hero walks along among the others. But there's a strange, pleased expression on his pale, somewhat crumpled face. He watches with a certain pleasure as the red sunset slowly fades in the cold Petersburg sky. When I say he watches, I am wrong; he takes it in distractedly, like someone too tired to look or preoccupied with some more absorbing matter, so that he has only a passing awareness of what is going on around him. He's pleased, for he's through until tomorrow with business that bores him. He's like a schoolboy let out of school hurrying to play his favorite games or pull his favorite pranks. Look at him from the side,

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Nastenka, and you'll see right away that his happy feeling has already had a beneficial effect on his weak nerves and over-excitable imagination. Now he is plunged deep in thought. . . . Thinking of dinner? Of the approaching evening? What is he looking at like that? Isn't it at that dignified-looking gentleman who has just bowed so gracefully to the lady driving past in a glittering carriage drawn by fleet-footed steeds? Oh, no, Nastenka, he has no time for such trifles now! Now he's rich in his *inner* life. And he has struck it rich suddenly–the last rays of the setting sun restored warmth to his heart and stirred up a whole stream of impressions. Now he hardly notices the street where, before, the tiniest detail would have struck him. The Goddess of Fantasy has already spun a golden web with her divine hand and has started unfolding before his eyes patterns of an imaginary, marvelous life; who knows, perhaps she has picked him up with her divine hand and transported him from the granite sidewalk he is still following to paradise. Just stop him now and ask him which streets he took to get here and where he is now. I'm sure he won't know, so he'll blush and invent some lies just for appearances' sake. That's why he started so violently, almost let out a cry, and looked around apprehensively when a nice old lady stopped him in the middle of the sidewalk and asked him to help her find her way. Now frowning angrily, he resumes his way, hardly aware of the grins on the faces of the people he passes, some of whom even stop to give him a second look; oblivious of the little girl who jumps quickly out of his path, bursts into loud giggles, and gapes indiscreetly at his absent smile and gesticulating arms. And already the same Goddess of Fantasy has managed to catch in flight the old lady who'd lost her way, the curious passers-by, the giggling little girl, the bargemen on their barges tied up along the Fontanka, and everything around the Fontanka Embankment–assuming that our hero happens to be walking there at the time. The goddess then playfully weaves everyone and everything into her canvas like flies in a spider's web. Now the queer fish carries these new acquisitions off to his den. He sits down at his table, and after his dinner is long over, he is still sitting there, reviving only when the dreamy and ever-sad Matryona removes the remains of the meal and brings him his pipe. Then he suddenly realizes that he's already dined, although dinner had completely escaped his attention. The room has grown dark. His heart feels empty and sad. His world of fancy silently and without a crackle collapses around him and evaporates without his being able to remember what he was dreaming about. But some dark feeling presses on his breast, making it heave faster; a new desire tickles and excites his fancy; and, almost with-

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out noticing it, he summons an array of new ghosts. The little room is dark. Loneliness and idleness excite the imagination. The gentle flame is lit, and fancies start perking like the water in the coffee pot around which Matryona is fussing in the kitchen. Then fancy becomes like a flame itself, flashing and flaring so that the book picked up at random drops out of the dreamer's hands before he has reached the third page. Now his imagination is again vibrating, and suddenly another world with a different life unrolls its enchanted horizons before his eyes. A new dream–new happiness! A new dose of refined, voluptuous poison! Ah, what's real life to him! To his perverted eye, your life, Nastenka, and mine are unbearably humdrum, slow, and sluggish. He feels we're discontented with our lot and tired of life. And indeed, at first glance, life is bound to appear cold, gloomy, and rather unfriendly. Ah, the poor creatures! the dreamer thinks–and no wonder. Just look at the magical phantoms who so charmingly, subtly, yet somehow casually fall into place in the panoramic, animated picture that shapes itself before him, a picture in which his own exalted person is always in the foreground. Look at all the different adventures he has there–the endless succession of blissful visions! Now perhaps you would like to ask what he's dreaming about. But why ask? He dreams of everything . . . of being a poet, at first unrecognized, later crowned; of friendship with Hoffmann the poet; of St. Bartholemew Night; of playing a heroic part in the storming of Kazan under Ivan the Terrible; of Diana Vernon, Clara Mowbray, Effie Deans, and other heroines of Sir Walter Scott; of Jan Hus facing the tribunal of prelates; of the rising of the dead in *Robert the Devil* (Remember the music? It has a smell of the churchyard about it, don't you think?); of the Battle of Berezina; of a poetry reading at the Countess Vorontsova-Dashkova's; of Danton; of Cleopatra *i suoi amanti;* of Pushkin's *Little House in Kolomna;* of having a little house of his own and being there on a wintry evening with his beloved listening to him with her eyes and mouth wide open, just as you're listening to me now, my dearest angel. . . .

"No, Nastenka, what can this voluptuous idler find in the life so dear to people like you and me? He thinks it a poor life, without realizing that for him too there may come a sad hour when, for a single day of that miserable life, he would give away all his years of fancy. And he would exchange his dreams neither for happiness, nor joy; at that grim hour of regret and unrelieved gloom he won't even care to choose. But until that perilous time comes, the dreamer can have no desires, for he has everything; he is above desire; he is surfeited; he is himself the

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Washington, *Circular Letter to the Governors of All the States on Disbanding the Army; Farewell Address,* Vol. 6
Whitman, *Death of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6

## *Of Custom and Education*

Vol. 7, pages 18–19

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CUSTOM AND CONVENTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2: The origin, development, and transmission of customs
Topic 5*b*: The effect of custom on the training and character of men
Topic 7*d*: The influence of custom on the liberty of the individual: the force of discipline
Topic 8: Custom in relation to order and progress: the factors of tradition and invention
EDUCATION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*c*: The role of the state in moral education: law, custom, public opinion
GOOD AND EVIL, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*d*: The possibility of moral knowledge: the subjectivity or conventionality of judgments of good and evil
HABIT, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6: The force of habit in human life
Topic 7: The social significance of habit: habit in relation to law
LAW, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*f*: The relation of positive law to custom
VIRTUE AND VICE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*d*(3): The guidance of laws and customs: the limits of positive law with respect to commanding virtue and prohibiting vice

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bks. II–III
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Nicomachean Ethics,* Bk. II, Chaps. 1–4; Bk. X, Chap. 9; *Politics,* Bk. VII, Chap. 13–Bk. VIII, Chap. 7
Augustine, Vol. 16, *Confessions,* Bk. I
Aquinas, Vol. 18, *Summa Theologica,* Part I–II, Q. 97, Art. 3
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of custom; Of cannibals; Of practice; Of cruelty; Of virtue*
Descartes, Vol. 28, *Discourse on Method,* Parts I, II, III
Spinoza, Vol. 28, *Ethics,* Part I, Appendix
Mill, J. S., Vol. 40, *On Liberty,* Chap. 3

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could I dream of, now that I've been so happy with you in real life? Oh, bless you, my dearest girl, for not spurning me at first sight, for enabling me to say that I've lived at least two evenings in the course of my existence!"

"Ah, no, no!" Nastenka said with emotion, tears sparkling in her eyes. "No, no more of that life! We shan't part like this! What's two evenings?"

"Ah, Nastenka, Nastenka! Do you realize that you have reconciled me with myself for a long time to come? Do you realize that now I'll never think quite as badly of myself as I sometimes have in the past? Do you know that perhaps I won't be unhappy any more over having committed a crime or a sin in my life, because now I realize that my whole life was nothing but a crime and a sin in itself? And don't imagine, please, that I'm exaggerating, Nastenka, for there are moments when I'm overcome by such anguish and despair that . . . In those moments, I feel that I'll never have a true life because I feel sure I've entirely lost touch with reality; because I feel damned; because, in the middle of my fancy-filled nights, I have moments of lucidity that are unbearable! In the meantime, I hear the din of the human crowd around me and see how people who are awake live, and I realize that their lives are not made to measure, that they don't shatter like dreams, like visions, that their lives are perpetually renewed, every hour in them different from the one before, whereas the timid daydream is horribly monotonous, a slave to the shadows, to ideas, to the first cloud that suddenly hides the sun and squeezes in anguish the heart of a true inhabitant of Petersburg who must have his sunshine–for what fancy is there that can do without sunshine? In the end, you feel that your much-vaunted, inexhaustible fantasy is growing tired, debilitated, exhausted, because you're bound to grow out of your old ideals; they're smashed to splinters and turn to dust, and if you have no other life, you have no choice but to keep rebuilding your dreams from the splinters and dust. But the heart longs for something different! And it is vain to dig in the ashes of your old fancies, trying to find even a tiny spark to fan into a new flame that will warm the chilled heart and bring back to life everything that can send the blood rushing wildly through the body, fill the eyes with tears–everything that can delude you so well!

"And shall I tell you, Nastenka, how far I've gone? Would you believe that I have taken to celebrating the anniversaries of my sensations, the anniversary of something that was delightful at one time, of something that actually never occurred. I am reduced to celebrating anniversaries because I no longer have anything with which to replace even those

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silly, flimsy dreams. For dreams, Nastenka, have to be renewed too. I like revisiting, at certain times, spots where I was once happy; I like to shape the present in the image of the irretrievable past. So I often roam like a sad, gloomy shadow, without need or aim, along Petersburg's streets and alleys. And what memories come to me! I may remember, for instance, that exactly one year ago, at this very hour, in this very street, I was walking along this very sidewalk, just as gloomy and lonely as now. And I may remember that although my dreams were sad and life was painful, somehow it was not as agonizing as it has become now; the black forebodings that have since taken hold of me weren't there yet; nor was there the gnawing, dreary feeling of guilt that now torments me day and night, never leaving me a moment's peace. And so I ask myself: 'Where are your dreams?' And I shake my head and mutter: 'How the years go by!' And I ask myself again: 'What have you done with those years? Where have you buried your best moments? Have you really lived? Look,' I say to myself, 'how cold it is becoming all over the world!' And more years will pass and behind them will creep grim isolation. Tottering senility will come hobbling, leaning on a crutch, and behind these will come unrelieved boredom and despair. The world of fancies will fade, dreams will wilt and die and fall like autumn leaves from the trees. . . . Ah, Nastenka, won't it be sad to be left alone, all, all alone, without even having anything to regret–nothing, but nothing; for everything I've lost is nothing but a stupid, round zero, nothing but a flimsy fancy?"

"Stop it, stop it. . . ." Nastenka brushed away a little tear. "It's all over now. Now there'll be the two of us. Now, whatever happens, we'll never part again. Listen, I'm only an ordinary girl. I've studied very little, although my grandmother did hire a teacher for me. But, believe me, I understand everything you've said because I felt the same way when Grandma pinned me to her dress. Of course, I can't express it as well as you because of my lack of education," she remarked shyly, apparently feeling that she ought to pay tribute to my pathetic monologue and high-flown style. "But I'm very glad that you've told me everything so frankly. Now I know you completely. And now I want to tell you my story, without holding anything back, then perhaps you'll give me your advice. You are so intelligent–I want you to promise to give me advice."

"Ah, Nastenka, I've never been much of an advisor, especially an intelligent advisor, but since we're going to be together, I feel that my advice will be terribly clever and that each of us will have many, many intelligent suggestions to offer the other. Well, then, pretty Nastenka, let's see what advice I can give you. Come, tell me everything–I'm so

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happy, cheerful, daring, and clever that I'm sure I won't have to search for words."

"No!" Nastenka laughed. "It isn't clever advice I'm after, it's brotherly understanding from someone who, as it were, has loved me all my life."

"That suits me, Nastenka, suits me fine! As to loving, had I loved you for twenty years, I'm sure I couldn't possibly love you more than I do now."

"Give me your hand," Nastenka said.

I gave it to her.

"Here goes," she said.

"You already know half my story. You know I have an old grandmother–"

"If the other half is as short as the one I know . . ." I interjected, laughing.

"No, just keep quiet and listen. Don't interrupt me; it puts me off. Just listen.

"I have an old grandmother. I've lived with her ever since I was a very little girl, because my parents are dead. Grandma apparently was much better off before, for she keeps remembering better days. It was she who taught me French and later hired a teacher for me. I stopped taking lessons when I was fifteen–I'm seventeen now. When I was fifteen, I did something naughty. I won't go into what I did exactly, except to say that it wasn't much. Still, Grandma called me over to her that morning and said that since she was blind she couldn't very well watch me. Then she took a safety pin and pinned my dress to hers, saying that we were going to stay sitting like that forever, unless, of course, my behavior improved. Well, to make it short, at first it was impossible for me to move away from her; I had to work, study, read–everything–sitting by my grandmother's side. Once I tried to trick her by persuading our maid Fyokla to sit in for me. Grandma had fallen asleep in her armchair. Fyokla is deaf, you see, and she took my place while I ran out to the house of a girl, a friend of mine who lived nearby. But it ended badly. Grandma woke up and asked something, assuming that it was me. Fyokla saw Grandma was trying to say something but, of course, she couldn't hear what it was. So, not knowing what else to do, she unfastened the pin and ran away."

This memory made Nastenka laugh so much that she had to interrupt herself. I laughed too, but as soon as she realized I was laughing, she stopped short and said:

"Now look here, you mustn't laugh at Grandma! I laugh because I

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can't help it–she really is so funny. But then, you see, I'm fond of her at the same time. Anyway, I was in real trouble. She pinned me to her again, and I wasn't even allowed to move.

"Ah, I forgot to tell you that my grandma owns the house we live in. It's just a tiny wooden house with three windows, and almost as old as she is. It also has an attic room, and a new lodger came to live in the attic–"

"Therefore, I assume that there was a lodger before him," I remarked.

"Of course there was–and he could keep quiet much better than you can," Nastenka said. "True, he had difficulty moving his tongue at all, for he was a very, very old man, quite mute, blind, and lame; in the end, living became too much for him and he just died. So a new lodger took his place, for we can't afford not to have a lodger. That and Grandma's pension make up our entire income. Now, the new lodger happened to be a young man. He came from out of town. When Grandma told him what the rent was, he didn't bargain, so she took him and then asked me:

" 'Tell me, Nastenka, the new lodger is a young man, isn't he?'

"I couldn't lie to her, so I said that although he wasn't old, he wasn't so young either.

" 'Is he good-looking?' she asked me then.

"Again I didn't want to lie.

" 'Yes, Grandma, he's quite good-looking.'

" 'Ah, that's really too bad!' Grandma said, 'because I'm asking you all these questions so you won't keep staring at him. Ah, what times we live in,' she added. 'Think of it–just an insignificant lodger and he turns out to be handsome, too. Ah, what're we all coming to? You never saw such things happening in the good old days.'

"According to Grandma, everything was just wonderful in the good old days–she was younger in those days, and the sun shone brighter and was warmer, and milk didn't go bad as it does now! And while she goes on and on like that, I sit in silence and think to myself: 'It looks as if Grandma were trying to give me ideas, asking whether the lodger is handsome or not.' And then I got absorbed in counting the stitches in my knitting, and the lodger completely vanished from my mind.

"Then one morning the lodger came to inquire when they were going to paper his room as he'd been promised. And, Grandma being a great hand at chatting, they got into a conversation in no time, then she says to me: 'Nastenka, run and bring me the abacus from my bedroom.' I don't know why, but that made me turn red. I forgot all about the safety pin and jumped up to scamper into the other room. The movement yanked

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the pin and Grandma's armchair came rolling along on its casters. I don't know how I could have forgotten about that safety pin and neglected to unfasten it discreetly! And now, realizing that the lodger had found out about it, I stopped dead where I was and burst into tears. I felt so hopelessly ashamed and humiliated at that moment that I thought I'd never be able to face the world again.

" 'What are you waiting for?' Grandma kept shouting at me, but that only made me cry worse. And the lodger, seeing how embarrassed I was, muttered some excuse and rushed off.

"After that day, I felt like dying whenever I heard the slightest noise in the passage. The lodger's coming, I said to myself each time, and I'd quietly unfasten the pin. But it was never him.

"A couple of weeks passed, and the lodger sent us a note by Fyokla saying he had a lot of books, some French ones among them, and perhaps Grandmother would like him to send us some so that I might read to her to pass the time? Grandmother accepted gratefully after first inquiring whether they were decent, proper books. 'Because if they aren't,' she told me, 'I won't allow you to read them, for I don't want you to learn any wicked things from them, Nastenka.'

" 'But what sort of wicked things,' I asked her, 'could I learn from them, Grandma?'

" 'Well,' she said, 'they may describe young men seducing well-brought-up young girls, abducting them from their parents' homes under the pretext of wishing to marry them, then abandoning them to their fate and perdition. I have read many books like that,' Grandma told me, 'and they describe that sort of thing so well and so vividly that sometimes I used to read them on the sly throughout the night and into the morning. So mind, Nastenka,' she added, 'you stay away from books like that. Now what are the books he's sent us called?'

" 'They're all novels, Grandma, novels by Sir Walter Scott.'

" 'Walter Scott, you say? You'd better make sure there's no trick. See that he hasn't tried to slip some note in along with them, some love letter.'

" 'No, Grandma, there's no note . . . nothing.'

" 'Yes, but we'd better watch out!'

"So we started reading Walter Scott, and within a month or so, we were through almost half of it. Later he sent us some more books, including Pushkin; finally, I couldn't imagine how I could live without books, and I stopped dreaming about marrying that Chinese prince. . . .

"That was the situation when one day I bumped into our lodger on the

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lodger came to tell my grandmother that his business in Petersburg was over and that he must now move to Moscow. When I heard that, I turned as pale as the tablecloth and went all limp in my chair. Grandma never noticed anything; the lodger just said good night and left.

"What was I to do? I racked my brains in despair, and finally, I decided. The day before he was to leave I decided to take a desperate step in the evening, after Grandma had gone to bed. And I did. I picked out some dresses and the necessary underwear, made a bundle out of them and, carrying it, went, half-alive, half-dead, upstairs to the lodger's room. Walking up that flight of stairs seemed to take a whole hour.

"When I opened his door, he turned his head and, seeing me, let out a cry. He must have taken me for a ghost, for I had turned white, and my legs were hardly able to carry me. He hurried to get me some water. My heart was beating so hard it hurt, and my head ached, and everything inside it went all blurry.

"When I came to, the first thing I did was put my bundle on his bed, sit down next to it myself, and let my tears pour in two rivers. I believe he understood everything right away. He stood there looking at me, and his expression was so wretched that my heart was torn by a terrible anguish.

" 'Nastenka,' he said at last, 'I want you to understand. I can do nothing. I'm poor; I haven't a thing to my name. I don't even have a decent job. So what would we live on if I married you?'

"We discussed it for a long time, in the end, I lost all control over myself and declared that I could no longer live with my grandmother, that I'd run away, that I'd had enough of being fastened to her with a safety pin, and that, whatever he might say, I was going to Moscow with him because I couldn't live without him. Shame, love, pride–everything–was seething within me at the same time, and fearing that he might refuse me, I collapsed on the bed almost in convulsions.

"He sat in complete silence for a few moments, then he got up and took my hand.

" 'Listen, my nice little Nastenka,' he said, and I saw that there were tears in his eyes, too. 'I swear to you that I'm certain I'd be happy with you if I were ever in a position to marry you. Listen: I have to go to Moscow, and I'll be staying there for exactly a year. I must go there to take care of my business. When I come back, if you still love me, I swear we'll be happy. But now I have no right to promise you anything. I'll say too, however, that if I can't make it in one year, I'll still come and find

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Nietzsche, Vol. 43, *Beyond Good and Evil,* Part Five
Tocqueville, Vol. 44, *Democracy in America,* Vol. 1, Part I, Chap. 2
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chap. IV
Freud, Vol. 54, *Civilization and Its Discontents,* Chap. VIII
Dewey, Vol. 55, *Experience and Education*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Butler, "Customs and Opinions of the Erewhonians," Vol. 2
Faraday, *Observations on Mental Education,* Vol. 7
Kipling, *Mowgli's Brothers,* Vol. 2
Mill, J. S., "Childhood and Youth," Vol. 6
Pater, "Art of Life," Vol. 10
Schopenhauer, *On Education,* Vol. 7
Swift, *Essay on Modern Education,* Vol. 7
Twain, "Learning the River," Vol. 6

## *Of Followers and Friends*

Vol. 7, pages 20–21

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

HONOR, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*c*: Honor as a political technique: the uses of praise, prestige, public opinion
JUSTICE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 9*e*: The just distribution of honors, ranks, offices, suffrage
LOVE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*b*(3): The types of friendship: friendships based on utility, pleasure, or virtue

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Lysis*
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Nicomachean Ethics,* Bk. VIII, Chaps. 2–8; Bk. VIII, Chap. 13
Machiavelli, Vol. 21, *Prince,* Chaps. XVII, XXI–XXII
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of honorary awards*
Shakespeare, Vol. 25, *King Lear,* Act III
Gibbon, Vol. 38, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* Chap. LIII
Weber, Vol. 58, *Essays in Sociology,* Chap. VII

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Cicero, *On Friendship,* Vol. 10
La Bruyère, *Characters,* Vol. 6
Maupassant, *Two Friends,* Vol 2
Molière, *Misanthrope,* Vol. 4
Sheridan, *School for Scandal,* Vol. 4

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you later–that is, if you don't prefer someone else by then, because I cannot, I have no right to bind you to me by promises.'

"The next day he was gone. We'd agreed not to say a word to Grandma. He'd insisted upon that. Well, that's about all there is to my story. The year has gone by, and he's come back. Indeed, he's been here for three days already, and–and–"

"And what?" I cried, unable to stand it any longer.

"He hasn't come to see me," Nastenka said, and I felt that she was making a great effort, "he hasn't given a sign of life–"

She cut herself short, remained silent for a few seconds, then covering her face with her hands, burst into sobs that tore at my heart.

I hadn't expected such an ending.

"Nastenka," I ventured imploringly, "please, please don't cry. Maybe he simply hasn't come yet. . . ."

"No, no, he's here, he's here!" Nastenka cried. "I know it! We agreed that evening before he left. . . . After we'd said all the things I've already told you, we came out to take a walk on this embankment. It was ten o'clock. We sat down on the bench; I'd stopped crying. I loved the things he was saying to me. . . . He told me that as soon as he was back in town, if I still wanted him, we'd tell everything to Grandma. And now he's back in town–I know it for sure–but he still hasn't come to see me. . . ."

And she burst into tears again.

"But, my God, is there really nothing I can do for you?" I leaped up from the bench in complete despair. "Tell me, Nastenka, couldn't I go and see him or something?"

"Do you think that's possible?" she said, suddenly raising her head.

"No, of course not," I said, coming back to my senses. "You know what you should do? Write him a letter."

"No, I can't; that's impossible too," she said firmly, but this time she lowered her eyes.

"Why is it impossible? Why?" I insisted. "Do you know what letter you ought to write, Nastenka? There are letters and letters, you know. So please trust my judgment; I won't give you bad advice. Everything will turn out fine, I'm sure. You took the initiative in the first place, so why not now?"

"Impossible, impossible, it would look as if I were throwing myself at him–"

"But no, you're wrong, dear little Nastenka!" I interrupted her without trying to hide my smile. "You have the right to demand. He promised, after all, didn't he? And, from what I understand, he's an honest, con-

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siderate man, and I'm sure there's nothing dishonorable in his behavior." I continued, admiring the logic of my own reasoning and arguments more and more: "What did he do? He tied himself down by a promise. He declared that if he married anyone it would be you, while leaving you completely free to refuse him if your feelings changed. So it is quite natural that you make the first move. It's your right, your advantage over him, and you should do it even if, for instance, you decide to release him from his word."

"Tell me, how would you write to him?"

"What?"

"The letter, of course."

"Well, I'd start like this: 'Dear Sir–' "

"Must I really address him 'dear sir'?"

"Yes, it's indispensable. But after all, I think–"

"Well, go on!"

"I'd write like this:

" 'Dear Sir, Forgive me–' No, no apologies are necessary. The letter justifies itself. Write simply:

" 'I thought I would write to you first. Please forgive my impatience, but for a whole year I have lived on hope. Am I to blame, then, if I cannot stand even one day of doubt? Now that you are back in town, and may have had a change of heart, let me assure you by this letter that I have nothing to reproach you for, for I cannot command your love. So I will consider it simply as my fate.

" 'You are a decent and honorable man, and I am sure you will not laugh or be angry reading these impatient lines. You will keep in mind that they are written by a poor, lonely girl who has no one to advise her and who never could control her own heart. But forgive me for entertaining even a fleeting suspicion that you could hurt, even in thought, the girl who has loved you so much and who still loves you.' "

"Yes, yes, that's exactly what I had in mind!"

Nastenka was very enthusiastic and her eyes sparkled with joy.

"Ah, you have resolved my doubts! I think God Himself sent you to me! Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"Thank me for what? For being sent by God?"

It was a delight to look at her pretty face, so happy now.

"Yes, thank you for being sent to me to begin with."

"Ah, Nastenka, since we feel grateful sometimes to people just for living with us, let me thank you for having met you, for making it possible for me to remember you as long as I live."

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"Well, that will do for now. Listen, we agreed that when he came back, he'd let me know by leaving a letter for me with some friends of mine, nice, simple people who know nothing about this. Or, if he couldn't leave the letter, he'd come here to this bench, at ten in the evening, on the very day he returned to Petersburg. Now I know he's in town, but he hasn't kept our date or written the letter. I cannot possibly leave my grandmother in the morning, so couldn't you, please, take my letter to those friends I mentioned? They'll see that he gets it. And if there's an answer, bring it to me here tomorrow evening at ten."

"But what about the letter? You have to write it first; at best, you might get a reply the day after tomorrow."

"The letter . . ." Nastenka said, somewhat at a loss, "the letter . . . but . . ."

She didn't finish. She suddenly turned her face away from me, growing red as a red rose, and I felt her slipping a letter into my hand that, it turned out, had already been written and sealed. Something light, graceful, and familiar flashed through my mind.

"R-r-o-si-i-na . . ." I intoned.

"Rosina!" we sang together, and I was so moved and delighted that I felt terribly like putting my arms around her. She was blushing deeply and laughing, and tiny glistening tears hung on her black eyelashes.

"Enough, enough. Good-by now, good night!" she rattled. "You have the letter and the address. Good night, see you tomorrow!"

She pressed both my hands hard, nodded, and darted off. I remained standing there for a long time, following her with my eyes.

"See you tomorrow . . . tomorrow . . ." flashed in my head as she disappeared around a corner.

## THE THIRD NIGHT

It had been a sad, drizzly day, without relief–just like my future senility. I am oppressed by strange thoughts and dark sensations; throngs of vague questions obsess me, but I have neither the strength nor the desire to cope with them. No, I cannot cope with it all!

We won't meet tonight. Last night, as we parted, clouds overcast the sky and a mist was rising. "Tomorrow will be a miserable day," I said. She didn't answer. She didn't want to shed doubt on a day that shone before her bright and sunny. She didn't want to cast a single cloud over it.

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"If it rains tomorrow," she said, "I won't come."

I didn't think she'd notice that it was raining, but she must have, for she didn't come.

Last night was our third meeting, our third white night. . . .

Yes, joy and happiness do make a person beautiful. His heart overflows with love, and he seems to try to pour that love into the heart of a fellow creature. He wants everything to laugh and to sparkle. And his joy is so contagious! There was so much tenderness, so much friendliness, for me in her heart last night. She was so full of solicitude for me and tried so hard to make me feel happy. Ah, a happy woman is always so full of seductive charm, but I . . . I took it at its face value; I imagined that . . .

But how could I imagine anything of the sort. How could I be so blind, since I knew that all that had already been taken by someone else, that none of it could be for me; that even her niceness, her solicitude, her love—yes, her love for me—was nothing but happiness caused by a forthcoming meeting with another man, a wish on her part to impart a bit of that happiness to me. And when he didn't turn up, when we'd waited in vain, she frowned, lost her composure, looked afraid. Her movements and her words were no longer light or playful or gay. And, strangely, she doubled the attentions she showered on me, as if she wanted instinctively to give me something she was longing for herself, something she feared she wouldn't get. Nastenka had become so timid and fearful that I believe she grasped finally that I was in love with her and took pity on my poor love, for our own unhappiness makes us more sensitive to the unhappiness of others. When someone is unhappy, his sensitivity is not scattered; it becomes tense and concentrated.

I had come to meet her tense with emotion, hardly able to wait for the moment of meeting. I never expected to feel what I felt, nor that it would end the way it did. She was beaming. She expected an answer from him. The answer was to be himself; he would come running in answer to her call. She'd come a whole hour before me. At first, every word made her burst into happy laughter.

"Do you know why I'm so happy tonight?" she said. "Why I'm so pleased to see you? Why I like you so much?"

"Yes?" I said, beginning to shiver.

"I like you so much because you haven't fallen in love with me. Someone else in your position might have started pestering me, become full of self-pity, moaned—but not you, you're so nice!"

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there are hundreds of other possibilities; for instance, he may not have been at home when the letter arrived, and maybe he hasn't read it to this very moment. . . . Anything could've happened."

"Yes, of course," Nastenka said, "that hadn't even occurred to me. Of course–anything could have happened."

Her tone was extremely co-operative, but I detected a jarring, discordant note in it, an echo of thoughts of a different kind.

"Here's what we'll do," she said. "You'll go there tomorrow as early as you can, and if there's something, you'll let me know immediately. You know where I live, of course." And she repeated her address.

Then she became breathtakingly tender and at the same time shy. . . . I thought she was attentively following what I was saying, but when I asked her some question, she said nothing, became embarrassed, and turned her head away from me. I looked into her eyes. That was it–she was crying.

"You mustn't, you mustn't! Ah, you're behaving like a child. You're just a baby!"

She tried to smile to control herself, but her chin was trembling and her bosom heaving.

"I've been thinking of you," she said after a moment's silence. "You've been so kind that I'd have to be made of stone not to be touched. And, you know, I compared the two of you and decided that you are the better of the two, although I love him more."

I didn't answer. She seemed to expect me to say something.

"Of course, I may still not understand him or know him perfectly," she said. "Come to think of it, I've always been afraid of him. He's always been so grave, so proud in a way. Of course, I know that it's only the way he looks, that there's more tenderness in his heart than in my own. . . . I remember how he looked at me when–remember?–I came to his room with that bundle. Still, I look up to him with respect, which may mean we aren't equals, don't you think?"

"No, Nastenka, no, it simply means that you love him more than anything in the world, and much more than yourself."

"All right, let's assume you're right," naïve Nastenka replied. "But shall I tell you what has just occurred to me? All right. Only I won't talk about myself now but speak in general, for this thought has recurred to me several times. Tell me, why aren't we all like brothers? Why does even the best person hold back something from another? Why not say directly what we feel if we know that what we entrust won't be scattered to the winds?

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As it is, everyone looks much tougher than he really is, as if he felt it'd be an insult to his feelings if he expressed them too readily–"

"Ah, that's it exactly, Nastenka," I interrupted her, doing more violence than ever to my own feelings, "and it's due to many causes–"

"No, no!" she said heatedly. "Take you, for instance–you're not like the rest. I don't quite know how to explain it . . . but I feel . . . yes, even now, you are sacrificing something for my sake." She shyly cast a sidelong glance at me. "Forgive me for speaking to you like this, but I'm a simple girl who hasn't seen much in this world yet, and there are times when I can't talk." Her voice trembled with some hidden emotion and, at the same time, she tried to smile. "All I wanted to tell you was that I'm grateful, that I too–I feel all that–Ah, may God reward you with happiness! But what you told me before about that dreamer of yours, that's untrue. I mean, it has absolutely nothing to do with you. You're recovering now; you're really a completely different person from the one you tried to pass yourself off as. If you ever fall in love, may you be happy with her! And I don't have to wish her anything, for I know shell be happy with you. I know it, for I'm a woman myself, and you must believe me. . . ."

She fell silent and squeezed my hand. I couldn't utter a word. Several minutes went by.

"We'll, it doesn't look as though he's coming tonight," she said at last, lifting her head. "It's getting quite late."

"He'll be here tomorrow," I said in a firm, convincing voice.

"Yes," she said, growing suddenly cheerful, "I can see now that he'll come tomorrow. So good night, see you tomorrow. If it rains, I may not come. But the night after that I'll be here, without fail, whatever happens. You must be here too; I want to see you and tell you everything."

When we were saying good-by, she gave me her hand, looked at me brightly, and said:

"Well always be together now, won't we?"

Oh, Nastenka, Nastenka! if you had any idea how lonely I feel!

When it struck nine I couldn't stand it in my room. I dressed and went out. I walked over to our spot and sat on our bench. Then I walked along her street, but I felt ashamed and, before I'd quite reached her house, turned back without even glancing at the windows. I returned home in a state of dejection such as I'd never known before. What gloomy, damp, depressing weather! If only it had been fine I'd have walked around her neighborhood all night.

But she'll tell me everything tomorrow.

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Of course, there wasn't any letter today, but then, that's quite natural. They're together already.

## THE FOURTH NIGHT

My God, what a way for it all to finish! Ah, what an ending!

I got there by nine. She was already there, waiting. I caught sight of her when I was still at a distance. She was standing as she was the first time, leaning on the guardrail of the embankment, and didn't hear me approach.

"Nastenka!" I called out to her, managing to overcome my anguish.

"Come here," she said. "Hurry!"

I looked at her without understanding.

"Well, let me have the letter! You have it, haven't you?" She clenched the railing with her hand.

"No, I have no letter," I said finally, "but haven't you seen him yet?"

She went terribly pale and stared at me. I had shattered her last hope.

"Well, good luck to him," she said in a gasping tone. "Good luck to him, if that's the way he feels about me."

She lowered her eyes, then tried to look up at me, but couldn't. For several moments more, she tried to get hold of herself, but she couldn't. She turned her head away, leaned on the rail, and dissolved into tears.

"Stop, stop . . ." was all I said. Looking at her, I hadn't the strength to say more—and anyway, what else was there to say?

"Don't try to make me feel better," she said, crying. "Don't mention him, don't tell me he'll come, don't persuade me he hasn't thrown me over so cruelly, so callously as he has. What did I do wrong? Could it be something I wrote in that ill-fated letter?"

At this point, sobs overwhelmed her. I couldn't bear to see her this way.

"Ah, how cruel and callous!" she said again. "And he never even bothered to write me a single line! If only he had answered that he didn't need me, that he rejected me. But no, he hasn't written a word during these three days! How easy it is for him to hurt and humiliate a poor girl whose only sin is to love him! Ah, how much I've been through in these three days! Ah, my God! My God! When I think that it was I who came to him in the first place, that I humbled myself before him, cried, begged him for a crumb of his love. . . . And after all that! . . . Listen," she said, turning her flashing dark eyes to me, "it can't be—it's not natural—one of us, you or I, has made a mistake! Maybe he never got my letter! Maybe he

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doesn't know a thing to this minute! How is it possible–please explain to me, for God's sake–for him to be so unspeakably rude to me? Not a single word! People show more pity than that for the lowest of creatures! Maybe he's heard something; maybe someone has told him some slander about me? What do you think?"

She shouted the last question at me.

"I'll go, Nastenka, and see him on your behalf tomorrow."

"Yes?"

"I'll tell him everything and ask him to explain."

"Yes? Yes?"

"Write him a letter. Don't say no. Wait! I'll force him to respect what you did. He'll be told everything, and if–"

"No, my dear, no, that's enough! No more about it; not one line, not one word, enough's enough! I don't know him. I don't love him any more. I'll forget him . . ."

She couldn't complete her sentence.

"Calm yourself, calm yourself, Nastenka! Here, sit down," I said, indicating the bench.

"But I *am* calm! Stop fussing! It's true. My tears will dry. You don't really think that I'd go and drown myself or something, do you?"

My heart was overflowing. 1 tried to speak but words wouldn't come.

"Tell me!" she said, catching hold of my hand, "you wouldn't have acted that way, would you? You wouldn't have hurled a shameful sneer at a girl who'd come to you herself; you wouldn't have made fun of her weak, tender heart. You'd have spared her. You'd have realized that she was lonely, unable to take care of herself, unable to prevent herself from falling in love with you, that she hadn't done anything wrong . . . that she hadn't done anything . . . Ah, my God, my God!"

"Nastenka!" I cried, completely overcome, "you're torturing me, Nastenka! You're tearing at my heart, you're killing me! I can't remain silent! I must tell you, at last, all that has accumulated inside me."

I got up from the bench as I said that. She took my hand, looking at me surprised.

"What's come over you?" she said.

"Nastenka, everything I'm going to tell you now is absurd, impossible, idiotic! I know that it can never happen, but I can't remain silent. So, in the name of your present suffering, I beg you to forgive me in advance!"

"Well, what is it?" She stopped crying and looked at me closely. There was a strange curiosity in her eyes.

"I know it cannot be, but I love you, Nastenka. That's what it is. Now

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## *Of Usury*

Vol. 7, pages 22–24

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Topic 8*d*: Justice and the use of money: usury and interest rates
WEALTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 5*e*: The rate of interest on money: factors that determine the rate of interest; the effect of interest rates on the economy; the condemnation of usury
Topic 6*d*(1): The distinction of profit from rent, interest, and wages

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Politics,* Bk. I, Chaps. 9–10
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *Merchant of Venice,* Act I, Scene III
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Provincial Letters,* Letter VIII
Smith, Vol. 36, *Wealth of Nations,* Bk. I, Chap. IX
Marx, Vol. 50, *Capital,* Part VIII, Chap. XXXI
Keynes, Vol. 57, *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money,* Chaps. 13–14, 23

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Hume, *Of Money,* Vol. 7

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WEALTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 10: The moral aspects of wealth and poverty

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you know everything." I shrugged hopelessly. "Now see if you can still talk to me the way you did before, if you can listen to what I'm going to say–"

"But what of it?" Nastenka interrupted me. "I've known all along that you loved me, but I thought that you just loved me simply–you know . . . Oh, good gracious!"

"It was simply at first, Nastenka, but now–now–I'm exactly in the position you were in, Nastenka, when you came to him with that bundle of yours. In fact, my plight is even more hopeless than yours was then, for he wasn't in love with anyone, but you are."

"What are you saying? You puzzle me altogether. But listen, why do you . . . I mean, how is that . . . Ah, God, I don't know what I'm saying. But you . . ."

She became completely confused. Her cheeks were on fire; she lowered her eyes.

"Well, what am I to do, Nastenka, what? I'm to blame for having abused . . . but no, no, it's not my fault, really–I know it, I feel it–for my heart tells me I'm right. There's no way I can harm you or offend you! I was your friend before, and I'm your friend now. I haven't betrayed a thing. And now, Nastenka, the tears are running down my cheeks; let 'em run, they aren't hurting anyone. They'll dry, Nastenka. . . ."

"Oh come, sit down, sit down," she said, pulling me down on the bench. "Ah, dear God!"

"No, Nastenka, I won't sit down; I can't stay here. You shouldn't see me any more. I'll tell you all I have in my heart, then leave. I want only to tell you that you'd never have found out I love you. I'd have kept my secret. I wouldn't have inflicted my selfishness upon you at such a moment. No! But I couldn't keep it to myself. It was you who brought it up; it's your fault, it's all your fault. You can't send me away."

"But no, of course not. I don't intend to send you away," Nastenka rattled off quickly, trying, the poor dear, to conceal her embarrassment.

"So you won't send me away? But I was going to run away from you anyway. I'll leave too, but first I must tell you everything because I could hardly bear it when you were talking and crying and so full of despair, because . . . well, because–let me say it, Nastenka–because you have been rejected, because your love has been spurned. I–I felt so much love for you, Nastenka, so much love . . . and I felt terribly bitter because I couldn't do anything for you, despite all that love . . . I felt I was being torn to pieces. I couldn't keep silent, I had to talk. I had to, Nastenka."

"Yes, yes, tell me, talk to me!" Nastenka said with an inexpressible ges-

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"Nastenka!" I cried, choked with sobs, "Nastenka! Oh, Nastenka!"

"Enough, enough for now, that's definitely enough," she said, getting hold of herself. "Everything has been said now, hasn't it? Right? And you're happy and so am I. Not another word about it. Wait. Spare me. For heaven's sake talk of something else!"

"Right, Nastenka, enough! I'm happy now, I . . . So, Nastenka, let's talk of something else. Quickly. Yes, I'm ready. . . ."

We didn't know what to say. We laughed. We cried. We exchanged thousands of disconnected, meaningless words. We walked along a street, then suddenly turned and retraced our steps. Without any apparent reason, we crossed the street to the opposite sidewalk; we went to the embankment. . . . We were like a couple of children.

"I live all by myself now, Nastenka. But tomorrow . . . Of course, you know, I'm poor. I've only twelve hundred rubles, but it doesn't matter, for–"

"Of course not. And then my grandmother has a pension. So she won't be a liability. She must, of course, come and live with us."

"Certainly, of course she must live with us. The only snag is that Matryona–"

"Ah! And we have our Fyokla!"

"Matryona's kind. The only thing wrong with her is that she has absolutely no imagination. But it doesn't matter!"

"Never mind, they can live together. Anyway you're coming over to live with us tomorrow."

"What did you say? Come to your place? That's fine by me!"

"Yes, you must rent our top-floor room. It's empty now. There was an old woman living there, but she's left, and I know Grandma wants to let it to a young man. I asked her, 'Why a young man?' and she said: 'I'm getting old, see, but don't you get it into your head, Nastenka, that I'm trying to marry you off.' So I guessed that that was the reason."

"Ah, Nastenka!"

We both laughed.

"All right, that's enough now," she said. "And, by the way, where do you live? I've forgotten."

"Over there, by that bridge, in the Barashnikov House."

"The large house?"

"Yes, it's quite large."

"I know it. It's a nice house, but forget it anyway and come and live with us. Quickly."

"I'll come tomorrow, Nastenka, no later than tomorrow. I'm somewhat

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late with my rent, but that'll be all right. I'll be getting my pay soon."

"You know what? Perhaps I'll give private lessons. First I'll learn something myself, then I'll teach it."

"It's all turned out wonderfully . . . and soon I'm due for a bonus, Nastenka."

"Then, starting tomorrow, you'll be my lodger."

"Yes, and well go to see *The Barber of Seville,* for they'll be putting it on again soon."

"Yes, yes, let's," Nastenka said, laughing, "and if not *The Barber,* well go and see something else."

"All right, something else then. That would be better, of course. I should have thought of it myself. . . ."

Talking that way, we walked as if in a drunken haze, like walking through clouds, with no idea of what was going on around us. We stopped, chatted without moving from the spot, then set off walking again. God knows where, as we laughed, cried, and laughed again. . . . Nastenka decided to return home, and I didn't dare detain her; I accompanied her to her very door, but a quarter of an hour later, we found ourselves back at our favorite bench. She sighed and a tear glistened in her eye again; I became frightened, turned cold . . . But she immediately pressed my hand and pulled me along behind her, and we again walked and chatted and talked. . . .

"It's time for me to go back home now," Nastenka declared finally. "Enough of this childish stuff!"

"All right, Nastenka, but I–I won't be able to go to sleep tonight, so I don't think I'll go home."

"I don't expect to sleep either. Nevertheless, I want you to see me to my door."

"Most certainly."

"But this time it must be for good."

"Yes, yes, of course."

"Do I have your promise? For I must get home in the end."

"I promise," I said, laughing.

"Then let's go."

"Let's go, Nastenka," I said. "And look at the sky: it will be a wonderful day tomorrow. What a blue sky! What a moon! Look at that yellow cloud about to veil the moon. Look at it! look at it–no, it has just missed the moon. Look at it–look!"

But Nastenka wasn't looking at the cloud. She stood still as a tree. Then, after a while, she pressed herself against me in a strange way. Her hand

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was trembling in mine. I looked at her. She pressed herself even closer to me.

At that moment, a young man was passing nearby. Suddenly he stopped and gave us a close, scrutinizing look. Then he walked a few more steps. My heart throbbed.

"Nastenka," I said very softly, "who is it, Nastenka?"

"It's him!" she whispered, pressing herself even more closely to me. I could hardly keep my feet.

"Nastenka, Nastenka, is that you?" I heard a voice behind us, and the young man came toward us.

My God, that cry! The shiver that passed through her! She tore herself from my arm and rushed toward him. I stood staring at them. I was dead. But she hardly had time to seize his hand and fling herself into his arms before she turned her head and looked at me. Then, with the speed of lightning, she was by me, her arms were around my neck, and before I knew what had happened, I felt her passionate kiss. Still without uttering a word, she again rushed toward him, caught his hand, and hurried away with him.

For a long time I kept following them with my eyes . . . Finally they vanished from sight.

## THE MORNING

My nights were over. It was the morning after. The weather was bad. It was raining. The rain beat a gloomy tattoo on my window. It was dark inside my room and bleak outside the windows. My head ached. Objects swam before my eyes. Fever was sneaking along my limbs.

"There's a letter for you." Matryona's voice hovered somewhere over me. "It has just come."

I jumped up.

"What letter? From whom?"

"How do I know who it's from? Look; maybe it says inside who wrote it."

I opened it. It was from her. It said:

> Please, please forgive me! I beg you on my knees. Forgive me! I deceived both you and myself. It was a dream, a mirage. I feel terrible about you now. Forgive me, forgive me!
>
> Don't be too hard on me, for what I feel for you hasn't changed. I told you I loved you–well, I do love you, and it's even more than love. Oh, God, if only it were possible to love both of you at the same time! Ah, if only you could be him!

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"Oh, if only he could be you." The thought flashed through my head. I remembered your very words, Nastenka. The letter continued:

> God only knows what I wouldn't do for you! I know that you feel sad and depressed. I have hurt you. But, as you know, we won't resent for long a wound inflicted by those we love, and you do love me!
>
> Thank you! Yes, thank you for that love! It lingers now in my memory like a sweet dream that remains long after awakening. I will always remember the moment when you opened your heart to me so fraternally and when you so nobly accepted the gift of my heart–wounded as it was–to love and cherish it, and heal its wounds. . . . If you forgive me, my memory of you will be ennobled by gratitude that will never fade. I shall cherish that memory, be faithful to it always, never betray it, never betray my heart–it is too constant for that. Only yesterday it went back to the one to whom it belongs forever.
>
> We'll meet again. You'll come to see us. You won't abandon us. You'll always be my friend and my brother. And when we meet, you'll give me your hand, won't you? You'll give it to me because you love me as much as ever.
>
> Please love me, and don't abandon me, because I love you so much at this moment, because I'm worthy of your love, because I'll earn it. . . . oh, my dear, dear friend!
>
> I'm marrying him next week. He came back to me full of love. He hadn't forgotten me. . . . You won't be angry with me for writing this about him, will you? I want to come and see you with him. You'll like him, won't you?
>
> So forgive, remember, and go on loving
>
> your Nastenka

I read and reread that letter. I was on the verge of tears. At last it fell from my hands, and I covered my face.

"Here, look at that!" Matryona said.

"What is it, old woman?"

"Why, I've swept all them cobwebs from the ceiling so now you can marry any time and, while you're at it, invite a houseful of guests."

I looked at Matryona. She was still vigorous. She was a very young *old woman,* but I suddenly visualized her all wrinkled and shrunk, an invalid. And I don't know why, but my whole room suddenly aged the way an old woman ages. The walls and the ceilings peeled, everything faded, cobwebs multiplied. . . . And when I looked out of the window, I don't know why, but the house opposite turned dimmer too, the plaster on its columns fell off, the cornices became all grimy and full of cracks, and the walls, which used to be dark yellow, turned grayish.

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A ray of sun that for a second had broken through a rain cloud disappeared behind it again, and everything darkened once more. Or was it just my sad and barren future that flashed before me? Did I see myself exactly the way I am now, fifteen years later, having aged in this very room, just as lonely, still living with Matryona, who hasn't grown any more intelligent in all these years.

I remember the hurt inflicted upon me, Nastenka! But I never sent a dark cloud to sail over your clear, serene sky. I never reproached you, never made you sad or gave you a secret guilty feeling. I never trampled any of the tender flowers that you entwined in your black curls when you walked to the altar with him. Oh, never, never! So may the sky lie cloudless over you, and your smile be bright and carefree; be blessed for the moment of bliss and happiness you gave to another heart, a lonely and a grateful one.

My God, a moment of bliss. Why, isn't that enough for a whole lifetime?

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*Translated by Andrew R. MacAndrew.*

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Topic 10*a*: The nature of wealth as a good: its place in the order of goods and its relation to happiness
Topic 10*c*: Temperance and intemperance with respect to wealth: liberality, magnificence, miserliness, avarice; the corrupting influence of excessive wealth

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Fitzgerald, *Diamond as Big as the Ritz,* Vol. 3
Hume, *Of Money,* Vol. 7
La Bruyère, *Characters,* Vol. 6
Lawrence, *Rocking-Horse Winner,* Vol. 3
Pushkin, *Queen of Spades,* Vol. 3
Twain, *Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg,* Vol. 2

## *The Sphinx*

Vol. 8, pages 2–4

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

KNOWLEDGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2: Man's natural desire and power to know
Topic 8: The use and value of knowledge
MAN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*b*: The sciences of human nature: anthropology and psychology; ethnography and ethnology; rational and empirical psychology; experimental and clinical psychology
Topic 10*c*: Man as an integral part of the universe: his station in the cosmos
REASONING, Vol. 2, especially

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Was Freud right? If he was, why does civilization make such love impossible? Perhaps because it endangers civilization. Such love overturns all barriers, it breaks down all walls, it upsets all arrangements. Civilization cannot exist without barriers, walls, and arrangements. And civilization is a valuable thing–more valuable than love.

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# *The Apple-Tree*

The Apple-tree, the singing, and the gold.
Murray's *Hippolytus of Euripides.*

On their silver-wedding day Ashurst and his wife were motoring along the outskirts of the moor, intending to crown the festival by stopping the night at Torquay, where they had first met. This was the idea of Stella Ashurst, whose character contained a streak of sentiment. If she had long lost the blue-eyed, flowerlike charm, the cool slim purity of face and form, the apple-blossom colouring, which had so swiftly and so oddly affected Ashurst twenty-six years ago, she was still at forty-three a comely and faithful companion, whose cheeks were faintly mottled, and whose grey-blue eyes had acquired a certain fullness.

It was she who had stopped the car where the common rose steeply to the left, and a narrow strip of larch and beech, with here and there a pine, stretched out towards the valley between the road and the first long high hill of the full moor. She was looking for a place where they might lunch, for Ashurst never looked for anything; and this, between the golden furze and the feathery green larches smelling of lemons in the last sun of April–this, with a view into the deep valley and up to the long moor heights, seemed fitting to the decisive nature of one who sketched in water-colours, and loved romantic spots. Grasping her paintbox, she got out.

"Won't this do, Frank?"

Ashurst, rather like a bearded Schiller, grey in the wings, tall, long-legged, with large remote grey eyes, which sometimes filled with meaning and became almost beautiful, with nose a little to one side, and bearded lips just open–Ashurst, forty-eight, and silent, grasped the luncheon basket, and got out too.

"Oh! Look, Frank! A grave!"

By the side of the road, where the track from the top of the common



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crossed it at right angles and ran through a gate past the narrow wood, was a thin mound of turf, six feet by one, with a moorstone to the west, and on it some one had thrown a black-thorn spray and a handful of blue bells. Ashurst looked, and the poet in him moved. At cross-roads–a suicide's grave! Poor mortals with their superstitions! Whoever lay there, though, had the best of it, no clammy sepulchre among other hideous graves carved with futilities–just a rough stone, the wide sky, and wayside blessings! And, without comment, for he had learned not to be a philosopher in the bosom of his family, he strode away up on to the common, dropped the luncheon basket under a wall, spread a rug for his wife to sit on–she would turn up from her sketching when she was hungry–and took from his pocket Murray's translation of the "Hippolytus." He had soon finished reading of "The Cyprian" and her revenge, and looked at the sky instead. And watching the white clouds so bright against the intense blue, Ashurst, on his silver-wedding day, longed for–he knew not what. Maladjusted to life–man's organism! One's mode of life might be high and scrupulous, but there was always an undercurrent of greediness, a hankering, and sense of waste. Did women have it too? Who could tell? And yet, men who gave vent to their appetites for novelty, their riotous longings for new adventures, new risks, new pleasures, these suffered, no doubt, from the reverse side of starvation, from surfeit. No getting out of it–a maladjusted animal, civilized man! There could be no garden of his choosing, of "the Apple-tree, the singing, and the gold," in the words of that lovely Greek chorus, no achievable elysium in life, or lasting haven of happiness for any man with a sense of beauty–nothing which could compare with the captured loveliness in a work of art, set down forever, so that to look on it or read was always to have the same precious sense of exaltation and restful inebriety. Life no doubt had moments with that quality of beauty, of unbidden flying rapture, but the trouble was, they lasted no longer than the span of a cloud's flight over the sun; impossible to keep them with you, as Art caught beauty and held it fast. They were fleeting as one of the glimmering or golden visions one had of the soul in nature, glimpses of its remote and brooding spirit. Here, with the sun hot on his face, a cuckoo calling from a thorn-tree, and in the air the honey savour of gorse–here among the little fronds of the young fern, the starry black-thorn, while the bright clouds drifted by high above the hills and dreamy valleys–here and now was such a glimpse. But in a moment it would pass–as the face of Pan, which looks round the corner of a rock, vanishes at your stare. And suddenly he sat up. Surely there was something familiar about this view, this bit of common, that ribbon

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of road, the old wall behind him. While they were driving he had not been taking notice–never did; thinking of far things or of nothing–but now he saw! Twenty-six years ago, just at this time of year, from the farm-house within half a mile of this very spot he had started for that day in Torquay whence it might be said he had never returned. And a sudden ache beset his heart; he had stumbled on just one of those past moments in his life whose beauty and rapture he had failed to arrest, whose wings had fluttered away into the unknown; he had stumbled on a buried memory, a wild sweet time, swiftly choked and ended. And, turning on his face, he rested his chin on his hands, and stared at the short grass where the little blue milkwort was growing. . . .

And this is what he remembered.

On the first of May, after their last year together at college, Frank Ashurst and his friend Robert Garton were on a tramp. They had walked that day from Brent, intending to make Chagford, but Ashurst's football knee had given out, and according to their map they had still some seven miles to go. They were sitting on a bank beside the road, where a track crossed alongside a wood, resting the knee and talking of the universe, as young men will. Both were over six feet, and thin as rails; Ashurst pale, idealistic, full of absence; Garton queer, round-the-corner, knotted, curly, like some primeval beast. Both had a literary bent; neither wore a hat. Ashurst's hair was smooth, pale, wavy, and had a way of rising on either side of his brow, as if always being flung back; Garton's was a kind of dark unfathomed mop. They had not met a soul for miles.

"My dear fellow," Garton was saying, "pity's only an effect of self-consciousness; it's a disease of the last five thousand years. The world was happier without."

Ashurst, following the clouds with his eyes, answered: "It's the pearl in the oyster, anyway."

"My dear chap, all our modern unhappiness comes from pity. Look at animals, and Red Indians, limited to feeling their own occasional misfortunes; then look at ourselves–never free from feeling the toothaches of others. Let's get back to feeling for nobody, and have a better time."

"You'll never practise that."

Garton pensively stirred the hotchpotch of his hair.

"To attain full growth, one mustn't be squeamish. To starve oneself emotionally's a mistake. All emotion is to the good–enriches life."

"Yes, and when it runs up against chivalry?"

"Ah! That's so English! If you speak of emotion the English always

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think you want something physical, and are shocked. They're afraid of passion, but not of lust—oh, no!—so long as they can keep it secret."

Ashurst did not answer; he had plucked a blue floweret, and was twiddling it against the sky. A cuckoo began calling from a thorn-tree. The sky, the flowers, the songs of birds! Robert was talking through his hat! And he said:

"Well, let's go on, and find some farm where we can put up." In uttering those words, he was conscious of a girl coming down from the common just above them. She was outlined against the sky, carrying a basket, and you could see that sky through the crook of her arm. And Ashurst, who saw beauty without wondering how it could advantage him, thought: "How pretty!" The wind, blowing her dark frieze skirt against her legs, lifted her battered peacock Tam o' Shanter; her greyish blouse was worn and old, her shoes were split, her little hands rough and red, her neck browned. Her dark hair waved untidy across her broad forehead, her face was short, her upper lip short, showing a glint of teeth, her brows were straight and dark, her lashes long and dark, her nose straight; but her grey eyes were the wonder—dewy as if opened for the first time that day. She looked at Ashurst—perhaps he struck her as strange, limping along without a hat, with his large eyes on her, and his hair flung back. He could not take off what was not on his head, but put up his hand in a salute, and said: "Can you tell us if there's a farm near here where we could stay the night? I've gone lame."

"There's only our farm near, Sir." She spoke without shyness, in a pretty, soft, crisp voice.

"And where is that?"

"Down here, Sir."

"Would you put us up?"

"Oh! I think we would."

"Will you show us the way?"

"Yes, Sir."

He limped on, silent, and Garton took up the catechism.

"Are you a Devonshire girl?"

"No, Sir."

"What then?"

"From Wales."

"Ah! I *thought* you were a Celt; so it's not your farm?"

"My aunt's, Sir."

"And your uncle's?"

"He is dead."

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not of course perceived the exquisite refinement and emotional capacity of that Welsh girl! And, delicately stirring in the dark mat of his still wet hair, he explained how exactly she illustrated the writings of the Welsh bard Morgan-ap-Something in the twelfth century.

Ashurst, full length on the horsehair sofa, and jutting far beyond its end, smoked a deeply coloured pipe, and did not listen, thinking of the girl's face when she brought in a relay of cakes. It had been exactly like looking at a flower, or some other pretty sight in Nature—till, with a funny little shiver, she had lowered her glance and gone out, quiet as a mouse.

"Let's go to the kitchen," said Garton, "and see some more of her."

The kitchen was a whitewashed room with rafters, to which were attached smoked hams; there were flower-pots on the window-sill, and guns hanging on nails, queer mugs, china and pewter, and portraits of Queen Victoria. A long, narrow table of plain wood was set with bowls and spoons, under a string of high-hung onions; two sheep-dogs and three cats lay here and there. On one side of the recessed fire-place sat two small boys, idle, and good as gold; on the other sat a stout, light-eyed, red-faced youth with hair and lashes the colour of the tow he was running through the barrel of a gun; between them Mrs. Narracombe dreamily stirred some savoury-scented stew in a large pot. Two other youths, oblique-eyed, dark-haired, rather sly-faced, like the two little boys, were talking together and lolling against the wall; and a short, elderly, clean-shaven man in corduroys, seated in the window, was conning a battered journal. The girl Megan seemed the only active creature—drawing cider and passing with the jugs from cask to table. Seeing them thus about to eat, Garton said:

"Ah! If you'll let us, we'll come back when supper's over," and without waiting for an answer they withdrew again to the parlour. But the colour in the kitchen, the warmth, the scents, and all those faces heightened the bleakness of their shiny room, and they resumed their seats moodily.

"Regular gypsy type, those boys. There was only one Saxon—the fellow cleaning the gun. That girl is a very subtle study psychologically."

Ashurst's lips twitched. Garton seemed to him an ass just then. Subtle study! She was a wild flower. A creature it did you good to look at. Study!

Garton went on: "Emotionally she would be wonderful. She wants awakening."

"Are you going to awaken her?"

Garton looked at him and smiled. "How coarse and English you are!" that curly smile seemed saying.

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And Ashurst puffed his pipe. Awaken her! This fool had the best opinion of himself! He threw up the window and leaned out. Dusk had gathered thick. The farm buildings and the wheel-house were all dim and bluish, the apple-trees but a blurred wilderness; the air smelled of wood smoke from the kitchen fire. One bird going to bed later than the others was uttering a half-hearted twitter, as though surprised at the darkness. From the stable came the snuffle and stamp of a feeding horse. And away over there was the loom of the moor, and away and away the shy stars which had not as yet full light, pricking white through the deep blue heavens. A quavering owl hooted. Ashurst drew a deep breath. What a night to wander out in! A padding of unshod hoofs came up the lane, and three dim, dark shapes passed—ponies on an evening march. Their heads, black and fuzzy, showed above the gate. At the tap of his pipe, and a shower of little sparks, they shied round and scampered. A bat went fluttering past, uttering its almost inaudible "chip, chip." Ashurst held out his hand; on the upturned palm he could feel the dew. Suddenly from overhead he heard little burring boys' voices, little thumps of boots thrown down, and another voice, crisp and soft—the girl's putting them to bed, no doubt; and nine clear words: "No, Rick, you can't have the cat in bed"; then came a skirmish of giggles and gurgles, a soft slap, a laugh so low and pretty that it made him shiver a little. A blowing sound, and the glim of the candle which was fingering the dusk above went out; silence reigned. Ashurst withdrew into the room and sat down; his knee pained him, and his soul felt gloomy.

"You go to the kitchen," he said; "I'm going to bed."

For Ashurst the wheel of slumber was wont to turn noiseless and slick and swift, but though he seemed sunk in sleep when his companion came up, he was really wide awake; and long after Garton, smothered in the other bed of that low-roofed room, was worshiping darkness with his upturned nose, he heard the owls. Barring the discomfort of his knee, it was not unpleasant—the cares of life did not loom large in night watches for this young man. In fact he had none; just enrolled a barrister, with literary aspirations, the world before him, no father or mother, and four hundred a year of his own. Did it matter where he went, what he did, or when he did it? His bed, too, was hard, and this preserved him from fever. He lay, sniffing the scent of the night which drifted into the low room through the open casement close to his head. Except for a definite irritation with his friend, natural when you have tramped with a man for three days, Ashurst's memories and visions that sleepless night were

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kindly and wistful and exciting. One vision, specially clear and unreasonable, for he had not even been conscious of noting it, was the face of the youth cleaning the gun; its intent, stolid, yet startled uplook at the kitchen doorway quickly shifted to the girl carrying the cider jug. This red, blue-eyed, light-lashed, tow-haired face stuck as firmly in his memory as the girl's own face, so dewy and simple. But at last, in the square of darkness through the uncurtained casement, he saw day coming, and heard one hoarse and sleepy caw. Then followed silence, dead as ever, till the song of a blackbird, not properly awake, adventured into the hush. And, from staring at the framed brightening light, Ashurst fell asleep.

Next day his knee was badly swollen; the walking tour was obviously over. Garton, due back in London on the morrow, departed at midday with an ironical smile which left a scar of irritation—healed the moment his loping figure vanished round the corner of the steep lane. All day Ashurst rested his knee, in a green-painted wooden chair on the patch of grass by the yew-tree porch, where the sunlight distilled the scent of stocks and gillyflowers, and a ghost of scent from the flowering-currant bushes. Beatifically he smoked, dreamed, watched.

A farm in spring is all birth—young things coming out of bud and shell, and human beings watching over the process with faint excitement feeding and tending what has been born. So still the young man sat that a mother goose, with stately cross-footed waddle, brought her six yellow-necked grey-backed goslings to strop their little beaks against the grass blades at his feet. Now and again Mrs. Narracombe or the girl Megan would come and ask if he wanted anything, and he would smile and say: "Nothing, thanks. It's splendid here." Towards tea-time they came out together, bearing a long poultice of some dark stuff in a bowl, and after a long and solemn scrutiny of his swollen knee, bound it on. When they were gone, he thought of the girl's soft "Oh!"—of her pitying eyes, and the little wrinkle in her brow. And again he felt that unreasoning irritation against his departed friend, who had talked such rot about her. When she brought out his tea, he said: "How did you like my friend, Megan?"

She forced down her upper lip, as if afraid that to smile was not polite. "He was a funny gentleman; he made us laugh. I think he is very clever."

"What did he say to make you laugh?"

"He said I was a daughter of the bards. What are they?"

"Welsh poets, who lived hundreds of years ago."

"Why am I their daughter, please?"

"He meant that you were the sort of girl they sang about."

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Topic 5*b*: Scientific reasoning: the theory of demonstration
SCIENCE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*b*: Science as the discipline of experimental inquiry and the organization of experimental knowledge: the scientific spirit
Topic 3: The relation of science to action and production
Topic 4: The nature of scientific knowledge
Topic 7: The evaluation of science

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Sophocles, Vol. 4, *Oedipus the King*
Descartes, Vol. 28, *Discourse on Method,* Part VI
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Pure Reason*
Goethe, Vol. 45, *Faust,* Part One
Weber, Vol. 58, *Essays in Sociology,* Chap. V
Lévi-Strauss, Vol. 58, *Structural Anthropology,* Introduction; Chap. XVII

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Campbell, *Measurement,* Vol. 9
Emerson, *Nature,* Vol. 10
Guizot, "Civilization" Vol. 6
Mill, J. S., *Nature,* Vol. 10
Tyndall, "Michael Faraday," Vol. 8

## *Of Truth*

Vol. 10, pages 346–347

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

TRUTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*b*: Truth in science and poetry: the truth of fact and the truth of fiction
Topic 8*a*: Prevarication and perjury: the injustice of lying or bearing false witness
Topic 8*e*: The love of truth and the duty to seek it: the moral distinction between the sophist and the philosopher; martyrdom to the truth

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Protagoras*
Aristotle, Vol. 7, *Metaphysics,* Bk. IV, Chaps. 4–8; Vol. 8, *On Poetics,* Chaps. 24–26
Aquinas, Vol. 17, *Summa Theologica,* First Part, Q. 16
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of liars; It is folly to measure the true and false by our own capacity; Of giving the lie; Of the useful and the honorable*
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Provincial Letters,* Letter XV

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She wrinkled her brows. "I think he likes to joke. Am I?"

"Would you believe me, if I told you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I think he was right."

She smiled.

And Ashurst thought: "You *are* a pretty thing!"

"He said, too, that Joe was a Saxon type. What would that be?"

"Which is Joe? With the blue eyes and red face?"

"Yes. My uncle's nephew."

"Not your cousin, then?"

"No."

"Well, he meant that Joe was like the men who came over to England about fourteen hundred years ago, and conquered it."

"Oh! I know about them; but is he?"

"Garton's crazy about that sort of thing; but I must say Joe does look a bit Early Saxon."

"Yes."

That "yes" tickled Ashurst. It was so crisp and graceful, so conclusive, and politely acquiescent in what was evidently Greek to her.

"He said that all the other boys were regular gypsies. He should not have said that. My aunt laughed, but she didn't like it, of course, and my cousins were angry. Uncle was a farmer–farmers are not gypsies. It is wrong to hurt people."

Ashurst wanted to take her hand and give it a squeeze, but he only answered: "Quite right, Megan. By the way, I heard you putting the little ones to bed last night."

She flushed a little. "Please to drink your tea–it is getting cold. Shall I get you some fresh?"

"Do you ever have time to do anything for yourself?"

"Oh, yes."

"I've been watching, but I haven't seen it yet."

She wrinkled her brows in a puzzled frown, and her colour deepened.

When she was gone, Ashurst thought: "Did she think I was chaffing her? I wouldn't for the world!" He was at that age when to some men "Beauty's a flower," as the poet says, and inspires in them the thoughts of chivalry. Never very conscious of his surroundings, it was some time before he was aware that the youth whom Garton had called "a Saxon type" was standing outside the stable door; and a fine bit of colour he made in his soiled brown velvet cords, muddy gaiters, and blue shirt; red-armed, red-faced, the sun turning his hair from tow to flax; immovably stolid,

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persistent, unsmiling he stood. Then, seeing Ashurst looking at him, he crossed the yard at that gait of the young countryman always ashamed not to be slow and heavy-dwelling on each leg, and disappeared round the end of the house towards the kitchen entrance. A chill came over Ashurst's mood. Clods! With all the good will in the world, how impossible to get on terms with them! And yet–see that girl! Her shoes were split, her hands rough; but–what was it? Was it really her Celtic blood, as Garton had said?–she was a lady born, a jewel, though probably she could do no more than just read and write!

The elderly, clean-shaven man he had seen last night in the kitchen had come into the yard with a dog, driving the cows to their milking. Ashurst saw that he was lame.

"You've got some good ones there!"

The lame man's face brightened. He had the upward look in his eyes which prolonged suffering often brings.

"Yeas; they'm praaper buties; gude milkers tu."

"I bet they are."

" 'Ope as yure leg's better, zurr."

"Thank you, it's getting on."

The lame man touched his own: "I know what 'tes, meself; 'tes a main worritin' thing, the knee. I've a 'ad mine bad this ten year."

Ashurst made the sound of sympathy which comes so readily from those who have an independent income, and the lame man smiled again.

"Mustn't complain, though–they mighty near 'ad it off."

"Ho!"

"Yeas; an' compared with what 'twas, 'tis almost so gude as nu."

"They've put a bandage of splendid stuff on mine."

"The maid she picks et. She'm a gude maid wi' the flowers. There's folks zeem to know the healin' in things. My mother was a rare one for that. 'Ope as yu'll zune be better, zurr. Goo ahn, therr!"

Ashurst smiled. "Wi' the flowers!" A flower herself.

That evening, after his supper of cold duck, junket, and cider, the girl came in.

"Please, Auntie says–will you try a piece of our May-day cake?"

"If I may come to the kitchen for it."

"Oh, yes! You'll be missing your friend."

"Not I. But are you sure no one minds?"

"Who would mind? We shall be very pleased."

Ashurst rose too suddenly for his stiff knee, staggered and subsided. The girl gave a little gasp, and held out her hands. Ashurst took them,

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"I'm going to say a prayer for *you* to-night!"

She flushed crimson, frowned, and went out of the room. He sat cursing himself, till his tea was stewed. It was as if he had hacked with his thick boots at a clump of blue-bells. Why had he said such a silly thing? Was he just a towny college ass like Robert Garton, as far from understanding this girl?

Ashurst spent the next week confirming the restoration of his leg, by exploration of the country within easy reach. Spring was a revelation to him this year. In a kind of intoxication he would watch the pink-white buds of some backward beech-tree sprayed up in the sunlight against the deep blue sky, or the trunks and limbs of the few Scotch firs, tawny in violent light, or again on the moor, the gale-bent larches which had such a look of life when the wind streamed in their young green, above the rusty black under-boughs. Or he would lie on the banks, gazing at the clusters of dog-violets, or up in the dead bracken, fingering the pink, transparent buds of the dew-berry, while the cuckoos called and yaffles laughed, or a lark, from very high, dripped its beads of song. It was certainly different from any spring he had ever known, for spring was within him, not without. In the daytime he hardly saw the family; and when Megan brought in his meals she always seemed too busy in the house or among the young things in the yard to stay talking long. But in the evenings he installed himself in the window seat in the kitchen, smoking and chatting with the lame man Jim, or Mrs. Narracombe, while the girl sewed, or moved about, clearing the supper things away. And sometimes with the sensation a cat must feel when it purrs, he would become conscious that Megan's eyes—those dew-grey eyes—were fixed on him with a sort of lingering soft look which was strangely flattering.

It was on Sunday week in the evening, when he was lying in the orchard listening to a blackbird and composing a love poem, that he heard the gate swing to, and saw the girl come running among the trees, with the red-cheeked, stolid Joe in swift pursuit. About twenty yards away the chase ended, and the two stood fronting each other, not noticing the stranger in the grass—the boy pressing on, the girl fending him off. Ashurst could see her face, angry, disturbed; and the youth's—who would have thought that red-faced yokel could look so distraught! And painfully affected by that sight, he jumped up. They saw him then. Megan dropped her hands, and shrank behind a tree-trunk; the boy gave an angry grunt, rushed at the bank, scrambled over and vanished. Ashurst went slowly up to her. She was standing quite still, biting her lip—very

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pretty, with her fine, dark hair blown loose about her face, and her eyes cast down.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

She gave him one upward look, from eyes much dilated; then, catching her breath, turned away. Ashurst followed.

"Megan!"

But she went on; and taking hold of her arm, he turned her gently round to him.

"Stop and speak to me."

"Why do you beg my pardon? It is not to me you should do that."

"Well, then, to Joe."

"How dare he come after me?"

"In love with you, I suppose."

She stamped her foot.

Ashurst uttered a short laugh. "Would you like me to punch his head?"

She cried with sudden passion: "You laugh at me—you laugh at us!"

He caught hold of her hands, but she shrank back, till her passionate little face and loose dark hair were caught among the pink clusters of the apple-blossom. Ashurst raised one of her imprisoned hands and put his lips to it. He felt how chivalrous he was, and superior to that clod Joe—just brushing that small, rough hand with his mouth! Her shrinking ceased suddenly; she seemed to tremble towards him. A sweet warmth overtook Ashurst from top to toe. This slim maiden, so simple and fine and pretty, was pleased, then, at the touch of his lips. And, yielding to a swift impulse, he put his arms round her, pressed her to him, and kissed her forehead. Then he was frightened—she went so pale, closing her eyes, so that the long, dark lashes lay on her pale cheeks; her hands, too, lay inert at her sides. The touch of her breast sent a shiver through him. "Megan!" he sighed out, and let her go. In the utter silence a blackbird shouted. Then the girl seized his hand, put it to her cheek, her heart, her lips, kissed it passionately, and fled away among the mossy trunks of the apple-trees, till they hid her from him.

Ashurst sat down on a twisted old tree growing almost along the ground, and, all throbbing and bewildered, gazed vacantly at the blossom which had crowned her hair—those pink buds with one white open apple star. What had he done? How had he let himself be thus stampeded by beauty—or—just the spring! He felt curiously happy, all the same; happy and triumphant, with shivers running through his limbs, and a vague alarm. This was the beginning of—what? The midges bit him, the dancing gnats tried to fly into his mouth, and all the spring around him seemed to

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grow more lovely and alive; the songs of the cuckoos and the blackbirds, the laughter of the yaffles, the level-slanting sunlight, the apple-blossom which had crowned her head—! He got up from the old trunk and strode out of the orchard, wanting space, an open sky, to get on terms with these new sensations. He made for the moor, and from an ash-tree in the hedge a magpie flew out to herald him.

Of man—at any age from five years on—who can say he has never been in love? Ashurst had loved his partners at his dancing class; loved his nursery governess; girls in school-holidays; perhaps never been quite out of love, cherishing always some more or less remote admiration. But this was different, not remote at all. Quite a new sensation; terribly delightful, bringing a sense of completed manhood. To be holding in his fingers such a wild flower, to be able to put it to his lips, and feel it tremble with delight against them! What intoxication, and—embarrassment! What to do with it—how meet her next time? His first caress had been cool, pitiful; but the next could not be, now that, by her burning little kiss on his hand, by her pressure of it to her heart, he knew that she loved him. Some natures are coarsened by love bestowed on them; others, like Ashurst's, are swayed and drawn, warmed and softened, almost exalted, by what they feel to be a sort of miracle.

And up there among the tors he was racked between the passionate desire to revel in this new sensation of spring fulfilled within him, and a vague but very real uneasiness. At one moment he gave himself up completely to his pride at having captured this pretty, trustful, dewy-eyed thing! At the next he thought with factitious solemnity: "Yes, my boy! But look out what you're doing! You know what comes of it!"

Dusk dropped down without his noticing—dusk on the carved, Assyrian-looking masses of the rocks. And the voice of Nature said: "This is a new world for you!" As when a man gets up at four o'clock and goes out into a summer morning, and beasts, birds, trees stare at him and he feels as if all had been made new.

He stayed up there for hours, till it grew cold, then groped his way down the stones and heather roots to the road, back into the lane, and came again past the wild meadow to the orchard. There he struck a match and looked at his watch. Nearly twelve! It was black and unstirring in there now, very different from the lingering, bird-befriended brightness of six hours ago! And suddenly he saw this idyll of his with the eyes of the outer world—had mental vision of Mrs. Narracombe's snakelike neck turned, her quick dark glance taking it all in, her shrewd face hardening; saw the gypsylike cousins coarsely mocking and distrustful; Joe

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stolid and furious; only the lame man, Jim, with the suffering eyes, seemed tolerable to his mind. And the village pub!—the gossiping matrons he passed on his walks; and then—his own friends—Robert Garton's smile when he went off that morning ten days ago; so ironical and knowing! Disgusting! For a minute he literally hated this earthly, cynical world to which one belonged, willy-nilly. The gate where he was leaning grew grey, a sort of shimmer passed before him and spread into the bluish darkness. The moon! He could just see it over the bank behind; red, nearly round—a strange moon! And turning away, he went up the lane which smelled of the night and cow-dung and young leaves. In the straw yard he could see the dark shapes of cattle, broken by the pale sickles of their horns, like so many thin moons, fallen ends-up. He unlatched the farm gate stealthily. All was dark in the house. Muffling his footsteps, he gained the porch, and, blotted against one of the yew-trees, looked up at Megan's window. It was open. Was she sleeping, or lying awake perhaps disturbed—unhappy at his absence? An owl hooted while he stood there peering up, and the sound seemed to fill the whole night, so quiet was all else, save for the never-ending murmur of the stream running below the orchard. The cuckoos by day, and now the owls—how wonderful they voiced this troubled ecstasy within him! And suddenly he saw her at her window, looking out. He moved a little from the yew-tree, and whispered: "Megan!" She drew back, vanished, reappeared, leaning far down. He stole forward on the grass patch, hit his shin against the green-painted chair, and held his breath at the sound. The pale blur of her stretched-down arm and face did not stir; he moved the chair, and noiselessly mounted it. By stretching up his arm he could just reach. Her hand held the huge key of the front door, and he clasped that burning hand with the cold key in it. He could just see her face, the glint of teeth between her lips, her tumbled hair. She was still dressed—poor child, sitting up for him, no doubt! "Pretty Megan!" Her hot, roughened fingers clung to his; her face had a strange, lost look. To have been able to reach it—even with his hand! The owl hooted, a scent of sweet-brier crept into his nostrils. Then one of the farm dogs barked; her grasp relaxed, she shrank back.

"Good night, Megan!"

"Good night, Sir!" She was gone! With a sigh he dropped back to earth, and, sitting on that chair, took off his boots. Nothing for it but to creep in and go to bed; yet for a long while he sat unmoving, his feet chilly in the dew, drunk on the memory of her lost, half-smiling face, and the clinging grip of her burning fingers, pressing the cold key into his hand.

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He awoke feeling as if he had eaten heavily overnight, instead of having eaten nothing. And far off, unreal, seemed yesterday's romance! Yet it was a golden morning. Full spring had burst at last–in one night the "goldie-cups," as the little boys called them, seemed to have made the field their own, and from his window he could see apple-blossoms covering the orchard as with a rose and white quilt. He went down almost dreading to see Megan; and yet when not she but Mrs. Narracombe brought in his breakfast he felt vexed and disappointed. The woman's quick eye and snaky neck seemed to have a new alacrity this morning. Had she noticed?

"So you an' the moon went walkin' last night, Mr. Ashurst! Did ye have your supper anywheres?"

Ashurst shook his head.

"We kept it for you, but I suppose you was too busy in your brain to think o' such a thing as that?"

Was she mocking him, in that voice of hers, which still kept some Welsh crispness against the invading burr of the West Country? If she knew! And at that moment he thought: "No, no; I'll clear out. I won't put myself in such a beastly false position."

But, after breakfast, the longing to see Megan began and increased with every minute, together with fear lest something should have been said to her which had spoiled everything. Sinister that she had not appeared, not given him even a glimpse of her! And the love poem, whose manufacture had been so important and absorbing yesterday afternoon under the apple-trees, now seemed so paltry that he tore it up and rolled it into pipe spills. What had he known of love till she seized his hand and kissed it! And now–what did he not know? But to write of it seemed mere insipidity! He went up to his bedroom to get a book, and his heart began to beat violently, for she was in there making the bed. He stood in the doorway watching; and suddenly, with turbulent joy, he saw her stoop and kiss his pillow, just at the hollow made by his head last night. How let her know he had seen that pretty act of devotion? And yet if she heard him stealing away, it would be even worse. She took the pillow up, holding it as if reluctant to shake out the impress of his cheek, dropped it, and turned round.

"Megan!"

She put her hands up to her cheeks, but her eyes seemed to look right into him. He had never before realized the depth and purity and touching faithfulness in those dew-bright eyes, and he stammered: "It was sweet of you to wait up for me last night."

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"Was there a moon?"

"Yeas, very near full, but 'twas on'y just risen, goldlike be'ind them trees."

"And you think a ghost means trouble, do you?"

The lame man pushed his hat up; his aspiring eyes looked at Ashurst more earnestly than ever.

" 'Tes not for me to zay that—but 'tes they bein' so unrestin'-like. There's things us don' understand, that's zartin, for zure. There's people that zee things, tu, an' others that don't never zee nothin'. Now, our Joe—yu might putt anything under 'is eyes an' 'e'd never see it; and them other boys, tu, they'm rattlin' fellers. But yu take an' putt our Megan where there's suthin', she'll zee it, an' more tu, or I'm mistaken."

"She's sensitive, that's why."

"What's that?"

"I mean, she feels everything."

"Ah! She'm very lovin'-'earted."

Ashu rst, who felt colour coming into his cheeks, held out his tobacco-pouch.

"Have a fill, Jim?"

"Thank 'ee, Sir. She'm one in an 'underd, I think."

"I expect so," said Ashurst shortly, and folding up his pouch, walked on.

"Lovin'-'earted!" Yes! And what was he doing? What were his intentions—as they say—towards this loving-hearted girl? The thought dogged him, wandering through fields bright with buttercups, where the little red calves were feeding, and the swallows flying high. Yes, the oaks were before the ashes, brown-gold already; every tree in different stage and hue. The cuckoos and a thousand birds were singing; the little streams were very bright. The ancients believed in a golden age, in the garden of the Hesperides! . . . A queen wasp settled on his sleeve. Each queen wasp killed meant two thousand fewer wasps to thieve the apples which would grow from that blossom in the orchard; but who, with love in his heart, could kill anything on a day like this? He entered a fleld where a young red bull was feeding. It seemed to Ashurst that he looked like Joe. But the young bull took no notice of this visitor, a little drunk himself, perhaps, on the singing and the glamour of the golden pasture, under his short legs. Ashurst crossed out unchallenged to the hillside above the stream. From that slope a tor mounted to its crown of rocks. The ground there was covered with a mist of blue bells, and nearly a score of crab-apple trees were in full bloom. He threw himself down on the grass. The change from the buttercup glory and oak-goldened glamour of the fields to this ethereal beauty under the grey tor filled him with

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a sort of wonder; nothing the same, save the sound of running water and the songs of the cuckoos. He lay there a long time, watching the sunlight wheel till the crab-trees threw shadows over the blue bells, his only companions a few wild bees. He was not quite sane, thinking of that morning's kiss, and of to-night under the apple-tree. In such a spot as this, fauns and dryads surely lived; nymphs, white as the crab-apple blossom, retired within those trees; fauns, brown as the dead bracken, with pointed ears, lay in wait for them. The cuckoos were still calling when he woke, there was the sound of running water; but the sun had couched behind the tor, the hill-side was cool, and some rabbits had come out. "To-night!" he thought. Just as from the earth everything was pushing up, unfolding under the soft insistent fingers of an unseen hand, so were his heart and senses being pushed, unfolded. He got up and broke off a spray from a crab-apple tree. The buds were like Megan—shell-like, rose-pink, wild, and fresh; and so, too, the opening flowers, white, and wild, and touching. He put the spray into his coat. And all the rush of the spring within him escaped in a triumphant sigh. But the rabbits scurried away.

It was nearly eleven that night when Ashurst put down the pocket "Odyssey" which for half an hour he had held in his hands without reading, and slipped through the yard down to the orchard. The moon had just risen, very golden, over the hill, and like a bright, powerful, watching spirit peered through the bars of an ash-tree's half-naked boughs. In among the apple-trees it was still dark, and he stood making sure of his direction, feeling the rough grass with his feet. A black mass close behind him stirred with a heavy grunting sound, and three large pigs settled down again close to each other, under the wall. He listened. There was no wind, but the stream's burbling whispering chuckle had gained twice its daytime strength. One bird, he could not tell what, cried "Pip–pip," "Pip–pip," with perfect monotony; he could hear a nightjar spinning very far off; an owl hooting. Ashurst moved a step or two, and again halted, aware of a dim living whiteness all round his head. On the dark unstirring trees innumerable flowers and buds all soft and blurred were being bewitched to life by the creeping moonlight. He had the oddest feeling of actual companionship, as if a million white moths or spirits had floated in and settled between dark sky and darker ground, and were opening and shutting their wings on a level with his eyes. In the bewildering, still, scentless beauty of that moment he almost lost memory of why he had come to the orchard. The flying glamour which had clothed the earth all day had not gone now that night had fallen, but only changed

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into this new form. He moved on through the thicket of stems and boughs covered with that live powdering whiteness, till he reached the big apple-tree. No mistaking that, even in the dark, nearly twice the height and size of any other, and leaning out towards the open meadows and the stream. Under the thick branches he stood still again, to listen. The same sounds exactly, and a faint grunting from the sleepy pigs. He put his hands on the dry, almost warm tree trunk, whose rough mossy surface gave forth a peaty scent at his touch. Would she come—would she? And among these quivering, haunted, moon-witched trees he was seized with doubts of everything! All was unearthly here, fit for no earthly lovers; fit only for god and goddess, faun and nymph—not for him and this little country girl. Would it not be almost a relief if she did not come? But all the time he was listening. And still that unknown bird went "Pip—pip," "Pip—pip," and there rose the busy chatter of the little trout stream, whereon the moon was flinging glances through the bars of her tree-prison. The blossom on a level with his eyes seemed to grow more living every moment, seemed with its mysterious white beauty more and more a part of his suspense. He plucked a fragment and held it close—three blossoms. Sacrilege to pluck fruit-tree blossom—soft, sacred, young blossom—and throw it away! Then suddenly he heard the gate close, the pigs stirring again and grunting; and leaning against the trunk, he pressed his hands to its mossy sides behind him, and held his breath. She might have been a spirit threading the trees, for all the noise she made! Then he saw her quite close—her dark form part of a little tree, her white face part of its blossom; so still, and peering towards him. He whispered: "Megan!" and held out his hands. She ran forward, straight to his breast. When he felt her heart beating against him, Ashurst knew to the full the sensations of chivalry and passion. Because she was not of his world, because she was so simple and young and headlong, adoring and defenceless, how could he be other than her protector in the dark! Because she was all simple Nature and beauty, as much a part of this spring night as was the living blossom, how should he not take all that she would give him—how not fulfill the spring in her heart and his! And torn between these two emotions he clasped her close, and kissed her hair. How long they stood there without speaking he knew not. The stream went on chattering, the owls hooting, the moon kept stealing up and growing whiter; the blossom all round them and above brightened in suspense of living beauty. Their lips had sought each other's, and they did not speak. The moment speech began all would be unreal! Spring has no speech, nothing but rustling and whispering. Spring has so much more than

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speech in its unfolding flowers and leaves, and the coursing of its streams, and in its sweet restless seeking! And sometimes spring will come alive, and, like a mysterious Presence, stand, encircling lovers with its arms, laying on them the fingers of enchantment, so that, standing lips to lips, they forget everything but just a kiss. While her heart beat against him, and her lips quivered on his, Ashurst felt nothing but simple rapture–Destiny meant her for his arms, Love could not be flouted! But when their lips parted for breath, division began again at once. Only, passion now was so much the stronger, and he sighed: "Oh! Megan! Why did you come?"

She looked up, hurt, amazed.

"Sir, you asked me to."

"Don't call me 'Sir,' my pretty sweet."

"What should I be callin' you."

"Frank."

"I could not. Oh, no!"

"But you love me–don't you?"

"I could not help lovin' you. I want to be with you–that's all."

"All!"

So faint that he hardly heard, she whispered: "I shall die if I can't be with you."

Ashurst took a mighty breath.

"Come and be with me, then!"

"Oh!"

Intoxicated by the awe and rapture in that "Oh!" he went on, whispering: "Well go to London. I'll show you the world. And I *will* take care of you, I promise, Megan. I'll never be a brute to you!"

"If I can be with you–that is all."

He stroked her hair, and whispered on: "To-morrow I'll go to Torquay and get some money, and get you some clothes that won't be noticed, and then well steal away. And when we get to London, soon perhaps, if you love me well enough, we'll be married."

He could feel her hair shiver with the shake of her head.

"Oh, no! I could not. I only want to be with you!"

Drunk on his own chivalry, Ashurst went on murmuring: "It's I who am not good enough for you. Oh! Megan, when did you begin to love me?"

"When I saw you in the road, and you looked at me. The first night I loved you; but I never thought you would want me."

She slipped down suddenly to her knees, trying to kiss his feet.

A shiver of horror went through Ashurst; he lifted her up bodily and held her fast–too upset to speak.

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She whispered: "Why won't you let me?"

"It's I who will kiss your feet!"

Her smile brought tears into his eyes. The whiteness of her moonlit face so close to his, the faint pink of her opened lips, had the living, unearthly beauty of the apple-blossom.

And then, suddenly, her eyes widened and stared past him painfully; she writhed out of his arms, and whispered: "Look!"

Ashurst saw nothing but the brightened stream, the furze faintly gilded, the beech-trees glistening, and behind them all the wide loom of the moonlit hill. Behind him came her frozen whisper: "The gypsy bogle!"

"Where?"

"There—by the stone—under the trees!"

Exasperated, he leapt the stream, and strode towards the beech clump. Prank of the moonlight! Nothing! In and out of the boulders and thorntrees, muttering and cursing, yet with a kind of terror, he rushed and stumbled. Absurd! Silly! Then he went back to the apple-tree. But she was gone; he could hear a rustle, the grunting of the pigs, the sound of a gate closing. Instead of her, only this old apple-tree! He flung his arms round the trunk. What a substitute for her soft body; the rough moss against his face—what a substitute for her soft cheek; only the scent, as of the woods, a little the same! And above him, and around, the blossoms, more living, more moonlit than ever, seemed to glow and breathe.

Descending from the train at Torquay station, Ashurst wandered uncertainly along the front, for he did not know this particular queen of English watering-places. Having little sense of what he had on, he was quite unconscious of being remarkable among its inhabitants, and strode along in his rough Norfolk jacket, dusty boots, and battered hat, without observing that people gazed at him rather blankly. He was seeking a branch of his London bank, and having found one, found also the first obstacle to his mood. Did he know any one in Torquay? No. In that case, if he would wire to his bank in London, they would be happy to oblige him on receipt of the reply. That suspicious breath from the matter-of-fact world somewhat tarnished the brightness of his visions. But he sent the telegram.

Nearly opposite to the post office he saw a shop full of ladies' garments, and examined the window with strange sensations. To have to undertake the clothing of his rustic love was more than a little disturbing. He went in. A young woman came forward; she had blue eyes and a faintly puzzled forehead. Ashurst stared at her in silence.

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Presently the one called Sabina turned to him and said: "I say, will you come shrimping with us?–it's awful fun!"

Surprised by this unexpected friendliness, Ashurst murmured: "I'm afraid I've got to get back this afternoon."

"Oh!"

"Can't you put it off?"

Ashurst turned to the new speaker, Stella, shook his head, and smiled. She was very pretty! Sabina said regretfully: "You might!" Then the talk switched off to caves and swimming.

"Can you swim far?"

"About two miles."

"Oh!"

"I say!"

"How jolly!"

The three pairs of blue eyes, fixed on him, made him conscious of his new importance. The sensation was agreeable. Halliday said: "I say, you simply must stop and have a bathe. You'd better stay the night."

"Yes, do!"

But again Ashurst smiled and shook his head. Then suddenly he found himself being catechized about his physical achievements. He had rowed–it seemed–in his college boat, played in his college football team, won his college mile, and he rose from table a sort of hero. The two little girls insisted that he must see "their" cave, and they set forth chattering like magpies, Ashurst between them, Stella and her brother a little behind. In the cave, damp and darkish like any other cave, the great feature was a pool with possibility of creatures which might be caught and put into bottles. Sabina and Freda who wore no stockings on their shapely brown legs, exhorted Ashurst to join them in the middle of it, and help sieve the water. He too was soon bootless and sockless. Time goes fast for one who has a sense of beauty, when there are pretty children in a pool and a young Diana on the edge to receive with wonder anything you can catch! Ashurst never had much sense of time. It was a shock when, pulling out his watch, he saw it was well past three. No cashing his check to-day–the bank would be closed before he could get there. Watching his expression, the little girls cried out at once: "Hurrah! Now you'll have to stay!"

Ashurst did not answer. He was seeing again Megan's face, when at breakfast he had whispered: "I'm going to Torquay, darling, to get everything; I shall be back this evening. If it's fine we can go to-night. Be ready." He was seeing again how she quivered and hung on his words.

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What would she think? Then he pulled himself together, conscious suddenly of the calm scrutiny of this other young girl, so tall and fair and Diana-like, at the edge of the pool, of her wondering blue eyes under those brows which slanted up a little. If they knew what was in his mind—if they knew that this very night he had meant—! Well, there would be a little sound of disgust, and he would be alone in the cave. And with a curious mixture of anger, chagrin, and shame, he put his watch back into his pocket and said abruptly: "Yes; I'm dished for to-day."

"Hurrah! Now you can bathe with us."

It was impossible not to succumb a little to the contentment of these pretty children, to the smile on Stella's lips, to Halliday's "Ripping, old chap! I can lend you things for the night!" But again a spasm of longing and remorse throbbed through Ashurst, and he said moodily: "I must send a wire!"

The attractions of the pool palling, they went back to the hotel. Ashurst sent his wire, addressing it to Mrs. Narracombe: "Sorry, detained for the night, back tomorrow." Surely Megan would understand that he had too much to do; and his heart grew lighter. It was a lovely afternoon, warm, the sea calm and blue, and swimming his great passion; the favor of these pretty children flattered him, the pleasure of looking at them, at Stella, at Halliday's sunny face; the slight unreality, yet extreme naturalness of it all—as of a last peep at normality before he took this plunge with Megan! He got his borrowed bathing dress, and they all set forth. Halliday and he undressed behind one rock, the three girls behind another. He was first into the sea, and at once swam out with the bravado of justifying his self-given reputation. When he turned he could see Halliday swimming along shore, and the girls flopping and dipping, and riding the little waves, in the way he was accustomed to despise, but now thought pretty and sensible, since it gave him the distinction of the only deep-water fish. But drawing near, he wondered if they would like him, a stranger, to come into their splashing group; he felt shy, approaching that slim nymph. Then Sabina summoned him to teach her to float, and between them the little girls kept him so busy that he had no time even to notice whether Stella was accustomed to his presence, till suddenly he heard a startled sound from her. She was standing submerged to the waist, leaning a little forward, her slim white arms stretched out and pointing, her wet face puckered by the sun and an expression of fear.

"Look at Phil! Is he all right? Oh, look!"

Ashurst saw at once that Phil was not all right. He was splashing and struggling out of his depth, perhaps a hundred yards away; suddenly he

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gave a cry, threw up his arms, and went down. Ashurst saw the girl launch herself towards him, and crying out: "Go back, Stella! Go back!" he dashed out. He had never swum so fast, and reached Halliday just as he was coming up a second time. It was a case of cramp, but to get him in was not difficult, for he did not struggle. The girl, who had stopped where Ashurst told her to, helped as soon as he was in his depth, and once on the beach they sat down one on each side of him to rub his limbs, while the little ones stood by with scared faces. Halliday was soon smiling. It was—he said—rotten of him, absolutely rotten! If Frank would give him an arm, he could get to his clothes all right now. Ashurst gave him the arm, and as he did so caught sight of Stella's face, wet and flushed and tearful, all broken up out of its calm; and he thought: "I called her Stella! Wonder if she minded?"

While they were dressing, Halliday said quietly: "You saved my life, old chap!"

"Rot!"

Clothed, but not quite in their right minds, they went up all together to the hotel and sat down to tea, except Halliday, who was lying down in his room. After some slices of bread and jam, Sabina said: "I say, you know, you *are* a brick!"

And Freda chimed in: "Rather!"

Ashurst saw Stella looking down; he got up in confusion, and went to the window. From there he heard Sabina mutter: "I say, let's swear blood bond. Where's your knife, Freda?" and out of the corner of his eye he could see each of them solemnly prick herself, squeeze out a drop of blood and dabble on a bit of paper. He turned and made for the door.

"Don't be a stoat! Come back!" His arms were seized; imprisoned between the little girls he was brought back to the table. On it lay a piece of paper with an effigy drawn in blood, and the three names Stella Halliday, Sabina Halliday, Freda Halliday—also in blood, running towards it like the rays of a star. Sabina said: "That's you. We shall have to kiss you, you know."

And Freda echoed: "Oh! Blow—Yes!"

Before Ashurst could escape, some wettish hair dangled against his face, something like a bite descended on his nose, he felt his left arm pinched, and other teeth softly searching his cheek. Then he was released, and Freda said: "Now, Stella."

Ashurst, red and rigid, looked across the table at a red and rigid Stella. Sabina giggled; Freda cried: "Buck up—it spoils everything!"

A queer, ashamed eagerness shot through Ashurst; then he said quietly: "Shut up, you little demons!"

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Again Sabina giggled.

"Well, then, she can kiss her hand, and you can put it against your nose. It *is* on one side!"

To his amazement the girl did kiss her hand and stretch it out. Solemnly he took that cool, slim hand and laid it to his cheek. The two little girls broke into clapping, and Freda said: "Now, then, we shall have to save your life at any time; that's settled. Can I have another cup, Stella, not so beastly weak?"

Tea was resumed, and Ashurst, folding up the paper, put it in his pocket. The talk turned on the advantages of measles, tangerine oranges, honey in a spoon, no lessons, and so forth. Ashurst listened, silent, exchanging friendly looks with Stella, whose face was again of its normal sun-touched pink and white. It was soothing to be so taken to the heart of this jolly family, fascinating to watch their faces. And after tea, while the two little girls pressed seaweed, he talked to Stella in the window-seat and looked at her water-colour sketches. The whole thing was like a pleasurable dream; time and incident hung up, importance and reality suspended. To-morrow he would go back to Megan, with nothing of all this left save the paper with the blood of these children, in his pocket. Children! Stella was not quite that–as old as Megan! Her talk–quick, rather hard and shy, yet friendly–seemed to flourish on his silences, and about her there was something cool and virginal–a maiden in a bower. At dinner, to which Halliday, who had swallowed too much sea-water, did not come, Sabina said: "I'm going to call you Frank."

Freda echoed: "Frank, Frank, Franky."

Ashurst grinned and bowed.

"Every time Stella calls you Mr. Ashurst, she's got to pay a forfeit. It's ridiculous."

Ashurst looked at Stella, who grew slowly red. Sabina giggled; Freda cried: "She's 'smoking'–'smoking!'–Yah!"

Ashurst reached out to right and left, and grasped some fair hair in each hand.

"Look here," he said, "you two! Leave Stella alone, or I'll tie you together!"

Freda gurgled: "Ouch! You *are* a beast!"

Sabina murmured cautiously: "*You* call *her* Stella, you see!"

"Why shouldn't I? It's a jolly name!"

"All right; we give you leave to!"

Ashurst released the hair. Stella! What would she call him–after this? But she called him nothing; till at bedtime he said, deliberately: "Good night, Stella!"

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"Good night, Mr.–Good night, Frank! It *was* jolly of you, you know!"

"Oh–that! Bosh!"

Her quick, straight handshake tightened suddenly, and as suddenly, became slack.

Ashurst stood motionless in the empty sitting-room. Only last night, under the apple-tree and the living blossoms, he had held Megan to him, kissing her eyes and lips. And he gasped, swept by that rush of remembrance. To-night it should have begun–his life with her who only wanted to be with him! And now, twenty-four hours and more must pass, because–of not looking at his watch! Why had he made friends with this family of innocents just when he was saying good-bye to innocence, and all the rest of it? "But I mean to marry her," he thought; "I told her so!"

He took a candle, lighted it, and went to his bedroom, which was next to Halliday's. His friend's voice called as he was passing: "Is that you, old chap? I say, come in."

He was sitting up in bed, smoking a pipe and reading.

"Sit down a bit."

Ashurst sat down by the open window.

"I've been thinking about this afternoon, you know," said Halliday rather suddenly. "They say you go through all your past. I didn't. I suppose I wasn't far enough gone."

"What did you think of?"

Halliday was silent for a little, then said quietly: "Well, I did think of one thing–rather odd–of a girl at Cambridge that I might have–you know; I was glad I hadn't got her on my mind. Anyhow, old chap, I owe it to you that I'm here; I should have been in the big dark by now. No more bed, or baccy; no more anything. I say, what d'you suppose happens to us?"

Ashurst murmured: "Go out like flames, I expect."

"Phew!"

"We may flicker, and cling about a bit, perhaps."

"H'm! I think that's rather gloomy. I say, I hope my young sisters have been decent to you?"

"Awfully decent."

Halliday put his pipe down, crossed his hands behind his neck, and turned his face towards the window.

"They're not bad kids!" he said.

Watching his friend, lying there, with that smile, and the candlelight on his face, Ashurst shuddered. Quite true! He might have been lying there with no smile, with all that sunny look gone out forever! He might not

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Watching the frown of those pretty oblique brows, Ashurst answered: "I don't believe in believing things because one wants to."

"But why should one *wish* to live again, if one isn't going to?"

And she looked full at him.

He did not want to hurt her, but an itch to dominate pushed him on to say: "While one's alive one naturally wants to go on living forever; that's part of being alive. But it probably isn't anything more."

"Don't you believe in the Bible at all, then?"

Ashurst thought: "Now I shall really hurt her!"

"I believe in the Sermon on the Mount, because it's beautiful and good for all time."

"But don't you believe Christ was divine?"

He shook his head.

She turned her face quickly to the window, and there sprang into his mind Megan's prayer, repeated by little Nick: "God bless us all, and Mr. Ashes!" Who else would ever say a prayer for him, like her who at this moment must be waiting—waiting to see him come down the lane? And he thought suddenly: "What a scoundrel I am!"

All that evening this thought kept coming back; but, as is not unusual, each time with less poignancy, till it seemed almost a matter of course to be a scoundrel. And—strange!—he did not know whether he was a scoundrel if he meant to go back to Megan, or if he did not mean to go back to her.

They played cards till the children were sent off to bed; then Stella went to the piano. From over on the window seat, where it was nearly dark, Ashurst watched her between the candles—that fair head on the long, white neck bending to the movement of her hands. She played fluently, without much expression; but what a picture she made, the faint golden radiance, a sort of angelic atmosphere—hovering about her! Who could have passionate thoughts or wild desires in the presence of that swaying, white-clothed girl with the seraphic head? She played a thing of Schumann's called "*Warum*?" Then Halliday brought out a flute, and the spell was broken. After this they made Ashurst sing, Stella playing him accompaniments from a book of Schumann songs, till, in the middle of *"Ich grolle nicht"* two small figures clad in blue dressing-gowns crept in and tried to conceal themselves beneath the piano. The evening broke up in confusion, and what Sabina called "a splendid rag."

That night Ashurst hardly slept at all. He was thinking, tossing and turning. The intense domestic intimacy of these last two days, the strength of this Halliday atmosphere, seemed to ring him round, and make the

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farm and Megan—even Megan—seem unreal. Had he really made love to her—really promised to take her away to live with him? He must have been bewitched by the spring, the night, the apple-blossom! The notion that he was going to make her his mistress—that simple child not yet eighteen—now filled him with a sort of horror, even while it still stung and whipped his blood. He muttered to himself: "It's awful, what I've done—awful!" And the sound of Schumann's music throbbed and mingled with his fevered thoughts, and he saw again Stella's cool, white, fair-haired figure and bending neck, the queer, angelic radiance about her. "I must have been—I must be—mad!" he thought. "What came into me? Poor little Megan!" "God bless us all, and Mr. Ashes!" "I want to be with you—only to be with you!" And burying his face in his pillow, he smothered down a fit of sobbing. Not to go back was awful! To go back—more awful still!

Emotion, when you are young, and give real vent to it, loses its power of torture. And he fell asleep, thinking: "What was it—a few kisses—all forgotten in a month!"

Next morning he got his check cashed, but avoided the shop of the dove-grey dress like the plague; and, instead, bought himself some necessaries. He spent the whole day in a queer mood, cherishing a kind of sullenness against himself. Instead of the hankering of the last two days, he felt nothing but a blank—all passionate longing gone, as if quenched in that outburst of tears. After tea Stella put a book down beside him, and said shyly: "Have you read that, Frank?"

It was Farrar's "Life of Christ." Ashurst smiled. Her anxiety about his beliefs seemed to him comic, but touching. Infectious, too, perhaps, for he began to have an itch to justify himself, if not to convert her. And in the evening, when the children and Halliday were mending their shrimping nets, he said: "At the back of orthodox religion, so far as I can see, there's always the idea of reward—what you can get for being good; a kind of begging for favours. I think it all starts in fear."

She was sitting on the sofa making reefer knots with a bit of string. She looked up quickly: "I think it's much deeper than that."

Ashurst felt again that wish to dominate.

"You think so," he said; "but wanting the *quid pro quo* is about the deepest thing in all of us! It's jolly hard to get to the bottom of it!"

She wrinkled her brows in a puzzled frown.

"I don't think I understand."

He went on obstinately: "Well, think, and see if the most religious peo-

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ple aren't those who feel that this life doesn't give them all they want. I believe in being good because to be good is good in itself."

"Then you do believe in being good?"

How pretty she looked now—it was easy to be good with her! And he nodded and said: "I say, show me how to make that knot!"

With her fingers touching his, in manoeuvring the bit of string he felt soothed and happy. And when he went to bed he willfully kept his thoughts on her, wrapping himself in her fair, cool sisterly radiance, as in some garment of protection.

Next day he found they had arranged to go by train to Totness, and picnic at Berry Pomeroy Castle. Still in that resolute oblivion of the past, he took his place with them in the landau beside Halliday, back to the horses. And, then, along the sea-front, nearly at the turning to the railway station, his heart almost leaped into his mouth. Megan—Megan herself!—was walking on the far pathway, in her old skirt and jacket and her Tam o' Shanter, looking up into the faces of the passers-by. Instinctively he threw his hand up for cover, then made a feint of clearing dust out of his eyes; but between his fingers he could see her still, moving, not with her free country step, but wavering, lost-looking, pitiful—like some little dog which has missed its master and does not know whether to run on, to run back—where to run. How had she come like this?—what excuse had she found to get away?—what did she hope for? But with every turn of the wheels bearing him away from her, his heart revolted and cried to him to stop them, to get out, and go to her! When the landau turned the corner to the station he could stand it no more, and opening the carriage door, muttered: "I've forgotten something! Go on—don't wait for me! I'll join you at the castle by the next train!" He jumped, stumbled, spun round, recovered his balance, and walked forward, while the carriage with the astonished Hallidays rolled on.

From the corner he could only just see Megan, a long way ahead now. He ran a few steps, checked himself, and dropped into a walk. With each step nearer to her, further from the Hallidays, he walked more and more slowly. How did it alter anything—this sight of her? How make the going to her, and that which must come of it, less ugly? For there was no hiding it—since he had met the Hallidays he had become gradually sure that he would not marry Megan. It would only be a wild love-time, a troubled, remorseful, difficult time—and then—well, then he would get tired, just because she gave him everything, was so simple, and so trustful, so dewy. And dew—wears off! The little spot of faded colour, her Tam o'

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Shanter cap, wavered on far in front of him; she was looking up into every face, and at the house windows. Had any man ever such a cruel moment to go through? Whatever he did, he felt he would be a beast. And he uttered a groan which made a nursemaid turn and stare. He saw Megan stop and lean against the sea-wall, looking at the sea; and he too stopped. Quite likely she had never seen the sea before, and even in her distress could not resist that sight. "Yes—she's seen nothing," he thought; "everything's before her. And just for a few weeks' passion, I shall be cutting her life to ribbons. I'd better go and hang myself rather than do it!" And suddenly he seemed to see Stella's calm eyes looking into his, the wave of fluffy hair on her forehead stirred by the wind. Ah! it would be madness, would mean giving up all that he respected, and his own self-respect. He turned and walked quickly back towards the station. But memory of that poor, bewildered little figure, those anxious eyes searching the passers-by, smote him too hard again, and once more he turned towards the sea. The cap was no longer visible; that little spot of colour had vanished in the stream of the noon promenaders. And impelled by the passion of longing, the dearth which comes on one when life seems to be whiling something out of reach, he hurried forward. She was nowhere to be seen; for half an hour he looked for her; then on the beach flung himself face downward in the sand. To find her again he knew he had only to go to the station and wait till she returned from her fruitless quest, to take her train home; or to take train himself and go back to the farm, so that she found him there when she returned. But he lay inert in the sand, among the indifferent groups of children with their spades and buckets. Pity at her little figure wandering, seeking, was well nigh merged in the spring-running of his blood; for it was all wild feeling now—the chivalrous part, what there had been of it, was gone. He wanted her again, wanted her kisses, her soft, little body, her abandonment, all her quick, warm, pagan emotion; wanted the wonderful feeling of that night under the moonlit apple boughs; wanted it all with a horrible intensity, as the faun wants the nymph. The quick chatter of the little bright trout-stream, the dazzle of the buttercups, the rocks of the old "wild men"; the calling of the cuckoos and yaffles, the hooting of the owls; and the red moon peeping out of the velvet dark at the living whiteness of the blossom; and her face just out of reach at the window, lost in its love-look; and her heart against his, her lips answering his, under the apple-tree—all this besieged him. Yet he lay inert. What was it which struggled against pity and this feverish longing, and kept him there paralyzed in the warm sand? Three flaxen heads—a fair face with friendly blue-grey eyes, a slim hand press-

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ing his, a quick voice speaking his name–"So you do believe in being good?" Yes, and a sort of atmosphere as of some old walled-in English garden, with pinks, and cornflowers, and roses, and scents of lavender and lilac–cool and fair, untouched, almost holy–all that he had been brought up to feel was clean and good. And suddenly he thought: "She might come along the front again and see me!" and he got up and made his way to the rock at the far end of the beach. There, with the spray biting into his face, he could think more coolly. To go back to the farm and love Megan out in the woods, among the rocks, with everything around wild and fitting–that, he knew, was impossible, utterly. To transplant her to a great town, to keep, in some little flat or rooms, one who belonged so wholly to Nature–the poet in him shrank from it. His passion would be a mere sensuous revel, soon gone; in London, her very simplicity, her lack of all intellectual quality, would make her his secret plaything–nothing else. The longer he sat on the rock, with his feet dangling over a greenish pool from which the sea was ebbing, the more clearly he saw this; but it was as if her arms and all of her were slipping slowly, slowly down from him, into the pool, to be carried away out to sea; and her face looking up, her lost face with beseeching eyes, and dark, wet hair–possessed, haunted, tortured him! He got up at last, scaled the low rock-cliff, and made his way down into a sheltered cove. Perhaps in the sea he could get back his control–lose this fever! And stripping off his clothes, he swam out. He wanted to tire himself so that nothing mattered, and swam recklessly, fast and far; then suddenly, for no reason, felt afraid. Suppose he could not reach shore again–suppose the current set him out–or he got cramps, like Halliday! He turned to swim in. The red cliffs looked a long way off. If he were drowned they would find his clothes. The Hallidays would know; but Megan perhaps never–they took no newspaper at the farm. And Phil Halliday's words came back to him again: "A girl at Cambridge I might have–Glad I haven't got her on my mind!" And in that moment of unreasoning fear he vowed he would not have her on his mind. Then his fear left him; he swam in easily enough, dried himself in the sun, and put on his clothes. His heart felt sore, but no longer ached; his body cool and refreshed.

When one is as young as Ashurst, pity is not a violent emotion. And, back in the Hallidays' sitting-room, eating a ravenous tea, he felt much like a man recovered from fever. Everything seemed new and clear; the tea, the buttered toast, and jam tasted absurdly good; tobacco had never smelt so nice. And walking up and down the empty room, he stopped here and there to touch or look. He took up Stella's work-basket, fingered

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Ibsen, *Enemy of the People,* Vol. 4
James, W., *Energies of Men,* Vol. 7
Long, *Power within Us,* Vol. 6
Maupassant, *Two Friends,* Vol. 2
O'Neill, *Emperor Jones,* Vol. 4
Synge, *Riders to the Sea,* Vol. 4
Tacitus, *Life of Gnaeus Julius Agricola,* Vol. 6
Xenophon, "March to the Sea," Vol. 6

## *Of Love*

Vol. 10, pages 351–352

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

LOVE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*e*: The intensity and power of love: its increase or decrease; its constructive or destructive force
Topic 2*a*: Erotic love as distinct from lust or sexual desire
Topic 2*b*: Friendly, tender, or altruistic love: fraternal love

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Phaedrus; Symposium*
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Nicomachean Ethics,* Bks. VIII–IX
Augustine, Vol. 16, *Confessions,* Bk. VIII
Dante, Vol. 19, *Divine Comedy,* Purgatorio, Cantos XVI–XVII
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *Much Ado About Nothing; As You Like It;* Vol. 25, *Othello*
Spinoza, Vol. 28, *Ethics,* Part III, Props. 15–50, 59
Goethe, Vol. 45, *Faust,* Part One
Tolstoy, Vol. 51, *War and Peace,* Bk. 6, Chaps. II, XVI–XVII, XIX, XXI–XXIV; Bk. 8, Chaps. X–XXII; Bk. 10, Chaps. XXXVI–XXXVII; Bk. 11, Chaps. XXXI–XXXII; Bk. 12, Chaps. XIV–XVI
Dostoevsky, Vol. 52, *Brothers Karamazov,* Part II, Bk. VI; Part III, Bk. VII, Chap. 4
Freud, Vol. 54, *Civilization and Its Discontents*
Proust, Vol. 59, *Swann in Love*
Cather, Vol. 59, *Lost Lady*
Mann, Vol. 59, *Death in Venice*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Anderson, *I'm a Fool,* Vol. 2
Anonymous, *Aucassin and Nicolette,* Vol. 2
Apuleius, "Cupid and Psyche," Vol. 3
Balzac, *Passion in the Desert,* Vol. 3
Chekhov, *Darling,* Vol. 3
Cicero, *On Friendship,* Vol. 10

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dreamed and awakened to find Megan waiting for him by the big apple-tree? Unconsciously he put up his hand to his grizzled beard and brought himself back to reality. Opening the gate, he made his way down through the docks and nettles till he came to the edge, and the old apple-tree itself. Unchanged! A little more of the grey-green lichen, a dead branch or two, and for the rest it might have been only last night that he had embraced that mossy trunk after Megan's flight and inhaled its woody savour, while above his head the moonlit blossom had seemed to breathe and live. In that early spring a few buds were showing already; the blackbirds shouting their songs, a cuckoo calling, the sunlight bright and warm. Incredibly the same—the chattering trout-stream, the narrow pool he had lain in every morning, splashing the water over his flanks and chest; and out there in the wild meadow the beech clump and the stone where the gypsy bogle was supposed to sit. And an ache for lost youth, a hankering, a sense of wasted love and sweetness, gripped Ashurst by the throat. Surely, on this earth of such wild beauty, one was meant to hold rapture to one's heart, as this earth and sky held it! And yet, one could not!

He went to the edge of the stream, and, looking down at the little pool, thought: "Youth and spring! What has become of them all, I wonder?" And then, in sudden fear of having this memory jarred by human encounter, he went back to the lane, and pensively retraced his steps to the cross-roads.

Beside the car an old, grey-bearded labourer was leaning on a stick, talking to the chauffeur. He broke off at once, as though guilty of disrespect, and, touching his hat, prepared to limp on down the lane.

Ashurst pointed to the narrow green mound. "Can you tell me what this is?"

The old fellow stopped; on his face had come a look as though he were thinking: "You've come to the right shop, Mister!"

" 'Tes a grave," he said.

"But why out here?"

The old man smiled. "That's a tale, as yu may say. An' not the first time as I've a-told et—there's plenty folks asks 'bout that bit o' turf. 'Maid's Grave' us calls et, 'ereabouts."

Ashurst held out his pouch. "Have a fill?"

The old man touched his hat again, and slowly filled an old clay pipe. His eyes, looking upward out of a mass of wrinkles and hair, were still quite bright.

"If yu don' mind, zurr, I'll zet down—my leg's 'urtin' a bit to-day." And he sat down on the mound of turf.

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"There's always a vlower on this grave. An' 'tain't so very lonesome, neither; brave lot o' folks goes by now, in they new motor cars an' things—not as 'twas in th' old days. She've a-got company up 'ere. 'Twas a poor soul killed 'erself."

"I see!" said Ashurst. "Cross-roads burial. I didn't know that custom was kept up."

"Ah! but 'twas a main long time ago. Us 'ad a parson as was very God-fearin' then. Let me see, I've 'ad my pension six year come Michaelmas, an' I were just on fifty when 't 'appened. There's none livin' knows more about et than what I du. She belonged close 'ere; same farm as where I used to work along o' Mrs. Narracombe—'tes Nick Narracombe's now; I dus a bit for 'im still, odd times."

Ashurst, who was leaning against the gate, lighting his pipe, left his curved hands before his face for long after the flame of the match had gone out.

"Yes?" he said, and to himself his voice sounded hoarse and queer.

"She was one in an 'underd, poor maid! I putts a vlower 'ere every time I passes. Pretty maid an' gude maid she was, though they wouldn't burry 'er up tu th' church, nor where she wanted to be burried neither." The old labourer paused, and put his hairy, twisted hand flat down on the turf beside the blue bells.

"Yes?" said Ashurst.

"In a manner of speakin'," the old man went on, "I think as 'twas a love-story—though there's no one never knu for zartin. Yu can't tell what's in a maid's 'ead—but that's wot I think about it." He drew his hand along the turf. "I was fond o' that maid—don' know as there was any one as wasn' fond of 'er. But she was tu lovin'-'earted—that's where 'twas, I think." He looked up. And Ashurst, whose lips were trembling in the cover of his beard, murmured again: "Yes?"

" 'Twas in the spring, 'bout now as't might be, or a little later—blossom time—an' we 'ad one o' they young college gentlemen stayin' at the farm—nice feller tu, with 'is 'ead in the air. I liked 'e very well, an' I never see nothin' between 'em, but to my thinkin' 'e turned the maid's fancy." The old man took the pipe out of his mouth, spat, and went on:

"Yu see, 'e went away sudden one day, an' never come back. They got 'is knapsack and bits o' things down there still. That's what stuck in my mind—'is never sendin' for 'em. 'Is name was Ashes, or somethin' like that."

"Yes?" said Ashurst once more.

The old man licked his lips.

" 'Er never said nothin', but from that day 'er went kind of dazed lukin';

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didn' seem rightly therr at all. I never knu a 'uman creature so changed in me life—never. There was another young feller at the farm—Joe Biddaford 'is name wer'—that was praaperly sweet on 'er, tu; I guess 'e used to plague 'er wi' 'is attentions. She got to luke quite wild. I'd zee her sometimes of an avenin' when I was bringin' up the calves; ther' she'd stand in th' orchard, under the big apple-tree, lukin' straight before 'er. 'Well,' I used t' think, 'I dunno what 'tes that's the matter wi' yu, but yu'm lukin' pittiful, that yu be!' "

The old man relit his pipe, and sucked at it reflectively.

"Yes?" said Ashurst.

"I remembers one day I said to 'er: 'What's the matter, Megan?'—'er name was Megan David, she come from Wales same as 'er aunt, ol' Missis Narracombe. 'Yu'm frettin' about something,' I says. 'No, Jim,' she says, 'I'm not frettin'.' 'Yes, yu be!' I says. 'No,' she says, and tu tears cam' rollin' out. 'Yu'm cryin'—what's that, then?' I says. She putts 'er 'and over 'er 'eart: 'It 'urts me,' she says; 'but 'twill sune be better,' she says. 'But if anything shude 'appen to me, Jim, I wants to be buried under this 'ere apple-tree.' I laughed. 'What's goin' to 'appen to yu?' I says: 'don't 'ee be fulish.' 'No,' she says, 'I won't be fulish.' Well, I know what maids are, an' I never thought no more about et, till tu days arter that, 'bout six in the avenin' I was comin' up wi' the calves, when I see somethin' dark lyin' in the strame, close to that big apple-tree. I says to meself: 'Is that a pig—funny place for a pig to get to!' an' I goes up to et, an' I see what 'twas."

The old man stopped: his eyes, turned upward, had a bright, suffering look.

" 'Twas the maid, in a little narrer pool ther' that's made by the stoppin' of a rock—where I see the young gentleman bathin' once or twice. 'Er was lyin' on 'er face in the watter. There was a plant o' goldie-cups growin' out o' the stone just above 'er 'ead. An' when I come to luke at 'er face, 'twas luvly, butiful, so calm's a baby's—wonderful butiful et was. When the doctor saw 'er, 'e said: ' 'Er culdn' never a-done it in that little bit o' watter if 'er 'adn't a-been in an extarsy.' Ah! an' judgin' from 'er face, that was just 'ow she was. Et made me cry praaper—butiful et was! 'Twas June then, but she'd a-found a little bit of apple-blossom left over somewheres, and stuck et in 'er 'air. That's why I thinks 'er must a-been in an extarsy, to go to et gay, like that. Why! there wasn't more than a fute and 'arf o' watter. But I tell 'ee one thing—that meadder's 'arnted; I knu et, an' she knu et; an' no one'll persuade me as 'tesn't. I told 'em what she said to me 'bout bein' burried under th' apple-tree. But I think that turned 'em—made et luke tu much 's ef she'd 'ad it in 'er mind

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deliberate; an' so they burried 'er up 'ere. Parson we 'ad then was very particular, 'e was."

Again the old man drew his hand over the turf.

" 'Tes wonderful, et seems," he added slowly, "what maids 'll du for love. She 'ad a lovin' 'eart; I guess 'twas broken. But us never *knu* nothin'!"

He looked up as if for approval of his story, but Ashurst had walked past him as if he were not there.

Up on the top of the hill, beyond where he had spread the lunch, over, out of sight, he lay down on his face. So had his virtue been rewarded, and "the Cyprian," goddess of love, taken her revenge! And before his eyes, dim with tears, came Megan's face with the sprig of apple-blossoms in her dark, wet hair. "What did I do that was wrong?" he thought. "What did I do?" But he could not answer. Spring, with its rush of passion, its flowers and song—the spring in his heart and Megan's! Was it just Love seeking a victim! The Greek was right, then—the words of the "Hippolytus" as true to-day!

> For mad is the heart of Love,
> And gold the gleam of his wing;
> And all to the spell thereof
> Bend when he makes his spring.
> All life that is wild and young
> In mountain and wave and stream,
> All that of earth is sprung,
> Or breathes in the red sunbeam;
> Yea, and Mankind. O'er all a royal throne
> Cyprian, Cyprian, is thine alone!

The Greek was right! Megan! Poor little Megan—coming over the hill! Megan under the old apple-tree waiting and looking! Megan dead, with beauty printed on her! . . .

A voice said: "Oh, there you are! Look."

Ashurst rose, took his wife's sketch, and stared at it in silence.

"Is the foreground right, Frank?"

"Yes."

"But there's something wanting, isn't there?"

Ashurst nodded. Wanting? The apple-tree, the singing, and the gold!

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# Gustave Flaubert

1821–1880

Gustave Flaubert was born in Rouen, France, on December 12, 1821. He grew up in the city hospital, where his father was chief surgeon. In 1837, while he was still in school, his work was first published in a review, *Le Colibri.* He visited the Pyrénées, Marseilles, and Corsica with the anatomist Jules Cloquet and studied law at the University of Paris. Nervous troubles and lack of interest caused him to drop out. After the death of his father and sister in 1846, he retired with his mother to the family estate at Croisset on the Seine, where he would spend most of his life.

In the summer of that year he met the poet Louise Colet and began a nine-year association with her. A walking tour in Brittany with the writer Maxime du Camp produced *By Fields and by Strands*, published after his death. During this period he was engaged on manuscripts that would later be reworked into his famous books. In 1849–51 he and du Camp traveled in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Turkey, Greece, and Italy.

Five years of steady labor created *Madame Bovary*, perhaps the first modern novel. In 1856 it was brought out in the *Revue de Paris* and appeared as a book the next year. At once the French government indicted Flaubert on charges of immorality. He was acquitted. Six months later the same court convicted the poet Baudelaire for certain poems in *Les Fleurs du mal.*

Flaubert traveled in North Africa and devoured whole libraries to produce *Salammbô*, a novel about Hamilcar's daughter and the war between Carthaginians and mercenaries. The book, published in 1862 (dated 1863), was given a triumphant welcome. Like Henry James, Flaubert wrote plays and had little luck with them. The novel *Sentimental Education*, his great picture of Paris in mid-century,



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# *The Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller*

Julian's father and mother lived in a castle with a forest round it, on the slope of a hill.

The four towers at its corners had pointed roofs covered with scales of lead, and the walls were planted upon shafts of rock which fell steeply to the bottom of the moat. The pavement of the court-yard was as clean as the flag-stones of a church. Long gutter spouts in the form of leaning dragons spat the rain-water down into the cistern; and on the window-ledges of each story, in pots of painted earthenware, a heliotrope or basil flowered.

A second enclosure made with stakes held a fruit-orchard to begin with, and then a flower garden patterned into figures; then a trellis with arbours where you took the air, and an alley for the pages to play mall. On the other side were the kennels, the stables, the bake-house, the presses, and the barns. A green and turfy pasture spread all round this, enclosed in turn by a stout thorn-hedge.

They had lived at peace so long that the portcullis was never lowered now. The moats were full of grass; swallows nested in the cracks of the battlements; and when the sun blazed too strongly the archer who paced all day long the rampart took refuge in his turret and slept like a monk.

Inside there was a sheen of ironwork everywhere; the rooms were hung with tapestries against the cold; the cupboards overflowed with linen; casks of wine were piled up in the cellars, and the oaken coffers creaked with the weight of bags of money. In the armoury, between standards and wild beasts' heads, could be seen weapons of every age and every nation, from the slings of the Amalekites and the javelins of the Garamantes to the short swords of the Saracens and Norman coats of mail. The chief spit in the kitchen could roast an ox; the chapel was as splendid as



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Dinesen, *Sorrow-Acre,* Vol. 3
Dostoevsky, *White Nights,* Vol. 3
Eliot, G., *Lifted Veil,* Vol. 3
Galsworthy, *Apple-Tree,* Vol. 3
Hawthorne, *Rappaccini's Daughter,* Vol. 3
Molière, *Misanthrope,* Vol. 4
Sheridan, *School for Scandal,* Vol. 4
Singer, *Spinoza of Market Street,* Vol. 3
Tolstoy, *What Men Live By,* Vol. 3
Turgenev, *First Love,* Vol. 3
Wilde, *Happy Prince,* Vol. 2

## *Of Friendship*

Vol. 10, pages 353–358

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

HONOR, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*e*: Honor as the pledge of friendship: the codes of honor among social equals
LOVE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*b*: Friendly, tender, or altruistic love: fraternal love
Topic 3*a*: Friendship and love in relation to virtue and happiness
Topic 3*d*: The heroism of friendship and the sacrifices of love
TRUTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 8*c*: Truth and falsehood in relation to love and friendship: the pleasant and the unpleasant truth

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Homer, Vol. 3, *Iliad,* Bks. XVI–XVIII, XXIII
Plato, Vol. 6, *Lysis*
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Nicomachean Ethics,* Bks. VIII–IX
Augustine, Vol. 16, *Confessions,* Bk. VII
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of friendship*
Spinoza, Vol. 28, *Ethics,* Part IV, Props. 70–73; Appendix I–XVII
Melville, Vol. 48, *Moby Dick,* Chaps. 3–4, 10
Twain, Vol. 48, *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,* Chaps. 32–43
Tolstoy, Vol. 51, *War and Peace,* Bk. 12, Chap. XIII

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Anderson, *I'm a Fool,* Vol. 2
Cicero, *On Friendship,* Vol. 10
Kipling, *Mowgli's Brothers,* Vol. 2
La Bruyère, *Characters,* Vol. 6
Maupassant, *Two Friends,* Vol. 2

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a king's oratory. There was even, in a secluded corner, a Roman vapour-bath; but the good lord abstained from using it, considering it a practice of the heathen.

Wrapped always in a mantle of fox skins, he walked about his castle, administering justice to his vassals and setting the disputes of his neighbours at rest. In winter he watched the snowflakes falling or had stories read to him. With the first fine days he rode out on his mule along the by-ways, beside the greening corn, and chatted with the peasants, to whom he gave advice. After many adventures he had taken a lady of high lineage as his wife.

Very white of skin she was, a little proud and serious. The horns of her coif brushed against the door lintel, and the train of her dress trailed three paces behind her. Her household was ordered like the inside of a monastery; every morning she gave out the tasks to the servants, inspected the preserves and unguents, span at her distaff or embroidered altar-cloths. By dint of prayer to God a son was born to her.

Then there were great rejoicings and a banquet which lasted three days and four nights, with the illumination of torches, the sound of harps, and strewing of green branches. They ate of the rarest spices, and fowls as large as sheep; a dwarf came out of a pasty, to amuse the guests; and as the throng was always increasing and the bowls would go round no longer, they were obliged to drink out of horns and helmets.

The lady who had just been made a mother was not present at this cheer. She stayed quietly in her bed. Waking one evening, she saw as it were a shadow moving under a ray of the moon which came through the window. It was an old man in a frieze gown, with a chaplet at his side, a wallet on his shoulder, and all the semblance of a hermit. He came towards her pillow and said to her, without opening his lips: "Rejoice, O mother, thy son shall be a saint!"

She was just going to cry out, but he glided over the streak of moonlight, rose gently into the air and vanished. The songs of the banqueters broke out louder. She heard angels' voices; and her head fell back on the pillow, over which, framed with garnets, hung a martyr's bone.

Next morning all the servants were questioned and said they had seen no hermit. Whether it were a dream or reality, it must have been a communication from Heaven; but she was careful not to speak of it, fearing she might be taxed with pride.

The guests went off at morning twilight, and Julian's father was outside the postern gate, to which he had just escorted the last to go, when

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suddenly a beggar rose before him in the mist. He was a gipsy, with a plaited beard and silver rings on his arms, and fiery eyes. With an air of inspiration he stammered these disjointed words:

"Ah, ah! thy son! Blood in plenty! . . . Fame in plenty! . . . Blest always—the family of an emperor!"

And stooping to pick up his alms he was lost in the grass and disappeared.

The good castellan looked right and left, and called with all his might. No one! The wind blew shrill; the mists of morning flew away.

He put down this vision to a weary head, from having slept too little. "If I speak of it they will make a jest of me," he said to himself. Yet the glories destined to his son dazzled him, although the promise was not clear and he doubted even whether he had heard it.

The husband and wife each kept their secret. But they cherished their child, both of them, with an equal love; and, reverencing him as marked out by God, had an infinite care for his person. His cot was stuffed with the finest down; a lamp shaped like a dove burned continually above it, three nurses rocked him; and well swaddled in his clothes, with his rosy looks and blue eyes, a brocade cloak and a cap set with pearls, he looked a little Jesus. He teethed without crying at any time.

When he was seven his mother taught him to sing. To make him brave his father lifted him on to a big horse. The child smiled with pleasure and before long knew all about chargers.

A learned old monk taught him Holy Writ, the Arabic way of counting, the Latin letters, and how to make dainty pictures on vellum. They worked together high up in a turret away from all noise. The lesson over, they came down into the garden and studied the flowers, pausing at every step.

Sometimes a string of laden beasts was seen passing below in the valley, led by a man on foot dressed in the Eastern way. The castellan, recognizing him for a merchant, would send a servant out to him, and the stranger, taking heart, would turn out of his road. He would be brought into the parlour, where he drew out of his coffers strips of velvet and silk, jewels, perfumes, and curious things of unknown use; after which the worthy man went off, having taken a great profit and suffered no violence. At other times a band of pilgrims would come knocking at the gate. Their draggled garments steamed before the fire; and when they had been well fed they told the story of their travels: wanderings on shipboard over foamy seas, journeyings afoot in burning sands, the

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furious rage of paynims, the caves of Syria, the Manger and the Sepulchre. Then they would give the young lord scallop-shells from their cloaks.

Often the castellan feasted his old companions-at-arms. While they drank they called to mind their wars and the storming of fortresses, with the crash of warlike engines and the prodigious wounds. Julian listened to them and uttered cries; and his father had no doubt, then, that he would be a conqueror one day. Yet at evening, coming from the Angelus, as he passed between the bending rows of poor, he dipped in his purse with such modesty and so noble a mien that his mother thought surely to see him an archbishop in his time.

His place in chapel was by the side of his parents, and however long the offices might be he stayed kneeling at his stool, with his cap on the floor and his hands clasped in prayer.

One day, while mass was being said, he raised his head and saw a little white mouse coming out of a hole in the wall. It trotted along the first pace of the altar, and after making two or three turns to right and left fled by the way it had come. Next Sunday he was troubled by the thought that he might see it again. It did come back; and then every Sunday he watched for it, was troubled, seized with hatred for it, and determined to get rid of the mouse.

So, having shut the door and sprinkled some cake crumbs along the altar steps, he took post in front of the hole with a little stick in his hand.

After a very long time a small pink nose appeared, and then the entire mouse. He struck a light blow, and stood lost in amazement at this tiny body which did not stir again. A drop of blood spotted the pavement. Julian wiped it off rapidly with his sleeve, threw the mouse away, and did not say a word to anyone.

There were all kinds of little birds which pecked at the seeds in the garden. Julian had the thought of putting peas into a hollow reed. When he heard the sound of chirruping in a tree he came up softly, lifted his pipe, and blew out his cheeks; and the little creatures rained down in such abundance on his shoulders that he could not help laughing in delight at his trick.

One morning, as he was going back along the curtain wall, he saw a fat pigeon on the top of the rampart, preening itself in the sun. Julian stopped to look at it, and as there was a breach in this part of the wall a fragment of stone lay ready to his hand. He swung his arm, and the stone brought down the bird, which fell like a lump into the moat.

He dashed down after it, tearing himself in the briars and scouring

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everywhere, nimbler than a young dog. The pigeon, its wings broken, hung quivering in the boughs of a privet. The obstinate life in it annoyed the child. He began to throttle it, and the bird's convulsions made his heart beat, filled him with a savage, passionate delight. When it stiffened for the last time he felt that he would swoon.

At supper in the evening his father declared that it was time for him to learn the art of venery, and he went to look for an old manuscript which contained, in questions and answers, the whole pastime of the chase. A master explained in it to his pupil the craft of breaking in dogs, taming falcons, and setting snares; how to know the stag by his droppings, the fox by his foot-marks, the wolf by his scratchings of the ground; the right way to discern their tracks, the manner of starting them, the usual places of their lairs, the most favourable winds, and a list of all the calls and the rules for the quarry.

When Julian could repeat all this by heart his father gathered a pack of hounds for him.

The first to catch the eye were twenty-four greyhounds from Barbary, swifter than gazelles, but prone to get out of hand; and then seventeen couples of Breton hounds, with red coats and white spots, unshakeable in control, deep-chested, loud to bay. To face the wild boar and its dangerous redoublings there were forty boar-hounds, as shaggy as bears. Mastiffs from Tartary nearly as tall as asses and flame-coloured, with broad backs and straight legs, were assigned to hunt the aurochs. The black coats of the spaniels shone like satin, and the yapping of the talbots matched the chanting of the beagles. In a yard by themselves, tossing their chains and rolling their eyes, growled eight Alain dogs, fearsome animals that fly at the belly of a horseman and have no dread of lions.

All of them ate wheaten bread, drank out of stone troughs, and bore sonorous names.

The falconry, maybe, was choicer even than the pack; for by dint of money the good lord had secured tercelets of the Caucasus, sakers from Babylonia, gerfalcons of Germany, and peregrines taken on the cliffs at the edge of cold seas in far quarters of the world. They were housed in a big shed roofed with thatch, and fastened to the perching bar in a row according to their size, with a strip of turf before them where they were placed from time to time to unstiffen their limbs.

Purse-nets, hooks, wolf-traps, and engines of every kind were artfully made.

Often they took out setters into the country, who quickly came to a point. Then huntsmen, advancing step by step, cautiously spread a huge

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shaped like an arena was filled with stags, who crowded close together warming each other with their breath, which could be seen steaming in the mist.

The prospect of a slaughter like this for a minute or two took Julian's breath away for pleasure. Then he dismounted, rolled up his sleeves, and began to shoot.

At the whistle of the first arrow all the stags turned their heads at once. Hollows opened in the mass, plaintive cries rose, and a great stir shook the herd.

The brim of the valley was too high to climb. They leaped about in this enclosure, trying to escape. Julian aimed and shot, and the arrows fell like rain shafts in a thunder-storm. The maddened stags fought, reared, and climbed on each other's backs; and the bodies and entangled antlers made a broad mound which crumbled and changed.

At last they died, stretched on the sand, their nostrils frothing, entrails bursting, and bellies slowly ceasing to heave. Then all was motionless. Night was close at hand; and behind the woods, in the interspaces of the boughs, the sky was red as a sheet of blood.

Julian leant back against a tree, and gazed with staring eyes at the enormous massacre; he could not think how it had been done.

Then across the valley, at the edge of the forest, he saw a stag with its hind and its fawn.

The stag was black and hugely tall; it carried sixteen points and a white beard. The hind, pale yellow like a dead leaf, was grazing; and the spotted fawn, without hindering her movements, pulled at her dugs.

Once more the cross-bow sang. The fawn was killed on the spot. Then its mother, looking skyward, bellowed with a deep, heart-breaking, human cry. In exasperation Julian stretched her on the ground with a shot full in the breast.

The great stag had seen it, and made a bound. Julian shot his last arrow at him. It hit the stag in the forehead and stuck fast there.

The great stag did not seem to feel it; striding over the dead bodies, he came on and on, in act to charge and disembowel him; and Julian retreated in unspeakable terror. The monstrous creature stopped, and with flaming eyes, as solemn as a patriarch or judge, said three times, while a bell tinkled in the distance:

"Accurst! accurst! accurst! one day, ferocious heart, thou shalt murder thy father and thy mother!"

The stag's knees bent, his eyes closed gently, and he died.

Julian was thunderstruck, and then suddenly felt crushed with fatigue;

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disgust and boundless sadness came over him. He buried his face in his hands and wept for a long time.

His horse was lost, his dogs had left him; the solitude which folded round him seemed looming with vague dangers. Seized with alarm, he struck across country, and choosing a path at random found himself almost immediately at the castle-gate.

He could not sleep at night. By the flickering of the hanging lamps he always saw the great black stag. The creature's prophecy besieged him, and he fought against it. "No! no! no! it cannot be that I should kill them!" And then he mused: "Yet if I should wish to kill?" and he was afraid that the Devil might inspire him with the wish.

For three months his mother prayed in anguish by his pillow, and his father walked to and fro along the corridors with groans. He sent for the most famous master physicians, who prescribed quantities of drugs. Julian's malady, they said, was caused by a noxious wind, or by a love-desire. But the young man, in answer to all questions, shook his head.

His strength came back to him, and they took him out to walk in the court-yard, the old monk and the good lord each propping him with an arm.

When he had recovered altogether he obstinately refused to hunt. His father, hoping to cheer him, made him a present of a great Saracen sword. It was in a stand of arms, at the top of a pillar, and a ladder was needed to reach it. Julian went up. The sword was too heavy and slipped from his fingers, and in the fall grazed the worthy lord so close as to cut his mantle; Julian thought he had killed his father, and fainted away.

From that moment he dreaded weapons. The sight of a bare blade made him turn pale. This weakness was a sorrow to his family, and at last the old monk, in the name of God, of honour, and his ancestors, bade him take up the exercises of his gentle birth again.

The squires amused themselves daily at practising with the javelin. Julian very quickly excelled in this; he could throw his javelin into the neck of a bottle, break the teeth of a weather-vane, and hit the nails on a door a hundred paces off.

One summer evening, at the hour when things grow indistinct in the dusk, he was under the trellis in the garden and saw right at the end of it two white wings fluttering by the top of its supports. He made sure it was a stork, and threw his javelin. A piercing cry rang out.

It was his mother, whose bonnet with long flaps stayed pinned to the wall.

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Julian fled from the castle and was seen there no more.

He took service with a passing troop of adventurers and knew hunger and thirst, fevers and vermin. He grew accustomed to the din of mellays and the sight of dying men. The wind tanned his skin. His limbs hardened under the clasp of armour; and as he was very strong, valiant, temperate, and wary he won the command of a company with ease.

When a battle opened he swept on his soldiers with a great flourish of his sword. He scaled the walls of citadels with a knotted rope at night, swinging in the blasts, while sparks of Greek fire stuck to his cuirass and boiling resin and molten lead hissed from the battlements. Often a stone crashed and shivered his buckler. Bridges overladen with men gave way under him. Swinging his battle-ax to and fro, he got rid of fourteen horsemen. In the lists he overcame all challengers. More than a score of times he was left for dead.

Thanks to the favour of Heaven he always came out safely, for he protected clerks, orphans, widows, and, most of all, old men. When he saw one of them walking in front of him he called out to see his face, as though he were afraid of killing him by mistake.

Runaway slaves, peasants in revolt, fortuneless bastards, and venturous men of all sorts flocked under his banner, and he made an army of his own.

It grew, and he became famous. The world sought him out. He succoured in turn the Dauphin of France and the King of England, the Templars of Jerusalem, the Surena of the Parthians, the Negus of Abyssinia, and the Emperor of Calicut. He fought against Scandinavians covered with fish-scales, Negroes with bucklers of hippopotamus hide, mounted on red asses, and gold-coloured Indians flourishing broadswords brighter than mirrors above their diadems. He subdued the Troglodytes and the Anthropophages. He went through such burning regions that the hair on the head caught fire of itself, like torches, in the sun's heat; through others so freezing that the arms snapped from the body and fell to the ground; and countries where there was so much mist that you walked surrounded by phantoms.

Republics in distress consulted him, and in colloquies with ambassadors he gained unhoped-for terms. If a monarch behaved too badly Julian was quickly on the spot and took him to task. He set free peoples and delivered queens immured in towers. He it was, no other, who slew the viper of Milan and the dragon of Oberbirbach.

Now the Emperor of Occitania, having triumphed over the Spanish

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Moslems, had taken the sister of the Caliph of Cordova as his concubine, and by her he had a daughter whom he had brought up to be a Christian. But the Caliph, feigning a wish to be converted, came to return his visit with a numerous escort, put all his garrison to the sword, and threw him into an underground dungeon, where he used him cruelly to extort his treasure.

Julian hastened to his aid, destroyed the army of the infidels, besieged the town, killed the Caliph, cut off his head, and threw it over the ramparts like a ball. Then he drew the Emperor out of prison and set him on his throne again, in the presence of all his court.

To requite this great service the Emperor presented him with basketfuls of money; Julian would have none of it. Thinking that he wanted more, he offered him three-quarters of his wealth, and was refused again; then the half of his kingdom; Julian thanked him and declined. The Emperor was in tears of distress, seeing no way to show his gratitude, when he tapped his forehead and whispered in a courtier's ear; the curtains of a tapestry lifted and a maiden appeared.

Her large dark eyes gleamed like two gentle lamps; her lips were parted in a winning smile. The ringlets of her hair caught in the jewels of a half-opened robe, and under the transparent tunic the young lines of her body could be guessed. She was slim of figure, all daintiness and softness.

Julian was dazzled with love, the more because he had lived in great chastity till then.

So he took the Emperor's daughter in marriage, with a castle that she held from her mother; and when the wedding was over he and his host parted, after a long exchange of courtesies.

It was a palace of white marble, in the Moorish fashion, built on a promontory in a grove of orange-trees. Terraces of flowers sloped to the edge of a bay, where there were pink shells that crackled under foot. Behind the castle stretched a forest in the shape of a fan. The sky was blue unceasingly, and the trees waved by turns under the sea breeze and the wind from the mountains, which closed the horizon far away.

The rooms were full of shadow, but drew light from their incrusted walls. High columns, slender as reeds, supported their domed vaults, which were embossed in relief to imitate the stalactites in caves. There were fountains in the greater rooms, mosaics in the courts, festooned partitions, delicacies of architecture beyond number, and everywhere so deep a silence that one heard the rustle of a scarf or the echo of a sigh.

Julian made war no longer. He rested with a quiet people round him,

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Molière, *Misanthrope,* Vol. 4
Scott, *Two Drovers,* Vol. 2
Wilde, *Happy Prince,* Vol. 2

### *Of Anger*

Vol. 10, pages 359–360

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

EMOTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*a*: Definitions of particular passions
Topic 2*b*: The order and connection of the passions
SIN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*c*(1): The classification and order of mortal sins

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Homer, Vol. 3, *Iliad,* Bks. I, XVIII–XXIV
Sophocles, Vol. 4, *Ajax*
Plato, Vol. 6, *Euthyphro*
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Nicomachean Ethics,* Bk. II, Chaps. 5–9; *Rhetoric,* Bk. II, Chaps. 2–4
Plotinus, Vol. 11, *Fourth Ennead,* Fourth Tractate
Dante, Vol. 19, *Divine Comedy,* Inferno, Canto VII; Purgatorio, Canto XVI
Hobbes, Vol. 21, *Leviathan,* Part I, Chap. 6
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of anger*
Shakespeare, Vol. 25, *King Lear; Timon of Athens*
Spinoza, Vol. 28, *Ethics,* Part IV, Props. 34–37, 45–46
Milton, Vol. 29, *Paradise Lost,* Bk. I
Locke, Vol. 33, *Essay Concerning Human Understanding,* Bk. II, Chap. XX
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chap. XXIV

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Flaubert, *Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller,* Vol. 3
Plutarch, *Contentment,* Vol. 10
Poe, *Tell-Tale Heart,* Vol. 2
Scott, *Two Drovers,* Vol. 2

For other works by Bacon in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 28

## HONORÉ DE BALZAC, 1799–1850

### *A Passion in the Desert*

Vol. 3, pages 436–447

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and every day a crowd passed before him, making obeisances and kissing hands in the Eastern style.

In his purple dress he would stay leaning in the embrasure of a window, recalling his hunts of former days; and he would have liked to scour the desert after gazelles and ostriches, hide among the bamboos to wait for leopards, traverse forests full of rhinoceroses, climb the most inaccessible mountain tops to take better aim at eagles, and fight with white bears on icebergs in the sea.

Sometimes, in dreams, he saw himself like our father Adam in the midst of Paradise, among all the beasts. He stretched out his arm against them, and they died; or else, again, they defiled before him, two by two according to their size, from the elephants and lions to the ermines and the ducks, as on the day when they entered Noah's ark. From the shadow of a cave he rained darts on them which never missed; other animals appeared; there was no end to them, and he woke with his eyes rolling wildly.

Among his friends there were princes who invited him to hunt. He always refused, thinking that by a penance of this kind he would turn aside his curse, for it seemed to him that the slaughter of animals would decide the fate of his father and mother. But it was a grief to him not to see his parents, and his other secret desire became impossible to bear.

His wife sent for jugglers and dancers to amuse him. She went out with him into the country in an open litter; and at other times they would lie in a boat and watch, over the side, the fish roaming in water as clear as the sky. Often she threw flowers in his face, or crouching at his feet drew music from a three-stringed mandolin; and then, laying her clasped hands on his shoulder, said timidly, "What ails thee then, dear Lord?"

He did not answer, or break into sobs. At last, one day, he confessed his horrible thought.

She fought against it, arguing very well. His father and mother, most likely, were already dead; but if he ever saw them again what chance or purpose could lead him to this abominable deed? His fear was causeless, then, and he should return to the hunt.

Julian smiled as he listened to her, but could not make up his mind to fulfil his desire.

One August evening they were in their chamber, she being just in bed and he kneeling down to pray, when he heard a fox barking, and then some light footfalls under the window. He caught a glimpse, in the dusk, of what seemed to be the shapes of animals. The temptation was too strong, and he took down his quiver.

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Then his heart sank for shame. A higher power was bringing his strength to nought, and he went back into the forest to regain his home.

The forest was tangled with creepers; and as he was cutting them with his sword a marten slipped sharply between his legs, a panther made a bound over his shoulder, and a snake wound its way up an ash tree. A huge jackdaw looked down at Julian out of its leaves, and on every side among the branches appeared a multitude of great sparks, as though the firmament had showered all its stars into the forest. They were eyes of animals—wild cats, squirrels, owls, parrots, monkeys.

Julian darted his arrows at them; the feathered shafts settled on the leaves like white butterflies. He threw stones at them, and the stones fell back without touching anything. He cursed, wanted to fight, shouted imprecations, and choked with rage.

And all the animals which he had been hunting appeared again and made a narrow circle round him. Some sat upon their haunches, others stood erect. He was rooted in the middle, frozen with terror, and impotent to move at all. With a supreme effort of will he took a step; the creatures on the branches spread their wings, those on the ground stretched their limbs, and all went on with him.

The hyenas walked in front, the wolf and the boar behind. The bull was on his right, swaying its head, while on his left the serpent wound through the grass and the panther arched its back and advanced with long, velvet-footed strides. He walked as slowly as he could to avoid irritating them; and as he went he saw porcupines, foxes, vipers, jackals, and bears come out of the dense undergrowth.

Julian began to run; they ran too. The serpent hissed, and the stinking creatures slavered. The wild boar's tusks prodded his heels, and the wolf rubbed the palms of his hands with his hairy muzzle. The monkeys pinched him and made faces, and the marten rolled over his feet. A bear swung its paw back and knocked his hat off, and the panther, which had been carrying an arrow in its mouth, let it fall in disdain.

Their sly movements gave peeps of irony. As they watched him out of the corner of their eyes they seemed to be meditating a plan of revenge; while he, deafened by the buzzing insects, lashed by the birds' tails, and smothered by the breath of the animals, walked with arms out-stretched and eyes shut like a blind man, without even having strength to cry for mercy.

A cock-crow rang in the air, and others answered. It was day, and he recognized his palace roof beyond the orange-trees.

Then at the edge of a field he saw, three paces off him, some red partridges fluttering in the stubble. He unfastened his cloak and threw

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it over them as a net. When he uncovered them he found but one, long dead and rotten.

This deception infuriated him more than all the others. His thirst to kill swept over him again, and for want of beasts he would gladly have slain men.

He climbed the three terraces and burst open the door with a blow of his fist; but when he reached the staircase his heart unbent at the thought of his dear wife. She was asleep, doubtless, and he would take her by surprise.

He drew off his sandals, turned the lock gently, and went in.

The pale dawn came dimly through the leaded window-panes. Julian's feet caught in clothes lying on the floor; a little farther, and he knocked against a buffet still laden with plate. "Her supper, doubtless," he said to himself, and went on towards the bed, which he could not see in the darkness at the end of the room. He came close, and to kiss his wife bent down over the pillow where the two heads were lying side by side. Then he felt the touch of a beard against his mouth.

He drew back, thinking he was going mad, but came near the bed again, and as he felt about with his fingers they encountered long tresses of hair. To convince himself that he was wrong he passed his hand again slowly over the pillow. It was really a beard this time, and a man—a man lying with his wife!

In a fit of boundless fury he leaped on them, striking with his dagger; he stamped and foamed, roaring like a wild beast. Then he stopped. The dead folk, pierced to the heart, had not so much as stirred. He listened closely to their dying groans, which almost kept time together; and as they grew feebler another, in the far distance, took them up. Vague at first, this plaintive, long-drawn voice came nearer, swelled, rang cruelly; and he recognized in terror the belling of the great black stag.

And as he turned round he thought he saw his wife's ghost framed in the doorway, with a light in her hand.

The noise of the murder had drawn her there. In one wide glance she grasped it all, and fled in horror, dropping her torch. He picked it up.

His father and mother lay before him, stretched on their backs, with breasts pierced through; and their faces, in a gentle majesty, looked as though they were keeping a secret for ever. Splashes and pools of blood showed on their white skin, over the bed-clothes and the floor, and trickled down an ivory crucifix in the alcove. The scarlet reflection from the window, which the sun was striking, lit up these red patches and cast others, more numerous still, all round the room. Julian walked towards

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the two dead figures, saying to himself, and struggling to believe, that this thing could not be and that he was deceived by an error—by one of those resemblances which nothing can explain. Finally he bent down a little to look close at the old man, and saw between the unshut eyelids a glazed eye which scorched him like fire. Then he went to the other side of the couch where the other body lay, its white hair hiding part of the face. Julian passed his fingers under the plaits and lifted the head; and holding it at arm's length with one hand, while in the other he held up the torch, he looked at it. Drops of blood were oozing from the mattress and falling one by one upon the floor.

At the end of the day he came into his wife's presence; and in a voice not his own bade her first of all not to answer him, come near him, or even look at him. Under pain of damnation she must follow all his orders, which would not be gainsaid.

The funerals must be carried out according to injunctions which he had left in writing, on a *prie-dieu* in the chamber of the dead. He ceded to her his palace, his vassals, and all his possessions, not excepting even his clothes or his sandals, which would be found at the head of the stairs.

She had obeyed God's will in making the occasion of his crime, and she must pray for his soul, since from that day he ceased to exist.

The dead were sumptuously buried in an abbey church at three days' journey from the castle. A monk in shrouded hood followed the procession at a distance from the others, and no one dared to speak to him. He remained while the mass lasted, lying flat in the middle of the porch, with his arms making the form of a cross and his forehead in the dust.

After the burial he was seen to take the road leading to the mountains. He turned to look round several times, and finally disappeared.

He went onwards, begging his way throughout the world.

He held out his hand to the riders on the high roads and bent his knee when he approached the reapers. Or he would stand motionless before the gates of court-yards, and his face was so sad that he was never refused alms.

In a spirit of humbleness he would tell his story; and then all fled from him, making the sign of the cross. In the villages which he had passed through before, the people, as soon as they recognized him, shut their doors, shouted abuse at him, threw stones at him. The most charitable of them placed a bowl on their window-sills and then closed the shutters so as not to see him.

Being repulsed everywhere, he shunned mankind, and fed on roots,

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plants, wayside fruit, and shell-fish which he gathered along the beaches.

Sometimes, at the turn of a hill-side, he saw a jumble of crowded roofs under his eyes, with stone spires, bridges, towers, and a network of dark streets, from which a ceaseless hum rose up to him. A need to mingle with the life of others would draw him down into the town. But the brutal look in their faces, their noisy crafts and callous words made his heart freeze. On festal days, when the great cathedral bells tuned the whole populace to joy from daybreak, he watched the folk issuing from their houses, and the dancing in public spaces, the beer fountains at the crossways, the damask hung before the lodgings of princes; and then at evening, through the lower windows, the long family tables where grandparents dandled little children on their knees. Sobs choked him, and he turned away towards the country.

He had thrills of love as he gazed at young horses in the meadows, birds in their nests, and insects on the flowers; all, at his approach, ran farther off, hid in terror, or flew swiftly away.

He sought deserted places. But the wind grated on his ear like the rattle of a death-agony; the dewdrops falling to the ground brought other, heavier drops to mind. Every evening the sun tinged the clouds blood-red, and each night the murder of his parents began again in dreams.

He made himself a hair shirt with iron spikes, and climbed on his knees up every hill which had a chapel at the top. But his pitiless thought dimmed the radiance of the shrines, and stung him even in his acts of mortification. He did not rebel against God for having brought the deed upon him, and yet the idea that he could have done it made him despair.

His own person filled him with such horror that in the hope of release he risked it among dangers. He saved the paralysed from fires and children from the bottom of chasms. The abyss cast him up; the flames spared him.

Time brought no relief to his suffering. It became intolerable, and he resolved to die.

And one day when he was by a spring, leaning over it to judge the water's depth, he saw opposite him on a sudden an emaciated old man, with a white beard and a look so dolorous that Julian could not keep back his tears. The other wept also. Without recognizing him exactly, Julian had a confused memory of a face like his. He uttered a cry; it was his father; and he thought no more of killing himself.

So with the burden of his recollections he travelled many lands, and came one day to a river, which, owing to its violence and a great stretch of slime along its banks, was dangerous to cross. No one for a long time had dared to make the passage.

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An old boat, whose stern had been embedded, lifted its prow among the reeds. Julian examined it and found a pair of oars; and the thought came to him that he might use his life in the service of others.

He began by making a sort of roadway on the bank to lead down to the channel of the river; and he broke his nails in moving enormous stones, propped them against his waist to carry them, slipped in the mud and sank there, and nearly perished several times. Then he repaired the boat with pieces of wreckage, and made a hut for himself out of clay and tree-trunks.

The ferry came to be heard of and travellers appeared. They waved flags and hailed him from the other side, and Julian at once jumped into his boat. It was very heavy, and they overweighted it with baggage and loads of all kinds, without counting the beasts of burden, who made the crowding worse by kicking in alarm. He asked nothing for his labour; some of the passengers gave him remnants of food out of their wallets or worn-out clothes which they had no more use for. The brutal ones shouted blasphemies. Julian reproved them gently, and they retorted with abuse. He was content to bless them.

A little table, a stool, a bed of dry leaves, and three clay cups—that was the whole of his furniture. Two holes in the wall served for windows. On one side barren plains stretched away out of view, dotted with pale meres here and there; and in front of him the great river rolled its greenish waters. In spring the damp soil breathed an odour of decay. Then came a riotous wind that lifted the dust and whirled it. It found its way in everywhere, muddying the water and grating in the mouth. A little later there were clouds of mosquitoes, which pinged and pricked without ceasing day and night. And then came on appalling frosts which turned everything to the hardness of stone and roused a wild craving to eat meat.

Months glided by when Julian did not see a soul. Often he closed his eyes and tried to revive his youth in memory. The court-yard of a castle would rise before him, with greyhounds on a flight of steps, grooms in the armoury, and a fair-haired boy under a vine trellis between an old man dressed in furs and a lady wearing a great coif. Suddenly, the two corpses were there. He threw himself face downwards on his bed and kept murmuring with tears: "Ah, poor father! Poor mother, poor mother!"—and fell into a drowsiness through which the mournful visions still went on.

When he was asleep one night he thought he heard someone calling him. He strained his ears and made out nothing except the roar of the water.

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SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ANIMAL, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 1*a*(1): Animal sensitivity: its degrees and differentiations
- Topic 1*c*(2): Comparison of animal with human intelligence
- Topic 12*a*: The taming of animals: domestic breeds
- Topic 13: The attribution of human qualities or virtues to animals: personification in allegory and satire; the transformation of humans into animals

EMOTION, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 1*c*: Instinctive emotional reactions in animals and men
- Topic 5*b*: The acquisition and retention of power: love or fear

SIGN AND SYMBOL, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 1*c*: The things of nature functioning symbolically: the book of nature
- Topic 3*a*: Verbal ambiguity: indefiniteness or multiplicity of meaning

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Homer, Vol. 3, *Odyssey,* Bk. XVII
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *History of Animals,* Bk. IX, Chaps. 1, 44; *Nicomachean Ethics,* Bk. VI, Chap. 7
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of cruelty; Apology for Raymond Sebond*
Swift, Vol. 34, *Gulliver's Travels,* Part IV
Melville, Vol. 48, *Moby Dick,* Chaps. 132–135
Darwin, Vol. 49, *Descent of Man,* Part I, Chaps. III–IV
Conrad, Vol. 59, *Heart of Darkness*
Kafka, Vol. 60, *Metamorphosis*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Anderson, *I'm a Fool,* Vol. 2
Apuleius, "Cupid and Psyche," Vol. 3
Bacon, *Sphinx,* Vol. 8; *Of Love,* Vol. 10
Emerson, *Thoreau,* Vol. 6
Flaubert, *Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller,* Vol. 3
Galsworthy, *Apple-Tree,* Vol. 3
Hawthorne, *Rappaccini's Daughter,* Vol. 3
Huxley, *On the Relations of Man to the Lower Animals,* Vol. 8
Kipling, *Mowgli's Brothers,* Vol. 2
Lawrence, *Rocking-Horse Winner,* Vol. 3

For Balzac's *Cousin Bette* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 45

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two walls of the hut. The roof flew off, the firmament unrolled–and Julian rose towards the blue spaces, face to face with Our Lord Jesus, who carried him to heaven.

And that is the story of St. Julian the Hospitaller, more or less as you will find it on a church-window in the region where I live.

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*The foregoing story is*
*from Flaubert's* THREE TALES,
*translated by Arthur McDowall.*

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# F. Scott Fitzgerald

1896–1940

Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, on September 24, 1896. He attended the Newman School and entered Princeton University in the class of 1917. In 1917–19 he served as a lieutenant in the army but did not get to France. He wrote advertising copy in New York and went back to St. Paul to rewrite his first novel, *This Side of Paradise*, published in 1920. At one stroke it made him the prophet and golden boy of the beginning Jazz Age.

In April of the same year he married Zelda Sayre of Montgomery, Alabama. They lived in New York City and Westport, Connecticut, made a first foray to Europe, and returned to St. Paul. There Fitzgerald finished a second novel, *The Beautiful and the Damned*. This appeared in 1922, between two collections of stories: *Flappers and Philosophers* and *Tales of the Jazz Age*. During this period he was also working on a satiric play, *The Vegetable*. It was tried out on the road but never reached Broadway.

In 1922 he rented a house at Great Neck, Long Island. It became a weekend resort for New York party goers. Between November and April, Fitzgerald wrote himself out of debt with eleven short stories. In Great Neck and in St. Raphaël, France, he took up the short novel he had begun a year or two before. This was *The Great Gatsby*, finished in late 1924 and published in April of the next year.

A third book of stories, *All the Sad Young Men*, came out in 1926. While the 1920's moved to their disastrous close, Fitzgerald traveled back and forth between Paris, Hollywood, Wilmington, and Cap d'Antibes, France. In 1934, after several false starts, he produced his second important novel, *Tender Is the Night*. The stories in *Taps at Reveille* appeared the following year. He suffered from a drinking habit traceable, in part at least, to a condition diagnosed as



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hyperinsulinism. He died in Hollywood on December 21, 1940. After Fitzgerald's death, his friend Edmund Wilson edited two supplements to his work: *The Last Tycoon*, an unfinished novel, and a miscellany called *The Crack-Up*.

*The Diamond as Big as the Ritz* belongs to Fitzgerald's first period. The setting appears to derive from a 1915 vacation visit to the opulent ranch of his friend Charles W. ("Sap") Donahoe at White Sulphur Springs, Montana. But the story of a secret and impossibly rich never-never land in the mountains is an old western American legend; and the detail of diamonds picked up from the ground recalls the Great Diamond Hoax that amused San Francisco in the late nineteenth century. Fitzgerald wrote the story in a downtown office in St. Paul. It came out in *Smart Set* magazine for June, 1922, and was reprinted that same year in *Tales of the Jazz Age*.

It is, first of all, a good story, told with verve and a kind of gleeful ingenuity. Beyond that, it suggests many things, and one thing in particular. What do we notice first? We say to ourselves that this is the burlesque satire of the 1920's, a satire based on wild exaggeration of the typical and familiar. H. L. Mencken set the tone in his magazines. We catch it in *Elmer Gantry*, and even in some of the dialogues in Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*.

What does Fitzgerald do with it? We observe that the name of John T. Unger's home town is Hades. (Every American small town was by definition "Hades" in the 1920's.) There are vaudeville jokes about it. A "Rolls-Pierce" automobile is mentioned (Rolls-Royce and the now extinct Pierce-Arrow). The word "Ritz" occurs in the title. (The Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York, classic symbol of luxury in the 1920's, has long since fallen under the wrecker's ball.) But it does not escape us that "St. Midas' School" or its equivalent still exists, and that middle western boys are still sent to it; that the Ritz has been replaced by vaster and chillier luxury hotels, whose good

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*Notes from the artist: ". . . characters of the 'Newport set' of the 1920's and a drawing technique popular in those years were used in the portrait of Fitzgerald. The author as a boy of eight is at the lower right."*

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taste is far more in doubt; or that the suburban Hades has inherited most of the faults and few of the virtues of the small-town one.

So we move in toward the center of Fitzgerald's story. What does he mean by that symbol of his, that tyrannical utopia lost in the American mountains? What are we to make of this Arabian Nights domain where every luxury is blown up into something monstrously absurd, where the slaves have never been freed, where a young girl collects rhinestones because diamonds bore her?

And who is Braddock Washington? Is he only the last of the nineteenth-century robber barons, living beyond his time? Or is he a kind of Hitler before his time, preparing his own Götterdämmerung? For Fitzgerald, we may suspect, he was neither. Washington is the barbarous extreme of a figure that he would come back to time after time, in the Tom Buchanan of *The Great Gatsby*, in the Warren family of *Tender Is the Night*, and in a dozen other stories. He is the man of great wealth whose wealth may be turned into a kind of social privilege that makes possible the fullest kind of good life or the most arrogantly inhuman evil. In Washington it creates a monster who claims the right to murder his guests and bribe God.

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time, rather communicative. One day while they were eating lunch in the dining car and discussing the imperfect characters of several of the boys at school, Percy suddenly changed his tone and made an abrupt remark.

"My father," he said, "is by far the richest man in the world."

"Oh," said John, politely. He could think of no answer to make to this confidence. He considered "That's very nice," but it sounded hollow and was on the point of saying, "Really?" but refrained since it would seem to question Percy's statement. And such an astounding statement could scarcely be questioned.

"By far the richest," repeated Percy.

"I was reading in the *World Almanac,*" began John, "that there was one man in America with an income of over five million a year and four men with incomes of over three million a year, and–"

"Oh, they're nothing," Percy's mouth was a half-moon of scorn. "Catch-penny capitalists, financial small fry, petty merchants and moneylenders. My father could buy them out and not know he'd done it."

"But how does he–"

"Why haven't they put down *his* income tax? Because he doesn't pay any. At least he pays a little one–but he doesn't pay any on his *real* income."

"He must be very rich," said John simply. "I'm glad. I like very rich people.

"The richer a fella is, the better I like him." There was a look of passionate frankness upon his dark face. "I visited the Schnlitzer-Murphys last Easter. Vivian Schnlitzer-Murphy had rubies as big as hen's eggs, and sapphires that were like globes with lights inside them–"

"I love jewels," agreed Percy enthusiastically. "Of course I wouldn't want anyone at school to know about it, but I've got quite a collection myself. I used to collect them instead of stamps."

"And diamonds," continued John eagerly. "The Schnlitzer-Murphys had diamonds as big as walnuts–"

"That's nothing." Percy had leaned forward and dropped his voice to a low whisper. "That's nothing at all. My father has a diamond bigger than the Ritz-Carlton Hotel."

The Montana sunset lay between two mountains like a gigantic bruise from which dark arteries spread themselves over a poisoned sky. An immense distance under the sky crouched the village of Fish, minute, dismal, and forgotten. There were twelve men, so it was said, in the village

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of Fish, twelve sombre and inexplicable souls who sucked a lean milk from the almost literally bare rock upon which a mysterious populatory force had begotten them. They had become a race apart, these twelve men of Fish, like some species developed by an early whim of nature, which on second thought had abandoned them to struggle and extermination.

Out of the blue-black bruise in the distance crept a long line of moving lights upon the desolation of the land, and the twelve men of Fish gathered like ghosts at the shanty depot to watch the passing of the seven o'clock train, the Transcontinental Express from Chicago. Six times or so a year the Transcontinental Express, through some inconceivable jurisdiction, stopped at the village of Fish, and when this occurred a figure or so would disembark, mount into a buggy that always appeared from out of the dusk, and drive off toward the bruised sunset. The observation of this pointless and preposterous phenomenon had become a sort of cult among the men of Fish. To observe, that was all; there remained in them none of the vital quality of illusion which would make them wonder or speculate, else a religion might have grown up around these mysterious visitations. But the men of Fish were beyond all religion—the barest and most savage tenets of even Christianity could gain no foothold on that barren rock—so there was no altar, no priest, no sacrifice; only each night at seven the silent concourse by the shanty depot, a congregation who lifted up a prayer of dim, anaemic wonder.

On this June night, the Great Brakeman, whom, had they deified anyone, they might well have chosen as their celestial protagonist, had ordained that the seven o'clock train should leave its human (or inhuman) deposit at Fish. At two minutes after seven Percy Washington and John T. Unger disembarked, hurried past the spellbound, the agape, the fearsome eyes of the twelve men of Fish, mounted into a buggy which had obviously appeared from nowhere, and drove away.

After half an hour, when the twilight had coagulated into dark, the silent Negro who was driving the buggy hailed an opaque body somewhere ahead of them in the gloom. In response to his cry, it turned upon them a luminous disk which regarded them like a malignant eye out of the unfathomable night. As they came closer, John saw that it was the taillight of an immense automobile, larger and more magnificent than any he had ever seen. Its body was of gleaming metal richer than nickel and lighter than silver, and the hubs of the wheels were studded with iridescent geometric figures of green and yellow—John did not dare to guess whether they were glass or jewel.

Two Negroes, dressed in glittering livery such as one sees in pictures

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of royal processions in London, were standing at attention beside the car and as the two young men dismounted from the buggy they were greeted in some language which the guest could not understand, but which seemed to be an extreme form of the Southern Negro's dialect.

"Get in," said Percy to his friend, as their trunks were tossed to the ebony roof of the limousine. "Sorry we had to bring you this far in that buggy, but of course it wouldn't do for the people on the train or those Godforsaken fellas in Fish to see this automobile."

"Gosh! What a car!" This ejaculation was provoked by its interior. John saw that the upholstery consisted of a thousand minute and exquisite tapestries of silk, woven with jewels and embroideries, and set upon a background of cloth of gold. The two armchair seats in which the boys luxuriated were covered with stuff that resembled duvetyn, but seemed woven in numberless colors of the ends of ostrich feathers.

"What a car!" cried John again, in amazement.

"This thing?" Percy laughed. "Why, it's just an old junk we use for a station wagon."

By this time they were gliding along through the darkness toward the break between the two mountains.

"We'll be there in an hour and a half," said Percy, looking at the clock. "I may as well tell you it's not going to be like anything you ever saw before."

If the car was any indication of what John would see, he was prepared to be astonished indeed. The simple piety prevalent in Hades has the earnest worship of and respect for riches as the first article of its creed—had John felt otherwise than radiantly humble before them, his parents would have turned away in horror at the blasphemy.

They had now reached and were entering the break between the two mountains and almost immediately the way became much rougher.

"If the moon shone down here, you'd see that we're in a big gulch," said Percy, trying to peer out of the window. He spoke a few words into the mouthpiece and immediately the footman turned on a searchlight and swept the hillsides with an immense beam.

"Rocky, you see. An ordinary car would be knocked to pieces in half an hour. In fact, it'd take a tank to navigate it unless you knew the way. You notice we're going uphill now."

They were obviously ascending, and within a few minutes the car was crossing a high rise, where they caught a glimpse of a pale moon newly risen in the distance. The car stopped suddenly and several figures took shape out of the dark beside it—these were Negroes also. Again the two

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## CLAUDE BERNARD, 1813–1878

### *Experimental Considerations Common to Living Things and Inorganic Bodies*

Vol. 8, pages 266–290

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ANIMAL, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*e*: The conception of the animal as a machine or automaton
CAUSE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2: Comparison of causes in animate and inanimate nature
Topic 5*b*: Cause in philosophical and scientific method: the role of causes in definition, demonstration, experiment, hypothesis
EXPERIENCE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5: The theory of experimentation in scientific method
HYPOTHESIS, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4: The role of hypotheses in science
LIFE AND DEATH, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2: Continuity or discontinuity between living and nonliving things: comparison of vital powers and activities with the potentialities and motions of inert bodies
MECHANICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*c*: The mechanistic versus the organismic account of nature
MEDICINE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*a*: The scientific foundations of the art of medicine: the contrast between the empiric and the artist in medicine

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Hippocrates, Vol. 9, *Oath; On Ancient Medicine*
Galen, Vol. 9, *On the Natural Faculties,* Bk. I
Descartes, Vol. 28, *Discourse on Method,* Part V
Newton, Vol. 32, *Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy,* Preface, Bk. III
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chap. V
Freud, Vol. 54, *New Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis,* Lecture 35
Poincaré, Vol. 56, *Science and Hypothesis,* Part IV
Schrödinger, Vol. 56, *What Is Life?*
Waddington, Vol. 56, *Nature of Life*

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young men were saluted in the same dimly recognizable dialect; then the Negroes set to work and four immense cables dangling from overhead were attached with hooks to the hubs of the great jeweled wheels. At a resounding "Hey-yah!" John felt the car being lifted slowly from the ground—up and up—clear of the tallest rocks on both sides—then higher, until he could see a wavy, moonlit valley stretched out before him in sharp contrast to the quagmire of rocks that they had just left. Only on one side was there still rock—and then suddenly there was no rock beside them or anywhere around.

It was apparent that they had surmounted some immense knife-blade of stone, projecting perpendicularly into the air. In a moment they were going down again, and finally with a soft bump they were landed upon the smooth earth.

"The worst is over," said Percy, squinting out the window. "It's only five miles from here, and our own road—tapestry brick—all the way. This belongs to us. This is where the United States ends, father says."

"Are we in Canada?"

"We are not. We're in the middle of the Montana Rockies. But you are now on the only five square miles of land in the country that's never been surveyed."

"Why hasn't it? Did they forget it?"

"No," said Percy, grinning, "they tried to do it three times. The first time my grandfather corrupted a whole department of the State survey; the second time he had the official maps of the United States tinkered with—that held them for fifteen years. The last time was harder. My father fixed it so that their compasses were in the strongest magnetic field ever artificially set up. He had a whole set of surveying instruments made with a slight defection that would allow for this territory not to appear, and he substituted them for the ones that were to be used. Then he had a river deflected and he had what looked like a village built upon its banks—so that they'd see it, and think it was a town ten miles farther up the valley. There's only one thing my father's afraid of," he concluded, "only one thing in the world that could be used to find us out."

"What's that?"

Percy sank his voice to a whisper.

"Airplanes," he breathed. "We've got half a dozen antiaircraft guns and we've arranged it so far—but there've been a few deaths and a great many prisoners. Not that we mind *that*, you know, father and I, but it upsets mother and the girls, and there's always the chance that some time we won't be able to arrange it."

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Shreds and tatters of chinchilla, courtesy clouds in the green moon's heaven, were passing the green moon like precious Eastern stuffs paraded for the inspection of some Tartar Khan. It seemed to John that it was day, and that he was looking at some lads sailing above him in the air, showering down tracts and patent medicine circulars, with their messages of hope for despairing, rockbound hamlets. It seemed to him that he could see them look down out of the clouds and stare—and stare at whatever there was to stare at in this place whither he was bound—What then? Were they induced to land by some insidious device there to be immured far from patent medicines and from tracts until the judgment day—or, should they fail to fall into the trap, did a quick puff of smoke and the sharp round of a splitting shell bring them dropping to earth—and "upset" Percy's mother and sisters? John shook his head and the wraith of a hollow laugh issued silently from his parted lips. What desperate transaction lay hidden here? What a moral expedient of a bizarre Croesus? What terrible and golden mystery? . . .

The chinchilla clouds had drifted past now and outside the Montana night was bright as day. The tapestry brick of the road was smooth to the tread of the great tires as they rounded a still, moonlit lake; they passed into darkness for a moment, a pine grove, pungent and cool, then they came out into a broad avenue of lawn and John's exclamation of pleasure was simultaneous with Percy's taciturn "We're home."

Full in the light of the stars, an exquisite château rose from the borders of the lake, climbed in marble radiance half the height of an adjoining mountain, then melted in grace, in perfect symmetry, in translucent feminine languor, into the massed darkness of a forest of pine. The many towers, the slender tracery of the sloping parapets, the chiseled wonder of a thousand yellow windows with their oblongs and hectagons and triangles of golden light, the shattered softness of the intersecting planes of starshine and blue shade, all trembled on John's spirit like a chord of music. On one of the towers, the tallest, the blackest at its base, an arrangement of exterior lights at the top made a sort of floating fairyland—and as John gazed up in warm enchantment the faint *acciaccatura* sound of violins drifted down in a rococo harmony that was like nothing he had ever heard before. Then in a moment the car stopped before wide, high marble steps around which the night air was fragrant with a host of flowers. At the top of the steps two great doors swung silently open and amber light flooded out upon the darkness, silhouetting the figure of an exquisite lady with black, high-piled hair, who held out her arms toward them.

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through the crystal surface on which he sat, he could see fish swimming among amber lights and even gliding without curiosity past his outstretched toes, which were separated from them only by the thickness of the crystal. From overhead, sunlight came down through sea-green glass.

"I suppose, sir, that you'd like hot rose water and soapsuds this morning, sir—and perhaps cold salt water to finish."

The Negro was standing beside him.

"Yes," agreed John, smiling inanely, "as you please." Any idea of ordering this bath according to his own meagre standards of living would have been priggish and not a little wicked.

The Negro pressed a button and a warm rain began to fall, apparently from overhead, but really, so John discovered after a moment, from a fountain arrangement near by. The water turned to a pale rose color and jets of liquid soap spurted into it from four miniature walrus heads at the corners of the bath. In a moment a dozen little paddle wheels, fixed to the sides, had churned the mixture into a radiant rainbow of pink foam which enveloped him softly with its delicious lightness, and burst in shining, rosy bubbles here and there about him.

"Shall I turn on the moving-picture machine, sir?" suggested the Negro deferentially. "There's a good one-reel comedy in this machine today, or I can put in a serious piece in a moment, if you prefer it."

"No, thanks," answered John, politely but firmly. He was enjoying his bath too much to desire any distraction. But distraction came. In a moment he was listening intently to the sound of flutes from just outside, flutes dripping a melody that was like a waterfall, cool and green as the room itself, accompanying a frothy piccolo, in play more fragile than the lace of suds that covered and charmed him.

After a cold salt-water bracer and a cold fresh finish, he stepped out into a fleecy robe, and upon a couch covered with the same material he was rubbed with oil, alcohol, and spice. Later he sat in a voluptuous chair while he was shaved and his hair was trimmed.

"Mr. Percy is waiting in your sitting-room," said the Negro, when these operations were finished. "My name is Gygsum, Mr. Unger, sir. I am to see to Mr. Unger every morning."

John walked out into the brisk sunshine of his living room, where he found breakfast waiting for him and Percy, gorgeous in white kid knickerbockers, smoking in an easy chair.

This is a story of the Washington family as Percy sketched it for John during breakfast.

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The father of the present Mr. Washington had been a Virginian, a direct descendant of George Washington, and Lord Baltimore. At the close of the Civil War he was a twenty-five-year-old Colonel with a played-out plantation and about a thousand dollars in gold.

Fitz-Norman Culpepper Washington, for that was the young Colonel's name, decided to present the Virginia estate to his younger brother and go West. He selected two dozen of the most faithful blacks, who, of course, worshipped him, and bought twenty-five tickets to the West, where he intended to take out land in their names and start a sheep and cattle ranch.

When he had been in Montana for less than a month and things were going very poorly indeed, he stumbled on his great discovery. He had lost his way when riding in the hills, and after a day without food he began to grow hungry. As he was without his rifle, he was forced to pursue a squirrel, and in the course of the pursuit he noticed that it was carrying something shiny in its mouth. Just before it vanished into its hole—for Providence did not intend that this squirrel should alleviate his hunger—it dropped its burden. Sitting down to consider the situation Fitz-Norman's eye was caught by a gleam in the grass beside him. In ten seconds he had completely lost his appetite and gained one hundred thousand dollars. The squirrel, which had refused with annoying persistence to become food, had made him a present of a large and perfect diamond.

Late that night he found his way to camp and twelve hours later all the males among his darkies were back by the squirrel hole digging furiously at the side of the mountain. He told them he had discovered a rhinestone mine, and, as only one or two of them had ever seen even a small diamond before, they believed him, without question. When the magnitude of his discovery became apparent to him, he found himself in a quandary. The mountain was *a* diamond—it was literally nothing else but solid diamond. He filled four saddle bags full of glittering samples and started on horseback for St. Paul. There he managed to dispose of half a dozen small stones—when he tried a larger one a storekeeper fainted and Fitz-Norman was arrested as a public disturber. He escaped from jail and caught the train for New York, where he sold a few medium-sized diamonds and received in exchange about two hundred thousand dollars in gold. But he did not dare to produce any exceptional gems—in fact, he left New York just in time. Tremendous excitement had been created in jewelry circles, not so much by the size of his diamonds as by their appearance in the city from mysterious sources. Wild rumors became current that a diamond mine had been discovered in the Cats-

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kills, on the Jersey coast, on Long Island, beneath Washington Square. Excursion trains packed with men carrying picks and shovels began to leave New York hourly, bound for various neighboring El Dorados. But by that time young Fitz-Norman was on his way back to Montana.

By the end of a fortnight he had estimated that the diamond in the mountain was approximately equal in quantity to all the rest of the diamonds known to exist in the world. There was no valuing it by any regular computation, however, for it was *one solid diamond*–and if it were offered for sale not only would the bottom fall out of the market, but also, if the value should vary with its size in the usual arithmetical progression, there would not be enough gold in the world to buy a tenth part of it. And what could any one do with a diamond that size?

It was an amazing predicament. He was, in one sense, the richest man that ever lived–and yet was he worth anything at all? If his secret should transpire there was no telling to what measures the government might resort in order to prevent a panic, in gold as well as in jewels. They might take over the claim immediately and institute a monopoly.

There was no alternative–he must market his mountain in secret. He sent South for his younger brother and put him in charge of his colored following–darkies who had never realized that slavery was abolished. To make sure of this, he read them a proclamation that he had composed, which announced that General Forrest had reorganized the shattered Southern armies and defeated the North in one pitched battle. The Negroes believed him implicitly. They passed a vote declaring it a good thing and held revival services immediately.

Fitz-Norman himself set out for foreign parts with one hundred thousand dollars and two trunks filled with rough diamonds of all sizes. He sailed for Russia in a Chinese junk and six months after his departure from Montana he was in St. Petersburg. He took obscure lodgings and called immediately upon the court jeweler, announcing that he had a diamond for the Czar. He remained in St. Petersburg for two weeks, in constant danger of being murdered, living from lodging to lodging, and afraid to visit his trunks more than three or four times during the whole fortnight.

On his promise to return in a year with larger and finer stones, he was allowed to leave for India. Before he left, however, the Court Treasurers had deposited to his credit, in American banks, the sum of fifteen million dollars–under four different aliases.

He returned to America in 1868, having been gone a little over two years. He had visited the capitals of twenty-two countries and talked with

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five emperors, eleven kings, three princes, a shah, a khan, and a sultan. At that time Fitz-Norman estimated his own wealth at one billion dollars. One fact worked consistently against the disclosure of his secret. No one of his larger diamonds remained in the public eye for a week before being invested with a history of enough fatalities, amours, revolutions, and wars to have occupied it from the days of the first Babylonian Empire.

From 1870 until his death in 1900, the history of Fitz-Norman Washington was a long epic in gold. There were side issues, of course—he evaded the surveys, he married a Virginia lady, by whom he had a single son, and he was compelled, due to a series of unfortunate complications, to murder his brother, whose unfortunate habit of drinking himself into an indiscreet stupor had several times endangered their safety. But very few other murders stained these happy years of progress and expansion.

Just before he died he changed his policy, and with all but a few million dollars of his outside wealth bought up rare minerals in bulk, which he deposited in the safety vaults of banks all over the world, marked as bric-a-brac. His son, Braddock Tarleton Washington, followed this policy on an even more extensive scale. The minerals were converted into the rarest of all elements—radium—so that the equivalent of a billion dollars in gold could be placed in a receptacle no bigger than a cigar box.

When Fitz-Norman had been dead three years his son, Braddock, decided that the business had gone far enough. The amount of wealth that he and his father had taken out of the mountain was beyond all exact computation. He kept a notebook in cipher in which he set down the approximate quantity of radium in each of the thousand banks he patronized, and recorded the alias under which it was held. Then he did a very simple thing—he sealed up the mine.

He sealed up the mine. What had been taken out of it would support all the Washingtons yet to be born in unparalleled luxury for generations. His one care must be the protection of his secret, lest in the possible panic attendant on its discovery he should be reduced with all the property-holders in the world to utter poverty.

This was the family among whom John T. Unger was staying. This was the story he heard in his silver-walled living room the morning after his arrival.

After breakfast, John found his way out the great marble entrance, and looked curiously at the scene before him. The whole valley, from the diamond mountain to the steep granite cliff five miles away, still gave off a breath of golden haze which hovered idly above the fine sweep of lawns

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and lakes and gardens. Here and there clusters of elms made delicate groves of shade, contrasting strangely with the tough masses of pine forest that held the hills in a grip of dark-blue green. Even as John looked he saw three fawns in single file patter out from one clump about a half mile away and disappear with awkward gayety into the black-ribbed half-light of another. John would not have been surprised to see a goat foot piping his way among the trees or to catch a glimpse of pink nymph skin and flying yellow hair between the greenest of the green leaves.

In some such cool hope he descended the marble steps, disturbing faintly the sleep of two silky Russian wolfhounds at the bottom, and set off along a walk of white and blue brick that seemed to lead in no particular direction.

He was enjoying himself as much as he was able. It is youth's felicity as well as its insufficiency that it can never live in the present, but must always be measuring up the day against its own radiantly imagined future—flowers and gold, girls and stars, they are only prefigurations and prophecies of that incomparable, unattainable young dream.

John rounded a soft corner where the massed rosebushes filled the air with heavy scent, and struck off across a park toward a patch of moss under some trees. He had never lain upon moss, and he wanted to see whether it was really soft enough to justify the use of its name as an adjective. Then he saw a girl coming toward him over the grass. She was the most beautiful person he had ever seen.

She was dressed in a white little gown that came just below her knees, and a wreath of mignonettes clasped with blue slices of sapphire bound up her hair. Her pink bare feet scattered the dew before them as she came. She was younger than John—not more than sixteen.

"Hello," she cried softly, "I'm Kismine."

She was much more than that to John already. He advanced toward her, scarcely moving as he drew near lest he should tread on her bare toes.

"You haven't met me," said her soft voice. Her blue eyes added, "Oh, but you've missed a great deal!". . . "You met my sister, Jasmine, last night, I was sick with lettuce poisoning," went on her soft voice, and her eyes continued, "and when I'm sick I'm sweet—and when I'm well."

"You have made an enormous impression on me," said John's eyes, "and I'm not so slow myself"—"How do you do?" said his voice. "I hope you're better this morning."—"You darling," added his eyes tremulously.

John observed that they had been walking along the path. On her sug-

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poo. I discontinued the baths for quite another reason. Several of them caught cold and died. Water is not good for certain races—except as a beverage."

John laughed, and then decided to nod his head in sober agreement. Braddock Washington made him uncomfortable.

"All these Negroes are descendants of the ones my father brought North with him. There are about two hundred and fifty now. You notice that they've lived so long apart from the world that their original dialect has become an almost indistinguishable patois. We bring a few of them up to speak English—my secretary and two or three of the house servants.

"This is the golf course," he continued, as they strolled along the velvet winter grass. "It's all a green, you see—no fairway, no rough, no hazards."

He smiled pleasantly at John.

"Many men in the cage, father?" asked Percy suddenly.

Braddock Washington stumbled, and let forth an involuntary curse.

"One less than there should be," he ejaculated darkly—and then added after a moment, "We've had difficulties."

"Mother was telling me," exclaimed Percy, "that Italian teacher—"

"A ghastly error," said Braddock Washington angrily. "But of course there's a good chance that we may have got him. Perhaps he fell somewhere in the woods or stumbled over a cliff. And then there's always the probability that if he did get away his story wouldn't be believed. Nevertheless, I've had two dozen men looking for him in different towns around here."

"And no luck?"

"Some. Fourteen of them reported to my agent that they'd each killed a man answering to that description, but of course it was probably only the reward they were after—"

He broke off. They had come to a large cavity in the earth about the circumference of a merry-go-round and covered by a strong iron grating. Braddock Washington beckoned to John, and pointed his cane down through the grating. John stepped to the edge and gazed. Immediately his ears were assailed by a wild clamor from below.

"Come on down to Hell!"

"Hello, kiddo, how's the air up there?"

"Hey! Throw us a rope!"

"Got an old doughnut, Buddy, or a couple of secondhand sandwiches?"

"Say, fella, if you'll push down that guy you're with, we'll show you a quick disappearance scene."

"Paste him one for me, will you?"

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It was too dark to see clearly into the pit below, but John could tell from the coarse optimism and rugged vitality of the remarks and voices that they proceeded from middle-class Americans of the more spirited type. Then Mr. Washington put out his cane and touched a button in the grass, and the scene below sprang into light.

"These are some adventurous mariners who had the misfortune to discover El Dorado," he remarked.

Below them there had appeared a large hollow in the earth shaped like the interior of a bowl. The sides were steep and apparently of polished glass, and on its slightly concave surface stood about two dozen men clad in the half costume, half uniform, of aviators. Their upturned faces, lit with wrath, with malice, with despair, with cynical humor, were covered by long growths of beard, but with the exception of a few who had pined perceptibly away, they seemed to be a well-fed, healthy lot.

Braddock Washington drew a garden chair to the edge of the pit and sat down.

"Well, how are you, boys?" he inquired genially.

A chorus of execration, in which all joined except a few too dispirited to cry out, rose up into the sunny air, but Braddock Washington heard it with unruffled composure. When its last echo had died away he spoke again.

"Have you thought up a way out of your difficulty?"

From here and there among them a remark floated up.

"We decided to stay here for love!"

"Bring us up there and we'll find us a way!"

Braddock Washington waited until they were again quiet. Then he said: "I've told you the situation. I don't want you here. I wish to heaven I'd never seen you. Your own curiosity got you here, and any time that you can think of a way out which protects me and my interests I'll be glad to consider it. But so long as you confine your efforts to digging tunnels—yes, I know about the new one you've started—you won't get very far. This isn't as hard on you as you make it out, with all your howling for the loved ones at home. If you were the type who worried much about the loved ones at home, you'd never have taken up aviation."

A tall man moved apart from the others, and held up his hand to call his captor's attention to what he was about to say.

"Let me ask you a few questions!" he cried. "You pretend to be a fair-minded man."

"How absurd. How could a man of *my* position be fair minded toward

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*you?* You might as well speak of a Spaniard being fair minded toward a piece of steak."

At this harsh observation the faces of the two dozen steaks fell, but the tall man continued:

"All right!" he cried. "We've argued this out before. You're not a humanitarian and you're not fair minded, but you're human—at least you say you are—and you ought to be able to put yourself in our place for long enough to think how—how—how—"

"How what?" demanded Washington, coldly.

"—how unnecessary—"

"Not to me."

"Well—how cruel—"

"We've covered that. Cruelty doesn't exist where self-preservation is involved. You've been soldiers: you know that. Try another."

"Well, then, how stupid."

"There," admitted Washington, "I grant you that. But try to think of an alternative. I've offered to have all or any of you painlessly executed if you wish. I've offered to have your wives, sweethearts, children, and mothers kidnapped and brought out here. I'll enlarge your place down there and feed and clothe you the rest of your lives. If there was some method of producing permanent amnesia I'd have all of you operated on and released immediately, somewhere outside of my preserves. But that's as far as my ideas go."

"How about trusting us not to peach on you?" cried someone.

"You don't proffer that suggestion seriously," said Washington, with an expression of scorn. "I did take out one man to teach my daughter Italian. Last week he got away."

A wild yell of jubilation went up suddenly from two dozen throats and a pandemonium of joy ensued. The prisoners clog danced and cheered and yodled and wrestled with one another in a sudden uprush of animal spirits. They even ran up the glass sides of the bowl as far as they could, and slid back to the bottom upon the natural cushions of their bodies. The tall man started a song in which they all joined—

> Oh, we'll hang the kaiser
> On a sour apple tree—

Braddock Washington sat in inscrutable silence until the song was over.

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"You see," he remarked, when he could gain a modicum of attention, "I bear you no ill will. I like to see you enjoying yourselves. That's why I didn't tell you the whole story at once. The man—what was his name? Critchtichiello?—was shot by some of my agents in fourteen different places."

Not guessing that the places referred to were cities, the tumult of rejoicing subsided immediately.

"Nevertheless," cried Washington with a touch of anger, "he tried to run away. Do you expect me to take chances with any of you after an experience like that?"

Again a series of ejaculations went up.

"Sure!"

"Would your daughter like to learn Chinese?"

"Hey, I can speak Italian! My mother was a wop."

"Maybe she'd like t'learna speak N'Yawk!"

"If she's the little one with the big blue eyes I can teach her a lot of things better than Italian."

"I know some Irish songs—and I could hammer brass once't."

Mr. Washington reached forward suddenly with his cane and pushed the button in the grass so that the picture below went out instantly, and there remained only that great dark mouth covered dismally with the black teeth of the grating.

"Hey!" called a single voice from below, "you ain't goin' away without givin' us your blessing?"

But Mr. Washington, followed by the two boys, was already strolling on toward the ninth hole of the golf course, as though the pit and its contents were no more than a hazard over which his facile iron had triumphed with ease.

July under the lee of the diamond mountain was a month of blanket nights and of warm, glowing days. John and Kismine were in love. He did not know that the little gold football (inscribed with the legend *Pro deo et patria et St. Mida*) which he had given her rested on a platinum chain next to her bosom. But it did. And she for her part was not aware that a large sapphire which had dropped one day from her simple coiffure was stowed away tenderly in John's jewel box.

Late one afternoon when the ruby and ermine music room was quiet, they spent an hour there together. He held her hand and she gave him such a look that he whispered her name aloud. She bent toward him—then hesitated.

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"Did you say 'Kismine'?" she asked softly, "or–"

She had wanted to be sure. She thought she might have misunderstood.

Neither of them had ever kissed before, but in the course of an hour it seemed to make little difference.

The afternoon drifted away. That night when a last breath of music drifted down from the highest tower, they each lay awake, happily dreaming over the separate minutes of the day. They had decided to be married as soon as possible.

Every day Mr. Washington and the two young men went hunting or fishing in the deep forests or played golf around the somnolent course–games which John diplomatically allowed his host to win–or swam in the mountain coolness of the lake. John found Mr. Washington a somewhat exacting personality–utterly uninterested in any ideas or opinions except his own. Mrs. Washington was aloof and reserved at all times. She was apparently indifferent to her two daughters, and entirely absorbed in her son Percy, with whom she held interminable conversations in rapid Spanish at dinner.

Jasmine, the elder daughter, resembled Kismine in appearance–except that she was somewhat bow-legged, and terminated in large hands and feet–but was utterly unlike her in temperament. Her favorite books had to do with poor girls who kept house for widowed fathers. John learned from Kismine that Jasmine had never recovered from the shock and disappointment caused her by the termination of the World War, just as she was about to start for Europe as a canteen expert. She had even pined away for a time, and Braddock Washington had taken steps to promote a new war in the Balkans–but she had seen a photograph of some wounded Serbian soldiers and lost interest in the whole proceedings. But Percy and Kismine seemed to have inherited the arrogant attitude in all its harsh magnificence from their father. A chaste and consistent selfishness ran like a pattern through their every idea.

John was enchanted by the wonders of the château and the valley. Braddock Washington, so Percy told him, had caused to be kidnapped a landscape gardener, an architect, a designer of stage settings, and a French decadent poet left over from the last century. He had put his entire force of Negroes at their disposal, guaranteed to supply them with any materials that the world could offer, and left them to work out some ideas of their own. But one by one they had shown their uselessness. The decadent poet had at once begun bewailing his separation from the bou-

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me, because father had it done sooner than we expected. In that way we avoided any farewell scene–"

"So you murdered them! Uh!" cried John.

"It was done very nicely. They were drugged while they were asleep–and their families were always told that they died of scarlet fever in Butte."

"But–I fail to understand why you kept on inviting them!"

"I didn't," burst out Kismine. "I never invited one. Jasmine did. And they always had a very good time. She'd give them the nicest presents toward the last. I shall probably have visitors too–I'll harden up to it. We can't let such an inevitable thing as death stand in the way of enjoying life while we have it. Think how lonesome it'd be out here if we never had *any* one. Why, father and mother have sacrificed some of their best friends just as we have."

"And so," cried John accusingly, "and so you were letting me make love to you and pretending to return it, and talking about marriage, all the time knowing perfectly well that I'd never get out of here alive–"

"No," she protested passionately. "Not any more. I did at first. You were here. I couldn't help that, and I thought your last days might as well be pleasant for both of us. But then I fell in love with you, and–and I'm honestly sorry you're going to–going to be put away–though I'd rather you'd be put away than ever kiss another girl."

"Oh, you would, would you?" cried John ferociously.

"Much rather. Besides, I've always heard that a girl can have more fun with a man whom she knows she can never marry. Oh, why did I tell you? I've probably spoiled your whole good time now, and we were really enjoying things when you didn't know it. I knew it would make things sort of depressing for you."

"Oh, you did, did you?" John's voice trembled with anger. "I've heard about enough of this. If you haven't any more pride and decency than to have an affair with a fellow that you know isn't much better than a corpse, I don't want to have any more to do with you."

"You're not a corpse!" she protested in horror. "You're not a corpse! I won't have you saying that I kissed a corpse!"

"I said nothing of the sort!"

"You did! You said I kissed a corpse!"

"I didn't!"

Their voices had risen, but upon a sudden interruption they both subsided into immediate silence. Footsteps were coming along the path in their direction, and a moment later the rose bushes were parted display-

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ing Braddock Washington, whose intelligent eyes set in his good-looking vacuous face were peering in at them.

"Who kissed a corpse?" he demanded in obvious disapproval.

"Nobody," answered Kismine quickly. "We were just joking."

"What are you two doing here, anyhow?" he demanded gruffly. "Kismine, you ought to be–to be reading or playing golf with your sister. Go read! Go play golf! Don't let me find you here when I come back!"

Then he bowed at John and went up the path.

"See?" said Kismine crossly, when he was out of hearing. "You've spoiled it all. We can never meet any more. He won't let me meet you. He'd have you poisoned if he thought we were in love."

"We're not, any more!" cried John fiercely, "so he can set his mind at rest upon that. Moreover, don't fool yourself that I'm going to stay around here. Inside of six hours I'll be over those mountains, if I have to gnaw a passage through them, and on my way East."

They had both got to their feet, and at this remark Kismine came close and put her arm through his,

"I'm going, too."

"You must be crazy–"

"Of course I'm going," she interrupted impatiently.

"You most certainly are not. You–"

"Very well," she said quietly, "we'll catch up with father now and talk it over with him."

Defeated, John mustered a sickly smile.

"Very well, dearest," he agreed, with pale and unconvincing affection, "we'll go together."

His love for her returned and settled placidly on his heart. She was his–she would go with him to share his dangers. He put his arms about her and kissed her fervently. After all she loved him; she had saved him, in fact.

Discussing the matter they walked slowly back toward the château. They decided that since Braddock Washington had seen them together they had best depart the next night. Nevertheless, John's lips were unusually dry at dinner, and he nervously emptied a great spoonful of peacock soup into his left lung. He had to be carried into the tourquoise and sable cardroom and pounded on the back by one of the underbutlers, which Percy considered a great joke.

Long after midnight John's body gave a nervous jerk, and he sat suddenly upright, staring into the veils of somnolence that draped the room.

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Through the squares of blue darkness that were his open windows, he had heard a faint faraway sound that died upon a bed of wind before identifying itself on his memory, clouded with uneasy dreams. But the sharp noise that had succeeded it was nearer, was just outside the room–the click of a turned knob, a footstep, a whisper, he could not tell; a hard lump gathered in the pit of his stomach, and his whole body ached in the moment that he strained agonizingly to hear. Then one of the veils seemed to dissolve, and he saw a vague figure standing by the door, a figure only faintly limned and blocked in upon the darkness, mingled so with the folds of the drapery as to seem distorted, like a reflection seen in a dirty pane of glass.

With a sudden movement of fright or resolution John pressed the button by his bedside, and the next moment he was sitting in the green sunken bath of the adjoining room, waked into alertness by the shock of the cold water which half filled it.

He sprang out, and, his wet pajamas scattering a heavy trickle of water behind him, ran for the aquamarine door which he knew led out onto the ivory landing of the second floor. The door opened noiselessly. A single crimson lamp burning in a great dome above lit the magnificent sweep of the carved stairways with a poignant beauty. For a moment John hesitated, appalled by the silent splendor massed about him, seeming to envelop in its gigantic folds and contours the solitary drenched little figure shivering upon the ivory landing. Then simultaneously two things happened. The door of his own sitting room swung open, precipitating three naked Negroes into the hall–and, as John swayed in wild terror toward the stairway, another door slid back in the wall on the other side of the corridor, and John saw Braddock Washington standing in the lighted lift, wearing a fur coat and a pair of riding boots which reached to his knees and displayed, above, the glow of his rose-colored pajamas.

On the instant the three Negroes–John had never seen any of them before, and it flashed through his mind that they must be the professional executioners–paused in their movement toward John, and turned expectantly to the man in the lift, who burst out with an imperious command:

"Get in here! All three of you! Quick as hell!"

Then, within the instant, the three Negroes darted into the cage, the oblong of light was blotted out as the lift door slid shut, and John was again alone in the hall. He slumped weakly down against an ivory stair.

It was apparent that something portentous had occurred, something

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which, for the moment at least, had postponed his own petty disaster. What was it? Had the Negroes risen in revolt? Had the aviators forced aside the iron bars of the grating? Or had the men of Fish stumbled blindly through the hills and gazed with bleak, joyless eyes upon the gaudy valley? John did not know. He heard a faint whir of air as the lift whizzed up again, and then, a moment later, as it descended. It was probable that Percy was hurrying to his father's assistance, and it occurred to John that this was his opportunity to join Kismine and plan an immediate escape. He waited until the lift had been silent for several minutes; shivering a little with the night cool that whipped in through his wet pajamas, he returned to his room and dressed himself quickly. Then he mounted a long flight of stairs and turned down the corridor carpeted with Russian sable which led to Kismine's suite.

The door of her sitting room was open and the lamps were lighted. Kismine, in an angora kimono, stood near the window of the room in a listening attitude, and as John entered noiselessly, she turned toward him.

"Oh, it's you!" she whispered, crossing the room to him. "Did you hear them?"

"I heard your father's slaves in my–"

"No," she interrupted excitedly. "Airplanes!"

"Airplanes? Perhaps that was the sound that woke me."

"There're at least a dozen. I saw one a few moments ago dead against the moon. The guard back by the cliff fired his rifle and that's what roused father. We're going to open on them right away."

"Are they here on purpose?"

"Yes, it's that Italian who got away–"

Simultaneously with her last word, a succession of sharp cracks tumbled in through the open window. Kismine uttered a little cry, took a penny with fumbling fingers from a box on her dresser, and ran to one of the electric lights. In an instant the entire château was in darkness–she had blown out the fuse.

"Come on!" she cried to him. "We'll go up to the roof garden, and watch it from there!"

Drawing a cape about her, she took his hand, and they found their way out the door. It was only a step to the tower lift, and as she pressed the button that shot them upward he put his arms around her in the darkness and kissed her mouth. Romance had come to John Unger at last. A minute later they had stepped out upon the star-white platform. Above, under the misty moon, sliding in and out of the patches of cloud that eddied below it, floated a dozen dark-winged bodies in a constant

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circling course. From here and there in the valley flashes of fire leaped toward them, followed by sharp detonations. Kismine clapped her hands with pleasure, which a moment later turned to dismay as the airplanes at some prearranged signal began to release their bombs and the whole of the valley became a panorama of deep reverberate sound and lurid light.

Before long the aim of the attackers became concentrated upon the points where the antiaircraft guns were situated, and one of them was almost immediately reduced to a giant cinder to lie smouldering in a park of rose bushes.

"Kismine," begged John, "you'll be glad when I tell you that this attack came on the eve of my murder. If I hadn't heard that guard shoot off his gun back by the pass I should now be stone dead–"

"I can't hear you!" cried Kismine, intent on the scene before her. "You'll have to talk louder!"

"I simply said," shouted John, "that we'd better get out before they begin to shell the château!"

Suddenly the whole portico of the Negro quarters cracked asunder, a geyser of flame shot up from under the colonnades, and great fragments of jagged marble were hurled as far as the borders of the lake.

"There go fifty thousand dollar's worth of slaves," cried Kismine, "at prewar prices. So few Americans have any respect for property."

John renewed his efforts to compel her to leave. The aim of the airplanes was becoming more precise minute by minute, and only two of the antiaircraft guns were still retaliating. It was obvious that the garrison, encircled with fire, could not hold out much longer.

"Come on!" cried John, pulling Kismine's arm, "we've got to go. Do you realize that those aviators will kill you without question if they find you?"

She consented reluctantly.

"We'll have to wake Jasmine!" she said, as they hurried toward the lift. Then she added in a sort of childish delight: "We'll be poor, won't we? Like people in books. And I'll be an orphan and utterly free. Free and poor! What fun!" She stopped and raised her lips to him in a delighted kiss.

"It's impossible to be both together," said John grimly. "People have found that out. And I should choose to be free as preferable of the two. As an extra caution you'd better dump the contents of your jewel box into your pockets."

Ten minutes later the two girls met John in the dark corridor and they

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mentative, now colored with a slow, puzzled impatience. Then a conviction commenced to dawn on the single listener, and as realization crept over him a spray of quick blood rushed through his arteries. Braddock Washington was offering a bribe to God!

That was it—there was no doubt. The diamond in the arms of his slaves was some advance sample, a promise of more to follow.

That, John perceived after a time, was the thread running through his sentences. Prometheus Enriched was calling to witness forgotten sacrifices, forgotten rituals, prayers obsolete before the birth of Christ. For a while his discourse took the form of reminding God of this gift or that which Divinity had deigned to accept from men—great churches if he would rescue cities from the plague, gifts of myrrh and gold, of human lives and beautiful women and captive armies, of children and queens, of beasts of the forest and fleld, sheep and goats, harvests and cities, whole conquered lands that had been offered up in lust or blood for His appeasal, buying a meed's worth of alleviation from the Divine wrath—and now he, Braddock Washington, Emperor of Diamonds, king and priest of the age of gold, arbiter of splendor and luxury, would offer up a treasure such as princes before him had never dreamed of, offer it up not in suppliance, but in pride.

He would give to God, he continued, getting down to specifications, the greatest diamond in the world. This diamond would be cut with many more thousand facets than there were leaves on a tree, and yet the whole diamond would be shaped with the perfection of a stone no bigger than a fly. Many men would work upon it for many years. It would be set in a great dome of beaten gold, wonderfully carved and equipped with gates of opal and crusted sapphire. In the middle would be hollowed out a chapel presided over by an altar of iridescent, decomposing, ever-changing radium which would burn out the eyes of any worshipper who lifted up his head from prayer—and on this altar there would be slain for the amusement of the Divine Benefactor any victim He should choose, even though it should be the greatest and most powerful man alive.

In return he asked only a simple thing, a thing that for God would be absurdly easy—only that matters should be as they were yesterday at this hour and that they should so remain. So very simple! Let but the heavens open, swallowing these men and their airplanes—and then close again. Let him have his slaves once more, restored to life and well.

There was no one else with whom he had ever needed to treat or bargain.

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He doubted only whether he had made his bribe big enough. God had His price, of course. God was made in man's image, so it had been said: He must have His price. And the price would be rare—no cathedral whose building consumed many years, no pyramid constructed by ten thousand workmen, would be like this cathedral, this pyramid.

He paused here. That was his proposition. Everything would be up to specifications and there was nothing vulgar in his assertion that it would be cheap at the price. He implied that Providence could take it or leave it.

As he approached the end his sentences became broken, became short and uncertain, and his body seemed tense, seemed strained to catch the slightest pressure or whisper of life in the spaces around him. His hair had turned gradually white as he talked, and now he lifted his head high to the heavens like a prophet of old—magnificently mad.

Then, as John stared in giddy fascination, it seemed to him that a curious phenomenon took place somewhere around him. It was as though the sky had darkened for an instant, as though there had been a sudden murmur in a gust of wind, a sound of faraway trumpets, a sighing like the rustle of a great silken robe—for a time the whole of nature round about partook of this darkness: the birds' song ceased; the trees were still and far over the mountain there was a mutter of dull, menacing thunder.

That was all. The wind died along the tall grasses of the valley. The dawn and the day resumed their place in a time, and the risen sun sent hot waves of yellow mist that made its path bright before it. The leaves laughed in the sun, and their laughter shook the trees until each bough was like a girl's school in fairyland. God had refused to accept the bribe.

For another moment John watched the triumph of the day. Then, turning, he saw a flutter of brown down by the lake, then another flutter, then another, like the dance of golden angels alighting from the clouds. The airplanes had come to earth.

John slid off the boulder and ran down the side of the mountain to the clump of trees, where the two girls were awake and waiting for him. Kismine sprang to her feet, the jewels in her pockets jingling, a question on her parted lips, but instinct told John that there was no time for words. They must get off the mountain without losing a moment. He seized a hand of each, and in silence they threaded the tree trunks, washed with light now and with the rising mist. Behind them from the valley came no sound at all, except the complaint of the peacocks far away and the pleasant undertone of morning.

When they had gone about half a mile, they avoided the park land and entered a narrow path that led over the next rise of ground. At the high-

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est point of this they paused and turned around. Their eyes rested upon the mountainside they had just left—oppressed by some dark sense of tragic impendency.

Clear against the sky a broken, white-haired man was slowly descending the steep slope, followed by two gigantic and emotionless Negroes, who carried a burden between them which still flashed and glittered in the sun. Half-way down two other figures joined them—John could see that they were Mrs. Washington and her son, upon whose arm she leaned. The aviators had clambered from their machines to the sweeping lawn in front of the château, and with rifles in hand were starting up the diamond mountain in skirmishing formation.

But the little group of five which had formed farther up and was engrossing all the watchers' attention had stopped upon a ledge of rock. The Negroes stooped and pulled up what appeared to be a trap door in the side of the mountain. Into this they all disappeared, the white-haired man first, then his wife and son, finally the two Negroes, the glittering tips of whose jeweled headdress caught the sun for a moment before the trap door descended and engulfed them all.

Kismine clutched John's arm.

"Oh," she cried wildly, "where are they going? What are they going to do?"

"It must be some underground way of escape—"

A little scream from the two girls interrupted his sentence.

"Don't you see?" sobbed Kismine hysterically. "The mountain is wired!"

Even as she spoke John put up his hands to shield his sight. Before their eyes the whole surface of the mountain had changed suddenly to a dazzling burning yellow, which showed up through the jacket of turf as light shows through a human hand. For a moment the intolerable glow continued, and then like an extinguished filament it disappeared, revealing a black waste from which blue smoke arose slowly, carrying off with it what remained of vegetation and of human flesh. Of the aviators there was left neither blood nor bone—they were consumed as completely as the five souls who had gone inside.

Simultaneously, and with an immense concussion, the château literally threw itself into the air, bursting into flaming fragments as it rose, and then tumbling back upon itself in a smoking pile that lay projecting half into the water of the lake. There was no fire—what smoke there was drifted off mingling with the sunshine, and for a few minutes longer a powdery dust of marble drifted from the great featureless pile that had

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once been the house of jewels. There was no more sound and the three people were alone in the valley.

At sunset John and his two companions reached the high cliff which had marked the boundaries of the Washingtons' dominion, and looking back found the valley tranquil and lovely in the dusk. They sat down to finish the food which Jasmine had brought with her in a basket.

"There!" she said, as she spread the tablecloth and put the sandwiches in a neat pile upon it. "Don't they look tempting? I always think that food tastes better outdoors."

"With that remark," remarked Kismine, "Jasmine enters the middle class."

"Now," said John eagerly, "turn out your pocket and let's see what jewels you brought along. If you made a good selection we three ought to live comfortably all the rest of our lives."

Obediently Kismine put her hand in her pocket and tossed two handfuls of glittering stones before him.

"Not so bad," cried John, enthusiastically. "They aren't very big, but—Hello!" His expression changed as he held one of them up to the declining sun. "Why, these aren't diamonds! There's something the matter!"

"By golly!" exclaimed Kismine, with a startled look. "What an idiot I am!"

"Why, these are rhinestones!" cried John.

"I know." She broke into a laugh. "I opened the wrong drawer. They belonged on the dress of a girl who visited Jasmine. I got her to give them to me in exchange for diamonds. I'd never seen anything but precious stones before."

"And this is what you brought?"

"I'm afraid so." She fingered the brilliants wistfully. "I think I like these better. I'm a little tired of diamonds."

"Very well," said John gloomily. "We'll have to live in Hades. And you will grow old telling incredulous women that you got the wrong drawer. Unfortunately your father's bankbooks were consumed with him."

"Well, what's the matter with Hades?"

"If I come home with a wife at my age my father is just as liable as not to cut me off with a hot coal, as they say down there."

Jasmine spoke up.

"I love washing," she said quietly. "I have always washed my own handkerchiefs. I'll take in laundry and support you both."

"Do they have washwomen in Hades?" asked Kismine innocently.

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"Of course," answered John. "It's just like anywhere else."

"I thought–perhaps it was too hot to wear any clothes."

John laughed.

"Just try it!" he suggested. "They'll run you out before you're half started."

"Will father be there?" she asked.

John turned to her in astonishment.

"Your father is dead," he replied somberly. "Why should he go to Hades? You have it confused with another place that was abolished long ago."

After supper they folded up the tablecloth and spread their blankets for the night.

"What a dream it was," Kismine sighed, gazing up at the stars. "How strange it seems to be here with one dress and a penniless fiancé!

"Under the stars," she repeated. "I never noticed the stars before. I always thought of them as great big diamonds that belonged to someone. Now they frighten me. They make me feel that it was all a dream, all my youth."

"It *was* a dream," said John quietly. "Everybody's youth is a dream, a form of chemical madness."

"How pleasant then to be insane!"

"So I'm told," said John gloomily. "I don't know any longer. At any rate, let us love for a while, for a year or so, you and me. That's a form of divine drunkenness that we can all try. There are only diamonds in the whole world, diamonds and perhaps the shabby gift of disillusion. Well, I have that last and I will make the usual nothing of it." He shivered. "Turn up your coat collar, little girl, the night's full of chill and you'll get pneumonia. His was a great sin who first invented consciousness. Let us lose it for a few hours."

So wrapping himself in his blanket he fell off to sleep.

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Poe, *Masque of the Red Death,* Vol. 2
Synge, *Riders to the Sea,* Vol. 4
Tolstoy, *Death of Ivan Ilyitch,* Vol. 3
Whitman, *Death of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6

## IVAN BUNIN, 1870–1953

### *The Gentleman from San Francisco*

Vol. 3, pages 102–123

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

HAPPINESS, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 2*b*(1): The contribution of the goods of fortune to happiness: wealth, health, longevity
- Topic 4*b*: The attainability of happiness: the fear of death and the tragic view of human life
- Topic 5*a*: The happiness of the individual in relation to the happiness or good of other men

OPPOSITION, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 4*e*: Conflict in human life: opposed types of men and modes of life
- Topic 5*b*: The class war: the opposition of the rich and the poor, the propertied and the propertyless, capital and labor, producers and consumers

WEALTH, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 10*a*: The nature of wealth as a good: its place in the order of goods and its relation to happiness
- Topic 10*c*: Temperance and intemperance with respect to wealth: liberality, magnificence, miserliness, avarice; the corrupting influence of excessive wealth

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bk. I
Tacitus, Vol. 14, *Annals,* Bks. II, III
Molière, Vol. 31, *Miser*
Goethe, Vol. 45, *Faust,* Part One; Part Two, Act I
Dickens, Vol. 47, *Little Dorrit*
Marx, Vol. 50, *Capital,* Part II, Chap. IV; Part VII, Chap. XXIV; Marx and Engels, *Manifesto of the Communist Party,* Chap. II
Fitzgerald, Vol. 60, *Great Gatsby*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Anderson, *I'm a Fool,* Vol. 2

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and *Modeste Mignon*. He traveled in Italy and cultivated the society of the Countess Guidoboni-Visconti, an Englishwoman. As president of the Society of Men of Letters, he was active in promoting the rights of authors.

In 1833 he had first met the Polish Countess Éveline Hanska. He courted her for nearly twenty years. *Splendors and Miseries of the Courtesans, Cousin Bette,* and *Cousin Pons* belong among his later works. He wrote about a hundred books. It is estimated that what he had finished of *The Human Comedy* includes about three thousand characters. His health was declining, but he made several trips to Poland. He married Madame Hanska at Berdichev in March, 1850. They returned to Paris, where Balzac died on August 18th of the same year.

A *Passion in the Desert* was published in 1837, in the same year as *César Birotteau* and the first part of *Lost Illusions*. We observe first that it is a story within a story. Why did the author choose this form? One reason, we may guess, is that in the first scene at M. Martin's menagerie Balzac wishes to remind us that what are called "the big cats" in the circus can be gentled and trained. Thus the soldier's adventure in the desert will appear less unlikely. Another reason, and perhaps the chief one, is that Balzac evidently preferred not to limit himself to the old soldier's matter-of-fact expression. So he gives us a worldly narrator who is capable of suggesting all the emotional and "philosophic" niceties of the situation. Moreover, since this is a story about love, the narrator's woman friend becomes his expert and skeptical audience.

Like other stories of Balzac's, this one seems now and then to be poised on the margin between reality and fable. We feel this, for example, in the incident in which the leopard ("panther" is a more general term) drags the soldier out of the quicksand. It reminds us of Pliny the Elder's term for leopards–"spotted ladies"–and his remark that only the lion "shows mercy to suppliants." Clearly we are in the region of fable. But how often do we feel this in Balzac's story? Hardly at all. This is his first triumph: that he makes us believe the events in the story *could* happen.

He begins by giving us an example of the soldier's cool resolution in his escape from the Arab camp. The soldier will need all of it that first night in the cave when he wakes up in the dark and hears

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"a respiration whose savage energy could not belong to a human creature." Already this Napoleonic soldier, this trooper (he wears spurs) from Provence, has endured the excitement of escape, the despair of finding himself alone in the desert, and the joy of discovering date palms loaded with fruit. Now he faces raw terror as the moon gradually reveals a panther sleeping in the mouth of his cave.

It is unlikely, again. She would have scented him, we think. Perhaps she would have waked him as she prowled back and forth in front of the cave. But again, we are willing to believe it. The trooper has a loaded rifle, a scimitar, a dagger. But he does not try to kill her. We believe in his prudence and his forbearance–so French, so intrepid in the Napoleonic style. He is cool enough to observe that she has blood on her muzzle. She will not be hungry again for a while.

So begins what is perhaps the strangest love story in all fiction. He is charmed by her feminine power, her suppleness and grace. He woos her. She responds with the languorous affection of a great house cat. He is reminded of his first sweetheart, Virginie, and of how he was always a little afraid of the knife she threatened him with. He too keeps his dagger in hand. But gradually, though he does not give up hope of rescue, he feels in himself a great change of heart. The desert becomes a magic dwelling place. He discovers "in the rising and setting of the sun sights unknown to the world." For a moment–but only for a moment–the Peaceable Kingdom is at hand.

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# *A Passion in the Desert*

"The whole show is dreadful," she cried, coming out of the menagerie of M. Martin. She had just been looking at that daring speculator "working with his hyena"—to speak in the style of the program.

"By what means," she continued, "can he have tamed these animals to such a point as to be certain of their affection for—."

"What seems to you a problem," said I, interrupting, "is really quite natural."

"Oh!" she cried, letting an incredulous smile wander over her lips.

"You think that beasts are wholly without passions?" I asked her. "Quite the reverse; we can communicate to them all the vices arising in our own state of civilization."

She looked at me with an air of astonishment.

"Nevertheless," I continued, "the first time I saw M. Martin, I admit, like you, I did give vent to an exclamation of surprise. I found myself next to an old soldier with the right leg amputated, who had come in with me. His face had struck me. He had one of those intrepid heads, stamped with the seal of warfare, and on which the battles of Napoleon are written. Besides, he had that frank good-humored expression which always impresses me favorably. He was without doubt one of those troopers who are surprised at nothing, who find matter for laughter in the contortions of a dying comrade, who bury or plunder him quite light-heartedly, who stand intrepidly in the way of bullets; in fact, one of those men who waste no time in deliberation, and would not hesitate to make friends with the devil himself. After looking very attentively at the proprietor of the menagerie getting out of his box, my companion pursed up his lips with an air of mockery and contempt, with that peculiar and expressive twist which superior people assume to show they are not



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taken in. Then when I was expatiating on the courage of M. Martin, he smiled, shook his head knowingly, and said, 'Well known.'

"How 'well known'?" I said. "If you would only explain to me the mystery I should be vastly obliged."

"After a few minutes, during which we made acquaintance, we went to dine at the first *restaurateur's* whose shop caught our eye. At dessert a bottle of champagne completely refreshed and brightened up the memories of this odd old soldier. He told me his story, and I said he had every reason to exclaim, 'Well known.' "

When she got home, she teased me to that extent and made so many promises that I consented to communicate to her the old soldier's confidences. Next day she received the following episode of an epic which one might call "The Frenchman in Egypt."

During the expedition in Upper Egypt under General Desaix, a Provençal soldier fell into the hands of the Mangrabins, and was taken by these Arabs into the deserts beyond the falls of the Nile.

In order to place a sufficient distance between themselves and the French Army, the Mangrabins made forced marches, and only rested during the night. They camped round a well overshadowed by palm trees under which they had previously concealed a store of provisions. Not surmising that the notion of flight would occur to their prisoner, they contented themselves with binding his hands, and after eating a few dates, and giving provender to their horses, went to sleep.

When the brave Provençal saw that his enemies were no longer watching him, he made use of his teeth to steal a scimitar, fixed the blade between his knees, and cut the cords which prevented using his hands; in a moment he was free. He at once seized a rifle and dagger, then taking the precaution to provide himself with a sack of dried dates, oats, and powder and shot, and to fasten a scimitar to his waist, he leaped onto a horse, and spurred on vigorously in the direction where he thought to find the French Army. So impatient was he to see a bivouac again that he pressed on the already tired courser at such speed that its flanks were lacerated with his spurs, and at last the poor animal died, leaving the Frenchman alone in the desert. After walking some time in the sand with all the courage of an escaped convict, the soldier was obliged to stop, as the day had already ended. In spite of the beauty of an oriental sky at night, he felt he had not strength enough to go on. Fortunately he had been able to find a small hill, on the summit of which a few palm trees shot up into the air; it was their verdure seen from afar which had brought hope and consolation to his heart. His fatigue was so great that

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he lay down upon a rock of granite, capriciously cut out like a camp bed; there he fell asleep without taking any precaution to defend himself while he slept. He had made the sacrifice of his life. His last thought was one of regret. He repented having left the Mangrabins, whose nomad life seemed to smile on him now that he was afar from them and without help. He was awakened by the sun, whose pitiless rays fell with all their force on the granite and produced an intolerable heat—for he had had the stupidity to place himself inversely to the shadow thrown by the verdant majestic heads of the palm trees. He looked at the solitary trees and shuddered—they reminded him of the graceful shafts crowned with foliage which characterize the Saracen columns in the cathedral of Aries.

But when, after counting the palm trees, he cast his eye around him, the most horrible despair was infused into his soul. Before him stretched an ocean without limit. The dark sand of the desert spread farther than sight could reach in every direction, and glittered like steel struck with a bright light. It might have been a sea of looking glass, or lakes melted together in a mirror. A fiery vapor carried up in streaks made a perpetual whirlwind over the quivering land. The sky was lit with an oriental splendor of insupportable purity, leaving naught for the imagination to desire. Heaven and earth were on fire.

The silence was awful in its wild and terrible majesty. Infinity, immensity, closed in upon the soul from every side. Not a cloud in the sky, not a breath in the air, not a flaw on the bosom of the sand, ever moving in diminutive waves; the horizon ended as at sea on a clear day, with one line of light, definite as the cut of a sword.

The Provençal threw his arms around the trunk of one of the palm trees, as though it were the body of a friend, and then in the shelter of the thin straight shadow that the palm cast upon the granite, he wept. Then sitting down he remained as he was, contemplating with profound sadness the implacable scene, which was all he had to look upon. He cried aloud, to measure the solitude. His voice, lost in the hollows of the hill, sounded faintly, and aroused no echo—the echo was in his own heart. The Provençal was twenty-two years old;—he loaded his carbine.

"There'll be time enough," he said to himself, laying on the ground the weapon which alone could bring him deliverance.

Looking by turns at the black expanse and the blue expanse, the soldier dreamed of France—he smelt with delight the gutters of Paris—he remembered the towns through which he had passed, the faces of his fellow soldiers, the most minute details of his life. His southern fancy soon

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her sinuous tail was also white, ending with black rings; the overpart of her dress, yellow like unburnished gold, very lissome and soft, had the characteristic blotches in the form of rosettes, which distinguish the panther from every other feline species.

This tranquil and formidable hostess snored in an attitude as graceful as that of a cat lying on a cushion. Her bloodstained paws, nervous and well armed, were stretched out before her face, which rested upon them, and from which radiated her straight, slender whiskers, like threads of silver.

If she had been like that in a cage, the Provençal would doubtless have admired the grace of the animal, and the vigorous contrasts of vivid color which gave her robe an imperial splendor; but just then his sight was troubled by her sinister appearance.

The presence of the panther, even asleep, could not fail to produce the effect which the magnetic eyes of the serpent are said to have on the nightingale.

For a moment the courage of the soldier began to fail before this danger, though no doubt it would have risen at the mouth of a cannon charged with shell. Nevertheless, a bold thought brought daylight to his soul and sealed up the source of the cold sweat which sprang forth on his brow. Like men driven to bay who defy death and offer their body to the smiter, so he, seeing in this merely a tragic episode, resolved to play his part with honor to the last.

"The day before yesterday the Arabs would have killed me perhaps," he said; so considering himself as good as dead already, he waited bravely, with excited curiosity, his enemy's awakening.

When the sun appeared, the panther suddenly opened her eyes; then she put out her paws with energy, as if to stretch them and get rid of cramp. At last she yawned, showing the formidable apparatus of her teeth and pointed tongue, rough as a file.

"A regular *petite maîtresse*" thought the Frenchman, seeing her roll herself about so softly and coquettishly. She licked off the blood which stained her paws and muzzle, and scratched her head with reiterated gestures full of prettiness. "All right, make a little toilet," the Frenchman said to himself, beginning to recover his gaiety with his courage; "we'll say good morning to each other presently," and he seized the small, short dagger which he had taken from the Mangrabins. At this moment the panther turned her head toward the man and looked at him fixedly without moving.

The rigidity of her metallic eyes and their insupportable luster made

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Anonymous, *Aucassin and Nicolette,* Vol. 2
Bacon, *Of Riches,* Vol. 7
Cicero, *On Old Age,* Vol. 10
Fitzgerald, *Diamond as Big as the Ritz,* Vol. 3
Galsworthy, *Apple-Tree,* Vol. 3
Hume, *Of Money,* Vol. 7
Lawrence, *Rocking-Horse Winner,* Vol. 3
O'Neill, *Emperor Jones,* Vol. 4
Plutarch, *Contentment,* Vol. 10
Pushkin, *Queen of Spades,* Vol. 3
Synge, *Riders to the Sea,* Vol. 4
Tolstoy, *What Men Live By,* Vol. 3
Twain, *Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg,* Vol. 2

## EDMUND BURKE, 1729–1797

### *Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol*

Vol. 7, pages 237–271

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

GOVERNMENT, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*b*: The government of dependencies: colonial government; the government of conquered peoples
JUSTICE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*c*: The inalienability of natural rights: their violation by tyranny and despotism
Topic 9*b*: Justice as the moral principle of political organization: the bond of men in states
LAW, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7*d*: Tyranny and treason or sedition as illegal acts: the use of force without authority
LIBERTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*c*: The struggle for sovereign independence against the yoke of imperialism or colonial subjugation
REVOLUTION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 6*a*: The right of rebellion: the circumstances justifying civil disobedience or violent insurrection
Topic 7: Empire and revolution: the justification of colonial rebellion and the defense of imperialism
WAR AND PEACE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*b*: The factors responsible for civil strife

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him shudder, especially when the animal walked toward him. But he looked at her caressingly, staring into her eyes in order to magnetize her, and let her come quite close to him; then with a movement both gentle and amorous, as though he were caressing the most beautiful of women, he passed his hand over her whole body, from the head to the tail, scratching the flexible vertebrae which divided the panther's yellow back. The animal waved her tail voluptuously, and her eyes grew gentle; and when for the third time the Frenchman accomplished this interesting flattery, she gave forth one of those purrings by which our cats express their pleasure; but this murmur issued from a throat so powerful and so deep, that it resounded through the cave like the last vibrations of an organ in a church. The man, understanding the importance of his caresses, redoubled them in such a way as to surprise and stupefy his imperious courtesan. When he felt sure of having extinguished the ferocity of his capricious companion, whose hunger had so fortunately been satisfied the day before, he got up to go out of the cave; the panther let him go out, but when he had reached the summit of the hill she sprang with the lightness of a sparrow hopping from twig to twig, and rubbed herself against his legs, putting up her back after the manner of all the race of cats. Then regarding her guest with eyes whose glare had softened a little, she gave vent to that wild cry which naturalists compare to the grating of a saw.

"She is exacting," said the Frenchman, smilingly.

He was bold enough to play with her ears; he caressed her belly and scratched her head as hard as he could.

When he saw that he was successful, he tickled her skull with the point of his dagger, watching for the right moment to kill her, but the hardness of her bones made him tremble for his success.

The sultana of the desert showed herself gracious to her slave; she lifted her head, stretched out her neck, and manifested her delight by the tranquillity of her attitude. It suddenly occurred to the soldier that to kill this savage princess with one blow he must poniard her in the throat.

He raised the blade, when the panther, satisfied no doubt, laid herself gracefully at his feet, and cast up at him glances in which, in spite of their natural fierceness, was mingled confusedly a kind of good will. The poor Provençal ate his dates, leaning against one of the palm trees, and casting his eyes alternately on the desert in quest of some liberator and on his terrible companion to watch her uncertain clemency.

The panther looked at the place where the date stones fell, and every time that he threw one down her eyes expressed an incredible mistrust.

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She examined the man with an almost commercial prudence. However, this examination was favorable to him, for when he had finished his meager meal she licked his boots with her powerful rough tongue, brushing off with marvelous skill the dust gathered in the creases.

"Ah, but when she's really hungry!" thought the Frenchman. In spite of the shudder this thought caused him, the soldier began to measure curiously the proportions of the panther, certainly one of the most splendid specimens of its race. She was three feet high and four feet long without counting her tail; this powerful weapon, rounded like a cudgel, was nearly three feet long. The head, large as that of a lioness, was distinguished by a rare expression of refinement. The cold cruelty of a tiger was dominant, it was true, but there was also a vague resemblance to the face of a sensual woman. Indeed, the face of this solitary queen had something of the gaiety of a drunken Nero: she had satiated herself with blood, and she wanted to play.

The soldier tried if he might walk up and down, and the panther left him free, contenting herself with following him with her eyes, less like a faithful dog than a big Angora cat, observing everything, and every movement of her master.

When he looked around, he saw, by the spring, the remains of his horse; the panther had dragged the carcass all that way; about two-thirds of it had been devoured already. The sight reassured him.

It was easy to explain the panther's absence, and the respect she had had for him while he slept. The first piece of good luck emboldened him to tempt the future, and he conceived the wild hope of continuing on good terms with the panther during the entire day, neglecting no means of taming her, and remaining in her good graces.

He returned to her, and had the unspeakable joy of seeing her wag her tail with an almost imperceptible movement at his approach. He sat down then, without fear, by her side, and they began to play together; he took her paws and muzzle, pulled her ears, rolled her over on her back, stroked her warm, delicate flanks. She let him do whatever he liked, and when he began to stroke the hair on her feet she drew her claws in carefully.

The man, keeping the dagger in one hand, thought to plunge it into the belly of the too-confiding panther, but he was afraid that he would be immediately strangled in her last convulsive struggle; besides, he felt in his heart a sort of remorse which bid him respect a creature that had done him no harm. He seemed to have found a friend, in a boundless desert; half unconsciously he thought of his first sweetheart, whom he had

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nicknamed "Mignonne" by way of contrast, because she was so atrociously jealous that all the time of their love he was in fear of the knife with which she had always threatened him.

This memory of his early days suggested to him the idea of making the young panther answer to this name, now that he began to admire with less terror her swiftness, suppleness, and softness. Toward the end of the day he had familiarized himself with his perilous position; he now almost liked the painfulness of it. At last his companion had got into the habit of looking up at him whenever he cried in a falsetto voice, "Mignonne."

At the setting of the sun Mignonne gave, several times running, a profound melancholy cry. "She's been well brought up," said the lighthearted soldier; "she says her prayers." But this mental joke only occurred to him when he noticed what a pacific attitude his companion remained in. "Come, *ma petite blonde*, I'll let you go to bed first," he said to her, counting on the activity of his own legs to run away as quickly as possible, directly she was asleep, and seek another shelter for the night.

The soldier waited with impatience the hour of his flight, and when it had arrived he walked vigorously in the direction of the Nile; but hardly had he made a quarter of a league in the sand when he heard the panther bounding after him, crying with that sawlike cry more dreadful even than the sound of her leaping.

"Ah!" he said, "then she's taken a fancy to me; she has never met any one before, and it is really quite flattering to have her first love." That instant the man fell into one of those movable quicksands so terrible to travelers and from which it is impossible to save oneself. Feeling himself caught, he gave a shriek of alarm; the panther seized him with her teeth by the collar, and, springing vigorously backward, drew him as if by magic out of the whirling sand.

"Ah, Mignonne!" cried the soldier, caressing her enthusiastically; "we're bound together for life and death—but no jokes, mind!" and he retraced his steps.

From that time the desert seemed inhabited. It contained a being to whom the man could talk, and whose ferocity was rendered gentle by him, though he could not explain to himself the reason for their strange friendship. Great as was the soldier's desire to stay upon guard, he slept.

On awakening he could not find Mignonne; he mounted the hill, and in the distance saw her springing toward him after the habit of these animals, who cannot run on account of the extreme flexibility of the vertebral column. Mignonne arrived, her jaws covered with blood; she received the wonted caress of her companion, showing with much purring

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how happy it made her. Her eyes, full of languor, turned still more gently than the day before toward the Provençal, who talked to her as one would to a tame animal.

"Ah! Mademoiselle, you are a nice girl, aren't you? Just look at that! So we like to be made much of, don't we? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? So you have been eating some Arab or other, have you? That doesn't matter. They're animals just the same as you are; but don't you take to eating Frenchmen, or I shan't like you any longer."

She played like a dog with its master, letting herself be rolled over, knocked about, and stroked, alternately; sometimes she herself would provoke the soldier, putting up her paw with a soliciting gesture.

Some days passed in this manner. This companionship permitted the Provençal to appreciate the sublime beauty of the desert; now that he had a living thing to think about, alternations of fear and quiet, and plenty to eat, his mind became filled with contrast and his life began to be diversified.

Solitude revealed to him all her secrets, and enveloped him in her delights. He discovered in the rising and setting of the sun sights unknown to the world. He knew what it was to tremble when he heard over his head the hiss of a bird's wing, so rarely did they pass, or when he saw the clouds, changing and many-colored travelers, melt one into another. He studied in the nighttime the effect of the moon upon the ocean of sand, where the simoom made waves swift of movement and rapid in their change. He lived the life of the Eastern day, marveling at its wonderful pomp; then, after having reveled in the sight of a hurricane over the plain where the whirling sands made red, dry mists and death-bearing clouds, he would welcome the night with joy, for then fell the healthful freshness of the stars, and he listened to imaginary music in the skies. Then solitude taught him to unroll the treasures of dreams. He passed whole hours in remembering mere nothings, and comparing his present life with his past.

At last he grew passionately fond of the panther; for some sort of affection was a necessity.

Whether it was that his will powerfully projected had modified the character of his companion, or whether, because she found abundant food in her predatory excursions in the desert, she respected the man's life, he began to fear for it no longer, seeing her so well tamed.

He devoted the greater part of his time to sleep, but he was obliged to watch like a spider in its web that the moment of his deliverance might not escape him, if anyone should pass the line marked by the

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# Anton Chekhov

1860–1904

Anton Chekhov was born in Taganrog, Russia, on January 17 (Old Style), 1860. His grandfather, a serf, saved 3,500 rubles and bought his family's freedom. Anton took a medical degree at the University of Moscow. During this period he helped support his family by writing for the Moscow comic papers. His first book went unnoticed, but a second, *Motley Stories*, published in 1886, became broadly popular. In the following year his first play, *Ivanov,* pleased audiences in Moscow and St. Petersburg. He was awarded the Pushkin Prize.

In 1890–91 he traveled across the great breadth of Russia to investigate the penal colony on Sakhalin Island, north of Japan. His exposé of conditions there helped to bring about prison reforms. He bought a small estate outside Moscow and lived there during most of the 1890's. He did medical work among the peasants, especially during the cholera epidemic of 1892–93, and served as a hospital administrator. These and other experiences gave him material for the short stories he continued to produce all his life.

In 1896 his second play, *The Seagull,* was a failure in the St. Petersburg production but a decided success in the Moscow Art Theater version two years later. The onset of tuberculosis forced him to spend most of his time in the Crimea or abroad. From the

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*Notes from the artist:* ". . . *the portrait of Chekhov was done in a contemporary interpretation of early Russian iconography. In the author's hand is a sprig of cherry leaves, symbolizing his famous play* The Cherry Orchard."



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late 1890's most of his work was done for the theater—not, as he said, because he preferred it, but because it gave him a better income. The Moscow Art Theater under Stanislavsky produced *Uncle Vanya* (a rewriting of *The Wood Demon*) in 1899, *The Three Sisters* in 1901, and *The Cherry Orchard* in 1904.

Chekhov married the actress Olga Knipper in 1901. Some of his best stories—*The Darling* (see below), *The Bishop, My Life,* and *In the Ravine*—were written during this final period. He died at Badenweiler in the Black Forest on July 2 (O. S.), 1904.

The work of Chekhov, says the critic Arnold Hauser, gives the effect of "something overheard by chance, intimated by chance, something that has occurred by chance." Is this true? Insofar as it is, we note how it goes against what was perhaps the chief tendency in late-nineteenth-century literature. This was determinism, the idea that social conditions operate as a kind of fate predictable in advance. Taine became its literary prophet. It was worked out in fiction by such writers as Zola, the Goncourts, and even Maupassant. But in the free-will stories of Chekhov, chance itself often plays the part of a kind of sad fatality.

This is truer, we feel, of the early stories than of such a late one as *The Darling,* published in 1898. But what is chance? Tolstoy considered it a kind of ignorance or partial knowledge, "a certain stage of understanding of phenomena." Mathematicians have tried to frame it in formulas of probability. But we need to remember that here we are dealing, not with chance in the open, but with the *effect* of chance as the artist creates it.

The Romans had their goddess Fortuna. The Greek goddess of chance was Tyche, mistress of "whatever may happen," who was "stronger than the rule of Zeus." Chekhov's heroine, too, is a kind of goddess—Olenka Plemyannikova, "the darling," daughter of a retired assessor in a provincial Russian town, She is altogether a woman, and more than that. She is the goddess Woman—Woman who accomplishes her immemorial purposes in spite of every misfortune.

Olenka is, in fact, more Aphrodite, goddess of erotic love, than Tyche. She is philanthropic in the basic sense. She loves people, and—with the usual reaction—they love her. She has a gift—a sometimes embarrassing gift—for total intimacy. She identifies her-

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self with anyone she loves. She is infinitely suggestible. Her life becomes almost a demonstration of the myth that man and woman are orphan halves of each other.[1]

But Olenka's gift as Tyche, goddess of fortune, is displayed in the misfortunes she survives and the dangers she avoids. Her temperament might easily have made her a victim–exploited by other people, starved by her inability to find love, or unable to get along with it when it came to her. The human chances are endless. Even so, we cannot help but believe in the pattern the author lays down for us. The power and warmth of her instinct carry her triumphantly over every misfortune.

A more imaginative, even a more restless, woman might have made more demands on life. Olenka plays according to the easy human rules. In each case, she finds it possible to love the most convenient object–her father, her teacher, the theater manager Kukin, the merchant Pustovalov, Smirnin the veterinary. And even when she has "aged and grown homely," straining against the lack of a child, luck does not abandon her. The veterinary's boy Sasha becomes the recipient of her final absorption in love.

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[1] See Plato's *Symposium, Great Books of the Western World.*

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Topic 11*b*: Justice and fraternity as principles of peace among men

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Thucydides, Vol. 5, *History of the Peloponnesian War,* Third Book, Chap. IX
Machiavelli, Vol. 21, *Prince,* Chaps. IV–IX
Smith, Vol. 36, *Wealth of Nations,* Bk. IV, Chap. VII
Kant, Vol. 39, *Science of Right,* Second Part
*Constitution of the United States of America,* Vol. 40, Art. I, Sect. 9; Art. III, Sect. 3; Amendments I–X
Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Vol. 40, *Federalist,* No. 84
Mill, J. S., Vol. 40, *Representative Government,* Chaps. 17–18
Tocqueville, Vol. 44, *Democracy in America,* Vol. 1, Part II, Chaps. 7–10

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Seditions and Troubles,* Vol. 7
Calhoun, "Concurrent Majority," Vol. 7
Carlyle, *Hero as King,* Vol. 6
Great Documents, *Virginia Declaration of Rights; Declaration of Independence; Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen,* Vol. 6
Jefferson, "Virginia Constitution"; *First Inaugural Address,* Vol. 6
Lincoln, *First Inaugural Address,* Vol. 6
Paine, "A Call to Patriots–December 23, 1776," Vol. 6
Washington, *Farewell Address,* Vol. 6

## JOHN BAGNELL BURY, 1861–1927

### *Herodotus*

Vol. 6, pages 364–383

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CUSTOM AND CONVENTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3: The conflict of customs: their variation from place to place
HISTORY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1: History as knowledge and as literature: its kinds and divisions; its distinction from poetry, myth, philosophy, and science
Topic 3: The writing of history: research and narration; the influence of poetry

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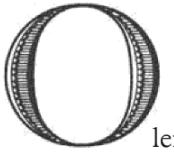
# *The Darling*

 lenka Plemyannikova, the daughter of a retired collegiate assessor, was sitting on her porch, which gave on the courtyard, deep in thought. It was hot, the flies were persistent and annoying, and it was pleasant to think that it would soon be evening. Dark rainclouds were gathering in the east and there was a breath of moisture in the wind that occasionally blew from that direction.

Kukin, a theater manager who ran a summer garden known as The Tivoli and lodged in the wing of the house, was standing in the middle of the courtyard, staring at the sky.

"Again!" he was saying in despair. "It's going to rain again! Rain every day, every day, as if to spite me! It will be the death of me! It's ruin! Such a frightful loss every day!"

He struck his hands together and continued, turning to Olenka:

"There, Olga Semyonovna, that's our life. It's enough to make you weep! You work, you try your utmost, you wear yourself out, you lie awake nights, you rack your brains trying to make a better thing of it, and what's the upshot? In the first place, the public is ignorant, barbarous. I give them the very best operetta, an elaborate spectacle, first-rate vaudeville artists. But do you think they want that? It's all above their heads. All they want is slapstick! Give them trash! And then look at the weather! Rain almost every evening. It started raining on the tenth of May, and it has kept it up all May and June. It's simply terrible! The public doesn't come, but don't I have to pay the rent? Don't I have to pay the artists?"

The next day toward evening the sky would again be overcast and Kukin would say, laughing hysterically:

"Well, go on, rain! Flood the garden, drown me! Bad luck to me in this world and the next! Let the artists sue me! Let them send me to prison—to Siberia—to the scaffold! Ha, ha, ha!"



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Olenka had received telegrams from her husband before, but this time for some reason she was numb with fright. With trembling hands she opened the telegram and read the following:

"Ivan Petrovich died suddenly today awaiting prot instructions tuneral Tuesday."

That is exactly how the telegram had it: "tuneral," and there was also the incomprehensible word "prot"; the signature was that of the director of the comic opera company.

"My precious!" Olenka sobbed. "Vanichka, my precious, my sweet! Why did we ever meet! Why did I get to know you and to love you! To whom can your poor unhappy Olenka turn?"

Kukin was buried on Tuesday in the Vagankovo Cemetery in Moscow. Olenka returned home on Wednesday, and no sooner did she enter her room than she sank onto the bed and sobbed so loudly that she could be heard in the street and in the neighboring courtyards.

"The darling!" said the neighbors, crossing themselves. "Darling Olga Semyonovna! How the poor soul takes on!"

Three months later Olenka was returning from Mass one day in deep mourning and very sad. It happened that one of her neighbors, Vasily Andreich Pustovalov, the manager of Babakayev's lumberyard, who was also returning from church, was walking beside her. He was wearing a straw hat and a white waistcoat, with a gold watch chain, and he looked more like a landowner than a businessman.

"There is order in all things, Olga Semyonovna," he was saying sedately, with a note of sympathy in his voice; "and if one of our dear ones passes on, then it means that this was the will of God, and in that case we must keep ourselves in hand and bear it submissively."

Having seen Olenka to her gate, he took leave of her and went further. All the rest of the day she heard his sedate voice, and as soon as she closed her eyes she had a vision of his dark beard. She liked him very much. And apparently she too had made an impression on him, because a little later a certain elderly lady, whom she scarcely knew, called to have coffee with her, and no sooner was she seated at table than the visitor began to talk about Pustovalov, saying that he was a fine, substantial man, and that any marriageable woman would be glad to go to the altar with him. Three days later Pustovalov himself paid her a visit. He did not stay more than ten minutes and he said little, but Olenka fell in love with him, so deeply that she stayed awake all night burning as with fever, and in the morning she sent for the elderly lady. The match was soon arranged and then came the wedding.

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As a married couple Pustovalov and Olenka got on very well together. As a rule he was in the lumberyard till dinnertime, then he went out on business and was replaced by Olenka, who stayed in the office till evening, making out bills and seeing that orders were shipped.

"We pay twenty per cent more for lumber every year," she would say to customers and acquaintances. "Why, we used to deal in local timber, and now Vasichka has to travel to the province of Mogilev for timber regularly. And the freight rates!" she would exclaim, putting her hands to her cheeks in horror. "The freight rates!"

It seemed to her that she had been in the lumber business for ages, that lumber was the most important, the most essential thing in the world, and she found something intimate and touching in the very sound of such words as beam, log, batten, plank, boxboard, lath, scantling, slab. . . .

At night she would dream of whole mountains of boards and planks, of endless caravans of carts hauling lumber out of town to distant points. She would dream that a regiment of beams, 28 feet by 8 inches, standing on end, was marching in the lumberyard, that beams, logs, and slabs were crashing against each other with the hollow sound of dry wood, that they kept tumbling down and rising again, piling themselves on each other. Olenka would scream in her sleep and Pustovalov would say to her tenderly: "Olenka, what's the matter, darling? Cross yourself!"

Whatever ideas her husband had, she adopted as her own. If he thought that the room was hot or that business was slow, she thought so too. Her husband did not care for entertainments and on holidays stayed home—so did she.

"You are always at home or in the office," her friends would say. "You ought to go to the theater, darling, or to the circus."

"Vasichka and I have no time for the theater," she would answer sedately. "We are working people, we're not interested in such foolishness. What good are these theaters?"

On Saturdays the two of them would go to evening service, on holidays they attended early Mass, and returning from the church they walked side by side, their faces wearing a softened expression. There was an agreeable aroma about them, and her silk dress rustled pleasantly. At home they had tea with shortbread, and various kinds of jam, and afterwards they ate pie. Every day at noon, in the yard and on the street just outside the gate, there was a delicious smell of *borshch* and roast lamb or duck, and on fast days there was the odor of fish, and one could not pass the Pustovalov gate without one's mouth watering.

In the office the samovar was always boiling and the customers were

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treated to tea with doughnuts. Once a week the pair went to the baths and returned side by side, both with red faces.

"Yes, everything goes well with us, thank God," Olenka would say to her friends. "I wish everyone were as happy as Vasichka and I."

When Pustovalov went off to the provinces of Mogilev for timber, she missed him badly and lay awake nights, crying. Sometimes, in the evening, a young army veterinary, by the name of Smirnin, who rented the wing of their house, would call on her. He chatted or played cards with her and that diverted her. What interested her most was what he told her about his domestic life. He had been married and had a son, but was separated from his wife because she had been unfaithful to him, and now he hated her; he sent her forty rubles a month for the maintenance of the child. And listening to him, Olenka would sigh and shake her head: she was sorry for him.

"Well, God keep you," she would say to him as she took leave of him, going to the stairs with him, candle in hand. "Thank you for relieving my boredom, and may the Queen of Heaven give you health!"

She always expressed herself in this sedate and reasonable manner, in imitation of her husband. Just as the veterinary would be closing the door behind him, she would recall him and say:

"You know, Vladimir Platonych, you had better make up with your wife. You ought to forgive her, at least for your son's sake! I am sure the little boy understands everything."

And when Pustovalov came back, she would tell him in low tones about the veterinary and his unhappy domestic life, and both of them would sigh and shake their heads and speak of the boy, who was probably missing his father. Then by a strange association of ideas they would both turn to the icons, bow down to the ground before them and pray that the Lord would grant them children.

Thus the Pustovalovs lived in peace and quiet, in love and harmony for six years. But one winter day, right after having hot tea at the office, Vasily Andreich went out without his cap to see about shipping some lumber, caught a chill and was taken sick. He was treated by the best doctors, but the illness had its own way with him, and he died after four months. Olenka was a widow again.

"To whom can I turn now, my darling?" she sobbed when she had buried her husband. "How can I live without you, wretched and unhappy as I am? Pity me, good people, left all alone in the world–"

She wore a black dress with white cuffs and gave up wearing hat and gloves for good. She hardly ever left the house except to go to church or

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to visit her husband's grave, and at home she lived like a nun. Only at the end of six months did she take off her widow's weeds and open the shutters. Sometimes in the morning she was seen with her cook going to market for provisions, but how she lived now and what went on in her house could only be guessed. People based their guesses on such facts as that they saw her having tea with the veterinary in her little garden, he reading the newspaper aloud to her, and that, meeting an acquaintance at the post office, she would say:

"There is no proper veterinary inspection in our town, and that's why there is so much illness around. So often you hear of people getting ill from the milk or catching infections from horses and cows. When you come down to it, the health of domestic animals must be as well cared for as the health of human beings."

She now repeated the veterinary's words and held the same opinions about everything that he did. It was plain that she could not live even for one year without an attachment and that she had found new happiness in the wing of her house. Another woman would have been condemned for this, but of Olenka no one could think ill: everything about her was so unequivocal. Neither she nor the veterinary mentioned to anyone the change that had occurred in their relations indeed, they tried to conceal it, but they didn't succeed, because Olenka could not keep a secret. When he had visitors, his regimental colleagues, she, pouring the tea or serving the supper, would begin to talk of the cattle plague, of the pearl disease, of the municipal slaughterhouses. He would be terribly embarrassed and when the guests had gone, he would grasp her by the arms and hiss angrily:

"I've asked you before not to talk about things that you don't understand! When veterinaries speak among themselves, please don't butt in! It's really annoying!"

She would look at him amazed and alarmed and ask, "But Volodichka, what shall I talk about?"

And with tears in her eyes she would hug him and beg him not to be angry, and both of them were happy.

Yet this happiness did not last long. The veterinary left, left forever, with his regiment, which was moved to some remote place, it may have been Siberia. And Olenka remained alone.

Now she was quite alone. Her father had died long ago, and his armchair stood in the attic, covered with dust and minus one leg. She got thinner and lost her looks, and passers-by in the street did not glance at her and smile as they used to. Obviously, her best years were over, were

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behind her, and now a new kind of life was beginning for her, an unfamiliar kind that did not bear thinking of. In the evening Olenka sat on her porch, and heard the band play at The Tivoli and the rockets go off, but this no longer suggested anything to her mind. She looked apathetically at the empty courtyard, thought of nothing, and later, when night came, she would go to bed and dream of the empty courtyard. She ate and drank as though involuntarily.

Above all, and worst of all, she no longer had any opinions whatever. She saw objects about her and understood what was going on, but she could not form an opinion about anything and did not know what to talk about. And how terrible it is not to have any opinions! You see, for instance, a bottle, or the rain, or a peasant driving in a cart, but what is the bottle for, or the rain, or the peasant, what is the meaning of them, you can't tell, and you couldn't, even if they paid you a thousand rubles. When Kukin was about, or Pustovalov or, later, the veterinary, Olenka could explain it all and give her opinions about anything you like, but now there was the same emptiness in her head and in her heart as in her courtyard. It was weird, and she felt as bitter as if she had been eating wormwood.

Little by little the town was extending in all directions. Gypsy Road was now a regular street, and where The Tivoli had been and the lumber-yards, houses had sprung up and lanes had multiplied. How swiftly time passes! Olenka's house had taken on a shabby look, the roof was rusty, the shed sloped, and the whole yard was invaded by burdock and stinging nettles. Olenka herself had aged and grown homely. In the summer she sat on the porch, feeling empty and dreary and bitter, as before; in the winter she sat by the window and stared at the snow. Sometimes at the first breath of spring or when the wind brought her the chime of church bells, memories of the past would overwhelm her, her heart would contract sweetly and her eyes would brim over with tears. But this only lasted a moment, and then there was again emptiness and once more she was possessed by a sense of the futility of life; Trot, the black kitten, rubbed against her and purred softly, but Olenka was not affected by these feline caresses. Is that what she needed? She needed an affection that would take possession of her whole being, her soul, her mind, that would give her ideas, a purpose in life, that would warm her aging blood. And she would shake the kitten off her lap, and say irritably: "Scat! Scat! Don't stick to me!"

And so it went, day after day, year after year, and no joy, no opinion! Whatever Mavra the cook would say was well enough.

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Topic 4*a*(2): Material forces in history: economic, physical, and geographic factors
Topic 5*a*: The relation of the gods or God to human history: the dispensations of providence
TIME, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 8: Historical time

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Homer, Vol. 3, *Iliad,* Bks. I–II
Aeschylus, Vol. 4, *Prometheus Bound; Agamemnon; Eumenides*
Thucydides, Vol. 5, *History of the Peloponnesian War,* First Book, Chap. I
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *On Poetics,* Chap. 9
Plutarch, Vol. 13, *Pericles*
Bacon, Vol. 28, *Advancement of Learning,* Second Book
Gibbon, Vol. 37, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* Chaps. IX–X, XXVI; Vol. 38, Chap. XLVIII
Melville, Vol. 48, *Moby Dick,* Extracts; Chaps. 45, 55–57, 82–83
Huizinga, Vol. 58, *Waning of the Middle Ages,* Chap. I
Lévi-Strauss, Vol. 58, *Structural Anthropology,* Introduction

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

De Quincey, *Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power,* Vol. 5
Hume, *Of the Study of History,* Vol. 7
Lucian, *Way to Write History,* Vol. 6
Sainte-Beuve, *What Is a Classic?,* Vol. 5

For Herodotus' *History* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 5

## SAMUEL BUTLER, 1835–1902

### "Customs and Opinions of the Erewhonians"

from *Erewhon*
Vol. 2, pages 483–506

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CUSTOM AND CONVENTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3: The conflict of customs: their variation from place to place
Topic 6*b*: The force of custom with respect to law
Topic 7*d*: The influence of custom on the liberty of the individual: the force of discipline
JUSTICE, Vol. 1, especially

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Having seen Sasha off to school, she goes quietly home, contented, tranquil, brimming over with love; her face, grown younger in the last six months, beams with happiness; people meeting her look at her with pleasure and say:

"Good morning, Olga Semyonovna, darling! How are you, darling?"

"They make the children work so hard at high school nowadays," she says, as she does her marketing. "Think of it: yesterday in the first form they had a fable to learn by heart, a Latin translation and a problem for homework. That's entirely too much for a little fellow."

And she talks about the teachers, the lessons, the textbooks—saying just what Sasha says about them.

At three o'clock they have dinner together, in the evening they do the homework together, and cry. When she puts him to bed, she takes a long time making the sign of the cross over him and whispering prayers. Then she goes to bed and thinks of the future, distant and misty, when Sasha, having finished his studies, will become a doctor or an engineer, will have a large house of his own, horses, a carriage, will marry and become a father. She falls asleep and her dreams are of the same thing, and tears flow down her cheeks from her closed eyes. The black kitten lies beside her purring: Purr-purrr-purrr.

Suddenly there is a loud knock at the gate. Olenka wakes up, breathless with fear, her heart palpitating. Half a minute passes, and there is another knock.

"That's a telegram from Kharkov," she thinks, beginning to tremble from head to foot. "Sasha's mother is sending for him from Kharkov—O Lord!"

She is in despair. Her head, her hands, her feet grow chill and it seems to her that she is the most unhappy woman in the whole world. But another minute passes, voices are heard: it's the veterinary returning from the club.

"Well, thank God!" she thinks.

Little by little the load rolls off her heart and she is again at ease; she goes back to bed and thinks of Sasha who is fast asleep in the next room and sometimes shouts in his sleep:

"I'll give it to you! Scram! No fighting!"

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*Translated by Avrahm Yarmolinsky.*

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# Isaac Singer

1904–1991

Isaac Bashevis Singer was born in Poland in 1904. He attended a rabbinical seminary in Warsaw and then began to write fiction in Hebrew, later turning to Yiddish. He went to the United States in 1935 and settled in New York. He has been on the staff of the *Jewish Daily Forward* since that time.

Most of Singer's stories, which he has been writing for more than thirty years, have appeared in the *Jewish Daily Forward,* in Yiddish, but they have been translated and have been published in many anthologies. In addition, two collections of his stories have appeared: *Gimpel the Fool and Other Stories* (1957) and *The Spinoza of Market Street and Other Stories* (1961), the title story of which is reprinted here. He is also the author of three novels: *The Family Moskat* (1950), which won the Louis Lamed Prize, *Satan in Goray* (1955), and *The Slave* (1962). The last is an heroic story of a Jew in Poland in the eighteenth century.

Spinoza was a Jew, but aside from that fact he would seem to have little in common with the characters that inhabit most of Singer's stories. These characters are ordinary, often simple folk (though they may be deeply versed in Jewish tradition), on the one hand, and strange demonic creatures of the imagination, on the other. Singer's world is mad and unreal, from one point of view. Witches and mystical forces take on a kind of weird, topsy-turvy life. His heroes and heroines seem to be listening to voices that other people do not hear.

Spinoza was neither ordinary, simple, nor demonic. His thought was complex and powerful, but it was also clear. The clarity and



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purity of Spinoza's ideas are among the wonders of philosophy.

Nevertheless, Singer has managed to make him a character in the story that follows. At first glance, it might almost seem that Spinoza is another of those strange, half-real figures that people the minds of Singer's heroes. Spinoza seems to be almost as real to the main protagonist of this story, Dr. Fischelson, as the other living people in it. In a score of Singer stories there is a figure that plays much the same role.

But Spinoza in this remarkable story plays another role, too. He is more than a mere figment of the imagination who has, nevertheless, a part in the action. He is also a great philosopher with a compelling view of the world.

What is this view, as Singer, or perhaps only Dr. Fischelson, understands it? Spinoza stands for, and describes with magnificent eloquence, the eternal aspect of our ever changing, muddled, incomprehensible life. That eternal aspect, which is represented in this story by the stars, is not an illusion. But neither is the muddle that is represented in turn by the insects circling "the trembling flame," then by Dr. Fischelson's intestinal troubles, then by the crowd in Market Street seen from Dr. Fischelson's high window, then by the "savage and passionate" cats which offend the hero, and finally by Black Dobbe, Dr. Fischelson's bride.

But the eternal aspect and the muddle do not, at least in this story, merely exist side by side. Perhaps they never do. Here at any rate they are in conflict. At the beginning of the story Dr. Fischelson runs to his window to see the stars in order to escape the heat and the buzzing insects. But at the window he sees not only the eternal stars but also the "half-lit bedlam" below and the "ignorant savage" of a cat. Life cannot be run away from; the muddle attacks Dr. Fischelson even in his own insides. He then, it seems, attempts to make his peace with it. He marries, he becomes a husband, he even, we are given to understand, loves. Yet he rises from his bed on his wedding night and seeks the stars once more. And he cries out to Spinoza, to the permanent, unchanging, eternal universe, that he has become a fool.

His heartfelt words raise many questions. In uttering them, does Dr. Fischelson once and for all renounce the earthbound happiness which may be all that we creatures of the muddle know? Does he turn his back on his love for Black Dobbe and embrace once more the *amor dei intellectualis* [the intellectual love of god]?

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Is that one moment of passionate involvement in life to be his last?

Or does he speak those last words with a kind of profound humility and acceptance? Is he saying that there are worse things than to be a fool? Is he asking for forgiveness because he, uniquely, has acted foolishly, or because foolishness is man's eternal lot?

The essence of this memorable tale is to be found in those last murmured words. Perhaps every reader will have to find it, and answer the questions raised by the words, for himself.

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# *The Spinoza of Market Street*

Dr. Nahum Fischelson paced back and forth in his garret room in Market Street, Warsaw. Dr. Fischelson was a short, hunched man with a grayish beard, and was quite bald except for a few wisps of hair remaining at the nape of the neck. His nose was as crooked as a beak and his eyes were large, dark, and fluttering like those of some huge bird. It was a hot summer evening, but Dr. Fischelson wore a black coat which reached to his knees, and he had on a stiff collar and a bow tie. From the door he paced slowly to the dormer window set high in the slanting room and back again. One had to mount several steps to look out. A candle in a brass holder was burning on the table and a variety of insects buzzed around the flame. Now and again one of the creatures would fly too close to the fire and sear its wings, or one would ignite and glow on the wick for an instant. At such moments Dr. Fischelson grimaced. His wrinkled face would twitch and beneath his disheveled moustache he would bite his lips. Finally he took a handkerchief from his pocket and waved it at the insects.

"Away from there, fools and imbeciles," he scolded. "You won't get warm here; you'll only burn yourself."

The insects scattered but a second later returned and once more circled the trembling flame. Dr. Fischelson wiped the sweat from his wrinkled forehead and sighed, "Like men they desire nothing but the pleasure of the moment." On the table lay an open book written in Latin, and on its broad-margined pages were notes and comments printed in small letters by Dr. Fischelson. The book was Spinoza's *Ethics* and Dr. Fischelson had been studying it for the last thirty years. He knew every proposition, every proof, every corollary, every note by heart. When he wanted to find a particular passage, he generally opened to the place immediately with-



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When Dr. Fischelson tired of observing the sky, his glance dropped to Market Street below. He could see a long strip extending from Yanash's market to Iron Street with the gas lamps lining it merged into a string of fiery dots. Smoke was issuing from the chimneys on the black, tin roofs; the bakers were heating their ovens, and here and there sparks mingled with the black smoke. The street never looked so noisy and crowded as on a summer evening. Thieves, prostitutes, gamblers, and fences loafed in the square which looked from above like a pretzel covered with poppy seeds. The young men laughed coarsely and the girls shrieked. A peddler with a keg of lemonade on his back pierced the general din with his intermittent cries. A watermelon vendor shouted in a savage voice, and the long knife which he used for cutting the fruit dripped with the bloodlike juice. Now and again the street became even more agitated. Fire engines, their heavy wheels clanging, sped by; they were drawn by sturdy black horses which had to be tightly curbed to prevent them from running wild. Next came an ambulance, its siren screaming. Then some thugs had a fight among themselves and the police had to be called. A passer-by was robbed and ran about shouting for help. Some wagons loaded with firewood sought to get through into the courtyards where the bakeries were located but the horses could not lift the wheels over the steep curbs and the drivers berated the animals and lashed them with their whips. Sparks rose from the clanging hoofs. It was now long after seven, which was the prescribed closing time for stores, but actually business had only begun. Customers were led in stealthily through back doors. The Russian policemen on the street, having been paid off, noticed nothing of this. Merchants continued to hawk their wares, each seeking to outshout the others.

"Gold, gold, gold," a woman who dealt in rotten oranges shrieked.

"Sugar, sugar, sugar," croaked a dealer of overripe plums.

"Heads, heads, heads," a boy who sold fishheads roared.

Through the window of a Hasidic study house across the way, Dr. Fischelson could see boys with long sidelocks swaying over holy volumes, grimacing and studying aloud in singsong voices. Butchers, porters, and fruit dealers were drinking beer in the tavern below. Vapor drifted from the tavern's open door like steam from a bathhouse, and there was the sound of loud music. Outside of the tavern, streetwalkers snatched at drunken soldiers and at workers on their way home from the factories. Some of the men carried bundles of wood on their shoulders, reminding Dr. Fischelson of the wicked who are condemned to kindle their own fires in Hell. Husky record players poured out their raspings through open

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windows. The liturgy of the high holidays alternated with vulgar vaudeville songs.

Dr. Fischelson peered into the half-lit bedlam and cocked his ears. He knew that the behavior of this rabble was the very antithesis of reason. These people were immersed in the vainest of passions, were drunk with emotions, and, according to Spinoza, emotion was never good. Instead of the pleasure they ran after, all they succeeded in obtaining was disease and prison, shame and the suffering that resulted from ignorance. Even the cats which loitered on the roofs here seemed more savage and passionate than those in other parts of the town. They caterwauled with the voices of women in labor, and like demons scampered up walls and leaped onto eaves and balconies. One of the toms paused at Dr. Fischelson's window and let out a howl which made Dr. Fischelson shudder. The doctor stepped from the window and, picking up a broom, brandished it in front of the black beast's glowing, green eyes. "Scat, begone, you ignorant savage!"–and he rapped the broom handle against the roof until the tom ran off.

When Dr. Fischelson had returned to Warsaw from Zürich, where he had studied philosophy, a great future had been predicted for him. His friends had known that he was writing an important book on Spinoza. A Jewish Polish journal had invited him to be a contributor; he had been a frequent guest at several wealthy households and he had been made head librarian at the Warsaw synagogue. Although even then he had been considered an old bachelor, the matchmakers had proposed several rich girls for him. But Dr. Fischelson had not taken advantage of these opportunities. He had wanted to be as independent as Spinoza himself. And he had been. But because of his heretical ideas he had come into conflict with the rabbi and had had to resign his post as librarian. For years after that, he had supported himself by giving private lessons in Hebrew and German. Then, when he had become sick, the Berlin Jewish community had voted him a subsidy of five hundred marks a year. This had been made possible through the intervention of the famous Dr. Hildesheimer with whom he corresponded about philosophy. In order to get by on so small a pension, Dr. Fischelson had moved into the attic room and had begun cooking his own meals on a kerosene stove. He had a cupboard which had many drawers, and each drawer was labeled with the food it contained–buckwheat, rice, barley, onions, carrots, potatoes, mushrooms. Once a week Dr. Fischelson put on his wide-brimmed black hat, took a basket in one hand and Spinoza's *Ethics* in the other, and went off to the market for his provisions. While he was waiting to be served, he

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would open the *Ethics*. The merchants knew him and would motion him to their stalls.

"A fine piece of cheese, Doctor–just melts in your mouth."

"Fresh mushrooms, Doctor, straight from the woods,"

"Make way for the Doctor, ladies," the butcher would shout. "Please don't block the entrance."

During the early years of his sickness, Dr. Fischelson had still gone in the evening to a café which was frequented by Hebrew teachers and other intellectuals. It had been his habit to sit there and play chess while drinking a half a glass of black coffee. Sometimes he would stop at the bookstores on Holy Cross Street where all sorts of old books and magazines could be purchased cheap. On one occasion a former pupil of his had arranged to meet him at a restaurant one evening. When Dr. Fischelson arrived, he had been surprised to find a group of friends and admirers who forced him to sit at the head of the table while they made speeches about him. But these were things that had happened long ago. Now people were no longer interested in him. He had isolated himself completely and had become a forgotten man. The events of 1905 when the boys of Market Street had begun to organize strikes, throw bombs at police stations, and shoot strikebreakers so that the stores were closed even on weekdays had greatly increased his isolation. He began to despise everything associated with the modern Jew–Zionism, socialism, anarchism. The young men in question seemed to him nothing but an ignorant rabble intent on destroying society, society without which no reasonable existence was possible. He still read a Hebrew magazine occasionally, but he felt contempt for modern Hebrew which had no roots in the Bible or the Mishnah. The spelling of Polish words had changed also. Dr. Fischelson concluded that even the so-called spiritual men had abandoned reason and were doing their utmost to pander to the mob. Now and again he still visited a library and browsed through some of the modern histories of philosophy, but he found that the professors did not understand Spinoza, quoted him incorrectly, attributed their own muddled ideas to the philosopher. Although Dr. Fischelson was well aware that anger was an emotion unworthy of those who walk the path of reason, he would become furious, and would quickly close the book and push it from him. "Idiots," he would mutter, "asses, upstarts." And he would vow never again to look at modern philosophy.

Every three months a special mailman who only delivered money orders brought Dr. Fischelson eighty rubles. He expected his quarterly allotment at the beginning of July but as day after day passed and the

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Topic 1*f*: Justice as a custom or moral sentiment based on considerations of utility
Topic 9*c*: The criteria of justice in various forms of government and diverse constitutions

LAW, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*f*: The relation of positive law to custom
Topic 6*e*(1): The nature and causes of crime
Topic 6*e*(3): The punishment of crime

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristophanes, Vol. 4, *Wasps*
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Nicomachean Ethics,* Bk. V, Chaps. 1–2, 6–8
Rabelais, Vol. 22, *Gargantua and Pantagruel,* Bk. I, Chaps. 52–57
Bacon, Vol. 28, *New Atlantis*
Swift, Vol. 34, *Gulliver's Travels*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Custom and Education,* Vol. 7; *Of Death,* Vol. 10
Dickens, "Full and Faithful Report of the Memorable Trial of Bardell against Pickwick," Vol. 2
Great Documents, *Declaration of Independence; Universal Declaration of Human Rights,* Vol. 6
Ibsen, *Enemy of the People,* Vol. 4
Molière, *Misanthrope; Doctor in Spite of Himself,* Vol. 4
Ruskin, *Idealist's Arraignment of the Age,* Vol. 7
Sheridan, *School for Scandal,* Vol. 4
Thoreau, *Civil Disobedience,* Vol. 6
Twain, *Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg,* Vol. 2

## JOHN C. CALHOUN, 1782–1850

### "The Concurrent Majority"
from *A Disquisition on Government*
Vol. 7, pages 276–290

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CONSTITUTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 9*b*: Types of representation: diverse methods of selecting representatives

DEMOCRACY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*a*: The tyranny of the majority: lawless mob rule

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tall man with the blond moustache and the shiny buttons did not appear, the Doctor grew anxious. He had scarcely a groshen left. Who knows—possibly the Berlin Community had rescinded his subsidy; perhaps Dr. Hildesheimer had died, God forbid; the post office might have made a mistake. Every event has its cause, Dr. Fischelson knew. All was determined, all necessary, and a man of reason had no right to worry. Nevertheless, worry invaded his brain, and buzzed about like the flies. If the worst came to the worst, it occurred to him, he could commit suicide, but then he remembered that Spinoza did not approve of suicide and compared those who took their own lives to the insane.

One day when Dr. Fischelson went out to a store to purchase a composition book, he heard people talking about war. In Serbia somewhere, an Austrian prince had been shot and the Austrians had delivered an ultimatum to the Serbs. The owner of the store, a young man with a yellow beard and shifty yellow eyes, announced, "We are about to have a small war," and he advised Dr. Fischelson to store up food because in the near future there was likely to be a shortage.

Everything happened so quickly. Dr. Fischelson had not even decided whether it was worthwhile to spend four groshen on a newspaper, and already posters had been hung up announcing mobilization. Men were to be seen walking on the street with round, metal tags on their lapels, a sign that they were being drafted. They were followed by their crying wives. One Monday when Dr. Fischelson descended to the street to buy some food with his last kopecks, he found the stores closed. The owners and their wives stood outside and explained that merchandise was unobtainable. But certain special customers were pulled to one side and let in through back doors. On the street all was confusion. Policemen with swords unsheathed could be seen riding on horseback. A large crowd had gathered around the tavern where, at the command of the Tsar, the tavern's stock of whiskey was being poured into the gutter.

Dr. Fischelson went to his old café. Perhaps he would find some acquaintances there who would advise him. But he did not come across a single person he knew. He decided, then, to visit the rabbi of the synagogue where he had once been librarian, but the sexton with the six-sided skull cap informed him that the rabbi and his family had gone off to the spas. Dr. Fischelson had other old friends in town but he found no one at home. His feet ached from so much walking; black and green spots appeared before his eyes and he felt faint. He stopped and waited for the giddiness to pass. The passers-by jostled him. A dark-eyed high school girl tried to give him a coin. Although the war had just started,

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soldiers eight abreast were marching in full battle dress–the men were covered with dust and were sunburned. Canteens were strapped to their sides and they wore rows of bullets across their chests. The bayonets on their rifles gleamed with a cold, green light. They sang with mournful voices. Along with the men came cannons, each pulled by eight horses; their blind muzzles breathed gloomy terror. Dr. Fischelson felt nauseous. His stomach ached; his intestines seemed about to turn themselves inside out. Cold sweat appeared on his face.

"I'm dying," he thought. "This is the end." Nevertheless, he did manage to drag himself home where he lay down on the iron cot and remained, panting and gasping. He must have dozed off because he imagined that he was in his home town, Tishvitz. He had a sore throat and his mother was busy wrapping a stocking stuffed with hot salt around his neck. He could hear talk going on in the house; something about a candle and about how a frog had bitten him. He wanted to go out into the street but they wouldn't let him because a Catholic procession was passing by. Men in long robes, holding double-edged axes in their hands, were intoning in Latin as they sprinkled holy water. Crosses gleamed; sacred pictures waved in the air. There was an odor of incense and corpses. Suddenly the sky turned a burning red and the whole world started to burn. Bells were ringing; people rushed madly about. Flocks of birds flew overhead, screeching. Dr. Fischelson awoke with a start. His body was covered with sweat and his throat was now actually sore. He tried to meditate about his extraordinary dream, to find its rational connection with what was happening to him and to comprehend it *sub specie eternitatis* [under the aspect of eternity; in its universal form], but none of it made sense. "Alas, the brain is a receptacle for nonsense," Dr. Fischelson thought. "This earth belongs to the mad."

And he once more closed his eyes; once more he dozed; once more he dreamed.

The eternal laws, apparently, had not yet ordained Dr. Fischelson's end.

There was a door to the left of Dr. Fischelson's attic room which opened off a dark corridor, cluttered with boxes and baskets, in which the odor of fried onions and laundry soap was always present. Behind this door lived a spinster whom the neighbors called Black Dobbe. Dobbe was tall and lean, and as black as a baker's shovel. She had a broken nose and there was a moustache on her upper lip. She spoke with the hoarse voice of a man and she wore men's shoes. For years Black Dobbe had sold breads,

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him. But death did not come. Rather his health improved. Dobbe returned to her business in the market, but she visited the old man several times a day, prepared soup for him, left him a glass of tea, and told him news of the war. The Germans had occupied Kalish, Bendin, and Cestechow, and they were marching on Warsaw People said that on a quiet morning one could hear the rumblings of the cannon. Dobbe reported that the casualties were heavy. "They're falling like flies," she said. "What a terrible misfortune for the women."

She couldn't explain why, but the old man's attic room attracted her. She liked to remove the gold-rimmed books from the bookcase, dust them, and then air them on the window sill. She would climb the few steps to the window and look out through the telescope. She also enjoyed talking to Dr. Fischelson. He told her about Switzerland where he had studied, of the great cities he had passed through, of the high mountains that were covered with snow even in the summer. His father had been a rabbi, he said, and before he, Dr. Fischelson, had become a student, he had attended a yeshiva. She asked him how many languages he knew and it turned out that he could speak and write Hebrew, Russian, German, and French, in addition to Yiddish. He also knew Latin. Dobbe was astonished that such an educated man should live in an attic room on Market Street. But what amazed her most of all was that although he had the title "Doctor," he couldn't write prescriptions. "Why don't you become a real doctor?" she would ask him. "I am a doctor," he would answer. "I'm just not a physician." "What kind of a doctor?" "A doctor of philosophy." Although she had no idea of what this meant, she felt it must be very important. "Oh my blessed mother," she would say, "where did you get such a brain?"

Then one evening after Dobbe had given him his crackers and his glass of tea with milk, he began questioning her about where she came from, who her parents were, and why she had not married. Dobbe was surprised. No one had ever asked her such questions. She told him her story in a quiet voice and stayed until eleven o'clock. Her father had been a porter at the kosher butcher shops. Her mother had plucked chickens in the slaughterhouse. The family had lived in a celler at No. 19 Market Street. When she had been ten, she had become a maid. The man she had worked for had been a fence who bought stolen goods from thieves on the square. Dobbe had had a brother who had gone into the Russian army and had never returned. Her sister had married a coachman in Praga and had died in childbirth. Dobbe told of the battles between the underworld and the revolutionaries in 1905, of blind Itche and his gang and

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how they collected protection money from the stores, of the thugs who attacked young boys and girls out on Saturday afternoon strolls if they were not paid money for security. She also spoke of the pimps who drove about in carriages and abducted women to be sold in Buenos Aires. Dobbe swore that some men had even sought to inveigle her into a brothel, but that she had run away. She complained of a thousand evils done to her. She had been robbed; her boy friend had been stolen; a competitor had once poured a pint of kerosene into her basket of bagels; her own cousin, the shoemaker, had cheated her out of a hundred rubles before he had left for America. Dr. Fischelson listened to her attentively. He asked her questions, shook his head, and grunted.

"Well, do you believe in God?" he finally asked her.

"I don't know," she answered. "Do you?"

"Yes, I believe."

"Then why don't you go to synagogue?" she asked.

"God is everywhere," he replied. "In the synagogue. In the market place. In this very room. We ourselves are parts of God."

"Don't say such things," Dobbe said. "You frighten me."

She left the room and Dr. Fischelson was certain she had gone to bed. But he wondered why she had not said "good night." "I probably drove her away with my philosophy," he thought. The very next moment he heard her footsteps. She came in carrying a pile of clothing like a peddler.

"I wanted to show you these," she said. "They're my trousseau." And she began to spread out, on the chair, dresses—woolen, silk, velvet. Taking each dress up in turn, she held it to her body. She gave him an account of every item in her trousseau—underwear, shoes, stockings.

"I'm not wasteful," she said. "I'm a saver. I have enough money to go to America."

Then she was silent and her face turned brick-red. She looked at Dr. Fischelson out of the corner of her eyes, timidly, inquisitively. Dr. Fischelson's body suddenly began to shake as if he had the chills. He said, "Very nice, beautiful things." His brow furrowed and he pulled at his beard with two fingers. A sad smile appeared on his toothless mouth and his large fluttering eyes, gazing into the distance through the attic window, also smiled sadly.

The day that Black Dobbe came to the rabbi's chambers and announced that she was to marry Dr. Fischelson, the rabbi's wife thought she had gone mad. But the news had already reached Leizer the Tailor,

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and had spread to the bakery, as well as to other shops. There were those who thought that the "old maid" was very lucky; the doctor, they said, had a vast hoard of money. But there were others who took the view that he was a run-down degenerate who would give her syphilis. Although Dr. Fischelson had insisted that the wedding be a small, quiet one, a host of guests assembled in the rabbi's rooms. The baker's apprentices who generally went about barefoot, and in their underwear, with paper bags on the tops of their heads, now put on light-colored suits, straw hats, yellow shoes, gaudy ties, and they brought with them huge cakes and pans filled with cookies. They had even managed to find a bottle of vodka although liquor was forbidden in wartime. When the bride and groom entered the rabbi's chamber, a murmur arose from the crowd. The women could not believe their eyes. The woman that they saw was not the one they had known. Dobbe wore a wide-brimmed hat which was amply adorned with cherries, grapes, and plumes, and the dress that she had on was of white silk and was equipped with a train; on her feet were high-heeled shoes, gold in color, and from her thin neck hung a string of imitation pearls. Nor was this all: her fingers sparkled with rings and glittering stones. Her face was veiled. She looked almost like one of those rich brides who were married in the Vienna Hall. The baker's apprentices whistled mockingly. As for Dr. Fischelson, he was wearing his black coat and broad-toed shoes. He was scarcely able to walk; he was leaning on Dobbe. When he saw the crowd from the doorway, he became frightened and began to retreat, but Dobbe's former employer approached him saying, "Come in, come in, bridegroom. Don't be bashful. We are all brethren now."

The ceremony proceeded according to the law. The rabbi, in a worn satin gabardine, wrote the marriage contract and then had the bride and groom touch his handkerchief as a token of agreement; the rabbi wiped the point of the pen on his skullcap. Several porters who had been called from the street to make up the quorum supported the canopy. Dr. Fischelson put on a white robe as a reminder of the day of his death and Dobbe walked around him seven times as custom required. The light from the braided candles flickered on the walls. The shadows wavered. Having poured wine into a goblet, the rabbi chanted the benedictions in a sad melody. Dobbe uttered only a single cry. As for the other women, they took out their lace handkerchiefs and stood with them in their hands, grimacing. When the baker's boys began to whisper wisecracks to each other, the rabbi put a finger to his lips and murmured, *"Eh nu oh,"* as a sign that talking was forbidden. The moment came to slip the wed-

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ding ring on the bride's finger, but the bridegroom's hand started to tremble and he had trouble locating Dobbe's index finger. The next thing, according to custom, was the smashing of the glass, but though Dr. Fischelson kicked the goblet several times, it remained unbroken. The girls lowered their heads, pinched each other gleefully, and giggled. Finally one of the apprentices struck the goblet with his heel and it shattered. Even the rabbi could not restrain a smile. After the ceremony the guests drank vodka and ate cookies. Dobbe's former employer came up to Dr. Fischelson and said, "*Mazel tov,* bridegroom. Your luck should be as good as your wife." "Thank you, thank you," Dr. Fischelson murmured, "but I don't look forward to any luck." He was anxious to return as quickly as possible to his attic room. He felt a pressure in his stomach and his chest ached. His face had become greenish. Dobbe had suddenly become angry. She pulled back her veil and called out to the crowd, "What are you laughing at? This isn't a show." And without picking up the cushion cover in which the gifts were wrapped, she returned with her husband to their rooms on the fifth floor.

Dr. Fischelson lay down on the freshly made bed in his room and began reading the *Ethics.* Dobbe had gone back to her own room. The doctor had explained to her that he was an old man, that he was sick and without strength. He had promised her nothing. Nevertheless she returned wearing a silk nightgown, slippers with pompoms, and with her hair hanging down over her shoulders. There was a smile on her face, and she was bashful and hesitant. Dr. Fischelson trembled and the *Ethics* dropped from his hands. The candle went out. Dobbe groped for Dr. Fischelson in the dark and kissed his mouth. "My dear husband," she whispered to him, *"Mazel tov."*

What happened that night could be called a miracle. If Dr. Fischelson hadn't been convinced that every occurrence is in accordance with the laws of nature, he would have thought that Black Dobbe had bewitched him. Powers long dormant awakened in him. Although he had had only a sip of the benediction wine, he was as if intoxicated. He kissed Dobbe and spoke to her of love. Long forgotten quotations from Klopfstock, Lessing, Goethe rose to his lips. The pressures and aches stopped. He embraced Dobbe, pressed her to himself, was again a man as in his youth. Dobbe was faint with delight; crying, she murmured things to him in a Warsaw slang which he did not understand. Later, Dr. Fischelson slipped off into the deep sleep young men know. He dreamed that he was in Switzerland and that he was climbing mountains—running, falling, flying. At dawn he opened his eyes; it seemed to him that

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someone had blown into his ears. Dobbe was snoring. Dr. Fischelson quietly got out of bed. In his long nightshirt he approached the window, walked up the steps and looked out in wonder. Market Street was asleep, breathing with a deep stillness. The gas lamps were flickering. The black shutters on the stores were fastened with iron bars. A cool breeze was blowing. Dr. Fischelson looked up at the sky. The black arch was thickly sown with stars—there were green, red, yellow, blue stars; there were large ones and small ones, winking and steady ones. There were those that were clustered in dense groups and those that were alone. In the higher sphere, apparently, little notice was taken of the fact that a certain Dr. Fischelson had in his declining days married someone called Black Dobbe. Seen from above even the Great War was nothing but a temporary play of the modes. The myriads of fixed stars continued to travel their destined courses in unbounded space. The comets, planets, satellites, asteroids kept circling these shining centers. Worlds were born and died in cosmic upheavals. In the chaos of nebulae, primeval matter was being formed. Now and again a star tore loose, and swept across the sky, leaving behind it a fiery streak. It was the month of August when there are showers of meteors. Yes, the divine substance was extended and had neither beginning nor end; it was absolute, indivisible, eternal, without duration, infinite in its attributes. Its waves and bubbles danced in the universal cauldron, seething with change, following the unbroken chain of causes and effects, and he, Dr. Fischelson, with his unavoidable fate, was part of this. The doctor closed his eyelids and allowed the breeze to cool the sweat on his forehead and stir the hair of his beard. He breathed deeply of the midnight air, supported his shaky hands on the window sill and murmured, "Divine Spinoza, forgive me. I have become a fool."

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for our entertainment, by the author himself. If Hermann had not played the wrong card, would he have won again? And *why* did he play the wrong card? Was it because he was tricked into punishing himself for the guilt he felt at the old woman's death? Or was he, in fact, perhaps a little deranged? Was it all delusion–Anna Fedotovna's phantom, the three cards, her distorted face in the queen of spades? Or should we believe–in terms of the story, at least–that the old woman had got her revenge for the indignity of her death? In that case, why had she given him the names of all three winning cards?

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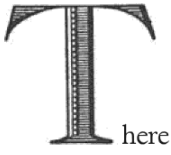
# *The Queen of Spades*

The Queen of Spades signifies secret ill-will.
New Fortune-Teller

When bleak was the weather,
The friends came together
To play.
The stakes, they were doubled;
The sly ones, untroubled,
Were gay.
They all had their innings,
And chalked up their winnings,
And so
They kept busy together
Throughout the bleak weather,
Oho!



here was a card-party at the rooms of Narumov of the Horse Guards. The long winter night passed away imperceptibly, and it was five o'clock in the morning before the company sat down to supper. Those who had won ate with a good appetite; the others sat staring absently at their empty plates. When the champagne appeared, however, the conversation became more animated, and all took a part in it.

"And how did you fare, Surin?" asked the host.

"Oh, I lost, as usual. I must confess that I am unlucky: I never raise the original stakes, I always keep cool, I never allow anything to put me out, and yet I always lose!"



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"And you have never been tempted? You have never staked on several cards in succession? . . . Your firmness astonishes me."

"But what do you think of Hermann?" said one of the guests, pointing to a young engineer. "He has never had a card in his hand in his life, he has never in his life doubled the stake, and yet he sits here till five o'clock in the morning watching our play."

"Play interests me very much," said Hermann, "but I am not in the position to sacrifice the necessary in the hope of winning the superfluous."

"Hermann is a German; he is prudent—that is all!" observed Tomsky. "But if there is one person that I cannot understand, it is my grandmother, the Countess Anna Fedotovna."

"How? What?" cried the guests.

"I cannot understand," continued Tomsky, "how it is that my grandmother does not punt."

"What is there remarkable about an old lady of eighty not gambling?" said Narumov.

"Then you know nothing about her?"

"No, really, haven't the faintest idea."

"Oh! then listen. You must know that, about sixty years ago, my grandmother went to Paris, where she created quite a sensation. People used to run after her to catch a glimpse of *la Vénus moscovite.* Richelieu courted her, and my grandmother maintains that he almost blew out his brains in consequence of her cruelty. At that time ladies used to play faro. On one occasion at the Court, she lost a very considerable sum to the Duke of Orleans. On returning home, my grandmother removed the patches from her face, took off her hoops, informed my grandfather of her loss at the gaming table, and ordered him to pay the money. My deceased grandfather, as far as I remember, was a sort of butler to my grandmother. He dreaded her like fire; but, on hearing of such a heavy loss, he almost went out of his mind; he calculated the various sums she had lost, and pointed out to her that in six months she had spent half a million, that neither their Moscow nor Saratov estates were near Paris, and finally refused point-blank to pay the debt. My grandmother slapped his face and slept by herself as a sign of her displeasure. The next day she sent for her husband, hoping that this domestic punishment had produced an effect upon him, but she found him inflexible. For the first time in her life, she condescended to offer reasons and explanations. She thought she could convince him by pointing out to him that there are debts and debts, and that there is a great difference between a prince and a coachmaker. But it was all in vain; grandfather was in revolt. He

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said 'no,' and that was all. My grandmother did not know what to do. She was on friendly terms with a very remarkable man. You have heard of Count St. Germain, about whom so many marvellous stories are told. You know that he represented himself as the Wandering Jew, as the discoverer of the elixir of life, of the philosopher's stone, and so forth. Some laughed at him as a charlatan; but Casanova, in his memoirs, says that he was a spy. But be that as it may, St. Germain, in spite of the mystery surrounding him, was a man of decent appearance and had an amiable manner in company. Even to this day my grandmother is in love with him, and becomes quite angry if anyone speaks disrespectfully of him. My grandmother knew that St. Germain had large sums of money at his disposal. She resolved to have recourse to him, and she wrote a letter to him asking him to come to her without delay. The queer old man immediately waited upon her and found her overwhelmed with grief. She described to him in the blackest colours the barbarity of her husband, and ended by declaring that she placed all her hopes in his friendship and graciousness.

"St. Germain reflected. 'I could advance you the sum you want,' said he; 'but I know that you would not rest easy until you had paid me back, and I should not like to bring fresh troubles upon you. But there is another way of getting out of your difficulty: you can win back your money.'

" 'But, my dear Count,' replied my grandmother, 'I tell you that we haven't any money left.'

" 'Money is not necessary,' replied St. Germain. 'Be pleased to listen to me.'

"Then he revealed to her a secret, for which each of us would give a good deal . . ."

The young gamblers listened with increased attention. Tomsky lit his pipe, pulled at it, and continued:

"That same evening my grandmother went to Versailles *au jeu de la Reine* [to the game of the Queen]. The Duke of Orleans kept the bank; my grandmother excused herself in an offhanded manner for not having yet paid her debt, by inventing some little story, and then began to play against him. She chose three cards and played them one after the other: all three won at the start and my grandmother recovered all that she had lost."

"Mere chance!" said one of the guests.

"A fairy tale!" observed Hermann.

"Perhaps they were marked cards!" said a third.

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"I do not think so," replied Tomsky gravely.

"What!" said Narumov. "You have a grandmother who knows how to hit upon three lucky cards in succession, and you have never yet succeeded in getting the secret of it out of her?"

"That's the deuce of it!" replied Tomsky. "She had four sons, one of whom was my father; all four are desperate gamblers, and yet not to one of them did she ever reveal her secret, although it would not have been a bad thing either for them or for me. But this is what I heard from my uncle, Count Ivan Ilyich, and he assured me, on his honour, that it was true. The late Chaplitzky–the same who died in poverty after having squandered millions–once lost, in his youth, about three hundred thousand roubles–to Zorich, if I remember rightly. He was in despair. My grandmother, who was always very hard on extravagant young men, took pity, however, upon Chaplitzky. She mentioned to him three cards, telling him to play them one after the other, at the same time exacting from him a solemn promise that he would never play cards again as long as he lived. Chaplitzky then went to his victorious opponent, and they began a fresh game. On the first card he staked fifty thousand roubles and won at once; he doubled the stake and won again, doubled it again, and won, not only all he had lost, but something over and above that. . . .

"But it is time to go to bed: it is a quarter to six already."

And indeed it was already beginning to dawn; the young men emptied their glasses and then took leave of one another.

## II

*–Il paraît que monsieur est*
*décidément pour les suivantes.*
*–Que voulez-vous, madame? Elles*
*sont plus fraîches.*

["It appears, monsieur, that you
decidedly favour the lady's maids."
"Of course, madame; they're fresher."]
Society Talk

The old Countess X. was seated in her dressing-room in front of her looking-glass. Three maids stood around her. One held a small pot of rouge, another a box of hairpins, and the third a tall cap with bright red ribbons. The Countess had no longer the slightest pretensions to beauty–hers had faded long ago–but she still preserved all the habits of her youth, dressed in strict accordance with the fashion of the seventies, and

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"How is it that you are not dressed?" said the Countess. "I must always wait for you. It is intolerable, my dear!"

Liza hastened to her room. She had not been there two minutes before the Countess began to ring with all her might. The three maids came running in at one door and the valet at another.

"How is it that you don't come when I ring for you?" said the Countess. "Tell Lizaveta Ivanovna that I am waiting for her."

Lizaveta returned with her hat and cloak on.

"At last you are here!" said the Countess. "But why such an elaborate toilette? Whom do you intend to captivate? What sort of weather is it? It seems rather windy."

"No, Your Ladyship, it is very calm," replied the valet.

"You always speak thoughtlessly. Open the window. So it is: windy and bitterly cold. Unharness the horses. Lizaveta, we won't go out—there was no need for you to deck yourself out like that."

"And that's my life!" thought Lizaveta. Ivanovna.

And, in truth, Lizaveta Ivanovna was a very unfortunate creature. "It is bitter to eat the bread of another," says Dante, "and hard to climb his stair." But who can know what the bitterness of dependence is so well as the poor companion of an old lady of quality? The Countess X. had by no means a bad heart, but she was capricious, like a woman who had been spoiled by the world, as well as avaricious and sunk in cold egoism, like all old people who are no longer capable of affection, and whose thoughts are with the past and not the present. She participated in all the vanities of the great world, went to balls, where she sat in a corner, painted and dressed in old-fashioned style, like an ugly but indispensable ornament of the ballroom; the guests on entering approached her and bowed profoundly, as if in accordance with a set ceremony, but after that nobody took any further notice of her. She received the whole town at her house, and observed the strictest etiquette, although she could no longer recognize people. Her numerous domestics, growing fat and old in her antechamber and servants' hall, did just as they liked, and vied with each other in robbing the moribund old woman. Lizaveta Ivanovna was the martyr of the household. She poured tea, and was reprimanded for using too much sugar; she read novels aloud to the Countess, and the faults of the author were visited upon her head; she accompanied the Countess in her walks, and was held answerable for the weather or the state of the pavement. A salary was attached to the post, but she very rarely received it, although she was expected to dress like everybody else, that is to say, like very few indeed. In society she played the most pitiable

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role. Everybody knew her, and nobody paid her any attention. At balls she danced only when a partner was wanted, and ladies would only take hold of her arm when it was necessary to lead her out of the room to attend to their dresses. She had a great deal of *amour propre* [self-esteem], and felt her position keenly, and she looked about her with impatience for a deliverer to come to her rescue; but the young men, calculating in their giddiness, did not condescend to pay her any attention, although Lizaveta Ivanovna was a hundred times prettier than the barefaced and cold-hearted marriageable girls around whom they hovered. Many a time did she quietly slink away from the dull and elegant drawing-room, to go and cry in her own poor little room, in which stood a screen, a chest of drawers, a looking-glass and a painted bedstead, and where a tallow candle burned feebly in a copper candlestick.

One morning—this was about two days after the card-party described at the beginning of this story, and a week previous to the scene at which we have just assisted—Lizaveta Ivanovna was seated near the window at her embroidery frame, when, happening to look out into the street, she caught sight of a young officer of the Engineers, standing motionless with his eyes fixed upon her window. She lowered her head and went on again with her work. About five minutes afterwards she looked out again—the young officer was still standing in the same place. Not being in the habit of coquetting with passing officers, she did not continue to gaze out into the street, but went on sewing for a couple of hours, without raising her head. Dinner was announced. She rose up and began to put her embroidery away, but glancing casually out the window, she perceived the officer again. This seemed to her very strange. After dinner she went to the window with a certain feeling of uneasiness, but the officer was no longer there—and she thought no more about him.

A couple of days afterwards, just as she was stepping into the carriage with the Countess, she saw him again. He was standing close to the entrance, with his face half-concealed by his beaver collar, his black eyes flashing beneath his hat. Lizaveta felt alarmed, though she knew not why, and she trembled as she seated herself in the carriage.

On returning home, she hastened to the window—the officer was standing in his accustomed place, with his eyes fixed upon her. She drew back, a prey to curiosity and agitated by a feeling which was quite new to her.

From that time on not a day passed without the young officer making his appearance under the window at the customary hour. A spontaneous relationship was established between them. Sitting in her place at work,

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she would feel his approach; and raising her head, she would look at him longer and longer each day. The young man seemed to be very grateful to her for it: she saw with the sharp eye of youth how a sudden flush covered his pale cheeks each time that their glances met. By the end of the week she smiled at him. . . .

When Tomsky asked permission of his grandmother the Countess to present one of his friends to her, the young girl's heart beat violently. But hearing that Narumov was not an Engineer, but in the Horse Guards, she regretted that by her indiscreet question, she had betrayed her secret to the volatile Tomsky.

Hermann was the son of a Russified German from whom he had inherited a small fortune. Being firmly convinced of the necessity of ensuring his independence, Hermann did not touch even the interest on his capital, but lived on his pay, without allowing himself the slightest luxury. Moreover, he was reserved and ambitious, and his companions rarely had an opportunity of making merry at the expense of his excessive parsimony. He had strong passions and an ardent imagination, but his firmness of disposition preserved him from the ordinary errors of youth. Thus, though a gambler at heart, he never touched a card, for he considered his position did not allow him—as he said—"to risk the necessary in the hope of winning the superfluous," yet he would sit for nights together at the card-table and follow with feverish excitement the various turns of the game.

The story of the three cards had produced a powerful impression upon his imagination, and all night long he could think of nothing else. "If only," he thought to himself the following evening, as he wandered through St. Petersburg, "if only the old Countess would reveal her secret to me! If she would only tell me the names of the three winning cards! Why should I not try my fortune? I must get introduced to her and win her favour—perhaps become her lover. . . . But all that will take time, and she is eighty-seven years old: she might be dead in a week, in a couple of days even! . . . And the story itself: is it credible? . . . No! Prudence, moderation and work: those are my three winning cards; that is what will increase my capital threefold, sevenfold, and procure for me ease and independence."

Musing in this manner, he walked on until he found himself in one of the principal streets of St. Petersburg, in front of a house of old-fashioned architecture. The street was blocked with carriages; one after the other they rolled up in front of the illuminated entrance. Every minute there

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emerged from the coaches the shapely foot of a young beauty, a spurred boot, a striped stocking above a diplomatic shoe. Fur coats and cloaks whisked past the majestic porter.

Hermann stopped. "Whose house is this?" he asked the watchman at the corner.

"The Countess X.'s," replied the watchman.

Hermann trembled. The strange story of the three cards again presented itself to his imagination. He began walking up and down before the house, thinking of its owner and her marvellous gift. Returning late to his modest lodging, he could not go to sleep for a long time, and when at last he did doze off, he could dream of nothing but cards, green tables, piles of bank-notes and heaps of gold coins. He played card after card, firmly turning down the corners, and won uninterruptedly, raking in the gold and filling his pockets with the notes. Waking up late the next morning, he sighed over the loss of his imaginary wealth, then went out again to wander about the streets, and found himself once more in front of the Countess's house. Some unknown power seemed to draw him thither. He stopped and began to stare at the windows. In one of these he saw the head of a black-haired woman, which was bent probably over some book or handwork. The head was raised. Hermann saw a fresh-cheeked face and a pair of black eyes. That moment decided his fate.

## III

*Vous m'écrivez, mon ange, des lettres de*
*quatre pages plus vite que je ne puis les lire.*

[You write me four-page letters, my angel, faster than I can read them.]
A Correspondence

Lizaveta Ivanovna had scarcely taken off her hat and cloak, when the Countess sent for her and again ordered the carriage. The vehicle drew up before the door, and they prepared to take their seats. Just at the moment when two footmen were assisting the old lady into the carriage, Lizaveta saw her Engineer close beside the wheel; he grasped her hand; alarm caused her to lose her presence of mind, and the young man disappeared–but not before leaving a letter in her hand. She concealed it in her glove, and during the whole of the drive she neither saw nor heard anything. It was the custom of the Countess, when out for an airing in her carriage to be constantly asking such questions as: "Who was that person that met us just now? What is the name of this bridge? What is writ-

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ten on that sign-board?" On this occasion, however, Lizaveta returned such vague and absurd answers that the Countess became angry with her.

"What is the matter with you, my dear?" she exclaimed. "Have you taken leave of your senses, or what is it? Do you not hear me or understand what I say? . . . Heaven be thanked, I am still in my right mind and speak plainly enough!"

Lizaveta Ivanovna did not hear her. On returning home she ran to her room, and drew the letter out of her glove: it was not sealed. Lizaveta read it. The letter contained a declaration of love; it was tender, respectful, and copied word for word from a German novel. But Lizaveta did not know anything of the German language, and she was quite delighted with the letter.

For all that, it troubled her exceedingly. For the first time in her life she was entering into secret and intimate relations with a young man. His boldness horrified her. She reproached herself for her imprudent behaviour, and knew not what to do. Should she cease to sit at the window and, by assuming an appearance of indifference toward him, put a check upon the young officer's desire to pursue her further? Should she send his letter back to him, or should she answer him in a cold and resolute manner? There was nobody to whom she could turn in her perplexity, for she had neither female friend nor adviser. . . . At length she resolved to reply to him.

She sat down at her little writing-table, took pen and paper, and began to think. Several times she began her letter, and then tore it up: the way she had expressed herself seemed to her either too indulgent or too severe. At last she succeeded in writing a few lines with which she felt satisfied.

"I am convinced," she wrote, "that your intentions are honourable, and that you do not wish to offend me by any imprudent action, but our acquaintance should not have begun in such a manner. I return you your letter, and I hope that I shall never have any cause to complain of undeserved disrespect."

The next day, as soon as Hermann made his appearance, Lizaveta rose from her embroidery, went into the drawing-room, opened the wicket and threw the letter into the street, trusting to the young officer's alertness.

Hermann hastened forward, picked it up and then repaired to a confectioner's shop. Breaking the seal of the envelope, he found inside it his own letter and Lizaveta's reply. He had expected this, and he returned home, very much taken up with his intrigue.

Three days afterwards, a bright-eyed young girl from a milliner's estab-

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other which led to the corridor. He opened the latter, and saw the little winding staircase which led to the room of the poor ward. . . . But he retraced his steps and entered the dark study.

The time passed slowly. All was still. The clock in the drawing-room struck twelve; in all the rooms, one clock after another marked the hour, and everything was quiet again. Hermann stood leaning against the cold stove. He was calm; his heart beat regularly, like that of a man resolved upon a dangerous but inevitable undertaking. The clock struck one, then two; and he heard the distant rumbling of carriage wheels. In spite of himself, excitement seized him. The carriage drew near and stopped. He heard the sound of the carriage step being let down. All was bustle within the house. The servants were running hither and thither, voices were heard, and the house was lit up. Three antiquated chambermaids entered the bedroom, and they were shortly afterwards followed by the Countess who, more dead than alive, sank into an arm-chair. Hermann peeped through a chink. Lizaveta Ivanovna passed close by him, and he heard her steps as she hurried up her staircase. For a moment his heart was assailed by something like remorse, but the emotion was only transitory. He stood petrified.

The Countess began to undress before her looking-glass. Her cap, decorated with roses, was unpinned, and then her powdered wig was removed from off her white and closely cropped head. Hairpins fell in showers around her. Her yellow satin dress, embroidered with silver, fell down at her swollen feet.

Herman witnessed the repulsive mysteries of her toilette; at last the Countess was in her night-cap and night-gown, and in this costume, more suitable to her age, she appeared less hideous and terrifying.

Like all old people in general, the Countess suffered from sleeplessness. Having undressed, she seated herself at the window in an arm-chair and dismissed her maids. The candles were taken away, and once more the room was lit only by the sanctuary lamp. The Countess sat there looking quite yellow, moving her flaccid lips and swaying from side to side. Her dull eyes expressed complete vacancy of mind, and, looking at her, one would have thought that the rocking of her body was not voluntary, but was produced by the action of some concealed galvanic mechanism.

Suddenly the deathlike face changed incredibly. The lips ceased to move, the eyes became animated: before the Countess stood a stranger.

"Do not be alarmed, for Heaven's sake, do not be alarmed!" said he in a low but distinct voice. "I have no intention of doing you any harm, I have only come to ask a favour of you."

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The old woman looked at him in silence, as if she had not heard what he had said. Hermann thought that she was deaf, and, bending down toward her ear, he repeated what he had said. The old woman remained silent as before.

"You can ensure the happiness of my life," continued Hermann, "and it will cost you nothing. I know that you can name three cards in succession–"

Hermann stopped. The Countess appeared now to understand what was asked of her; she seemed to be seeking words with which to reply.

"It was a joke," she replied at last. "I swear it was only a joke."

"This is no joking matter," replied Hermann angrily. "Remember Chaplitzky, whom you helped to win back what he had lost."

The Countess became visibly uneasy. Her features expressed strong emotion, but she soon lapsed into her former insensibility.

"Can you not name me these three winning cards?" continued Hermann.

The Countess remained silent; Hermann continued: "For whom are you preserving your secret? For your grandsons? They are rich enough without it; they do not know the worth of money. Your cards would be of no use to a spendthrift. He who cannot preserve his paternal inheritance will die in want, even though he had a demon at his service. I am not a man of that sort; I know the value of money. Your three cards will not be wasted on me. Come!"

He paused and tremblingly awaited her reply. The Countess remained silent; Hermann fell upon his knees.

"If your heart has ever known the feeling of love," said he, "if you remember its rapture, if you have ever smiled at the cry of your newborn child, if your breast has ever throbbed with any human feeling, I entreat you by the feelings of a wife, a lover, a mother, by all that is most sacred in life, not to reject my plea. Reveal to me your secret. Of what use is it to you? . . . Maybe it is connected with some terrible sin, the loss of eternal bliss, some bargain with the devil. . . . Consider–you are old; you have not long to live–I am ready to take your sins upon my soul. Only reveal to me your secret. Remember that the happiness of a man is in your hands, that not only I, but my children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, will bless your memory and reverence it as something sacred. . . ."

The old woman answered not a word.

Hermann rose to his feet.

"You old witch!" he exclaimed, clenching his teeth. "Then I will make you answer!"

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With these words he drew a pistol from his pocket.

At the sight of the pistol, the Countess for the second time exhibited strong emotion. She shook her head and raised her hands as if to protect herself from the shot . . . then she fell backward and remained motionless.

"Come, an end to this childish nonsense!" said Hermann, taking hold of her hand. "I ask you for the last time: will you tell me the names of your three cards, or will you not?"

The Countess made no reply. Hermann perceived that she was dead!

## IV

*7 mai, 18 – –*
*Homme sans moeurs et sans religion!*

[A man without morals or religion!]
A Correspondence

Lizaveta Ivanovna was sitting in her room, still in her ball dress, lost in deep thought. On returning home, she had hastily dismissed the sleepy maid, who reluctantly came forward to assist her, saying that she would undress herself, and with a trembling heart had gone up to her own room, hoping to find Hermann there, but yet desiring not to find him. At the first glance she convinced herself that he was not there, and she thanked her fate for the obstacle which had prevented their meeting. She sat down without undressing, and began to recall to mind all the circumstances which in so short a time had carried her so far. It was not three weeks since the time when she had first seen the young man from the window–and she already was in correspondence with him, and he had succeeded in inducing her to grant him a nocturnal tryst! She knew his name only through his having written it at the bottom of some of his letters; she had never spoken to him, had never heard his voice, and had never heard anything of him until that evening. But, strange to say, that very evening at the ball, Tomsky, being piqued with the young Princess Pauline N., who, contrary to her usual custom, did not flirt with him, wished to revenge himself by assuming an air of indifference: he therefore engaged Lizaveta Ivanovna and danced an endless mazurka with her. All the time he kept teasing her about her partiality for officers in the Engineers; he assured her that he knew far more than she could have supposed, and some of his jests were so happily aimed, that Lizaveta thought several times that her secret was known to him.

"From whom have you learned all this?" she asked, smiling.

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"From a friend of a person very well known to you," replied Tomsky, "from a very remarkable man."

"And who is this remarkable man?"

"His name is Hermann."

Lizaveta made no reply; but her hands and feet turned to ice.

"This Hermann," continued Tomsky, "is a truly romantic character. He has the profile of a Napoleon, and the soul of a Mephistopheles. I believe that he has at least three crimes upon his conscience. . . . How pale you are!"

"I have a headache. . . . But what did this Hermann—or whatever his name is—tell you?"

"Hermann is very much dissatisfied with his friend: he says that in his place he would act very differently. . . . I even think that Hermann himself has designs upon you; at least, he listens not indifferently to his friend's enamoured exclamations."

"But where has he seen me?"

"In church, perhaps; or promenading—God alone knows where. It may have been in your room, while you were asleep, for he is capable of it."

Three ladies approaching him with the question: "*Oubli ou regret* [Forgetfulness or regret]?" interrupted the conversation, which had become so tantalizingly interesting to Lizaveta.

The lady chosen by Tomsky was the Princess Pauline herself. She succeeded in effecting a reconciliation with him by making an extra turn in the dance and managing to delay resuming her seat. On returning to his place, Tomsky thought no more either of Hermann or Lizaveta. She longed to renew the interrupted conversation, but the mazurka came to an end, and shortly afterwards the old Countess took her departure.

Tomsky's words were nothing more than the small talk of the mazurka, but they sank deep into the soul of the young dreamer. The portrait, sketched by Tomsky, agreed with the picture she had formed in her own mind, and that image, rendered commonplace by current novels, terrified and fascinated her imagination. She was now sitting with her bare arms crossed and her head, still adorned with flowers, was bowed over her half-uncovered breast. Suddenly the door opened and Hermann entered. She shuddered.

"Where have you been?" she asked in a frightened whisper.

"In the old Countess' bedroom," replied Hermann. "I have just left her. The Countess is dead."

"My God! What are you saying?"

"And I am afraid," added Hermann, "that I am the cause of her death."

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Lizaveta looked at him, and Tomsky's words found an echo in her soul: "This man has at least three crimes upon his conscience!" Hermann sat down by the window near her, and related all that had happened.

Lizaveta listened to him in terror. So all those passionate letters, those ardent demands, this bold obstinate pursuit–all this was not love! Money–that was what his soul yearned for! She could not satisfy his desire and make him happy! The poor girl had been nothing but the blind accomplice of a robber, of the murderer of her aged benefactress! . . . She wept bitter tears of belated, agonized repentance. Hermann gazed at her in silence: his heart, too, was tormented, but neither the tears of the poor girl, nor the wonderful charm of her beauty, enhanced by her grief, could produce any impression upon his hardened soul. He felt no pricking of conscience at the thought of the dead old woman. One thing only horrified him: the irreparable loss of the secret which he had expected would bring him wealth.

"You are a monster!" said Lizaveta at last.

"I did not wish her death," replied Hermann: "my pistol is not loaded."

Both grew silent.

The day began to dawn. Lizaveta extinguished her candle: a pale light illumined her room. She wiped her tear-stained eyes and raised them toward Hermann: he was sitting on the window-sill, with his arms folded and frowning fiercely. In this attitude he bore a striking resemblance to the portrait of Napoleon. This resemblance struck even Lizaveta Ivanovna.

"How shall I get you out of the house?" said she at last. "I thought of conducting you down the secret staircase, but in that case it would be necessary to go through the Countess' bedroom, and I am afraid."

"Tell me how to find this secret staircase–I will go alone."

Lizaveta arose, took from her drawer a key, handed it to Hermann and gave him the necessary instructions. Hermann pressed her cold, unresponsive hand, kissed her bowed head, and left the room.

He descended the winding staircase, and once more entered the Countess' bedroom. The dead old woman sat as if petrified; her face expressed profound tranquillity. Hermann stopped before her, and gazed long and earnestly at her, as if he wished to convince himself of the terrible reality; at last he entered the study, felt behind the tapestry for the door, and then began to descend the dark staircase, agitated by strange emotions. "At this very hour," thought he, "some sixty years ago, a young gallant, who has long been mouldering in his grave, may have stolen down

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Topic 5*a*: The art of measurement
MECHANICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3*a*: Number and the continuum: the theory of measurement; Euclidean and non-Euclidean continua
QUANTITY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 6*b*: Mathematical procedures in measurement: superposition, congruence; ratio and proportion; parameters and coordinates
Topic 6*c*: Physical procedures in measurement: experiment and observation; clocks, rules, balances

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bk. VII
Euclid, Vol. 10, *Elements,* Bk. V
Nicomachus, Vol. 10, *Introduction to Arithmetic,* Bk. I
Berkeley, Vol. 33, *Principles of Human Knowledge*
Einstein, Vol. 56, *Relativity: The Special and the General Theory*
Bohr, Vol. 56, *Discussion with Einstein on Epistemological Problems in Atomic Physics*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Sphinx,* Vol. 8
Boeke, *Cosmic View,* Vol. 8
Dantzig, *Fingerprints; Empty Column,* Vol. 9
Einstein and Infeld, "Rise and Decline of Classical Physics," Vol. 8
Kasner and Newman, *New Names for Old; Beyond the Googol,* Vol. 9
Russell, *Definition of Number,* Vol. 9
Voltaire, *Micromégas,* Vol. 2

## *Numerical Laws and the Use of Mathematics in Science*

Vol. 9, pages 222–238

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

MATHEMATICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 5: The applications of mathematics to physical phenomena: the utility of mathematics
MECHANICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3: The use of mathematics in mechanics: the dependence of progress in mechanics on mathematical discovery
PHYSICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3: Mathematical physics: observation and measurement in relation to mathematical formulations
SCIENCE, Vol. 2, especially

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bring her there at that hour of the night. But the white woman glided rapidly across the room and stood before him—and Hermann recognized the Countess!

"I have come to you against my will," she said in a firm voice: "but I have been ordered to grant your request. Three, seven, ace will win for you if played in succession, but only on these conditions: that you do not play more than one card in twenty-four hours, and that you never play again during the rest of your life. I forgive you my death, on condition that you marry my ward, Lizaveta Ivanovna."

With these words she turned round very quietly, walked with a shuffling gait toward the door and disappeared. Hermann heard the street door bang, and he saw someone look in at him through the window again.

For a long time Hermann could not recover himself. Then he went into the next room. His orderly was asleep upon the floor, and he had much difficulty in waking him. The orderly was drunk as usual, and nothing could be got out of him. The street door was locked. Hermann returned to his room, lit his candle, and set down an account of his vision.

## VI

"*Attendez!*"
"How dare you say *attendez* to me?"
"Your Excellency, I said: '*Attendez*, Sir.' "

Two fixed ideas can no more exist together in the moral world than two bodies can occupy one and the same place in the physical world. "Three, seven, ace" soon drove out of Hermann's mind the thought of the dead Countess. "Three, seven, ace" were perpetually running through his head and continually on his lips. If he saw a young girl, he would say: "How slender she is! Quite like the three of hearts." If anybody asked: "What is the time?" he would reply: "Five minutes to seven." Every stout man that he saw reminded him of the ace. "Three, seven, ace" haunted him in his sleep, and assumed all possible shapes. The three bloomed before him in the form of a magnificent flower, the seven was represented by a Gothic portal, and the ace became transformed into a gigantic spider. One thought alone occupied his whole mind—to make use of the secret which he had purchased so dearly. He thought of applying for a furlough so as to travel abroad. He wanted to go to Paris and force fortune to yield a treasure to him in the public gambling houses there. Chance spared him all this trouble.

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There was in Moscow a society of wealthy gamblers, presided over by the celebrated Chekalinsky, who had passed all his life at the card table and had amassed millions, accepting bills of exchange for his winnings and paying his losses in ready money. His long experience secured for him the confidence of his companions, and his open house, his famous cook, and his agreeable and cheerful manner gained for him the respect of the public. He came to St. Petersburg. The young men of the capital flocked to his rooms, forgetting balls for cards, and preferring the temptations of faro to the seductions of flirting. Narumov conducted Hermann to Chekalinsky's residence.

They passed through a suite of magnificent rooms, filled with courteous attendants. Several generals and privy counsellors were playing whist; young men were lolling carelessly upon the velvet-covered sofas, eating ices and smoking pipes. In the drawing room, at the head of a long table, around which crowded about a score of players, sat the master of the house keeping the bank. He was a man of about sixty years of age, of a very dignified appearance; his head was covered with silvery-white hair; his full, florid countenance expressed good nature, and his eyes twinkled with a perpetual smile. Narumov introduced Hermann to him. Chekalinsky shook him by the hand in a friendly manner, requested him not to stand on ceremony, and then went on dealing.

The game lasted a long time. On the table lay more than thirty cards. Chekalinsky paused after each throw, in order to give the players time to arrange their cards and note down their losses, listened politely to their requests, and more politely still, straightened out the corners of cards that some absent-minded player's hand had turned down. At last the game was finished. Chekalinsky shuffled the cards and prepared to deal again.

"Allow me to play a card," said Hermann, stretching out his hand from behind a stout gentleman who was punting.

Chekalinsky smiled and bowed silently, as a sign of acquiescence. Narumov laughingly congratulated Hermann on ending his long abstention from cards, and wished him a lucky beginning.

"Here goes!" said Hermann, writing the figure with chalk on the back of his card.

"How much, sir?" asked the banker, screwing up his eyes. "Excuse me, I cannot see quite clearly."

"Forty-seven thousand," replied Hermann.

At these words every head in the room turned suddenly round, and all eyes were fixed upon Hermann.

"He has taken leave of his senses!" thought Narumov.

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"Allow me to observe," said Chekalinsky, with his eternal smile, "that that is a very high stake; nobody here has ever staked more than two hundred and seventy-five roubles at a time."

"Well," retorted Hermann, "do you accept my card or not?"

Chekalinsky bowed with the same look of humble acquiescence.

"I only wish to inform you," said he, "that enjoying the full confidence of my partners, I can only play for ready money. For my own part, I am, of course, quite convinced that your word is sufficient, but for the sake of order, and because of the accounts, I must ask you to put the money on your card."

Hermann drew from his pocket a banknote and handed it to Chekalinsky, who, after examining it in a cursory manner, placed it on Hermann's card.

He began to deal. On the right a nine turned up, and on the left a three.

"I win!" said Hermann, showing his card.

A murmur of astonishment arose among the players. Chekalinsky frowned, but the smile quickly returned to his face.

"Do you wish me to settle with you?" he said to Hermann.

"If you please," replied the latter.

Chekalinsky drew from his pocket a number of banknotes and paid up at once. Hermann took his money and left the table. Narumov could not recover from his astonishment. Hermann drank a glass of lemonade and went home.

The next evening he again appeared at Chekalinsky's. The host was dealing. Hermann walked up to the table; the punters immediately made room for him. Chekalinsky greeted him with a gracious bow.

Hermann waited for the next game, took a card and placed upon it his forty-seven thousand roubles, together with his winnings of the previous evening.

Chekalinsky began to deal. A knave turned up on the right, a seven on the left.

Hermann showed his seven.

There was a general exclamation. Chekalinsky was obviously disturbed, but he counted out the ninety-four thousand roubles and handed them over to Hermann, who pocketed them in the coolest manner possible and immediately left the house.

The next evening Hermann appeared again at the table. Everyone was expecting him. The generals and privy counselors left their whist in order to watch such extraordinary play. The young officers jumped up

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from their sofas, and even the servants crowded into the room. All pressed round Hermann. The other players left off punting, impatient to see how it would end. Hermann stood at the table and prepared to play alone against the pale but still smiling Chekalinsky. Each opened a new pack of cards. Chekalinsky shuffled. Hermann took a card and covered it with a pile of banknotes. It was like a duel. Deep silence reigned.

Chekalinsky began to deal; his hands trembled. On the right a queen turned up, and on the left an ace:

"Ace wins!" cried Hermann, showing his card.

"Your queen has lost," said Chekalinsky sweetly.

Hermann started; instead of an ace, there lay before him the queen of spades! He could not believe his eyes, nor could he understand how he had made such a mistake.

At that moment it seemed to him that the queen of spades screwed up her eyes and sneered. He was struck by the remarkable resemblance. . . .

"The old woman!" he exclaimed, in terror.

Chekalinsky gathered up his winnings. For some time Hermann remained perfectly motionless. When at last he left the table, the room buzzed with loud talk.

"Splendidly punted!" said the players. Chekalinsky shuffled the cards afresh, and the game went on as usual.

## CONCLUSION

Hermann went out of his mind. He is now confined in room Number 17 of the Obukhov Hospital. He never answers any questions, but he constantly mutters with unusual rapidity: "Three, seven, ace! Three, seven, queen!"

Lizaveta Ivanovna has married a very amiable young man, a son of the former steward of the old Countess. He is a civil servant, and has a considerable fortune. Lizaveta is bringing up a poor relative.

Tomsky has been promoted to the rank of captain, and is marrying Princess Pauline.

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*Translated by T. Keane.*

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# D. H. Lawrence

1885–1930

D. H. (David Herbert) Lawrence was born in Nottinghamshire, England, on September 11, 1885. He was the son of a Midlands coal miner. The younger Lawrence taught school, and attended University College in Nottingham. His reputation built up slowly with the publication of *The White Peacock* in 1911, followed by *The Trespasser* the next year and *Sons and Lovers* in 1913. On July 13, 1914, he became the third husband of Frieda von Richthofen, whose brother ranked as the most famous German fighter pilot in World War I.

The English edition of Lawrence's novel *The Rainbow* was prosecuted for obscenity in 1915. After 1919 he took up the wandering life of the international artist in the 1920's. "There's nothing like keeping on the move," he said in one of his letters. But he wrote wherever he went–the Italian mainland, Capri, Sicily, and Austria up to 1922; Ceylon, Australia, New Mexico, and Mexico in the years 1922–23; England, France, and Germany in the following year; then back to New Mexico and Mexico. He remained in Europe after 1925.

In his own decidedly individual way, lie was a complete man of letters who worked in many forms. Much of his poetry, from *Amores* to the posthumous work, takes high rank. His *Studies in Classic American Literature* made some important revaluations in

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*Notes from the artist: ". . . Lawrence's portrait emphasizes his monumental stature as a writer and at the same time suggests his delicate physical appearance. The two phoenixes entwining his figure are Lawrence's own personally selected symbols; a similar motif is used to decorate the Lawrence Memorial Chapel at Taos, New Mexico."*



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So we begin to understand that, on the second or social level, this is a story about the epidemic anxiety of the contemporary world: money worry. Here it communicates itself from the unloving mother to her children, so that the whole house is whispering with it. That this is not real need, that it is anxiety rooted in other sources, Lawrence shows us in a single sardonic touch. Through his uncle, the boy arranges to transfer a considerable sum of money to his mother. Does this quiet the voices? No. They scream now "in a sort of ecstasy: 'There must be more money!" We know there will be no end to it.

We recognize too the theme of luck. The mother has communicated to her son the belief that luck is the key, the one hope of relief. So he does not ride merely to win money. Money is the magic key that will release his mother's and his own unbearable anxiety. If he can do this, he will win her love. He gets the money for her and he sees that it does not work. There is nothing to do but try again, to ride and ride until he can bring the winning horse in. We are reminded of that other story of money and luck and magic powers, Pushkin's *The Queen of Spades.*[1]

Lawrence's handling of his many-sided symbol is nowhere so masterly as in his muted intimations of love and sexual excitement. We are aware of his doctrine that true sexuality is the live core of human feeling. In the small boy's anxiety we catch the note of childish sexuality described by Freud. We recognize the familiar Freudian triangle: the son challenging the father for the mother's love. But Lawrence brings them all together–anxiety, money, luck, love, sexuality–in that last blazing instant when the mother turns on the light in her son's room.

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[1] See Vol. 3, pp. 484–507, in this set.

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Topic 5*c*: The use of mathematics in science: calculation and measurement

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Timaeus*
Galileo, Vol. 26, *Dialogues Concerning the Two New Sciences,* Third Day
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Einstein and Infeld, "Rise and Decline of Classical Physics," Vol. 8
Euler, *Seven Bridges of Königsberg,* Vol. 9
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Haldane, *On Being the Right Size,* Vol. 8
Helmholtz, *On the Conservation of Force,* Vol. 8
Mendeleev, "Genesis of a Law of Nature," Vol. 8
Poincaré, *Mathematical Creation,* Vol. 9
Russell, *Study of Mathematics,* Vol. 9
Whitehead, "On Mathematical Method"; *On the Nature of a Calculus,* Vol. 9

## THOMAS CARLYLE, 1795–1881

### *The Hero as King*

Vol. 6, pages 110–145

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ARISTOCRACY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*a*: Aristocracy as a good form of government
Topic 4: Aristocracy and the issue of rule by men as opposed to rule by law
HISTORY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*a*(4): The role of the individual in history: the great man, hero, or leader
HONOR, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*a*: The reaction of the community to its good or great men
Topic 5*b*: Hero-worship: the exaltation of leaders

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# *The Rocking-Horse Winner*

There was a woman who was beautiful, who started with all the advantages, yet she had no luck. She married for love, and the love turned to dust. She had bonny children, yet she felt they had been thrust upon her, and she could not love them. They looked at her coldly, as if they were finding fault with her. And hurriedly she felt she must cover up some fault in herself. Yet what it was that she must cover up she never knew. Nevertheless, when her children were present, she always felt the centre of her heart go hard. This troubled her, and in her manner she was all the more gentle and anxious for her children, as if she loved them very much. Only she herself knew that at the centre of her heart was a hard little place that could not feel love, no, not for anybody. Everybody else said of her: "She is such a good mother. She adores her children." Only she herself, and her children themselves, knew it was not so. They read it in each other's eyes.

There were a boy and two little girls. They lived in a pleasant house, with a garden, and they had discreet servants, and felt themselves superior to anyone in the neighbourhood.

Although they lived in style, they felt always an anxiety in the house. There was never enough money. The mother had a small income, and the father had a small income, but not nearly enough for the social position which they had to keep up. The father went into town to some office. But though he had good prospects, these prospects never materialized. There was always the grinding sense of the shortage of money, though the style was always kept up.

At last the mother said: "I will see if I can't make something." But she did not know where to begin. She racked her brains, and tried this thing and the other, but could not find anything successful. The failure made deep lines come into her face. Her children were growing up, they



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would have to go to school. There must be more money, there must be more money. The father, who was always very handsome and expensive in his tastes, seemed as if he never would be able to do anything worth doing. And the mother, who had a great belief in herself, did not succeed any better, and her tastes were just as expensive.

And so the house came to be haunted by the unspoken phrase: There must be more money! There must be more money! The children could hear it all the time, though nobody said it aloud. They heard it at Christmas, when the expensive and splendid toys filled the nursery. Behind the shining modern rocking-horse, behind the smart doll's house, a voice would start whispering: "There must be more money! There must be more money!" And the children would stop playing, to listen for a moment. They would look into each other's eyes, to see if they had all heard. And each one saw in the eyes of the other two that they too had heard. "There must be more money! There must be more money!"

It came whispering from the springs of the still-swaying rocking-horse, and even the horse, bending his wooden, champing head, heard it. The big doll, sitting so pink and smirking in her new pram, could hear it quite plainly, and seemed to be smirking all the more self-consciously because of it. The foolish puppy, too, that took the place of the teddy-bear, he was looking so extraordinarily foolish for no other reason but that he heard the secret whisper all over the house: "There must be more money!"

Yet nobody ever said it aloud. The whisper was everywhere, and therefore no one spoke it. Just as no one ever says: "We are breathing!" in spite of the fact that breath is coming and going all the time.

"Mother," said the boy Paul one day, "why don't we keep a car of our own? Why do we always use uncle's, or else a taxi?"

"Because we're the poor members of the family," said the mother.

"But why are we, mother?"

"Well–I suppose," she said slowly and bitterly, "it's because your father has no luck."

The boy was silent for some time.

"Is luck money, mother?" he asked, rather timidly.

"No, Paul. Not quite. It's what causes you to have money."

"Oh!" said Paul vaguely. "I thought when Uncle Oscar said filthy lucker, it meant money."

"Filthy lucre does mean money," said the mother. "But it's lucre, not luck."

"Oh!" said the boy. "Then what is luck, mother?"

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"It's what causes you to have money. If you're lucky you have money. That's why it's better to be born lucky than rich. If you're rich, you may lose your money. But if you're lucky, you will always get more money."

"Oh! Will you? And is father not lucky?"

"Very unlucky, I should say," she said bitterly.

The boy watched her with unsure eyes.

"Why?" he asked.

"I don't know. Nobody ever knows why one person is lucky and another unlucky."

"Don't they? Nobody at all? Does nobody know?"

"Perhaps God. But He never tells."

"He ought to, then. And aren't you lucky either, mother?"

"I can't be, if I married an unlucky husband."

"But by yourself, aren't you?"

"I used to think I was, before I married. Now I think I am very unlucky indeed."

"Why?"

"Well—never mind! Perhaps I'm not really," she said.

The child looked at her, to see if she meant it. But he saw, by the lines of her mouth, that she was only trying to hide something from him.

"Well, anyhow," he said stoutly, "I'm a lucky person."

"Why?" said his mother, with a sudden laugh.

He stared at her. He didn't even know why he had said it.

"God told me," he asserted, brazening it out.

"I hope He did, dear!" she said, again with a laugh, but rather bitter.

"He did, mother!"

"Excellent!" said the mother, using one of her husband's exclamations.

The boy saw she did not believe him; or, rather, that she paid no attention to his assertion. This angered him somewhat, and made him want to compel her attention.

He went off by himself, vaguely, in a childish way, seeking for the clue to "luck." Absorbed, taking no heed of other people, he went about with a sort of stealth, seeking inwardly for luck. He wanted luck, he wanted it, he wanted it. When the two girls were playing dolls in the nursery, he would sit on his big rocking-horse, charging madly into space, with a frenzy that made the little girls peer at him uneasily. Wildly the horse careered, the waving dark hair of the boy tossed, his eyes had a strange glare in them. The little girls dared not speak to him.

When he had ridden to the end of his mad little journey, he climbed down and stood in front of his rocking-horse, staring fixedly into its low-

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ered face. Its red mouth was slightly open, its big eye was wide and glassy-bright.

"Now!" he would silently command the snorting steed. "Now, take me to where there is luck! Now take me!"

And he would slash the horse on the neck with the little whip he had asked Uncle Oscar for. He knew the horse could take him to where there was luck, if only he forced it. So he would mount again, and start on his furious ride, hoping at last to get there. He knew he could get there.

"You'll break your horse, Paul!" said the nurse.

"He's always riding like that! I wish he'd leave off!" said his elder sister Joan.

But he only glared down on them in silence. Nurse gave him up. She could make nothing of him. Anyhow he was growing beyond her.

One day his mother and his Uncle Oscar came in when he was on one of his furious rides. He did not speak to them.

"Hallo, you young jockey! Riding a winner?" said his uncle.

"Aren't you growing too big for a rocking-horse? You're not a very little boy any longer, you know," said his mother.

But Paul only gave a blue glare from his big, rather close-set eyes. He would speak to nobody when he was in full tilt. His mother watched him with an anxious expression on her face.

At last he suddenly stopped forcing his horse into the mechanical gallop, and slid down.

"Well, I got there!" he announced fiercely, his blue eyes still flaring, and his sturdy long legs straddling apart.

"Where did you get to?" asked his mother.

"Where I wanted to go," he flared back at her.

"That's right, son!" said Uncle Oscar. "Don't you stop till you get there. What's the horse's name?"

"He doesn't have a name," said the boy.

"Gets on without all right?" asked the uncle.

"Well, he has different names. He was called Sansovino last week."

"Sansovino, eh? Won the Ascot. How did you know his name?"

"He always talks about horse-races with Bassett," said Joan.

The uncle was delighted to find that his small nephew was posted with all the racing news. Bassett, the young gardener, who had been wounded in the left foot in the war and had got his present job through Oscar Cresswell, whose batman he had been, was a perfect blade of the "turf." He lived in the racing events, and the small boy lived with him.

Oscar Cresswell got it all from Bassett.

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"Yes, I am. But it's between you and me, uncle. Honour bright!"

"Honour bright all right, son! But I must talk to Bassett."

"If you'd like to be a partner, uncle, with Bassett and me, we could all be partners. Only, you'd have to promise, honour bright, uncle, not to let it go beyond us three. Bassett and I are lucky, and you must be lucky, because it was your ten shillings I started winning with. . . ."

Uncle Oscar took both Bassett and Paul into Richmond Park for an afternoon, and there they talked.

"It's like this, you see, sir," Bassett said. "Master Paul would get me talking about racing events, spinning yarns, you know, sir. And he was always keen on knowing if I'd made or if I'd lost. It's about a year since, now, that I put five shillings on Blush of Dawn for him—and we lost. Then the luck turned, with that ten shillings he had from you, that we put on Singhalese. And since that time, it's been pretty steady, all things considering. What do you say, Master Paul?"

"We're all right when we're sure," said Paul. "It's when we're not quite sure that we go down."

"Oh, but we're careful then," said Bassett.

"But when are you sure?" smiled Uncle Oscar.

"It's Master Paul, sir," said Bassett, in a secret, religious voice. "It's as if he had it from heaven. Like Daffodil, now, for the Lincoln. That was as sure as eggs."

"Did you put anything on Daffodil?" asked Oscar Cresswell.

"Yes, sir. I made my bit."

"And my nephew?"

Bassett was obstinately silent, looking at Paul.

"I made twelve hundred, didn't I, Bassett? I told uncle I was putting three hundred on Daffodil."

"That's right," said Bassett, nodding.

"But where's the money?" asked the uncle.

"I keep it safe locked up, sir. Master Paul he can have it any minute he likes to ask for it."

"What, fifteen hundred pounds?"

"And twenty! And forty, that is, with the twenty he made on the course."

"It's amazing!" said the uncle.

"If Master Paul offers you to be partners, sir, I would, if I were you; if you'll excuse me," said Bassett.

Oscar Cresswell thought about it.

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"I'll see the money," he said.

They drove home again, and sure enough, Bassett came round to the garden-house with fifteen hundred pounds in notes. The twenty pounds reserve was left with Joe Glee, in the Turf Commission deposit.

"You see, it's all right, uncle, when I'm sure! Then we go strong, for all we're worth. Don't we, Bassett?"

"We do that, Master Paul."

"And when are you sure?" said the uncle, laughing.

"Oh, well, sometimes I'm absolutely sure, like about Daffodil," said the boy; "and sometimes I have an idea; and sometimes I haven't even an idea, have I, Bassett? Then we're careful, because we mostly go down."

"You do? do you! And when you're sure, like about Daffodil, what makes you sure, sonny?"

"Oh, well, I don't know," said the boy uneasily. "I'm sure, you know, uncle; that's all."

"It's as if he had it from heaven, sir," Bassett reiterated.

"I should say so!" said the uncle.

But he became a partner. And when the Leger was coming on, Paul was "sure" about Lively Spark, which was a quite inconsiderable horse. The boy insisted on putting a thousand on the horse, Bassett went for five hundred, and Oscar Cresswell two hundred. Lively Spark came in first, and the betting had been ten to one against him. Paul had made ten thousand.

"You see," he said. "I was absolutely sure of him."

Even Oscar Cresswell had cleared two thousand.

"Look here, son," he said, "this sort of thing makes me nervous."

"It needn't, uncle! Perhaps I shan't be sure again for a long time."

"But what are you going to do with your money?" asked the uncle.

"Of course," said the boy, "I started it for mother. She said she had no luck, because father is unlucky, so I thought if I was lucky, it might stop whispering."

"What might stop whispering?"

"Our house. I hate our house for whispering."

"What does it whisper?"

"Why–why"–the boy fidgeted–"why, I don't know. But it's always short of money, you know, uncle."

"I know it, son, I know it."

"You know people send mother writs, don't you, uncle?"

"I'm afraid I do," said the uncle.

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"And then the house whispers, like people laughing at you behind your back. It's awful, that is! I thought if I was lucky . . ."

"You might stop it," added the uncle.

The boy watched him with big blue eyes that had an uncanny cold fire in them, and he said never a word.

"Well, then!" said the uncle. "What are we doing?"

"I shouldn't like mother to know I was lucky," said the boy.

"Why not, son?"

"She'd stop me."

"I don't think she would."

"Oh!"–and the boy writhed in an odd way–"I don't want her to know, uncle."

"All right, son! We'll manage it without her knowing."

They managed it very easily. Paul, at the other's suggestion, handed over five thousand pounds to his uncle, who deposited it with the family lawyer, who was then to inform Paul's mother that a relative had put five thousand pounds into his hands, which sum was to be paid out a thousand pounds at a time, on the mother's birthday, for the next five years.

"So she'll have a birthday present of a thousand pounds for five successive years," said Uncle Oscar. "I hope it won't make it all the harder for her later."

Paul's mother had her birthday in November. The house had been "whispering" worse than ever lately, and, even in spite of his luck, Paul could not bear up against it. He was very anxious to see the effect of the birthday letter, telling his mother about the thousand pounds.

When there were no visitors, Paul now took his meals with his parents, as he was beyond the nursery control. His mother went into town nearly every day. She had discovered that she had an odd knack of sketching furs and dress materials, so she worked secretly in the studio of a friend who was the chief "artist" for the leading drapers. She drew the figures of ladies in furs and ladies in silk and sequins for the newspaper advertisements. This young woman artist earned several thousand pounds a year, but Paul's mother only made several hundreds, and she was again dissatisfied. She so wanted to be first in something, and she did not succeed, even in making sketches for drapery advertisements.

She was down to breakfast on the morning of her birthday. Paul watched her face as she read her letters. He knew the lawyer's letter. As his mother read it, her face hardened and became more expressionless. Then a cold, determined look came on her mouth. She hid the letter under the pile of others and said not a word about it.

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"Didn't you have anything nice in the post for your birthday, mother?" said Paul.

"Quite moderately nice," she said, her voice cold and absent.

She went away to town without saying more.

But in the afternoon Uncle Oscar appeared. He said Paul's mother had had a long interview with the lawyer, asking if the whole five thousand could be advanced at once, as she was in debt.

"What do you think, uncle?" said the boy.

"I leave it to you, son."

"Oh, let her have it, then! We can get some more with the other," said the boy.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, laddie!"

"But I'm sure to know for the Grand National; or the Lincolnshire; or else the Derby. I'm sure to know for one of them," said Paul.

So Uncle Oscar signed the agreement, and Paul's mother touched the whole five thousand. Then something very curious happened. The voices in the house suddenly went mad, like a chorus of frogs on a spring evening. There were certain new furnishings, and Paul had a tutor. He was really going to Eton, his father's school, in the following autumn. There were flowers in the winter, and a blossoming of the luxury Paul's mother had been used to. And yet the voices in the house, behind the sprays of mimosa and almond blossom, and from under the piles of iridescent cushions, simply trilled and screamed in a sort of ecstasy: "There must be more money! Oh-h-h, there must be more money. Oh, now, now-w! Now-w-w–there must be more money!–more than ever! More than ever!"

It frightened Paul terribly. He studied away at his Latin and Greek with his tutors. But his intense hours were spent with Bassett. The Grand National had gone by: he had not "known," and had lost a hundred pounds. Summer was at hand. He was in agony for the Lincoln. But even for the Lincoln he didn't "know" and he lost fifty pounds. He became wild-eyed and strange, as if something were going to explode in him.

"Let it alone, son! Don't you bother about it!" urged Uncle Oscar. But it was as if the boy couldn't really hear what his uncle was saying.

"I've got to know for the Derby! I've got to know for the Derby!" the child reiterated, his big blue eyes blazing with a sort of madness.

His mother noticed how overwrought he was.

"You'd better go to the seaside. Wouldn't you like to go now to the seaside, instead of waiting? I think you'd better," she said, looking down at him anxiously, her heart curiously heavy because of him.

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Topic 5*d*: The estimation of the role of the hero in history
LAW, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*b*: The exemption of the sovereign person from the coercive force of law
LIBERTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*b*: The struggle for civil liberty and economic freedom: the overthrow of tyrants, despots, and oppressors
MONARCHY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2: The theory of royalty
Topic 3: The use and abuse of monarchical power

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Homer, Vol. 3, *Iliad*
Sophocles, Vol. 4, *Oedipus the King*
Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bks. V–VI; *Statesman*
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Politics,* Bk. III, Chaps. 14–18
Virgil, Vol. 12, *Aeneid*
Machiavelli, Vol. 21, *Prince,* especially Chaps. 15–21
Hobbes, Vol. 21, *Leviathan,* Part II, Chap. 29
Rabelais, Vol. 22, *Gargantua and Pantagruel,* Bks. I–II
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of the inequality that is between us; Of coaches*
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *King Henry VI, First Part; King Henry VI,* Second Part; *King Henry VI,* Third Part; *King Richard III; King Richard II; King Henry IV,* First Part; *King Henry IV,* Second Part; *King Henry V; Julius Caesar;* Vol. 25, *Antony and Cleopatra; Coriolanus*
Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Civil Government,* Chaps. VII, VIII, XIV, XVII–XIX
Hegel, Vol. 43, *Philosophy of History,* Introduction III; Second Part; Fourth Part
Nietzsche, Vol. 43, *Beyond Good and Evil,* Parts Two and Nine
Tolstoy, Vol. 51, *War and Peace,* Second Epilogue
Weber, Vol. 58, *Essays in Sociology,* Chap. IX
Huizinga, Vol. 58, *Waning of the Middle Ages,* Chaps. I–II, VI–VII
Shaw, Vol. 59, *Saint Joan,* Preface

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Great Place,* Vol. 7
Burke, *Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol,* Vol. 7
Emerson, *Self-Reliance,* Vol. 10
Galton, "Classification of Human Ability," Vol. 8
Hawthorne, *Sketch of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6
Hume, *Of the Study of History,* Vol. 7
Ibsen, *Enemy of the People,* Vol. 4
James, W., *Great Men and Their Environment,* Vol. 7

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But the child lifted his uncanny blue eyes.

"I couldn't possibly go before the Derby, mother!" he said. "I couldn't possibly!"

"Why not?" she said, her voice becoming heavy when she was opposed. "Why not? You can still go from the seaside to see the Derby with your Uncle Oscar, if that's what you wish. No need for you to wait here. Besides, I think you care too much about these races. It's a bad sign. My family has been a gambling family, and you won't know till you grow up how much damage it has done. But it has done damage. I shall have to send Bassett away, and ask Uncle Oscar not to talk racing to you, unless you promise to be reasonable about it; go away to the seaside and forget it. You're all nerves!"

"I'll do what you like, mother, so long as you don't send me away till after the Derby," the boy said.

"Send you away from where? Just from this house?"

"Yes," he said, gazing at her.

"Why, you curious child, what makes you care about this house so much, suddenly? I never knew you loved it."

He gazed at her without speaking. He had a secret within a secret, something he had not divulged, even to Bassett or to his Uncle Oscar.

But his mother, after standing undecided and a little bit sullen for some moments, said:

"Very well, then! Don't go to the seaside till after the Derby, if you don't wish it. But promise me you won't let your nerves go to pieces. Promise you won't think so much about horse-racing and events, as you call them!"

"Oh, no," said the boy casually. "I won't think much about them, mother. You needn't worry. I wouldn't worry, mother, if I were you."

"If you were me and I were you," said his mother, "I wonder what we should do!"

"But you know you needn't worry, mother, don't you?" the boy repeated.

"I should be awfully glad to know it," she said wearily.

"Oh, well, you can, you know. I mean, you ought to know you needn't worry," he insisted.

"Ought I? Then I'll see about it," she said.

Paul's secret of secrets was his wooden horse, that which had no name. Since he was emancipated from a nurse and a nursery-governess, he had had his rocking-horse removed to his own bedroom at the top of the house.

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sharp little brown eyes, tiptoed into the room, touched his imaginary cap to Paul's mother, and stole to the bedside, staring with glittering, smallish eyes, at the tossing, dying child.

"Master Paul!" he whispered. "Master Paul! Malabar come in first all right, a clean win. I did as you told me. You've made over seventy thousand pounds, you have; you've got over eighty thousand. Malabar came in all right, Master Paul!"

"Malabar! Malabar! Did I say Malabar, mother? Did I say Malabar? Do you think I'm lucky, mother? I knew Malabar, didn't I? Over eighty thousand pounds! I call that lucky, don't you, mother? Over eighty thousand pounds! I knew, didn't I know I knew? Malabar came in all right. If I ride my horse till I'm sure, then I tell you, Bassett, you can go as high as you like. Did you go for all you were worth, Bassett?"

"I went a thousand on it, Master Paul."

"I never told you, mother, that if I can ride my horse, and get there, then I'm absolutely sure—oh, absolutely! Mother, did I ever tell you? I am lucky."

"No, you never did," said the mother.

But the boy died in the night.

And even as he lay dead, his mother heard her brother's voice saying to her: "My God, Hester, you're eighty-odd thousand to the good and a poor devil of a son to the bad. But, poor devil, poor devil, he's best gone out of a life where he rides his rocking-horse to find a winner."

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# Henry James

1843–1916

Henry James was born in New York City, on April 15, 1843. He was the second son of the Swedenborgian philosopher Henry James, Sr., and brother of the psychologist William James. In the year of his birth the future novelist made his first visit to Europe. He grew up largely in Albany, New York, and New York City. His education was a planned succession of governesses, tutors, schools, and travel experiences in the United States, Switzerland, Germany, France, and England.

In 1860–62 he lived in Newport, Rhode Island. A spinal injury incurred with a volunteer fire company probably kept him out of the Civil War and forced him to leave Harvard Law School. In Boston he wrote criticism, travel articles, and short stories. By 1875 he had decided to live in Europe. He settled first in Paris, where Turgenev, Flaubert, Maupassant, and Zola became his friends. In the following year he moved to London.

His first full-length novel, *Roderick Hudson,* was published in 1876. During this early period he wrote *The American, The Portrait of a Lady* (said to have been studied from his beloved cousin, Minny Temple, who died young), *Daisy Miller, Washington*

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*Notes from the artist: ". . . James as a boy–his head spinning–in an otherwise 'period' portrait with his father, complete with elaborate Victorian frame. The deliberate shock in this generally sedate family portrait was intended to suggest the restlessness of the artist, both as a youth who resisted formal education and as the mature writer who would dissect some of the tragedy that lay beneath the apparent calm of turn-of-the-century society."*



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*Square,* and *The Aspern Papers.* He made extended visits to the United States, France, and Italy. Beginning in 1889, he tried hard but unsuccessfully to break into the theater. Only two plays of his were produced: *The American* and *Guy Domville.*

In the 1890's he published a long row of such distinguished works as *The Tragic Muse, What Maisie Knew, The Lesson of the Master,* and *The Turn of the Screw.* He moved to Lamb House in Rye, Sussex. *The American Scene* came out of a visit to the United States in 1904–05. *The Wings of the Dove, The Ambassadors,* and *The Golden Bowl* belong among the great novels of his final period. During World War I he became a naturalized British subject and was awarded the Order of Merit. He died on February 28, 1916.

In one of the prefaces to the New York Edition of his works, Henry James tells how the suggestion for *The Pupil* came to him. On a summer day, he writes, "in a very hot Italian railway-carriage," a physician friend "happened to speak to me of a wonderful American family, an odd, adventurous, extravagant band, the most interesting member of which was a small boy, acute and precocious, afflicted with a heart of weak action. . . ."

Its imaginative power, James adds, might well have come out of "an old latent and dormant impression, a buried germ, implanted by experience and then forgotten. . . ." Van Wyck Brooks suggests that this must have been a recollection of the Sargent family–its most famous member was the painter John Singer Sargent–who "wandered like gypsies all over Europe, from Biarritz to Venice, to Switzerland, to Paris, 'living one year like ambassadors and the next like paupers' as Henry James was to describe them in his story 'The Pupil'. . . ."

If this is so, the Sargents must have undergone a striking change when James turned them into the Moreens. They became what the Sargents had probably never been–"a houseful of Bohemians who wanted tremendously to be Philistines." And what is a Philistine? A prosperous conservative who has no use for artists. Out of the Moreens' desire to be fashionable and secure, without having the means for it, comes all the falseness that Morgan and his young American tutor find in them.

They try to present a solvent and conventional face to the world. They are Bohemians only in private and by necessity. This gives

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them a resemblance to a troupe of actors who must never be off guard, who must never forget to pretend that they are not acting. James makes an amusing thing of it. In a series of light touches he gives us Mr. Moreen, with his white mustache and his "ribbon of a foreign order"; the eternal macaroni and coffee; the talk about "good places"–"as if they had been pickpockets or strolling players"; and the villa at Nice with "a carriage, a piano and a banjo. . . ."

But the story hinges on the friendship between Pemberton, the tutor, and young Morgan Moreen. Morgan himself–because he is "a genius," as his mother says? because he has a weak heart?–is treated with "a genuine tenderness, an artless admiration. . . ." By that very sign he is an outsider. He is not privy to the family secrets. He must find them out for himself–and does. He and Pemberton make a small union of outsiders. They are at once ironic spectators and hopelessly involved. They have a common longing to escape; but there is no future for them outside the trap of the family.

Do we have misgivings of a sort that James, for once, does not seem to have anticipated? "I think a position in society is a legitimate object of ambition," he remarked once. So we are a little dismayed perhaps when young Morgan and his tutor assume the right to judge "such people" as the Moreens. Pemberton, in fact, reflected that "they were adventurers because they were toadies and snobs." Perhaps they are "toadies and snobs" by nature. But they are adventurers because they have no money, or too little to be any use to them. They live like prospective heirs borrowing against an inheritance that will never come.

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Jefferson, "Biographical Sketches," Vol. 6
Macaulay, *Machiavelli,* Vol. 7
O'Neill, *Emperor Jones,* Vol. 4
Shaw, *Man of Destiny,* Vol. 4
Tacitus, *Life of Gnaeus Julius Agricola,* Vol. 6
Washington, *Circular Letter to the Governors of All the States on Disbanding the Army; Farewell Address,* Vol. 6
Whitman, *Death of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6

## RACHEL L. CARSON, 1907–1964

### *The Sunless Sea*

Vol. 8, pages 132–146

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

EVOLUTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*a*: The struggle for existence: its causes and consequences
Topic 5*b*: The geographic distribution of the forms of life in relation to the genealogy of existing species
SCIENCE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*b*: Science as the discipline of experimental inquiry and the organization of experimental knowledge: the scientific spirit
Topic 2*b*: The comparison of science with poetry and history

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Phaedrus*
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *History of Animals,* Bks. V–VI, VIII, IX
Darwin, Vol. 49, *Origin of Species,* Chaps. III–IV, XII–XIII
Dobzhansky, Vol. 56, *Genetics and the Origin of Species,* Chaps. V–VI

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Conrad, *Youth,* Vol. 2
Crane, *Open Boat,* Vol. 3
Darwin, *Autobiography,* Vol. 8
Fabre, *Laboratory of the Open Fields; Sacred Beetle,* Vol. 8
Haldane, *On Being the Right Size,* Vol. 8
Huxley, *On the Relations of Man to the Lower Animals; On a Piece of Chalk,* Vol. 8
Lyell, "Geological Evolution," Vol. 8
Malthus, "Principle of Population," Vol. 7

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returning from the window. "We don't mind what anything costs—we live awfully well."

"My darling, you're too quaint!" his mother exclaimed, putting out to caress him a practised but ineffectual hand. He slipped out of it, but looked with intelligent innocent eyes at Pemberton, who had already had time to notice that from one moment to the other his small satiric face seemed to change its time of life. At this moment it was infantine, yet it appeared also to be under the influence of curious intuitions and knowledges. Pemberton rather disliked precocity and was disappointed to find gleams of it in a disciple not yet in his teens. Nevertheless he divined on the spot that Morgan wouldn't prove a bore. He would prove on the contrary a source of agitation. This idea held the young man, in spite of a certain repulsion.

"You pompous little person! We're not extravagant!" Mrs. Moreen gaily protested, making another unsuccessful attempt to draw the boy to her side. "You must know what to expect," she went on to Pemberton.

"The less you expect the better!" her companion interposed. "But we *are* people of fashion."

"Only so far as *you* make us so!" Mrs. Moreen tenderly mocked. "Well then, on Friday—don't tell me you're superstitious—and mind you don't fail us. Then you'll see us all. I'm so sorry the girls are out. I guess you'll like the girls. And, you know, I've another son, quite different from this one."

"He tries to imitate me," Morgan said to their friend.

"He tries? Why he's twenty years old!" cried Mrs. Moreen.

"You're very witty," Pemberton remarked to the child—a proposition his mother echoed with enthusiasm, declaring Morgan's sallies to be the delight of the house.

The boy paid no heed to this; he only enquired abruptly of the visitor, who was surprised afterwards that he hadn't struck him as offensively forward: "Do you *want* very much to come?"

"Can you doubt it after such a description of what I shall hear?" Pemberton replied. Yet he didn't want to come at all; he was coming because he had to go somewhere, thanks to the collapse of his fortune at the end of a year abroad spent on the system of putting his scant patrimony into a single full wave of experience. He had had his full wave but couldn't pay the score at his inn. Moreover he had caught in the boy's eyes the glimpse of a far-off appeal.

"Well, I'll do the best I can for you," said Morgan; with which he turned away again. He passed out of one of the long windows; Pember-

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ton saw him go and lean on the parapet of the terrace. He remained there while the young man took leave of his mother, who, on Pemberton's looking as if he expected a farewell from him, interposed with: "Leave him, leave him; he's so strange!" Pemberton supposed her to fear something he might say. "He's a genius—you'll love him," she added. "He's much the most interesting person in the family." And before he could invent some civility to oppose to this she wound up with: "But we're all good, you know!"

"He's a genius—you'll love him!" were words that recurred to our aspirant before the Friday, suggesting among many things that geniuses were not invariably lovable. However, it was all the better if there was an element that would make tutorship absorbing: he had perhaps taken too much for granted it would only disgust him. As he left the villa after his interview he looked up at the balcony and saw the child leaning over it. "We shall have great larks!" he called up.

Morgan hung fire a moment and then gaily returned: "By the time you come back I shall have thought of something witty!"

This made Pemberton say to himself "After all he's rather nice."

On the Friday he saw them all, as Mrs. Moreen had promised, for her husband had come back and the girls and the other son were at home. Mr. Moreen had a white moustache, a confiding manner and, in his button-hole, the ribbon of a foreign order—bestowed, as Pemberton eventually learned, for services. For what services he never clearly ascertained: this was a point—one of a larger number—that Mr. Moreen's manner never confided. What it emphatically did confide was that he was even more a man of the world than you might first make out. Ulick, the first-born, was in visible training for the same profession—under the disadvantage as yet, however, of a button-hole but feebly floral and a moustache with no pretensions to type. The girls had hair and figures and manners and small fat feet, but had never been out alone. As for Mrs. Moreen, Pemberton saw on a nearer view that her elegance was intermittent and her parts didn't always match. Her husband, as she had promised, met with enthusiasm Pemberton's ideas in regard to a salary. The young man had endeavoured to keep these stammerings modest, and Mr. Moreen made it no secret that *he* found them wanting in "style." He further mentioned that he aspired to be intimate with his children, to be their best friend, and that he was always looking out for them. That was what he went off for, to London and other places—to look out; and this vigilance was the theory of life, as well as the real

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occupation, of the whole family. They all looked out, for they were very frank on the subject of its being necessary. They desired it to be understood that they were earnest people, and also that their fortune, though quite adequate for earnest people, required the most careful administration. Mr. Moreen, as the parent bird, sought sustenance for the nest. Ulick invoked support mainly at the club, where Pemberton guessed that it was usually served on green cloth. The girls used to do up their hair and their frocks themselves, and our young man felt appealed to to be glad, in regard to Morgan's education, that, though it must naturally be of the best, it didn't cost too much. After a little he *was* glad, forgetting at times his own needs in the interest inspired by the child's character and culture and the pleasure of making easy terms for him.

During the first weeks of their acquaintance Morgan had been as puzzling as a page in an unknown language—altogether different from the obvious little Anglo-Saxons who had misrepresented childhood to Pemberton. Indeed the whole mystic volume in which the boy had been amateurishly bound demanded some practice in translation. Today, after a considerable interval, there is something phantasmagoric, like a prismatic reflection or a serial novel, in Pemberton's memory of the queerness of the Moreens. If it were not for a few tangible tokens—a lock of Morgan's hair cut by his own hand, and the half-dozen letters received from him when they were disjoined—the whole episode and the figures peopling it would seem too inconsequent for anything but dreamland. Their supreme quaintness was their success—as it appeared to him for a while at the time; since he had never seen a family so brilliantly equipped for failure. Wasn't it success to have kept him so hatefully long? Wasn't it success to have drawn him in that first morning at *déjeuner* [lunch], the Friday he came—it was enough to *make* one superstitious—so that he utterly committed himself, and this not by calculation or on a signal, but from a happy instinct which made them, like a band of gipsies, work so neatly together? They amused him as much as if they had really been a band of gipsies. He was still young and had not seen much of the world—his English years had been properly arid; therefore the reversed conventions of the Moreens—for they had *their* desperate properties—struck him as topsy-turvy. He had encountered nothing like them at Oxford; still less had any such note been struck to his younger American ear during the four years at Yale in which he had richly supposed himself to be reacting against a Puritan strain. The reaction of the Moreens, at any rate, went ever so much further. He

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had thought himself very sharp that first day in hitting them all off in his mind with the "cosmopolite" label. Later it seemed feeble and colourless—confessedly helplessly provisional.

He yet when he first applied it felt a glow of joy—for an instructor he was still empirical—rise from the apprehension that living with them would really be to see life. Their sociable strangeness was an imitation of that—their chatter of tongues, their gaiety and good humour, their infinite dawdling (they were always getting themselves up, but it took for ever, and Pemberton had once found Mr. Moreen shaving in the drawing-room), their French, their Italian and, cropping up in the foreign fluencies, their cold tough slices of American. They lived on macaroni and coffee—they had these articles prepared in perfection—but they knew recipes for a hundred other dishes. They overflowed with music and song, were always humming and catching each other up, and had a sort of professional acquaintance with Continental cities. They talked of "good places" as if they had been pickpockets or strolling players. They had at Nice a villa, a carriage, a piano and a banjo, and they went to official parties. They were a perfect calendar of the "days" of their friends, which Pemberton knew them, when they were indisposed, to get out of bed to go to, and which made the week larger than life when Mrs. Moreen talked of them with Paula and Amy. Their initiations gave their new inmate at first an almost dazzling sense of culture. Mrs. Moreen had translated something at some former period—an author whom it made Pemberton feel *borné* [limited] never to have heard of. They could imitate Venetian and sing Neapolitan, and when they wanted to say something very particular communicated with each other in an ingenious dialect of their own, an elastic spoken cipher which Pemberton at first took for some *patois* of one of their countries, but which he "caught on to" as he would not have grasped provincial development of Spanish or German.

"It's the family language—Ultramoreen," Morgan explained to him drolly enough; but the boy rarely condescended to use it himself, though he dealt in colloquial Latin as if he had been a little prelate.

Among all the "days" with which Mrs. Moreen's memory was taxed she managed to squeeze in one of her own, which her friends sometimes forgot. But the house drew a frequented air from the number of fine people who were freely named there and from several mysterious men with foreign titles and English clothes whom Morgan called the Princes and who, on sofas with the girls, talked French very loud—though sometimes

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with some oddity of accent—as if to show they were saying nothing improper. Pemberton wondered how the Princes could ever propose in that tone and so publicly: he took for granted cynically that this was what was desired of them. Then he recognized that even for the chance of such an advantage Mrs. Moreen would never allow Paula and Amy to receive alone. These young ladies were not at all timid, but it was just the safeguards that made them so candidly free. It was a houseful of Bohemians who wanted tremendously to be Philistines.

In one respect, however, certainly, they achieved no rigour—they were wonderfully amiable and ecstatic about Morgan. It was a genuine tenderness, an artless admiration, equally strong in each. They even praised his beauty, which was small, and were as afraid of him as if they felt him of finer clay. They spoke of him as a little angel and a prodigy—they touched on his want of health with long, vague faces. Pemberton feared at first an extravagance that might make him hate the boy, but before this happened he had become extravagant himself. Later, when he had grown rather to hate the others, it was a bribe to patience for him that they were at any rate nice about Morgan, going on tiptoe if they fancied he was showing symptoms, and even giving up somebody's "day" to procure him a pleasure. Mixed with this too was the oddest wish to make him independent, as if they had felt themselves not good enough for him. They passed him over to the new members of their circle very much as if wishing to force some charity of adoption on so free an agent and get rid of their own charge. They were delighted when they saw Morgan take so to his kind playfellow, and could think of no higher praise for the young man. It was strange how they contrived to reconcile the appearance, and indeed the essential fact, of adoring the child with their eagerness to wash their hands of him. Did they want to get rid of him before he should find them out? Pemberton was finding them out month by month. The boy's fond family, however this might be, turned their backs with exaggerated delicacy, as if to avoid the reproach of interfering. Seeing in time how little he had in common with them—it was by *them* he first observed it; they proclaimed it with complete humility—his companion was moved to speculate on the mysteries of transmission, the far jumps of heredity. Where his detachment from most of the things they represented had come from was more than an observer could say—it certainly had burrowed under two or three generations.

As for Pemberton's own estimate of his pupil, it was a good while before he got the point of view, so little had he been prepared for it by the

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"You *are* a humbug!" laughed Morgan, passing an arm into his tutor's. He leaned against him looking off at the sea again and swinging his long thin legs.

"Don't kick my shins," said Pemberton while he reflected "Hang it, I can't complain of them to the child!"

"There's another reason too," Morgan went on, keeping his legs still.

"Another reason for what?"

"Besides their not being your parents."

"I don't understand you," said Pemberton.

"Well, you will before long. All right!"

He did understand fully before long, but he made a fight even with himself before he confessed it. He thought it the oddest thing to have a struggle with the child about. He wondered he didn't hate the hope of the Moreens for bringing the struggle on. But by the time it began any such sentiment for that scion was closed to him. Morgan was a special case, and to know him was to accept him on his own odd terms. Pemberton had spent his aversion to special cases before arriving at knowledge. When at last he did arrive his quandary was great. Against every interest he had attached himself. They would have to meet things together. Before they went home that evening at Nice the boy had said, clinging to his arm:

"Well, at any rate you'll hang on to the last."

"To the last?"

"Till you're fairly beaten."

"*You* ought to be fairly beaten!" cried the young man, drawing him closer.

A year after he had come to live with them Mr. and Mrs. Moreen suddenly gave up the villa at Nice. Pemberton had got used to suddenness, having seen it practised on a considerable scale during two jerky little tours—one in Switzerland the first summer, and the other late in the winter, when they all ran down to Florence and then, at the end of ten days, liking it much less than they had intended, straggled back in mysterious depression. They had returned to Nice "for ever," as they said; but this didn't prevent their squeezing, one rainy muggy May night, into a second-class railway carriage—you could never tell by which class they would travel—where Pemberton helped them to stow away a wonderful collection of bundles and bags. The explanation of this manoeuvre was that they had determined to spend the summer "in some bracing place"; but in Paris they dropped into a small furnished apartment—a fourth

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floor in a third-rate avenue, where there was a smell on the staircase and the *portier* was hateful—and passed the next four months in blank indigence.

The better part of this baffled sojourn was for the preceptor and his pupil, who, visiting the Invalides and Notre Dame, the Conciergerie and all the museums, took a hundred remunerative rambles. They learned to know their Paris, which was useful, for they came back another year for a longer stay, the general character of which in Pemberton's memory today mixes pitiably and confusedly with that of the first. He sees Morgan's shabby knickerbockers—the everlasting pair that didn't match his blouse and that as he grew longer could only grow faded. He remembers the particular holes in his three or four pair of coloured stockings.

Morgan was dear to his mother, but he never was better dressed than was absolutely necessary—partly, no doubt, by his own fault, for he was as indifferent to his appearance as a German philosopher. "My dear fellow, you *are* coming to pieces," Pemberton would say to him in sceptical remonstrance; to which the child would reply, looking at him serenely up and down: "My dear fellow, so are you! I don't want to cast you in the shade." Pemberton could have no rejoinder for this—the assertion so closely represented the fact. If however the deficiencies of his own wardrobe were a chapter by themselves he didn't like his little charge to look too poor. Later he used to say, "Well, if we're poor, why, after all, shouldn't we look it?" and he consoled himself with thinking there was something rather elderly and gentlemanly in Morgan's disrepair—it differed from the untidiness of the urchin who plays and spoils his things. He could trace perfectly the degrees by which, in proportion as her little son confined himself to his tutor for society, Mrs. Moreen shrewdly forbore to renew his garments. She did nothing that didn't show, neglected him because he escaped notice, and then, as he illustrated this clever policy, discouraged at home his public appearances. Her position was logical enough—those members of her family who did show had to be showy.

During this period and several others Pemberton was quite aware of how he and his comrade might strike people; wandering languidly through the Jardin des Plantes as if they had nowhere to go, sitting on the winter days in the galleries of the Louvre, so splendidly ironical to the homeless, as if for the advantage of the *calorifère* [stove]. They joked about it sometimes: it was the sort of joke that was perfectly within the boy's compass. They figured themselves as part of the vast vague hand-to-mouth multitude of the enormous city and pretended they were

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proud of their position in it—it showed them "such a lot of life" and made them conscious of a democratic brotherhood. If Pemberton couldn't feel a sympathy in destitution with his small companion—for after all Morgan's fond parents would never have let him really suffer—the boy would at least feel it with him, so it came to the same thing. He used sometimes to wonder what people would think they were—to fancy they were looked askance at, as if it might be a suspected case of kidnapping. Morgan wouldn't be taken for a young patrician with a preceptor—he wasn't smart enough; though he might pass for his companion's sickly little brother. Now and then he had a five-franc piece, and except once, when they bought a couple of lovely neck-ties, one of which he made Pemberton accept, they laid it out scientifically in old books. This was sure to be a great day, always spent on the quays, in a rummage of the dusty boxes that garnish the parapets. Such occasions helped them to live, for their books ran low very soon after the beginning of their acquaintance. Pemberton had a good many in England, but he was obliged to write to a friend and ask him kindly to get some fellow to give him something for them.

If they had to relinquish that summer the advantage of the bracing climate the young man couldn't but suspect this failure of the cup when at their very lips to have been the effect of a rude jostle of his own. This had represented his first blow-out, as he called it, with his patrons; his first successful attempt—though there was little other success about it—to bring them to a consideration of his impossible position. As the ostensible eve of a costly journey the moment had struck him as favourable to an earnest protest, the presentation of an ultimatum. Ridiculous as it sounded, he had never yet been able to compass an uninterrupted private interview with the elder pair or with either of them singly. They were always flanked by their elder children, and poor Pemberton usually had his own little charge at his side. He was conscious of its being a house in which the surface of one's delicacy got rather smudged; nevertheless he had preserved the bloom of his scruple against announcing to Mr. and Mrs. Moreen with publicity that he shouldn't be able to go on longer without a little money. He was still simple enough to suppose Ulick and Paula and Amy might not know that since his arrival he had only had a hundred and forty francs; and he was magnanimous enough to wish not to compromise their parents in their eyes. Mr. Moreen now listened to him, as he listened to every one and to every thing, like a man of the world, and seemed to appeal to him—though not of course too grossly—to try and be a little more of one himself. Pemberton recognized in fact

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## ANTON CHEKHOV, 1860–1904

### *The Darling*

Vol. 3, pages 452–462

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CHANCE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*a*: Chance and fortune in the life of the individual: gambling and games of chance
DESIRE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*d*: The satisfaction of desire: possession and enjoyment
Topic 4*b*: The attachment of desires: fixations, projections, identifications, transferences
HAPPINESS, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*b*(5): The importance of friendship and love for happiness
LOVE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*e*: The intensity and power of love: its increase or decrease; its constructive or destructive force

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Symposium*
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *On some verses of Virgil*
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *Romeo and Juliet,* Act II
Balzac, Vol. 45, *Cousin Bette*
Proust, Vol. 59, *Swann in Love*
Mann, Vol. 59, *Death in Venice*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Anonymous, *Aucassin and Nicolette,* Vol. 2
Arnold, *Sweetness and Light,* Vol. 5
Bacon, *Of Marriage and Single Life,* Vol. 7; *Of Love,* Vol. 10
Galsworthy, *Apple-Tree,* Vol. 3
Plutarch, *Contentment,* Vol. 10
Turgenev, *First Love,* Vol. 3
Wilde, *Happy Prince,* Vol. 2

### *The Cherry Orchard*

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SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ARISTOCRACY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7: Historic and poetic exemplifications of aristocracy
CHANGE, Vol. 1, especially

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the importance of the character–from the advantage it gave Mr. Moreen. He was not even confused or embarrassed, whereas the young man in his service was more so than there was any reason for. Neither was he surprised–at least any more than a gentleman had to be who freely confessed himself a little shocked–though not perhaps strictly at Pemberton.

"We must go into this, mustn't we, dear?" he said to his wife. He assured his young friend that the matter should have his very best attention; and he melted into space as elusively as if, at the door, he were taking an inevitable but deprecatory precedence. When, the next moment, Pemberton found himself alone with Mrs. Moreen it was to hear her say, "I see, I see"–stroking the roundness of her chin and looking as if she were only hesitating between a dozen easy remedies. If they didn't make their push Mr. Moreen could at least disappear for several days. During his absence his wife took up the subject again spontaneously, but her contribution to it was merely that she had thought all the while they were getting on so beautifully. Pemberton's reply to this revelation was that unless they immediately put down something on account he would leave them on the spot and for ever. He knew she would wonder how he would get away, and for a moment expected her to enquire. She didn't for which he was almost grateful to her, so little was he in a position to tell.

"You won't, you *know* you won't–you're too interested," she said. "You *are* interested, you know you are, you dear kind man!" She laughed with almost condemnatory archness, as if it were a reproach–though she wouldn't insist; and flirted a soiled pocket-handkerchief at him.

Pemberton's mind was fully made up to take his step the following week. This would give him time to get an answer to a letter he had dispatched to England. If he did in the event nothing of the sort–that is if he stayed another year and then went away only for three months–it was not merely because before the answer to his letter came (most unsatisfactory when it did arrive) Mr. Moreen generously counted out to him, and again with the sacrifice to "form" of a marked man of the world, three hundred francs in elegant ringing gold. He was irritated to find that Mrs. Moreen was right, that he couldn't at the pinch bear to leave the child. This stood out clearer for the very reason that, the night of his desperate appeal to his patrons, he had seen fully for the first time where he was. Wasn't it another proof of the success with which those patrons practised their arts that they had managed to avert for so long the illuminating flash? It descended on our friend with a breadth of effect which perhaps would have struck a spectator as comical, after he had returned

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to his little servile room, which looked into a close court where a bare dirty opposite wall took, with the sound of shrill clatter, the reflection of lighted back windows. He had simply given himself away to a band of adventurers. The idea, the word itself, wore a romantic horror for him—he had always lived on such safe lines. Later it assumed a more interesting, almost a soothing, sense: it pointed a moral, and Pemberton could enjoy a moral. The Moreens were adventurers not merely because they didn't pay their debts, because they lived on society, but because their whole view of life, dim and confused and instinctive, like that of clever colour-blind animals, was speculative and rapacious and mean. Oh they were "respectable," and that only made them more *immondes* [ignoble]! The young man's analysis, while he brooded, put it at last very simply—they were adventurers because they were toadies and snobs. That was the completest account of them—it was the law of their being. Even when this truth became vivid to their ingenious inmate he remained unconscious of how much his mind had been prepared for it by the extraordinary little boy who had now become such a complication in his life. Much less could he then calculate on the information he was still to owe the extraordinary little boy.

But it was during the ensuing time that the real problem came up—the problem of how far it was excusable to discuss the turpitude of parents with a child of twelve, of thirteen, of fourteen. Absolutely inexcusable and quite impossible it of course at first appeared; and indeed the question didn't press for some time after Pemberton had received his three hundred francs. They produced a temporary lull, a relief from the sharpest pressure. The young man frugally amended his wardrobe and even had a few francs in his pocket. He thought the Moreens looked at him as if he were almost too smart, as if they ought to take care not to spoil him. If Mr. Moreen hadn't been such a man of the world he would perhaps have spoken of the freedom of such neck-ties on the part of a subordinate. But Mr. Moreen was always enough a man of the world to let things pass—he had certainly shown that. It was singular how Pemberton guessed that Morgan, though saying nothing about it, knew something had happened. But three hundred francs, especially when one owed money, couldn't last for ever; and when the treasure was gone—the boy knew when it had failed—Morgan did break ground. The party had returned to Nice at the beginning of the winter, but not to the charming villa. They went to a hotel, where they stayed three months, and then moved to another establishment, explaining that they had left

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taking for granted–how vulgar their perception *had* been!–that he had already given them away. There was a mystic uneasiness in their parental breasts, and that had been the inferior sense of it. None the less, however, his threat did touch them; for if they had escaped it was only to meet a new danger. Mr. Moreen appealed to him, on every precedent, as a man of the world; but his wife had recourse, for the first time since his domestication with them, to a fine *hauteur,* reminding him that a devoted mother, with her child, had arts that protected her against gross misrepresentation.

"I should misrepresent you grossly if I accused you of common honesty!" our friend replied; but as he closed the door behind him sharply, thinking he had not done himself much good, while Mr. Moreen lighted another cigarette, he heard his hostess shout after him more touchingly:

"Oh you do, you *do,* put the knife to one's throat!"

The next morning, very early, she came to his room. He recognized her knock, but had no hope she brought him money; as to which he was wrong, for she had fifty francs in her hand. She squeezed forward in her dressing-gown, and he received her in his own, between his bath-tub and his bed. He had been tolerably schooled by this time to the "foreign ways" of his hosts. Mrs. Moreen was ardent, and when she was ardent she didn't care what she did; so she now sat down on his bed, his clothes being on the chairs, and, in her preoccupation, forgot, as she glanced round, to be ashamed of giving him such a horrid room. What Mrs. Moreen's ardour now bore upon was the design of persuading him that in the first place she was very good-natured to bring him fifty francs, and that in the second, if he would only see it, he was really too absurd to expect to be *paid.* Wasn't he paid enough without perpetual money–wasn't he paid by the comfortable luxurious home he enjoyed with them all, without a care, an anxiety, a solitary want? Wasn't he sure of his position, and wasn't that everything to a young man like him, quite unknown, with singularly little to show, the ground of whose exorbitant pretensions it had never been easy to discover? Wasn't he paid above all by the sweet relation he had established with Morgan–quite ideal as from master to pupil–and by the simple privilege of knowing and living with so amazingly gifted a child; than whom really (and she meant literally what she said) there was no better company in Europe? Mrs. Moreen herself took to appealing to him as a man of the world; she said, *"Voyons, mon cher,"* and "My dear man, look here now"; and urged him to be reasonable, putting it before him that it was truly a chance for him. She spoke as if, according as he *should* be reasonable, he would prove himself worthy to

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be her son's tutor and of the extraordinary confidence they had placed in him.

After all, Pemberton reflected, it was only a difference of theory and the theory didn't matter much. They had hitherto gone on that of remunerated, as now they would go on that of gratuitous, service; but why should they have so many words about it? Mrs. Moreen at all events continued to be convincing; sitting there with her fifty francs she talked and reiterated as women reiterate, and bored and irritated him, while he leaned against the wall with his hands in the pockets of his wrapper, drawing it together round his legs and looking over the head of his visitor at the grey negations of his window. She wound up with saying: "You see I bring you a definite proposal."

"A definite proposal?"

"To make our relations regular, as it were—to put them on a comfortable footing."

"I see—it's a system," said Pemberton. "A kind of organized blackmail."

Mrs. Moreen bounded up, which was exactly what he wanted. "What do you mean by that?"

"You practise on one's fears—one's fears about the child if one should go away."

"And pray what would happen to him in that event?" she demanded with majesty.

"Why he'd be alone with *you*."

"And pray with whom *should* a child be but with those whom he loves most?"

"If you think that, why don't you dismiss me?"

"Do you pretend he loves you more than he loves *us*?" cried Mrs. Moreen.

"I think he ought to. I make sacrifices for him. Though I've heard of those *you* make I don't see them."

Mrs. Moreen stared a moment; then with emotion she grasped her inmate's hand. "*Will* you make it—the sacrifice?"

He burst out laughing. "I'll see. I'll do what I can. I'll stay a little longer. Your calculation's just—I *do* hate intensely to give him up; I'm fond of him and he thoroughly interests me, in spite of the inconvenience I suffer. You know my situation perfectly. I haven't a penny in the world and, occupied as you see me with Morgan, am unable to earn money."

Mrs. Moreen tapped her undressed arm with her folded bank-note. "Can't you write articles? Can't you translate as *I* do?"

"I don't know about translating; it's wretchedly paid."

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"I'm glad to earn what I can," said Mrs. Moreen with prodigious virtue.

"You ought to tell me who you do it for." Pemberton paused a moment, and she said nothing; so he added: "I've tried to turn off some little sketches, but the magazines won't have them—they're declined with thanks."

"You see then you're not such a phoenix," his visitor pointedly smiled—"to pretend to abilities you're sacrificing for our sake."

"I haven't time to do things properly," he ruefully went on. Then as it came over him that he was almost abjectly good-natured to give these explanations he added: "If I stay on longer it must be on one condition—that Morgan shall know distinctly on what footing I am."

Mrs. Moreen demurred. "Surely you don't want to show off to a child?"

"To show *you* off, do you mean?"

Again she cast about, but this time it was to produce a still finer flower. "And *you* talk of blackmail!"

"You can easily prevent it," said Pemberton.

"And *you* talk of practising on fears!" she bravely pushed on.

"Yes, there's no doubt I'm a great scoundrel."

His patroness met his eyes—it was clear she was in straits. Then she thrust out her money at him. "Mr. Moreen desired me to give you this on account."

"I'm much obliged to Mr. Moreen, but we *have* no account."

"You won't take it?"

"That leaves me more free," said Pemberton.

"To poison my darling's mind?" groaned Mrs. Moreen.

"Oh your darling's mind—!" the young man laughed.

She fixed him a moment, and he thought she was going to break out tormentedly, pleadingly: "For God's sake, tell me what *is* in it!" But she checked this impulse—another was stronger. She pocketed the money—the crudity of the alternative was comical—and swept out of the room with the desperate concession: "You may tell him any horror you like!"

A couple of days after this, during which he had failed to profit by so free a permission, he had been for a quarter of an hour walking with his charge in silence when the boy became sociable again with the remark: "I'll tell you how I know it; I know it through Zénobie."

"Zénobie? Who in the world is *she*?"

"A nurse I used to have—ever so many years ago. A charming woman. I liked her awfully, and she liked me."

"There's no accounting for tastes. What is it you know through her?"

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"Why what their idea is. She went away because they didn't fork out. She did like me awfully, and she stayed two years. She told me all about it—that at last she could never get her wages. As soon as they saw how much she liked me they stopped giving her anything. They thought she'd stay for nothing—just *because,* don't you know?" And Morgan had a queer little conscious lucid look. "She did stay ever so long—as long as she could. She was only a poor girl. She used to send money to her mother. At last she couldn't afford it any longer, and went away in a fearful rage one night—I mean of course in a rage against *them.* She cried over me tremendously, she hugged me nearly to death. She told me all about it," the boy repeated. "She told me it was their idea. So I guessed, ever so long ago, that they have had the same idea with you."

"Zénobie was very sharp," said Pemberton. "And she made you so."

"Oh that wasn't Zénobie; that was nature. And experience!" Morgan laughed.

"Well, Zénobie was a part of your experience."

"Certainly I was a part of hers, poor dear!" the boy wisely sighed. "And I'm part of yours."

"A very important part. But I don't see how you know I've been treated like Zénobie."

"Do you take me for the biggest dunce you've known?" Morgan asked. "Haven't I been conscious of what we've been through together?"

"What we've been through?"

"Our privations—our dark days."

"Oh our days have been bright enough."

Morgan went on in silence for a moment. Then he said: "My dear chap, you're a hero!"

"Well, you're another!" Pemberton retorted.

"No, I'm not, but I ain't a baby. I won't stand it any longer. You must get some occupation that pays. I'm ashamed, I'm ashamed!" quavered the boy with a ring of passion, like some high silver note from a small cathedral chorister, that deeply touched his friend.

"We ought to go off and live somewhere together," the young man said.

"I'll go like a shot if you'll take me."

"I'd get some work that would keep us both afloat," Pemberton continued.

"So would I. Why shouldn't *I* work? I ain't such a beastly little muff as *that* comes to."

"The difficulty is that your parents wouldn't hear of it. They'd never part with you; they worship the ground you tread on. Don't you see the

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proof of it?" Pemberton developed. "They don't dislike me; they wish me no harm; they're very amiable people; but they're perfectly ready to expose me to any awkwardness in life for your sake."

The silence in which Morgan received his fond sophistry struck Pemberton somehow as expressive. After a moment the child repeated: "You *are* a hero!" Then he added: "They leave me with you altogether. You've all the responsibility. They put me off on you from morning till night. Why then should they object to my taking up with you completely? I'd help you."

"They're not particularly keen about my being helped, and they delight in thinking of you as *theirs*. They're tremendously proud of you."

"I'm not proud of *them*. But you know that," Morgan returned.

"Except for the little matter we speak of they're charming people," said Pemberton, not taking up the point made for his intelligence, but wondering greatly at the boy's own, and especially at this fresh reminder of something he had been conscious of from the first—the strangest thing in his friend's large little composition, a temper, a sensibility, even a private ideal, which made him as privately disown the stuff his people were made of. Morgan had in secret a small loftiness which made him acute about betrayed meanness; as well as a critical sense for the manners immediately surrounding him that was quite without precedent in a juvenile nature, especially when one noted that it had not made this nature "old-fashioned," as the word is of children—quaint or wizened or offensive. It was as if he had been a little gentleman and had paid the penalty by discovering that he was the only such person in his family. This comparison didn't make him vain, but it could make him melancholy and a trifle austere. While Pemberton guessed at these dim young things, shadows of shadows, he was partly drawn on and partly checked, as for a scruple, by the charm of attempting to sound the little cool shallows that were so quickly growing deeper. When he tried to figure to himself the morning twilight of childhood, so as to deal with it safely, he saw it was never fixed, never arrested, that ignorance, at the instant he touched it, was already flushing faintly into knowledge, that there was nothing that at a given moment you could say an intelligent child didn't know. It seemed to him that he himself knew too much to imagine Morgan's simplicity and too little to disembroil his tangle.

The boy paid no heed to his last remark; he only went on: "I'd have spoken to them about their idea, as I call it, long ago, if I hadn't been sure what they'd say."

"And what would they say?"

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"One would think you were *my* tutor!" said Pemberton.

Morgan walked on and after a little had begun again: "Well, now that you know I know and that we look at the facts and keep nothing back–it's much more comfortable, isn't it?"

"My dear boy, it's so amusing, so interesting, that it will surely be quite impossible for me to forego such hours as these."

This made Morgan stop once more. "You *do* keep something back. Oh you're not straight–*I* am!"

"How am I not straight?"

"Oh you've got your idea!"

"My idea?"

"Why that I probably shan't make old–make older–bones, and that you can stick it out till I'm removed."

"You *are* too clever to live!" Pemberton repeated.

"I call it a mean idea," Morgan pursued. "But I shall punish you by the way I hang on."

"Look out or I'll poison you!" Pemberton laughed.

"I'm stronger and better every year. Haven't you noticed that there hasn't been a doctor near me since you came?"

"*I'm* your doctor," said the young man, taking his arm and drawing him tenderly on again.

Morgan proceeded and after a few steps gave a sigh of mingled weariness and relief. "Ah, now that we look at the facts it's all right!"

They looked at the facts a good deal after this; and one of the first consequences of their doing so was that Pemberton stuck it out, in his friend's parlance, for the purpose. Morgan made the facts so vivid and so droll, and at the same time so bald and so ugly, that there was fascination in talking them over with him, just as there would have been heartlessness in leaving him alone with them. Now that the pair had such perceptions in common it was useless for them to pretend they didn't judge such people; but the very judgment and the exchange of perceptions created another tie. Morgan had never been so interesting as now that he himself was made plainer by the sidelight of these confidences. What came out in it most was the small fine passion of his pride. He had plenty of that, Pemberton felt–so much that one might perhaps wisely wish for it some early bruises. He would have liked his people to have a spirit and had waked up to the sense of their perpetually eating humble pie. His mother would consume any amount, and his father would consume even more than his mother. He had a theory that Ulick had

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wriggled out of an "affair" at Nice: there had once been a flurry at home, a regular panic, after which they all went to bed and took medicine, not to be accounted for on any other supposition. Morgan had a romantic imagination, fed by poetry and history, and he would have liked those who "bore his name"–as he used to say to Pemberton with the humour that made his queer delicacies manly–to carry themselves with an air. But their one idea was to get in with people who didn't want them and to take snubs as if they were honourable scars. Why people didn't want them more he didn't know–that was people's own affair; after all they weren't superficially repulsive, they were a hundred times cleverer than most of the dreary grandees, the "poor swells" they rushed about Europe to catch up with. "After all they *are* amusing–they are!" he used to pronounce with the wisdom of the ages. To which Pemberton always replied: "Amusing–the great Moreen troupe? Why they're altogether delightful; and if it weren't for the hitch that you and I (feeble performers!) make in the *ensemble* they'd carry everything before them."

What the boy couldn't get over was the fact that this particular blight seemed, in a tradition of self-respect, so undeserved and so arbitrary. No doubt people had a right to take the line they liked; but why should *his* people have liked the line of pushing and toadying and lying and cheating? What had their forefathers–all decent folk, so far as he knew–done to them, or what had *he* done to them? Who had poisoned their blood with the fifth-rate social ideal, the fixed idea of making smart acquaintances and getting into the *monde chic* [fashionable world], especially when it was foredoomed to failure and exposure? They showed so what they were after; that was what made the people they wanted not want *them*. And never a wince for dignity, never a throb of shame at looking each other in the face, never any independence or resentment or disgust. If his father or his brother would only knock some one down once or twice a year! Clever as they were they never guessed the impression they made. They were good-natured, yes–as good-natured as Jews at the doors of clothing shops! But was that the model one wanted one's family to follow? Morgan had dim memories of an old grandfather, the maternal, in New York, whom he had been taken across the ocean at the age of five to see: a gentleman with a high neckcloth and a good deal of pronunciation, who wore a dress-coat in the morning, which made one wonder what he wore in the evening, and had, or was supposed to have, "property" and something to do with the Bible Society. It couldn't have been but that *he* was a good type. Pemberton himself remembered Mrs. Clancy, a widowed sister of Mr. Moreen's, who was as irritating as a moral

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tale and had paid a fortnight's visit to the family at Nice shortly after he came to live with them. She was "pure and refined," as Amy said over the banjo, and had the air of not knowing what they meant when they talked, and of keeping something rather important back. Pemberton judged that what she kept back was an approval of many of their ways; therefore it was to be supposed that she too was of a good type, and that Mr. and Mrs. Moreen and Ulick and Paula and Amy might easily have been of a better one if they would.

But that they wouldn't was more and more perceptible from day to day. They continued to "chivey," as Morgan called it, and in due time became aware of a variety of reasons for proceeding to Venice. They mentioned a great many of them—they were always strikingly frank and had the brightest friendly chatter, at the late foreign breakfast in especial, before the ladies had made up their faces, when they leaned their arms on the table, had something to follow the *demi-tasse,* and, in the heat of familiar discussion as to what they "really ought" to do, fell inevitably into the languages in which they could *tutoyer.*[1] Even Pemberton liked them then; he could endure even Ulick when he heard him give his little flat voice for the "sweet sea-city." That was what made him have a sneaking kindness for them—that they were so out of the workaday world and kept him so out of it. The summer had waned when, with cries of ecstasy, they all passed out on the balcony that overhung the Grand Canal. The sunsets then were splendid and the Dorringtons had arrived. The Dorringtons were the only reason they hadn't talked of at breakfast; but the reasons they didn't talk of at breakfast always came out in the end. The Dorringtons on the other hand came out very little; or else when they did they stayed—as was natural—for hours, during which periods Mrs. Moreen and the girls sometimes called at their hotel (to see if they had returned) as many as three times running. The gondola was for the ladies, as in Venice too there were "days," which Mrs. Moreen knew in their order an hour after she arrived. She immediately took one herself, to which the Dorringtons never came, though on a certain occasion when Pemberton and his pupil were together at Saint Mark's—where, taking the best walks they had ever had and haunting a hundred churches, they spent a great deal of time—they saw the old lord turn up with Mr. Moreen and Ulick, who showed him the dim basilica as if it belonged to them. Pemberton noted how much less, among its curiosities, Lord Dorrington carried himself as a man of the world;

1. Address one another in the familiar second person; *e.g.,* French *tu,* German *du* [Ed.].

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wondering too whether, for such services, his companions took a fee from him. The autumn at any rate waned, the Dorringtons departed, and Lord Verschoyle, the eldest son, had proposed neither for Amy nor for Paula.

One sad November day, while the wind roared round the old palace and the rain lashed the lagoon, Pemberton, for exercise and even somewhat for warmth—the Moreens were horribly frugal about fires; it was a cause of suffering to their inmate—walked up and down the big bare *sala* with his pupil. The scagliola floor was cold, the high battered casements shook in the storm, and the stately decay of the place was unrelieved by a particle of furniture. Pemberton's spirits were low, and it came over him that the fortune of the Moreens was now even lower. A blast of desolation, a portent of disgrace and disaster, seemed to draw through the comfortless hall. Mr. Moreen and Ulick were in the Piazza, looking out for something, strolling drearily, in mackintoshes, under the arcades; but still, in spite of mackintoshes, unmistakable men of the world. Paula and Amy were in bed—it might have been thought they were staying there to keep warm. Pemberton looked askance at the boy at his side, to see to what extent he was conscious of these dark omens. But Morgan, luckily for him, was now mainly conscious of growing taller and stronger and indeed of being in his fifteenth year. This fact was intensely interesting to him and the basis of a private theory—which, however, he had imparted to his tutor—that in a little while he should stand on his own feet. He considered that the situation would change—that in short he should be "finished," grown up, producible in the world of affairs and ready to prove himself of sterling ability. Sharply as he was capable at times of analysing, as he called it, his life, there were happy hours when he remained, as he also called it—and as the name, really, of their right ideal—"jolly" superficial; the proof of which was his fundamental assumption that he should presently go to Oxford, to Pemberton's college, and aided and abetted by Pemberton, do the most wonderful things. It depressed the young man to see how little in such a project he took account of ways and means: in other connections he mostly kept to the measure. Pemberton tried to imagine the Moreens at Oxford and fortunately failed; yet unless they were to adopt it as a residence there would be no *modus vivendi* for Morgan. How could he live without an allowance, and where was the allowance to come from? He, Pemberton, might live on Morgan; but how could Morgan live on *him*? What was to become of him anyhow? Somehow the fact that he was a big boy now, with better prospects of health, made the question of his future more diffi-

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cult. So long as he was markedly frail the great consideration he inspired seemed enough of an answer to it. But at the bottom of Pemberton's heart was the recognition of his probably being strong enough to live and not yet strong enough to struggle or to thrive. Morgan himself at any rate was in the first flush of the rosiest consciousness of adolescence, so that the beating of the tempest seemed to him after all but the voice of life and the challenge of fate. He had on his shabby little overcoat, with the collar up, but was enjoying his walk.

It was interrupted at last by the appearance of his mother at the end of the *sala*. She beckoned him to come to her, and while Pemberton saw him, complaisant, pass down the long vista and over the damp false marble, he wondered what was in the air. Mrs. Moreen said a word to the boy and made him go into the room she had quitted. Then, having closed the door after him, she directed her steps swiftly to Pemberton. There *was* something in the air, but his wildest flight of fancy wouldn't have suggested what it proved to be. She signified that she had made a pretext to get Morgan out of the way, and then she enquired—without hesitation—if the young man could favour her with the loan of three louis. While, before bursting into a laugh, he stared at her with surprise, she declared that she was awfully pressed for the money; she was desperate for it—it would save her life.

"Dear lady, *c'est trop fort* [this is too much]!" Pemberton laughed in the manner and with the borrowed grace of idiom that marked the best colloquial, the best anecdotic, moments of his friends themselves. "Where in the world do you suppose I should get three louis, *du train dont vous allez* [at the rate you're going]?"

"I thought you worked—wrote things. Don't they pay you?"

"Not a penny."

"Are you such a fool as to work for nothing?"

"You ought surely to know that."

Mrs. Moreen stared, then she coloured a little. Pemberton saw she had quite forgotten the terms—if "terms" they could be called—that he had ended by accepting from herself; they had burdened her memory as little as her conscience. "Oh yes, I see what you mean—you've been very nice about that; but why drag it in so often?" She had been perfectly urbane with him ever since the rough scene of explanation in his room the morning he made her accept *his* "terms"—the necessity of his making his case known to Morgan. She had felt no resentment after seeing there was no danger Morgan would take the matter up with her. Indeed, attributing this immunity to the good taste of his influence with the boy,

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back they went into Saint Mark's for a hushed ten minutes. Later they took up and kept up the fun of it to the very end; and it seemed to Pemberton a part of that fun that Mrs. Moreen, who was very angry when he had announced her his intention, should charge him, grotesquely and vulgarly and in reference to the loan she had vainly endeavoured to effect, with bolting lest they should "get something out" of him. On the other hand he had to do Mr. Moreen and Ulick the justice to recognize that when on coming in *they* heard the cruel news they took it like perfect men of the world.

When he got at work with the opulent youth, who was to be taken in hand for Balliol, he found himself unable to say if this aspirant had really such poor parts or if the appearance were only begotten of his own long association with an intensely living little mind. From Morgan he heard half a dozen times: the boy wrote charming young letters, a patchwork of tongues, with indulgent postscripts in the family Volapuk and, in little squares and rounds and crannies of the text, the drollest illustrations–letters that he was divided between the impulse to show his present charge as a vain, a wasted incentive, and the sense of something in them that publicity would profane. The opulent youth went up in due course and failed to pass; but it seemed to add to the presumption that brilliancy was not expected of him all at once that his parents, condoning the lapse, which they good-naturedly treated as little as possible as if it were Pemberton's, should have sounded the rally again, begged the young coach to renew the siege.

The young coach was now in a position to lend Mrs. Moreen three louis, and he sent her a post-office order even for a larger amount. In return for his favour he received a frantic scribbled line from her: "Implore you to come back instantly–Morgan dreadfully ill." They were on the rebound, once more in Paris–often as Pemberton had seen them depressed he had never seen them crushed–and communication was therefore rapid. He wrote to the boy to ascertain the state of his health, but awaited the answer in vain. He accordingly, after three days, took an abrupt leave of the opulent youth and, crossing the Channel, alighted at the small hotel, in the quarter of the Champs Elysées, of which Mrs. Moreen had given him the address. A deep if dumb dissatisfaction with this lady and her companions bore him company: they couldn't be vulgarly honest, but they could live at hotels, in velvety entresols, amid a smell of burnt pastilles, surrounded by the most expensive city in Europe. When he had left them in Venice it was with an irrepressible suspicion

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that something was going to happen; but the only thing that could have taken place was again their masterly retreat. "How is he? where is he?" he asked of Mrs. Moreen; but before she could speak these questions were answered by the pressure round his neck of a pair of arms, in shrunken sleeves, which still were perfectly capable of an effusive young foreign squeeze.

"Dreadfully ill–I don't see it!" the young man cried. And then to Morgan: "Why on earth didn't you relieve me? Why didn't you answer my letter?"

Mrs. Moreen declared that when she wrote he was very bad, and Pemberton learned at the same time from the boy that he had answered every letter he had received. This led to the clear inference that Pemberton's note had been kept from him so that the game to be practised should not be interfered with. Mrs. Moreen was prepared to see the fact exposed, as Pemberton saw the moment he faced her that she was prepared for a good many other things. She was prepared above all to maintain that she had acted from a sense of duty, that she was enchanted she had got him over, whatever they might say, and that it was useless of him to pretend he didn't know in all his bones that his place at such a time was with Morgan. He had taken the boy away from them and now had no right to abandon him. He had created for himself the gravest responsibilities and must at least abide by what he had done.

"Taken him away from you?" Pemberton exclaimed indignantly.

"Do it–do it for pity's sake; that's just what I want. I can't stand *this*–and such scenes. They're awful frauds–poor dears!" These words broke from Morgan, who had intermitted his embrace, in a key which made Pemberton turn quickly to him and see that he had suddenly seated himself, was breathing in great pain and was very pale.

"*Now* do you say he's not in a state, my precious pet?" shouted his mother, dropping on her knees before him with clasped hands, but touching him no more than if he had been a gilded idol. "It will pass–it's only for an instant; but don't say such dreadful things!"

"I'm all right–all right," Morgan panted to Pemberton, whom he sat looking up at with a strange smile, his hands resting on either side on the sofa.

"Now do you pretend I've been dishonest, that I've deceived?" Mrs. Moreen flashed at Pemberton as she got up.

"It isn't *he* says it, it's I!" the boy returned, apparently easier but sinking back against the wall; while his restored friend, who had sat down beside him, took his hand and bent over him.

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"Darling child, one does what one can; there are so many things to consider," urged Mrs. Moreen. "It's his *place*–his only place. You see *you* think it is now."

"Take me away–take me away," Morgan went on, smiling to Pemberton with his white face.

"Where shall I take you, and how–oh *how,* my boy?" the young man stammered, thinking of the rude way in which his friends in London held that, for his convenience, with no assurance of prompt return, he had thrown them over; of the just resentment with which they would already have called in a successor, and of the scant help to finding fresh employment that resided for him in the grossness of his having failed to pass his pupil.

"Oh, we'll settle that. You used to talk about it," said Morgan. "If we can only go all the rest's a detail."

"Talk about it as much as you like, but don't think you can attempt it. Mr. Moreen would never consent–it would be so *very* hand to mouth," Pemberton's hostess beautifully explained to him. Then to Morgan she made it clearer: "It would destroy our peace, it would break our hearts. Now that he's back it will be all the same again. You'll have your life, your work and your freedom, and we'll all be happy as we used to be. You'll bloom and grow perfectly well, and we won't have any more silly experiments, will we? They're too absurd. It's Mr. Pemberton's place–every one in his place. You in yours, your papa in his, me in mine–*n'est-ce pas, chéri* [isn't that so, my dear]? We'll all forget how foolish we've been and have lovely times."

She continued to talk and to surge vaguely about the little draped stuffy salon while Pemberton sat with the boy, whose colour gradually came back; and she mixed up her reasons, hinting that there were going to be changes, that the other children might scatter (who knew?–Paula had her ideas) and that then it might be fancied how much the poor old parent birds would want the little nestling. Morgan looked at Pemberton, who wouldn't let him move; and Pemberton knew exactly how he felt at hearing himself called a little nestling. He admitted that he had had one or two bad days, but he protested afresh against the wrong of his mother's having made them the ground of an appeal to poor Pemberton. Poor Pemberton could laugh now, apart from the comicality of Mrs. Moreen's mustering so much philosophy for her defence–she seemed to shake it out of her agitated petticoats, which knocked over the light gilt chairs–so little did their young companion, *marked,* unmistakably marked at the best, strike him as qualified to repudiate any advantage.

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He himself was in for it at any rate. He should have Morgan on his hands again indefinitely; though indeed he saw the lad had a private theory to produce which would be intended to smooth this down. He was obliged to him for it in advance; but the suggested amendment didn't keep his heart rather from sinking, any more than it prevented him from accepting the prospect on the spot, with some confidence moreover that he should do even better if he could have a little supper. Mrs. Moreen threw out more hints about the changes that were to be looked for, but she was such a mixture of smiles and shudders—she confessed she was very nervous—that he couldn't tell if she were in high feather or only in hysterics. If the family was really at last going to pieces why shouldn't she recognize the necessity of pitching Morgan into some sort of life-boat? This presumption was fostered by the fact that they were established in luxurious quarters in the capital of pleasure; that was exactly where they naturally *would* be established in view of going to pieces. Moreover didn't she mention that Mr. Moreen and the others were enjoying themselves at the opera with Mr. Granger, and wasn't *that* also precisely where one would look for them on the eve of a smash? Pemberton gathered that Mr. Granger was a rich vacant American—a big bill with a flourishy heading and no items; so that one of Paula's "ideas" was probably that this time she hadn't missed fire—by which straight shot indeed she would have shattered the general cohesion. And if the cohesion was to crumble what would become of poor Pemberton? He felt quite enough bound up with them to figure to his alarm as a dislodged block in the edifice.

It was Morgan who eventually asked if no supper had been ordered for him; sitting with him below, later, at the dim delayed meal, in the presence of a great deal of corded green plush, a plate of ornamental biscuit and an aloofness marked on the part of the waiter. Mrs. Moreen had explained that they had been obliged to secure a room for the visitor out of the house; and Morgan's consolation—he offered it while Pemberton reflected on the nastiness of lukewarm sauces—proved to be, largely, that this circumstance would facilitate their escape. He talked of their escape—recurring to it often afterwards—as if they were making up a "boy's book" together. But he likewise expressed his sense that there was something in the air, that the Moreens couldn't keep it up much longer. In point of fact, as Pemberton was to see, they kept it up for five or six months. All the while, however, Morgan's contention was designed to cheer him. Mr. Moreen and Ulick, whom he had met the day after his return, accepted that return like perfect men of the world. If Paula and Amy treated it even with less formality an allowance was to be made

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for them, inasmuch as Mr. Granger hadn't come to the opera after all. He had only placed his box at their service, with a bouquet for each of the party; there was even one apiece, embittering the thought of his profusion, for Mr. Moreen and Ulick. "They're all like that," was Morgan's comment; "at the very last, just when we think we've landed them they're back in the deep sea!"

Morgan's comments in these days were more and more free; they even included a large recognition of the extraordinary tenderness with which he had been treated while Pemberton was away. Oh yes, they couldn't do enough to be nice to him, to show him they had him on their mind and make up for his loss. That was just what made the whole thing so sad and caused him to rejoice after all in Pemberton's return—he had to keep thinking of their affection less, had less sense of obligation. Pemberton laughed out at this last reason, and Morgan blushed and said "Well, dash it, you know what I mean." Pemberton knew perfectly what he meant; but there were a good many things that—dash it too!—it didn't make any clearer. This episode of his second sojourn in Paris stretched itself out wearily, with their resumed readings and wanderings and maunderings, their potterings on the quays, their hauntings of the museums, their occasional lingerings in the Palais Royal when the first sharp weather came on and there was a comfort in warm emanations, before Chevet's wonderful succulent window. Morgan wanted to hear all about the opulent youth—he took an immense interest in him. Some of the details of his opulence—Pemberton could spare him none of them—evidently fed the boy's appreciation of all his friend had given up to come back to him; but in addition to the greater reciprocity established by that heroism he had always his little brooding theory, in which there was a frivolous gaiety too, that their long probation was drawing to a close. Morgan's conviction that the Moreens couldn't go on much longer kept pace with the unexpended impetus with which, from month to month, they did go on. Three weeks after Pemberton had rejoined them they went on to another hotel, a dingier one than the first; but Morgan rejoiced that his tutor had at least still not sacrificed the advantage of a room outside. He clung to the romantic utility of this when the day, or rather the night, should arrive for their escape.

For the first time, in this complicated connection, our friend felt his collar gall him. It was, as he had said to Mrs. Moreen in Venice, *trop fort*—everything was *trop fort*. He could neither really throw off his blighting burden nor find in it the benefit of a pacified conscience or of a rewarded affection. He had spent all the money accruing to him in Eng-

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made all haste to explain. He would see for himself, so far as that went, how the great change had come, the dreadful bolt had fallen, and how they would now all have to turn themselves about. Therefore cruel as it was to them to part with their darling she must look to him to carry a little further the influence he had so fortunately acquired with the boy—to induce his young charge to follow him into some modest retreat. They depended on him—that was the fact—to take their delightful child temporarily under his protection: it would leave Mr. Moreen and herself so much more free to give the proper attention (too little, alas! had been given) to the readjustment of their affairs.

"We trust you—we feel we *can,*" said Mrs. Moreen, slowly rubbing her plump white hands and looking with compunction hard at Morgan, whose chin, not to take liberties, her husband stroked with a tentative paternal forefinger.

"Oh yes—we feel that we *can.* We trust Mr. Pemberton fully, Morgan," Mr. Moreen pursued.

Pemberton wondered again if he might pretend not to understand; but everything good gave way to the intensity of Morgan's understanding. "Do you mean he may take me to live with him for ever and ever?" cried the boy. "May take me away, away, anywhere he likes?"

"For ever and ever? *Comme vous-y-allez* [How you go on]!" Mr. Moreen laughed indulgently. "For as long as Mr. Pemberton may be so good."

"We've struggled, we've suffered," his wife went on; "but you've made him so your own that we've already been through the worst of the sacrifice."

Morgan had turned away from his father—he stood looking at Pemberton with a light in his face. His sense of shame for their common humiliated state had dropped; the case had another side—the thing was to clutch at *that.* He had a moment of boyish joy, scarcely mitigated by the reflection that with this unexpected consecration of his hope—too sudden and too violent; the turn taken was away from a *good* boy's book—the "escape" was left on their hands. The boyish joy was there an instant, and Pemberton was almost scared at the rush of gratitude and affection that broke through his first abasement. When he stammered "My dear fellow, what do you say to *that*?" how could one not say something enthusiastic? But there was more need for courage at something else that immediately followed and that made the lad sit down quickly on the nearest chair. He had turned quite livid and had raised his hand to his left side. They were all three looking at him, but Mrs. Moreen suddenly bounded for-

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ward. "Ah his darling little heart!" she broke out; and this time, on her knees before him and without respect for the idol, she caught him ardently in her arms. "You walked him too far, you hurried him too fast!" she hurled over her shoulder at Pemberton. Her son made no protest, and the next instant, still holding him, she sprang up with her face convulsed and with the terrified cry "Help, help! he's going, he's gone!" Pemberton saw with equal horror, by Morgan's own stricken face, that he was beyond their wildest recall. He pulled him half out of his mother's hands, and for a moment, while they held him together, they looked all their dismay into each other's eyes. "He couldn't stand it with his weak organ," said Pemberton—"the shock, the whole scene, the violent emotion."

"But I thought he *wanted* to go to you!" wailed Mrs. Moreen.

"I *told* you he didn't, my dear," her husband made answer. Mr. Moreen was trembling all over and was in his way as deeply affected as his wife. But after the very first he took his bereavement as a man of the world.

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# Thomas Mann

1875–1955

Thomas Mann was born in Lübeck, Germany, on June 6, 1875. His father was a grain merchant and senator of the city, his mother descended from Portuguese-Creole Brazilian ancestors. Young Mann, who detested school, was a writer almost from the first. After his father's death, he worked as an insurance clerk and attended the university in Munich. With his brother Heinrich, also a writer, he spent a year in Rome. A first book of stories, *Little Herr Friedemann,* was published in 1898.

In Palestrina, near Rome, he began his first novel, *Buddenbrooks,* and finished it later while he was working as an editor on the satirical journal *Simplicissimus* in Munich. Slow to take hold, in a year *Buddenbrooks* made its author the most famous young writer in Germany. *Tristan,* which included *Tonio Kröger* and other tales, came out in 1903, and the play *Fiorenza* in 1906. That same year he married the daughter of the mathematician Alfred Pringsheim. They had six children.

Mann's second novel, *Royal Highness,* appeared in 1909, and was followed by one of his best-known works, *Death in Venice.* During World War I he published a book of stories and *Reflections of a Nonpolitical Man.* At the same time he was working on *The Magic Mountain.* Brought out in 1924, this great novel established its author as a world figure. In 1929 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature.

Mann left Germany in 1933, the year Hitler came to power. That same year he published the first volume of his massive biblical tetralogy, *Joseph and His Brothers.* It was finished ten years later. He lived for a while in Switzerland, then moved to Princeton, New Jersey, and in 1941 to Pacific Palisades, California. In 1944 he be-



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came an American citizen. During this period he wrote *The Beloved Returns, Doctor Faustus,* and *The Holy Sinner.* In essays, speeches, and radio addresses, he spoke out strongly for human liberty. In the early 1950's he settled near Zurich, Switzerland, where he wrote the book-length *Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man.* He was one of the great composers of Form in literature, dedicated, as he said, to the task of "marrying the daemonic with the formal, the private and Bohemian with the official and representative. . . ." He died on August 12, 1955.

In *A Sketch of My Life,* Mann tells how he wrote *Mario and the Magician.* During the summer of 1929 he took his wife and younger children to Rauschen, a Baltic seaside resort. He had, as he says, "no talent for unoccupied recreation"; and the manuscript of *Joseph* was too bulky to carry with him. So he decided to work on something that could be written without notes, "an incident of a previous holiday in Forte dei Marmi, near Viareggio," Italy.

He tried to work in his room. But "the feeling that the sea was waiting" forced him outside. In a wicker chair at the water's edge, with a pad on his knee, tranquil amidst the animation of the bathing hour, he found that "the fable, all unexpectedly, grew out of the anecdote, the intellectualized literary form out of mere 'story-telling'; the personal turned into the symbolic and ethical."

How well he understood what he was doing–and how well he has done it! In the opening sentence–"The atmosphere of Torre di Venere remains unpleasant in the memory"–the tone is set. First we are given a broad view of the resort. Then two or three "unpleasantnesses." Oh, nothing much–a shade of discrimination at the Grand Hotel, the highhandedness of the Principessa. These are relieved at once by the good nature of Signora Angiolieri, one-time companion of the actress Eleonora Duse.

But almost at once the irritations, offset here and there by a touch of humor, begin again. The children are puzzled by phrases "about

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*Notes from the artist: "Thomas Mann shortly before his death in 1955. The background, drawn in an Egyptian style, is a scene from Mann's biblical tetralogy,* Joseph and His Brothers."

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Aristophanes, Vol. 4, *Acharnians*
Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bks. I, VII
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Rhetoric,* Bk. II, Chap. 13
Lucretius, Vol. 11, *Way Things Are,* Bks. II, III
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *That to philosophize is to learn to die; Of age; Of the affection of fathers for their children; All things have their season; On some verses of Virgil*
Shakespeare, Vol. 25, *King Lear*
Swift, Vol. 34, *Gulliver's Travels,* Part III, Chap. X
Boswell, Vol. 41, *Life of Samuel Johnson*
Tolstoy, Vol. 51, *War and Peace,* Bk. 1, Chap. XXV; Bk. 5, Chap. XIV; Bk. 10, Chap. XVI; Bk. 13, Chap. XVII
Hemingway, Vol. 60, *Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber*

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Epicurus, *Letter to Menoeceus,* Vol. 10
Flaubert, *Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller,* Vol. 3
Hazlitt, *On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth,* Vol. 10
Pater, "Art of Life," Vol. 10
Plutarch, *Contentment,* Vol. 10
Singer, *Spinoza of Market Street,* Vol. 3
Swift, *Resolutions when I Come to be Old,* Vol. 7
Tolstoy, *Death of Ivan Ilyitch; Three Hermits,* Vol. 3
Whitman, *Death of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6

## KARL VON CLAUSEWITZ, 1780–1831

### *What Is War?*

Vol. 7, pages 479–497

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

WAR AND PEACE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1: War as the reign of force: the state of war and the state of nature; the martial spirit
Topic 3*a*: The distinction between just and unjust warfare: wars of defense and wars of conquest
Topic 7: The inevitability of war: the political necessity of military preparations

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two will wed, and where she is, there it can be at home. It will even set up its Vanity Fair in a spot and be capable of thinking that peace is still by its side. Thus Torre—though its atmosphere so far is more modest and contemplative than that of Portoclemente—has been quite taken up, by both Italians and foreigners. It is no longer the thing to go to Portoclemente—though still so much the thing that it is as noisy and crowded as ever. One goes next door, so to speak: to Torre. So much more refined, even, and cheaper to boot. And the attractiveness of these qualities persists, though the qualities themselves long ago ceased to be evident. Torre has got a Grand Hotel. Numerous pensions have sprung up, some modest, some pretentious. The people who own or rent the villas and pinetas overlooking the sea no longer have it all their own way on the beach. In July and August it looks just like the beach at Portoclemente: it swarms with a screaming, squabbling, merrymaking crowd, and the sun, blazing down like mad, peels the skin off their necks. Garish little flat-bottomed boats rock on the glittering blue, manned by children, whose mothers hover afar and fill the air with anxious cries of Nino! and Sandro! and Bice! and Maria! Peddlers step across the legs of recumbent sun bathers, selling flowers and corals, oysters, lemonade, and *cornetti al burro* [buttered croissants], and crying their wares in the breathy, full-throated southern voice.

Such was the scene that greeted our arrival in Torre: pleasant enough, but after all, we thought, we had come too soon. It was the middle of August, the Italian season was still at its height, scarcely the moment for strangers to learn to love the special charms of the place. What an afternoon crowd in the cafés on the front! For instance, in the Esquisito, where we sometimes sat and were served by Mario, that very Mario of whom I shall have presently to tell. It is well-nigh impossible to find a table; and the various orchestras contend together in the midst of one's conversation with bewildering effect. Of course, it is in the afternoon that people come over from Portoclemente. The excursion is a favorite one for the restless denizens of that pleasure resort, and a Fiat motorbus plies to and fro, coating inch-thick with dust the oleander and laurel hedges along the highroad—a notable if repulsive sight.

Yes, decidedly one should go to Torre in September, when the great public has left. Or else in May, before the water is warm enough to tempt the Southerner to bathe. Even in the before and after seasons Torre is not empty, but life is less national and more subdued. English, French, and German prevail under the tent awnings and in the pension dining rooms; whereas in August—in the Grand Hotel, at least, where, in default of

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private addresses, we had engaged rooms—the stranger finds the field so occupied by Florentine and Roman society that he feels quite isolated and even temporarily *déclassé*.

We had, rather to our annoyance, this experience on the evening we arrived, when we went in to dinner and were shown to our table by the waiter in charge. As a table, it had nothing against it, save that we had already fixed our eyes upon those on the veranda beyond, built out over the water, where little red-shaded lamps glowed—and there were still some tables empty, though it was as full as the dining room within. The children went into raptures at the festive sight, and without more ado we announced our intention to take our meals by preference in the veranda. Our words, it appeared, were prompted by ignorance; for we were informed, with somewhat embarrassed politeness, that the cosy nook outside was reserved for the clients of the hotel: *ai nostri clienti*. Their clients? But we were their clients. We were not tourists or trippers, but boarders for a stay of some three or four weeks. However, we forbore to press for an explanation of the difference between the likes of us and that clientele to whom it was vouchsafed to eat out there in the glow of the red lamps, and took our dinner by the prosaic common light of the dining-room chandelier—a thoroughly ordinary and monotonous hotel bill of fare, be it said. In Pensione Eleonora, a few steps landward, the table, as we were to discover, was much better.

And thither it was that we moved, three or four days later, before we had had time to settle in properly at the Grand Hotel. Not on account of the veranda and the lamps. The children, straightway on the best of terms with waiters and pages, absorbed in the joys of life on the beach, promptly forgot those colorful seductions. But now there arose, between ourselves and the veranda clientele—or perhaps more correctly with the compliant management—one of those little unpleasantnesses which can quite spoil the pleasure of a holiday. Among the guests were some high Roman aristocracy, a Principe X and his family. These grand folk occupied rooms close to our own, and the Principessa, a great and a passionately maternal lady, was thrown into a panic by the vestiges of a whooping cough which our little ones had lately got over, but which now and then still faintly troubled the unshatterable slumbers of our youngest-born. The nature of this illness is not clear, leaving some play for the imagination. So we took no offense at our elegant neighbor for clinging to the widely held view that whooping cough is acoustically contagious and quite simply fearing lest her children yield to the bad example set by ours. In the fullness of her feminine self-confidence she protested to the

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management, which then, in the person of the proverbial frock-coated manager, hastened to represent to us, with many expressions of regret, that under the circumstances they were obliged to transfer us to the annex. We did our best to assure him that the disease was in its very last stages, that it was actually over, and presented no danger of infection to anybody. All that we gained was permission to bring the case before the hotel physician—not one chosen by us—by whose verdict we must then abide. We agreed, convinced that thus we should at once pacify the Princess and escape the trouble of moving. The doctor appeared, and behaved like a faithful and honest servant of science. He examined the child and gave his opinion: the disease was quite over, no danger of contagion was present. We drew a long breath and considered the incident closed—until the manager announced that despite the doctor's verdict it would still be necessary for us to give up our rooms and retire to the dependence. Byzantinism like this outraged us. It is not likely that the Principessa was responsible for the willful breach of faith. Very likely the fawning management had not even dared to tell her what the physician said. Anyhow, we made it clear to his understanding that we preferred to leave the hotel altogether and at once—and packed our trunks. We could do so with a light heart, having already set up casual friendly relations with Casa Eleonora. We had noticed its pleasant exterior and formed the acquaintance of its proprietor, Signora Angiolieri, and her husband: she slender and black-haired, Tuscan in type, probably at the beginning of the thirties, with the dead ivory complexion of the southern woman, he quiet and bald and carefully dressed. They owned a larger establishment in Florence and presided only in summer and early autumn over the branch in Torre di Venere. But earlier, before her marriage, our new landlady had been companion, fellow traveler, wardrobe mistress, yes, friend, of Eleonora Duse and manifestly regarded that period as the crown of her career. Even at our first visit she spoke of it with animation. Numerous photographs of the great actress, with affectionate inscriptions, were displayed about the drawing room, and other souvenirs of their life together adorned the little tables and *étagères*. This cult of a so interesting past was calculated, of course, to heighten the advantages of the signora's present business. Nevertheless our pleasure and interest were quite genuine as we were conducted through the house by its owner and listened to her sonorous and staccato Tuscan voice relating anecdotes of that immortal mistress, depicting her suffering saintliness, her genius, her profound delicacy of feeling.

Thither, then, we moved our effects, to the dismay of the staff of the

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Grand Hotel, who, like all Italians, were very good to children. Our new quarters were retired and pleasant, we were within easy reach of the sea through the avenue of young plane trees that ran down to the esplanade. In the clean, cool dining room Signora Angiolieri daily served the soup with her own hands, the service was attentive and good, the table capital. We even discovered some Viennese acquaintances, and enjoyed chatting with them after luncheon, in front of the house. They, in their turn, were the means of our finding others—in short, all seemed for the best, and we were heartily glad of the change we had made. Nothing was now wanting to a holiday of the most gratifying kind.

And yet no proper gratification ensued. Perhaps the stupid occasion of our change of quarters pursued us to the new ones we had found. Personally, I admit that I do not easily forget these collisions with ordinary humanity, the naïve misuse of power, the injustice, the sycophantic corruption. I dwelt upon the incident too much, it irritated me in retrospect—quite futilely, of course, since such phenomena are only all too natural and all too much the rule. And we had not broken off relations with the Grand Hotel. The children were as friendly as ever there, the porter mended their toys, and we sometimes took tea in the garden. We even saw the Principessa. She would come out, with her firm and delicate tread, her lips emphatically corallined, to look after her children, playing under the supervision of their English governess. She did not dream that we were anywhere near, for so soon as she appeared in the offing we sternly forbade our little one even to clear his throat.

The heat—if I may bring it in evidence—was extreme. It was African. The power of the sun, directly one left the border of the indigo-blue wave, was so frightful, so relentless, that the mere thought of the few steps between the beach and luncheon was a burden, clad though one might be only in pajamas. Do you care for that sort of thing? Weeks on end? Yes, of course, it is proper to the south, it is classic weather, the sun of Homer, the climate wherein human culture came to flower—and all the rest of it. But after a while it is too much for me, I reach a point where I begin to find it dull. The burning void of the sky, day after day, weighs one down; the high coloration, the enormous naïveté of the unrefracted light—they do, I dare say, induce lightheartedness, a carefree mood born of immunity from downpours and other meteorological caprices. But slowly, slowly, there makes itself felt a lack: the deeper, more complex needs of the northern soul remain unsatisfied. You are left barren—even it may be, in time a little contemptuous. True without that stupid business of the whooping cough I might not have been feeling these

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things. I was annoyed, very likely I wanted to feel them and so half-unconsciously seized upon an idea lying ready to hand to induce, or if not to induce, at least to justify and strengthen, my attitude. Up to this point, then, if you like, let us grant some ill will on our part. But the sea; and the mornings spent extended upon the fine sand in face of its eternal splendors—no, the sea could not conceivably induce such feelings. Yet it was none the less true that, despite all previous experience, we were not at home on the beach, we were not happy.

It was too soon, too soon. The beach, as I have said, was still in the hands of the middle-class native. It is a pleasing breed to look at, and among the young we saw much shapeliness and charm. Still, we were necessarily surrounded by a great deal of very average humanity—a middle-class mob, which, you will admit, is not more charming under this sun than under one's own native sky. The voices these women have! It was sometimes hard to believe that we were in the land which is the western cradle of the art of song. *"Fuggièro!"* I can still hear that cry, as for twenty mornings long I heard it close behind me, breathy, full-throated, hideously stressed, with a harsh open *e,* uttered in accents of mechanical despair. *"Fuggièro! Rispondi almeno* [Well, answer then]!" Answer when I call you! The *sp* in *rispondi* was pronounced like *shp,* as Germans pronounce it; and this, on top of what I felt already, vexed my sensitive soul. The cry was addressed to a repulsive youngster whose sunburn had made disgusting raw sores on his shoulders. He outdid anything I have ever seen for ill breeding, refractoriness, and temper and was a great coward to boot, putting the whole beach in an uproar, one day, because of his outrageous sensitiveness to the slightest pain. A sand crab had pinched his toe in the water, and the minute injury made him set up a cry of heroic proportions—the shout of an antique hero in his agony—that pierced one to the marrow and called up visions of some frightful tragedy. Evidently he considered himself not only wounded but poisoned as well; he crawled out on the sand and lay in apparently intolerable anguish, groaning *"Ohi!"* and *"Ohimè!"* and threshing about with arms and legs to ward off his mother's tragic appeals and the questions of the bystanders. An audience gathered round. A doctor was fetched—the same who had pronounced objective judgment on our whooping cough—and here again acquitted himself like a man of science. Good-naturedly he reassured the boy, telling him that he was not hurt at all, he should simply go into the water again to relieve the smart. Instead of which, Fuggièro was borne off the beach, followed by a concourse of people. But he did not fail to appear next morning, nor did he leave off spoil-

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must willy-nilly be worth to us this much of a contribution to the economy of the Italian government; paid, and left. Ought we not at this point to have left Torre as well?

If we only had! We should thus have escaped that fatal Cipolla. But circumstances combined to prevent us from making up our minds to a change. A certain poet says that it is indolence that makes us endure uncomfortable situations. The *aperçu* may serve as an explanation for our inaction. Anyhow, one dislikes voiding the field immediately upon such an event. Especially if sympathy from other quarters encourages one to defy it. And in the Villa Eleonora they pronounced as with one voice upon the injustice of our punishment. Some Italian after-dinner acquaintances found that the episode put their country in a very bad light, and proposed taking the man in the bowler hat to task, as one fellow citizen to another. But the next day he and his party had vanished from the beach. Not on our account, of course. Though it might be that the consciousness of his impending departure had added energy to his rebuke; in any case his going was a relief. And, furthermore, we stayed because our stay had by now become remarkable in our own eyes, which is worth something in itself, quite apart from the comfort or discomfort involved. Shall we strike sail, avoid a certain experience so soon as it seems not expressly calculated to increase our enjoyment or our self-esteem? Shall we go away whenever life looks like turning in the slightest uncanny, or not quite normal, or even rather painful and mortifying? No, surely not. Rather stay and look matters in the face, brave them out; perhaps precisely in so doing lies a lesson for us to learn. We stayed on and reaped as the awful reward of our constancy the unholy and staggering experience with Cipolla.

I have not mentioned that the after-season had begun, almost on the very day we were disciplined by the city authorities. The worshipful gentleman in the bowler hat, our denouncer, was not the only person to leave the resort. There was a regular exodus, on every hand you saw luggage carts on their way to the station. The beach denationalized itself. Life in Torre, in the cafés and the pinetas, became more homelike and more European. Very likely we might even have eaten at a table in the glass veranda, but we refrained, being content at Signora Angiolieri's—as content, that is, as our evil star would let us be. But at the same time with this turn for the better came a change in the weather: almost to an hour it showed itself in harmony with the holiday calendar of the general public. The sky was overcast; not that it grew any cooler, but the unclouded heat of the entire eighteen days since our arrival, and probably

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## WILLIAM KINGDON CLIFFORD, 1845–1879

### *The Postulates of the Science of Space*

Vol. 9, pages 243–259

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

HYPOTHESIS, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3: The foundations of mathematics: postulates, assumptions
MATHEMATICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*c*: The certainty and exactitude of mathematical knowledge: truth in mathematics; the *a priori* foundations of arithmetic and geometry

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long before that, gave place to a stifling sirocco air, while from time to time a little ineffectual rain sprinkled the velvety surface of the beach. Add to which that two-thirds of our intended stay at Torre had passed. The colorless, lazy sea, with sluggish jellyfish floating in its shallows, was at least a change. And it would have been silly to feel retrospective longings after a sun that had caused us so many sighs when it burned down in all its arrogant power.

At this juncture, then, it was that Cipolla announced himself. Cavaliere Cipolla he was called on the posters that appeared one day stuck up everywhere, even in the dining room of Pensione Eleonora. A traveling virtuoso, an entertainer, "*forzatore* [conjuror], *illusionista, prestidigitatore,*" as he called himself, who proposed to wait upon the highly respectable population of Torre di Venere with a display of extraordinary phenomena of a mysterious and staggering kind. A conjuror! The bare announcement was enough to turn our children's heads. They had never seen anything of the sort, and now our present holiday was to afford them this new excitement. From that moment on they besieged us with prayers to take tickets for the performance. We had doubts, from the first, on the score of the lateness of the hour, nine o'clock; but gave way, in the idea that we might see a little of what Cipolla had to offer, probably no great matter, and then go home. Besides, of course, the children could sleep late next day. We bought four tickets of Signora Angiolieri herself, she having taken a number of the stalls on commission to sell them to her guests. She could not vouch for the man's performance, and we had no great expectations. But we were conscious of a need for diversion, and the children's violent curiosity proved catching.

The Cavaliere's performance was to take place in a hall where during the season there had been a cinema with a weekly program. We had never been there. You reached it by following the main street under the wall of the *"palazzo"* a ruin with a "For sale" sign, that suggested a castle and had obviously been built in lordlier days. In the same street were the druggist, the hairdresser, and all the better shops; it led, so to speak, from the feudal past the bourgeois into the proletarian, for it ended off between two rows of poor fishing huts, where old women sat mending nets before the doors. And here, among the proletariat, was the hall, not much more, actually, than a wooden shed, though a large one, with a turreted entrance, plastered on either side with layers of gay placards. Some while after dinner, then, on the appointed evening, we wended our way thither in the dark, the children dressed in their best and blissful with the sense of so much irregularity. It was sultry, as it had been for

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days; there was heat lightning now and then, and a little rain; we proceeded under umbrellas. It took us a quarter of an hour.

Our tickets were collected at the entrance, our places we had to find ourselves. They were in the third row left, and as we sat down we saw that, late though the hour was for the performance, it was to be interpreted with even more laxity. Only very slowly did an audience—who seemed to be relied upon to come late—begin to fill the stalls. These comprised the whole auditorium; there were no boxes. This tardiness gave us some concern. The children's cheeks were already flushed as much with fatigue as with excitement. But even when we entered, the standing room at the back and in the side aisles was already well occupied. There stood the manhood of Torre di Venere, all and sundry, fisherfolk, rough-and-ready youths with bare forearms crossed over their striped jerseys. We were well pleased with the presence of this native assemblage, which always adds color and animation to occasions like the present; and the children were frankly delighted. For they had friends among these people—acquaintances picked up on afternoon strolls to the further ends of the beach. We would be turning homeward, at the hour when the sun dropped into the sea, spent with the huge effort it had made and gilding with reddish gold the oncoming surf; and we would come upon barelegged fisherfolk standing in rows, bracing and hauling with long-drawn cries as they drew in the nets and harvested in dripping baskets their catch, often so scanty, of *frutto di mare.* The children looked on, helped to pull, brought out their little stock of Italian words, made friends. So now they exchanged nods with the "standing room" clientele; there was Guiscardo, there Antonio, they knew them by name and waved and called across in half whispers, getting answering nods and smiles that displayed rows of healthy white teeth. Look, there is even Mario, Mario from the Esquisito, who brings us the chocolate. He wants to see the conjuror, too, and he must have come early, for he is almost in front; but he does not see us, he is not paying attention; that is a way he has, even though he is a waiter. So we wave instead to the man who lets out the little boats on the beach; he is there too, standing at the back.

It had got to a quarter past nine, it got to almost half past. It was natural that we should be nervous. When would the children get to bed? It had been a mistake to bring them, for now it would be very hard to suggest breaking off their enjoyment before it had got well under way. The stalls had filled in time; all Torre, apparently, was there: the guests of the Grand Hotel, the guests of Villa Eleonora, familiar faces from the beach. We heard English and German and the sort of French that Ruma-

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nians speak with Italians. Madame Angiolieri herself sat two rows behind us, with her quiet, bald-headed spouse, who kept stroking his mustache with the two middle fingers of his right hand. Everybody had come late, but nobody too late. Cipolla made us wait for him.

He made us wait. That is probably the way to put it. He heightened the suspense by his delay in appearing. And we could see the point of this, too—only not when it was carried to extremes. Towards half past nine the audience began to clap—an amiable way of expressing justifiable impatience, evincing as it does an eagerness to applaud. For the little ones, this was a joy in itself—all children love to clap. From the popular sphere came loud cries of *"Pronti!" "Cominciamo!"* And lo, it seemed now as easy to begin as before it had been hard. A gong sounded, greeted by the standing rows with a many-voiced "Ah-h!" and the curtains parted. They revealed a platform furnished more like a schoolroom than like the theater of a conjuring performance—largely because of the blackboard in the left foreground. There was a common yellow hatstand, a few ordinary straw-bottomed chairs, and further back a little round table holding a water carafe and glass, also a tray with a liqueur glass and a flask of pale yellow liquid. We had still a few seconds of time to let these things sink in. Then, with no darkening of the house, Cavaliere Cipolla made his entry.

He came forward with a rapid step that expressed his eagerness to appear before his public and gave rise to the illusion that he had already come a long way to put himself at their service—whereas, of course, he had only been standing in the wings. His costume supported the fiction. A man of an age hard to determine, but by no means young; with a sharp, ravaged face, piercing eyes, compressed lips, small black waxed mustache, and a so-called imperial in the curve between mouth and chin. He was dressed for the street with a sort of complicated evening elegance, in a wide black pelerine with velvet collar and satin lining; which, in the hampered state of his arms, he held together in front with his white-gloved hands. He had a white scarf round his neck; a top hat with a curving brim sat far back on his head. Perhaps more than anywhere else the eighteenth century is still alive in Italy, and with it the charlatan and mountebank type so characteristic of the period. Only there, at any rate, does one still encounter really well-preserved specimens. Cipolla had in his whole appearance much of the historic type; his very clothes helped to conjure up the traditional figure with its blatantly, fantastically foppish air. His pretentious costume sat upon him, or rather hung upon him, most

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curiously, being in one place drawn too tight, in another a mass of awkward folds. There was something not quite in order about his figure, both front and back—that was plain later on. But I must emphasize the fact that there was not a trace of personal jocularity or clownishness in his pose, manner, or behavior. On the contrary, there was complete seriousness, an absence of any humorous appeal; occasionally even a cross-grained pride, along with that curious, self-satisfied air so characteristic of the deformed. None of all this, however, prevented his appearance from being greeted with laughter from more than one quarter of the hall.

All the eagerness had left his manner. The swift entry had been merely an expression of energy, not of zeal. Standing at the footlights he negligently drew off his gloves, to display long yellow hands, one of them adorned with a seal ring with a lapis lazuli in a high setting. As he stood there, his small hard eyes, with flabby pouches beneath them, roved appraisingly about the hall, not quickly, rather in a considered examination, pausing here and there upon a face with his lips clipped together, not speaking a word. Then with a display of skill as surprising as it was casual, he rolled his gloves into a ball and tossed them across a considerable distance into the glass on the table. Next from an inner pocket he drew forth a packet of cigarettes; you could see by the wrapper that they were the cheapest sort the government sells. With his fingertips he pulled out a cigarette and lighted it, without looking, from a quick-firing benzine lighter. He drew the smoke deep into his lungs and let it out again, tapping his foot, with both lips drawn in an arrogant grimace and the gray smoke streaming out between broken and saw-edged teeth.

With a keenness equal to his own his audience eyed him. The youths at the rear scowled as they peered at this cocksure creature to search out his secret weaknesses. He betrayed none. In fetching out and putting back the cigarettes his clothes got in his way. He had to turn back his pelerine, and in so doing revealed a riding whip with a silver claw handle that hung by a leather thong from his left forearm and looked decidedly out of place. You could see that he had on not evening clothes but a frock coat, and under this, as he lifted it to get at his pocket, could be seen a striped sash worn about the body. Somebody behind me whispered that this sash went with his title of Cavaliere. I give the information for what it may be worth—personally, I never heard that the title carried such insignia with it. Perhaps the sash was sheer pose, like the way he stood there, without a word, casually and arrogantly puffing smoke into his audience's face.

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of my evenings. I should not have thought that in a relatively less important place" (laughter here, at the expense of poor little Torre) "I should have to give up the small personal habits which brilliant and elevated audiences had been ready to overlook. Nor did I think I had to stand being heckled by a person who seems to have been rather spoiled by the f Favors of the fair sex." All this of course at the expense of the youth whom Cipolla never tired of presenting in the guise of *donnaiuolo* [lover] and rustic Don Juan. His persistent thin-skinnedness and animosity were in striking contrast to the self-confidence and the worldly success he boasted of. One might have assumed that the *giovanotto* was merely the chosen butt of Cipolla's customary professional sallies had not the very pointed witticisms betrayed a genuine antagonism. No one looking at the physical parts of the two men need have been at a loss for the explanation, even if the deformed man had not constantly played on the other's supposed success with the fair sex. "Well," Cipolla went on, "before beginning our entertainment this evening, perhaps you will permit me to make myself comfortable."

And he went towards the hatstand to take off his things.

"*Parla benissimo* [He talks beautifully]," asserted somebody in our neighborhood. So far, the man had done nothing; but what he had said was accepted as an achievement, by means of that he had made an impression. Among southern peoples speech is a constituent part of the pleasure of living, it enjoys far livelier social esteem than in the north. That national cement, the mother tongue, is paid symbolic honors down here, and there is something blithely symbolical in the pleasure people take in their respect for its forms and phonetics. They enjoy speaking, they enjoy listening; and they listen with discrimination. For the way a man speaks serves as a measure of his personal rank; carelessness and clumsiness are greeted with scorn; elegance and mastery are rewarded with social éclat. Wherefore the small man too, where it is a question of getting his effect, chooses his phrase nicely and turns it with care. On this count, then, at least, Cipolla had won his audience; though he by no means belonged to the class of men which the Italian, in a singular mixture of moral and aesthetic judgments, labels *"simpatico."*

After removing his hat, scarf, and mantle he came to the front of the stage, settling his coat, pulling down his cuffs with their large cuff buttons, adjusting his absurd sash. He had very ugly hair; the top of his head, that is, was almost bald, while a narrow, black-varnished frizz of curls ran from front to back as though stuck on; the side hair, likewise blackened, was brushed forward to the corners of the eyes–it was, in

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short, the hairdressing of an old-fashioned circus director, fantastic, but entirely suited to his outmoded personal type and worn with so much assurance as to take the edge off the public's sense of humor. The little physical defect of which he had warned us was now all too visible, though the nature of it was even now not very clear; the chest was too high, as is usual in such cases, but the corresponding malformation of the back did not sit between the shoulders; it took the form of a sort of hips or buttocks hump, which did not indeed hinder his movements but gave him a grotesque and dipping stride at every step he took. However, by mentioning his deformity beforehand he had broken the shock of it, and a delicate propriety of feeling appeared to reign throughout the hall.

"At your service," said Cipolla. "With your kind permission, we will begin the evening with some arithmetical tests."

Arithmetic? That did not sound much like sleight of hand. We began to have our suspicions that the man was sailing under a false flag, only we did not yet know which was the right one. I felt sorry on the children's account; but for the moment they were content simply to be there.

The numerical test which Cipolla now introduced was as simple as it was baffling. He began by fastening a piece of paper to the upper right-hand corner of the blackboard; then lifting it up, he wrote something underneath. He talked all the while, relieving the dryness of his offering by a constant flow of words, and showed himself a practiced speaker, never at a loss for conversational turns of phrase. It was in keeping with the nature of his performance, and at the same time vastly entertained the children, that he went on to eliminate the gap between stage and audience, which had already been bridged over by the curious skirmish with the fisher lad; he had representatives from the audience mount the stage, and himself descended the wooden steps to seek personal contact with his public. And again, with individuals, he fell into his former taunting tone. I do not know how far that was a deliberate feature of his system; he preserved a serious, even a peevish, air, but his audience, at least the more popular section, seemed convinced that that was all part of the game. So then, after he had written something and covered the writing by the paper, he desired that two persons should come up on the platform and help to perform the calculations. They would not be difficult, even for people not clever at figures. As usual, nobody volunteered, and Cipolla took care not to molest the more select portion of his audience. He kept to the populace. Turning to two sturdy young louts standing behind us, he beckoned them to the front, encouraging and scolding by turns. They should not stand there gaping, he said, unwilling to oblige the

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company. Actually he got them in motion; with clumsy tread they came down the middle aisle, climbed the steps, and stood in front of the blackboard, grinning sheepishly at their comrades' shouts and applause. Cipolla joked with them for a few minutes, praised their heroic firmness of limb and the size of their hands, so well calculated to do this service for the public. Then he handed one of them the chalk and told him to write down the numbers as they were called out. But now the creature declared that he could not write! *"Non so scrivere,"* said he in his gruff voice, and his companion added that neither did he.

God knows whether they told the truth or whether they wanted to make game of Cipolla. Anyhow, the latter was far from sharing the general merriment which their confession aroused. He was insulted and disgusted. He sat there on a straw-bottomed chair in the center of the stage with his legs crossed, smoking a fresh cigarette out of his cheap packet; obviously it tasted the better for the cognac he had indulged in while the yokels were stumping up the steps. Again he inhaled the smoke and let it stream out between curling lips. Swinging his leg, with his gaze sternly averted from the two shamelessly chuckling creatures and from the audience as well, he stared into space as one who withdraws himself and his dignity from the contemplation of an utterly despicable phenomenon.

"Scandalous," said he, in a sort of icy snarl. "Go back to your places! In Italy everybody can write–in all her greatness there is no room for ignorance and unenlightenment. To accuse her of them, in the hearing of this international company, is a cheap joke, in which you yourselves cut a very poor figure and humiliate the government and the whole country as well. If it is true that Torre di Venere is indeed the last refuge of such ignorance, then I must blush to have visited the place–being, as I already was, aware of its inferiority to Rome in more than one respect–"

Here Cipolla was interrupted by the youth with the Nubian coiffure and his jacket across his shoulder. His fighting spirit, as we now saw, had only abdicated temporarily, and he now flung himself into the breach in defense of his native heath. "That will do," said he loudly. "That's enough jokes about Torre. We all come from the place and we won't stand strangers making fun of it. These two chaps are our friends. Maybe they are no scholars, but even so they may be straighter than some folks in the room who are so free with their boasts about Rome, though they did not build it either."

That was capital. The young man had certainly cut his eye teeth. And this sort of spectacle was good fun, even though it still further delayed

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the regular performance. It is always fascinating to listen to an altercation. Some people it simply amuses; they take a sort of kill-joy pleasure in not being principals. Others feel upset and uneasy, and my sympathies are with these latter, although on the present occasion I was under the impression that all this was part of the show—the analphabetic yokels no less than the *giovanotto* with the jacket. The children listened well pleased. They understood not at all, but the sound of the voices made them hold their breath. So this was a "magic evening"—at least it was the kind they have in Italy. They expressly found it "lovely." Cipolla had stood up and with two of his scooping strides was at the footlights.

"Well, well, see who's here!" said he with grim cordiality. "An old acquaintance! A young man with his heart at the end of his tongue" (he used the word *linguaccia,* which means a coated tongue, and gave rise to much hilarity). "That will do, my friends," he turned to the yokels. "I do not need you now, I have business with this deserving young man here, *con questo torregiano di Venere,* this tower of Venus, who no doubt expects the gratitude of the fair as a reward for his prowess—"

"*Ah, non scherziamo* [Let's not joke now]! We're talking earnest," cried out the youth. His eyes flashed, and he actually made as though to pull off his jacket and proceed to direct methods of settlement.

Cipolla did not take him too seriously. We had exchanged apprehensive glances; but he was dealing with a fellow countryman and had his native soil beneath his feet. He kept quite cool and showed complete mastery of the situation. He looked at his audience, smiled, and made a sideways motion of the head towards the young cockerel as though calling the public to witness how the man's bumptiousness only served to betray the simplicity of his mind. And then, for the second time, something strange happened, which set Cipolla's calm superiority in an uncanny light, and in some mysterious and irritating way turned all the explosiveness latent in the air into matter for laughter.

Cipolla drew still nearer to the fellow, looking him in the eye with a peculiar gaze. He even came halfway down the steps that led into the auditorium on our left, so that he stood directly in front of the troublemaker, on slightly higher ground. The riding whip hung from his arm.

"My son, you do not Feel much like joking," he said. "It is only too natural, for anyone can see that you are not feeling too well. Even your tongue, which leaves something to be desired on the score of cleanliness, indicates acute disorder of the gastric system. An evening entertainment is no place for people in your state; you yourself, I can tell, were of several minds whether you would not do better to put on a flannel bandage and

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Topic 4*b*: The operations of geometry
QUANTITY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3: The magnitudes of geometry: the relations of dimensionality
Topic 3*a*: Straight lines: their length and their relations; angles, perpendiculars, parallels
Topic 3*d*: Surfaces
Topic 5*a*: Space: the matrix of figures and distances
SPACE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3*c*: Geometric space, its kinds and properties: spatial relationships and configurations
Topic 5: The mode of existence of geometric objects: their character as abstractions; their relation to intelligible matter

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Aristotle, Vol. 7, *Physics,* Bk. III, Chaps. 4–8; Bk. IV, Chaps. 1–9
Euclid, Vol. 10, *Elements,* Bk. I
Ptolemy, Vol. 15, *Almagest,* Bk. I
Copernicus, Vol. 15, *On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Spheres,* Bk. I
Descartes, Vol. 28, *Rules for the Direction of the Mind,* Rule XIV
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Pure Reason*
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chaps. XX, XXVIII
Whitehead, Vol. 56, *Introduction to Mathematics,* Chaps. 9, 13, 16
Einstein, Vol. 56, *Relativity: The Special and the General Theory*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Einstein and Infeld, "Rise and Decline of Classical Physics," Vol. 8
Poincaré, *Space,* Vol. 9
Russell, *Study of Mathematics; Mathematics and the Metaphysicians,* Vol. 9
Voltaire, *Micromégas,* Vol. 2; "English Men and Ideas," Vol. 7

## *The Ethics of Belief*

Vol. 10, pages 16–36

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

KNOWLEDGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*b*: Knowledge, belief, and opinion: their relation or distinction
OPINION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*d*: Reason, experience, and authority as sources of opinion
REASONING, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*a*: Immediate inference: its relation to mediated inference or reasoning

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go to bed. It was not good judgment to drink so much of that very sour white wine this afternoon. Now you have such a colic you would like to double up with the pain. Go ahead, don't be embarrassed. There is a distinct relief that comes from bending over in cases of intestinal cramp."

He spoke thus, word for word, with quiet impressiveness and a kind of stern sympathy, and his eyes, plunged the while deep in the young man's, seemed to grow very tired and at the same time burning above their enlarged tear ducts—they were the strangest eyes; you could tell that not manly pride alone was preventing the young adversary from withdrawing his gaze. And presently, indeed, all trace of its former arrogance was gone from the bronzed young face. He looked openmouthed at the Cavaliere and the open mouth was drawn in a rueful smile.

"Double over," repeated Cipolla. "What else can you do? With a colic like that you *must* bend. Surely you will not struggle against the performance of a perfectly natural action just because somebody suggests it to you?"

Slowly the youth lifted his forearms, folded and squeezed them across his body; it turned a little sideways, then bent, lower and lower, the feet shifted, the knees turned inward, until he had become a picture of writhing pain, until he all but groveled upon the ground. Cipolla let him stand for some seconds thus, then made a short cut through the air with his whip and went with his scooping stride back to the little table, where he poured himself out a cognac.

"*Il boit beaucoup* [He drinks a lot]," asserted a lady behind us. Was that the only thing that struck her? We could not tell how far the audience grasped the situation. The fellow was standing upright again, with a sheepish grin—he looked as though he scarcely knew how it had all happened. The scene had been followed with tense interest and applauded at the end; there were shouts of "*Bravo, Cipolla!*" and "*Bravo, giovanotto!*" Apparently the issue of the duel was not looked upon as a personal defeat for the young man. Rather the audience encouraged him as one does an actor who succeeds in an unsympathetic role. Certainly his way of screwing himself up with cramp had been highly picturesque, its appeal was directly calculated to impress the gallery—in short, a fine dramatic performance. But I am not sure how far the audience were moved by that natural tactfulness in which the south excels, or how far it penetrated into the nature of what was going on.

The Cavaliere, refreshed, had lighted another cigarette. The numerical tests might now proceed. A young man was easily found in the back row who was willing to write down on the blackboard the numbers as

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pack, and these turned out to be the same as the first three—not invariably all the three, for it did happen that only two were the same. But in the majority of cases Cipolla triumphed, showing his three cards with a little bow in acknowledgment of the applause with which his audience conceded his possession of strange powers—strange whether for good or evil. A young man in the front row, to our right, an Italian, with proud, finely chiseled features, rose up and said that he intended to assert his own will in his choice and consciously to resist any influence, of whatever sort. Under these circumstances, what did Cipolla think would be the result? "You will," answered the Cavaliere, "make my task somewhat more difficult thereby. As for the result, your resistance will not alter it in the least. Freedom exists, and also the will exists; but freedom of the will does not exist, for a will that aims at its own freedom aims at the unknown. You are free to draw or not to draw. But if you draw, you will draw the right cards—the more certainly, the more willfully obstinate your behavior."

One must admit that he could not have chosen his words better, to trouble the waters and confuse the mind. The refractory youth hesitated before drawing. Then he pulled out a card and at once demanded to see if it was among the chosen three. "But why?" queried Cipolla. "Why do things by halves?" Then, as the other defiantly insisted, *"E servito,"* said the juggler, with a gesture of exaggerated servility; and held out the three cards fanwise, without looking at them himself. The left-hand card was the one drawn.

Amid general applause, the apostle of freedom sat down. How far Cipolla employed small tricks and manual dexterity to help out his natural talents, the deuce only knew. But even without them the result would have been the same: the curiosity of the entire audience was unbounded and universal, everybody both enjoyed the amazing character of the entertainment and unanimously conceded the professional skill of the performer. "*Lavora bene* [He works well]," we heard, here and there in our neighborhood; it signified the triumph of objective judgment over antipathy and repressed resentment.

After his last, incomplete, yet so much the more telling, success, Cipolla had at once fortified himself with another cognac. Truly he did "drink a lot," and the fact made a bad impression. But obviously he needed the liquor and the cigarettes for the replenishment of his energy, upon which, as he himself said, heavy demands were made in all directions. Certainly in the intervals he looked very ill, exhausted and hollow-eyed. Then the little glassful would redress the balance, and the flow of lively, self-

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confident chatter run on, while the smoke he inhaled gushed out gray from his lungs. I clearly recall that he passed from the card tricks to parlor games—the kind based on certain powers which in human nature are higher or else lower than human reason: on intuition and "magnetic" transmission; in short, upon a low type of manifestation. What I do not remember is the precise order things came in. And I will not bore you with a description of these experiments; everybody knows them, everybody has at one time or another taken part in this finding of hidden articles, this blind carrying out of a series of acts, directed by a force that proceeds from organism to organism by unexplored paths. Everybody has had his little glimpse into the equivocal, impure, inexplicable nature of the occult, has been conscious of both curiosity and contempt, has shaken his head over the human tendency of those who deal in it to help themselves out with humbuggery, though, after all, the humbuggery is no disproof whatever of the genuiness of the other elements in the dubious amalgam. I can only say here that each single circumstance gains in weight and the whole greatly in impressiveness when it is a man like Cipolla who is the chief actor and guiding spirit in the sinister business. He sat smoking at the rear of the stage, his back to the audience while they conferred. The object passed from hand to hand which it was his task to find, with which he was to perform some action agreed upon beforehand. Then he would start to move zigzag through the hall, with his head thrown back and one hand outstretched, the other clasped in that of a guide who was in the secret but enjoined to keep himself perfectly passive, with his thoughts directed upon the agreed goal. Cipolla moved with the bearing typical in these experiments: now groping upon a false start, now with a quick forward thrust, now pausing as though to listen and by sudden inspiration correcting his course. The roles seemed reversed, the stream of influence was moving in the contrary direction, as the artist himself pointed out, in his ceaseless flow of discourse. The suffering, receptive, performing part was now his, the will he had before imposed on others was shut out, he acted in obedience to a voiceless common will which was in the air. But he made it perfectly clear that it all came to the same thing. The capacity for self-surrender, he said, for becoming a tool, for the most unconditional and utter self-abnegation, was but the reverse side of that other power to will and to command. Commanding and obeying formed together one single principle, one indissoluble unity; he who knew how to obey knew also how to command, and conversely; the one idea was comprehended in the other, as people and leader were comprehended in one another. But that which was

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*done,* the highly exacting and exhausting performance, was in every case his, the leader's and mover's, in whom the will became obedience, the obedience will, whose person was the cradle and womb of both, and who thus suffered enormous hardship. Repeatedly he emphasized the fact that his lot was a hard one—presumably to account for his need of stimulant and his frequent recourse to the little glass.

Thus he groped his way forward, like a blind seer, led and sustained by the mysterious common will. He drew a pin set with a stone out of its hiding place in an Englishwoman's shoe, carried it, halting and pressing on by turns, to another lady—Signora Angiolieri—and handed it to her on bended knee, with the words it had been agreed he was to utter. "I present you with this in token of my respect" was the sentence. Their sense was obvious, but the words themselves not easy to hit upon, for the reason that they had been agreed on in French; the language complication seemed to us a little malicious, implying as it did a conflict between the audience's natural interest in the success of the miracle and their desire to witness the humiliation of this presumptuous man. It was a strange sight: Cipolla on his knees before the Signora, wrestling, amid efforts at speech, after knowledge of the preordained words. "I must say something," he said, "and I feel clearly what it is I must say. But I also feel that if it passed my lips it would be wrong. Be careful not to help me unintentionally!" he cried out, though very likely that was precisely what he was hoping for. "*Pensez très fort* [Think very hard]," he cried all at once, in bad French, and then burst out with the required words—in Italian, indeed, but with the final substantive pronounced in the sister tongue, in which he was probably far from fluent: he said *vénération* instead of *venerazione,* with an impossible nasal. And this partial success, after the complete success before it, the finding of the pin, the presentation of it on his knees to the right person—was almost more impressive than if he had got the sentence exactly right, and evoked bursts of admiring applause.

Cipolla got up from his knees and wiped the perspiration from his brow. You understand that this experiment with the pin was a single case, which I describe because it sticks in my memory. But he changed his method several times and improvised a number of variations suggested by his contact with his audience; a good deal of time thus went by. He seemed to get particular inspiration from the person of our landlady; she drew him on to the most extraordinary displays of clairvoyance. "It does not escape me, madame," he said to her, "that there is something unusual about you, some special and honorable distinction. He who has eyes to

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see descries about your lovely brow an aureola–if I mistake not, it once was stronger than now–a slowly paling radiance . . . hush, not a word! Don't help me. Beside you sits your husband–yes?" He turned towards the silent Signor Angiolieri. "You are the husband of this lady, and your happiness is complete. But in the midst of this happiness memories rise . . . the past, Signora, so it seems to me, plays an important part in your present. You knew a king . . . has not a king crossed your path in bygone days?"

"No," breathed the dispenser of our midday soup, her golden-brown eyes gleaming in the noble pallor of her face.

"No? No, not a king; I meant that generally, I did not mean literally a king. Not a king, not a prince, and a prince after all, a king of a loftier realm; it was a great artist, at whose side you once–you would contradict me, and yet I am not wholly wrong. Well, then! It was a woman, a great, a world-renowned woman artist, whose friendship you enjoyed in your tender years, whose sacred memory overshadows and transfigures your whole existence. Her name? Need I utter it, whose fame has long been bound up with the Fatherland's, immortal as its own? Eleonora Duse," he finished, softly and with much solemnity.

The little woman bowed her head, overcome. The applause was like a patriotic demonstration. Nearly everyone there knew about Signora Angiolieri's wonderful past; they were all able to confirm the Cavaliere's intuition–not least the present guests of Casa Eleonora. But we wondered how much of the truth he had learaed as the result of professional inquiries made on his arrival. Yet I see no reason at all to cast doubt, on rational grounds, upon powers which, before our very eyes, became fatal to their possessor.

At this point there was an intermission. Our lord and master withdrew. Now I confess that almost ever since the beginning of my tale I have looked forward with dread to this moment in it. The thoughts of men are mostly not hard to read; in this case they are very easy. You are sure to ask why we did not choose this moment to go away–and I must continue to owe you an answer. I do not know why. I cannot defend myself. By this time it was certainly eleven, probably later. The children were asleep. The last series of tests had been too long, nature had had her way. They were sleeping in our laps, the little one on mine, the boy on his mother's. That was, in a way, a consolation; but at the same time it was also ground for compassion and a clear leading to take them home to bed. And I give you my word that we wanted to obey this touching admonition, we seriously wanted to. We roused the poor things and told them it was now high

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time to go. But they were no sooner conscious than they began to resist and implore—you know how horrified children are at the thought of leaving before the end of a thing. No cajoling has any effect; you have to use force. It was so lovely, they wailed. How did we know what was coming next? Surely we could not leave until after the intermission; they liked a little nap now and again—only not go home, only not go to bed, while the beautiful evening was still going on!

We yielded, but only for the moment, of course—so far as we knew—only for a little while, just a few minutes longer. I cannot excuse our staying, scarcely can I even understand it. Did we think, having once said A, we had to say B—having once brought the children hither we had to let them stay? No, it is not good enough. Were we ourselves so highly entertained? Yes, and no. Our feelings for Cavaliere Cipolla were of a very mixed kind, but so were the feelings of the whole audience, if I mistake not, and nobody left. Were we under the sway of a fascination which emanated from this man who took so strange a way to earn his bread; a fascination which he gave out independently of the program and even between the tricks and which paralyzed our resolve? Again, sheer curiosity may account for something. One was curious to know how such an evening turned out; Cipolla in his remarks having all along hinted that he had tricks in his bag stranger than any he had yet produced.

But all that is not it—or at least it is not all of it. More correct it would be to answer the first question with another. Why had we not left Torre di Venere itself before now? To me the two questions are one and the same, and in order to get out of the impasse I might simply say that I had answered it already. For, as things had been in Torre in general: queer, uncomfortable, troublesome, tense, oppressive, so precisely they were here in this hall tonight Yes, more than precisely. For it seemed to be the fountainhead of all the uncanniness and all the strained feelings which had oppressed the atmosphere of our holiday. This man whose return to the stage we were awaiting was the personification of all that; and, as we had not gone away in general, so to speak, it would have been inconsistent to do it in the particular case. You may call this an explanation, you may call it inertia, as you see fit. Any argument more to the purpose I simply do not know how to adduce.

Well, there was an interval of ten minutes, which grew into nearly twenty. The children remained awake. They were enchanted by our compliance, and filled the break to their own satisfaction by renewing relations with the popular sphere, with Antonio, Guiscardo, and the canoe man. They put their hands to their mouths and called messages across,

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Topic 5*a*: The fact and the reasoned fact: mere belief distinguished from belief on rational grounds

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Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bk. V
Bacon, Vol. 28, *Advancement of Learning,* Second Book; *Novum Organum,* First Book
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Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sects. III–IV; *Preface to the Treatise on the Vacuum*
Locke, Vol. 33, *Essay Concerning Human Understanding,* Bk. IV, Chaps. XVIII–XXI
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Adams, *Saint Thomas Aquinas,* Vol. 10
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Dewey, "Process of Thought," Vol. 10
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Erskine, *Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent,* Vol. 10
Faraday, *Observations on Mental Education,* Vol. 7
James, W., *Will to Believe; Sentiment of Rationality,* Vol. 10
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Peirce, *Red and the Black,* Vol. 9
Voltaire, "Philosophy of Common Sense," Vol. 10

## JOSEPH CONRAD, 1857–1924

### *Youth*

Vol. 2, pages 210–236

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

COURAGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6: The formation or training of the courageous man
EDUCATION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*f*: Learning apart from teachers and books: the role of experience

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For actually he bewitched her, literally drew her out of her seat, out of her row, and away with him whither he willed. And in order to enhance his effect, he bade Signor Angiolieri call upon his wife by her name, to throw, as it were, all the weight of his existence and his rights in her into the scale, to rouse by the voice of her husband everything in his spouse's soul which could shield her virtue against the evil assaults of magic. And how vain it all was! Cipolla was standing at some distance from the couple, when he made a single cut with his whip through the air. It caused our landlady to shudder violently and turn her face towards him. "Sofronia!" cried Signor Angiolieri—we had not known that Signora Angiolieri's name was Sofronia. And he did well to call; everybody saw that there was no time to lose. His wife kept her face turned in the direction of the diabolical Cavaliere, who with his ten long yellow fingers was making passes at his victim, moving backwards as he did so, step by step. Then Signora Angiolieri, her pale face gleaming, rose up from her seat, turned right round, and began to glide after him. Fatal and forbidding sight! Her face as though moon-struck, stiff-armed, her lovely hands lifted a little at the wrists, the feet as it were together, she seemed to float slowly out of her row and after the tempter. "Call her, sir, keep on calling," prompted the redoubtable man. And Signor Angiolieri, in a weak voice, called: "Sofronia!" Ah, again and again he called; as his wife went further off he even curved one hand round his lips and beckoned with the other as he called. But the poor voice of love and duty echoed unheard, in vain, behind the lost one's back; the Signora swayed along, moon-struck, deaf, enslaved; she glided into the middle aisle and down it towards the fingering hunchback, towards the door. We were driven to the conviction that she would have followed her master, had he so willed it, to the ends of the earth.

*"Accidente!"* cried out Signor Angiolieri, in genuine affright, springing up as the exit was reached. But at the same moment the Cavaliere put aside, as it were, the triumphal crown and broke off. "Enough, Signora, I thank you," he said, and offered his arm to lead her back to her husband. "Signor," he greeted the latter, "here is your wife. Unharmed, with my compliments, I give her into your hands. Cherish with all the strength of your manhood a treasure which is so wholly yours, and let your zeal be quickened by knowing that there are powers stronger than reason or virtue, and not always so magnanimously ready to relinquish their prey!"

Poor Signor Angiolieri, so quiet, so bald! He did not look as though he would know how to defend his happiness, even against powers much less demoniac than these which were now adding mockery to frightfulness.

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Solemnly and pompously the Cavaliere retired to the stage, amid applause to which his eloquence gave double strength. It was this particular episode, I feel sure, that set the seal upon his ascendancy. For now he made them dance, yes, literally; and the dancing lent a dissolute, abandoned, topsy-turvy air to the scene, a drunken abdication of the critical spirit which had so long resisted the spell of this man. Yes, he had had to fight to get the upper hand—for instance against the animosity of the young Roman gentleman, whose rebellious spirit threatened to serve others as a rallying point. But it was precisely upon the importance of example that the Cavaliere was so strong. He had the wit to make his attack at the weakest point and to choose as his first victim that feeble, ecstatic youth whom he had previously made into a board. The master had but to look at him, when this young man would fling himself back as though struck by lightning, place his hands rigidly at his sides, and fall into a state of military somnambulism, in which it was plain to any eye that he was open to the most absurd suggestion that might be made to him. He seemed quite content in his abject state, quite pleased to be relieved of the burden of voluntary choice. Again and again he offered himself as a subject and gloried in the model facility he had in losing consciousness. So now he mounted the platform, and a single cut of the whip was enough to make him dance to the Cavaliere's orders, in a kind of complacent ecstasy, eyes closed, head nodding, lank limbs flying in all directions.

It looked unmistakably like enjoyment, and other recruits were not long in coming forward: two other young men, one humbly and one well dressed, were soon jigging alongside the first. But now the gentleman from Rome bobbed up again, asking defiantly if the Cavaliere would engage to make him dance too, even against his will.

"Even against your will," answered Cipolla, in unforgettable accents. That frightful *"anche se non vuole"* still rings in my ears. The struggle began. After Cipolla had taken another little glass and lighted a fresh cigarette he stationed the Roman at a point in the middle aisle and himself took up a position some distance behind, making his whip whistle through the air as he gave the order: *"Balla!"* His opponent did not stir. *"Balla!"* repeated the Cavaliere incisively, and snapped his whip. You saw the young man move his neck round in his collar; at the same time one hand lifted slightly at the wrist, one ankle turned outward. But that was all, for the time at least; merely a tendency to twitch, now sternly repressed, now seeming about to get the upper hand. It escaped nobody that here a heroic obstinacy, a fixed resolve to resist, must needs be con-

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quered; we were beholding a gallant effort to strike out and save the honor of the human race. He twitched but danced not; and the struggle was so prolonged that the Cavaliere had to divide his attention between it and the stage, turning now and then to make his riding whip whistle in the direction of the dancers, as it were to keep them in leash. At the same time he advised the audience that no fatigue was involved in such activities, however long they went on, since it was not the automatons up there who danced, but himself. Then once more his eye would bore itself into the back of the Roman's neck and lay siege to the strength of purpose which defied him.

One saw it waver, that strength of purpose, beneath the repeated summons and whipcrackings. Saw with an objective interest which yet was not quite free from traces of sympathetic emotion—from pity, even from a cruel kind of pleasure. If I understand what was going on, it was the negative character of the young man's fighting position which was his undoing. It is likely that not willing is not a practicable state of mind; *not* to want to do something may be in the long run a mental content impossible to subsist on. Between not willing a certain thing and not willing at all—in other words, yielding to another person's will—there may lie too small a space for the idea of freedom to squeeze into. Again, there were the Cavaliere's persuasive words, woven in among the whipcrackings and commands, as he mingled effects that were his own secret with others of a bewilderingly psychological kind. *"Balla!"* said he. "Who wants to torture himself like that? Is forcing yourself your idea of freedom? *Una ballatina!* Why, your arms and legs are aching for it. What a relief to give way to them—there, you are dancing already! That is no struggle any more, it is a pleasure!" And so it was. The jerking and twitching of the refractory youth's limbs had at last got the upper hand; he lifted his arms, then his knees, his joints quite suddenly relaxed, he flung his legs and danced, and amid bursts of applause the Cavaliere led him to join the row of puppets on the stage. Up there we could see his face as he "enjoyed" himself; it was clothed in a broad grin and the eyes were half shut. In a way, it was consoling to see that he was having a better time than he had had in the hour of his pride.

His "fall" was, I may say, an epoch. The ice was completely broken. Cipolla's triumph had reached its height. The Circe's wand, that whistling leather whip with the claw handle, held absolute sway. At one time—it must have been well after midnight—not only were there eight or ten persons dancing on the little stage, but in the hall below a varied animation reigned, and a long-toothed Anglo-Saxoness in a pince-nez left

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her seat of her own motion to perform a tarantella in the center aisle. Cipolla was lounging in a cane-seated chair at the left of the stage, gulping down the smoke of a cigarette and breathing it impudently out through his bad teeth. He tapped his foot and shrugged his shoulders, looking down upon the abandoned scene in the hall; now and then he snapped his whip backwards at a laggard upon the stage. The children were awake at the moment, With shame I speak of them. For it was not good to be here, least of all for them; that we had not taken them away can only be explained by saying that we had caught the general devil-may-careness of the hour. By that time it was all one. Anyhow, thank goodness, they lacked understanding for the disreputable side of the entertainment, and in their innocence were perpetually charmed by the unheard-of indulgence which permitted them to be present at such a thing as a magician's "evening." Whole quarter hours at a time they drowsed on our laps, waking refreshed and rosy-cheeked, with sleep-drunken eyes, to laugh to bursting at the leaps and jumps the magician made those people up there make. They had not thought it would be so jolly; they joined with their clumsy little hands in every round of applause. And jumped for joy upon their chairs, as was their wont, when Cipolla beckoned to their friend Mario from the Esquisito, beckoned to him just like a picture in a book, holding his hand in front of his nose and bending and straightening the forefinger by turns.

Mario obeyed. I can see him now going up the stairs to Cipolla, who continued to beckon him, in that droll, picture-book sort of way. He hesitated for a moment at first; that, too, I recall quite clearly. During the whole evening he had lounged against a wooden pillar at the side entrance, with his arms folded, or else with his hands thrust into his jacket pockets. He was on our left, near the youth with the militant hair, and had followed the performance attentively, so far as we had seen, if with no particular animation and God knows how much comprehension. He could not much relish being summoned thus, at the end of the evening. But it was only too easy to see why he obeyed. After all, obedience was his calling in life; and then, how should a simple lad like him find it within his human capacity to refuse compliance to a man so throned and crowned as Cipolla at that hour? Willy-nilly he left his column and with a word of thanks to those making way for him he mounted the steps with a doubtful smile on his full lips.

Picture a thickset youth of twenty years, with clipped hair, a low forehead, and heavy-lidded eyes of an indefinite gray, shot with green and yellow. These things I knew from having spoken with him, as we often

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EXPERIENCE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 8: Variety of experience as an ideal of human life
HONOR, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*c*: Honor as due self-esteem: magnanimity or proper pride
MAN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 6*c*: The ages of man: infancy, youth, maturity, senescence; generational conflict
MEMORY AND IMAGINATION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*a*: Memory in the life of the individual: personal identity and continuity

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plutarch, Vol. 13, *Demosthenes*
Rabelais, Vol. 22, *Gargantua and Pantagruel,* Bk. I, Chap. 23
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of the education of children*
Melville, Vol. 48, *Moby Dick,* Chaps. 24, 26
Twain, Vol. 48, *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*
Joyce, Vol. 59, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Anderson, *I'm a Fool,* Vol. 2
Bacon, *Of Youth and Age,* Vol. 7
Crane, *Open Boat,* Vol. 3
Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe,* Vol. 2
De Quincey, *Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power,* Vol. 5
Dinesen, *Sorrow-Acre,* Vol. 3
Hazlitt, *On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth,* Vol. 10
Melville, *Billy Budd,* Vol. 3
Turgenev, *First Love,* Vol. 3
Twain, "Learning the River," Vol. 6

For Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 59

## STEPHEN CRANE, 1871–1900

### *The Open Boat*

Vol. 3, pages 5–26

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CAUSE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3: Causality and freedom
CHANCE, Vol. 1, especially

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## EVE CURIE, 1904–2007

### *The Discovery of Radium*

Vol. 8, pages 32–42

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ELEMENT, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 1: The concept of element
- Topic 3: The theory of the elements in natural philosophy, physics, and chemistry

PHYSICS, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 4: The experimental method in the study of nature

SCIENCE, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 1*b*: Science as the discipline of experimental inquiry and the organization of experimental knowledge: the scientific spirit
- Topic 5: Scientific method
- Topic 6: The development of the sciences

SPACE, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 2*c*: Space as a medium of physical action: the ether and action-at-a-distance; the phenomena of gravitation, radiation, and electricity

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Descartes, Vol. 28, *Discourse on Method,* Part VI
Lavoisier, Vol. 42, *Elements of Chemistry*
Whitehead, Vol. 55, *Science and the Modern World*
Heisenberg, Vol. 56, *Physics and Philosophy,* Chaps. 5, 9

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Darwin, *Autobiography,* Vol. 8
Einstein and Infeld, "Rise and Decline of Classical Physics," Vol. 8
Faraday, *Chemical History of a Candle,* Vol. 8
Galton, "Classification of Human Ability," Vol. 8
James, W., *Energies of Men,* Vol. 7
Mendeleev, "Genesis of a Law of Nature," Vol. 8
Poincaré, *Mathematical Creation,* Vol. 9
Tyndall, "Michael Faraday," Vol. 8
Wöhler, *On the Artificial Production of Urea,* Vol. 8
Woolf, *Art of Biography,* Vol. 6

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## DANTE ALIGHIERI, 1265–1321

### "On World Government"
from *De Monarchia*
Vol. 7, pages 383–399

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CITIZEN, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7: Political citizenship and membership in the city of God
Topic 8: The idea of world citizenship: the political brotherhood of man
JUSTICE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*e*: Justice as an act of will or duty fulfilling obligations to the common good: the harmonious action of individual wills under a universal law of freedom
WAR AND PEACE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 11*d*: World government and world peace

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aurelius, Vol. 11, *Meditations,* Bks. III–IV
Kant, Vol. 39, *Science of Right,* Second Part
Hegel, Vol. 43, *Philosophy of Right,* Third Part, Sub-sect. III
Tocqueville, Vol. 44, *Democracy in America,* Vol. 2, Part I, Chap. 5
Tolstoy, Vol. 51, *War and Peace,* Bk. 6, Chap. VII
Dostoevsky, Vol. 52, *Brothers Karamazov,* Part II, Bk. V, Chap. 5
Freud, Vol. 54, *Thoughts for the Times on War and Death,* Chap. I

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Clausewitz, *What Is War?,* Vol. 7
Great Documents, *Charter of the United Nations; Universal Declaration of Human Rights,* Vol. 6
Guizot, "Civilization," Vol. 6
Kant, *Perpetual Peace,* Vol. 7
Rousseau, *Lasting Peace through the Federation of Europe,* Vol. 7

For Dante's *Divine Comedy* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 19

## TOBIAS DANTZIG, 1884–1956

*Fingerprints*
*The Empty Column*
Vol. 9, pages 165–189

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MATHEMATICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2: The objects of mathematics: ideas or abstractions; number, figure, extension, relation, order
Topic 2*a*: The apprehension of mathematical objects: by intuition, imagination, construction; the forms of time and space
Topic 2*b*: The being of mathematical objects: their real, ideal, or mental existence
QUANTITY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4: Discrete quantities: number and numbering

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bk. VII
Aristotle, Vol. 7, *Metaphysics,* Bk. X, Chaps. 1–7; Bk. XI, Chaps. 1–9; Bk. XIII, Chap. 6-Bk. XIV, Chap. 6
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Pure Reason,* Introduction
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chap. XXVIII
Whitehead, Vol. 56, *Introduction to Mathematics,* Chap. 1

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Campbell, *Measurement,* Vol. 9
Forsyth, *Mathematics, in Life and Thought,* Vol. 9
Hogben, *Mathematics, the Mirror of Civilization,* Vol. 9
Kasner and Newman, *New Names for Old; Beyond the Googol,* Vol. 9
Poincaré, *Mathematical Creation,* Vol. 9
Russell, *Definition of Number,* Vol. 9
Whitehead, *On the Nature of a Calculus,* Vol. 9

## CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN, 1809–1882

### *Autobiography*

Vol. 8, pages 47–93

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

EDUCATION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*b*: The influence of the family in moral training
Topic 5*e*: The emotional aspect of learning: pleasure, desire, interest
Topic 5*f*: Learning apart from teachers and books: the role of experience
EVOLUTION, Vol. 1, especially

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Topic 4: The theory of evolution: the origin of new species from a common ancestry
SCIENCE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*b*: The comparison of science with poetry and history
Topic 5*a*: The role of experience: observation and experiment

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of practice; Of experience*
Descartes, Vol. 28, *Discourse on Method,* Parts I–III; *Meditation II*
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chaps. VII, X
Freud, Vol. 54, *New Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis,* Lecture 35

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Balzac, *Passion in the Desert,* Vol. 3
Carson, *Sunless Sea,* Vol. 8
Curie, *Discovery of Radium,* Vol. 8
De Quincey, *Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power,* Vol. 5
Dewey, "Process of Thought," Vol. 10
Eiseley, "On Time," Vol. 8
Fabre, *Laboratory of the Open Fields; Sacred Beetle,* Vol. 8
Galton, "Classification of Human Ability," Vol. 8
Huxley, *On a Piece of Chalk; On the Relations of Man to the Lower Animals,* Vol. 8
Lamb, *Sanity of True Genius,* Vol. 5
Lyell, "Geological Evolution," Vol. 8
Malthus, "Principle of Population," Vol. 7
Mill, J. S., "Childhood and Youth," Vol. 6
Poincaré, *Mathematical Creation,* Vol. 9
Tyndall, "Michael Faraday," Vol. 8
Woolf, *Art of Biography,* Vol. 6

For other works by Darwin in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 49

## DANIEL DEFOE, 1660–1731

### *Robinson Crusoe*

Vol. 2, pages 5–121

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

EDUCATION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*f*: Learning apart from teachers and books: the role of experience
EXPERIENCE, Vol. 1, especially

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Topic 4*b*: Verification by experience: experience as the ultimate test of truth
Topic 6*a*: Experience as indispensable to sound judgment and prudence
LABOR, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*d*: The social necessity of labor and the moral obligation to work
Topic 1*e*: The honor of work and the virtue of productivity: progress through the invention of arts for the conquest of nature

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Sophocles, Vol. 4, *Philoctetes*
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Politics,* Bk. I
Epictetus, Vol. 11, *Discourses,* Bk. III, Chap. 13
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of solitude*
Shakespeare, Vol. 25, *Tempest,* Act I
Mill, J. S., Vol. 40, *Utilitarianism,* Chap. 2
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chaps. IV, XI, XIX
Dewey, Vol. 55, *Experience and Education*
Tawney, Vol. 57, *Acquisitive Society*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Conrad, *Youth,* Vol. 2
Crane, *Open Boat,* Vol. 3
Emerson, *Thoreau,* Vol. 6; *Self-Reliance,* Vol. 10
Fabre, *Sacred Beetle,* Vol. 8
Long, *Power within Us,* Vol. 6
O'Neill, *Emperor Jones,* Vol. 4
Sainte-Beuve, *What Is a Classic?,* Vol. 5
Tolstoy, *Three Hermits,* Vol. 3
Twain, "Learning the River," Vol. 6
Voltaire, "Philosophy of Common Sense," Vol. 10

## THOMAS DE QUINCEY, 1785–1859

### *Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power*

Vol. 5, pages 358–361

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

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Topic 2*b*: The role of matter and form in artistic and natural production: beauty versus utility

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- Topic 1*b*: Ideas or conceptions as that by which the mind thinks or knows
- Topic 5*d*: The order of concepts in the stages of learning: the more and the less general
- Topic 5*e*: The association, comparison, and discrimination of ideas: the stream of thought or consciousness

JUDGMENT, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 1: Judgment as an act or faculty of the mind: its contrast with the act of conception or with the faculties of understanding and reason
- Topic 7*c*: Reasoning as a sequence of judgments: the chain of reasoning
- Topic 8*b*: Analytic and synthetic judgments: trifling and instructive propositions

KNOWLEDGE, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 6*b*(4): Knowledge in relation to the faculties of understanding, judgment, and reason; and to the work of intuition, imagination, and understanding

LANGUAGE, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 1*a*: The role of language in thought and behavior
- Topic 5*a*: The abuse of words: ambiguity, imprecision, obscurity; the corruption of language for political motives
- Topic 8: Grammar and rhetoric: the effective use of language in teaching and persuasion

MIND, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 1*a*(2): The cooperation of intellect and sense: the dependence of thought upon imagination and the direction of imagination by reason

REASONING, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 1: Definitions or descriptions of reasoning: the process of thought
- Topic 1*c*: The role of sense, memory, and imagination in reasoning: perceptual inference, rational reminiscence, the collation of images
- Topic 5*a*: The fact and the reasoned fact: mere belief distinguished from belief on rational grounds
- Topic 5*b*(2): Definitions used as means in reasoning; definitions as the end of reasoning
- Topic 5*b*(3): *A priori* and *a posteriori* reasoning: from causes or from effects: from principles or from experience; analysis and synthesis

SENSE, Vol. 2, especially

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Topic 3*d*(1): The functions of the common sense: discrimination, comparison, association, collation or perception

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bks. VI–VII
Aristotle, Vol. 7, *Posterior Analytics,* Bk. I, Chaps. 1–3
Aquinas, Vol. 17, *Summa Theologica,* First Part, Q. 14, Arts. 1–12
Hobbes, Vol. 21, *Leviathan,* Part I, Chaps. 4–5
Bacon, Vol. 28, *Advancement of Learning,* Second Book; *Novum Organum,* First Book
Descartes, Vol. 28, *Rules for the Direction of the Mind,* Rules V–XIV
Locke, Vol. 33, *Essay Concerning Human Understanding,* Bk. IV
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Pure Reason*
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chap. XIII
Whitehead, Vol. 55, *Science and the Modern World,* Chaps. 9–10
Russell, Vol. 55, *Problems of Philosophy,* Chaps. VII–XI

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Bacon, *Of Discourse,* Vol. 5
Clifford, *Ethics of Belief,* Vol. 10
Darwin, *Autobiography,* Vol. 8
Einstein and Infeld, "Rise and Decline of Classical Physics," Vol. 8
Erskine, *Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent,* Vol. 10
Faraday, *Observations on Mental Education,* Vol. 7
Forsyth, *Mathematics, in Life and Thought,* Vol. 9
James, W., *Will to Believe; Sentiment of Rationality,* Vol. 10
Poincaré, Mathematical Creation, Vol. 9
Schopenhauer, *On Education,* Vol. 7

For Dewey's *Experience and Education* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 55

## CHARLES DICKENS, 1812–1870

### "A Full and Faithful Report of the Memorable Trial of Bardell against Pickwick"

from *The Pickwick Papers*
Vol. 2, pages 391–448

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CUSTOM AND CONVENTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*a*: The conventional determination of moral judgments: the moral evaluation of conventions

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Topic 6*a*: Constitutions, social contracts, positive laws, and manners as conventions
Topic 6*b*: The force of custom with respect to law
LAW, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*g*: The application of positive law to cases: the casuistry of the judicial process; the conduct of a trial; the administration of justice
Topic 9: The legal profession and the study of law: praise and dispraise of lawyers and judges
VIRTUE AND VICE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*e*(3): Circumstances as affecting the morality of human acts

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Rabelais, Vol. 22, *Gargantua and Pantagruel,* Bk. II, Chaps. 10–13; Bk. III, Chaps. 39–44
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of experience*
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *Merchant of Venice,* Act IV, Scene I
Cervantes, Vol. 27, *Don Quixote,* Part Two, Chap. 49
Swift, Vol. 34, *Gulliver's Travels,* Part I, Chap. IV
Boswell, Vol. 41, *Life of Samuel Johnson*
Twain, Vol. 48, *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*
Fitzgerald, Vol. 60, *Great Gatsby*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Butler, "Customs and Opinions of the Erewhonians," Vol. 2
Clifford, *Ethics of Belief,* Vol. 10
Melville, *Billy Budd,* Vol. 3
Scott, *Two Drovers,* Vol. 2

For Dickens' *Little Dorrit* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 47

## ISAK DINESEN, 1885–1962

### *Sorrow-Acre*

Vol. 3, pages 615–641

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ARISTOCRACY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4: Aristocracy and the issue of rule by men as opposed to rule by law
Topic 7: Historic and poetic exemplifications of aristocracy
LOVE, Vol. 1, especially

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Topic 2*b*(4): Patterns of love and friendship in the family
Topic 3*d*: The heroism of friendship and the sacrifices of love
OPINION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 6*b*: The inexactitude of moral principles as applied to particular cases
TYRANNY AND DESPOTISM, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*b*: The degeneration of oligarchy: the tyranny of the wealthy

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Sophocles, Vol. 4, *Antigone*
Euripides, Vol. 4, *Trojan Women*
Plato, Vol. 6, *Statesman*
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of three good women*
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *King Henry VI,* First Part, Act IV, Scenes V–VII
Montesquieu, Vol. 35, *Spirit of Laws,* Bk. V, Chap. 8
Dickens, Vol. 47, *Little Dorrit*
Huizinga, Vol. 58, *Waning of the Middle Ages,* Chaps. II–X
Chekhov, Vol. 59, *Uncle Vania*
Woolf, Vol. 60, *To the Lighthouse*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Parents and Children,* Vol. 7; *Of Adversity; Of Love,* Vol. 10
Cicero, *On Old Age,* Vol. 10
Conrad, *Youth,* Vol. 2
Crane, *Open Boat,* Vol. 3
Fitzgerald, *Diamond as Big as the Ritz,* Vol. 3
Hazlitt, *On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth,* Vol. 10
Hemingway, *Killers,* Vol. 2
Hugo, "Battle with the Cannon," Vol. 2
Long, *Power within Us,* Vol. 6
Maupassant, *Two Friends,* Vol. 2
Melville, *Billy Budd,* Vol. 3
Synge, *Riders to the Sea,* Vol. 4
Tolstoy, *Death of Ivan Ilyitch; What Men Live By,* Vol. 3

## FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY, 1821–1881

### *White Nights*

Vol. 3, pages 276–319

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DESIRE, Vol. 1, especially

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HAPPINESS, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*b*(5): The importance of friendship and love for happiness
Topic 4*a*: Man's capacity for happiness: differences in human nature with respect to happiness
LOVE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*b*(1): The relation between love and friendship
Topic 2*b*(2): Self-love in relation to the love of others: vanity and self-interest
Topic 3*d*: The heroism of friendship and the sacrifices of love

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Phaedrus; Symposium*
Dante, Vol. 19, *Divine Comedy,* Inferno, Canto V
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *Love's Labour's Lost,* Act IV, Scene III
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chap. X
Proust, Vol. 59, *Swann in Love*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Anderson, *I'm a Fool,* Vol. 2
Anonymous, *Aucassin and Nicolette,* Vol. 2
Apuleius, "Cupid and Psyche," Vol. 3
Bacon, *Of Love,* Vol. 10
Galsworthy, *Apple-Tree,* Vol. 3
Lamb, *Dream Children,* Vol. 5
Pater, "Art of Life," Vol. 10
Turgenev, *First Love,* Vol. 3

For Dostoevsky's *Brothers Karamazov* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 52

## SIR ARTHUR EDDINGTON, 1882–1944

### *The Running-Down of the Universe*
Vol. 8, pages 565–580

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CHANCE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4: Cause and chance in relation to knowledge and opinion: the theory of probability
CHANGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5: The measure of motion
Topic 13: The problem of the eternity of motion or change

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Topic 4: The nature of scientific knowledge
Topic 5: Scientific method
SPACE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2: Space, void, and motion

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Lucretius, Vol. 11, *Way Things Are*
Copernicus, Vol. 15, *On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Spheres,* Translator's Introduction; Bks. I, V
Kepler, Vol. 15, *Epitome of Copernican Astronomy,* Bks. IV–V
Gilbert, Vol. 26, *On the Loadstone*
Galileo, Vol. 26, *Dialogues Concerning the Two New Sciences,* Third and Fourth Days
Newton, Vol. 32, *Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy; Optics*
Huygens, Vol. 32, *Treatise on Light*
Faraday, Vol. 42, *Experimental Researches in Electricity*
Whitehead, Vol. 55, *Science and the Modern World,* Chaps. I–II, IX
Bohr, Vol. 56, *Atomic Theory and the Description of Nature*
Heisenberg, Vol. 56, *Physics and Philosophy,* Chaps. 1–5, 11

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Campbell, *Measurement; Numerical Laws and the Use of Mathematics in Science,* Vol. 9
Clifford, *Postulates of the Science of Space,* Vol. 9
Curie, *Discovery of Radium,* Vol. 8
Dewey, "Process of Thought," Vol. 10
Epicurus, *Letter to Herodotus,* Vol. 10
Faraday, *Chemical History of a Candle,* Vol. 8
Forsyth, *Mathematics, in Life and Thought,* Vol. 9
Galileo, *Starry Messenger,* Vol. 8
Helmholtz, *On the Conservation of Force,* Vol. 8
Mendeleev, "Genesis of a Law of Nature," Vol. 8
Poincaré, *Space,* Vol. 9
Russell, *Mathematics and the Metaphysicians,* Vol. 9
Tyndall, "Michael Faraday," Vol. 8
Voltaire, "English Men and Ideas," Vol. 7
Whitehead, "On Mathematical Method," Vol. 9

For Einstein's *Relativity: The Special and the General Theory* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 56

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## LOREN EISELEY, 1907–1977

### "On Time"

from *The Immense Journey*
Vol. 8, pages 123–129

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ANIMAL, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 2*b*: Analogies of structure and function among different classes of animals
- Topic 2*c*: Continuity and discontinuity in the scale of animal life: gradation from lower to higher forms
- Topic 11*b*: The relation between animals and their environments

EVOLUTION, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 3: The problem of evolution: the origin of plant and animal species
- Topic 4: The theory of evolution: the origin of new species from a common ancestry
- Topic 5: The facts of evolution: evidences bearing on the history of life on earth

HABIT, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 3: The instincts or innate habits of animals and men

SCIENCE, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 2*b*: The comparison of science with poetry and history

TIME, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 3: The mode of existence of time
- Topic 6: The knowledge of time and the experience of duration
- Topic 8*a*: Prehistoric and historic time: the antiquity of man

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Augustine, Vol. 16, *Confessions,* Bk. XII
Darwin, Vol. 49, *Origin of Species; Descent of Man,* Chaps. I–II, IV–VII, XV–XVI
Whitehead, Vol. 55, *Science and the Modern World,* Chaps. I, V
Dobzhansky, Vol. 56, *Genetics and the Origin of Species,* Chaps. I, V–VI, X

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Boeke, *Cosmic View,* Vol. 8
Carson, *Sunless Sea,* Vol. 8
Darwin, *Autobiography,* Vol. 8
Huxley, *On the Relations of Man to the Lower Animals; On a Piece of Chalk,* Vol. 8

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Jeans, *Beginnings and Endings,* Vol. 8
Lyell, "Geological Evolution," Vol. 8
Voltaire, *Micromégas,* Vol. 2

## GEORGE ELIOT, 1819–1880

### *The Lifted Veil*

Vol. 3, pages 157–193

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

EMOTION, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 1*a*: Emotion in relation to feelings of pleasure and pain
- Topic 2*c*: The opposition of particular emotions to one another
- Topic 4*c*: Inherited or acquired emotional dispositions: the moral significance of temperamental types; emotional torpor or lethargy

MAN, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 2*b*: The sciences of human nature: anthropology and psychology; ethnography and ethnology; rational and empirical psychology; experimental and clinical psychology
- Topic 6*a*: The cause and range of human inequalities: differences in ability, inclination, temperament, habit
- Topic 6*b*: The equality or inequality of men and women

PROPHECY, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 1*a*: Prophecy as the reading of fate, the foretelling of fortune, the beholding of the future

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Homer, Vol. 3 *Odyssey,* Bk. XI
Sophocles, Vol. 4, *Oedipus the King; Oedipus at Colonus; Antigone*
Virgil, Vol. 12, *Aeneid,* Bk. VI
Goethe, Vol. 45, *Faust,* Part One; Part Two, Act II
Melville, Vol. 48, *Moby Dick,* Chaps. 19, 117, 135
Eliot, T. S., Vol. 60, *Waste Land*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Anderson, *I'm a Fool,* Vol. 2
Bacon, *Of Marriage and Single Life,* Vol. 7; *Of Love,* Vol. 10
Hawthorne, *Rappaccini's Daughter,* Vol. 3
Lawrence, *Rocking-Horse Winner,* Vol. 3
Long, *Power within Us,* Vol. 6

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Mann, *Mario and the Magician,* Vol. 3
Plutarch, *Of Bashfulness,* Vol. 7
Pushkin, *Queen of Spades,* Vol. 3
Stevenson, *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* Vol. 2

For George Eliot's *Middlemarch* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 46

## THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT, 1888–1965

### *Dante*

Vol. 5, pages 371–403

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

IDEA, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*b*(4): Univocal and analogical terms
LANGUAGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 9: The language of poetry: the poet's enchantment with language
PHILOSOPHY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*d*: The relation of philosophy to myth, poetry, and history
POETRY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 8*b*: Critical standards and artistic rules with respect to the language of poetry: the distinction between prose and verse; the measure of excellence in style
Topic 8*c*: The interpretation of poetry and myth

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Protagoras*
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *On Poetics*
Cervantes, Vol. 27, *Don Quixote,* Part Two, Chap. 16
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Judgement,* Introduction–First Part, Sect. I, Bk. I
Goethe, Vol. 45, *Faust,* Part Two, Act III
Huizinga, Vol. 58, *Waning of the Middle Ages,* Chaps. XX–XXII
Joyce, Vol. 59, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Adams, *Saint Thomas Aquinas,* Vol. 10
Arnold, *Study of Poetry,* Vol. 5
De Quincey, *Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power,* Vol. 5
Dante, "On World Government," Vol. 7
Hazlitt, *On Swift,* Vol. 5

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Johnson, *Preface to Shakespeare,* Vol. 5
Sainte-Beuve, *What Is a Classic?,* Vol. 5
Schopenhauer, *On Style,* Vol. 5
Shelley, *Defence of Poetry,* Vol. 5
Woolf, *How Should One Read a Book?,* Vol. 5

For Dante's *Divine Comedy* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 19

## *Tradition and the Individual Talent*

Vol. 5, pages 404–411

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

MEMORY AND IMAGINATION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*b*: Memory in the life of the group, race, or nation: instinct, legend, and tradition
POETRY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3: The inspiration or genius of the poet: the role of experience and imagination; the influence of the poetic tradition
Topic 6*a*: The expression of emotion in poetry

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Ion*
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Judgement,* First Part, Sect. I, Bk. II
Tocqueville, Vol. 44, *Democracy in America,* Vol. 2, Part I, Chaps. 9–18
Goethe, Vol. 45, *Faust,* Prelude on the Stage
Joyce, Vol. 59, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Arnold, *Study of Poetry; Sweetness and Light,* Vol. 5
Emerson, *Thoreau,* Vol. 6
Guizot, "Civilization," Vol. 6
Hazlitt, *My First Acquaintance with Poets; Of Persons One Would Wish to Have Seen,* Vol. 5
Hume, *Of the Study of History,* Vol. 7
James, W., *Great Men and Their Environment,* Vol. 7
Lamb, *Sanity of True Genius,* Vol. 5
Lawrence, *Rocking-Horse Winner,* Vol. 3
Sainte-Beuve, *What Is a Classic?,* Vol. 5
Schopenhauer, *On Education,* Vol. 7
Shelley, *Defence of Poetry,* Vol. 5
Stevenson, *Lantern-Bearers,* Vol. 7
Whitman, *Preface to Leaves of Grass,* Vol. 5
Woolf, *How Should One Read a Book?,* Vol. 5

For T. S. Eliot's *Waste Land* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 60

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SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CUSTOM AND CONVENTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 9*a*: Custom as a source of opinion and belief: its influence on judgments of beauty
HONOR, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*c*: Honor as due self-esteem: magnanimity or proper pride
OPINION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3*a*: The truth of knowledge and of right opinion: their difference with respect to manner of acquisition, stability, and teachability
Topic 5*a*: Rights and duties with respect to the expression of opinion
WISDOM, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*a*: Diverse conceptions of natural wisdom: the supreme form of human knowledge

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aeschylus, Vol. 4, *Agamemnon*
Plato, Vol. 6, *Apology*
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Nicomachean Ethics,* Bk. IV, Chaps. 2–4
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of presumption*
Spinoza, Vol. 28, *Ethics,* Part IV, Prop. 18
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sect. II
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Pure Reason*
Boswell, Vol. 41, *Life of Samuel Johnson*
Kierkegaard, Vol. 43, *Fear and Trembling*
Nietzsche, Vol. 43, *Beyond Good and Evil,* Parts Two and Nine
Fitzgerald, Vol. 60, *Great Gatsby*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Adams, "United States in 1800," Vol. 6
Bacon, *Of Adversity,* Vol. 10
Carlyle, *Hero as King,* Vol. 6
Crane, *Open Boat,* Vol. 3
Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe,* Vol. 2
Emerson, *Thoreau,* Vol. 6
Ibsen, *Enemy of the People,* Vol. 4
Lamb, *Sanity of True Genius,* Vol. 5
Long, *Power within Us,* Vol. 6
Sainte-Beuve, *Montaigne,* Vol. 5
Shaw, *Man of Destiny,* Vol. 4
Tocqueville, "Observations on American Life and Government," Vol. 6
Twain, "Learning the River," Vol. 6
Washington, *Farewell Address,* Vol. 6

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*Montaigne; or, the Skeptic*
Vol. 10, pages 546–562

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

KNOWLEDGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*c*: Dogmatism, skepticism, and the critical attitude with respect to the extent, certainty, and finality of human knowledge
MIND, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 5*b*: The natural limits of the mind: the unknowable; objects which transcend its powers; reason's critical determination of its own limits or boundaries
RELATION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 6*b*: Absolute and relative with respect to truth
TRUTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 7*a*: The impossibility of knowing the truth: the restriction of all human judgments to degrees of probability; the denial of axioms and of the possibility of demonstration

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Euthydemus*
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Apology for Raymond Sebond*
Bacon, Vol. 28, *Advancement of Learning,* First Book
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sect. III
Hume, Vol. 33, *Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding,* Sect. IV, Part II–Sect. V, Part I
Nietzsche, Vol. 43, *Beyond Good and Evil,* Parts One and Six
James, W., Vol. 55, *Pragmatism,* Lectures VI–VII

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Truth,* Vol. 10
Clifford, *Ethics of Belief,* Vol. 10
Eddington, *Running-Down of the Universe,* Vol. 8
Eliot, G., *Lifted Veil,* Vol. 3
James, W., *Will to Believe,* Vol. 10
Sainte-Beuve, *Montaigne,* Vol. 5
Xenophon, "Character of Socrates," Vol. 6

For Montaigne's *Essays* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 23

## EPICTETUS, *c.* 60–*c.* 138

*The Enchiridion*
Vol. 10, pages 236–254

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SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

DESIRE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*a*: The regulation of desire by reason: the discipline of moral virtue or duty
DUTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2: Comparison of the ethics of duty with the ethics of happiness, pleasure, or utility
GOOD AND EVIL, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*b*: Goodness in the order of freedom and will
Topic 4*c*: Goods of the body and goods of the soul: the scale of values
Topic 4*d*: Intrinsic and external goods: intrinsic worth and extrinsic value
LIFE AND DEATH, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 8*d*: The fear of death: the attitude of the hero, the philosopher, the poet, the martyr

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bks. IV, IX
Aurelius, Vol. 11, *Meditations,* Bks. III–VII
Augustine, Vol. 16, *City of God,* Bk. XII, Chaps. 4–10
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *That the taste of good and evil depends in large part on the opinion we have of them*
Bacon, Vol. 28, *Advancement of Learning,* Second Book
Spinoza, Vol. 28, *Ethics,* Part IV, Appendix
Kant, Vol. 39, *Fundamental Principles of the Metaphysic of Morals,* First–Second Sections; Third Section; *Critique of Practical Reason,* Part I, Bk. II, Chaps. I–II
Mill, J. S., Vol. 40, *Utilitarianism,* Chap. 2
Hegel, Vol. 43, *Philosophy of Right,* First Part
Nietzsche, Vol. 43, *Beyond Good and Evil,* Part One

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Arnold, *Sweetness and Light,* Vol. 5
Bacon, *Of Death,* Vol. 10
Cicero, *On Old Age,* Vol. 10
Epicurus, *Letter to Menoeceus,* Vol. 10
Pater, "Art of Life," Vol. 10
Plutarch, *Contentment,* Vol. 10
Xenophon, "Character of Socrates," Vol. 6

For Epictetus' *Discourses* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 11

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## EPICURUS, *c.* 341–*c.* 270 B.C.

### *Letter to Herodotus*

Vol. 10, pages 216–229

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ELEMENT, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*b*: Atoms and the void as the ultimate constituents of reality
INFINITY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*b*: The infinite divisibility of matter: the issue concerning atoms or elementary particles
MATTER, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*c*: The motions of bodies
SOUL, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3*d*: The denial of soul as an immaterial principle, form, or substance: the atomic theory of the soul

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristotle, Vol. 7, *Physics,* Bk. IV, Chaps. 6–9
Lucretius, Vol. 11, *Way Things Are,* Bks. I–II
Plotinus, Vol. 11, *Fourth Ennead,* Seventh Tractate
Bacon, Vol. 28, *Novum Organum,* Second Book
Newton, Vol. 32, *Optics,* Bk. III, Part I
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Pure Reason; Critique of Judgement,* Second Part, First-Second Division
Bohr, Vol. 56, *Atomic Theory and the Description of Nature*
Heisenberg, Vol. 56, *Physics and Philosophy,* Chaps. 1–4

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Boeke, *Cosmic View,* Vol. 8
Eddington, *Running-Down of the Universe,* Vol. 8
Einstein and Infeld, "Rise and Deline of Classical Physics," Vol. 8
Emerson, *Nature,* Vol. 10
Faraday, *Chemical History of a Candle,* Vol. 8
Pater, "Art of Life," Vol. 10
Santayana, *Lucretius,* Vol. 10
Swift, *Modest Proposal,* Vol. 7
Voltaire, *Micromégas,* Vol. 2

### *Letter to Menoeceus*

Vol. 10, pages 230–233

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

DESIRE, Vol. 1, especially

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Topic 6*a*: The regulation of desire by reason: the discipline of moral virtue or duty

PLEASURE AND PAIN, Vol. 2, especially

Topic 6*a*: Pleasure as the only good or as the measure of goodness in all other things

PRUDENCE, Vol. 2, especially

Topic 3*b*: Prudence as a factor in the formation and maintenance of moral virtue: the determination of the relative or subjective mean

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Philebus*
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Nicomachean Ethics,* Bk. II, Chaps. 2–9; Bk. VI
Lucretius, Vol. 11, *Way Things Are,* Bk. I
Epictetus, Vol. 11, *Discourses,* Bk. I
Aurelius, Vol. 11, *Meditations,* Bks. III–VII
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *That to philosophize is to learn to die*
Spinoza, Vol. 28, *Ethics,* Part III, Props. 55–58
Kant, Vol. 39, *Fundamental Principles of the Metaphysic of Morals,* First Section; *Critique of Practical Reason,* Part I, Bk. II, Chaps. I–II
Mill, J. S. Vol. 40, *Utilitarianism,* Chap. 2
Weber, Vol. 58, *Essays in Sociology,* Chap. X

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Death,* Vol. 10
Cicero, *On Old Age,* Vol. 10
Epictetus, *Enchiridion,* Vol. 10
Pater, "Art of Life," Vol. 10
Plutarch, *Contentment,* Vol. 10
Poe, *Masque of the Red Death,* Vol. 2
Sainte-Beuve, *Montaigne,* Vol. 5
Santayana, *Lucretius,* Vol. 10
Xenophon, "Character of Socrates," Vol. 6

## JOHN ERSKINE, 1879–1951

### *The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent*

Vol. 10, pages 5–13

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

GOOD AND EVIL, Vol. 1, especially

Topic 6*c*: The goodness of knowledge or wisdom: the use of knowledge

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Balzac, *Passion in the Desert,* Vol. 3
Bernard, *Experimental Considerations Common to Living Things and Inorganic Bodies,* Vol. 8
Carson, *Sunless Sea,* Vol. 8
Darwin, *Autobiography,* Vol. 8
Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe,* Vol. 2
Emerson, *Nature,* Vol. 10
Haldane, *On Being the Right Size,* Vol. 8
Huxley, *On the Relations of Man to the Lower Animals,* Vol. 8
Kipling, *Mowgli's Brothers,* Vol. 2

## MICHAEL FARADAY, 1791–1867

### *Observations on Mental Education*

Vol. 7, pages 208–232

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

JUDGMENT, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1: Judgment as an act or faculty of the mind: its contrast with the act of conception or with the faculties of understanding and reason
Topic 8*a*: Self-evident and demonstrable propositions: immediate and mediated, intuitive and reasoned judgments
Topic 10: The truth and falsity of judgments
KNOWLEDGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*b*(4): Knowledge in relation to the faculties of understanding, judgment, and reason; and to the work of intuition, imagination, and understanding
Topic 10: The growth of human knowledge: the history of man's progress and failures in the pursuit of knowledge
REASONING, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 5*a*: The fact and the reasoned fact: mere belief distinguished from belief on rational grounds

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Sophist*
Aristotle, Vol. 7, *On the Soul,* Bk. III, Chaps. 3–8; Vol. 8, *Nicomachean Ethics,* Bk. VI, Chaps. 3–11
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Apology for Raymond Sebond*
Bacon, Vol. 28, *Advancement of Learning,* Second Book
Descartes, Vol. 28, *Discourse on Method,* Parts I–IV

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Hume, Vol. 33, *Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding,* Sect. IV, Part II–Sect. V, Part II
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Judgement,* Introduction
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chap. X
Russell, Vol. 55, *Problems of Philosophy,* Chaps. XI–XIII

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Custom and Education,* Vol. 7
Clifford, *Ethics of Belief,* Vol. 10
Dewey, "Process of Thought," Vol. 10
Erskine, *Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent,* Vol. 10
Franklin, *Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania,* Vol. 6
James, W., *Will to Believe; Sentiment of Rationality,* Vol. 10
Schopenhauer, *On Education,* Vol. 7
Swift, *Essay on Modern Education,* Vol. 7

## *The Chemical History of a Candle*

Vol. 8, pages 368–439

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ANIMAL, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*d:* The respiratory system: breathing, lungs, gills
CHANGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*c*: Comparison of change in living and nonliving things
Topic 9*a*: Physical and chemical change: compounds and mixtures
MECHANICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 7*a*: Light: the corpuscular and the wave theory
Topic 7*c*: The theory of heat

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Gilbert, Vol. 26, *On the Loadstone*
Lavoisier, Vol. 42, *Elements of Chemistry,* First Part, Chap. V–Second Part

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Curie, *Discovery of Radium,* Vol. 8
Einstein and Infeld, "Rise and Decline of Classical Physics," Vol. 8
Epicurus, *Letter to Herodotus,* Vol. 10
Helmholtz, *On the Conservation of Force,* Vol. 8
Huxley, *On a Piece of Chalk,* Vol. 8
Mendeleev, "Genesis of a Law of Nature," Vol. 8
Santayana, *Lucretius,* Vol. 10

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Tyndall, "Michael Faraday," Vol. 8
Wöhler, *On the Artificial Production of Urea,* Vol. 8

For Faraday's *Experimental Researches in Electricity* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 42

## FRANCIS SCOTT FITZGERALD, 1896–1940

### *The Diamond as Big as the Ritz*

Vol. 3, pages 397–431

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

MEMORY AND IMAGINATION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 7*b*: The fantastic and the realistic in poetry: the probable and the possible in poetry and history
OPINION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 6*a*: Good and evil as matters of opinion: moral standards as customs or conventions reflecting prevalent opinion
TYRANNY AND DESPOTISM, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*b*: The degeneration of oligarchy: the tyranny of the wealthy
VIRTUE AND VICE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 6*c*: The relation of virtue to wealth: the religious basis of economic behavior; the work ethic
WEALTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 10*a*: The nature of wealth as a good: its place in the order of goods and its relation to happiness
Topic 10*b*: Natural limits to the acquisition of wealth by individuals: the distinction between necessities and luxuries

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bks. III–IV
Dante, Vol. 19, *Divine Comedy,* Inferno, Canto VII
Machiavelli, Vol. 21, *Prince,* Chaps. 16–19
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of the inequality that is between us*
Molière, Vol. 31, *Critique of the School for Wives; Miser*
Boswell, Vol. 41, *Life of Samuel Johnson*
Dickens, Vol. 47, *Little Dorrit*
Veblen, Vol. 57, *Theory of the Leisure Class,* Chaps. 1–5

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Riches,* Vol. 7

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Bunin, *Gentleman from San Francisco,* Vol. 3
Dinesen, *Sorrow-Acre,* Vol. 3
Hemingway, *Killers,* Vol. 2
James, H., *Pupil,* Vol. 3
Lawrence, *Rocking-Horse Winner,* Vol. 3
Macaulay, *Machiavelli,* Vol. 7
Mann, *Mario and the Magician,* Vol. 3
O'Neill, *Emperor Jones,* Vol. 4
Pater, "Art of Life," Vol. 10
Pushkin, *Queen of Spades,* Vol. 3
Shaw, *Man of Destiny,* Vol. 4
Twain, *Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg,* Vol. 2

For Fitzgerald's *Great Gatsby* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 60

## GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, 1821–1880

### *The Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller*

Vol. 3, pages 371–392

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

FATE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1: The decrees of fate and the decisions of the gods
Topic 2: The fated or inevitable in human life
LOVE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic: 5*a*(2): Beatitude as the fruition of love
Topic: 5*b*(1): The precepts of charity: the law of love
Topic: 5*b*(2): The theological virtue of charity: its relation to the other virtues
SIN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*e*: The prevention and purging of sin: purification by sacrifice; the sacrament of penance; contrition, confession, and absolution; excommunication
Topic 7: Grace and good works in relation to salvation from sin: justification by faith alone

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Sophocles, Vol. 4, *Oedipus the King*
Euripides, Vol. 4, *Orestes*
Plutarch, Vol. 13, *Alexander*
Augustine, Vol. 16, *Confessions,* Bk. IX
Dante, Vol. 19, *Divine Comedy,* Paradiso, Cantos XXVI–XXXIII

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Calvin, Vol. 20, *Institutes of the Christian Religion,* Book Third, Chaps. III–V
O'Neill, Vol. 60, *Mourning Becomes Electra*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Anonymous, *Aucassin and Nicolette,* Vol. 2
Bacon, *Of Adversity; Of Anger,* Vol. 10
Balzac, *Passion in the Desert,* Vol. 3
De Quincey, *On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth,* Vol. 5
Hemingway, *Killers,* Vol. 2
Huxley, *On the Relations of Man to the Lower Animals,* Vol. 8
Kipling, *Mowgli's Brothers,* Vol. 2
Lincoln, *Meditation on the Divine Will,* Vol. 6
Long, *Power within Us,* Vol. 6
O'Neill, *Emperor Jones,* Vol. 4
Poe, *Tell-Tale Heart; Masque of the Red Death,* Vol. 2
Scott, *Two Drovers,* Vol. 2
Shaw, *Man of Destiny,* Vol. 4
Stevenson, *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* Vol. 2
Tolstoy, *What Men Live By,* Vol. 3

## ANDREW RUSSELL FORSYTH, 1858–1942

### *Mathematics, in Life and Thought*

Vol. 9, pages 26–46

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ELEMENT, Vol. 1, especially
Topic: 5*b*: Atoms and the void as the ultimate constituents of reality
Topic: 5*f*: The explanation of natural phenomena by reference to the properties and motions of atoms
HYPOTHESIS, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3: The foundations of mathematics: postulates, assumptions
Topic 4: The role of hypothesis in science
MATHEMATICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 5: The applications of mathematics to physical phenomena: the utility of mathematics
MECHANICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*a*: Matter, mass, and atoms: the primary qualities of bodies

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*Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania*
Vol. 6, pages 536–542

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

EDUCATION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1: The means and ends of education
Topic 1*a*: The ideal of the educated person
Topic 2: The kinds of education: physical, moral, liberal, professional, religious
Topic 4*d*: The effect upon character of poetry, music, and other arts: the role of history and examples
FAMILY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*e*: The initiation of children into adult life
HISTORY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2: The light and lesson of history: its role in the education of the mind and in the guidance of human conduct

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bks. II–III
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Politics,* Bks. VII–VIII
Rabelais, Vol. 22, *Gargantua and Pantagruel,* Bk. I, Chaps. 14–16, 23–24; Bk. II, Chap. 8
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of the education of children*
Bacon, Vol. 28, *Advancement of Learning,* First Book
Descartes, Vol. 28, *Discourse on Method,* Part I
Dewey, Vol. 55, *Experience and Education*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Adams, "United States in 1800," Vol. 6
Bacon, *Of Studies,* Vol. 5
Faraday, *Observations on Mental Education,* Vol. 7
Jefferson, "Biographical Sketches," Vol. 6
Mill, J. S., "Childhood and Youth," Vol. 6
Schopenhauer, *On Education,* Vol. 7
Swift, *Essay on Modern Education,* Vol. 7
Tocqueville, "Observations on American Life and Government," Vol. 6

## GALILEO GALILEI, 1564–1642

*The Starry Messenger*
Vol. 8, pages 330–355

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SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ASTRONOMY AND COSMOLOGY, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 2: The method of astronomy
- Topic 4: Astronomy, cosmology, and theology: astronomy as affecting views of God, creation, the divine plan, and the moral hierarchy
- Topic 6*c*: Celestial motion: periodicity and the great year
- Topic 7: The particular heavenly bodies in the solar system and the Milky Way
- Topic 11: Astronomy as the study of the universe as a whole: cosmology
- Topic 13: The history of astronomy

MECHANICS, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 4*a*: Terrestrial and celestial mechanics: the mechanics of finite bodies and of atoms or elementary particles
- Topic 7*a*(1): The laws of reflection and refraction
- Topic 7*a*(4): The medium of light: the ether

SCIENCE, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 1*b*: Science as the discipline of experimental inquiry and the organization of experimental knowledge: the scientific spirit

WORLD, Vol 2, especially
- Topic 1*a*: The opposed metaphors: the universe as a machine and the universe as a living organism; the doctrine of the world soul

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristotle, Vol. 7, *On the Heavens*
Ptolemy, Vol. 15, *Almagest,* Bks. I, III
Copernicus, Vol. 15, *On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Spheres,* Introduction–Bk. I
Kepler, Vol. 15, *Epitome of Copernican Astronomy,* Bk. IV, Part II–III; Bk. V, Part I
Whitehead, Vol. 55, *Science and the Modern World,* Chaps. IX, XII
Eddington, Vol. 56, *Expanding Universe*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Boeke, *Cosmic View,* Vol. 8
Campanella, "Arguments for and against Galileo," Vol. 8
Einstein and Infeld, "Rise and Decline of Classical Physics," Vol. 8
Voltaire, *Micromégas,* Vol. 2

For Galileo's *Dialogues Concerning the Two New Sciences* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 26

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## JOHN GALSWORTHY, 1867–1933

### *The Apple-Tree*

Vol. 3, pages 323–367

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

DESIRE, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 3*c*: Desire and love: their distinction and connection
- Topic 4*a*: The conflict of desires with one another

EMOTION, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 4*a*: The conflict between reason and emotion

LOVE, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 1*c*: The distinction between love and desire: the generous and acquisitive aims
- Topic 1*e*: The intensity and power of love: its increase or decrease; its constructive or destructive force
- Topic 3*b*: The demands of love and the restraints of virtue: moderation in love; the order of loves

MEMORY AND IMAGINATION, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 2*c*: The association of ideas: controlled and free association; reminiscence and reverie

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Phaedrus*
Dante, Vol. 19, *Divine Comedy,* Inferno, Canto V
Rabelais, Vol. 22, *Gargantua and Pantagruel,* Bk. III, Chap. 31
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of three kinds of association*
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *As You Like It;* Vol. 25, *Troilus and Cressida,* Act II, Scene II
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chap. X
Proust, Vol. 59, *Swann in Love*
Mann, Vol. 59, *Death in Venice*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Anderson, *I'm a Fool,* Vol. 2
Anonymous, *Aucassin and Nicolette,* Vol. 2
Apuleius, "Cupid and Psyche," Vol. 3
Bacon, *Of Youth and Age; Of Marriage and Single Life,* Vol. 7; *Of Love,* Vol. 10
Balzac, *Passion in the Desert,* Vol. 3
Bunin, *Gentleman from San Francisco,* Vol. 3
Chekhov, *Darling,* Vol. 3
Dostoevsky, *White Nights,* Vol. 3
Hawthorne, *Rappaccini's Daughter,* Vol. 3
Hazlitt, *On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth,* Vol. 10

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# FRANCIS GALTON, 1822–1911

## "The Classification of Human Ability"

from *Hereditary Genius*
Vol. 8, pages 227–261

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ANIMAL, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 10: Heredity and environment: the genetic determination of individual differences and similarities; RNA, DNA, genes, chromosomes, cistrons
EVOLUTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*d*: Genetic variation in the course of generations: the genetics of populations
FAMILY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*b*: Eugenics: control of breeding; birth control
MAN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*b*: The sciences of human nature: anthropology and psychology; ethnography and ethnology; rational and empirical psychology; experimental and clinical psychology
Topic 6: The distinctive characteristics of men and women and their differences

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bk. V
Hume, Vol. 33, *Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding,* Sect. I
Darwin, Vol. 49, *Descent of Man,* Chaps. II, V, VIII
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chaps. VII, XXVIII
Schrödinger, Vol. 56, *What Is Life?*
Dobzhansky, Vol. 56, *Genetics and the Origin of Species,* Chaps. II, IV, VIII

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Curie, *Discovery of Radium,* Vol. 8
Darwin, *Autobiography,* Vol. 8
Huxley, *On the Relations of Man to the Lower Animals,* Vol. 8
James, W., *Energies of Men; Great Men and Their Environment,* Vol. 7
Laplace, "Probability," Vol. 9
Mill, J. S., "Childhood and Youth," Vol. 6
Poincaré, *Mathematical Creation,* Vol. 9
Tyndall, "Michael Faraday," Vol. 8

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## NIKOLAI GOGOL, 1809–1852

### *The Overcoat*

Vol. 2, pages 452–478

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

HAPPINESS, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 2*b*(1): The contribution of the goods of fortune to happiness: wealth, health, longevity
- Topic 4*a*: Man's capacity for happiness: differences in human nature with respect to happiness

STATE, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 5*c*: The classes or subgroups arising from the division of labor or distinctions of birth: the social hierarchy and its causes

WEALTH, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 8*c*: The causes of poverty: competition, incompetence, indigence, expropriation, unemployment; the poverty of the proletariat as dispossessed of the instruments of production

WISDOM, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 4: The praise of folly: the wisdom of fools and innocents

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Erasmus, Vol. 23, *Praise of Folly*
Cervantes, Vol. 27, *Don Quixote,* Part Two, Chap. 43
Rousseau, Vol. 35, *Discourse on Political Economy*
Boswell, Vol. 41, *Life of Samuel Johnson*
Tolstoy, Vol. 51, *War and Peace,* Second Epilogue

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Adversity,* Vol. 10
Plutarch, *Contentment,* Vol. 10
Singer, *Spinoza of Market Street,* Vol. 3
Swift, *Modest Proposal,* Vol. 7
Synge, *Riders to the Sea,* Vol. 4
Tolstoy, *Death of Ivan Ilyitch,* Vol. 3
Wilde, *Happy Prince,* Vol. 2

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realization of freedom; the beginning and end of the historical process

PROGRESS, Vol. 2, especially

Topic 6: Intellectual or cultural progress: its sources and impediments; the analogy of cultural progress to biological evolution

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Hobbes, Vol. 21, *Leviathan,* Introduction; Part II
Bacon, Vol. 28, *Advancement of Learning,* First Book
Rousseau, Vol. 35, *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality,* First Part
Gibbon, Vol. 37, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* Chap. XL; Vol. 38, Chap. LXXI
Mill, J. S., Vol. 40, *On Liberty,* Chaps. 2–3
Hegel, Vol. 43, *Philosophy of History,* Introduction III
Tocqueville, Vol. 44, *Democracy in America,* Introduction; Vol. 2, Part I, Chaps. 9–15
Darwin, Vol. 49, *Descent of Man,* Chap. V
Freud, Vol. 54, *Civilization and Its Discontents,* Chap. III
Whitehead, Vol. 55, *Science and the Modern World,* Chap. XIII
Huizinga, Vol. 58, *Waning of the Middle Ages,* Chaps. XIX–XXIII

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Adams, "United States in 1800," Vol. 6
Arnold, *Sweetness and Light,* Vol. 5
Bacon, *Sphinx,* Vol. 8
Eliot, T. S., *Tradition and the Individual Talent,* Vol. 5
Hume, *Of the Standard of Taste,* Vol. 5; *Of Refinement in the Arts; Of the Study of History,* Vol. 7
Jefferson, *First Inaugural Address,* Vol. 6
Lucian, *Way to Write History,* Vol. 6
Macaulay, *Machiavelli,* Vol. 7

## J. B. S. HALDANE, 1892–1964

### *On Being the Right Size*

Vol. 8, pages 149–154

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ANIMAL, Vol. 1, especially

Topic 2*b*: Analogies of structure and function among different classes of animals

Topic 3: The anatomy of animals

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CHANGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 8: Change of size
DEMOCRACY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*a*: The distinction between direct democracy and representative, or republican, government: the territorial limits of democracy
QUANTITY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 5*d*: Mass: its relation to weight

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristotle, Vol. 8, *History of Animals,* Bk. I, Chaps. 1–15; *On the Parts of Animals,* Bks. II–IV
Galileo, Vol. 26, *Dialogues Concerning the Two New Sciences,* Third Day
Swift, Vol. 34, *Gulliver's Travels,* Parts I–II
Darwin, Vol. 49, *Origin of Species,* Chap. VI
Waddington, Vol. 56, *Nature of Life,* Chap. 3

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Boeke, *Cosmic View,* Vol. 8
Campbell, *Numerical Laws and the Use of Mathematics in Science,* Vol. 9
Carson, *Sunless Sea,* Vol. 8
Fabre, *Laboratory of the Open Fields; Sacred Beetle,* Vol. 8

## NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, 1804–1864

### *Rappaccini's Daughter*

Vol. 3, pages 128–152

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

BEAUTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3: Beauty in relation to desire and love, as object or cause
EMOTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*a*: Madness or frenzy due to emotional excess: excessively emotional or emotionally overdetermined behavior
FAMILY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*d*: The care and government of children: the rights and duties of the child; parental despotism and tyranny
GOOD AND EVIL, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*f*: The sources of evil in human life
LIFE AND DEATH, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7: The causes and occurrence of death: the transition from life to death; homicide

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MAN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 5*b*: Abnormalities due to defect or conflict of powers: feeblemindedness, neuroses, insanity, madness

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Euripides, Vol. 4, *Electra*
Shakespeare, Vol. 25, *King Lear,* Act I
Goethe, Vol. 45, *Faust,* Second Part, Act I
Balzac, Vol. 45, *Cousin Bette*
Lawrence, Vol. 60, *Prussian Officer*
O'Neill, Vol. 60, *Mourning Becomes Electra*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Anonymous, *Aucassin and Nicolette,* Vol. 2
Apuleius, "Cupid and Psyche," Vol. 3
Bacon, *Of Parents and Children,* Vol. 7; *Of Love,* Vol. 10
Balzac, *Passion in the Desert,* Vol. 3
Eliot, G., *Lifted Veil,* Vol. 3
Galsworthy, *Apple-Tree,* Vol. 3
Lawrence, *Rocking-Horse Winner,* Vol. 3
Mann, *Mario and the Magician,* Vol. 3
Poe, *Tell-Tale Heart; Masque of the Red Death,* Vol. 2
Stevenson, *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* Vol. 2
Turgenev, *First Love,* Vol. 3

## *Sketch of Abraham Lincoln*

Vol. 6, pages 168–171

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ARISTOCRACY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6: The selection of the best men for public office: the aristocratic theory of representation in modern constitutional government
HISTORY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*a*(4): The role of the individual in history: the great man, hero, or leader
HONOR, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*a:* The reaction of the community to its good or great men
STATE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 8*d*: Statecraft: the art or science of governing; political prudence
Topic 8*d*(2): The occasions and uses of rhetoric: propaganda

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Politics,* Bk. III, Chaps. 10–13

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Plutarch, Vol. 13, *Pericles*
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *King Henry IV,* First Part; *King Henry IV,* Second Part
Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Civil Government,* Chap. VIII
Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Vol. 40, *Federalist,* No. 68
Hegel, Vol. 43, *Philosophy of History,* Introduction III
Tolstoy, Vol. 51, *War and Peace,* First Epilogue, Chaps. I–IV; Second Epilogue
Weber, Vol. 58, *Essays in Sociology,* Chaps. IV, IX
Shaw, Vol. 59, *Saint Joan*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Adams, "United States in 1800," Vol. 6, especially Chap. VI
Bacon, *Of Great Place,* Vol. 7
Carlyle, *Hero as King,* Vol. 6
Crèvecoeur, "Making of Americans," Vol. 6
James, W., *Great Men and Their Environment,* Vol. 7
Jefferson, "Biographical Sketches," Vol. 6
Lincoln, *Address at Cooper Institute; First Inaugural Address; Letter to Horace Greeley; Meditation on the Divine Will; Gettysburg Address; Second Inaugural Address; Last Public Address,* Vol. 6
Thoreau, *Plea for Captain John Brown,* Vol. 6
Tocqueville, "Observations on American Life and Government," Vol. 6
Whitman, *Death of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6
Woolf, *Art of Biography,* Vol. 6
Xenophon, "Character of Socrates," Vol. 6

## WILLIAM HAZLITT, 1778–1830

### *My First Acquaintance with Poets*

Vol. 5, pages 264–279

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

MEMORY AND IMAGINATION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3*d*: Memory as the muse of poetry and history: the dependence of history on the memory of men
POETRY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 5*b*: Poetry contrasted with history and philosophy: the dispraise and defense of the poet
Topic 8*b*: Critical standards and artistic rules with respect to the language of poetry: the distinction between prose and verse; the measure of excellence in style

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bks. II–III
Bacon, Vol. 28, *Advancement of Learning,* Second Book
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sect. I
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chap. XXII
Shaw, Vol. 59, *Saint Joan,* Preface

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Arnold, *Study of Poetry,* Vol. 5
Eliot, T. S., *Tradition and the Individual Talent,* Vol. 5
Lamb, *Sanity of True Genius,* Vol. 5
Schiller, *On Simple and Sentimental Poetry,* Vol. 5
Schopenhauer, *On Some Forms of Literature,* Vol. 5
Woolf, *How Should One Read a Book?,* Vol. 5

## *On Swift*

Vol. 5, pages 280–283

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

POETRY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 8*b*: Critical standards and artistic rules with respect to the language of poetry: the distinction between prose and verse; the measure of excellence in style
TRUTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*b*: Truth in science and poetry: the truth of fact and the truth of fiction

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bks. II–III
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of books*
Cervantes, Vol. 27, *Don Quixote,* Part One, Chaps. 47–50

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Schopenhauer, *On Style,* Vol. 5
Swift, *Resolutions when I Come to Be Old; Essay on Modern Education; Meditation upon a Broomstick; Modest Proposal,* Vol. 7

For Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 34

## *Of Persons One Would Wish to Have Seen*

Vol. 5, pages 284–295

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Eddington, *Running-Down of the Universe,* Vol. 8
Einstein and Infeld, "Rise and Decline of Classical Physics," Vol. 8
Faraday, *Chemical History of a Candle,* Vol. 8
Santayana, *Lucretius,* Vol. 10
Tyndall, "Michael Faraday," Vol. 8

## ERNEST HEMINGWAY, 1899–1961

### *The Killers*

Vol. 2, pages 169–177

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

JUSTICE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 10*c*: The justice of punishment for unjust acts: the distinction between retribution and vengeance
LAW, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*e*(1): The nature and causes of crime
Topic 6*e*(3): The punishment of crime
LIFE AND DEATH, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 8*d*: The fear of death: the attitude of the hero, the philosopher, the poet, the martyr
PUNISHMENT, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*b*: The retributive purpose of punishment: the *lex talionis;* retaliation and revenge; the righting of a wrong

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aeschylus, Vol. 4, *Eumenides*
Sophocles, Vol. 4, *Electra*
Euripides, Vol. 4, *Orestes*
Plato, Vol. 6, *Apology*
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *King Richard III;* Vol. 25, *Measure for Measure; Macbeth*
Milton, Vol. 29, *Paradise Lost,* Bk. III
Hegel, Vol. 43, *Philosophy of Right,* First Part
Melville, Vol. 48, *Moby Dick,* Chap. 36
O'Neill, Vol. 60, *Mourning Becomes Electra*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Death,* Vol. 10
De Quincey, *On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth,* Vol. 5
Dinesen, *Sorrow-Acre,* Vol. 3
Fitzgerald, *Diamond as Big as the Ritz,* Vol. 3

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Flaubert, *Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller,* Vol. 3
Hugo, "Battle with the Cannon," Vol. 2
O'Neill, *Emperor Jones,* Vol. 4
Poe, *Tell-Tale Heart; Masque of the Red Death,* Vol. 2
Scott, *Two Drovers,* Vol. 2
Tolstoy, *Death of Ivan Ilyitch,* Vol. 3
Twain, *Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg,* Vol. 2

For Hemingway's *Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 60

## LANCELOT HOGBEN, 1895–1975

### *Mathematics, the Mirror of Civilization*

Vol. 9, pages 3–23

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

INFINITY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*a*: Number: the infinite of division and addition
Topic 3*b*: The infinite divisibility of continuous quantities: the infinitesimal; the method of exhaustion and the theory of limits
Topic 4*b*: The infinite divisibility of matter: the issue concerning atoms or elementary particles
MATHEMATICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 5: The applications of mathematics to physical phenomena: the utility of mathematics
QUANTITY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 6: The measurements of quantities: the relation of magnitudes and multitudes; the units of measurement
Topic 7: Infinite quantity: the actual infinite and the potentially infinite quantity; the mathematical and physical infinite of the great and the small

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Parmenides; Timaeus*
Descartes, Vol. 28, *Geometry,* Bk. II
Newton, Vol. 32, *Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy,* Bk. III
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Pure Reason,* Introduction
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chap. XXVIII
Whitehead, Vol. 55, *Science and the Modern World,* Chap. II; Vol. 56, *Introduction to Mathematics,* Chaps. 1–3
Hardy, Vol. 56, *Mathematician's Apology*

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Dantzig, *Fingerprints; Empty Column,* Vol. 9
Forsyth, *Mathematics, in Life and Thought,* Vol. 9
Kasner and Newman, *New Names for Old; Beyond the Googol,* Vol. 9
Poincaré, *Mathematical Creation,* Vol. 9
Russell, *Study of Mathematics; Mathematics and the Metaphysicians,* Vol. 9
Whitehead, "On Mathematical Method," Vol. 9

## VICTOR HUGO, 1802–1885

### "The Battle with the Cannon"

from *Ninety-Three*
Vol. 2, pages 146–154

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CITIZEN, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1: The individual in relation to the state
Topic 2*b*: The distinction between citizen and subject: the distinction between the subjects of a constitutional monarchy and of a despotism
JUSTICE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*c*: Justice as a moral virtue directing activity in relation to others and to the community: the distinction between the just man and the just act
Topic 10*d*: The correction of legal justice: equity in the application of human law
PUNISHMENT, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2: Personal responsibility as a condition of just punishment: the problem of collective responsibility
Topic 4*b*: The forms of punishment available to the state
Topic 4*b*(1): The death penalty: its justification
REVOLUTION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*c*: Revolution and counterrevolution: civil strife distinguished from war between states
Topic 2*a*: Change in the form of government or constitution
Topic 3*b*: Ways of retaining power: the suppression and subversion of revolutions by tyrants, despots, and totalitarian states
Topic 3*c*: The causes and effects of revolution under different forms of government
Topic 3*c*(3): Rebellion against tyranny and despotism

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Sophocles, Vol. 4, *Ajax*
Plato, Vol. 6, *Gorgias; Republic,* Bks. I–II
Aquinas, Vol. 17, *Summa Theologica,* First Part, Q 21; Vol. 18, Part I–II, Q 60, Art. 3; Q 100, Art. 12
Milton, Vol. 29, *Paradise Lost,* Bks. I–II
Freud, Vol. 54, *Thoughts for the Times on War and Death*
Shaw, Vol. 59, *Saint Joan*
Brecht, Vol. 60, *Mother Courage and Her Children*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Seditions and Troubles,* Vol. 7; *Of Adversity,* Vol. 10
Conrad, *Youth,* Vol. 2
De Quincey, *Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power,* Vol. 5
Dinesen, *Sorrow-Acre,* Vol. 3
Hemingway, *Killers,* Vol. 2
Maupassant, *Two Friends,* Vol. 2
Melville, *Billy Budd,* Vol. 3
Paine, "Call to Patriots–December 23, 1776," Vol. 6
Scott, *Two Drovers,* Vol. 2

## DAVID HUME, 1711–1776

### *Of the Standard of Taste*

Vol. 5, pages 103–119

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ART, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7*b*: The judgment of excellence in art
BEAUTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5: Judgments of beauty: the objective and the subjective in aesthetic judgments or judgments of taste; judgments of style or fashion based on wealth or honor
GOOD AND EVIL, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*a*: Human nature and the determination of the good for man: the real and the apparent good; particular goods and the good in general
OPINION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 6*a*: Good and evil as matters of opinion: moral standards as customs or conventions reflecting prevalent opinion

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aquinas, Vol. 17, *Summa Theologica,* First Part, Q. 5, Arts. 3–4; Part I–II, Q. 27, Art. 1
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *That the taste of good and evil depends in large part on the opinion we have of them*
Descartes, Vol. 28, *Discourse on Method,* Parts II–III
Spinoza, Vol. 28, *Ethics,* Part I, Appendix
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sect. 1; Sect. VI
Voltaire, Vol. 34, *Candide*
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Judgement*
Veblen, Vol. 57, *Theory of the Leisure Class,* Chaps. 6–7

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Arnold, *Sweetness and Light,* Vol. 5
Bacon, *Of Beauty,* Vol. 5
Guizot, "Civilization," Vol. 6
Hazlitt, *Of Persons One Would Wish to Have Seen,* Vol. 5
Lamb, *My First Play,* Vol. 5
Sainte-Beuve, *What Is a Classic?,* Vol. 5
Schopenhauer, *On the Comparative Place of Interest and Beauty in Works of Art,* Vol. 5
Woolf, *How Should One Read a Book?,* Vol. 5

## *Of Refinement in the Arts*

Vol. 7, pages 52–61

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ART, Vol. 1, especially
  Topic 9*b*: The production of wealth: the industrial arts
LABOR, Vol. 1, especially
  Topic 1*b*: Labor, leisure, and happiness: the servile, political, and contemplative life
  Topic 1*e*: The honor of work and the virtue of productivity: progress through the invention of arts for the conquest of nature
  Topic 6: The wages of labor: kinds of wage payments
NECESSITY AND CONTINGENCY, Vol. 2, especially
  Topic 5*e*: Economic necessities or luxuries
PROGRESS, Vol. 2, especially
  Topic 3: Economic progress
TEMPERANCE, Vol. 2, especially
  Topic 5*b*: The temperance of a people: luxurious indulgences; the intemperance of the mob

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Nietzsche, Vol. 43, *Beyond Good and Evil,* Parts Seven and Eight
Tolstoy, Vol. 51, *War and Peace,* Second Epilogue
Dostoevsky, Vol. 52, *Brothers Karamazov,* Part IV, Bk. X, Chap. 5
Shaw, Vol. 59, *Saint Joan,* Preface

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bury, *Herodotus,* Vol. 6
Carlyle, *Hero as King,* Vol. 6
Eliot, T. S., *Tradition and the Individual Talent,* Vol. 5
Guizot, "Civilization," Vol. 6
Lucian, *Way to Write History,* Vol. 6
Macaulay, *Machiavelli,* Vol. 7
Schopenhauer, *On Education,* Vol. 7
Woolf, *How Should One Read a Book?,* Vol. 5

For Hume's *Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 33

## THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY, 1825–1895

### *On the Relations of Man to the Lower Animals*

Vol. 8, pages 160–204

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ANIMAL, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*c*: The distinction between animal and human nature
Topic 2: The classification of animals
EVOLUTION, Vol. 1
MAN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*c*: The conception of man as an animal, differing only in degree of intelligence and of other qualities possessed by other animals
Topic 4*a*: Man's vegetative powers: comparison with similar functions in plants and animals
Topic 4*b*: Man's sensitive and appetitive powers: comparison with similar functions in other animals
Topic 8: The origin or genealogy of man
Topic 10*e*: Man's comparison of himself with other creatures and with the universe as a whole
NATURE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*c*: Nature as the complex of the objects of sense: the realm of things existing under the determination of universal laws

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristotle, Vol. 8, *History of Animals*
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Apology for Raymond Sebond*
Swift, Vol. 34, *Gulliver's Travels,* Part IV
Darwin, Vol. 49, *Origin of Species; Descent of Man*
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chaps. XXII, XXIV
Freud, Vol. 54, *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*
Dobzhansky, Vol. 56, *Genetics and the Origin of Species,* Chap. X
Waddington, Vol. 56, *Nature of Life,* Chaps. 4–5
Kafka, Vol. 60, *Metamorphosis*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Balzac, *Passion in the Desert,* Vol. 3
Bernard, *Experimental Considerations Common to Living Things and Inorganic Bodies,* Vol. 8
Carson, *Sunless Sea,* Vol. 8
Darwin, *Autobiography,* Vol. 8
Eiseley, "On Time," Vol. 8
Emerson, *Nature,* Vol. 10
Fabre, *Laboratory of the Open Fields; Sacred Beetle,* Vol. 8
Flaubert, *Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller,* Vol. 3
Galton, "Classification of Human Ability," Vol. 8
Kipling, *Mowgli's Brothers,* Vol. 2
Mill, J. S., *Nature,* Vol. 10
Pavlov, *Scientific Study of the So-Called Psychical Processes in the Higher Animals,* Vol. 8

## *On a Piece of Chalk*

Vol. 8, pages 205–222

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CHANGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*c*: Comparison of change in living and nonliving things
Topic 9*a*: Physical and chemical change: compounds and mixtures
EVOLUTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5: The facts of evolution: evidences bearing on the history of life on earth
SCIENCE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*b*: Science as the discipline of experimental inquiry and the organization of experimental knowledge: the scientific spirit

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Darwin, Vol. 49, *Origin of Species,* Chaps. III–IV, X–XIII, XV
Schrödinger, Vol. 56, *What Is Life?,* Chap. 7

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Carson, *Sunless Sea,* Vol. 8
Darwin, *Autobiography,* Vol. 8
Eiseley, "On Time," Vol. 8
Faraday, *Chemical History of a Candle,* Vol. 8
Lyell, "Geological Evolution," Vol. 8

## HENRIK IBSEN, 1828–1906

### *An Enemy of the People*

Vol. 4, pages 164–246

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

COURAGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7*a*: The courage required of citizens and statesmen: the political recognition of courage
DEMOCRACY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*a*: The tyranny of the majority: lawless mob rule
HONOR, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*a*: The reaction of the community to its good or great men
TRUTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 8*b*: The expediency of the political lie: the uses of lying

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Sophocles, Vol. 4, *Oedipus the King; Philoctetes*
Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bk. IV
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of presumption*
Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Vol. 40, *Federalist,* Nos. 10, 51
Mill, J. S., Vol. 40, *Representative Government,* Chaps. 6–7
Boswell, Vol. 41, *Life of Samuel Johnson*
Tocqueville, Vol. 44, *Democracy in America,* Vol. 1, Part II, Chaps. 7–8
Twain, Vol. 48, *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,* Chaps. 21–22

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Adversity,* Vol. 10
Butler, "Customs and Opinions of the Erewhonians," Vol. 2
Calhoun, "Concurrent Majority," Vol. 7
Carlyle, *Hero as King,* Vol. 6

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Chekhov, *Cherry Orchard,* Vol. 4
Emerson, *Self-Reliance,* Vol. 10
Ruskin, *Idealist's Arraignment of the Age,* Vol. 7
Thoreau, *Civil Disobedience,* Vol. 6
Tocqueville, "Observations on American Life and Government," Vol. 6
Voltaire, "English Men and Ideas: On Inoculation," Vol. 7
Xenophon, "Character of Socrates," Vol. 6

For Ibsen's *Doll's House, Wild Duck, Hedda Gabler,* and *Master Builder* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 52

## HENRY JAMES, 1843–1916

### *The Pupil*

Vol. 3, pages 530–568

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CUSTOM AND CONVENTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*a*: The conventional determination of moral judgments: the moral evaluation of conventions
DESIRE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7*a*(3): The accumulation of wealth
EDUCATION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*b*: The influence of the family in moral training
FAMILY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*e*: The initiation of children into adult life
TRUTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 8*c*: Truth and falsehood in relation to love and friendship: the pleasant and the unpleasant truth
WEALTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 10*c*: Temperance and intemperance with respect to wealth: liberality, magnificence, miserliness, avarice; the corrupting influence of excessive wealth
Topic 10*e*(3): The choice between God and Mammon: the love of money as the root of all evil: the secularizing impact of affluence

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol.6, *Laws,* Bk. VII
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of the education of children*
Dickens, Vol. 47, *Little Dorrit*
Fitzgerald, Vol. 60, *Great Gatsby*

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Riches,* Vol. 7
Fitzgerald, *Diamond as Big as the Ritz,* Vol. 3
Franklin, *Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania,* Vol. 6
Lawrence, *Rocking-Horse Winner,* Vol. 3
Pater, "Art of Life," Vol. 10
Twain, *Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg,* Vol. 2

For Henry James's *Beast in the Jungle* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 59

## WILLIAM JAMES, 1842–1910

### *On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings*

Vol. 7, pages 141–156

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

MAN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*a*: Immediate self-consciousness: man's intimate or introspective knowledge of himself
Topic 10*e*: Man's comparison of himself with other creatures and with the universe as a whole
MIND, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*d*(1): The origin of the mind's simple ideas: sensation and reflection
PLEASURE AND PAIN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*b*: Sensuous pleasure: the affective quality of sensations
Topic 4*c*: Intellectual pleasure: the pleasures of reflection and contemplation
SENSE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3*d*(2): Memory and imagination as interior powers of sense
Topic 6: The role of sense in the perception of beauty: the beautiful and the pleasing to sense; sensible and intelligible beauty

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Philebus*
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Rhetoric,* Bk. I, Chap. 11
Aquinas, Vol. 17, *Summa Theologica,* Part I–II, Q. 11
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of experience*
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sect. II

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Tacitus, *Life of Gnaeus Julius Agricola,* Vol. 6
Xenophon, "Character of Socrates," Vol. 6

## *The Will to Believe*

Vol. 10, pages 39–57

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

HYPOTHESIS, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2: Hypothetical reasoning and hypothetical constructions in philosophy
KNOWLEDGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*c*(4): The distinction between *a priori* and *a posteriori* knowledge; the transcendental, or speculative, and the empirical
OPINION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*b*: The will as cause of assent in acts of opinion
WILL, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3*b*(1): The distinction between knowledge and opinion in relation to the willful in thought: the will to believe and wishful thinking
Topic 5*a*(1): The freedom of the will as consisting in a freely determined choice or a free judgment of the reason

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Descartes, Vol. 28, *Discourse on Method,* Parts II–IV
Spinoza, Vol. 28, *Ethics,* Part I, Prop. 34-Appendix; Part II, Props. 48–49
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Provincial Letters,* Letter XVIII; *Pensées,* Sects. III–IV
Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Human Understanding,* Bk. II, Chap. XXI; Bk. IV, Chap. XIX
Hume, Vol. 33, *Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding,* Sect. IV–Sect. V, Part I; Sects. X–XI
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Pure Reason,* Introduction
Dostoevsky, Vol. 52, *Brothers Karamazov,* Part II, Bk. V, Chaps. 3–5; Part III, Bk. VII, Chaps. 1–2, 4; Part IV, Bk. XI, Chaps. 4, 9
Freud, Vol. 54, *Civilization and Its Discontents,* Parts I–II; *New Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis,* Lecture 35
Russell, Vol. 55, *Problems of Philosophy,* Chap. VII

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Truth,* Vol. 10
Clifford, *Ethics of Belief,* Vol. 10
Dewey, "Process of Thought," Vol. 10
Emerson, *Montaigne; or, the Skeptic,* Vol. 10

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Erskine, *Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent,* Vol. 10
Faraday, *Observations on Mental Education,* Vol. 7

## *The Sentiment of Rationality*

Vol. 10, pages 58–87

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

KNOWLEDGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*b*: Knowledge, belief, and opinion: their relation or distinction
OPINION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3*b*: Certain and probable, adequate and inadequate knowledge: degrees of certitude; modes of assent
PHILOSOPHY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3*b*: The philosopher's appeal to first principles and to definitions
Topic 4*c*: Philosophy as a moral discipline: the consolation of philosophy
Topic 6*c*: The philosopher as a man of reason: the limits of reason; its supplementation by experience or faith
PRINCIPLE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 5: The skeptical denial of first principles or axioms: the denial that any propositions elicit the universal assent of mankind
UNIVERSAL AND PARTICULAR, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*c*: The abstraction of universal concepts from the particulars of sense

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bks. VI–VII
Aristotle, Vol. 7, *Metaphysics,* Bk. IV; Vol. 8, *Nicomachean Ethics,* Bk. I, Chaps. 1–4, 7–8; Bk. X, Chap. 8
Descartes, Vol. 28, *Discourse on Method,* Parts I–IV
Spinoza, Vol. 28, *Ethics,* Part IV, Appendix
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sect. IV
Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Human Understanding,* Bk. IV, Chaps. XVII–ZXX
Berkeley, Vol. 33, *Principles of Human Knowledge,* Introduction
Hume, Vol. 33, *Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding,* Sect. XII, Parts I–III
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Pure Reason; Critique of Judgement,* Part II
Goethe, Vol. 45, *Faust,* Part One; Part Two, Act II
Darwin, Vol. 49, *Descent of Man,* Part I, Chaps. III–V

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Dostoevsky, Vol. 52, *Brothers Karamazov,* Part II, Bk. V, Chaps. 3–4; Part III, Bk. VII, Chaps. 2, 4
Russell, Vol. 55, *Problems of Philosophy,* Chaps. XIII–XIV
Planck, Vol. 56, *Scientific Autobiography*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Clifford, *Ethics of Belief,* Vol. 10
Dewey, "Process of Thought," Vol. 10
Faraday, *Observations on Mental Education,* Vol. 7
Mill, J. S., *Nature,* Vol. 10
Poincaré, *Mathematical Creation,* Vol. 9

For James's *Principles of Psychology* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 53; for James's *Pragmatism,* see Vol. 55

## SIR JAMES JEANS, 1877–1946

### *Beginnings and Endings*

Vol. 8, pages 585–596

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CHANGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5: The measure of motion
Topic 13: The problem of the eternity of motion or change
MECHANICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 6*g*: Work and energy: their conservation; perpetual motion; their relation to mass; the principle of least action
PROGRESS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 6*b*: Progress in philosophy and in the sciences
SPACE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2: Space, void, and motion
TIME, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*c*: The creation of time: the priority of eternity to time; the immutability of the world after the end of time
WORLD, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*a*: The opposed metaphors: the universe as a machine and the universe as a living organism; the doctrine of the world soul

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristotle, Vol. 7, *Physics,* Bk. VIII
Lucretius, Vol. 11, *Way Things Are,* Bks. I–II

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Augustine, Vol. 16, *Confessions,* Bk. XII
Aquinas, Vol. 18, *Summa Theologica,* Treatise on the Last Things
Newton, Vol. 32, *Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy,* Bk. III
Faraday, Vol. 42, *Experimental Researches in Electricity*
Einstein, Vol. 56, *Relativity: The Special and the General Theory*
Eddington, Vol. 56, *Expanding Universe*
Heisenberg, Vol. 56, *Physics and Philosophy,* Chaps. 6–7

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Eddington, *Running-Down of the Universe,* Vol. 8
Eiseley, "On Time," Vol. 8
Santayana, *Lucretius,* Vol. 10

## THOMAS JEFFERSON, 1743–1826

### "The Virginia Constitution"

from *Notes on Virginia*
Vol. 6, pages 502–517

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

DEMOCRACY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*b*: The democratic realization of popular sovereignty: the safeguarding of natural rights
Topic 4*c*: The infirmities of democracy in practice and the reforms or remedies for these defects
Topic 5*b*(1): Majority rule and minority or proportional representation
Topic 5*c*: The distribution of functions and powers: checks and balances in representative democracy; the uses of patronage
LIBERTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*c*: The struggle for sovereign independence against the yoke of imperialism or colonial subjugation

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Laws,* Bk. VI
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Politics,* Bk. III, Chaps. 6–13
Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Civil Government,* Chaps. XII–XIII
Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Vol. 40, *Federalist,* No. 45
Mill, J. S., Vol. 40, *Representative Government,* Chaps. 6–7, 12–13
Tocqueville, Vol. 44, *Democracy in America,* Vol. 1, Part I, Chaps. 4–5; Part II, Chaps. 5, 7–9; Vol. 2, Part IV, Chaps. 6–7

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Burke, *Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol,* Vol. 7
Calhoun, "Concurrent Majority," Vol. 7
Great Documents, *Virginia Declaration of Rights; Declaration of Independence,* Vol. 6
Lincoln, *First Inaugural Address,* Vol. 6
Thoreau, *Civil Disobedience,* Vol. 6
Washington, *Farewell Address,* Vol. 6

## *First Inaugural Address*

Vol. 6, pages 518–521

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

DEMOCRACY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*b*: The democratic realization of popular sovereignty: the safeguarding of natural rights
Topic 5*b*(1): Majority rule and minority or proportional representation
GOVERNMENT, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*d*: Confederation and federal union: the division of jurisdiction between state and federal governments
LIBERTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*a*: The birthright of freedom
Topic 2*b*: Liberty of conscience and religious freedom

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Laws,* Bk. III
Locke, Vol. 33, *Letter Concerning Toleration*
Kant, Vol. 39, *Science of Right,* Second Part
*Articles of Confederation,* Vol. 40
Tocqueville, Vol. 44, *Democracy in America,* Vol. 1, Part I, Chaps. 2, 8; Part II, Chap. 10

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Adams, "United States in 1800," Vol. 6
Burke, *Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol,* Vol. 7
Crèvecoeur, "Making of Americans," Vol. 6
Great Documents, Vol. 6
Guizot, "Civilization," Vol. 6
Lincoln, *First Inaugural Address,* Vol. 6
Paine, "Call to Patriots–December 23, 1776," Vol. 6
Tocqueville, "Observations on American Life and Government," Vol. 6
Washington, *Farewell Address,* Vol. 6

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Topic 5*a*: The distinction between direct democracy and representative, or republican, government: the territorial limits of democracy

GOVERNMENT, Vol. 1, especially

Topic 2*e*: The ideal form of government: the distinction between practicable and Utopian ideals

Topic 5*a*: Foreign policy: the making of treaties; the conduct of war and peace

STATE, Vol. 2, especially

Topic 9*d*: The sovereignty of independent states: the distinction between the sovereignty of the state at home and abroad; internal and external sovereignty

WAR AND PEACE, Vol. 2, especially

Topic 2*a*: Civil war and war between states or international war

Topic 9: The folly and futility of war: pacifist movements

Topic 11*b*: Justice and fraternity as principles of peace among men

Topic 11*c*: International law and international peace: treaties, alliances, and leagues as instrumentalities of international peace

Topic 11*d*: World government and world peace

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bks. II–VII

Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Politics,* Bk. III, Chaps. 1–5

Hobbes, Vol. 21, *Leviathan,* Part I, Chaps. 13–15

Rabelais, Vol. 22, *Gargantua and Pantagruel,* Bk. I, Chaps. 25–51

Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Civil Government,* Chap. XVI

Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Vol. 40, *Federalist,* Nos. 3–9

Mill, J. S., Vol. 40, *Representative Government,* Chaps. 17–18

Hegel, Vol. 43, *Philosophy of Right,* Third Part, Sub-sect. III

Tocqueville, Vol. 44, *Democracy in America,* Vol. 2, Part III, Chaps. 22–26

Tolstoy, Vol. 51, *War and Peace,* Bk. 6, Chap. VII; Bk. 9, Chaps. I–VII; First Epilogue, Chaps. I–IV

Freud, Vol. 54, *Thoughts for the Times on War and Death*

Weber, Vol. 58, *Essays in Sociology,* Chap. VI

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Clausewitz, *What Is War?,* Vol. 7

Dante, "On World Government," Vol. 7

Guizot, "Civilization," Vol. 6

Rousseau, *Lasting Peace through the Federation of Europe,* Vol. 7

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For other works by Kant in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 39, especially *Science of Right*

## EDWARD KASNER, 1878–1955 and JAMES R. NEWMAN, 1907–1966

*New Names for Old*
*Beyond the Googol*
Vol. 9, pages 121–162

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CHANGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1: The nature and reality of change or motion
Topic 5: The measure of motion
Topic 7*d*: The properties of variable motion: the laws of motion
INFINITY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3: The infinite in quantity: infinite magnitudes and multitudes
Topic 4: The infinity of matter
LOGIC, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*a*: Mathematical analysis and reasoning: the search for a universal method
MATHEMATICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2: The objects of mathematics: ideas or abstractions; number, figure, extension, relation, order
Topic 2*b*: The being of mathematical objects: their real, ideal, or mental existence
Topic 3*d*: Symbols and formulas: the attainment of generality
Topic 4: Mathematical techniques
QUANTITY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4: Discrete quantities: number and numbering
SCIENCE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*b*: The comparison of science with poetry and history

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Parmenides*
Aristotle, Vol. 7, *Physics,* Bk. IV, Chaps. 10–14; Bk. VI, Chaps. 1–10
Euclid, Vol. 10, *Elements,* Bks. I–II, X, XII
Archimedes, Vol. 10, *Sand-Reckoner*
Descartes, Vol. 28, *Rules for the Direction of the Mind,* Rules XIV–XXI
Pascal, Vol. 30, *On Geometrical Demonstration*

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Berkeley, Vol. 33, *Principles of Human Knowledge*
Whitehead, Vol. 56, *Introduction to Mathematics,* Chaps. 5–6
Hardy, Vol. 56, *Mathematician's Apology*
Heisenberg, Vol. 56, *Physics and Philosophy,* Chap. 10

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Boeke, *Cosmic View,* Vol. 8
Campbell, *Measurement,* Vol. 9
Dantzig, *Fingerprints; Empty Column,* Vol. 9
Hogben, *Mathematics, the Mirror of Civilization,* Vol. 9
Russell, *Definition of Number; Mathematics and the Metaphysicians,* Vol. 9

## RUDYARD KIPLING, 1865–1936

### *Mowgli's Brothers*

Vol. 2, pages 126–141

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ANIMAL, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1: General theories about the animal nature
Topic 12*c*: Friendship or love between animals and men
Topic 13: The attribution of human qualities or virtues to animals: personification in allegory and satire; the transformation of humans into animals
COURAGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6: The formation or training of the courageous man
CUSTOM AND CONVENTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7*a*: Custom as unifying a community: conformity in manners or etiquette
EDUCATION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3: The training of the body and the cultivation of bodily skills: gymnastics, manual work

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Homer, Vol. 3, *Odyssey,* Bk. XVII
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *History of Animals,* Bk. IX, Chap. 1
Plutarch, Vol. 13, *Romulus*
Milton, Vol. 29, *Paradise Lost,* Bks. IV, VIII
Swift, Vol. 34, *Gulliver's Travels,* Part IV
Darwin, Vol. 49, *Origin of Species; Descent of Man*

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Kafka, Vol. 60, *Metamorphosis*
Orwell, Vol. 60, *Animal Farm*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Custom and Education,* Vol. 7; *Of Friendship,* Vol. 10
Balzac, *Passion in the Desert,* Vol. 3
Cicero, *On Friendship,* Vol. 10
Emerson, *Thoreau,* Vol. 6
Fabre, *Laboratory of the Open Fields,* Vol. 8
Flaubert, *Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller,* Vol. 3
Huxley, *On the Relations of Man to the Lower Animals,* Vol. 8
Lawrence, *Rocking-Horse Winner,* Vol. 3
Schopenhauer, *On Education,* Vol. 7

## JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE, 1645–1696

### *Characters*

Vol. 6, pages 102–105

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ARISTOCRACY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3: The causes of degeneration or instability in aristocracies: aristocracy and revolution
CUSTOM AND CONVENTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5: Custom and convention in the moral order
Topic 5*a*: The conventional determination of moral judgments: the moral evaluation of conventions
HISTORY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2: The light and lesson of history: its role in the education of the mind and in the guidance of human conduct
HONOR, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1: The relation of honor and fame: praise and reputation
VIRTUE AND VICE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 9: The advance or decline of human morality

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Nicomachean Ethics,* Bks. III–IV
Augustine, Vol. 16, *City of God,* Bk. V, Chaps. 12–20
Swift, Vol. 34, *Gulliver's Travels,* Part I, Chap. IV; Part II, Chap. VII
Boswell, Vol. 41, *Life of Samuel Johnson*
Hegel, Vol. 43, *Philosophy of History,* Introduction III
Tolstoy, Vol. 51, *War and Peace,* First Epilogue, Chaps. XIII–XIV

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Great Place,* Vol. 7; *Of Followers and Friends; Of Riches; Of Friendship,* Vol. 10
Chekhov, *Cherry Orchard,* Vol. 4
Cicero, *On Friendship,* Vol. 10
Jefferson, *Biographical Sketches,* Vol. 6
Molière, *Misanthrope,* Vol. 4
Plutarch, *Contentment,* Vol. 10
Pushkin, *Queen of Spades,* Vol. 3
Sheridan, *School for Scandal,* Vol. 4
Xenophon, "Character of Socrates," Vol. 6

## CHARLES LAMB, 1775–1834

### *My First Play*

Vol. 5, pages 300–303

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ART, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7*a*: Art as a source of pleasure or delight
KNOWLEDGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*b*(4): Knowledge in relation to the faculties of understanding, judgment, and reason; and to the work of intuition, imagination, and understanding
MEMORY AND IMAGINATION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 7*a*: The use of imagination in the production and appreciation of works of art
POETRY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 7*d*: Spectacle and song in drama

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristotle, Vol. 8, *On Poetics*
Shakespeare, Vol. 25, *Hamlet*
Cervantes, Vol. 27, *Don Quixote,* Part One, Chap. 48
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Judgement,* Introduction; First Part, Sect. I, Bk. I
Goethe, Vol. 45, *Faust,* Prelude in the Theatre
Freud, Vol. 54, *Civilization and Its Discontents,* Chap. II
Pirandello, Vol. 59, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

De Quincey, *On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth,* Vol. 5
Hume, *Of the Standard of Taste,* Vol. 5

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Clifford, *Ethics of Belief,* Vol. 10
Faraday, *Observations on Mental Education,* Vol. 7
Galton, "Classification of Human Ability," Vol. 8
Peirce, *Red and the Black,* Vol. 9
Poincaré, *Chance,* Vol. 9
Pushkin, *Queen of Spades,* Vol. 3

## DAVID HERBERT LAWRENCE, 1885–1930

### *The Rocking-Horse Winner*

Vol. 3, pages 512–525

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

EMOTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*a*: Madness or frenzy due to emotional excess: excessively emotional or emotionally overdetermined behavior
FAMILY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7*d*: The emotional impact of family life upon the child: the domestic triangle, the symbolic roles of father and mother
LOVE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*e*: The intensity and power of love: its increase or decrease; its constructive or destructive force
WEALTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 10*c*: Temperance and intemperance with respect to wealth: liberality, magnificence, miserliness, avarice; the corrupting influence of excessive wealth

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Euripides, Vol. 4, *Hippolytus*
Shakespeare, Vol. 25, *Hamlet*
Dickens, Vol. 47, *Little Dorrit*
Dostoevsky, Vol. 52, *Brothers Karamazov,* Part II, Bk. IV, Chaps. 6–7
Ibsen, Vol. 52, *Wild Duck*
Freud, Vol. 54, *General Introduction to Psycho-Analysis,* Part II, Lecture 13; Part III, Lecture 21
O'Neill, Vol. 60, *Mourning Becomes Electra*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Parents and Children; Of Riches,* Vol. 7
Balzac, *Passion in the Desert,* Vol. 3

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Bunin, *Gentleman from San Francisco,* Vol. 3
Eliot, G., *Lifted Veil,* Vol. 3
Eliot, T. S., *Tradition and the Individual Talent,* Vol. 5
Fitzgerald, *Diamond as Big as the Ritz,* Vol. 3
Hawthorne, *Rappaccini's Daughter,* Vol. 3
James, H., *Pupil,* Vol. 3
Kipling, *Mowgli's Brothers,* Vol. 2
Lamb, *Dream Children,* Vol. 5
Poe, *Tell-Tale Heart,* Vol. 2
Pushkin, *Queen of Spades,* Vol. 3
Stevenson, *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* Vol. 2
Wilde, *Happy Prince,* Vol. 2

For Lawrence's *Prussian Officer* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 60

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1809–1865

*Address at Cooper Institute*
*First Inaugural Address*
*Letter to Horace Greeley*
*Second Inaugural Address*
*Last Public Address*
Vol. 6, pages 737–757; 760–765

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CONSTITUTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7*b*: The safeguards of constitutional government: bills of rights; separation of powers: impeachment
GOVERNMENT, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*d*: Confederation and federal union: the division of jurisdiction between state and federal governments
LIBERTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*a*: Man's freedom in relation to fate or to the will of God
REVOLUTION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*c*: Change in the extent of the state or empire: dissolution, secession, liberation, federation
SLAVERY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3*b*: Laws regulating slavery: the rights and duties of master and slave
Topic 3*c*: The emancipation or manumission of slaves: the rebellion of slaves

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Topic 3*d*: Criticisms of the institution of slavery: the injustice of slavery; its transgression of inalienable human rights

STATE, Vol. 2, especially

Topic 3*g*: The identity and continuity of a state: the dissolution of the body politic or civil society

WAR AND PEACE, Vol. 2, especially

Topic 5*a*: The moral consequences of war: its effects on the happiness and virtue of men and on the welfare of women and children

Topic 5*b*: The political consequences of war: its effects on different forms of government

WEALTH, Vol. 2, especially

Topic 7*b*(1): Chattel slaves as property

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Laws,* Bks. III, X
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Politics,* Bk. I, Chaps. 4–7
Aquinas, Vol. 18, *Summa Theologica,* Part I–II, Q. 105, Art. 4
Milton, Vol. 29, *Samson Agonistes*
Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Civil Government,* Chaps. II–IV, XVI
Montesquieu, Vol. 35, *Spirit of Laws,* Bk. XV, Chaps. 9–18
Rousseau, Vol. 35, *Discourse on Political Economy; Social Contract,* Bk. I, Chap. 4
Kant, Vol. 39, *Science of Right,* Introduction; First Part
*Articles of Confederation,* Vol. 40
*Constitution of the United States of America,* Vol. 40, Amendment 13, Sect. I
Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Vol. 40, *Federalist,* Nos. 18–20, 41, 43, 54
Tocqueville, Vol. 44, *Democracy in America,* Vol. 1, Part I, Chaps. 6–7; Part II, Chaps. 9–10; Vol. 2, Part III, Chap. 5
Freud, Vol. 54, *Thoughts for the Times on War and Death,* Chap. I

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Adams, "United States in 1800," Vol. 6
Bacon, *Of Seditions and Troubles,* Vol. 7
Burke, *Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol,* Vol. 7
Calhoun, "Concurrent Majority," Vol. 7
Crèvecoeur, "Making of Americans," Vol. 6
Great Documents, *English Bill of Rights; Virginia Declaration of Rights; Declaration of Independence,* Vol. 6
Guizot, "Civilization," Vol. 6
Hawthorne, *Sketch of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6
Jefferson, "Virginia Constitution"; *First Inaugural Address,* Vol. 6
Paine, "Call to Patriots–December 23, 1776," Vol. 6

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Thoreau, *Civil Disobedience; Plea for Captain John Brown,* Vol. 6
Tocqueville, "Observations on American Life and Government," Vol. 6
Washington, *Circular Letter to the Governors of All the States on Disbanding the Army; Farewell Address,* Vol. 6
Whitman, *Death of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6

## *Meditation on the Divine Will*

Vol. 6, page 758

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

GOD, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*g*: God's will: divine choice
WAR AND PEACE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*a*: Civil war and war between states or international war

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aquinas, Vol. 17, *Summa Theologica,* First Part, Q. 19
Hegel, Vol. 43, *Philosophy of History,* Introduction
Tolstoy, Vol. 51, *War and Peace,* Second Epilogue

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Clausewitz, *What Is War?,* Vol. 7
Flaubert, *Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller,* Vol. 3
Hawthorne, *Sketch of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6
Maupassant, *Two Friends,* Vol. 2
Synge, *Riders to the Sea,* Vol. 4
Whitman, *Death of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6

## *The Gettysburg Address*

Vol. 6, page 759

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

COURAGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7*c*: Courage in war
DEMOCRACY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*b*: The democratic realization of popular sovereignty: the safeguarding of natural rights
LIBERTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*f*: The freedom and equals under government: the equality of citizenship
WAR AND PEACE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*a*: Civil war and war between states or international war

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Thucydides, Vol. 5, *History of the Peloponnesian War,* Second Book, Chap. VI
Plato, Vol. 6, *Laws,* Bk. IV
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Politics,* Bk. III, Chaps. 16–17
Hobbes, Vol. 21, *Leviathan,* Part II, Chap. XVIII
Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Civil Government,* Chaps. XI–XIII
Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Vol. 40, *Federalist,* No. 84

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Great Documents, *Declaration of Independence,* Vol. 6
Hawthorne, *Sketch of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6
Whitman, *Death of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6

## HANIEL LONG, 1888–1956

### *The Power within Us*

Vol. 6, pages 246–261

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

COURAGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5: The motivations of courage: fame or honor, happiness, love, duty, religious faith
EXPERIENCE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7: Mystical or religious experience: experience of the supernatural or transcendental
HONOR, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*c*: The occasions of heroism in war and peace
MAN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 13: The grandeur and misery of man
NATURE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*b*: Nature and convention: the state of nature and the state of society
Topic 3*c*(4): Divine causality in relation to the course of nature: the preservation of nature; providence; miracles and magic

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Laches*
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Nicomachean Ethics,* Bk. III, Chaps. 6–9
Hobbes, Vol. 21, *Leviathan,* Part I, Chaps. 13–15

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Carson, *Sunless Sea,* Vol. 8
Darwin, *Autobiography,* Vol. 8
Eiseley, "On Time," Vol. 8
Huxley, *On a Piece of Chalk,* Vol. 8
Pliny, "Eruption of Vesuvius," Vol. 6

## THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, 1800–1859

### *Machiavelli*

Vol. 7, pages 295–329

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ARISTOCRACY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3: The causes of degeneration or instability in aristocracies: aristocracy and revolution
EXPERIENCE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*b*: The role of experience in politics: the lessons of history
HISTORY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2: The light and lesson of history: its role in the education of the mind and in the guidance of human conduct
LIBERTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*c*: The struggle for sovereign independence against the yoke of imperialism or colonial subjugation
STATE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 8*c*: The education or training of the statesman or prince
VIRTUE AND VICE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 7*d*: The virtues which constitute the good or successful ruler: the vices associated with the possession of power
WAR AND PEACE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 10: The military arts and the military profession: their role in the state

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Thucydides, Vol. 5, *History of the Peloponnesian War,* Third Book
Plato, Vol. 6, *Seventh Letter*
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Politics,* Bk. VI
Dante, Vol. 19, *Divine Comedy,* Paradiso, Canto XVI
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Observations on Julius Caesar's methods of making war*
Gibbon, Vol. 37, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*

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Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Vol. 40, *Federalist,* Nos. 1–10, especially Nos. 3–5
Nietzsche, Vol. 43, *Beyond Good and Evil,* Parts Eight and Nine
Weber, Vol. 58, *Essays in Sociology,* Chaps. IV, IX–X

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Great Place; Of Seditions and Troubles,* Vol. 7
Carlyle, *Hero as King,* Vol. 6
Clausewitz, *What Is War?,* Vol. 7
Guizot, "Civilization," Vol. 6
Hume, *Of the Study of History,* Vol. 7
Pater, "Art of Life," Vol. 10
Prescott, "Land of Montezuma," Vol. 6

For Machiavelli's *Prince* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 21

## THOMAS ROBERT MALTHUS, 1766–1834

### "The Principle of Population"

from *Population: the First Essay*
Vol. 7, pages 502–530

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

JUSTICE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 8: Economic justice: justice in production, distribution, and exchange
STATE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*c*: The size, diversity, and distribution of populations: the causes and effects of their increase or decrease
WEALTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 8*c*: The causes of poverty: competition, incompetence, indigence, expropriation, unemployment; the poverty of the proletariat as dispossessed of the instruments of production
Topic 8*d*: Laws concerning poverty: the poor laws, the dole

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Laws,* Bk. III
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Politics,* Bk. VII, Chaps. 4–5
Montesquieu, Vol. 35, *Spirit of Laws,* Bk. XXIII
Smith, Vol. 36, *Wealth of Nations,* Bk. I, Chap. VIII
Darwin, Vol. 49, *Origin of Species,* Chap. III
Veblen, Vol. 57, *Theory of the Leisure Class,* Chaps. 3–4

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Adams, "United States in 1800," Vol. 6
Carson, *Sunless Sea,* Vol. 8
Darwin, *Autobiography,* Vol. 8
Guizot, "Civilization," Vol. 6
Prescott, "Land of Montezuma," Vol. 6
Swift, *Modest Proposal,* Vol. 7

## THOMAS MANN, 1875–1955

### *Mario and the Magician*

Vol. 3, pages 573–610

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

GOOD AND EVIL, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 3*e*: Right and wrong: the social incidence of the good; doing or suffering good and evil
- Topic 3*f*: The sources of evil in human life

TYRANNY AND DESPOTISM, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 1*d*: The character of the tyrannical man: the friends of the tyrant
- Topic 5*c*: The location of sovereignty in despotic and constitutional government: the sovereign person, the sovereign office, the sovereign people
- Topic 5*d*: The analogues of despotic and constitutional rule in the relation of the powers of the soul: the tyranny of the passions

WILL, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 3*a*(1): The distinction between the voluntary and the involuntary: the conditions of voluntariness; comparison of men and animals with respect to voluntary behavior
- Topic 7*a*: Free will as a source of human dignity: its relation to slavery and civil liberty
- Topic 9*a*: The distinction between men of strong and weak will: cultivation of willpower

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Gorgias; Seventh Letter*
Plutarch, Vol. 13, *Dion*
Balzac, Vol. 45, *Cousin Bette*

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James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chap. XXVII
Orwell, Vol. 60, *Animal Farm*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Eliot, G., *Lifted Veil,* Vol. 3
Fitzgerald, *Diamond as Big as the Ritz,* Vol. 3
Hawthorne, *Rappaccini's Daughter,* Vol. 3
Macaulay, *Machiavelli,* Vol. 7
Melville, *Billy Budd,* Vol. 3
O'Neill, *Emperor Jones,* Vol. 4
Poe, *Tell-Tale Heart,* Vol. 2
Stevenson, *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* Vol. 2
Twain, *Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg,* Vol. 2

For Mann's *Death in Venice* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 59

## GUY DE MAUPASSANT, 1850–1893

### *Two Friends*

Vol. 2, pages 159–164

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

COURAGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5: The motivations of courage: fame or honor, happiness, love, duty, religious faith
Topic 7*a*: The courage required of citizens and statesmen: the political recognition of courage
Topic 7*c*: Courage in war
HONOR, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*b*: The conditions of honor or fame and the causes of dishonor or infamy
Topic 5*a*: Honor as a motivation of heroism
Topic 5*c*: The occasions of heroism in war and peace
NATURE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*e*: The natural and the unnatural or monstrous: the normal and the abnormal
WAR AND PEACE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1: War as the reign of force: the state of war and the state of nature; the martial spirit
Topic 5*a*: The moral consequences of war: its effects on the happiness and virtue of men and on the welfare of women and children
Topic 9: The folly and futility of war: pacifist movements

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristophanes, Vol. 4, *Lysistrata*
Thucydides, Vol. 5, *History of the Peloponnesian War,* Second Book, Chap. VI; Third Book, Chap. X; Fifth Book, Chap. XVII
Virgil, Vol. 12, *Eclogues,* Eclogue IX
Swift, Vol. 34, *Gulliver's Travels,* Part I
Tolstoy, Vol. 51, *War and Peace,* Bk. 12, Chaps. IX–XI
Shaw, Vol. 59, *Saint Joan*
Brecht, Vol. 60, *Mother Courage and Her Children*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Followers and Friends,* Vol. 7; *Of Death; Of Adversity; Of Friendship,* Vol. 10
Browne, "Immortality," Vol. 10
Cicero, *On Friendship,* Vol. 10
Clausewitz, *What Is War?,* Vol. 7
Dinesen, *Sorrow-Acre,* Vol. 3
Hugo, "Battle with the Cannon," Vol. 2
Lincoln, *Meditation on the Divine Will; Gettysburg Address; Second Inaugural Address,* Vol. 6
Melville, *Billy Budd,* Vol. 3
Paine, "Call to Patriots–December 23, 1776," Vol. 6
Scott, *Two Drovers,* Vol. 2
Synge, *Riders to the Sea,* Vol. 4
Tacitus, *Life of Gnaeus Julius Agricola,* Vol. 6
Whitman, *Death of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6

## HERMAN MELVILLE, 1819–1891

### *Billy Budd*

Vol. 3, pages 31–98

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CAUSE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*b*: The order of causes: the relation of cause and effect
DUTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 8: The tension between duty and instinct, desire, or love
GOOD AND EVIL, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*d*: The origin, nature, and existence of evil
Topic 3*b*(2): The good will: its conditions and consequences
Topic 3*e*: Right and wrong: the social incidence of the good; doing or suffering good and evil

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Topic 10: The denial of God or the gods, or of a supernatural order: the position of the atheist

HISTORY, Vol. 1, especially

Topic 2: The light and lesson of history: its role in the education of the mind and in the guidance of human conduct

RELIGION, Vol. 2, especially

Topic 7: Observations in history and literature concerning religious beliefs, institutions, and controversies

VIRTUE AND VICE, Vol 2, especially

Topic 4*d*(1): The influence of parental authority on the formation of character

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bks. II–III, VII
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Politics,* Bk. VII, Chap. 14–Bk. VIII
Aurelius, Vol. 11, *Meditations,* Bk. I
Augustine, Vol. 16, *Confessions,* Bk. I
Rabelais, Vol. 22, *Gargantua and Pantagruel,* Bk. I, Chaps. 11–24; Bk. II, Chaps. 5–8
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of the education of children*
Descartes, Vol. 28, *Discourse on Method,* Parts I, VI
Boswell, Vol. 41, *Life of Samuel Johnson*
Goethe, Vol. 45, *Faust,* Part One; Part Two, Act II
Dewey, Vol. 55, *Experience and Education*
Joyce, Vol. 59, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Arnold, *Sweetness and Light,* Vol. 5
Bacon, *Of Discourse; Of Studies,* Vol. 5; *Of Youth and Age; Of Parents and Children; Of Custom and Education,* Vol. 7
Darwin, *Autobiography,* Vol. 8
De Quincey, *Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power,* Vol. 5
Eliot, G., *Lifted Veil,* Vol. 3
Erskine, *Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent,* Vol. 10
Franklin, *Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania,* Vol. 6
Galton, "Classification of Human Ability," Vol. 8
James, W., *Great Men and Their Environment,* Vol. 7
Schopenhauer, *On Education,* Vol. 7
Stevenson, *Lantern-Bearers,* Vol. 7
Swift, *Essay on Modern Education,* Vol. 7
Twain, "Learning the River," Vol. 6
Woolf, *Art of Biography,* Vol. 6

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*Nature*
Vol. 10, pages 477–508

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

LAW, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*d*: The natural law as underlying the precepts of virtue: its relation to the moral precepts of divine law
NATURE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*a*: Nature and art: the imitation of nature; cooperation with nature
Topic 2*b*: Nature and convention: the state of nature and the state of society
Topic 3*a*: The maxims and laws of nature: the rationality of nature; entropy
Topic 3*c*(4): Divine causality in relation to the course of nature: the preservation of nature; providence; miracles and magic

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Timaeus*
Aristotle, Vol. 7, *Physics,* Bk. II, Chap. 1; *Metaphysics,* Bk. V, Chap. 4
Lucretius, Vol. 11, *Way Things Are,* Bks. I–II
Epictetus, Vol. 11, *Discourses,* Bk. I, Chaps. 11, 26
Aquinas, Vol. 17, *Summa Theologica,* First Part, Q 44–Q 46, Art. 2; Q 103–105
Hobbes, Vol. 21, *Leviathan,* Part I, Chap. 15
Bacon, Vol. 28, *Novum Organum,* Second Book
Spinoza, Vol. 28, *Ethics,* Part I
Rousseau, Vol. 35, *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality*
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Judgement,* Second Part
Frazer, Vol. 58, *Golden Bough,* Chap. I

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Adams, *Saint Thomas Aquinas,* Vol. 10
Bacon, *Sphinx,* Vol. 8
Balzac, *Passion in the Desert,* Vol. 3
Emerson, *Nature,* Vol. 10
Huxley, *On the Relations of Man to the Lower Animals,* Vol. 8
James, W., *Sentiment of Rationality,* Vol. 10
Santayana, *Lucretius,* Vol. 10
Voltaire, "Philosophy of Common Sense," Vol. 10

For other works by Mill in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 40

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## MOLIÈRE, 1622–1673

### *The Misanthrope*

Vol. 4, pages 6–51

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

EMOTION, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 4*b*(1): Moderation of the passions by reason: virtue, continence, avoidance of sin

LAW, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 3*a*(1): The natural moral law as the eternal law in human nature

MAN, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 12: Man as an object of laughter and ridicule: comedy and satire

OPINION, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 6*a*: Good and evil as matters of opinion: moral standards as customs or conventions reflecting prevalent opinion

PROGRESS, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 1*c*: Skeptical or pessimistic denials of progress: the golden age as past; the cyclical motion of history; the degeneration of cultures

VIRTUE AND VICE, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 1*d*: Virtue as an intrinsic good: its relation to happiness
- Topic 2*c*: The appearances of virtue: imperfect or conditional virtues; the counterfeits of virtue; natural or temperamental dispositions which simulate virtue
- Topic 4*e*(3): Circumstances as affecting the morality of human acts
- Topic 6*d*: Virtue and honor
- Topic 6*e*: Virtue in relation to friendship and love

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristophanes, Vol. 4, *Clouds*
Dante, Vol. 19, *Divine Comedy,* Inferno, Canto XXIII
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *That intention is judge of our actions; Apology for Raymond Sebond*
Shakespeare, Vol. 25, *King Lear*
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sect. XIV
Swift, Vol. 34, *Gulliver's Travels,* Part IV
Voltaire, Vol. 34, *Candide*

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Followers and Friends,* Vol. 7; *Of Truth; Of Love; Of Friendship,* Vol. 10
Butler, "Customs and Opinions of the Erewhonians," Vol. 2
De Quincey, *Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power,* Vol. 5
Dickens, "Full and Faithful Report of the Memorable Trial of Bardell against Pickwick," Vol. 2
La Bruyère, *Characters,* Vol. 6
Ruskin, *Idealist's Arraignment of the Age,* Vol. 7
Twain, *Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg,* Vol. 2

## *The Doctor in Spite of Himself*

Vol. 4, pages 52–81

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

MAN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 12: Man as an object of laughter and ridicule: comedy and satire
POETRY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*b*: Tragedy and comedy: the theater
VIRTUE AND VICE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*e*(3): Circumstances as affecting the morality of human acts

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristophanes, Vol. 4, *Birds*
Rabelais, Vol. 22, *Gargantua and Pantagruel,* Bk. III, Chaps. 29–33
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *Much Ado About Nothing*
Swift, Vol. 34, *Gulliver's Travels,* Part IV

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Butler, "Customs and Opinions of the Erewhonians," Vol. 2
Voltaire, "English Men and Ideas: On Inoculation," Vol. 7

For other works by Molière in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 31

# EUGENE GLADSTONE O'NEILL, 1888–1953

## *The Emperor Jones*

Vol. 4, pages 357–382

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SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

EMOTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*a*: Madness or frenzy due to emotional excess: excessively emotional or emotionally overdetermined behavior
GOOD AND EVIL, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*e*: Right and wrong: the social incidence of the good; doing or suffering good and evil
MAN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 13: The grandeur and misery of man
SIN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 5: The remorse of conscience and feelings of guilt: the psychogenesis and pathological expression of the sense of sin

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Sophocles, Vol. 4, *Ajax*
Euripides, Vol. 4, *Orestes*
Shakespeare, Vol. 25, *King Lear; Macbeth,* Act II, Scene II; Act III, Scenes II–IV
Freud, Vol. 54, *Civilization and Its Discontents,* Chap. VII
Conrad, Vol. 59, *Heart of Darkness*
Fitzgerald, Vol. 60, *Great Gatsby*
Beckett, Vol. 60, *Waiting for Godot*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Great Place; Of Seditions and Troubles,* Vol. 7; *Of Death; Of Adversity,* Vol. 10
Bunin, *Gentleman from San Francisco,* Vol. 3
Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe,* Vol. 2
Fitzgerald, *Diamond as Big as the Ritz,* Vol. 3
Flaubert, *Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller,* Vol. 3
Hemingway, *Killers,* Vol. 2
James, W., *Energies of Men,* Vol. 7
Long, *Power within Us,* Vol. 6
Mann, *Mario and the Magician,* Vol. 3
Poe, *Tell-Tale Heart,* Vol. 2
Stevenson, *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* Vol. 2

For O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 60

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Topic 4*c*: The mechanistic versus the organismic account of nature
MEDICINE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*a*: The scientific foundations of the art of medicine: the contrast between the empiric and the artist in medicine
MEMORY AND IMAGINATION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1: The faculties of memory and imagination in brutes and men
SENSE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*c*: Comparisons of human and animal sensitivity
Topic 3: The analysis of the power of sense: its organs and activities

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristotle, Vol. 8, *History of Animals,* Bk. IV
Descartes, Vol. 28, *Discourse on Method,* Part V
Darwin, Vol. 49, *Descent of Man,* Chap. III
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chaps. IV, XXIV, XXVI
Schrödinger, Vol. 56, *What Is Life?,* Chap. 7
Waddington, Vol. 56, *Nature of Life,* Chap. 1

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bernard, *Experimental Considerations Common to Living Things and Inorganic Bodies,* Vol. 8
Fabre, *Laboratory of the Open Fields; Sacred Beetle,* Vol. 8
Huxley, *On the Relations of Man to the Lower Animals,* Vol. 8
Wöhler, *On the Artificial Production of Urea,* Vol. 8

## CHARLES SANDERS PEIRCE, 1839–1914

### *The Red and the Black*

Vol. 9, pages 342–348

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CHANCE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4: Cause and chance in relation to knowledge and opinion: the theory of probability
TRUTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*e*: The distinction between truth and probability: its relation to the distinction between knowledge and opinion

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Topic 4*c*: Truth in metaphysics, mathematics, and the empirical sciences: the truth of principles, hypotheses, and conclusions in the several speculative disciplines
Topic 4*d*: Truth and probability in rhetoric and dialectic
Topic 7*a*: The impossibility of knowing the truth: the restriction of all human judgments to degrees of probability; the denial of axioms and of the possibility of demonstration

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sect. III; *Treatise on the Arithmetical Triangle; Correspondence with Fermat on the Theory of Probabilities*
Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Human Understanding,* Bk. IV, Chaps. III, VI, XV–XVII
Nietzsche, Vol. 43, *Beyond Good and Evil,* Chap. Six
Poincaré, Vol. 56, *Science and Hypothesis,* Preface; Chap. 11

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Clifford, *Ethics of Belief,* Vol. 10
Erskine, *Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent,* Vol. 10
Faraday, *Observations on Mental Education,* Vol. 7
Forsyth, *Mathematics, in Life and Thought,* Vol. 9
James, W., *Will to Believe,* Vol. 10
Laplace, "Probability," Vol. 9
Lawrence, *Rocking-Horse Winner,* Vol. 3
Poincaré, *Chance,* Vol. 9
Pushkin, *Queen of Spades,* Vol. 3

## PLINY THE YOUNGER (GAIUS PLINUS CAECILIUS SECUNDUS), *c.* 61–*c.* 113

### "The Eruption of Vesuvius"

from *Letters*
Vol. 6, pages 264–270

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

COURAGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1: The nature of courage
Topic 6: The formation or training of the courageous man
HISTORY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3: The writing of history: research and narration; the influence of poetry

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Herodotus, Vol. 5, *History,* First Book

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Thucydides, Vol. 5, *History of the Peloponnesian War,* First Book, Chap. I
Goethe, Vol. 45, *Faust,* Part Two, Act II

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Death,* Vol. 10
Lyell, "Geological Evolution," Vol. 8
Prescott, "Land of Montezuma," Vol. 6

## PLUTARCH, *c.* 46–120

### *Of Bashfulness*

Vol. 7, pages 97–109

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

HONOR, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*a*: The sense of honor and of shame: loyalty to the good
VIRTUE AND VICE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*c*: The doctrine of virtue as a mean between the extremes of vice
Topic 4: The natural causes or conditions of virtue
Topic 5: Psychological factors in the formation of moral virtue
Topic 6: Virtue in relation to other moral goods or principles

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Nicomachean Ethics,* Bk. II, Chaps. 6–9; Bk. III, Chap. 7–Bk. V, Chap. 11; *Rhetoric,* Bk. II, Chap. 6
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of conscience; Of glory; Of repentance*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Anderson, *I'm a Fool,* Vol. 2
Bacon, *Of Youth and Age,* Vol. 7
Eliot, G., *Lifted Veil,* Vol. 3
Melville, *Billy Budd,* Vol. 3

### *Contentment*

Vol. 10, pages 264–281

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

HAPPINESS, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*a*: The marks of a happy man, the quality of a happy life
Topic 2*b*(1): The contribution of the goods of fortune to happiness: wealth, health, longevity

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Topic 2*b*(7): The function of knowledge and wisdom in the happy life: the place of speculative activity and contemplation

LABOR, Vol. 1, especially

Topic 1*b*: Labor, leisure, and happiness: the servile, political and contemplative life

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Phaedo; Republic,* Bk. VII
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Nicomachean Ethics,* Bk. I, Chaps. 5–12
Epictetus, Vol. 11, *Discourses,* Bk. III, Chap. XXIV
Aquinas, Vol. 17, *Summa Theologica,* Part I–II, Q. 1, Art. 7–Q. 2, Art. 5
Hobbes, Vol. 21, *Leviathan,* Part I, Chap. XI
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *That to philosophize is to learn to die; That the taste of good and evil depends in large part on the opinion we have of them; Of glory*
Spinoza, Vol. 28, *Ethics,* Part IV, Appendix
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sect. II
Kant, Vol. 39, *Fundamental Principles of the Metaphysic of Morals*
Tolstoy, Vol. 51, *War and Peace,* Bk. 12, Chap. XIII; Bk. 13, Chaps. XII, XIV; Bk. 14, Chaps. XII, XV; Bk. 15, Chaps. XII–XIII, XIX
Veblen, Vol. 57, *Theory of the Leisure Class,* Chaps. 3–7

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Youth and Age; Of Great Place,* Vol. 7; *Of Anger,* Vol. 10
Bunin, *Gentleman from San Francisco,* Vol. 3
Chekhov, *Darling,* Vol. 3
Cicero, *On Old Age,* Vol. 10
Emerson, *Thoreau,* Vol. 6
Epictetus, Enchiridion, Vol. 10
Epicurus, *Letter to Menoeceus,* Vol. 10
Gogol, *Overcoat,* Vol. 2
James, W., *On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings,* Vol. 7
La Bruyère, *Characters,* Vol. 6
Pater, "Art of Life," Vol. 10
Santayana, *Lucretius,* Vol. 10
Tacitus, *Life of Gnaeus Julius Agricola,* Vol. 6
Tolstoy, *Three Hermits,* Vol. 3
Wilde, *Happy Prince,* Vol. 2
Xenophon, "Character of Socrates," Vol. 6

For Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 13

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## EDGAR ALLAN POE, 1809–1849

### *The Tell-Tale Heart*

Vol. 2, pages 273–277

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

EMOTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*a*: Madness or frenzy due to emotional excess: excessively emotional or emotionally overdetermined behavior
MEMORY AND IMAGINATION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 7*b*: The fantastic and the realistic in poetry: the probable and the possible in poetry and history
MIND, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 8*a*: The distinction between sanity and madness: the criterion of lucidity or insight
PUNISHMENT, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*b*: Sanity, maturity, and moral competence in relation to responsibility

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Sophocles, Vol. 4, *Ajax*
Euripides, Vol. 4, *Electra*
Plato, Vol. 6, *Phaedrus*
Shakespeare, Vol. 25, *Hamlet,* Act IV, Scene V; *Othello,* Act IV, Scene I; *King Lear*
Melville, Vol. 48, *Moby Dick,* Chaps. 41, 44
Dostoevsky, Vol. 52, *Brothers Karamazov,* Part III, Bk. VIII, Chap. 8
Lawrence, Vol. 60, *Prussian Officer*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Anger,* Vol. 10
Flaubert, *Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller,* Vol. 3
Hawthorne, *Rappaccini's Daughter,* Vol. 3
Hemingway, *Killers,* Vol. 2
Lamb, *Sanity of True Genius,* Vol. 5
Lawrence, *Rocking-Horse Winner,* Vol. 3
Mann, *Mario and the Magician,* Vol. 3
Melville, *Billy Budd,* Vol. 3
O'Neill, *Emperor Jones,* Vol. 4
Pushkin, *Queen of Spades,* Vol. 3
Scott, *Two Drovers,* Vol. 2
Stevenson, *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* Vol. 2

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James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chap. XXVIII
Whitehead, Vol. 56, *Introduction to Mathematics,* Chap. 1
Hardy, Vol. 56, *Mathematician's Apology*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Campbell, *Numerical Laws and the Use of Mathematics in Science,* Vol. 9
Curie, *Discovery of Radium,* Vol. 8
Dantzig, *Fingerprints; Empty Column,* Vol. 9
Darwin, *Autobiography,* Vol. 8
Dewey, "Process of Thought," Vol. 10
Galton, "Classification of Human Ability," Vol. 8
Hogben, *Mathematics, the Mirror of Civilization,* Vol. 9
Mendeleev, "Genesis of a Law of Nature," Vol. 8
Russell, *Study of Mathematics,* Vol. 9
Tyndall, "Michael Faraday," Vol. 8
Whitehead, "On Mathematical Method," Vol. 9

## *Chance*

Vol. 9, pages 305–320

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CAUSE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5: Cause in relation to knowledge
CHANCE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1: The conception of change
Topic 2*a*: The relation of chance to causality: philosophical or scientific determinism
Topic 4: Cause and chance in relation to knowledge and opinion: the theory of probability
NECESSITY AND CONTINGENCY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3: Necessity and contingency in the realm of change: chance and determinism
Topic 4: Necessity and contingency in the realm of thought

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristotle, Vol. 7, *Physics,* Bk. II, Chaps. 4–6
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Treatise on the Arithmetical Triangle; Correspondence with Fermat on the Theory of Probabilities*
Hume, Vol. 33, *Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding,* Sect. VI
Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Human Understanding,* Bk. IV, Chaps. III–IV, VI, XV–XVII
Whitehead, Vol. 55, *Science and the Modern World,* Chap. V
Planck, Vol. 56, *Scientific Autobiography*
Waddington, Vol. 56, *Nature of Life,* Chap. 4

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Eddington, *Running-Down of the Universe,* Vol. 8
Laplace, "Probability," Vol. 9
Lawrence, *Rocking-Horse Winner,* Vol. 3
Peirce, *Red and the Black,* Vol. 9
Pushkin, *Queen of Spades,* Vol. 3

For Poincaré's *Science and Hypothesis* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 56

## WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT, 1796–1859

### "The Land of Montezuma"

from *The Conquest of Mexico*
Vol. 6, pages 231–243

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

MONARCHY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 5: The absolute government of colonies, dependencies, or conquered peoples
REVOLUTION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 7: Empire and revolution: the justification of colonial rebellion and the defense of imperialism
SLAVERY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 6*d*: The imperialistic subjection or enslavement of conquered peoples or colonial dependencies
STATE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 9*f*: Colonization and imperialism: the economic and political factors in empire
TYRANNY AND DESPOTISM, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 7: The ways of tyrants or despots to attain and maintain power
WAR AND PEACE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 6*a*: Conquest, empire, political expansion as ends of war
Topic 10*c*: The military virtues: the qualities of the professional soldier; education for war

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Herodotus, Vol. 5, *History,* First Book; Fifth–Sixth Book
Thucydides, Vol. 5, *History of the Peloponnesian War,* Third Book, Chap. IX; Fifth Book, Chap. XVII

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Hobbes, Vol. 21, *Leviathan,* Part II, Chaps. 19–20
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of cannibals*
Gibbon, Vol. 37, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* Chaps. II, XXVI, XXX–XXXI; Vol. 38, Chap. XLIII
Weber, Vol. 58, *Essays in Sociology,* Chap. VI
Conrad, Vol. 59, *Heart of Darkness*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Clausewitz, *What Is War?,* Vol. 7
Hume, *Of Refinement in the Arts,* Vol. 7
Long, *Power within Us,* Vol. 6
Macaulay, *Machiavelli,* Vol. 7
Malthus, "Principle of Population," Vol. 7
Pliny, "Eruption of Vesuvius," Vol. 6
Tacitus, *Life of Gnaeus Julius Agricola,* Vol. 6
Xenophon, "March to the Sea," Vol. 6

## ALEXANDER PUSHKIN, 1799–1837

### *The Queen of Spades*

Vol. 3, pages 484–507

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CHANCE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5: The control of chance or contingency by art
Topic 6*a*: Chance and fortune in the life of the individual: gambling and games of chance
DESIRE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*c*: Desire ruling action: the unchecked expression of desires; incontinence
Topic 7*a*(2): The lust for power
Topic 7*a*(3): The accumulation of wealth
WILL, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*c*(3): The several acts of the will with respect to means: their antecedents and consequences
Topic 9*a*: The distinction between men of strong and weak will: cultivation of willpower

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Laws,* Bk. IV
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Correspondence with Fermat on the Theory of Probabilities*
Berkeley, Vol. 33, *Principles of Human Knowledge*

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Hegel, Vol. 43, *Philosophy of Right,* Third Part
Balzac, Vol. 45, *Cousin Bette*
Melville, Vol. 48, *Moby Dick,* Chaps. 37, 41, 134
Tolstoy, Vol. 51, *War and Peace,* Bk. 4, Chaps. XIII–XVI
Ibsen, Vol. 52, *Master Builder*
Veblen, Vol. 57, *Theory of the Leisure Class,* Chap. 11
Lawrence, Vol. 60, *Prussian Officer*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Riches,* Vol. 7
Bunin, *Gentleman from San Francisco,* Vol. 3
Eliot, G., *Lifted Veil,* Vol. 3
Fitzgerald, *Diamond as Big as the Ritz,* Vol. 3
La Bruyère, *Characters,* Vol. 6
Laplace, "Probability," Vol. 9
Lawrence, *Rocking-Horse Winner,* Vol. 3
Peirce, *Red and the Black,* Vol. 9
Poe, *Tell-Tale Heart,* Vol. 2
Poincaré, *Chance,* Vol. 9

## JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, 1712–1778

### *A Lasting Peace through the Federation of Europe*

Vol. 7, pages 405–436

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

GOVERNMENT, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*a*: Foreign policy: the making of treaties; the conduct of war and peace
LAW, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*a*: The end of law: peace, order, and the common good
STATE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 9*e*(1): The military problem of the state: preparation for conquest or defense
Topic 9*e*(2): Treaties between states: alliances, leagues, confederacies, or hegemonies
WAR AND PEACE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 5*c*: The economics of war: its cost and consequences
Topic 6*a*: Conquest, empire, political expansion as ends of war
Topic 11*a*: Law and government as indispensable conditions of civil peace: the political community as the unit of peace

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Topic 11*c*: International law and international peace: treaties, alliances, and leagues as instrumentalities of international peace

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Laws,* Bk. III
Hobbes, Vol. 21, *Leviathan,* Part I, Chaps. 13–15
Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Civil Government,* Chap. XVI
Montesquieu, Vol. 35, *Spirit of Laws,* Bk. X
Smith, Vol. 36, *Wealth of Nations,* Bk. V, Part I
Kant, Vol. 39, *Science of Right,* Second Part
Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Vol. 40, *Federalist,* Nos. 3–9
Mill, J. S., Vol. 40, *Representative Government,* Chaps. 15–17
Tocqueville, Vol. 44, *Democracy in America,* Vol. 1, Part II, Chap. 5; Vol. 2, Part III, Chaps. 22–26
Freud, Vol. 54, *Thoughts for the Times on War and Death,* Chap. I
Weber, Vol. 58, *Essays in Sociology,* Chap. VI

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Clausewitz, *What Is War?,* Vol. 7
Dante, "On World Government," Vol. 7
Kant, *Perpetual Peace,* Vol. 7
Washington, *Farewell Address,* Vol. 6

For other works by Rousseau in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 35

## JOHN RUSKIN, 1819–1900

### *An Idealist's Arraignment of the Age*

Vol. 7, pages 126–136

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ART, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 12: The history of the arts: progress in art as measuring stages of civilization
BEAUTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4: Beauty and ugliness in relation to pleasure and pain or good and evil
FAMILY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5: The position of women
LABOR, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*a*: The curse of labor: myths of a golden age and the decay of the world

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MATHEMATICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3*d*: Symbols and formulas: the attainment of generality
Topic 4: Mathematical techniques
Topic 4*d*: The method of exhaustion: the theory of limits and the calculus

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Parmenides*
Aristotle, Vol. 7, *Organon; Metaphysics,* Bk. IV; Bk. XI, Chaps. 4–7
Euclid, Vol. 10, *Elements,* Bks. I–II, X, XII
Archimedes, Vol. 10, *Quadrature of the Parabola; Method Treating of Mechanical Problems*
Newton, Vol. 32, *Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy,* Bk. I, Sect. I
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Pure Reason,* Introduction
Hegel, Vol. 43, *Philosophy of History,* Introduction
Poincaré, Vol. 56, *Science and Hypothesis,* Part I
Whitehead, Vol. 56, *Introduction to Mathematics,* Chap. 5
Hardy, Vol. 56, *Mathematician's Apology*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Clifford, *Postulates of the Science of Space,* Vol. 9
Einstein and Infeld, "Rise and Decline of Classical Physics," Vol. 8
Forsyth, *Mathematics, in Life and Thought,* Vol. 9
Hogben, *Mathematics, the Mirror of Civilization,* Vol. 9
Kasner and Newman, *New Names for Old; Beyond the Googol,* Vol. 9
Poincaré, *Space,* Vol. 9
Whitehead, "On Mathematical Method"; *On the Nature of a Calculus,* Vol. 9

## *Definition of Number*

Vol. 9, pages 111–117

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

DEFINITION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1: The theory of definition
Topic 1*a*: The object of definition: definitions as arbitrary and nominal or real and concerned with essence
Topic 4: The search for definitions and the methods of defending them
INFINITY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*a*: Number: the infinite of division and addition
MATHEMATICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2: The objects of mathematics: ideas or abstractions; number, figure, extension, relation, order

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QUANTITY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4: Discrete quantities: number and numbering

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Meno; Republic,* Bk. VII; *Theaetetus*
Aristotle, Vol. 7, *Topics,* Bks. VI–VII; *Metaphysics,* Bk. I; Bk. VII, Chap. 10–Bk. VIII, Chap. 6
Euclid, Vol. 10, *Elements,* Bk. V
Archimedes, Vol. 10, *Sand-Reckoner*
Nicomachus, Vol. 10, *Introduction to Arithmetic,* Bks. I, II
Swift, Vol. 34, *Gulliver's Travels,* Part IV
Whitehead, Vol. 56, *Introduction to Mathematics,* Chap. 1

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Campbell, *Measurement,* Vol. 9
Dantzig, *Fingerprints; Empty Column,* Vol. 9
Kasner and Newman, *New Names for Old; Beyond the Googol,* Vol. 9

For Russell's *Problems of Philosophy* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 55

## CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE, 1804–1869

### *What Is a Classic?*
Vol. 5, pages 65–75

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ART, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7*b*: The judgment of excellence in art
BEAUTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5: Judgments of beauty: the objective and the subjective in aesthetic judgments or judgments of taste; judgments of style or fashion based on wealth or honor
RHETORIC, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*b*: The canon of excellence in style
UNIVERSAL AND PARTICULAR, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 7*c*: The issue concerning the universality of aesthetic standards: the subjective universal

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristotle, Vol. 8, *On Poetics*
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of books*

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Cervantes, Vol. 27, *Don Quixote,* Part One, Chaps. 47–48
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sect. I
Voltaire, Vol. 34, *Candide,* Chap. 25
Boswell, Vol. 41, *Life of Samuel Johnson*
Huizinga, Vol. 58, *Waning of the Middle Ages,* Chaps. XX–XXII

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Arnold, *Study of Poetry; Sweetness and Light,* Vol. 5
Bacon, *Of Studies,* Vol. 5
Bury, *Herodotus,* Vol. 6
Eliot, T. S., *Dante; Tradition and the Individual Talent,* Vol. 5
Guizot, "Civilization," Vol. 6
Hazlitt, *Of Persons One Would Wish to Have Seen,* Vol. 5
Hume, *Of the Standard of Taste,* Vol. 5
Johnson, *Preface to Shakespeare,* Vol. 5
Schiller, *On Simple and Sentimental Poetry,* Vol. 5
Schopenhauer, *On Style,* Vol. 5
Shelley, *Defence of Poetry,* Vol. 5

## *Montaigne*

Vol. 5, pages 76–89

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

BEAUTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5: Judgments of beauty: the objective and the subjective in aesthetic judgments or judgments of taste; judgments of style or fashion based on wealth or honor
MIND, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 9*c*: Reason as regulating human conduct: reason as the principle of virtue or duty
POETRY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 8*b*: Critical standards and artistic rules with respect to the language of poetry: the distinction between prose and verse; the measure of excellence in style

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Ion*
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sect. I
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Judgement,* First Part, Sect. I, Bk. II
Boswell, Vol. 41, *Life of Samuel Johnson*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

De Quincey, *Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power,* Vol. 5
Emerson, *Montaigne; Or, the Skeptic,* Vol. 10

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Epicurus, *Letter to Menoeceus,* Vol. 10
Erskine, *Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent,* Vol. 10
Voltaire, "Philosophy of Common Sense," Vol. 10

For Montaigne's *Essays* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 23

## GEORGE SANTAYANA, 1863–1952

### *Lucretius*

Vol. 10, pages 365–390

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

DESIRE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*a*: The regulation of desire by reason: the discipline of moral virtue or duty
ELEMENT, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5: The conception of atoms as indivisible, imperceptible, and indestructible
LIFE AND DEATH, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 8*d*: The fear of death: the attitude of the hero, the philosopher, the poet, the martyr
MATTER, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3*a*: Matter as the sole existent: materialism, atomism
NATURE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*d*: Natural and violent motion
SOUL, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3*d*: The denial of soul as an immaterial principle, form, or substance: the atomic theory of the soul

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aurelius, Vol. 11, *Meditations,* Bk. IX
Plotinus, Vol. 11, *Fourth Ennead,* Seventh Tractate
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *That to philosophize is to learn to die; Apology for Raymond Sebond*
Spinoza, Vol. 28, *Ethics,* Part III; Part IV, Props. 44–66
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sects. II–VII, IX
Heisenberg, Vol. 56, *Physics and Philosophy,* Chap. 4

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Arnold, *Study of Poetry,* Vol. 5
Bacon, *Of Death,* Vol. 10
De Quincey, *Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power,* Vol. 5

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Emerson, *Nature,* Vol. 10
Epicurus, *Letter to Herodotus; Letter to Menoeceus,* Vol. 10
Mill, J. S., *Nature,* Vol. 10
Plutarch, *Contentment,* Vol. 10
Shelley, *Defence of Poetry,* Vol. 5

For Lucretius' *Way Things Are* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 11

## *Goethe's Faust*

Vol. 10, pages 391–419

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

DESIRE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7*a*(2): The lust for power
EXPERIENCE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 8: Variety of experience as an ideal of human life
HAPPINESS, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7*b*: The imperfection of temporal happiness: its failure to satisfy natural desire
PHILOSOPHY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*d*: The relation of philosophy to myth, poetry, and history
WILL, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*b*(2): The sensitive determination of the will's acts by estimations of benefit and harm, or pleasure and pain: the impulsion of the passions

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Lucretius, Vol. 11, *Way Things Are,* Bk. III
Spinoza, Vol. 28, *Ethics,* Part II, Prop. 44; Parts IV–V
Milton, Vol. 29, *Paradise Lost,* Bks. IX, XII; *Areopagitica*
Mill, J. S., Vol. 40, *On Liberty,* Chap. 3
Dostoevsky, Vol. 52, *Brothers Karamazov,* Part II, Bk. VI, Chaps. 2–3
Weber, Vol. 58, *Essays in Sociology,* Chap. XIII

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Arnold, *Study of Poetry,* Vol. 5
Bunin, *Gentleman from San Francisco,* Vol. 3
De Quincey, *Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power,* Vol. 5
Guizot, "Civilization," Vol. 6
Hawthorne, *Rappaccini's Daughter,* Vol. 3
Mann, *Mario and the Magician,* Vol. 3
O'Neill, *Emperor Jones,* Vol. 4
Pater, "Art of Life," Vol. 10

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Bacon, *Of Beauty,* Vol. 5
Eliot, T. S., *Dante,* Vol. 5
Hazlitt, *On Swift,* Vol. 5
Sainte-Beuve, *What Is a Classic?,* Vol. 5

## *On Some Forms of Literature*

Vol. 5, pages 137–142

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ART, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*a*: The comparison and distinction of art and science
POETRY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 5*b*: Poetry contrasted with history and philosophy: the dispraise and defense of the poet
Topic 8*a*(2): Poetic truth: verisimilitude or plausibility; the possible, the probable, and the necessary

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bk. X
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *On Poetics*
Cervantes, Vol. 27, *Don Quixote,* Part One, Chaps. 6, 32, 47–50; Part Two, Chaps. 3–4
Bacon, Vol. 28, *Advancement of Learning,* Second Book
Boswell, Vol. 41, *Life of Samuel Johnson*
Shaw, Vol. 59, *Saint Joan,* Preface
Pirandello, Vol. 59, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Studies,* Vol. 5
De Quincey, *Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power,* Vol. 5
Hazlitt, *My First Acquaintance with Poets,* Vol. 5
Johnson, *Preface to Shakespeare,* Vol. 5
Lamb, *My First Play,* Vol. 5
Schiller, *On Simple and Sentimental Poetry,* Vol. 5
Shelley, *Defence of Poetry,* Vol. 5

## *On the Comparative Place of Interest and Beauty in Works of Art*

Vol. 5, pages 143–150

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

BEAUTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*b*: Beauty and truth: the beautiful as an object of contemplation or adoration

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Topic 2: Beauty in nature and in art
POETRY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 8*a*(2): Poetic truth: verisimilitude or plausibility; the possible, the probable, and the necessary

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristotle, Vol. 8, *On Poetics*
Plotinus, Vol. 11, *Fifth Ennead,* Eighth Tractate
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Judgement,* First Part, Sects. I–II
Goethe, Vol. 45, *Faust,* Prelude in the Theatre
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chap. XXVIII
Joyce, Vol. 59, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Beauty,* Vol. 5
De Quincey, *Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power; On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth,* Vol. 5
Hume, *Of the Standard of Taste,* Vol. 5
James, W., *On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings,* Vol. 7
Woolf, *How Should One Read a Book?,* Vol. 5

## *On Education*

Vol. 7, pages 197–203

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

EDUCATION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1: The means and ends of education
Topic 5*b*: The means and methods of teaching
Topic 5*c*: The nature of learning: its several modes
Topic 5*f*: Learning apart from teachers and books: the role of experience
EXPERIENCE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2: Experience in relation to the acts of the mind
Topic 6*a*: Experience as indispensable to sound judgment and prudence
KNOWLEDGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*b*: The classification of knowledge according to the faculties involved in knowing
MEMORY AND IMAGINATION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3: Remembering as an act of knowledge and as a source of knowledge
Topic 6*c*(1): The abstraction of ideas from images: the image as a condition of thought

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bks. II–III, VI–VII
Aristotle, Vol. 7, *On the Soul,* Bk. III, Chaps. 3–8; Vol. 8, *Nicomachean Ethics,* Bk. I, Chaps. 3–4, Bk. VI, especially Chaps. 5–8, *Politics,* Bk. VII, Chap. 13–Bk. VIII, Chap. 7
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of pedantry; Of the education of children*
Bacon, Vol. 28, *Advancement of Learning,* First Book
Descartes, Vol. 28, *Rules for the Direction of the Mind,* Rules XII–XIII
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chaps. XVI, XXVI, XXVIII
Freud, Vol. 54, *New Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis,* Lecture, 34
Dewey, Vol. 55, *Experience and Education*
Lévi-Strauss, Vol. 58, *Structural Anthropology,* Chap. XVII

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Studies,* Vol. 5; *Of Custom and Education,* Vol. 7
Conrad, *Youth,* Vol. 2
Dewey, "Process of Thought," Vol. 10
Eliot, T. S., *Tradition and the Individual Talent,* Vol. 5
Erskine, *Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent,* Vol. 10
Faraday, *Observations on Mental Education,* Vol. 7
Flaubert, *Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller,* Vol. 3
Franklin, *Proposal for Promoting Useful Knowledge among the British Plantations in America; Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania,* Vol. 6
Hume, *Of the Study of History,* Vol. 7
James, H., *Pupil,* Vol. 3
Kipling, *Mowgli's Brothers,* Vol. 2
Mill, J. S., "Childhood and Youth," Vol. 6
Swift, *Essay on Modern Education,* Vol. 7
Twain, "Learning the River," Vol. 6
Voltaire, *Micromégas,* Vol. 2
Woolf, *How Should One Read a Book?,* Vol. 5

## SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1771–1832

### *The Two Drovers*

Vol. 2, pages 182–205

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

CHANCE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*a*: Chance as the coincidence of causes

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Topic 6*a*: Chance and fortune in the life of the individual: gambling and games of chance
EMOTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*a*: Madness or frenzy due to emotional excess: excessively emotional or emotionally overdetermined behavior
HONOR, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*c*: Honor as due self-esteem: magnanimity or proper pride
JUSTICE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*a*: The relation between natural law and natural justice
Topic 10*c*: The justice of punishment for unjust acts: the distinction between retribution and vengeance

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Homer, Vol. 3, *Iliad,* Bks. XXI–XXII
Herodotus, Vol. 5, *History,* Third Book
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *Romeo and Juliet,* Act III, Scene III; Vol. 25, *King Lear,* Act IV, Scene VI
Spinoza, Vol. 28, *Ethics,* Part III
Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Civil Government,* Chaps. II–III
Lawrence, Vol. 60, *Prussian Officer*
O'Neill, Vol. 60, *Mourning Becomes Electra*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Friendship; Of Anger,* Vol. 10
Cicero, *On Friendship,* Vol. 10
Flaubert, *Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller,* Vol. 3
Great Documents, *English Bill of Rights,* Vol. 6
Hemingway, *Killers,* Vol. 2
Hugo, "Battle with the Cannon," Vol. 2
Maupassant, *Two Friends,* Vol. 2
Melville, *Billy Budd,* Vol. 3
Poe, *Tell-Tale Heart,* Vol. 2
Schiller, *On Simple and Sentimental Poetry,* Vol. 5
Synge, *Riders to the Sea,* Vol. 4

## GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, 1856–1950

### *The Man of Destiny*

Vol. 4, pages 300–338

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

HISTORY, Vol. 1, especially

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Topic 4*a*(4): The role of the individual in history: the great man, hero, or leader
HONOR, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*b*: Hero-worship: the exaltation of leaders
WAR AND PEACE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 10*d*: The principles of strategy and tactics: the military genius

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Homer, Vol. 3, *Iliad*
Plutarch, Vol. 13, *Caesar; Marcus Brutus*
Machiavelli, Vol. 21, *Prince,* Chaps. 25–26
Rabelais, Vol. 22, *Gargantua and Pantagruel,* Bk. I
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *King Henry V; Julius Caesar*
Hegel, Vol. 43, *Philosophy of History,* Introduction III
Nietzsche, Vol. 43, *Beyond Good and Evil,* Parts Two and Nine
Tolstoy, Vol. 51, *War and Peace,* Second Epilogue
Weber, Vol. 58, *Essays in Sociology,* Chap. IX
Conrad, Vol. 59, *Heart of Darkness*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Great Place,* Vol. 7
Carlyle, *Hero as King,* Vol. 6
Clausewitz, *What Is War?,* Vol. 7
Emerson, *Self-Reliance,* Vol. 10
James, W., *Great Men and Their Environment,* Vol. 7
Mann, *Mario and the Magician,* Vol. 3
O'Neill, *Emperor Jones,* Vol. 4
Tacitus, *Life of Gnaeus Julius Agricola,* Vol. 6

For Shaw's *Saint Joan* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 59

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, 1792–1822

### *A Defence of Poetry*
Vol. 5, pages 216–242

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

MEMORY AND IMAGINATION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 7*a*: The use of imagination in the production and appreciation of works of art
PHILOSOPHY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*d*: The relation of philosophy to myth, poetry, and history

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SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

DESIRE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*a*: The regulation of desire by reason: the discipline of moral virtue or duty
EMOTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*a*: The conflict between reason and emotion
HAPPINESS, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*b*(5): The importance of friendship and love for happiness
Topic 2*b*(7): The function of knowledge and wisdom in the happy life: the place of speculative activity and contemplation
PHILOSOPHY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*c*: Philosophy as a moral discipline: the consolation of philosophy
Topic 6*d*: The philosopher as a man of theory or vision: neglect of the practical; withdrawal from the affairs of men and the marketplace
WISDOM, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4: The praise of folly: the wisdom of fools and innocents

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bk. IV
Erasmus, Vol. 23, *Praise of Folly*
Cervantes, Vol. 27, *Don Quixote,* Part Two, Chap. 43
Spinoza, Vol. 28, *Ethics,* Part IV, Props. 44–73
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sect. VI

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Adams, *Saint Thomas Aquinas,* Vol. 10
Bacon, *Of Youth and Age,* Vol. 7; *Of Love,* Vol. 10
Cicero, *On Old Age,* Vol. 10
Eliot, T. S., *Tradition and the Individual Talent,* Vol. 5
Galileo, *Starry Messenger,* Vol. 8
Gogol, *Overcoat,* Vol. 2
Tolstoy, *What Men Live By,* Vol. 3

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, 1850–1894

### *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*

Vol. 2, pages 288–341

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SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

GOOD AND EVIL, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 6*a*: Knowledge, wisdom, and virtue: the relation of being good and knowing what is good
- Topic 6*b*: The need for experience of evil

MEDICINE, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 1: The profession of medicine, its aims and obligations: the relation of physician to patient; the place of the physician in society; medical ethics
- Topic 6*a*: The distinction between sanity and insanity: the concept of mental health and the nature of madness

MIND, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 7*c*: The conscious, preconscious and unconscious activities of mind
- Topic 8: The pathology of mind: the loss or abeyance of reason
- Topic 8*b*: The causes of mental pathology: organic and functional factors
- Topic 8*c*: The abnormality peculiar to mind: systematic delusion

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Sophocles, Vol. 4, *Ajax*
Hippocrates, Vol. 9, *Oath; Law*
Melville, Vol. 48, *Moby Dick*
Dostoevsky, Vol. 52, *Brothers Karamazov,* Part II, Bk. V, Chap. 4; Part IV, Bk. XI, Chaps. 8–9
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chaps. VI, VIII, X
Freud, Vol. 54, *Unconscious; General Introduction to Psycho-Analysis,* Part III, Lecture 26; *New Introductory Lectures,* Lecture 31
Conrad, Vol. 59, *Heart of Darkness*
Lawrence, Vol. 60, *Prussian Officer*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Butler, "Customs and Opinions of the Erewhonians," Vol. 2
Eliot, G., *Lifted Veil,* Vol. 3
Flaubert, *Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller,* Vol. 3
Hawthorne, *Rappaccini's Daughter,* Vol. 3
Lawrence, *Rocking-Horse Winner,* Vol. 3
Mann, *Mario and the Magician,* Vol. 3
O'Neill, *Emperor Jones,* Vol. 4
Poe, *Tell-Tale Heart,* Vol. 2
Pushkin, *Queen of Spades,* Vol. 3

## *The Lantern-Bearers*

Vol. 7, pages 112–121

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SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ART, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3: Art as imitation
Topic 5: The sources of art in experience, imagination, and inspiration
MAN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 13: The grandeur and misery of man
MEMORY AND IMAGINATION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 7*b*: The fantastic and the realistic in poetry: the probable and the possible in poetry and history

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Ion*
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *On Poetics*
Bacon, Vol. 28, *Advancement of Learning,* Second Book
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sect. II
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Judgement,* First Part, Sect. I
Goethe, Vol. 45, *Faust,* Part One
Twain, Vol. 48, *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*
Dostoevsky, Vol. 52, *Brothers Karamazov,* Part II, Bk. V, Chap. 5

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Eliot, T. S., *Tradition and the Individual Talent,* Vol. 5
Emerson, *Thoreau,* Vol. 6
Mill, J. S., "Childhood and Youth," Vol. 6
Ruskin, *Idealist's Arraignment of the Age,* Vol. 7
Twain, "Learning the River," Vol. 6
Whitman, *Death of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6

## JONATHAN SWIFT, 1667–1745

### *Resolutions when I Come to Be Old*
Vol. 7, page 32

### *A Meditation upon a Broomstick*
Vol. 7, pages 40–41

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

MAN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 6*c*: The ages of man: infancy, youth, maturity, senescence; generational conflict
Topic 12: Man as an object of laughter and ridicule: comedy and satire

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristophanes, Vol. 4, *Clouds; Birds; Frogs*
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Our feelings reach out beyond us; Apology for Raymond Sebond*
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *As You Like It,* Act II, Scene VII
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sects. II, VI, VII
Goethe, Vol. 45, *Faust,* Part One
Ibsen, Vol. 52, *Master Builder*
Chekhov, Vol. 59, *Uncle Vania*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Youth and Age,* Vol. 7
Cicero, *On Old Age,* Vol. 10
Hazlitt, *On Swift,* Vol. 5

## *An Essay on Modern Education*

Vol. 7, pages 33–39

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

EDUCATION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*b*: The influence of the family in moral training
Topic 5*d*: The order of learning: the organization of the curriculum
Topic 8: Education and the state
STATE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 5: The social structure or stratification of the state
Topic 7*d*: The educational task of the state: the trained intelligence of the citizens

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Laches; Republic,* Bks. II–III
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Politics,* Bk. VIII
Rabelais, Vol. 22, *Gargantua and Pantagruel,* Bk. I, Chaps. 14–15, 21–24; Bk. II, Chap. 8
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of the education of children; Of the affection of fathers for their children*
Smith, Vol. 36, *Wealth of Nations,* Bk. V, Chap. I
Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Vol. 40, *Federalist,* No. 84
Mill, J. S., Vol. 40, *Representative Government,* Chaps. 2, 8
Dostoevsky, Vol. 52, *Brothers Karamazov,* Part IV, Bk. X, Chap. 5
Dewey, Vol. 55, *Experience and Education*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Custom and Education,* Vol. 7

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Faraday, *Observations on Mental Education,* Vol. 7
Franklin, *Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania,* Vol. 6
Hazlitt, *On Swift,* Vol. 5
Mill, J. S., "Childhood and Youth," Vol. 6
Ruskin, *Idealist's Arraignment of the Age,* Vol. 7
Schopenhauer, *On Education,* Vol. 7

## *A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Ireland from Being a Burden to Their Parents or Country*

Vol. 7, pages 42–49

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

JUSTICE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 8: Economic justice: justice in production, distribution, and exchange
NECESSITY AND CONTINGENCY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 5*d*: The necessity or inevitability of slavery, poverty, war, or crime
WEALTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 8: The distribution of wealth: the effects of wealth on social status; the problem of poverty
Topic 9*g*: Wealth and poverty in relation to crime and to war between states

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Politics,* Bk. I, Chaps. 3–11; Bk. II, Chaps. 5–7
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of cannibals*
Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Civil Government,* Chap. V
Rousseau, Vol. 35, *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality*
Smith, Vol. 36, *Wealth of Nations,* Bk. I, Chaps. VI–X
Marx, Vol. 50, *Capital,* Part VII, Chap. XXV; Part VIII, Chap. XXVIII
Veblen, Vol. 57, *Theory of the Leisure Class,* Chaps. 1–6
Orwell, Vol. 60, *Animal Farm*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Epicurus, *Letter to Menoeceus,* Vol. 10
Hazlitt, *On Swift,* Vol. 5
Lincoln, *Address at Cooper Institute,* Vol. 6
Long, *Power within Us,* Vol. 6
Malthus, "Principle of Population," Vol. 7
Prescott, "Land of Montezuma," Vol. 6
Ruskin, *Idealist's Arraignment of the Age,* Vol. 7

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Hegel, Vol. 43, *Philosophy of History,* Introduction III
Nietzsche, Vol. 43, *Beyond Good and Evil,* Parts Two and Nine
Weber, Vol. 58, *Essays in Sociology,* Chaps. VI, IX–X
Conrad, Vol. 59, *Heart of Darkness*
Orwell, Vol. 60, *Animal Farm*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Great Place; Of Seditions and Troubles,* Vol. 7; *Of Adversity,* Vol. 10
Carlyle, *Hero as King,* Vol. 6
Ibsen, *Enemy of the People,* Vol. 4
James, W., *Great Men and Their Environment,* Vol. 7
Jefferson, "Biographical Sketches," Vol. 6
Prescott, "Land of Montezuma," Vol. 6
Shaw, *Man of Destiny,* Vol. 4
Thoreau, *Civil Disobedience,* Vol. 6
Whitman, *Death of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6
Woolf, *Art of Biography,* Vol. 6

For other works by Tacitus in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 14

## HENRY DAVID THOREAU, 1817–1862

### *Civil Disobedience*

Vol. 6, pages 695–713

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

DEMOCRACY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*b*(1): Majority rule and minority or proportional representation
GOVERNMENT, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*c*: The ends and limits of government: the criteria of legitimacy and justice
Topic 1*f*: The abuses and corruptions to which government is subject
JUSTICE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 10*b*: The legality of unjust laws: the extent of obedience required of the just man in the unjust society
LAW, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*a*: Obedience to the authority and force of law: the sanctions of conscience and fear; the objective and subjective sanctions of law; law, duty, and right

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aeschylus, Vol. 4, *Prometheus Bound*
Sophocles, Vol. 4, *Antigone*
Euripides, Vol. 4, *Medea*
Aristophanes, Vol. 4, *Lysistrata*
Plato, Vol. 6, *Apology; Crito; Republic,* Bk. VIII
Aquinas, Vol. 18, *Summa Theologica,* Part I–II, Q 96, Art. 4; Part II–II, Q 42
Hobbes, Vol. 21, *Leviathan,* Part II, Chap. 21
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of the useful and the honorable*
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *King Richard III; King Richard II; King Henry IV,* First Part; *King Henry IV,* Second Part
Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Civil Government,* Chaps. XI–XII
Swift, Vol. 34, *Gulliver's Travels,* Part I
Mill, J. S., Vol. 40, *On Liberty*
Tocqueville, Vol. 44, *Democracy in America,* Vol. 1, Part II, Chaps. 5–7
Weber, Vol. 58, *Essays in Sociology,* Chap. X

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Butler, "Customs and Opinions of the Erewhonians," Vol. 2
Calhoun, "Concurrent Majority," Vol. 7
Emerson, *Thoreau,* Vol. 6
Great Documents, *Virginia Declaration of Rights; Declaration of Independence,* Vol. 6
Ibsen, *Enemy of the People,* Vol. 4
Jefferson, "Virginia Constitution," Vol. 6
Lincoln, *First Inaugural Address,* Vol. 6
Paine, "Call to Patriots–December 23, 1776," Vol. 6
Tacitus, *Life of Gnaeus Julius Agricola,* Vol. 6
Tocqueville, "Observations on American Life and Government," Vol. 6
Xenophon, "Character of Socrates," Vol. 6

## *A Plea for Captain John Brown*

Vol. 6, pages 714–732

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

COURAGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7*a*: The courage required of citizens and statesmen: the political recognition of courage
JUSTICE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5: Justice and equality: the kinds of justice in relation to the measure and modes of equality and inequality
Topic 6*e*: Justice and natural rights as the source of civil liberty
REVOLUTION, Vol. 2, especially

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Topic 6*a*: The right of rebellion: the circumstances justifying civil disobedience or violent insurrection

SLAVERY, Vol. 2, especially

Topic 3*c*: The emancipation or manumission of slaves: the rebellion of slaves

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Sophocles, Vol. 4, *Antigone; Ajax*
Aristophanes, Vol. 4, *Peace*
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Politics,* Bk. III, Chaps. 12–13
Aquinas, Vol. 18, *Summa Theologica,* Part I–II, Q 92, Art. 1, Reply Obj. 4; Q 96, Art. 4; Part II–II, Q 42
Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Civil Government,* Chap. IV
Montesquieu, Vol. 35, *Spirit of Laws,* Bk. XV, Chaps. 9–18
Mill, J. S., Vol. 40, *Representative Government,* Chap. 7
Tocqueville, Vol. 44, *Democracy in America,* Vol. 1, Part II, Chap. 10; Vol. 2, Part II, Chap. 1
Twain, Vol. 48, *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Seditions and Troubles,* Vol. 7
Emerson, *Thoreau,* Vol. 6
Hawthorne, *Sketch of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6
Lincoln, *Address at Cooper Institute; First Inaugural Address; Second Inaugural Address,* Vol. 6
Whitman, *Death of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6
Woolf, *Art of Biography,* Vol. 6

## ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, 1805–1859

### "Observations on American Life and Government"

from *Democracy in America*

Vol. 6, pages 564–690

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

DEMOCRACY, Vol. 1, especially

Topic 3*c*: Comparison of democracy, aristocracy, and monarchy with respect to efficiency
Topic 4*a*(1): Universal suffrage: the abolition of privileged classes
Topic 4*b*: The democratic realization of popular sovereignty: the safeguarding of natural rights
Topic 4*c*: The infirmities of democracy in practice and the reforms or remedies for these defects

GOVERNMENT, Vol. 1, especially

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Topic 1*g*(3): The sovereign people: the community as the source of governmental sovereignty
Topic 2*d*: The influence of different forms of government on the formation of human character

LIBERTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1*f*: The freedom of equals under government: the equality of citizenship
Topic 2*c*: Freedom in the sphere of economic enterprise: free trade; freedom from governmental restrictions

MAN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 6*b*: The equality or inequality of men and women

STATE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*e*: The political structure of the state: its determination by the form of government

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bk. VIII
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Politics,* Bk. III, Chaps. 8–13; Bk. IV, Chaps. 3–9; Bk. V
Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Civil Government,* Chap. XIX
Rousseau, Vol. 35, *Social Contract,* Bk. II, Chaps. 3–4
Kant, Vol. 39, *Science of Right,* Second Part
Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Vol. 40, *Federalist,* Nos. 12, 39, 62, 73
Mill, J. S., Vol. 40, *Representative Government,* Chaps. 6–9
Hegel, Vol. 43, *Philosophy of Right,* Additions; *Philosophy of History,* Fourth Part

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Adams, "United States in 1800," Vol. 6
Calhoun, "Concurrent Majority," Vol. 7
Crèvecoeur, "Making of Americans," Vol. 6
Emerson, *Thoreau,* Vol. 6; *Self-Reliance,* Vol. 10
Franklin, *Proposal for Promoting Useful Knowledge among the British Plantations in America; Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania,* Vol. 6
Great Documents, *Declaration of Independence,* Vol. 6
Hawthorne, *Sketch of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6
Jefferson, *First Inaugural Address,* Vol. 6
Lincoln, *Address at Cooper Institute; First Inaugural Address; Letter to Horace Greeley; Second Inaugural Address; Last Public Address,* Vol. 6
Thoreau, *Civil Disobedience,* Vol. 6
Washington, *Farewell Address,* Vol. 6
Whitman, *Preface to Leaves of Grass,* Vol. 5

For Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 44

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## LEO TOLSTOY, 1828–1910

### *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch*

Vol. 3, pages 646–699

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

HAPPINESS, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 2*b*(5): The importance of friendship and love for happiness
- Topic 4*b*: The attainability of happiness: the fear of death and the tragic view of human life

LIFE AND DEATH, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 7: The causes and occurrence of death: the transition from life to death; homicide
- Topic 8*b*: The love of life: the instinct of self-preservation; the life instinct
- Topic 8*d*: The fear of death: the attitude of the hero, the philosopher, the poet, the martyr

LOVE, Vol. 1, especially
- Topic 2*b*(2): Self-love in relation to the love of others: vanity and self-interest

PLEASURE AND PAIN, Vol. 2, especially
- Topic 4*e*: The kinds of pain: the pain of sense and the pain of loss or deprivation

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Euripides, Vol. 4, *Alcestis*
Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bk. X
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of practice*
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sect. III
Dostoevsky, Vol. 52, *Brothers Karamazov,* Bk. VI, Chap. 1
James, H., Vol. 59, *Beast in the Jungle*
Hemingway, Vol. 60, *Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Death,* Vol. 10
Browne, "Immortality," Vol. 10
Cicero, *On Old Age,* Vol. 10
De Quincey, *Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power,* Vol. 5
Dinesen, *Sorrow-Acre,* Vol. 3
Gogol, *Overcoat,* Vol. 2
Hemingway, *Killers,* Vol. 2
Synge, *Riders to the Sea,* Vol. 4
Whitman, *Death of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6

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PLEASURE AND PAIN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*a*: The pleasant and unpleasant in the sphere of emotion: joy and sorrow, delight and grief
Topic 7*a*: Pleasure and pain in relation to love and friendship

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Euripides, Vol. 4, *Hippolytus*
Dante, Vol. 19, *Divine Comedy,* Inferno, Canto V; Paradiso, Canto VIII
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *Taming of the Shrew,* Act I, Scene II–Act III; *Romeo and Juliet;* Vol. 25, *Hamlet*
Eliot, G., Vol. 46, *Middlemarch*
Freud, Vol. 54, *General Introduction to Psycho-Analysis,* Part III, Chap. 21
Proust, Vol. 59, *Swann in Love*
Cather, Vol. 59, *Lost Lady*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Anderson, *I'm a Fool,* Vol. 2
Anonymous, *Aucassin and Nicolette,* Vol. 2
Apuleius, "Cupid and Psyche," Vol. 3
Bacon, *Of Youth and Age; Of Parents and Children,* Vol. 7; *Of Love,* Vol. 10
Chekhov, *Darling,* Vol. 3
Conrad, *Youth,* Vol. 2
Dostoevsky, *White Nights,* Vol. 3
Galsworthy, *Apple-Tree,* Vol. 3
Hawthorne, *Rappaccini's Daughter,* Vol. 3
Pater, "Art of Life," Vol. 10
Schopenhauer, *On Style,* Vol. 5

## MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL CLEMENS), 1835–1910

### *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*

Vol. 2, pages 346–386

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

HONOR, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*b*: The conditions of honor or fame and the causes of dishonor or infamy
PUNISHMENT, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3*c*: Guilt, repentance, and the moral need for punishment
Topic 5*c*: The pain of remorse and the torment of conscience: the atonement for sin

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TRUTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 8*a*: Prevarication and perjury: the injustice of lying or bearing false witness
VIRTUE AND VICE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*c*: The appearances of virtue: imperfect or conditional virtues; the counterfeits of virtue; natural or temperamental dispositions which simulate virtue
Topic 4*e*(3): Circumstances as affecting the morality of human acts
Topic 9: The advance or decline of human morality

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Sophocles, Vol. 4, *Philoctetes*
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of conscience*
Shakespeare, Vol. 25, *Hamlet*
Milton, Vol. 29, *Paradise Lost; Areopagitica*
Molière, Vol. 31, *Tartuffe*
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Practical Reason,* First Part, Bk. I, Chap. III
Boswell, Vol. 41, *Life of Samuel Johnson*
Goethe, Vol. 45, *Faust,* Part One
Dickens, Vol. 47, *Little Dorrit*
Fitzgerald, Vol. 60, *Great Gatsby*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Riches,* Vol. 7; *Of Truth,* Vol. 10
Bunin, *Gentleman from San Francisco,* Vol. 3
Butler, "Customs and Opinions of the Erewhonians," Vol. 2
Fitzgerald, *Diamond as Big as the Ritz,* Vol. 3
Hemingway, *Killers,* Vol. 2
Ibsen, *Enemy of the People,* Vol. 4
James, H., *Pupil,* Vol. 3
Mann, *Mario and the Magician,* Vol. 3
Molière, *Misanthrope,* Vol. 4
O'Neill, *Emperor Jones,* Vol. 4
Sheridan, *School for Scandal,* Vol. 4

## "Learning the River"

from *Life on the Mississippi*
Vol. 6, pages 50–98

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

EDUCATION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*f*: Learning apart from teachers and books: the role of experience

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EXPERIENCE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*a*: Experience as indispensable to sound judgment and prudence
KNOWLEDGE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 6*b*(2): Memory as knowledge
Topic 8*b*(4): The possession or pursuit of knowledge as a good or satisfaction: its relation to pleasure and pain; its contribution to happiness
MEMORY AND IMAGINATION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*b*: Recollection: factors influencing ease and adequacy of recall
Topic 2*c*: The association of ideas: controlled and free association; reminiscence and reverie
Topic 3: Remembering as an act of knowledge and as a source of knowledge

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Rabelais, Vol. 22, *Gargantua and Pantagruel,* Bk. I, especially Chaps. 21–24; Bk. II
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of three kinds of association*
Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Human Understanding,* Bk. II, Chaps. IX–X
Goethe, Vol. 45, *Faust,* Part One
Melville, Vol. 48, *Moby Dick,* Chap. 24
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chap. XVI
Joyce, Vol. 59, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Custom and Education,* Vol. 7
Conrad, *Youth,* Vol. 2
Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe,* Vol. 2
Emerson, *Self-Reliance,* Vol. 10
Kipling, *Mowgli's Brothers,* Vol. 2
Mill, J. S., "Childhood and Youth," Vol. 6
Schopenhauer, *On Education,* Vol. 7
Stevenson, *Lantern-Bearers,* Vol. 7

For Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 48

## JOHN TYNDALL, 1820–1893

### "Michael Faraday"
from *Faraday as a Discoverer*
Vol. 8, pages 8–28

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SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ELEMENT, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3: The theory of the elements in natural philosophy, physics, and chemistry
EXPERIENCE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5: The theory of experimentation in scientific method
INDUCTION, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5: The role of induction in the development of science: the methods of experimental and enumerative induction
MAN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2: Man's knowledge of man
MECHANICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 6*d*: Theories of universal gravitation
PHYSICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4: The experimental method in the study of nature
Topic 5: The utility of physics: the invention of machines; the techniques of engineering; the mastery of nature

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Gilbert, Vol. 26, *On the Loadstone*
Descartes, Vol. 28, *Discourse on Method,* Parts I–IV
Newton, Vol. 32, *Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy,* Bks. I, III
Poincaré, Vol. 56, *Science and Hypothesis,* Preface; Chap. 9

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Sphinx,* Vol. 8
Curie, *Discovery of Radium,* Vol. 8
Darwin, *Autobiography,* Vol. 8
Einstein and Infeld, "Rise and Decline of Classical Physics," Vol. 8
Eliot, T. S., *Tradition and the Individual Talent,* Vol. 5
Faraday, *Chemical History of a Candle,* Vol. 8
Galton, "Classification of Human Ability," Vol. 8
Helmholtz, *On the Conservation of Force,* Vol. 8
Lamb, *Sanity of True Genius,* Vol. 5
Poincaré, *Mathematical Creation,* Vol. 9
Woolf, *Art of Biography,* Vol. 6

For Faraday's *Experimental Researches in Electricity* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 42

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## VOLTAIRE, 1694–1778

*Micromégas*
Vol. 2, pages 241–256

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ASTRONOMY AND COSMOLOGY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7: The particular heavenly bodies in the solar system and the Milky Way
Topic 11: Astronomy as the study of the universe as a whole: cosmology
MAN, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 10*c*: Man as an integral part of the universe: his station in the cosmos
Topic 10*d*: The finiteness and insufficiency of man: his sense of being dependent and ordered to something beyond himself
Topic 12: Man as an object of laughter and ridicule: comedy and satire
MATHEMATICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2: The objects of mathematics: ideas or abstractions; number, figure, extension, relation, order
REASONING, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3*c*: Lack of truth in reasoning: sophistical arguments; material fallacies
SOUL, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1: Conceptions of soul
Topic 2*c*: The kinds of soul and the modes of life: vegetative, sensitive, and rational souls and their special powers

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Meno; Republic,* Bk. VI; *Philebus*
Nicomachus, Vol. 10, *Introduction to Arithmetic,* Bk. I
Newton, Vol. 32, *Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy,* Definitions–Laws; Bk. III
Swift, Vol. 34, *Gulliver's Travels,* Part I, Chaps. I–VIII
Eddington, Vol. 56, *Expanding Universe*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Boeke, *Cosmic View,* Vol. 8
Campbell, *Measurement,* Vol. 9
Clifford, *Postulates of the Science of Space,* Vol. 9
Eddington, *Running-Down of the Universe,* Vol. 8
Epicurus, *Letter to Herodotus,* Vol. 10

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Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Human Understanding,* Bk. II, Chaps. X–XI, XXIII, XXVII; Bk. IV, Chap. XII

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Sphinx,* Vol. 8
Bernard, *Experimental Considerations Common to Living Things and Inorganic Bodies,* Vol. 8
Campanella, "Arguments for and against Galileo," Vol. 8

## "English Men and Ideas" (continued)

"On Attraction," Vol. 7, pages 356–363
"On Sir Isaac Newton's Optics," Vol. 7, pages 363–366
"On Infinities in Geometry, and Sir Isaac Newton's Chronology," Vol. 7, pages 366–371

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

MECHANICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3*d*: Calculus: the measurement of irregular areas and variable motions
Topic 6: Basic concepts of mechanics
SCIENCE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*b*(1): The utility of science: the applications of experimental knowledge in the mastery of nature; machinery and inventions
Topic 5: Scientific method

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Descartes, Vol. 28, *Geometry*
Newton, Vol. 32, *Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy,* Bk. I, Sects. I, XI–XIII; Bk. II, Sect. II; Bk. III; *Optics,* Bks. I–II
Huygens, Vol. 32, *Treatise on Light,* Chaps. I–III
Berkeley, Vol. 33, *Principles of Human Knowledge,* Sects. 123–132
Heisenberg, Vol. 56, *Physics and Philosophy,* Chap. 11

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Boeke, *Cosmic View,* Vol. 8
Clifford, *Postulates of the Science of Space,* Vol. 9
Eddington, *Running-Down of the Universe,* Vol. 8
Einstein and Infeld, "Rise and Decline of Classical Physics," Vol. 8
Faraday, *Chemical History of a Candle,* Vol. 8
Poincaré, *Space,* Vol. 9

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## "English Men and Ideas" (continued)

"On the Regard That Ought to be Shown to Men of Letters," Vol. 7, pages 371–374

"On the Royal Society and Other Academies," Vol. 7, pages 374–378

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

HONOR, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*a*: The reaction of the community to its good or great men
Topic 4*b*: The scale of honor in the organization of the state: the just distribution of honors

SCIENCE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 6*b*: The place of science in society: the social conditions favorable to the advancement of science

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Politics,* Bk. III, Chap. 13
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of honorary awards*
Bacon, Vol. 28, *Advancement of Learning,* Bk. II
Whitehead, Vol. 55, *Science and the Modern World,* Chaps. I, XII–XIII
Heisenberg, Vol. 56, *Physics and Philosophy,* Chap. 11
Weber, Vol. 58, *Essays in Sociology,* Chap. V

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Arnold, *Sweetness and Light,* Vol. 5
Bacon, *Sphinx,* Vol. 8
Campanella, "Arguments for and against Galileo," Vol. 8
De Quincey, *Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power,* Vol. 5
Emerson, *Thoreau,* Vol. 6
Franklin, *Proposal for Promoting Useful Knowledge among the British Plantations in America,* Vol. 6
Lamb, *Sanity of True Genius,* Vol. 5
Shelley, *Defence of Poetry,* Vol. 5
Tyndall, "Michael Faraday," Vol. 8
Whitman, *Preface to Leaves of Grass,* Vol. 5

## "The Philosophy of Common Sense"

from *Philosophical Dictionary*
Vol. 10, pages 453–474

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ART, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 12: The history of the arts: progress in art as measuring stages of civilization

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ASTRONOMY AND COSMOLOGY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 9: The influence of the stars and planets upon the character and actions of men
DEMOCRACY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*c*: Comparison of democracy, aristocracy, and monarchy with respect to efficiency
DESIRE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*c*: Desire as a cause of action: motivation, purpose, ambition; voluntariness
LAW, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*e*: The relation of natural law to natural rights and natural justice
Topic 5*e*: The mutability or variability of positive law: the maintenance or change of laws
LOVE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 2*b*: Friendly, tender, or altruistic love: fraternal love
Topic 2*b*(2): Self-love in relation to the love of others: vanity and self-interest
POETRY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 5*a*: The aim of poetry to instruct as well as to delight: the pretensions or deceptions of the poet as teacher
STATE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3*c*: The condition of man in the state of nature and in the state of civil society: the state of war in relation to the state of nature
Topic 5*c*: The classes or subgroups arising from the division of labor or distinctions of birth: the social hierarchy
TRUTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3*b*(3): Truth in reasoning: the truth of premises in relation to the truth of conclusions; logical validity and truth about reality
TYRANNY AND DESPOTISM, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3: The choice between tyranny or despotism and anarchy

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bks. II–III; *Statesman*
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *Nicomachean Ethics,* Bks. VIII–IX
Hobbes, Vol. 21, *Leviathan,* Part II, Chap. 19
Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Civil Government,* Chaps. V–IX
Rousseau, Vol. 35, *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality,* First Part
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Pure Reason*
Mill, J. S., Vol. 40, *Representative Government,* Chap. 4

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Tocqueville, Vol. 44, *Democracy in America,* Introduction; Vol. 1, Part II, Chaps. 5–6
Marx, Vol. 50, *Capital,* Part IV, Chap. XIV
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chaps. X, XXVIII
Veblen, Vol. 57, *Theory of the Leisure Class,* Introduction
Huizinga, Vol. 58, *Waning of the Middle Ages,* Chaps. XIX–XXIII

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Discourse,* Vol. 5; *Of Friendship; Of Truth,* Vol. 10
Cicero, *On Friendship,* Vol. 10
Clifford, *Ethics of Belief,* Vol. 10
Emerson, *Nature,* Vol. 10
Erskine, *Moral Obligation to be Intelligent,* Vol. 10
Guizot, "Civilization," Vol. 6
Mill, J. S., *Nature,* Vol. 10
Sainte-Beuve, *Montaigne,* Vol. 5
Shelley, *Defence of Poetry,* Vol. 5

For Voltaire's *Candide* in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vol. 34

## GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1732–1799

### *Circular Letter to the Governors of All the States on Disbanding the Army*

Vol. 6, pages 474–483

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

DEMOCRACY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7*c*: The challenge of war and peace: the citizen army
GOVERNMENT, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*d*: Confederation and federal union: the division of jurisdiction between state and federal governments
WAR AND PEACE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 6*b*: Liberty, justice, honor, peace as ends of war

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Laws,* Bk. VIII
Shakespeare, Vol. 25, *King Lear,* Act II
Locke, Vol. 33, *Concerning Civil Government,* Chaps. XVI, XIX
Kant, Vol. 39, *Science of Right,* Second Part
*Articles of Confederation,* Vol. 40
Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Vol. 40, *Federalist,* Nos. 31–34
Tocqueville, Vol. 44, *Democracy in America,* Vol. 1, Part I, Chap. 8; Vol. 2, Part III, Chaps. 22–26

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RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Adams, "United States in 1800," Vol. 6
Bacon, *Of Seditions and Troubles,* Vol. 7
Carlyle, *Hero as King,* Vol. 6
Hawthorne, *Sketch of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6
Jefferson, "Biographical Sketches," Vol. 6
Lincoln, *Second Inaugural Address; Last Public Address,* Vol. 6
Paine, "Call to Patriots–December 23, 1776," Vol. 6

## *Farewell Address*

Vol. 6, pages 484–497

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

DEMOCRACY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*c*: The infirmities of democracy in practice and the reforms or remedies for these defects
DUTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 10: Political obligation: cares, functions, loyalties
GOVERNMENT, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*a*: Foreign policy: the making of treaties; the conduct of war and peace
STATE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3*e*: Love and justice as the bond of men in states: friendship and patriotism

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bk. IV
Shakespeare, Vol. 24, *King Richard II*
Swift, Vol. 34, *Gulliver's Travels,* Part I
Montesquieu, Vol. 35, *Spirit of Laws,* Bk. XII, Chaps. 19–22
Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Vol. 40, *Federalist,* Nos. 49–50
Mill, J. S., Vol. 40, *Representative Government,* Chaps. 17–18
Tocqueville, Vol. 44, *Democracy in America,* Vol. 1, Part II, Chaps. 5, 7–8; Vol. 2, Part IV, Chaps. 6–7
Weber, Vol. 58, *Essays in Sociology,* Chap. IV

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Adams, "United States in 1800," Vol. 6
Bacon, *Of Great Place; Of Seditions and Troubles,* Vol. 7
Burke, *Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol,* Vol. 7
Calhoun, "Concurrent Majority," Vol. 7
Carlyle, *Hero as King,* Vol. 6
Emerson, *Self-Reliance,* Vol. 10
Jefferson, "Virginia Constitution"; "Biographical Sketches"; *First Inaugural Address,* Vol. 6

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Dantzig, *Fingerprints; Empty Column,* Vol. 9
Russell, *Mathematics and the Metaphysicians,* Vol. 9

For other works by Whitehead in *Great Books of the Western World,* see Vols. 55 and 56

## WALT WHITMAN, 1819–1892

### *Preface to Leaves of Grass*

Vol. 5, pages 247–259

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

NATURE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 2*a*: Nature and art: the imitation of nature; cooperation with nature
POETRY, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 3: The inspiration or genius of the poet: the role of experience and imagination; the influence of the poetic tradition
Topic 5*b*: Poetry contrasted with history and philosophy: the dispraise and defense of the poet
Topic 8*b*: Critical standards and artistic rules with respect to the language of poetry: the distinction between prose and verse; the measure of excellence in style

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Republic,* Bks. II–III
Aristotle, Vol. 8, *On Poetics*
Cervantes, Vol. 27, *Don Quixote,* Prologue; Part Two, Chap. 16
Bacon, Vol. 28, *Advancement of Learning,* Second Book
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Judgement,* First Part, Sect. I
Tocqueville, Vol. 44, *Democracy in America,* Vol. 2, Part I, Chaps. 13, 17
Goethe, Vol. 45, *Faust,* Prelude in the Theatre
James, W., Vol. 53, *Principles of Psychology,* Chap. XXII
Joyce, Vol. 59, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Adams, "United States in 1800," Vol. 6
Arnold, *Study of Poetry; Sweetness and Light,* Vol. 5
Bacon, *Of Death,* Vol. 10
Crèvecoeur, "Making of Americans," Vol. 6
Eliot, T. S., *Tradition and the Individual Talent,* Vol. 5
Lamb, *Sanity of True Genius,* Vol. 5

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Schiller, *On Simple and Sentimental Poetry,* Vol. 5
Shelley, *Defence of Poetry,* Vol. 5
Tocqueville, "Observations on American Life and Government," Vol. 6

## *Death of Abraham Lincoln*

Vol. 6, pages 174–183

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

DEMOCRACY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4: The praise of democracy: the ideal state
HISTORY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 4*a*(4): The role of the individual in history: the great man, hero, or leader
HONOR, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5*d*: The estimation of the role of the hero in history
LIFE AND DEATH, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7: The causes and occurrence of death: the transition from life to death; homicide
WAR AND PEACE, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*b*: The factors responsible for civil strife

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Phaedo*
Plutarch, Vol. 13, *Caesar*
Shakespeare, Vol. 25, *King Lear; Antony and Cleopatra; Coriolanus*
Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Vol. 40, *Federalist,* Nos. 9–10
Tocqueville, Vol. 44, *Democracy in America,* Vol. 1, Part II, Chap. 6
Tolstoy, Vol. 51, *War and Peace,* Second Epilogue
Shaw, Vol. 59, *Saint Joan,* Preface

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Seditions and Troubles,* Vol. 7; *Of Death,* Vol. 10
Browne, "Immortality," Vol. 10
Carlyle, *Hero as King,* Vol. 6
Cicero, *On Old Age,* Vol. 10
Hawthorne, *Sketch of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6
Lincoln, *Address at Cooper Institute; First Inaugural Address; Letter to Horace Greeley; Meditation on the Divine Will; Gettysburg Address; Second Inaugural Address; Last Public Address,* Vol. 6
Tacitus, *Life of Gnaeus Julius Agricola,* Vol. 6
Thoreau, *Plea for Captain John Brown,* Vol. 6
Tolstoy, *Death of Ivan Ilyitch,* Vol. 3
Woolf, *Art of Biography,* Vol. 6

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## OSCAR WILDE, 1854–1900

### *The Happy Prince*

Vol. 2, pages 261–268

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

LOVE, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*d*: The heroism of friendship and the sacrifices of love
Topic 5*b*(1): The precepts of charity: the law of love
WEALTH, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 10*e*(1): Almsgiving to the needy and the impoverished

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Homer, Vol. 3, *Iliad,* Bks. XXIII–XXIV
Sophocles, Vol. 4, *Antigone*
Euripides, Vol. 4, *Alcestis*
Augustine, Vol. 16, *Confessions,* Bk. IX
Aquinas, Vol. 18, *Summa Theologica,* Part II–II, Q. 23
Chaucer, Vol. 19, *Canterbury Tales,* Tale of Melibee
Montaigne, Vol. 23, *Of three good women*
Milton, Vol. 29, *Paradise Lost,* Bk. III
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sect. X

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bacon, *Of Love*; *Of Friendship,* Vol. 10
Balzac, *Passion in the Desert,* Vol. 3
Bunin, *Gentleman from San Francisco,* Vol. 3
Chekhov, *Darling,* Vol. 3
Dinesen, *Sorrow-Acre,* Vol. 3
Flaubert, *Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller,* Vol. 3
Gogol, *Overcoat,* Vol. 2
Kipling, *Mowgli's Brothers,* Vol. 2
Lamb, *Dream Children,* Vol. 5
Lawrence, *Rocking-Horse Winner,* Vol. 3
Tolstoy, *Three Hermits; What Men Live By,* Vol. 3

## FRIEDRICH WÖHLER, 1800–1882

### *On the Artificial Production of Urea*

Vol. 8, pages 312–314

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ANIMAL, Vol. 1, especially

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Topic 1*a*: Characteristics of animal life: the animal soul
Topic 1*e*: The conception of the animal as a machine or automaton
ELEMENT, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 3*c*: The mutability or transmutation of the elements: radioactive decay
Topic 3*d*: Combinations of the elements: compounds and mixtures
LIFE AND DEATH, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 1: The nature and cause of life: the soul as the principle of life in organic bodies
Topic 2: Continuity or discontinuity between living and nonliving things: comparison of vital powers and activities with the potentialities and motions of inert bodies
MECHANICS, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 4*b*: The explanation of qualities and qualitative change in terms of quantity and motion
Topic 4*c*: The mechanistic versus the organismic account of nature

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Aristotle, Vol. 7, *On the Soul,* Bk. II
Lucretius, Vol. 11, *Way Things Are,* Bk. III
Descartes, Vol. 28, *Discourse on Method,* Part V
Lavoisier, Vol. 42, *Elements of Chemistry,* First Part, Chaps. V–XVII; Third Part, Chaps. VIII–IX
Heisenberg, Vol. 56, *Physics and Philosophy,* Chaps. 6, 9
Schrödinger, Vol. 56, *What Is Life?*
Waddington, Vol. 56, *Nature of Life,* Chap. 1

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Bernard, *Experimental Considerations Common to Living Things and Inorganic Bodies,* Vol. 8
Curie, *Discovery of Radium,* Vol. 8
Faraday, *Chemical History of a Candle,* Vol. 8
Mendeleev, "Genesis of a Law of Nature," Vol. 8

## VIRGINIA WOOLF, 1882–1941

### *How Should One Read a Book?*

Vol. 5, pages 5–14

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SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

ART, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 7*a*: Art as a source of pleasure or delight
Topic 7*b*: The judgment of excellence in art
BEAUTY, Vol. 1, especially
Topic 5: Judgments of beauty: the objective and the subjective in aesthetic judgments or judgments of taste; judgments of style or fashion based on wealth or honor
MIND, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 1*e*(2): The relation of judgment to pleasure and displeasure: its application in the realm of art; aesthetic finality

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Great Books of the Western World*

Plato, Vol. 6, *Phaedrus; Republic,* Bks. II–III
Rabelais, Vol. 22, *Gargantua and Pantagruel,* Bk. I, Author's Prologue
Cervantes, Vol. 27, *Don Quixote,* Part One, Chaps. 32, 47–50
Pascal, Vol. 30, *Pensées,* Sects. I, VI
Kant, Vol. 39, *Critique of Judgement,* Introduction–First Part
Huizinga, Vol. 58, *Waning of the Middle Ages,* Chap. XX

RELATED AUTHORS AND WORKS IN *Gateway to the Great Books*

Arnold, *Study of Poetry,* Vol. 5
Bacon, *Of Beauty,* Vol. 5
Eliot, T. S., *Dante; Tradition and the Individual Talent,* Vol. 5
Hazlitt, *My First Acquaintance with Poets,* Vol. 5
Hume, *Of the Standard of Taste,* Vol. 5; *Of the Study of History,* Vol. 7
Johnson, *Preface to Shakespeare,* Vol. 5
Lucian, *Way to Write History,* Vol. 6
Schopenhauer, *On the Comparative Place of Interest and Beauty in Works of Art,* Vol. 5; *On Education,* Vol. 7
Shelley, *Defence of Poetry,* Vol. 5

## *The Art of Biography*

Vol. 6, pages 186–192

SUGGESTED READINGS IN THE *Syntopicon*

MEMORY AND IMAGINATION, Vol. 2, especially
Topic 5*a*: The distinction between reproductive and creative imagination: the representative image and the imaginative construct
TRUTH, Vol. 2, especially

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Epictetus, *Enchiridion,* Vol. 10
Epicurus, *Letter to Menoeceus,* Vol. 10
Erskine, *Moral Obligation to be Intelligent,* Vol. 10
Hawthorne, *Sketch of Abraham Lincoln,* Vol. 6
Hazlitt, *Of Persons One Would Wish to Have Seen,* Vol. 5
Plutarch, *Contentment,* Vol. 10
Thoreau, *Civil Disobedience,* Vol. 6
Woolf, *Art of Biography,* Vol. 6

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# Appendix

## A Plan of Graded Reading

It has been pointed out in the Introduction that the selections included in *Gateway to the Great Books* can serve younger as well as less experienced readers as an induction into the reading of the great books, because the works included in this set are generally much shorter than those included in *Great Books of the Western World* and are in other respects easier to read.

This does not mean, however, that it is necessary or even desirable to read entirely through the selections in *Gateway to the Great Books* before beginning to read some of the works included in *Great Books of the Western World*. The selections in *Gateway to the Great Books* are all worth reading in and for themselves, but they have additional value as a means of entry into the world of the great books, the great ideas, and the great conversation.

To guide younger or less experienced readers in a progressive course of readings which involves selections from *Gateway to the Great Books,* the editors have prepared a plan of graded reading, set forth below. It is divided into four parts. The four parts of the plan of graded reading correspond to four levels of reading ability.

Part I recommends materials suitable for 7th- and 8th-grade readers (that is, for twelve- to fourteen-year-olds approximately), and for readers whose limited experience places them on this level of ability, whatever their chronological age. The selections from the *Gateway* set which are here recommended consist mainly of stories, biographies, autobiographies, and short historical accounts. The list, however, does include at least one selection from each volume in the *Gateway* set.

Part II lists readings in *Gateway* for 9th- and 10th-grade readers. Here we have the longest list of readings in the *Gateway* set. Though there are still many stories and plays in this list of *Gateway* readings, the number of nonfiction readings, especially biographical and historical writings, here increases.



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Part III lists readings in *Gateway* for 11th- and 12th-grade readers. The selections from *Gateway* tend to be longer and somewhat more difficult. Here there are none from Volumes 2 and 4, and a mere scattering of stories from Volume 3. Most of the readings recommended here are taken from Volumes 5–10.

Part IV lists selections for readers at the level of the first two years of college. It should be noted that the selections in the *Gateway* list are taken largely from Volumes 8 and 9 (Natural Science and Mathematics).

The lists in Parts I–IV all but exhaust the materials in the *Gateway* set. Nothing in the *Gateway* set is too difficult to be read with comprehension by college freshmen and sophomores or by readers of equivalent ability. By the time readers have attained the level of ability corresponding to the difficulty of the selections in Part IV, they should be able to plan their own further reading of the works in *Great Books of the Western World;* or they may consult the Ten Years of Reading, which is set forth in the book that accompanies the *Great Books* set called *The Great Conversation.*

Some young or inexperienced readers may at first be discouraged by what appears to be the formidable character of the lists which constitute this plan of graded reading. It is important to remind them, or their parents, that the general tendency in education is toward the reading of more and more difficult materials at younger and younger ages. Humanities courses have for some time been given in the freshman year at many colleges; these include a number of the works listed in Part IV. More recently, there has been a movement to upgrade the high school, to inject into its curriculum, both in the humanities and in the sciences, materials which were formerly considered appropriate only at the college level. In recent years, a cry has been raised against the paucity, even the vacuity, of high school curriculums. The following plan of graded reading takes these tendencies into account.

PART I

## Suggested Readings for the 7th and 8th Grades

VOLUME 2

DEFOE, *Robinson Crusoe*
HEMINGWAY, *The Killers*
HUGO, "The Battle with the Cannon"
KIPLING, *Mowgli's Brothers*
MAUPASSANT, *Two Friends*
POE, *The Tell-Tale Heart; The Masque of the Red Death*
SCOTT, *The Two Drovers*
STEVENSON, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*
TWAIN, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*
WILDE, *The Happy Prince*

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VOLUME 3
CRANE, *The Open Boat*
FLAUBERT, *The Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller*
LAWRENCE, *The Rocking-Horse Winner*
MELVILLE, *Billy Budd*
TOLSTOY, *The Three Hermits; What Men Live By*

VOLUME 4
MOLIÈRE, *The Doctor in Spite of Himself*
SHAW, *The Man of Destiny*

VOLUME 5
HAZLITT, *Of Persons One Would Wish to Have Seen*
LAMB, *My First Play; Dream Children, a Reverie*
WOOLF, *How Should One Read a Book?*

VOLUME 6
CRÈVECOEUR, "The Making of Americans"
*Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen*
HAWTHORNE, *Sketch of Abraham Lincoln*
JEFFERSON, *Biographical Sketches*
LINCOLN, *Letter to Horace Greeley; The Gettysburg Address; Second Inaugural Address; Last Public Address*
PAINE, "A Call to Patriots–December 23, 1776"
PLINY THE YOUNGER, "The Eruption of Vesuvius"
PRESCOTT, "The Land of Montezuma"
*The English Bills of Rights*
*The Virginia Declaration of Rights*
TWAIN, "Learning the River"
WHITMAN, *Death of Abraham Lincoln*
XENOPHON, "The March to the Sea"

VOLUME 7
HUME, *Of the Study of History*
STEVENSON, *The Lantern-Bearers*

VOLUME 8
BOEKE, *Cosmic View*
CURIE, *The Discovery of Radium*
FABRE, *The Sacred Beetle*
HALDANE, *On Being the Right Size*
TYNDALL, "Michael Faraday"

VOLUME 9
DANTZIG, *Fingerprints; The Empty Column*
HOGBEN, *Mathematics, the Mirror of Civilization*
KASNER AND NEWMAN, *New Names for Old; Beyond the Googol*

VOLUME 10
ERSKINE, *The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent*

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PART II

## Suggested Readings for the 9th and 10th Grades

VOLUME 2

ANDERSON, *I'm a Fool*
ANONYMOUS, *Aucassin and Nicolette*
BUTLER, "Customs and Opinions of the Erewhonians"
CONRAD, *Youth*
DICKENS, "A Full and Faithful Report of the Memorable Trial of Bardell against Pickwick"
GOGOL, *The Overcoat*
VOLTAIRE, *Micromégas*

VOLUME 3

APULEIUS, "Cupid and Psyche"
BALZAC, *A Passion in the Desert*
CHEKHOV, *The Darling*
DOSTOEVSKY, *White Nights*
ELIOT, G., *The Lifted Veil*
GALSWORTHY, *The Apple-Tree*
HAWTHORNE, *Rappaccini's Daughter*
PUSHKIN, *The Queen of Spades*

VOLUME 4

CHEKHOV, *The Cherry Orchard*
IBSEN, *An Enemy of the People*
O'NEILL, *The Emperor Jones*
SHERIDAN, *The School for Scandal*
SYNGE, *Riders to the Sea*

VOLUME 5

ARNOLD, *The Study of Poetry; Sweetness and Light*
BACON, *Of Beauty; Of Discourse; Of Studies*
DE QUINCEY, *Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power; On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth*
HAZLITT, *My First Aquaintance with Poets*
LAMB, *Sanity of True Genius*
SAINTE-BEUVE, *What Is a Classic?*
SCHOPENHAUER, *On Some Forms of Literature*
WHITMAN, *Preface to Leaves of Grass*

VOLUME 6

ADAMS, "The United States in 1800"
CARLYLE, *The Hero as King*
*Charter of the United Nations*
EMERSON, *Thoreau*
FRANKLIN, *A Proposal for Promoting Useful Knowledge among*

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MALTHUS, "The Principle of Population"
ROUSSEAU, *A Lasting Peace through the Federation of Europe*
RUSKIN, *An Idealist's Arraignment of the Age*
VOLTAIRE, "English Men and Ideas"

VOLUME 8
CAMPANELLA, "Arguments for and against Galileo"
EINSTEIN AND INFELD, "The Rise and Decline of Classical Physics"
GALTON, "The Classification of Human Ability"
HELMHOLTZ, *On the Conservation of Force*
HUXLEY, *On the Relations of Man to the Lower Animals*
LYELL, "Geological Evolution"
WÖHLER, *On the Artificial Production of Urea*

VOLUME 9
CAMPBELL, *Measurement; Numerical Laws and the Use of Mathematics in Science*
EULER, *The Seven Bridges of Königsberg*
LAPLACE, "Probability"
POINCARÉ, *Chance*
RUSSELL, *The Study of Mathematics*

VOLUME 10
BROWNE, "Immortality"
CLIFFORD, *The Ethics of Belief*
DEWEY, "The Process of Thought"
EMERSON, *Nature; Montaigne; or, the Skeptic*
EPICURUS, *Letter to Menoeceus*
JAMES, W., *The Will to Believe; The Sentiment of Rationality*
MILL, J. S., *Nature*
PLUTARCH, *Contentment*
SANTAYANA, *Lucretius; Goethe's Faust*
VOLTAIRE, "The Philosophy of Common Sense"

PART IV
## Suggested Readings for College Freshmen and Sophomores

VOLUME 5
ELIOT, T. S., *Dante*
SCHILLER, *On Simple and Sentimental Poetry*
SCHOPENHAUER, *On the Comparative Place of Interest and Beauty in Works of Art*

VOLUME 7
DANTE, "On World Government"
KANT, *Perpetual Peace*

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VOLUME 8 BERNARD, *Experimental Considerations Common to Living Things and Inorganic Bodies*
MENDELEEV, "The Genesis of a Law of Nature"
PAVLOV, *Scientific Study of the So-Called Psychical Processes in the Higher Animals*

VOLUME 9 CLIFFORD, *The Postulates of the Science of Space*
PEIRCE, *The Red and the Black*
POINCARÉ, *Space*
RUSSELL, *Definition of Number; Mathematics and the Metaphysicians*

VOLUME 10 ADAMS, *Saint Thomas Aquinas*
EPICURUS, *Letter to Herodotus*

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# Gateway to the Great Books

2

## Imaginative Literature

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# GATEWAY TO THE GREAT BOOKS

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS, MORTIMER J. ADLER
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## 2

## IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE

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# Daniel Defoe

*c.* 1660–1731

Daniel Defoe (the name had many forms) was born in London, probably in the late summer of 1660. He was schooled for the Presbyterian ministry at Morton's academy but did not take orders. By 1683 he was established as a London merchant in hosiery, wines, and tobacco. He married Mary Tuffley in 1684 and the next year rode as a trouper in Monmouth's Rebellion. During the 1680's, business travels took him all over Great Britain and the Continent.

In 1692 he went bankrupt with debts amounting to £17,000. His creditors were repaid almost to the last penny. He became King William III's agent and confidential adviser. His verse satire in defense of William, *The True-Born Englishman,* had a large sale. Defoe established a prosperous brickworks. In 1702, under Queen Anne, he published a satire against High Church domination, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters.* In the furor growing out of this he was exposed in the pillory and imprisoned. His business failed.

He was released late in 1703, evidently with the understanding that he would act as confidential agent, reporter, and pamphleteer for the government. He continued to do this work under various ministries. From 1704 to 1713, he published and wrote much of the *Review,* the most famous of twenty-six journals he had a hand in. In all, Defoe was arrested six or seven times, apparently for the most part on charges sponsored by his political enemies.

His career as a novelist began at fifty-nine with the first volume of *Robinson Crusoe* (see below). The second volume and a sequel appeared within a twelvemonth. In 1720 he published *The Life and Adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell, Memoirs of a Cavalier,* and *The Life of Captain Singleton.* In 1722 came *Moll Flanders, A Journal of the Plague Year,* and *The History of Colonel Jacque.*



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These were followed by *Roxana, Jonathan Wild* and other stories of criminals, and a three-volume guide to Great Britain.

Defoe has been credited with more than 500 titles. He was the first major novelist in English and he may be said to have established the main tradition in British journalism. He died in Ropemaker's Alley, London, on April 24, 1731.

*Robinson Crusoe* was first published on April 25, 1719. It delighted everybody–other writers, from Rousseau to Swift, and people who seldom read a book. It has never stopped selling. When the twentieth century began, more than 700 editions, translations, and imitations had been printed. Scores of others have been added since. Richard Brinsley Sheridan made a pantomime out of the story and David Garrick played in it. Jacques Offenbach put the Great Castaway into an opera. His adventures were turned into a motion picture by the distinguished Spanish director, Luis Bunuel. In "Images for Crusoe," the French poet St.-John Perse gave us a new vision of the hero's return.

It is a great story, loved in every nation. Even the Eskimos have a translation of it. It derives in part–but only in small part–from the true history of Alexander Selkirk, who seems to have been a self-made exile on one of the Juan Fernández Islands off the coast of Chile in the early 1700's. But how can we account for the great sweep of *Robinson Crusoe's* popularity? For one thing, a career of hard and rapid writing had taught Defoe to use words with the practical exactness of a shipmaster filling in his log, but with a flexibility and ease few shipmasters could equal. Everyone can understand *Crusoe.* And who has not asked himself what he would do if *he* were in Crusoe's place, and then, by the magic of Defoe's words, put himself there?

It is the story of a man alone, but there is no great loneliness in it. After his first panic, Crusoe remembers the cure for loneliness: work,

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*Notes from the artist:* "*Defoe and two of his most notable characters, Robinson Crusoe and Moll Flanders, together with a sketch of Defoe after he was pilloried for writing* The Shortest Way with the Dissenters. *The quotation is from his satire* The True-Born Englishman."

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warmly with me upon this subject. He asked me what reasons more than a mere wandering inclination I had for leaving my father's house and my native country, where I might be well introduced, and had a prospect of raising my fortune by application and industry, with a life of ease and pleasure. He told me it was for men of desperate fortunes on one hand, or of aspiring, superior fortunes on the other, who went abroad upon adventures, to rise by enterprise, and make themselves famous in undertakings of a nature out of the common road; that these things were all either too far above me, or too far below me; that mine was the middle state, or what might be called the upper station of low life, which he had found by long experience was the best state in the world, the most suited to human happiness, not exposed to the miseries and hardships, the labour and sufferings of the mechanic part of mankind, and not embarrassed with the pride, luxury, ambition, and envy of the upper part of mankind. He told me I might judge of the happiness of this state by this one thing, viz., that this was the state of life which all other people envied; that kings have frequently lamented the miserable consequences of being born to great things, and wished they had been placed in the middle of the two extremes, between the mean and the great; that the wise man gave his testimony to this as the just standard of true felicity, when he prayed to have neither poverty nor riches.

He bade me observe it, and I should always find that the calamities of life were shared among the upper and lower part of mankind; but that the middle station had the fewest disasters, and was not exposed to so many vicissitudes as the higher or lower part of mankind; nay, they were not subjected to so many distempers and uneasinesses either of body or mind, as those were who, by vicious living, luxury, and extravagances on one hand, or by hard labour, want of necessaries, and mean or insufficient diet on the other hand, bring distempers upon themselves by the natural consequences of their way of living; that the middle station of life was calculated for all kind of virtues, and all kind of enjoyments; that peace and plenty were the handmaids of a middle fortune; that temperance, moderation, quietness, health, society, all agreeable diversions, and all desirable pleasures, were the blessings attending the middle station of life; that this way men went silently and smoothly through the world, and comfortably out of it, not embarrassed with the labours of the hands or of the head, not sold to the life of slavery for daily bread, or harassed with perplexed circumstances, which rob the soul of peace and the body of rest; not enraged with the passion of envy, or secret burning lust of ambition for great things; but in easy circumstances sliding gently through

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the world, and sensibly tasting the sweets of living, without the bitter, feeling that they are happy, and learning by every day's experience to know it more sensibly.

After this, he pressed me earnestly, and in the most affectionate manner, not to play the young man, nor to precipitate myself into miseries which nature and the station of life I was born in seemed to have provided against; that I was under no necessity of seeking my bread; that he would do well for me, and endeavour to enter me fairly into the station of life which he had been just recommending to me; and that if I was not very easy and happy in the world, it must be my mere fate or fault that must hinder it, and that he should have nothing to answer for, having thus discharged his duty in warning me against measures which he knew would be to my hurt. In a word, that as he would do very kind things for me if I would stay and settle at home, as he directed, so he would not have so much hand in my misfortunes as to give me any encouragement to go away. And to close all, he told me, I had my elder brother for an example, to whom he had used the same earnest persuasions to keep him from going into the Low Country wars, but could not prevail, his young desires prompting him to run into the army, where he was killed; and though he said he would not cease to pray for me, yet he would venture to say to me that if I did take this foolish step, God would not bless me, and I would have leisure hereafter to reflect upon having neglected his counsel, when there might be none to assist in my recovery.

I observed in this last part of his discourse, which was truly prophetic, though I suppose my father did not know it to be so himself; I say, I observed the tears run down his face very plentifully, especially when he spoke of my brother who was killed; and that when he spoke of my having leisure to repent, and none to assist me, he was so moved that he broke off the discourse, and told me his heart was so full he could say no more to me.

I was sincerely affected with this discourse, as indeed who could be otherwise? and I resolved not to think of going abroad any more, but to settle at home according to my father's desire. But alas! a few days wore it all off; and in short, to prevent any of my father's further importunities, in a few weeks after, I resolved to run quite away from him. However, I did not act so hastily neither as my first heat of resolution prompted, but I took my mother, at a time when I thought her a little pleasanter than ordinary, and told her that my thoughts were so entirely bent upon seeing the world that I should never settle to anything with resolution enough to go through with it, and my father had better give me his consent than

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force me to go without it; that I was now eighteen years old, which was too late to go apprentice to a trade, or clerk to an attorney; that I was sure, if I did, I should never serve out my time, and I should certainly run away from my master before my time was out, and go to sea; and if she would speak to my father to let me go one voyage abroad, if I came home again and did not like it, I would go no more, and I would promise by a double diligence to recover that time I had lost.

This put my mother into a great passion. She told me she knew it would be to no purpose to speak to my father upon any such subject; that he knew too well what was my interest, to give his consent to anything so much for my hurt, and that she wondered how I could think of any such thing, after such a discourse as I had had with my father, and such kind and tender expressions as she knew my father had used to me; and that, in short, if I would ruin myself, there was no help for me; but I might depend I should never have their consent to it; that for her part she would not have so much hand in my destruction; and I should never have it to say, that my mother was willing when my father was not.

Though my mother refused to move it to my father, yet, as I have heard afterwards, she reported all the discourse to him, and that my father, after showing a great concern at it, said to her with a sigh, "That boy might be happy if he would stay at home, but if he goes abroad, he will be the most miserable wretch that was ever born; I can give no consent to it."

It was not till almost a year after this that I broke loose, though in the meantime I continued obstinately deaf to all proposals of settling to business, and frequently expostulating with my father and mother about their being so positively determined against what they knew my inclinations prompted me to. But being one day at Hull, where I went casually, and without any purpose of making an elopment that time; but I say, being there, and one of my companions being going by sea to London in his father's ship, and prompting me to go with them, with the common allurement of seafaring men, viz., that it should cost me nothing for my passage, I consulted neither father or mother any more, nor so much as sent them word of it; but leaving them to hear of it as they might, without asking God's blessing, or my father's, without any consideration of circumstances or consequences, and in an ill hour, God knows, on the first of September, 1651, I went on board a ship bound for London. Never any young adventurer's misfortunes, I believe, began sooner or continued longer than mine. The ship was no sooner gotten out of the Humber but the wind began to blow, and the sea to rise in a most frightful manner;

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and as I had never been at sea before, I was most inexpressibly sick in body and terrified in mind. I began now seriously to reflect upon what I had done, and how justly I was overtaken by the judgment of Heaven for my wicked leaving my father's house and abandoning my duty; all the good counsel of my parents, my father's tears, and my mother's entreaties came now fresh into my mind, and my conscience, which was not yet come to the pitch of hardness to which it has been since, reproached me with the contempt of advice and the breach of my duty to God and my father.

All this while the storm increased, and the sea, which I had never been upon before, went very high, though nothing like what I have seen many times since; no, nor like what I saw a few days after But it was enough to affect me then, who was but a young sailor and had never known anything of the matter. I expected every wave would have swallowed us up, and that every time the ship fell down, as I thought, in the trough or hollow of the sea, we should never rise more; and in this agony of mind I made many vows and resolutions, that if it would please God here to spare my life in this one voyage, if ever I got once my foot upon dry land again, I would go directly home to my father, and never set it into a ship again while I lived; that I would take his advice, and never run myself into such miseries as these any more. Now I saw plainly the goodness of his observations about the middle station of life, how easy, how comfortably he had lived all his days, and never had been exposed to tempests at sea or troubles on shore; and I resolved that I would, like a true repenting prodigal, go home to my father.

These wise and sober thoughts continued all the while the storm continued, and indeed some time after; but the next day the wind was abated and the sea calmer, and I began to be a little inured to it. However, I was very grave for all that day, being also a little sea-sick still; but towards night the weather cleared up, the wind was quite over, and a charming fine evening followed; the sun went down perfectly clear, and rose so the next morning; and having little or no wind, and a smooth sea, the sun shining upon it, the sight was, as I thought, the most delightful that ever I saw.

I had slept well in the night, and was now no more sea-sick, but very cheerful, looking with wonder upon the sea that was so rough and terrible the day before, and could be so calm and so pleasant in so little time after. And now lest my good resolutions should continue, my companion, who had indeed enticed me away, comes to me. "Well, Bob," says he, clapping me upon the shoulder, "how do you do after it? I warrant you were

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frighted, wa'n't you, last night, when it blew but a capful of wind?" "A capful, d'you call it?" said I, "'twas a terrible storm." "A storm, you fool, you," replies he; "do you call that a storm? why, it was nothing at all; give us but a good ship and sea room, and we think nothing of such a squall of wind as that; but you're but a fresh-water sailor, Bob; come, let us make a bowl of punch, and we'll forget all that; d'ye see what charming weather 'tis now?" To make short this sad part of my story, we went the old way of all sailors; the punch was made, and I was made drunk with it, and in that one night's wickedness I drowned all my repentance, all my reflections upon my past conduct, and all my resolutions for the future. In a word, as the sea was returned to its smoothness of surface and settled calmness by the abatement of that storm, so the hurry of my thoughts being over, my fears and apprehensions of being swallowed up by the sea being forgotten, and the current of my former desires returned, I entirely forgot the vows and promises that I made in my distress. I found indeed some intervals of reflection, and the serious thoughts did, as it were, endeavour to return again sometimes; but I shook them off, and roused myself from them as it were from a distemper, and applying myself to drinking and company, soon mastered the return of those fits (for so I called them), and I had in five or six days got as complete a victory over conscience as any young fellow that resolved not to be troubled with it could desire. But I was to have another trial for it still; and Providence, as in such cases generally it does, resolved to leave me entirely without excuse. For if I would not take this for a deliverance, the next was to be such a one as the worst and most hardened wretch among us would confess both the danger and the mercy.

The sixth day of our being at sea we came into Yarmouth Roads; the wind having been contrary, and the weather calm, we had made but little way since the storm. Here we were obliged to come to anchor, and here we lay, the wind continuing contrary, viz., at southwest, for seven or eight days, during which time a great many ships from Newcastle came into the same roads, as the common harbour where the ships might wait for a wind for the river.

We had not, however, rid here so long, but should have tided it up the river, but that the wind blew too fresh; and after we had lain four or five days, blew very hard. However, the roads being reckoned as good as a harbour, the anchorage good, and our ground tackle very strong, our men were unconcerned, and not in the least apprehensive of danger, but spent the time in rest and mirth, after the manner of the sea; but the

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them close under our stern and got all into their boat. It was to no purpose for them or us after we were in the boat to think of reaching to their own ship, so all agreed to let her drive and only to pull her in towards shore as much as we could, and our master promised them that if the boat was staved upon shore, he would make it good to their master; so, partly rowing and partly driving, our boat went away to the northward, sloping towards the shore almost as far as Winterton Ness.

We were not much more than a quarter of an hour out of our ship but we saw her sink, and then I understood for the first time what was meant by a ship foundering in the sea; I must acknowledge I had hardly eyes to look up when the seamen told me she was sinking; for from that moment they rather put me into the boat than that I might be said to go in, my heart was as it were dead within me, partly with fright, partly with horror of mind and the thoughts of what was yet before me.

While we were in this condition, the men yet labouring at the oar to bring the boat near the shore, we could see (when, our boat mounting the waves, we were able to see the shore) a great many people running along the strand to assist us when we should come near; but we made but slow way towards the shore, nor were we able to reach the shore, till being past the lighthouse at Winterton, the shore falls off to the westward towards Cromer, and so the land broke off a little the violence of the wind. Here we got in and, though not without much difficulty, got all safe on shore and walked afterwards on foot to Yarmouth, where, as unfortunate men, we were used with great humanity, as well by the magistrates of the town, who assigned us good quarters, as by particular merchants and owners of ships, and had money given us sufficient to carry us either to London or back to Hull, as we thought fit.

Had I now had the sense to have gone back to Hull, and have gone home, I had been happy, and my father, an emblem of our blessed Saviour's parable, had even killed the fatted calf for me; for hearing the ship I went away in was cast away in Yarmouth Roads, it was a great while before he had any assurance that I was not drowned.

But my ill fate pushed me on now with an obstinacy that nothing could resist; and though I had several times loud calls from my reason and my more composed judgment to go home, yet I had no power to do it. I know not what to call this, nor will I urge that it is a secret overruling decree that hurries us on to be the instruments of our own destruction, even though it be before us, and that we push upon it with our eyes open. Certainly nothing but some such decreed unavoidable misery attending, and which it was impossible for me to escape, could have pushed me forward

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against the calm reasonings and persuasions of my most retired thoughts and against two such visible instructions as I had met with in my first attempt.

My comrade, who had helped to harden me before and who was the master's son, was now less forward than I; the first time he spoke to me after we were at Yarmouth, which was not till two or three days, for we were separated in the town to several quarters; I say, the first time he saw me, it appeared his tone was altered, and looking very melancholy and shaking his head, asking me how I did, and telling his father who I was, and how I had come this voyage only for a trial in order to go farther abroad; his father turning to me with a very grave and concerned tone, "Young man," says he, "you ought never to go to sea any more; you ought to take this for a plain and visible token that you are not to be a seafaring man." "Why, sir," said I, "will you go to sea no more?" "That is another case," said he; "it is my calling and therefore my duty; but as you made this voyage for a trial, you see what a taste Heaven has given you of what you are to expect if you persist; perhaps this is all befallen us on your account, like Jonah in the ship of Tarshish. Pray," continues he, "what are you? and on what account did you go to sea?" Upon that I told him some of my story; at the end of which he burst out with a strange kind of passion, "What had I done," says he, "that such an unhappy wretch should come into my ship? I would not set my foot in the same ship with thee again for a thousand pounds." This indeed was, as I said, an excursion of his spirits, which were yet agitated by the sense of his loss, and was farther than he could have authority to go. However, he afterwards talked very gravely to me, exhorted me to go back to my father and not tempt Providence to my ruin; told me I might see a visible hand of Heaven against me; "And, young man," said he, "depend upon it, if you do not go back, wherever you go, you will meet with nothing but disasters and disappointments, till your father's words are fulfilled upon you."

[*Crusoe, despite this good advice, determines to go to sea again. After various adventures, he becomes a Brazilian planter. He is then offered an opportunity to go to sea once more.*]

## I GO ON BOARD IN AN EVIL HOUR

But I that was born to be my own destroyer could no more resist the offer than I could restrain my first rambling designs, when my father's good counsel was lost upon me. In a word, I told them I would go with all my heart, if they would undertake to look after my plantation in my

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absence and would dispose of it to such as I should direct, if I miscarried. This they all engaged to do, and entered into writings, or covenants, to do so; and I made a formal will, disposing of my plantation and effects, in case of my death, making the captain of the ship that had saved my life, as before, my universal heir, but obliging him to dispose of my effects as I had directed in my will, one half of the produce being to himself and the other to be shipped to England.

In short, I took all possible caution to preserve my effects and to keep up my plantation; had I used half as much prudence to have looked into my own interest and have made a judgment of what I ought to have done and not to have done, I had certainly never gone away from so prosperous an undertaking, leaving all the probable views of a thriving circumstance and gone upon a voyage to sea, attended with all its common hazards; to say nothing of the reasons I had to expect particular misfortunes to myself.

But I was hurried on and obeyed blindly the dictates of my fancy rather than my reason; and accordingly, the ship being fitted out and the cargo furnished, and all things done as by agreement by my partners in the voyage, I went on board in an evil hour, the 1st of September, 1659, being the same day eight years that I went from my father and mother at Hull, in order to act the rebel to their authority and the fool to my own interest.

Our ship was about 120 tons burden, carried six guns and fourteen men, besides the master, his boy, and myself; we had on board no large cargo of goods, except of such toys as were fit for our trade with the Negroes, such as beads, bits of glass, shells, and odd trifles, especially little looking-glasses, knives, scissors, hatchets, and the like.

The same day I went on board we set sail, standing away to the northward upon our own coast, with design to stretch over for the African coast, when they came about ten or twelve degrees of northern latitude, which it seems was the manner of their course in those days. We had very good weather, only excessive hot, all the way upon our own coast till we came the height of Cape St. Augustino, from whence keeping farther off at sea, we lost sight of land and steered as if we were bound for the Isle Fernando de Noronha, holding our course northeast by north and leaving those isles on the east. In this course we passed the line in about twelve days' time, and were by our last observation in seven degrees twenty-two minutes northern latitude, when a violent tornado, or hurricane, took us quite out of our knowledge; it began from the southeast, came about to the northwest, and then settled into the northeast, from whence it blew

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in such a terrible manner that for twelve days together we could do nothing but drive and, scudding away before it, let it carry us whither ever fate and the fury of the winds directed; and during these twelve days, I need not say that I expected every day to be swallowed up, nor indeed did any in the ship expect to save their lives.

In this distress we had, besides the terror of the storm, one of our men died of the calenture, and one man and the boy washed overboard. About the twelfth day, the weather abating a little, the master made an observation as well as he could, and found that he was in about eleven degrees north latitude, but that he was twenty-two degrees of longitude difference west from Cape St. Augustino; so that he found he was gotten upon the coast of Guiana, or the north part of Brazil, beyond the river Amazones, towards that of the river Orinoco, commonly called the Great River, and began to consult with me what course he should take, for the ship was leaky and very much disabled and he was going directly back to the coast of Brazil.

I was positively against that, and looking over the charts of the seacoast of America with him, we concluded there was no inhabited country for us to have recourse to till we came within the circle of the Caribbee Islands and therefore resolved to stand away for Barbados, which by keeping off at sea, to avoid the indraught of the Bay or Gulf of Mexico, we might easily perform, as we hoped, in about fifteen days' sail; whereas we could not possibly make our voyage to the coast of Africa without some assistance both to our ship and to ourselves.

With this design we changed our course and steered away northwest by west in order to reach some of our English islands, where I hoped for relief; but our voyage was otherwise determined, for being in the latitude of twelve degrees eighteen minutes, a second storm came upon us, which carried us away with the same impetuosity westward and drove us so out of the very way of all human commerce, that had all our lives been saved as to the sea, we were rather in danger of being devoured by savages than ever returning to our own country.

In this distress, the wind still blowing very hard, one of our men early in the morning cried out, "Land!"; and we had no sooner run out of the cabin to look out in hopes of seeing whereabouts in the world we were but the ship struck upon a sand, and in a moment, her motion being so stopped, the sea broke over her in such a manner that we expected we should all have perished immediately; and we were immediately driven into our close quarters to shelter us from the very foam and spray of the sea.

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It is not easy for anyone who has not been in the like condition to describe or conceive the consternation of men in such circumstances; we knew nothing where we were or upon what land it was we were driven, whether an island or the main, whether inhabited or not inhabited; and as the rage of the wind was still great though rather less than at first, we could not so much as hope to have the ship hold many minutes without breaking in pieces unless the winds by a kind of miracle should turn immediately about. In a word, we sat looking one upon another and expecting death every moment, and every man acting accordingly, as preparing for another world, for there was little or nothing more for us to do in this; that which was our present comfort, and all the comfort we had, was that, contrary to our expectation, the ship did not break yet and that the master said the wind began to abate.

Now though we thought that the wind did a little abate, yet the ship having thus struck upon the sand, and sticking too fast for us to expect her getting off, we were in a dreadful condition indeed, and had nothing to do but to think of saving our lives as well as we could; we had a boat at our stern just before the storm, but she was first staved by dashing against the ship's rudder, and in the next place she broke away and either sank or was driven off to sea, so there was no hope from her; we had another boat on board, but how to get her off into the sea was a doubtful thing; however, there was no room to debate, for we fancied the ship would break in pieces every minute, and some told us she was actually broken already.

In this distress the mate of our vessel lays hold of the boat, and with the help of the rest of the men, they got her slung over the ship's side and, getting all into her, let go and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to God's mercy and the wild sea; for though the storm was abated considerably, yet the sea went dreadful high upon the shore, and might well be called *den wild zee,* as the Dutch call the sea in a storm.

And now our case was very dismal indeed; for we all saw plainly that the sea went so high that the boat could not live and that we should be inevitably drowned. As to making sail, we had none; nor, if we had, could we have done anything with it; so we worked at the oar towards the land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution; for we all knew that when the boat came nearer the shore, she would be dashed in a thousand pieces by the breach of the sea. However, we committed our souls to God in the most earnest manner, and the wind driving us towards the shore, we hastened our destruction with our own hands, pulling as well as we could towards land.

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sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

I cast my eyes to the stranded vessel, when, the breach and froth of the sea being so big, I could hardly see it, it lay so far off, and considered, Lord! how was it possible I could get on shore!

After I had solaced my mind with the comfortable part of my condition, I began to look round me to see what kind of place I was in, and what was next to be done, and I soon found my comforts abate, and that, in a word, I had a dreadful deliverance. For I was wet, had no clothes to shift me, nor anything either to eat or drink to comfort me, neither did I see any prospect before me but that of perishing with hunger or being devoured by wild beasts; and that which was particular afflicting to me was that I had no weapon either to hunt and kill any creature for my sustenance or to defend myself against any other creature that might desire to kill me for theirs. In a word, I had nothing about me but a knife, a tobacco-pipe, and a little tobacco in a box; this was all my provision, and this threw me into terrible agonies of mind, that for a while I ran about like a madman. Night coming upon me, I began with a heavy heart to consider what would be my lot if there were any ravenous beasts in that country, seeing at night they always come abroad for their prey.

All the remedy that offered to my thoughts at that time was to get up into a thick bushy tree like a fir, but thorny, which grew near me, and where I resolved to sit all night, and consider the next day what death I should die, for as yet I saw no prospect of life; I walked about a furlong from the shore, to see if I could find any fresh water to drink, which I did, to my great joy; and having drunk, and put a little tobacco in my mouth to prevent hunger, I went to the tree, and getting up into it, endeavoured to place myself so as that if I should sleep I might not fall; and having cut me a short stick, like a truncheon, for my defence, I took up my lodging, and having been excessively fatigued, I fell fast asleep, and slept as comfortably as, I believe, few could have done in my condition, and found myself the most refreshed with it that I think I ever was on such an occasion.

## I FURNISH MYSELF WITH MANY THINGS

When I waked it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before. But that which surprised me most was that the ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay, by the swelling of the tide, and was driven up almost

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as far as the rock which I first mentioned, where I had been so bruised by the dashing me against it; this being within about a mile from the shore where I was and the ship seeming to stand upright still, I wished myself on board, that, at least, I might save some necessary things for my use.

When I came down from my apartment in the tree, I looked about me again, and the first thing I found was the boat, which lay as the wind and the sea had tossed her up upon the land, about two miles on my right hand. I walked as far as I could upon the shore to have got to her, but found a neck or inlet of water between me and the boat, which was about half a mile broad; so I came back for the present, being more intent upon getting at the ship, where I hoped to find something for my present subsistence.

A little after noon I found the sea very calm and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship; and here I found a fresh renewing of my grief, for I saw evidently that if we had kept on board, we had been all safe, that is to say, we had all got safe on shore, and I had not been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company, as I now was: this forced tears from my eyes again, but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship; so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was hot to extremity, and took the water; but when I came to the ship, my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board, for as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of; I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of a rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hang down by the forechains so low as that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope got up into the forecastle of the ship. Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold, but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank and her head low almost to the water; by this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to search and to see what was spoiled and what was free; and first I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water, and being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread-room and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate it as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose; I also found some rum in the great cabin, of which I took a large dram, and which I had indeed need enough of to spirit me for what was before me. Now I wanted nothing but a boat to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

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It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had, and this extremity roused my application. We had several spare yards and two or three large spars of wood and a spare topmast or two in the ship; I resolved to fall to work with these and flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope that they might not drive away; when this was done I went down the ship's side, and pulling them to me, I tied four of them fast together at both ends as well as I could, in the form of a raft, and laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light; so I went to work, and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare topmast into three lengths and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labour and pains; but the hope of furnishing myself with necessaries encouraged me to go beyond what I should have been able to have done upon another occasion.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight; my next care was what to load it with and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea; but I was not long considering this; I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft; the first of these I filled with provisions, viz., bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh, which we lived much upon, and a little remainder of European corn which had been laid by for some fowls which we brought to sea with us, but the fowls were killed; there had been some barley and wheat together, but, to my great disappointment, I found afterwards that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all. As for liquors, I found several cases of bottles belonging to our skipper, in which were some cordial waters, and in all about five or six gallons of sack; these I stowed by themselves, there being no need to put them into the chest, nor no room for them. While I was doing this, I found the tide began to flow, though very calm, and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore upon the sand, swim away; as for my breeches, which were only linen, and open-kneed, I swam on board in them, and my stockings. However, this put me upon rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon, as first, tools to work with on shore; and it was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was indeed a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a shiploading of gold would have been at

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that time; I got it down to my raft, even whole as it was, without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms; there were two very good fowling pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols; these I secured first, with some powder horns, and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords; I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them, but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good, the third had taken water; those two I got to my raft with the arms. And now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, or rudder; and the least capful of wind would have overset all my navigation.

I had three encouragements: 1. A smooth, calm sea. 2. The tide rising and setting in to the shore. 3. What little wind there was blew me towards the land; and thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, and besides the tools which were in the chest, I found two saws, an axe, and a hammer, and with this cargo I put to sea. For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before, by which I perceived that there was some indraught of the water, and consequently I hoped to find some creek or river there which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo.

As I imagined, so it was; there appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it, so I guided my raft as well as I could to keep in the middle of the stream. But here I had like to have suffered a second shipwreck, which, if I had, I think verily would have broke my heart; for knowing nothing of the coast, my raft ran aground at one end of it upon a shoal, and not being aground at the other end, it wanted but a little that all my cargo had slipped off towards that end that was afloat, and so fallen into the water. I did my utmost by setting my back against the chests to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength, neither durst I stir from the posture I was in, but holding up the chests with all my might, stood in that manner near half an hour, in which time the rising of the water brought me a little more upon a level; and a little after, the water still rising, my raft floated again, and I thrust her off with the oar I had, into the channel, and then driving up higher, I at length found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides, and a strong current or tide running up; I looked on both sides for a proper place to get to shore, for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river, hoping in time

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to see some ship at sea and therefore resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could.

At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which with great pain and difficulty I guided my raft, and at last got so near as that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in; but here I had like to have dipped all my cargo in the sea again; for that shore lying pretty steep, that is to say, sloping, there was no place to land, but where one end of my float, if it run on shore, would lie so high and the other sink lower as before, that it would endanger my cargo again. All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping the raft with my oar like an anchor to hold the side of it fast to the shore, near a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would flow over; and so it did. As soon as I found water enough (for my raft drew about a foot of water), I thrust her on upon that flat piece of ground and there f astened or moored her by sticking my two broken oars into the ground, one on one side near one end, and one on the other side near the other end; and thus I lay till the water ebbed away and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

My next work was to view the country, and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods, to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was I yet knew not, whether on the continent or on an island; whether inhabited or not inhabited; whether in danger of wild beasts or not. There was a hill not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills which lay as in a ridge from it northward. I took out one of the fowling pieces, and one of the pistols, and a horn of powder, and thus armed I traveled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had with great labour and difficulty got to the top, I saw my fate to my great affliction, viz., that I was in an island environed every way with the sea, no land to be seen, except some rocks which lay a great way off, and two small islands less than this, which lay about three leagues to the west.

I found also that the island I was in was barren and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited, except by wild beasts, of whom, however, I saw none, yet I saw abundance of fowls, but knew not their kinds, neither when I killed them could I tell what was fit for food, and what not; at my coming back, I shot at a great bird which I saw sitting upon a tree on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world; I had no sooner fired but from all the parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls of many sorts, making a confused screaming, and crying every one according to his usual note; but not one of them of any kind that I knew. As for the crea-

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after all this, I found a great hogshead of bread, and three large runlets of rum or spirits, and a box of sugar, and a barrel of fine flour; this was surprising to me, because I had given over expecting any more provisions, except what was spoiled by the water. I soon emptied the hogshead of that bread, and wrapped it up parcel by parcel in pieces of the sails, which I cut out; and in a word, I got all this safe on shore also.

The next day I made another voyage; and now having plundered the ship of what was portable and fit to hand out, I began with the cables; and cutting the great cable into pieces such as I could move, I got two cables and a hawser on shore, with all the ironwork I could get; and having cut down the spritsail yard, and the mizzen yard, and everything I could to make a large raft, I loaded it with all those heavy goods, and came away. But my good luck began now to leave me; for this raft was so unwieldy and so overloaden, that after I was entered the little cove, where I had landed the rest of my goods, not being able to guide it so handily as I did the other, it overset, and threw me and all my cargo into the water. As for myself it was no great harm, for I was near the shore; but as to my cargo, it was great part of it lost, especially the iron, which I expected would have been of great use to me. However, when the tide was out, I got most of the pieces of cable ashore, and some of the iron, though with infinite labour; for I was fain to dip for it into the water, a work which fatigued me very much. After this I went every day on board, and brought away what I could get.

I had been now thirteen days on shore, and had been eleven times on board the ship; in which time I had brought away all that one pair of hands could well be supposed capable to bring, though I believe verily, had the calm weather held, I should have brought away the whole ship, piece by piece. But preparing the twelfth time to go on board, I found the wind began to rise; however, at low water I went on board, and though I thought I had rummaged the cabin so effectually, as that nothing more could be found, yet I discovered a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors and one pair of large scissors, with some ten or a dozen of good knives and forks; in another I found about thirty-six pounds value in money, some European coin, some Brazil, some pieces of eight, some gold, some silver.

I smiled to myself at the sight of this money. "O drug!" said I aloud, "what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me, no, not the taking off of the ground; one of those knives is worth all this heap; I have no manner of use for thee; e'en remain where thou art and go to the bottom as a creature whose life is not worth saving." However, upon second

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thoughts, I took it away, and wrapping all this in a piece of canvas, I began to think of making another raft; but while I was preparing this, I found the sky overcast, and the wind began to rise, and in a quarter of an hour it blew a fresh gale from the shore; it presently occurred to me that it was in vain to pretend to make a raft with the wind off shore, and that it was my business to be gone before the tide of flood began, otherwise I might not be able to reach the shore at all. Accordingly I let myself down into the water and swam across the channel, which lay between the ship and the sands, and even that with difficulty enough, partly with the weight of the things I had about me, and partly the roughness of the water, for the wind rose very hastily, and before it was quite high water, it blew a storm.

But I was gotten home to my little tent, where I lay with all my wealth about me very secure. It blew very hard all that night, and in the morning, when I looked out, behold, no more ship was to be seen; I was a little surprised, but recovered myself with this satisfactory reflection, viz., that I had lost no time, nor abated no diligence to get everything out of her that could be useful to me, and that indeed there was little left in her that I was able to bring away if I had had more time.

I now gave over any more thoughts of the ship, or of anything out of her, except what might drive on shore from her wreck, as indeed divers pieces of her afterwards did; but those things were of small use to me.

## I BUILD MY FORTRESS

My thoughts were now wholly employed about securing myself against either savages, if any should appear, or wild beasts, if any were in the island; and I had many thoughts of the method how to do this, and what kind of dwelling to make; whether I should make me a cave in the earth, or a tent upon the earth. And, in short, I resolved upon both; the manner and description of which it may not be improper to give an account of.

I soon found the place I was in was not for my settlement, particularly because it was upon a low moorish ground near the sea, and I believed would not be wholesome, and more particularly because there was no fresh water near it; so I resolved to find a more healthy and more convenient spot of ground.

I consulted several things in my situation, which I found would be proper for me: first, health and fresh water I just now mentioned; secondly, shelter from the heat of the sun; thirdly, security from ravenous creatures, whether man or beast; fourthly, a view to the sea, that if God

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sent any ship in sight, I might not lose any advantage for my deliverance, of which I was not willing to banish all my expectation yet.

In search of a place proper for this, I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front towards this little plain was steep as a house-side, so that nothing could come down upon me from the top; on the side of this rock there was a hollow place worn a little way in like the entrance or door of a cave, but there was not really any cave or way into the rock at all.

On the flat of the green, just before this hollow place, I resolved to pitch my tent. This plain was not above a hundred yards broad, and about twice as long, and lay like a green before my door, and at the end of it descended irregularly every way down into the low grounds by the seaside. It was on the north-northwest side of the hill, so that I was sheltered from the heat every day, till it came to a west and by south sun, or thereabouts, which in those countries is near the setting.

Before I set up my tent, I drew a half circle before the hollow place, which took in about ten yards in its semi-diameter from the rock, and twenty yards in its diameter, from its beginning and ending.

In this half circle I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm like piles, the biggest end being out of the ground about five foot and a half, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another.

Then I took the pieces of cable which I had cut in the ship, and laid them in rows one upon another, within the circle between these two rows of stakes, up to the top, placing other stakes in the inside, leaning against them, about two foot and a half high, like a spur to a post; and this fence was so strong that neither man nor beast could get into it or over it. This cost me a great deal of time and labour, especially to cut the piles in the woods, bring them to the place, and drive them into the earth.

The entrance into this place I made to be, not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top, which ladder, when I was in, I lifted over after me, and so I was completely fenced in, and fortified, as I thought, from all the world, and consequently slept secure in the night, which otherwise I could not have done, though, as it appeared afterwards, there was no need of all this caution from the enemies that I apprehended danger from.

Into this fence or fortress, with infinite labour, I carried all my riches, all my provisions, ammunition, and stores, of which you have the account above; and I made me a large tent, which, to preserve me from the rains that in one part of the year are very violent there, I made double, viz.,

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one smaller tent within, and one larger tent above it, and covered the uppermost with a large tarpaulin which I had saved among the sails.

And now I lay no more for a while in the bed which I had brought on shore, but in a hammock, which was indeed a very good one and belonged to the mate of the ship.

Into this tent I brought all my provisions, and every thing that would spoil by the wet, and having thus enclosed all my goods, I made up the entrance, which till now I had left open, and so passed and repassed, as I said, by a short ladder.

When I had done this, I began to work my way into the rock, and bringing all the earth and stones that I dug down out through my tent, I laid them up within my fence in the nature of a terrace, so that it raised the ground within about a foot and a half; and thus I made a cave just behind my tent, which served me like a cellar to my house.

It cost me much labour, and many days, before all these things were brought to perfection, and therefore I must go back to some other things which took up some of my thoughts. At the same time it happened, after I had laid my scheme for the setting up my tent and making the cave, that a storm of rain falling from a thick dark cloud, a sudden flash of lightning happened, and after that, a great clap of thunder, as is naturally the effect of it. I was not so much surprised with the lightning, as I was with a thought which darted into my mind as swift as the lightning itself: O my powder! My very heart sunk within me, when I thought, that at one blast all my powder might be destroyed; on which, not my defence only, but the providing me food, as I thought, entirely depended; I was nothing near so anxious about my own danger, though had the powder took fire, I had never known who had hurt me.

Such impression did this make upon me, that after the storm was over, I laid aside all my works, my building and fortifying, and applied myself to make bags and boxes to separate the powder, and keep it a little and a little in a parcel, in hope that whatever might come, it might not all take fire at once, and to keep it so apart that it should not be possible to make one part fire another. I finished this work in about a fortnight, and I think my powder, which in all was about 240 pounds' weight, was divided in not less than a hundred parcels; as to the barrel that had been wet, I did not apprehend any danger from that, so I placed it in my new cave, which in my fancy I called my kitchen, and the rest I hid up and down in holes among the rocks, so that no wet might come to it, marking very carefully where I laid it.

In the interval of time while this was doing, I went out at least once

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every day with my gun, as well to divert myself as to see if I could kill anything fit for food, and as near as I could to acquaint myself with what the island produced. The first time I went out, I presently discovered that there were goats in the island, which was a great satisfaction to me; but then it was attended with this misfortune to me, viz., that they were so shy, so subtile, and so swift of foot that it was the difficultest thing in the world to come at them. But I was not discouraged at this, not doubting but I might now and then shoot one, as it soon happened; for after I had found their haunts a little, I laid wait in this manner for them: I observed, if they saw me in the valleys, though they were upon the rocks, they would run away as in a terrible fright; but if they were feeding in the valleys, and I was upon the rocks, they took no notice of me; from whence I concluded, that by the position of their optics, their sight was so directed downward that they did not readily see objects that were above them; so afterwards I took this method, I always climbed the rocks first, to get above them, and then had frequently a fair mark. The first shot I made among these creatures, I killed a she-goat which had a little kid by her which she gave suck to, which grieved me heartily; but when the old one fell, the kid stood stock still by her till I came and took her up, and not only so, but when I carried the old one with me upon my shoulders, the kid followed me quite to my enclosure, upon which I laid down the dam and took the kid in my arms, and carried it over my pale, in hopes to have bred it up tame, but it would not eat, so I was forced to kill it and eat it myself; these two supplied me with flesh a great while, for I ate sparingly, and saved my provisions (my bread especially) as much as possibly I could.

Having now fixed my habitation, I found it absolutely necessary to provide a place to make a fire in, and fuel to burn; and what I did for that, as also how I enlarged my cave, and what conveniences I made, I shall give a full account of in its place. But I must first give some little account of myself and of my thoughts about living, which it may well be supposed were not a few.

I had a dismal prospect of my condition, for as I was not cast away upon that island without being driven, as is said, by a violent storm quite out of the course of our intended voyage and a great way, viz., some hundreds of leagues out of the ordinary course of the trade of mankind, I had great reason to consider it as a determination of Heaven, that in this desolate place and in this desolate manner I should end my life; the tears would run plentifully down my face when I made these reflections, and sometimes I would expostulate with myself why Provi-

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This want of tools made every work I did go on heavily, and it was near a whole year before I had entirely finished my little pale, or surrounded habitation. The piles, or stakes, which were as heavy as I could well lift, were a long time in cutting and preparing in the woods, and more by far in bringing home, so that I spent sometimes two days in cutting and bringing home one of those posts and a third day in driving it into the ground; for which purpose I got a heavy piece of wood at first, but at last bethought myself of one of the iron crows, which, however, though I found it, yet it made driving those posts or piles very laborious and tedious work.

But what need I have been concerned at the tediousness of anything I had to do, seeing I had time enough to do it in? Nor had I any other employment if that had been over, at least that I could foresee, except the ranging the island to seek for food, which I did more or less every day.

I now began to consider seriously my condition, and the circumstance I was reduced to; and I drew up the state of my affairs in writing, not so much to leave them to any that were to come after me, for I was like to have but few heirs, as to deliver my thoughts from daily poring upon them, and afflicting my mind; and as my reason began now to master my despondency, I began to comfort myself as well as I could, and to set the good against the evil, that I might have something to distinguish my case from worse; and I stated it very impartially, like debtor and creditor, the comforts I enjoyed, against the miseries I suffered, thus:

| Evil | Good |
| --- | --- |
| I am cast upon a horrible desolate island, void of all hope of recovery. | But I am alive, and not drowned, as all my ship's company was. |
| I am singled out and separated, as it were, from all the world to be miserable. | But I am singled out too from all the ship's crew to be spared from death; and He that miraculously saved me from death can deliver me from this condition. |
| I am divided from mankind, a solitaire, one banished from human society. | But I am not starved and perishing on a barren place, affording no sustenance. |
| I have no clothes to cover me. | But I am in a hot climate, where if I had clothes, I could hardly wear them. |

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I am without any defence or means to resist any violence of man or beast.

But I am cast on an island, where I see no wild beasts to hurt me, as I saw on the coast of Africa. And what if I had been shipwrecked there?

I have no soul to speak to, or relieve me.

But God wonderfully sent the ship in near enough to the shore, that I have gotten out so many necessary things as will either supply my wants, or enable me to supply myself even as long as I live.

Upon the whole, here was an undoubted testimony that there was scarce any condition in the world so miserable but there was something negative or something positive to be thankful for in it; and let this stand as a direction from the experience of the most miserable of all conditions in this world, that we may always find in it something to comfort ourselves from, and to set in the description of good and evil, on the credit side of the account.

Having now brought my mind a little to relish my condition and given over looking out to sea, to see if I could spy a ship; I say, giving over these things, I began to apply myself to accommodate my way of living and to make things as easy to me as I could.

I have already described my habitation, which was a tent under the side of a rock, surrounded with a strong pale of posts and cables, but I might now rather call it a wall; for I raised a kind of wall up against it of turfs, about two foot thick on the outside; and after some time (I think it was a year and a half) I raised rafters from it, leaning to the rock, and thatched or covered it with boughs of trees and such things as I could get to keep out the rain, which I found at some times of the year very violent.

I have already observed how I brought all my goods into this pale, and into the cave which I had made behind me. But I must observe, too, that at first this was a confused heap of goods, which as they lay in no order, so they took up all my place; I had no room to turn myself; so I set myself to enlarge my cave and works farther into the earth, for it was a loose sandy rock, which yielded easily to the labour I bestowed on it. And so, when I found I was pretty safe as to beasts of prey, I worked sideways to the right hand into the rock; and then turning to the right again, worked quite out, and made me a door to come out on the outside of my pale or fortification.

This gave me not only egress and regress, as it were a back way to my tent and to my storehouse, but gave me room to stow my goods.

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And now I began to apply myself to make such necessary things as I found I most wanted, particularly a chair and a table; for without these I was not able to enjoy the few comforts I had in the world; I could not write or eat, or do several things, with so much pleasure without a table.

So I went to work; and here I must needs observe that as reason is the substance and original of the mathematics, so by stating and squaring everything by reason, and by making the most rational judgment of things, every man may be in time master of every mechanic art. I had never handled a tool in my life, and yet in time, by labour, application, and contrivance, I found at last that I wanted nothing but I could have made it, especially if I had had tools; however, I made abundance of things even without tools, and some with no more tools than an adze and a hatchet, which perhaps were never made that way before, and that with infinite labour. For example, if I wanted a board, I had no other way but to cut down a tree, set it on an edge before me, and hew it flat on either side with my axe, till I had brought it to be thin as a plank, and then dub it smooth with my adze. It is true, by this method I could make but one board out of a whole tree, but this I had no remedy for but patience, any more than I had for the prodigious deal of time and labour which it took me up to make a plank or board. But my time or labour was little worth, and so it was as well employed one way as another.

However, I made me a table and a chair, as I observed above, in the first place, and this I did out of the short pieces of boards that I brought on my raft from the ship. But when I had wrought out some boards, as above, I made large shelves of the breadth of a foot and a half, one over another, all along one side of my cave, to lay all my tools, nails, and ironwork, and in a word, to separate everything at large in their places, that I might easily come at them; I knocked pieces into the wall of the rock to hang my guns and all things that would hang up.

So that had my cave been to be seen, it looked like a general magazine of all necessary things; and I had everything so ready at my hand, that it was a great pleasure to me to see all my goods in such order, and especially to find my stock of all necessaries so great.

And now it was when I began to keep a journal of every day's employment; for, indeed, at first I was in too much hurry, and not only hurry as to labour, but in too much discomposure of mind, and my journal would have been full of many dull things. For example, I must have said thus:

*September the 30th.* After I got to shore, and had escaped drowning,

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instead of being thankful to God for my deliverance, having first vomited with the great quantity of salt water which was gotten into my stomach, and recovering myself a little, I ran about the shore, wringing my hands and beating my head and face, exclaiming at my misery and crying out I was undone, undone, till, tired and faint, I was forced to lie down on the ground to repose, but durst not sleep, for fear of being devoured.

Some days after this, and after I had been on board the ship and got all that I could out of her, yet I could not forbear getting up to the top of a little mountain, and looking out to sea, in hopes of seeing a ship, then fancy at a vast distance I spied a sail, please myself with the hopes of it and then, after looking steadily till I was almost blind, lose it quite, and sit down and weep like a child, and thus increase my misery by my folly.

But having gotten over these things in some measure and having settled my household stuff and habitation, made me a table and a chair, and all as handsome about me as I could, I began to keep my journal, of which I shall here give you the copy (though in it will be told all these particulars over again) as long as it lasted, for, having no more ink, I was forced to leave it off.

[*Crusoe describes his daily activities in his journal.*]

## I THROW AWAY THE HUSKS OF CORN

During this time, I made my rounds in the woods for game every day when the rain admitted me, and made frequent discoveries in these walks of something or other to my advantage; particularly I found a kind of wild pigeons, who built not as wood pigeons in a tree, but rather as house pigeons, in the holes of the rocks; and taking some young ones, I endeavoured to breed them up tame, and did so; but when they grew older, they flew all away, which perhaps was at first for want of feeding them, for I had nothing to give them; however, I frequently found their nests, and got their young ones, which were very good meat.

And now in the managing my household affairs, I found myself wanting in many things, which I thought at first it was impossible for me to make, as indeed as to some of them it was; for instance, I could never make a cask to be hooped; I had a small runlet or two, as I observed before, but I could never arrive to the capacity of making one by them, though I spent many weeks about it; I could neither put in the heads, or join the staves so true to one another, as to make them hold water; so I gave that also over.

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In the next place, I was at a great loss for candle; so that as soon as ever it was dark, which was generally by seven o'clock, I was obliged to go to bed. I remembered the lump of beeswax with which I made candles in my African adventure; but I had none of that now. The only remedy I had was that, when I had killed a goat, I saved the tallow, and with a little dish made of clay, which I baked in the sun, to which I added a wick of some oakum, I made me a lamp; and this gave me light, though not a clear, steady light like a candle. In the middle of all my labours it happened that, rummaging my things, I found a little bag, which, as I hinted before, had been filled with corn for the feeding of poultry, not for this voyage, but before, as I suppose, when the ship came from Lisbon; what little remained of corn [barley] had been in the bag was all devoured with the rats, and I saw nothing in the bag but husks and dust; and being willing to have the bag for some other use (I think it was to put powder in, when I divided it for fear of the lightning, or some such use), I shook the husks of corn out of it on one side of my fortification under the rock.

It was a little before the great rains, just now mentioned, that I threw this stuff away, taking no notice of anything, and not so much as remembering that I had thrown anything there; when about a month after or thereabouts, I saw some few stalks of something green shooting out of the ground, which I fancied might be some plant I had not seen; but I was surprised and perfectly astonished, when after a little longer time I saw about ten or twelve ears come out, which were perfect green barley of the same kind as our European, nay, as our English barley.

It is impossible to express the astonishment and confusion of my thoughts on this occasion; I had hitherto acted upon no religious foundation at all; indeed I had very few notions of religion in my head, nor had entertained any sense of anything that had befallen me, otherwise than as a chance, or, as we lightly say, what pleases God; without so much as inquiring into the end of Providence in these things, or His order in governing events in the world. But after I saw barley grow there, in a climate which I know was not proper for corn, and especially that I knew not how it came there, it startled me strangely, and I began to suggest that God had miraculously caused this grain to grow without any help of seed sown, and that it was so directed purely for my sustenance on that wild miserable place.

This touched my heart a little and brought tears out of my eyes, and I began to bless myself, that such a prodigy of Nature should happen upon my account; and this was the more strange to me because I saw near

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had no want of food, and of that which was very good too; especially these three sorts, viz., goats, pigeons, and turtle or tortoise; which, added to my grapes, Leadenhall Market could not have furnished a table better than I, in proportion to the company; and though my case was deplorable enough, yet I had great cause for thankfulness, that I was not driven to any extremities for food; but rather plenty, even to dainties.

I never travelled in this journey above two miles outright in a day, or thereabouts; but I took so many turns and returns, to see what discoveries I could make, that I came weary enough to the place where I resolved to sit down for all night; and then I either reposed myself in a tree, or surrounded myself with a row of stakes set upright in the ground, either from one tree to another, or so as no wild creature could come at me without waking me.

As soon as I came to the sea-shore, I was surprised to see that I had taken up my lot on the worst side of the island; for here indeed the shore was covered with innumerable turtles, whereas on the other side I had found but three in a year and a half. Here was also an infinite number of fowls of many kinds, some which I had seen, and some of which I had not seen before, and many of them very good meat; but such as I knew not the names of, except those called penguins.

I could have shot as many as I pleased, but was very sparing of my powder and shot; and therefore had more mind to kill a she-goat, if I could, which I could better feed on; and though there were many goats here more than on my side the island, yet it was with much more difficulty that I could come near them, the country being flat and even, and they saw me much sooner than when I was on the hill.

I confess this side of the country was much pleasanter than mine, but yet I had not the least inclination to remove; for as I was fixed in my habitation, it became natural to me, and I seemed all the while I was here to be, as it were, upon a journey, and from home. However, I travelled along the shore of the sea, towards the east, I suppose about twelve miles; and then setting up a great pole upon the shore for a mark, I concluded I would go home again; and that the next journey I took should be on the other side of the island, east from my dwelling, and so round till I came to my post again. Of which in its place.

I took another way to come back than that I went, thinking I could easily keep all the island so much in my view that I could not miss finding my first dwelling by viewing the country; but I found myself mistaken; for being come about two or three miles, I found myself descended

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into a very large valley, but so surrounded with hills, and those hills covered with wood, that I could not see which was my way by any direction but that of the sun, nor even then, unless I knew very well the position of the sun at that time of the day.

It happened, to my further misfortune, that the weather proved hazy for three or four days while I was in this valley; and not being able to see the sun, I wandered about very uncomfortably, and at last was obliged to find out the seaside, look for my post, and come back the same way I went; and then by easy journeys I turned homeward, the weather being exceeding hot, and my gun, ammunition, hatchet, and other things very heavy.

In this journey my dog surprised a young kid, and seized upon it, and I, running in to take hold of it, caught it, and saved it alive from the dog. I had a great mind to bring it home if I could; for I had often been musing, whether it might not be possible to get a kid or two and so raise a breed of tame goats, which might supply me when my powder and shot should be all spent.

I made a collar to this little creature, and with a string which I made of some rope-yarn which I always carried about me, I led him along, though with some difficulty, till I came to my bower, and there I enclosed him and left him; for I was very impatient to be at home, from whence I had been absent above a month.

I cannot express what a satisfaction it was to me to come into my old hutch and lie down in my hammock-bed. This little wandering journey, without settled place of abode, had been so unpleasant to me that my own house, as I called it to myself, was a perfect settlement to me compared to that; and it rendered everything about me so comfortable that I resolved I would never go a great way from it again while it should be my lot to stay on the island.

I reposed myself here a week, to rest and regale myself after my long journey; during which most of the time was taken up in the weighty affair of making a cage for my Poll, who began now to be a mere domestic and to be mighty well acquainted with me. Then I began to think of the poor kid, which I had penned in within my little circle, and resolved to go and fetch it home, or give it some food; accordingly I went, and found it where I left it; for indeed it could not get out, but was almost starved for want of food. I went and cut boughs of trees, and branches of such shrubs as I could find, and threw it over, and having fed it, I tied it as I did before to lead it away; but it was so tame with being hungry that I had no need to have tied it, for it followed me like a dog;

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and as I continually fed it, the creature became so loving, so gentle, and so fond, that it became from that time one of my domestics also, and would never leave me afterwards.

The rainy season of the autumnal equinox was now come, and I kept the 30th of September in the same solemn manner as before, being the anniversary of my landing on the island, having now been there two years, and no more prospect of being delivered than the first day I came there. I spent the whole day in humble and thankful acknowledgements of the many wonderful mercies which my solitary condition was attended with, and without which it might have been infinitely more miserable. I gave humble and hearty thanks that God had been pleased to discover to me, even that it was possible I might be more happy in this solitary condition than I should have been in a liberty of society and in all the pleasures of the world. That He could fully make up to me the deficiencies of my solitary state and the want of human society by His presence, and the communications of His grace to my soul, supporting, comforting, and encouraging me to depend upon His Providence here, and hope for His eternal presence hereafter.

It was now that I began sensibly to feel how much more happy this life I now led was, with all its miserable circumstances, than the wicked, cursed, abominable life I led all the past part of my days; and now I changed both my sorrows and my joys; my very desires altered, my affections changed their gusts, and my delights were perfectly new, from what they were at my first coming, or indeed for the two years past.

Before, as I walked about, either on my hunting or for viewing the country, the anguish of my soul at my condition would break out upon me on a sudden, and my very heart would die within me to think of the woods, the mountains, the deserts I was in; and how I was a prisoner locked up with the eternal bars and bolts of the ocean, in an uninhabited wilderness, without redemption. In the midst of the greatest composures of my mind, this would break out upon me like a storm and make me wring my hands and weep like a child. Sometimes it would take me in the middle of my work, and I would immediately sit down and sigh, and look upon the ground for an hour or two together; and this was still worse to me; for if I could burst out into tears or vent myself by words, it would go off, and the grief having exhausted itself would abate.

But now I began to exercise myself with new thoughts; I daily read the Word of God and applied all the comforts of it to my present state. One morning, being very sad, I opened the Bible upon these words, "I will never, never leave thee, nor forsake thee"; immediately it occurred

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that these words were to me; why else should they be directed in such a manner, just at the moment when I was mourning over my condition, as one forsaken of God and man? "Well then," said I, "if God does not forsake me, of what ill consequence can it be, or what matters it, though the world should all forsake me; seeing on the other hand, if I had all the world and should lose the favour and blessing of God, there would be no comparison in the loss?"

From this moment I began to conclude in my mind that it was possible for me to be more happy in this forsaken, solitary condition that it was probable I should ever have been in any other particular state in the world; and with this thought I was going to give thanks to God for bringing me to this place.

I know not what it was, but something shocked my mind at that thought, and I durst not speak the words. "How canst thou be such a hypocrite," said I, even audibly, "to pretend to be thankful for a condition which however thou may'st endeavour to be contented with, thou wouldst rather pray heartily to be delivered from?" So I stopped there. But though I could not say I thanked God for being there, yet I sincerely gave thanks to God for opening my eyes, by whatever afflicting providences, to see the former condition of my life, and to mourn for my wickedness, and repent. I never opened the Bible or shut it but my very soul within me blessed God for directing my friend in England, without any order of mine, to pack it up among my goods; and for assisting me afterwards to save it out of the wreck of the ship.

## I AM VERY SELDOM IDLE

Thus, and in this disposition of mind, I began my third year; and though I have not given the reader the trouble of so particular an account of my works this year as the first, yet in general it may be observed that I was very seldom idle; but having regularly divided my time, according to the several daily employments that were before me, such as, first, my duty to God, and the reading the Scriptures, which I constantly set apart some time for thrice every day; secondly, the going abroad with my gun for food, which generally took me up three hours in every morning, when it did not rain; thirdly, the ordering, curing, preserving and cooking what I had killed or caught for my supply; these took up great part of the day; also it is to be considered that the middle of the day, when the sun was in the zenith, the violence of the heat was too great to stir out; so that about four hours in the evening was all the time

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I could be supposed to work in; with this exception, that sometimes I changed my hours of hunting and working, and went to work in the morning and abroad with my gun in the afternoon.

To this short time allowed for labour, I desire may be added the exceeding laboriousness of my work, the many hours which for want of tools, want of help, and want of skill, everything I did took up out of my time. For example, I was full two-and-forty days making me a board for a long shelf, which I wanted in my cave; whereas two sawyers with their tools and a saw-pit would have cut six of them out of the same tree in half a day.

My case was this: it was to be a large tree which was to be cut down, because my board was to be a broad one. This tree I was three days a-cutting down, and two more cutting off the boughs, and reducing it to a log, or piece of timber. With inexpressible hacking and hewing, I reduced both the sides of it into chips, till it began to be light enough to move; then I turned it and made one side of it smooth and flat as a board from end to end; then turning that side downward, cut the other side, till I brought the plank to be about three inches thick, and smooth on both sides. Anyone may judge the labour of my hands in such a piece of work; but labour and patience carried me through that and many other things. I only observe this in particular, to show the reason why so much of my time went away with so little work, viz., that what might be a little to be done with help and tools was a vast labour and required a prodigious time to do alone and by hand.

But notwithstanding this, with patience and labour I went through many things; and indeed everything that my circumstances made necessary to me to do, as will appear by what follows.

I was now, in the months of November and December, expecting my crop of barley and rice. The ground I had manured or dug up for them was not great; for as I observed, my seed of each was not above the quantity of half a peck; for I had lost one whole crop by sowing in the dry season; but now my crop promised very well, when on a sudden I found I was in danger of losing it all again by enemies of several sorts, which it was scarce possible to keep from it; at first, the goats, and wild creatures which I called hares, who, tasting the sweetness of the blade, lay in it night and day, as soon as it came up, and eat it so close that it could get no time to shoot up into stalk.

This I saw no remedy for, but by making an enclosure about it with a hedge, which I did with a great deal of toil; and the more, because it required speed. However, as my arable land was but small, suited to my

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oven to bake it; and yet all these things I did without, as shall be observed; and yet the corn was an inestimable comfort and advantage to me too. All this, as I said, made everything laborious and tedious to me, but that there was no help for; neither was my time so much loss to me, because, as I had divided it, a certain part of it was every day appointed to these works; and as I resolved to use none of the corn for bread till I had a greater quantity by me, I had the next six months to apply myself wholly by labour and invention to furnish myself with utensils proper for the performing all the operations necessary for the making the corn (when I had it) fit for my use.

But first I was to prepare more land, for I had now seed enough to sow above an acre of ground. Before I did this, I had a week's work at least to make me a spade, which when it was done was but a sorry one indeed, and very heavy, and required double labour to work with it; however, I went through that, and sowed my seed in two large flat pieces of ground, as near my house as I could find them to my mind, and fenced them in with a good hedge, the stakes of which were all cut of that wood which I had set before, and knew it would grow; so that in one year's time I knew I should have a quick or living hedge that would want but little repair. This work was not so little as to take me up less than three months, because great part of that time was of the wet season, when I could not go abroad.

Within doors, that is, when it rained, and I could not go out, I found employment on the following occasions; always observing, that all the while I was at work I diverted myself with talking to my parrot and teaching him to speak, and I quickly learned [taught] him to know his own name and at last to speak it out pretty loud, "Poll," which was the first word I ever heard spoken in the island by any mouth but my own. This therefore was not my work, but an assistant to my work, for now, as I said, I had a great employment upon my hands, as follows, viz., I had long studied, by some means or other, to make myself some earthen vessels, which indeed I wanted sorely, but knew not where to come at them. However, considering the heat of the climate, I did not doubt but if I could find out any such clay, I might botch up some such pot, as might, being dried in the sun, be hard enough and strong enough to bear handling, and to hold anything that was dry, and required to be kept so; and as this was necessary in the preparing corn, meal, etc., which was the thing I was upon, I resolved to make some as large as I could, and fit only to stand like jars to hold what should be put into them.

It would make the reader pity me, or rather laugh at me, to tell how

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many awkward ways I took to raise this paste; what odd, misshapen, ugly things I made; how many of them fell in, and how many fell out, the clay not being stiff enough to bear its own weight; how many cracked by the overviolent heat of the sun, being set out too hastily; and how many fell in pieces with only removing, as well before as after they were dried; and in a word, how after having laboured hard to find the clay, to dig it, to temper it, to bring it home and work it, I could not make above two large earthen ugly things, I cannot call them jars, in about two months' labour.

However, as the sun baked these two very dry and hard, I lifted them very gently up, and set them down again in two great wicker baskets, which I had made on purpose for them, that they might not break; and as between the pot and the basket there was a little room to spare, I stuffed it full of the rice and barley straw, and these two pots being to stand always dry, I thought would hold my dry corn, and perhaps the meal when the corn was bruised.

Though I miscarried so much in my design for large pots, yet I made several smaller things with better success; such as little round pots, flat dishes, pitchers, and pipkins, and anything my hand turned to, and the heat of the sun baked them strangely hard.

But all this would not answer my end, which was to get an earthen pot to hold what was liquid, and bear the fire, which none of these could do. It happened after some time, making a pretty large fire for cooking my meat, when I went to put it out after I had done with it, I found a broken piece of one of my earthenware vessels in the fire, burnt as hard as a stone, and red as a tile. I was agreeably surprised to see it, and said to myself that certainly they might be made to burn whole, if they would burn broken.

This set me to studying how to order my fire, so as to make it burn me some pots. I had no notion of a kiln such as the potters burn in, or of glazing them with lead, though I had some lead to do it with; but I placed three large pipkins and two or three pots in a pile one upon another and placed my firewood all round it with a great heap of embers under them; I plied the fire with fresh fuel round the outside and upon the top, till I saw the pots in the inside red hot quite through, and observed that they did not crack at all; when I saw them clear red, I let them stand in that heat about five or six hours, till I found one of them, though it did not crack, did melt or run, for the sand which was mixed with the clay melted by the violence of the heat, and would have run into glass if I had gone on; so I slacked my fire gradually,

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till the pots began to abate of the red colour, and watching them all night, that I might not let the fire abate too fast, in the morning I had three very good, I will not say handsome, pipkins, and two other earthen pots, as hard burnt as could be desired; and one of them perfectly glazed with the running of the sand.

After this experiment, I need not say that I wanted no sort of earthenware for my use; but I must needs say, as to the shapes of them, they were very indifferent, as anyone may suppose, when I had no way of making them, but as the children make dirt pies, or as a woman would make pies that never learned to raise paste.

No joy at a thing of so mean a nature was ever equal to mine, when I found I had made an earthen pot that would bear the fire; and I had hardly patience to stay till they were cold, before I set one upon the fire again, with some water in it, to boil me some meat, which it did admirably well; and with a piece of a kid I made some very good broth, though I wanted oatmeal, and several other ingredients requisite to make it so good as I would have had it been.

My next concern was to get me a stone mortar to stamp or beat some corn in; for as to the mill, there was no thought at arriving to that perfection of art with one pair of hands. To supply this want I was at a great loss; for of all trades in the world I was as perfectly unqualified for a stone-cutter as for any whatever; neither had I any tools to go about it with. I spent many a day to find out a great stone big enough to cut hollow and make fit for a mortar, and could find none at all, except what was in the solid rock, and which I had no way to dig or cut out; nor indeed were the rocks in the island of hardness sufficient, but were all of a sandy crumbling stone, which would neither bear the weight of a heavy pestle or would break the corn without filling it with sand; so after a great deal of time lost in searching for a stone, I gave it over, and resolved to look out for a great block of hard wood, which I found indeed much easier; and getting one as big as I had strength to stir, I rounded it, and formed it in the outside with my axe and hatchet, and then with the help of fire, and infinite labour, made a hollow place in it, as the Indians in Brazil make their canoes. After this, I made a great heavy pestle or beater, of the wood called the iron-wood, and this I prepared and laid by against I had my next crop of corn, when I proposed to myself to grind, or rather pound, my corn into meal, to make my bread.

My next difficulty was to make a sieve, or searce, to dress my meal and to part it from the bran and the husk, without which I did not see it possible I could have any bread. This was a most difficult thing, so

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much as but to think on; for to be sure I had nothing like the necessary thing to make it; I mean fine thin canvas or stuff, to searce the meal through. And here I was at a full stop for many months; nor did I really know what to do; linen I had none left, but what was mere rags; I had goats' hair, but neither knew I how to weave it or spin it; and had I known how, here was no tools to work it with; all the remedy that I found for this was, that at last I did remember I had among the seamen's clothes which were saved out of the ship, some neckcloths of calico or muslin; and with some pieces of these, I made three small sieves, but proper enough for the work; and thus I made shift for some years. How I did afterwards, I shall show in its place.

The baking part was the next thing to be considered and how I should make bread when I came to have corn; for, first, I had no yeast; as to that part, as there was no supplying the want, so I did not concern myself much about it; but for an oven I was indeed in great pain. At length I found out an experiment for that also, which was this: I made some earthen vessels very broad, but not deep; that is to say, about two foot diameter, and not above nine inches deep; these I burned in the fire, as I had done the other, and laid them by; and when I wanted to bake, I made a great fire upon my hearth, which I had paved with some square tiles of my own making and burning also; but I should not call them square.

When the firewood was burned pretty much into embers, or live coals, I drew them forward upon this hearth, so as to cover it all over, and there I let them lie, till the hearth was very hot; then sweeping away all the embers, I set down my loaf, or loaves, and whelming down the earthen pot upon them, drew the embers all round the outside of the pot, to keep in, and add to the heat; and thus, as well as in the best oven in the world, I baked my barley loaves, and became in little time a mere pastry-cook into the bargain; for I made myself several cakes of the rice and puddings; indeed I made no pies, neither had I anything to put into them, supposing I had, except the flesh either of fowls or goats.

It need not be wondered at, if all these things took me up most part of the third year of my abode here; for it is to be observed that in the intervals of these things I had my new harvest and husbandry to manage; for I reaped my corn in its season and carried it home as well as I could, and laid it up in the ear, in my large baskets, till I had time to rub it out; for I had no floor to thrash it on, or instrument to thrash it with.

And now indeed my stock of corn increasing, I really wanted to build my barns bigger. I wanted a place to lay it up in; for the increase of the

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corn now yielded me so much that I had of the barley about twenty bushels, and of the rice as much or more; insomuch that now I resolved to begin to use it freely, for my bread had been quite gone a great while; also I resolved to see what quantity would be sufficient for me a whole year, and to sow but once a year.

Upon the whole, I found that the forty bushels of barley and rice was much more than I could consume in a year; so I resolved to sow just the same quantity every year that I sowed the last, in hopes that such a quantity would fully provide me with bread, etc.

All the while these things were doing, you may be sure my thoughts ran many times upon the prospect of land which I had seen from the other side of the island, and I was not without secret wishes that I were on shore there, fancying that seeing the mainland, and an inhabited country, I might find some way or other to convey myself farther, and perhaps at last find some means of escape.

But all this while I made no allowance for the dangers of such a condition, and how I might fall into the hands of savages, and perhaps such as I might have reason to think far worse than the lions and tigers of Africa. That if I once came into their power, I should run a hazard more than a thousand to one of being killed and perhaps of being eaten; for I had heard that the people of the Caribbean coasts were cannibals, or man-eaters, and I knew by the latitude that I could not be far off from that shore. That suppose they were not cannibals, yet that they might kill me, as many Europeans who had fallen into their hands had been served, even when they had been ten or twenty together; much more I, that was but one, and could make little or no defence. All these things, I say, which I ought to have considered well of, and did cast up in my thoughts afterwards, yet took up none of my apprehensions at first; but my head ran mightily upon the thought of getting over to the shore.

Now I wished for my boy Xury, and the longboat with the shoulder-of-mutton sail with which I sailed above a thousand miles on the coast of Africa; but this was in vain. Then I thought I would go and look at our ship's boat, which, as I have said, was blown up upon the shore a great way in the storm, when we were first cast away. She lay almost where she did at first, but not quite; and was turned by the force of the waves and the winds, almost bottom upward against a high ridge of beachy rough sand; but no water about her as before.

If I had had hands to have refitted her and to have launched her into the water, the boat would have done well enough, and I might have

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and it cost me a prodigious deal of pains; but who grudges pains, that have their deliverance in view? But when this was worked through, and this difficulty managed, it was still much at one; for I could no more stir the canoe than I could the other boat.

Then I measured the distance of ground, and resolved to cut a dock, or canal, to bring the water up to the canoe, seeing I could not bring the canoe down to the water. Well, I began this work, and when I began to enter into it and calculate how deep it was to be dug, how broad, how the stuff to be thrown out, I found that by the number of hands I had, being none but my own, it must have been ten or twelve years before I should have gone through with it; but the shore lay high, so that at the upper end it must have been at least twenty foot deep; so at length, though with great reluctancy, I gave this attempt over also.

This grieved me heartily, and now I saw, though too late, the folly of beginning a work before we count the cost, and before we judge rightly of our own strength to go through with it.

In the middle of this work I finished my fourth year in this place, and kept my anniversary with the same devotion and with as much comfort as ever before; for by a constant study and serious application of the Word of God, and by the assistance of His grace, I gained a different knowledge from what I had before. I entertained different notions of things. I looked now upon the world as a thing remote, which I had nothing to do with, no expectation from, and, indeed, no desires about. In a word, I had nothing indeed to do with it, nor was ever like to have; so I thought it looked as we may perhaps look upon it hereafter, viz., as a place I had lived in but was come out of it; and well might I say, as Father Abraham to Dives, "Between me and thee is a great gulf fixed."

In the first place, I was removed from all the wickedness of the world here. I had neither the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, or the pride of life. I had nothing to covet; for I had all that I was now capable of enjoying. I was lord of the whole manor; or if I pleased, I might call myself king, or emperor over the whole country which I had possession of. There were no rivals. I had no competitor, none to dispute sovereignty or command with me. I might have raised shiploadings of corn; but I had no use for it; so I let as little grow as I thought enough for my occasion. I had tortoise or turtles enough; but now and then one was as much as I could put to any use. I had timber enough to have built a fleet of ships. I had grapes enough to have made wine, or to have cured into raisins, to have loaded that fleet, when they had been built.

But all I could make use of was all that was valuable. I had enough to

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eat, and to supply my wants, and what was all the rest to me? If I killed more flesh than I could eat, the dog must eat it, or the vermin. If I sowed more corn than I could eat, it must be spoiled. The trees that I cut down were lying to rot on the ground. I could make no more use of them than for fuel; and that I had no occasion for but to dress my food.

In a word, the nature and experience of things dictated to me upon just reflection that all the good things of this world are no farther good to us than they are for our use; and that whatever we may heap up indeed to give others, we enjoy just as much as we can use, and no more. The most covetous griping miser in the world would have been cured of the vice of covetousness, if he had been in my case; for I possessed infinitely more than I knew what to do with. I had no room for desire, except it was of things which I had not, and they were but trifles, though indeed of great use to me. I had, as I hinted before, a parcel of money, as well gold as silver, about thirty-six pounds sterling. Alas! There the nasty, sorry, useless stuff lay; I had no manner of business for it; and I often thought with myself that I would have given a handful of it for a gross of tobacco pipes or for a hand mill to grind my corn; nay, I would have given it all for sixpennyworth of turnip and carrot seed out of England, or for a handful of peas and beans and a bottle of ink. As it was, I had not the least advantage by it or benefit from it; but there it lay in a drawer and grew mouldy with the damp of the cave in the wet season; and if I had had the drawer full of diamonds, it had been the same case; and they had been of no manner of value to me because of no use.

I had now brought my state of life to be much easier in itself than it was at first and much easier to my mind, as well as to my body. I frequently sat down to my meat with thankfulness, and admired the hand of God's providence, which had thus spread my table in the wilderness. I learned to look more upon the bright side of my condition and less upon the dark side; and to consider what I enjoyed rather than what I wanted; and this gave me sometimes such secret comforts that I cannot express them; and which I take notice of here, to put those discontented people in mind of it who cannot enjoy comfortably what God has given them because they see and covet something that He has not given them. All our discontents about what we want appeared to me to spring from the want of thankfulness for what we have.

Another reflection was of great use to me, and doubtless would be so to anyone that should fall into such distress as mine was; and this was to compare my present condition with what I at first expected it should be; nay, with what it would certainly have been, if the good providence of

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God had not wonderfully ordered the ship to be cast up nearer to the shore, where I not only could come at her but could bring what I got out of her to the shore for my relief and comfort; without which, I had wanted for tools to work, weapons for defence, or gunpowder and shot for getting my food.

I spent whole hours, I may say whole days, in representing to myself, in the most lively colours, how I must have acted if I had got nothing out of the ship; how I could not have so much as got any food, except fish and turtles; and that as it was long before I found any of them, I must have perished first; that I should have lived, if I had not perished, like a mere savage; that if I had killed a goat, or a fowl, by any contrivance, I had no way to flay or open them, or part the flesh from the skin and the bowels, or to cut it up, but must gnaw it with my teeth and pull it with my claws like a beast.

These reflections made me very sensible of the goodness of Providence to me, and very thankful for my present condition, with all its hardships and misfortunes. And this part also I cannot but recommend to the reflection of those who are apt in their misery to say, "Is any affliction like mine?" Let them consider how much worse the cases of some people are, and their case might have been, if Providence had thought fit.

I had another reflection which assisted me also to comfort my mind with hopes; and this was comparing my present condition with what I had deserved, and had therefore reason to expect from the hand of Providence. I had lived a dreadful life, perfectly destitute of the knowledge and fear of God. I had been well instructed by father and mother; neither had they been wanting to me in their early endeavours to infuse a religious awe of God into my mind, a sense of my duty, and of what the nature and end of my being required of me. But alas! falling early into the seafaring life, which of all the lives is the most destitute of the fear of God, though His terrors are always before them; I say, falling early into the seafaring life, and into seafaring company, all that little sense of religion which I had entertained was laughed out of me by my messmates, by a hardened despising of dangers, and the views of death, which grew habitual to me, by my long absence from all manner of opportunities to converse with anything but what was like myself or to hear anything that was good, or tended towards it.

So void was I of everything that was good, or of the least sense of what I was or was to be, that in the greatest deliverances I enjoyed, such as my escape from Sallee, my being taken up by the Portuguese master of the ship, my being planted so well in Brazil, my receiving the

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cargo from England, and the like, I never had once the word, "Thank God," so much as on my mind, or in my mouth; nor in the greatest distress had I so much as a thought to pray to Him; or so much as to say, "Lord, have mercy upon me"; no, nor to mention the name of God, unless it was to swear by and blaspheme it.

I had terrible reflections upon my mind for many months, as I have already observed, on the account of my wicked and hardened life past; and when I looked about me and considered what particular providences had attended me since my coming into this place, and how God had dealt bountifully with me; had not only punished me less than my iniquity had deserved, but had so plentifully provided for me; this gave me great hopes that my repentance was accepted, and that God had yet mercy in store for me.

With these reflections I worked my mind up, not only to resignation to the will of God in the present disposition of my circumstances, but even to a sincere thankfulness for my condition; and that I, who was yet a living man, ought not to complain, seeing I had not the due punishment of my sins; that I enjoyed so many mercies which I had no reason to have expected in that place; that I ought never more to repine at my condition, but to rejoice and to give daily thanks for that daily bread which nothing but a crowd of wonders could have brought. That I ought to consider I had been fed even by a miracle, even as great as that of feeding Elijah by ravens; nay, by a long series of miracles; and that I could hardly have named a place in the unhabitable part of the world where I could have been cast more to my advantage. A place, where as I had no society, which was my affliction on one hand, so I found no ravenous beasts, no furious wolves or tigers to threaten my life; no venomous creatures or poisonous which I might feed on to my hurt, no savages to murder and devour me.

In a word, as my life was a life of sorrow one way, so it was a life of mercy another; and I wanted nothing to make it a life of comfort, but to be able to make my sense of God's goodness to me, and care over me in this condition, be my daily consolation; and after I did make a just improvement of these things, I went away and was no more sad.

I had now been here so long that many things which I brought on shore for my help were either quite gone, or very much wasted and near spent.

My ink, as I observed, had been gone for some time, all but a very little, which I eked out with water a little and a little, till it was so pale it scarce left any appearance of black upon the paper. As long as it lasted I

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made use of it to minute down the days of the month on which any remarkable thing happened to me; and first by casting up times past, I remember that there was a strange concurrence of days in the various providences which befell me, and which, if I had been superstitiously inclined to observe days as fatal or fortunate, I might have had reason to have looked upon with a great deal of curiosity.

First, I had observed that the same day that I broke away from my father and my friends and ran away to Hull in order to go to sea, the same day afterwards I was taken by the Sallee man-of-war and made a slave.

The same day of the year that I escaped out of the wreck of that ship in Yarmouth Roads, that same day-year afterwards I made my escape from Sallee in the boat.

The same day of the year I was born on, viz., the 30th of September, that same day I had my life so miraculously saved twenty-six years after, when I was cast on shore in this island; so that my wicked life and my solitary life begun both on a day.

The next thing to my ink's being wasted was that of my bread, I mean the biscuit which I brought out of the ship. This I had husbanded to the last degree, allowing myself but one cake of bread a day for above a year; and yet I was quite without bread for near a year before I got any corn of my own; and great reason I had to be thankful that I had any at all, the getting it being, as has been already observed, next to miraculous.

My clothes began to decay too mightily. As to linen, I had none a good while, except some checkered shirts which I found in the chests of the other seamen, and which I carefully preserved, because many times I could bear no other clothes on but a shirt; and it was a very great help to me that I had among all the men's clothes of the ship almost three dozen of shirts. There were also several thick watch coats of the seamen's, which were left indeed, but they were too hot to wear; and though it is true that the weather was so violent hot that there was no need of clothes, yet I could not go quite naked; no, though I had been inclined to it, which I was not, nor could abide the thoughts of it, though I was all alone.

The reason why I could not go quite naked was, I could not bear the heat of the sun so well when quite naked, as with some clothes on; nay, the very heat frequently blistered my skin; whereas with a shirt on, the air itself made some motion, and whistling under that shirt, was twofold cooler than without it. No more could I ever bring myself to go out in the heat of the sun without a cap or a hat; the heat of the sun, beating with such violence as it does in that place, would give me the headache pres-

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times I sat contriving ways to get her about the island, and at other times I sat myself down contented enough without her. But I had a strange uneasiness in my mind to go down to the point of the island, where, as I have said, in my last ramble I went up the hill to see how the shore lay and how the current set, that I might see what I had to do. This inclination increased upon me every day, and at length I resolved to travel thither by land; following the edge of the shore I did so. But had anyone in England been to meet such a man as I was, it must either have frighted them or raised a great deal of laughter; and as I frequently stood still to look at myself, I could not but smile at the notion of my travelling through Yorkshire with such an equipage and in such a dress. Be pleased to take a sketch of my figure as follows:

I had a great high shapeless cap, made of a goat's skin, with a flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the sun from me as to shoot the rain off from running into my neck; nothing being so hurtful in these climates as the rain upon the flesh under the clothes.

I had a short jacket of goatskin, the skirts coming down to about the middle of my thighs; and a pair of openkneed breeches of the same; the breeches were made of the skin of an old he-goat, whose hair hung down such a length on either side that, like pantaloons, it reached to the middle of my legs; stockings and shoes I had none, but I had made me a pair of somethings, I scarce know what to call them, like buskins, to flap over my legs, and lace on either side like spatterdashes; but of a most barbarous shape, as indeed were all the rest of my clothes.

I had on a broad belt of goatskin dried, which I drew together with two thongs of the same, instead of buckles, and in a kind of a frog on either side of this, instead of a sword and a dagger, hung a little saw and a hatchet, one on one side, one on the other. I had another belt, not so broad, and fastened in the same manner, which hung over my shoulder; and at the end of it, under my left arm, hung two pouches, both made of goatskin too; in one of which hung my powder, in the other my shot. At my back I carried my basket, on my shoulder my gun, and over my head a great clumsy ugly goatskin umbrella, but which, after all, was the most necessary thing I had about me, next to my gun. As for my face, the colour of it was really not so mulatto-like as one might expect from a man not at all careful of it and living within nine or ten degrees of the equinox. My beard I had once suffered to grow till it was about a quarter of a yard long; but as I had both scissors and razors sufficient, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper lip, which I had trimmed into a large pair of Mahometan whiskers, such as I had seen worn by some

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Turks whom I saw at Sallee; for the Moors did not wear such, though the Turks did; of these mustachios, or whiskers, I will not say they were long enough to hang my hat upon them, but they were of a length and shape monstrous enough and such as in England would have passed for frightful.

But all this is by the by; for as to my figure, I had so few to observe me that it was of no matter of consequence; so I say no more to that part. In this kind of figure I went my new journey, and was out five or six days. I travelled first along the sea-shore, directly to the place where I first brought my boat to an anchor, to get up upon the rocks; and having no boat now to take care of, I went over the land a nearer way to the same height that I was upon before; when, looking forward to the point of the rocks which lay out, and which I was obliged to double with my boat, as I said above, I was surprised to see the sea all smooth and quiet, no rippling, no motion, no current, any more there than in other places.

I was at a strange loss to understand this, and resolved to spend some time in the observing it, to see if nothing from the sets of the tide had occasioned it; but I was presently convinced how it was, viz., that the tide of ebb setting from the west and joining with the current of waters from some great river on the shore must be the occasion of this current; and that according as the wind blew more forcibly from the west or from the north, this current came near, or went farther from the shore; for waiting thereabouts till evening, I went up to the rock again, and then the tide of the ebb being made, I plainly saw the current again as before, only that it ran further off, being near half a league from the shore; whereas in my case it set close upon the shore, and hurried me and my canoe along with it, which at another time it would not have done.

This observation convinced me that I had nothing to do but to observe the ebbing and the flowing of the tide, and I might very easily bring my boat about the island again. But when I began to think of putting it in practice, I had such a terror upon my spirits at the remembrance of the danger I had been in that I could not think of it again with any patience; but on the contrary, I took up another resolution, which was more safe, though more laborious; and this was that I would build, or rather make, me another piragua, or canoe; and so have one for one side of the island and one for the other.

You are to understand that now I had, as I may call it, two plantations in the island; one my little fortification or tent, with the wall about it under the rock, with the cave behind me, which by this time I had enlarged into several apartments, or caves, one within another. One of

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these, which was the driest and largest, and had a door out beyond my wall of fortification, that is to say, beyond where my wall joined to the rock, was all filled up with the large earthen pots, of which I have given an account, and with fourteen or fifteen great baskets, which would hold five or six bushels each, where I laid up my stores of provision, especially my corn, some in the ear cut off short from the straw, and the other rubbed out with my hand.

As for my wall, made, as before, with long stakes, or piles, those piles grew all like trees, and were by this time grown so big and spread so very much that there was not the least appearance to anyone's view of any habitation behind them.

Near this dwelling of mine, but a little farther within the land and upon lower ground, lay my two pieces of corn ground, which I kept duly cultivated and sowed, and which duly yielded me their harvest in its season; and whenever I had occasion for more corn, I had more land adjoining as fit as that.

Besides this, I had my country seat, and I had now a tolerable plantation there also; for first, I had my little bower, as I called it, which I kept in repair; that is to say, I kept the hedge which circled it in, constantly fitted up to its usual height, the ladder standing always in the inside; I kept the trees, which at first were no more than my stakes, but were now grown very firm and tall; I kept them always so cut that they might spread and grow thick and wild, and make the more agreeable shade, which they did effectually to my mind. In the middle of this I had my tent always standing, being a piece of a sail spread over poles set up for that purpose, and which never wanted any repair or renewing; and under this I had made me a squab, or couch, with the skins of the creatures I had killed and with other soft things, and a blanket laid on them such as belonged to our sea-bedding, which I had saved, and a great watch coat to cover me; and here, whenever I had occasion to be absent from my chief seat, I took up my country habitation.

Adjoining to this I had my enclosures for my cattle, that is to say, my goats. And as I had taken an inconceivable deal of pains to fence and enclose this ground, so I was so uneasy to see it kept entire, lest the goats should break through, that I never left off till with infinite labour I had struck the outside of the hedge so full of small stakes, and so near to one another, that it was rather a pale than a hedge, and there was scarce room to put a hand through between them, which afterwards, when those stakes grew, as they all did in the next rainy season, made the enclosure strong, like a wall, indeed stronger than any wall.

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This will testify for me that I was not idle, and that I spared no pains to bring to pass whatever appeared necessary for my comfortable support; for I considered the keeping up a breed of tame creatures thus at my hand would be a living magazine of flesh, milk, butter, and cheese for me as long as I lived in the place, if it were to be forty years, and that keeping them in my reach depended entirely upon my perfecting my enclosures to such a degree that I might be sure of keeping them together; which by this method indeed I so effectually secured that when these little stakes began to grow, I had planted them so very thick, I was forced to pull some of them up again.

In this place also I had my grapes growing, which I principally depended on for my winter store of raisins, and which I never failed to preserve very carefully, as the best and most agreeable dainty of my whole diet; and indeed they were not agreeable only, but physical, wholesome, nourishing, and refreshing to the last degree.

As this was also about halfway between my other habitation and the place where I had laid up my boat, I generally stayed and lay here in my way thither; for I used frequently to visit my boat, and I kept all things about or belonging to her in very good order; sometimes I went out in her to divert myself, but no more hazardous voyages would I go, nor scarce ever above a stone's cast or two from the shore, I was so apprehensive of being hurried out of my knowledge again by the currents, or winds, or any other accident. But now I come to a new scene of my life.

## I FIND THE PRINT OF A MAN'S NAKED FOOT

It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition; I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground to look farther; I went up the shore and down the shore, but it was all one, I could see no other impression but that one; I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part of a foot; how it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last

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degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange, unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued; whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning; for never frighted hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night; the farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were; which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear. But I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the Devil; and reason joined in with me upon this supposition. For how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footsteps? And how was it possible a man should come there? But then to think that Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place where there could be no manner of occasion for it, but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose too (for he could not be sure I should see it); this was an amusement the other way. I considered that the Devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me than this of the single print of a foot. That as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the sand too, which the first surge of the sea upon a high wind would have defaced entirely. All this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all the notions we usually entertain of the subtlety of the Devil.

Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the Devil. And I presently concluded then that it must be some more dangerous creature, viz., that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and either driven by the currents or by contrary winds, had made the island; and had been on shore, but were gone away again to

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It is as impossible as needless to set down the innumerable crowd of thoughts that whirled through that great thoroughfare of the brain, the memory, in this night's time. I ran over the whole history of my life in miniature, or by abridgment, as I may call it, to my coming to this island; and also of the part of my life since I came to this island. In my reflections upon the state of my case since I came on shore on this island, I was comparing the happy posture of my affairs in the first years of my habitation here, compared to the life of anxiety, fear, and care, which I had lived ever since I had seen the print of a foot in the sand; not that I did not believe the savages had frequented the island even all the while, and might have been several hundreds of them at times on shore there; but I had never known it, and was incapable of any apprehensions about it; my satisfaction was perfect, though my danger was the same; and I was as happy in not knowing my danger as if I had never really been exposed to it. This furnished my thoughts with many very profitable reflections, and particularly this one, how infinitely good that Providence is which has provided in its government of mankind such narrow bounds to his sight and knowledge of things; and though he walks in the midst of so many thousand dangers, the sight of which, if discovered to him, would distract his mind and sink his spirits, he is kept serene and calm by having the events of things hid from his eyes, and knowing nothing of the dangers which surround him.

After these thoughts had for some time entertained me, I came to reflect seriously upon the real danger I had been in for so many years in this very island; and how I had walked about in the greatest security and with all possible tranquillity, even when perhaps nothing but a brow of a hill, a great tree, or the casual approach of night, had been between me and the worst kind of destruction, viz., that of falling into the hands of cannibals and savages, who would have seized on me with the same view as I did of a goat or a turtle; and have thought it no more a crime to kill and devour me than I did of a pigeon or a curlew. I should unjustly slander myself if I should say I was not sincerely thankful to my great Preserver, to whose singular protection I acknowledged, with great humility, that all these unknown deliverances were due; and without which I must inevitably have fallen into their merciless hands.

When these thoughts were over, my head was for some time taken up in considering the nature of these wretched creatures, I mean the savages; and how it came to pass in the world that the wise Governor of all things should give up any of His creatures to such inhumanity; nay, to something so much below even brutality itself as to devour its own kind; but

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as this ended in some (at that time fruitless) speculations, it occurred to me to inquire what part of the world these wretches lived in; how far off the coast was from whence they came; what they ventured over so far from home for; what kind of boats they had; and why I might not order myself and my business so that I might be as able to go over thither as they were to come to me.

I never so much as troubled myself to consider what I should do with myself when I came thither; what would become of me, if I fell into the hands of the savages; or how I should escape from them, if they attempted me; no, nor so much as how it was possible for me to reach the coast and not be attempted by some or other of them, without any possibility of delivering myself; and if I should not fall into their hands, what I should do for provision, or whither I should bend my course; none of these thoughts, I say, so much as came in my way; but my mind was wholly bent upon the notion of my passing over in my boat to the mainland. I looked back upon my present condition as the most miserable that could possibly be; that I was not able to throw myself into anything but death that could be called worse; that if I reached the shore of the main, I might perhaps meet with relief, or I might coast along, as I did on the shore of Africa, till I came to some inhabited country, and where I might find some relief; and after all, perhaps I might fall in with some Christian ship that might take me in; and if the worse came to the worst, I could but die, which would put an end to all these miseries at once. Pray note, all this was the fruit of a disturbed mind, an impatient temper, made, as it were, desperate by the long continuance of my troubles and the disappointments I had met in the wreck I had been on board of, and where I had been so near the obtaining what I so earnestly longed for, viz., somebody to speak to and to learn some knowledge from of the place where I was and of the probable means of my deliverance; I say, I was agitated wholly by these thoughts. All my calm of mind in my resignation to Providence, and waiting the issue of the dispositions of Heaven, seemed to be suspended; and I had, as it were, no power to turn my thoughts to anything but to the project of a voyage to the main, which came upon me with such force and such an impetuosity of desire that it was not to be resisted.

When this had agitated my thoughts for two hours or more, with such violence that it set my very blood into a ferment, and my pulse beat as high as if I had been in a fever merely with the extraordinary fervour of my mind about it; nature, as if I had been fatigued and exhausted with the very thought of it, threw me into a sound sleep. One would have

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thought I should have dreamed of it; but I did not, nor of anything relating to it; but I dreamed that as I was going out in the morning as usual from my castle, I saw upon the shore two canoes and eleven savages coming to land, and that they brought with them another savage, whom they were going to kill, in order to eat him; when on a sudden, the savage that they were going to kill jumped away, and ran for his life; and I thought in my sleep that he came running into my little thick grove, before my fortification, to hide himself; and that I, seeing him alone and not perceiving that the other sought him that way, showed myself to him, and smiling upon him, encouraged him; that he kneeled down to me, seeming to pray me to assist him; upon which I showed my ladder, made him go up, and carried him into my cave, and he became my servant; and that as soon as I had gotten this man, I said to myself, "Now I may certainly venture to the mainland; for this fellow will serve me as a pilot, and will tell me what to do, and whither to go for provisions; and whither not to go for fear of being devoured; what places to venture into, and what to escape." I waked with this thought, and was under such inexpressible impressions of joy at the prospect of my escape in my dream that the disappointments which I felt upon coming to myself and finding it was no more than a dream were equally extravagant the other way, and threw me into a very great dejection of spirit.

Upon this, however, I made this conclusion, that my only way to go about an attempt for an escape was, if possible, to get a savage into my possession; and, if possible, it should be one of their prisoners, whom they had condemned to be eaten and should bring hither to kill; but these thoughts still were attended with this difficulty, that it was impossible to effect this without attacking a whole caravan of them and killing them all; and this was not only a very desperate attempt, and might miscarry, but on the other hand, I had greatly scrupled the lawfulness of it to me, and my heart trembled at the thoughts of shedding so much blood, though it was for my deliverance. I need not repeat the arguments which occurred to me against this, they being the same mentioned before. But though I had other reasons to offer now, viz., that those men were enemies to my life and would devour me if they could, that it was self-preservation in the highest degree to deliver myself from this death of a life, and was acting in my own defence as much as if they were actually assaulting me, and the like. I say, though these things argued for it, yet the thoughts of shedding human blood for my deliverance were very terrible to me, and such as I could by no means reconcile myself to a great while.

However, at last, after many secret disputes with myself and after

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great perplexities about it (for all these arguments, one way and another, struggled in my head a long time), the eager prevailing desire of deliverance at length mastered all the rest, and I resolved, if possible, to get one of those savages into my hands, cost what it would. My next thing then was to contrive how to do it; and this indeed was very difficult to resolve on. But as I could pitch upon no probable means for it, so I resolved to put myself upon the watch, to see them when they came on shore, and leave the rest to the event, taking such measures as the opportunity should present, let be what would be.

With these resolutions in my thoughts, I set myself upon the scout, as often as possible, and indeed so often till I was heartily tired of it; for it was above a year and half that I waited, and for great part of that time went out to the west end and to the southwest corner of the island almost every day, to see for canoes, but none appeared. This was very discouraging, and began to trouble me much; though I cannot say that it did in this case as it had done some time before that, viz., wear off the edge of my desire to the thing; but the longer it seemed to be delayed, the more eager I was for it; in a word, I was not at first so careful to shun the sight of these savages and avoid being seen by them as I was now eager to be upon them.

Besides, I fancied myself able to manage one, nay, two or three savages, if I had them, so as to make them entirely slaves to me, to do whatever I should direct them, and to prevent their being able at any time to do me any hurt. It was a great while that I pleased myself with this affair, but nothing still presented; all my fancies and schemes came to nothing, for no savages came near me for a great while.

About a year and a half after I had entertained these notions and, by long musing, had as it were resolved them all into nothing, for want of an occasion to put them in execution, I was surprised one morning early with seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side of the island; and the people who belonged to them all landed, and out of my sight. The number of them broke all my measures; for seeing so many and knowing that they always came four, or six, or sometimes more, in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to take my measures, to attack twenty or thirty men singlehanded; so I lay still in my castle, perplexed and discomforted. However, I put myself into all the same postures for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was just ready for action if anything had presented; having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, at length being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder and clambered up to the top of the hill

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by my two stages as usual, standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive me by any means; here I observed, by the help of my perspective-glass, that there were no less than thirty in number, that they had a fire kindled, that they had had meat dressed. How they had cooked it, that I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing in I know not how many barbarous gestures and figures, their own way, round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them, I perceived by my perspective two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where, it seems, they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fell, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club or wooden sword, for that was their way, and two or three others were at work immediately, cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. In that very moment, this poor wretch seeing himself a little at liberty, Nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands directly towards me, I mean towards that part of the coast where my habitation was.

I was dreadfully frighted (that I must acknowledge) when I perceived him to run my way; and especially, when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body; and now I expected that part of my dream was coming to pass, and that he would certainly take shelter in my grove; but I could not depend by any means upon my dream for the rest of it, viz., that the other savages would not pursue him thither, and find him there. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there was not above three men that followed him; and still more was I encouraged when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running and gained ground of them; so that if he could but hold it for half an hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all.

There was between them and my castle the creek which I mentioned often at the first part of my story, when I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and this I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there. But when the savage escaping came thither, he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up; but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes or thereabouts, landed, and ran on with exceeding strength and swiftness; when the three persons came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that standing on the other side, he looked at the other, but went no farther; and soon after went softly back again, which, as it happened, was very well for him in the main.

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farther part of the island; so I did not let my dream come to pass in that part, viz., that he came into my grove for shelter.

Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for, by his running; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go lie down and sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid a great parcel of rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes; so the poor creature lay down and went to sleep.

### I CALL HIM FRIDAY

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, not too large, tall and well-shaped, and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face, and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of a European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The colour of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny; and yet not of an ugly yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are; but of a bright kind of a dun olive colour that had in it something very agreeable, though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat like the Negroes', a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and white as ivory. After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half an hour, he waked again, and comes out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the enclosure just by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of a humble, thankful disposition, making a many antic gestures to show it. At last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as he had done before; and after this, made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived; I understood him in many things and let him know I was very well pleased with him; in a little time I began to speak to him and teach him to speak to me; and first, I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life; I called him so for the memory of the time; I likewise taught him to say "Master," and then let him know that was to be my name; I likewise taught him to say "yes" and "no" and to know the mean-

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ing of them; I gave him some milk in an earthen pot and let him see me drink it before him and sop my bread in it; and I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him.

I kept there with him all that night, but as soon as it was day, I beckoned to him to come with me, and let him know I would give him some clothes, at which he seemed very glad, for he was stark naked. As we went by the place where he had buried the two men, he pointed exactly to the place, and showed me the marks that he had made to find them again, making signs to me that we should dig them up again and eat them; at this I appeared very angry, expressed my abhorrence of it, made as if I would vomit at the thoughts of it, and beckoned with my hand to him to come away, which he did immediately, with great submission. I then led him up to the top of the hill, to see if his enemies were gone; and pulling out my glass, I looked, and saw plainly the place where they had been, but no appearance of them or of their canoes; so that it was plain they were gone, and had left their two comrades behind them, without any search after them.

But I was not content with this discovery, but having now more courage, and consequently more curiosity, I took my man Friday with me, giving him the sword in his hand, with the bow and arrows at his back, which I found he could use very dexterously, making him carry one gun for me, and I two for myself, and away we marched to the place where these creatures had been; for I had a mind now to get some fuller intelligence of them. When I came to the place, my very blood ran chill in my veins, and my heart sunk within me at the horror of the spectacle. Indeed, it was a dreadful sight, at least it was so to me, though Friday made nothing of it. The place was covered with human bones, the ground dyed with their blood, great pieces of flesh left here and there, half eaten, mangled and scorched; and in short, all the tokens of the triumphant feast they had been making there, after a victory over their enemies. I saw three skulls, five hands, and the bones of three or four legs and feet, and abundance of other parts of the bodies; and Friday, by his signs, made me understand that they brought over four prisoners to feast upon; that three of them were eaten up, and that he, pointing to himself, was the fourth; that there had been a great battle between them and their next king, whose subjects it seems he had been one of; and that they had taken a great number of prisoners, all which were carried to several places by those that had taken them in the fight, in order to feast upon them, as was done here by these wretches upon those they brought hither.

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I caused Friday to gather all the skulls, bones, flesh, and whatever remained, and lay them together on a heap, and make a great fire upon it and burn them all to ashes. I found Friday had still a hankering stomach after some of the flesh, and was still a cannibal in his nature; but I discovered so much abhorrence at the very thoughts of it, and at the least appearance of it, that he durst not discover it; for I had, by some means, let him know that I would kill him if he offered it.

When we had done this, we came back to our castle, and there I fell to work for my man Friday; and first of all I gave him a pair of linen drawers, which I had out of the poor gunner's chest I mentioned, and which I found in the wreck; and which, with a little alteration, fitted him very well; then I made him a jerkin of goat's skin, as well as my skill would allow; and I was now grown a tolerable good tailor; and I gave him a cap, which I had made of a hare-skin, very convenient and fashionable enough; and thus he was clothed, for the present, tolerably well, and was mighty well pleased to see himself almost as well clothed as his master. It is true, he went awkwardly in these things at first; wearing the drawers was very awkward to him, and the sleeves of the waistcoat galled his shoulders and the inside of his arms; but a little easing them, where he complained they hurt him, and using himself to them, at length he took to them very well.

The next day after I came home to my hutch with him, I began to consider where I should lodge him; and that I might do well for him, and yet be perfectly easy myself, I made a little tent for him in the vacant place between my two fortifications, in the inside of the last and in the outside of the first. And as there was a door or entrance there into my cave, I made a formal framed door-case, and a door to it of boards, and set it up in the passage, a little within the entrance; and causing the door to open on the inside, I barred it up in the night, taking in my ladders too; so that Friday could no way come at me in the inside of my innermost wall without making so much noise in getting over that it must needs waken me; for my first wall had now a complete roof over it of long poles, covering all my tent and leaning up to the side of the hill, which was again laid across with smaller sticks instead of laths, and then thatched over a great thickness with the rice straw, which was strong like reeds; and at the hole or place which was left to go in or out by the ladder I had placed a kind of trap-door, which, if it had been attempted on the outside, would not have opened at all, but would have fallen down and made a great noise; and as to weapons, I took them all into my side every night.

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But I needed none of all this precaution; for never man had a more faithful, loving, sincere servant than Friday was to me; without passions, sullenness, or designs, perfectly obliged and engaged; his very affections were tied to me, like those of a child to a father; and I dare say he would have sacrificed his life for the saving mine upon any occasion whatsoever; the many testimonies he gave me of this put it out of doubt and soon convinced me that I needed to use no precautions as to my safety on his account.

This frequently gave me occasion to observe, and that with wonder, that however it had pleased God, in His providence, and in the government of the works of His hands, to take from so great a part of the world of His creatures the best uses to which their faculties and the powers of their souls are adapted; yet that He has bestowed upon them the same powers, the same reason, the same affections, the same sentiments of kindness and obligation, the same passions and resentments of wrongs, the same sense of gratitude, sincerity, fidelity, and all the capacities of doing good and receiving good that He has given to us; and that when He pleases to offer to them occasions of exerting these, they are as ready, nay, more ready to apply them to the right uses for which they were bestowed than we are. And this made me very melancholy sometimes, in reflecting, as the several occasions presented, how mean a use we make of all these, even though we have these powers enlightened by the great lamp of instruction, the Spirit of God, and by the knowledge of His Word, added to our understanding; and why it has pleased God to hide the like saving knowledge from so many millions of souls, who (if I might judge by this poor savage) would make a much better use of it than we did.

From hence I sometimes was led too far to invade the sovereignty of Providence and, as it were, arraign the justice of so arbitrary a disposition of things that should hide that light from some and reveal it to others, and yet expect a like duty from both. But I shut it up and checked my thoughts with this conclusion, first, that we did not know by what light and law these should be condemned; but that, as God was necessarily, and by the nature of His being, infinitely holy and just, so it could not be but that if these creatures were all sentenced to absence from Himself, it was on account of sinning against that light which, as the Scripture says, was a law to themselves, and by such rules as their consciences would acknowledge to be just, though the foundation was not discovered to us. And secondly, that still as we are all the clay in the hand of the Potter, no vessel could say to Him, "Why hast Thou formed me thus?"

But to return to my new companion: I was greatly delighted with him,

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and made it my business to teach him everything that was proper to make him useful, handy, and helpful; but especially to make him speak and understand me when I spoke; and he was the aptest scholar that ever was, and particularly was so merry, so constantly diligent, and so pleased when he could but understand me or make me understand him, that it was very pleasant to me to talk to him; and now my life began to be so easy that I began to say to myself that could I but have been safe from more savages, I cared not if I was never to remove from the place while I lived.

After I had been two or three days returned to my castle, I thought that, in order to bring Friday off from his horrid way of feeding and from the relish of a cannibal's stomach, I ought to let him taste other flesh; so I took him out with me one morning to the woods. I went, indeed, intending to kill a kid out of my own flock and bring it home and dress it. But as I was going, I saw a she-goat lying down in the shade, and two young kids sitting by her; I caught hold of Friday. "Hold," says I, "stand still"; and made signs to him not to stir; immediately I presented my piece, shot and killed one of the kids. The poor creature, who had at a distance, indeed, seen me kill the savage, his enemy, but did not know or could imagine how it was done, was sensibly surprised, trembled and shook, and looked so amazed that I thought he would have sunk down. He did not see the kid I had shot at, or perceive I had killed it, but ripped up his waistcoat to feel if he was not wounded, and, as I found presently, thought I was resolved to kill him; for he came and kneeled down to me and, embracing my knees, said a great many things I did not understand; but I could easily see that the meaning was to pray me not to kill him.

I soon found a way to convince him that I would do him no harm and, taking him up by the hand, laughed at him and, pointing to the kid which I had killed, beckoned to him to run and fetch it, which he did; and while he was wondering and looking to see how the creature was killed, I loaded my gun again, and by and by I saw a great fowl, like a hawk, sit upon a tree within shot; so, to let Friday understand a little what I would do, I called him to me again, pointing at the fowl, which was indeed a parrot, though I thought it had been a hawk; I say, pointing to the parrot, and to my gun, and to the ground under the parrot, to let him see I would make it fall, I made him understand that I would shoot and kill that bird; accordingly I fired and bade him look, and immediately he saw the parrot fall; he stood like one frighted again, notwithstanding all I had said to him; and I found he was the more amazed because he did not see me put anything into the gun; but thought that there must be some

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MASTER: But why did not your side recover you from the hands of your enemies then?

FRIDAY: They run one, two, three, and me, and make go in the canoe; my nation have no canoe that time.

MASTER: Well, Friday, and what does your nation do with the men they take? Do they carry them away, and eat them, as these did?

FRIDAY: Yes, my nation eat mans too, eat all up.

MASTER: Where do they carry them?

FRIDAY: Go to other place, where they think.

MASTER: Do they come hither?

FRIDAY: Yes, yes, they come hither; come other else place.

MASTER: Have you been here with them?

FRIDAY: Yes, I been here. (Points to the northwest side of the island, which, it seems, was their side.)

By this I understand that my man Friday had formerly been among the savages who used to come on shore on the farther part of the island, on the said man-eating occasions that he was now brought for; and some time after, when I took the courage to carry him to that side, being the same I formerly mentioned, he presently knew the place and told me he was there once when they ate up twenty men, two women, and one child; he could not tell twenty in English, but he numbered them by laying so many stones in a row and pointing to me to tell them over.

I have told this passage because it introduces what follows; that after I had had this discourse with him, I asked him how far it was from our island to the shore, and whether the canoes were not often lost; he told me there was no danger, no canoes ever lost; but that after a little way out to the sea, there was a current, and a wind, always one way in the morning, the other in the afternoon.

This I understood to be no more than the sets of the tide, as going out or coming in; but I afterwards understood it was occasioned by the great draft and reflux of the mighty river Orinoco, in the mouth, or the gulf, of which river, as I found afterwards, our island lay; and this land which I perceived to the west and north-west was the great island Trinidad, on the north point of the mouth of the river. I asked Friday a thousand questions about the country, the inhabitants, the sea, the coast, and what nations were near; he told me all he knew, with the greatest openness imaginable; I asked him the names of the several nations of his sort of people, but could get no other name than Caribs; from whence I easily understood that these were the Caribbees, which our maps place on the part of America which reaches from the mouth of the river Orinoco to

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Guiana, and onwards to Santa Marta. He told me that up a great way beyond the moon, that was, beyond the setting of the moon, which must be west from their country, there dwelt white bearded men, like me, and pointed to my great whiskers, which I mentioned before; and they had killed "much mans," that was his word; by all which I understood he meant the Spaniards, whose cruelties in America had been spread over the whole countries and were remembered by all the nations from father to son.

I inquired if he could tell me how I might come from this island and get among those white men; he told me, "Yes, yes, I might go in two canoe"; I could not understand what he meant, or make him describe to me what he meant by "two canoe," till at last, with great difficulty, I found he meant it must be in a large great boat, as big as two canoes.

This part of Friday's discourse began to relish with me very well; and from this time I entertained some hopes that one time or other I might find an opportunity to make my escape from this place and that this poor savage might be a means to help me to do it.

During the long time that Friday had now been with me, and that he began to speak to me and understand me, I was not wanting to lay a foundation of religious knowledge in his mind; particularly, I asked him one time, who made him. The poor creature did not understand me at all, but thought I had asked who was his father; but I took it by another handle, and asked him who made the sea, the ground we walked on, and the hills and woods; he told me it was one old Benamuckee, that lived beyond all. He could describe nothing of this great person but that he was very old; much older, he said, than the sea or the land, than the moon or the stars. I asked him then, if this old person had made all things, why did not all things worship him? He looked very grave, and with a perfect look of innocence, said All things said O! to him. I asked him if the people who die in his country went away anywhere; he said yes, they all went to Benamuckee; then I asked him whether these they eat up went thither too. He said yes.

From these things I began to instruct him in the knowledge of the true God. I told him that the great Maker of all things lived up there, pointing up towards Heaven. That He governs the world by the same Power and Providence by which He made it. That He was omnipotent, could do everything for us, give everything to us, take everything from us; and thus by degrees I opened his eyes. He listened with great attention, and received with pleasure the notion of Jesus Christ being sent to redeem us, and of the manner of making our prayers to God, and His being able to

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hear us, even into Heaven; he told me one day that if our God could hear us up beyond the sun, He must needs be a greater God than their Benamuckee, who lived but a little way off, and yet could not hear till they went up to the great mountains where he dwelt, to speak to him; I asked him if he ever went thither to speak to him; he said no; they never went that were young men; none went thither but the old men, whom he called their Oowokakee, that is, as I made him explain it to me, their religious, or clergy, and that they went to say O (so he called saying prayers), and then came back and told them what Benamuckee said. By this I observed that there is priestcraft even amongst the most blinded, ignorant pagans in the world, and the policy of making a secret religion, in order to preserve the veneration of the people to the clergy, is not only to be found in the Roman, but perhaps among all religions in the world, even among the most brutish and barbarous savages.

I endeavoured to clear up this fraud to my man Friday, and told him that the pretence of their old men going up the mountains to say O to their god Benamuckee was a cheat, and their bringing word from thence what he said was much more so; that if they met with any answer, or spoke with anyone there, it must be with an evil spirit. And then I entered into a long discourse with him about the Devil, the original of him, his rebellion against God, his enmity to man, the reason of it, his setting himself up in the dark parts of the world to be worshipped instead of God, and as God; and the many stratagems he made use of to delude mankind to their ruin; how he had a secret access to our passions and to our affections, to adapt his snares so to our inclinations as to cause us even to be our own tempters and to run upon our destruction by our own choice.

I found it was not easy to imprint right notions in his mind about the Devil, as it was about the being of a God. Nature assisted all my arguments to evidence to him even the necessity of a great First Cause and overruling, governing Power, a secret directing Providence, and of the equity and justice of paying homage to Him that made us, and the like. But there appeared nothing of all this in the notion of an evil spirit, of his original, his being, his nature, and above all, of his inclination to do evil, and to draw us in to do so too; and the poor creature puzzled me once in such a manner, by a question merely natural and innocent, that I scarce knew what to say to him. I had been talking a great deal to him of the power of God, His omnipotence, His dreadful aversion to sin, His being a consuming fire to the workers of iniquity; how, as He had made us all, He could destroy us and all the world in a moment; and he listened with great seriousness to me all the while.

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After this, I had been telling him how the Devil was God's enemy in the hearts of men, and used all his malice and skill to defeat the good designs of Providence, and to ruin the kingdom of Christ in the world, and the like. "Well," says Friday, "but you say God is so strong, so great; is He not much strong, much might as the Devil?" "Yes, yes," says I, "Friday, God is stronger than the Devil, God is above the Devil, and therefore we pray to God to tread him down under our feet, and enable us to resist his temptations and quench his fiery darts." "But," says he again, "if God much strong, much might as the Devil, why God no kill the Devil, so make him no more do wicked?"

I was strangely surprised at his question, and after all, though I was now an old man, yet I was but a young doctor, and ill enough qualified for a casuist, or a solver of difficulties. And at first I could not tell what to say; so I pretended not to hear him, and asked him what he said. But he was too earnest for an answer to forget his question; so that he repeated it in the very same broken words as above. By this time I had recovered myself a little, and I said, "God will at last punish him severely, he is reserved for the judgment, and is to be cast into the bottomless pit, to dwell with everlasting fire." This did not satisfy Friday, but he returns upon me, repeating my words, "'Reserve at last,' me no understand; but why not kill the Devil now, not kill great ago?" "You may as well ask me," said I, "why God does not kill you and I, when we do wicked things here that offend Him. We are preserved to repent and be pardoned." He muses awhile at this. "Well, well," says he, mighty affectionately, "that well; so you, I, Devil, all wicked, all preserve, repent, God pardon all." Here I was run down again by him to the last degree, and it was a testimony to me how the mere notions of nature, though they will guide reasonable creatures to the knowledge of a God, and of a worship or homage due to the supreme being of God, as the consequence of our nature; yet nothing but Divine revelation can form the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and of a redemption purchased for us, of a Mediator of the new covenant, and of an Intercessor at the footstool of God's throne; I say, nothing but a revelation from Heaven can form these in the soul; and that therefore the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, I mean, the Word of God and the Spirit of God, promised for the guide and sanctifier of His people, are the absolutely necessary instructors of the souls of men, in the saving knowledge of God, and the means of salvation.

I therefore diverted the present discourse between me and my man, rising up hastily, as upon some sudden occasion of going out; then sending him for something a good way off, I seriously prayed to God that He

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would enable me to instruct savingly this poor savage, assisting by His Spirit the heart of the poor ignorant creature to receive the light of the knowledge of God in Christ, reconciling him to Himself, and would guide me to speak so to him from the Word of God as his conscience might be convinced, his eyes opened, and his soul saved. When he came again to me, I entered into a long discourse with him upon the subject of the redemption of man by the Saviour of the world, and of the doctrine of the Gospel preached from Heaven, viz., of repentance towards God, and faith in our blessed Lord Jesus. I then explained to him, as well as I could, why our blessed Redeemer took not on Him the nature of angels but the seed of Abraham, and how for that reason the fallen angels had no share in the redemption; that He came only to the lost sheep of the House of Israel, and the like.

I had, God knows, more sincerity than knowledge in all the methods I took for this poor creature's instruction, and must acknowledge what I believe all that act upon the same principle will find, that in laying things open to him, I really informed and instructed myself in many things that either I did not know or had not fully considered before, but which occurred naturally to my mind upon my searching into them for the information of this poor savage; and I had more affection in my inquiry after things upon this occasion than ever I felt before; so that whether this poor wild wretch was the better for me or no, I had great reason to be thankful that ever he came to me. My grief sat lighter upon me, my habitation grew comfortable to me beyond measure; and when I reflected that in this solitary life which I had been confined to, I had not only been moved myself to look up to Heaven and to seek to the Hand that had brought me there, but was now to be made an instrument under Providence to save the life and, for aught I knew, the soul of a poor savage, and bring him to the true knowledge of religion, and of the Christian doctrine, that he might know Christ Jesus, to know whom is life eternal; I say, when I reflected upon all these things, a secret joy ran through every part of my soul, and I frequently rejoiced that ever I was brought to this place, which I had so often thought the most dreadful of all afflictions that could possibly have befallen me.

In this thankful frame I continued all the remainder of my time, and the conversation which employed the hours between Friday and I was such as made the three years which we lived there together perfectly and completely happy, if any such thing as complete happiness can be formed in a sublunary state. The savage was now a good Christian, a much better than I; though I have reason to hope, and bless God for it,

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It was after this some considerable time that being on the top of the hill, at the east side of the island, from whence, as I have said, I had in a clear day discovered the main, or continent of America, Friday, the weather being very serene, looks very earnestly towards the mainland. and in a kind of surprise falls a-jumping and dancing, and calls out to me, for I was at some distance from him. I asked him what was the matter. "O joy!" says he, "O glad! There see my country, there my nation!"

I observed an extraordinary sense of pleasure appeared in his face, and his eyes sparkled, and his countenance discovered a strange eagerness, as if he had a mind to be in his own country again; and this observation of mine put a great many thoughts into me, which made me at first not so easy about my new man Friday as I was before; and I made no doubt but that if Friday could get back to his own nation again, he would not only forget all his religion but all his obligation to me; and would be forward enough to give his countrymen an account of me, and come back, perhaps with a hundred or two of them, and make a feast upon me, at which he might be as merry as he used to be with those of his enemies, when they were taken in war.

But I wronged the poor honest creature very much, for which I was very sorry afterwards. However, as my jealousy increased, and held me some weeks, I was a little more circumspect, and not so familiar and kind to him as before; in which I was certainly in the wrong too, the honest grateful creature having no thought about it but what consisted with the best principles, both as a religious Christian and as a grateful friend, as appeared afterwards to my full satisfaction.

While my jealousy of him lasted, you may be sure I was every day pumping him to see if he would discover any of the new thoughts which I suspected were in him; but I found everything he said was so honest and so innocent that I could find nothing to nourish my suspicion; and in spite of all my uneasiness he made me at last entirely his own again; nor did he in the least perceive that I was uneasy, and therefore I could not suspect him of deceit.

One day, walking up the same hill, but the weather being hazy at sea so that we could not see the continent, I called to him, and said, "Friday, do not you wish yourself in your own country, your own nation?" "Yes," he said, "I be much O glad to be at my nation." "What would you do there?" said I. "Would you turn wild again, eat men's flesh again, and be a savage as you were before?" He looked full of concern, and shaking his head, said, "No, no, Friday tell them to live good, tell them to pray God, tell

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them to eat corn bread, cattle flesh, milk, no eat man again." "Why then," said I to him, "they will kill you." He looked grave at that, and then said, "No, they no kill me, they willing love learn." He meant by this, they would be willing to learn. He added, they learned much of the bearded mans that come in the boat. Then I asked him if he would go back to them. He smiled at that and told me he could not swim so far. I told him I would make a canoe for him. He told me he would go, if I would go with him. "I go!" says I. "Why, they will eat me if I come there." "No, no," says he, "me make they no eat you; me make they much love you." He meant he would tell them how I had killed his enemies and saved his life, and so he would make them love me; then he told me as well as he could how kind they were to seventeen white men, or bearded men, as he called them, who came on shore there in distress.

From this time, I confess, I had a mind to venture over, and see if I could possibly join with these bearded men, who, I made no doubt, were Spaniards or Portuguese; not doubting but, if I could, we might find some method to escape from thence, being upon the continent, and a good company together, better than I could from an island forty miles off the shore, and alone without help. So after some days I took Friday to work again, by way of discourse, and told him I would give him a boat to go back to his own nation; and accordingly I carried him to my frigate, which lay on the other side of the island, and having cleared it of water, for I always kept it sunk in the water, I brought it out, showed it him, and we both went into it.

I found that he was a most dexterous fellow at managing it, would make it go almost as swift and fast again as I could; so when he was in, I said to him, "Well, now, Friday, shall we go to your nation?" He looked very dull at my saying so, which, it seems, was because he thought the boat too small to go so far. I told him then I had a bigger; so the next day I went to the place where the first boat lay which I had made, but which I could not get into the water. He said that was big enough; but then, as I had taken no care of it, and it had lain two or three and twenty years there, the sun had split and dried it, that it was in a manner rotten. Friday told me such a boat would do very well and would carry "much enough victual, drink, bread"; that was his way of talking.

Upon the whole, I was by this time so fixed upon my design of going over with him to the continent, that I told him we would go and make one as big as that, and he should go home in it. He answered not one word, but looked very grave and sad. I asked him what was the matter

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with him; he asked me again thus, "Why you angry mad with Friday, what me done?" I asked him what he meant; I told him I was not angry with him at all. "No angry! no angry!" says he, repeating the words several times, "Why send Friday home away to my nation?" "Why," says I, "Friday, did you not say you wished you were there?" "Yes, yes," says he, "wish be both there, no wish Friday there, no Master there." In a word, he would not think of going there without me. "I go there, Friday!" says I. "What shall I do there?" He turned very quick upon me at this: "You do great deal much good," says he, "you teach wild mans be good sober tame mans; you tell them know God, pray God, and live new life." "Alas, Friday," says I, "thou knowest not what thou sayest. I am but an ignorant man myself." "Yes, yes," says he, "you teachee me good, you teachee them good." "No, no, Friday," says I, "you shall go without me, leave me here to live by myself, as I did before." He looked confused again at that word, and running to one of the hatchets which he used to wear, he takes it up hastily, and gives it to me. "What must I do with this?" says I to him. "You take kill Friday," says he. "What must I kill you for?" said I again. He returns very quick, "What you send Friday away for? Take kill Friday, no send Friday away." This he spoke so earnestly that I saw tears stand in his eyes. In a word, I so plainly discovered the utmost affection in him to me, and a firm resolution in him, that I told him then, and often after, that I would never send him away from me, if he was willing to stay with me.

Upon the whole, as I found by all his discourse a settled affection to me, and that nothing should part him from me, so I found all the foundation of his desire to go to his own country was laid in his ardent affection to the people, and his hopes of my doing them good; a thing, which as I had no notion of myself, so I had not the least thought or intention or desire of undertaking it. But still I found a strong inclination to my attempting an escape, as above, founded on the supposition gathered from the discourse, viz., that there were seventeen bearded men there; and therefore, without any more delay, I went to work with Friday to find out a great tree proper to fell, and make a large piragua or canoe to undertake the voyage. There were trees enough in the island to have built a little fleet, not of piraguas and canoes, but even of good large vessels. But the main thing I looked at was to get one so near the water that we might launch it when it was made, to avoid the mistake I committed at first.

At last, Friday pitched upon a tree, for I found he knew much better than I what kind of wood was fittest for it; nor can I tell, to this day, what wood to call the tree we cut down, except that it was very like the tree we

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call *fustic,* or between that and the Nicaragua wood, for it was much of the same color and smell. Friday was for burning the hollow or cavity of this tree out, to make it for a boat. But I showed him how rather to cut it out with tools, which after I showed him how to use, he did very handily; and in about a month's hard labour, we finished it and made it very handsome, especially when with our axes, which I showed him how to handle, we cut and hewed the outside into the true shape of a boat; after this, however, it cost us near a fortnight's time to get her along, as it were, inch by inch, upon great rollers into the water. But when she was in, she would have carried twenty men with great ease.

When she was in the water, and though she was so big, it amazed me to see with what dexterity and how swift my man Friday would manage her, turn her, and paddle her along; so I asked him if he would, and if we might venture over in her. "Yes," he said, "he venture over in her very well, though great blow wind." However, I had a further design that he knew nothing of, and that was to make a mast and sail, and to fit her with an anchor and cable. As to a mast, that was easy enough to get; so I pitched upon a straight young cedar tree, which I found near the place, and which there was great plenty of in the island; and I set Friday to work to cut it down, and gave him directions how to shape and order it. But as to the sail, that was my particular care; I knew I had old sails, or rather pieces of old sails, enough; but as I had had them now twenty-six years by me and had not been very careful to preserve them, not imagining that I should ever have this kind of use for them, I did not doubt but they were all rotten; and indeed most of them were so; however, I found two pieces which appeared pretty good, and with these I went to work, and with a great deal of pains, and awkward tedious stitching (you may be sure) for want of needles, I at length made a three-cornered ugly thing, like what we call in England a shoulder-of-mutton sail, to go with a boom at bottom, and a little short sprit at the top, such as usually our ships' long-boats sail with, and such as I best knew how to manage; because it was such a one as I had to the boat in which I made my escape from Barbary, as related in the first part of my story.

I was near two months performing this last work, viz., rigging and fitting my mast and sails; for I finished them very complete, making a small stay, and a sail, or foresail to it, to assist, if we should turn to windward; and which was more than all, I fixed a rudder to the stern of her, to steer with; and though I was but a bungling shipwright, yet as I knew the usefulness and even necessity of such a thing, I applied myself with so much

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pains to do it that at last I brought it to pass, though considering the many dull contrivances I had for it that failed, I think it cost me almost as much labour as making the boat.

After all this was done too, I had my man Friday to teach as to what belonged to the navigation of my boat; for though he knew very well how to paddle a canoe, he knew nothing what belonged to a sail and a rudder, and was the most amazed when he saw me work the boat to and again in the sea by the rudder, and how the sail jibed, and filled this way or that way, as the course we sailed changed; I say, when he saw this, he stood like one astonished and amazed. However, with a little use I made all these things familiar to him; and he became an expert sailor, except that as to the compass, I could make him understand very little of that. On the other hand, as there was very little cloudy weather, and seldom or never any fogs in those parts, there was the less occasion for a compass, seeing the stars were always to be seen by night and the shore by day, except in the rainy seasons, and then nobody cared to stir abroad, either by land or sea.

I was now entered on the seven and twentieth year of my captivity in this place; though the three last years that I had this creature with me ought rather to be left out of the account, my habitation being quite of another kind than in all the rest of the time. I kept the anniversary of my landing here with the same thankfulness to God for His mercies as at first; and if I had such cause of acknowledgement at first, I had much more so now, having such additional testimonies of the care of Providence over me, and the great hopes I had of being effectually and speedily delivered; for I had an invincible impression upon my thoughts that my deliverance was at hand, and that I should not be another year in this place. However, I went on with my husbandry, digging, planting, fencing, as usual; I gathered and cured my grapes, and did every necessary thing, as before.

The rainy season was in the meantime upon me, when I kept more within doors than at other times; so I had stowed our new vessel as secure as we could, bringing her up into the creek, where, as I said in the beginning, I landed my rafts from the ship and, hauling her up to the shore, at high-water mark, I made my man Friday dig a little dock, just big enough to hold her, and just deep enough to give her water enough to float in; and then when the tide was out, we made a strong dam across the end of it, to keep the water out; and so she lay dry, as to the tide, from the sea; and to keep the rain off, we laid a great many boughs of trees so thick that she was as well thatched as a house; and thus we waited for the months of November and December, in which I designed to make my adventure.

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him to attack them; but I could not say the same with respect to me. These things were so warmly pressed upon my thoughts all the way as I went that I resolved I would only go and place myself near them, that I might observe their barbarous feast and that I would act then as God should direct; but that unless something offered that was more a call to me than yet I knew of, I would not meddle with them.

With this resolution I entered the wood, and, with all possible wariness and silence (Friday following close at my heels) I marched till I came to the skirt of the wood, on the side which was next to them; only that one corner of the wood lay between me and them; here I called softly to Friday, and showing him a great tree, which was just at the corner of the wood, I bade him go to the tree, and bring me word if he could see there plainly what they were doing; he did so, and came immediately back to me and told me they might be plainly viewed there; that they were all about their fire, eating the flesh of one of their prisoners; and that another lay bound upon the sand, a little from them, which he said they would kill next; and which fired all the very soul within me. He told me it was not one of their nation, but one of the bearded men, whom he had told me of, that came to their country in the boat. I was filled with horror at the very naming the white bearded man, and, going to the tree, I saw plainly by my glass a white man who lay upon the beach of the sea, with his hands and his feet tied with flags, or things like rushes, and that he was a European and had clothes on.

There was another tree, and a little thicket beyond it, about fifty yards nearer to them than the place where I was, which, by going a little way about, I saw I might come at undiscovered, and that then I should be within half shot of them; so I withheld my passion, though I was indeed enraged to the highest degree, and going back about twenty paces, I got behind some bushes, which held all the way, till I came to the other tree; and then I came to the little rising ground, which gave me a full view of them, at the distance of about eighty yards.

I had now not a moment to lose; for nineteen of the dreadful wretches sat upon the ground, all close huddled together, and had just sent the other two to butcher the poor Christian and bring him, perhaps limb by limb, to their fire, and they were stooped down to untie the bands at his feet. I turned to Friday. "Now, Friday," said I, "do as I bid thee." Friday said he would. "Then, Friday," says I, "do exactly as you see me do; fail in nothing." So I set down one of the muskets and the fowling piece upon the ground, and Friday did the like by his; and with the other musket I

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took my aim at the savages, bidding him do the like; then asking him if he was ready, he said, "Yes." "Then fire at them," said I; and the same moment I fired also.

Friday took his aim so much better than I that on the side that he shot he killed two of them and wounded three more; and on my side, I killed one and wounded two. They were, you may be sure, in a dreadful consternation; and all of them who were not hurt jumped up upon their feet, but did not immediately know which way to run or which way to look; for they knew not from whence their destruction came. Friday kept his eyes close upon me, that, as I had bade him, he might observe what I did; so, as soon as the first shot was made, I threw down the piece, and took up the fowling piece, and Friday did the like; he sees me cock and present; he did the same again. "Are you ready, Friday?" said I. "Yes," says he. "Let fly, then," says I, "in the name of God!" and with that I fired again among the amazed wretches, and so did Friday; and as our pieces were now loaden with what I called swan-shot, or small pistol bullets, we found only two drop; but so many were wounded that they ran about yelling and screaming like mad creatures, all bloody, and miserably wounded most of them; whereof three more fell quickly after, though not quite dead.

"Now, Friday," says I, laying down the discharged pieces and taking up the musket, which was yet loaden, "follow me," says I, which he did, with a great deal of courage; upon which I rushed out of the wood and showed myself, and Friday close at my foot; as soon as I perceived they saw me, I shouted as loud as I could and bade Friday do so too; and running as fast as I could, which, by the way, was not very fast, being loaden with arms as I was, I made directly towards the poor victim, who was, as I said, lying upon the beach, or shore, between the place where they sat and the sea; the two butchers, who were just going to work with him, had left him at the surprise of our first fire and fled in a terrible fright to the seaside and had jumped into a canoe, and three more of the rest made the same way; I turned to Friday and bade him step forwards and fire at them. He understood me immediately, and running about forty yards to be near them, he shot at them, and I thought he had killed them all, for I saw them all fall of a heap into the boat; though I saw two of them up again quickly. However, he killed two of them and wounded the third, so that he lay down in the bottom of the boat, as if he had been dead.

While my man Friday fired at them, I pulled out my knife and cut the flags that bound the poor victim; and, loosing his hands and feet, I lifted him up and asked him in the Portuguese tongue what he was. He an-

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swered in Latin, "Christianus"; but was so weak and faint that he could scarce stand or speak; I took my bottle out of my pocket and gave it him, making signs that he should drink, which he did; and I gave him a piece of bread, which he ate; then I asked him what countryman he was. And he said, "Espagniole"; and being a little recovered, let me know by all the signs he could possibly make how much he was in my debt for his deliverance. "Seignior," said I, with as much Spanish as I could make up, "we will talk afterwards, but we must fight now; if you have any strength left, take this pistol and sword and lay about you." He took them very thankfully, and no sooner had he the arms in his hands, but as if they had put new vigour into him, he flew upon his murderers like a fury, and had cut two of them in pieces in an instant; for the truth is, as the whole was a surprise to them, so the poor creatures were so much frighted with the noise of our pieces that they fell down for mere amazement and fear and had no more power to attempt their own escape than their flesh had to resist our shot; and that was the case of those five that Friday shot at in the boat; for as three of them fell with the hurt they received, so the other two fell with the fright.

I kept my piece in my hand still, without firing, being willing to keep my charge ready, because I had given the Spaniard my pistol and sword; so I called to Friday and bade him run up to the tree from whence we first fired, and fetch the arms which lay there that had been discharged, which he did with great swiftness; and then giving him my musket, I sat down myself to load all the rest again, and bade them come to me when they wanted. While I was loading these pieces, there happened a fierce engagement between the Spaniard and one of the savages, who made at him with one of their great wooden swords, the same weapon that was to have killed him before, if I had not prevented it. The Spaniard, who was as bold and as brave as could be imagined, though weak, had fought this Indian a good while, and had cut him two great wounds on his head; but the savage being a stout lusty fellow, closing in with him, had thrown him down, being faint, and was wringing my sword out of his hand, when the Spaniard, though undermost, wisely quitting the sword, drew the pistol from his girdle, shot the savage through the body, and killed him upon the spot, before I, who was running to help him, could come near him.

Friday, being now left to his liberty, pursued the flying wretches with no weapon in his hand but his hatchet; and with that he dispatched those three, who, as I said before, were wounded at first and fallen, and all the

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rest he could come up with; and the Spaniard coming to me for a gun, I gave him one of the fowling pieces, with which he pursued two of the savages, and wounded them both; but as he was not able to run, they both got from him into the wood, where Friday pursued them and killed one of them; but the other was too nimble for him; and though he was wounded, yet had plunged himself into the sea, and swam with all his might off to those two who were left in the canoe, which three in the canoe, with one wounded, who we know not whether he died or no, were all that escaped our hands of one-and-twenty. The account of the rest is as follows:

3 killed at our first shot from the tree.
2 killed at the next shot.
2 killed by Friday in the boat.
2 killed by ditto, of those at first wounded.
1 killed by ditto in the wood.
3 killed by the Spaniard.
4 killed, being found dropped here and there of their wounds, or killed by Friday in his chase of them.
4 escaped in the boat, whereof one wounded, if not dead.
21 in all.

Those that were in the canoe worked hard to get out of gunshot; and though Friday made two or three shot at them, I did not find that he hit any of them. Friday would fain have had me take one of their canoes and pursue them; and indeed I was very anxious about their escape, lest, carrying the news home to their people, they should come back perhaps with two or three hundred of their canoes and devour us by mere multitude; so I consented to pursue them by sea, and running to one of their canoes, I jumped in and bade Friday follow me; but when I was in the canoe, I was surprised to find another poor creature lie there alive, bound hand and foot, as the Spaniard was, for the slaughter, and almost dead with fear, not knowing what the matter was; for he had not been able to look up over the side of the boat, he was tied so hard, neck and heels, and had been tied so long that he had really but little life in him.

I immediately cut the twisted flags, or rushes, which they had bound him with, and would have helped him up; but he could not stand or speak, but groaned most piteously, believing, it seems, still that he was only unbound in order to be killed.

When Friday came to him, I bade him speak to him and tell him of his deliverance, and pulling out my bottle, made him give the poor wretch a dram, which, with the news of his being delivered, revived him,

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and he sat up in the boat; but when Friday came to hear him speak, and looked in his face, it would have moved anyone to tears, to have seen how Friday kissed him, embraced him, hugged him, cried, laughed, holloed, jumped about, danced, sang, then cried again, wrung his hands, beat his own face and head, and then sang and jumped about again, like a distracted creature. It was a good while before I could make him speak to me, or tell me what was the matter; but when he came a little to himself he told me that it was his father.

It is not easy for me to express how it moved me to see what ecstasy and filial affection had worked in this poor savage, at the sight of his father and of his being delivered from death; nor indeed can I describe half the extravagances of his affection after this; for he went into the boat and out of the boat a great many times. When he went in to him, he would sit down by him, open his breast, and hold his father's head close to his bosom, half an hour together, to nourish it; then he took his arms and ankles, which were numbed and stiff with the binding, and chafed and rubbed them with his hands; and I, perceiving what the case was, gave him some rum out of my bottle to rub them with, which did them a great deal of good.

This action put an end to our pursuit of the canoe with the other savages, who were now gotten almost out of sight; and it was happy for us that we did not; for it blew so hard within two hours after, and before they could be gotten a quarter of their way, and continued blowing so hard all night, and that from the northwest, which was against them, that I could not suppose their boat could live, or that they ever reached to their own coast.

But to return to Friday; he was so busy about his father that I could not find in my heart to take him off for some time. But after I thought he could leave him a little, I called him to me, and he came jumping and laughing, and pleased to the highest extreme; then I asked him if he had given his father any bread. He shook his head and said, "None; ugly dog eat all up self." So I gave him a cake of bread out of a little pouch I carried on purpose; I also gave him a dram for himself, but he would not taste it but carried it to his father. I had in my pocket also two or three bunches of my raisins, so I gave him a handful of them for his father. He had no sooner given his father these raisins but I saw him come out of the boat and run away, as if he had been bewitched, he ran at such a rate; for he was the swiftest fellow of his foot that ever I saw; I say, he ran at such a rate that he was out of sight, as it were, in an instant; and though I called, and holloed, too, after him, it was all one, away he went, and in a

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very good dish, I assure you, of flesh and broth, having put some barley and rice also into the broth; and as I cooked it without doors, for I made no fire within my inner wall, so I carried it all into the new tent; and having set a table there for them, I sat down and ate my own dinner also with them, and, as well as I could, cheered them and encouraged them; Friday being my interpreter, especially to his father, and indeed to the Spaniard too; for the Spaniard spoke the language of the savages pretty well.

After we had dined, or rather supped, I ordered Friday to take one of the canoes, and go and fetch our muskets and other firearms, which for want of time we had left upon the place of battle; and the next day I ordered him to go and bury the dead bodies of the savages, which lay open to the sun, and would presently be offensive; and I also ordered him to bury the horrid remains of their barbarous feast, which I knew were pretty much, and which I could not think of doing myself; nay, I could not bear to see them, if I went that way. All of which he punctually performed, and defaced the very appearance of the savages being there; so that when I went again I could scarce know where it was, otherwise than by the corner of the wood pointing to the place.

I then began to enter into a little conversation with my two new subjects; and first I set Friday to inquire of his father what he thought of the escape of the savages in that canoe, and whether we might expect a return of them with a power too great for us to resist. His first opinion was that the savages in the boat never could live out the storm which blew that night they went off, but must of necessity be drowned or driven south to those other shores, where they were as sure to be devoured as they were to be drowned if they were cast away; but as to what they would do if they came safe on shore, he said he knew not; but it was his opinion that they were so dreadfully frighted with the manner of their being attacked, the noise and the fire, that he believed they would tell their people they were all killed by thunder and lightning, not by the hand of man, and that the two which appeared, viz., Friday and me, were two heavenly spirits or furies come down to destroy them, and not men with weapons. This he said he knew, because he heard them all cry out so in their language to one another, for it was impossible to them to conceive that a man could dart fire and speak thunder and kill at a distance without lifting up the hand, as was done now. And this old savage was in the right; for, as I understood since by other hands, the savages never attempted to go over to the island afterwards; they were so terrified with the accounts given by those four men (for it seems they did escape

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the sea) that they believed whoever went to that enchanted island would be destroyed with fire from the gods.

This, however, I knew not, and therefore was under continual apprehensions for a good while, and kept always upon my guard, me and all my army; for as we were now four of us, I would have ventured upon a hundred of them fairly in the open field at any time.

In a little time, however, no more canoes appearing, the fear of their coming wore off, and I began to take my former thoughts of a voyage to the main into consideration; being likewise assured by Friday's father that I might depend upon good usage from their nation on his account, if I would go.

But my thoughts were a little suspended when I had a serious discourse with the Spaniard, and when I understood that there were sixteen more of his countrymen and Portuguese, who, having been cast away and made their escape to that side, lived there at peace indeed with the savages, but were very sore put to it for necessaries, and indeed for life. I asked him all the particulars of their voyage, and found they were a Spanish ship bound from the Rio de la Plata to Havana, being directed to leave their loading there, which was chiefly hides and silver, and to bring back what European goods they could meet with there; that they had five Portuguese seamen on board, whom they took out of another wreck; that five of their own men were drowned when the first ship was lost, and that these escaped through infinite dangers and hazards, and arrived, almost starved, on the cannibal coast, where they expected to have been devoured every moment.

He told me that they had some arms with them, but they were perfectly useless, for that they had neither powder or ball, the washing of the sea having spoiled all their powder but a little, which they used at their first landing to provide themselves some food.

I asked him what he thought would become of them there, and if they had formed no design of making any escape. He said they had many consultations about it, but that having neither vessel, or tools to build one, or provisions of any kind, their councils always ended in tears and despair.

I asked him how he thought they would receive a proposal from me, which might tend towards an escape; and whether, if they were all here, it might not be done. I told him with freedom, I feared mostly their treachery and ill usage of me, if I put my life in their hands; for that gratitude was no inherent virtue in the nature of man; nor did men always square their dealings by the obligations they had received so much

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as they did by the advantages they expected. I told him it would be very hard that I should be the instrument of their deliverance and that they should afterwards make me their prisoner in New Spain, where an Englishman was certain to be made a sacrifice, what necessity or what accident soever brought him thither. And that I had rather be delivered up to the savages and be devoured alive than fall into the merciless claws of the priests and be carried into the Inquisition. I added that otherwise I was persuaded, if they were all here, we might, with so many hands, build a bark large enough to carry us all away, either to Brazil southward, or to the islands or Spanish coast northward. But that if in requital they should, when I had put weapons into their hands, carry me by force among their own people, I might be ill used for my kindness to them, and make my case worse than it was before.

He answered with a great deal of candour and ingenuity that their condition was so miserable, and they were so sensible of it, that he believed they would abhor the thought of using any man unkindly that should contribute to their deliverance; and that, if I pleased, he would go to them with the old man and discourse with them about it, and return again and bring me their answer. That he would make conditions with them upon their solemn oath, that they should be absolutely under my leading, as their commander and captain; and that they should swear upon the Holy Sacraments and the Gospel to be true to me and to go to such Christian country as that I should agree to, and no other; and to be directed wholly and absolutely by my orders, till they were landed safely in such country as I intended; and that he would bring a contract from them, under their hands, for that purpose.

Then he told me he would first swear to me himself that he would never stir from me as long as he lived, till I gave him orders; and that he would take my side to the last drop of his blood, if there should happen the least breach of faith among his countrymen.

He told me they were all of them very civil honest men, and they were under the greatest distress imaginable, having neither weapons or clothes, nor any food, but at the mercy and discretion of the savages; out of all hopes of ever returning to their own country; and that he was sure, if I would undertake their relief, they would live and die by me.

[*The Spaniard and Friday's father sail to the mainland.*]

## WE QUELL A MUTINY

It was no less than eight days I had waited for them, when a strange and unforeseen accident intervened, of which the like has not perhaps

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been heard in history. I was fast asleep in my hutch one morning, when my man Friday came running in to me and called aloud, "Master, master, they are come, they are come!"

I jumped up, and regardless of danger I went out, as soon as I could get my clothes on, through my little grove, which, by the way, was by this time grown to be a very thick wood; I say, regardless of danger, I went without my arms, which was not my custom to do. But I was surprised when, turning my eyes to the sea, I presently saw a boat at about a league and half's distance, standing in for the shore, with a shoulder-of-mutton sail, as they call it, and the wind blowing pretty fair to bring them in; also I observed presently that they did not come from that side which the shore lay on, but from the southermost end of the island. Upon this I called Friday in, and bid him lie close, for these were not the people we looked for, and that we might not know yet whether they were friends or enemies.

In the next place, I went in to fetch my perspective-glass, to see what I could make of them; and having taken the ladder out, I climbed up to the top of the hill, as I used to do when I was apprehensive of anything, and to take my view the plainer without being discovered.

I had scarce set my foot on the hill, when my eye plainly discovered a ship lying at an anchor at about two leagues and a half's distance from me, south-southeast, but not above a league and a half from the shore. By my observation it appeared plainly to be an English ship, and the boat appeared to be an English long-boat.

I cannot express the confusion I was in, though the joy of seeing a ship, and one whom I had reason to believe was manned by my own countrymen, and consequently friends, was such as I cannot describe; but yet I had some secret doubts hung about me, I cannot tell from whence they came, bidding me keep upon my guard. In the first place, it occurred to me to consider what business an English ship could have in that part of the world, since it was not the way to or from any part of the world where the English had any traffic; and I knew there had been no storms to drive them in there, as in distress; and that if they were English really, it was most probable that they were here upon no good design; and that I had better continue as I was than fall into the hands of thieves and murderers.

Let no man despise the secret hints and notices of danger, which sometimes are given him, when he may think there is no possibility of its being real. That such hints and notices are given us, I believe few that have made any observations of things can deny; that they are certain discoveries of an invisible world, and a converse of spirits, we cannot doubt;

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and if the tendency of them seems to be to warn us of danger, why should we not suppose they are from some friendly agent (whether supreme, or inferior and subordinate, is not the question) and that they are given for our good?

The present question abundantly confirms me in the justice of this reasoning; for had I not been made cautious by this secret admonition, come it from whence it will, I had been undone inevitably, and in a far worse condition than before, as you will see presently.

I had not kept myself long in this posture but I saw the boat draw near the shore, as if they looked for a creek to thrust in at for the convenience of landing; however, as they did not come quite far enough, they did not see the little inlet where I formerly landed my rafts, but ran their boat on shore upon the beach, at about half a mile from me, which was very happy for me; for otherwise they would have landed just, as I may say, at my door, and would soon have beaten me out of my castle and perhaps have plundered me of all I had.

When they were on shore, I was fully satisfied that they were Englishmen, at least most of them; one or two I thought were Dutch, but it did not prove so. There were in all eleven men, whereof three of them, I found, were unarmed, and, as I thought, bound; and when the first four or five of them were jumped on shore, they took those three out of the boat as prisoners. One of the three I could perceive using the most passionate gestures of entreaty, affliction, and despair, even to a kind of extravagance; the other two, I could perceive, lifted up their hands sometimes, and appeared concerned indeed, but not to such a degree as the first.

I was perfectly confounded at the sight, and knew not what the meaning of it should be. Friday called out to me in English, as well as he could, "O master! you see English mans eat prisoner as well as savage mans." "Why," says I, "Friday, do you think they are a-going to eat them then?" "Yes," says Friday, "they will eat them." "No, no," says I, "Friday, I am afraid they will murder them, indeed, but you may be sure they will not eat them."

All this while I had no thought of what the matter really was, but stood trembling with the horror of the sight, expecting every moment when the three prisoners should be killed; nay, once I saw one of the villains lift up his arm with a great cutlass (as the seamen call it), or sword, to strike one of the poor men; and I expected to see him fall every moment, at which all the blood in my body seemed to run chill in my veins.

I wished heartily now for my Spaniard, and the savage that was gone

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seem to me to be in some great distress? I saw you when you landed, and when you seemed to make applications to the brutes that came with you, I saw one of them lift up his sword to kill you."

The poor man, with tears running down his face, and trembling, looking like one astonished, returned, "Am I talking to God, or man! Is it a real man, or an angel!" "Be in no fear about that, sir," said I; "if God had sent an angel to relieve you, he would have come better clothed, and armed after another manner than you see me in; pray lay aside your fears; I am a man, an Englishman, and disposed to assist you, you see; I have one servant only; we have arms and ammunition; tell us freely, can we serve you?—What is your case?"

"Our case," said he, "sir, is too long to tell you, while our murderers are so near; but in short, sir, I was commander of that ship; my men have mutinied against me, they have been hardly prevailed on not to murder me, and at last have set me on shore in this desolate place, with these two men with me, one my mate, the other a passenger, where we expected to perish, believing the place to be uninhabited, and know not yet what to think of it."

"Where are those brutes, your enemies?" said I. "Do you know where they are gone?" "There they lie, sir," said he, pointing to a thicket of trees; "my heart trembles for fear they have seen us and heard you speak; if they have, they will certainly murder us all."

"Have they any firearms?" said I. He answered they had only two pieces, and one which they left in the boat. "Well then," said I, "leave the rest to me; I see they are all asleep, it is an easy thing to kill them all; but shall we rather take them prisoners?" He told me there were two desperate villains among them that it was scarce safe to show any mercy to; but if they were secured, he believed all the rest would return to their duty. I asked him which they were. He told me he could not at that distance describe them, but he would obey my orders in anything I would direct. "Well," says I, "let us retreat out of their view or hearing, lest they awake, and we will resolve further"; so they willingly went back with me, till the woods covered us from them.

"Look you, sir," said I, "if I venture upon your deliverance, are you willing to make two conditions with me?" He anticipated my proposals by telling me that both he and the ship, if recovered, should be wholly directed and commanded by me in everything; and if the ship was not recovered, he would live and die with me in what part of the world soever I would send him; and the two other men said the same.

"Well," says I, "my conditions are but two. 1. That while you stay on this island with me, you will not pretend to any authority here; and if I put

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arms into your hands, you will upon all occasions give them up to me and do no prejudice to me or mine upon this island, and in the meantime, be governed by my orders.

"2. That if the ship is or may be recovered, you will carry me and my man to England passage-free."

He gave me all the assurances that the invention and faith of man could devise that he would comply with these most reasonable demands, and besides would owe his life to me and acknowledge it upon all occasions as long as he lived.

"Well then," said I, "here are three muskets for you, with powder and ball; tell me next what you think is proper to be done." He showed all the testimony of his gratitude that he was able, but offered to be wholly guided by me. I told him I thought it was hard venturing anything; but the best method I could think of was to fire upon them at once, as they lay; and if any was not killed at the first volley, and offered to submit, we might save them, and so put it wholly upon God's Providence to direct the shot.

He said very modestly that he was loath to kill them, if he could help it, but that those two were incorrigible villains and had been the authors of all the mutiny in the ship, and if they escaped, we should be undone still; for they would go on board and bring the whole ship's company, and destroy us all. "Well then," says I, "necessity legitimates my advice; for it is the only way to save our lives." However, seeing him still cautious of shedding blood, I told him they should go themselves, and manage as they found convenient.

In the middle of this discourse we heard some of them awake, and soon after, we saw two of them on their feet. I asked him if either of them were of the men who he had said were the heads of the mutiny. He said, "No." "Well then," said I, "you may let them escape; and Providence seems to have wakened them on purpose to save themselves. Now," says I, "if the rest escape you, it is your fault."

Animated with this, he took the musket I had given him in his hand, and a pistol in his belt, and his two comrades with him, with each man a piece in his hand. The two men who were with him, going first, made some noise, at which one of the seamen, who was awake, turned about, and seeing them coming cried out to the rest; but it was too late then, for the moment he cried out they fired; I mean the two men, the captain wisely reserving his own piece. They had so well aimed their shot at the men they knew that one of them was killed on the spot, and the other very much wounded; but not being dead, he started up upon his feet, and called eagerly for help to the other; but the captain, stepping to him,

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told him 'twas too late to cry for help, he should call upon God to forgive his villainy, and with that word knocked him down with the stock of his musket, so that he never spoke more. There were three more in the company, and one of them was also slightly wounded. By this time I was come; and when they saw their danger, and that it was in vain to resist, they begged for mercy. The captain told them he would spare their lives, if they would give him any assurance of their abhorrence of the treachery they had been guilty of, and would swear to be faithful to him in recovering the ship and afterwards in carrying her back to Jamaica, from whence they came. They gave him all the protestations of their sincerity that could be desired, and he was willing to believe them, and spare their lives, which I was not against, only I obliged him to keep them bound hand and foot while they were upon the island.

While this was doing, I sent Friday with the captain's mate to the boat, with orders to secure her and bring away the oars and sail, which they did; and by and by, three straggling men, that were (happily for them) parted from the rest, came back upon hearing the guns fired, and seeing their captain, who before was their prisoner, now their conqueror, they submitted to be bound also; and so our victory was complete.

It now remained that the captain and I should inquire into one another's circumstances. I began first, and told him my whole history, which he heard with an attention even to amazement; and particularly at the wonderful manner of my being furnished with provisions and ammunition; and, indeed, as my story is a whole collection of wonders, it affected him deeply; but when he reflected from thence upon himself, and how I seemed to have been preserved there on purpose to save his life, the tears ran down his face, and he could not speak a word more.

[*With Crusoe's help, the captain ends the mutiny.*]

## WE SEIZE THE SHIP

It now occurred to me that the time of our deliverance was come, and that it would be a most easy thing to bring these fellows in to be hearty in getting possession of the ship; so I retired in the dark from them, that they might not see what kind of a governor they had, and called the captain to me; when I called, as at a good distance, one of the men was ordered to speak again and say to the captain, "Captain, the commander calls for you"; and presently the captain replied, "Tell his excellency, I am just a-coming." This more perfectly amused them, and they all believed that the commander was just by with his fifty men.

Upon the captain's coming to me, I told him my project for seizing

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the ship, which he liked of wonderfully well, and resolved to put it in execution the next morning.

But in order to execute it with more art, and security of success, I told him we must divide the prisoners, and that he should go and take Atkins and two more of the worst of them, and send them pinioned to the cave where the others lay. This was committed to Friday and the two men who came on shore with the captain.

They conveyed them to the cave, as to a prison; and it was indeed a dismal place, especially to men in their condition.

The other I ordered to my bower, as I called it, of which I have given a full description; and as it was fenced in, and they pinioned, the place was secure enough, considering they were upon their behaviour.

To these in the morning I sent the captain, who was to enter into a parley with them, in a word, to try them, and tell me, whether he thought they might be trusted or no, to go on board and surprise the ship. He talked to them of the injury done him, of the condition they were brought to; and that though the governor had given them quarter for their lives, as to the present action, yet that if they were sent to England, they would all be hanged in chains, to be sure; but that if they would join in so just an attempt as to recover the ship, he would have the governor's engagement for their pardon.

Anyone may guess how readily such a proposal would be accepted by men in their condition; they fell down on their knees to the captain and promised with the deepest imprecations that they would be faithful to him to the last drop, and that they should owe their lives to him and would go with him all over the world; that they would own him for a father to them as long as they lived.

"Well," says the captain, "I must go and tell the governor what you say, and see what I can do to bring him to consent to it." So he brought me an account of the temper he found them in; and that he verily believed they would be faithful.

However, that we might be very secure, I told him he should go back again and choose out five of them, and tell them they might see that he did not want men; that he would take out those five to be his assistants, and that the governor would keep the other two and the three that were sent prisoners to the castle (my cave) as hostages, for the fidelity of those five; and that if they proved unfaithful in the execution, the five hostages should be hanged in chains alive upon the shore.

This looked severe, and convinced them that the governor was in ear-

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nest; however, they had no way left them but to accept it; and it was now the business of the prisoners, as much as of the captain, to persuade the other five to do their duty.

Our strength was now thus ordered for the expedition. 1. The captain, his mate, and passenger. 2. Then the two prisoners of the first gang, to whom, having their characters from the captain, I had given their liberty, and trusted them with arms. 3. The other two, whom I had kept till now in my bower, pinioned; but, upon the captain's motion, had now released. 4. These five released at last. So that they were twelve in all, besides five we kept prisoners in the cave, and the two hostages.

I asked the captain if he was willing to venture with these hands on board the ship; for as for me and my man Friday, I did not think it was proper for us to stir, having seven men left behind, and it was employment enough for us to keep them asunder, and supply them with victuals.

As to the five in the cave, I resolved to keep them fast; but Friday went in twice a day to them, to supply them with necessaries; and I made the other two carry provisions to a certain distance, where Friday was to take it.

When I showed myself to the two hostages, it was with the captain, who told them I was the person the governor had ordered to look after them, and that it was the governor's pleasure they should not stir anywhere but by my direction; that if they did, they should be fetched into the castle, and be laid in irons; so that as we never suffered them to see me as governor, so I now appeared as another person, and spoke of the governor, the garrison, the castle, and the like, upon all occasions.

The captain now had no difficulty before him, but to furnish his two boats, stop the breach of one, and man them. He made his passenger captain of one, with four other men; and himself and his mate and five more went in the other. And they contrived their business very well, for they came up to the ship about midnight. As soon as they came within call of the ship, he made Robinson hail them and tell them they had brought off the men and the boat, but that it was a long time before they had found them, and the like; holding them in a chat till they came to the ship's side; when the captain and the mate, entering first with their arms, immediately knocked down the second mate and carpenter with the butt-end of their muskets. Being very faithfully seconded by their men, they secured all the rest that were upon the main and quarter decks and began to fasten the hatches to keep them down who were below, when the other boat and their men, entering at the fore chains,

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kind so unpleasant, awkward, and uneasy as it was to me to wear such clothes at their first putting on.

After these ceremonies passed, and after all his good things were brought into my little apartment, we began to consult what was to be done with the prisoners we had; for it was worth considering whether we might venture to take them away with us or no, especially two of them, whom we knew to be incorrigible and refractory to the last degree; and the captain said he knew they were such rogues that there was no obliging them, and if he did carry them away, it must be in irons, as malefactors, to be delivered over to justice at the first English colony he could come at; and I found that the captain himself was very anxious about it.

Upon this, I told him that if he desired it, I durst undertake to bring the two men he spoke of to make it their own request that he should leave them upon the island. "I should be very glad of that," says the captain, "with all my heart."

"Well," says I, "I will send for them up, and talk with them for you"; so I caused Friday and the two hostages, for they were now discharged, their comrades having performed their promise; I say, I caused them to go to the cave and bring up the five men, pinioned as they were, to the bower, and keep them there till I came.

After some time I came thither dressed in my new habit, and now I was called governor again; being all met, and the captain with me, I caused the men to be brought before me, and I told them I had had a full account of their villainous behaviour to the captain, and how they had run away with the ship and were preparing to commit further robberies, but that Providence had ensnared them in their own ways and that they were fallen into the pit which they had digged for others.

I let them know that by my direction the ship had been seized, that she lay now in the road, and they might see by and by that their new captain had received the reward of his villainy; for that they might see him hanging at the yard-arm.

That as to them, I wanted to know what they had to say, why I should not execute them as pirates taken in the fact, as by my commission they could not doubt I had authority to do.

One of them answered in the name of the rest that they had nothing to say but this, that when they were taken, the captain promised them their lives, and they humbly implored my mercy. But I told them I knew not what mercy to show them; for, as for myself, I had resolved to quit the island with all my men, and had taken passage with the captain to go for England. And as for the captain, he could not carry them to England other than as prisoners in irons, to be tried for mutiny and running

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away with the ship; the consequence of which, they must needs know, would be the gallows; so that I could not tell which was best for them, unless they had a mind to take their fate in the island; if they desired that, I did not care, as I had liberty to leave it; I had some inclination to give them their lives, if they thought they could shift on shore.

They seemed very thankful for it, said they would much rather venture to stay there than to be carried to England to be hanged; so I left it on that issue.

However, the captain seemed to make some difficulty of it, as if he durst not leave them there. Upon this I seemed a little angry with the captain, and told him that they were my prisoners, not his; and that seeing I had offered them so much favour, I would be as good as my word; and that if he did not think fit to consent to it, I would set them at liberty, as I found them; and if he did not like it, he might take them again if he could catch them.

Upon this they appeared very thankful, and I accordingly set them at liberty, and bade them retire into the woods, to the place whence they came, and I would leave them some firearms, some ammunition, and some directions how they should live very well, if they thought fit.

Upon this I prepared to go on board the ship, but told the captain that I would stay that night to prepare my things, and desired him to go on board in the meantime, and keep all right in the ship, and send the boat on shore the next day for me; ordering him in the meantime to cause the new captain who was killed to be hanged at the yard-arm, that these men might see him.

When the captain was gone, I sent for the men up to me to my apartment and entered seriously into discourse with them of their circumstances. I told them I thought they had made a right choice; that if the captain carried them away, they would certainly be hanged. I showed them the new captain hanging at the yard-arm of the ship, and told them they had nothing less to expect.

When they had all declared their willingness to stay, I then told them I would let them into the story of my living there, and put them into the way of making it easy to them. Accordingly I gave them the whole history of the place and of my coming to it; showed them my fortifications, the way I made my bread, planted my corn, cured my grapes; and in a word, all that was necessary to make them easy. I told them the story also of the sixteen Spaniards that were to be expected; for whom I left a letter, and made them promise to treat them in common with themselves.

I left them my firearms, viz., five muskets, three fowling pieces, and three swords. I had above a barrel and half of powder left; for after the

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first year or two I used but little, and wasted none. I gave them a description of the way I managed the goats, and directions to milk and fatten them, and to make both butter and cheese.

In a word, I gave them every part of my own story; and I told them I would prevail with the captain to leave them two barrels of gunpowder more and some garden seeds, which I told them I would have been very glad of; also I gave them the bag of peas which the captain had brought me to eat, and bade them be sure to sow and increase them.

Having done all this, I left them the next day and went on board the ship. We prepared immediately to sail, but did not weigh that night. The next morning early, two of the five men came swimming to the ship's side, and making a most lamentable complaint of the other three, begged to be taken into the ship, for God's sake, for they should be murdered, and begged the captain to take them on board, though he hanged them immediately.

Upon this the captain pretended to have no power without me; but after some difficulty, and after their solemn promises of amendment, they were taken on board, and were some time after soundly whipped and pickled; after which, they proved very honest and quiet fellows.

Some time after this, the boat was ordered on shore, the tide being up, with the things promised to the men, to which the captain, at my intercession, caused their chests and clothes to be added, which they took and were very thankful for; I also encouraged them by telling them that if it lay in my way to send any vessel to take them in, I would not forget them.

When I took leave of this island, I carried on board for relics the great goatskin cap I had made, my umbrella, and one of my parrots; also I forgot not to take the money I formerly mentioned, which had lain by me so long useless that it was grown rusty, or tarnished, and could hardly pass for silver, till it had been a little rubbed and handled; as also the money I found in the wreck of the Spanish ship.

And thus I left the island, the 19th of December, as I found by the ship's account, in the year 1686, after I had been upon it eight-and-twenty years, two months, and nineteen days; being delivered from this second captivity the same day of the month that I first made my escape in the *barco-longo,* from among the Moors of Sallee.

In this vessel, after a long voyage, I arrived in England, the 11th of June, in the year 1687, having been thirty-and-five years absent.

When I came to England, I was as perfect a stranger to all the world as if I had never been known there. My benefactor and faithful steward,

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whom I had left in trust with my money, was alive, but had had great misfortunes in the world; was become a widow the second time, and very low in the world. I made her easy as to what she owed me, assuring her I would give her no trouble; but on the contrary, in gratitude to her former care and faithfulness to me, I relieved her as my little stock would afford, which at that time would indeed allow me to do but little for her; but I assured her I would never forget her former kindness to me; nor did I forget her, when I had sufficient to help her, as shall be observed in its place.

I went down afterwards into Yorkshire; but my father was dead, and my mother and all the family extinct, except that I found two sisters, and two of the children of one of my brothers; and as I had been long ago given over for dead, there had been no provision made for me; so that, in a word, I found nothing to relieve or assist me; and that little money I had would not do much for me as to settling in the world.

I met with one piece of gratitude indeed, which I did not expect; and this was that the master of the ship, whom I had so happily delivered, and by the same means saved the ship and cargo, having given a very handsome account to the owners of the manner how I had saved the lives of the men and the ship, they invited me to meet them, and some other merchants concerned, and all together made me a very handsome compliment upon the subject, and a present of almost two hundred pounds sterling.

But after making several reflections upon the circumstances of my life, and how little way this would go towards settling me in the world, I resolved to go to Lisbon and see if I might not come by some information of the state of my plantation in Brazil, and of what was become of my partner, who I had reason to suppose had some years now given me over for dead.

With this view I took shipping for Lisbon, where I arrived in April following; my man Friday accompanying me very honestly in all these ramblings, and proving a most faithful servant upon all occasions.

[*After various adventures, Crusoe finally returns to his home.*]

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*The foregoing is a selection from Daniel Defoe's*
THE STRANGE AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES
OF ROBINSON CRUSOE, OF YORK, MARINER.

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# Rudyard Kipling

1865–1936

Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay, India, December 30, 1865. His father, an artist, was later curator of the Lahore Museum. Young Kipling attended the United Services College, North Devon, England. At seventeen he went back to India and joined the staff of the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette.* Four years later he published a book of fresh and skillful light verse, *Departmental Ditties.*

In 1887 his first fiction, *Plain Tales from the Hills,* appeared. He produced *Soldiers Three, The Phantom 'Rickshaw, Wee Willie Winkie,* and other stories in the next two years. Between 1887 and 1889 he traveled through India, China, Japan, and the United States. In England his newborn fame had preceded him. He married Caroline Starr Balestier in 1892, honeymooned in Japan, and lived for the next four years in Brattleboro, Vermont. Later he settled in England.

His first long fiction, *The Light That Failed,* published in 1891 and dramatized in 1905, was not regarded as his most impressive work. *Barrack Room Ballads,* many of which had first appeared in the *National Observer,* came out in 1892. Solidly turned and full of energy, they were largely written in the slang of British soldiers in India. They brought Kipling a whole new audience. In them two of his cardinal interests first strongly emerged: his intelligent concern

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*Notes from the artist: ". . . under a quotation from* The Conundrum of the Workshops*—which might serve as Kipling's own criticism of this portrait—the author is pictured as a raja, in a technique suggesting an Indian painting. Father Wolf, Shere Khan, and Mowgli may also be seen surrounding him."*



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itself, Raksha, its given meaning, and the magnificent hard rage of her speech. But it is the sense of the speech that catches us.

On the surface, this is anger and contempt for Shere Khan the tiger, "hunter of little naked cubs." In that phrase its true meaning lies. Raksha becomes for us not only the human mother whom Mowgli has lost but all immemorial animal mothers raging in defense of their young. And what else do we feel? That Mowgli is not *her* cub, that he is the young of enemies. So we can measure the greatness of her generosity. We are a little amused at Father Wolf's astonishment. He sees her again as the dangerous young she-wolf that he had fought five other males to get. And finally, we know that the situation is established. Mowgli has been adopted into his wild family.

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# *Mowgli's Brothers*

Now Chil the Kite brings home the night
That Mang the Bat sets free–
The herds are shut in byre and hut
For loosed till dawn are we.
This is the hour of pride and power,
Talon and tush and claw.
Oh, hear the call!–Good hunting all
That keep the Jungle Law!

Night-Song in the Jungle

It was seven o'clock of a very warm evening in the Seeonee Hills when Father Wolf woke up from his day's rest, scratched himself, yawned, and spread out his paws one after the other to get rid of the sleepy feeling in their tips. Mother Wolf lay with her big grey nose dropped across her four tumbling, squealing cubs, and the moon shone into the mouth of the cave where they all lived. *"Augrh!"* said Father Wolf, "it is time to hunt again." And he was going to spring downhill when a little shadow with a bushy tail crossed the threshold and whined: "good luck go with you, O Chief of the Wolves; and good luck and strong white teeth go with the noble children, that they may never forget the hungry in this world."

It was the jackal–Tabaqui the Dish-licker–and the wolves of India despise Tabaqui because he runs about making mischief, and telling tales, and eating rags and pieces of leather from the village rubbish-heaps. But they are afraid of him too, because Tabaqui, more than any one else in the jungle, is apt to go mad, and then he forgets that he was ever afraid of any one, and runs through the forest biting everything in



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his way. Even the tiger runs and hides when little Tabaqui goes mad, for madness is the most disgraceful thing that can overtake a wild creature. We call it hydrophobia, but they call it *dewanee*–the madness–and run.

"Enter, then, and look," said Father Wolf, stiffly, "but there is no food here."

"For a wolf, no," said Tabaqui, "but for so mean a person as myself a dry bone is a good feast. Who are we, the *Gidur-log* [the Jackal-People], to pick and choose?" He scuttled to the back of the cave, where he found the bone of a buck with some meat on it, and sat cracking the end merrily.

"All thanks for this good meal," he said, licking his lips. "How beautiful are the noble children! How large are their eyes! And so young too! Indeed, indeed, I might have remembered that the children of kings are men from the beginning."

Now, Tabaqui knew as well as any one else that there is nothing so unlucky as to compliment children to their faces; and it pleased him to see Mother and Father Wolf look uncomfortable.

Tabaqui sat still, rejoicing in the mischief that he had made, and then he said spitefully:

"Shere Khan, the Big One, has shifted his hunting-grounds. He will hunt among these hills for the next moon, so he has told me."

Shere Khan was the tiger who lived near the Wainganga River, twenty miles away.

"He has no right!" Father Wolf began angrily. "By the Law of the Jungle he has no right to change his quarters without due warning. He will frighten every head of game within ten miles, and I–I have to kill for two, these days."

"His mother did not call him Lungri [the Lame One] for nothing," said Mother Wolf, quietly. "He has been lame in one foot from his birth. That is why he has only killed cattle. Now the villagers of the Wainganga are angry with him, and he has come here to make *our* villagers angry. They will scour the jungle for him when he is far away, and we and our children must run when the grass is set alight. Indeed, we are very grateful to Shere Khan!"

"Shall I tell him of your gratitude?" said Tabaqui.

"Out!" snapped Father Wolf. "Out and hunt with thy master. Thou hast done harm enough for one night."

"I go," said Tabaqui, quietly. "Ye can hear Shere Khan below in the thickets. I might have saved myself the message."

Father Wolf listened, and below in the valley that ran down to a little river, he heard the dry, angry, snarly, sing-song whine of a tiger who has

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caught nothing and does not care if all the jungle knows it.

"The fool!" said Father Wolf. "To begin a night's work with that noise! Does he think that our buck are like his fat Wainganga bullocks?"

"*Hsh.* It is neither bullock nor buck he hunts tonight," said Mother Wolf. "It is Man." The whine had changed to a sort of humming purr that seemed to come from every quarter of the compass. It was the noise that bewilders wood-cutters and gipsies sleeping in the open, and makes them run sometimes into the very mouth of the tiger.

"Man!" said Father Wolf, showing all his white teeth. "*Faugh!* Are there not enough beetles and frogs in the tanks that he must eat Man, and on our ground too!"

The Law of the Jungle, which never orders anything without a reason, forbids every beast to eat Man except when he is killing to show his children how to kill, and then he must hunt outside the hunting-grounds of his pack or tribe. The real reason for this is that man-killing means, sooner or later, the arrival of white men on elephants, with guns, and hundreds of brown men with gongs and rockets and torches. Then everybody in the jungle suffers. The reason the beasts give among themselves is that Man is the weakest and most defenceless of all living things, and it is unsportsmanlike to touch him. They say too—and it is true—that man-eaters become mangy, and lose their teeth.

The purr grew louder, and ended in the full-throated *"Aaarh!"* of the tiger's charge.

Then there was a howl—an untigerish howl—from Shere Khan. "He has missed," said Mother Wolf. "What is it?"

Father Wolf ran out a few paces and heard Shere Khan muttering and mumbling savagely, as he tumbled about in the scrub.

"The fool has had no more sense than to jump at a wood-cutters' campfire, and has burned his feet," said Father Wolf, with a grunt. "Tabaqui is with him."

"Something is coming uphill," said Mother Wolf, twitching one ear. "Get ready."

The bushes rustled a little in the thicket, and Father Wolf dropped with his haunches under him, ready for his leap. Then, if you had been watching, you would have seen the most wonderful thing in the world—the wolf checked in mid-spring. He made his bound before he saw what it was he was jumping at, and then he tried to stop himself. The result was that he shot up straight into the air for four or five feet, landing almost where he left ground.

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"Man!" he snapped. "A man's cub. Look!"

Directly in front of him, holding on by a low branch, stood a naked brown baby who could just walk—as soft and as dimpled a little atom as ever came to a wolf's cave at night. He looked up into Father Wolf's face, and laughed.

"Is that a man's cub?" said Mother Wolf. "I have never seen one. Bring it here."

A wolf accustomed to moving his own cubs can, if necessary, mouth an egg without breaking it, and though Father Wolf's jaws closed right on the child's back, not a tooth even scratched the skin, as he laid it down among the cubs.

"How little! How naked, and—how bold!" said Mother Wolf, softly. The baby was pushing his way between the cubs to get close to the warm hide. "*Ahai!* He is taking his meal with the others. And so this is a man's cub. Now, was there ever a wolf that could boast of a man's cub among her children?"

"I have heard now and again of such a thing, but never in our pack or in my time," said Father Wolf. "He is altogether without hair, and I could kill him with a touch of my foot. But see, he looks up and is not afraid."

The moonlight was blocked out of the mouth of the cave, for Shere Khan's great square head and shoulders were thrust into the entrance. Tabaqui, behind him, was squeaking: "My lord, my lord, it went in here!"

"Shere Khan does us great honour," said Father Wolf, but his eyes were very angry. "What does Shere Khan need?"

"My quarry. A man's cub went this way," said Shere Khan. "Its parents have run off. Give it to me."

Shere Khan had jumped at a wood-cutters' camp-fire, as Father Wolf had said, and was furious from the pain of his burned feet. But Father Wolf knew that the mouth of the cave was too narrow for a tiger to come in by. Even where he was, Shere Khan's shoulders and fore paws were cramped for want of room, as a man's would be if he tried to fight in a barrel.

"The wolves are a free people," said Father Wolf. "They take orders from the head of the pack, and not from any striped cattle-killer. The man's cub is ours—to kill if we choose."

"Ye choose and ye do not choose! What talk is this of choosing? By the bull that I killed, am I to stand nosing into your dog's den for my fair dues? It is I, Shere Khan, who speak!"

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speaks?" There was no answer, and Mother Wolf got ready for what she knew would be her last fight, if things came to fighting.

Then the only other creature who is allowed at the pack council–Baloo, the sleepy brown bear who teaches the wolf cubs the Law of the Jungle: old Baloo, who can come and go where he pleases because he eats only nuts and roots and honey–rose up on his hind quarters and grunted.

"The man's cub–the man's cub?" he said. "*I* speak for the man's cub. There is no harm in a man's cub. I have no gift of words, but I speak the truth. Let him run with the pack, and be entered with the others. I myself will teach him."

"We need yet another," said Akela. "Baloo has spoken, and he is our teacher for the young cubs. Who speaks besides Baloo?"

A black shadow dropped down into the circle. It was Bagheera the Black Panther, inky black all over, but with the panther markings showing up in certain lights like the pattern of watered silk. Everybody knew Bagheera, and nobody cared to cross his path, for he was as cunning as Tabaqui, as bold as the wild buffalo, and as reckless as the wounded elephant. But he had a voice as soft as wild honey dripping from a tree, and a skin softer than down.

"O Akela, and ye the Free People," he purred, "I have no right in your assembly, but the Law of the Jungle says that if there is a doubt which is not a killing matter in regard to a new cub, the life of that cub may be bought at a price. And the Law does not say who may or may not pay that price. Am I right?"

"Good! Good!" said the young wolves, who are always hungry. "Listen to Bagheera. The cub can be bought for a price. It is the Law."

"Knowing that I have no right to speak here, I ask your leave."

"Speak then," cried twenty voices.

"To kill a naked cub is shame. Besides, he may make better sport for you when he is grown. Baloo has spoken in his behalf. Now to Baloo's word I will add one bull, and a fat one, newly killed, not half a mile from here, if ye will accept the man's cub according to the Law. Is it difficult?"

There was a clamour of scores of voices, saying: "What matter? He will die in the winter rains. He will scorch in the sun. What harm can a naked frog do us? Let him run with the pack. Where is the bull, Bagheera? Let him be accepted." And then came Akela's deep bay, crying: "Look well–look well, O wolves!"

Mowgli was still deeply interested in the pebbles, and he did not notice

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when the wolves came and looked at him one by one. At last they all went down the hill for the dead bull, and only Akela, Bagheera, Baloo, and Mowgli's own wolves were left. Shere Khan roared still in the night, for he was very angry that Mowgli had not been handed over to him.

"Aye, roar well," said Bagheera, under his whiskers, "for the time comes when this naked thing will make thee roar to another tune, or I know nothing of Man."

"It was well done," said Akela. "Men and their cubs are very wise. He may be a help in time."

"Truly, a help in time of need, for none can hope to lead the pack for ever," said Bagheera.

Akela said nothing. He was thinking of the time that comes to every leader of every pack when his strength goes from him and he gets feebler and feebler, till at last he is killed by the wolves and a new leader comes up—to be killed in his turn.

"Take him away," he said to Father Wolf, "and train him as befits one of the Free People."

And that is how Mowgli was entered into the Seeonee Wolf Pack for the price of a bull and on Baloo's good word.

Now you must be content to skip ten or eleven whole years, and only guess at all the wonderful life that Mowgli led among the wolves, because if it were written out it would fill ever so many books. He grew up with the cubs, though they, of course, were grown wolves almost before he was a child, and Father Wolf taught him his business, and the meaning of things in the jungle, till every rustle in the grass, every breath of the warm night air, every note of the owls above his head, every scratch of a bat's claws as it roosted for a while in a tree, and every splash of every little fish jumping in a pool meant just as much to him as the work of his office means to a business man. When he was not learning he sat out in the sun and slept, and ate and went to sleep again; when he felt dirty or hot he swam in the forest pools; and when he wanted honey (Baloo told him that honey and nuts were just as pleasant to eat as raw meat) he climbed up for it, and that Bagheera showed him how to do. Bagheera would lie out on a branch and call: "Come along, Little Brother," and at first Mowgli would cling like the sloth, but afterwards he would fling himself through the branches almost as boldly as the grey ape. He took his place at the Council Rock, too, when the pack met, and there he discovered that if he stared hard at any wolf, the wolf would be forced to drop his eyes, and so he used to stare for fun. At other times he would pick the

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long thorns out of the pads of his friends, for wolves suffer terribly from thorns and burs in their coats. He would go down the hillside into the cultivated lands by night, and look very curiously at the villagers in their huts, but he had a mistrust of men because Bagheera showed him a square box with a drop-gate so cunningly hidden in the jungle that he nearly walked into it, and told him that it was a trap. He loved better than anything else to go with Bagheera into the dark warm heart of the forest, to sleep all through the drowsy day, and at night see how Bagheera did his killing. Bagheera killed right and left as he felt hungry, and so did Mowgli—with one exception. As soon as he was old enough to understand things, Bagheera told him that he must never touch cattle because he had been bought into the pack at the price of a bull's life. "All the jungle is thine," said Bagheera, "and thou canst kill everything that thou art strong enough to kill; but for the sake of the bull that bought thee thou must never kill or eat any cattle young or old. That is the Law of the Jungle." Mowgli obeyed faithfully.

And he grew and grew strong as a boy must grow who does not know that he is learning any lessons, and who has nothing in the world to think of except things to eat.

Mother Wolf told him once or twice that Shere Khan was not a creature to be trusted, and that some day he must kill Shere Khan. But though a young wolf would have remembered that advice every hour, Mowgli forgot it because he was only a boy—though he would have called himself a wolf if he had been able to speak in any human tongue.

Shere Khan was always crossing his path in the jungle, for as Akela grew older and feebler the lame tiger had come to be great friends with the younger wolves of the pack, who followed him for scraps, a thing Akela would never have allowed if he had dared to push his authority to the proper bounds. Then Shere Khan would flatter them and wonder that such fine young hunters were content to be led by a dying wolf and a man's cub. "They tell me," Shere Khan would say, "that at council ye dare not look him between the eyes." And the young wolves would growl and bristle.

Bagheera, who had eyes and ears everywhere, knew something of this, and once or twice he told Mowgli in so many words that Shere Khan would kill him some day. And Mowgli would laugh and answer: "I have the pack and I have thee; and Baloo, though he is so lazy, might strike a blow or two for my sake. Why should I be afraid?"

It was one very warm day that a new notion came to Bagheera—born of something that he had heard. Perhaps Sahi the Porcupine had told him; but he said to Mowgli when they were deep in the jungle, as the boy lay

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with his head on Bagheera's beautiful black skin: "Little Brother, how often have I told thee that Shere Khan is thy enemy?"

"As many times as there are nuts on that palm," said Mowgli, who, naturally, could not count. "What of it? I am sleepy, Bagheera, and Shere Khan is all long tail and loud talk—like Mor the Peacock."

"But this is no time for sleeping. Baloo knows it; I know it; the pack knows it; and even the foolish, foolish deer know. Tabaqui has told thee, too."

"Ho! Ho!" said Mowgli. "Tabaqui came to me not long ago with some rude talk that I was a naked man's cub and not fit to dig pig-nuts; but I caught Tabaqui by the tail and swung him twice against a palm-tree to teach him better manners."

"That was foolishness, for though Tabaqui is a mischief-maker, he would have told thee of something that concerned thee closely. Open those eyes, Little Brother. Shere Khan dare not kill thee in the jungle; but remember, Akela is very old, and soon the day comes when he cannot kill his buck, and then he will be leader no more. Many of the wolves that looked thee over when thou wast brought to the council first are old too, and the young wolves believe, as Shere Khan has taught them, that a man-cub has no place with the pack. In a little time thou wilt be a man."

"And what is a man that he should not run with his brothers?" said Mowgli. "I was born in the jungle. I have obeyed the Law of the Jungle, and there is no wolf of ours from whose paws I have not pulled a thorn. Surely they are my brothers!"

Bagheera stretched himself at full length and half shut his eyes. "Little Brother," said he, "feel under my jaw."

Mowgli put up his strong brown hand, and just under Bagheera's silky chin, where the giant rolling muscles were all hid by the glossy hair, he came upon a little bald spot.

"There is no one in the jungle that knows that I, Bagheera, carry that mark—the mark of the collar. And yet, Little Brother, I was born among men, and it was among men that my mother died—in the cages of the king's palace at Oodeypore. It was because of this that I paid the price for thee at the council when thou wast a little naked cub. Yes, I too was born among men. I had never seen the jungle. They fed me behind bars from an iron pan till one night I felt that I was Bagheera—the Panther—and no man's plaything, and I broke the silly lock with one blow of my paw and came away. And because I had learned the ways of men, I became more terrible in the jungle than Shere Khan. Is it not so?"

"Yes," said Mowgli, "all the jungle fears Bagheera—all except Mowgli."

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"Oh, *thou* art a man's cub," said the black panther, very tenderly, "and even as I returned to my jungle, so thou must go back to men at last—to the men who are thy brothers—if thou art not killed in the council."

"But why—but why should any wish to kill me?" said Mowgli.

"Look at me," said Bagheera, and Mowgli looked at him steadily between the eyes. The big panther turned his head away in half a minute.

"*That* is why," he said, shifting his paw on the leaves. "Not even I can look thee between the eyes, and I was born among men, and I love thee, Little Brother. The others they hate thee because their eyes cannot meet thine; because thou art wise; because thou hast pulled out thorns from their feet—because thou art a man."

"I did not know these things," said Mowgli, sullenly, and he frowned under his heavy black eyebrows.

"What is the Law of the Jungle? Strike first and then give tongue. By thy very carelessness they know that thou art a man. But be wise. It is in my heart that when Akela misses his next kill—and at each hunt it costs him more to pin the buck—the pack will turn against him and against thee. They will hold a jungle council at the rock, and then—and then—I have it!" said Bagheera, leaping up. "Go thou down quickly to the men's huts in the valley, and take some of the Red Flower which they grow there, so that when the time comes thou mayest have even a stronger friend than I or Baloo or those of the pack that love thee. Get the Red Flower."

By Red Flower Bagheera meant fire, only no creature in the jungle will call fire by its proper name. Every beast lives in deadly fear of it, and invents a hundred ways of describing it.

"The Red Flower?" said Mowgli. "That grows outside their huts in the twilight. I will get some."

"There speaks the man's cub," said Bagheera, proudly. "Remember that it grows in little pots. Get one swiftly, and keep it by thee for time of need."

"Good!" said Mowgli. "I go. But art thou sure, O my Bagheera"—he slipped his arm round the splendid neck, and looked deep into the big eyes—"art thou sure that all this is Shere Khan's doing?"

"By the broken lock that freed me, I am sure, Little Brother."

"Then, by the bull that bought me, I will pay Shere Khan full tale for this, and it may be a little over," said Mowgli, and he bounded away.

"That is a man. That is all a man," said Bagheera to himself, lying down again. "Oh, Shere Khan, never was a blacker hunting than that frog-hunt of thine ten years ago!"

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long. Free People, he was my meat from the first. Give him to me. I am weary of this man-wolf folly. He has troubled the jungle for ten seasons. Give me the man-cub, or I will hunt here always, and not give you one bone. He is a man, a man's child, and from the marrow of my bones I hate him!"

Then more than half the pack yelled: "A man! A man! What has a man to do with us? Let him go to his own place."

"And turn all the people of the villages against us?" clamoured Shere Khan. "No! Give him to me. He is a man, and none of us can look him between the eyes."

Akela lifted his head again, and said: "He has eaten our food. He has slept with us. He has driven game for us. He has broken no word of the Law of the Jungle."

"Also, I paid for him with a bull when he was accepted. The worth of a bull is little, but Bagheera's honour is something that he will perhaps fight for," said Bagheera, in his gentlest voice.

"A bull paid ten years ago!" the pack snarled. "What do we care for bones ten years old?"

"Or for a pledge?" said Bagheera, his white teeth bared under his lip. "Well are ye called the Free People!"

"No man's cub can run with the people of the jungle," howled Shere Khan. "Give him to me!"

"He is our brother in all but blood," Akela went on, "and ye would kill him here! In truth, I have lived too long. Some of ye are eaters of cattle, and of others I have heard that, under Shere Khan's teaching, ye go by dark night and snatch children from the villager's door-step. Therefore I know ye to be cowards, and it is to cowards I speak. It is certain that I must die, and my life is of no worth, or I would offer that in the man-cub's place. But for the sake of the honour of the pack—a little matter that by being without a leader ye have forgotten—I promise that if ye let the man-cub go to his own place, I will not, when my time comes to die, bare one tooth against ye. I will die without fighting. That will at least save the pack three lives. More I cannot do; but if ye will, I can save ye the shame that comes of killing a brother against whom there is no fault—a brother spoken for and bought into the pack according to the Law of the Jungle."

"He is a man—a man—a man!" snarled the pack. And most of the wolves began to gather round Shere Khan, whose tail was beginning to switch.

"Now the business is in thy hands," said Bagheera to Mowgli. "*We* can do no more except fight."

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Mowgli stood upright, the fire-pot in his hands. Then he stretched out his arms, and yawned in the face of the council. But he was furious with rage and sorrow, for, wolflike, the wolves had never told him how they hated him. "Listen you!" he cried. "There is no need for this dog's jabber. Ye have told me so often to-night that I am a man (and indeed I would have been a wolf with you to my life's end) that I feel your words are true. So I do not call ye my brothers any more, but *sag* [dogs], as a man should. What ye will do, and what ye will not do, is not yours to say. That matter is with *me*. And that we may see the matter more plainly, I, the man, have brought here a little of the Red Flower, which ye, dogs, fear."

He flung the fire-pot on the ground, and some of the red coals lit a tuft of dried moss that flared up, as all the council drew back in terror before the leaping flames.

Mowgli thrust his dead branch into the fire till the twigs lit and crackled, and whirled it above his head among the cowering wolves.

"Thou art the master," said Bagheera, in an undertone. "Save Akela from the death. He was ever thy friend."

Akela, the grim old wolf who had never asked for mercy in his life, gave one piteous look at Mowgli as the boy stood all naked, his long black hair tossing over his shoulders in the light of the blazing branch that made the shadows jump and quiver.

"Good!" said Mowgli, staring round slowly. "I see that ye are dogs. I go from you to my own people—if they be my own people. The jungle is shut to me, and I must forget your talk and your companionship; but I will be more merciful than ye are. Because I was all but your brother in blood, I promise that when I am a man among men I will not betray ye to men as ye have betrayed me." He kicked the fire with his foot, and the sparks flew up. "There shall be no war between any of us in the pack. But here is a debt to pay before I go." He strode forward to where Shere Khan sat blinking stupidly at the flames, and caught him by the tuft on his chin. Bagheera followed in case of accidents. "Up, dog!" Mowgli cried. "Up, when a man speaks, or I will set that coat ablaze!"

Shere Khan's ears lay flat back on his head, and he shut his eyes, for the blazing branch was very near.

"This cattle-killer said he would kill me in the council because he had not killed me when I was a cub. Thus and thus, then, do we beat dogs when we are men. Stir a whisker, Lungri, and I ram the Red Flower down thy gullet!" He beat Shere Khan over the head with the branch, and the tiger whimpered and whined in an agony of fear.

"*Pah*! Singed jungle-cat—go now! But remember when next I come to

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the Council Rock, as a man should come, it will be with Shere Khan's hide on my head. For the rest, Akela goes free to live as he pleases. Ye will *not* kill him, because that is not my will. Nor do I think that ye will sit here any longer, lolling out your tongues as though ye were somebodies, instead of dogs whom I drive out–thus! Go!" The fire was burning furiously at the end of the branch, and Mowgli struck right and left round the circle, and the wolves ran howling with the sparks burning their fur. At last there were only Akela, Bagheera, and perhaps ten wolves that had taken Mowgli's part. Then something began to hurt Mowgli inside him, as he had never been hurt in his life before, and he caught his breath and sobbed, and the tears ran down his face.

"What is it? What is it?" he said. "I do not wish to leave the jungle, and I do not know what this is. Am I dying, Bagheera?"

"No, Little Brother. That is only tears such as men use," said Bagheera. "Now I know thou art a man, and a man's cub no longer. The jungle is shut indeed to thee henceforward. Let them fall, Mowgli. They are only tears." So Mowgli sat and cried as though his heart would break; and he had never cried in all his life before.

"Now," he said, "I will go to men. But first I must say farewell to my mother." And he went to the cave where she lived with Father Wolf, and he cried on her coat, while the four cubs howled miserably.

"Ye will not forget me?" said Mowgli.

"Never while we can follow a trail," said the cubs. "Come to the foot of the hill when thou art a man, and we will talk to thee; and we will come into the crop-lands to play with thee by night."

"Come soon!" said Father Wolf. "Oh, wise little frog, come again soon, for we be old, thy mother and I."

"Come soon," said Mother Wolf, "little naked son of mine, for, listen, child of man, I loved thee more than ever I loved my cubs."

"I will surely come," said Mowgli, "and when I come it will be to lay out Shere Khan's hide upon the Council Rock. Do not forget me! Tell them in the jungle never to forget me!"

The dawn was beginning to break when Mowgli went down the hillside alone, to meet those mysterious things that are called men.

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*"Mowgli's Brothers" is from a collection of Kipling's stories entitled* THE JUNGLE BOOK.

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# Victor Hugo

1802–1885

Victor (Marie) Hugo was born in Besançon, France, February 26, 1802. His father later served as a Napoleonic general. Victor's childhood was "inflamed by many journeys" to Corsica, Italy, and Spain. At seventeen he won the chief prize for poetry at Toulouse. A first book of poems, in 1822, was intended to please the eye of Louis XVIII, and did. Hugo was given a pension. That same year he married his childhood friend, Adèle Foucher. His brother Eugène, who was also in love with her, went out of his mind at the wedding.

In 1823 Hugo published a "tale of horror," *Hans of Iceland*. He was given the Legion of Honor. He began to move toward Romanticism. His preface to the drama *Cromwell* became the manifesto of that movement. In 1829 he produced *The Orientals* and most of another book of poems, *The Last Day of a Condemned Man,* and a large part of the novel *Nôtre Dame de Paris,* plus two dramas, *Marion de Lorme* and *Hernani*. On February 25, 1830, the uproar at the opening of *Hernani*–it went on for forty or more nights and became known as the "Battles of Hernani"–established that date as the birthday of the Romantic movement in France.

Under the July Monarchy Hugo flourished as the most famous of French poets. The medieval color of *Nôtre Dame de Paris* made it

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*Notes from the artist: ". . . at the age of twenty-seven, as shown here, Hugo was already an important force in French letters. The incidental characters are from* Nôtre Dame de Paris: *the priest Claude Frollo carrying the abandoned infant Quasimodo, and Esmeralda giving the hunchbacked hero a drink of water."*



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# The Battle with the Cannon

## from *Ninety-three*

One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four pounder, had got loose.

This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail.

A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribable supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard ball; rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching; goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate; resumes its course, rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, evades, rears, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a battering-ram which assaults a wall at its own caprice. Moreover, the battering-ram is metal, the wall wood. It is the entrance of matter into liberty. One might say that this eternal slave avenges itself. It seems as if the power of evil hidden in what we call inanimate objects finds a vent and bursts suddenly out. It has an air of having lost patience, of seeking some fierce, obscure retribution; nothing more inexorable than this rage of the inanimate. The mad mass has the bound of a panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the obstinacy of the ax, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its flight is a wild whirl abruptly cut at right angles. What is to be done? How to end this? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind falls, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire dies out; but how to control this enormous brute of bronze? In what way can one attack it?

You can make a mastiff hear reason, astound a bull, fascinate a boa, frighten a tiger, soften a lion; but there is no resource with that monster–



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a cannon let loose. You cannot kill it—it is dead; at the same time it lives. It lives with a sinister life bestowed on it by Infinity.

The planks beneath it give it play. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This destroyer is a plaything. The ship, the waves, the blasts, all aid it; hence its frightful vitality. How to assail this fury of complication? How to fetter this monstrous mechanism for wrecking a ship? How foresee its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? Any one of these blows upon the sides may stave out the vessel. How divine its awful gyrations! One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction at each instant. How stop the course of something which must be avoided? The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts, ambushes, breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies. The great danger of the situation is in the mobility of its base. How combat an inclined plane which has caprices? The ship, so to speak, has lightning imprisoned in its womb which seeks to escape; it is like thunder rolling above an earthquake.

In an instant the whole crew were on foot. The fault was the chief gunner's; he had neglected to fix home the screw nut of the mooring chain, and had so badly shackled the four wheels of the carronade that the play given to the sole and frame had separated the platform, and ended by breaking the breeching. The cordage had broken, so that the gun was no longer secure on the carriage. The stationary breeching which prevents recoil was not in use at that period. As a heavy wave struck the port, the carronade, weakly attached, recoiled, burst its chain, and began to rush wildly about. Conceive, in order to have an idea of this strange sliding, a drop of water running down a pane of glass.

At the moment when the lashings gave way the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others standing alone, occupied with such duties as sailors perform in expectation of the command to clear for action. The carronade, hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men, and crushed four at the first blow; then flung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it cut in two a fifth poor fellow, glanced off to the larboard side, and struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it. Then rose the cry of distress which had been heard. The men rushed toward the ladder; the gun deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. She was given up to herself. She was her own mistress, and mistress of the vessel. She could do what she willed with both. This whole crew, accustomed to laugh in

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battle, trembled now. To describe the universal terror would be impossible.

Captain Boisberthelot and Lieutenant Vieuville, although both intrepid men, stopped at the head of the stairs, and remained mute, pale, hesitating, looking down on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended.

It was their passenger, the peasant, the man of whom they had been speaking a moment before.

When he reached the foot of the ladder, he stood still.

The cannon came and went along the deck. One might have fancied it the living chariot of the Apocalypse. The marine lantern, oscillating from the ceiling, added a dizzying whirl of lights and shadows to this vision. The shape of the cannon was undistinguishable from the rapidity of its course; now it looked black in the light, now it cast weird reflections through the gloom.

It kept on its work of destruction. It had already shattered four other pieces, and dug two crevices in the side, fortunately above the water line, though they would leak in case a squall should come on. It dashed itself frantically against the framework; the solid tie beams resisted, their curved form giving them great strength, but they creaked ominously under the assaults of this terrible club, which seemed endowed with a sort of appalling ubiquity, striking on every side at once. The strokes of a bullet shaken in a bottle would not be madder or more rapid. The four wheels passed and repassed above the dead men, cut, carved, slashed them, till the five corpses were a score of stumps rolling about the deck; the heads seem to cry out; streams of blood twisted in and out of the planks with every pitch of the vessel. The ceiling, damaged in several places, began to gape. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

The captain promptly recovered his composure, and at his order the sailors threw down into the deck everything which could deaden and check the mad rush of the gun—mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, coils of rope, extra equipments, and the bales of false assignats of which the corvette carried a whole cargo; an infamous deception which the English considered a fair trick in war.

But what could these rags avail? No one dared descend to arrange them in any useful fashion, and in a few instants they were mere heaps of lint.

There was just sea enough to render an accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable—it might have thrown the gun upside down; and the four wheels once in the air, the monster could have been mastered. But the devastation increased. There were

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gashes and even fractures in the masts, which, imbedded in the woodwork of the keel, pierce the decks of ships like great round pillars. The mizzenmast was cracked, and the mainmast itself was injured under the convulsive blows of the gun. The battery was being destroyed. Ten pieces out of the thirty were disabled; the breaches multiplied in the side, and the corvette began to take in water.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun deck, looked like a form of stone stationed at the foot of the stairs. He stood motionless, gazing sternly about upon the devastation. Indeed, it seemed impossible to take a single step forward.

Each bound of the liberated carronade menaced the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more and shipwreck would be inevitable.

They must perish or put a summary end to the disaster. A decision must be made–but how?

What a combatant–this cannon!

They must check this mad monster. They must seize this flash of lightning. They must overthrow this thunderbolt.

Boisberthelot said to Le Vieuville–

"Do you believe in God, Chevalier?"

Le Vieuville replied–

"Yes. No. Sometimes."

"In a tempest?"

"Yes; and in moments like this."

"Only God can aid us here," said Boisberthelot.

All were silent: the cannon kept up its horrible fracas.

The waves beat against the ship; their blows from without responded to the strokes of the cannon.

It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly, into the midst of this sort of inaccessible circus, where the escaped cannon leaped and bounded, there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of this catastrophe–the gunner whose culpable negligence had caused the accident; the captain of the gun. Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a tiller rope with a slipping-noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun deck.

Then a strange combat began, a titanic strife–the struggle of the gun against the gunner; a battle between matter and intelligence; a duel between the inanimate and the human.

The man was posted in an angle, the bar and rope in his two fists; backed against one of the riders, settled firmly on his legs as on two

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pillars of steel, livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited.

He waited for the cannon to pass near him.

The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that she must recognize her master. He had lived a long while with her. How many times he had thrust his hand between her jaws! It was his tame monster. He began to address it as he might have done his dog.

"Come!" said he. Perhaps he loved it.

He seemed to wish that it would turn toward him.

But to come toward him would be to spring upon him. Then he would be lost. How to avoid its crush? There was the question. All stared in terrified silence.

Not a breast respired freely, except perchance that of the old man who alone stood in the deck with the two combatants, a stern second.

He might himself be crushed by the piece. He did not stir.

Beneath them, the blind sea directed the battle.

At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon, some chance fluctuation of the waves kept it for a moment immovable, as if suddenly stupefied.

"Come on!" the man said to it. It seemed to listen.

Suddenly it darted upon him. The gunner avoided the shock.

The struggle began—struggle unheard of. The fragile matching itself against the invulnerable. The thing of flesh attacking the brazen brute. On the one side blind force, on the other a soul.

The whole passed in a half-light. It was like the indistinct vision of a miracle.

A soul—strange thing; but you would have said that the cannon had one also—a soul filled with rage and hatred. This blindness appeared to have eyes. The monster had the air of watching the man. There was—one might have fancied so at least—cunning in this mass. It also chose its moment. It became some gigantic insect of metal, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. Sometimes this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun deck, then fall back on its four wheels like a tiger upon its four claws, and dart anew on the man. He, supple, agile, adroit, would glide away like a snake from the reach of these lightning-like movements. He avoided the encounters; but the blows which he escaped fell upon the vessel and continued the havoc.

An end of broken chain remained attached to the carronade. This chain had twisted itself, one could not tell how, about the screw of the

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the gun deck, stopping the leaks and putting back into position the guns which had escaped the disaster, the old passenger had gone on deck.

He stood with his back against the mainmast.

He had paid no attention to a proceeding which had taken place on the vessel. The Chevalier Le Vieuville had drawn up the marines in line on either side of the mainmast, and at the whistle of the boatswain the sailors busy in the rigging stood upright on the yards.

Count du Boisberthelot advanced toward the passenger.

Behind the captain marched a man, haggard, breathless, his dress in disorder, yet wearing a satisfied look under it all. It was the gunner who had just now so opportunely shown himself a tamer of monsters, and who had got the better of the cannon.

The count made a military salute to the unknown in peasant garb, and said to him–

"General, here is the man."

The gunner held himself erect, his eyes downcast, standing in a soldierly attitude.

Count du Boisberthelot continued–

"General, taking into consideration what this man has done, do you not think there is something for his commanders to do?"

"I think there is," said the old man.

"Be good enough to give the orders," returned Boisberthelot.

"It is for you to give them. You are the captain."

"But you are the general," answered Boisberthelot.

The old man looked at the gunner.

"Approach," said he.

The gunner moved forward a step. The old man turned toward Count du Boisberthelot, detached the cross of Saint Louis from the captain's uniform and fastened it on the jacket of the gunner.

"Hurrah!" cried the sailors.

The marines presented arms. The old passenger, pointing with his finger toward the bewildered gunner, added–

"Now let that man be shot."

Stupor succeeded the applause.

Then, in the midst of a silence like that of the tomb, the old man raised his voice. He said–

"A negligence has endangered this ship. At this moment she is perhaps lost. To be at sea is to face the enemy. A vessel at open sea is an army which gives battle. The tempest conceals, but does not absent itself. The whole sea is an ambuscade.

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"Death is the penalty of any fault committed in the face of the enemy. No fault is reparable. Courage ought to be rewarded and negligence punished."

These words fell one after the other, slowly, solemnly, with a sort of inexorable measure, like the blows of an ax upon an oak.

And the old man, turning to the soldiers, added–

"Do your duty."

The man upon whose breast shone the cross of Saint Louis bowed his head.

At a sign from Count du Boisberthelot, two sailors descended between decks, then returned, bringing the hammock winding sheet. The ship's chaplain, who since the time of sailing had been at prayer in the officers' quarters, accompanied the two sailors; a sergeant detached from the line twelve marines, whom he arranged in two ranks, six by six; the gunner, without uttering a word, placed himself between the two files. The chaplain, crucifix in hand, advanced and stood near him.

"March!" said the sergeant.

The platoon moved with slow steps toward the bow. The two sailors who carried the shroud followed.

A gloomy silence fell upon the corvette. A hurricane moaned in the distance.

A moment later gunfire sounded in the shadows, a light flashed, and all was silent; then came the sound of a body falling into the sea.

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*The foregoing consists of Part I, Book II, Chapters IV–VI of Victor Hugo's* NINETY-THREE.

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# Guy de Maupassant

1850–1893

Guy de Maupassant, a stockbroker's son, was born at the château of Miromesnil, near Dieppe, France, on August 5, 1850. He grew up on his mother's estate at Étretat, in a crowd of sailors' and peasants' children. In 1867 he entered Caen University with the intention of studying law. But he got his real education as the disciple of Gustave Flaubert. Flaubert went over his manuscripts and introduced him to such Sunday intimates as Zola, Daudet, and Turgenev.

Maupassant left school to serve in the army during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. When he was discharged the next year, he took a job as a clerk in the Ministry of Marine. Like Monet, Mallarmé, and others, he was fond of boating on the Seine. He published a first book, *Some Verses,* in 1880. That same year Zola and his circle of young writers brought out a joint collection of stories about the war of 1870, called *Evenings at Médan*. Maupassant's contribution, *Boule de suif* ("Ball of Tallow"), made him instantly famous.

Between that year and his final mental breakdown in 1891, he produced work enough to fill thirty books. In 1881 he brought out a first book of stories, *La Maison Tellier.* In 1883 came a novel, *A Life,* and two books of stories, *Mademoiselle Fifi* and *Tales of the Woodcock*. Four books of stories–*Moonlight, The Rondoli Sisters, Yvette,* and *Miss Harriet*–appeared the following year.

In 1885 he published *Bel-Ami,* a novel about a cynical Parisian journalist. His work sold so well that he was able to buy a small yacht for cruising on the Mediterranean. He named her "Bel Ami." Out of this came two books of Mediterranean impressions, *On the Water* and *The Roving Life*. He published four more novels–*Mont-Oriol, Pierre and Jean, Strong as Death,* and *Our Heart*–plus such



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later volumes of stories as *The Horla, Madame Husson's Rosebush,* and *The Useless Beauty.* He is remarkable for his precise craftsmanship, his eye for the timelessly human, and his austere loyalty to "the plain truth" as he saw it. In 1892, when he felt his mind giving way, he tried to commit suicide at Cannes. He died in Paris on July 6, 1893.

He writes a scant 2,500 words in the exact, impersonal tone of a military history, and there it is–*Two Friends,* a small masterpiece about war and death and nature, the honor and happiness of ordinary men. It happens at Colombes, along that second hook of the Seine that lies northwest of the center of Paris. But it might have happened anywhere, in any war–on the Scamander River before Troy, or along the Wei River in one of China's thousand wars, or at Vicksburg on the Mississippi in the American Civil War.

At the same time we recognize its quality as distinctively Parisian and French. It takes place toward the end of the Franco-Prussian War, during the siege of Paris, when Victor Hugo recorded that he ate rat and the skill of any great chef might be tested by a demand that he cook a ragout of hippopotamus or a haunch of leopard from the zoo. So, to their old and serene delight in fishing for fishing's sake, M. Morissot the watchmaker and M. Sauvage the draper (dry goods dealer) now add the motive of simple hunger.

And for once the Seine promises to feed her children well. We have seen how charmingly, and with what right touches, Maupassant caught the city men's pleasure in the serenity of their countryside–the hot morning evaporation of mist from the spring river. Now they are back again, at their favorite perch along the bank, on the first fine day of the year. But nothing is quite the same. War has touched the river, the plain, the heights at Sannois with her dark wing. And in a little while the guns on the fortified summit of Mont Valérien, west of the Bois de Boulogne, begin to speak.

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*Notes from the artist: ". . . the style of the de Maupassant portrait is boldly French. The robust figures at the left are a reworking of an illustration in an early edition of* La Maison Tellier, *a volume of de Maupassant's short stories published in 1881."*

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On autumn afternoons, when the day was nearing its end and the setting sun reddened the sky, when the water reflected crimson clouds and the far horizon seemed all ablaze, when the figures of the two friends seemed lit by fire, and the trees, already turning red, glowed and shivered with a foretaste of winter, Monsieur Sauvage would smile at Morissot and say: "That's a sight for sore eyes." And Morissot, struck with the wonder of it all, but keeping his eyes firmly fixed on his float, would answer: "Better than the boulevard, eh?"

No sooner had the two friends recognized each other, than they shook hands warmly, caught up in a little eddy of emotion at meeting thus again in such different circumstances. Monsieur Sauvage sighed and said: "What times we live in!" And Morissot, all gloom, lamented: "And what a lovely day! The first really good weather of the year!"

That was undeniable, for the sky was an unclouded, brilliant blue.

They walked together, side-by-side, thoughtful and sad.

"Remember our fishing?" said Morissot. "Those were the days."

"Will they ever come again, I wonder?" said Monsieur Sauvage.

They went into a little café and had an absinthe each. Then they resumed their walk along the pavement.

Suddenly Morissot pulled up short: "What about another?" "I'm with you," said Monsieur Sauvage, and they turned in at a second bar. By the time they left it they were slightly fuddled, as men are apt to be after drinking spirits on an empty stomach. The day was mild, and a pleasant breeze fanned their faces.

Monsieur Sauvage had been made more than a little drunk by the air. He stopped and put a question:

"Why shouldn't we have a shot?"

"What at?"

"Fishing."

"Where?"

"At our island, of course. The French outposts are close to Colombes. I know the colonel in command–a chap called Dumoulin. He won't make any difficulties."

Quivering with anticipation Morissot acquiesced: "Done. I'm with you." And the two friends separated to get their equipment.

An hour later they were striding together down the main road. They reached the villa in which the colonel had established his headquarters. He smiled at their odd request, but readily gave his consent. They started off again, armed with the necessary permit.

In next to no time they had crossed the outpost line, passed through

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Colombes which had been evacuated, and found themselves on the edge of a small vineyard which sloped down to the Seine. It was about eleven o'clock.

Opposite them the village of Argenteuil seemed dead. The heights of Orgemont and Sannois dominated the countryside. The great plain which stretches as far as Nanterre was empty, completely empty, with its leafless cherry trees and gray soil.

Monsieur Sauvage pointed with his finger at the high ground. "The Prussians are up there," he said. A sort of paralysis seized upon the two friends as they gazed at the desert before them.

The Prussians! They had never set eyes on them, but for months and months they had been conscious of their presence on every side, bringing ruin on France, looting, murdering, spreading starvation, invisible, irresistible. A sort of superstitious dread was added to the hate they felt for that unknown and victorious race.

Hesitant and fearful, Morissot said: "Suppose we met some of them?"

In spite of everything, the mocking note of the Paris streets sounded in his friend's reply: "We would offer them a fish fry!"

But they still hesitated before venturing into the open country, for they were intimidated by the vast spread of silence round them.

It was Monsieur Sauvage who finally took the plunge.

"We'd better get going," he said, "but keep your weather eye open!"

They clambered down through the vines, bent double, crawling on hands and knees, taking advantage of the cover offered by the bushes, their ears pricked.

They still had a strip of open ground to cross before they could get to the river bank. They broke into a run, and, when they reached it, went to earth in a thicket of dry reeds.

Morissot put his ear to the ground to catch the sound of footsteps. He heard nothing. They were alone.

Plucking up their courage, they began to fish.

Immediately in front, the deserted island of Marante hid them from the other bank. The little restaurant was closed, and looked as though it had been abandoned for years.

Monsieur Sauvage caught the first gudgeon, Morissot the second, and then, with scarcely a pause, they kept jerking up their rods with little silver creatures flickering at the end of their lines. A miraculous draught of fish, indeed!

Carefully, they put their haul into a fine-meshed net dangling in the water at their feet, and a delicious joy took hold of them, the joy that comes

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when a favorite pleasure is resumed after long months of deprivation.

The kindly sun sent a ripple of warmth between their shoulder blades. There was not a sound to be heard, nor was there a thought in their heads. The world was all forgotten. They were fishing.

But, suddenly, a dull, a seemingly subterranean sound made the earth tremble. The big guns were at it again.

Morissot turned his head, and above the bank, away to the left, he saw the great bulk of Mont Valérien with, on its head, a white plume, a drift of smoke which it had just spewed out.

Almost immediately a second jet of smoke leaped from the summit of the fort, and a few moments later the noise of a second detonation reached their ears.

Others followed, and at brief intervals the mount puffed out its death-dealing breath, spreading clouds of milky vapor which slowly rose into the peaceful sky, covering it with a pall.

Monsieur Sauvage shrugged. "There they are, at it again," he said.

Morissot, who was anxiously watching the little feather on his float bobbing up and down, was suddenly filled with the anger of a man of peace at the maniacs with no thought for anything but fighting. "Only fools," he grunted, "would go on killing each other like that!"

"They're worse than fools," said Monsieur Sauvage.

Morissot, who had just landed a fish, burst out with: "Nothing'll ever change so long as there are governments!"

Monsieur Sauvage corrected him: "A republic would never have declared war . . ."

But Morissot cut him short: "With kings there are foreign wars; with republics, civil strife."

Without heat they started arguing the great political issues, showing all the sweet reasonableness of peace-loving men who cannot see beyond their noses. On one thing only they agreed: that mankind would never be free. And all the while Mont Valérien kept thundering, bringing destruction on French homes, grinding flesh and blood to dust, crushing human bodies, and bringing to the hearts of women, girls, and mothers in other lands an endless suffering.

"Such is life," said Monsieur Sauvage.

"Say, rather, such is death," laughed Morissot.

They both gave a frightened start. They had a feeling that somebody was moving behind them. Turning their heads they saw, standing at their backs, four great hulking brutes, armed and bearded, dressed like liveried footmen, with flat caps on their heads, and rifles leveled.

The rods dropped from their hands and went floating down the river.

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In a matter of seconds they were seized, carried off, flung into a boat, and ferried across to the island.

Behind the building they had thought deserted, they saw about twenty German soldiers.

A sort of hairy giant astride upon a chair and smoking a long porcelain pipe, asked them in excellent French: "Did you have good fishing, gentlemen?"

One of the soldiers laid the net filled with fish at the officer's feet. The Prussian smiled: "Not too bad, I see. But we have other things to think about. Just listen to me and don't worry.

"So far as I am concerned you are two spies sent to keep a watch on me. I have taken you and I shall shoot you. You have been pretending to fish, the better to conceal your real intentions. You have fallen into my hands. So much the worse for you: but war is war.

"Since, however, you came through your own lines, I take it that you have been given the countersign which will enable you to return the same way. Give that countersign to me and I will spare your lives."

The two friends stood side-by-side with ashen faces. Their hands were twitching nervously, but they said nothing.

The officer went on: "No one will be the wiser. You will return undisturbed. The secret will go with you. If you refuse, you die–instantly. Which will you choose?"

They still stood motionless. Not a word came from them.

Quite calmly, the Prussian pointed to the river, and continued: "In five minutes you will be at the bottom of that. Five minutes. I suppose you have relatives?"

Mont Valérien was still thundering.

The two fishermen stood perfectly still and silent. The German gave an order in his own language. Then he moved his chair so as not to be too close to the prisoners, and twelve men marched up and halted at a distance of twenty paces, their rifles at the order.

"I give you one minute now, not a second more."

Then he got quickly to his feet, approached the two Frenchmen, took Morissot by the arm, and led him to one side. In a low voice, he said: "Give me the countersign. Your friend need know nothing. I will make it look as though I have relented."

Morissot said nothing.

The Prussian repeated the maneuver with Monsieur Sauvage, and made the same suggestion to him.

Monsieur Sauvage said nothing.

They were back as they had been, side-by-side.

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The officer gave an order. The soldiers raised their rifles.

Morissot's eyes happened to fall on the netful of gudgeon lying in the grass quite close to him.

A ray of sunshine fell on the pile of still-squirming fish, and made them glitter. He was guilty of a moment's weakness. In spite of his effort to hold them back, two tears came into his eyes.

"Good-by, Monsieur Sauvage," he said unsteadily.

"Good-by, Monsieur Morissot," Monsieur Sauvage said.

They shook hands, trembling uncontrollably from head to foot.

"Fire!" shouted the officer.

The twelve shots rang out like one.

Monsieur Sauvage fell forward like a log. Morissot, who was taller, swayed, spun round, and collapsed across his friend. He lay with his face to the sky, a few drops of blood bubbling from holes in the front of his coat.

The German issued some further orders. His men scattered and came back with some lengths of rope and a few stones which they fastened to the feet of the dead men. Then they carried them to the bank.

Mont Valérien was still thundering. By this time there was a great mountain of smoke above it.

Two soldiers lifted Morissot by the head and feet. Two others did the same with Monsieur Sauvage. The bodies were swung violently backwards and forwards for a few moments, then pitched into the river, where they fell feet foremost, the stones weighting them down.

The water splashed, seethed, quivered, then grew calm again. A few small ripples broke against the bank.

A little blood floated on the surface.

The officer, still entirely unperturbed, said, in a low voice: "It is the fishes' turn now."

He noticed the net of gudgeon on the grass. He picked it up, looked it over, smiled and called: "Wilhelm!"

A soldier in a white apron hurried up.

The officer threw him the haul of the two shot fishermen, and said:

"Fry these little creatures, quickly, while they are still alive. They will be delicious."

Then, he returned to his pipe.

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*Translated by Gerard Hopkins.*

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drums of the small town. It is as if a squad of enemy soldiers had moved in and set up a machine-gun post. This suggests one of the remarkable virtues of the story: that it defines precisely, in one symbolic incident, the relation of the gangs to ordinary American life in the 1920's. George, Nick, and Sam behave as any ordinary people might under the circumstances. They do what they are told, in the expectation that, if they do, they will not be hurt. Later, when Nick promises to go and see Andreson, Sam voices the typical attitude in such a situation. "You better not have anything to do with it at all," Sam says. "You better stay way out of it."

The story achieves great intensity at the end, even though the ending seems to dissolve or drift away. Here Hemingway shows his extraordinary ability to suggest emotion with such homely details as the false tranquillity of an arc light among bare branches. Young Nick Adams' courage, his horror at the trap, his willingness to help—all these stand baffled before the great hulk on the bed in Mrs. Hirsch's rooming house.

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# *The Killers*

The door of Henry's lunchroom opened and two men came in. They sat down at the counter.

"What's yours?" George asked them.

"I don't know," one of the men said. "What do you want to eat, Al?"

"I don't know," said Al. "I don't know what I want to eat."

Outside it was getting dark. The street-light came on outside the window. The two men at the counter read the menu. From the other end of the counter Nick Adams watched them. He had been talking to George when they came in.

"I'll have a roast pork tenderloin with applesauce and mashed potatoes," the first man said.

"It isn't ready yet."

"What the hell do you put it on the card for?"

"That's the dinner," George explained. "You can get that at six o'clock."

George looked at the clock on the wall behind the counter.

"It's five o'clock."

"The clock says twenty minutes past five," the second man said.

"It's twenty minutes fast."

"Oh, to hell with the clock," the first man said. "What have you got to eat?"

"I can give you any kind of sandwiches," George said. "You can have ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver and bacon, or a steak."

"Give me chicken croquettes with green peas and cream sauce and mashed potatoes."

"That's the dinner."

"Everything we want's the dinner, eh? That's the way you work it."

"I can give you ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver—"

"I'll take ham and eggs," the man called Al said. He wore a derby hat



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and a black overcoat buttoned across the chest. His face was small and white and he had tight lips. He wore a silk muffler and gloves.

"Give me bacon and eggs," said the other man. He was about the same size as Al. Their faces were different, but they were dressed like twins. Both wore overcoats too tight for them. They sat leaning forward, their elbows on the counter.

"Got anything to drink?" Al asked.

"Silver beer, bevo, ginger ale," George said.

"I mean you got anything to *drink?*"

"Just those I said."

"This is a hot town," said the other. "What do they call it?"

"Summit."

"Ever hear of it?" Al asked his friend.

"No," said the friend.

"What do you do here nights?" Al asked.

"They eat the dinner," his friend said. "They all come here and eat the big dinner."

"That's right," George said.

"So you think that's right?" Al asked George.

"Sure."

"You're a pretty bright boy, aren't you?"

"Sure," said George.

"Well, you're not," said the other little man. "Is he, Al?"

"He's dumb," said Al. He turned to Nick. "What's your name?"

"Adams."

"Another bright boy," Al said. "Ain't he a bright boy, Max?"

"The town's full of bright boys," Max said.

George put the two platters, one of ham and eggs, the other of bacon and eggs, on the counter. He set down two side dishes of fried potatoes and closed the wicket into the kitchen.

"Which is yours?" he asked Al.

"Don't you remember?"

"Ham and eggs."

"Just a bright boy," Max said. He leaned forward and took the ham and eggs. Both men ate with their gloves on. George watched them eat.

"What are *you* looking at?" Max looked at George.

"Nothing."

"The hell you were. You were looking at me."

"Maybe the boy meant it for a joke, Max," Al said.

George laughed.

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"*You* don't have to laugh," Max said to him. "*You* don't have to laugh at all, see?"

"All right," said George.

"So he thinks it's all right." Max turned to Al. "He thinks it's all right. That's a good one."

"Oh, he's a thinker," Al said. They went on eating.

"What's the bright boy's name down the counter?" Al asked Max.

"Hey, bright boy," Max said to Nick. "You go around on the other side of the counter with your boy friend."

"What's the idea?" Nick asked.

"There isn't any idea."

"You better go around, bright boy," Al said. Nick went around behind the counter.

"What's the idea?" George asked.

"None of your damn business," Al said. "Who's out in the kitchen?"

"The nigger."

"What do you mean the nigger?"

"The nigger that cooks."

"Tell him to come in."

"What's the idea?"

"Tell him to come in."

"Where do you think you are?"

"We know damn well where we are," the man called Max said. "Do we look silly?"

"You talk silly," Al said to him. "What the hell do you argue with this kid for? Listen," he said to George, "tell the nigger to come out here."

"What are you going to do to him?"

"Nothing. Use your head, bright boy. What would we do to a nigger?"

George opened the slit that opened back into the kitchen. "Sam," he called. "Come in here a minute."

The door to the kitchen opened and the nigger came in. "What was it?" he asked. The two men at the counter took a look at him.

"All right, nigger. You stand right there," Al said.

Sam, the nigger, standing in his apron, looked at the two men sitting at the counter. "Yes, sir," he said. Al got down from his stool.

"I'm going back to the kitchen with the nigger and bright boy," he said. "Go on back to the kitchen, nigger. You go with him, bright boy." The little man walked after Nick and Sam, the cook, back into the kitchen. The door shut after them. The man called Max sat at the counter opposite George. He didn't look at George but looked in the mirror that

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"Come on, Al," said Max. "We better go. He's not coming."

"Better give him five minutes," Al said from the kitchen.

In the five minutes a man came in, and George explained that the cook was sick.

"Why the hell don't you get another cook?" the man asked. "Aren't you running a lunch counter?" He went out.

"Come on, Al," Max said.

"What about the two bright boys and the nigger?"

"They're all right."

"You think so?"

"Sure. We're through with it."

"I don't like it," said Al. "It's sloppy. You talk too much."

"Oh, what the hell," said Max. "We got to keep amused, haven't we?"

"You talk too much, all the same," Al said. He came out from the kitchen. The cut-off barrels of the shotgun made a slight bulge under the waist of his too tight-fitting overcoat. He straightened his coat with his gloved hands.

"So long, bright boy," he said to George. "You got a lot of luck."

"That's the truth," Max said. "You ought to play the races, bright boy."

The two of them went out the door. George watched them, through the window, pass under the arc light and across the street. In their tight overcoats and derby hats they looked like a vaudeville team. George went back through the swinging door into the kitchen and untied Nick and the cook.

"I don't want any more of that," said Sam, the cook. "I don't want any more of that."

Nick stood up. He had never had a towel in his mouth before. "Say," he said. "What the hell?" He was trying to swagger it off.

"They were going to kill Ole Andreson," George said. "They were going to shoot him when he came in to eat."

"Ole Andreson?"

"Sure."

The cook felt the corners of his mouth with his thumbs.

"They all gone?" he asked.

"Yeah," said George."They're gone now."

"I don't like it," said the cook. "I don't like any of it at all."

"Listen," George said to Nick. "You better go see Ole Andreson."

"All right."

"You better not have anything to do with it at all," Sam, the cook, said. "You better stay way out of it."

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"Don't go if you don't want to," George said.

"Mixing up in this ain't going to get you anywhere," the cook said. "You stay out of it."

"I'll go see him," Nick said to George. "Where does he live?" The cook turned away.

"Little boys always know what they want to do," he said.

"He lives up at Hirsch's rooming house," George said to Nick.

"I'll go up there."

Outside the arc light shone through the bare branches of a tree. Nick walked up the street beside the car tracks and turned at the next arc light down a side street. Three houses up the street was Hirsch's rooming house. Nick walked up the two steps and pushed the bell. A woman came to the door.

"Is Ole Andreson here?"

"Do you want to see him?"

"Yes, if he's in."

Nick followed the woman up a flight of stairs and back to the end of a corridor. She knocked on the door.

"Who is it?"

"It's somebody to see you, Mr. Andreson," the woman said.

"It's Nick Adams."

"Come in."

Nick opened the door and went into the room. Ole Andreson was lying on the bed with all his clothes on. He had been a heavyweight prize fighter and he was too long for the bed. He lay with his head on two pillows. He did not look at Nick.

"What was it?" he asked.

"I was up at Henry's," Nick said, "and two fellows came in and tied up me and the cook, and they said they were going to kill you."

It sounded silly when he said it. Ole Andreson said nothing.

"They put us out in the kitchen," Nick went on. "They were going to shoot you when you came in to supper."

Ole Andreson looked at the wall and did not say anything.

"George thought I better come and tell you about it."

"There isn't anything I can do about it," Ole Andreson said.

"I'll tell you what they were like."

"I don't want to know what they were like," Ole Andreson said. He looked at the wall. "Thanks for coming to tell me about it."

"That's all right."

Nick looked at the big man lying on the bed.

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"Don't you want me to go and see the police?"

"No," Ole Andreson said. "That wouldn't do any good."

"Isn't there something I could do?"

"No. There ain't anything to do."

"Maybe it was just a bluff."

"No. It ain't just a bluff."

Ole Andreson rolled over toward the wall.

"The only thing is," he said, talking toward the wall, "I just can't make up my mind to go out. I been in here all day."

"Couldn't you get out of town?"

"No," Ole Andreson said. "I'm through with all that running around."

He looked at the wall.

"There ain't anything to do now."

"Couldn't you fix it up some way?"

"No, I got in wrong." He talked in the same flat voice. "There ain't anything to do. After a while I'll make up my mind to go out."

"I better go back and see George," Nick said.

"So long," said Ole Andreson. He did not look toward Nick. "Thanks for coming around."

Nick went out. As he shut the door he saw Ole Andreson with all his clothes on, lying on the bed looking at the wall.

"He's been in his room all day," the landlady said downstairs. "I guess he don't feel well. I said to him: 'Mr. Andreson, you ought to go out and take a walk on a nice fall day like this,' but he didn't feel like it."

"He doesn't want to go out."

"I'm sorry he don't feel well," the woman said. "He's an awfully nice man. He was in the ring, you know."

"I know it."

"You'd never know it except from the way his face is," the woman said. They stood talking just inside the street door. "He's just as gentle."

"Well, good night, Mrs. Hirsch," Nick said.

"I'm not Mrs. Hirsch," the woman said. "She owns the place. I just look after it for her. I'm Mrs. Bell."

"Well, good night, Mrs. Bell," Nick said.

"Good night," the woman said.

Nick walked up the dark street to the corner under the arc light, and then along the car tracks to Henry's eating house. George was inside, back to the counter. "Did you see Ole?"

"Yes," said Nick. "He's in his room and he won't go out."

The cook opened the door from the kitchen when he heard Nick's voice.

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"I don't even listen to it," he said and shut the door.

"Did you tell him about it?" George asked.

"Sure. I told him but he knows what it's all about."

"What's he going to do?"

"Nothing."

"They'll kill him."

"I guess they will."

"He must have got mixed up in something in Chicago."

"I guess so," said Nick.

"It's a hell of a thing."

"It's an awful thing," Nick said.

They did not say anything. George reached down for a towel and wiped the counter.

"I wonder what he did?" Nick said.

"Double-crossed somebody. That's what they kill them for."

"I'm going to get out of this town," Nick said.

"Yes," said George. "That's a good thing to do."

"I can't stand to think about him waiting in the room and knowing he's going to get it. It's too damned awful."

"Well," said George, "you better not think about it."

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# Sir Walter Scott

1771–1832

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. He was a descendant of Border clans on both sides. This helped to determine his lifelong bent for Scottish history and tradition. He read law and in 1792 became a member of the faculty of advocates. In 1799 he was made sheriff depute of Selkirkshire and seven years later clerk of session. He held both posts for twenty-five years.

In 1796, after an unlucky love affair with Williamina Stuart of Fettercairn, he published some translations from Bürger, a German Romantic poet. The following year he married Charlotte Charpentier, a French refugee. The first installment of his ballad collection, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,* came out in 1802. Three years later a long poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel,* established his name.

Scott began *Waverley* but put it aside to write *Marmion*. This "took possession of the public like a kind of madness." *Lady of the Lake,* in 1810, was hardly less popular. Scott built his famous house at Abbotsford. In the years up to 1825, beginning with *Waverley,* his unbelievable industry produced more than a score of novels, including *Guy Mannering, Old Mortality, Rob Roy, The Heart of Midlothian, Ivanhoe, Kenilworth, Quentin Durward, Redgauntlet,* and *The Talisman*.

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*Notes from the artist: ". . . a young Scott, superimposed over a facsimile of a school poem (written at age twelve). The standing figure is the mature writer, while woven into the tam is a knight from one of Scott's novels of chivalry"*



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Even so, it is the friendship between Robin Oig and Harry Wakefield that gives the story its dark pathos. They are men of a common calling. In everyday things they understand and respect each other. Each is capable of unqualified generosity and shows it. But there is a cloud between them—a cloud their understanding cannot penetrate. In a certain sense, each is a victim of his national code. Does Scott mean to tell us that the wars of nations are like that too?

But the act of revenge is done and Robin Oig stands before the court. Now the two clashing ideas of honor come under the rule of a third idea: justice. Of the trial itself, we hear little—why should we? we have seen the evidence—but the judge's instructions to the jury. (We recall that Scott had passed the bar.) In Melville's *Billy Budd,*[1] or in Hugo's "The Battle with the Cannon,"[2] we may have certain reservations about the justice of the decisions, because of their coldness. Not so in the trial of Robin Oig. Here the judge's speech is everywhere touched with a grave and understanding sympathy.

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[1]See Vol. 3, pp. 31–98, in this set.

[2]See Vol. 2, pp. 146–154, in this set.

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# *The Two Drovers*

## CHAPTER I

It was the day after Doune Fair when my story commences. It had been a brisk market; several dealers had attended from the northern and midland counties in England, and English money had flown so merrily about as to gladden the hearts of the Highland farmers. Many large droves were about to set off for England, under the protection of their owners, or of the topsmen whom they employed in the tedious, laborious, and responsible office of driving the cattle for many hundred miles, from the market where they had been purchased, to the fields or farm-yards where they were to be fattened for the shambles.

The Highlanders, in particular, are masters of this difficult trade of driving, which seems to suit them as well as the trade of war. It affords exercise for all their habits of patient endurance and active exertion. They are required to know perfectly the drove-roads, which lie over the wildest tracts of the country, and to avoid as much as possible the highways, which distress the feet of the bullocks, and the turnpikes, which annoy the spirit of the drover; whereas, on the broad green or grey track, which leads across the pathless moor, the herd not only move at ease and without taxation, but, if they mind their business, may pick up a mouthful of food by the way. At night, the drovers usually sleep along with their cattle, let the weather be what it will; and many of these hardy men do not once rest under a roof during a journey on foot from Lochaber to Lincolnshire. They are paid very highly, for the trust reposed is of the last importance, as it depends on their prudence, vigilance, and honesty whether the cattle reach the final market in good order, and afford a profit to the grazier. But as they maintain themselves at their own expense, they are especially economical in that particular. At the period we speak of, a Highland drover was victualled for his long and toilsome journey with a few handfuls of oatmeal, and two or three onions, renewed



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from time to time, and a ram's horn filled with whisky, which he used regularly, but sparingly, every night and morning. His dirk, or *skene-dhu* [*i.e.,* black knife], so worn as to be concealed beneath the arm, or by the folds of the plaid, was his only weapon, excepting the cudgel with which he directed the movements of the cattle. A Highlander was never so happy as on these occasions. There was a variety in the whole journey, which exercised the Celt's natural curiosity and love of motion; there were the constant change of place and scene, the petty adventures incidental to the traffic, and the intercourse with the various farmers, graziers, and traders, intermingled with occasional merry-makings, not the less acceptable to Donald that they were void of expense—and there was the consciousness of superior skill; for the Highlander, a child amongst flocks, is a prince amongst herds, and his natural habits induce him to disdain the shepherd's slothful life, so that he feels himself nowhere more at home than when following a gallant drove of his country cattle in the character of their guardian.

Of the number who left Doune in the morning, and with the purpose we described, not a *Glunimie* [Highlander] of them all cocked his bonnet more briskly or gartered his tartan hose under knee over a pair of more promising *spiogs* [legs] than did Robin Oig M'Combich, called familiarly Robin Oig, that is, Young, or the Lesser, Robin. Though small of stature as the epithet Oig implies, and not very strongly limbed, he was as light and alert as one of the deer of his mountains. He had an elasticity of step which, in the course of a long march, made many a stout fellow envy him; and the manner in which he busked his plaid and adjusted his bonnet argued a consciousness that so smart a John Highlandman as himself would not pass unnoticed among the Lowland lasses. The ruddy cheek, red lips, and white teeth set off a countenance which had gained by exposure to the weather a healthful and hardy rather than a rugged hue. If Robin Oig did not laugh, or even smile frequently, as indeed is not the practice among his countrymen, his bright eyes usually gleamed from under his bonnet with an expression of cheerfulness ready to be turned into mirth.

The departure of Robin Oig was an incident in the little town, in and near which he had many friends, male and female. He was a topping person in his way, transacted considerable business on his own behalf, and was entrusted by the best farmers in the Highlands in preference to any other drover in that district. He might have increased his business to any extent had he condescended to manage it by deputy; but except a lad or two, sister's sons of his own, Robin rejected the idea of assistance, con-

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scious, perhaps, how much his reputation depended upon his attending in person to the practical discharge of his duty in every instance. He remained, therefore, contented with the highest premium given to persons of his description, and comforted himself with the hopes that a few journeys to England might enable him to conduct business on his own account, in a manner becoming his birth. For Robin Oig's father, Lachlan M'Combich (or son of my friend, his actual clan surname being M'Gregor), had been so called by the celebrated Rob Roy, because of the particular friendship which had subsisted between the grandsire of Robin and that renowned cateran. Some people even say that Robin Oig derived his Christian name from one as renowned in the wilds of Loch Lomond as ever was his namesake Robin Hood in the precincts of merry Sherwood. "Of such ancestry," as James Boswell says, "who would not be proud?" Robin Oig was proud accordingly; but his frequent visits to England and to the Lowlands had given him tact enough to know that pretensions, which still gave him a little right to distinction in his own lonely glen, might be both obnoxious and ridiculous if preferred elsewhere. The pride of birth, therefore, was like the miser's treasure, the secret subject of his contemplation, but never exhibited to strangers as a subject of boasting.

Many were the words of gratulation and good luck which were bestowed on Robin Oig. The judges commended his drove, especially Robin's own property, which were the best of them. Some thrust out their snuff-mulls for the parting pinch—others tendered the doch-an-dorrach or parting cup. All cried, "Good luck travel out with you and come home with you. Give you luck in the Saxon market—brave notes in the *leabhar-dhu*" [black pocketbook] "and plenty of English gold in the sporran" [pouch of goatskin].

The bonny lasses made their adieus more modestly, and more than one, it was said, would have given her best brooch to be certain that it was upon her that his eye last rested as he turned towards the road.

Robin Oig had just given the preliminary "Hoo-hoo!" to urge forward the loiterers of the drove when there was a cry behind him.

"Stay, Robin—bide a blink. Here is Janet of Tomahourich—auld Janet, your father's sister."

"Plague on her, for an auld Highland witch and spaewife [fortune-teller]," said a farmer from the Carse [fen] of Stirling; "she'll cast some of her cantrips on the cattle."

"She canna do that," said another sapient of the same profession, "Robin Oig is no the lad to leave any of them without tying St. Mungo's knot on

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their tails, and that will put to her speed the best witch that ever flew over Dimayet upon a broomstick."

It may not be indifferent to the reader to know that the Highland cattle are peculiarly liable to be *taken,* or infected, by spells and witchcraft; which judicious people guard against by knitting knots of peculiar complexity on the tuft of hair which terminates the animal's tail.

But the old woman who was the object of the farmer's suspicion seemed only busied about the drover, without paying any attention to the drove. Robin, on the contrary, appeared rather impatient of her presence.

"What auld-world fancy," he said, "has brought you so early from the ingle-side this morning, Muhme? I am sure I bid you good even, and had your God-speed, last night."

"And left me more siller than the useless old woman will use till you come back again, bird of my bosom," said the sibyl. "But it is little I would care for the food that nourishes me, or the fire that warms me, or for God's blessed sun itself if aught but weel should happen to the grandson of my father. So let me walk the *deasil* round you, that you may go safe out into the foreign land, and come safe home."

Robin Oig stopped, half embarrassed, half laughing, and signing to those near that he only complied with the old woman to soothe her humour. In the meantime she traced around him, with wavering steps, the propitiation, which some have thought has been derived from the Druidical mythology. It consists, as is well known, in the person who makes the *deasil* walking three times round the person who is the object of the ceremony, taking care to move according to the course of the sun. At once, however, she stopped short, and exclaimed, in a voice of alarm and horror, "Grandson of my father, there is blood on your hand."

"Hush, for God's sake, aunt," said Robin Oig; "you will bring more trouble on yourself with this *taishataragh*" [second sight] "than you will be able to get out of for many a day."

The old woman only repeated, with a ghastly look, "There is blood on your hand, and it is English blood. The blood of the Gael is richer and redder. Let us see–let us–"

Ere Robin Oig could prevent her, which, indeed, could only have been done by positive violence, so hasty and peremptory were her proceedings, she had drawn from his side the dirk which lodged in the folds of his plaid, and held it up, exclaiming, although the weapon gleamed clear and bright in the sun, "Blood, blood–Saxon blood again. Robin Oig M'Combich, go not this day to England!"

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precision, the shibboleth *Llhu,* which is the Gaelic for a calf. From Traquair to Murdercairn, the hill rang with the discordant attempts of the Saxon upon the unmanageable monosyllable, and the heartfelt laugh which followed every failure. They had, however, better modes of awakening the echoes; for Wakefield could sing many a ditty to the praise of Moll, Susan, and Cicely, and Robin Oig had a particular gift at whistling interminable pibrochs through all their involutions, and what was more agreeable to his companion's southern ear, knew many of the northern airs, both lively and pathetic, to which Wakefield learned to pipe a bass. This, though Robin could hardly have comprehended his companion's stories about horse-racing, and cock-fighting or fox-hunting, and although his own legends of clan-fights and *creaghs* [raids] varied with talk of Highland goblins and fairy folk, would have been caviar to his companion; they contrived nevertheless to find a degree of pleasure in each other's company, which had for three years back induced them to join company and travel together when the direction of their journey permitted. Each, indeed, found his advantage in this companionship; for where could the Englishman have found a guide through the western Highlands like Robin Oig M'Combich? And when they were on what Harry called the *right* side of the border, his patronage, which was extensive, and his purse, which was heavy, were at all times at the service of his Highland friend, and on many occasions his liberality did him genuine yeoman's service.

## CHAPTER II

Were ever two such loving friends!–
How could they disagree?
Oh thus it was, he loved him dear,
And thought how to requite him,
And having no friend left but he,
He did resolve to fight him.

The pair of friends had traversed with their usual cordiality the grassy wilds of Liddesdale, and crossed the opposite part of Cumberland, emphatically called The Waste. In these solitary regions, the cattle under the charge of our drovers derived their subsistence chiefly by picking their food as they went along the drove-road, or sometimes by the tempting opportunity of a *start and owerloup,* or invasion of the neigh bouring pasture, where an occasion presented itself. But now the

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scene changed before them; they were descending towards a fertile and enclosed country, where no such liberties could be taken with impunity, or without a previous arrangement and bargain with the possessors of the ground. This was more especially the case, as a great northern fair was upon the eve of taking place, where both the Scotch and English drover expected to dispose of a part of their cattle, which it was desirable to produce in the market, rested and in good order. Fields were therefore difficult to be obtained, and only upon high terms. This necessity occasioned a temporary separation betwixt the two friends, who went to bargain, each as he could, for the separate accommodation of his herd. Unhappily it chanced that both of them, unknown to each other, thought of bargaining for the ground they wanted on the property of a country gentleman of some fortune, whose estate lay in the neighbourhood. The English drover applied to the bailiff on the property, who was known to him. It chanced that the Cumbrian squire, who had entertained some suspicions of his manager's honesty, was taking occasional measures to ascertain how far they were well founded, and had desired that any inquiries about his enclosures, with a view to occupy them for a temporary purpose, should be referred to himself. As, however, Mr. Ireby had gone the day before upon a journey of some miles' distance to the northward, the bailiff chose to consider the check upon his full powers as for the time removed, and concluded that he should best consult his master's interest, and perhaps his own, in making an agreement with Harry Wakefield. Meanwhile, ignorant of what his comrade was doing, Robin Oig, on his side, chanced to be overtaken by a good-looking smart little man upon a pony, most knowingly hogged and cropped, as was then the fashion, the rider wearing tight leather breeches and long-necked bright spurs. This cavalier asked one or two pertinent questions about markets and the price of stock. So Robin, seeing him a well-judging civil gentleman, took the freedom to ask him whether he could let him know if there was any grass-land to be let in that neighbourhood, for the temporary accommodation of his drove. He could not have put the question to more willing ears. The gentleman of the buckskin was the proprietor with whose bailiff Harry Wakefield had dealt or was in the act of dealing.

"Thou art in good luck, my canny Scot," said Mr. Ireby, "to have spoken to me, for I see thy cattle have done their day's work, and I have at my disposal the only field within three miles that is to be let in these parts."

"The drove can pe gang two, three, four miles very pratty weel in-

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deed," said the cautious Highlander; "put what would his honour be axing for the peasts pe the head, if she was to tak the park for twa or three days?"

"We won't differ, Sawney, if you let me have six stots for winterers, in the way of reason."

"And which peasts wad your honour pe for having?"

"Why–let me see–the two black–the dun one–yon doddy–him with the twisted horn–the brocket. How much by the head?"

"Ah," said Robin, "your honour is a shudge–a real shudge–I couldna have set off the pest six peasts petter mysell, me that ken them as if they were my pairns, puir things."

"Well, how much per head, Sawney?" continued Mr. Ireby.

"It was high markets at Doune and Falkirk," answered Robin.

And thus the conversation proceeded, until they had agreed on the *prix juste* for the bullocks, the squire throwing in the temporary accommodation of the enclosure for the cattle into the boot, and Robin making, as he thought, a very good bargain, provided the grass was but tolerable. The squire walked his pony alongside of the drove, partly to show him the way, and see him put into possession of the field, and partly to learn the latest news of the northern markets.

They arrived at the field, and the pasture seemed excellent. But what was their surprise when they saw the bailiff quietly inducting the cattle of Harry Wakefield into the grassy Goshen which had just been assigned to those of Robin Oig M'Combich by the proprietor himself! Squire Ireby set spurs to his horse, dashed up to his servant, and learning what had passed between the parties, briefly informed the English drover that his bailiff had let the ground without his authority, and that he might seek grass for his cattle wherever he would, since he was to get none there. At the same time he rebuked his servant severely for having transgressed his commands, and ordered him instantly to assist in ejecting the hungry and weary cattle of Harry Wakefield, which were just beginning to enjoy a meal of unusual plenty, and to introduce those of his comrade, whom the English drover now began to consider as a rival.

The feelings which arose in Wakefield's mind would have induced him to resist Mr. Ireby's decision; but every Englishman has a tolerably accurate sense of law and justice, and John Fleecebumpkin, the bailiff, having acknowledged that he had exceeded his commission, Wakefield saw nothing else for it than to collect his hungry and disappointed charge, and drive them on to seek quarters elsewhere. Robin

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Oig saw what had happened with regret, and hastened to offer to his English friend to share with him the disputed possession. But Wakefield's pride was severely hurt, and he answered disdainfully, "Take it all, man—take it all—never make two bites of a cherry—thou canst talk over the gentry, and blear a plain man's eye. Out upon you, man—I would not kiss any man's dirty latchets for leave to bake in his oven."

Robin Oig, sorry but not surprised at his comrade's displeasure, hastened to entreat his friend to wait but an hour till he had gone to the squire's house to receive payment for the cattle he had sold, and he would come back and help him to drive the cattle into some convenient place of rest, and explain to him the whole mistake they had both of them fallen into. But the Englishman continued indignant: "Thou hast been selling, hast thou? Aye, aye, thou is a cunning lad for kenning the hours of bargaining. Go to the devil with thyself, for I will ne'er see thy fause loon's visage again—thou should be ashamed to look me in the face."

"I am ashamed to look no man in the face," said Robin Oig, something moved; "and, moreover, I will look you in the face this blessed day, if you will bide at the clachan down yonder."

"Mayhap you had as well keep away," said his comrade; and turning his back on his former friend, he collected his unwilling associates, assisted by the bailiff, who took some real and some affected interest in seeing Wakefield accommodated.

After spending some time in negotiating with more than one of the neighbouring farmers, who could not, or would not, afford the accommodation desired, Harry Wakefield at last, and in his necessity, accomplished his point by means of the landlord of the alehouse at which Robin Oig and he had agreed to pass the night, when they first separated from each other. Mine host was content to let him turn his cattle on a piece of barren moor at a price little less than the bailiff had asked for the disputed enclosure; and the wretchedness of the pasture, as well as the price paid for it, were set down as exaggerations of the breach of faith and friendship of his Scottish crony. This turn of Wakefield's passions was encouraged by the bailiff (who had his own reasons for being offended against poor Robin, as having been the unwitting cause of his falling into disgrace with his master), as well as by the innkeeper, and two or three chance guests, who stimulated the drover in his resentment against his quondam associate—some from the ancient grudge against the Scots which, when it exists anywhere, is to be found lurking in the border counties, and some

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from the general love of mischief, which characterizes mankind in all ranks of life, to the honour of Adam's children be it spoken. Good John Barleycorn also, who always heightens and exaggerates the prevailing passions, be they angry or kindly, was not wanting in his offices on this occasion; and confusion to false friends and hard masters was pledged in more than one tankard.

In the meanwhile Mr. Ireby found some amusement in detaining the northern drover at his ancient hall. He caused a cold round of beef to be placed before the Scot in the butler's pantry, together with a foaming tankard of home-brewed, and took pleasure in seeing the hearty appetite with which these unwonted edibles were discussed by Robin Oig M'Combich. The squire himself, lighting his pipe, compounded between his patrician dignity and his love of agricultural gossip by walking up and down while he conversed with his guest.

"I passed another drove," said the squire, "with one of your countrymen behind them—they were something less beasts than your drove, doddies most of them—a big man was with them—none of your kilts though, but a decent pair of breeches. D'ye know who he may be?"

"Hout aye—that might, could, and would be Hughie Morrison—I didna think he could hae peen sae weel up. He has made a day on us; but his Argyleshires will have wearied shanks. How far was he pehind?"

"I think about six or seven miles," answered the squire, "for I passed them at the Christenbury Crag, and I overtook you at the Hollan Bush. If his beasts be leg-weary, he will maybe be selling bargains."

"Na, na, Hughie Morrison is no the man for pargains—ye maun come to some Highland body like Robin Oig hersell for the like of these—put I maun pe wishing you goot night, and twenty of them let alane ane, and I maun down to the clachan to see if the lad Harry Waakfelt is out of his humdudgeons yet."

The party at the alehouse were still in full talk, and the treachery of Robin Oig still the theme of conversation, when the supposed culprit entered the apartment. His arrival, as usually happens in such a case, put an instant stop to the discussion of which he had furnished the subject, and he was received by the company assembled with that chilling silence which, more than a thousand exclamations, tells an intruder that he is unwelcome. Surprised and offended, but not appalled by the reception which he experienced, Robin entered with an undaunted and even a haughty air, attempted no greeting as he saw he was received with none, and placed himself by the side of the fire,

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"How would you fight, then?" said his antagonist; "though I am thinking it would be hard to bring you to the scratch anyhow."

"I would fight with proadswords, and sink point on the first plood drawn, like a gentlemans."

A loud shout of laughter followed the proposal, which indeed had rather escaped from poor Robin's swelling heart than been the dictate of his sober judgement.

"Gentleman, quotha!" was echoed on all sides, with a shout of unextinguishable laughter; "a very pretty gentleman, God wot. Canst get two swords for the gentlemen to fight with, Ralph Heskett?"

"No, but I can send to the armoury at Carlisle and lend them two forks to be making shift with in the meantime."

"Tush, man," said another, "the bonny Scots come into the world with the blue bonnet on their heads, and dirk and pistol at their belt."

"Best send post," said Mr. Fleecebumpkin, "to the squire of Corby Castle, to come and stand second to the *gentleman*."

In the midst of this torrent of general ridicule, the Highlander instinctively griped beneath the folds of his plaid.

"But it's better not," he said in his own language. "A hundred curses on the swine-eaters, who know neither decency nor civility!"

"Make room, the pack of you," he said, advancing to the door.

But his former friend interposed his sturdy bulk, and opposed his leaving the house; and when Robin Oig attempted to make his way by force, he hit him down on the floor with as much ease as a boy bowls down a ninepin.

"A ring, a ring!" was now shouted, until the dark rafters, and the hams that hung on them, trembled again, and the very platters on the *bink* clattered against each other. "Well done, Harry," "give it him home, Harry," "take care of him now–he sees his own blood!"

Such were the exclamations, while the Highlander, starting from the ground, all his coldness and caution lost in frantic rage, sprang at his antagonist with the fury, the activity, and the vindictive purpose of an incensed tiger-cat. But when could rage encounter science and temper? Robin Oig again went down in the unequal contest; and as the blow was necessarily a severe one, he lay motionless on the floor of the kitchen. The landlady ran to offer some aid, but Mr. Fleecebumpkin would not permit her to approach.

"Let him alone," he said, "he will come to within time, and come up to the scratch again. He has not got half his broth yet."

"He has got all I mean to give him, though," said his antagonist, whose

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heart began to relent towards his old associate; "and I would rather by half give the rest to yourself, Mr. Fleecebumpkin, for you pretend to know a thing or two, and Robin had not art enough even to peel before setting to, but fought with his plaid dangling about him. Stand up, Robin, my man! all friends now; and let me hear the man that will speak a word against you, or your country, for your sake."

Robin Oig was still under the dominion of his passion, and eager to renew the onset; but being withheld on the one side by the peacemaking Dame Heskett, and on the other, aware that Wakefield no longer meant to renew the combat, his fury sank into gloomy sullenness.

"Come, come, never grudge so much at it, man," said the brave-spirited Englishman, with the placability of his country, "shake hands, and we will be better friends than ever."

"Friends!" exclaimed Robin Oig, with strong emphasis, "friends!–Never. Look to yourself, Harry Waakfelt."

"Then the curse of Cromwell on your proud Scots stomach, as the man says in the play, and you may do your worst, and be d–d; for one man can say nothing more to another after a tussle than that he is sorry for it."

On these terms the friends parted; Robin Oig drew out, in silence, a piece of money, threw it on the table, and then left the alehouse. But turning at the door, he shook his hand at Wakefield, pointing with his forefinger upwards, in a manner which might imply either a threat or a caution. He then disappeared in the moonlight.

Some words passed after his departure between the bailiff, who piqued himself on being a little of a bully, and Harry Wakefield, who, with generous inconsistency, was now not indisposed to begin a new combat in defence of Robin Oig's reputation, "although he could not use his daddles like an Englishman, as it did not come natural to him." But Dame Heskett prevented this second quarrel from coming to a head by her peremptory interference. There should be no more fighting in her house, she said; there had been too much already. "And you, Mr. Wakefield, may live to learn," she added, "what it is to make a deadly enemy out of a good friend."

"Pshaw, dame! Robin Oig is an honest fellow, and will never keep malice."

"Do not trust to that–you do not know the dour temper of the Scots, though you have dealt with them so often. I have a right to know them, my mother being a Scot."

"And so is well seen on her daughter," said Ralph Heskett.

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This nuptial sarcasm gave the discourse another turn; fresh customers entered the tap-room or kitchen, and others left it. The conversation turned on the expected markets, and the report of prices from different parts both of Scotland and England—treaties were commenced, and Harry Wakefield was lucky enough to find a chap for a part of his drove, and at a very considerable profit; an event of consequence more than sufficient to blot out all remembrances of the unpleasant scuffle in the earlier part of the day. But there remained one party from whose mind that recollection could not have been wiped away by the possession of every head of cattle betwixt Esk and Eden.

This was Robin Oig M'Combich. "That I should have had no weapon," he said "and for the first time in my life! Blighted be the tongue that bids the Highlander part with the dirk—the dirk—ha! the English blood! My Muhme's word—when did her word fall to the ground?"

The recollection of the fatal prophecy confirmed the deadly intention which instantly sprang up in his mind.

"Ha! Morrison cannot be many miles behind; and if it were a hundred, what then?"

His impetuous spirit had now a fixed purpose and motive of action, and he turned the light foot of his country towards the wilds, through which he knew, by Mr. Ireby's report, that Morrison was advancing. His mind was wholly engrossed by the sense of injury—injury sustained from a friend; and by the desire of vengeance on one whom he now accounted his most bitter enemy. The treasured ideas of self-importance and self-opinion—of ideal birth and quality—had become more precious to him, like the hoard to the miser, because he could only enjoy them in secret. But that hoard was pillaged, the idols which he had secretly worshipped had been desecrated and profaned. Insulted, abused, and beaten, he was no longer worthy, in his own opinion, of the name he bore or the lineage which he belonged to—nothing was left to him—nothing but revenge; and, as the reflection added a galling spur to every step, he determined it should be as sudden and signal as the offence.

When Robin Oig left the door of the ale-house, seven or eight English miles at least lay betwixt Morrison and him. The advance of the former was slow, limited by the sluggish pace of his cattle; the last left behind him stubble-field and hedgerow, crag and dark heath, all glittering with frost-rime in the broad November moonlight, at the rate of six miles an hour. And now the distant lowing of Morrison's cattle is heard; and now they are seen creeping like moles in size and slowness of motion on

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the broad face of the moor; and now he meets them, passes them, and stops their conductor.

"May good betide us," said the Southlander. "Is this you, Robin M'Combich, or your wraith?"

"It is Robin Oig M'Combich," answered the Highlander, "and it is not. But never mind that, put pe giving me the skene-dhu."

"What! you are for back to the Highlands–The devil! Have you selt all off before the fair? This beats all for quick markets!"

"I have not sold–I am not going north–may pe I will never go north again. Give me pack my dirk, Hugh Morrison, or there will pe words petween us."

"Indeed, Robin, I'll be better advised before I gie it back to you–it is a wanchancy weapon in a Highlandman's hand, and I am thinking you will be about some barns-breaking."

"Prutt, trutt! let me have my weapon," said Robin Oig, impatiently.

"Hooly, and fairly," said his well-meaning friend. "I'll tell you what will do better than these dirking doings. Ye ken Highlander, and Lowlander, and Border-men are a' ae man's bairns when you are over the Scots dyke. See, the Eskdale callants, and fighting Charlie of Liddesdale, and the Lockerby lads, and the four Dandies of Lustruther, and a wheen mair grey plaids are coming up behind, and if you are wranged, there is the hand of a Manly Morrison; we'll see you righted, if Carlisle and Stanwix baith took up the feud."

"To tell you the truth," said Robin Oig, desirous of eluding the suspicions of his friend, "I have enlisted with a party of the Black Watch, and must march off to-morrow morning."

"Enlisted! Were you mad or drunk? You must buy yourself off–I can lend you twenty notes, and twenty to that, if the drove sell."

"I thank you–thank ye, Hughie; but I go with good will the gate that I am going–so the dirk–the dirk!"

"There it is for you then, since less wunna serve. But think on what I was saying. Waes me, it will be sair news in the braes of Balquidder that Robin Oig M'Combich should have run an ill gate, and ta'en on."

"Ill news in Balquidder, indeed!" echoed poor Robin. "But Cot speed you, Hughie, and send you good marcats. Ye winna meet with Robin Oig again, either at tryste or fair."

So saying, he shook hastily the hand of his acquaintance, and set out in the direction from which he had advanced, with the spirit of his former pace.

"There is something wrang with the lad," muttered the Morrison to him-

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self, "but we'll maybe see better into it the morn's morning."

But long ere the morning dawned, the catastrophe of our tale had taken place. It was two hours after the affray had happened, and it was totally forgotten by almost every one, when Robin Oig returned to Heskett's inn. The place was filled at once by various sorts of men, and with noises corresponding to their character. There were the grave low sounds of men engaged in busy traffic, with the laugh, the song, and the riotous jest of those who had nothing to do but to enjoy themselves. Among the last was Harry Wakefield, who, amidst a grinning group of smock-frocks, hobnailed shoes, and jolly English physiognomies, was trolling forth the old ditty,

> What though my name be Roger,
> Who drives the plough and cart–

when he was interrupted by a well-known voice saying in a high and stern tone, marked by the sharp Highland accent, "Harry Waakfelt–if you be a man, stand up!"

"What is the matter? What is it?" the guests demanded of each other.

"It is only a d––d Scotsman," said Fleecebumpkin, who was by this time very drunk, "whom Harry Wakefield helped to his broth the day, who is now come to have his *cauld kail* het again."

"Harry Waakfelt," repeated the same ominous summons, "stand up, if you be a man!"

There is something in the tone of deep and concentrated passion which attracts attention and imposes awe, even by the very sound. The guests shrank back on every side, and gazed at the Highlander as he stood in the middle of them, his brows bent, and his features rigid with resolution.

"I will stand up with all my heart, Robin, my boy, but it shall be to shake hands with you, and drink down all unkindness. It is not the fault of your heart, man, that you don't know how to clench your hands."

But this time he stood opposite to his antagonist; his open and unsuspecting look strangely contrasted with the stern purpose, which gleamed wild, dark, and vindictive in the eyes of the Highlander.

"'Tis not thy fault, man, that, not having the luck to be an Englishman, thou canst not fight more than a schoolgirl."

"I *can* fight," answered Robin Oig sternly, but calmly, "and you shall know it. You, Harry Waakfelt, showed me to-day how the Saxon churls fight–I show you now how the Highland Dunniè-wassel fights."

He seconded the word with the action, and plunged the dagger, which

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the right to the prisoner at the bar. He had acquired possession of the enclosure, which was the object of competition, by a legal contract with the proprietor, Mr. Ireby; and yet, when accosted with reproaches undeserved in themselves, and galling doubtless to a temper at least sufficiently susceptible of passion, he offered notwithstanding to yield up half his acquisition for the sake of peace and good neighbourhood, and his amicable proposal was rejected with scorn. Then follows the scene at Mr. Heskett the publican's, and you will observe how the stranger was treated by the deceased, and, I am sorry to observe, by those around, who seem to have urged him in a manner which was aggravating in the highest degree. While he asked for peace and for composition, and offered submission to a magistrate, or to a mutual arbiter, the prisoner was insulted by a whole company, who seem on this occasion to have forgotten the national maxim of 'fair play'; and while attempting to escape from the place in peace, he was intercepted, struck down, and beaten to the effusion of his blood.

"Gentlemen of the jury, it was with some impatience that I heard my learned brother, who opened the case for the crown, give an unfavourable turn to the prisoner's conduct on this occasion. He said the prisoner was afraid to encounter his antagonist in fair fight, or to submit to the laws of the ring; and that therefore, like a cowardly Italian, he had recourse to his fatal stiletto, to murder the man whom he dared not meet in manly encounter. I observed the prisoner shrink from this part of the accusation with the abhorrence natural to a brave man; and as I would wish to make my words impressive when I point his real crime, I must secure his opinion of my impartiality, by rebutting everything that seems to me a false accusation. There can be no doubt that the prisoner is a man of resolution–too much resolution–I wish to Heaven that he had less, or rather that he had had a better education to regulate it.

"Gentlemen, as to the laws my brother talks of, they may be known in the bull-ring, or the bear-garden, or the cockpit, but they are not known here. Or, if they should be so far admitted as furnishing a species of proof that no malice was intended in this sort of combat, from which fatal accidents do sometimes arise, it can only be so admitted when both parties are *in pari causa,* equally acquainted with, and equally willing to refer themselves to, that species of arbitrament. But will it be contended that a man of superior rank and education is to be subjected, or is obliged to subject himself, to this coarse and brutal strife, perhaps in opposition to a younger, stronger, or more skilful opponent? Certainly even the pugilistic code, if founded upon the fair play of Merry Old England,

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as my brother alleges it to be, can contain nothing so preposterous. And, gentlemen of the jury, if the laws would support an English gentleman, wearing, we will suppose, his sword, in defending himself by force against a violent personal aggression of the nature offered to this prisoner, they will not less protect a foreigner and a stranger involved in the same unpleasing circumstances. If, therefore, gentlemen of the jury, when thus pressed by a *vis major,* the object of obloquy to a whole company, and of direct violence from one at least, and, as he might reasonably apprehend, from more, the panel had produced the weapon which his countrymen, as we are informed, generally carry about their persons, and the same unhappy circumstance had ensued which you have heard detailed in evidence, I could not in my conscience have asked from you a verdict of murder. The prisoner's personal defence might, indeed, even in that case, have gone more or less beyond the *Moderamen inculpatae tutelae* [degree of force allowable in self-defence], spoken of by lawyers, but the punishment incurred would have been that of manslaughter, not of murder. I beg leave to add that I should have thought this milder species of charge was demanded in the case supposed, notwithstanding the statute of James I cap. 8, which takes the case of slaughter by stabbing with a short weapon, even without malice prepense, out of the benefit of clergy. For this statute of stabbing, as it is termed, arose out of a temporary cause; and as the real guilt is the same, whether the slaughter be committed by the dagger, or by sword or pistol, the benignity of the modern law places them all on the same or nearly the same footing.

"But, gentlemen of the jury, the pinch of the case lies in the interval of two hours interposed betwixt the reception of the injury and the fatal retaliation. In the heat of affray and *chaude mêlée,* law, compassionating the infirmities of humanity, makes allowance for the passions which rule such a stormy moment—for the sense of present pain, for the apprehension of further injury, for the difficulty of ascertaining with due accuracy the precise degree of violence which is necessary to protect the person of the individual, without annoying or injuring the assailant more than is absolutely requisite. But the time necessary to walk twelve miles, however speedily performed, was an interval sufficient for the prisoner to have recollected himself; and the violence with which he carried his purpose into effect, with so many circumstances of deliberate determination, could neither be induced by the passion of anger, nor that of fear. It was the purpose and the act of predetermined revenge, for which law neither can, will, nor ought to have sympathy or allowance.

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"It is true, we may repeat to ourselves, in alleviation of this poor man's unhappy action, that his case is a very peculiar one. The country which he inhabits was, in the days of many now alive, inaccessible to the laws, not only of England, which have not even yet penetrated thither, but to those to which our neighbours of Scotland are subjected, and which must be supposed to be, and no doubt actually are, founded upon the general principles of justice and equity which pervade every civilized country. Amongst their mountains, as among the North American Indians, the various tribes were wont to make war upon each other, so that each man was obliged to go armed for his protection. These men, from the ideas which they entertained of their own descent and of their own consequence, regarded themselves as so many cavaliers or men-at-arms, rather than as the peasantry of a peaceful country. Those laws of the ring, as my brother terms them, were unknown to the race of warlike mountaineers; that decision of quarrels by no other weapons than those which nature has given every man must to them have seemed as vulgar and as preposterous as to the noblesse of France. Revenge, on the other hand, must have been as familiar to their habits of society as to those of the Cherokees or Mohawks. It is indeed, as described by Bacon, at bottom a kind of wild untutored justice; for the fear of retaliation must withhold the hands of the oppressor where there is no regular law to check daring violence. But though all this may be granted, and though we may allow that, such having been the case of the Highlands in the days of the prisoner's fathers, many of the opinions and sentiments must still continue to influence the present generation, it cannot, and ought not, even in this most painful case, to alter the administration of the law, either in your hands, gentlemen of the jury, or in mine. The first object of civilization is to place the general protection of the law, equally administered, in the room of that wild justice, which every man cut and carved for himself, according to the length of his sword and the strength of his arm. The law says to the subjects, with a voice only inferior to that of the Deity, 'Vengeance is mine.' The instant that there is time for passion to cool, and reason to interpose, an injured party must become aware that the law assumes the exclusive cognizance of the right and wrong betwixt the parties, and opposes her inviolable buckler to every attempt of the private party to right himself. I repeat that this unhappy man ought personally to be the object rather of our pity than our abhorrence, for he failed in his ignorance, and from mistaken notions of honour. But his crime is not the less that of murder, gentlemen, and, in your high and important office, it is your duty so to find. Englishmen have their angry pas-

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sions as well as Scots; and should this man's action remain unpunished, you may unsheath, under various pretences, a thousand daggers betwixt the Land's End and the Orkneys."

The venerable judge thus ended what, to judge by his apparent emotion, and by the tears which filled his eyes, was really a painful task. The jury, according to his instructions, brought in a verdict of guilty; and Robin Oig M'Combich, alias M'Gregor, was sentenced to death and left for execution, which took place accordingly. He met his fate with great firmness, and acknowledged the justice of his sentence. But he repelled indignantly the observations of those who accused him of attacking an unarmed man. "I give a life for the life I took," he said, "and what can I do more?"

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# Joseph Conrad

1857–1924

Joseph Conrad (Józef Teodor Konrad Nalecz Korzeniowski in full) was born into a Polish landed family at Berdichev in the Polish Ukraine, December 3, 1857. For a time his parents were exiled to Siberia. By 1869 both were dead. Young Conrad, cared for by a warm-hearted uncle, was tutored and schooled in Cracow. He resolved to go to sea.

In 1874, aged seventeen, he arrived in Marseilles. Cruises with the port pilots and three voyages to the West Indies gave him his introduction to salt water. He seems to have had a love affair with the mysterious "Doña Rita," supporter of the Carlist rebellion in Spain and the model for his heroine in *The Arrow of Gold.* In 1877–78 he was involved in smuggling adventures that ended in the loss of vessel and funds. He borrowed money, lost that too at Monte Carlo, and evidently tried to kill himself.

He recovered and shipped out in the steamer *Mavis* for Constantinople. He had decided to make a career in the British merchant service. In 1881 he signed on as second mate in the bark *Palestine,* bound for Bangkok. This voyage gave him the source for *Youth* (see below). He became a naturalized British citizen and received his master's certificate in 1886. For a year or more he traded among the inlets and coastal rivers of Borneo, Celebes, and Sumatra.

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*Notes from the artist: "A motif of the seven seas was the natural atmosphere for Conrad's portrait, with the obvious symbols of a sextant, the returning sailor, the ship's figurehead, sea monsters . . . The quotation is an inscription handwritten by Conrad in a copy of* The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'"



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But no one complains. The October gale, the collision in the dock, the endless work at the pumps and the endless waiting–these are all part of the job. Even when she catches fire at sea and blows her deck out, Captain Beard's first thought is to get the yards trimmed and the ship back on course. Men with the hair burned off their heads stumble and haul among masts that threaten to go overside at any moment. It does not occur to them to question the wisdom of this procedure. That is what they are there for. Even when the steamer offers to take them off and Captain Beard shouts back, "We must see the last of the ship," no one protests.

But a professional is only the working part of a man. His feelings are his own. Marlow faithfully remembers the truth of his own feelings. He was pleased–pleased at the extent and thoroughness of the ship's disaster, and how well he had stood up to it. He recalls his first view of the East, a vision, suddenly real, of the remote, the mysterious, the unknown. "I remember my youth," he said, "and the feeling that will never come back any more–the feeling that I could last for ever, outlast the sea, the earth, and all men. . . ."

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# *Youth*

This could have occurred nowhere but in England, where men and sea interpenetrate, so to speak—the sea entering into the life of most men, and the men knowing something or everything about the sea, in the way of amusement, of travel, or of bread-winning.

We were sitting round a mahogany table that reflected the bottle, the claret glasses, and our faces as we leaned on our elbows. There was a director of companies, an accountant, a lawyer, Marlow, and myself. The director had been a *Conway* boy, the accountant had served four years at sea, the lawyer—a fine-crusted Tory, High Churchman, the best of old fellows, the soul of honour—had been chief officer in the P. & O. service in the good old days when mail boats were square-rigged at least on two masts, and used to come down the China Sea before a fair monsoon with stun'-sails set alow and aloft. We all began life in the merchant service. Between the five of us there was the strong bond of the sea and also the fellowship of the craft, which no amount of enthusiasm for yachting, cruising, and so on can give, since one is only the amusement of life and the other is life itself.

Marlow (at least I think that is how he spelled his name) told the story, or rather the chronicle, of a voyage:

"Yes, I have seen a little of the Eastern seas; but what I remember best is my first voyage there. You fellows know there are those voyages that seem ordered for the illustration of life, that might stand for a symbol of existence. You fight, work, sweat, nearly kill yourself, sometimes do kill yourself, trying to accomplish something—and you can't. Not from any fault of yours. You simply can do nothing, neither great nor little—not a thing in the world—not even marry an old maid, or get a wretched 600-ton cargo of coal to its port of destination.

"It was altogether a memorable affair. It was my first voyage to the East, and my first voyage as second mate; it was also my skipper's first command. You'll admit it was time. He was sixty if a day; a little man,



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with a broad, not very straight back, with bowed shoulders and one leg more bandy than the other, he had that queer twisted-about appearance you see so often in men who work in the fields. He had a nutcracker face—chin and nose trying to come together over a sunken mouth—and it was framed in iron-gray fluffy hair that looked like a chin-strap of cotton-wool sprinkled with coal-dust. And he had blue eyes in that old face of his which were amazingly like a boy's, with that candid expression some quite common men preserve to the end of their days by a rare internal gift of simplicity of heart and rectitude of soul. What induced him to accept me was a wonder. I had come out of a crack Australian clipper, where I had been third officer, and he seemed to have a prejudice against crack clippers as aristocratic and high-toned. He said to me, 'You know, in this ship you will have to work.' I said I had to work in every ship I had ever been in. 'Ah, but this is different, and you gentlemen out of them big ships; . . . but there! I dare say you will do. Join tomorrow.'

"I joined tomorrow. It was twenty-two years ago; and I was just twenty. How time passes! It was one of the happiest days of my life. Fancy! Second mate for the first time—a really responsible officer! I wouldn't have thrown up my new billet for a fortune. The mate looked me over carefully. He was also an old chap, but of another stamp. He had a Roman nose, a snow-white, long beard, and his name was Mahon, but he insisted that it should be pronounced Mann. He was well connected; yet there was something wrong with his luck, and he had never got on.

"As to the captain, he had been for years in coasters, then in the Mediterranean, and last in the West Indian trade. He had never been round the Capes. He could just write a kind of sketchy hand, and didn't care for writing at all. Both were thorough good seamen of course, and between those two old chaps I felt like a small boy between two grandfathers.

"The ship also was old. Her name was the *Judea*. Queer name, isn't it? She belonged to a man Wilmer, Wilcox—some name like that; but he has been bankrupt and dead these twenty years or more, and his name don't matter. She had been laid up in Shadwell basin for ever so long. You can imagine her state. She was all rust, dust, grime—soot aloft, dirt on deck. To me it was like coming out of a palace into a ruined cottage. She was about 400 tons, had a primitive windlass, wooden latches on the doors, not a bit of brass about her, and a big square stern. There was on it, below her name in big letters, a lot of scroll-work, with the gilt off, and some sort of a coat of arms, with the motto 'Do or Die' underneath. I remember it took my fancy immensely. There was a touch of romance in it, something that made me love the old thing—something that appealed to my youth!

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"We left London in ballast—sand ballast—to load a cargo of coal in a northern port for Bangkok. Bangkok! I thrilled. I had been six years at sea, but had only seen Melbourne and Sydney, very good places, charming places in their way—but Bangkok!

"We worked out of the Thames under canvas, with a North Sea pilot on board. His name was Jermyn, and he dodged all day long about the galley drying his handkerchief before the stove. Apparently he never slept. He was a dismal man, with a perpetual tear sparkling at the end of his nose, who either had been in trouble, or was in trouble, or expected to be in trouble—couldn't be happy unless something went wrong. He mistrusted my youth, my common sense, and my seamanship, and made a point of showing it in a hundred little ways. I dare say he was right. It seems to me I knew very little then, and I know not much more now; but I cherish a hate for that Jermyn to this day.

"We were a week working up as far as Yarmouth Roads, and then we got into a gale—the famous October gale of twenty-two years ago. It was wind, lightning, sleet, snow, and a terrific sea. We were flying light, and you may imagine how bad it was when I tell you we had smashed bulwarks and a flooded deck. On the second night she shifted her ballast into the lee bow, and by that time we had been blown off somewhere on the Dogger Bank. There was nothing for it but go below with shovels and try to right her, and there we were in that vast hold, gloomy like a cavern, the tallow dips stuck and flickering on the beams, the gale howling above, the ship tossing about like mad on her side; there we all were, Jermyn, the captain, everyone, hardly able to keep our feet, engaged on that gravedigger's work, and trying to toss shovelfuls of wet sand up to windward. At every tumble of the ship you could see vaguely in the dim light men falling down with a great flourish of shovels. One of the ship's boys (we had two), impressed by the weirdness of the scene, wept as if his heart would break. We could hear him blubbering somewhere in the shadows.

"On the third day the gale died out, and by-and-by a north-country tug picked us up. We took sixteen days in all to get from London to the Tyne! When we got into dock we had lost our turn for loading, and they hauled us off to a tier where we remained for a month. Mrs. Beard (the captain's name was Beard) came from Colchester to see the old man. She lived on board. The crew of runners had left, and there remained only the officers, one boy, and the steward, a mulatto who answered to the name of Abraham. Mrs. Beard was an old woman, with a face all wrinkled and ruddy like a winter apple, and the figure of a young girl. She caught sight of me once, sewing on a button, and insisted on having my shirts to repair. This

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was something different from the captains' wives I had known on board crack clippers. When I brought her the shirts, she said: 'And the socks? They want mending, I am sure, and John's—Captain Beard's—things are all in order now. I would be glad of something to do.' Bless the old woman. She overhauled my outfit for me, and meantime I read for the first time *Sartor Resartus* and Burnaby's *Ride to Khiva.* I didn't understand much of the first then; but I remember I preferred the soldier to the philosopher at the time; a preference which life has only confirmed. One was a man, and the other was either more—or less. However, they are both dead, and Mrs. Beard is dead, and youth, strength, genius, thoughts, achievements, simple hearts—all die. . . . No matter.

"They loaded us at last. We shipped a crew. Eight able seamen and two boys. We hauled off one evening to the buoys at the dock-gates, ready to go out, and with a fair prospect of beginning the voyage next day. Mrs. Beard was to start for home by a late train. When the ship was fast we went to tea. We sat rather silent through the meal—Mahon, the old couple, and I. I finished first, and slipped away for a smoke, my cabin being in a deck-house just against the poop. It was high water, blowing fresh with a drizzle; the double dock-gates were opened, and the steam colliers were going in and out in the darkness with their lights burning bright, a great plashing of propellers, rattling of winches, and a lot of hailing on the pier-heads. I watched the procession of head-lights gliding high and of green lights gliding low in the night, when suddenly a red gleam flashed at me, vanished, came into view again, and remained. The fore-end of a steamer loomed up close. I shouted down the cabin, 'Come up, quick!' and then heard a startled voice saying afar in the dark, 'Stop her, sir.' A bell jingled. Another voice cried warningly, 'We are going right into that bark, sir.' The answer to this was a gruff 'All right,' and the next thing was a heavy crash as the steamer struck a glancing blow with the bluff of her bow about our fore-rigging. There was a moment of confusion, yelling, and running about. Steam roared. Then somebody was heard saying, 'All clear, sir.' . . . 'Are you all right?' asked the gruff voice. I had jumped forward to see the damage, and hailed back, 'I think so.' 'Easy astern,' said the gruff voice. A bell jingled. 'What steamer is that?' screamed Mahon. By that time she was no more to us than a bulky shadow maneuvering a little way off. They shouted at us some name—a woman's name, Miranda or Melissa—or some such thing. 'This means another month in this beastly hole,' said Mahon to me, as we peered with lamps about the splintered bulwarks and broken braces. 'But where's the captain?'

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on under a weather-cloth, the ocean poured over her, and we did not care. We turned those handles, and had the eyes of idiots. As soon as we had crawled on deck I used to take a round turn with a rope about the men, the pumps, and the mainmast, and we turned, we turned incessantly, with the water to our waists, to our necks, over our heads. It was all one. We had forgotten how it felt to be dry.

"And there was somewhere in me the thought: By Jove! this is the deuce of an adventure—something you read about; and it is my first voyage as second mate—and I am only twenty—and here I am lasting it out as well as any of these men, and keeping my chaps up to the mark. I was pleased. I would not have given up the experience for worlds. I had moments of exultation. Whenever the old dismantled craft pitched heavily with her counter high in the air, she seemed to me to throw up, like an appeal, like a defiance, like a cry to the clouds without mercy, the words written on her stern: '*Judea,* London, Do or Die.'

"O youth! The strength of it, the faith of it, the imagination of it! To me she was not an old rattletrap carting about the world a lot of coal for a freight—to me she was the endeavour, the test, the trial of life. I think of her with pleasure, with affection, with regret—as you would think of someone dead you have loved. I shall never forget her. . . . Pass the bottle.

"One night when, tied to the mast, as I explained, we were pumping on, deafened with the wind, and without spirit enough in us to wish ourselves dead, a heavy sea crashed aboard and swept clean over us. As soon as I got my breath I shouted, as in duty bound, 'Keep on, boys!' when suddenly I felt something hard floating on deck strike the calf of my leg. I made a grab at it and missed. It was so dark we could not see each other's faces within a foot—you understand.

"After that thump the ship kept quiet for a while, and the thing, whatever it was, struck my leg again. This time I caught it—and it was a saucepan. At first, being stupid with fatigue and thinking of nothing but the pumps, I did not understand what I had in my hand. Suddenly it dawned upon me, and I shouted, 'Boys, the house on deck is gone. Leave this, and let's look for the cook.'

"There was a deck-house forward, which contained the galley, the cook's berth, and the quarters of the crew. As we had expected for days to see it swept away, the hands had been ordered to sleep in the cabin—the only safe place in the ship. The steward, Abraham, however, persisted in clinging to his berth, stupidly, like a mule—from sheer fright I believe, like an animal that won't leave a stable falling in an earthquake.

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So we went to look for him. It was chancing death, since once out of our lashings we were as exposed as if on a raft. But we went. The house was shattered as if a shell had exploded inside. Most of it had gone overboard—stove, men's quarters, and their property, all was gone; but two posts, holding a portion of the bulkhead to which Abraham's bunk was attached, remained as if by a miracle. We groped in the ruins and came upon this, and there he was, sitting in his bunk, surrounded by foam and wreckage, jabbering cheerfully to himself. He was out of his mind; completely and forever mad, with this sudden shock coming upon the fag-end of his endurance. We snatched him up, lugged him aft, and pitched him head first down the cabin companion. You understand there was no time to carry him down with infinite precautions and wait to see how he got on. Those below would pick him up at the bottom of the stairs all right. We were in a hurry to go back to the pumps. That business could not wait. A bad leak is an inhuman thing.

"One would think that the sole purpose of that fiendish gale had been to make a lunatic of that poor devil of a mulatto. It eased before morning, and next day the sky cleared, and as the sea went down the leak took up. When it came to bending a fresh set of sails the crew demanded to put back—and really there was nothing else to do. Boats gone, decks swept clean, cabin gutted, men without a stitch but what they stood in, stores spoiled, ship strained. We put her head for home, and—would you believe it? The wind came east right in our teeth. It blew fresh, it blew continuously. We had to beat up every inch of the way, but she did not leak so badly, the water keeping comparatively smooth. Two hours' pumping in every four is no joke—but it kept her afloat as far as Falmouth.

"The good people there live on casualties of the sea and no doubt were glad to see us. A hungry crowd of shipwrights sharpened their chisels at the sight of that carcass of a ship. And, by Jove! they had pretty pickings off us before they were done. I fancy the owner was already in a tight place. There were delays. Then it was decided to take part of the cargo out and caulk her topsides. This was done, the repairs finished, cargo reshipped; a new crew came on board, and we went out—for Bangkok. At the end of a week we were back again. The crew said they weren't going to Bangkok—a hundred and fifty days' passage—in a something hooker that wanted pumping eight hours out of the twentyfour; and the nautical papers inserted again the little paragraph: '*Judea*. Bark. Tyne to Bangkok; coals; put back to Falmouth leaky and with crew refusing duty.'

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"There were more delays—more tinkering. The owner came down for a day, and said she was as right as a little fiddle. Poor old Captain Beard looked like the ghost of a Geordie skipper—through the worry and humiliation of it. Remember he was sixty, and it was his first command. Mahon said it was a foolish business, and would end badly. I loved the ship more than ever, and wanted awfully to get to Bangkok. To Bangkok! Magic name, blessed name. Mesopotamia wasn't a patch on it. Remember I was twenty, and it was my first second mate's billet, and the East was waiting for me.

"We went out and anchored in the outer roads with a fresh crew—the third. She leaked worse than ever. It was as if those confounded shipwrights had actually made a hole in her. This time we did not even go outside. The crew simply refused to man the windlass.

"They towed us back to the inner harbour, and we became a fixture, a feature, an institution of the place. People pointed us out to visitors as That 'ere bark that's going to Bangkok—has been here six months—put back three times.' On holidays the small boys pulling about in boats would hail, '*Judea,* ahoy!' and if a head showed above the rail shouted, 'Where you bound to?—Bangkok?' and jeered. We were only three on board. The poor old skipper mooned in the cabin. Mahon undertook the cooking, and unexpectedly developed all a Frenchman's genius for preparing nice little messes. I looked languidly after the rigging. We became citizens of Falmouth. Every shopkeeper knew us. At the barber's or tobacconist's they asked familiarly, 'Do you think you will ever get to Bangkok?' Meantime the owner, the underwriters, and the charterers squabbled amongst themselves in London, and our pay went on. . . . Pass the bottle.

"It was horrid. Morally it was worse than pumping for life. It seemed as though we had been forgotten by the world, belonged to nobody, would get nowhere; it seemed that, as if bewitched, we would have to live for ever and ever in that inner harbor, a derision and a byword to generations of long-shore loafers and dishonest boatmen. I obtained three months' pay and a five days' leave, and made a rush for London. It took me a day to get there and pretty well another to come back—but three months' pay went all the same. I don't know what I did with it. I went to a music hall, I believe, lunched, dined, and supped in a swell place in Regent Street, and was back to time, with nothing but a complete set of Byron's works and a new railway rug to show for three months' work. The boatman who pulled me off to the ship said: 'Hallo! I thought you had left the old thing. *She* will never get to Bangkok.' 'That's all *you* know

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about it,' I said scornfully—but I didn't like that prophecy at all.

"Suddenly a man, some kind of agent to somebody, appeared with full powers. He had grog blossoms all over his face, an indomitable energy, and was a jolly soul. We leaped into life again. A hulk came alongside, took our cargo, and then we went into dry dock to get our copper stripped. No wonder she leaked. The poor thing, strained beyond endurance by the gale, had, as if in disgust, spat out all the oakum of her lower seams. She was recaulked, new coppered, and made as tight as a bottle. We went back to the hulk and reshipped our cargo.

"Then on a fine moonlight night, all the rats left the ship.

"We had been infested with them. They had destroyed our sails, consumed more stores than the crew, affably shared our beds and our dangers, and now, when the ship was made seaworthy, concluded to clear out. I called Mahon to enjoy the spectacle. Rat after rat appeared on our rail, took a last look over his shoulder, and leaped with a hollow thud into the empty hulk. We tried to count them, but soon lost the tale. Mahon said: 'Well, well! don't talk to me about the intelligence of rats. They ought to have left before, when we had that narrow squeak from foundering. There you have the proof how silly is the superstition about them. They leave a good ship for an old rotten hulk, where there is nothing to eat, too, the fools! . . . I don't believe they know what is safe or what is good for them, any more than you or I.'

"And after some more talk we agreed that the wisdom of rats had been grossly overrated, being in fact no greater than that of men.

"The story of the ship was known, by this, all up the Channel from Land's End to the Forelands, and we could get no crew on the south coast. They sent us one all complete from Liverpool, and we left once more—for Bangkok.

"We had fair breezes, smooth water right into the tropics, and the old *Judea* lumbered along in the sunshine. When she went eight knots everything cracked aloft, and we tied our caps to our heads; but mostly she strolled on at the rate of three miles an hour. What could you expect? She was tired—that old ship. Her youth was where mine is—where yours is—you fellows who listen to this yarn; and what friend would throw your years and your weariness in your face? We didn't grumble at her. To us aft, at least, it seemed as though we had been born in her, reared in her, had lived in her for ages, had never known any other ship. I would just as soon have abused the old village church at home for not being a cathedral.

"And for me there was also my youth to make me patient. There was

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all the East before me, and all life, and the thought that I had been tried in that ship and had come out pretty well. And I thought of men of old who, centuries ago, went that road in ships that sailed no better, to the land of palms, and spices, and yellow sands, and of brown nations ruled by kings more cruel than Nero the Roman and more splendid than Solomon the Jew. The old bark lumbered on, heavy with her age and the burden of her cargo, while I lived the life of youth in ignorance and hope. She lumbered on through an interminable procession of days; and the fresh gilding flashed back at the setting sun, seemed to cry out over the darkening sea the words painted on her stern, '*Judea,* London, Do or Die.'

"Then we entered the Indian Ocean and steered northerly for Java Head. The winds were light. Weeks slipped by. She crawled on, do or die, and people at home began to think of posting us as overdue.

"One Saturday evening, I being off duty, the men asked me to give them an extra bucket of water or so—for washing clothes. As I did not wish to screw on the fresh-water pump so late, I went forward whistling, and with a key in my hand to unlock the forepeak scuttle, intending to serve the water out of a spare tank we kept there.

"The smell down below was as unexpected as it was frightful. One would have thought hundreds of paraffin lamps had been flaring and smoking in that hole for days. I was glad to get out. The man with me coughed and said, 'Funny smell, sir.' I answered negligently, 'It's good for the health, they say,' and walked aft.

"The first thing I did was to put my head down the square of the midship ventilator. As I lifted the lid a visible breath, something like a thin fog, a puff of faint haze, rose from the opening. The ascending air was hot, and had a heavy, sooty, paraffiny smell. I gave one sniff, and put down the lid gently. It was no use choking myself. The cargo was on fire.

"Next day she began to smoke in earnest. You see it was to be expected, for though the coal was of a safe kind, that cargo had been so handled, so broken up with handling, that it looked more like smithy coal than anything else. Then it had been wetted—more than once. It rained all the time we were taking it back from the hulk, and now with this long passage it got heated, and there was another case of spontaneous combustion.

"The captain called us into the cabin. He had a chart spread on the table, and looked unhappy. He said, 'The coast of West Australia is near, but I mean to proceed to our destination. It is the hurricane month too;

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"Next day it was my watch on deck from eight to twelve. At breakfast the captain observed, 'It's wonderful how that smell hangs about the cabin.' About ten, the mate being on the poop, I stepped down on the main-deck for a moment. The carpenter's bench stood abaft the mainmast: I leaned against it sucking at my pipe, and the carpenter, a young chap, came to talk to me. He remarked, 'I think we have done very well, haven't we?' and then I perceived with annoyance the fool was trying to tilt the bench. I said curtly, 'Don't, Chips,' and immediately became aware of a queer sensation, of an absurd delusion–I seemed somehow to be in the air. I heard all round me like a pent-up breath released–as if a thousand giants simultaneously had said Phoo!–and felt a dull concussion which made my ribs ache suddenly. No doubt about it–I was in the air, and my body was describing a short parabola. But short as it was, I had the time to think several thoughts in, as far as I can remember, the following order: This can't be the carpenter–What is it?–Some accident–Submarine volcano?–Coals, gas!–By Jove! we are being blown up–Everybody's dead–I am falling into the after-hatch–I see fire in it.'

"The coal-dust suspended in the air of the hold had glowed dull red at the moment of the explosion. In the twinkling of an eye, in an infinitesimal fraction of a second since the first tilt of the bench, I was sprawling full length on the cargo. I picked myself up and scrambled out. It was quick like a rebound. The deck was a wilderness of smashed timber, lying crosswise like trees in a wood after a hurricane; an immense curtain of soiled rags waved gently before me–it was the mainsail blown to strips. I thought, The masts will be toppling over directly; and to get out of the way bolted on all fours towards the poop-ladder. The first person I saw was Mahon, with eyes like saucers, his mouth open, and the long white hair standing straight on end round his head like a silver halo. He was just about to go down when the sight of the main-deck stirring, heaving up, and changing into splinters before his eyes, petrified him on the top step. I stared at him in unbelief, and he stared at me with a queer kind of shocked curiosity. I did not know that I had no hair, no eyebrows, no eyelashes, that my young moustache was burned off, that my f ace was black, one cheek laid open, my nose cut, and my chin bleeding. I had lost my cap, one of my slippers, and my shirt was torn to rags. Of all this I was not aware. I was amazed to see the ship still afloat, the poop-deck whole–and, most of all, to see anybody alive. Also the peace of the sky and the serenity of the sea were distinctly surprising. I suppose I expected to see them convulsed with horror. . . . Pass the bottle.

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"There was a voice hailing the ship from somewhere–in the air, in the sky–I couldn't tell. Presently I saw the captain–and he was mad. He asked me eagerly, 'Where's the cabin-table?' and to hear such a question was a frightful shock. I had just been blown up, you understand, and vibrated with that experience–I wasn't quite sure whether I was alive. Mahon began to stamp with both feet and yelled at him, 'Good God! don't you see the deck's blown out of her?' I found my voice, and stammered out as if conscious of some gross neglect of duty, 'I don't know where the cabin-table is.' It was like an absurd dream.

"Do you know what he wanted next? Well, he wanted to trim the yards. Very placidly, and as if lost in thought, he insisted on having the fore-yard squared. 'I don't know if there's anybody alive,' said Mahon, almost tearfully. 'Surely,' he said, gently, 'there will be enough left to square the fore-yard.'

"The old chap, it seems, was in his own berth, winding up the chronometers, when the shock sent him spinning. Immediately it occurred to him–as he said afterwards–that the ship had struck something, and he ran out into the cabin. There, he saw, the cabin-table had vanished somewhere. The deck being blown up, it had fallen down into the lazaretto of course. Where we had our breakfast that morning he saw only a great hole in the floor. This appeared to him so awfully mysterious, and impressed him so immensely, that what he saw and heard after he got on deck were mere trifles in comparison. And, mark, he noticed directly the wheel deserted and his bark off her course–and his only thought was to get that miserable, stripped, undecked, smouldering shell of a ship back again with her head pointing at her port of destination. Bangkok! That's what he was after. I tell you this quiet, bowed, bandy-legged, almost deformed little man was immense in the singleness of his idea and in his placid ignorance of our agitation. He motioned us forward with a commanding gesture, and went to take the wheel himself.

"Yes; that was the first thing we did–trim the yards of that wreck! No one was killed, or even disabled, but everyone was more or less hurt. You should have seen them! Some were in rags, with black faces, like coal-heavers, like sweeps, and had bullet heads that seemed closely cropped, but were in fact singed to the skin. Others, of the watch below, awakened by being shot out from their collapsing bunks, shivered incessantly, and kept on groaning even as we went about our work. But they all worked. That crew of Liverpool hard cases had in them the right stuff. It's my experience they always have. It is the sea that gives it–the vastness, the loneliness surrounding their dark stolid souls. Ah! Well!

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we stumbled, we crept, we fell, we barked our shins on the wreckage, we hauled. The masts stood, but we did not know how much they might be charred down below. It was nearly calm, but a long swell ran from the west and made her roll. They might go at any moment. We looked at them with apprehension. One could not foresee which way they would fall.

"Then we retreated aft and looked about us. The deck was a tangle of planks on edge, of planks on end, of splinters, of ruined woodwork. The masts rose from that chaos like big trees above a matted undergrowth. The interstices of that mass of wreckage were full of something whitish, sluggish, stirring—of something that was like a greasy fog. The smoke of the invisible fire was coming up again, was trailing, like a poisonous thick mist in some valley choked with dead wood. Already lazy wisps were beginning to curl upwards amongst the mass of splinters. Here and there a piece of timber, stuck upright, resembled a post. Half of a fife-rail had been shot through the fore-sail, and the sky made a patch of glorious blue in the ignobly soiled canvas. A portion of several boards holding together had fallen across the rail, and one end protruded overboard, like a gangway leading upon nothing, like a gangway leading over the deep sea, leading to death—as if inviting us to walk the plank at once and be done with our ridiculous troubles. And still the air, the sky—a ghost, something invisible was hailing the ship.

"Someone had the sense to look over, and there was the helmsman, who had impulsively jumped overboard, anxious to come back. He yelled and swam lustily like a merman, keeping up with the ship. We threw him a rope, and presently he stood amongst us streaming with water and very crestfallen. The captain had surrendered the wheel, and apart, elbow on rail and chin in hand, gazed at the sea wistfully. We asked ourselves, What next? I thought, Now, that is something like. This is great. I wonder what will happen. O youth!

"Suddenly Mahon sighted a steamer far astern. Captain Beard said, 'We may do something with her yet.' We hoisted two flags, which said in the international language of the sea, 'On fire. Want immediate assistance.' The steamer grew bigger rapidly, and by-and-by spoke with two flags on her foremast, 'I am coming to your assistance.'

"In half an hour she was abreast, to windward, within hail, and rolling slightly, with her engines stopped. We lost our composure, and yelled all together with excitement, 'We've been blown up.' A man in a white helmet, on the bridge, cried, 'Yes! All right! all right!' and he nodded his head, and smiled, and made soothing motions with his hand as though at

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a lot of frightened children. One of the boats dropped in the water, and walked towards us upon the sea with her long oars. Four Calashes pulled a swinging stroke. This was my first sight of Malay seamen. I've known them since, but what struck me then was their unconcern: they came alongside, and even the bowman standing up and holding to our main-chains with the boat-hook did not deign to lift his head for a glance. I thought people who had been blown up deserved more attention.

"A little man, dry like a chip and agile like a monkey, clambered up. It was the mate of the steamer. He gave one look, and cried, 'O boys—you had better quit.'

"We were silent. He talked apart with the captain for a time—seerned to argue with him. Then they went away together to the steamer.

"When our skipper came back we learned that the steamer was the *Sommerville,* Captain Nash, from West Australia to Singapore via Batavia with mails, and that the agreement was she should tow us to Anjer or Batavia, if possible, where we could extinguish the fire by scuttling, and then proceed on our voyage—to Bangkok! The old man seemed excited. 'We will do it yet,' he said to Mahon, fiercely. He shook his fist at the sky. Nobody else said a word.

"At noon the steamer began to tow. She went ahead slim and high, and what was left of the *Judea* followed at the end of seventy fathom of tow-rope—followed her swiftly like a cloud of smoke with mast-heads protruding above. We went aloft to furl the sails. We coughed on the yards, and were careful about the bunts. Do you see the lot of us there, putting a neat furl on the sails of that ship doomed to arrive nowhere? There was not a man who didn't think that at any moment the masts would topple over. From aloft we could not see the ship for smoke, and they worked carefully, passing the gaskets with even turns. 'Harbour furl—aloft there!' cried Mahon from below.

"You understand this? I don't think one of those chaps expected to get down in the usual way. When we did I heard them saying to each other, 'Well, I thought we would come down overboard, in a lump—sticks and all—blame me if I didn't.' 'That's what I was thinking to myself,' would answer wearily another battered and bandaged scarecrow. And, mind, these were men without the drilled-in habit of obedience. To an onlooker they would be a lot of profane scallywags without a redeeming point. What made them do it—what made them obey me when I, thinking consciously how fine it was, made them drop the bunt of the fore-sail twice to try and do it better? What? They had no professional reputation—no examples, no praise. It wasn't a sense of duty; they all knew well enough

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how to shirk, and laze, and dodge–when they had a mind to it–and mostly they had. Was it the two pounds ten a month that sent them there? They didn't think their pay half good enough. No; it was something in them, something inborn and subtle and everlasting. I don't say positively that the crew of a French or German merchantman wouldn't have done it, but I doubt whether it would have been done in the same way. There was a completeness in it, something solid like a principle, and masterful like an instinct–a disclosure of something secret–of that hidden something, that gift, of good or evil that makes racial difference, that shapes the fate of nations.

"It was that night at ten that, for the first time since we had been fighting it, we saw the fire. The speed of the towing had fanned the smouldering destruction. A blue gleam appeared forward, shining below the wreck of the deck. It wavered in patches, it seemed to stir and creep like the light of a glow-worm. I saw it first, and told Mahon. Then the game's up,' he said. 'We had better stop this towing, or she will burst out suddenly fore and aft before we can clear out.' We set up a yell; rang bells to attract their attention; they towed on. At last Mahon and I had to crawl forward and cut the rope with an ax. There was no time to cast off the lashings. Red tongues could be seen licking the wilderness of splinters under our feet as we made our way back to the poop.

"Of course they very soon found out in the steamer that the rope was gone. She gave a loud blast of her whistle, her lights were seen sweeping in a wide circle, she came up ranging close alongside, and stopped. We were all in a tight group on the poop looking at her. Every man had saved a little bundle or a bag. Suddenly a conical flame with a twisted top shot up forward and threw upon the black sea a circle of light, with the two vessels side by side and heaving gently in its centre. Captain Beard had been sitting on the gratings still and mute for hours, but now he rose slowly and advanced in front of us, to the mizen-shrouds. Captain Nash hailed: 'Come along! Look sharp. I have mail-bags on board. I will take you and your boats to Singapore.'

"'Thank you! No!' said our skipper. 'We must see the last of the ship.'

"'I can't stand by any longer,' shouted the other. 'Mails–you know.'

"'Ay! ay! We are all right.'

"'Very well! I'll report you in Singapore. . . . Good-bye!'

"He waved his hand. Our men dropped their bundles quietly. The steamer moved ahead, and passing out of the circle of light, vanished at once from our sight, dazzled by the fire which burned fiercely. And then I knew that I would see the East first as commander of a small boat. I

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chunk of cheese in his hand. Mahon got up. With his handsome and disreputable head, his hooked profile, his long white beard, and with an uncorked bottle in his hand, he resembled one of those reckless sea-robbers of old making merry amidst violence and disaster. 'The last meal on board,' he explained solemnly. 'We had nothing to eat all day, and it was no use leaving all this.' He flourished the bottle and indicated the sleeping skipper. 'He said he couldn't swallow anything, so I got him to lie down,' he went on; and as I stared, 'I don't know whether you are aware, young fellow, the man had no sleep to speak of for days—and there will be dam' little sleep in the boats.' 'There will be no boats byand-by if you fool about much longer,' I said, indignantly. I walked up to the skipper and shook him by the shoulder. At last he opened his eyes, but did not move. 'Time to leave her, sir,' I said quietly.

"He got up painfully, looked at the flames, at the sea sparkling round the ship, and black, black as ink farther away; he looked at the stars shining dim through a thin veil of smoke in a sky black, black as Erebus.

"'Youngest first,' he said.

"And the ordinary seaman, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, got up, clambered over the taffrail, and vanished. Others followed. One, on the point of going over, stopped short to drain his bottle, and with a great swing of his arm flung it at the fire. 'Take this!' he cried.

"The skipper lingered disconsolately, and we left him to commune alone for a while with his first command. Then I went up again and brought him away at last. It was time. The ironwork on the poop was hot to the touch.

"Then the painter of the long-boat was cut, and the three boats, tied together, drifted clear of the ship. It was just sixteen hours after the explosion when we abandoned her. Mahon had charge of the second boat, and I had the smallest—the 14-foot thing. The long-boat would have taken the lot of us; but the skipper said we must save as much property as we could—for the underwriters—and so I got my first command. I had two men with me, a bag of biscuits, a few tins of meat, and a breaker of water. I was ordered to keep close to the long-boat, that in case of bad weather we might be taken into her.

"And do you know what I thought? I thought I would part company as soon as I could. I wanted to have my first command all to myself. I wasn't going to sail in a squadron if there were a chance for independent cruising. I would make land by myself. I would beat the other boats. Youth! All youth! The silly, charming, beautiful youth.

"But we did not make a start at once. We must see the last of the ship.

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And so the boats drifted about that night, heaving and setting on the swell. The men dozed, waked, sighed, groaned. I looked at the burning ship.

"Between the darkness of earth and heaven she was burning fiercely upon a disc of purple sea shot by the blood-red play of gleams; upon a disc of water glittering and sinister. A high, clear flame, an immense and lonely flame, ascended from the ocean, and from its summit the black smoke poured continuously at the sky. She burned furiously; mournful and imposing like a funeral pile kindled in the night, surrounded by the sea, watched over by the stars. A magnificent death had come like a grace, like a gift, like a reward to that old ship at the end of her laborious days. The surrender of her weary ghost to the keeping of stars and sea was stirring like the sight of a glorious triumph. The masts fell just before daybreak, and for a moment there was a burst and turmoil of sparks that seemed to fill with flying fire the night patient and watchful, the vast night lying silent upon the sea. At daylight she was only a charred shell, floating still under a cloud of smoke and bearing a glowing mass of coal within.

"Then the oars were got out, and the boats forming in a line moved round her remains as if in procession—the long-boat leading. As we pulled across her stern a slim dart of fire shot out viciously at us, and suddenly she went down, head first, in a great hiss of steam. The unconsumed stern was the last to sink; but the paint had gone, had cracked, had peeled off, and there were no letters, there was no word, no stubborn device that was like her soul, to flash at the rising sun her creed and her name.

"We made our way north. A breeze sprang up, and about noon all the boats came together for the last time. I had no mast or sail in mine, but I made a mast out of a spare oar and hoisted a boat-awning for a sail, with a boat-hook for a yard. She was certainly overmasted, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that with the wind aft I could beat the other two. I had to wait for them. Then we all had a look at the captain's chart, and, after a sociable meal of hard bread and water, got our last instructions. These were simple: steer north and keep together as much as possible. 'Be careful with that jury-rig, Marlow,' said the captain; and Mahon, as I sailed proudly past his boat, wrinkled his curved nose and hailed, 'You will sail that ship of yours under water if you don't look out, young fellow.' He was a malicious old man—and may the deep sea where he sleeps now rock him gently, rock him tenderly to the end of time!

"Before sunset a thick rain squall passed over the two boats, which were

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far astern, and that was the last I saw of them for a time. Next day I sat steering my cockle-shell—my first command—with nothing but water and sky around me. I did sight in the afternoon the upper sails of a ship far away, but said nothing, and my men did not notice her. You see I was afraid she might be homeward bound, and I had no mind to turn back from the portals of the East. I was steering for Java—another blessed name—like Bangkok, you know. I steered many days.

"I need not tell you what it is to be knocking about in an open boat. I remember nights and days of calm, and we pulled, we pulled, and the boat seemed to stand still, as if bewitched within the circle of the sea horizon. I remember the heat, the deluge of rain squalls that kept us baling for dear life (but filled our water-cask), and I remember sixteen hours on end with a mouth dry as a cinder and a steering-oar over the stern to keep my first command head on to a breaking sea. I did not know how good a man I was till then. I remember the drawn faces, the dejected figures of my two men, and I remember my youth and the feeling that will never come back any more—the feeling that I could last for ever, outlast the sea, the earth, and all men; the deceitful feeling that lures us on to joys, to perils, to love, to vain effort—to death; the triumphant conviction of strength, the heat of life in the handful of dust, the glow in the heart that with every year grows dim, grows cold, grows small, and expires—and expires, too soon, too soon—before life itself.

"And this is how I see the East. I have seen its secret places and have looked into its very soul; but now I see it always from a small boat, a high outline of mountains, blue and afar in the morning; like faint mist at noon; a jagged wall of purple at sunset. I have the feel of the oar in my hand, the vision of a scorching blue sea in my eyes. And I see a bay, a wide bay, smooth as glass and polished like ice, shimmering in the dark. A red light burns far off upon the gloom of the land, and the night is soft and warm. We drag at the oars with aching arms, and suddenly a puff of wind, a puff faint and tepid and laden with strange odours of blossoms, of aromatic wood, comes out of the still night—the first sigh of the East on my face. That I can never forget. It was impalpable and enslaving, like a charm, like a whispered promise of mysterious delight.

"We had been pulling this finishing spell for eleven hours. Two pulled, and he whose turn it was to rest sat at the tiller. We had made out the red light in that bay and steered for it, guessing it must mark some small coasting port. We passed two vessels, outlandish and high-sterned, sleeping at anchor, and, approaching the light, now very dim, ran the boat's

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nose against the end of a jutting wharf. We were blind with fatigue. My men dropped the oars and fell off the thwarts as if dead. I made fast to a pile. A current rippled softly. The scented obscurity of the shore was grouped into vast masses, a density of colossal clumps of vegetation, probably—mute and fantastic shapes. And at their foot the semicircle of a beach gleamed faintly, like an illusion. There was not a light, not a stir, not a sound. The mysterious East faced me, perfumed like a flower, silent like death, dark like a grave.

"And I sat weary beyond expression, exulting like a conqueror, sleepless and entranced as if before a profound, a fateful enigma.

"A splashing of oars, a measured dip reverberating on the level of water, intensified by the silence of the shore into loud claps, made me jump up. A boat, a European boat, was coming in. I invoked the name of the dead; I hailed: *Judea* ahoy! A thin shout answered.

"It was the captain. I had beaten the flagship by three hours, and I was glad to hear the old man's voice again, tremulous and tired. 'Is it you, Marlow?' 'Mind the end of that jetty, sir,' I cried.

"He approached cautiously, and brought up with the deep-sea leadline which we had saved—for the underwriters. I eased my painter and fell alongside. He sat, a broken figure at the stern, wet with dew, his hands clasped in his lap. His men were asleep already. 'I had a terrible time of it,' he murmured. 'Mahon is behind—not very far.' We conversed in whispers, in low whispers, as if afraid to wake up the land. Guns, thunder, earthquakes would not have awakened the men just then.

"Looking round as we talked, I saw away at sea a bright light travelling in the night. 'There's a steamer passing the bay,' I said. She was not passing, she was entering, and she even came close and anchored. 'I wish,' said the old man, 'you would find out whether she is English. Perhaps they could give us a passage somewhere.' He seemed nervously anxious. So by dint of punching and kicking I started one of my men into a state of somnambulism, and giving him an oar, took another and pulled towards the lights of the steamer.

"There was a murmur of voices in her, metallic hollow clangs of the engine-room, footsteps on the deck. Her ports shone, round like dilated eyes. Shapes moved about, and there was a shadowy man high up on the bridge. He heard my oars.

"And then, before I could open my lips, the East spoke to me, but it was in a Western voice. A torrent of words was poured into the enigmatical, the fateful silence: outlandish, angry words, mixed with words and even whole sentences of good English, less strange but even more surpris-

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ing. The voice swore and cursed violently; it riddled the solemn peace of the bay by a volley of abuse. It began by calling me Pig, and from that went crescendo into unmentionable adjectives–in English. The man up there raged aloud in two languages, and with a sincerity in his fury that almost convinced me I had, in some way, sinned against the harmony of the universe. I could hardly see him, but began to think he would work himself into a fit.

"Suddenly he ceased, and I could hear him snorting and blowing like a porpoise. I said–

"'What steamer is this, pray?'

"'Eh? What's this? And who are you?'

"'Castaway crew of an English bark burned at sea. We came here to-night. I am the second mate. The captain is in the long-boat, and wishes to know if you would give us a passage somewhere.'

"'Oh, my goodness! I say. . . . This is the *Celestial* from Singapore on her return trip. I'll arrange with your captain in the morning, . . . and, . . . I say, . . . did you hear me just now?'

"'I should think the whole bay heard you.'

" 'I thought you were a shore-boat. Now, look here–this infernal lazy scoundrel of a caretaker has gone to sleep again–curse him. The light is out, and I nearly ran foul of the end of this damned jetty. This is the third time he plays me this trick. Now, I ask you, can anybody stand this kind of thing? It's enough to drive a man out of his mind. I'll report him. . . . I'll get the Assistant Resident to give him the sack, by . . . ! See–there's no light. It's out, isn't it! I take you to witness the light's out. There should be a light, you know. A red light on the–'

"'There was a light,' I said, mildly.

"'But it's out, man! What's the use of talking like this? You can see for yourself it's out–don't you? If you had to take a valuable steamer along this God-forsaken coast you would want a light, too. I'll kick him from end to end of his miserable wharf. You'll see if I don't. I will–'

"'So I may tell my captain you'll take us?' I broke in.

"'Yes, I'll take you. Good night,' he said, brusquely.

"I pulled back, made fast again to the jetty, and then went to sleep at last. I had faced the silence of the East. I had heard some of its language. But when I opened my eyes again the silence was as complete as though it had never been broken. I was lying in a flood of light, and the sky had never looked so far, so high, before. I opened my eyes and lay without moving.

"And then I saw the men of the East–they were looking at me. The

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# Voltaire

1694–1778

Voltaire (pen name of François Marie Arouet), the son of a notary, was born in Paris on November 21, 1694. He was educated at the Jesuit Collège Louis-le-Grand. He read law and visited The Hague in the Marquis de Châteauneuf's suite. In Paris he belonged to the "Court of Sceaux," the circle of the beautiful Duchesse du Maine. In 1716, apparently for writing lampoons, he was exiled for the first time. When he came back, he was sent to the Bastille. There he rewrote his play *Oedipus* and changed his name to Voltaire. He was released the following year.

*Oedipus* opened in 1718 and had a prosperous run. With the royalties Voltaire made the first of a thousand profitable speculations. But trouble was his native weather. He found it prudent to exile himself again. When he returned to Paris in 1720, his play *Artémire* was put on and failed. His father left him a considerable fortune. The Regent granted him a pension.

In 1722 he went to Belgium and Holland on a secret diplomatic mission. After an unfortunate opening, his tragedy *Mariamne* was rewritten and did very well. In the early 1720's he worked at being a courtier under the wing of the Duc de Richelieu. He was insulted by the Chevalier de Rohan and replied in kind. Rohan had him beaten. He challenged the Chevalier to a duel but on the appointed morning he was thrown into the Bastille again.

Voltaire spent three years in England, where he met the Walpoles, Congreve, and Pope. Back in Paris in 1729, he was busy with such projects as the *Henriade* and a series of new plays–*Brutus, Eriphile,* and *Zaïre*. Two notable satires, *Philosophic Letters on the English* and *The Temple of Fashion,* got him into trouble again. He retired to Lorraine, where he and the Marquise du Châtelet fitted out an old château at Cirey. He wrote prodigiously. *Mérope* is prob-



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ably his most respected work of this period, but it did not appear on the stage until 1743.

During the 1740's he was again at court. In 1745 he was made historiographer-royal and the next year elected to the French Academy. By this time he was the great star of the Enlightenment and the most famous writer in Europe. He accepted Frederick of Prussia's invitations to the Prussian court in 1751, but quarrels and difficulties caused him to leave Potsdam. He was arrested in Frankfurt and refused permission to enter France.

He went to Switzerland and there set up his famous residence at Ferney, near Geneva. In 1759 he wrote *Candide*. He was visited by the great of Europe. He never refused a fight for political liberty. In 1778 he made a last triumphal entry into Paris, where his new play, *Irène,* was produced. He died there on May 30 of the same year.

We read *Micromégas* (the name means "Little-Big") with one eye on Voltaire's time and one eye on our own. He is writing about astronauts—and he was not the first—who preceded by many years Yuri Gagarin and John Glenn. To him the movement between worlds was outright fantasy—and what an easy time *his* astronauts had of it, with their hitching a ride on a comet and their transit by sunbeam from globe to globe "as a bird flutters from branch to branch." We smile a little. For us travel in space is already possible. We have done it. Other worlds are clearly in reach.

We notice at once that, as the title suggests, the satire of *Micromégas* revolves almost completely on the idea of relative quantity. It is a statistician's fantasy, in which the mathematician (junior grade), the surveyor, the controller of weights and measures, the demographer, the astronomer, and the physicist may all find them-selves amusingly at home. May we infer, from the height of Mr. Micromégas

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*Notes from the artist: ". . . Voltaire as an old man above the profile of Louis XIV, of whose court (and of those of the other 'philosopher kings') Voltaire felt himself to be a jester who laughed 'in order to keep myself from going mad.' At lower right is a scene from* Candide."

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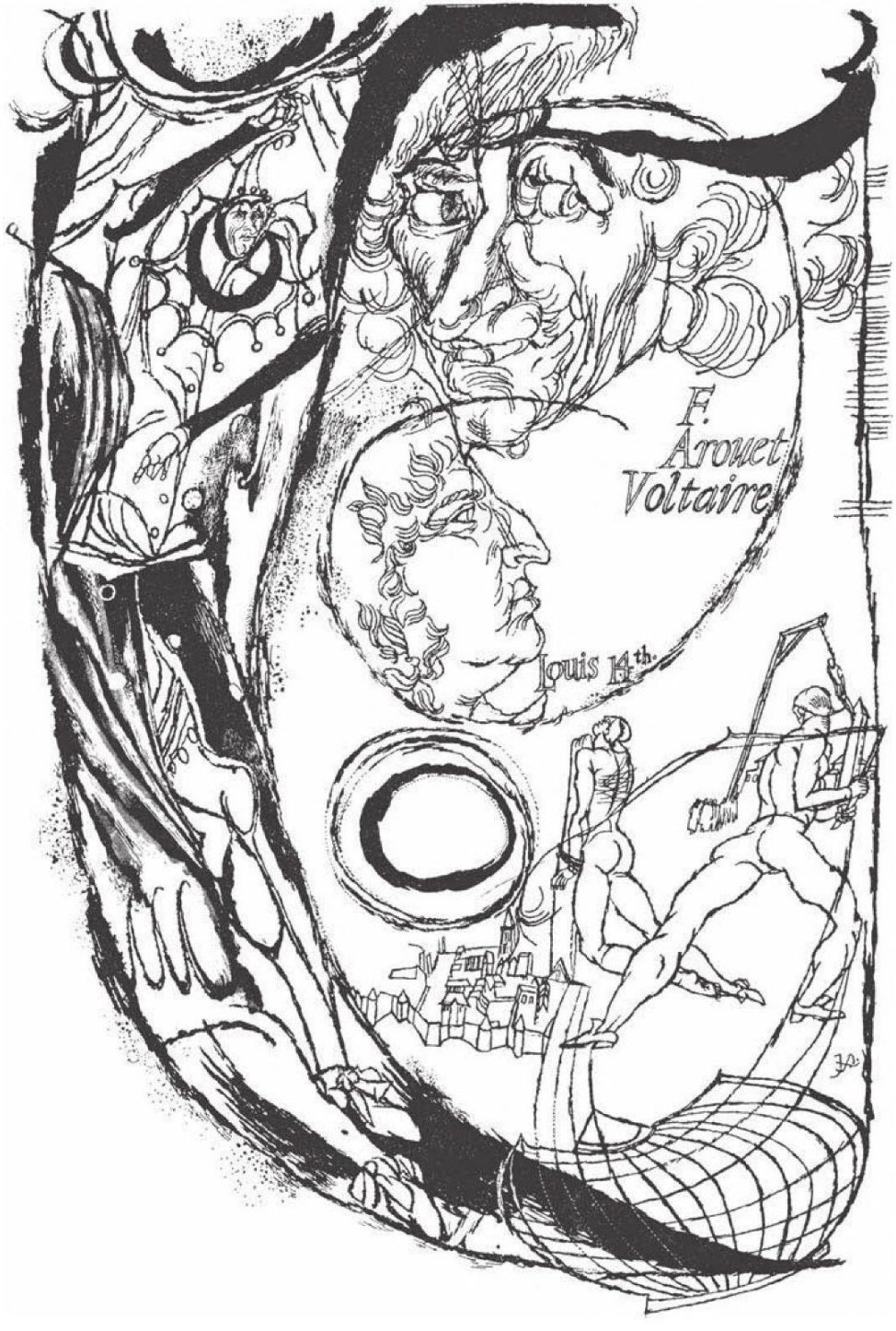


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the Sirian, the circumference of his waist and even the scale of his planet? If he is grown up at the age of four hundred and fifty, at what age is he likely to die? The Saturnian secretary is a mere 6,000 feet tall. How will he manage to talk to Micromégas?

Fortunately, apart from size, the inhabitants of all the worlds speak the same language. The Sirian and the Saturnian, though one has a thousand senses and the other only seventy-two, get along very well with each other. Each bewails the shortness of life, though one lives seven hundred times longer than the other. Amiably, but in the face of some protest from the Saturnian's friend, "a pretty little dark girl who stood only six hundred and sixty fathoms," they set out on a tour of the universe. On the planet Earth they find the most amazing creatures of all—maggots who are both wise and wicked, whose philosophers make a point of disagreeing with each other, and who are "possessed of an arrogance almost infinitely great." "I see more than ever," says Micromégas, "that nothing must be judged by its apparent size."

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# *Micromégas*

## CHAPTER I

*Journey of an Inhabitant of the World of the Star Sirius into the Planet Saturn*

In one of those planets which revolve round the star named Sirius there was a young man of much wit with whom I had the honor to be acquainted during the last visit he made to our little anthill. He was called Micromégas, a name very well suited to all big men. His height was eight leagues: by eight leagues I mean twenty-four thousand geometrical paces of five feet each.

Some of the mathematicians, persons of unending public utility, will at once seize their pens and discover that, since Mr. Micromégas, inhabitant of the land of Sirius, measures from head to foot twenty-four thousand paces (which make one-hundred-and-twenty thousand royal feet), and since we other citizens of the earth measure barely five feet, and our globe has a circumference of nine thousand leagues—they will discover, I say, that it follows absolutely that the globe which produced Mr. Micromégas must have exactly twenty-one million six hundred thousand times more circumference than our little earth. Nothing in nature is simpler or more ordinary. The states of certain German and Italian sovereigns, round which one may travel completely in half an hour, compared with the empires of Turkey, Muscovy, or China, are but a very feeble example of the prodigious differences which nature contrives everywhere.

His Excellency's stature being as I have stated, all our sculptors and all our painters will agree without difficulty that he is fifty thousand royal feet round the waist; which makes him very nicely proportioned.

As regards his mind, it is one of the most cultured we possess. He knows many things, and has invented a few. He had not yet reached the age of two-hundred-and-fifty, and was studying, according to custom, at the



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of emotions arising from our seventy-two senses, we have plenty of time to be bored."

"That I can quite understand," said Micromégas, "for although in our world we have nearly a thousand senses, we still have an indescribable, vague yearning, an inexpressible restlessness, which warns us incessantly that we are of small account, and that there exist beings far more perfect. I have traveled a little, and I have seen mortals much below our level; I have also seen others far superior: but I have not seen any who have not more appetites than real needs, and more needs than contentment. One day, maybe, I shall reach the country where nobody lacks anything, but up to now no one has given me definite news of that country."

The Saturnian and the Sirian proceeded to tire themselves out with conjectures, but after many very ingenious and very uncertain arguments, they were forced to return to facts.

"How long do you live?" asked the Sirian.

"Ah! a very short time," replied the small man of Saturn.

"Just as with us," said the Sirian. "We are always complaining how short life is. It must be one of the universal laws of nature."

"Alas!" sighed the Saturnian. "We live for only five hundred complete revolutions of the sun. (That makes fifteen thousand years, or thereabouts, according to our reckoning.) As you can see, that means dying almost as soon as one is born. Our existence is a point, our duration a flash, our globe an atom. Hardly has one started to improve one's self a little than death arrives before one has any experience. For my part, I dare make no plans; I am like a drop of water in an immense ocean. I am ashamed, particularly before you, of the ridiculous figure I cut in this world."

"If you were not a philosopher," returned Micromégas, "I should fear to distress you by telling you that our life is seven hundred times as long as yours, but you know too well that when a man has to return his body to the earth whence it sprang, to bring life again to nature in another form—which is called dying—it is precisely the same thing, when the time for this metamorphosis arrives, whether he has lived a day or an eternity. I have been in countries where the people lived a thousand times longer than my people, and they still grumbled. But everywhere there are persons who know how to accept their fate and thank the author of nature. He has spread over this universe variety in profusion, coupled with a kind of wonderful uniformity. For instance, all thinking beings are different, and yet at bottom all resemble each other in their possession of the gifts of thought and aspiration. Matter is found everywhere, but in each globe

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it has different properties. How many of these properties do you count your matter as having?"

"If you speak of those properties," said the Saturnian, "without which we believe our globe could not exist in its present form, we count three hundred, such as extension, impenetrability, mobility, gravitation, divisibility, and so on."

"It appears," said the traveler, "that for the Creator's purposes regarding your insignificant abode that small number suffices. I admire His wisdom in everything. I see differences everywhere, but everywhere also I see proportion. Your world is small, and so are its occupants; you have few sensations; your matter has few properties: all that is the work of Providence. Of what color does your sun prove to be if you examine it closely?"

"Of a very yellowish white," said the Saturnian; "and when we split up one of its rays we find it contains seven colors."

"Our sun," remarked the Sirian, "is reddish, and we have thirty-nine primary colors. Of all the suns I have approached there are no two which are alike, just as with you there is no face which does not differ from all the other faces."

After several questions of this kind, he inquired how many essentially different substances they counted in Saturn. He learned that they counted only about thirty, such as God, Space, Matter, substances which have Extension and Feeling, substances which have Extension, Feeling and Thought, substances which have Thought and no Extension; those which are self-conscious, those which are not self-conscious, and the rest. The Sirian, in whose world they counted three hundred, and who had discovered in his travels three thousand others, staggered the philosopher of Saturn. At last, after acquainting each other with a little of what they did know and a great deal of what they did not, after arguing during a complete revolution of the sun, they decided to make together a little philosophical journey.

## CHAPTER III

### *Journey of the Two Inhabitants of Sirius and Saturn*

Our two philosophers were ready to set forth into the atmosphere of Saturn, with a nice supply of mathematical instruments, when the Saturnian's mistress, who had heard of their approaching departure, came in tears to protest. She was a pretty little dark girl who stood only six

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hundred and sixty fathoms; but she made amends for her small stature by many other charms. "Ah! cruel man," she cried, "when after resisting you for fifteen hundred years I was beginning at last to give way, when I have passed barely a hundred years in your arms, you leave me to go on a journey with a giant from another world. Away with you! your intentions are not serious, you are nothing but a philanderer, you have never loved me: if you were a real Saturnian you would be faithful. Where are you going to gad about? What do you seek? Our five moons are less errant than you, our ring is less variable. One thing is certain! I shall never love anyone else."

The philosopher kissed her, wept with her, for all that he was a philosopher, and the lady after having swooned went off to console herself with one of the dandies of the land.

Meanwhile, our two seekers after knowledge departed. First they jumped on the ring; they found it to be fairly flat, as an illustrious inhabitant of our little globe has very well guessed. Thence they journeyed from moon to moon. A comet passed quite close to the last one they visited; with their servants and instruments they hurled themselves on it. When they had covered about a hundred and fifty million leagues they came upon the satellites of Jupiter. They came to Jupiter itself, and stayed there a year, during which time they learned some very wonderful secrets that would now be in the hands of the printers had not my lords the inquisitors found some of the propositions rather tough. But I read the manuscript in the library of the illustrious archbishop of––, who, with a generosity and kindness which cannot be sufficiently praised, allowed me to see his books.

But let us return to our travelers. When they left Jupiter they crossed a space about a hundred million leagues wide, and passed along the coast of Mars, which, as we know, is five times smaller than our little globe. They saw two moons which serve this planet, and which have escaped the attention of our astronomers. I am well aware that Father Castel will decry, even with humor, the existence of these two moons, but I take my stand on those who reason by analogy. Those good philosophers know how difficult it would be for Mars, which is so far from the sun, to do without at least two moons. Whatever the facts are, our friends found Mars so small that they feared they might not have room enough to lay themselves down, and so they continued on their road like two travelers who scorn a miserable village inn, and push on to the nearest town. But the Sirian and his companion soon repented, for they traveled a long while without finding anything. At last they perceived a small glimmer:

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it was the earth, and it stirred the pity of the people coming from Jupiter. However, fearing that they might have to repent a second time, they decided to land. They passed along the tail of the comet and, finding an aurora borealis handy, climbed on the tail of the comet, and touched land on the northern coast of the Baltic Sea, the fifth of July, seventeen hundred and thirty-seven, new style.

## CHAPTER IV

### *What Happened to Them on Earth*

After a short rest, they ate for lunch two mountains which their attendants served up for them quite nicely, and then had a mind to explore the minute country in which they found themselves. They went first from north to south. The usual pace of the Sirian and his people measured about thirty-thousand king's feet. The dwarf from Saturn followed at a distance, panting, for he had to take twelve paces to each of the other's strides. Picture to yourself (if such a comparison be permitted) a very small lap-dog following a captain of the King of Prussia's Guards.

As these foreigners moved rather quickly, they circled the world in thirty-six hours. The sun, or rather the earth, it is true, does a like journey in a day, but it must be remembered that it is easier to travel on one's axis than on one's feet. Here they are, then, returned to the point whence they started. They have seen the puddle, almost imperceptible to them, which we call the "Mediterranean," and that other little pond which under the name of the "Great Ocean" surrounds the mole-hill. The water had never come above the dwarf s knees, and the other had scarcely wet his heels. Moving above and below, they did their best to discover whether or no this globe was inhabited. They stooped, laid themselves down flat, and sounded everywhere; but as their eyes and their hands were in nowise adapted to the diminutive beings which crawl here, they perceived nothing which might make them suspect that we and our colleagues, the other dwellers on this earth, have the honor to exist.

The dwarf, who sometimes judged a little too hastily, decided at once that there was no one on the earth, his first reason being that he had seen no one. Micromégas politely made him feel that it was a poor enough reason. "With your little eyes," he said, "you do not see certain stars of the fiftieth magnitude, which I perceive very distinctly. Do you conclude from your blindness that these stars do not exist?"

"But," said the dwarf, "I have searched well."

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"But," replied the other, "you have seen badly."

"But," said the dwarf, "this globe is so badly constructed and so irregular; it is of a form which to me seems ridiculous! Everything here is in chaos, apparently. Do you see how none of those little brooks run straight? And those ponds which are neither round, square, oval, nor of any regular form? Look at all those little pointed things with which this world is studded; they have taken the skin off my feet! (He referred to the mountains.) Do you not observe the shape of the globe, how flat it is at the poles, and how clumsily it turns round the sun, with result that the polar regions are waste places? What really makes me think there is no one on the earth is that I cannot imagine any sensible people wanting to live here."

"Well, well!" said Micromégas, "perhaps the people who live here are not sensible after all. But anyway there is an indication that the place was not made for nothing. You say that everything here looks irregular, because in Jupiter and Saturn everything is arranged in straight lines. Perhaps it is for that very reason there is something of a jumble here. Have I not told you that in my travels I have always observed variety?"

The Saturnian replied to all these arguments, and the discussion might never have finished had not Micromégas become excited with talking, and by good luck broken the string of his diamond necklace. The diamonds fell to the ground. They were pretty little stones, but rather unequal; the biggest weighed four hundred pounds, the smallest fifty. The dwarf picked some of them up, and perceived when he put them to his eye that from the way they were cut they made first-rate magnifying glasses. He took, therefore, one of these small magnifying glasses, a hundred and sixty feet in diameter, and put it to his eye; Micromégas selected one of two thousand five hundred feet. They were excellent, but at first nothing could be seen by their aid; an adjustment was necessary. After a long time, the inhabitant of Saturn saw something almost imperceptible under water in the Baltic Sea: it was a whale. Very adroitly he picked it up with his little finger and, placing it on his thumbnail, showed it to the Sirian, who started laughing at the extreme smallness of the inhabitants of our globe. The Saturnian, satisfied that our world was inhabited after all, assumed immediately that all the inhabitants were whales, and as he was a great reasoner wished to ascertain how so small an atom moved, if it had ideas, a will, self-direction. Micromégas was very embarrassed by his questions. He examined the animal with great patience, and finished by thinking it impossible that a soul lodged there. The two travelers were disposed to think, therefore, that there was no

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each other; do you think it possible to make love without thinking and without uttering a word, or at least without making one's self understood? Do you suppose, further, that it is more difficult to produce an argument than an infant? To me they both appear great mysteries."

"I dare no longer either believe or disbelieve," said the dwarf. "I cease to have an opinion. We must try to examine these insects: we will argue afterward."

"That is well said," returned Micromégas, and pulled out a pair of scissors with which he cut his nails. With a paring from his thumbnail he made on the spot a kind of huge speaking-trumpet, like an immense funnel, and placed the small end in his ear. The outer edge of the funnel surrounded the ship and all the crew. The faintest sound entered the circular fibers of the nail, with result that thanks to his ingenuity the philosopher of the world above heard perfectly the buzzing of our insects in this world below. In a very short time he managed to distinguish words, and finally to understand French. As did the dwarf, although with greater difficulty.

The travelers' astonishment increased with each moment. They heard maggots talking tolerably good sense, and this trick of nature seemed inexplicable to them. You can well believe that the Sirian and his dwarf burned with impatience to engage the atoms in conversation. The dwarf feared that the thunder of his voice, and particularly of the voice of Micromégas, might deafen the maggots without their understanding that it was a voice. The strength must be reduced. They put in their mouths a sort of small toothpick of which the very fine end reached close to the ship. The Sirian held the dwarf on his knees and the ship with its crew on one of his nails. He bent his head, and spoke in a low voice. At last, with the help of all these precautions and many others beside, he started to speak; and this is what he said:

"Invisible insects who the Creator has pleased should be born in this abyss of the infinitely little, I thank Him for having deigned to let me discover secrets which seemed unfathomable. At my court, maybe, they would not condescend to look at you, but I despise no one, and I offer you my protection."

If ever anyone was astonished, it was the people who heard these words. They could not imagine whence they came. The ship's chaplain repeated the prayers for casting out devils, the sailors cursed, and the philosophers on board propounded hypotheses; but no matter what hypothesis they propounded they could never guess who was speaking to them. The dwarf from Saturn, whose voice was softer than Micro-

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mégas', then told them briefly with what sort of people they had to deal. He related the journey from Saturn, made them aware who Mr. Micromégas was, and, after sympathizing with them for being so small, asked if they had always enjoyed this miserable state so close to complete non-existence, what their function was in a world which appeared to belong to whales, if they were happy, if they multiplied, if they had souls, and a hundred other questions of a like nature.

One reasoner in the party, bolder than the others, and shocked that anyone should doubt he had a soul, sighted his interlocutor through the eyelet-hole on a quadrant, made two observations, and at the third said: "You assume, sir, that because you measure a thousand fathoms from head to foot you are a–"

"A thousand fathoms!" cried the dwarf. "Holy Heaven! How can he know my height? A thousand fathoms! he is not an inch out! What, this atom has measured me! He is a mathematician, he knows my height! And I who cannot see him at all save through a magnifying glass, I do not yet know his!"

"Yes, I have measured you," said the physicist, "and what is more I shall measure your big friend too."

The suggestion was accepted, and His Excellency stretched himself out at full length: which was necessary because, if he had remained standing, his head would have been too far above the clouds. Our philosophers planted in him a big tree on a spot which Dr. Swift would specify, but which I refrain from calling by name out of respect for the ladies. Then, by forming a network of triangles they came to the conclusion that what they saw was in reality a young man one hundred and twenty thousand royal feet long.

At this point Micromégas spoke. "I see more than ever," he said, "that nothing must be judged by its apparent size. O God, who has given intelligence to beings which appear so contemptible, the infinitely small costs Thee as little effort as the infinitely great, and if there can possibly be creatures smaller than these, they may still have souls superior to those of the splendid animals I have seen in the sky, whose foot alone would cover the world to which I have come."

One of the philosophers answered him that he might indeed believe that there were intelligent creatures smaller than man, and he related for his benefit not the fables which Virgil told about the bees but all that Swammerdam discovered and Réaumur dissected. He made him understand, in short, that there are animals which to the bee are what the bee is to man, what the Sirian himself was to the prodigious animals he had

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mentioned, and what these animals are to other things compared with which they seem but atoms.

By degrees the conversation became interesting, and Micromégas spoke as follows:

## CHAPTER VII

### *Conversation with the Men*

"O intelligent atoms in whom the Eternal Being has been pleased to manifest His dexterity and His might, the joys you taste on your globe are doubtless very pure, for as you are so immaterial, and seem to be all spirit, your lives must be passed in Love and in Thought: that, indeed, is the true life of spirits. Nowhere yet have I found real happiness, but that you have it here I cannot doubt."

At these words all the philosophers shook their heads and one of them, more frank than the rest, candidly admitted that, apart from a small number of people who were little esteemed, the rest of the inhabitants of the world were a crowd of madmen, miscreants, and unfortunates. "If evil be a property of matter," he said, "we have more matter than is necessary for the doing of much evil, and too much spirit if evil be a property of the spirit. Do you realize, for instance, that at this moment there are a hundred thousand madmen of our species wearing hats killing, or being killed by, a hundred thousand other animals wearing turbans, and that over almost all the face of the earth this has been the custom from time immemorial?"

The Sirian shuddered and asked what could be the ground for these horrible quarrels between such puny beasts.

"The matter at issue," replied the philosopher, "is some mud heap as large as your heel. It is not that any single man of all these millions who slaughter each other claims one straw on the mud heap. The point is—shall the mud heap belong to a certain man called 'Sultan' or to another called, I know not why, 'Caesar'? Neither of them has ever seen or will ever see the little bit of land in dispute, and barely one of these animals which slaughter each other has ever seen the animal for which he is slaughtered."

"Wretch!" cried the Sirian indignantly. "Such a riot of mad fury is inconceivable! I am tempted to take three steps and with three blows of my foot to crush out of existence this anthill of absurd cutthroats."

"Do not trouble," answered the philosopher; "they wreak their own

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ruin. Know that after ten years not a hundredth part of these miscreants is ever left. Know that, even when they have not drawn the sword, hunger, exhaustion, or debauchery carries them nearly all off. Besides, it is not they who should be punished, but the stay-at-home barbarians who, after a good meal, order from their remote closets the massacre of a million men, and then have solemn prayers of gratitude for the event offered up to God."

The traveler was stirred with pity for the little human race, in which he discovered such amazing contrasts. "Since you are of the small number of the wise," he said to these gentlemen, "and that apparently you do not kill people for money, tell me, I pray, how you employ yourselves."

"We dissect flies," answered the philosopher, "we measure lines, we gather mathematical data. We agree on the two or three points we understand, and we argue about the two or three thousand we do not."

Immediately a fancy took the Sirian and the Saturnian to question these thinking atoms in order to find out on what things they were agreed. "What do you reckon to be the distance," asked the latter, "between the Dog-star and Gemini?"

"Thirty-two and a half degrees," they all replied in concert.

"And from here to the moon?"

"In round numbers, sixty times the radius of the earth."

"What does your air weigh?" he continued, thinking to catch them. He did not succeed, however, for they all told him that the air weighs about nine hundred times less than an equal volume of the lightest water, and nineteen thousand times less than ducat gold. The little dwarf from Saturn, astounded at their replies, was tempted to take for sorcerers these same people to whom a quarter of an hour before he had refused a soul.

Finally, Micromégas put in a word. "Since you are so well acquainted with what is outside you," he said, "you doubtless know still better what is inside. Tell me what your soul is, and how you form your ideas."

As before, the philosophers replied in concert—but each held a different opinion. The oldest quoted Aristotle, another pronounced the name of Descartes, a third the name of Malebranche, a fourth that of Leibnitz, a fifth that of Locke. An aged Peripatetic said loudly and confidently: "'The soul is an entelechy and a proof of its power to be what it is.' That is what Aristotle states expressly, page 653 of the Louvre edition. *Entelechia esti* [It is an entelechy; *i.e.,* the final stage in development from potentiality to actuality.], etc."

"I do not understand Greek too well," remarked the giant.

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"No more do I," said the philosophical maggot.

"Why then," asked the Sirian, "do you quote Aristotle in Greek?"

"Because," replied the scholar, "one should always quote what one does not comprehend at all in the language one understands least."

It was the Cartesian's turn. "The soul," he said, "is a pure spirit which has received in its mother's womb all metaphysical ideas and which, on leaving it, has to go to school to learn over again what it knew so well, and will never know again."

"It was not worth while," observed the animal eight leagues long, "for your soul to be so wise in your mother's womb if it had to become so ignorant by the time your chin could grow a beard. But what do you mean by a spirit?"

"What a question!" said the man of abstractions. "I have not the remotest idea. A spirit, it is said, is not matter."

"But do you know at least what matter is?"

"Very well," replied the man. "For example, this stone is gray, has a certain shape and three dimensions, is heavy and divisible."

"Well," said the Sirian, "this thing which appears to you to be divisible, heavy and gray, will you kindly tell me what it is? You perceive some of its attributes, but do you know what it is fundamentally?"

"No," answered the other.

"Then you do not know at all what matter is."

Mr. Micromégas then asked another of the wise men he held on his thumb what his soul was, and what it did.

"Nothing at all," replied the disciple of Malebranche. "God does everything for me. I see everything in Him, I do everything in Him. It is He who does everything without my interfering."

"It would be as well worth while not to exist," said the sage from Sirius. "And you, my friend," he continued to a Leibnitzian who was there, "what is your soul?"

"My soul," answered the Leibnitzian, "is a hand which points the hours while my body ticks: or, if you prefer it, it is my soul which ticks while my body points the hour: or again, my soul is the mirror of the universe, and my body is the frame of the mirror. That is quite clear."

A humble partisan of Locke stood nearby, and when he was spoken to at last, replied: "I do not know how I think, but I do know that I have never thought save by virtue of my senses. That there are immaterial and intelligent beings I do not doubt: but that it is impossible for God to endow matter with mind I doubt very much. I hold the power of God in veneration: I am not free to set bounds to it: I predicate nothing: I am

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*Ideal Husband* in January, 1895. A month later, *The Importance of Being Earnest* brought Wilde to the peak of his fame.

In April of that year Wilde charged the Marquess of Queensberry with criminal libel. He was acquitted. On the same day Wilde was arrested on morals charges that involved Lord Alfred Douglas, Queensberry's son. Wilde was sentenced to two years at hard labor. He wrote *De Profundis* in Reading Gaol. When he was released he took the name of "Sebastian Melmoth" and settled in Berneval, France. There he wrote *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*. After two years of wandering in Italy, Switzerland, and France, he died in Paris on November 30, 1900.

At a distance of more than half a century, we can see clearly now that Wilde was at bottom a religious moralist. Even his cult of art had that secondary sense. This becomes plain if we compare it with Gautier's original view, or Flaubert's. Wilde hoped that art would improve people's lives. He had enlisted in the same crusade as Matthew Arnold. Both were trying to civilize what they regarded as the barbarian middle classes–Arnold by exhorting them, Wilde by startling and amusing them.

Even such a delightful little story as *The Happy Prince* is as much a parable as it is a fairy tale. The Happy Prince is no longer happy, because he has discovered the misfortunes of the world. He is a paradox of the kind Wilde was so fond of: the Happy Prince who weeps. He wears gold from head to foot–the glow of his Christian saintliness. Like a true saint, he gives away his gold and jewels to help the needy. His heart is lead because it is weighted down with the grief of humanity.

When we first meet the swallow, he is quite a different sort–practical, worldly, and a great traveler. He is reluctant to play Sancho Panza to the Prince's saintly Don Quixote. He points out

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*Notes from the artist: "Scenes from some of Wilde's works flank the figure of the author as he appeared during his lecture tour of the U.S. A small portrait of Wilde as a boy is also included. The style attempts to recapture the 'wickedness' of Aubrey Beardsley's illustrations for the first English edition of* Salome *(1894)."*

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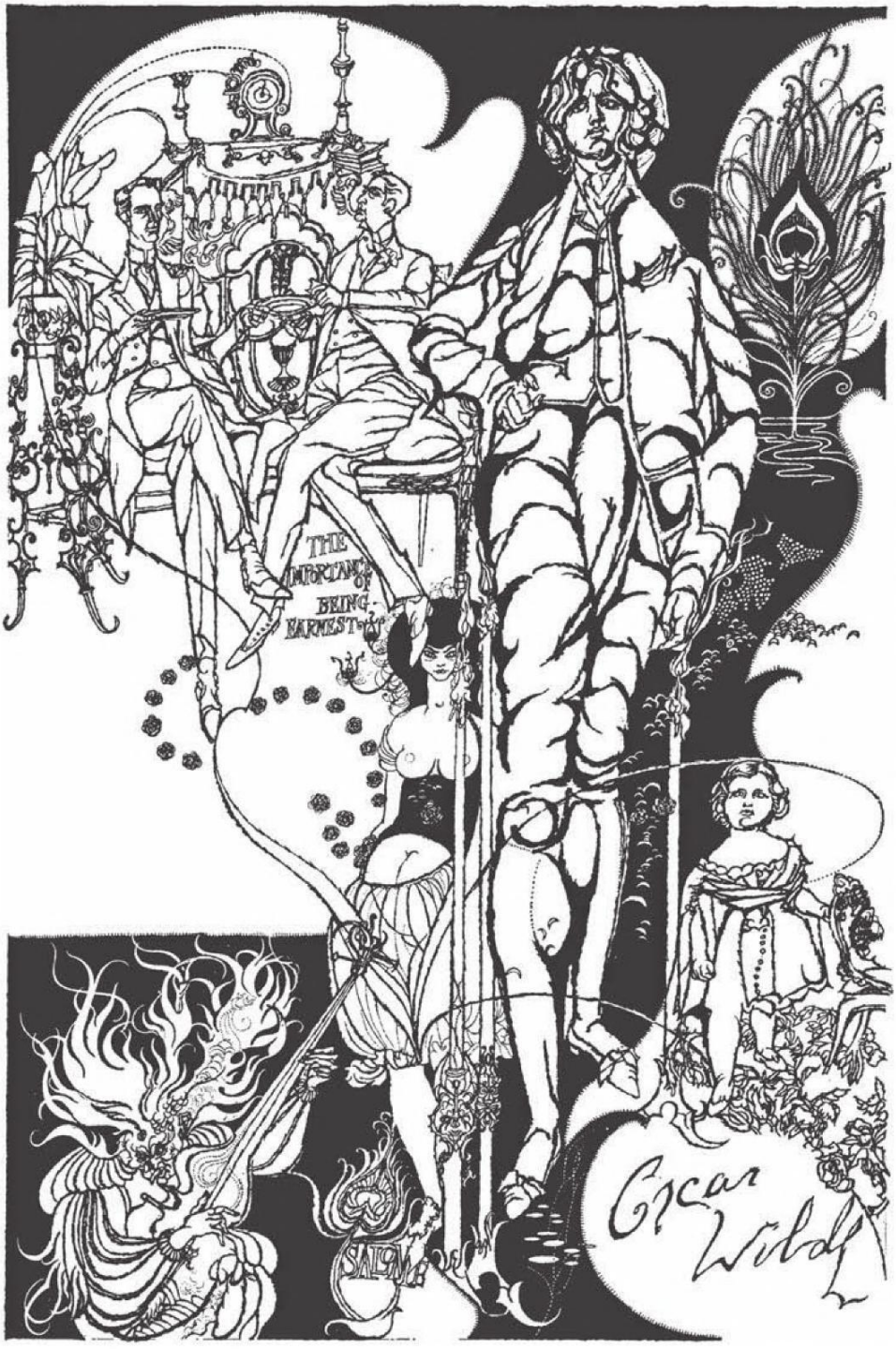


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quite reasonably that boys throw stones, that the weather is getting cold, and that he is expected in the south. Indeed, he becomes very eloquent about the wonders of Egypt, where the yellow lions have eyes like green beryls and the red ibis stand in rows along the Nile. But gradually, ignoring his own desires, he becomes more and more dedicated to the Prince's good works. He is overcome by the experience of religious conversion. He refuses to leave.

So he falls dead at the feet of the blind Prince. And what is his death, we ask ourselves, if it is not an act of Christian martyrdom? Wilde tells the story with neat little witty asides, touches of fancy and of genuine imagination, the satiric effectively alternated with the lyrical. Here and there–as, for example, when the Prince's heart breaks–he barely avoids the sentimental. In that scene he does it with one matter-of-fact, ironic sentence: "It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost."

The mayor perceives that the Prince has lost his splendor of gold and jewels. For an instant we are afraid that he may decide that they have been stolen and begin a search for them. But he orders the statue to be pulled down. "As he is no longer beautiful, he is no longer useful," says the art professor. This is Wilde at his most para-doxical.

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# *The Happy Prince*

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt.

He was very much admired indeed. "He is as beautiful as a weathercock," remarked one of the town councillors who wished to gain a reputation for having artistic tastes; "only not quite so useful," he added, fearing lest people should think him unpractical, which he really was not.

"Why can't you be like the Happy Prince?" asked a sensible mother of her little boy who was crying for the moon. "The Happy Prince never dreams of crying for anything."

"I am glad there is some one in the world who is quite happy," muttered a disappointed man as he gazed at the wonderful statue.

"He looks just like an angel," said the charity children as they came out of the cathedral in their bright scarlet cloaks and their clean white pinafores.

"How do you know?" said the Mathematical Master, "you have never seen one."

"Ah! but we have, in our dreams," answered the children; and the Mathematical Master frowned and looked very severe, for he did not approve of children dreaming.

One night there flew over the city a little swallow. His friends had gone away to Egypt six weeks before, but he had stayed behind, for he was in love with the most beautiful reed. He had met her early in the spring as he was flying down the river after a big yellow moth, and had been so attracted by her slender waist that he had stopped to talk to her.

"Shall I love you?" said the swallow, who liked to come to the point at once, and the reed made him a low bow. So he flew round and round her,



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touching the water with his wings and making silver ripples. This was his courtship, and it lasted all through the summer.

"It is a ridiculous attachment," twittered the other swallows; "she has no money, and far too many relations"; and, indeed, the river was quite full of reeds. Then, when the autumn came, they all flew away.

After they had gone he felt lonely, and began to tire of his lady-love. "She has no conversation," he said, "and I am afraid that she is a coquette, for she is always flirting with the wind." And certainly, whenever the wind blew, the reed made the most graceful curtsies. "I admit that she is domestic," he continued, "but I love travelling, and my wife, consequently, should love travelling also."

"Will you come away with me?" he said finally to her; but the reed shook her head, she was so attached to her home.

"You have been trifling with me," he cried, "I am off to the pyramids. Good-bye!" and he flew away.

All day long he flew, and at night-time he arrived at the city. "Where shall I put up?" he said; "I hope the town has made preparations."

Then he saw the statue on the tall column. "I will put up there," he cried; "it is a fine position with plenty of fresh air." So he alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince.

"I have a golden bedroom," he said softly to himself as he looked round, and he prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his head under his wing, a large drop of water fell on him. "What a curious thing!" he cried. "There is not a single cloud in the sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining. The climate in the north of Europe is really dreadful. The reed used to like the rain, but that was merely her selfishness."

Then another drop fell.

"What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?" he said; "I must look for a good chimney-pot," and he determined to fly away.

But before he had opened his wings, a third drop fell, and he looked up and saw—ah! what did he see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little swallow was filled with pity.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I am the Happy Prince."

"Why are you weeping then?" asked the swallow; "you have quite drenched me."

"When I was alive and had a human heart," answered the statue, "I

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friends will fly up to the Second Cataract. The river-horse couches there among the bulrushes, and on a great granite throne sits the god Memnon. All night long he watches the stars, and when the morning star shines, he utters one cry of joy, and then he is silent. At noon the yellow lions come down to the water's edge to drink. They have eyes like green beryls, and their roar is louder than the roar of the cataract."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "far away across the city I see a young man in a garret. He is leaning over a desk covered with papers, and in a tumbler by his side there is a bunch of withered violets. His hair is brown and crisp, and his lips are red as a pomegranate, and he has large and dreamy eyes. He is trying to finish a play for the director of the theatre, but he is too cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate, and hunger has made him faint."

"I will wait with you one night longer," said the swallow, who really had a good heart. "Shall I take him another ruby?"

"Alas! I have no ruby now," said the Prince; "my eyes are all that I have left. They are made of rare sapphires, which were brought out of India a thousand years ago. Pluck out one of them and take it to him. He will sell it to the jeweller, and buy food and firewood, and finish his play."

"Dear Prince," said the swallow, "I cannot do that"; and he began to weep.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So the swallow plucked out the Prince's eye and flew away to the student's garret. It was easy enough to get in, as there was a hole in the roof. Through this he darted, and came into the room. The young man had his head buried in his hands, so he did not hear the flutter of the bird's wings, and when he looked up, he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the withered violets.

"I am beginning to be appreciated," he cried; "this is from some great admirer. Now I can finish my play," and he looked quite happy.

The next day the swallow flew down to the harbour. He sat on the mast of a large vessel and watched the sailors hauling big chests out of the hold with ropes. "Heave ahoy!" they shouted as each chest came up. "I am going to Egypt!" cried the swallow, but nobody minded, and when the moon rose, he flew back to the Happy Prince.

"I am come to bid you good-bye," he cried.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"It is winter," answered the swallow, "and the chill snow will soon be

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here. In Egypt the sun is warm on the green palm-trees, and the crocodiles lie in the mud and look lazily about them. My companions are building a nest in the Temple of Baalbec, and the pink and white doves are watching them and cooing to each other. Dear Prince, I must leave you, but I will never forget you, and next spring I will bring you back two beautiful jewels in place of those you have given away. The ruby shall be redder than a red rose, and the sapphire shall be as blue as the great sea."

"In the square below," said the Happy Prince, "there stands a little match-girl. She has let her matches fall in the gutter, and they are all spoiled. Her father will beat her if she does not bring home some money, and she is crying. She has no shoes or stockings, and her little head is bare. Pluck out my other eye, and give it to her, and her father will not beat her."

"I will stay with you one night longer," said the swallow, "but I cannot pluck out your eye. You would be quite blind then."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So he plucked out the Prince's other eye and darted down with it. He swooped past the match-girl and slipped the jewel into the palm of her hand. "What a lovely bit of glass," cried the little girl; and she ran home, laughing.

Then the swallow came back to the Prince. "You are blind now," he said, "so I will stay with you always."

"No, little Swallow," said the poor Prince, "you must go away to Egypt."

"I will stay with you always," said the swallow, and he slept at the Prince's feet.

All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands. He told him of the red ibis, who stand in long rows on the banks of the Nile and catch gold-fish in their beaks; of the Sphinx, who is as old as the world itself, and lives in the desert, and knows everything; of the merchants, who walk slowly by the side of their camels and carry amber beads in their hands; of the King of the Mountains of the Moon, who is as black as ebony and worships a large crystal; of the great green snake that sleeps in a palm-tree and has twenty priests to feed it with honey-cakes; and of the pygmies, who sail over a big lake on large flat leaves and are always at war with the butterflies.

"Dear little Swallow," said the Prince, "you tell me of marvellous things, but more marvellous than anything is the suffering of men and of women.

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There is no mystery so great as misery. Fly over my city, little Swallow, and tell me what you see there."

So the swallow flew over the great city and saw the rich making merry in their beautiful houses, while the beggars were sitting at the gates. He flew into dark lanes and saw the white faces of starving children looking out listlessly at the black streets. Under the archway of a bridge, two little boys were lying in one another's arms to try and keep themselves warm. "How hungry we are!" they said. "You must not lie here," shouted the watchman, and they wandered out into the rain.

Then he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.

"I am covered with fine gold," said the Prince, "you must take it off, leaf by leaf, and give it to my poor; the living always think that gold can make them happy."

Leaf after leaf of the fine gold the swallow picked off, till the Happy Prince looked quite dull and grey. Leaf after leaf of the fine gold he brought to the poor, and the children's faces grew rosier, and they laughed and played games in the street. "We have bread now!" they cried.

Then the snow came, and after the snow came the frost. The streets looked as if they were made of silver, they were so bright and glistening; long icicles like crystal daggers hung down from the eaves of the houses, everybody went about in furs; and the little boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice.

The poor little swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince, he loved him too well. He picked up crumbs outside the baker's door when the baker was not looking, and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just strength to fly up to the Prince's shoulder once more. "Good-bye, dear Prince!" he murmured, "will you let me kiss you hand?"

"I am glad that your are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow," said the Prince, "you have stayed too long here; but you must kiss me on the lips, for I love you."

"It is not to Egypt that I am going," said the swallow. "I am going to the house of death. Death is the brother of sleep, is he not?"

And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips and fell down dead at his feet.

At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue, as if something had broken. The fact is that the leaden heart had snapped right in two. It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.

Early the next morning the mayor was walking in the square below in

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company with the town councillors. As they passed the column, he looked up at the statue: "Dear me! how shabby the Happy Prince looks!" he said.

"How shabby indeed!" cried the town councillors, who always agreed with the mayor, and they went up to look at it.

"The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he is golden no longer," said the mayor; "in fact, he is little better than a beggar!"

"Little better than a beggar," said the town councillors.

"And here is actually a dead bird at his feet!" continued the mayor. "We must really issue a proclamation that birds are not allowed to die here." And the town clerk made a note of the suggestion.

So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. "As he is no longer beautiful, he is no longer useful," said the art professor at the university.

Then they melted the statue in a furnace, and the mayor held a meeting of the corporation to decide what was to be done with the metal. "We must have another statue, of course," he said, "and it shall be a statue of myself."

"Of myself," said each of the town councillors, and they quarrelled. When I last heard of them, they were quarrelling still.

"What a strange thing!" said the overseer of the workmen at the foundry. "This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace. We must throw it away." So they threw it on a dust-heap where the dead swallow was also lying.

"Bring me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His Angels; and the Angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

"You have rightly chosen," said God, "for in my garden of Paradise this little bird shall sing for evermore, and in my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me."

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# Edgar Allan Poe

1809–1849

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 19, 1809. His parents were actors on tour. Both of them died in 1811. Poe's godfather, a Richmond merchant, sent him to schools in England and Scotland, and later to the University of Virginia. Gambling debts forced him to withdraw. Poe published a first book of poems, *Tamerlane*, and joined the army.

His guardian bought him out and arranged an appointment to West Point. Poe managed to get himself expelled. He went to New York and published his *Poems* in 1831. By 1835 he was editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* and making a name as a critic. He married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, then hardly fourteen. It seems to have been a very tender relationship.

Poe was dropped from the *Messenger*, evidently for drinking–a habit that plagued him all his life. In New York again, he published *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*. By 1839 he was an editor on *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*; there he printed *The Fall of the House of Usher*, and in its successor, *Graham's*, what came to be known as the first detective story, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*.

His *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque* came out in 1839. He worked for his friend N. P. Willis on the *New York Evening Mirror*. There, in 1845, *The Raven* made him famous. He took a cottage at Fordham and wrote chitchat articles for *Godey's Lady's Book*. His wife, Virginia, died in 1847.

He lived for a while in Providence, Rhode Island, where he was engaged to the poet Sarah Helen Whitman. This was broken off, but later she wrote a book defending his memory. In the intervals of drinking, he made his way back to Richmond. He was again engaged to his boyhood love, Elmira Royster, now widowed. He had



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Let us see how all this applies to *The Tell-Tale Heart.* Here the central emotion is guilt–guilt of the same kind as that suffered by Raskolnikov in Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* and accompanied by the same impulse to confess. Poe's narrator kills an old man for no other reason than that he dislikes the old man's cataracted blue eye. The symbol is the sound of the victim's heartbeat–real at first, while he lies dying, and later beating louder and louder in the disordered imagination of the murderer until it forces him to shriek out his confession to the police.

In *The Masque of the Red Death*, the controlling emotion is fear of death, its symbol the "Red Death" that announced itself in "scarlet stains" on the body of its victim. Like many of Poe's other symbols, this one is extremely powerful. It summons up mankind's ancient fear of epidemics, the plagues of the Middle Ages, perhaps even the plague that ravaged Paris in the author's time. True to its title, the story itself becomes a Renaissance masque that has the quality of a morality play. No great wealth, it tells us, can escape death; no iron gates can shut it out. Death comes dancing in the midst of every human gaiety.

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# *The Tell-Tale Heart*

True!—nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why *will* you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses—not destroyed—not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! yes, it was this! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen *me*. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight—with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha!—would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges



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creaked)–I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights–every night just at midnight–but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I *felt* the extent of my own powers–of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back–but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out–"Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening–just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief–oh, no!–it was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself–"It is nothing but the wind in the chimney–it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or "it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp." Yes, he had been trying to comfort himself with these sup-

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positions; but he had found all in vain. *All in vain*; because Death, in approaching him, had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel–although he neither saw nor heard–to *feel* the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little–a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it–you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily–until, at length, a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and full upon the vulture eye.

It was open–wide, wide open–and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness–all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person: for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but overacuteness of the senses?–now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew *that* sound well too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror *must* have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment!–do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me–the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once–once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There

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was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even *his*—could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out—no stain of any kind—no blood spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all—ha! ha!

When I had made an end to these labors, it was four o'clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart—for what had I *now* to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled—for *what* had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search *well.* I led them, at length, to *his* chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them *here* to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My *manner* had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct—it continued and became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definitiveness—until, at length, I found that the noise was *not* within my ears.

No doubt I now grew *very* pale—but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was *a low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton.* I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not.

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It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different; as might have been expected from the duke's love of the bizarre. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue—and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange—the fifth with white—the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But in this chamber only, the color of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet—a deep blood color. Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite there stood, opposite to each window, a heavy tripod, bearing a brazier of fire, that projected its rays through the tinted glass and so glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber the effect of the firelight that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment, also, that there stood against the western wall a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep

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and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused reverie or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion; and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the Time that flies), there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the duke were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the *decora* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric luster. There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be *sure* that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers upon occasion of this great fete; and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masqueraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm—much of what has been since seen in *Hernani.* There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There was much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the bizarre, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these—the dreams—writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to

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and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away; and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-colored panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appalls; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches *their* ears who indulge in the more remote gaieties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who reveled. And thus too it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumor of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise–then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revelers around. But the mummer had

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gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in *blood*–and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which, with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its role, stalked to and fro among the waltzers) he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares"–he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him–"who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him–that we may know whom we have to hang, at sunrise, from the battlements!"

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly, for the prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who, at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the prince's person; and, while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centers of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple–through the purple to the green–through the green to the orange–through this again to the white–and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry–and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterward, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the

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revelers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave cerements and corpselike mask, which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revelers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

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A year later the Stevensons left Europe for good. After a stay at Saranac in New York State, they returned to California and chartered the schooner yacht *Casco*, out of San Francisco, for a cruise to the Marquesas, the Paumotus, Tahiti, and Hawaii. At Waikiki, Stevenson finished *The Master of Ballantrae*, published in 1889. He visited the leper colony on Molokai and wrote a fiery defense of Father Damien, the lepers' priest. In 1889 a second trip, aboard the copra schooner *Equator*, took him to the Gilbert Islands and Samoa. There were later voyages to Sydney and to the other islands.

The Stevensons settled in Samoa. He became what he would have called a bonnet laird and the Samoans called a *matai*–that is, "a small landed proprietor." He was given the island name of Tusitala (Storyteller). Here he wrote *In the South Seas*, still one of the best books about that region; *David Balfour*, *The Ebb-Tide*, and the unfinished *Weir of Hermiston*. He died of a cerebral hemorrhage on December 3, 1894.

J. B. Priestley describes a novel about a man who is "both a murderer and a bewildered innocent, divided between extreme evil and goodness." The novel is Dickens' last book, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, but it might just as well have been Stevenson's *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, written some fifteen years later.

Stevenson may well have been amused at the number of interpretations the critics found for his story. It was evidently a mirror for every mind. Let us see how many aspects *we* can discover in it.

(1) It is a Victorian thriller, and a good one. It can be read–very pleasurably too–on that level alone. It belongs high up in the Victorian mystery tradition of Wilkie Collins and the later Dickens, who learned from Collins. It is melodrama, but melodrama that expands into other meanings. The anarchic violence of the beast-man Hyde is played off against what seemed the immovable stability of upper middle-class London. And what artful storytelling it is! Centripetal in structure, it coils in on the center until at last we are admitted to Dr. Jekyll's laboratory, the birthplace of the mystery. Even then, in Jekyll's statement, we are allowed one final intimacy. We learn from his own words what he did and how it felt.

(2) *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is also psychological melodrama. We know that Stevenson had been much impressed by Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*. He had been reading French and English

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psychiatric literature. The idea of split personality–that is, of the individual who seems to comprise two or more fairly distinct personalities–must have struck him as a godsend. He saw what dramatic use it could be put to in literature. But he was careful to make it doubly plausible by introducing the idea of a drug that would bring about the change from one personality to another. Science fiction (and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is that, among other things) has often predicted new turns in science. Thus we now have real drugs capable of producing something like the same effect as Dr. Jekyll's imaginary potion. But Stevenson did not invent the figure we have come to call the Mad Scientist. He is at least as old as the medieval alchemists or Dr. Frankenstein. He appears again in Hawthorne's *Rappaccini's Daughter.*[1]

(3) Like *Pilgrim's Progress*, Stevenson's tale is an allegory about the moral nature of man. Or rather, the moral nature of Western man. It revolves on the paired and opposed ideas of good and evil, respectively and boldly symbolized in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. But Jekyll's nature contains both elements. Hyde is purely evil. Perhaps we might be more convinced of this if Stevenson had persuaded us by suggestion, as his friend Henry James did in *The Turn of the Screw*. Hyde's explosive brutality creates the effect of mental illness rather than calculated evil. Even so, he is frightening enough.

[1]See Vol. 3, pp. 128–152, in this set.

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# *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*

## STORY OF THE DOOR

Mr. Utterson the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance, that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty, and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary, and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently human beaconed from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face, but more often and loudly in the acts of his life. He was austere with himself; drank gin when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. "I incline to Cain's heresy," he used to say quaintly: "I let my brother go to the devil in his own way." In this character, it was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of down-going men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.

No doubt the feat was easy to Mr. Utterson; for he was undemonstrative at the best, and even his friendship seemed to be founded in a similar catholicity of good nature. It is the mark of a modest man to accept his friendly circle ready-made from the hands of opportunity; and that was the lawyer's way. His friends were those of his own blood or those whom he had known the longest; his affections, like ivy, were the growth of time, they implied no aptness in the object. Hence, no doubt,



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the bond that united him to Mr. Richard Enfield, his distant kinsman, the well-known man about town. It was a nut to crack for many, what these two could see in each other, or what subject they could find in common. It was reported by those who encountered them in their Sunday walks, that they said nothing, looked singularly dull, and would hail with obvious relief the appearance of a friend. For all that, the two men put the greatest store by these excursions, counted them the chief jewel of each week, and not only set aside occasions of pleasure, but even resisted the calls of business, that they might enjoy them uninterrupted.

It chanced on one of these rambles that their way led them down a by-street in a busy quarter of London. The street was small and what is called quiet, but it drove a thriving trade on the week days. The inhabitants were all doing well, it seemed, and all emulously hoping to do better still, and laying out the surplus of their gains in coquetry; so that the shop fronts stood along that thoroughfare with an air of invitation, like rows of smiling saleswomen. Even on Sunday, when it veiled its more florid charms and lay comparatively empty of passage, the street shone out in contrast to its dingy neighbourhood, like a fire in a forest; and with its freshly painted shutters, well-polished brasses, and general cleanliness and gaiety of note, instantly caught and pleased the eye of the passenger.

Two doors from one corner, on the left hand going east, the line was broken by the entry of a court; and just at that point, a certain sinister block of building thrust forward its gable on the street. It was two storys high; showed no window, nothing but a door on the lower story and a blind forehead of discoloured wall on the upper; and bore in every feature the marks of prolonged and sordid negligence. The door, which was equipped with neither bell nor knocker, was blistered and distained. Tramps slouched into the recess and struck matches on the panels; children kept shop upon the steps; the schoolboy had tried his knife on the moldings; and for close on a generation, no one had appeared to drive away these random visitors or to repair their ravages.

Mr. Enfield and the lawyer were on the other side of the by-street; but when they came abreast of the entry, the former lifted up his cane and pointed.

"Did you ever remark that door?" he asked; and when his companion had replied in the affirmative, "It is connected in my mind," added he, "with a very odd story."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Utterson, with a slight change of voice, "and what was that?"

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"Well, it was this way," returned Mr. Enfield: "I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o'clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street, and all the folks asleep—street after street, all lighted up as if for a procession and all as empty as a church—till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman. All at once, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the child's body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. I gave a view halloa, took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl's own family; and pretty soon, the doctor, for whom she had been sent, put in his appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child's family, which was only natural. But the doctor's case was what struck me. He was the usual cut-and-dry apothecary, of no particular age and colour, with a strong Edinburgh accent, and about as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us; every time he looked at my prisoner, I saw that Sawbones turn sick and white with the desire to kill him. I knew what was in his mind, just as he knew what was in mine; and killing being out of the question, we did the next best. We told the man we could and would make such a scandal out of this, as should make his name stink from one end of London to the other. If he had any friends or any credit, we undertook that he should lose them. And all the time, as we were pitching it in red hot, we were keeping the women off him as best we could, for they were as wild as harpies. I never saw a circle of such hateful faces; and there was the man in the middle, with a kind of black, sneering coolness—frightened too, I could see that—but carrying it off, sir, really like Satan. 'If you choose to make capital out of this accident,' said he, 'I am naturally helpless. No gentleman but wishes to avoid a scene,' says he. 'Name your

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low had a key; and what's more, he has it still. I saw him use it, not a week ago."

Mr. Utterson sighed deeply but never said a word; and the young man presently resumed. "Here is another lesson to say nothing," said he. "I am ashamed of my long tongue. Let us make a bargain never to refer to this again."

"With all my heart," said the lawyer. "I shake hands on that, Richard."

## SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE

That evening Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in sombre spirits and sat down to dinner without relish. It was his custom of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his reading-desk, until the clock of the neighboring church rang out the hour of twelve, when he would go soberly and gratefully to bed. On this night, however, as soon as the cloth was taken away, he took up a candle and went into his business room. There he opened his safe, took from the most private part of it a document endorsed on the envelope as Dr. Jekyll's Will, and sat down with a clouded brow to study its contents. The will was holograph, for Mr. Utterson, though he took charge of it now that it was made, had refused to lend the least assistance in the making of it; it provided not only that, in case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., etc., all his possessions were to pass into the hands of his "friend and benefactor Edward Hyde," but that in case of Dr. Jekyll's "disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months," the said Edward Hyde should step into the said Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay and free from any burden or obligation, beyond the payment of a few small sums to the members of the doctor's household. This document had long been the lawyer's eyesore. It offended him both as a lawyer and as a lover of the sane and customary sides of life, to whom the fanciful was the immodest. And hitherto it was his ignorance of Mr. Hyde that had swelled his indignation; now, by a sudden turn, it was his knowledge. It was already bad enough when the name was but a name of which he could learn no more. It was worse when it began to be clothed upon with detestable attributes; and out of the shifting, insubstantial mists that had so long baffled his eye, there leaped up the sudden, definite presentment of a fiend.

"I thought it was madness," he said, as he replaced the obnoxious paper in the safe, "and now I begin to fear it is disgrace."

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With that he blew out his candle, put on a great-coat, and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, that citadel of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr. Lanyon, had his house and received his crowding patients. "If any one knows, it will be Lanyon," he had thought.

The solemn butler knew and welcomed him; he was subjected to no stage of delay, but ushered direct from the door to the dining-room where Dr. Lanyon sat alone over his wine. This was a hearty, healthy, dapper, red-faced gentleman, with a shock of hair prematurely white, and a boisterous and decided manner. At sight of Mr. Utterson he sprang up from his chair and welcomed him with both hands. The geniality, as was the way of the man, was somewhat theatrical to the eye; but it reposed on genuine feeling. For these two were old friends, old mates both at school and college, both thorough respecters of themselves and of each other, and, what does not always follow, men who thoroughly enjoyed each other's company.

After a little rambling talk, the lawyer led up to the subject which so disagreeably preoccupied his mind.

"I suppose, Lanyon," said he, "you and I must be the two oldest friends that Henry Jekyll has?"

"I wish the friends were younger," chuckled Dr. Lanyon. "But I suppose we are. And what of that? I see little of him now."

"Indeed?" said Utterson. "I thought you had a bond of common interest."

"We had," was the reply. "But it is more than ten years since Henry Jekyll became too fanciful for me. He began to go wrong, wrong in mind; and though of course I continue to take an interest in him for old sake's sake, as they say, I see and I have seen devilish little of the man. Such unscientific balderdash," added the doctor, flushing suddenly purple, "would have estranged Damon and Pythias."

This little spirit of temper was somewhat of a relief to Mr. Utterson. "They have only differed on some point of science," he thought; and being a man of no scientific passions (except in the matter of conveyancing), he even added: "It is nothing worse than that!" He gave his friend a few seconds to recover his composure, and then approached the question he had come to put. "Did you ever come across a protégé of his—one Hyde?" he asked.

"Hyde?" repeated Lanyon. "No. Never heard of him. Since my time."

That was the amount of information that the lawyer carried back with him to the great, dark bed on which he tossed to and fro, until the small hours of the morning began to grow large. It was a night of little ease to

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his toiling mind, toiling in mere darkness and besieged by questions.

Six o'clock struck on the bells of the church that was so conveniently near to Mr. Utterson's dwelling, and still he was digging at the problem. Hitherto it had touched him on the intellectual side alone; but now his imagination also was engaged, or rather enslaved; and as he lay and tossed in the gross darkness of the night and the curtained room, Mr. Enfield's tale went by before his mind in a scroll of lighted pictures. He would be aware of the great field of lamps of a nocturnal city; then of the figure of a man walking swiftly; then of a child running from the doctor's; and then these met, and that human Juggernaut trod the child down and passed on regardless of her screams. Or else he would see a room in a rich house, where his friend lay asleep, dreaming and smiling at his dreams; and then the door of that room would be opened, the curtains of the bed plucked apart, the sleeper recalled, and lo! there would stand by his side a figure to whom power was given, and even at that dead hour, he must rise and do its bidding. The figure in these two phases haunted the lawyer all night; and if at any time he dozed over, it was but to see it glide more stealthily through sleeping houses, or move the more swiftly and still the more swiftly, even to dizziness, through wider labyrinths of lamp-lighted city, and at every street corner crush a child and leave her screaming. And still the figure had no face by which he might know it; even in his dreams, it had no face, or one that baffled him and melted before his eyes; and thus it was that there sprang up and grew apace in the lawyer's mind a singularly strong, almost an inordinate, curiosity to behold the features of the real Mr. Hyde. If he could but once set eyes on him, he thought the mystery would lighten and perhaps roll altogether away, as was the habit of mysterious things when well examined. He might see a reason for his friend's strange preference or bondage (call it which you please) and even for the startling clause of the will. At least it would be a face worth seeing: the face of a man who was without bowels of mercy, a face which had but to show itself to raise up in the mind of the unimpressionable Enfield a spirit of enduring hatred.

From that time forward, Mr. Utterson began to haunt the door in the by-street of shops. In the morning before office hours, at noon when business was plenty, and time scarce, at night under the face of the fogged city moon, by all lights and at all hours of solitude or concourse, the lawyer was to be found on his chosen post.

"If he be Mr. Hyde," he had thought, "I shall be Mr. Seek."

And at last his patience was rewarded. It was a fine dry night; frost in the air; the streets as clean as a ball-room floor; the lamps, unshaken by

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any wind, drawing a regular pattern of light and shadow. By ten o'clock, when the shops were closed, the by-street was very solitary and, in spite of the low growl of London from all round, very silent. Small sounds carried far; domestic sounds out of the houses were clearly audible on either side of the roadway; and the rumour of the approach of any passenger preceded him by a long time. Mr. Utterson had been some minutes at his post, when he was aware of an odd, light footstep drawing near. In the course of his nightly patrols, he had long grown accustomed to the quaint effect with which the footfalls of a single person, while he is still a great way off, suddenly spring out distinct from the vast hum and clatter of the city. Yet his attention had never before been so sharply and decisively arrested; and it was with a strong, superstitious prevision of success that he withdrew into the entry of the court.

The steps drew swiftly nearer, and swelled out suddenly louder as they turned the end of the street. The lawyer, looking forth from the entry, could soon see what manner of man he had to deal with. He was small and very plainly dressed, and the look of him, even at that distance, went somehow strongly against the watcher's inclination. But he made straight for the door, crossing the roadway to save time; and as he came, he drew a key from his pocket like one approaching home.

Mr. Utterson stepped out and touched him on the shoulder as he passed. "Mr. Hyde, I think?"

Mr. Hyde shrank back with a hissing intake of the breath. But his fear was only momentary; and though he did not look the lawyer in the face, he answered coolly enough: "That is my name. What do you want?"

"I see you are going in," returned the lawyer. "I am an old friend of Dr. Jekyll's–Mr. Utterson of Gaunt Street–you must have heard my name; and meeting you so conveniently, I thought you might admit me."

"You will not find Dr. Jekyll; he is from home," replied Mr. Hyde, blowing in the key. And then suddenly, but still without looking up, "How did you know me?" he asked.

"On your side," said Mr. Utterson, "will you do me a favour?"

"With pleasure," replied the other. "What shall it be?"

"Will you let me see your face?" asked the lawyer.

Mr. Hyde appeared to hesitate, and then, as if upon some sudden reflection, fronted about with an air of defiance; and the pair stared at each other pretty fixedly for a few seconds. "Now I shall know you again," said Mr. Utterson. "It may be useful."

"Yes," returned Mr. Hyde, "it is as well we have met; and *à propos*,

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you should have my address." And he gave a number of a street in Soho.

"Good God!" thought Mr. Utterson, "can he, too, have been thinking of the will?" But he kept his feelings to himself and only grunted in acknowledgment of the address.

"And now," said the other, "how did you know me?"

"By description," was the reply.

"Whose description?"

"We have common friends," said Mr. Utterson.

"Common friends?" echoed Mr. Hyde, a little hoarsely. "Who are they?"

"Jekyll, for instance," said the lawyer.

"He never told you," cried Mr. Hyde, with a flush of anger. "I did not think you would have lied."

"Come," said Mr. Utterson, "that is not fitting language."

The other snarled aloud into a savage laugh; and the next moment, with extraordinary quickness, he had unlocked the door and disappeared into the house.

The lawyer stood awhile when Mr. Hyde had left him, the picture of disquietude. Then he began slowly to mount the street, pausing every step or two and putting his hand to his brow like a man in mental perplexity. The problem he was thus debating as he walked, was one of a class that is rarely solved. Mr. Hyde was pale and dwarfish, he gave an impression of deformity without any nameable malformation, he had a displeasing smile, he had borne himself to the lawyer with a sort of murderous mixture of timidity and boldness, and he spoke with a husky, whispering and somewhat broken voice; all these were points against him, but not all of these together could explain the hitherto unknown disgust, loathing, and fear with which Mr. Utterson regarded him. "There must be something else," said the perplexed gentleman. "There *is* something more, if I could find a name for it. God bless me, the man seems hardly human! Something troglodytic, shall we say? Or can it be the old story of Dr. Fell? Or is it the mere radiance of a foul soul that thus transpires through, and transfigures, its clay continent? The last, I think; for, O my poor old Harry Jekyll, if ever I read Satan's signature upon a face, it is on that of your new friend."

Round the corner from the by-street, there was a square of ancient, handsome houses, now for the most part decayed from their high estate and let in flats and chambers to all sorts and conditions of men: map-engravers, architects, shady lawyers and the agents of obscure enterprises. One house, however, second from the corner, was still occupied

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frown—an excellent fellow, and I always mean to see more of him; but a hide-bound pedant for all that; an ignorant, blatant pedant. I was never more disappointed in any man than Lanyon."

"You know I never approved of it," pursued Utterson, ruthlessly disregarding the fresh topic.

"My will? Yes, certainly, I know that," said the doctor, a trifle sharply. "You have told me so."

"Well, I tell you so again," continued the lawyer. "I have been learning something of young Hyde."

The large handsome face of Dr. Jekyll grew pale to the very lips, and there came a blackness about his eyes. "I do not care to hear more," said he. "This is a matter I thought we had agreed to drop."

"What I heard was abominable," said Utterson.

"It can make no change. You do not understand my position," returned the doctor, with a certain incoherency of manner. "I am painfully situated, Utterson; my position is a very strange—a very strange one. It is one of those affairs that cannot be mended by talking."

"Jekyll," said Utterson, "you know me: I am a man to be trusted. Make a clean breast of this in confidence; and I make no doubt I can get you out of it"

"My good Utterson," said the doctor, "this is very good of you, this is downright good of you, and I cannot find words to thank you in. I believe you fully; I would trust you before any man alive, ay, before myself, if I could make the choice; but indeed it isn't what you fancy; it is not so bad as that; and just to put your good heart at rest, I will tell you one thing: the moment I choose, I can be rid of Mr. Hyde. I give you my hand upon that; and I thank you again and again; and I will just add one little word, Utterson, that I'm sure you'll take in good part: this is a private matter, and I beg of you to let it sleep."

Utterson reflected a little, looking in the fire.

"I have no doubt you are perfectly right," he said at last, getting to his feet.

"Well, but since we have touched upon this business, and for the last time I hope," continued the doctor, "there is one point I should like you to understand. I have really a very great interest in poor Hyde. I know you have seen him; he told me so; and I fear he was rude. But I do sincerely take a great, a very great interest in that young man; and if I am taken away, Utterson, I wish you to promise me that you will bear with him and get his rights for him. I think you would, if you knew all; and it would be a weight off my mind if you would promise."

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"I can't pretend that I shall ever like him," said the lawyer.

"I don't ask that," pleaded Jekyll, laying his hand upon the other's arm; "I only ask for justice; I only ask you to help him for my sake, when I am no longer here."

Utterson heaved an irrepressible sigh. "Well," said he, "I promise."

## THE CAREW MURDER CASE

Nearly a year later, in the month of October, 18–, London was startled by a crime of singular ferocity and rendered all the more notable by the high position of the victim. The details were few and startling. A maidservant, living alone in a house not far from the river, had gone upstairs to bed about eleven. Although a fog rolled over the city in the small hours, the early part of the night was cloudless, and the lane, which the maid's window overlooked, was brilliantly lit by the full moon. It seems she was romantically given, for she sat down upon her box, which stood immediately under the window, and fell into a dream of musing. Never (she used to say, with streaming tears, when she narrated that experience), never had she felt more at peace with all men or thought more kindly of the world. And as she so sat she became aware of an aged and beautiful gentleman with white hair, drawing near along the lane; and advancing to meet him, another and very small gentleman, to whom at first she paid less attention. When they had come within speech (which was just under the maid's eyes) the older man bowed and accosted the other with a very pretty manner of politeness. It did not seem as if the subject of his address were of great importance; indeed, from his pointing, it sometimes appeared as if he were only inquiring his way; but the moon shone on his face as he spoke, and the girl was pleased to watch it, it seemed to breathe such an innocent and old-world kindness of disposition, yet with something high too, as of a well-founded self-content. Presently her eye wandered to the other, and she was surprised to recognize in him a certain Mr. Hyde, who had once visited her master and for whom she had conceived a dislike. He had in his hand a heavy cane, with which he was trifling; but he answered never a word, and seemed to listen with an ill-contained impatience. And then all of a sudden he broke out in a great flame of anger, stamping with his foot, brandishing the cane, and carrying on (as the maid described it) like a madman. The old gentleman took a step back, with the air of one very much surprised and a trifle hurt; and at that Mr. Hyde broke out of all bounds and clubbed him to the earth. And next moment, with apelike fury, he was

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trampling his victim underfoot and hailing down a storm of blows, under which the bones were audibly shattered and the body jumped upon the roadway. At the horror of these sights and sounds, the maid fainted.

It was two o'clock when she came to herself and called for the police. The murderer was gone long ago; but there lay his victim in the middle of the lane, incredibly mangled. The stick with which the deed had been done, although it was of some rare and very tough and heavy wood, had broken in the middle under the stress of this insensate cruelty; and one splintered half had rolled in the neighbouring gutter—the other, without doubt, had been carried away by the murderer. A purse and a gold watch were found upon the victim: but no cards or papers, except a sealed and stamped envelope, which he had been probably carrying to the post, and which bore the name and address of Mr. Utterson.

This was brought to the lawyer the next morning, before he was out of bed; and he had no sooner seen it, and been told the circumstances, than he shot out a solemn lip. "I shall say nothing till I have seen the body," said he; "this may be very serious. Have the kindness to wait while I dress." And with the same grave countenance he hurried through his breakfast and drove to the police station, whither the body had been carried. As soon as he came into the cell, he nodded.

"Yes," said he, "I recognize him. I am sorry to say that this is Sir Danvers Carew."

"Good God, sir," exclaimed the officer, "is it possible?" And the next moment his eye lighted up with professional ambition. "This will make a deal of noise," he said. "And perhaps you can help us to the man." And he briefly narrated what the maid had seen, and showed the broken stick.

Mr. Utterson had already quailed at the name of Hyde; but when the stick was laid before him, he could doubt no longer; broken and battered as it was, he recognized it for one that he had himself presented many years before to Henry Jekyll.

"Is this Mr. Hyde a person of small stature?" he inquired.

"Particularly small and particularly wicked-looking, is what the maid calls him," said the officer.

Mr. Utterson reflected; and then, raising his head, "If you will come with me to my cab," he said, "I think I can take you to his house."

It was by this time about nine in the morning, and the first fog of the season. A great chocolate-coloured pall lowered over heaven, but the wind was continually charging and routing these embattled vapours; so that as the cab crawled from street to street, Mr. Utterson beheld a marvellous number of degrees and hues of twilight; for here it would be dark

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like the back-end of evening; and there would be a glow of a rich, lurid brown, like the light of some strange conflagration; and here, for a moment, the fog would be quite broken up, and a haggard shaft of daylight would glance in between the swirling wreaths. The dismal quarter of Soho seen under these changing glimpses, with its muddy ways, and slatternly passengers, and its lamps, which had never been extinguished or had been kindled afresh to combat this mournful reinvasion of darkness, seemed, in the lawyer's eyes, like a district of some city in a nightmare. The thoughts of his mind, besides, were of the gloomiest dye; and when he glanced at the companion of his drive, he was conscious of some touch of that terror of the law and the law's officers, which may at times assail the most honest.

As the cab drew up before the address indicated, the fog lifted a little and showed him a dingy street, a gin palace, a low French eating-house, a shop for the retail of penny numbers and two-penny salads, many ragged children huddled in the doorways, and many women of many different nationalities passing out, key in hand, to have a morning glass; and the next moment the fog settled down again upon that part, as brown as umber, and cut him off from his blackguardly surroundings. This was the home of Henry Jekyll's favourite; of a man who was heir to quarter of a million sterling.

An ivory-faced and silvery-haired old woman opened the door. She had an evil face, smoothed by hypocrisy; but her manners were excellent. Yes, she said, this was Mr. Hyde's, but he was not at home; he had been in that night very late, but had gone away again in less than an hour; there was nothing strange in that; his habits were very irregular, and he was often absent; for instance, it was nearly two months since she had seen him till yesterday.

"Very well, then, we wish to see his rooms," said the lawyer; and when the woman began to declare it was impossible, "I had better tell you who this person is," he added. "This is Inspector Newcomen of Scotland Yard."

A flash of odious joy appeared upon the woman's face. "Ah!" said she, "he is in trouble! What has he done?"

Mr. Utterson and the inspector exchanged glances. "He don't seem a very popular character," observed the latter. "And now, my good woman, just let me and this gentleman have a look about us."

In the whole extent of the house, which but for the old woman remained otherwise empty, Mr. Hyde had only used a couple of rooms; but these were furnished with luxury and good taste. A closet was filled

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with wine; the plate was of silver, the napery elegant; a good picture hung upon the walls, a gift (as Utterson supposed) from Henry Jekyll, who was much of a connoisseur; and the carpets were of many plies and agreeable in colour. At this moment, however, the rooms bore every mark of having been recently and hurriedly ransacked; clothes lay about the floor, with their pockets inside out; lock-fast drawers stood open; and on the hearth there lay a pile of grey ashes, as though many papers had been burned. From these embers the inspector disinterred the butt end of a green cheque book, which had resisted the action of the fire; the other half of the stick was found behind the door; and as this clinched his suspicions, the officer declared himself delighted. A visit to the bank, where several thousand pounds were found to be lying to the murderer's credit, completed his gratification.

"You may depend upon it, sir," he told Mr. Utterson: "I have him in my hand. He must have lost his head, or he never would have left the stick or, above all, burned the cheque book. Why, money's life to the man. We have nothing to do but wait for him at the bank, and get out the handbills."

This last, however, was not so easy of accomplishment; for Mr. Hyde had numbered few familiars—even the master of the servant maid had only seen him twice; his family could nowhere be traced; he had never been photographed; and the few who could describe him differed widely, as common observers will. Only on one point, were they agreed; and that was the haunting sense of unexpressed deformity with which the fugitive impressed his beholders.

## INCIDENT OF THE LETTER

It was late in the afternoon, when Mr. Utterson found his way to Dr. Jekyll's door, where he was at once admitted by Poole, and carried down by the kitchen offices and across a yard which had once been a garden, to the building which was indifferently known as the laboratory or the dissecting-rooms. The doctor had bought the house from the heirs of a celebrated surgeon; and his own tastes being rather chemical than anatomical, had changed the destination of the block at the bottom of the garden. It was the first time that the lawyer had been received in that part of his friend's quarters; and he eyed the dingy, windowless structure with curiosity, and gazed round with a distasteful sense of strangeness as he crossed the theatre, once crowded with eager students and now lying gaunt and silent, the tables laden with chemical apparatus,

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long dwelt unsunned in the foundations of his house. The fog still slept on the wing above the drowned city, where the lamps glimmered like carbuncles; and through the muffle and smother of these fallen clouds, the procession of the town's life was still rolling in through the great arteries with a sound as of a mighty wind. But the room was gay with firelight. In the bottle the acids were long ago resolved; the imperial dye had softened with time, as the colour grows richer in stained windows; and the glow of hot autumn afternoons on hillside vineyards, was ready to be set free and to disperse the fogs of London. Insensibly the lawyer melted. There was no man from whom he kept fewer secrets than Mr. Guest; and he was not always sure that he kept as many as he meant. Guest had often been on business to the doctor's; he knew Poole; he could scarce have failed to hear of Mr. Hyde's familiarity about the house; he might draw conclusions: was it not as well, then, that he should see a letter which put that mystery to rights? And, above all, since Guest, being a great student and critic of handwriting, would consider the step natural and obliging? The clerk, besides, was a man of counsel; he would scarce read so strange a document without dropping a remark; and by that remark Mr. Utterson might shape his future course.

"This is a sad business about Sir Danvers," he said.

"Yes, sir, indeed. It has elicited a great deal of public feeling," returned Guest. "The man, of course, was mad."

"I should like to hear your views on that," replied Utterson. "I have a document here in his handwriting; it is between ourselves, for I scarce know what to do about it; it is an ugly business at the best. But there it is; quite in your way: a murderer's autograph."

Guest's eyes brightened, and he sat down at once and studied it with passion. "No, sir," he said: "not mad; but it is an odd hand."

"And by all accounts a very odd writer," added the lawyer.

Just then the servant entered with a note.

"Is that from Dr. Jekyll, sir?" inquired the clerk. "I thought I knew the writing. Anything private, Mr. Utterson?"

"Only an invitation to dinner. Why? Do you want to see it?"

"One moment. I thank you, sir"; and the clerk laid the two sheets of paper alongside and sedulously compared their contents. "Thank you, sir," he said at last, returning both; "it's a very interesting autograph."

There was a pause, during which Mr. Utterson struggled with himself. "Why did you compare them, Guest?" he inquired suddenly.

"Well, sir," returned the clerk, "there's a rather singular resemblance; the two hands are in many points identical: only differently sloped."

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"Rather quaint," said Utterson.

"It is, as you say, rather quaint," returned Guest.

"I wouldn't speak of this note, you know," said the master.

"No, sir," said the clerk. "I understand."

But no sooner was Mr. Utterson alone that night than he locked the note into his safe, where it reposed from that time forward. "What!" he thought. "Henry Jekyll forge for a murderer!" And his blood ran cold in his veins.

## REMARKABLE INCIDENT OF DR. LANYON

Time ran on; thousands of pounds were offered in reward, for the death of Sir Danvers was resented as a public injury; but Mr. Hyde had disappeared out of the ken of the police as though he had never existed. Much of his past was unearthed, indeed, and all disreputable: tales came out of the man's cruelty, at once so callous and violent; of his vile life, of his strange associates, of the hatred that seemed to have surrounded his career; but of his present whereabouts, not a whisper. From the time he had left the house in Soho on the morning of the murder, he was simply blotted out; and gradually, as time drew on, Mr. Utterson began to recover from the hotness of his alarm, and to grow more at quiet with himself. The death of Sir Danvers was, to his way of thinking, more than paid for by the disappearance of Mr. Hyde. Now that that evil influence had been withdrawn, a new life began for Dr. Jekyll. He came out of his seclusion, renewed relations with his friends, became once more their familiar guest and entertainer; and whilst he had always been known for charities, he was now no less distinguished for religion. He was busy, he was much in the open air, he did good; his face seemed to open and brighten, as if with an inward consciousness of service; and for more than two months, the doctor was at peace.

On the 8th of January Utterson had dined at the doctor's with a small party; Lanyon had been there; and the face of the host had looked from one to the other as in the old days when the trio were inseparable friends. On the 12th, and again on the 14th, the door was shut against the lawyer. "The doctor was confined to the house," Poole said, "and saw no one." On the 15th, he tried again, and was again refused; and having now been used for the last two months to see his friend almost daily, he found this return of solitude to weigh upon his spirits. The fifth night he had in Guest to dine with him; and the sixth he betook himself to Dr. Lanyon's.

There at least he was not denied admittance; but when he came in, he

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was shocked at the change which had taken place in the doctor's appearance. He had his death-warrant written legibly upon his face. The rosy man had grown pale; his flesh had fallen away; he was visibly balder and older; and yet it was not so much these tokens of a swift physical decay that arrested the lawyer's notice, as a look in the eye and quality of manner that seemed to testify to some deep-seated terror of the mind. It was unlikely that the doctor should fear death; and yet that was what Utterson was tempted to suspect. "Yes," he thought; "he is a doctor, he must know his own state and that his days are counted; and the knowledge is more than he can bear." And yet when Utterson remarked on his ill looks, it was with an air of great firmness that Lanyon declared himself a doomed man.

"I have had a shock," he said, "and I shall never recover. It is a question of weeks. Well, life has been pleasant; I liked it; yes, sir, I used to like it. I sometimes think if we knew all, we should be more glad to get away."

"Jekyll is ill, too," observed Utterson. "Have you seen him?"

But Lanyon's face changed, and he held up a trembling hand. "I wish to see or hear no more of Dr. Jekyll," he said in a loud, unsteady voice. "I am quite done with that person; and I beg that you will spare me any allusion to one whom I regard as dead."

"Tut-tut," said Mr. Utterson; and then after a considerable pause, "Can't I do anything?" he inquired. "We are three very old friends, Lanyon; we shall not live to make others."

"Nothing can be done," returned Lanyon; "ask himself."

"He will not see me," said the lawyer.

"I am not surprised at that," was the reply. "Some day, Utterson, after I am dead, you may perhaps come to learn the right and wrong of this. I cannot tell you. And in the meantime, if you can sit and talk with me of other things, for God's sake, stay and do so; but if you cannot keep clear of this accursed topic, then, in God's name, go, for I cannot bear it."

As soon as he got home, Utterson sat down and wrote to Jekyll, complaining of his exclusion from the house, and asking the cause of this unhappy break with Lanyon; and the next day brought him a long answer, often very pathetically worded, and sometimes darkly mysterious in drift. The quarrel with Lanyon was incurable. "I do not blame our old friend," Jekyll wrote, "but I share his view that we must never meet. I mean from henceforth to lead a life of extreme seclusion; you must not be surprised, nor must you doubt my friendship, if my door is often shut even to you. You must suffer me to go my own dark way. I have brought on myself a punishment and a danger that I cannot name. If I am the chief of sinners,

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I am the chief of sufferers also. I could not think that this earth contained a place for sufferings and terrors so unmanning; and you can do but one thing, Utterson, to lighten this destiny, and that is to respect my silence." Utterson was amazed; the dark influence of Hyde had been withdrawn, the doctor had returned to his old tasks and amities; a week ago, the prospect had smiled with every promise of a cheerful and an honoured age; and now in a moment, friendship, and peace of mind, and the whole tenor of his life were wrecked. So great and unprepared a change pointed to madness; but in view of Lanyon's manner and words, there must lie for it some deeper ground.

A week afterwards Dr. Lanyon took to his bed, and in something less than a fortnight he was dead. The night after the funeral, at which he had been sadly affected, Utterson locked the door of his business room, and sitting there by the light of a melancholy candle, drew out and set before him an envelope addressed by the hand and sealed with the seal of his dead friend. "PRIVATE: for the hands of G. J. Utterson ALONE, and in case of his predecease *to be destroyed unread*," so it was emphatically superscribed; and the lawyer dreaded to behold the contents. "I have buried one friend to-day," he thought: "what if this should cost me another?" And then he condemned the fear as a disloyalty, and broke the seal. Within there was another enclosure, likewise sealed, and marked upon the cover as "not to be opened till the death or disappearance of Dr. Henry Jekyll." Utterson could not trust his eyes. Yes, it was disappearance; here again, as in the mad will which he had long ago restored to its author, here again were the idea of a disappearance and the name of Henry Jekyll bracketed. But, in the will, that idea had sprung from the sinister suggestion of the man Hyde; it was set there with a purpose all too plain and horrible. Written by the hand of Lanyon, what should it mean? A great curiosity came on the trustee, to disregard the prohibition and dive at once to the bottom of these mysteries; but professional honour and faith to his dead friend were stringent obligations; and the packet slept in the inmost corner of his private safe.

It is one thing to mortify curiosity, another to conquer it; and it may be doubted if, from that day forth, Utterson desired the society of his surviving friend with the same eagerness. He thought of him kindly; but his thoughts were disquieted and fearful. He went to call indeed; but he was perhaps relieved to be denied admittance; perhaps, in his heart, he preferred to speak with Poole upon the doorstep and surrounded by the air and sounds of the open city, rather than to be admitted into that house of voluntary bondage, and to sit and speak with its inscrutable recluse.

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Poole had, indeed, no very pleasant news to communicate. The doctor, it appeared, now more than ever confined himself to the cabinet over the laboratory, where he would sometimes even sleep; he was out of spirits, he had grown very silent, he did not read; it seemed as if he had something on his mind. Utterson became so used to the unvarying character of these reports, that he fell off little by little in the frequency of his visits.

## INCIDENT AT THE WINDOW

It chanced on Sunday, when Mr. Utterson was on his usual walk with Mr. Enfield, that their way lay once again through the bystreet; and that when they came in front of the door, both stopped to gaze on it.

"Well," said Enfield, "that story's at an end at least. We shall never see more of Mr. Hyde."

"I hope not," said Utterson. "Did I ever tell you that I once saw him, and shared your feeling of repulsion?"

"It was impossible to do the one without the other," returned Enfield. "And by the way, what an ass you must have thought me, not to know that this was a back way to Dr. Jekyll's! It was partly your own fault that I found it out, even when I did."

"So you found it out, did you?" said Utterson. "But if that be so, we may step into the court and take a look at the windows. To tell you the truth, I am uneasy about poor Jekyll; and even outside, I feel as if the presence of a friend might do him good."

The court was very cool and a little damp, and full of premature twilight, although the sky, high up overhead, was still bright with sunset. The middle one of the three windows was half-way open; and sitting close beside it, taking the air with an infinite sadness of mien, like some disconsolate prisoner, Utterson saw Dr. Jekyll.

"What! Jekyll!" he cried. "I trust you are better."

"I am very low, Utterson," replied the doctor, drearily, "very low. It will not last long, thank God."

"You stay too much indoors," said the lawyer. "You should be out, whipping up the circulation like Mr. Enfield and me. (This is my cousin–Mr. Enfield–Dr. Jekyll.) Come now; get your hat and take a quick turn with us."

"You are very good," sighed the other. "I should like to very much; but no, no, no, it is quite impossible; I dare not. But indeed, Utterson, I am very glad to see you; this is really a great pleasure; I would ask you and Mr. Enfield up, but the place is really not fit."

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"What, what? Are you all here?" said the lawyer peevishly. "Very irregular, very unseemly; your master would be far from pleased."

"They're all afraid," said Poole.

Blank silence followed, no one protesting; only the maid lifted up her voice and now wept loudly.

"Hold your tongue!" Poole said to her, with a ferocity of accent that testified to his own jangled nerves; and indeed, when the girl had so suddenly raised the note of her lamentation, they had all started and turned towards the inner door with faces of dreadful expectation. "And now," continued the butler, addressing the knife-boy, "reach me a candle, and we'll get this through hands at once." And then he begged Mr. Utterson to follow him, and led the way to the back garden.

"Now, sir," said he, "you come as gently as you can. I want you to hear, and I don't want you to be heard. And see here, sir, if by any chance he was to ask you in, don't go."

Mr. Utterson's nerves, at this unlooked-for termination, gave a jerk that nearly threw him from his balance; but he recollected his courage and followed the butler into the laboratory building and through the surgical theatre, with its lumber of crates and bottles, to the foot of the stair. Here Poole motioned him to stand on one side and listen; while he himself, setting down the candle and making a great and obvious call on his resolution, mounted the steps and knocked with a somewhat uncertain hand on the red baize of the cabinet door.

"Mr. Utterson, sir, asking to see you," he called; and even as he did so, once more violently signed to the lawyer to give ear.

A voice answered from within: "Tell him I cannot see any one," it said complainingly.

"Thank you, sir," said Poole, with a note of something like triumph in his voice; and taking up his candle, he led Mr. Utterson back across the yard and into the great kitchen, where the fire was out and the beetles were leaping on the floor.

"Sir," he said, looking Mr. Utterson in the eyes, "was that my master's voice?"

"It seems much changed," replied the lawyer, very pale, but giving look for look.

"Changed? Well, yes, I think so," said the butler. "Have I been twenty years in this man's house, to be deceived about his voice? No, sir; master's made away with; he was made away with, eight days ago, when we heard him cry out upon the name of God; and *who's* in there instead of him, and *why* it stays there, is a thing that cries to Heaven, Mr. Utterson!"

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"This is a very strange tale, Poole; this is rather a wild tale, my man," said Mr. Utterson, biting his finger. "Suppose it were as you suppose, supposing Dr. Jekyll to have been—well, murdered, what could induce the murderer to stay? That won't hold water; it doesn't commend itself to reason."

"Well, Mr. Utterson, you are a hard man to satisfy, but I'll do it yet," said Poole. "All this last week (you must know) him, or it, or whatever it is that lives in that cabinet, has been crying night and day for some sort of medicine and cannot get it to his mind. It was sometimes his way—the master's, that is—to write his orders on a sheet of paper and throw it on the stair. We've had nothing else this week back; nothing but papers, and a closed door, and the very meals left there to be smuggled in when nobody was looking. Well, sir, every day, ay, and twice and thrice in the same day, there have been orders and complaints, and I have been sent flying to all the wholesale chemists in town. Every time I brought the stuff back, there would be another paper telling me to return it, because it was not pure, and another order to a different firm. This drug is wanted bitter bad, sir, whatever for."

"Have you any of these papers?" asked Mr. Utterson.

Poole felt in his pocket and handed out a crumpled note, which the lawyer, bending nearer to the candle, carefully examined. Its contents ran thus: "Dr. Jekyll presents his compliments to Messrs. Maw. He assures them that their last sample is impure and quite useless for his present purpose. In the year 18—, Dr. J. purchased a somewhat large quantity from Messrs. M. He now begs them to search with the most sedulous care, and should any of the same quality be left, to forward it to him at once. Expense is no consideration. The importance of this to Dr. J. can hardly be exaggerated." So far the letter had run composedly enough, but here with a sudden splutter of the pen, the writer's emotion had broken loose. "For God's sake," he had added, "find me some of the old."

"This is a strange note," said Mr. Utterson; and then sharply, "How do you come to have it open?"

"The man at Maw's was main angry, sir, and he threw it back to me like so much dirt," returned Poole.

"This is unquestionably the doctor's hand, do you know?" resumed the lawyer.

"I thought it looked like it," said the servant rather sulkily; and then, with another voice, "But what matters hand of write?" he said. "I've seen him!"

"Seen him?" repeated Mr. Utterson. "Well?"

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"That's it!" said Poole. "It was this way. I came suddenly into the theatre from the garden. It seems he had slipped out to look for this drug or whatever it is; for the cabinet door was open, and there he was at the far end of the room digging among the crates. He looked up when I came in, gave a kind of cry, and whipped upstairs into the cabinet. It was but for one minute that I saw him, but the hair stood upon my head like quills. Sir, if that was my master, why had he a mask upon his face? If it was my master, why did he cry out like a rat, and run from me? I have served him long enough. And then . . ." The man paused and passed his hand over his face.

"These are all very strange circumstances," said Mr. Utterson, "but I think I begin to see daylight. Your master, Poole, is plainly seized with one of those maladies that both torture and deform the sufferer; hence, for aught I know, the alteration of his voice; hence the mask and the avoidance of his friends; hence his eagerness to find this drug, by means of which the poor soul retains some hope of ultimate recovery—God grant that he be not deceived! There is my explanation; it is sad enough, Poole, ay, and appalling to consider; but it is plain and natural, hangs well together, and delivers us from all exorbitant alarms."

"Sir," said the butler, turning to a sort of mottled pallor, "that thing was not my master, and there's the truth. My master"—here he looked round him and began to whisper—"is a tall, fine build of a man, and this was more of a dwarf." Utterson attempted to protest. "O, sir," cried Poole, "do you think I do not know my master after twenty years? Do you think I do not know where his head comes to in the cabinet door, where I saw him every morning of my life? No, sir, that thing in the mask was never Dr. Jekyll—God knows what it was, but it was never Dr. Jekyll; and it is the belief of my heart that there was murder done."

"Poole," replied the lawyer, "if you say that, it will become my duty to make certain. Much as I desire to spare your master's feelings, much as I am puzzled by this note which seems to prove him to be still alive, I shall consider it my duty to break in that door."

"Ah, Mr. Utterson, that's talking!" cried the butler.

"And now comes the second question," resumed Utterson: "Who is going to do it?"

"Why, you and me," was the undaunted reply.

"That's very well said," returned the lawyer; "and whatever comes of it, I shall make it my business to see you are no loser."

"There is an axe in the theatre," continued Poole; "and you might take the kitchen poker for yourself."

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The lawyer took that rude but weighty instrument into his hand, and balanced it. "Do you know, Poole," he said, looking up, "that you and I are about to place ourselves in a position of some peril?"

"You may say so, sir, indeed," returned the butler.

"It is well, then, that we should be frank," said the other. "We both think more than we have said; let us make a clean breast. This masked figure that you saw, did you recognize it?"

"Well, sir, it went so quick, and the creature was so doubled up, that I could hardly swear to that," was the answer. "But if you mean, was it Mr. Hyde?—why, yes, I think it was! You see it was much of the same bigness; and it had the same quick, light way with it; and then who else could have got in by the laboratory door? You have not forgot, sir, that at the time of the murder he had still the key with him? But that's not all. I don't know, Mr. Utterson, if ever you met this Mr. Hyde?"

"Yes," said the lawyer, "I once spoke with him."

"Then you must know as well as the rest of us that there was something queer about that gentleman—something that gave a man a turn—I don't know rightly how to say it, sir, beyond this: that you felt it in your marrow kind of cold and thin."

"I own I felt something of what you describe," said Mr. Utterson.

"Quite so, sir," returned Poole. "Well, when that masked thing like a monkey jumped from among the chemicals and whipped into the cabinet, it went down my spine like ice. O, I know it's not evidence, Mr. Utterson; I'm book-learned enough for that; but a man has his feelings, and I give you my bible-word it was Mr. Hyde!"

"Ay, ay," said the lawyer. "My fears incline to the same point. Evil, I fear, founded—evil was sure to come—of that connection. Ay, truly, I believe you; I believe poor Harry is killed; and I believe his murderer (for what purpose, God alone can tell) is still lurking in his victim's room. Well, let our name be vengeance. Call Bradshaw."

The footman came at the summons, very white and nervous.

"Put yourself together, Bradshaw," said the lawyer. "This suspense, I know, is telling upon all of you; but it is now our intention to make an end of it. Poole, here, and I are going to force our way into the cabinet. If all is well, my shoulders are broad enough to bear the blame. Meanwhile, lest anything should really be amiss, or any malefactor seek to escape by the back, you and the boy must go round the corner with a pair of good sticks and take your post at the laboratory door. We give you ten minutes, to get to your stations."

As Bradshaw left, the lawyer looked at his watch. "And now, Poole, let

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us get to ours," he said; and taking the poker under his arm, led the way into the yard. The scud had banked over the moon, and it was now quite dark. The wind, which only broke in puffs and draughts into that deep well of building, tossed the light of the candle to and fro about their steps, until they came into the shelter of the theatre, where they sat down silently to wait. London hummed solemnly all around; but nearer at hand, the stillness was only broken by the sounds of a footfall moving to and fro along the cabinet floor.

"So it will walk all day, sir," whispered Poole; "ay, and the better part of the night. Only when a new sample comes from the chemist, there's a bit of a break. Ah, it's an ill conscience that's such an enemy to rest! Ah, sir, there's blood foully shed in every step of it! But hark again, a little closer–put your heart in your ears, Mr. Utterson, and tell me, is that the doctor's foot?"

The steps fell lightly and oddly, with a certain swing, for all they went so slowly; it was different indeed from the heavy creaking tread of Henry Jekyll. Utterson sighed. "Is there never anything else?" he asked.

Poole nodded. "Once," he said. "Once I heard it weeping!"

"Weeping? How that?" said the lawyer, conscious of a sudden chill of horror.

"Weeping like a woman or a lost soul," said the butler. "I came away with that upon my heart, that I could have wept too."

But now the ten minutes drew to an end. Poole disinterred the axe from under a stack of packing straw; the candle was set upon the nearest table to light them to the attack; and they drew near with bated breath to where that patient foot was still going up and down, up and down, in the quiet of the night.

"Jekyll," cried Utterson, with a loud voice, "I demand to see you." He paused a moment, but there came no reply. "I give you fair warning, our suspicions are aroused, and I must and shall see you," he resumed; "if not by fair means, then by foul–if not of your consent, then by brute force!"

"Utterson," said the voice, "for God's sake, have mercy!"

"Ah, that's not Jekyll's voice–it's Hyde's!" cried Utterson. "Down with the door, Poole!"

Poole swung the axe over his shoulder; the blow shook the building, and the red baize door leaped against the lock and hinges. A dismal screech, as of mere animal terror, rang from the cabinet. Up went the axe again, and again the panels crashed and the frame bounded; four times the blow fell; but the wood was tough and the fittings were of excellent

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and then back at the paper, and last of all at the dead malefactor stretched upon the carpet.

"My head goes round," he said. "He has been all these days in possession; he had no cause to like me; he must have raged to see himself displaced; and he has not destroyed this document."

He caught up the next paper; it was a brief note in the doctor's hand and dated at the top. "O Poole!" the lawyer cried, "he was alive and here this day. He cannot have been disposed of in so short a space; he must be still alive, he must have fled! And then, why fled? And how? And in that case, can we venture to declare this suicide? O, we must be careful. I foresee that we may yet involve your master in some dire catastrophe."

"Why don't you read it, sir?" asked Poole.

"Because I fear," replied the lawyer solemnly. "God grant I have no cause for it!" And with that he brought the paper to his eyes and read as follows:

> My dear Utterson—When this shall fall into your hands, I shall have disappeared, under what circumstances I have not the penetration to foresee, but my instinct and all the circumstances of my nameless situation tell me that the end is sure and must be early. Go then, and first read the narrative which Lanyon warned me he was to place in your hands; and if you care to hear more, turn to the confession of
>
> Your unworthy and unhappy friend,
>
> *Henry Jekyll*

"There was a third enclosure?" asked Utterson.

"Here, sir," said Poole, and gave into his hands a considerable packet sealed in several places.

The lawyer put it in his pocket. "I would say nothing of this paper. If your master has fled or is dead, we may at least save his credit. It is now ten; I must go home and read these documents in quiet; but I shall be back before midnight, when we shall send for the police."

They went out, locking the door of the theatre behind them; and Utterson, once more leaving the servants gathered about the fire in the hall, trudged back to his office to read the two narratives in which this mystery was now to be explained.

## DR. LANYON'S NARRATIVE

On the ninth of January, now four days ago, I received by the evening delivery a registered envelope, addressed in the hand of my colleague

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and old school companion, Henry Jekyll. I was a good deal surprised by this; for we were by no means in the habit of correspondence; I had seen the man, dined with him, indeed, the night before; and I could imagine nothing in our intercourse that should justify formality of registration. The contents increased my wonder; for this is how the letter ran:

10th December, 18–.

Dear Lanyon,

You are one of my oldest friends; and although we may have differed at times on scientific questions, I cannot remember, at least on my side, any break in our affection. There was never a day when, if you had said to me, 'Jekyll, my life, my honour, my reason, depend upon you,' I would not have sacrificed my left hand to help you. Lanyon, my life, my honour, my reason, are all at your mercy; if you fail me to-night I am lost. You might suppose, after this preface, that I am going to ask you for something dishonourable to grant. Judge for yourself.

I want you to postpone all other engagements for to-night–ay, even if you were summoned to the bedside of an emperor; to take a cab, unless your carriage should be actually at the door; and with this letter in your hand for consultation, to drive straight to my house. Poole, my butler, has his orders; you will find him waiting your arrival with a locksmith. The door of my cabinet is then to be forced: and you are to go in alone; to open the glazed press (letter E) on the left hand, breaking the lock if it be shut; and to draw out, *with all its contents as they stand*, the fourth drawer from the top or (which is the same thing) the third from the bottom. In my extreme distress of mind, I have a morbid fear of misdirecting you; but even if I am in error, you may know the right drawer by its contents: some powders, a phial and a paper book. This drawer I beg of you to carry back with you to Cavendish Square exactly as it stands.

That is the first part of the service: now for the second. You should be back, if you set out at once on the receipt of this, long before midnight; but I will leave you that amount of margin, not only in the fear of one of those obstacles that can neither be prevented nor foreseen, but because an hour when your servants are in bed is to be preferred for what will then remain to do. At midnight, then, I have to ask you to be alone in your consulting-room, to admit with your own hand into the house a man who will present himself in my name, and to place in his hands the drawer that you will have brought with you from my cabinet. Then you will have played your part and earned my gratitude completely. Five minutes afterwards, if you insist upon an explanation, you will have understood that these arrangements are of capital importance; and that by the neglect of one of them, fantastic as they must appear, you might have

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charged your conscience with my death or the shipwreck of my reason.

Confident as I am that you will not trifle with this appeal, my heart sinks and my hand trembles at the bare thought of such a possibility. Think of me at this hour, in a strange place, labouring under a blackness of distress that no fancy can exaggerate, and yet well aware that, if you will but punctually serve me, my troubles will roll away like a story that is told. Serve me, my dear Lanyon, and save

Your friend,
H. J.

P.S. I had already sealed this up when a fresh terror struck upon my soul. It is possible that the postoffice may fail me, and this letter not come into your hands until to-morrow morning. In that case, dear Lanyon, do my errand when it shall be most convenient for you in the course of the day; and once more expect my messenger at midnight. It may then already be too late; and if that night passes without event, you will know that you have seen the last of Henry Jekyll.

Upon the reading of this letter, I made sure my colleague was insane; but till that was proved beyond the possibility of doubt, I felt bound to do as he requested. The less I understood of this farrago, the less I was in a position to judge of its importance; and an appeal so worded could not be set aside without a grave responsibility. I rose accordingly from table, got into a hansom, and drove straight to Jekyll's house. The butler was awaiting my arrival, he had received by the same post as mine a registered letter of instruction, and had sent at once for a locksmith and a carpenter. The tradesmen came while we were yet speaking; and we moved in a body to old Dr. Denman's surgical theatre, from which (as you are doubtless aware) Jekyll's private cabinet is most conveniently entered. The door was very strong, the lock excellent; the carpenter avowed he would have great trouble and have to do much damage, if force were to be used; and the locksmith was near despair. But this last was a handy fellow, and after two hours' work, the door stood open. The press marked E was unlocked; and I took out the drawer, had it filled up with straw and tied in a sheet, and returned with it to Cavendish Square.

Here I proceeded to examine its contents. The powders were neatly enough made up, but not with the nicety of the dispensing chemist; so that it was plain they were of Jekyll's private manufacture: and when I opened one of the wrappers I found what seemed to me a simple crystalline salt of a white colour. The phial, to which I next turned my attention, might have been about half full of a blood-red liquor, which was highly pungent to the sense of smell and seemed to me to contain phosphorous and some volatile ether. At the other ingredients I could make no guess.

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The book was an ordinary version book and contained little but a series of dates. These covered a period of many years, but I observed that the entries ceased nearly a year ago and quite abruptly. Here and there a brief remark was appended to a date, usually no more than a single word: "double" occurring perhaps six times in a total of several hundred entries; and once very early in the list and followed by several marks of exclamation, "total failure!!!" All this, though it whetted my curiosity, told me little that was definite. Here were a phial of some tincture, a paper of some salt, and the record of a series of experiments that had led (like too many of Jekyll's investigations) to no end of practical usefulness. How could the presence of these articles in my house affect either the honour, the sanity, or the life of my flighty colleague? If his messenger could go to one place, why could he not go to another? And even granting some impediment, why was this gentleman to be received by me in secret? The more I reflected the more convinced I grew that I was dealing with a case of cerebral disease; and though I dismissed my servants to bed, I loaded an old revolver, that I might be found in some posture of self-defence.

Twelve o'clock had scarce rung out over London, ere the knocker sounded very gently on the door. I went myself at the summons, and found a small man crouching against the pillars of the portico.

"Are you come from Dr. Jekyll?" I asked.

He told me "yes" by a constrained gesture; and when I had bidden him enter, he did not obey me without a searching backward glance into the darkness of the square. There was a policeman not far off, advancing with his bull's-eye open; and at the sight, I thought my visitor started and made greater haste.

These particulars struck me, I confess, disagreeably; and as I followed him into the bright light of the consulting-room, I kept my hand ready on my weapon. Here, at last, I had a chance of clearly seeing him. I had never set eyes on him before, so much was certain. He was small, as I have said; I was struck besides with the shocking expression of his face, with his remarkable combination of great muscular activity and great apparent debility of constitution, and–last but not least–with the odd, subjective disturbance caused by his neighbourhood. This bore some resemblance to incipient rigour, and was accompanied by a marked sinking of the pulse. At the time, I set it down to some idiosyncratic, personal distaste, and merely wondered at the acuteness of the symptoms; but I have since had reason to believe the cause to lie much deeper in the nature of man, and to turn on some nobler hinge than the principle of hatred.

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This person (who had thus, from the first moment of his entrance, struck in me what I can only describe as a disgustful curiosity) was dressed in a fashion that would have made an ordinary person laughable; his clothes, that is to say, although they were of rich and sober fabric, were enormously too large for him in every measurement–the trousers hanging on his legs and rolled up to keep them from the ground, the waist of the coat below his haunches, and the collar sprawling wide upon his shoulders. Strange to relate, this ludicrous accoutrement was far from moving me to laughter. Rather, as there was something abnormal and misbegotten in the very essence of the creature that now faced me–something seizing, surprising, and revolting–this fresh disparity seemed but to fit in with and to reinforce it; so that to my interest in the man's nature and character, there was added a curiosity as to his origin, his life, his fortune and status in the world.

These observations, though they have taken so great a space to be set down in, were yet the work of a few seconds. My visitor was, indeed, on fire with sombre excitement.

"Have you got it?" he cried. "Have you got it?" And so lively was his impatience that he even laid his hand upon my arm and sought to shake me.

I put him back, conscious at his touch of a certain icy pang along my blood. "Come, sir," said I. "You forget that I have not yet the pleasure of your acquaintance. Be seated, if you please." And I showed him an example, and sat down myself in my customary seat and with as fair an imitation of my ordinary manner to a patient, as the lateness of the hour, the nature of my preoccupations, and the horror I had of my visitor, would suffer me to muster.

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Lanyon," he replied civilly enough. "What you say is very well founded; and my impatience has shown its heels to my politeness. I come here at the instance of your colleague, Dr. Henry Jekyll, on a piece of business of some moment; and I understood . . ." he paused and put his hand to his throat, and I could see, in spite of his collected manner, that he was wrestling against the approaches of the hysteria–"I understood, a drawer . . ."

But here I took pity on my visitor's suspense, and some perhaps on my own growing curiosity.

"There it is, sir," said I, pointing to the drawer, where it lay on the floor behind a table and still covered with the sheet.

He sprang to it, and then paused, and laid his hand upon his heart: I could hear his teeth grate with the convulsive action of his jaws; and his

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particular degradation in my faults that made me what I was, and, with even a deeper trench than in the majority of men, severed in me those provinces of good and ill which divide and compound man's dual nature. In this case, I was driven to reflect deeply and inveterately on that hard law of life, which lies at the root of religion and is one of the most plentiful springs of distress. Though so profound a double-dealer, I was in no sense a hypocrite; both sides of me were in dead earnest; I was no more myself when I laid aside restraint and plunged in shame, than when I laboured, in the eye of day, at the furtherance of knowledge or the relief of sorrow and suffering. And it chanced that the direction of my scientific studies, which led wholly towards the mystic and the transcendental, reacted and shed a strong light on this consciousness of the perennial war among my members. With every day, and from both sides of my intelligence, the moral and the intellectual, I thus drew steadily nearer to that truth, by whose partial discovery I have been doomed to such a dreadful shipwreck: that man is not truly one, but truly two. I say two, because the state of my own knowledge does not pass beyond that point. Others will follow, others will outstrip me on the same lines; and I hazard the guess that man will be ultimately known for a mere polity of multifarious, incongruous and independent denizens. I for my part, from the nature of my life, advanced infallibly in one direction and in one direction only. It was on the moral side, and in my own person, that I learned to recognize the thorough and primitive duality of man; I saw that, of the two natures that contended in the field of my consciousness, even if I could rightly be said to be either, it was only because I was radically both; and from an early date, even before the course of my scientific discoveries had begun to suggest the most naked possibility of such a miracle, I had learned to dwell with pleasure, as a beloved day-dream, on the thought of the separation of these elements. If each, I told myself, could but be housed in separate identities, life would be relieved of all that was unbearable; the unjust might go his way, delivered from the aspirations and remorse of his more upright twin; and the just could walk steadfastly and securely on his upward path, doing the good things in which he found his pleasure, and no longer exposed to disgrace and penitence by the hands of this extraneous evil. It was the curse of mankind that these incongruous faggots were thus bound together–that in the agonized womb of consciousness, these polar twins should be continuously struggling. How, then, were they dissociated?

I was so far in my reflections when, as I have said, a side-light began to shine upon the subject from the laboratory table. I began to perceive

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more deeply than it has ever yet been stated, the trembling immateriality, the mistlike transcience, of this seemingly so solid body in which we walk attired. Certain agents I found to have the power to shake and to pluck back that fleshly vestment, even as a wind might toss the curtains of a pavilion. For two good reasons, I will not enter deeply into this scientific branch of my confession. First, because I have been made to learn that the doom and burden of our life is bound for ever on man's shoulders, and when the attempt is made to cast it off, it but returns upon us with more unfamiliar and more awful pressure. Second, because, as my narrative will make, alas! too evident, my discoveries were incomplete. Enough, then, that I not only recognized my natural body for the mere aura and effulgence of certain of the powers that made up my spirit, but managed to compound a drug by which these powers should be dethroned from their supremacy, and a second form and countenance substituted, none the less natural to me because they were the expression, and bore the stamp, of lower elements in my soul.

I hesitated long before I put this theory to the test of practice. I knew well that I risked death; for any drug that so potently controlled and shook the very fortress of identity, might by the least scruple of an overdose or at the least inopportunity in the moment of exhibition, utterly blot out that immaterial tabernacle which I looked to it to change. But the temptation of a discovery so singular and profound, at last overcame the suggestions of alarm. I had long since prepared my tincture; I purchased at once, from a firm of wholesale chemists, a large quantity of a particular salt which I knew, from my experiments, to be the last ingredient required; and late one accursed night, I compounded the elements, watched them boil and smoke together in the glass, and when the ebullition had subsided, with a strong glow of courage, drank off the potion.

The most racking pangs succeeded: a grinding in the bones, deadly nausea, and a horror of the spirit that cannot be exceeded at the hour of birth or death. Then these agonies began swiftly to subside, and I came to myself as if out of a great sickness. There was something strange in my sensations, something indescribably new and, from its very novelty, incredibly sweet. I felt younger, lighter, happier in body; within I was conscious of a heady recklessness, a current of disordered sensual images running like a mill race in my fancy, a solution of the bonds of obligation, an unknown but not an innocent freedom of the soul. I knew myself, at the first breath of this new life, to be more wicked, tenfold more wicked, sold a slave to my original evil; and the thought, in that moment, braced

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and delighted me like wine. I stretched out my hands, exulting in the freshness of these sensations; and in the act, I was suddenly aware that I had lost in stature.

There was no mirror, at that date, in my room; that which stands beside me as I write, was brought there later on for the very purpose of these transformations. The night, however, was far gone into the morning—the morning, black as it was, was nearly ripe for the conception of the day—the inmates of my house were locked in the most rigorous hours of slumber; and I determined, flushed as I was with hope and triumph, to venture in my new shape as far as to my bedroom. I crossed the yard, wherein the constellations looked down upon me, I could have thought, with wonder, the first creature of that sort that their unsleeping vigilance had yet disclosed to them; I stole through the corridors, a stranger in my own house; and coming to my room, I saw for the first time the appearance of Edward Hyde.

I must here speak by theory alone, saying not that which I know, but that which I suppose to be most probable. The evil side of my nature, to which I had now transferred the stamping efficacy, was less robust and less developed than the good which I had just deposed. Again, in the course of my life, which had been, after all, nine-tenths a life of effort, virtue, and control, it had been much less exercised and much less exhausted. And hence, as I think, it came about that Edward Hyde was so much smaller, slighter, and younger than Henry Jekyll. Even as good shone upon the countenance of the one, evil was written broadly and plainly on the face of the other. Evil besides (which I must still believe to be the lethal side of man) had left on that body an imprint of deformity and decay. And yet when I looked upon that ugly idol in the glass, I was conscious of no repugnance, rather of a leap of welcome. This, too, was myself. It seemed natural and human. In my eyes it bore a livelier image of the spirit, it seemed more express and single, than the imperfect and divided countenance I had been hitherto accustomed to call mine. And in so far I was doubtless right. I have observed that when I wore the semblance of Edward Hyde, none could come near to me at first without a visible misgiving of the flesh. This, as I take it, was because all human beings, as we meet them, are commingled out of good and evil: and Edward Hyde, alone in the ranks of mankind, was pure evil.

I lingered but a moment at the mirror: the second and conclusive experiment had yet to be attempted; it yet remained to be seen if I had lost my identity beyond redemption and must flee before daylight from a house that was no longer mine; and hurrying back to my cabinet, I once

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more prepared and drank the cup, once more suffered the pangs of dissolution, and came to myself once more with the character, the stature, and the face of Henry Jekyll.

That night I had come to the fatal cross-road. Had I approached my discovery in a more noble spirit, had I risked the experiment while under the empire of generous or pious aspirations, all must have been otherwise, and from these agonies of death and birth, I had come forth an angel instead of a fiend. The drug had no discriminating action; it was neither diabolical nor divine; it but shook the doors of the prison house of my disposition; and like the captives of Philippi, that which stood within ran forth. At that time my virtue slumbered; my evil, kept awake by ambition, was alert and swift to seize the occasion; and the thing that was projected was Edward Hyde. Hence, although I had now two characters as well as two appearances, one was wholly evil, and the other was still the old Henry Jekyll, that incongruous compound of whose reformation and improvement I had already learned to despair. The movement was thus wholly towards the worse.

Even at that time, I had not yet conquered my aversion to the dryness of a life of study. I would still be merrily disposed at times; and as my pleasures were (to say the least) undignified, and as I was not only well known and highly considered, but growing towards the elderly man, this incoherency of my life was daily growing more unwelcome. It was on this side that my new power tempted me until I fell in slavery. I had but to drink the cup, to doff at once the body of the noted professor, and to assume, like a thick cloak, that of Edward Hyde. I smiled at the notion; it seemed to me at the time to be humourous; and I made my preparations with the most studious care. I took and furnished the house in Soho, to which Hyde was tracked by the police; and engaged as housekeeper a creature whom I well knew to be silent and unscrupulous. On the other side, I announced to my servants that a Mr. Hyde (whom I described) was to have full liberty and power about my house in the square; and to parry mishaps, I even called and made myself a familiar object, in my second character. I next drew up that will to which you so much objected; so that if anything befell me in the person of Dr. Jekyll, I could enter on that of Edward Hyde without pecuniary loss. And thus fortified, as I supposed, on every side, I began to profit by the strange immunities of my position.

Men have before hired bravos to transact their crimes, while their own person and reputation sat under shelter. I was the first that ever did so for his pleasures. I was the first that could thus plod in the public eye

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with a load of genial respectability, and in a moment, like a schoolboy, strip off these lendings and spring headlong into the sea of liberty. But for me, in my impenetrable mantle, the safety was complete. Think of it—I did not even exist! Let me but escape into my laboratory door, give me but a second or two to mix and swallow the draught that I had always standing ready; and whatever he had done, Edward Hyde would pass away like the stain of breath upon a mirror; and there in his stead, quietly at home, trimming the midnight lamp in his study, a man who could afford to laugh at suspicion, would be Henry Jekyll.

The pleasures which I made haste to seek in my disguise were, as I have said, undignified; I would scarce use a harder term. But in the hands of Edward Hyde, they soon began to turn towards the monstrous. When I would come back from these excursions, I was often plunged into a kind of wonder at my vicarious depravity. This familiar that I called out of my own soul, and sent forth alone to do his good pleasure, was a being inherently malign and villainous; his every act and thought centered on self; drinking pleasure with bestial avidity from any degree of torture to another; relentless like a man of stone. Henry Jekyll stood at times aghast before the acts of Edward Hyde; but the situation was apart from ordinary laws, and insidiously relaxed the grasp of conscience. It was Hyde, after all, and Hyde alone, that was guilty. Jekyll was no worse; he woke again to his good qualities seemingly unimpaired; he would even make haste, where it was possible, to undo the evil done by Hyde. And thus his conscience slumbered.

Into the details of the infamy at which I thus connived (for even now I can scarce grant that I committed it) I have no design of entering; I mean but to point out the warnings and the successive steps with which my chastisement approached. I met with one accident which, as it brought on no consequence, I shall no more than mention. An act of cruelty to a child aroused against me the anger of a passer-by, whom I recognized the other day in the person of your kinsman; the doctor and the child's family joined him; there were moments when I feared for my life; and at last, in order to pacify their too just resentment, Edward Hyde had to bring them to the door, and pay them in a cheque drawn in the name of Henry Jekyll. But this danger was easily eliminated from the future, by opening an account at another bank in the name of Edward Hyde himself; and when, by sloping my own hand backward, I had supplied my double with a signature, I thought I sat beyond the reach of fate.

Some two months before the murder of Sir Danvers, I had been out

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Yes, I preferred the elderly and discontented doctor, surrounded by friends and cherishing honest hopes; and bade a resolute farewell to the liberty, the comparative youth, the light step, leaping impulses and secret pleasures, that I had enjoyed in the disguise of Hyde. I made this choice perhaps with some unconscious reservation, for I neither gave up the house in Soho, nor destroyed the clothes of Edward Hyde, which still lay ready in my cabinet. For two months, however, I was true to my determination; for two months I led a life of such severity as I had never before attained to, and enjoyed the compensations of an approving conscience. But time began at last to obliterate the freshness of my alarm; the praises of conscience began to grow into a thing of course; I began to be tortured with throes and longings, as of Hyde struggling after freedom; and at last, in an hour of moral weakness, I once again compounded and swallowed the transforming draught.

I do not suppose that, when a drunkard reasons with himself upon his vice, he is once out of five hundred times affected by the dangers that he runs through his brutish, physical insensibility; neither had I, long as I had considered my position, made enough allowance for the complete moral insensibility and insensate readiness to evil, which were the leading characters of Edward Hyde. Yet it was by these that I was punished. My devil had been long caged, he came out roaring. I was conscious, even when I took the draught, of a more unbridled, a more furious propensity to ill. It must have been this, I suppose, that stirred in my soul that tempest of impatience with which I listened to the civilities of my unhappy victim; I declare, at least, before God, no man morally sane could have been guilty of that crime upon so pitiful a provocation; and that I struck in no more reasonable spirit than that in which a sick child may break a plaything. But I had voluntarily stripped myself of all those balancing instincts by which even the worst of us continues to walk with some degree of steadiness among temptations; and in my case, to be tempted, however slightly, was to fall.

Instantly the spirit of hell awoke in me and raged. With a transport of glee, I mauled the unresisting body, tasting delight from every blow; and it was not till weariness had begun to succeed, that I was suddenly, in the top fit of my delirium, struck through the heart by a cold thrill of terror. A mist dispersed; I saw my life to be forfeit; and fled from the scene of these excesses, at once glorifying and trembling, my lust of evil gratified and stimulated, my love of life screwed to the topmost peg. I ran to the house in Soho, and (to make assurance doubly sure) destroyed my

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papers; thence I set out through the lamplit streets, in the same divided ecstasy of mind, gloating on my crime, light-headedly devising others in the future, and yet still hastening and still hearkening in my wake for the steps of the avenger. Hyde had a song upon his lips as he compounded the draught, and as he drank it, pledged the dead man. The pangs of transformation had not done tearing him, before Henry Jekyll, with streaming tears of gratitude and remorse, had fallen upon his knees and lifted his clasped hands to God. The veil of self-indulgence was rent from head to foot. I saw my life as a whole: I followed it up from the days of childhood, when I had walked with my father's hand, and through the self-denying toils of my professional life, to arrive again and again, with the same sense of unreality, at the damned horrors of the evening. I could have screamed aloud; I sought with tears and prayers to smother down the crowd of hideous images and sounds with which my memory swarmed against me; and still, between the petitions, the ugly face of my iniquity stared into my soul. As the acuteness of this remorse began to die away, it was succeeded by a sense of joy. The problem of my conduct was solved. Hyde was thenceforth impossible; whether I would or not, I was now confined to the better part of my existence; and O, how I rejoiced to think it! with what willing humility, I embraced anew the restrictions of natural life! With what sincere renunciation, I locked the door by which I had so often gone and come, and ground the key under my heel!

The next day, came the news that the murder had been overlooked, that the guilt of Hyde was patent to the world, and that the victim was a man high in public estimation. It was not only a crime, it had been a tragic folly. I think I was glad to know it; I think I was glad to have my better impulses thus buttressed and guarded by the terrors of the scaffold. Jekyll was now my city of refuge; let but Hyde peep out an instant, and the hands of all men would be raised to take and slay him.

I resolved in my future conduct to redeem the past; and I can say with honesty that my resolve was fruitful of some good. You know yourself how earnestly in the last months of last year, I laboured to relieve suffering; you know that much was done for others, and that the days passed quietly, almost happily for myself. Nor can I truly say that I wearied of this beneficent and innocent life; I think instead that I daily enjoyed it more completely; but I was still cursed with my duality of purpose; and as the first edge of my penitence wore off, the lower side of me, so long indulged, so recently chained down, began to growl for licence. Not that

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I dreamed of resuscitating Hyde; the bare idea of that would startle me to frenzy: no, it was in my own person, that I was once more tempted to trifle with my conscience; and it was as an ordinary secret sinner, that I at last fell before the assaults of temptation.

There comes an end to all things; the most capacious measure is filled at last; and this brief condescension to my evil finally destroyed the balance of my soul. And yet I was not alarmed; the fall seemed natural, like a return to the old days before I had made my discovery. It was a fine, clear, January day, wet underfoot where the frost had melted, but cloudless overhead; and the Regent's Park was full of winter chirrupings and sweet with spring odours. I sat in the sun on a bench; the animal within me licking the chops of memory; the spiritual side a little drowsed, promising subsequent penitence, but not yet moved to begin. After all, I reflected, I was like my neighbours; and then I smiled, comparing myself with other men, comparing my active goodwill with the lazy cruelty of their neglect. And at the very moment of that vainglorious thought, a qualm came over me, a horrid nausea and the most deadly shuddering. These passed away, and left me faint; and then as in its turn the faintness subsided, I began to be aware of a change in the temper of my thoughts, a greater boldness, a contempt of danger, a solution of the bonds of obligation. I looked down; my clothes hung formlessly on my shrunken limbs; the hand that lay on my knee was corded and hairy. I was once more Edward Hyde. A moment before I had been safe of all men's respect, wealthy, beloved—the cloth laying for me in the dining-room at home; and now I was the common quarry of mankind, hunted, houseless, a known murderer, thrall to the gallows.

My reason wavered, but it did not fail me utterly. I have more than once observed that, in my second character, my faculties seemed sharpened to a point and my spirits more tensely elastic; thus it came about that, where Jekyll perhaps might have succumbed, Hyde rose to the importance of the moment. My drugs were in one of the presses of my cabinet; how was I to reach them? That was the problem that (crushing my temples in my hands) I set myself to solve. The laboratory door I had closed. If I sought to enter by the house, my own servants would consign me to the gallows. I saw I must employ another hand, and thought of Lanyon. How was he to be reached? How persuaded? Supposing that I escaped capture in the streets, how was I to make my way into his presence? And how should I, an unknown and displeasing visitor, prevail on the famous physician to rifle the study of his colleague, Dr. Jekyll? Then I

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remembered that of my original character, one part remained to me: I could write my own hand; and once I had conceived that kindling spark, the way that I must follow became lighted up from end to end.

Thereupon I arranged my clothes as best I could, and summoning a passing hansom, drove to a hotel in Portland Street, the name of which I chanced to remember. At my appearance (which was indeed comical enough, however tragic a fate these garments covered) the driver could not conceal his mirth. I gnashed my teeth upon him with a gust of devilish fury; and the smile withered from his face—happily for him—yet more happily for myself, for in another instant I had certainly dragged him from his perch. At the inn, as I entered, I looked about me with so black a countenance as made the attendants tremble; not a look did they exchange in my presence; but obsequiously took my orders, led me to a private room, and brought me wherewithal to write. Hyde in danger of his life was a creature new to me; shaken with inordinate anger, strung to the pitch of murder, lusting to inflict pain. Yet the creature was astute; mastered his fury with a great effort of the will; composed his two important letters, one to Lanyon and one to Poole; and that he might receive actual evidence of their being posted, sent them out with directions that they should be registered.

Thenceforward, he sat all day over the fire in the private room, gnawing his nails; there he dined, sitting alone with his fears, the waiter visibly quailing before his eye; and thence, when the night was fully come, he set forth in the corner of a closed cab, and was driven to and fro about the streets of the city. He, I say—I cannot say, I. That child of Hell had nothing human; nothing lived in him but fear and hatred. And when at last, thinking the driver had begun to grow suspicious, he discharged the cab and ventured on foot, attired in his misfitting clothes, an object marked out for observation, into the midst of the nocturnal passengers, these two base passions raged within him like a tempest. He walked fast, hunted by his fears, chattering to himself, skulking through the less frequented thoroughfares, counting the minutes that still divided him from midnight. Once a woman spoke to him, offering, I think, a box of lights. He smote her in the face, and she fled.

When I came to myself at Lanyon's, the horror of my old friend perhaps affected me somewhat: I do not know; it was at least but a drop in the sea to the abhorrence with which I looked back upon these hours. A change had come over me. It was no longer the fear of the gallows, it was the horror of being Hyde that racked me. I received Lanyon's condemnation partly in a dream; it was partly in a dream that I came home to my

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own house and got into bed. I slept after the prostration of the day, with a stringent and profound slumber which not even the nightmares that wrung me could avail to break. I awoke in the morning shaken, weakened, but refreshed. I still hated and feared the thought of the brute that slept within me, and I had not of course forgotten the appalling dangers of the day before; but I was once more at home, in my own house and close to my drugs; and gratitude for my escape shone so strong in my soul that it almost rivalled the brightness of hope.

I was stepping leisurely across the court after breakfast, drinking the chill of the air with pleasure, when I was seized again with those indescribable sensations that heralded the change; and I had but the time to gain the shelter of my cabinet, before I was once again raging and freezing with the passions of Hyde. It took on this occasion a double dose to recall me to myself; and alas! Six hours after, as I sat looking sadly in the fire, the pangs returned, and the drug had to be readministered. In short, from that day forth it seemed only by a great effort of gymnastics, and only under the immediate stimulation of the drug, that I was able to wear the countenance of Jekyll. At all hours of the day and night, I would be taken with the premonitory shudder; above all, if I slept, or even dozed for a moment in my chair, it was always as Hyde that I awakened. Under the strain of this continually impending doom and by the sleeplessness to which I now condemned myself, ay, even beyond what I had thought possible to man, I became, in my own person, a creature eaten up and emptied by fever, languidly weak both in body and mind, and solely occupied by one thought: the horror of my other self. But when I slept, or when the virtue of the medicine wore off, I would leap almost without transition (for the pangs of transformation grew daily less marked) into the possession of a fancy brimming with images of terror, a soul boiling with causeless hatreds, and a body that seemed not strong enough to contain the raging energies of life. The powers of Hyde seemed to have grown with the sickliness of Jekyll. And certainly the hate that now divided them was equal on each side. With Jekyll, it was a thing of vital instinct. He had now seen the full deformity of that creature that shared with him some of the phenomena of consciousness, and was co-heir with him to death: and beyond these links of community, which in themselves made the most poignant part of his distress, he thought of Hyde, for all his energy of life, as of something not only hellish but inorganic. This was the shocking thing; that the slime of the pit seemed to utter cries and voices; that the amorphous dust gesticulated and sinned; that what was dead, and had no shape, should usurp the offices of life. And

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# Mark Twain

1835–1910

Descended from a line of westward-moving Virginians who "never forgot that they were gentry," Samuel Langhorne Clemens was born November 30, 1835, in Florida, Missouri. Four years later the family moved to Hannibal, Missouri. This small town on the Mississippi would be Sam Clemens' great magic place, the scene of *Tom Sawyer* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.*

His father died in 1847. The tallish, sandy-haired boy with the sharp, gray-blue eyes stayed in school for a while (he got little enough of it) and became an apprentice printer in Hannibal. In 1853 his wanderings began. As a journeyman printer he worked in St. Louis, New York City, and Philadelphia, and later on his brother Orion's paper in Iowa. On a trip down the Mississippi in 1856, he managed to get himself taken on as an apprentice pilot. He followed the lordly trade of river-boat piloting until the Civil War all but ended traffic in 1861.

That year he spent "an inglorious few weeks" in the Confederate militia. Then he joined his brother Orion on a trip to Nevada Territory, tried timber speculation and silver mining, and got a job as a feature writer on the *Virginia City Territorial Enterprise.* From an old fellow pilot on the river he borrowed his pen name, Mark Twain (a leadsman's call meaning two fathoms–safe or bold water). Mov-

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*Notes from the artist: "Mark Twain and two of the 'characters' from his short story* The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County. *A trim, athletic swamp frog leaps easily above 'Dan'l Webster,' bloated and leaden with quail shot."*



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ing to San Francisco in 1864, he worked for the *Call* and contributed to Bret Harte's *Californian.* The story of Jim Smiley and his jumping frog, printed in New York, gave him his first national notice. When he got back from a voyage to Hawaii, a trial or two in San Francisco convinced him that he could do well at lecturing.

Twain took ship by way of the isthmus for New York. There, in 1867, he published his first book, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, and Other Sketches.* That same year he traveled in Europe and the Holy Land, sending back articles that would later grow into *Innocents Abroad.* His name was made. He married Olivia Langdon in 1870 and after a stay in Buffalo, New York, he lived in Hartford, Connecticut, until 1891, then in Europe, Redding, Connecticut, and New York City. About 1893 the failure of his business speculations sent him on a lecture tour around the world. With the proceeds from this trip and two new books, Twain, like Defoe, paid off his creditors to the last dollar.

His most famous books–*Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Life on the Mississippi, The Prince and the Pauper, A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court,* and others–were written in the 1870's and 1880's. He died on April 21, 1910.

Twain began as a humorist of the old frontier school and grew into a satirist. Toward the end of his life, the satire turned almost as grim as Swift's. *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg* was published in 1900 and thus belongs among his later works. Like Henry Adams and Walt Whitman, he watched the America he had known vanish after the Civil War. He detested the coarse scramble for money that accompanied the expansion of the 1870's and 1880's. He saw what this had done to the old American sense of community.

"Hadleyburg" is the other side of Tom Sawyer, as cynical as the earlier book is idealized. Notice that when Twain set out to show the corruption of a small town, he did it in terms of money. This was his sense of what had happened to America; but only an American writer would conceive of attitudes toward money as central to morality. Even Balzac might have been a little startled at a whole community of swindlers. What? Not one honest man or woman in the whole town of Hadleyburg? Or only one?

But the story, of course, is satire, and takes the liberties of satire. Twain's mastery makes us believe it. It has as many turns of plot as

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a Chinese drama. Each time we think we have come to the last door, another opens in front of us; and each door reveals some harshly comic spectacle of human weakness or greed, hypocrisy or betrayal. We witness the moral death of a community in which every value is reversed and even well-meant actions have cruel effects. Is this Twain's judgment on morality itself? In the end, nothing is changed but the name of the town and its motto. In the old motto, LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, one word has been left out.

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# *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*

It was many years ago. Hadleyburg was the most honest and upright town in all the region round about. It had kept that reputation unsmirched during three generations, and was prouder of it than of any other of its possessions. It was so proud of it, and so anxious to insure its perpetuation, that it began to teach the principles of honest dealing to its babies in the cradle, and made the like teachings the staple of their culture thenceforward through all the years devoted to their education. Also, throughout the formative years temptations were kept out of the way of the young people, so that their honesty could have every chance to harden and solidify, and become a part of their very bone. The neighboring towns were jealous of this honorable supremacy, and affected to sneer at Hadleyburg's pride in it and call it vanity; but all the same they were obliged to acknowledge that Hadleyburg was in reality an incorruptible town; and if pressed they would also acknowledge that the mere fact that a young man hailed from Hadleyburg was all the recommendation he needed when he went forth from his natal town to seek for responsible employment.

But at last, in the drift of time, Hadleyburg had the ill luck to offend a passing stranger—possibly without knowing it, certainly without caring, for Hadleyburg was sufficient unto itself, and cared not a rap for strangers or their opinions. Still, it would have been well to make an exception in this one's case, for he was a bitter man and revengeful. All through his wanderings during a whole year he kept his injury in mind, and gave all his leisure moments to trying to invent a compensating satisfaction for it. He contrived many plans, and all of them were good, but none of them was quite sweeping enough; the poorest of them would hurt a great



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At eleven Mr. Richards arrived, and while his wife was saying, "I am *so* glad you've come!" he was saying, "I'm so tired–tired clear out; it is dreadful to be poor, and have to make these dismal journeys at my time of life. Always at the grind, grind, grind, on a salary–another man's slave, and he sitting at home in his slippers, rich and comfortable."

"I am so sorry for you, Edward, you know that; but be comforted: we have our livelihood; we have our good name–"

"Yes, Mary, and that is everything. Don't mind my talk–it's just a moment's irritation and doesn't mean anything. Kiss me–there, it's all gone now, and I am not complaining any more. What have you been getting? What's in the sack?"

Then his wife told him the great secret. It dazed him for a moment; then he said:

"It weighs a hundred and sixty pounds? Why, Mary, it's for-ty thousand dollars–think of it–a whole fortune! Not ten men in this village are worth that much. Give me the paper."

He skimmed through it and said:

"Isn't it an adventure! Why, it's a romance; it's like the impossible things one reads about in books, and never sees in life." He was well stirred up now; cheerful, even gleeful. He tapped his old wife on the cheek, and said, humorously, "Why, we're rich, Mary, rich; all we've got to do is to bury the money and burn the papers. If the gambler ever comes to inquire, well merely look coldly upon him and say: 'What is this nonsense you are talking? We have never heard of you and your sack of gold before'; and then he would look foolish, and–"

"And in the meantime, while you are running on with your jokes, the money is still here, and it is fast getting along toward burglar-time."

"True. Very well, what shall we do–make the inquiry private? No, not that: it would spoil the romance. The public method is better. Think what a noise it will make! And it will make all the other towns jealous; for no stranger would trust such a thing to any town but Hadleyburg, and they know it. It's a great card for us. I must get to the printing office now, or I shall be too late."

"But stop–stop–don't leave me here alone with it, Edward!"

But he was gone. For only a little while, however. Not far from his own house he met the editor-proprietor of the paper, and gave him the document, and said, "Here is a good thing for you, Cox–put it in."

"It may be too late, Mr. Richards, but I'll see."

At home again he and his wife sat down to talk the charming mystery over; they were in no condition for sleep. The first question was, Who

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could the citizen have been who gave the stranger the twenty dollars? It seemed a simple one; both answered it in the same breath.

"Barclay Goodson."

"Yes," said Richards, "he could have done it, and it would have been like him, but there's not another in the town."

"Everybody will grant that, Edward–grant it privately, anyway. For six months, now, the village has been its own proper self once more–honest, narrow, self-righteous, and stingy."

"It is what he always called it, to the day of his death–said it right out publicly, too."

"Yes, and he was hated for it."

"Oh, of course; but he didn't care. I reckon he was the best-hated man among us, except the Reverend Burgess."

"Well, Burgess deserves it–he will never get another congregation here. Mean as the town is, it knows how to estimate *him*. Edward, doesn't it seem odd that the stranger should appoint Burgess to deliver the money?"

"Well, yes–it does. That is–that is–"

"Why so much that-*is*-ing? Would *you* select him?"

"Mary, maybe the stranger knows him better than this village does."

"Much *that* would help Burgess!"

The husband seemed perplexed for an answer; the wife kept a steady eye upon him, and waited. Finally Richards said, with the hesitancy of one who is making a statement which is likely to encounter doubt:

"Mary, Burgess is not a bad man."

His wife was certainly surprised.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed.

"He is not a bad man. I know. The whole of his unpopularity had its foundation in that one thing–the thing that made so much noise."

"That 'one thing,' indeed! As if that 'one thing' wasn't enough, all by itself."

"Plenty. Plenty. Only he wasn't guilty of it."

"How you talk! Not guilty of it! Everybody knows he *was* guilty."

"Mary, I give you my word–he was innocent."

"I can't believe it, and I don't. How do you know?"

"It is a confession. I am ashamed, but I will make it. I was the only man who knew he was innocent. I could have saved him, and–and–well, you know how the town was wrought up–I hadn't the pluck to do it. It would have turned everybody against me. I felt mean, ever so mean; but I didn't dare; I hadn't the manliness to face that."

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Mary looked troubled, and for a while was silent. Then she said, stammeringly:

"I–I don't think it would have done for you to–to–One mustn't–er–public opinion–one has to be so careful–so–" It was a difficult road, and she got mired; but after a little she got started again. "It was a great pity, but–Why, we couldn't afford it, Edward–we couldn't indeed. Oh, I wouldn't have had you do it for anything!"

"It would have lost us the good will of so many people, Mary; and then–and then–"

"What troubles me now is what *he* thinks of us, Edward."

"He? *He* doesn't suspect that I could have saved him."

"Oh," exclaimed the wife, in a tone of relief, "I am glad of that. As long as he doesn't know that you could have saved him, he–he–well, that makes it a great deal better. Why, I might have known he didn't know, because he is always trying to be friendly with us, as little encouragement as we give him. More than once people have twitted me with it. There's the Wilsons, and the Wilcoxes, and the Harknesses, they take a mean pleasure in saying, '*Your friend* Burgess,' because they know it pesters me. I wish he wouldn't persist in liking us so; I can't think why he keeps it up."

"I can explain it. It's another confession. When the thing was new and hot, and the town made a plan to ride him on a rail, my conscience hurt me so that I couldn't stand it, and I went privately and gave him notice, and he got out of the town and stayed out till it was safe to come back."

"Edward! If the town had found it out–"

"*Don't!* It scares me yet to think of it. I repented of it the minute it was done; and I was even afraid to tell you, lest your face might betray it to somebody. I didn't sleep any that night, for worrying. But after a few days I saw that no one was going to suspect me, and after that I got to feeling glad I did it. And I feel glad yet, Mary–glad through and through."

"So do I, now, for it would have been a dreadful way to treat him. Yes, I'm glad; for really you did owe him that, you know. But, Edward, suppose it should come out yet, some day!"

"It won't."

"Why?"

"Because everybody thinks it was Goodson."

"Of course they would!"

"Certainly. And of course *he* didn't care. They persuaded poor old Sawlsberry to go and charge it on him, and he went blustering over there

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and did it. Goodson looked him over, like as if he was hunting for a place on him that he could despise the most, then he says, 'So you are the Committee of Inquiry, are you?' Sawlsberry said that was about what he was. 'Hm. Do they require particulars, or do you reckon a kind of a *general* answer will do?' 'If they require particulars, I will come back. Mr. Goodson; I will take the general answer first.' 'Very well, then, tell them to go to hell–I reckon that's general enough. And I'll give you some advice, Sawlsberry; when you come back for the particulars, fetch a basket to carry the relics of yourself home in.'"

"Just like Goodson; it's got all the marks. He had only one vanity: he thought he could give advice better than any other person."

"It settled the business, and saved us, Mary. The subject was dropped."

"Bless you, I'm not doubting *that*."

Then they took up the gold-sack mystery again, with strong interest. Soon the conversation began to suffer breaks–interruptions caused by absorbed thinkings. The breaks grew more and more frequent. At last Richards lost himself wholly in thought. He sat long, gazing vacantly at the floor, and by and by he began to punctuate his thoughts with little nervous movements of his hands that seemed to indicate vexation. Meantime his wife too had relapsed into a thoughtful silence, and her movements were beginning to show a troubled discomfort. Finally Richards got up and strode aimlessly about the room, plowing his hands through his hair, much as a somnambulist might do who was having a bad dream. Then he seemed to arrive at a definite purpose; and without a word he put on his hat and passed quickly out of the house. His wife sat brooding, with a drawn face, and did not seem to be aware that she was alone. Now and then she murmured, "Lead us not into t– . . . but–but–we are so poor, so poor! . . . Lead us not into. . . . Ah, who would be hurt by it?–and no one would ever know. . . . Lead us. . . ." The voice died out in mumblings. After a little she glanced up and muttered in a half-frightened, half-glad way:

"He is gone! But, oh dear, he may be too late–too late. . . . Maybe not–maybe there is still time." She rose and stood thinking, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands. A slight shudder shook her frame, and she said, out of a dry throat, "God forgive me–it's awful to think such things–but . . . Lord, how we are made–how strangely we are made!"

She turned the light low, and slipped stealthily over and kneeled down by the sack and felt of its ridgy sides with her hands, and fondled them lovingly; and there was a gloating light in her poor old eyes. She fell into

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fits of absence; and came half out of them at times to mutter, "If we had only waited!—oh, if we had only waited a little, and not been in such a hurry!"

Meantime Cox had gone home from his office and told his wife all about the strange thing that had happened, and they had talked it over eagerly, and guessed that the late Goodson was the only man in the town who could have helped a suffering stranger with so noble a sum as twenty dollars. Then there was a pause, and the two became thoughtful and silent. And by and by nervous and fidgety. At last the wife said, as if to herself:

"Nobody knows this secret but the Richardses . . . and us . . . nobody."

The husband came out of his thinkings with a slight start, and gazed wistfully at his wife, whose face was become very pale; then he hesitatingly rose, and glanced furtively at his hat, then at his wife—a sort of mute inquiry. Mrs. Cox swallowed once or twice, with her hand at her throat, then in place of speech she nodded her head. In a moment she was alone, and mumbling to herself.

And now Richards and Cox were hurrying through the deserted streets, from opposite directions. They met, panting, at the foot of the printing office stairs; by the night light there they read each other's face. Cox whispered:

"Nobody knows about this but us?"

The whispered answer was:

"Not a soul—on honor, not a soul!"

"If it isn't too late to—"

The men were starting upstairs; at this moment they were overtaken by a boy, and Cox asked:

"Is that you, Johnny?"

"Yes, sir."

"You needn't ship the early mail—nor *any* mail; wait till I tell you."

"It's already gone, sir."

*"Gone?"* It had the sound of an unspeakable disappointment in it.

"Yes, sir. Timetable for Brixton and all the towns beyond changed today, sir—had to get the papers in twenty minutes earlier than common. I had to rush; if I had been two minutes later—"

The men turned and walked slowly away, not waiting to hear the rest. Neither of them spoke during ten minutes; then Cox said, in a vexed tone:

"What possessed you to be in such a hurry, *I* can't make out."

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worry over what the remark could possibly have been which Goodson made to the stranded derelict; that golden remark; that remark worth forty thousand dollars, cash.

The reason that the village telegraph office was open later than usual that night was this: The foreman of Cox's paper was the local representative of the Associated Press. One might say its honorary representative, for it wasn't four times a year that he could furnish thirty words that would be accepted. But this time it was different. His dispatch stating what he had caught got an instant answer:

> Send the whole thing–all the details–twelve hundred words.

A colossal order! The foreman filled the bill; and he was the proudest man in the state. By breakfast time the next morning the name of Hadleyburg the Incorruptible was on every lip in America, from Montreal to the Gulf, from the glaciers of Alaska to the orange groves of Florida; and millions and millions of people were discussing the stranger and his money sack, and wondering if the right man would be found, and hoping some more news about the matter would come soon–right away.

Hadleyburg village woke up world-celebrated–astonished–happy–vain. Vain beyond imagination. Its nineteen principal citizens and their wives went about shaking hands with each other, and beaming, and smiling, and congratulating, and saying *this* thing adds a new word to the dictionary–*Hadleyburg,* synonym for *incorruptible*–destined to live in dictionaries forever! And the minor and unimportant citizens and their wives went around acting in much the same way. Everybody ran to the bank to see the gold sack; and before noon grieved and envious crowds began to flock in from Brixton and all neighboring towns; and that afternoon and next day reporters began to arrive from everywhere to verify the sack and its history and write the whole thing up anew, and make dashing freehand pictures of the sack, and of Richards' house, and the bank, and the Presbyterian church, and the Baptist church, and the public square, and the town hall where the test would be applied and the money delivered; and damnable portraits of the Richardses, and Pinkerton the banker, and Cox, and the foreman, and Reverend Burgess, and the postmaster–and even of Jack Halliday, who was the loafing, good-natured, no-account, irreverent fisherman, hunter, boys' friend, stray-dogs' friend, typical "Sam Lawson" of the town. The little mean,

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smirking, oily Pinkerton showed the sack to all comers, and rubbed his sleek palms together pleasantly, and enlarged upon the town's fine old reputation for honesty and upon this wonderful endorsement of it, and hoped and believed that the example would now spread far and wide over the American world, and be epoch-making in the matter of moral regeneration. And so on, and so on.

By the end of a week things had quieted down again; the wild intoxication of pride and joy had sobered to a soft, sweet, silent delight–a sort of deep, nameless, unutterable content. All faces bore a look of peaceful, holy happiness.

Then a change came. It was a gradual change: so gradual that its beginnings were hardly noticed; maybe were not noticed at all, except by Jack Halliday, who always noticed everything; and always made fun of it, too, no matter what it was. He began to throw out chaffing remarks about people not looking quite so happy as they did a day or two ago, and next he claimed that the new aspect was deepening to positive sadness; next, that it was taking on a sick look; and finally he said that everybody was become so moody, thoughtful, and absent-minded that he could rob the meanest man in town of a cent out of the bottom of his breeches pocket and not disturb his reverie.

At this stage–or at about this stage–a saying like this was dropped at bedtime–with a sigh, usually–by the head of each of the nineteen principal households: "Ah, what *could* have been the remark that Goodson made?"

And straightway–with a shudder–came this, from the man's wife:

"Oh, *don't!* What horrible thing are you mulling in your mind? Put it away from you, for God's sake!"

But that question was wrung from those men again the next night–and got the same retort. But weaker.

And the third night the men uttered the question yet again–with anguish, and absently. This time–and the following night–the wives fidgeted feebly, and tried to say something. But didn't.

And the night after that they found their tongues and responded–longingly:

"Oh, if we *could* only guess!"

Halliday's comments grew daily more and more sparklingly disagreeable and disparaging. He went diligently about, laughing at the town, individually and in mass. But his laugh was the only one left in the village: it fell upon a hollow and mournful vacancy and emptiness. Not even a smile was findable anywhere. Halliday carried a cigar box around

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on a tripod, playing that it was a camera, and halted all passers and aimed the thing and said, "Ready!–now look pleasant, please," but not even this capital joke could surprise the dreary faces into any softening.

So three weeks passed–one week was left. It was Saturday evening–after supper. Instead of the aforetime Saturday evening flutter and bustle and shopping and larking, the streets were empty and desolate. Richards and his old wife sat apart in their little parlor–miserable and thinking. This was become their evening habit now: the lifelong habit which had preceded it, of reading, knitting, and contented chat, or receiving or paying neighborly calls, was dead and gone and forgotten, ages ago–two or three weeks ago; nobody talked now, nobody read, nobody visited–the whole village sat at home, sighing, worrying, silent. Trying to guess out that remark.

The postman left a letter. Richards glanced listlessly at the superscription and the postmark–unfamiliar, both–and tossed the letter on the table and resumed his might-have-beens and his hopeless dull miseries where he had left them off. Two or three hours later his wife got wearily up and was going away to bed without a goodnight–custom now–but she stopped near the letter and eyed it awhile with a dead interest, then broke it open, and began to skim it over. Richards, sitting there with his chair tilted back against the wall and his chin between his knees, heard something fall. It was his wife. He sprang to her side, but she cried out:

"Leave me alone, I am too happy. Read the letter–read it!"

He did. He devoured it, his brain reeling. The letter was from a distant state, and it said:

> I am a stranger to you, but no matter: I have something to tell. I have just arrived home from Mexico, and learned about that episode. Of course you do not know who made that remark, but I know, and I am the only person living who does know. It was GOODSON. I knew him well, many years ago. I passed through your village that very night, and was his guest till the midnight train came along. I overheard him make that remark to the stranger in the dark–it was in Hale Alley. He and I talked of it the rest of the way home, and while smoking in his house. He mentioned many of your villagers in the course of his talk–most of them in a very uncomplimentary way, but two or three favorably; among these latter yourself. I say "favorably"–nothing stronger. I remember his saying he did not actually LIKE any person in the town–not one; but that you–I THINK he said you–am almost sure–had done him a very great service once, possibly without knowing the full value of it, and he wished he had a fortune, he would leave it to you when he died, and a curse apiece for

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the rest of the citizens. Now, then, if it was you that did him that service, you are his legitimate heir, and entitled to the sack of gold. I know that I can trust to your honor and honesty, for in a citizen of Hadleyburg these virtues are an unfailing inheritance, and so I am going to reveal to you the remark, well satisfied that if you are not the right man you will seek and find the right one and see that poor Goodson's debt of gratitude for the service referred to is paid. This is the remark: "YOU ARE FAR FROM BEING A BAD MAN: GO, AND REFORM."

HOWARD L. STEPHENSON.

"Oh, Edward, the money is ours, and I am so grateful, *oh,* so grateful–kiss me, dear, it's forever since we kissed–and we needed it so–the money–and now you are free of Pinkerton and his bank, and nobody's slave any more; it seems to me I could fly for joy."

It was a happy half-hour that the couple spent there on the settee caressing each other; it was the old days come again–days that had begun with their courtship and lasted without a break till the stranger brought the deadly money. By and by the wife said:

"Oh, Edward, how lucky it was you did him that grand service, poor Goodson! I never liked him, but I love him now. And it was fine and beautiful of you never to mention it or brag about it." Then, with a touch of reproach, "But you ought to have told *me,* Edward, you ought to have told your wife, you know."

"Well, I–er–well, Mary, you see–"

"Now stop hemming and hawing, and tell me about it, Edward. I always loved you, and now I'm proud of you. Everybody believes there was only one good generous soul in this village, and now it turns out that you–Edward, why don't you tell me?"

"Well–er–er–Why, Mary, I can't!"

"You *can't? Why* can't you?"

"You see, he–well, he–he made me promise I wouldn't."

The wife looked him over, and said, very slowly:

"Made–you–promise? Edward, what do you tell me that for?"

"Mary, do you think I would lie?"

She was troubled and silent for a moment, then she laid her hand within his and said:

"No . . . no. We have wandered far enough from our bearings–God spare us that! In all your life you have never uttered a lie. But now–now that the foundations of things seem to be crumbling from under us, we–we–" She lost her voice for a moment, then said, brokenly, "Lead us not into temptation. . . . I think you made the promise, Edward.

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Let it rest so. Let us keep away from that ground. Now–that is all gone by; let us be happy again; it is no time for clouds."

Edward found it something of an effort to comply, for his mind kept wandering–trying to remember what the service was that he had done Goodson.

The couple lay awake the most of the night, Mary happy and busy, Edward busy but not so happy. Mary was planning what she would do with the money. Edward was trying to recall that service. At first his conscience was sore on account of the lie he had told Mary–if it was a lie. After much reflection–suppose it *was* a lie? What then? Was it such a great matter? Aren't we always *acting* lies? Then why not *tell* them? Look at Mary–look what she had done. While he was hurrying off on his honest errand, what was she doing? Lamenting because the papers hadn't been destroyed and the money kept! Is theft better than lying?

*That* point lost its sting–the lie dropped into the background and left comfort behind it. The next point came to the front: *Had* he rendered that service? Well, here was Goodson's own evidence as reported in Stephenson's letter; there could be no better evidence than that–it was even *proof* that he had rendered it. Of course. So that point was settled. . . . No, not quite. He recalled with a wince that this unknown Mr. Stephenson was just a trifle unsure as to whether the performer of it was Richards or some other–and, oh dear, he had put Richards on his honor! He must himself decide whither that money must go–and Mr. Stephenson was not doubting that if he was the wrong man he would go honorably and find the right one. Oh, it was odious to put a man in such a situation–ah, why couldn't Stephenson have left out that doubt! What did he want to intrude that for?

Further reflection. How did it happen that *Richards'* name remained in Stephenson's mind as indicating the right man, and not some other man's name? That looked good. Yes, that looked very good. In fact, it went on looking better and better, straight along–until by and by it grew into positive *proof.* And then Richards put the matter at once out of his mind, for he had a private instinct that a proof once established is better left so.

He was feeling reasonably comfortable now, but there was still one other detail that kept pushing itself on his notice: of course he had done that service–that was settled; but what *was* that service? He must recall it–he would not go to sleep till he had recalled it; it would make his peace of mind perfect. And so he thought and thought. He thought of a dozen things–possible services, even probable services–but none of them seemed adequate, none of them seemed large enough, none of them

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When he met Mrs. Wilcox and noticed the placid ecstasy in her face, he said to himself, "Her cat has had kittens"–and went and asked the cook: it was not so; the cook had detected the happiness, but did not know the cause. When Halliday found the duplicate ecstasy in the face of "Shadbelly" Billson (village nickname), he was sure some neighbor of Billson's had broken his leg, but inquiry showed that this had not happened. The subdued ecstasy in Gregory Yates's face could mean but one thing–he was a mother-in-law short: it was another mistake. "And Pinkerton–Pinkerton–he has collected ten cents that he thought he was going to lose." And so on, and so on. In some cases the guesses had to remain in doubt; in the others they proved distinct errors. In the end Halliday said to himself, "Anyway it foots up that there's nineteen Hadleyburg families temporarily in heaven: I don't know how it happened; I only know Providence is off duty today."

An architect and builder from the next state had lately ventured to set up a small business in this unpromising village, and his sign had now been hanging out a week. Not a customer yet; he was a discouraged man, and sorry he had come. But his weather changed suddenly now. First one and then another chief citizen's wife said to him privately:

"Come to my house Monday week–but say nothing about it for the present. We think of building."

He got eleven invitations that day. That night he wrote his daughter and broke off her match with her student. He said she could marry a mile higher than that.

Pinkerton the banker and two or three other well-to-do men planned countryseats–but waited. That kind don't count their chickens until they are hatched.

The Wilsons devised a grand new thing–a fancy-dress ball. They made no actual promises, but told all their acquaintanceship in confidence that they were thinking the matter over and thought they should give it–"and if we do, you will be invited, of course." People were surprised, and said, one to another, "Why, they are crazy, those poor Wilsons, they can't afford it." Several among the nineteen said privately to their husbands, "It is a good idea: we will keep still till their cheap thing is over; then *we* will give one that will make it sick."

The days drifted along, and the bill of future squanderings rose higher and higher, wilder and wilder, more and more foolish and reckless. It began to look as if every member of the nineteen would not only spend his whole forty thousand dollars before receiving day, but be actually in debt

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by the time he got the money. In some cases lightheaded people did not stop with planning to spend, they really spent–on credit. They bought land, mortgages, farms, speculative stocks, fine clothes, horses, and various other things, paid down the bonus, and made themselves liable for the rest–at ten days. Presently the sober second thought came, and Halliday noticed that a ghastly anxiety was beginning to show up in a good many faces. Again he was puzzled, and didn't know what to make of it. "The Wilcox kittens aren't dead, for they weren't born; nobody's broken a leg; there's no shrinkage in mother-in-laws; *nothing* has happened–it is an unsolvable mystery."

There was another puzzled man, too–the Rev. Mr. Burgess. For days, wherever he went, people seemed to follow him or to be watching out for him; and if he ever found himself in a retired spot, a member of the nineteen would be sure to appear, thrust an envelope privately into his hand, whisper, "To be opened at the town hall Friday evening," then vanish away like a guilty thing. He was expecting that there might be one claimant for the sack,–doubtful, however, Goodson being dead–but it never occurred to him that all this crowd might be claimants. When the great Friday came at last, he found that he had nineteen envelopes.

The town hall had never looked finer. The platform at the end of it was backed by a showy draping of flags; at intervals along the walls were festoons of flags; the gallery fronts were clothed in flags; the supporting columns were swathed in flags; all this was to impress the stranger, for he would be there in considerable force, and in a large degree he would be connected with the press. The house was full. The 412 fixed seats were occupied; also the 68 extra chairs which had been packed into the aisles; the steps of the platform were occupied; some distinguished strangers were given seats on the platform; at the horseshoe of tables which fenced the front and sides of the platform sat a strong force of special correspondents who had come from everywhere. It was the best-dressed house the town had ever produced. There were some tolerably expensive toilets there, and in several cases the ladies who wore them had the look of being unfamiliar with that kind of clothes. At least the town thought they had that look, but the notion could have arisen from the town's knowledge of the fact that these ladies had never inhabited such clothes before.

The gold sack stood on a little table at the front of the platform where

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all the house could see it. The bulk of the house gazed at it with a burning interest, a mouth-watering interest, a wistful and pathetic interest; a minority of nineteen couples gazed at it tenderly, lovingly, proprietarily, and the male half of this minority kept saying over to themselves the moving little impromptu speeches of thankfulness for the audience's applause and congratulations which they were presently going to get up and deliver. Every now and then one of these got a piece of paper out of his vest pocket and privately glanced at it to refresh his memory.

Of course there was a buzz of conversation going on—there always is; but at last when the Rev. Mr. Burgess rose and laid his hand on the sack he could hear the microbes gnaw, the place was so still. He related the curious history of the sack, then went on to speak in warm tones of Hadleyburg's old and well-earned reputation for spotless honesty, and of the town's just pride in this reputation. He said that this reputation was a treasure of priceless value; that under Providence its value had now become inestimably enhanced, for the recent episode had spread this fame far and wide, and thus had focused the eyes of the American world upon this village, and made its name for all time, as he hoped and believed, a synonym for commercial incorruptibility. (*Applause.*) "And who is to be the guardian of this noble treasure—the community as a whole? No! The responsibility is individual, not communal. From this day forth each and every one of you is in his own person its special guardian, and individually responsible that no harm shall come to it. Do you—does each of you—accept this great trust? (*Tumultuous assent.*) Then all is well. Transmit it to your children and to your children's children. Today your purity is beyond reproach—see to it that it shall remain so. Today there is not a person in your community who could be beguiled to touch a penny not his own—see to it that you abide in this grace. (*"We will! we will!"*) This is not the place to make comparisons between ourselves and other communities—some of them ungracious toward us; they have their ways, we have ours; let us be content. (*Applause.*) I am done. Under my hand, my friends, rests a stranger's eloquent recognition of what we are; through him the world will always henceforth know what we are. We do not know who he is, but in your name I utter your gratitude, and ask you to raise your voices in endorsement."

The house rose in a body and made the walls quake with the thunders of its thankfulness for the space of a long minute. Then it sat down, and Mr. Burgess took an envelope out of his pocket. The house held its breath while he slit the envelope open and took from it a slip of paper. He read its contents—slowly and impressively—the audience listening with

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tranced attention to this magic document, each of whose words stood for an ingot of gold.

"'*The remark which I made to the distressed stranger was this: "You are very far from being a bad man: go, and reform."*'" Then he continued:

"We shall know in a moment now whether the remark here quoted corresponds with the one concealed in the sack; and if that shall prove to be so–and it undoubtedly will–this sack of gold belongs to a fellow citizen who will henceforth stand before the nation as the symbol of the special virtue which has made our town famous throughout the land–Mr. Billson!"

The house had gotten itself all ready to burst into the proper tornado of applause; but instead of doing it, it seemed stricken with a paralysis; there was a deep hush for a moment or two, then a wave of whispered murmurs swept the place–of about this tenor: "*Billson!* oh, come, this is *too* thin! Twenty dollars to a stranger–or *anybody–Billson!* Tell it to the marines!" And now at this point the house caught its breath all of a sudden in a new access of astonishment, for it discovered that whereas in one part of the hall Deacon Billson was standing up with his head meekly bowed, in another part of it Lawyer Wilson was doing the same. There was a wondering silence now for a while.

Everybody was puzzled, and nineteen couples were surprised and indignant.

Billson and Wilson turned and stared at each other. Billson asked, bitingly:

"Why do *you* rise, Mr. Wilson?"

"Because I have a right to. Perhaps you will be good enough to explain to the house why *you* rise?"

"With great pleasure. Because I wrote that paper."

"It is an impudent falsity! I wrote it myself."

It was Burgess's turn to be paralyzed. He stood looking vacantly at first one of the men and then the other, and did not seem to know what to do. The house was stupefied. Lawyer Wilson spoke up, now, and said:

"I ask the Chair to read the name signed to that paper."

That brought the Chair to itself, and it read out the name:

"'John Wharton *Billson.*'"

"There!" shouted Billson. "What have you got to say for yourself, now? And what kind of apology are you going to make to me and to this insulted house for the imposture which you have attempted to play here?"

"No apologies are due, sir; and as for the rest of it, I publicly charge you

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with pilfering my note from Mr. Burgess and substituting a copy of it signed with your own name. There is no other way by which you could have gotten hold of the test remark; I alone, of living men, possessed the secret of its wording."

There was likely to be a scandalous state of things if this went on; everybody noticed with distress that the shorthand scribes were scribbling like mad; many people were crying, "Chair, Chair! Order! Order!" Burgess rapped with his gavel, and said:

"Let us not forget the proprieties due. There has evidently been a mistake somewhere, but surely that is all. If Mr. Wilson gave me an envelope—and I remember now that he did—I still have it."

He took one out of his pocket, opened it, glanced at it, looked surprised and worried, and stood silent a few moments. Then he waved his hand in a wandering and mechanical way, and made an effort or two to say something, then gave it up, despondently. Several voices cried out:

"Read it! Read it! What is it?"

So he began in a dazed and sleepwalker fashion:

"'*The remark which I made to the unhappy stranger was this: "You are far from being a bad man.* (The house gazed at him, mareling.) *Go, and reform.*"' (*Murmurs:* "Amazing! what can this mean?") This one," said the Chair, "is signed Thurlow G. Wilson."

"There!" cried Wilson, "I reckon that settles it! I knew perfectly well my note was purloined."

"Purloined!" retorted Billson. "I'll let you know that neither you nor any man of your kidney must venture to—"

*The Chair.* "Order, gentlemen, order! Take your seats, both of you, please."

They obeyed, shaking their heads and grumbling angrily. The house was profoundly puzzled; it did not know what to do with this curious emergency. Presently Thompson got up. Thompson was the hatter. He would have liked to be a Nineteener; but such was not for him: his stock of hats was not considerable enough for the position. He said:

"Mr. Chairman, if I may be permitted to make a suggestion, can both of of these gentlemen be right? I put it to you, sir, can both have happened to say the very same words to the stranger? It seems to me—"

The tanner got up and interrupted him. The tanner was a disgruntled man; he believed himself entitled to be a Nineteener, but he couldn't get recognition. It made him a little unpleasant in his ways and speech. Said he:

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said, was a serious thing. And it was—but for only one of them. But the matter has become graver; for the honor of *both* is now in formidable peril. Shall I go even further, and say in inextricable peril? *Both* left out the crucial fifteen words." He paused. During several moments he allowed the pervading stillness to gather and deepen its impressive effects, then added: "There would seem to be but one way whereby this could happen. I ask these gentlemen—Was there *collusion?—agreement?*"

A low murmur sifted through the house; its import was, "He's got them both."

Billson was not used to emergencies; he sat in a helpless collapse. But Wilson was a lawyer. He struggled to his feet, pale and worried, and said:

"I ask the indulgence of the house while I explain this most painful matter. I am sorry to say what I am about to say, since it must inflict irreparable injury upon Mr. Billson, whom I have always esteemed and respected until now, and in whose invulnerability to temptation I entirely believed—as did you all. But for the preservation of my own honor I must speak—and with frankness. I confess with shame—and I now beseech your pardon for it—that I said to the ruined stranger all of the words contained in the test remark, including the disparaging fifteen. (*Sensation.*) When the late publication was made I recalled them, and I resolved to claim the sack of coin, for by every right I was entitled to it. Now I will ask you to consider this point, and weigh it well: that stranger's gratitude to me that night knew no bounds; he said himself that he could find no words for it that were adequate, and that if he should ever be able he would repay me a thousandfold. Now, then, I ask you this: Could I expect—could I believe—could I even remotely imagine—that, feeling as he did, he would do so ungrateful a thing as to add those quite unnecessary fifteen words to his test?—set a trap for me?—expose me as a slanderer of my own town before my own people assembled in a public hall? It was preposterous; it was impossible. His test would contain only the kindly opening clause of my remark. Of that I had no shadow of doubt. You would have thought as I did. You would not have expected a base betrayal from one whom you had befriended and against whom you had committed no offense. And so, with perfect confidence, perfect trust, I wrote on a piece of paper the opening words—ending with 'Go, and reform'—and signed it. When I was about to put it in an envelope I was called into my back office, and without thinking I left the paper lying open on my desk." He stopped, turned his head slowly toward Billson, waited a moment, then added: "I ask you

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to note this: when I returned, a little later, Mr. Billson was retiring by my street door." (*Sensation.*)

In a moment Billson was on his feet and shouting:

"It's a lie! It's an infamous lie!"

*The Chair.* "Be seated, sir! Mr. Wilson has the floor."

Billson's friends pulled him into his seat and quieted him, and Wilson went on:

"Those are the simple facts. My note was now lying in a different place on the table from where I had left it. I noticed that, but attached no importance to it, thinking a draft had blown it there. That Mr. Billson would read a private paper was a thing which could not occur to me; he was an honorable man, and he would be above that. If you will allow me to say it, I think his extra word *'very'* stands explained; it is attributable to a defect of memory. I was the only man in the world who could furnish here any detail of the test remark—by *honorable* means. I have finished."

There is nothing in the world like a persuasive speech to fuddle the mental apparatus and upset the convictions and debauch the emotions of an audience not practiced in the tricks and delusions of oratory. Wilson sat down victorious. The house submerged him in tides of approving applause; friends swarmed to him and shook him by the hand and congratulated him, and Billson was shouted down and not allowed to say a word. The Chair hammered and hammered with its gavel, and kept shouting:

"But let us proceed, gentlemen, let us proceed!"

At last there was a measurable degree of quiet, and the hatter said:

"But what is there to proceed with, sir, but to deliver the money?"

*Voices.* "That's it! That's it! Come forward, Wilson!"

*The Hatter.* "I move three cheers for Mr. Wilson, Symbol of the special virtue which—"

The cheers burst forth before he could finish; and in the midst of them—and in the midst of the clamor of the gavel also—some enthusiasts mounted Wilson on a big friend's shoulder and were going to fetch him in triumph to the platform. The Chair's voice now rose above the noise.

"Order! To your places! You forget that there is still a document to be read." When quiet had been restored he took up the document, and was going to read it, but laid it down again, saying, "I forgot; this is not to be read until all written communications received by me have first been read." He took an envelope out of his pocket, removed its enclosure, glanced at it—seemed astonished—held it out and gazed at it—stared at it.

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Twenty or thirty voices cried out:

"What is it? Read it! Read it!"

And he did—slowly, and wondering:

"The remark which I made to the stranger—(*Voices.* "Hello! how's this?")—was this: "You are far from being a bad man. (*Voices.* "Great Scott!") Go, and reform."' (*Voice.* "Oh, saw my leg off!") Signed by Mr. Pinkerton the banker."

The pandemonium of delight which turned itself loose now was of a sort to make the judicious weep. Those whose withers were unwrung laughed till the tears ran down; the reporters, in throes of laughter, set down disordered pothooks which would never in the world be decipherable; and a sleeping dog jumped up, scared out of its wits, and barked itself crazy at the turmoil. All manner of cries were scattered through the din: "We're getting rich—*two* Symbols of Incorruptibility!—without counting Billson!" "*Three!*—count Shadbelly in—we can't have too many!" "All right—Billson's elected!" "Alas, poor Wilson—victim of *two* thieves!"

*A Powerful Voice.* "Silence! The Chair's fished up something more out of its pocket."

*Voices.* "Hurrah! Is it something fresh? Read it! Read! Read!"

*The Chair* (*reading*). "'The remark which I made,' etc.: "You are far from being a bad man. Go," etc. Signed, Gregory Yates.'"

*Tornado of Voices.* "Four Symbols!" "'Rah for Yates!" "Fish again!"

The house was in a roaring humor now, and ready to get all the fun out of the occasion that might be in it. Several Nineteeners, looking pale and distressed, got up and began to work their way toward the aisles, but a score of shouts went up:

"The doors, the doors—close the doors; no Incorruptible shall leave this place! Sit down, everybody!"

The mandate was obeyed.

"Fish again! Read! Read!"

The Chair fished again, and once more the familiar words began to fall from its lips—" 'You are far from being a bad man—' "

"Name! name! What's his name?"

"L. Ingoldsby Sargent."

"Five elected! Pile up the Symbols! Go on, go on!"

" 'You are far from being a bad—' "

"Name! name!"

"Nicholas Whitworth."

"Hooray! hooray! It's a symbolical day!"

Somebody wailed in, and began to sing this rhyme (leaving out "it's")

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to the lovely *Mikado* tune of "When a man's afraid, a beautiful maid–"; the audience joined in, with joy; then, just in time, somebody contributed another line:

And don't you this forget–

The house roared it out. A third line was at once furnished:

Corruptibles far from Hadleyburg are

The house roared that one too. As the last note died, Jack Halliday's voice rose high and clear, freighted with a final line:

But the Symbols are here, you bet!

That was sung, with booming enthusiasm. Then the happy house started in at the beginning and sang the four lines through twice, with immense swing and dash, and finished up with a crashing three-times-three and a tiger for "Hadleyburg the Incorruptible and all Symbols of it which we shall find worthy to receive the hallmark tonight."

Then the shoutings at the Chair began again, all over the place:

"Go on! Go on! Read! Read some more! Read all you've got!"

"That's it–go on! We are winning eternal celebrity!"

A dozen men got up now and began to protest. They said that this farce was the work of some abandoned joker, and was an insult to the whole community. Without a doubt these signatures were all forgeries–

"Sit down! Sit down! Shut up! You are confessing. We'll find *your* names in the lot."

"Mr. Chairman, how many of those envelopes have you got?"

The Chair counted.

"Together with those that have been already examined, there are nineteen."

A storm of derisive applause broke out.

"Perhaps they all contain the secret. I move that you open them all and read every signature that is attached to a note of that sort–and read also the first eight words of the note."

"Second the motion!"

It was put and carried–uproariously. Then poor old Richards got up, and his wife rose and stood at his side. Her head was bent down, so that none might see that she was crying. Her husband gave her his arm, and so supporting her, he began to speak in a quavering voice:

"My friends, you have known us two–Mary and me–all our lives, and I think you have liked us and respected us–"

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The Chair interrupted him:

"Allow me. It is quite true–that which you are saying, Mr. Richards: this town *does* know you two; it *does* like you; it *does* respect you; more–it honors you and *loves* you–"

Halliday's voice rang out:

"That's the hallmarked truth, too! If the Chair is right, let the house speak up and say it. Rise! Now, then–hip! hip! hip!–all together!"

The house rose in mass, faced toward the old couple eagerly, filled the air with a snowstorm of waving handkerchiefs, and delivered the cheers with all its affectionate heart.

The Chair then continued:

"What I was going to say is this: We know your good heart, Mr. Richards, but this is not a time for the exercise of charity toward offenders. (*Shouts of "Right! right!"*) I see your generous purpose in your face, but I cannot allow you to plead for these men–"

"But I was going to–"

"Please take your seat, Mr. Richards. We must examine the rest of these notes–simple fairness to the men who have already been exposed requires this. As soon as that has been done–I give you my word for this–you shall be heard."

*Many Voices.* "Right!–the Chair is right–no interruption can be permitted at this stage! Go on!–the names! the names!–according to the terms of the motion!"

The old couple sat reluctantly down, and the husband whispered to the wife, "It is pitifully hard to have to wait; the shame will be greater than ever when they find we were only going to plead for *ourselves*."

Straightway the jollity broke loose again with the reading of the names.

"'You are far from being a bad man–' Signature, Robert J. Titmarsh.

"'You are far from being a bad man–' Signature, Eliphalet Weeks.

"'You are far from being a bad man–' Signature, Oscar B. Wilder."

At this point the house lit upon the idea of taking the eight words out of the Chairman's hands. He was not unthankful for that. Thenceforward he held up each note in its turn, and waited. The house droned out the eight words in a massed and measured and musical deep volume of sound (with a daringly close resemblance to a well-known church chant)–"'You are f-a-r from being a b-a-a-a-d man.'" Then the Chair said, "Signature, Archibald Wilcox." And so on, and so on, name after name, and everybody had an increasingly and gloriously good time except the wretched Nineteen. Now and then, when a particularly shining name was called, the house made the Chair wait while it chanted the whole of the

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So I disguised myself and came back and studied you. You were easy game. You had an old and lofty reputation for honesty, and naturally you were proud of it—it was your treasure of treasures, the very apple of your eye. As soon as I found out that you carefully and vigilantly kept yourselves and your children *out of temptation,* I knew how to proceed. Why, you simple creatures, the weakest of all weak things is a virtue which has not been tested in the fire. I laid a plan, and gathered a list of names. My project was to corrupt Hadleyburg the Incorruptible. My idea was to make liars and thieves of nearly half a hundred smirchless men and women who had never in their lives uttered a lie or stolen a penny. I was afraid of Goodson. He was neither born nor reared in Hadleyburg. I was afraid that if I started to operate my scheme by getting my letter laid before you, you would say to yourselves, "Goodson is the only man among us who would give away twenty dollars to a poor devil"—and then you might not bite at my bait. But Heaven took Goodson; then I knew I was safe, and I set my trap and baited it. It may be that I shall not catch all the men to whom I mailed the pretended test secret, but I shall catch the most of them, if I know Hadleyburg nature. (*Voices.* "Right—he got every last one of them.") I believe they will even steal ostensible *gamble*-money, rather than miss, poor, tempted, and mistrained fellows. I am hoping to eternally and everlastingly squelch your vanity and give Hadleyburg a new renown—one that will *stick*—and spread far. If I have succeeded, open the sack and summon the Committee on Propagation and Preservation of the Hadleyburg Reputation.'"

*A Cyclone of Voices.* "Open it! Open it! The Eighteen to the front! Committee on Propagation of the Tradition! Forward—the Incorruptibles!"

The Chair ripped the sack wide, and gathered up a handful of bright, broad, yellow coins, shook them together, then examined them.

"Friends, they are only gilded disks of lead!"

There was a crashing outbreak of delight over this news, and when the noise had subsided, the tanner called out:

"By right of apparent seniority in this business, Mr. Wilson is Chairman of the Committee on Propagation of the Tradition. I suggest that he step forward on behalf of his pals, and receive in trust the money."

*A Hundred Voices.* "Wilson! Wilson! Wilson! Speech! Speech!"

*Wilson* (*in a voice trembling with anger*). "You will allow me to say, and without apologies for my language, *damn* the money!"

*A Voice.* "Oh, and him a Baptist!"

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*A Voice.* "Seventeen Symbols left! Step up, gentlemen, and assume your trust!"

There was a pause—no response.

*The Saddler.* "Mr. Chairman, we've got *one* clean man left, anyway, out of the late aristocracy; and he needs money, and deserves it. I move that you appoint Jack Halliday to get up there and auction off that sack of gilt twenty-dollar pieces, and give the result to the right man—the man whom Hadleyburg delights to honor—Edward Richards."

This was received with great enthusiasm, the dog taking a hand again; the saddler started the bids at a dollar, the Brixton folk and Barnum's representative fought hard for it, the people cheered every jump that the bids made, the excitement climbed moment by moment higher and higher, the bidders got on their mettle and grew steadily more and more daring, more and more determined, the jumps went from a dollar up to five, then to ten, then to twenty, then fifty, then to a hundred, then—

At the beginning of the auction Richards whispered in distress to his wife: "O Mary, can we allow it? It—it—you see, it is an honor reward, a testimonial to purity of character, and—and—can we allow it? Hadn't I better get up and—O Mary, what ought we to do?—what do you think we—" (*Halliday's voice. "Fifteen I'm bid!—fifteen for the sack!—twenty!—ah, thanks!—thirty—thanks again! Thirty, thirty, thirty!—do I hear forty?—forty it is! Keep the ball rolling, gentlemen, keep it rolling!—fifty!—thanks, noble Roman! going at fifty, fifty, fifty!—seventy!—ninety!—splendid!—a hundred!—pile it up, pile it up!—hundred and twenty—forty!—just in time!—hundred and fifty!—*TWO *hundred!—superb! Do I hear two h—thanks!—two hundred and fifty!—"*)

"It is another temptation, Edward—I'm all in a tremble—but, oh, we've escaped *one* temptation, and that ought to warn us to—(*"Six did I hear?—thanks!—six fifty, six f—*SEVEN *hundred!"*) And yet, Edward, when you think—nobody susp—(*"Eight hundred dollars!—hurrah!—make it nine!—Mr. Parsons, did I hear you say—thanks—nine!—this noble sack of virgin lead going at only nine hundred dollars, gilding and all—come! do I hear—a thousand!—gratefully yours!—did someone say eleven?—a sack which is going to be the most celebrated in the whole Uni—"*) O Edward" (beginning to sob), "we are *so* poor!—but—but—do as you think best—do as you think best."

Edward fell—that is, he sat still; sat with a conscience which was not satisfied, but which was overpowered by circumstances.

Meantime a stranger, who looked like an amateur detective gotten up as an impossible English earl, had been watching the evening's proceed-

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ings with manifest interest, and with a contented expression in his face; and he had been privately commenting to himself. He was now soliloquizing somewhat like this: "None of the Eighteen are bidding; that is not satisfactory; I must change that–the dramatic unities require it; they must buy the sack they tried to steal; they must pay a heavy price, too–some of them are rich. And another thing, when I make a mistake in Hadleyburg nature the man that puts that error upon me is entitled to a high honorarium, and someone must pay it. This poor old Richards has brought my judgment to shame; he is an honest man. I don't understand it, but I acknowledge it. Yes, he saw my deuces *and* with a straight flush, and by rights the pot is his. And it shall be a jackpot, too, if I can manage it. He disappointed me, but let that pass."

He was watching the bidding. At a thousand, the market broke; the prices tumbled swiftly. He waited–and still watched. One competitor dropped out; then another, and another. He put in a bid or two, now. When the bids had sunk to ten dollars, he added a five; someone raised him a three; he waited a moment, then flung in a fifty-dollar jump, and the sack was his–at $1,282. The house broke out in cheers–then stopped; for he was on his feet, and had lifted his hand. He began to speak.

"I desire to say a word, and ask a favor. I am a speculator in rarities, and I have dealings with persons interested in numismatics all over the world. I can make a profit on this purchase, just as it stands; but there is a way, if I can get your approval, whereby I can make every one of these leaden twenty-dollar pieces worth its face in gold, and perhaps more. Grant me that approval, and I will give part of my gains to your Mr. Richards, whose invulnerable probity you have so justly and so cordially recognized tonight; his share shall be ten thousand dollars, and I will hand him the money tomorrow. (*Great applause from the house.* But the "invulnerable probity" made the Richardses blush prettily; however, it went for modesty, and did no harm.) If you will pass my proposition by a good majority–I would like a two-thirds vote–I will regard that as the town's consent, and that is all I ask. Rarities are always helped by any device which will rouse curiosity and compel remark. Now if I may have your permission to stamp upon the faces of each of these ostensible coins the names of the eighteen gentlemen who–"

Nine-tenths of the audience were on their feet in a moment–dog and all–and the proposition was carried with a whirlwind of approving applause and laughter.

They sat down, and all the Symbols except "Dr." Clay Harkness got up, violently protesting against the proposed outrage, and threatening to–

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"I beg you not to threaten me," said the stranger, calmly. "I know my legal rights, and am not accustomed to being frightened at bluster." (*Applause.*) He sat down. "Dr." Harkness saw an opportunity here. He was one of the two very rich men of the place, and Pinkerton was the other. Harkness was proprietor of a mint; that is to say, a popular patent medicine. He was running for the Legislature on one ticket, and Pinkerton on the other. It was a close race and a hot one, and getting hotter every day. Both had strong appetites for money; each had bought a great tract of land, with a purpose; there was going to be a new railway, and each wanted to be in the Legislature and help locate the route to his own advantage; a single vote might make the decision, and with it two or three fortunes. The stake was large, and Harkness was a daring speculator. He was sitting close to the stranger. He leaned over while one or another of the other Symbols was entertaining the house with protests and appeals, and asked in a whisper:

"What is your price for the sack?"

"Forty thousand dollars."

"I'll give you twenty."

"No."

"Twenty-five."

"No."

"Say thirty."

"The price is forty thousand dollars; not a penny less."

"All right, I'll give it. I will come to the hotel at ten in the morning. I don't want it known; will see you privately."

"Very good." Then the stranger got up and said to the house:

"I find it late. The speeches of these gentlemen are not without merit, not without interest, not without grace; yet if I may be excused I will take my leave. I thank you for the great favor which you have shown me in granting my petition. I ask the Chair to keep the sack for me until tomorrow, and to hand these three five-hundred-dollar notes to Mr. Richards." They were passed up to the Chair. "At nine I will call for the sack, and at eleven will deliver the rest of the ten thousand to Mr. Richards in person, at his home. Good night."

Then he slipped out, and left the audience making a vast noise, which was composed of a mixture of cheers, the *Mikado* song, dog-disapproval, and the chant, "You are f-a-r from being a b-a-a-d man–a-a-a a-men!"

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At home the Richardses had to endure congratulations and compliments until midnight. Then they were left to themselves. They looked a little sad, and they sat silent and thinking. Finally Mary sighed and said:

"Do you think we are to blame, Edward—*much* to blame?" And her eyes wandered to the accusing triplet of big bank notes lying on the table, where the congratulators had been gloating over them and reverently fingering them. Edward did not answer at once; then he brought out a sigh and said, hesitatingly:

"We—we couldn't help it, Mary. It—well, it was ordered. *All* things are."

Mary glanced up and looked at him steadily, but he didn't return the look. Presently she said:

"I thought congratulations and praises always tasted good. But—it seems to me, now—Edward?"

"Well?"

"Are you going to stay in the bank?"

"N-no."

"Resign?"

"In the morning—by note."

"It does seem best."

Richards bowed his head in his hands and muttered:

"Before, I was not afraid to let oceans of people's money pour through my hands, but—Mary, I am so tired, so tired—"

"We will go to bed."

At nine in the morning the stranger called for the sack and took it to the hotel in a cab. At ten Harkness had a talk with him privately. The stranger asked for and got five checks on a metropolitan bank—drawn to "Bearer"—four for $1,500 each, and one for $34,000. He put one of the former in his pocketbook, and the remainder, representing $38,500, he put in an envelope, and with these he added a note, which he wrote after Harkness was gone. At eleven he called at the Richards' house and knocked. Mrs. Richards peeped through the shutters, then went and received the envelope, and the stranger disappeared without a word. She came back flushed and a little unsteady on her legs, and gasped out:

"I am sure I recognized him! Last night it seemed to me that maybe I had seen him somewhere before."

"He is the man that brought the sack here?"

"I am almost sure of it."

"Then he is the ostensible Stephenson, too, and sold every important citizen in this town with his bogus secret. Now if he has sent checks in-

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when there seems a chance that it is going to be found out. This gives it a fresh and most substantial and important aspect. At church the morning sermon was of the usual pattern; it was the same old things said in the same old way; they had heard them a thousand times and found them innocuous, next to meaningless, and easy to sleep under; but now it was different: the sermon seemed to bristle with accusations; it seemed aimed straight and specially at people who were concealing deadly sins. After church they got away from the mob of congratulators as soon as they could, and hurried homeward, chilled to the bone at they did not know what–vague, shadowy, indefinite fears. And by chance they caught a glimpse of Mr. Burgess as he turned a corner. He paid no attention to their nod of recognition! He hadn't seen it; but they did not know that. What could his conduct mean? It might mean–it might mean–oh, a dozen dreadful things. Was it possible that he knew that Richards could have cleared him of guilt in that bygone time, and had been silently waiting for a chance to even up accounts? At home, in their distress they got to imagining that their servant might have been in the next room listening when Richards revealed the secret to his wife that he knew of Burgess' innocence; next, Richards began to imagine that he had heard the swish of a gown in there at that time; next, he was sure he *had* heard it. They would call Sarah in, on a pretext, and watch her face: if she had been betraying them to Mr. Burgess, it would show in her manner. They asked her some questions–questions which were so random and incoherent and seemingly purposeless that the girl felt sure that the old people's minds had been affected by their sudden good fortune; the sharp and watchful gaze which they bent upon her frightened her, and that completed the business. She blushed, she became nervous and confused, and to the old people these were plain signs of guilt–guilt of some fearful sort or other–without doubt she was a spy and a traitor. When they were alone again they began to piece many unrelated things together and get horrible results out of the combination. When things had got about to the worst, Richards was delivered of a sudden gasp, and his wife asked:

"Oh, what is it?–What is it?"

"The note–Burgess' note! Its language was sarcastic, I see it now." He quoted: "'At bottom you cannot respect me, *knowing,* as you do, of *that matter* of which I am accused'–oh, it is perfectly plain, now, God help me! He knows that I know! You see the ingenuity of the phrasing. It was a trap–and like a fool, I walked into it. And Mary–?"

"Oh, it is dreadful–I know what you are going to say–he didn't return your transcript of the pretended test remark."

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"No–kept it to destroy us with. Mary, he has exposed us to some already. I know it–I know it well. I saw it in a dozen faces after church. Ah, he wouldn't answer our nod of recognition–*he* knew what he had been doing!"

In the night the doctor was called. The news went around in the morning that the old couple were rather seriously ill–prostrated by the exhausting excitement growing out of their great windfall, the congratulations, and the late hours, the doctor said. The town was sincerely distressed; for these old people were about all it had left to be proud of, now.

Two days later the news was worse. The old couple were delirious, and were doing strange things. By witness of the nurses, Richards had exhibited checks–for $8,500? No–for an amazing sum–$38,500! What could be the explanation of this gigantic piece of luck?

The following day the nurses had more news–and wonderful. They had concluded to hide the checks, lest harm come to them; but when they searched they were gone from under the patient's pillow–vanished away. The patient said:

"Let the pillow alone; what do you want?"

"We thought it best that the checks–"

"You will never see them again–they are destroyed. They came from Satan. I saw the hell-brand on them, and I knew they were sent to betray me to sin." Then he fell to gabbling strange and dreadful things which were not clearly understandable, and which the doctor admonished them to keep to themselves.

Richards was right; the checks were never seen again.

A nurse must have talked in her sleep, for within two days the forbidden gabblings were the property of the town; and they were of a surprising sort. They seemed to indicate that Richards had been a claimant for the sack himself, and that Burgess had concealed that fact and then maliciously betrayed it.

Burgess was taxed with this and stoutly denied it. And he said it was not fair to attach weight to the chatter of a sick old man who was out of his mind. Still, suspicion was in the air, and there was much talk.

After a day or two it was reported that Mrs. Richards' delirious deliveries were getting to be duplicates of her husband's. Suspicion flamed up into conviction, now, and the town's pride in the purity of its one undiscredited important citizen began to dim down and flicker toward extinction.

Six days passed; then came more news. The old couple were dying.

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Richards' mind cleared in his latest hour, and he sent for Burgess. Burgess said:

"Let the room be cleared. I think he wishes to say something in privacy."

"No!" said Richards. "I want witnesses. I want you all to hear my confession, so that I may die a man, and not a dog. I was clean–artificially–like the rest; and like the rest I fell when temptation came. I signed a lie, and claimed the miserable sack. Mr. Burgess remembered that I had done him a service, and in gratitude (and ignorance) he suppressed my claim and saved me. You know the thing that was charged against Burgess years ago. My testimony, and mine alone, could have cleared him, and I was a coward, and left him to suffer disgrace–"

"No–no–Mr. Richards, you–"

"My servant betrayed my secret to him–"

"No one has betrayed anything to me–"

–"and then he did a natural and justifiable thing, he repented of the saving kindness which he had done me, and he *exposed* me–as I deserved–"

"Never!–I make oath–"

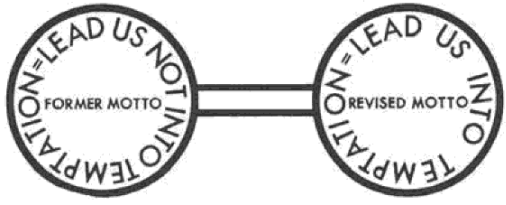
"Out of my heart I forgive him."

Burgess' impassioned protestations fell upon deaf ears; the dying man passed away without knowing that once more he had done poor Burgess a wrong. The old wife died that night.

The last of the sacred Nineteen had fallen a prey to the fiendish sack; the town was stripped of the last rag of its ancient glory. Its mourning was not showy, but it was deep.

By act of the Legislature–upon prayer and petition–Hadleyburg was allowed to change its name to (never mind what–I will not give it away), and leave one word out of the motto that for many generations had graced the town's official seal.

It is an honest town once more, and the man will have to rise early that catches it napping again.

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# Charles Dickens

1812–1870

Charles Dickens was born in Landport, now a section of Portsea, England, February 7, 1812. His father clerked for the Navy Pay Office. A convivial, easygoing man, he was held for a time in Marshalsea debtors' prison. Young Charles got little schooling. For some months he was put to work in a blacking warehouse. He served in an attorney's office, became a shorthand writer and a first-rate Parliamentary reporter. His first book, *Sketches by Boz,* was published in 1836.

That same year he married Catherine Hogarth and began to bring out *The Pickwick Papers* (see below) in monthly parts. Before the year was out his tremendous audience had found him. It grew with the publication of *Oliver Twist* in 1838 and *Nicholas Nickleby* a year later. *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge* followed in 1841. Dickens was handsomely received on his first tour of the United States but the acid tone of *American Notes* outraged his transatlantic readers.

In 1843–45 he settled in Genoa and toured Italy and France on the way back to England. During this period, *Martin Chuzzlewit, A Christmas Carol,* and *The Chimes* appeared. Dickens founded the *London Daily News* but soon returned to the Continent. In Paris he met Chateaubriand, Dumas and Victor Hugo. By March, 1847, he was back in London, working on *Dombey and Son.* The monthly parts of *David Copperfield,* probably his most widely read novel, began to appear in 1849.

He founded the periodical *Household Words* in 1850. Publication of *Bleak House,* the first of his somber later novels, began in 1852. It was followed by *Hard Times* and *Little Dorrit.* In June, 1857, he gave the first of his public readings in London. About this time he



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was separated from his wife and his association with the actress Ellen Ternan began. In 1859 he published *A Tale of Two Cities* and set up a new periodical, *All the Year Round.*

During the early 1860's, in the midst of many lectures, he found time to write *Great Expectations* and *Our Mutual Friend.* His second tour of the United States in 1867–68 was an unparalleled triumph. In his time he was the most popular novelist in English and earned his rank among the greatest. He began publication of his unfinished novel, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood,* just before he died on June 9, 1870.

The celebrated Mr. Pickwick, famous alike for his round and rosy good nature and his incomparable intellect, has got himself into a pickle. Indeed, it is one of the most renowned pickles in all literature—the pickle of Bardell *v.* Pickwick, tried under Mr. Justice Stareleigh at Guildhall, London, on February 14 in some imaginary year of the late 1820's. Mr. Pickwick stands accused of the most horrible, monstrous and unnatural crime ever bound into law calf. It is nothing less than breach of promise. He is charged with having defaulted on a promise of marriage to a respectable female—to wit, a certain Mrs. Bardell, his former landlady, widow of a customhouse officer and mother of that "little villain," Master Bardell.

So we are into *Pickwick Papers,* a great book that is not so much a book as a world. In it Dickens first discovered the huge power of his own talent and went a little mad with the fun of it. He never wrote a book quite like it again. Perhaps no one ever will. We can read it for a week. Many a man has read it for a lifetime. We can eat it, and sleep in it, and dream about it, and never once wish we were somewhere else or doing something else. Of how many great books can this be said?

In our excerpt, we meet Mr. Pickwick on one of the critical days in his life. Two things happen: he is caught in a horribly false posi-

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*Notes from the artist: ". . . three of Dickens' creations—Alfred Jingle, Mr. Pickwick, and Fagin—rendered in a contemporary version of the famous George Cruikshank drawings, stand behind the head of the author."*

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# A Full and Faithful Report of the Memorable Trial of Bardell against Pickwick

## from *The Pickwick Papers*

Mr. Pickwick's apartments in Goswell Street, although on a limited scale, were not only of a very neat and comfortable description, but peculiarly adapted for the residence of a man of his genius and observation. His sitting-room was the first floor front, his bedroom the second floor front; and thus, whether he were sitting at his desk in his parlour, or standing before the dressing-glass in his dormitory, he had an equal opportunity of contemplating human nature in all the numerous phases it exhibits, in that not more populous than popular thoroughfare. His landlady, Mrs. Bardell—the relict and sole executrix of a deceased custom-house officer—was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice, into an exquisite talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The only other inmates of the house were a large man and a small boy; the first a lodger, the second a production of Mrs. Bardell's. The large man was always home precisely at ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlour; and the infantine sports and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighbouring pavements and gutters. Cleanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house; and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

To any one acquainted with these points of the domestic economy of the establishment, and conversant with the admirable regulation of Mr. Pickwick's mind, his appearance and behaviour on the morning previous to that which had been fixed upon for the journey to Eatanswill would



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have been most mysterious and unaccountable. He paced the room to and fro with hurried steps, popped his head out of the window at intervals of about three minutes each, constantly referred to his watch, and exhibited many other manifestations of impatience very unusual with him. It was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation, but what that something was, not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been enabled to discover.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at last, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting of the apartment.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell.

"Your little boy is a very long time gone."

"Why, it's a good long way to the Borough, sir," remonstrated Mrs. Bardell.

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "very true; so it is."

Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence, and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of a few minutes.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again.

"Do you think it a much greater expense to keep two people, than to keep one?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, colouring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger; "La, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!"

"Well, but do you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"That depends–" said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table, "that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir."

"That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick, "but the person I have in my eye" (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) "I think possesses these qualities; and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell; which may be of material use to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, the crimson rising to her cap border again.

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him, "I do, indeed; and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind."

"Dear me, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell.

"You'll think it very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a

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good-humoured glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this matter, and never even mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning—eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshipped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, but here she was, all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose—a deliberate plan, too—sent her little boy to the Borough, to get him out of the way—how thoughtful—how considerate!

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?"

"Oh, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you're very kind, sir."

"It'll save you a good deal of trouble, won't it?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, I never thought anything of the trouble, sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and, of course, I should take more trouble to please you then, than ever; but it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness."

"Ah, to be sure," said Mr. Pickwick; "I never thought of that. When I am in town, you'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will."

"I'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman," said Mrs. Bardell.

"And your little boy—" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless his heart!" interposed Mrs. Bardell, with a maternal sob.

"He, too, will have a companion," resumed Mr. Pickwick, "a lively one, who'll teach him, I'll be bound, more tricks in a week than he would ever learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"Oh, you dear—" said Mrs. Bardell.

Mr. Pickwick started.

"Oh, you kind, good, playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and without more ado, she rose from her chair, and flung her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears and a chorus of sobs.

"Bless my soul," cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick; "Mrs. Bardell my good woman—dear me, what a situation—pray consider. Mrs. Bardell, don't—if anybody should come—"

"Oh, let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, frantically; "I'll never leave you, dear, kind, good soul"; and, with these words, Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me," said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently, "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, don't, there's a good creature, don't." But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing: for Mrs. Bardell

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had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. Pickwick was struck motionless and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him; and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

The astonishment of the Pickwickians was so absorbing, and the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situations until the suspended animation of the lady was restored, had it not been for a most beautiful and touching expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son. Clad in a tight suit of corduroy, spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he at first stood at the door astounded and uncertain; but by degrees, the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage pervaded his partially developed mind, and considering Mr. Pickwick as the aggressor, he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and butting forward with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and legs, with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm, and the violence of his excitement, allowed.

"Take this little villain away," said the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "he's mad."

"What *is* the matter?" said the three tongue-tied Pickwickians.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick, pettishly. "Take away the boy" (here Mr. Winkle carried the interesting boy, screaming and struggling, to the further end of the apartment). "Now, help me, lead this woman downstairs."

"Oh, I am better now," said Mrs. Bardell, faintly.

"Let me lead you downstairs," said the ever-gallant Mr. Tupman.

"Thank you, sir–thank you"; exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, hysterically. And downstairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

"I cannot conceive–" said Mr. Pickwick, when his friend returned, "I cannot conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man-servant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing."

"Very," said his three friends.

"Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation," continued Mr. Pickwick.

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"Very," was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked dubiously at each other.

This behaviour was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick. He remarked their incredulity. They evidently suspected him.

"There is a man in the passage now," said Mr. Tupman.

"It's the man I spoke to you about," said Mr. Pickwick. "I sent for him up to the Borough this morning. Have the goodness to call him up, Snodgrass."

Mr. Snodgrass did as he was desired; and Mr. Samuel Weller forthwith presented himself.

"Oh—you remember me, I suppose?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"I should think so," replied Sam, with a patronising wink. "Queer start that'ere, but he was one too many for you, warn't he? Up to snuff and a pinch or two over—eh?"

"Never mind that matter now," said Mr. Pickwick hastily. "I want to speak to you about something else. Sit down."

"Thank'ee, sir," said Sam. And down he sat without further bidding, having previously deposited his old white hat on the landing outside the door. "Ta'nt a werry good 'un to look at," said Sam, "but it's an astonishin' 'un to wear; and afore the brim went, it was a werry handsome tile. Hows'ever it's lighter without it, that's one thing, and every hole lets in some air, that's another—wentilation gossamer I calls it." On the delivery of this sentiment, Mr. Weller smiled agreeably upon the assembled Pickwickians.

"Now with regard to the matter on which I, with the concurrence of these gentlemen, sent for you," said Mr. Pickwick.

"That's the pint, sir," interposed Sam; "out vith it, as the father said to the child, wen he swallowed a farden."

"We want to know in the first place," said Mr. Pickwick, "whether you have any reason to be discontented with your present situation."

"Afore I answers that 'ere question, gen'l'm'n," replied Mr. Weller, "*I* should like to know, in the first place, whether you're a goin' to purwide me with a better?"

A sunbeam of placid benevolence played on Mr. Pickwick's features as he said, "I have half made up my mind to engage you myself."

"Have you, though?" said Sam.

Mr. Pickwick nodded in the affirmative.

"Wages?" inquired Sam.

"Twelve pounds a year," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Clothes?"

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"Peace of mind and happiness of confiding females," murmured Mr. Winkle, with an air of abstraction.

"It's a conspiracy," said Mr. Pickwick, at length recovering the power of speech; "a base conspiracy between these two grasping attorneys, Dodson and Fogg. Mrs. Bardell would never do it—she hasn't the heart to do it—she hasn't the case to do it. Ridiculous—ridiculous."

"Of her heart," said Wardle, with a smile, "you should certainly be the best judge. I don't wish to discourage you, but I should certainly say that, of her case, Dodson and Fogg are far better judges than any of us can be."

"It's a vile attempt to extort money," said Mr. Pickwick.

"I hope it is," said Wardle, with a short, dry cough.

"Who ever heard me address her in any way but that in which a lodger would address his landlady?" continued Mr. Pickwick, with great vehemence. "Who ever saw me with her? Not even my friends here—"

"Except on one occasion," said Mr. Tupman.

Mr. Pickwick changed colour.

"Ah," said Mr. Wardle. "Well, that's important. There was nothing suspicious then, I suppose?"

Mr. Tupman glanced timidly at his leader. "Why," said he, "there was nothing suspicious; but—I don't know how it happened, mind—she certainly was reclining in his arms."

"Gracious powers!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, as the recollection of the scene in question struck forcibly upon him; "what a dreadful instance of the force of circumstances! So she was—so she was."

"And our friend was soothing her anguish," said Mr. Winkle, rather maliciously.

"So I was," said Mr. Pickwick. "I won't deny it. So I was."

"Hallo!" said Wardle; "for a case in which there's nothing suspicious, this looks rather queer—eh, Pickwick? Ah, sly dog—sly dog!" and he laughed till the glasses on the sideboard rang again.

"What a dreadful conjunction of appearances!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, resting his chin upon his hands. "Winkle—Tupman—I beg your pardon for the observations I made just now. We are all the victims of circumstances, and I the greatest." With this apology Mr. Pickwick buried his head in his hands, and ruminated; while Wardle measured out a regular circle of nods and winks, addressed to the other members of the company.

"I'll have it explained, though," said Mr. Pickwick, raising his head and hammering the table. "I'll see this Dodson and Fogg! I'll go to London tomorrow."

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"Not to-morrow," said Wardle; "you're too lame."

"Well, then, next day."

"Next day is the first of September, and you're pledged to ride out with us, as far as Sir Geoffrey Manning's grounds, at all events, and to meet us at lunch, if you don't take the field."

"Well, then, the day after," said Mr. Pickwick; "Thursday. Sam!"

"Sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Take two places outside to London, on Thursday morning, for yourself and me."

"Wery well, sir."

Mr. Weller left the room, and departed slowly on his errand, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Rum feller, the hemperor," said Mr. Weller as he walked slowly up the street. "Think o' his making up to that ere Mrs. Bardell–vith a little boy, too! Always the vay with these here old 'uns hows'ever, as is such steady goers to look at. I didn't think he'd ha' done it, though–I didn't think he'd ha'done it!" Moralising in this strain, Mr. Samuel Weller bent his steps towards the booking-office.

[*Mr. Pickwick, unbelieving, visits Mrs. Bardell's attorneys.*]

In the ground-floor front of a dingy house, at the very furthest end of Freeman's Court, Cornhill, sat the four clerks of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, two of His Majesty's Attorneys of the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas at Westminster, and solicitors of the High Court of Chancery: the aforesaid clerks catching as favourable glimpses of Heaven's light and Heaven's sun, in the course of their daily labours, as a man might hope to do, were he placed at the bottom of a reasonably deep well; and without the opportunity of perceiving the stars in the day-time, which the latter secluded situation affords.

The clerks' office of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg was a dark, mouldy, earthy-smelling room, with a high wainscoted partition to screen the clerks from the vulgar gaze: a couple of old wooden chairs, a very loud-ticking clock, an almanac, an umbrella-stand, a row of hat-pegs, and a few shelves, on which were deposited several ticketed bundles of dirty papers, some old deal boxes with paper labels, and sundry decayed stone ink bottles of various shapes and sizes. There was a glass door leading into the passage which formed the entrance to the court, and on the outer side of this glass door, Mr. Pickwick, closely followed by Sam Weller, presented himself on the [succeeding] Friday morning. . . .

"Come in, can't you!" cried a voice from behind the partition, in reply

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to Mr. Pickwick's gentle tap at the door. And Mr. Pickwick and Sam entered accordingly.

"Mr. Dodson or Mr. Fogg at home, sir?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, gently, advancing, hat in hand, towards the partition.

"Mr. Dodson ain't at home, and Mr. Fogg's particularly engaged," replied the voice; and at the same time the head to which the voice belonged, with a pen behind its ear, looked over the partition, and at Mr. Pickwick.

It was a ragged head, the sandy hair of which, scrupulously parted on one side, and flattened down with pomatum, was twisted into little semi-circular tails round a flat face ornamented with a pair of small eyes, and garnished with a very dirty shirt collar, and a rusty black stock.

"Mr. Dodson ain't at home, and Mr. Fogg's particularly engaged," said the man to whom the head belonged.

"When will Mr. Dodson be back, sir?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Can't say."

"Will it be long before Mr. Fogg is disengaged, sir?"

"Don't know."

Here the man proceeded to mend his pen with great deliberation, while another clerk, who was mixing a Seidlitz powder, under cover of the lid of his desk, laughed approvingly.

"I think I'll wait," said Mr. Pickwick. There was no reply; so Mr. Pickwick sat down unbidden, and listened to the loud ticking of the clock and the murmured conversation of the clerks.

"That was a game, wasn't it?" said one of the gentlemen, in a brown coat and brass buttons, inky drabs, and bluchers, at the conclusion of some inaudible relation of his previous evening's adventures.

"Devilish good—devilish good," said the Seidlitz-powder man.

"Tom Cummins was in the chair," said the man with the brown coat; "It was half past four when I got to Somers Town, and then I was so uncommon lushy that I couldn't find the place where the latch-key went in, and was obliged to knock up the old 'ooman. I say, I wonder what old Fogg 'ud say, if he knew it. I should get the sack, I s'pose—eh?"

At this humorous notion, all the clerks laughed in concert.

"There was such a game with Fogg here, this mornin'," said the man in the brown coat, "while Jack was upstairs sorting the papers, and you two were gone to the stamp office. Fogg was down here, opening the letters, when that chap as we issued the writ against at Camberwell, you know, came in—what's his name again?"

"Ramsey," said the clerk who had spoken to Mr. Pickwick.

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"Ah, Ramsey—a precious seedy-looking customer. 'Well, sir,' says old Fogg, looking at him very fierce—you know his way—'well, sir, have you come to settle?' 'Yes, I have, sir,' said Ramsey, putting his hand in his pocket, and bringing out the money, 'the debt's two pound ten, and the costs three pound five, and here it is, sir'; and he sighed like bricks as he lugged out the money, done up in a bit of blotting-paper. Old Fogg looked first at the money, and then at him, and then he coughed in his rum way, so that I knew something was coming. 'You don't know there's a declaration filed, which increases the costs materially, I suppose?' said Fogg. 'You don't say that, sir,' said Ramsey, starting back; 'the time was only out last night, sir.' 'I do say it, though,' said Fogg, 'my clerk's just gone to file it. Hasn't Mr. Jackson gone to file that declaration in Bullman and Ramsey, Mr. Wicks?' Of course I said yes, and then Fogg coughed again, and looked at Ramsey. 'My God!' said Ramsey; 'and here have I nearly driven myself mad, scraping this money together, and all to no purpose.' 'None at all,' said Fogg, coolly; 'so you had better go back and scrape some more together, and bring it here in time.' 'I can't get it, by God!' said Ramsey, striking the desk with his fist. 'Don't bully me, sir,' said Fogg, getting into a passion on purpose. 'I am not bullying you, sir,' said Ramsey. 'You are,' said Fogg; 'get out, sir; get out of this office, sir, and come back, sir, when you know how to behave yourself.' Well, Ramsey tried to speak, but Fogg wouldn't let him, so he put the money in his pocket, and sneaked out. The door was scarcely shut, when old Fogg turned round to me, with a sweet smile on his face, and drew the declaration out of his coat pocket. 'Here, Wicks,' says Fogg, 'take a cab, and go down to the Temple as quick as you can, and file that. The costs are quite safe, for he's a steady man with a large family, at a salary of five-and-twenty shillings a week, and if he gives us a warrant of attorney, as he must in the end, I know his employers will see it paid; so we may as well get all we can out of him, Mr. Wicks; it's a Christian act to do it, Mr. Wicks, for with his large family and small income, he'll be all the better for a good lesson against getting into debt—won't he, Mr. Wicks, won't he?'—and he smiled so good-naturedly as he went away that it was delightful to see him. He is a capital man of business," said Wicks, in a tone of the deepest admiration, "capital, isn't he?"

The other three cordially subscribed to this opinion, and the anecdote afforded the most unlimited satisfaction.

"Nice men these here, sir," whispered Mr. Weller to his master; "wery nice notion of fun they has, sir."

Mr. Pickwick nodded assent, and coughed to attract the attention of the

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young gentlemen behind the partition, who, having now relaxed their minds by a little conversation among themselves, condescended to take some notice of the stranger.

"I wonder whether Fogg's disengaged now?" said Jackson.

"I'll see," said Wicks, dismounting leisurely from his stool. "What name shall I tell Mr. Fogg?"

"Pickwick," replied the illustrious subject of these memoirs.

Mr. Jackson departed upstairs on his errand, and immediately returned with a message that Mr. Fogg would see Mr. Pickwick in five minutes; and having delivered it, returned again to his desk.

"What did he say his name was?" whispered Wicks.

"Pickwick," replied Jackson; "it's the defendant in Bardell and Pickwick."

A sudden scraping of feet, mingled with the sound of suppressed laughter, was heard from behind the partition.

"They're a twiggin' of you, sir," whispered Mr. Weller.

"Twigging of me, Sam!" replied Mr. Pickwick; "what do you mean by twigging me?"

Mr. Weller replied by pointing with his thumb over his shoulder, and Mr. Pickwick, on looking up, became sensible of the pleasing fact that all the four clerks, with countenances expressive of the utmost amusement, and with their heads thrust over the wooden screen, were minutely inspecting the figure and general appearance of the supposed trifler with female hearts, and disturber of female happiness. On his looking up, the row of heads suddenly disappeared, and the sound of pens travelling at a furious rate over paper, immediately succeeded.

A sudden ring at the bell which hung in the office summoned Mr. Jackson to the apartment of Fogg, from whence he came back to say that he (Fogg) was ready to see Mr. Pickwick if he would step upstairs.

Upstairs Mr. Pickwick did step accordingly, leaving Sam Weller below. The room door of the one-pair back bore inscribed in legible characters the imposing words "Mr. Fogg"; and, having tapped thereat, and been desired to come in, Jackson ushered Mr. Pickwick into the presence.

"Is Mr. Dodson in?" inquired Mr. Fogg.

"Just come in, sir," replied Jackson.

"Ask him to step here."

"Yes, sir." Exit Jackson.

"Take a seat, sir," said Fogg; "there is the paper, sir; my partner will be here directly, and we can converse about this matter, sir."

Mr. Pickwick took a seat and the paper, but instead of reading the lat-

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"I merely want you to hear what this gentleman says," replied Dodson. "Pray, go on, sir—disgraceful and rascally proceedings, I think you said?"

"I did," said Mr. Pickwick, thoroughly roused. "I said, sir, that of all the disgraceful and rascally proceedings that ever were attempted, this is the most so. I repeat it, sir."

"You hear that, Mr. Wicks?" said Dodson.

"You won't forget these expressions, Mr. Jackson?" said Fogg.

"Perhaps you would like to call us swindlers, sir," said Dodson. "Pray do, sir, if you feel disposed; now pray do, sir."

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick. "You *are* swindlers."

"Very good," said Dodson. "You can hear down there, I hope, Mr. Wicks?"

"Oh yes, sir," said Wicks.

"You had better come up a step or two higher, if you can't," added Mr. Fogg. "Go on, sir; do go on. You had better call us thieves, sir; or perhaps you would like to assault one of us. Pray do it, sir, if you would; we will not make the smallest resistance. Pray do it, sir."

As Fogg put himself very temptingly within the reach of Mr. Pickwick's clenched fist, there is little doubt that that gentleman would have complied with his earnest entreaty, but for the interposition of Sam, who, hearing the dispute, emerged from the office, mounted the stairs, and seized his master by the arm.

"You just come avay," said Mr. Weller. "Battledore and shuttlecock's a wery good game, vhen you an't the shuttlecock and two lawyers the battledores, in which case it gets too excitin' to be pleasant. Come avay, sir. If you want to ease your mind by blowing up somebody, come out into the court and blow up me; but it's rayther too expensive work to be carried on here."

And without the slightest ceremony, Mr. Weller hauled his master down the stairs, and down the court, and having safely deposited him in Cornhill, fell behind, prepared to follow whithersoever he should lead.

[*Mr. Pickwick, after some adventures in the country, is still very much in the dark, and sends Sam to reconnoiter.*]

. . . Mr. Pickwick resolved on immediately returning to London, with the view of becoming acquainted with the proceedings which had been taken against him, in the meantime, by Messrs. Dodson and Fogg. Acting upon this resolution with all the energy and decision of his character, he mounted to the back seat of the first coach which left Ipswich in the

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morning . . . ; and accompanied by his three friends, and Mr. Samuel Weller, arrived in the metropolis, in perfect health and safety, the same evening.

Here, the friends, for a short time, separated. Messrs. Tupman, Winkle, and Snodgrass repaired to their several homes to make such preparations as might be requisite for their forthcoming visit to Dingley Dell; and Mr. Pickwick and Sam took up their present abode in very good, old-fashioned, and comfortable quarters: to wit, the George and Vulture Tavern and Hotel, George Yard, Lombard Street.

Mr. Pickwick had dined, finished his second pint of particular port, pulled his silk handkerchief over his head, put his feet on the fender, and thrown himself back in an easy chair, when the entrance of Mr. Weller with his carpet-bag aroused him from his tranquil meditations.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Sir," said Mr. Weller.

"I have just been thinking, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, "that having left a good many things at Mrs. Bardell's, in Goswell Street, I ought to arrange for taking them away, before I leave town again."

"Wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"I could send them to Mr. Tupman's, for the present, Sam," continued Mr. Pickwick, "but before we take them away, it is necessary that they should be looked up, and put together. I wish you would step up to Goswell Street, Sam, and arrange about it."

"At once, sir?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"At once," replied Mr. Pickwick. "And stay, Sam," added Mr. Pickwick, pulling out his purse. "There is some rent to pay. The quarter is not due till Christmas, but you may pay it, and have done with it. A month's notice terminates my tenancy. Here it is, written out. Give it, and tell Mrs. Bardell she may put a bill up, as soon as she likes."

"Wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller; "anythin' more, sir?"

"Nothing more, Sam."

Mr. Weller stepped slowly to the door, as if he expected something more; slowly opened it, slowly stepped out, and had slowly closed it within a couple of inches, when Mr. Pickwick called out,

"Sam."

"Sir," said Mr. Weller, stepping quickly back, and closing the door behind him.

"I have no objection, Sam, to your endeavouring to ascertain how Mrs. Bardell herself seems disposed towards me, and whether it is really probable that this vile and groundless action is to be carried to extremity.

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I say I do not object to your doing this, if you wish it, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

Sam gave a short nod of intelligence, and left the room. Mr. Pickwick drew the silk handkerchief once more over his head, and composed himself for a nap. Mr. Weller promptly walked forth, to execute his commission.

It was nearly nine o'clock when he reached Goswell Street. A couple of candles were burning in the little front parlour, and a couple of caps were reflected on the window-blind. Mrs. Bardell had got company.

Mr. Weller knocked at the door, and after a pretty long interval–occupied by the party without, in whistling a tune, and by the party within, in persuading a refractory flat candle to allow itself to be lighted–a pair of small boots pattered over the floor-cloth, and Master Bardell presented himself.

"Well, young town-skip," said Sam, "how's mother?"

"She's pretty well," replied Master Bardell, "so am I."

"Well, that's a mercy," said Sam; "tell her I want to speak to her, will you, my hinfant fernomenon?"

Master Bardell, thus adjured, placed the refractory flat candle on the bottom stair, and vanished into the front parlour with the message.

The two caps, reflected on the window-blind, were the respective head-dresses of a couple of Mrs. Bardell's most particular acquaintance, who had just stepped in, to have a quiet cup of tea, and a little warm supper of a couple of sets of pettitoes and some toasted cheese. The cheese was simmering and browning away, most delightfully, in a little Dutch oven before the fire; the pettitoes were getting on deliciously in a little tin saucepan on the hob; and Mrs. Bardell and her two friends were getting on very well, also in a little quiet conversation about and concerning all their particular friends and acquaintance; when Master Bardell came back from answering the door, and delivered the message intrusted to him by Mr. Samuel Weller.

"Mr. Pickwick's servant!" said Mrs. Bardell, turning pale.

"Bless my soul!" said Mrs. Cluppins.

"Well, I raly would *not* ha' believed it, unless I had ha' happened to ha' been here!" said Mrs. Sanders.

Mrs. Cluppins was a little, brisk, busy-looking woman; Mrs. Sanders was a big, fat, heavy-faced personage; and the two were the company.

Mrs. Bardell felt it proper to be agitated; and as none of the three exactly knew whether, under existing circumstances, any communication, otherwise than through Dodson and Fogg, ought to be held with Mr.

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Pickwick's servant, they were all rather taken by surprise. In this state of indecision, obviously the first thing to be done was to thump the boy for finding Mr. Weller at the door. So his mother thumped him, and he cried melodiously.

"Hold your noise–do–you naughty creetur!" said Mrs. Bardell.

"Yes; don't worrit your poor mother," said Mrs. Sanders.

"She's quite enough to worrit her, as it is, without you, Tommy," said Mrs. Cluppins, with sympathizing resignation.

"Ah! worse luck, poor lamb!" said Mrs. Sanders.

At all which moral reflections, Master Bardell howled the louder.

"Now, what *shall* I do?" said Mrs. Bardell to Mrs. Cluppins.

"*I* think you ought to see him," replied Mrs. Cluppins. "But on no account without a witness."

"*I* think two witnesses would be more lawful," said Mrs. Sanders, who, like the other friend, was bursting with curiosity.

"Perhaps he'd better come in here," said Mrs. Bardell.

"To be sure," replied Mrs. Cluppins, eagerly catching at the idea; "Walk in, young man; and shut the street door first, please."

Mr. Weller immediately took the hint; and presenting himself in the parlour, explained his business to Mrs. Bardell thus:

"Wery sorry to 'casion any personal inconwenience, ma'am, as the housebreaker said to the old lady when he put her on the fire; but as me and my governor's only jest come to town, and is jest going away agin, it can't be helped, you see."

"Of course, the young man can't help the faults of his master," said Mrs. Cluppins, much struck by Mr. Weller's appearance and conversation.

"Certainly not," chimed in Mrs. Sanders, who, from certain wistful glances at the little tin saucepan, seemed to be engaged in a mental calculation of the probable extent of the pettitoes, in the event of Sam's being asked to stop to supper.

"So all I've come about, is jest this here," said Sam, disregarding the interruption; "First, to give my governor's notice–there it is. Secondly, to pay the rent–here it is. Thirdly, to say as all his things is to be put together, and give to anybody as we sends for 'em. Fourthly, that you may let the place as soon as you like–and that's all."

"Whatever has happened," said Mrs. Bardell, "I always have said, and always will say, that in every respect but one, Mr. Pickwick has always behaved himself like a perfect gentleman. His money always was as good as the bank: always."

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As Mrs. Bardell said this, she applied her handkerchief to her eyes, and went out of the room to get the receipt.

Sam well knew that he had only to remain quiet, and the women were sure to talk; so he looked alternately at the tin saucepan, the toasted cheese, the wall, and the ceiling, in profound silence.

"Poor dear!" said Mrs. Cluppins.

"Ah, poor thing!" replied Mrs. Sanders.

Sam said nothing. He saw they were coming to the subject.

"I raly cannot contain myself," said Mrs. Cluppins, "when I think of such perjury. I don't wish to say anything to make you uncomfortable, young man, but your master's an old brute, and I wish I had him here to tell him so."

"I wish you had," said Sam.

"To see how dreadful she takes on, going moping about, and taking no pleasure in nothing, except when her friends come in, out of charity, to sit with her, and make her comfortable," resumed Mrs. Cluppins, glancing at the tin saucepan and the Dutch oven, "it's shocking!"

"Barbareous," said Mrs. Sanders.

"And your master, young man! A gentleman with money, as could never feel the expense of a wife, no more than nothing," continued Mrs. Cluppins, with great volubility; "why there ain't the faintest shade of an excuse for his behaviour! Why don't he marry her?"

"Ah," said Sam, "to be sure; that's the question."

"Question, indeed," retorted Mrs. Cluppins; "she'd question him, if she'd my spirit. Hows'ever, there *is* law for us women, mis'rable creeturs as they'd make us, if they could; and that your master will find out, young man, to his cost, afore he's six months older."

At this consolatory reflection, Mrs. Cluppins bridled up, and smiled at Mrs. Sanders, who smiled back again.

"The action's going on, and no mistake," thought Sam, as Mrs. Bardell re-entered with the receipt.

"Here's the receipt, Mr. Weller," said Mrs. Bardell, "and here's the change, and I hope you'll take a little drop of something to keep the cold out, if it's only for old acquaintance' sake, Mr. Weller."

Sam saw the advantage he should gain, and at once acquiesced; whereupon Mrs. Bardell produced, from a small closet, a black bottle and a wine glass; and so great was her abstraction in her deep mental affliction that after filling Mr. Weller's glass, she brought out three more wine glasses, and filled them too.

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aged copying clerk, with a large family, who is always shabby, and often drunk. And there are the office lads in their first surtouts, who feel a befitting contempt for boys at day-schools: club as they go home at night, for saveloys and porter: and think there's nothing like "life." There are varieties of the genus, too numerous to recapitulate, but however numerous they may be, they are all to be seen, at certain regulated business hours, hurrying to and from the places we have just mentioned.

These sequestered nooks are the public offices of the legal profession, where writs are issued, judgments signed, declarations filed, and numerous other ingenious machines put in motion for the torture and torment of His Majesty's liege subjects, and the comfort and emolument of the practitioners of the law. They are, for the most part, low-roofed, mouldy rooms, where innumerable rolls of parchment, which have been perspiring in secret for the last century, send forth an agreeable odour, which is mingled by day with the scent of the dry rot, and by night with the various exhalations which arise from damp cloaks, festering umbrellas, and the coarsest tallow candles.

About half-past seven o'clock in the evening, some ten days or a fortnight after Mr. Pickwick and his friends returned to London, there hurried into one of these offices an individual in a brown coat and brass buttons, whose long hair was scrupulously twisted round the rim of his napless hat, and whose soiled drab trousers were so tightly strapped over his blucher boots, that his knees threatened every moment to start from their concealment. He produced from his coat pockets a long and narrow strip of parchment, on which the presiding functionary impressed an illegible black stamp. He then drew forth four scraps of paper, of similar dimensions, each containing a printed copy of the strip of parchment with blanks for a name; and having filled up the blanks, put all the five documents in his pocket and hurried away.

The man in the brown coat, with the cabalistic documents in his pocket, was no other than our old acquaintance Mr. Jackson, of the house of Dodson and Fogg, Freeman's Court, Cornhill. Instead of returning to the office from whence he came, however, he bent his steps direct to Sun Court, and walking straight into the George and Vulture, demanded to know whether one Mr. Pickwick was within.

"Call Mr. Pickwick's servant, Tom," said the barmaid of the George and Vulture.

"Don't trouble yourself," said Mr. Jackson, "I've come on business. If you'll show me Mr. Pickwick's room I'll step up myself."

"What name, sir?" said the waiter.

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"Jackson," replied the clerk.

The waiter stepped upstairs to announce Mr. Jackson; but Mr. Jackson saved him the trouble by following close at his heels, and walking into the apartment before he could articulate a syllable.

Mr. Pickwick had, that day, invited his three friends to dinner; they were all seated round the fire, drinking their wine, when Mr. Jackson presented himself, as above described.

"How de do, sir?" said Mr. Jackson, nodding to Mr. Pickwick.

That gentleman bowed, and looked somewhat surprised, for the physiognomy of Mr. Jackson dwelt not in his recollection.

"I have called from Dodson and Fogg's," said Mr. Jackson, in an explanatory tone.

Mr. Pickwick roused at the name. "I refer you to my attorney, sir: Mr. Perker, of Gray's Inn," said he. "Waiter, show this gentleman out."

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Pickwick," said Jackson, deliberately depositing his hat on the floor, and drawing from his pocket the strip of parchment. "But personal service, by clerk or agent, in these cases, you know, Mr. Pickwick—nothing like caution, sir, in all legal forms?"

Here Mr. Jackson cast his eye on the parchment; and, resting his hands on the table, and looking round with a winning and persuasive smile, said: "Now, come; don't let's have no words about such a little matter as this. Which of you gentleman's name's Snodgrass?"

At this inquiry Mr. Snodgrass gave such a very undisguised and palpable start that no further reply was needed.

"Ah! I thought so," said Mr. Jackson, more affably than before. "I've got a little something to trouble you with, sir."

"Me!" exclaimed Mr. Snodgrass.

"It's only a *subpoena* in Bardell and Pickwick on behalf of the plaintiff," replied Jackson, singling out one of the slips of paper, and producing a shilling from his waistcoat pocket. "It'll come on, in the settens after Term; fourteenth of Febooary, we expect; we've marked it a special jury cause, and it's only ten down the paper. That's yours, Mr. Snodgrass." As Jackson said this he presented the parchment before the eyes of Mr. Snodgrass, and slipped the paper and the shilling into his hand.

Mr. Tupman had witnessed this process in silent astonishment, when Jackson, turning sharply upon him, said:

"I think I ain't mistaken when I say your name's Tupman, am I?"

Mr. Tupman looked at Mr. Pickwick; but, perceiving no encouragement in that gentleman's widely opened eyes to deny his name, said:

"Yes, my name *is* Tupman, sir."

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"And that other gentleman's Mr. Winkle, I think?" said Jackson.

Mr. Winkle faltered out a reply in the affirmative; and both gentlemen were forthwith invested with a slip of paper, and a shilling each, by the dexterous Mr. Jackson.

"Now," said Jackson, "I'm afraid you'll think me rather troublesome, but I want somebody else, if it ain't inconvenient. I *have* Samuel Weller's name here, Mr. Pickwick."

"Send my servant here, waiter," said Mr. Pickwick. The waiter retired, considerably astonished, and Mr. Pickwick motioned Jackson to a seat.

There was a painful pause, which was at length broken by the innocent defendant.

"I suppose, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, his indignation rising while he spoke; "I suppose, sir, that it is the intention of your employers to seek to criminate me upon the testimony of my own friends?"

Mr. Jackson struck his forefinger several times against the left side of his nose, to intimate that he was not there to disclose the secrets of the prison-house, and playfully rejoined:

"Not knowin', can't say."

"For what other reason, sir," pursued Mr. Pickwick, "are these *subpoenas* served upon them, if not for this?"

"Very good plant, Mr. Pickwick," replied Jackson, slowly shaking his head. "But it won't do. No harm in trying, but there's little to be got out of me."

Here Mr. Jackson smiled once more upon the company, and, applying his left thumb to the tip of his nose, worked a visionary coffee-mill with his right hand: thereby performing a very graceful piece of pantomime (then much in vogue, but now, unhappily, almost obsolete) which was familiarly denominated "taking a grinder."

"No, no, Mr. Pickwick," said Jackson, in conclusion; "Perker's people must guess what we've served these *subpoenas* for. If they can't, they must wait till the action comes on, and then they'll find out."

Mr. Pickwick bestowed a look of excessive disgust on his unwelcome visitor, and would probably have hurled some tremendous anathema at the heads of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, had not Sam's entrance at the instant interrupted him.

"Samuel Weller," said Mr. Jackson, inquiringly.

"Vun o' the truest things as you've said for many a long year," replied Sam, in a most composed manner.

"Here's a *subpoena* for you, Mr. Weller," said Jackson.

"What's that in English?" inquired Sam.

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"Here's the original," said Jackson, declining the required explanation.

"Which?" said Sam.

"This," replied Jackson, shaking the parchment.

"Oh, that's the 'rig'nal, is it?" said Sam. "Well, I'm wery glad I've seen the 'rig'nal, cos it's a gratifyin' sort o' thing, and eases vun's mind so much."

"And here's the shilling," said Jackson. "It's from Dodson and Fogg's."

"And it's uncommon handsome o' Dodson and Fogg, as knows so little of me, to come down vith a present," said Sam. "I feel it as a wery high compliment, sir; it's a wery hon'rable thing to them, as they knows how to reward merit werever they meets it. Besides wich, it's affectin' to one's feelin's."

As Mr. Weller said this, he inflicted a little friction on his right eyelid, with the sleeve of his coat, after most approved manner of actors when they are in domestic pathetics.

Mr. Jackson seemed rather puzzled by Sam's proceedings; but, as he had served the *subpoenas,* and had nothing more to say, he made a feint of putting on the one glove which he usually carried in his hand, for the sake of appearances; and returned to the office to report progress.

Mr. Pickwick slept little that night; his memory had received a very disagreeable refresher on the subject of Mrs. Bardell's action. He breakfasted betimes next morning, and, desiring Sam to accompany him, set forth towards Gray's Inn Square.

"Sam!" said Mr. Pickwick, looking round, when they got to the end of Cheapside.

"Sir?" said Sam, stepping up to his master.

"Which way?"

"Up Newgate Street."

Mr. Pickwick did not turn round immediately, but looked vacantly in Sam's face for a few seconds, and heaved a deep sigh.

"What's the matter, sir?" inquired Sam.

"This action, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, "is expected to come on, on the fourteenth of next month."

"Remarkable coin*ci*dence that 'ere, sir," replied Sam.

"Why remarkable, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Walentine's day, sir," responded Sam; "reg'lar good day for a breach o' promise trial."

Mr. Weller's smile awakened no gleam of mirth in his master's countenance. Mr. Pickwick turned abruptly round and led the way in silence.

They had walked some distance: Mr. Pickwick trotting on before,

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plunged in profound meditation, and Sam following behind, with a countenance expressive of the most enviable and easy defiance of everything and everybody: when the latter, who was always especially anxious to impart to his master any exclusive information he possessed, quickened his pace until he was close at Mr. Pickwick's heels; and, pointing up at a house they were passing, said:

"Wery nice pork-shop that 'ere, sir."

"Yes, it seems so," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Celebrated sassage factory," said Sam.

"Is it?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Is it!" reiterated Sam, with some indignation; "I should rayther think it was. Why, sir, bless your innocent eyebrows, that's where the mysterious disappearance of a 'spectable tradesman took place four year ago."

"You don't mean to say he was burked, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick, looking hastily round.

"No, I don't indeed, sir," replied Mr. Weller, "I wish I did; far worse than that. He was the master o' that 'ere shop, sir, and the inwentor o' the patent-never-leavin'-off sassage steam ingine, as ud swaller up a pavin' stone if you put it too near, and grind it into sassages as easy as if it was a tender young babby. Wery proud o' that machine he was, as it was nat'ral he should be, and he'd stand down in the celler a lookin' at it wen it was in full play, till he got quite melancholy with joy. A wery happy man he'd ha' been, sir, in the procession o' that ere ingine and two more lovely hinfants besides, if it hadn't been for his wife, who was a most owdacious wixin. She was always a follerin' him about and dinnin' in his ears, 'till at last he couldn't stand it no longer. 'I'll tell you what it is, my dear,' he says one day; 'if you persewere in this here sort of amusement,' he says, 'I'm blessed if I don't go away to 'Merriker; and that's all about it.' 'You're a idle willin,' says she, 'and I wish the 'Merrikins joy of their bargain.' Arter which she keeps on abusin' of him for half an hour, and then runs into the little parlour behind the shop, sets to a screamin', says he'll be the death on her, and falls in a fit, which lasts for three good hours—one o' them fits wich is all screamin' and kickin'. Well, next mornin' the husband was missin'. He hadn't taken nothin' from the till—hadn't even put on his great-coat—so it was quite clear he warn't gone to 'Merriker. Didn't come back next day; didn't come back next week; Missis had bills printed, sayin' that, if he'd come back, he should be forgiven everythin' (which was very liberal, seein' that he hadn't done nothin' at all); the canals was dragged, and for two months artervards, wenever a body turned up, it was carried, as a reg'lar thing,

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The little man took another pinch of snuff as he made this communication, and nodded mysteriously to Mr. Pickwick.

"They have *subpoena'd* my three friends," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ah! of course they would," replied Perker. "Important witnesses; saw you in a delicate situation."

"But she fainted of her own accord," said Mr. Pickwick. "She threw herself into my arms."

"Very likely, my dear sir," replied Perker; "very likely and very natural. Nothing more so, my dear sir, nothing. But who's to prove it?"

"They have *subpoena'd* my servant too," said Mr. Pickwick quitting the other point; for there Mr. Perker's question had somewhat staggered him.

"Sam?" said Perker.

Mr. Pickwick replied in the affirmative.

"Of course, my dear sir; of course. I knew they would. I could have told *you* that, a month ago. You know, my dear sir, if you *will* take the management of your affairs into your own hands after intrusting them to your solicitor, you must also take the consequences." Here Mr. Perker drew himself up with conscious dignity, and brushed some stray grains of snuff from his shirt frill.

"And what do they want him to prove?" asked Mr. Pickwick, after two or three minutes' silence.

"That you sent him up to the plaintiff's to make some offer of a compromise, I suppose," replied Perker. "It don't matter much, though; I don't think many counsel could get a great deal out of *him*."

"I don't think they could," said Mr. Pickwick, smiling, despite his vexation, at the idea of Sam's appearance as a witness. "What course do we pursue?"

"We have only one to adopt, my dear sir," replied Perker; "cross-examine the witnesses; trust to Snubbin's eloquence; throw dust in the eyes of the judge; throw ourselves on the jury."

"And suppose the verdict is against me?" said Mr. Pickwick.

Mr. Perker smiled, took a very long pinch of snuff, stirred the fire, shrugged his shoulders, and remained expressively silent.

"You mean that in that case I must pay the damages?" said Mr. Pickwick, who had watched this telegraphic answer with considerable sternness.

Perker gave the fire another very unnecessary poke and said "I am afraid so."

"Then I beg to announce to you my unalterable determination to pay no damages whatever," said Mr. Pickwick, most emphatically. "None,

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Perker. Not a pound, not a penny, of my money, shall find its way into the pockets of Dodson and Fogg. That is my deliberate and irrevocable determination." Mr. Pickwick gave a heavy blow on the table before him, in confirmation of the irrevocability of his intention.

"Very well, my dear sir, very well," said Perker. "You know best, of course."

"Of course," replied Mr. Pickwick hastily. "Where does Serjeant Snubbin live?"

"In Lincoln's Inn Old Square," replied Perker.

"I should like to see him," said Mr. Pickwick.

"See Serjeant Snubbin, my dear sir!" rejoined Perker, in utter amazement. "Pooh, pooh, my dear sir, impossible. See Serjeant Snubbin! Bless you, my dear sir, such a thing was never heard of, without a consultation fee being previously paid, and a consultation fixed. It couldn't be done, my dear sir; it couldn't be done."

Mr. Pickwick, however, had made up his mind not only that it could be done, but that it should be done; and the consequence was, that within ten minutes after he had received the assurance that the thing was impossible, he was conducted by his solicitor into the outer office of the great Serjeant Snubbin himself.

It was an uncarpeted room of tolerable dimensions, with a large writing-table drawn up near the fire; the baize top of which had long since lost all claim to its original hue of green, and had gradually grown grey with dust and age, except where all traces of its natural colour were obliterated by ink-stains. Upon the table were numerous little bundles of papers tied with red tape; and behind it, sat an elderly clerk, whose sleek appearance, and heavy gold watch-chain, presented imposing indications of the extensive and lucrative practice of Mr. Serjeant Snubbin.

"Is the Serjeant in his room, Mr. Mallard?" inquired Perker, offering his box with all imaginable courtesy.

"Yes, he is," was the reply, "but he's very busy. Look here; not an opinion given yet, on any one of these cases; and an expedition fee paid with all of 'em." The clerk smiled as he said this, and inhaled the pinch of snuff with a zest which seemed to be compounded of a fondness for snuff and a relish for fees.

"Something like practice that," said Perker.

"Yes," said the barrister's clerk, producing his own box, and offering it with the greatest cordiality; "and the best of it is, that as nobody alive except myself can read the Serjeant's writing, they are obliged to wait

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for the opinions, when he has given them, till I have copied 'em, ha–ha–ha!"

"Which makes good for we know who, besides the Serjeant, and draws a little more out of the clients, eh?" said Perker; "ha, ha, ha!" At this the Serjeant's clerk laughed again; not a noisy boisterous laugh, but a silent, internal chuckle, which Mr. Pickwick disliked to hear. When a man bleeds inwardly, it is a dangerous thing for himself; but when he laughs inwardly, it bodes no good to other people.

"You haven't made me out that little list of the fees that I'm in your debt, have you?" said Perker.

"No, I have not," replied the clerk.

"I wish you would," said Perker. "Let me have them, and I'll send you a cheque. But I suppose you're too busy pocketing the ready money, to think of the debtors, eh? ha, ha, ha!" This sally seemed to tickle the clerk amazingly, and he once more enjoyed a little quiet laugh to himself.

"But, Mr. Mallard, my dear friend," said Perker, suddenly recovering his gravity, and drawing the great man's great man into a corner, by the lapel of his coat; "you must persuade the Serjeant to see me, and my client here."

"Come, come," said the clerk, "that's not bad either. See the Serjeant! come, that's too absurd." Notwithstanding the absurdity of the proposal, however, the clerk allowed himself to be gently drawn beyond the hearing of Mr. Pickwick; and after a short conversation conducted in whispers, walked softly down a little dark passage, and disappeared into the legal luminary's sanctum: whence he shortly returned on tiptoe, and informed Mr. Perker and Mr. Pickwick that the Serjeant had been prevailed upon, in violation of all established rules and customs, to admit them at once.

Mr. Serjeant Snubbin was a lantern-faced, sallow-complexioned man, of about five-and-forty, or–as the novels say–he might be fifty. He had that dull-looking boiled eye which is often to be seen in the heads of people who have applied themselves during many years to a weary and laborious course of study; and which would have been sufficient, without the additional eye-glass which dangled from a broad black riband round his neck, to warn a stranger that he was very near-sighted. His hair was thin and weak, which was partly attributable to his having never devoted much time to its arrangement, and partly to his having worn for five-and-twenty years the forensic wig which hung on a block beside him. The marks of hair-powder on his coat-collar, and the ill-washed and worse-tied white neckerchief round his throat, showed that he had not found

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leisure since he left the court to make an alteration in his dress: while the slovenly style of the remainder of his costume warranted the inference that his personal appearance would not have been very much improved if he had. Books of practice, heaps of papers, and opened letters were scattered over the table, without any attempt at order or arrangement; the furniture of the room was old and rickety; the doors of the bookcase were rotting on their hinges; the dust flew out from the carpet in little clouds at every step; the blinds were yellow with age and dirt; the state of everything in the room showed, with a clearness not to be mistaken, that Mr. Serjeant Snubbin was far too much occupied with his professional pursuits to take any great heed or regard of his personal comforts.

The Serjeant was writing when his clients entered; he bowed abstractedly when Mr. Pickwick was introduced by his solicitor; and then, motioning them to a seat, put his pen carefully in the inkstand, nursed his left leg, and waited to be spoken to.

"Mr. Pickwick is the defendant in Bardell and Pickwick, Serjeant Snubbin," said Perker.

"I am retained in that, am I?" said the Serjeant.

"You are, sir," replied Perker.

The Serjeant nodded his head, and waited for something else.

"Mr. Pickwick was anxious to call upon you, Serjeant Snubbin," said Perker, "to state to you, before you entered upon the case, that he denies there being any ground or pretence whatever for the action against him; and that unless he came into court with clean hands, and without the most conscientious conviction that he was right in resisting the plaintiffs demand, he would not be there at all. I believe I state your views correctly; do I not, my dear sir?" said the little man, turning to Mr. Pickwick.

"Quite so," replied that gentleman.

Mr. Serjeant Snubbin unfolded his glasses, raised them to his eyes; and, after looking at Mr. Pickwick for a few seconds with great curiosity, turned to Mr. Perker, and said, smiling slightly as he spoke:

"Has Mr. Pickwick a strong case?"

The attorney shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you purpose calling witnesses?"

"No."

The smile on the Serjeant's countenance became more defined; he rocked his leg with increased violence; and, throwing himself back in his easy chair, coughed dubiously.

These tokens of the Serjeant's presentiments on the subject, slight as

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they were, were not lost on Mr. Pickwick. He settled the spectacles, through which he had attentively regarded such demonstrations of the barrister's feelings as he had permitted himself to exhibit, more firmly on his nose; and said with great energy, and in utter disregard of all Mr. Perker's admonitory winkings and frownings:

"My wishing to wait upon you, for such a purpose as this, sir, appears, I have no doubt, to a gentleman who sees so much of these matters as you must necessarily do, a very extraordinary circumstance."

The Serjeant tried to look gravely at the fire, but the smile came back again.

"Gentlemen of your profession, sir," continued Mr. Pickwick, "see the worst side of human nature. All its disputes, all its ill-will and bad blood, rise up before you. You know from your experience of juries (I mean no disparagement to you, or them) how much depends upon *effect:* and you are apt to attribute to others a desire to use, for purposes of deception and self-interest, the very instruments which you, in pure honesty and honour of purpose, and with a laudable desire to do your utmost for your client, know the temper and worth of so well, from constantly employing them yourselves. I really believe that to this circumstance may be attributed the vulgar but very general notion of your being, as a body, suspicious, distrustful, and over-cautious. Conscious as I am, sir, of the disadvantage of making such a declaration to you, under such circumstances, I have come here because I wish you distinctly to understand, as my friend Mr. Perker has said, that I am innocent of the falsehood laid to my charge; and although I am very well aware of the inestimable value of your assistance, sir, I must beg to add, that unless you sincerely believe this, I would rather be deprived of the aid of your talents than have the advantage of them."

Long before the close of this address, which we are bound to say was of a very prosy character for Mr. Pickwick, the Serjeant had relapsed into a state of abstraction. After some minutes, however, during which he had reassumed his pen, he appeared to be again aware of the presence of his clients; raising his head from the paper, he said, rather snappishly,

"Who is with me in this case?"

"Mr. Phunky, Serjeant Snubbin," replied the attorney.

"Phunky, Phunky," said the Serjeant, "I never heard the name before. He must be a very young man."

"Yes, he is a very young man," replied the attorney. "He was only called the other day. Let me see–he has not been at the Bar eight years yet."

"Ah, I thought not," said the Serjeant, in that sort of pitying tone in

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As the elder Mr. Weller entertained a firm and unalterable conviction that the Old Bailey was the supreme court of judicature in this country, and that its rules and forms of proceeding regulated and controlled the practice of all other courts of justice whatsoever, he totally disregarded the assurances and arguments of his son tending to show that the alibi was inadmissible; and vehemently protested that Mr. Pickwick was being "wictimised."

[*The memorable trial of Bardell against Pickwick proceeds.*]

"I wonder what the foreman of the jury, whoever he'll be, has got for breakfast," said Mr. Snodgrass, by way of keeping up a conversation on the eventful morning of the fourteenth of February.

"Ah!" said Perker, "I hope he's got a good one."

"Why so?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Highly important; very important, my dear sir," replied Perker. "A good, contented, well-breakfasted juryman is a capital thing to get hold of. Discontented or hungry jurymen, my dear sir, always find for the plaintiff."

"Bless my heart," said Mr. Pickwick, looking very blank; "what do they do that for?"

"Why, I don't know," replied the little man, coolly; "saves time, I suppose. If it's near dinner-time, the foreman takes out his watch when the jury has retired, and says, 'Dear me, gentlemen, ten minutes to five, I declare! I dine at five, gentlemen.' 'So do I,' says everybody else, except two men who ought to have dined at three, and seem more than half disposed to stand out in consequence. The foreman smiles, and puts up his watch: 'Well, gentlemen, what do we say, plaintiff or defendant, gentlemen? I rather think, so far as I am concerned, gentlemen–I say, I rather think–but don't let that influence you–I *rather* think the plaintiff's the man.' Upon this, two or three other men are sure to say that they think so too–as of course they do; and then they get on very unanimously and comfortably. Ten minutes past nine!" said the little man, looking at his watch. "Time we were off, my dear sir; breach of promise trial–court is generally full in such cases. You had better ring for a coach, my dear sir, or we shall be rather late."

Mr. Pickwick immediately rang the bell; and a coach having been procured, the four Pickwickians and Mr. Perker ensconced themselves therein, and drove to Guildhall; Sam Weller, Mr. Lowten, and the blue bag, following in a cab.

"Lowten," said Perker, when they reached the outer hall of the court,

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"put Mr. Pickwick's friends in the students' box; Mr. Pickwick himself had better sit by me. This way, my dear sir, this way." Taking Mr. Pickwick by the coat-sleeve, the little man led him to the low seat just beneath the desks of the King's Counsel, which is constructed for the convenience of attorneys, who from that spot can whisper into the ear of the leading counsel in the case any instructions that may be necessary during the progress of the trial. The occupants of this seat are invisible to the great body of spectators, inasmuch as they sit on a much lower level than either the barristers or the audience, whose seats are raised above the floor. Of course they have their backs to both, and their faces towards the judge.

"That's the witness-box, I suppose?" said Mr. Pickwick, pointing to a kind of pulpit, with a brass rail, on his left hand.

"That's the witness-box, my dear sir," replied Perker, disinterring a quantity of papers from the blue bag, which Lowten had just deposited at his feet.

"And that," said Mr. Pickwick, pointing to a couple of enclosed seats on his right, "that's where the jurymen sit, is it not?"

"The identical place, my dear sir," replied Perker, tapping the lid of his snuff-box.

Mr. Pickwick stood up in a state of great agitation, and took a glance at the court. There were already a pretty large sprinkling of spectators in the gallery, and a numerous muster of gentlemen in wigs, in the barristers' seats: who presented, as a body, all that pleasing and extensive variety of nose and whisker for which the Bar of England is so justly celebrated. Such of the gentlemen as had a brief to carry, carried it in as conspicuous a manner as possible, and occasionally scratched their noses therewith, to impress the fact more strongly on the observation of the spectators. Other gentlemen, who had no briefs to show, carried under their arms goodly octavos, with a red label behind, and that underdone-pie-crust-coloured cover, which is technically known as "law calf." Others, who had neither briefs nor books, thrust their hands into their pockets, and looked as wise as they conveniently could; others, again, moved here and there with great restlessness and earnestness of manner, content to awaken thereby the admiration and astonishment of the uninitiated strangers. The whole, to the great wonderment of Mr. Pickwick, were divided into little groups, who were chatting and discussing the news of the day in the most unfeeling manner possible–just as if no trial at all were coming on.

A bow from Mr. Phunky, as he entered, and took his seat behind the

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row appropriated to the King's Counsel, attracted Mr. Pickwick's attention; and he had scarcely returned it, when Mr. Serjeant Snubbin appeared, followed by Mr. Mallard, who half hid the Serjeant behind a large crimson bag, which he placed on his table, and, after shaking hands with Perker, withdrew. Then there entered two or three more Serjeants; and among them, one with a fat body and a red face, who nodded in a friendly manner to Mr. Serjeant Snubbin, and said it was a fine morning.

"Who's that red-faced man, who said it was a fine morning, and nodded to our counsel?" whispered Mr. Pickwick.

"Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz," replied Perker. "He's opposed to us; he leads on the other side. That gentleman behind him is Mr. Skimpin, his junior."

Mr. Pickwick was on the point of inquiring, with great abhorrence of the man's cold-blooded villainy, how Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, who was counsel for the opposite party, dared to presume to tell Mr. Serjeant Snubbin, who was counsel for him, that it was a fine morning, when he was interrupted by a general rising of the barristers, and a loud cry of "Silence!" from the officers of the court. Looking round, he found that this was caused by the entrance of the judge.

Mr. Justice Stareleigh (who sat in the absence of the Chief Justice, occasioned by indisposition) was a most particularly short man, and so fat that he seemed all face and waistcoat. He rolled in, upon two little turned legs, and having bobbed gravely to the bar, who bobbed gravely to him, put his little legs underneath his table, and his little three-cornered hat upon it; and when Mr. Justice Stareleigh had done this, all you could see of him was two queer little eyes, one broad pink face, and somewhere about half of a big and very comical-looking wig.

The judge had no sooner taken his seat than the officer on the floor of the court called out "Silence!" in a commanding tone, upon which another officer in the gallery cried "Silence!" in an angry manner, whereupon three or four more ushers shouted "Silence!" in a voice of indignant remonstrance. This being done, a gentleman in black, who sat below the judge, proceeded to call over the names of the jury; and after a great deal of bawling, it was discovered that only ten special jurymen were present. Upon this, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz prayed a *tales;* the gentleman in black then proceeded to press into the special jury two of the common jurymen; and a greengrocer and a chemist were caught directly.

"Answer to your names, gentlemen, that you may be sworn," said the gentleman in black. "Richard Upwitch."

"Here," said the greengrocer.

"Thomas Groffin."

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"Here," said the chemist.

"Take the book, gentlemen. You shall well and truly try—"

"I beg this court's pardon," said the chemist, who was a tall, thin, yellow-visaged man, "but I hope this court will excuse my attendance."

"On what grounds, sir?" said Mr. Justice Stareleigh.

"I have no assistant, my Lord," said the chemist.

"I can't help that, sir," replied Mr. Justice Stareleigh. "You should hire one."

"I can't afford it, my Lord," rejoined the chemist.

"Then you ought to be able to afford it, sir," said the judge, reddening; for Justice Stareleigh's temper bordered on the irritable, and brooked not contradiction.

"I know I *ought* to do, if I got on as well as I deserved, but I don't, my Lord," answered the chemist.

"Swear the gentleman," said the judge, peremptorily.

The officer had got no further than the "You shall well and truly try," when he was again interrupted by the chemist.

"I am to be sworn, my Lord, am I?" said the chemist.

"Certainly, sir," replied the testy little judge.

"Very well, my Lord," replied the chemist, in a resigned manner. "Then there'll be murder before this trial's over; that's all. Swear me, if you please, sir"; and sworn the chemist was, before the judge could find words to utter.

"I merely wanted to observe, my Lord," said the chemist, taking his seat with great deliberation, "that I've left nobody but an errand-boy in my shop. He is a very nice boy, my Lord, but he is not acquainted with drugs; and I know that the prevailing impression on his mind is, that Epsom salts means oxalic acid; and syrup of senna, laudanum. That's all, my Lord." With this, the tall chemist composed himself into a comfortable attitude, and, assuming a pleasant expression of countenance, appeared to have prepared himself for the worst.

Mr. Pickwick was regarding the chemist with feelings of the deepest horror, when a slight sensation was perceptible in the body of the court; and immediately afterwards Mrs. Bardell, supported by Mrs. Cluppins, was led in, and placed in a drooping state, at the other end of the seat on which Mr. Pickwick sat. An extra-sized umbrella was then handed in by Mr. Dodson, and a pair of pattens by Mr. Fogg, each of whom had prepared a most sympathizing and melancholy face for the occasion. Mrs. Sanders then appeared, leading in Master Bardell. At sight of her child, Mrs. Bardell started; suddenly recollecting herself, she kissed him

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in a frantic manner; then relapsing into a state of hysterical imbecility, the good lady requested to be informed where she was. In reply to this, Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders turned their heads away and wept, while Messrs. Dodson and Fogg intreated the plaintiff to compose herself. Serjeant Buzfuz rubbed his eyes very hard with a large white handkerchief, and gave an appealing look towards the jury, while the judge was visibly affected, and several of the beholders tried to cough down their emotions.

"Very good notion, that, indeed," whispered Perker to Mr. Pickwick. "Capital fellows those Dodson and Fogg; excellent ideas of effect, my dear sir, excellent."

As Perker spoke, Mrs. Bardell began to recover by slow degrees, while Mrs. Cluppins, after a careful survey of Master Bardell's buttons and the button-holes to which they severally belonged, placed him on the floor of the court in front of his mother—a commanding position in which he could not fail to awaken the full commiseration and sympathy of both judge and jury. This was not done without considerable opposition, and many tears, on the part of the young gentleman himself, who had certain inward misgivings that the placing him within the full glare of the judge's eye was only a formal prelude to his being immediately ordered away for instant execution, or for transportation beyond the seas, during the whole term of his natural life, at the very least.

"Bardell and Pickwick," cried the gentleman in black, calling on the case, which stood first on the list.

"I am for the plaintiff, my Lord," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Who is with you, Brother Buzfuz?" said the judge. Mr. Skimpin bowed, to intimate that he was.

"I appear for the defendant, my Lord," said Mr. Serjeant Snubbin.

"Anybody with you, Brother Snubbin?" inquired the court.

"Mr. Phunky, my Lord," replied Serjeant Snubbin.

"Serjeant Buzfuz and Mr. Skimpin for the plaintiff," said the judge, writing down the names in his note-book, and reading as he wrote; "for the defendant, Serjeant Snubbin and Mr. Monkey."

"Beg your Lordship's pardon, Phunky."

"Oh, very good," said the judge; "I never had the pleasure of hearing the gentleman's name before." Here Mr. Phunky bowed and smiled, and the judge bowed and smiled too, and then Mr. Phunky, blushing into the very whites of his eyes, tried to look as if he didn't know that everybody was gazing at him: a thing which no man ever succeeded in doing yet, or in all reasonable probability, ever will.

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Serjeant Buzfuz, who had proceeded with such volubility that his face was perfectly crimson, here paused for breath. The silence awoke Mr. Justice Stareleigh, who immediately wrote down something with a pen without any ink in it, and looked unusually profound, to impress the jury with the belief that he always thought most deeply with his eyes shut. Serjeant Buzfuz proceeded.

"Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villainy."

Here Mr. Pickwick, who had been writhing in silence for some time, gave a violent start, as if some vague idea of assaulting Serjeant Buzfuz, in the august presence of justice and law, suggested itself to his mind. An admonitory gesture from Perker restrained him, and he listened to the learned gentleman's continuation with a look of indignation, which contrasted forcibly with the admiring faces of Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders.

"I say systematic villainy, gentlemen," said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking through Mr. Pickwick, and talking *at* him; "and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them; and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first, or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson."

This little divergence from the subject in hand had, of course, the intended effect of turning all eyes to Mr. Pickwick. Serjeant Buzfuz, having partially recovered from the state of moral elevation into which he had lashed himself, resumed:

"I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell during the whole of that time waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired,

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and prepared it for wear, when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and, after inquiring whether he had won any 'alley tors' or 'commoneys' lately (both of which I understand to be a particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression: 'How should you like to have another father?' I shall prove to you, gentlemen, that about a year ago, Pickwick suddenly began to absent himself from home, during long intervals, as if with the intention of gradually breaking off from my client; but I shall show you also, that his resolution was not at that time sufficiently strong, or that his better feelings conquered, if better feelings he has, or that the charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed against his unmanly intentions; by proving to you, that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms, offered her marriage: previously however, taking special care that there should be no witness to their solemn contract; and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends–most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen–most unwilling witnesses–that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments."

A visible impression was produced upon the auditors by this part of the learned serjeant's address. Drawing forth two very small scraps of paper, he proceeded:

"And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery–letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye–letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: 'Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.–Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, PICKWICK.' Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomato sauce! Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensi-

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tive and confiding female to be trifled away, by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which in itself is suspicious. 'Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.' And then follows this very remarkable expression. 'Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan.' The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!"

Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz paused in this place, to see whether the jury smiled at his joke: but as nobody took it but the greengrocer, whose sensitiveness on the subject was very probably occasioned by his having subjected a chaise-cart to the process in question on that identical morning, the learned serjeant considered it advisable to undergo a slight relapse into the dismals before he concluded.

"But enough of this, gentlemen," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, "it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his 'alley tors' and his 'commoneys' are alike neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of 'knuckle down,' and at tip-cheese, or odd and even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless Tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes

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without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages—is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen." With this beautiful peroration, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz sat down, and Mr. Justice Stareleigh woke up.

"Call Elizabeth Cluppins," said Serjeant Buzfuz, rising a minute afterwards, with renewed vigour.

The nearest usher called for Elizabeth Tuppins; another one, at a little distance off, demanded Elizabeth Jupkins; and a third rushed in a breathless state into King Street, and screamed for Elizabeth Muffins till he was hoarse.

Meanwhile Mrs. Cluppins, with the combined assistance of Mrs. Bardell, Mrs. Sanders, Mr. Dodson, and Mr. Fogg, was hoisted into the witness-box; and when she was safely perched on the top step, Mrs. Bardell stood on the bottom one, with the pocket-handkerchief and pattens in one hand, and a glass bottle that might hold about a quarter of a pint of smelling salts in the other, ready for any emergency. Mrs. Sanders, whose eyes were intently fixed on the judge's face, planted herself close by, with the large umbrella: keeping her right thumb pressed on the spring with an earnest countenance, as if she were fully prepared to put it up at a moment's notice.

"Mrs. Cluppins," said Serjeant Buzfuz, "pray compose yourself, ma'am." Of course, directly Mrs. Cluppins was desired to compose herself she sobbed with increased vehemence, and gave divers alarming manifestations of an approaching fainting fit, or, as she afterwards said, of her feelings being too many for her.

"Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, after a few unimportant questions, "do you recollect being in Mrs. Bardell's back one-pair of stairs, on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Pickwick's apartment?"

"Yes, my Lord and Jury, I do," replied Mrs. Cluppins.

"Mr. Pickwick's sitting-room was the first-floor front, I believe?"

"Yes, it were, sir," replied Mrs. Cluppins.

"What were you doing in the back room, ma'am?" inquired the little judge.

"My Lord and Jury," said Mrs. Cluppins, with interesting agitation, "I will not deceive you."

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"You had better not, ma'am," said the little judge.

"I was there," resumed Mrs. Cluppins, "unbeknown to Mrs. Bardell; I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pound of red kidney purtaties, which was three pound tuppence ha'penny, when I see Mrs. Bardell's street door on the jar."

"On the what?" exclaimed the little judge.

"Partly open, my Lord," said Serjeant Snubbin.

"She *said* on the jar," said the little judge, with a cunning look.

"It's all the same, my Lord," said Serjeant Snubbin. The little judge looked doubtful, and said he'd make a note of it. Mrs. Cluppins then resumed:

"I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good mornin', and went, in a permiscuous manner, upstairs, and into the back room. Gentlemen, there was the sound of voices in the front room, and–"

"And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Cluppins?" said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," replied Mrs. Cluppins, in a majestic manner, "I would scorn the haction. The voices was very loud, sir, and forced themselves upon my ear."

"Well, Mrs. Cluppins, you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of those voices, Pickwick's?"

"Yes, it were, sir."

And Mrs. Cluppins, after distinctly stating that Mr. Pickwick addressed himself to Mrs. Bardell, repeated, by slow degrees, and by dint of many questions, the conversation with which our readers are already acquainted.

The jury looked suspicious, and Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz smiled and sat down. They looked positively awful when Serjeant Snubbin intimated that he should not cross-examine the witness, for Mr. Pickwick wished it to be distinctly stated that it was due to her to say that her account was in substance correct.

Mrs. Cluppins, having once broken the ice, thought it a favourable opportunity for entering into a short dissertation on her own domestic affairs; so, she straightway proceeded to inform the court that she was the mother of eight children at that present speaking, and that she entertained confident expectations of presenting Mr. Cluppins with a ninth, somewhere about that day six months. At this interesting point, the little judge interposed most irascibly; and the effect of the interposition was that both the worthy lady and Mrs. Sanders were politely taken out of court, under the escort of Mr. Jackson, without further parley.

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"Were you accompanied on that occasion by a friend of the name of Tupman, and another of the name of Snodgrass?"

"Yes, I was."

"Are they here?"

"Yes, they are," replied Mr. Winkle, looking very earnestly towards the spot where his friends were stationed.

"Pray attend to me, Mr. Winkle, and never mind your friends," said Mr. Skimpin, with another expressive look at the jury. "They must tell their stories without any previous consultation with you, if none has yet taken place (another look at the jury). Now, sir, tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant's room, on this particular morning. Come; out with it, sir; we must have it, sooner or later."

"The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist," replied Mr. Winkle with natural hesitation, "and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away."

"Did you hear the defendant say anything?"

"I heard him call Mrs. Bardell a good creature, and I heard him ask her to compose herself, for what a situation it was, if anybody should come, or words to that effect."

"Now, Mr. Winkle, I have only one more question to ask you, and I beg you to bear in mind his Lordship's caution. Will you undertake to swear that Pickwick, the defendant, did not say on the occasion in question, 'My dear Mrs. Bardell, you're a good creature; compose yourself to this situation, for to this situation you must come,' or words to *that* effect?"

"I–I didn't understand him so, certainly," said Mr. Winkle, astounded at this ingenious dovetailing of the few words he had heard, "I was on the staircase, and couldn't hear distinctly; the impression on my mind is–"

"The gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle, which I fear would be of little service to honest, straightforward men," interposed Mr. Skimpin. "You were on the staircase, and didn't distinctly hear; but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted? Do I understand that?"

"No, I will not," replied Mr. Winkle; and down sat Mr. Skimpin with a triumphant countenance.

Mr. Pickwick's case had not gone off in so particularly happy a manner, up to this point, that it could very well afford to have any additional suspicion cast upon it. But as it could afford to be placed in a rather better light, if possible, Mr. Phunky rose for the purpose of getting something

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important out of Mr. Winkle in cross-examination. Whether he did get anything important out of him, will immediately appear.

"I believe, Mr. Winkle," said Mr. Phunky, "that Mr. Pickwick is not a young man?"

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Winkle, "old enough to be my father."

"You have told my learned friend that you have known Mr. Pickwick a long time. Had you ever any reason to suppose or believe that he was about to be married?"

"Oh, no; certainly not," replied Mr. Winkle with so much eagerness that Mr. Phunky ought to have got him out of the box with all possible dispatch. Lawyers hold that there are two kinds of particularly bad witnesses: a reluctant witness, and a too willing witness; it was Mr. Winkle's fate to figure in both characters.

"I will even go further than this, Mr. Winkle," continued Mr. Phunky in a most smooth and complacent manner. "Did you ever see anything in Mr. Pickwick's manner and conduct towards the opposite sex, to induce you to believe that he ever contemplated matrimony of late years, in any case?"

"Oh, no; certainly not," replied Mr. Winkle.

"Has his behaviour, when females have been in the case, always been that of a man, who, having attained a pretty advanced period of life, content with his own occupations and amusements, treats them only as a father might his daughters?"

"Not the least doubt of it," replied Mr. Winkle, in the fulness of his heart. "That is—yes—oh yes—certainly."

"You have never known anything in his behaviour towards Mrs. Bardell, or any other female, in the least degree suspicious?" said Mr. Phunky, preparing to sit down, for Serjeant Snubbin was winking at him.

"N—n—no," replied Mr. Winkle, "except on one trifling occasion, which, I have no doubt, might be easily explained."

Now, if the unfortunate Mr. Phunky had sat down when Serjeant Snubbin winked at him, or if Serjeant Buzfuz had stopped this irregular cross-examination at the outset (which he knew better than to do, observing Mr. Winkle's anxiety, and well knowing it would, in all probability, lead to something serviceable to him), this unfortunate admission would not have been elicited. The moment the words fell from Mr. Winkle's lips, Mr. Phunky sat down, and Serjeant Snubbin rather hastily told him he might leave the box, which Mr. Winkle prepared to do with great readiness, when Serjeant Buzfuz stopped him.

"Stay, Mr. Winkle, stay!" said Serjeant Buzfuz, "will your Lordship

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have the goodness to ask him, what this one instance of suspicious behaviour towards females on the part of this gentleman, who is old enough to be his father, was?"

"You hear what the learned counsel says, sir," observed the judge, turning to the miserable and agonized Mr. Winkle. "Describe the occasion to which you refer."

"My Lord," said Mr. Winkle, trembling with anxiety, "I–I'd rather not."

"Perhaps so," said the little judge; "but you must."

Amid the profound silence of the whole court, Mr. Winkle faltered out that the trifling circumstance of suspicion was Mr. Pickwick's being found in a lady's sleeping apartment at midnight; which had terminated, he believed, in the breaking off of the projected marriage of the lady in question, and had led, he knew, to the whole party being forcibly carried before George Nupkins, Esq., magistrate and justice of the peace, for the borough of Ipswich!

"You may leave the box, sir," said Serjeant Snubbin. Mr. Winkle *did* leave the box, and rushed with delirious haste to the George and Vulture, where he was discovered some hours after, by the waiter, groaning in a hollow and dismal manner, with his head buried beneath the sofa cushions.

Tracy Tupman and Augustus Snodgrass were severally called into the box; both corroborated the testimony of their unhappy friend; and each was driven to the verge of desperation by excessive badgering.

Susannah Sanders was then called, and examined by Serjeant Buzfuz, and cross-examined by Serjeant Snubbin. Had always said and believed that Pickwick would marry Mrs. Bardell; knew that Mrs. Bardell's being engaged to Pickwick was the current topic of conversation in the neighbourhood, after the fainting in July; had been told it herself by Mrs. Mudberry which kept a mangle, and Mrs. Bunkin which clear-starched, but did not see either Mrs. Mudberry or Mrs. Bunkin in court. Had heard Pickwick ask the little boy how he should like to have another father. Did not know that Mrs. Bardell was at that time keeping company with the baker, but did know that the baker was then a single man and is now married. Couldn't swear that Mrs. Bardell was not very fond of the baker, but should think that the baker was not very fond of Mrs. Bardell, or he wouldn't have married somebody else. Thought Mrs. Bardell fainted away on the morning in July because Pickwick asked her to name the day; knew that she (witness) fainted away stone dead when Mr. Sanders asked *her* to name the day, and believed that everybody as called herself a lady would do the same under similar circumstances.

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Heard Pickwick ask the boy the question about the marbles, but upon her oath did not know the difference between an "alley tor" and a "commoney."

By the COURT–During the period of her keeping company with Mr. Sanders, had received love letters, like other ladies. In the course of their correspondence Mr. Sanders had often called her a "duck," but never "chops," nor yet "tomato sauce." He was particularly fond of ducks. Perhaps if he had been as fond of chops and tomato sauce, he might have called her that, as a term of affection.

Serjeant Buzfuz now rose with more importance than he had yet exhibited, if that were possible, and vociferated: "Call Samuel Weller."

It was quite unnecessary to call Samuel Weller; for Samuel Weller stepped briskly into the box the instant his name was pronounced; and placing his hat on the floor, and his arms on the rail, took a bird's-eye view of the bar, and a comprehensive survey of the bench, with a remarkably cheerful and lively aspect.

"What's your name, sir?" inquired the judge.

"Sam Weller, my Lord," replied that gentleman.

"Do you spell it with a 'V' or a 'W'?" inquired the judge.

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my Lord," replied Sam; "I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a 'V.'"

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed aloud, "Quite right too, Samivel, quite right. Put it down a we, my Lord, put it down a we."

"Who is that, who dares to address the court?" said the little judge, looking up. "Usher."

"Yes, my Lord."

"Bring that person here instantly."

"Yes, my Lord."

But as the usher didn't find the person, he didn't bring him; and, after a great commotion, all the people who had got up to look for the culprit sat down again. The little judge turned to the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak, and said, "Do you know who that was, sir?"

"I raythe suspect it was my father, my Lord," replied Sam.

"Do you see him here now?" said the judge.

"No, I don't, my Lord," replied Sam, staring right up into the lantern in the roof of the court.

"If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly," said the judge.

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Sam bowed his acknowledgments and turned, with unimpaired cheerfulness of countenance, towards Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, sir," replied Sam.

"I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller."

"I mean to speak up, sir," replied Sam; "I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'm'n, and a wery good service it is."

"Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, with jocularity.

"Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam.

"You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, sir," interposed the judge; "it's not evidence."

"Wery good, my Lord," replied Sam.

"Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant, eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Yes I do, sir," replied Sam.

"Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was."

"I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury," said Sam, "and that was a wery partickler and uncommon circumstance vith me in those days."

Hereupon there was a general laugh; and the little judge, looking with an angry countenance over his desk, said, "You had better be careful, sir."

"So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my Lord," replied Sam; "and I was wery careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes; wery careful indeed, my Lord."

The judge looked sternly at Sam for full two minutes, but Sam's features were so perfectly calm and serene that the judge said nothing, and motioned Serjeant Buzfuz to proceed.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, folding his arms emphatically, and turning half-round to the jury, as if in mute assurance that he would bother the witness yet: "Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?"

"Certainly not," replied Sam. "I was in the passage 'till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there."

"Now, attend, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, dipping a large pen

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dence as he went along. If Mrs. Bardell were right, it was perfectly clear that Mr. Pickwick was wrong, and if they thought the evidence of Mrs. Cluppins worthy of credence they would believe it, and, if they didn't, why they wouldn't. If they were satisfied that a breach of promise of marriage had been committed, they would find for the plaintiff with such damages as they thought proper; and if, on the other hand, it appeared to them that no promise of marriage had ever been given, they would find for the defendant with no damages at all. The jury then retired to their private room to talk the matter over, and the judge retired to *his* private room, to refresh himself with a mutton chop and a glass of sherry.

An anxious quarter of an hour elapsed; the jury came back; the judge was fetched in. Mr. Pickwick put on his spectacles, and gazed at the foreman with an agitated countenance and a quickly beating heart.

"Gentlemen," said the individual in black, "are you all agreed upon your verdict?"

"We are," replied the foreman.

"Do you find for the plaintiff, gentlemen, or for the defendant?"

"For the plaintiff."

"With what damages, gentlemen?"

"Seven hundred and fifty pounds."

Mr. Pickwick took off his spectacles, carefully wiped the glasses, folded them into their case, and put them in his pocket; then having drawn on his gloves with great nicety, and stared at the foreman all the while, he mechanically followed Mr. Perker and the blue bag out of court.

They stopped in a side room while Perker paid the court fees; and here, Mr. Pickwick was joined by his friends. Here, too, he encountered Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, rubbing their hands with every token of outward satisfaction.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Well, sir," said Dodson: for self and partner.

"You imagine you'll get your costs, don't you, gentlemen?" said Mr. Pickwick.

Fogg said they thought it rather probable. Dodson smiled, and said they'd try.

"You may try, and try, and try again, Messrs. Dodson and Fogg," said Mr. Pickwick vehemently, "but not one farthing of costs or damages do you ever get from me, if I spend the rest of my existence in a debtor's prison."

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"Ha, ha!" laughed Dodson. "You'll think better of that, before next term, Mr. Pickwick."

"He, he, he! Well soon see about that, Mr. Pickwick," grinned Fogg.

Speechless with indignation, Mr. Pickwick allowed himself to be led by his solicitor and friends to the door, and there assisted into a hackney-coach, which had been fetched for the purpose by the ever watchful Sam Weller.

Sam had put up the steps, and was preparing to jump upon the box, when he felt himself gently touched on the shoulder; and looking round, his father stood before him. The old gentleman's countenance wore a mournful expression, as he shook his head gravely, and said, in warning accents:

"I know'd what 'ud come o' this here mode o' doin' bisness. Oh Sammy, Sammy, vy worn't there a alleybi!"

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*The foregoing consists of selections from Chapters XII, XVIII, XX, XXVI, XXXI, XXXIII, and XXXIV of* THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

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# Nikolai Gogol

1809–1852

Nikolai Gogol was born in Sorochintsky, Russia, March 31, 1809. His family were Ukrainian Cossack landowners. In St. Petersburg at the end of the 1820's, Gogol tried the theater and poetry. He resolved to emigrate to America. He got as far as Lübeck, Germany, then turned back to St. Petersburg and found a job in the civil service. In 1831–32, the two volumes of his *Evenings on a Farm Near Dikanka,* a reworking of Ukrainian folk stories, made him famous at once.

He planned an eight- or nine-volume history of medieval Russia, never written. He was given a chair in history at the University of St. Petersburg, but resigned in 1835. During this period he published *Arabesques* and *Cossack Tales,* which included the renowned *Taras Bulba,* an account of the Cossack wars with Poles and Tartars in the sixteenth century. His best-known short story, *The Overcoat* (see below), also appeared at this time.

Gogol's great comedy, *The Inspector-General,* was first produced on April 19, 1836. This satire on officialdom has been translated into many languages and made into an American motion picture. Gogol spoke of Italy as his "true homeland." He spent most of the years between 1836 and 1848 in Rome, though he hardly strayed from the Russian colony there. In Rome he wrote the famous comic novel, *Dead Souls,* published in 1842. This chronicle of a promoter who travels about Russia buying up the credentials of dead serfs becomes a mocking parade of Russian provincial types and customs.

His second comedy for the stage, *Marriage,* was also written during his time in Italy. Back in Russia, he found himself the hero of the reformers. Like Tolstoy in his later years, Gogol began to regard himself as a moral missionary. He wrote a sequel to *Dead Souls,* in



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which the quick-witted promoter was redeemed, but destroyed it. When he published *Selected Passages from a Correspondence With Friends,* he was charged with "falsifying Christianity for the profit of those in power." He made a melancholy pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Later he fell under the domination of a fanatic priest, Father Matthew Konstantinovsky, who convinced him that fiction was sinful. Gogol burned some of his manuscripts. He died on February 21, 1852.

Akaky Akakievich, the antihero who becomes at last the hero of *The Overcoat,* is at once completely Russian and completely universal. We know him. Perhaps, worse luck, we have even been him. He is all but immemorial. He is the man at the bottom of the ladder in every business and government office—the least essential and the first to go, to be replaced by the manager's cousin or a new machine. No doubt he or his ancestors existed in the ancient bureaucracies of Egypt and China. His descendants, men or more likely women, sit in the office chairs of Paris and New York. Gogol caught him once and for all with the skill of a great sociologist joined to the mastery of a great writer of fiction.

This Akaky, this little man of the cities, came late to literature, but he came with a rush. We can find him under a dozen names in Balzac and Dickens and Zola and Dostoevsky. He is the obdurate old copyist of Wall Street in Melville's *Bartleby the Scrivener.* He is the terrified clerk in Kafka's *The Metamorphosis.* Indeed, without ever having given a thought to such things, he has become a world figure. He is the consumer. Advertisements are written for him. He is the man in the street. Candidates for office speak well of him and solicit his vote.

But we need not be grandiose. He is Akaky, a simple man who has a simple problem. He needs a new overcoat. Gogol tells us about it as informally as a friend we had happened to meet, a good-hearted friend who knows very well that the story is both pitiful and comic. We see Akaky working in his office, the butt of the young clerks, who call his worn-out overcoat "the old dressing gown." We see him at home, gulping his cabbage soup. Even there he gets out the inkwell and copies a document "for his own pleasure."

He works "with love." He is happy. And little by little it comes

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to us that Akaky is a "fool of God," a small saint in an icon, a man too simplehearted for the mere act of living, so that he goes about with melon rinds on his hat and wakes up in the middle of the street with a horse's nose thrust against his face. So we are pleased at how neatly he and his friend Petrovich the tailor solve the problem of a new overcoat. Like Akaky himself, we are "bubbling with good spirits" when he first puts it on.

But we know that this little splendor will not last. Wrong from the start, when no one could find a name for him and he was forced to borrow his father's, Akaky has no luck. We are not surprised at that brutal night scene in the square so wide it was "like being in the middle of the sea." We only hope, for an instant, that these are his office friends, playing a trick on him. We witness the rage of "the important personage," and Akaky's death. Yes, we say. That is how it would be. But at the same time, we are struck by the sadness of the human condition.

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of their clerkish wit. They made up stories about him and told them in front of him. They said that his seventy-year-old landlady beat him and asked him when the wedding would be. They scattered scraps of paper which they said was snow over his head. But with all this going on, Akaky Akakievich never said a word and even acted as though no one were there. It didn't even affect his work and in spite of their loud badgering he made no mistakes in his copying. Only when they tormented him unbearably, when they jogged his elbow and prevented him from getting on with his work, would he say:

"Let me be. Why do you do this to me? . . ."

And his words and the way he said them sounded strange. There was something touching about them. Once a young man who was new to the office started to tease him, following the crowd. Suddenly he stopped as if awakened from a trance and, after that, he couldn't stand the others, whom at first he had deemed decent people. And for a long time to come, during his gayest moments, he would suddenly see in his mind's eye the little, balding clerk and he would hear the words, "Let me be. Why do you do this to me?" and within those words rang the phrase, "I am your brother." And the young man would cover his face with his hands. Later in life, he often shuddered, musing about the wickedness of man toward man and all the cruelty and vulgarity which are concealed under refined manners. And this, he decided, was also true of men who were considered upright and honorable.

It would be hard to find a man who so lived for his job. It would not be enough to say that he worked conscientiously—he worked with love. There, in his copying, he found an interesting, pleasant world for himself and his delight was reflected in his face. He had his favorites among the letters of the alphabet and, when he came to them, he would chuckle, wink and help them along with his lips so that they could almost be read on his face as they were formed by his pen.

Had he been rewarded in proportion with his zeal, he would, perhaps to his own surprise, have been promoted to fifth-class clerk. But all he got out of it was, as his witty colleagues put it, a pin for his buttonhole and hemorrhoids to sit on.

Still, it would be unfair to say that no attention had ever been paid him. One of the successive directors, a kindly man, who thought Akaky Akakievich should be rewarded for his long service, suggested that he be given something more interesting than ordinary copying. So he was asked to prepare an already drawn-up document for referral to another department. Actually, all he had to do was to give it a new heading and

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change some of the verbs from the first to the third person. But Akaky Akakievich found this work so complicated that he broke into a sweat and finally, mopping his brow, he said:

"Oh no, I would rather have something to copy instead."

After that they left him to his copying forever. And aside from it, it seemed, nothing existed for him.

He never gave a thought to his clothes. His frock coat, which was supposed to be green, had turned a sort of mealy reddish. Its collar was very low and very narrow so that his neck, which was really quite ordinary, looked incredibly long–like the spring necks of the head-shaking plaster kittens which foreign peddlers carry around on their heads on trays. And, somehow, there was always something stuck to Akaky Akakievich's frock coat, a wisp of hay, a little thread. Then too, he had a knack of passing under windows just when refuse happened to be thrown out and as a result was forever carrying around on his hat melon rinds and other such rubbish.

Never did he pay any attention to what was going on around him in the street. In this he was very different from the other members of the pen-pushing brotherhood, who are so keen-eyed and observant that they'll notice an undone strap on the bottom of someone's trousers, an observation that unfailingly molds their features into a sly sneer. But even when Akaky Akakievich's eyes were resting on something, he saw superimposed on it his own well-formed, neat handwriting. Perhaps it was only when, out of nowhere, a horse rested its head on his shoulder and sent a blast of wind down his cheek that he'd realize he was not in the middle of a line but in the middle of a street.

When he got home he would sit straight down to the table and quickly gulp his cabbage soup, followed by beef and onions. He never noticed the taste and ate it with flies and whatever else God happened to send along. When his stomach began to feel bloated, he would get up from the table, take out his inkwell, and copy papers he had brought with him from the office. And if there weren't any papers to copy for the office, he would make a copy for his own pleasure, especially if the document were unusual. Unusual, not for the beauty of its style, but because it was addressed to some new or important personage.

Even during those hours when light has completely disappeared from the gray Petersburg sky and the pen-pushing brotherhood have filled themselves with dinner of one sort or another, each as best he can according to his income and his preference; when everyone has rested from the

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scraping of pens in the office, from running around on their own and others' errands; when the restless human being has relaxed after the tasks, sometimes unnecessary, he sets himself; and the clerks hasten to give over the remaining hours to pleasure–the more enterprising among them rushes to the theater, another walks in the streets, allotting his time to the inspection of ladies' hats; another spends his evening paying compliments to some prettyish damsel, the queen of a small circle of clerks; another, the most frequent case, goes to visit a brother clerk, who lives somewhere on the third or fourth floor, in two small rooms with a hall of a kitchen and some little pretensions to fashion, a lamp or some other article bought at great sacrifice, such as going without dinner or outside pleasures–in brief, at the time when all clerks have dispersed among the lodgings of their friends to play a little game of whist, sipping tea from glasses and nibbling biscuits, inhaling the smoke from their long pipes, relaying, while the cards are dealt, some bit of gossip that has trickled down from high society, a thing which a Russian cannot do without whatever his circumstances, and even, when there's nothing else to talk about, telling once again the ancient joke about the commandant to whom it was reported that someone had hacked the tail off the horse of the monument to Peter the First–in a word, when everyone else was trying to have a good time, Akaky Akakievich was not even thinking of diverting himself.

No one had ever seen him at a party in the evening. Having written to his heart's content, he would go to bed, smiling in anticipation of the morrow, of what God would send him to copy.

Thus flowed the life of a man who, on a yearly salary of four hundred rubles, was content with his lot. And perhaps it would have flowed on to old age if it hadn't been for the various disasters which are scattered along life's paths, not only for ninth-class clerks, but even for eighth-, seventh-, sixth-class clerks and all the way up to State Councilors, Privy Councilors, and even to those who counsel no one, not even themselves.

In Petersburg, there's a formidable enemy for all those who receive a salary in the neighborhood of four hundred rubles a year. The enemy is none other than our northern cold, although they say it's very healthy.

Between eight and nine in the morning, at just the time when the streets are filled with people walking to their offices, the cold starts to mete out indiscriminately such hard, stinging flicks on noses that the wretched clerks don't know where to put them. And when the cold

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pinches the brows and brings tears to the eyes of those in high positions, ninth-class clerks are completely defenseless. They can only wrap themselves in their threadbare overcoats and run as fast as they can the five or six blocks to the office. Once arrived, they have to stamp their feet in the vestibule until their abilities and talents, which have been frozen on the way, thaw out once again.

Akaky Akakievich had noticed that for some time the cold had been attacking his back and shoulders quite viciously, try as he might to sprint the prescribed distance. He finally began to wonder whether the fault did not lie with his overcoat. When he gave it a good looking-over in his room, he discovered that in two or three places—the shoulders and back—it had become very much like gauze. The cloth was worn so thin that it let the draft in, and, to make things worse, the lining had disintegrated.

It must be noted that Akaky Akakievich's overcoat had also been a butt of the clerks' jokes. They had even deprived it of its respectable name, referring to it as the old dressing gown. And, as far as that goes, it did have a strange shape. Its collar shrank with every year, since it was used to patch other areas. And the patching, which did not flatter the tailor, made the overcoat baggy and ugly.

Having located the trouble, Akaky Akakievich decided to take the cloak to Petrovich, a tailor who lived somewhere on the fourth floor, up a back stairs, and who, one-eyed and pock-marked as he was, was still quite good at repairing clerks' and other such people's trousers and frock coats, provided he happened to be sober and hadn't other things on his mind.

We shouldn't, of course, waste too many words on the tailor, but since it has become the fashion to give a thorough description of every character figuring in a story, there's nothing to be done but to give you Petrovich.

At first he was called just Grigory and was the serf of some gentleman or other. He began to call himself Petrovich when he received his freedom and took to drinking rather heavily on all holidays, on the big ones at first and then, without distinction, on all church holidays—on any day marked by a little cross on the calendar. In this he was true to the traditions of his forefathers, and, when his wife nagged him about it, he called her impious and a German. Now that we've mentioned his wife, we'd better say a word or two about her, too. But unfortunately very little is known about her, except that Petrovich had a wife who wore a bonnet instead of a kerchief, but was apparently no beauty, since,

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on meeting her, it occurred to no one but an occasional soldier to peek under that bonnet of hers, twitching his mustache and making gurgling sounds.

Going up the stairs leading to Petrovich's place, which, to be honest about it, were saturated with water and slops and exuded that ammonia smell which burns your eyes and which you'll always find on the back stairs of all Petersburg houses–going up those stairs, Akaky Akakievich was already conjecturing how much Petrovich would ask and making up his mind not to pay more than two rubles.

The door stood open because Petrovich's wife was cooking some fish or other and had made so much smoke in the kitchen that you couldn't even see the cockroaches. Akaky Akakievich went through the kitchen without even seeing Mrs. Petrovich and finally reached the other room, where he saw Petrovich sitting on a wide, unpainted wooden table, with his legs crossed under him like a Turkish pasha.

He was barefoot, as tailors at work usually are, and the first thing Akaky Akakievich saw was Petrovich's big toe, with its twisted nail, thick and hard like a tortoise shell. A skein of silk and cotton thread hung around Petrovich's neck. On his knees there was some old garment. For the past three minutes he had been trying to thread his needle, very irritated at the darkness of the room and even with the thread itself, muttering under his breath: "It won't go through, the pig, it's killing me, the bitch!" Akaky Akakievich was unhappy to find Petrovich so irritated. He preferred to negotiate when the tailor was a little under the weather, or, as his wife put it, "when the one-eyed buzzard had a load on." When caught in such a state, Petrovich usually gave way very readily on the price and would even thank Akaky Akakievich with respectful bows and all that. True, afterwards, his wife would come whining that her husband had charged too little because he was drunk; but all you had to do was to add ten kopeks and it was a deal.

This time, however, Petrovich seemed to be sober and therefore curt, intractable, and likely to charge an outrageous price. Akaky Akakievich realized this and would have liked to beat a hasty retreat, but the die was cast. Petrovich had fixed his one eye on him and Akaky Akakievich involuntarily came out with:

"Hello, Petrovich."

"Wish you good day, sir," said Petrovich and bent his eye toward Akaky Akakievich's hands to see what kind of spoil he had brought him.

"Well, Petrovich, I've come . . . see . . . the thing is . . . to . . ."

It should be realized that Akaky Akakievich used all sorts of preposi-

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impossible . . . what a business!" Muttering thus, instead of going home, he went in the opposite direction, without having the slightest idea of what was going on.

As he was walking, a chimney sweep brushed his dirty side against him and blackened his whole shoulder; a whole bucketful of lime was showered over him from the top of a house under construction. But he noticed nothing and only when he bumped into a watchman who, resting his halberd near him, was shaking some snuff out of a horn into his calloused palm, did he come to a little and that only because the watchman said:

"Ya hafta knock my head off? Ya got the whole sidewalk, ain'tcha?"

This caused him to look about him and turn back toward home. Only then did he start to collect his thoughts and to see his real position clearly. He began to talk to himself, not in bits of phrases now but sensibly, as to a wise friend in whom he could confide.

"Oh no," he said, "this wasn't the moment to speak to Petrovich. Right now he's sort of . . . his wife obviously has given him a beating . . . that sort of thing. It'd be better if I went and saw him Sunday morning. After Saturday night, his one eye will be wandering and he'll be tired and in need of another drink, and his wife won't give him the money. So I'll slip him a quarter and that will make him more reasonable and so, for the overcoat . . ." Thus Akaky Akakievich tried to reassure himself, and persuaded himself to wait for Sunday.

When that day came, he waited at a distance until he saw Petrovich's wife leave the house and then went up. After his Saturday night libations, Petrovich's eye certainly was wandering. He hung his head and looked terribly sleepy. But, despite all that, as soon as he learned what Akaky Akakievich had come about, it was as if the devil had poked him.

"It can't be done," he said. "You must order a new one."

Here Akaky Akakievich pressed the quarter on him.

"Thank you," Petrovich said. "I'll drink a short one to you, sir. And as to the overcoat, you can stop worrying. It's worthless. But I'll make you a first-rate new one. That I'll see to."

Akaky Akakievich tried once more to bring the conversation around to mending, but Petrovich, instead of listening, said:

"I'll make you a new one, sir, and you can count on me to do my best. I may even make the collar fastened with silver-plated clasps for you."

At this point Akaky Akakievich saw that he'd have to have a new overcoat and he became utterly depressed. Where was he going to get the money? There was of course the next holiday bonus. But the sum involved

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had long ago been allotted to other needs. He had to order new trousers, to pay the cobbler for replacing the tops on his boots. He owed the seamstress for three shirts and simply had to have two items of underwear which one cannot refer to in print. In fact, all the money, to the last kopek, was owed, and even if the director made an unexpectedly generous gesture and allotted him, instead of forty rubles, a whole forty-five or even fifty, the difference would be a drop in the ocean in the overcoat outlay.

It is true Akaky Akakievich knew that, on occasions, Petrovich slapped on heaven knows what exorbitant price, so that even his wife couldn't refrain from exclaiming:

"Have you gone mad, you fool! One day he accepts work for nothing, and the next, something gets into him and makes him ask for more than he's worth himself."

But he also knew that Petrovich would agree to make him a new overcoat for eighty rubles. Even so, where was he to find the eighty? He could perhaps scrape together half that sum. Even a little more. But where would he get the other half? . . . Let us, however, start with the first half and see where it was to come from.

Akaky Akakievich had a rule: whenever he spent one ruble, he slipped a copper into a little box with a slot in its side. Every six months, he counted the coppers and changed them for silver. He'd been doing this for a long time and, after all these years, had accumulated more than forty rubles. So this came to one half. But what about the remaining forty rubles?

Akaky Akakievich thought and thought and decided that he would have to reduce his regular expenses for an entire year at least. It would mean going without his evening tea; not burning candles at night, and, if he absolutely had to have light, going to his landlady's room and working by her candle. It would mean, when walking in the street, stepping as carefully as possible over the cobbles and paving stones, almost tiptoeing, so as not to wear out the soles of his boots too rapidly, and giving out his laundry as seldom as possible, and, so that it shouldn't get too soiled, undressing as soon as he got home and staying in just his thin cotton dressing gown, which, if time hadn't taken pity on it, would itself have collapsed long ago.

It must be admitted that, at first, he suffered somewhat from these restrictions. But then he became accustomed to them somehow and things went smoothly again. He even got used to going hungry in the evenings, but then he was able to feed himself spiritually, carrying within him

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the eternal idea of his overcoat-to-be. It was as if his existence had become somehow fuller, as if he had married and another human being were there with him, as if he were no longer alone on life's road but walking by the side of a delightful companion. And that companion was none other than the overcoat itself, with its thick padding and strong lining that would last forever. In some way, he became more alive, even stronger-minded, like a man who has determined his ultimate goal in life.

From his face and actions all the marks of vacillation and indecision vanished.

At times, there was even a fire in his eyes and the boldest, wildest notions flashed through his head–perhaps he should really consider having marten put on the collar? The intensity of these thoughts almost distracted his attention from his work. Once he almost made a mistake, which caused him to exclaim–true, very softly–"Oof!" and to cross himself.

At least once each month he looked in on Petrovich to discuss the overcoat–the best place to buy the material, its color, its price . . . Then, on the way home, a little worried but always pleased, he mused about how, finally, all this buying would be over and the coat would be made.

Things went ahead faster than he had expected. Beyond all expectations, the director granted Akaky Akakievich not forty, nor forty-five, but a whole sixty rubles. Could he have had a premonition that Akaky Akakievich needed a new overcoat, or had it just happened by itself? Whatever it was, Akaky Akakievich wound up with an extra twenty rubles. This circumstance speeded matters up. Another two or three months of moderate hunger and he had almost all of the eighty rubles he needed. His heartbeat, generally very quiet, grew faster.

As soon as he could, he set out for the store with Petrovich. They bought excellent material, which is not surprising since they had been planning the move for all of six months, and a month had seldom gone by without Akaky Akakievich dropping into the shop to work out prices. Petrovich himself said that there was no better material to be had.

For the lining they chose calico, but so good and thick that, Petrovich said, it even looked better and glossier than silk. They did not buy marten because it was too expensive. Instead they got cat, the best available–cat which at a distance could always be taken for marten. Petrovich spent two full weeks on the overcoat because of all the quilting he had to do. He charged twelve rubles for his work–it was impossible to take less; it had been sewn with silk, with fine double seams, and Petrovich had

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gone over each seam again afterwards with his own teeth, squeezing out different patterns with them.

It was—well, it's hard to say exactly which day it was, but it was probably the most solemn day in Akaky Akakievich's life, the day Petrovich finally brought him the overcoat. He brought it in the morning, just before it was time to go to the office. There couldn't have been a better moment for the coat to arrive, because cold spells had been creeping in and threatened to become even more severe. Petrovich appeared with the coat, as befits a good tailor. He had an expression of importance on his face that Akaky Akakievich had never seen before. He looked very much aware of having performed an important act, an act that carries tailors over the chasm which separates those who merely put in linings and do repairs from those who create.

He took the overcoat out of the gigantic handkerchief—just fresh from the wash—in which he had wrapped it to deliver it. The handkerchief he folded neatly and put in his pocket, ready for use. Then he took the coat, looked at it with great pride and, holding it in both hands, threw it quite deftly around Akaky Akakievich's shoulders. He pulled and smoothed it down at the back, wrapped it around Akaky Akakievich, leaving it a little open at the front. Akaky Akakievich, a down-to-earth sort of man, wanted to try out the sleeves. Petrovich helped him to pull his arms through and it turned out that with the sleeves too it was good. In a word, it was clear that the coat fitted perfectly.

Petrovich didn't fail to take advantage of the occasion to remark that it was only because he did without a signboard, lived in a small side street, and had known Akaky Akakievich for a long time that he had charged him so little. On Nevsky Avenue, nowadays, he said, they'd have taken seventy-five rubles for the work alone. Akaky Akakievich had no desire to debate the point with Petrovich—he was always rather awed by the big sums which Petrovich liked to mention to impress people. He paid up, thanked Petrovich, and left for the office wearing his new overcoat.

Petrovich followed him and stood for a long time in the street, gazing at the overcoat from a distance. Then he plunged into a curving side street, took a short cut, and reemerged on the street ahead of Akaky Akakievich, so that he could have another look at the coat from another angle.

Meanwhile, Akaky Akakievich walked on, bubbling with good spirits. Every second of every minute he felt the new overcoat on his shoulders and several times he even let out a little chuckle of inward pleasure. In-

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deed, the overcoat presented him with a double advantage: it was warm and it was good. He didn't notice his trip at all and suddenly found himself before the office building. In the porter's lodge, he slipped off the overcoat, inspected it, and entrusted it to the porter's special care.

No one knows how, but it suddenly became general knowledge in the office that Akaky Akakievich had a new overcoat and that the old dressing gown no longer existed. Elbowing one another, they all rushed to the cloakroom to see the new coat. Then they proceeded to congratulate him. He smiled at first, but then the congratulations became too exuberant, and he felt embarrassed. And when they surrounded him and started trying to persuade him that the very least he could do was to invite them over one evening to drink to the coat, Akaky Akakievich felt completely at a loss, didn't know what to do with himself, what to say or how to talk himself out of it. And a few minutes later, all red in the face, he was trying rather naively to convince them that it wasn't a new overcoat at all, that it wasn't much, that it was an old one.

In the end, a clerk, no lesser person than an assistant to the head clerk, probably wanting to show that he wasn't too proud to mingle with those beneath him, said:

"All right then, I'll do it instead of Akaky Akakievich. I invite you all over for a party. Come over to my place tonight. Incidentally, it happens to be my birthday today."

Naturally the clerks now congratulated the head clerk's assistant and happily accepted his invitation. Akaky Akakievich started to excuse himself, but he was told that it would be rude on his part, a disgrace, so he had to give way in the end. And later he was even rather pleased that he had accepted, since it would give him an opportunity to wear the new coat in the evening too.

Akaky Akakievich felt as if it were a holiday. He arrived home in the happiest frame of mind, took off the overcoat, hung it up very carefully on the wall, gave the material and the lining one more admiring inspection. Then he took out that ragged item known as the old dressing gown and put it next to the new overcoat, looked at it and began to laugh, so great was the difference between the two. And long after that, while eating his dinner, he snorted every time he thought of the dressing gown. He felt very gay during his dinner, and afterwards he did no copying whatsoever. Instead he wallowed in luxury for a while, lying on his bed until dark. Then, without further dallying, he dressed, pulled on his new overcoat and went out.

It is, alas, impossible to say just where the party-giving clerk lived. My

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spot where the street cut through a square so immense that the houses opposite were hardly visible beyond its sinister emptiness.

God knows where, far away on the edge of the world, he could see the glow of a brazier by a watchman's hut.

Akaky Akakievich's gay mood definitely waned. He could not suppress a shiver as he stepped out into the square, a foreboding of evil in his heart. He glanced behind him and to either side—it was like being in the middle of the sea. "No, it's better not to look," he thought, and walked on with his eyes shut. And when he opened them again to see if the other side of the square was close, he saw instead, standing there, almost in front of his nose, people with mustaches, although he couldn't make out exactly who or what. Then his vision became foggy and there was a beating in his chest.

"Why, here's my overcoat," one of the people thundered, grabbing him by the collar.

Akaky Akakievich was just going to shout out "Help!" when another brought a fist about the size of a clerk's head up to his very mouth, and said:

"You just try and yell . . ."

Akaky Akakievich felt them pull off his coat, then he received a knee in the groin. He went down on his back and after that he lay in the snow and felt nothing more.

When he came to a few minutes later and scrambled to his feet, there was no one around. He felt cold and, when he realized that the overcoat was gone, desperate. He let out a yell. But his voice didn't come close to reaching the other side of the square.

Frantic, he hollered all the way across the square as he scrambled straight toward the watchman's hut. The watchman was standing beside it, leaning on his halberd, and gazing out across the square, wondering who it could be running toward him and shouting. At last Akaky Akakievich reached him. Gasping for breath, he began shouting at him—what sort of a watchman did he think he was, hadn't he seen anything, and why the devil had he allowed them to rob a man? The watchman said he had seen no one except the two men who had stopped Akaky Akakievich in the middle of the square, who he had thought were friends of his, and that instead of hollering at the watchman, he'd better go and see the police inspector tomorrow and the inspector would find out who had taken the overcoat.

Akaky Akakievich hurried home; he was in a terrible state. The little hair he had left, on his temples and on the back of his head, was com-

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pletely disheveled, there was snow all down one side of him and on his chest and all over his trousers. His old landlady, hearing his impatient banging on the door, jumped out of bed and, with only one shoe on, ran to open up, clutching her nightgown at the neck, probably out of modesty. When she saw the state Akaky Akakievich was in, she stepped back.

When he told her what had happened, she threw up her hands and said that he should go straight to the borough Police Commissioner, that the local police inspector could not be trusted, that he'd just make promises and give him the runaround. So it was best, she said, to go straight to the borough Commissioner. In fact, she even knew him because Anna, her former Finnish cook, had now got a job as a nanny at his house. And the landlady herself often saw him driving past their house. Moreover, she knew he went to church every Sunday and prayed and at the same time looked cheerful and was obviously a good man. Having heard her advice, Akaky Akakievich trudged off sadly to his room and somehow got through the night, though exactly how must be imagined by those who know how to put themselves in another man's place.

Early the next morning, he went to the borough Commissioner's. But it turned out that he was still asleep. He returned at ten and again was told he was asleep. He went back at eleven and was told that the Commissioner was not home. He tried again during the dinner hour but the secretaries in the reception room would not let him in and wanted to know what business had brought him. For once in his life Akaky Akakievich decided to show some character and told them curtly that he must see the Commissioner personally, that they'd better let him in since he was on official government business, that he would lodge a complaint against them and that then they would see.

The secretaries didn't dare say anything to that and one of them went to call the Commissioner. The Commissioner reacted very strangely to Akaky Akakievich's story of the robbery. Instead of concentrating on the main point, he asked Akaky Akakievich what he had been doing out so late, whether he had stopped off somewhere on his way, hadn't he been to a house of ill repute. Akaky Akakievich became very confused and when he left he wasn't sure whether something would be done about his overcoat or not.

That day he did not go to his office for the first time in his life. The next day he appeared, looking very pale and wearing his old dressing gown, which now seemed shabbier than ever. His account of the theft of his overcoat touched many of the clerks, although, even now, there were some who poked fun at him. They decided on the spot to take up a collec-

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tion for him but they collected next to nothing because the department employees had already had to donate money for a portrait of the Director and to subscribe to some book or other, on the suggestion of the section chief, who was a friend of the author's. So the sum turned out to be the merest trifle.

Someone, moved by compassion, decided to help Akaky Akakievich by giving him good advice. He told him that he had better not go to his local inspector because, even supposing the inspector wanted to impress his superiors and managed to recover the coat, Akaky Akakievich would still find it difficult to obtain it at the police station unless he could present irrefutable proof of ownership. The best thing was to go through a certain important personage who, by writing and contacting the right people, would set things moving faster. So Akaky Akakievich decided to seek an audience with the important personage.

Even to this day, it is not known exactly what position the important personage held or what his duties consisted of. All we need to know is that this important personage had become important quite recently and that formerly he had been an unimportant person. And even his present position was unimportant compared with other, more important ones. But there is always a category of people for whom somebody who is unimportant to others is an important personage. And the personage in question used various devices to play up his importance: for instance, he made the civil servants of lower categories come out to meet him on the stairs before he'd even reached his office; and a subordinate could not approach him directly but had to go through proper channels. That's the way things are in Holy Russia–everyone tries to ape his superior.

They say that one ninth-class clerk, when he was named section chief in a small office, immediately had a partition put up to make a separate room, which he called the conference room. He stationed an usher at the door who had to open it for all those who came in, although the conference room had hardly enough space for a writing table, even without visitors. The audiences and the manner of our important personage were impressive and stately, but quite uncomplicated. The key to his system was severity. He liked to say: "Severity, severity, severity," and as he uttered the word for the third time, he usually looked very meaningfully into the face of the person he was talking to. True, it was not too clear what need there was for all this severity since the ten-odd employees who made up the whole administrative apparatus of his office were quite frightened enough as it was. Seeing him coming, they would leave their work and stand to attention until he had crossed the room. His usual communica-

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tion with his inferiors was full of severity and consisted almost entirely of three phrases: "How dare you!" "Who do you think you're talking to?" and "Do you appreciate who I am?" Actually, he was a kindly man, a good friend and obliging, but promotion to a high rank had gone to his head, knocked him completely off balance, and he just didn't know how to act. When he happened to be with equals, he was still a decent fellow, and, in a way, by no means stupid. But whenever he found himself among those who were below him—even a single rank—he became impossible. He fell silent and was quite pitiable, because even he himself realized that he could have been having a much better time. Sometimes he was obviously longing to join some group in a lively conversation, but he would be stopped by the thought that he would be going too far, putting himself on familiar terms and thereby losing face. And so he remained eternally in silent, aloof isolation, only occasionally uttering some monosyllabic sounds, and, as a result, he acquired a reputation as a deadly bore.

It was to this important personage that Akaky Akakievich presented himself, and at a most unpropitious moment to boot. That is, very unpropitious for him, although quite suitable for the important personage. The latter was in his office talking gaily to a childhood friend who had recently come to Petersburg and whom he hadn't seen for many years. This was the moment when they announced that there was a man named Shoenik to see him.

"Who's he?" the personage wanted to know.

"Some clerk," they told him.

"I see. Let him wait. I am not available now."

Here it should be noted that the important personage was greatly exaggerating. He was available. He and his friend had talked over everything imaginable. For some time now the conversation had been interlaced with lengthy silences, and they weren't doing much more than slapping each other on the thigh and saying:

"So that's how it is, Ivan Abramovich."

"Yes, indeed, Stepan Varlamovich!"

Still Akaky Akakievich had to wait, so that his friend, who had left the government service long ago and now lived in the country, could see what a long time employees had to wait in his reception room.

At last, when they had talked and had sat silent facing each other for as long as they could stand it, when they had smoked a cigar reclining in comfortable armchairs with sloping backs, the important personage, as if he had just recalled it, said to his secretary who was standing at the door with papers for a report:

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"Wait a minute. Wasn't there a clerk waiting? Tell him to come in."

Seeing Akaky Akakievich's humble appearance and his wretched old frock coat, he turned abruptly to face him and said. "What do you want?"

He spoke in the hard, sharp voice which he had deliberately developed by practicing at home before a mirror an entire week before he had taken over his present exalted position.

Akaky Akakievich, who had felt properly subdued even before this, felt decidedly embarrassed. He did his best, as far as he could control his tongue, to explain what had happened. Of course, he added even more than his usual share of phrases like "that is to say" and "so to speak." The overcoat, he explained, was completely new and had been cruelly taken away from him and he had turned to the important personage, that is to say, come to him, in the hope that he would, so to speak, intercede for him somehow, that is to say, write to the Superintendent of Police or, so to speak, to someone, and find the overcoat.

For some unimaginable reason the important personage found his manner too familiar.

"My dear sir," he answered sharply, "don't you know the proper channels? Do you realize whom you're addressing and what the proper procedure should be? You should first have handed in a petition to the office. It would have gone to the head clerk. From him it would have reached the section head, who would have approached my secretary and only then would the secretary have presented it to me. . . ."

"But, Your Excellency," said Akaky Akakievich, trying to gather what little composure he had and feeling at the same time that he was sweating terribly, "I, Your Excellency, ventured to trouble you because secretaries, that is to say . . . are, so to speak, an unreliable lot. . . ."

"What, what, what?" demanded the important personage. "Where did you pick up such an attitude? Where did you get such ideas? What is this insubordination that is spreading among young people against their chiefs and superiors?"

The important personage, apparently, had not noticed that Akaky Akakievich was well over fifty. Thus, surely, if he could be called young at all it would only be relatively, that is, to someone of seventy.

"Do you realize to whom you are talking? Do you appreciate who I am? Do you really realize, do you, I'm asking you?"

Here he stamped his foot and raised his voice to such a pitch that there was no need to be an Akaky Akakievich to be frightened.

And Akaky Akakievich froze completely. He staggered, his whole body shook, and he was quite unable to keep his feet. If a messenger hadn't

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gains an unexpectedly fantastic ending. Rumors suddenly started to fly around Petersburg that a ghost was haunting the streets at night in the vicinity of the Kalinkin Bridge. The ghost, which looked like a little clerk, was purportedly searching for a stolen overcoat and used this pretext to pull the coats off the shoulders of everyone he met without regard for rank or title. And it made no difference what kind of coat it was–cat, beaver, fox, bearskin, in fact any of the furs and skins people have thought up to cover their own skins with.

One of the department employees saw the ghost with his own eyes and instantly recognized Akaky Akakievich. However, he was so terrified that he dashed off as fast as his legs would carry him and so didn't get a good look; he only saw from a distance that the ghost was shaking his finger at him. Complaints kept pouring in, and not only from petty employees, which would have been understandable. One and all, even Privy Councilors, were catching chills in their backs and shoulders from having their overcoats peeled off. The police were ordered to catch the ghost at any cost, dead or alive, and to punish him with due severity as a warning to others. And what's more, they nearly succeeded.

To be precise, a watchman caught the ghost red-handed, grabbed it by the collar, in Kiryushkin Alley, as it was trying to pull the coat off a retired musician who, in his day, used to tootle on the flute. Grabbing it, he called for help from two colleagues of his and asked them to hold on to it for just a minute. He had, he said, to get his snuffbox out of his boot so that he could bring some feeling back to his nose, which had been frostbitten six times in his life. But it was evidently snuff that even a ghost couldn't stand. The man, closing his right nostril with his finger, had hardly sniffed up half a fistful into the left when the ghost sneezed so violently that the three watchmen were blinded by the resulting shower. They all raised their fists to wipe their eyes and, when they could see again, the ghost had vanished. They even wondered whether they had really held him at all. After that, watchmen were so afraid of the ghost that they felt reluctant to interfere with live robbers and contented themselves with shouting from a distance: "Hey you! On your way!"

And the clerk's ghost began to haunt the streets well beyond the Kalinkin Bridge, spreading terror among the meek.

However, we have completely neglected the important personage, who really, in a sense, was the cause of the fantastic direction that this story–which, by the way, is completely true–has taken. First of all, it is only fair to say that, shortly after poor Akaky Akakievich, reduced to a pulp, had left his office, the important personage felt a twinge of regret. Com-

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passion was not foreign to him—many good impulses stirred his heart, although his position usually prevented them from coming to the surface. As soon as his visiting friend had left the office, his thoughts returned to Akaky Akakievich. And after that, almost every day, he saw in his mind's eye the bloodless face of the little clerk who had been unable to take a proper reprimand. This thought was so disturbing that a week later he went so far as to send a clerk from his office to see how Akaky Akakievich was doing and to find out whether, in fact, there was any way to help him. And when he heard the news that Akaky Akakievich had died suddenly of a fever, it was almost a blow to him, even made him feel guilty and spoiled his mood for the whole day.

Trying to rid himself of these thoughts, to forget the whole unpleasant business, he went to a party at a friend's house. There he found himself in respectable company and, what's more, among people nearly all of whom were of the same standing so that there was absolutely nothing to oppress him. A great change came over him. He let himself go, chatted pleasantly, was amiable, in a word, spent a very pleasant evening. At supper, he drank a couple of glasses of champagne, a well-recommended prescription for inducing good spirits. The champagne gave him an inclination for something special and so he decided not to go home but instead to pay a little visit to a certain well-known lady named Karolina Ivanovna, a lady, it seems, of German extraction, toward whom he felt very friendly. It should be said that the important personage was no longer a young man, that he was a good husband, the respected father of a family. His two sons, one of whom already had a civil-service post, and his sweet-faced sixteen-year-old daughter, who had a slightly hooked but nevertheless pretty little nose, greeted him every day with a "Bon jour, Papa." His wife, a youngish woman and not unattractive at that, gave him her hand to kiss and then kissed his. But although the important personage was quite content with these displays of family family affection, he considered it the proper thing to do to have, for friendship's sake, a lady friend in another part of the city. This lady friend was not a bit prettier or younger than his wife, but the world is full of such puzzling things and it is not our business to judge them.

So the important personage came down the steps, stepped into his sledge, and said to the coachman:

"To Karolina Ivanovna's."

Wrapping his warm luxurious fur coat around him, he sat back in his seat. He was in that state so cherished by Russians, in which, without your

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having to make any effort, thoughts, each one pleasanter than the last, slip into your head by themselves.

Perfectly content, he went over all the most pleasant moments at the party, over the clever retorts that had caused that select gathering to laugh. He even repeated many of them under his breath and, still finding them funny, laughed heartily at them all over again, which was natural enough. However, he kept being bothered by gusts of wind which would suddenly blow, God knows from where or for what reason, cutting his face, throwing lumps of snow into it, filling the cape of his coat like a sail and throwing it over his head, so that he had to extricate himself from it again and again.

Suddenly the important personage felt someone grab him violently from behind. He turned around and saw a small man in a worn-out frock coat. Terrified, he recognized Akaky Akakievich, his face as white as the snow and looking altogether very ghostly indeed. Fear took over completely when the important personage saw the ghost's mouth twist and, sending a whiff of the grave into his face, utter the following words:

"I've caught you at last. I've got you by the collar now! It's the coat I need. You did nothing about mine and hollered at me to boot. Now I'll take yours!"

The poor important personage almost died. He may have displayed force of character in the office and, in general, toward his inferiors, so that after one glance at his strong face and manly figure, people would say: "Quite a man," but now, like many other mighty-looking people, he was so frightened that he began to think, and not without reason, that he was about to have an attack of something or other. He was even very helpful in peeling off his coat, after which he shouted to the coachman in a ferocious tone:

"Home! As fast as you can!"

The coachman, hearing the ferocious tone which the important personage used in critical moments and which was sometimes accompanied with something even more drastic, instinctively ducked his head and cracked his whip, so that they tore away like a streak. In a little over six minutes the important personage was in front of his house. Instead of being at Karolina Ivanovna's, he was somehow staggering to his room, pale, terrified, and coatless. There he spent such a restless night that the next morning, at breakfast, his daughter said:

"You look terribly pale this morning, Papa."

But Papa was silent, and he didn't say a word to anyone about what

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had happened to him, or where he had been or where he had intended to go. This incident made a deep impression upon him. From then on his subordinates heard far less often: "How dare you!" and "Do you know whom you're talking to?" And even when he did use these expressions it was after listening to what others had to say.

But even more remarkable–after that night, Akaky Akakievich's ghost was never seen again. The important personage's overcoat must have fitted him snugly. At any rate, one no longer heard of coats being torn from people's shoulders. However, many busybodies wouldn't let the matter rest there and maintained that the ghost was still haunting certain distant parts of the city. And, sure enough, a watchman in the Kolomna district caught a glimpse of the ghost behind a house. But he was rather a frail watchman. (Once an ordinary, but mature, piglet, rushing out of a private house, knocked him off his feet to the huge delight of a bunch of cabbies, whom he fined two kopeks each for their lack of respect–then he spent the proceeds on tobacco.) So, being rather frail, the watchman didn't dare to arrest the ghost. Instead he followed it in the darkness until at last it stopped suddenly, turned to face him, and asked:

"You looking for trouble?"

And it shook a huge fist at him, much larger than any you'll find among the living.

'"No," the watchman said, turning away.

This ghost, however, was a much taller one and wore an enormous mustache. It walked off, it seems, in the direction of the Obukhov Bridge and soon dissolved into the gloom of night.

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*Translated by Andrew R. MacAndrew.*

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# Samuel Butler

1835–1902

Samuel Butler (not to be mistaken for the seventeenth-century author of the same name who wrote *Hudibras*) was born in Nottinghamshire, England, December 4, 1835. He attended St. John's College, Cambridge. His clergyman father had intended him for the ministry. Young Butler would have none of it. In 1859 he emigrated to New Zealand and set up a sheep run on the south island. Like so many of his contemporaries, he read Darwin's *Origin of Species* with an effect of dazzling revelation.

In five years he doubled his investment and sailed back to London. He tried painting and later composing music. His paintings were shown at the Royal Academy and his music was published. He wrote an anonymous book, *Evidence for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ*, in 1865. Seven years later, *Erewhon* (see below) gave him a first modest reputation. His more famous book, *The Way of All Flesh*, did not appear until a year after his death.

An ironic argument for Christianity, *The Fair Haven*, was published in 1873. In three books on evolution, the last in 1887, Butler suggested that changes in species might be accounted for by the organism's response to felt needs. His term, "the Life Force," was later exploited by George Bernard Shaw.

Butler, who was a devoted mountaineer, wrote an engaging book about Italian Switzerland. He translated the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. This interest in the Greek world led to his theory that the *Odyssey* had been written by a woman. Butler's *Notebooks*–only a selection has been published–belong among the most fascinating of his works. He spent the better part of twelve years writing *The Way of All Flesh*, his massive condemnation of English family life. He died in London on June 18, 1902.



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compound satire. It reflects our own experience. In it nothing is altogether "wrong" or "right." It is unfavorable to bold moral stands, but it allows Butler to show us the pros and cons on every side of a question. We are given, not the advocate's view, but a fairly rounded and complete one.

In the Erewhonian order of things, our own attitudes toward crime and illness have been transposed. We feel that there is something monstrous about the outlawing of physicians and the criminal prosecution of the sick. So, too, we may come to associate crime with sickness, and ask ourselves whether it is not sickness of another sort. Thus we are prepared for the lawbreaker who regards himself as a patient to be treated by the "straightener"—that uncanny anticipation of the present-day psychiatrist.

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# Customs and Opinions of the Erewhonians

## from *Erewhon*

### CURRENT OPINIONS

This is what I gathered. That in that country if a man falls into ill health, or catches any disorder, or fails bodily in any way before he is seventy years old, he is tried before a jury of his countrymen, and if convicted is held up to public scorn and sentenced more or less severely as the case may be. There are subdivisions of illnesses into crimes and misdemeanours as with offences amongst ourselves—a man being punished very heavily for serious illness, while failure of eyes or hearing in one over sixty-five who has had good health hitherto is dealt with by fine only, or imprisonment in default of payment. But if a man forges a check, or sets his house on fire, or robs with violence from the person, or does any other such things as are criminal in our own country, he is either taken to a hospital and most carefully tended at the public expense, or if he is in good circumstances, he lets it be known to all his friends that he is suffering from a severe fit of immorality, just as we do when we are ill, and they come and visit him with great solicitude, and inquire with interest how it all came about, what symptoms first showed themselves, and so forth—questions which he will answer with perfect unreserve; for bad conduct, though considered no less deplorable than illness with ourselves, and as unquestionably indicating something seriously wrong with the individual who misbehaves, is nevertheless held to be the result of either prenatal or postnatal misfortune.

The strange part of the story, however, is that though they ascribe moral defects to the effect of misfortune either in character or surroundings, they will not listen to the plea of misfortune in cases that in England



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meet with sympathy and commiseration only. Ill luck of any kind, or even ill treatment at the hands of others, is considered an offence against society, inasmuch as it makes people uncomfortable to hear of it. Loss of fortune, therefore, or loss of some dear friend on whom another was much dependent, is punished hardly less severely than physical delinquency.

Foreign, indeed, as such ideas are to our own, traces of somewhat similar opinions can be found even in nineteenth-century England. If a person has an abscess, the medical man will say that it contains "peccant" matter, and people say that they have a "bad" arm or finger, or that they are very "bad" all over, when they only mean "diseased." Among foreign nations Erewhonian opinions may be still more clearly noted. The Mohammedans, for example, to this day, send their female prisoners to hospitals, and the New Zealand Maoris visit any misfortune with forcible entry into the house of the offender, and the breaking up and burning of all his goods. The Italians, again, use the same word for "disgrace" and "misfortune." I once heard an Italian lady speak of a young friend whom she described as endowed with every virtue under heaven: "Ma," she exclaimed, "povero disgraziato, ha ammazzato suo zio." ("Poor unfortunate fellow, he has murdered his uncle.")

On mentioning this, which I heard when taken to Italy as a boy by my father, the person to whom I told it showed no surprise. He said that he had been driven for two or three years in a certain city by a young Sicilian cab-driver of prepossessing manners and appearance, but then lost sight of him. On asking what had become of him, he was told that he was in prison for having shot at his father with intent to kill him—happily without serious results. Some years later my informant again found himself warmly accosted by the prepossessing young cab-driver. "Ah, caro signore," he exclaimed, "sono cinque anni che non lo vedo—tre anni di militare, e due anni di disgrazia," etc. ("My dear sir, it is five years since I saw you—three years of military service, and two of misfortune")—during which last the poor fellow had been in prison. Of moral sense he showed not so much as a trace. He and his father were now on excellent terms, and were likely to remain so unless either of them should again have the misfortune mortally to offend the other.

In the following chapter I will give a few examples of the way in which what we should call misfortune, hardship, or disease are dealt with by the Erewhonians, but for the moment will return to their treatment of cases that with us are criminal. As I have already said, these, though not judicially punishable, are recognized as requiring correction.

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Accordingly, there exists a class of men trained in soul craft, whom they call straighteners, as nearly as I can translate a word which literally means "one who bends back the crooked." These men practise much as medical men in England, and receive a quasi-surreptitious fee on every visit. They are treated with the same unreserve, and obeyed as readily, as our own doctors–that is to say, on the whole sufficiently–because people know that it is their interest to get well as soon as they can, and that they will not be scouted as they would be if their bodies were out of order, even though they may have to undergo a very painful course of treatment.

When I say that they will not be scouted, I do not mean that an Erewhonian will suffer no social inconvenience in consequence, we will say, of having committed fraud. Friends will fall away from him because of his being less pleasant company, just as we ourselves are disinclined to make companions of those who are either poor or poorly. No one with any sense of self-respect will place himself on an equality in the matter of affection with those who are less lucky than himself in birth, health, money, good looks, capacity, or anything else. Indeed, that dislike and even disgust should be felt by the fortunate for the unfortunate, or at any rate for those who have been discovered to have met with any of the more serious and less familiar misfortunes, is not only natural, but desirable for any society, whether of man or brute.

The fact, therefore, that the Erewhonians attach none of the guilt to crime which they do to physical ailments does not prevent the more selfish among them from neglecting a friend who has robbed a bank, for instance, till he has fully recovered; but it does prevent them from even thinking of treating criminals with that contemptuous tone which would seem to say, "I, if I were you, should be a better man than you are," a tone which is held quite reasonable in regard to physical ailment. Hence, though they conceal ill health by every cunning and hypocrisy and artifice which they can devise, they are quite open about the most flagrant mental diseases, should they happen to exist, which to do the people justice is not often. Indeed, there are some who are, so to speak, spiritual valetudinarians, and who make themselves exceedingly ridiculous by their nervous supposition that they are wicked, while they are very tolerable people all the time. This however is exceptional; and on the whole they use much the same reserve or unreserve about the state of their moral welfare as we do about our health.

Hence all the ordinary greetings among ourselves, such as, "How do you do?" and the like, are considered signs of gross ill breeding; nor do

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the politer classes tolerate even such a common complimentary remark as telling a man that he is looking well. They salute each other with, "I hope you are good this morning"; or "I hope you have recovered from the snappishness from which you were suffering when I last saw you"; and if the person saluted has not been good, or is still snappish, he says so at once and is condoled with accordingly. Indeed, the straighteners have gone so far as to give names from the hypothetical language (as taught at the Colleges of Unreason) to all known forms of mental indisposition, and to classify them according to a system of their own, which, though I could not understand it, seemed to work well in practice; for they are always able to tell a man what is the matter with him as soon as they have heard his story, and their familiarity with the long names assures him that they thoroughly understand his case.

The reader will have no difficulty in believing that the laws regarding ill health were frequently evaded by the help of recognized fictions, which every one understood, but which it would be considered gross ill breeding to even seem to understand. Thus, a day or two after my arrival at the Nosnibors', one of the many ladies who called on me made excuses for her husband's only sending his card, on the ground that when going through the public market-place that morning he had stolen a pair of socks. I had already been warned that I should never show surprise, so I merely expressed my sympathy, and said that though I had only been in the capital so short a time, I had already had a very narrow escape from stealing a clothes-brush, and that though I had resisted temptation so far, I was sadly afraid that if I saw any object of special interest that was neither too hot nor too heavy, I should have to put myself in the straightener's hands.

Mrs. Nosnibor, who had been keeping an ear on all that I had been saying, praised me when the lady had gone. Nothing, she said, could have been more polite according to Erewhonian etiquette. She then explained that to have stolen a pair of socks, or "to have the socks" (in more colloquial language), was a recognized way of saying that the person in question was slightly indisposed.

In spite of all this they have a keen sense of the enjoyment consequent upon what they call being "well." They admire mental health and love it in other people, and take all the pains they can (consistently with their other duties) to secure it for themselves. They have an extreme dislike to marrying into what they consider unhealthy families. They send for the straightener at once whenever they have been guilty of anything seriously

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twinged; but there had been no escape from following out the straightener's prescription, for the so-called sanitary laws of Erewhon are very rigorous, and unless the straightener was satisfied that his orders had been obeyed, the patient would have been taken to a hospital (as the poor are), and would have been much worse off. Such at least is the law, but it is never necessary to enforce it.

On a subsequent occasion I was present at an interview between Mr. Nosnibor and the family straightener, who was considered competent to watch the completion of the cure. I was struck with the delicacy with which he avoided even the remotest semblance of inquiry after the physical well-being of his patient, though there was a certain yellowness about my host's eyes which argued a bilious habit of body. To have taken notice of this would have been a gross breach of professional etiquette. I was told, however, that a straightener sometimes thinks it right to glance at the possibility of some slight physical disorder if he finds it important in order to assist him in his diagnosis; but the answers which he gets are generally untrue or evasive, and he forms his own conclusions upon the matter as well as he can. Sensible men have been known to say that the straightener should in strict confidence be told of every physical ailment that is likely to bear upon the case; but people are naturally shy of doing this, for they do not like lowering themselves in the opinion of the straightener, and his ignorance of medical science is supreme. I heard of one lady, indeed, who had the hardihood to confess that a furious outbreak of ill humour and extravagant fancies for which she was seeking advice was possibly the result of indisposition. "You should resist that," said the straightener, in a kind, but grave voice; "we can do nothing for the bodies of our patients; such matters are beyond our province, and I desire that I may hear no further particulars." The lady burst into tears, and promised faithfully that she would never be unwell again.

But to return to Mr. Nosnibor. As the afternoon wore on many carriages drove up with callers to inquire how he had stood his flogging. It had been very severe, but the kind inquiries upon every side gave him great pleasure, and he assured me that he felt almost tempted to do wrong again by the solicitude with which his friends had treated him during his recovery: in this I need hardly say that he was not serious.

During the remainder of my stay in the country Mr. Nosnibor was constantly attentive to his business, and largely increased his already great possessions; but I never heard a whisper to the effect of his having been indisposed a second time, or made money by other than the most strictly honourable means. I did hear afterwards in confidence that there

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had been reason to believe that his health had been not a little affected by the straightener's treatment, but his friends did not choose to be over-curious upon the subject, and on his return to his affairs it was by common consent passed over as hardly criminal in one who was otherwise so much afflicted. For they regard bodily ailments as the more venial in proportion as they have been produced by causes independent of the constitution. Thus if a person ruin his health by excessive indulgence at the table or by drinking, they count it to be almost a part of the mental disease which brought it about, and so it goes for little, but they have no mercy on such illnesses as fevers or catarrhs or lung diseases, which to us appear to be beyond the control of the individual. They are only more lenient towards the diseases of the young—such as measles, which they think to be like sowing one's wild oats—and look over them as pardonable indiscretions if they have not been too serious, and if they are atoned for by complete subsequent recovery.

It is hardly necessary to say that the office of straightener is one which requires long and special training. It stands to reason that he who would cure a moral ailment must be practically acquainted with it in all its bearings. The student for the profession of straightener is required to set apart certain seasons for the practice of each vice in turn, as a religious duty. These seasons are called "fasts," and are continued by the student until he finds that he really can subdue all the more usual vices in his own person, and hence can advise his patients from the results of his own experience.

Those who intend to be specialists, rather than general practitioners, devote themselves more particularly to the branch in which their practice will mainly lie. Some students have been obliged to continue their exercises during their whole lives, and some devoted men have actually died as martyrs to the drink, or gluttony, or whatever branch of vice they may have chosen for their especial study. The greater number, however, take no harm by the excursions into the various departments of vice which it is incumbent upon them to study.

For the Erewhonians hold that unalloyed virtue is not a thing to be immoderately indulged in. I was shown more than one case in which the real or supposed virtues of parents were visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation. The straighteners say that the most that can be truly said for virtue is that there is a considerable balance in its favour, and that it is on the whole a good deal better to be on its side than against it; but they urge that there is much pseudo-virtue going about, which is apt to let people in very badly before they find it out. Those men, they say, are best who are not remarkable either for vice or virtue. I told

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them about Hogarth's idle and industrious apprentices, but they did not seem to think that the industrious apprentice was a very nice person.

## SOME EREWHONIAN TRIALS

In Erewhon as in other countries there are some courts of justice that deal with special subjects. Misfortune generally, as I have above explained, is considered more or less criminal, but it admits of classification, and a court is assigned to each of the main heads under which it can be supposed to fall. Not very long after I had reached the capital I strolled into the Personal Bereavement Court, and was much both interested and pained by listening to the trial of a man who was accused of having just lost a wife to whom he had been tenderly attached, and who had left him with three little children, of whom the eldest was only three years old.

The defence which the prisoner's counsel endeavoured to establish was that the prisoner had never really loved his wife; but it broke down completely, for the public prosecutor called witness after witness who deposed to the fact that the couple had been devoted to one another, and the prisoner repeatedly wept as incidents were put in evidence that reminded him of the irreparable nature of the loss he had sustained. The jury returned a verdict of guilty after very little deliberation, but recommended the prisoner to mercy on the ground that he had but recently insured his wife's life for a considerable sum, and might be deemed lucky inasmuch as he had received the money without demur from the insurance company, though he had only paid two premiums.

I have just said that the jury found the prisoner guilty. When the judge passed sentence, I was struck with the way in which the prisoner's counsel was rebuked for having referred to a work in which the guilt of such misfortunes as the prisoner's was extenuated to a degree that roused the indignation of the court.

"We shall have," said the judge, "these crude and subversionary books from time to time until it is recognized as an axiom of morality that luck is the only fit object of human veneration. How far a man has any right to be more lucky and hence more venerable than his neighbours is a point that always has been, and always will be, settled proximately by a kind of higgling and haggling of the market, and ultimately by brute force; but however this may be, it stands to reason that no man should be allowed to be unlucky to more than a very moderate extent."

Then, turning to the prisoner, the judge continued: "You have suffered

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a great loss. Nature attaches a severe penalty to such offenses, and human law must emphasize the decrees of nature. But for the recommendation of the jury I should have given you six months' hard labor. I will, however, commute your sentence to one of three months, with the option of a fine of twenty-five per cent of the money you have received from the insurance company."

The prisoner thanked the judge, and said that as he had no one to look after his children if he was sent to prison, he would embrace the option mercifully permitted him by his lordship, and pay the sum he had named. He was then removed from the dock.

The next case was that of a youth barely arrived at man's estate, who was charged with having been swindled out of large property during his minority by his guardian, who was also one of his nearest relations. His father had been long dead, and it was for this reason that his offense came on for trial in the Personal Bereavement Court. The lad, who was undefended, pleaded that he was young, inexperienced, greatly in awe of his guardian, and without independent professional advice. "Young man," said the judge sternly, "do not talk nonsense. People have no right to be young, inexperienced, greatly in awe of their guardians, and without independent professional advice. If by such indiscretions they outrage the moral sense of their friends, they must expect to suffer accordingly." He then ordered the prisoner to apologize to his guardian, and to receive twelve strokes with a cat-o'-nine-tails.

But I shall perhaps best convey to the reader an idea of the entire perversion of thought which exists among this extraordinary people by describing the public trial of a man who was accused of pulmonary consumption—an offense which was punished with death until quite recently. It did not occur till I had been some months in the country, and I am deviating from chronological order in giving it here; but I had perhaps better do so in order that I may exhaust this subject before proceeding to others. Moreover, I should never come to an end were I to keep to a strictly narrative form, and detail the infinite absurdities with which I daily came in contact.

The prisoner was placed in the dock, and the jury were sworn much as in Europe; almost all our own modes of procedure were reproduced, even to the requiring the prisoner to plead guilty or not guilty. He pleaded not guilty, and the case proceeded. The evidence for the prosecution was very strong; but I must do the court the justice to observe that the trial was absolutely impartial. Counsel for the prisoner was allowed to urge

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everything that could be said in his defense: the line taken was that the prisoner was simulating consumption in order to defraud an insurance company, from which he was about to buy an annuity, and that he hoped thus to obtain it on more advantageous terms. If this could have been shown to be the case he would have escaped a criminal prosecution, and been sent to a hospital as for a moral ailment. The view, however, was one which could not be reasonably sustained, in spite of all the ingenuity and eloquence of one of the most celebrated advocates of the country. The case was only too clear, for the prisoner was almost at the point of death, and it was astonishing that he had not been tried and convicted long previously. His coughing was incessant during the whole trial, and it was all that the two jailers in charge of him could do to keep him on his legs until it was over.

The summing up of the judge was admirable. He dwelt upon every point that could be construed in favor of the prisoner, but as he proceeded it became clear that the evidence was too convincing to admit of doubt, and there was but one opinion in the court as to the impending verdict when the jury retired from the box. They were absent for about ten minutes, and on their return the foreman pronounced the prisoner guilty. There was a faint murmur of applause, but it was instantly repressed. The judge then proceeded to pronounce sentence in words which I can never forget, and which I copied out into a note-book next day from the report that was published in the leading newspaper. I must condense it somewhat, and nothing which I could say would give more than a faint idea of the solemn, not to say majestic, severity with which it was delivered. The sentence was as follows:

"Prisoner at the bar, you have been accused of the great crime of labouring under pulmonary consumption, and after an impartial trial before a jury of your countrymen, you have been found guilty. Against the justice of the verdict I can say nothing: the evidence against you was conclusive, and it only remains for me to pass such a sentence upon you as shall satisfy the ends of the law. That sentence must be a very severe one. It pains me much to see one who is yet so young, and whose prospects in life were otherwise so excellent, brought to this distressing condition by a constitution which I can only regard as radically vicious; but yours is no case for compassion: this is not your first offence: you have led a career of crime, and have only profited by the leniency shown you upon past occasions to offend yet more seriously against the laws and institutions of your country. You were convicted of aggravated bronchitis

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at the time of his conviction. I shall therefore order that you receive two tablespoonfuls of castor oil daily, until the pleasure of the court be further known."

When the sentence was concluded the prisoner acknowledged in a few scarcely audible words that he was justly punished, and that he had had a fair trial. He was then removed to the prison from which he was never to return. There was a second attempt at applause when the judge had finished speaking, but as before it was at once repressed; and though the feeling of the court was stongly against the prisoner, there was no show of any violence against him, if one may except a little hooting from the bystanders when he was being removed in the prisoners' van. Indeed, nothing struck me more during my whole sojourn in the country than the general respect for law and order.

## MALCONTENTS

I confess that I felt rather unhappy when I got home, and thought more closely over the trial that I had just witnessed. For the time I was carried away by the opinion of those among whom I was. They had no misgivings about what they were doing. There did not seem to be a person in the whole court who had the smallest doubt but that all was exactly as it should be. This universal unsuspecting confidence was imparted by sympathy to myself, in spite of all my training in opinions so widely different. So it is with most of us: that which we observe to be taken as a matter of course by those around us, we take as a matter of course ourselves. And after all, it is our duty to do this, save upon grave occasion.

But when I was alone, and began to think the trial over, it certainly did strike me as betraying a strange and untenable position. Had the judge said that he acknowledged the probable truth, namely, that the prisoner was born of unhealthy parents, or had been starved in infancy, or had met with some accidents which had developed consumption, and had he then gone on to say that though he knew all this, and bitterly regretted that the protection of society obliged him to inflict additional pain on one who had suffered so much already, yet that there was no help for it, I could have understood the position, however mistaken I might have thought it. The judge was fully persuaded that the infliction of pain upon the weak and sickly was the only means of preventing weakness and sickliness from spreading, and that ten times the suffering now inflicted upon the accused was eventually warded off from others by the present apparent severity. I could therefore perfectly understand his

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inflicting whatever pain he might consider necessary in order to prevent so bad an example from spreading further and lowering the Erewhonian standard; but it seemed almost childish to tell the prisoner that he could have been in good health if he had been more fortunate in his constitution, and been exposed to less hardships when he was a boy.

I write with great diffidence, but it seems to me that there is no unfairness in punishing people for their misfortunes, or rewarding them for their sheer good luck; it is the normal condition of human life that this should be done, and no right-minded person will complain of being subjected to the common treatment. There is no alternative open to us. It is idle to say that men are not responsible for their misfortunes. What is responsibility? Surely to be responsible means to be liable to have to give an answer should it be demanded, and all things which live are responsible for their lives and actions should society see fit to question them through the mouth of its authorized agent.

What is the offense of a lamb that we should rear it, and tend it, and lull it into security, for the express purpose of killing it? Its offense is the misfortune of being something which society wants to eat, and which cannot defend itself. This is ample. Who shall limit the right of society except society itself? And what consideration for the individual is tolerable unless society be the gainer thereby? Wherefore should a man be so richly rewarded for having been son to a millionaire, were it not clearly provable that the common welfare is thus better furthered? We cannot seriously detract from a man's merit in having been the son of a rich father without imperilling our own tenure of things which we do not wish to jeopardize; if this were otherwise we should not let him keep his money for a single hour; we would have it ourselves at once. For property *is* robbery, but then, we are all robbers or would-be robbers together, and have found it essential to organize our thieving, as we have found it necessary to organize our lust and our revenge. Property, marriage, the law; as the bed to the river, so rule and convention to the instinct; and woe to him who tampers with the banks while the flood is flowing.

But to return. Even in England a man on board a ship with yellow fever is held responsible for his mischance, no matter what his being kept in quarantine may cost him. He may catch the fever and die; we cannot help it; he must take his chance as other people do; but surely it would be desperate unkindness to add contumely to our self-protection, unless, indeed, we believe that contumely is one of our best means of self-protection. Again, take the case of maniacs. We say that they are irresponsible for their actions, but we take good care, or ought to take good care, that

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they shall answer to us for their insanity, and we imprison them in what we call an asylum (that modern sanctuary!) if we do not like their answers. This is a strange kind of irresponsibility. What we ought to say is that we can afford to be satisfied with a less satisfactory answer from a lunatic than from one who is not mad, because lunacy is less infectious than crime.

We kill a serpent if we go in danger by it, simply for being such and such a serpent in such and such a place; but we never say that the serpent has only itself to blame for not having been a harmless creature. Its crime is that of being the thing which it is: but this is a capital offence, and we are right in killing it out of the way, unless we think it more danger to do so than to let it escape; nevertheless we pity the creature, even though we kill it.

But in the case of him whose trial I have described above, it was impossible that any one in the court should not have known that it was but by an accident of birth and circumstances that he was not himself also in a consumption; and yet none thought that it disgraced them to hear the judge give vent to the most cruel truisms about him. The judge himself was a kind and thoughtful person. He was a man of magnificent and benign presence. He was evidently of an iron constitution, and his face wore an expression of the maturest wisdom and experience; yet for all this, old and learned as he was, he could not see things which one would have thought would have been apparent even to a child. He could not emancipate himself from, nay, it did not even occur to him to feel, the bondage of the ideas in which he had been born and bred.

So was it also with the jury and bystanders; and—most wonderful of all—so was it even with the prisoner. Throughout he seemed fully impressed with the notion that he was being dealt with justly: he saw nothing wanton in his being told by the judge that he was to be punished not so much as a necessary protection to society (although this was not entirely lost sight of) as because he had not been better born and bred than he was. But this led me to hope that he suffered less than he would have done if he had seen the matter in the same light that I did. And, after all, justice is relative.

I may here mention that only a few years before my arrival in the country, the treatment of all convicted invalids had been much more barbarous than now, for no physical remedy was provided, and prisoners were put to the severest labour in all sorts of weather, so that most of them soon succumbed to the extreme hardships which they suffered; this was supposed to be beneficial in some ways, inasmuch as it put the country to

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less expense for the maintenance of its criminal class; but the growth of luxury had induced a relaxation of the old severity, and a sensitive age would no longer tolerate what appeared to be an excess of rigour, even towards the most guilty; moreover, it was found that juries were less willing to convict, and justice was often cheated because there was no alternative between virtually condemning a man to death and letting him go free; it was also held that the country paid in recommittals for its over-severity, for those who had been imprisoned even for trifling ailments were often permanently disabled by their imprisonment, and when a man had been once convicted, it was probable that he would seldom afterwards be off the hands of the country.

These evils had long been apparent and recognized; yet people were too indolent, and too indifferent to suffering not their own, to bestir themselves about putting an end to them, until at last a benevolent reformer devoted his whole life to effecting the necessary changes. He divided all illnesses into three classes—those affecting the head, the trunk, and the lower limbs—and obtained an enactment that all diseases of the head, whether internal or external, should be treated with laudanum, those of the body with castor oil, and those of the lower limbs with an embrocation of strong sulphuric acid and water.

It may be said that the classification was not sufficiently careful, and that the remedies were ill chosen; but it is a hard thing to initiate any reform, and it was necessary to familiarize the public mind with the principle, by inserting the thin end of the wedge first: it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that among so practical a people there should still be some room for improvement. The mass of the nation are well pleased with existing arrangements, and believe that their treatment of criminals leaves little or nothing to be desired; but there is an energetic minority who hold what are considered to be extreme opinions, and who are not at all disposed to rest contented until the principle lately admitted has been carried further.

I was at some pains to discover the opinions of these men, and their reasons for entertaining them. They are held in great odium by the generality of the public, and are considered as subverters of all morality whatever. The malcontents, on the other hand, assert that illness is the inevitable result of certain antecedent causes, which, in the great majority of cases, were beyond the control of the individual, and that therefore a man is only guilty for being in a consumption in the same way as rotten fruit is guilty for having gone rotten. True, the fruit must be thrown on one side as unfit for man's use, and the man in a consumption must be

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put in prison for the protection of his fellow-citizens; but these radicals would not punish him further than by loss of liberty and a strict surveillance. So long as he was prevented from injuring society, they would allow him to make himself useful by supplying whatever of society's wants he could supply. If he succeeded in thus earning money, they would have him made as comfortable in prison as possible, and would in no way interfere with his liberty more than was necessary to prevent him from escaping, or from becoming more severely indisposed within the prison walls; but they would deduct from his earnings the expenses of his board, lodging, surveillance, and half those of his conviction. If he was too ill to do anything for his support in prison, they would allow him nothing but bread and water, and very little of that.

They say that society is foolish in refusing to allow itself to be benefited by a man merely because he has done it harm hitherto, and that objection to the labour of the diseased classes is only protection in another form. It is an attempt to raise the natural price of a commodity by saying that such and such persons, who are able and willing to produce it, shall not do so, whereby every one has to pay more for it.

Besides, so long as a man has not been actually killed he is our fellow-creature, though perhaps a very unpleasant one. It is in a great degree the doing of others that he is what he is, or in other words, the society which now condemns him is partly answerable concerning him. They say that there is no fear of any increase of disease under these circumstances; for the loss of liberty, the surveillance, the considerable and compulsory deduction from the prisoner's earnings, the very sparing use of stimulants (of which they would allow but little to any, and none to those who did not earn them), the enforced celibacy, and, above all, the loss of reputation among friends are in their opinion as ample safeguards to society against a general neglect of health as those now resorted to. A man, therefore (so they say), should carry his profession or trade into prison with him if possible; if not, he must earn his living by the nearest thing to it that he can; but if he be a gentleman born and bred to no profession, he must pick oakum, or write art criticisms for a newspaper.

These people say further that the greater part of the illness which exists in their country is brought about by the insane manner in which it is treated.

They believe that illness is in many cases just as curable as the moral diseases which they see daily cured around them, but that a great reform is impossible till men learn to take a juster view of what physical obliquity proceeds from. Men will hide their illnesses as long as they are scouted

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identified with this or that locality where they have once been happy.

They do not put up monuments, nor write epitaphs, for their dead, though in former ages their practice was much as ours, but they have a custom which comes to much the same thing, for the instinct of preserving the name alive after the death of the body seems to be common to all mankind. They have statues of themselves made while they are still alive (those, that is, who can afford it), and write inscriptions under them, which are often quite as untruthful as are our own epitaphs—only in another way. For they do not hesitate to describe themselves as victims to ill temper, jealousy, covetousness, and the like, but almost always lay claim to personal beauty, whether they have it or not, and, often, to the possession of a large sum in the funded debt of the country. If a person is ugly he does not sit as a model for his own statue, although it bears his name. He gets the handsomest of his friends to sit for him, and one of the ways of paying a compliment to another is to ask him to sit for such a statue. Women generally sit for their own statues, from a natural disinclination to admit the superior beauty of a friend, but they expect to be idealized. I understood that the multitude of these statues was beginning to be felt as an encumbrance in almost every family, and that the custom would probably before long fall into desuetude.

Indeed, this has already come about to the satisfaction of every one, as regards the statues of public men—not more than three of which can be found in the whole capital. I expressed my surprise at this, and was told that some five hundred years before my visit, the city had been so overrun with these pests that there was no getting about, and people were worried beyond endurance by having their attention called at every touch and turn to something, which, when they had attended to it, they found not to concern them. Most of these statues were mere attempts to do for some man or woman what an animal stuffer does more successfully for a dog, or bird, or pike. They were generally foisted on the public by some coterie that was trying to exalt itself in exalting some one else, and not unfrequently they had no other inception than desire on the part of some member of the coterie to find a job for a young sculptor to whom his daughter was engaged. Statues so begotten could never be anything but deformities, and this is the way in which they are sure to be begotten, as soon as the art of making them at all has become widely practised.

I know not why, but all the noblest arts hold in perfection but for a very little moment. They soon reach a height from which they begin to decline, and when they have begun to decline it is a pity that they cannot be knocked on the head; for an art is like a living organism—better

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dead than dying. There is no way of making an aged art young again; it must be born anew and grow up from infancy as a new thing, working out its own salvation from effort to effort in all fear and trembling.

The Erewhonians five hundred years ago understood nothing of all this—I doubt whether they even do so now. They wanted to get the nearest thing they could to a stuffed man whose stuffing should not grow mouldy. They should have had some such an establishment as our Madame Tussaud's, where the figures wear real clothes, and are painted up to nature. Such an institution might have been made self-supporting, for people might have been made to pay before going in. As it was, they had let their poor cold grimy colourless heroes and heroines loaf about in squares and in corners of streets in all weathers, without any attempt at artistic sanitation—for there was no provision for burying their dead works of art out of their sight—no drainage, so to speak, whereby statues that had been sufficiently assimilated, so as to form part of the residuary impression of the country, might be carried away out of the system. Hence they put them up with a light heart on the cackling of their coteries, and they and their children had to live, often enough, with some wordy windbag whose cowardice had cost the country untold loss in blood and money.

At last the evil reached such a pitch that the people rose, and with indiscriminate fury destroyed good and bad alike. Most of what was destroyed was bad, but some few works were good, and the sculptors of to-day wring their hands over some of the fragments that have been preserved in museums up and down the country. For a couple of hundred years or so, not a statue was made from one end of the kingdom to the other, but the instinct for having stuffed men and women was so strong that people at length again began to try to make them. Not knowing how to make them, and having no academies to mislead them, the earliest sculptors of this period thought things out for themselves, and again produced works that were full of interest, so that in three or four generations they reached a perfection hardly if at all inferior to that of several hundred years earlier.

On this the same evils recurred. Sculptors obtained high prices—the art became a trade—schools arose which professed to sell the holy spirit of art for money; pupils flocked from far and near to buy it, in the hopes of selling it later on, and were struck purblind as a punishment for the sin of those who sent them. Before long a second iconoclastic fury would infallibly have followed, but for the prescience of a statesman who succeeded in passing an act to the effect that no statue of any public man or woman should be allowed to remain unbroken for more than fifty years,

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unless at the end of that time a jury of twenty-four men taken at random from the street pronounced in favour of its being allowed a second fifty years of life. Every fifty years this reconsideration was to be repeated, and unless there was a majority of eighteen in favour of the retention of the statue, it was to be destroyed.

Perhaps a simple plan would have been to forbid the erection of a statue to any public man or woman till he or she had been dead at least one hundred years, and even then to insist on reconsideration of the claims of the deceased and the merit of the statue every fifty years–but the working of the act brought about results that on the whole were satisfactory. For in the first place, many public statues that would have been voted under the old system were not ordered when it was known that they would be almost certainly broken up after fifty years, and in the second, public sculptors knowing their work to be so ephemeral scamped it to an extent that made it offensive even to the most uncultured eye. Hence before long subscribers took to paying the sculptor for the statue of their dead statesmen on condition that he did not make it. The tribute of respect was thus paid to the deceased, the public sculptors were not mulcted, and the rest of the public suffered no inconvenience.

I was told, however, that an abuse of this custom is growing up, inasmuch as the competition for the commission not to make a statue is so keen that sculptors have been known to return a considerable part of the purchase money to the subscribers, by an arrangement made with them beforehand. Such transactions, however, are always clandestine. A small inscription is let into the pavement where the public statue would have stood, which informs the reader that such a statue has been ordered for the person, whoever he or she may be, but that as yet the sculptor has not been able to complete it. There has been no act to repress statues that are intended for private consumption, but as I have said, the custom is falling into desuetude.

Returning to Erewhonian customs in connection with death, there is one which I can hardly pass over. When any one dies, the friends of the family write no letters of condolence, neither do they attend the scattering, nor wear mourning, but they send little boxes filled with artificial tears, and with the name of the sender painted neatly upon the outside of the lid. The tears vary in number from two to fifteen or sixteen, according to degree of intimacy or relationship; and people sometimes find it a nice point of etiquette to know the exact number which they ought to send. Strange as it may appear, this attention is highly valued, and its omission by those from whom it might be expected is keenly felt. These tears were formerly stuck with adhesive plaster to the cheeks of the

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bereaved, and were worn in public for a few months after the death of a relative; they were then banished to the hat or bonnet, and are now no longer worn.

The birth of a child is looked upon as a painful subject on which it is kinder not to touch: the illness of the mother is carefully concealed until the necessity for signing the birth formula (of which hereafter) renders further secrecy impossible, and for some months before the event the family live in retirement, seeing very little company. When the offense is over and done with, it is condoned by the common want of logic; for this merciful provision of nature, this buffer against collisions, this friction which upsets our calculations but without which existence would be intolerable, this crowning glory of human invention whereby we can be blind and see at one and the same moment, this blessed inconsistency exists here as elsewhere; and though the strictest writers on morality have maintained that it is wicked for a woman to have children at all, inasmuch as it is wrong to be out of health that good may come, yet the necessity of the case has caused a general feeling in favour of passing over such events in silence, and of assuming their non-existence except in such flagrant cases as force themselves on the public notice. Against these the condemnation of society is inexorable, and if it is believed that the illness has been dangerous and protracted, it is almost impossible for a woman to recover her former position in society.

The above conventions struck me as arbitrary and cruel, but they put a stop to many fancied ailments; for the situation, so far from being considered interesting, is looked upon as savouring more or less distinctly of a very reprehensible condition of things, and the ladies take care to conceal it as long as they can even from their own husbands, in anticipation of a severe scolding as soon as the misdemeanour is discovered. Also the baby is kept out of sight, except on the day of signing the birth formula, until it can walk and talk. Should the child unhappily die, a coroner's inquest is inevitable, but in order to avoid disgracing a family which may have been hitherto respected, it is almost invariably found that the child was over seventy-five years old, and died from the decay of nature.

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*The foregoing comprises Chapters X–XIII of Samuel Butler's* EREWHON

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# Sherwood Anderson

1876–1941

Sherwood Anderson was born in Camden, Ohio, on September 13, 1876. His boyhood as a member of a sturdy poor man's family became a long wandering from one Middle Western backwater town to another. He got little schooling. He learned the trade of life as a newsboy, house painter, farm hand, warehouse worker and race-track swipe. He wrote later that he had "always understood horses better than men."

He joined the army during the Spanish-American War and served in Cuba as a corporal. When he got back, he put in a year of study at Wittenberg Academy in Ohio and became an advertising writer in Chicago. For a while he managed a paint factory in Ohio. One day in 1913 he walked out in the middle of dictating a letter, went back to Chicago and wrote advertising copy while he worked at his own writing. A first novel, *Windy McPherson's Son*, was published in 1916, and *Marching Men* the next year.

In 1919 he made his name with *Winesburg, Ohio*, a suite of stories that compose into the picture of a small town more repressive than Fitzgerald's Hades or Sinclair Lewis' Gopher Prairie. Anderson followed this with the novel *Poor White*. He received the first *Dial* Award of $2,000 in 1921, the same year in which a second collection of stories, *The Triumph of the Egg*, was published.

During this period he joined the Port of New York group that included Paul Rosenfeld, Waldo Frank, Lewis Mumford, and Alfred Stieglitz. He spoke for them too when he said that "Americans had to begin to stay, in spirit at least, at home. We had to accept our materials. . . ." In two later novels, *Many Marriages* and *Dark Laughter*, his sense of the interior flow of feeling in his characters brought him close to D. H. Lawrence.



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told, but it is not simple. It suggests much more than the narrator tells us, and it is full of hidden ironies he is not aware of. It is, at bottom, a story of love versus custom and convention. Anderson gives us the delicate shades of social feeling. We see finally, as indeed the narrator himself does, that the conflict has largely taken place inside him.

Would it have been any different if he had told the Wessens and Miss Woodbury who he was and what kind of work he did? They are not snobs. We feel at least, as he does, that the future might have been open to him. Is it closed now? He believes that it is. His folly has closed it. But what is this folly, after all? What youth has *not* lied to impress a girl–and if he has not, what sort of youth *is* he? If the narrator could lie well enough to convince his new friends, why did he lack the wit to talk himself out of it afterwards?

We see why. He is paralyzed with guilt, not at the lie itself, but at the nature of it. He feels that he has given himself away–literally, as he says, made a fool of himself. Here we need to recall what the American small town was like in the late nineteenth century. Underneath the genuine good nature of its democratic manners, it had settled into a caste system. This was what Mark Twain's Hannibal had come to. It would be broken up in its turn by the changes after World War I. The narrator protests to himself that he is as good as the next man. He does not feel it. And once he has been accepted by his new friends as what he is not, he feels free to think of ordinary people as "yaps" and the "common kind of cattle." So he prepares his own grief.

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# *I'm a Fool*

It was a hard jolt for me, one of the most bitterest I ever had to face. And it all came about through my own foolishness, too. Even yet sometimes, when I think of it, I want to cry or swear or kick myself. Perhaps, even now, after all this time, there will be a kind of satisfaction in making myself look cheap by telling of it.

It began at three o'clock one October afternoon as I sat in the grandstand at the fall trotting and pacing meet at Sandusky, Ohio.

To tell the truth, I felt a little foolish that I should be sitting in the grandstand at all. During the summer before I had left my home town with Harry Whitehead and, with a nigger named Burt, had taken a job as swipe with one of the two horses Harry was campaigning through the fall race meets that year. Mother cried and my sister Mildred, who wanted to get a job as a schoolteacher in our town that fall, stormed and scolded about the house all during the week before I left. They both thought it something disgraceful that one of our family should take a place as a swipe with race horses. I've an idea Mildred thought my taking the place would stand in the way of her getting the job she'd been working so long for.

But after all I had to work, and there was no other work to be got. A big lumbering fellow of nineteen couldn't just hang around the house and I had got too big to mow people's lawns and sell newspapers. Little chaps who could get next to people's sympathies by their sizes were always getting jobs away from me. There was one fellow who kept saying to everyone who wanted a lawn mowed or a cistern cleaned that he was saving money to work his way through college, and I used to lay awake nights thinking up ways to injure him without being found out. I kept thinking of wagons running over him and bricks falling on his head as he walked along the street. But never mind him.

I got the place with Harry and I liked Burt fine. We got along splendid together. He was a big nigger with a lazy sprawling body and soft, kind



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eyes, and when it came to a fight he could hit like Jack Johnson. He had Bucephalus, a big black pacing stallion that could do 2.09 or 2.10, if he had to, and I had a little gelding named Doctor Fritz that never lost a race all fall when Harry wanted him to win.

We set out from home late in July in a boxcar with the two horses and after that, until late November, we kept moving along to the race meets and the fairs. It was a peachy time for me, I'll say that. Sometimes now I think that boys who are raised regular in houses, and never have a fine nigger like Burt for best friend, and go to high schools and college, and never steal anything, or get drunk a little, or learn to swear from fellows who know how, or come walking up in front of a grandstand in their shirt sleeves and with dirty horsey pants on when the races are going on and the grandstand is full of people all dressed up–What's the use of talking about it? Such fellows don't know nothing at all. They've never had no opportunity.

But I did. Burt taught me how to rub down a horse and put the bandages on after a race and steam a horse out and a lot of valuable things for any man to know. He could wrap a bandage on a horse's leg so smooth that if it had been the same color you would think it was his skin, and I guess he'd have been a big driver, too, and got to the top like Murphy and Walter Cox and the others if he hadn't been black.

Gee whizz, it was fun. You got to a county seat town, maybe say on a Saturday or Sunday, and the fair began the next Tuesday and lasted until Friday afternoon. Doctor Fritz would be, say in the 2.25 trot on Tuesday afternoon and on Thursday afternoon Bucephalus would knock 'em cold in the "free-for-all" pace. It left you a lot of time to hang around and listen to horse talk, and see Burt knock some yap cold that got too gay, and you'd find out about horses and men and pick up a lot of stuff you could use all the rest of your life, if you had some sense and salted down what you heard and felt and saw.

And then at the end of the week when the race meet was over, and Harry had run home to tend up to his livery stable business, you and Burt hitched the two horses to carts and drove slow and steady across country, to the place for the next meeting, so as to not overheat the horses, etc., etc., you know.

Gee whizz, Gosh amighty, the nice hickory nut and beechnut and oaks and other kinds of trees along the roads, all brown and red, and the good smells, and Burt singing a song that was called Deep River, and the country girls at the windows of houses and everything. You can stick

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your colleges up your nose for all me. I guess I know where I got my education.

Why, one of those little burgs of towns you come to on the way, say now on a Saturday afternoon, and Burt says, "Let's lay up here." And you did.

And you took the horses to a livery stable and fed them, and you got your good clothes out of a box and put them on.

And the town was full of farmers gaping, because they could see you were race-horse people, and the kids maybe never see a nigger before and was afraid and run away when the two of us walked down their main street.

And that was before prohibition and all that foolishness, and so you went into a saloon, the two of you, and all the yaps come and stood around, and there was always someone pretended he was horsey and knew things and spoke up and began asking questions, and all you did was to lie and lie all you could about what horses you had, and I said I owned them, and then some fellow said, "will you have a drink of whisky" and Burt knocked his eye out the way he could say, offhand-like, "Oh well, all right, I'm agreeable to a little nip. I'll split a quart with you." Gee whizz.

But that isn't what I want to tell my story about. We got home late in November and I promised mother I'd quit the race horses for good. There's a lot of things you've got to promise a mother because she don't know any better.

And so, there not being any work in our town any more than when I left there to go to the races, I went off to Sandusky and got a pretty good place taking care of horses for a man who owned a teaming and delivery and storage and coal and real estate business there. It was a pretty good place with good eats, and a day off each week, and sleeping on a cot in a big barn, and mostly just shoveling in hay and oats to a lot of big good-enough skates of horses, that couldn't have trotted a race with a toad. I wasn't dissatisfied and I could send money home.

And then, as I started to tell you, the fall races come to Sandusky and I got the day off and I went. I left the job at noon and had on my good clothes and my new brown derby hat I'd just bought the Saturday before, and a stand-up collar.

First of all I went downtown and walked about with the dudes. I've always thought to myself, "put up a good front" and so I did it. I had

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forty dollars in my pocket and so I went into the West House, a big hotel, and walked up to the cigar stand. "Give me three twenty-five cent cigars," I said. There was a lot of horsemen and strangers and dressed-up people from other towns standing around in the lobby and in the bar, and I mingled amongst them. In the bar there was a fellow with a cane and a Windsor tie on, that it made me sick to look at him. I like a man to be a man and dress up, but not to go put on that kind of airs. So I pushed him aside, kind of rough, and had me a drink of whisky. And then he looked at me, as though he thought maybe he'd get gay, but he changed his mind and didn't say anything. And then I had another drink of whisky, just to show him something, and went out and had a hack out to the races, all to myself, and when I got there I bought myself the best seat I could get up in the grandstand, but didn't go in for any of these boxes. That's putting on too many airs.

And so there I was, sitting up in the grandstand as gay as you please and looking down on the swipes coming out with their horses, and with their dirty horsey pants on and the horse blankets swung over their shoulders, same as I had been doing all the year before. I liked one thing about the same as the other, sitting up there and feeling grand and being down there and looking up at the yaps and feeling grander and more important, too. One thing's about as good as another, if you take it just right. I've often said that.

Well, right in front of me, in the grandstand that day, there was a fellow with a couple of girls and they was about my age. The young fellow was a nice guy all right. He was the kind maybe that goes to college and then comes to be a lawyer or maybe a newspaper editor or something like that, but he wasn't stuck on himself. There are some of that kind are all right and he was one of the ones.

He had his sister with him and another girl and the sister looked around over his shoulder, accidental at first, not intending to start anything–she wasn't that kind–and her eyes and mine happened to meet.

You know how it is. Gee, she was a peach! She had on a soft dress, kind of a blue stuff and it looked carelessly made, but was well sewed and made and everything. I knew that much. I blushed when she looked right at me and so did she. She was the nicest girl I've ever seen in my life. She wasn't stuck on herself and she could talk proper grammar without being like a schoolteacher or something like that. What I mean is, she was O. K. I think maybe her father was well-to-do, but not rich to make her chesty because she was his daughter, as some are. Maybe he

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licorice, or most anything. I was glad I had those twenty-five cent cigars in my pocket and right away I give that fellow one and lit one myself. Then that fat man got up and we changed places and there I was, plunked right down beside her.

They introduced themselves and the fellow's best girl, he had with him, was named Miss Elinor Woodbury, and her father was a manufacturer of barrels from a place called Tiffin, Ohio. And the fellow himself was named Wilbur Wessen and his sister was Miss Lucy Wessen.

I suppose it was their having such swell names got me off my trolley. A fellow, just because he has been a swipe with a race horse, and works taking care of horses for a man in the teaming, delivery, and storage business, isn't any better or worse than anyone else. I've often thought that, and said it too.

But you know how a fellow is. There's something in that kind of nice clothes, and the kind of nice eyes she had, and the way she had looked at me, awhile before, over her brother's shoulder, and me looking back at her, and both of us blushing.

I couldn't show her up for a boob, could I?

I made a fool of myself, that's what I did. I said my name was Walter Mathers from Marietta, Ohio, and then I told all three of them the smashingest lie you ever heard. What I said was that my father owned the horse About Ben Ahem and that he had let him out to this Bob French for racing purposes, because our family was proud and had never gone into racing that way, in our own name, I mean. Then I had got started and they were all leaning over and listening, and Miss Lucy Wessen's eyes were shining, and I went the whole hog.

I told about our place down at Marietta, and about the big stables and the grand brick house we had on a hill, up above the Ohio River, but I knew enough not to do it in no bragging way. What I did was to start things and then let them drag the rest out of me. I acted just as reluctant to tell as I could. Our family hasn't got any barrel factory, and, since I've known us, we've always been pretty poor, but not asking anything of anyone at that, and my grandfather, over in Wales– But never mind that.

We set there talking like we had known each other for years and years, and I went and told them that my father had been expecting maybe this Bob French wasn't on the square, and had sent me up to Sandusky on the sly to find out what I could.

And I bluffed it through I had found out all about the 2.18 pace, in which About Ben Ahem was to start.

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I said he would lose the first heat by pacing like a lame cow and then he would come back and skin 'em alive after that. And to back up what I said I took thirty dollars out of my pocket and handed it to Mr. Wilbur Wessen and asked him, would he mind, after the first heat, to go down and place it on About Ben Ahem for whatever odds he could get. What I said was that I didn't want Bob French to see me and none of the swipes.

Sure enough the first heat come off and About Ben Ahem went off his stride, up the back stretch, and looked like a wooden horse or a sick one, and come in to be last. Then this Wilbur Wessen went down to the betting place under the grandstand and there I was with the two girls, and when that Miss Woodbury was looking the other way once, Lucy Wessen kinda, with her shoulder you know, kinda touched me. Not just tucking down, I don't mean. You know how a woman can do. They get close, but not getting gay either. You know what they do. Gee whizz.

And then they give me a jolt. What they had done, when I didn't know, was to get together, and they had decided Wilbur Wessen would bet fifty dollars, and the two girls had gone and put in ten dollars each, of their own money, too. I was sick then, but I was sicker later.

About the gelding, About Ben Ahem, and their winning their money, I wasn't worried a lot about that. It come out O. K. Ahem stepped the next three heats like a bushel of spoiled eggs going to market before they could be found out, and Wilbur Wessen had got nine to two for the money. There was something else eating at me.

Because Wilbur come back, after he had bet the money, and after that he spent most of his time talking to that Miss Woodbury, and Lucy Wessen and I was left alone together like on a desert island. Gee, if I'd only been on the square or if there had been any way of getting myself on the square. There ain't any Walter Mathers, like I said to her and them, and there hasn't ever been one, but if there was, I bet I'd go to Marietta, Ohio, and shoot him tomorrow.

There I was, big boob that I am. Pretty soon the race was over, and Wilbur had gone down and collected our money, and we had a hack downtown, and he stood us a swell supper at the West House, and a bottle of champagne beside.

And I was with that girl and she wasn't saying much, and I wasn't saying much either. One thing I know. She wasn't stuck on me because of the lie about my father being rich and all that. There's a way you know. . . . Craps amighty. There's a kind of girl, you see just once in your life,

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and if you don't get busy and make hay, then you're gone for good and all, and might as well go jump off a bridge. They give you a look from inside of them somewhere, and it ain't no vamping, and what it means is–you want that girl to be your wife, and you want nice things around her like flowers and swell clothes, and you want her to have the kids you're going to have, and you want good music played and no ragtime. Gee whizz.

There's a place over near Sandusky, across a kind of bay, and it's called Cedar Point. And after we had supper we went over to it in a launch, all by ourselves. Wilbur and Miss Lucy and that Miss Woodbury had to catch a ten o'clock train back to Tiffin, Ohio, because, when you're out with girls like that you can't get careless and miss any trains and stay out all night, like you can with some kinds of Janes.

And Wilbur blowed himself to the launch and it cost him fifteen cold plunks, but I wouldn't never have knew if I hadn't listened. He wasn't no tin-horn kind of a sport.

Over at the Cedar Point place, we didn't stay around where there was a gang of common kind of cattle at all.

There was big dance halls and dining places for yaps, and there was a beach you could walk along and get where it was dark, and we went there.

She didn't talk hardly at all and neither did I, and I was thinking how glad I was my mother was all right, and always made us kids learn to eat with a fork at table, and not swill soup, and not be noisy and rough like a gang you see around a race track that way.

Then Wilbur and his girl went away up the beach and Lucy and I sat down in a dark place, where there was some roots of old trees, the water had washed up, and after that the time, till we had to go back in the launch and they had to catch their trains, wasn't nothing at all. It went like winking your eye.

Here's how it was. The place we were setting in was dark, like I said, and there was the roots from that old stump sticking up like arms, and there was a watery smell, and the night was like–as if you could put your hand out and feel it–so warm and soft and dark and sweet like an orange.

I most cried and I most swore and I most jumped up and danced, I was so mad and happy and sad.

When Wilbur come back from being alone with his girl, and she saw him coming, Lucy she says, "we got to go to the train now," and she was most crying too, but she never knew nothing I knew, and she couldn't

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be so all busted up. And then, before Wilbur and Miss Woodbury got up to where we was, she put her face up and kissed me quick and put her head up against me and she was all quivering and– Gee whizz.

Sometimes I hope I have cancer and die. I guess you know what I mean. We went in the launch across the bay to the train like that, and it was dark, too. She whispered and said it was like she and I could get out of the boat and walk on the water, and it sounded foolish, but I knew what she meant.

And then quick we were right at the depot, and there was a big gang of yaps, the kind that goes to the fairs, and crowded and milling around like cattle, and how could I tell her? "It won't be long because you'll write and I'll write to you." That's all she said.

I got a chance like a hay barn afire. A swell chance I got.

And maybe she would write me, down at Marietta that way, and the letter would come back, and stamped on the front of it by the U.S.A. "there ain't any such guy," or something like that, whatever they stamp on a letter that way.

And me trying to pass myself off for a bigbug and a swell–to her, as decent a little body as God ever made. Craps amighty–a swell chance I got!

And then the train come in, and she got on it, and Wilbur Wessen he come and shook hands with me, and that Miss Woodbury was nice too and bowed to me, and I at her, and the train went and I busted out and cried like a kid.

Gee, I could have run after that train and made Dan Patch look like a freight train after a wreck but, socks amighty, what was the use? Did you ever see such a fool?

I'll bet you what–if I had an arm broke right now or a train had run over my foot–I wouldn't go to no doctor at all. I'd go set down and let her hurt and hurt–that's what I'd do.

I'll bet you what–if I hadn't a drunk that booze I'd a never been such a boob as to go tell such a lie–that couldn't never be made straight to a lady like her.

I wish I had that fellow right here that had on a Windsor tie and carried a cane. I'd smash him for fair. Gosh darn his eyes. He's a big fool–that's what he is.

And if I'm not another you just go find me one and I'll quit working and be a bum and give him my job. I don't care nothing for working, and earning money, and saving it for no such boob as myself.

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# Anonymous

*c.* early 13th century

Among all the springtime flowers of literature, *Aucassin and Nicolette* must be counted one of the freshest and most delightful. It has the scent and soft brightness of a May morning. We may thank our luck that we have it at all. Only one manuscript survived from the late thirteenth century. The story probably dates from the early part of that century, in France the heyday of the northern court poets or trouvères, who corresponded to the troubadours of the South.

But it is more likely that such a story as *Aucassin and Nicolette* was composed—or performed, at least—not by trouvères but by the wandering minstrels and mimes called jongleurs. It belongs loosely among what are called the *romans d'aventure*, the adventure romances or novels. Its form is the *chantefable*—alternate prose and verse. The prose was recited, the verse sung, and all of it might be acted out "to the accompaniment of viol and pipes." In short, it is, at its best, almost a rudimentary opera. The music derived from "the most ancient form of popular French melody." So we have what was in the beginning not a reader's but a performer's art. Most of all, it was meant to be light entertainment, and still is.

Let us imagine the scene. It is a warm June afternoon in Normandy. Against the gray, rounded bulk of the castle towers, the lord's household is gathered on the garden terrace. The lord and his lady occupy the highest step. Others sit according to rank below them. The men wear long, colored hose and belted tunics worked with small figures of animals, flowers, or their initial letters. The white kirtles and pointed headdresses of the women ripple softly in the wind off the sea. The garden has a warm smell of roses and gillyflowers.



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upon, tall and shapely of body in every whit of him. His hair was golden, and curled in little rings about his head; he had grey and dancing eyes, a clear, oval face, a nose high and comely, and he was so gracious in all good graces that nought in him was found to blame, but good alone. But Love, that high prince, so utterly had cast him down, that he cared not to become knight, neither to bear arms, nor to tilt at tourneys, nor yet to do aught that it became his name to do.

His father and his mother spake him thus–

"Son, don now thy mail, mount thy horse, keep thy land, and render aid to thy men. Should they see thee amongst them the better will the men-at-arms defend their bodies and their substance, thy fief and mine."

"Father," said Aucassin, "why speakest thou in such fashion to me? May God give me nothing of my desire if I become knight, or mount to horse, or thrust into the press to strike other or be smitten down, save only that thou give me Nicolette, my sweet friend, whom I love so well."

"Son," answered the father, "this may not be. Put Nicolette from mind. For Nicolette is but a captive maid, come hither from a far country, and the Viscount of this town bought her with money from the Saracens, and set her in this place. He hath nourished and baptized her, and held her at the font. On a near day he will give her to some young bachelor who will gain her bread in all honour. With this what hast thou to do? Ask for a wife, and I will find thee the daughter of a king, or a count. Were he the richest man in France his daughter shalt thou have, if so thou wilt."

"Faith, my father," said Aucassin, "what honour of all this world would not Nicolette, my very sweet friend, most richly become! Were she Empress of Byzantium or of Allemaigne, or Queen of France or England, low enough would be her degree, so noble is she, so courteous and debonair, and gracious in all good graces."

Now is sung:

Aucassin was of Beaucaire,
Of the mighty castle there,
But his heart was ever set
On his fair friend, Nicolette.
Small he heeds his father's blame,
Or the harsh words of his dame.
"Fool, to weep the livelong day,
Nicolette trips light and gay.
Scouring she from far Carthage,
Bought of Paynims for a wage.
Since a wife beseems thee good

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Take a wife of wholesome blood."
"Mother, naught for this I care,
Nicolette is debonair;
Slim the body, fair the face,
Make my heart a lighted place;
Love has set her as my peer,
Too sweet, my dear."

Now they say and tell and relate:

When the Count Garin of Beaucaire found that in nowise could he withdraw Aucassin his son from the love of Nicolette, he sought out the Viscount of the town, who was his man, and spake him thus–

"Sir Count, send Nicolette your god-child straightly from this place. Cursed be the land wherefrom she was carried to this realm; for because of her I lose Aucassin, who will not become knight, nor do aught that it becometh knight to do. Know well that were she once within my power I would hurry her to the fire; and look well to yourself, for you stand in utmost peril and fear."

"Sire," answered the Viscount, "this lies heavy upon me, that ever Aucassin goes and comes seeking speech with my ward. I have bought her with my money, and nourished and baptized her, and held her at the font. Moreover, I am fain to give her to some young bachelor who will gain her bread in all honour. With this Aucassin your son had nought to do. But since this is your will and your pleasure, I will send her to so far a country that nevermore shall he see her with his eyes."

"Walk warily," replied the Count Garin, "for great evil easily may fall to you of this."

So they went their ways.

Now the Viscount was a very rich man, and had a rich palace standing within a garden. In a certain chamber of an upper floor he set Nicolette in ward, with an old woman to bear her company, and to watch; and he put there bread and meat and wine and all things for their need. Then he placed a seal upon the door, so that none might enter in, nor issue forth, save only that there was a window looking on the garden, strict and close, whereby they breathed a little fresh air.

Now is sung:

Nicolette is prisoned fast,
In a vaulted chamber cast,
Shaped and carven wondrous well,
Painted as by miracle.

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At the marble casement stayed
On her elbow leaned the maid;
Golden showed her golden hair,
Softly curved her eyebrows rare,
Fair her face, and brightly flushed,
Sweeter maiden never blushed.
In the garden from her room
She might watch the roses bloom,
Hear the birds make tender moan;
Then she knew herself alone.
" 'Lack, great pity 'tis to place
Maid in such an evil case.
Aucassin, my liege, my squire,
Friend, and dear, and heart's desire,
Since thou dost not hate me quite
Men have done me foul despite,
Sealed me in this vaulted room,
Thrust me to this bitter doom.
But by God, Our Lady's Son,
Soon will I from here begone,
So it be won."

Now they say and tell and relate:

Nicolette was prisoned in the chamber, as you have heard and known. The hue and cry went through all the land that Nicolette was stolen away. Some said that she had fled the country, and some that the Count Garin of Beaucaire had done her to death. Whatever man may have rejoiced, Aucassin had no joy therein, so he sought out the Viscount of the town and spake him thus–

"Sir Viscount, what have you done with Nicolette, my very sweet friend, the thing that most I love in all the world? Have you borne her off, or hidden her from my sight? Be sure that should I die hereof, my blood will be required of you, as is most just, for I am slain of your two hands, since you steal from me the thing that most I love in all the world."

"Fair sire," answered the Viscount, "put this from mind. Nicolette is a captive maid whom I brought here from a far country. For her price I trafficked with the Saracens, and I have bred and baptized her, and held her at the font. I have nourished her duly, and on a day will give her to some young bachelor who will gain her bread in honourable fashion. With this you have nought to do; but only to wed the daughter of some count or king. Beyond this, what profit would you have, had you be-

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come her lover, and taken her to your bed? Little enough would be your gain therefrom, for your soul would lie tormented in Hell all the days of all time, so that to Paradise never should you win."

"In Paradise what have I to do? I care not to enter, but only to have Nicolette, my very sweet friend, whom I love so dearly well. For into Paradise go none but such people as I will tell you of. There go those aged priests, and those old cripples, and the maimed, who all day long and all night cough before the altars, and in the crypts beneath the churches; those who go in worn old mantles and old tattered habits; who are naked, and barefoot, and full of sores; who are dying of hunger and of thirst, of cold and of wretchedness. Such as these enter in Paradise, and with them have I nought to do. But in Hell will I go. For to Hell go the fair clerks and the fair knights who are slain in the tourney and the great wars, and the stout archer and the loyal man. With them will I go. And there go the fair and courteous ladies who have friends, two or three, together with their wedded lords. And there pass the gold and the silver, the ermine and all rich furs, harpers and minstrels, and the happy of the world. With these will I go, so only that I have Nicolette, my very sweet friend, by my side."

"Truly," cried the Viscount, "you talk idly, for never shall you see her more; yea, and if perchance you spoke together, and your father heard thereof, he would burn both me and her in one fire, and yourself might well have every fear."

"This lies heavy upon me," answered Aucassin.

Thus he parted from the Viscount making great sorrow.

Now is sung:

Aucassin departed thus
Sad at heart and dolorous;
Gone is she his fairest friend,
None may comfort give or mend,
None by counsel make good end.
To the palace turned he home,
Climbed the stair, and sought his room.
In the chamber all alone
Bitterly he made his moan,
Presently began to weep
For the love he might not keep.
"Nicolette, so gent, so sweet,
Fair the faring of thy feet,
Fair thy laughter, sweet thy speech,

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Fair our playing each with each,
Fair thy clasping, fair thy kiss,
Yet it endeth all in this.
Since from me my love is ta'en
I misdoubt that I am slain;
Sister, sweet friend."

Now they say and tell and relate:

Whilst Aucassin was in the chamber lamenting Nicolette, his friend, the Count Bougars of Valence, wishful to end the war, pressed on his quarrel, and setting his pikemen and horsemen in array, drew near the castle to take it by storm. Then the cry arose, and the tumult; and the knights and the men-at-arms took their weapons, and hastened to the gates and the walls to defend the castle, and the burgesses climbed to the battlements, flinging quarrels and sharpened darts upon the foe. Whilst the siege was so loud and perilous the Count Garin of Beaucaire sought the chamber where Aucassin lay mourning, assotted upon Nicolette, his very sweet friend, whom he loved so well.

"Ha, son," cried he, "craven art thou and shamed, that seest thy best and fairest castle so hardly beset. Know well that if thou lose it thou art a naked man. Son, arm thyself lightly, mount to horse, keep thy land, aid thy men, hurtle into the press. Thou needest not to strike another, neither to be smitten down, but if they see thee amongst them, the better will they defend their goods and their bodies, thy land and mine. And thou art so stout and strong that very easily thou canst do this thing, as is but right."

"Father," answered Aucassin, "what sayest thou now? May God give me nought that I require of Him if I become knight, or mount to horse, or thrust into the press to strike knight or be smitten down, save only thou givest me Nicolette, my sweet friend, whom I love so well."

"Son," replied the father, "this can never be. Rather will I suffer to lose my heritage, and go bare of all, than that thou shouldest have her, either as woman or as dame."

So he turned without farewell. But when Aucassin saw him part he stayed him, saying–

"Father, come now, I will make a true bargain with thee."

"What bargain, fair son?"

"I will arm me, and thrust into the press on such bargain as this, that if God bring me again safe and sound, thou wilt let me look on Nicolette, my sweet friend, so long that I may have with her two words or three, and kiss her one only time."

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"Give me thy hand," said Aucassin.

"Sire, as you wish."

So each took the other's hand.

"Plight me thy faith," said Aucassin, "that so long as thou drawest breath, never shall pass a day but thou shalt deal with my father in shameful fashion, either in goods or person, if so thou canst!"

"Sire, for God's love make me not a jest, but name me a price for my ransom. Whether you ask gold or silver, steed or palfrey, pelt or fur, hawk or hound, it shall be paid."

"What!" said Aucassin; "art thou not my prisoner?"

"Truly, sire," said the Count Bougars.

"God aid me never," quoth Aucassin, "but I send thy head flying, save thou plight me such faith as I said."

"In God's name," cried he, "I plight such affiance as seems most meet to thee."

He pledged his troth, so Aucassin set him upon a horse, and brought him into a place of surety, himself riding by his side.

Now is sung:

When Count Garin knew his son
Aucassin still loved but one,
That his heart was ever set
Fondly on fond Nicolette;
Straight a prison he hath found,
Paved with marble, walled around,
Where in vault beneath the earth
Aucassin made little mirth,
But with wailing filled his cell
In such wise as now I tell.
"Nicolette, white lily-flow'r,
Sweetest lady found in bow'r;
Sweet as grape that brimmeth up
Sweetness in the spiced cup.
On a day this chanced to you;
Out of Limousin there drew
One, a pilgrim, sore adread,
Lay in pain upon his bed,
Tossed, and took with fear his breath,
Very dolent, near to death.
Then you entered, pure and white,
Softly to the sick man's sight,
Raised the train that swept adown,

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Raised the ermine-bordered gown,
Raised the smock, and bared to him
Daintily each lovely limb.
Then a wondrous thing befell,
Straight he rose up sound and well,
Left his bed, took cross in hand,
Sought again his own dear land.
Lily-flow'r, so white, so sweet,
Fair the faring of thy feet,
Fair thy laughter, fair thy speech,
Fair our playing each with each.
Sweet thy kisses, soft thy touch,
All must love thee over much.
'Tis for thee that I am thrown
In this vaulted cell alone;
'Tis for thee that I attend
Death, that comes to make an end,
For thee, sweet friend."

Now they say and tell and relate:

Aucassin was set in prison as you have heard tell, and Nicolette for her part was shut in the chamber. It was in the time of summer heat, in the month of May, when the days are warm, long and clear, and the nights coy and serene. Nicolette lay one night sleepless on her bed, and watched the moon shine brightly through the casement, and listened to the nightingale plain in the garden. Then she bethought her of Aucassin, her friend, whom she loved so well. She called also to mind the Count Garin of Beaucaire, her mortal foe, and feared greatly to remain lest her hiding-place should be told to him, and she be put to death in some shameful fashion. She made certain that the old woman who held her in ward was sound asleep. So she rose, and wrapped herself in a very fair silk mantle, the best she had, and taking the sheets from her bed and the towels of her bath, knotted them together to make so long a rope as she was able, tied it about a pillar of the window, and slipped down into the garden. Then she took her skirt in both hands, the one before, and the other behind, and kilted her lightly against the dew which lay thickly upon the grass, and so passed through the garden. Her hair was golden, with little love-locks; her eyes blue and laughing; her face most dainty to see, with lips more vermeil than ever was rose or cherry in the time of summer heat; her teeth white and small; her breasts so firm that they showed beneath her vesture like two rounded nuts; so frail was she about the girdle that your two hands could have spanned her, and the daisies that

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she brake with her feet in passing showed altogether black against her instep and her flesh, so white was the fair young maiden.

She came to the postern, and unbarring the gate, issued forth upon the streets of Beaucaire, taking heed to keep within the shadows, for the moon shone very bright, and thus she fared until she chanced upon the tower where her lover was prisoned. The tower was buttressed with pieces of wood in many places, and Nicolette hid herself amongst the pillars, wrapped close in her mantle. She set her face to a crevice of the tower, which was old and ruinous, and there she heard Aucassin weeping within, making great sorrow for the sweet friend whom he held so dear; and when she had hearkened awhile she began to speak.

Now is sung:

Nicolette, so bright of face,
Leaned within this buttressed place,
Heard her lover weep within,
Marked the woe of Aucassin.
Then in words her thought she told,
"Aucassin, fond heart and bold,
What avails thine heart should ache
For a Paynim maiden's sake.
Ne'er may she become thy mate,
Since we prove thy father's hate,
Since thy kinsfolk hate me too;
What for me is left to do?
Nothing, but to seek the strand,
Pass o'er sea to some far land."
Shore she then one golden tress,
Thrust it in her love's duress;
Aucassin hath seen the gold
Shining bright in that dark hold,
Took the lock at her behest,
Kissed and placed it in his breast,
Then once more his eyes were wet
For Nicolette.

Now they say and tell and relate:

When Aucassin heard Nicolette say that she would fare into another country, he was filled with anger.

"Fair sweet friend," said he, "this be far from thee, for then wouldst thou have slain me. And the first man who saw thee, if so he might, would take thee forthwith and carry thee to his bed, and make thee his

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leman. Be sure that if thou wert found in any man's bed, save it be mine, I should not need a dagger to pierce my heart and slay me. Certes, no; wait would I not for a knife; but on the first wall or the nearest stone would I cast myself, and beat out my brains altogether. Better to die so foul a death as this, than know thee to be in any man's bed, save mine."

"Aucassin," said she, "I fear that thou lovest me less than thy words; and that my love is fonder than thine."

"Alack," cried Aucassin, "fair sweet friend, how can it be that thy love should be so great? Woman cannot love man, as man loves woman; for woman's love is in the glance of her eye, and the blossom of her breast and the tip of the toe of her foot; but the love of man is set deep in the hold of his heart, from whence it cannot be torn away."

Whilst Aucassin and Nicolette were thus at odds together, the town watch entered the street, bearing naked swords beneath their mantles, for Count Garin had charged them strictly, once she were taken, to put her to death. The warder from his post upon the tower marked their approach, and as they drew near heard them speaking of Nicolette, menacing her with death.

"God," said he, "it is great pity that so fair a damsel should be slain, and a rich alms should I give if I could warn her privily, and so she escape the snare; for of her death Aucassin, my liege, were dead already, and truly this were a piteous case."

Now is sung:

Brave the warder, full of guile,
Straight he sought some cunning wile;
Sought and found a song betime,
Raised this sweet and pleasant rhyme.
"Lady of the loyal mind,
Slender, gracious, very kind,
Gleaming head and golden hair,
Laughing lips and eyes of vair!
Easy, Lady, 'tis to tell
Two have speech who love full well.
Yet in peril are they met,
Set the snare, and spread the net.
Lo, the hunters draw this way,
Cloaked, with privy knives, to slay.
Ere the huntsmen spy the chase
Let the quarry haste apace
And keep her well."

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Now they say and tell and relate:

"Ah," said Nicolette, "may the soul of thy father and of thy mother find sweetest rest, since in so fair and courteous a manner hast thou warned me. So God please, I will indeed keep myself close, and may He keep me too."

She drew the folds of her cloak about her, and crouched in the darkness of the pillars till the watch had passed beyond; then she bade farewell to Aucassin, and bent her steps to the castle wall. The wall was very ruinous, and mended with timber, so she climbed the fence, and went her way till she found herself between wall and moat. Gazing below, she saw that the fosse was very deep and perilous, and the maid had great fear.

"Ah, God," cried she, "sweet Creature, should I fall, my neck must be broken; and if I stay, tomorrow shall I be taken, and men will burn my body in a fire. Yet were it better to die, now, in this place, than to be made a show to-morrow in the market."

She crossed her brow, and let herself slide down into the moat, and when she reached the bottom, her fair feet and pretty hands, which had never learned that they could be hurt, were so bruised and wounded that the blood came from them in places a many; yet knew she neither ill nor dolour because of the mightiness of her fear. But if with pain she had entered in, still more it cost her to issue forth. She called to mind that it were death to tarry, and by chance found there a stake of sharpened wood, which those within the keep had flung forth in their defence of the tower. With this she cut herself a foothold, one step above the other, till with extreme labour she climbed forth from the moat. Now the forest lay but the distance of two bolts from a crossbow, and ran some thirty leagues in length and breadth; moreover, within were many wild beasts and serpents. She feared these greatly, lest they should do her a mischief; but presently she remembered that should men lay hands upon her, they would lead her back to the city to burn her at the fire.

Now is sung:

Nicolette the fair, the fond,
Climbed the fosse and won beyond;
There she kneeled her, and implored
Very help of Christ the Lord.
"Father, King of majesty,
Where to turn I know not, I.
So, within the woodland gloom
Wolf and boar and lion roam,
Fearful things, with rav'ning maw,

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had it that she had stolen away, and others that Count Garin had done her to death. Whoever had joy thereof, Aucassin had little pleasure. His father, Count Garin, brought him out of his prison, and sent letters to the lords and ladies of those parts bidding them to a very rich feast, so that Aucassin, his son, might cease to dote. When the feast was at its merriest, Aucassin leaned against the musicians' gallery, sad and all discomforted. No laugh had he for any jest, since she, whom most he loved, was not amongst the ladies set in hall. A certain knight marked his grief, and coming presently to him, said–

"Aucassin, of such fever as yours I, too, have been sick. I can give you good counsel, if you are willing to listen."

"Sir knight," said Aucassin, "great thanks; good counsel, above all things, I would hear."

"Get to horse," said he; "take your pleasure in the woodland, amongst flowers and bracken, and the songs of the birds. Perchance, who knows? you may hear some word of which you will be glad."

"Sir knight," answered Aucassin, "great thanks; this I will do."

He left the hall privily, and went downstairs to the stable where was his horse. He caused the charger to be saddled and bridled, then put foot in stirrup, mounted, and left the castle, riding till he entered the forest, and so by adventure came upon the well whereby the shepherd lads were sitting, and it was then about three hours after noon. They had spread a cloak upon the grass, and were eating their bread, with great mirth and jollity.

Now is sung:

Round about the well were set
Martin, Robin, Esmeret;
Jolly shepherds, gaily met,
Frulin, Jack and Aubriet.
Laughed the one, "God keep in ward
Aucassin, our brave young lord.
Keep besides the damsel fair,
Blue of eye and gold of hair,
Gave us wherewithal to buy
Cate[1] and sheath knife presently,
Horn and quarterstaff and fruit,
Shepherd's pipe and country flute;
God make him well."

1. Choice food.

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Now they say and tell and relate:

When Aucassin marked the song of the herd-boys he called to heart Nicolette, his very sweet friend, whom he held so dear. He thought she must have passed that way, so he struck his horse with the spurs and came quickly to the shepherds.

"Fair children, God keep you."

"God bless you," replied he who was readier of tongue than his fellows.

"Fair children," said he, "tell over again the song that you told but now."

"We will not tell it," answered he who was more fluent of speech than the others; "sorrow be his who sings it to you, fair sir."

"Fair children," returned Aucassin, "do you not know me?"

"Oh yes, we know well that you are Aucassin, our young lord; but we are not your men; we belong to the Count."

"Fair children, sing me the song once more, I pray you!"

"By the Wounded Heart, what fine words! Why should I sing for you, if I have no wish to do so? Why, the richest man in all the land—saving the presence of Count Garin—would not dare to drive my sheep and oxen and cows from out his wheatfield or his pasture, for fear of losing his eyes. Wherefore, then, should I sing for you, if I have no wish to do so?"

"God keep you, fair children; yet you will do this thing for me. Take these ten sous that I have here in my purse."

"Sire, we will take the money; but I will not sing for you, since I have sworn not to do so; but I will tell it in plain prose, if such be your pleasure."

"As God pleases," answered Aucassin; "better the tale in prose than no story at all."

"Sire, we were in this glade between six and nine of the morn, and were breaking our bread by the well, just as we are doing now, when a girl came by, the loveliest thing in all the world, so fair that we thought her a fay, and she brimmed our wood with light. She gave us money, and made a bargain with us that if you came here we would tell you that you must hunt in this forest, for in it is such a quarry that if you may take her you would not part with one of her members for five hundred silver marks, nor for aught that man can give. For in the quest is so sweet a salve that if you take her you shall be cured of your wound; and within three days must the chase be taken, for if she be not found by then, never will you see her more. Now go to your hunting if you will, and if you will not, let it go, for truly have I carried out my bargain with her."

"Fair children," cried Aucassin, "enough have you spoken, and may God set me on her track."

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Now is sung:

Aucassin's fond heart was moved
When this hidden word he proved
Sent him by the maid he loved.
Straight his charger he bestrode,
Bade farewell, and swiftly rode
Deep within the forest dim,
Saying o'er and o'er to him:
"Nicolette, so sweet, so good,
'Tis for you I search this wood;
Antlered stag nor boar I chase,
Hot I follow on your trace.
Slender shape and deep, blue eyes,
Dainty laughter, low replies,
Fledge the arrow in my heart.
Ah, to find you, ne'er to part!
Pray God give so fair an end,
Sister, sweet friend.

Now they say and tell and relate:

Aucassin rode through the wood in search of Nicolette, and the charger went right speedily. Do not think that the spines and thorns were pitiful to him. Truly it was not so; for his raiment was so torn that the least tattered of his garments could scarcely hold to his body, and the blood ran from his arms and legs and flanks in forty places, or at least in thirty, so that you could have followed after him by the blood which he left upon the grass. But he thought so fondly of Nicolette, his sweet friend, that he felt neither ill nor dolour. Thus all day long he searched the forest in this fashion, but might learn no news of her, and when it drew towards dusk he commenced to weep because he had heard nothing. He rode at adventure down an old grass-grown road, and looking before him saw a young man standing, such as I will tell you. Tall he was, and marvellously ugly and hideous. His head was big and blacker than smoked meat; the palm of your hand could easily have gone between his two eyes; he had very large cheeks and a monstrous flat nose with great nostrils; lips redder than uncooked flesh; teeth yellow and foul; he was shod with shoes and gaiters of bull's hide, bound about the leg with ropes to well above the knee; upon his back was a rough cloak; and he stood leaning on a huge club. Aucassin urged his steed towards him, but was all afeared when he saw him as he was.

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"Fair brother, God keep you."

"God bless you too," said he.

"As God keeps you, what do you here?"

"What is that to you?" said he.

"Truly, naught," answered Aucassin. "I asked with no wish to do you wrong."

"And you, for what cause do you weep?" asked the other, "and make such heavy sorrow? Certainly, were I so rich a man as you are, not the whole world should make me shed a tear."

"Do you know me, then?" said Aucassin.

"Yes, well I know you to be Aucassin, the son of the Count, and if you will tell me why you weep, well, then I will tell you what I do here."

"Certes," said Aucassin, "I will tell you with all my heart. I came this morning to hunt in the forest, and with me a white greyhound, the swiftest in the whole world. I have lost him, and that is why I weep."

"Hear him," cried he, "by the Sacred Heart, and you make all this lamentation for a filthy dog! Sorrow be his who shall esteem you more. Why, there is not a man of substance in these parts who would not give you ten or fifteen or twenty hounds–if so your father wished–and be right glad to make you the gift. But for my part I have full reason to weep and cry aloud."

"And what is your grief, brother?"

"Sire, I will tell you. I was hired by a rich farmer to drive his plough, with a yoke of four oxen. Now three days ago, by great mischance, I lost the best of my bullocks, Roget, the very best ox in the plough. I have been looking for him ever since, and have neither eaten nor drunk for three days, since I dare not go back to the town, because men would put me into prison, as I have no money to pay for my loss. Of all the riches of the world I have nought but the rags upon my back. My poor old mother, too, who had nothing but one worn-out mattress, why, they have taken that from under her, and left her lying on the naked straw. That hurts me more than my own trouble. For money comes and money goes; if I have lost to-day, why, I may win to-morrow; and I will pay for my ox when pay I can. Not for this will I wring my hands. And you–you weep aloud for a filthy cur. Sorrow take him who shall esteem you more."

"Certes, thou art a true comforter, fair brother, and blessed may you be. What is the worth of your bullock?"

"Sire, the villein demands twenty sous for his ox. I cannot beat the price down by a single farthing."

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"Hold out your hand," said Aucassin; "take these twenty sous which I have in my purse, and pay for your ox."

"Sire," answered the hind, "many thanks, and God grant you find that for which you seek."

So they parted from each other, and Aucassin rode upon his way. The night was beautiful and still, and so he fared along the forest path until he came to the seven cross-roads where Nicolette had builded her bower. Very pretty it was, and very dainty, and well furnished both outside and in, ceiling and floor, with arras and carpet of freshly plucked flowers; no sweeter habitation could man desire to see. When Aucassin came upon it he reined back his horse sharply, and the moonbeams fell within the lodge.

"Dear God," cried Aucassin, "here was Nicolette, my sweet friend, and this has she builded with her fair white hands. For the sweetness of the house and for love of her, now will I dismount, and here will I refresh me this night."

He withdrew his foot from the stirrup, and the charger was tall and high. He dreamed so deeply on Nicolette, his very sweet friend, that he fell heavily upon a great stone, and his shoulder came from its socket. He knew himself to be grievously wounded, but he forced himself to do all that he was able, and fastened his horse with the other hand to a thorn. Then he turned on his side, and crawled as best he might into the lodge. Looking through a crevice of the bower he saw the stars shining in the sky, and one brighter than all the others, so he began to repeat–

Now is sung:

Little Star I gaze upon
Sweetly drawing to the moon,
In such golden haunt is set
Love, and bright-haired Nicolette.
God hath taken from our war
Beauty, like a shining star.
Ah, to reach her, though I fell
From her Heaven to my Hell.
Who were worthy such a thing,
Were he emperor or king?
Still you shine, oh, perfect Star,
Beyond, afar.

Now they say and tell and relate:

When Nicolette heard Aucassin speak these words she hastened to

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"I'm a mother," quoth the King:
"When my month is gone at length,
And I come to health and strength,
Then shall I hear Mass once more
As my fathers did before,
Arm me lightly, take my lance,
Set my foe a right fair dance,
Where horses prance."

Now they say and tell and relate:

When Aucassin heard the King speak thus he took the linen from the bed, and flung it about the chamber. He saw a staff in the corner, so he seized it, returned to the bed, and beat the King so rudely therewith, that he was near to die.

"Ha, fair sire," cried the King, "what do you require of me? Are you mad that you treat me thus in my own house?"

"By the Sacred Heart," said Aucassin, "bad son of a shameless mother, I will strike with the sword if you do not swear to me that man shall never lie in childbed in your realm again."

He plighted troth, and when he was thus pledged, "Sire," required Aucassin, "bring me now where your wife is with the host."

"Sire, willingly," said the King.

He got to horse, and Aucassin mounted his, leaving Nicolette at peace in the Queen's chamber. The King and Aucassin rode at adventure until they came to where the Queen was set, and they found that the battle was joined with roasted crab-apples and eggs and fresh cheeses. So Aucassin gazed upon the sight and marvelled greatly.

Now is sung:

Aucassin hath drawn his rein,
From the saddle stared amain,
Marked the set and stricken field,
Cheered the hearts that would not yield.
They had carried to the fight
Mushrooms, apples baked aright,
And for arrows, if you please,
Pelted each with good fresh cheese.
He who muddied most the ford
Bore the prize in that award.
Aucassin, the brave, the true,
Watched these deeds of derring do,
Laughed loudly too.

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Now they say and tell and relate:

When Aucassin saw this strange sight he went to the King and asked of him–

"Sire, are these your foes?"

"Yea, sire," answered the King.

"And would you that I should avenge you on them?"

"Yea," answered he, "right willingly."

So Aucassin took sword in hand, and throwing himself in the *melée,* struck fiercely on the right and on the left, and slew many. When the King saw the death that Aucassin dealt he snatched at his bridle and cried–

"Hold, fair sire, deal not with them so cruelly."

"What," said Aucassin, "was it not your wish that I should avenge you on your enemies?"

"Sire," replied the King, "too ready is such payment as yours. It is not our custom, nor theirs, to fight a quarrel to the death."

Thereon the foemen fled the field.

The King and Aucassin returned in triumph to the castle of Torelore, and the men of the country persuaded the King that he should cast Aucassin forth from the realm, and give Nicolette to his son, for she seemed a fair woman of high lineage. When Nicolette heard thereof she had little comfort, so began to say–

Now is sung:

Simple folk, and simple King,
Deeming maid so slight a thing.
When my lover finds me sweet,
Sweetly shapen, brow to feet,
Then know I such dalliance,
No delight of harp, or dance,
Sweetest tune, or fairest mirth,
All the play of all the earth
Seems aught of worth.

[*A section of the only Old French manuscript extant is missing at this point.– Editor*]

Now they say and tell and relate:

Aucassin abode in the castle of Torelore in ease and great delight, having with him Nicolette his sweet friend, whom he loved so well. Whilst his days passed in so easy and delightful a manner a great company of Saracens came in galleys oversea and beset the castle, and pres-

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ently took it by storm. They gathered together the spoil, and bore off the townsfolk, both men and women, into captivity. Amongst these were seized Nicolette and Aucassin, and having bound Aucassin, both hands and feet, they flung him into one vessel, and bestowed Nicolette upon another. Thereafter a great tempest arose at sea, and drove these galleys apart. The ship whereon Aucassin lay bound, drifted idly, here and there, on wind and tide, till by chance she went ashore near by the castle of Beaucaire, and the men of that part hurrying to the wreck, found Aucassin, and knew him again. When the men of Beaucaire saw their lord they had much joy, for Aucassin had lived at the castle of Torelore in all ease for three full years, and his father and his mother were dead. They brought him to the castle of Beaucaire, and knelt before him; so held he his realm in peace.

Now is sung:

Aucassin hath gained Beaucaire,
Men have done him homage there;
Holds he now in peace his fief,
Castellan and count and chief.
Yet with heaviness and grief
Goeth he in that fair place,
Lacking love and one sweet face;
Grieving more for one bright head
Than he mourneth for his dead.
"Dearest love, and lady kind,
Treasure I may never find,
God hath never made that strand
Far o'er sea or long by land,
Where I would not seek such prize
And merchandise."

Now they say and tell and relate:

Now leave we Aucassin and let us tell of Nicolette. The ship which carried Nicolette belonged to the King of Carthage, and he was her father, and she had twelve brothers, all princes or kings in the land. When they saw the beauty of the girl, they made much of her, and bore her in great reverence, and questioned her straitly as to her degree, for certainly she seemed to them a very gracious lady and of high lineage. But she could not tell them aught thereof, for she was but a little child when men sold her into captivity. So the oarsmen rowed until the galley cast anchor beneath the city of Carthage, and when Nicolette gazed on

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the battlements and the country round about, she called to mind that there had she been cherished, and from thence borne away when but an unripe maid; yet she was not snatched away so young but that she could clearly remember that she was the daughter of the King of Carthage, and once was nourished in the city.

Now is sung:

Nicolette, that maid demure,
Set her foot on alien shore;
Marked the city fenced with walls,
Gazed on palaces and halls.
Then she sighed, "Ah, little worth
All the pomp of all the earth,
Since the daughter of a king,
Come of Sultan's blood, they bring
Stripped to market, as a slave.
Aucassin, true heart and brave,
Sweet thy love upon me steals,
Urges, clamours, pleads, appeals;
Would to God that peril past
In my arms I held you fast;
Would to God that in this place
We were stayed in one embrace,
Fell your kisses on my face,
My dear, my fere."

Now they say and tell and relate:

When the King of Carthage heard Nicolette speak in this wise he put his arms about her neck.

"Fair sweet friend," said he, "tell me truly who you are, and be not esmayed of me."

"Sire," answered she, "truly am I daughter to the King of Carthage, and was stolen away when but a little child, full fifteen years ago."

When they heard her say this thing they were assured that her words were true, so they rejoiced greatly, and brought her to the palace in such pomp as became the daughter of a king. They sought to give her some king of those parts as husband and baron, but she had no care to marry. She stayed in the palace three or four days, and considered in her mind by what means she might flee and seek Aucassin. So she obtained a viol, and learned to play thereon; and when on a certain day they would have given her in marriage to a rich king among the Paynim, she rose at night and stole away secretly, wandering until she came to the seaport,

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where she lodged with some poor woman in a house near the shore. There, by means of a herb, she stained her head and face, so that her fairness was all dark and discoloured; and having made herself coat and mantle, shirt and hose, she equipped her in the guise of a minstrel. Then, taking her viol, she sought out a sailor, and persuaded him sweetly to grant her a passage in his ship. They hoisted sail, and voyaged over the rough seas until they came to the land of Provence; and Nicolette set foot on shore, carrying her viol, and fared playing through the country, until she came to the castle of Beaucaire, in the very place where Aucassin was.

Now is sung:

'Neath the keep of strong Beaucaire
On a day of summer fair,
At his pleasure, Aucassin
Sat with baron, friend and kin.
Then upon the scent of flow'rs,
Song of birds, and golden hours,
Full of beauty, love, regret,
Stole the dream of Nicolette,
Came the tenderness of years;
So he drew apart in tears.
Then there entered to his eyes
Nicolette, in minstrel guise,
Touched the viol with the bow,
Sang as I will let you know.
"Lords and ladies, list to me,
High and low, of what degree;
Now I sing, for your delight,
Aucassin, that loyal knight,
And his fond friend, Nicolette.
Such the love betwixt them set
When his kinsfolk sought her head
Fast he followed where she fled.
From their refuge in the keep
Paynims bore them o'er the deep.
Nought of him I know to end.
But for Nicolette, his friend,
Dear she is, desirable,
For her father loves her well;
Famous Carthage owns him king,
Where she has sweet cherishing.

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3

## Imaginative Literature

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## 3

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# Stephen Crane

1871–1900

Stephen Crane, the fourteenth child of a Methodist Episcopal clergyman in Newark, New Jersey, was born on November 1, 1871. He spent one term at Lafayette College and another at Syracuse University, where he played varsity baseball. At that time he began a first novel, later called *Maggie.* Crane paid for its printing in 1893. Scarcely a copy was sold.

He was a thin, blond young man of less than medium height. His gray-blue eyes saw everything. From late 1892 until 1896 he was in and out of New York City. He made an occasional living from newspaper assignments along Park Row. In 1895 a newspaper syndicate sent him on a trip to the West and into Mexico. There he was chased by a "fashionable bandit." Crane, a good rider, got away.

The same year he published *The Black Riders,* a book of poems, and *The Red Badge of Courage,* his brilliant novel about the Civil War. (He had never seen a battle.) *The Red Badge,* hardly noticed at first, reacted to praise from England and went through fourteen American printings in 1896. In that one year *The Red Badge, Maggie,* and the poems came out in England. Another novel, *George's Mother,* appeared in London and New York. Crane became the most talked about young writer of his period.

Early in 1897 he was aboard the tugboat *Commodore,* outbound with arms for the Cuban insurgents. She sank off the Florida coast. *The Open Boat* derived from this misadventure. In Jacksonville he met Cora Stewart, daughter of a Boston artist. She was with him, as perhaps the first woman war correspondent, when he covered the Greco-Turkish War in 1897. Later she became his common-law wife. They settled in England, welcomed by such friends as Harold Frederic, Henry James, and Joseph Conrad.



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The Spanish-American War began in April, 1898. Crane, back in New York, was rejected by the Navy. As a correspondent, he got into much of the land fighting around Santiago de Cuba. He was cited for bravery. In January, 1899, he returned to England, where Cora had found an old manor house in Sussex. His last year of work was the final battle in a war against debt, illness, and time. He was taken to a sanitarium in Germany. There he died of tuberculosis, aged twenty-eight, on June 5, 1900.

In the delirium of his last illness in the Black Forest, Crane talked about "changing places" in the boat. "By the very star of truth," he had written, "it is easier to steal eggs from under a hen than it was to change seats in the dinghy." His wife knew what boat he meant. It was a ten-foot dinghy, built for pulling in to the wharf in quiet harbors. It rode the sea, among swells "most wrongfully and barbarously abrupt and tall." This was the boat that brought Crane and three other men to the beach at Daytona after the sinking of the *Commodore*. He wrote the story quickly, after the event, in Jacksonville. Conrad, a veteran seaman, thought it a great story; and H. G. Wells said it was "beyond all question, the crown of all his work."

It needs no interpretation. Everything is there, in the story. What could be plainer than this day and night and morning in the indifferent universe of the sea, with life or death at the end of it? It is every man's life in miniature. Crane caught it when it first took fire in his imagination, while the recollection was still fresh. His all but instinctive sense of form told him where to begin and where to stop. He gives us the tugboat's sinking in one remembered image: ". . . a stump of a topmast with a white ball on it, that slashed to and fro at the waves, went low and lower, and down." After that everything is contained in the Greek unities of a boat, four men, the sea, the sky, and the land.

Like the poet Rimbaud, Crane deliberately made himself "a testing ground for all the sensations of living." He was a man who had to

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*Notes from the artist:* ". . . *a sparse, severe treatment of Stephen Crane as the seeker of human values in a grim, chaotic world . . . Above his head, standing between the Union and Confederate flags, is Henry Fleming, the coward-hero of* The Red Badge of Courage."

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find out how things worked and how they felt. The discovery of this truth of feeling was his business, in baseball (he said it had taught him about war), in rowing a dinghy in the open sea, or in war itself. The things that other people dismissed as mere sensation–"sport" or "adventure" or "war"–were simply life to him. He lived them with the same faithful intensity he gave to the observation of a dog's behavior or a boy's gang fight.

This is what made it possible for Crane to create that sense of the raw world we get in *The Open Boat* and in the best of his other stories. He was called an "impressionist." The label was false. He was no passive receiver of impressions. His point of vision, in life as in his stories, was that of a participant in the given action. The "psychology" of the men in *The Open Boat* is almost purely a matter of dealing with their situation, plus the sense of community that comes out of that. Even the correspondent's reflections are only an extension of these feelings. Such treatment might have produced a melodrama. It is lifted into art by the detachment of Crane's style: by the surprises of the poet, the precision of the man of action, the oblique angle of the ironist.

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the color of the sea changed from slate to emerald green streaked with amber lights, and the foam was like tumbling snow. The process of the breaking day was unknown to them. They were aware only of this effect upon the color of the waves that rolled toward them.

In disjointed sentences the cook and the correspondent argued as to the difference between a life-saving station and a house of refuge. The cook had said: "There's a house of refuge just north of the Mosquito Inlet Light, and as soon as they see us they'll come off in their boat and pick us up."

"As soon as who see us?" said the correspondent.

"The crew," said the cook.

"Houses of refuge don't have crews," said the correspondent. "As I understand them, they are only places where clothes and grub are stored for the benefit of shipwrecked people. They don't carry crews."

"Oh, yes, they do," said the cook.

"No, they don't," said the correspondent.

"Well, we're not there yet, anyhow," said the oiler, in the stern.

"Well," said the cook, "perhaps it's not a house of refuge that I'm thinking of as being near Mosquito Inlet Light; perhaps it's a life-saving station."

"We're not there yet," said the oiler in the stern.

As the boat bounced from the top of each wave the wind tore through the hair of the hatless men, and as the craft plopped her stern down again the spray slashed past them. The crest of each of these waves was a hill, from the top of which the men surveyed for a moment a broad tumultuous expanse, shining and wind-riven. It was probably splendid, it was probably glorious, this play of the free sea, wild with lights of emerald and white and amber.

"Bully good thing it's an on-shore wind," said the cook. "If not, where would we be? Wouldn't have a show."

"That's right," said the correspondent.

The busy oiler nodded his assent.

Then the captain, in the bow, chuckled in a way that expressed humor, contempt, tragedy, all in one. "Do you think we've got much of a show now, boys?" said he.

Whereupon the three were silent, save for a trifle of hemming and hawing. To express any particular optimism at this time they felt to be childish and stupid, but they all doubtless possessed this sense of the

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situation in their minds. A young man thinks doggedly at such times. On the other hand, the ethics of their condition was decidedly against any open suggestion of hopelessness. So they were silent.

"Oh, well," said the captain, soothing his children, "we'll get ashore all right."

But there was that in his tone which made them think; so the oiler quoth, "Yes! if this wind holds."

The cook was bailing. "Yes! if we don't catch hell in the surf."

Canton-flannel gulls flew near and far. Sometimes they sat down on the sea, near patches of brown seaweed that rolled over the waves with a movement like carpets on a line in a gale. The birds sat comfortably in groups, and they were envied by some in the dinghy, for the wrath of the sea was no more to them than it was to a covey of prairie chickens a thousand miles inland. Often they came very close and stared at the men with black beadlike eyes. At these times they were uncanny and sinister in their unblinking scrutiny, and the men hooted angrily at them, telling them to be gone. One came, and evidently decided to alight on the top of the captain's head. The bird flew parallel to the boat and did not circle, but made short sidelong jumps in the air in chicken fashion. His black eyes were wistfully fixed upon the captain's head. "Ugly brute," said the oiler to the bird. "You look as if you were made with a jackknife." The cook and the correspondent swore darkly at the creature. The captain naturally wished to knock it away with the end of the heavy painter, but he did not dare do it, because anything resembling an emphatic gesture would have capsized this freighted boat; and so, with his open hand, the captain gently and carefully waved the gull away. After it had been discouraged from the pursuit the captain breathed easier on account of his hair, and others breathed easier because the bird struck their minds at this time as being somehow gruesome and ominous.

In the meantime the oiler and the correspondent rowed. And also they rowed. They sat together in the same seat, and each rowed an oar. Then the oiler took both oars; then the correspondent took both oars; then the oiler; then the correspondent. They rowed and they rowed. The very ticklish part of the business was when the time came for the reclining one in the stern to take his turn at the oars. By the very last star of truth, it is easier to steal eggs from under a hen than it was to change seats in the dinghy. First the man in the stern slid his hand along the thwart and moved with care, as if he were of Sèvres. Then the man in the rowing seat slid his hand along the other thwart. It was all done with the most extraordinary care. As the two sidled past each other, the whole party

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kept watchful eyes on the coming wave, and the captain cried: "Look out, now! Steady, there!"

The brown mats of seaweed that appeared from time to time were like islands, bits of earth. They were traveling, apparently, neither one way nor the other. They were, to all intents, stationary. They informed the man in the boat that it was making progress slowly toward the land.

The captain, rearing cautiously in the bow after the dinghy soared on a great swell, said that he had seen the lighthouse at Mosquito Inlet. Presently the cook remarked that he had seen it. The correspondent was at the oars then, and for some reason he too wished to look at the lighthouse; but his back was toward the far shore, and the waves were important, and for some time he could not seize an opportunity to turn his head. But at last there came a wave more gentle than the others, and when at the crest of it he swiftly scoured the western horizon.

"See it?" said the captain.

"No," said the correspondent, slowly; "I didn't see anything."

"Look again," said the captain. He pointed. "It's exactly in that direction."

At the top of another wave the correspondent did as he was bid, and this time his eyes chanced on a small, still thing on the edge of the swaying horizon. It was precisely like the point of a pin. It took an anxious eye to find a lighthouse so tiny.

"Think well make it, Captain?"

"If this wind holds and the boat don't swamp, we can't do much else," said the captain.

The little boat, lifted by each towering sea and splashed viciously by the crests, made progress that in the absence of seaweed was not apparent to those in her. She seemed just a wee thing wallowing, miraculously top up, at the mercy of five oceans. Occasionally a great spread of water, like white flames, swarmed into her.

"Bail her, cook," said the captain, serenely.

"All right, Captain," said the cheerful cook.

It would be difficult to describe the subtle brotherhood of men that was here established on the seas. No one said that it was so. No one mentioned it. But it dwelt in the boat, and each man felt it warm him. They were a captain, an oiler, a cook, and a correspondent, and they were friends—friends in a more curiously iron-bound degree than may be common. The hurt captain, lying against the water jar in the bow, spoke always in a

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low voice and calmly; but he could never command a more ready and swiftly obedient crew than the motley three of the dinghy. It was more than a mere recognition of what was best for the common safety. There was surely in it a quality that was personal and heart-felt. And after this devotion to the commander of the boat, there was this comradeship, that the correspondent, for instance, who had been taught to be cynical of men, knew even at the time was the best experience of his life. But no one said that it was so. No one mentioned it.

"I wish we had a sail," remarked the captain. "We might try my overcoat on the end of an oar, and give you two boys a chance to rest." So the cook and the correspondent held the mast and spread wide the overcoat; the oiler steered; and the little boat made good way with her new rig. Sometimes the oiler had to scull sharply to keep a sea from breaking into the boat, but otherwise sailing was a success.

Meanwhile the lighthouse had been growing slowly larger. It had now almost assumed color, and appeared like a little gray shadow on the sky. The man at the oars could not be prevented from turning his head rather often to try for a glimpse of this little gray shadow.

At last, from the top of each wave, the men in the tossing boat could see land. Even as the lighthouse was an upright shadow on the sky, this land seemed but a long black shadow on the sea. It certainly was thinner than paper. "We must be about opposite New Smyrna," said the cook, who had coasted this shore often in schooners. "Captain, by the way, I believe they abandoned that life-saving station there about a year ago."

"Did they?" said the captain.

The wind slowly died away. The cook and the correspondent were not now obliged to slave in order to hold high the oar. But the waves continued their old impetuous swooping at the dinghy, and the little craft, no longer under way, struggled woundily over them. The oiler or the correspondent took the oars again.

Shipwrecks are apropos of nothing. If men could only train for them and have them occur when the men had reached pink condition, there would be less drowning at sea. Of the four in the dinghy none had slept any time worth mentioning for two days and two nights previous to embarking in the dinghy, and in the excitement of clambering about the deck of a foundering ship they had also forgotten to eat heartily.

For these reasons, and for others, neither the oiler nor the correspondent was fond of rowing at this time. The correspondent wondered ingenuously how in the name of all that was sane could there be people who thought it amusing to row a boat. It was not an amusement; it was a

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diabolical punishment, and even a genius of mental aberrations could never conclude that it was anything but a horror to the muscles and a crime against the back. He mentioned to the boat in general how the amusement of rowing struck him, and the weary-faced oiler smiled in full sympathy. Previously to the foundering, by the way, the oiler had worked a double watch in the engine room of the ship.

"Take her easy now, boys," said the captain. "Don't spend yourselves. If we have to run a surf you'll need all your strength, because we'll sure have to swim for it. Take your time."

Slowly the land arose from the sea. From a black line it became a line of black and a line of white–trees and sand. Finally the captain said that he could make out a house on the shore. "That's the house of refuge, sure," said the cook. "They'll see us before long, and come out after us."

The distant lighthouse reared high. "The keeper ought to be able to make us out now, if he's looking through a glass," said the captain. "He'll notify the life-saving people."

"None of those other boats could have got ashore to give word of this wreck," said the oiler, in a low voice, "else the lifeboat would be out hunting us."

Slowly and beautifully the land loomed out of the sea. The wind came again. It had veered from the northeast to the southeast. Finally a new sound struck the ears of the men in the boat. It was the low thunder of the surf on the shore. "We'll never be able to make the lighthouse now," said the captain. "Swing her head a little more north, Billie."

"A little more north, sir," said the oiler.

Whereupon the little boat turned her nose once more down the wind, and all but the oarsman watched the shore grow. Under the influence of this expansion doubt and direful apprehension were leaving the minds of the men. The management of the boat was still most absorbing, but it could not prevent a quiet cheerfulness. In an hour, perhaps, they would be ashore.

Their backbones had become thoroughly used to balancing in the boat, and they now rode this wild colt of a dinghy like circus men. The correspondent thought that he had been drenched to the skin, but happening to feel in the top pocket of his coat, he found therein eight cigars. Four of them were soaked with sea water; four were perfectly scatheless. After a search, somebody produced three dry matches; and thereupon the four waifs rode impudently in their little boat and, with an assurance of an impending rescue shining in their eyes, puffed at the big cigars, and judged well and ill of all men. Everybody took a drink of water.

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"Did you ever like to row, Billie?" asked the correspondent.

"No," said the oiler; "hang it!"

When one exchanged the rowing seat for a place in the bottom of the boat, he suffered a bodily depression that caused him to be careless of everything save an obligation to wiggle one finger. There was cold sea water swashing to and fro in the boat, and he lay in it. His head, pillowed on a thwart, was within an inch of the swirl of a wave crest, and sometimes a particularly obstreperous sea came inboard and drenched him once more. But these matters did not annoy him. It is almost certain that if the boat had capsized he would have tumbled comfortably out upon the ocean as if he felt sure that it was a great soft mattress.

"Look! There's a man on the shore!"

"Where?"

"There! See 'im? See 'im?"

"Yes, sure! He's walking along."

"Now he's stopped. Look! He's facing us!"

"He's waving at us!"

"So he is! By thunder!"

"Ah, now we're all right! Now we're all right! There'll be a boat out here for us in half an hour."

"He's going on. He's running. He's going up to that house there."

The remote beach seemed lower than the sea, and it required a searching glance to discern the little black figure. The captain saw a floating stick, and they rowed to it. A bath towel was by some weird chance in the boat, and, tying this on the stick, the captain waved it. The oarsman did not dare turn his head, so he was obliged to ask questions.

"What's he doing now?"

"He's standing still again. He's looking, I think.–There he goes again–toward the house.–Now he's stopped again."

"Is he waving at us?"

"No, not now; he was, though."

"Look! There comes another man!"

"He's running."

"Look at him go, would you!"

"Why, he's on a bicycle. Now he's met the other man. They're both waving at us. Look!"

"There comes something up the beach."

"What the devil is that thing?"

"Why, it looks like a boat."

"Why, certainly, it's a boat."

"No; it's on wheels."

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"Yes, so it is. Well, that must be the lifeboat. They drag them along shore on a wagon."

"That's the lifeboat, sure."

"No, by God, it's–it's an omnibus."

"I tell you it's a lifeboat."

"It is not! It's an omnibus. I can see it plain. See? One of these big hotel omnibuses."

"By thunder, you're right. It's an omnibus, sure as fate. What do you suppose they are doing with an omnibus? Maybe they are going around collecting the life-crew, hey?"

"That's it, likely. Look! There's a fellow waving a little black flag. He's standing on the steps of the omnibus. There come those other two fellows. Now they're all talking together. Look at the fellow with the flag. Maybe he ain't waving it!"

"That ain't a flag, is it? That's his coat. Why, certainly, that's his coat."

"So it is; it's his coat. He's taken it off and is waving it around his head. But would you look at him swing it!"

"Oh, say, there isn't any life-saving station there. That's just a winter-resort hotel omnibus that has brought over some of the boarders to see us drown."

"What's that idiot with the coat mean? What's he signaling, anyhow?"

"It looks as if he were trying to tell us to go north. There must be a life-saving station up there."

"No; he thinks we're fishing. Just giving us a merry hand. See? Ah, there, Willie!"

"Well, I wish I could make something out of those signals. What do you suppose he means?"

"He don't mean anything; he's just playing."

"Well, if he'd just signal us to try the surf again, or to go to sea and wait, or go north, or go south, or go to hell, there would be some reason in it. But look at him! He just stands there and keeps his coat revolving like a wheel. The ass!"

"There come more people."

"Now there's quite a mob. Look! Isn't that a boat?"

"Where? Oh, I see where you mean. No, that's no boat."

"That fellow is still waving his coat."

"He must think we like to see him do that. Why don't he quit it? It don't mean anything."

"I don't know. I think he is trying to make us go north. It must be that there's a life-saving station there somewhere."

"Say, he ain't tired yet. Look at 'im wave!"

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"Wonder how long he can keep that up. He's been revolving his coat ever since he caught sight of us. He's an idiot. Why aren't they getting men to bring a boat out? A fishing boat–one of those big yawls–could come out here all right. Why don't he do something?"

"Oh, it's all right now."

"They'll have a boat out here for us in less than no time, now that they've seen us."

A faint yellow tone came into the sky over the low land. The shadows on the sea slowly deepened. The wind bore coldness with it, and the men began to shiver.

"Holy smoke!" said one, allowing his voice to express his impious mood, "if we keep on monkeying out here! If we've got to flounder out here all night!"

"Oh, we'll never have to stay here all night! Don't you worry. They've seen us now, and it won't be long before they'll come chasing out after us."

The shore grew dusky. The man waving a coat blended gradually into this gloom, and it swallowed in the same manner the omnibus and the group of people. The spray, when it dashed uproariously over the side, made the voyagers shrink and swear like men who were being branded.

"I'd like to catch the chump who waved the coat. I feel like socking him one, just for luck."

"Why? What did he do?"

"Oh, nothing, but then he seemed so damned cheerful."

In the meantime the oiler rowed, and then the correspondent rowed, and then the oiler rowed. Gray-faced and bowed forward, they mechanically, turn by turn, plied the leaden oars. The form of the lighthouse had vanished from the southern horizon, but finally a pale star appeared, just lifting from the sea. The streaked saffron in the west passed before the all-merging darkness, and the sea to the east was black. The land had vanished, and was expressed only by the low and drear thunder of the surf.

"If I am going to be drowned–if I am going to be drowned–if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees? Was I brought here merely to have my nose dragged away as I was about to nibble the sacred cheese of life?"

The patient captain, drooped over the water jar, was sometimes obliged to speak to the oarsman.

"Keep her head up! Keep her head up!"

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"Keep her head up, sir." The voices were weary and low.

This was surely a quiet evening. All save the oarsman lay heavily and listlessly in the boat's bottom. As for him, his eyes were just capable of noting the tall black waves that swept forward in a most sinister silence, save for an occasional subdued growl of a crest.

The cook's head was on a thwart, and he looked without interest at the water under his nose. He was deep in other scenes. Finally he spoke. "Billie," he murmured, dreamfully, "what kind of pie do you like best?"

"Pie!" said the oiler and the correspondent, agitatedly. "Don't talk about those things, blast you!"

"Well," said the cook, "I was just thinking about ham sandwiches and–"

A night on the sea in an open boat is a long night. As darkness settled finally, the shine of the light, lifting from the sea in the south, changed to full gold. On the northern horizon a new light appeared, a small bluish gleam on the edge of the waters. These two lights were the furniture of the world. Otherwise there was nothing but waves.

Two men huddled in the stern, and distances were so magnificent in the dinghy that the rower was enabled to keep his feet partly warm by thrusting them under his companions. Their legs indeed extended far under the rowing seat until they touched the feet of the captain forward. Sometimes, despite the efforts of the tired oarsman, a wave came piling into the boat, an icy wave of the night, and the chilling water soaked them anew. They would twist their bodies for a moment and groan, and sleep the dead sleep once more, while the water in the boat gurgled about them as the craft rocked.

The plan of the oiler and the correspondent was for one to row until he lost the ability, and then arouse the other from his sea-water couch in the bottom of the boat.

The oiler plied the oars until his head drooped forward and the overpowering sleep blinded him; and he rowed yet afterward. Then he touched a man in the bottom of the boat, and called his name. "Will you spell me for a little while?" he said, meekly.

"Sure, Billie," said the correspondent, awaking and dragging himself to a sitting position. They exchanged places carefully, and the oiler, cuddling down in the sea water at the cook's side, seemed to go to sleep instantly.

The particular violence of the sea had ceased. The waves came without snarling. The obligation of the man at the oars was to keep the boat

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headed so that the tilt of the rollers would not capsize her, and to preserve her from filling when the crests rushed past. The black waves were silent and hard to be seen in the darkness. Often one was almost upon the boat before the oarsman was aware.

In a low voice the correspondent addressed the captain. He was not sure that the captain was awake, although this iron man seemed to be always awake. "Captain, shall I keep her making for that light north, sir?"

The same steady voice answered him. "Yes. Keep it about two points off the port bow."

The cook had tied a life belt around himself in order to get even the warmth which this clumsy cork contrivance could donate, and he seemed almost stovelike when a rower, whose teeth invariably chattered wildly as soon as he ceased his labor, dropped down to sleep.

The correspondent, as he rowed, looked down at the two men sleeping underfoot. The cook's arm was around the oiler's shoulders, and, with their fragmentary clothing and haggard faces, they were the babes of the sea—a grotesque rendering of the old babes in the wood.

Later he must have grown stupid at his work, for suddenly there was a growling of water, and a crest came with a roar and a swash into the boat, and it was a wonder that it did not set the cook afloat in his life belt. The cook continued to sleep, but the oiler sat up, blinking his eyes and shaking with the new cold.

"Oh, I'm awful sorry, Billie," said the correspondent, contritely.

"That's all right, old boy," said the oiler, and lay down again and was asleep.

Presently it seemed that even the captain dozed, and the correspondent thought that he was the one man afloat on all the oceans. The wind had a voice as it came over the waves, and it was sadder than the end.

There was a long, loud swishing astern of the boat, and a gleaming trail of phosphorescence, like blue flame, was furrowed on the black waters. It might have been made by a monstrous knife.

Then there came a stillness, while the correspondent breathed with open mouth and looked at the sea.

Suddenly there was another swish and another long flash of bluish light, and this time it was alongside the boat, and might almost been reached with an oar. The correspondent saw an enormous fin speed like a shadow through the water, hurling the crystalline spray and leaving the long glowing trail.

The correspondent looked over his shoulder at the captain. His face

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the bluff in back of it, and this could be discerned from the boat. The wind came stronger, and sometimes a wave suddenly raged out like a mountain cat, and there was to be seen the sheen and sparkle of a broken crest.

The captain, in the bow, moved on his water jar and sat erect. "Pretty long night," he observed to the correspondent. He looked at the shore. "Those life-saving people take their time."

"Did you see that shark playing around?"

"Yes, I saw him. He was a big fellow, all right."

"Wish I had known you were awake."

Later the correspondent spoke into the bottom of the boat. "Billie!" There was a slow and gradual disentanglement. "Billie, will you spell me?"

"Sure," said the oiler.

As soon as the correspondent touched the cold, comfortable sea water in the bottom of the boat and had huddled close to the cook's life belt he was deep in sleep, despite the fact that his teeth played all the popular airs. This sleep was so good to him that it was but a moment before he heard a voice call his name in a tone that demonstrated the last stages of exhaustion. "Will you spell me?"

"Sure, Billie."

The light in the north had mysteriously vanished, but the correspondent took his course from the wide-awake captain.

Later in the night they took the boat farther out to sea, and the captain directed the cook to take one oar at the stern and keep the boat facing the seas. He was to call out if he should hear the thunder of the surf. This plan enabled the oiler and the correspondent to get respite together. "We'll give those boys a chance to get into shape again," said the captain. They curled down and, after a few preliminary chatterings and trembles, slept once more the dead sleep. Neither knew they had bequeathed to the cook the company of another shark, or perhaps the same shark.

As the boat caroused on the waves, spray occasionally bumped over the side and gave them a fresh soaking, but this had no power to break their repose. The ominous slash of the wind and the water affected them as it would have affected mummies.

"Boys," said the cook, with the notes of every reluctance in his voice, "she's drifted in pretty close. I guess one of you had better take her to sea again." The correspondent, aroused, heard the crash of the toppled crests.

As he was rowing, the captain gave him some whisky and water, and

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this steadied the chills out of him. "If I ever get ashore and anybody shows me even a photograph of an oar–"

At last there was a short conversation.

"Billie!–Billie, will you spell me?"

"Sure," said the oiler.

When the correspondent again opened his eyes, the sea and the sky were each of the gray hue of the dawning. Later, carmine and gold was painted upon the waters. The morning appeared finally, in its splendor, with a sky of pure blue, and the sunlight flamed on the tips of the waves.

On the distant dunes were set many little black cottages, and a tall white windmill reared above them. No man, nor dog, nor bicycle appeared on the beach. The cottages might have formed a deserted village.

The voyagers scanned the shore. A conference was held in the boat. "Well," said the captain, "if no help is coming, we might better try a run through the surf right away. If we stay out here much longer we will be too weak to do anything for ourselves at all." The others silently acquiesced in this reasoning. The boat was headed for the beach. The correspondent wondered if none ever ascended the tall wind tower, and if then they never looked seaward. This tower was a giant, standing with its back to the plight of the ants. It represented in a degree, to the correspondent, the serenity of nature amid the struggles of the individual–nature in the wind, and nature in the vision of men. She did not seem cruel to him then, nor beneficent, nor treacherous, nor wise. But she was indifferent, flatly indifferent. It is, perhaps, plausible that a man in this situation, impressed with the unconcern of the universe, should see the innumerable flaws of his life, and have them taste wickedly in his mind, and wish for another chance. A distinction between right and wrong seems absurdly clear to him, then, in this new ignorance of the grave edge, and he understands that if he were given another opportunity he would mend his conduct and his words, and be better and brighter during an introduction or at a tea.

"Now, boys," said the captain, "she is going to swamp sure. All we can do is to work her in as far as possible, and then when she swamps, pile out and scramble for the beach. Keep cool now, and don't jump until she swamps sure."

The oiler took the oars. Over his shoulders he scanned the surf.

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"Captain," he said, "I think I'd better bring her about and keep her head-on to the seas and back her in."

"All right, Billie," said the captain. "Back her in." The oiler swung the boat then, and, seated in the stern, the cook and the correspondent were obliged to look over their shoulders to contemplate the lonely and indifferent shore.

The monstrous inshore rollers heaved the boat high until the men were again enabled to see the white sheets of water scudding up the slanted beach. "We won't get in very close," said the captain. Each time a man could wrest his attention from the rollers, he turned his glance toward the shore, and in the expression of the eyes during this contemplation there was a singular quality. The correspondent, observing the others, knew that they were not afraid, but the full meaning of their glances was shrouded.

As for himself, he was too tired to grapple fundamentally with the fact. He tried to coerce his mind into thinking of it, but the mind was dominated at this time by the muscles, and the muscles said they did not care. It merely occurred to him that if he should drown it would be a shame.

There were no hurried words, no pallor, no plain agitation. The men simply looked at the shore. "Now, remember to get well clear of the boat when you jump," said the captain.

Seaward the crest of a roller suddenly fell with a thunderous crash, and the long white comber came roaring down upon the boat.

"Steady now," said the captain. The men were silent. They turned their eyes from the shore to the comber and waited. The boat slid up the incline, leaped at the furious top, bounced over it, and swung down the long back of the wave. Some water had been shipped, and the cook bailed it out.

But the next crest crashed also. The tumbling, boiling flood of white water caught the boat and whirled it almost perpendicular. Water swarmed in from all sides. The correspondent had his hands on the gunwale at this time, and when the water entered at that place he swiftly withdrew his fingers, as if he objected to wetting them.

The little boat, drunken with this weight of water, reeled and snuggled deeper into the sea.

"Bail her out, cook! Bail her out!" said the captain.

"All right, Captain," said the cook.

"Now, boys, the next one will do for us sure," said the oiler. "Mind to jump clear of the boat."

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The third wave moved forward, huge, furious, implacable. It fairly swallowed the dinghy, and almost simultaneously the men tumbled into the sea. A piece of life belt had lain in the bottom of the boat, and as the correspondent went overboard he held this to his chest with his left hand.

The January water was icy, and he reflected immediately that it was colder than he had expected to find it off the coast of Florida. This appeared to his dazed mind as a fact important enough to be noted at the time. The coldness of the water was sad; it was tragic. This fact was somehow mixed and confused with his opinion of his own situation, so that it seemed almost a proper reason for tears. The water was cold.

When he came to the surface he was conscious of little but the noisy water. Afterward he saw his companions in the sea. The oiler was ahead in the race. He was swimming strongly and rapidly. Off to the correspondent's left, the cook's great white and corked back bulged out of the water; and in the rear the captain was hanging with his one good hand to the keel of the overturned dinghy.

There is a certain immovable quality to a shore, and the correspondent wondered at it amid the confusion of the sea.

It seemed also very attractive; but the correspondent knew that it was a long journey, and he paddled leisurely. The piece of life preserver lay under him, and sometimes he whirled down the incline of a wave as if he were on a hand sled.

But finally he arrived at a place in the sea where travel was beset with difficulty. He did not pause swimming to inquire what manner of current had caught him, but there his progress ceased. The shore was set before him like a bit of scenery on a stage, and he looked at it and understood with his eyes each detail of it.

As the cook passed, much farther to the left, the captain was calling to him, "Turn over on your back, cook! Turn over on your back and use the oar."

"All right, sir." The cook turned on his back, and, paddling with an oar, went ahead as if he were a canoe.

Presently the boat also passed to the left of the correspondent, with the captain clinging with one hand to the keel. He would have appeared like a man raising himself to look over a board fence if it were not for the extraordinary gymnastics of the boat. The correspondent marveled that the captain could still hold to it.

They passed on nearer to shore–the oiler, the cook, the captain–and following them went the water jar, bouncing gaily over the seas.

The correspondent remained in the grip of this strange new enemy–

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a current. The shore, with its white slope of sand and its green bluff topped with little silent cottages, was spread like a picture before him. It was very near to him then, but he was impressed as one who, in a gallery, looks at a scene from Brittany or Algiers.

He thought: "I am going to drown? Can it be possible? Can it be possible? Can it be possible?" Perhaps an individual must consider his own death to be the final phenomenon of nature.

But later a wave perhaps whirled him out of this small deadly current, for he found suddenly that he could again make progress toward the shore. Later still he was aware that the captain, clinging with one hand to the keel of the dinghy, had his face turned away from the shore and toward him, and was calling his name. "Come to the boat! Come to the boat!"

In his struggle to reach the captain and the boat, he reflected that when one gets properly wearied drowning must really be a comfortable arrangement–a cessation of hostilities accompanied by a large degree of relief; and he was glad of it, for the main thing in his mind for some moments had been horror of the temporary agony. He did not wish to be hurt.

Presently he saw a man running along the shore. He was undressing with most remarkable speed. Coat, trousers, shirt, everything flew magically off him.

"Come to the boat!" called the captain.

"All right, Captain." As the correspondent paddled, he saw the captain let himself down to bottom and leave the boat. Then the correspondent performed his one little marvel of the voyage. A large wave caught him and flung him with ease and supreme speed completely over the boat and far beyond it. It struck him even then as an event in gymnastics and a true miracle of the sea. An overturned boat in the surf is not a plaything to a swimming man.

The correspondent arrived in water that reached only to his waist, but his condition did not enable him to stand for more than a moment. Each wave knocked him into a heap, and the undertow pulled at him.

Then he saw the man who had been running and undressing, and undressing and running, come bounding into the water. He dragged ashore the cook, and then waded toward the captain; but the captain waved him away and sent him to the correspondent. He was naked–naked as a tree in winter; but a halo was about his head, and he shone like a saint. He gave a strong pull, and a long drag, and a bully heave at the correspondent's hand. The correspondent, schooled in the minor

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the clipper ship *Meteor,* on a voyage to San Francisco. In 1866 he was made a District Inspector of Customs in New York and remained at that post until 1885. During this period he published two volumes of poetry, *Battle-Pieces* and *Clarel.* Two others appeared later. Even if he had written nothing else, *Moby Dick* would have earned him a place among the highest in American and world literature. He died in New York City on September 28, 1891.

In the early winter of 1888, Melville set out to write *Billy Budd,* his last great work. He began a first revision and enlargement in March, 1889. The book, left in an all but final state at his death, remained unpublished until Raymond M.Weaver brought it out in 1924 as a part of his Melville revival. It was later turned into a play, a motion picture, and an opera composed by Benjamin Britten. Many critics have come to regard it as second only to *Moby Dick* in the Melville canon.

It is, like so much of Melville's work, a story of the sea–and what a story it is! We discover at once, as in Hugo's account of the cannon adrift or Scott's *The Two Drovers,* that the story is inseparable from its meaning. We have hardly got well into it before we begin to ask ourselves questions. We notice that these questions are chiefly ethical and philosophical. What is the nature of good and evil in human beings? Are these qualities inborn or taught? Must we make a distinction between law and justice? If so, which must we observe? Is there a justice according to law and a justice of the heart? Moreover, we observe that these questions originate, not as ideas, but in our feelings about the characters.

Claggart, the master-at-arms, falsely denounce s Billy Budd to Captain Vere as a plotter of mutiny. Captain Vere summons Budd to face the charge. He, tongue-tied with horror, strikes out at Claggart and kills him. At once Captain Vere convenes a court-martial to try Budd. Is this proper? The other officers and the surgeon feel that

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*Notes from the artist: ". . . the sea–and some of its imaginary creatures and monsters–flows from the hair and beard of Melville, forming a living part of the author whose works often suggest the strange, fantastic effects of the sea on men's souls."*

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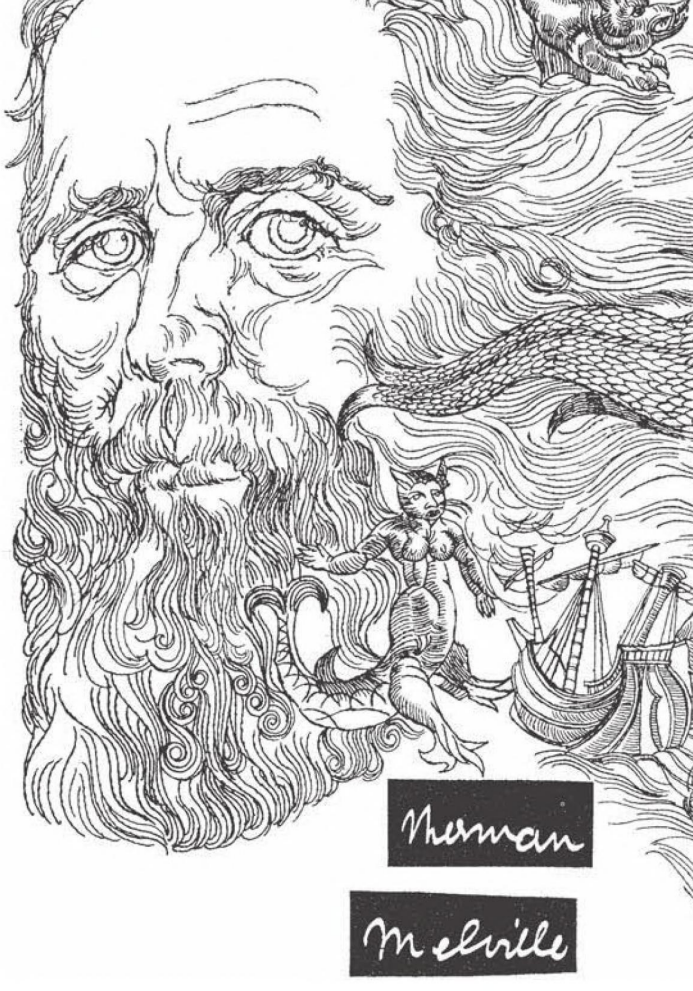


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the matter should be referred to the admiral. This is evidently in accord with the laws and regulations then in force in the British navy.

Harrison Hayford and Merton M. Sealts, Jr., who have made a full study of *Billy Budd,* and whose text follows, show that the Mutiny Act cited by Melville clearly applied to British land forces, not to the navy. Moreover, naval regulations provided that a death sentence for any act other than mutiny must not be carried out until it had been reviewed and affirmed by the Admiralty or the squadron or fleet commander. Budd is not being tried for any mutinous act—no one, not even Claggart, believed him guilty of that—but for killing an officer.

Thus Captain Vere, far from being a letter-of-the-law man, is clearly exceeding his authority in convening a court-martial and executing sentence. More than that, he has made up his mind beforehand that Budd must die. The sentence of the court is in effect a directed verdict. Why? Even if Captain Vere believed that his actions were legal, his great sympathy for Budd—so great, in fact, that the French critic Mayoux has suggested that he might be Budd's natural father—darkens the mystery. Did he believe that, against the background of recent mutiny, Budd must be made a swift example? How did he know that this would not rouse the crew?

We speculate, as Melville intended we should. Is Billy Budd meant to be a Christ figure? Are he and Claggart the respective symbols of good and evil? Is the novel first of all a social criticism of a barbarous time? Or is it Melville's final "testament of acceptance"? "Acceptance" of injustice in the name of social order? Or is it all meant to be taken as dark irony? We go on questioning. But we notice that, in all our questions, we hold to our feeling of common humanity in the face of every circumstance that threatens it.

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# *Billy Budd*

DEDICATED
TO
JACK CHASE
ENGLISHMAN

Wherever that great heart may now be
Here on Earth or harbored in Paradise

Captain of the Maintop
in the year 1843
in the U.S. Frigate
*United States*

In the time before steamships, or then more frequently than now, a stroller along the docks of any considerable seaport would occasionally have his attention arrested by a group of bronzed mariners, man-of-war's men or merchant sailors in holiday attire, ashore on liberty. In certain instances they would flank, or like a bodyguard quite surround, some superior figure of their own class, moving along with them like Aldebaran among the lesser lights of his constellation. That signal object was the "Handsome Sailor" of the less prosaic time alike of the military and merchant navies. With no perceptible trace of the vainglorious about him, rather with the offhand unaffectedness of natural regality, he seemed to accept the spontaneous homage of his shipmates.

A somewhat remarkable instance recurs to me. In Liverpool, now half a century ago, I saw under the shadow of the great dingy street-wall of Prince's Dock (an obstruction long since removed) a common sailor so



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intensely black that he must needs have been a native African of the unadulterate blood of Ham—a symmetric figure much above the average height. The two ends of a gay silk handkerchief thrown loose about the neck danced upon the displayed ebony of his chest, in his ears were big hoops of gold, and a Highland bonnet with a tartan band set off his shapely head. It was a hot noon in July; and his face, lustrous with perspiration, beamed with barbaric good humor. In jovial sallies right and left, his white teeth flashing into view, he rollicked along, the center of a company of his shipmates. These were made up of such an assortment of tribes and complexions as would have well fitted them to be marched up by Anacharsis Cloots before the bar of the first French Assembly as Representatives of the Human Race. At each spontaneous tribute rendered by the wayfarers to this black pagod of a fellow—the tribute of a pause and stare, and less frequently an exclamation—the motley retinue showed that they took that sort of pride in the evoker of it which the Assyrian priests doubtless showed for their grand sculptured Bull when the faithful prostrated themselves.

To return. If in some cases a bit of a nautical Murat in setting forth his person ashore, the Handsome Sailor of the period in question evinced nothing of the dandified Billy-be-Dam, an amusing character all but extinct now, but occasionally to be encountered, and in a form yet more amusing than the original, at the tiller of the boats on the tempestuous Erie Canal or, more likely, vaporing in the groggeries along the towpath. Invariably a proficient in his perilous calling, he was also more or less of a mighty boxer or wrestler. It was strength and beauty. Tales of his prowess were recited. Ashore he was the champion; afloat the spokesman; on every suitable occasion always foremost. Close-reefing topsails in a gale, there he was, astride the weather yardarm-end, foot in the Flemish horse as stirrup, both hands tugging at the earing as at a bridle, in very much the attitude of young Alexander curbing the fiery Bucephalus. A superb figure, tossed up as by the horns of Taurus against the thunderous sky, cheerily hallooing to the strenuous file along the spar.

The moral nature was seldom out of keeping with the physical make. Indeed, except as toned by the former, the comeliness and power, always attractive in masculine conjunction, hardly could have drawn the sort of honest homage the Handsome Sailor in some examples received from his less gifted associates.

Such a cynosure, at least in aspect, and something such too in nature, though with important variations made apparent as the story proceeds, was welkin-eyed Billy Budd—or Baby Budd, as more familiarly, under

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gave the burly fool a terrible drubbing. It took about half a minute, I should think. And, Lord bless you, the lubber was astonished at the celerity. And will you believe it, Lieutenant, the Red Whiskers now really loves Billy—loves him, or is the biggest hypocrite that ever I heard of. But they all love him. Some of 'em do his washing, darn his old trousers for him; the carpenter is at odd times making a pretty little chest of drawers for him. Anybody will do anything for Billy Budd; and it's the happy family here. But now, Lieutenant, if that young fellow goes—I know how it will be aboard the *Rights.* Not again very soon shall I, coming up from dinner, lean over the capstan smoking a quiet pipe—no, not very soon again, I think. Ay, Lieutenant, you are going to take away the jewel of 'em; you are going to take away my peacemaker!" And with that the good soul had really some ado in checking a rising sob.

"Well," said the lieutenant, who had listened with amused interest to all this and now was waxing merry with his tipple; "well, blessed are the peacemakers, especially the fighting peacemakers. And such are the seventy-four beauties some of which you see poking their noses out of the portholes of yonder warship lying to for me," pointing through the cabin window at the *Bellipotent.* "But courage! Don't look so downhearted, man. Why, I pledge you in advance the royal approbation. Rest assured that His Majesty will be delighted to know that in a time when his hardtack is not sought for by sailors with such avidity as should be, a time also when some shipmasters privily resent the borrowing from them a tar or two for the service, His Majesty, I say, will be delighted to learn that *one* shipmaster at least cheerfully surrenders to the King the flower of his flock, a sailor who with equal loyalty makes no dissent. But where's my beauty? Ah," looking through the cabin's open door, "here he comes; and, by Jove, lugging along his chest—Apollo with his portmanteau! My man," stepping out to him, "you can't take that big box aboard a warship. The boxes there are mostly shot boxes. Put your duds in a bag, lad. Boot and saddle for the cavalryman, bag and hammock for the man-of-war's man."

The transfer from chest to bag was made. And, after seeing his man into the cutter and then following him down, the lieutenant pushed off from the *Rights-of-Man.* That was the merchant-ship's name, though by her master and crew abbreviated in sailor fashion into the *Rights.* The hardheaded Dundee owner was a staunch admirer of Thomas Paine, whose book in rejoinder to Burke's arraignment of the French Revolution had then been published for some time and had gone everywhere. In christening his vessel after the title of Paine's volume the man of Dundee

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was something like his contemporary shipowner, Stephen Girard of Philadelphia, whose sympathies, alike with his native land and its liberal philosophers, he evinced by naming his ships after Voltaire, Diderot, and so forth.

But now, when the boat swept under the merchantman's stern, and officer and oarsmen were noting—some bitterly and others with a grin—the name emblazoned there, just then it was that the new recruit jumped up from the bow where the coxswain had directed him to sit, and waving hat to his silent shipmates sorrowfully looking over at him from the taff-rail, bade the lads a genial good-by. Then, making a salutation as to the ship herself, "And good-by to you too, old *Rights-of-Man*."

"Down, Sir!" roared the lieutenant, instantly assuming all the rigor of his rank, though with difficulty repressing a smile.

To be sure, Billy's action was a terrible breach of naval decorum. But in that decorum he had never been instructed; in consideration of which the lieutenant would hardly have been so energetic in reproof but for the concluding farewell to the ship. This he rather took as meant to convey a covert sally on the new recruit's part, a sly slur at impressment in general, and that of himself in especial. And yet, more likely, if satire it was in effect, it was hardly so by intention, for Billy, though happily endowed with the gaiety of high health, youth, and a free heart, was yet by no means of a satirical turn. The will to it and the sinister dexterity were alike wanting. To deal in double meanings and insinuations of any sort was quite foreign to his nature.

As to his enforced enlistment, that he seemed to take pretty much as he was wont to take any vicissitude of weather. Like the animals, though no philosopher, he was, without knowing it, practically a fatalist. And it may be that he rather liked this adventurous turn in his affairs, which promised an opening into novel scenes and martial excitements.

Aboard the *Bellipotent* our merchant sailor was forthwith rated as an able seaman and assigned to the starboard watch of the foretop. He was soon at home in the service, not at all disliked for his unpretentious good looks and a sort of genial happy-go-lucky air. No merrier man in his mess: in marked contrast to certain other individuals included like himself among the impressed portion of the ship's company; for these when not actively employed were sometimes, and more particularly in the last dog-watch when the drawing near of twilight induced reverie, apt to fall into a saddish mood which in some partook of sullenness. But they were not so young as our foretopman, and no few of them must have known a hearth of some sort, others may have had wives and children left, too

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probably, in uncertain circumstances, and hardly any but must have had acknowledged kith and kin, while for Billy, as will shortly be seen, his entire family was practically invested in himself.

Though our new-made foretopman was well received in the top and on the gun decks, hardly here was he that cynosure he had previously been among those minor ship's companies of the merchant marine, with which companies only had he hitherto consorted.

He was young; and despite his all but fully developed frame, in aspect looked even younger than he really was, owing to a lingering adolescent expression in the as yet smooth face all but feminine in purity of natural complexion but where, thanks to his seagoing, the lily was quite suppressed and the rose had some ado visibly to flush through the tan.

To one essentially such a novice in the complexities of factitious life, the abrupt transition from his former and simpler sphere to the ampler and more knowing world of a great warship, this might well have abashed him had there been any conceit or vanity in his composition. Among her miscellaneous multitude, the *Bellipotent* mustered several individuals who however inferior in grade were of no common natural stamp, sailors more signally susceptive of that air which continuous martial discipline and repeated presence in battle can in some degree impart even to the average man. As the Handsome Sailor, Billy Budd's position aboard the seventy-four was something analogous to that of a rustic beauty transplanted from the provinces and brought into competition with the high-born dames of the court. But this change of circumstances he scarce noted. As little did he observe that something about him provoked an ambiguous smile in one or two harder faces among the bluejackets. Nor less unaware was he of the peculiar favorable effect his person and demeanor had upon the more intelligent gentlemen of the quarter-deck. Nor could this well have been otherwise. Cast in a mold peculiar to the finest physical examples of those Englishmen in whom the Saxon strain would seem not at all to partake of any Norman or other admixture, he showed in face that humane look of reposeful good nature which the Greek sculptor in some instances gave to his heroic strong man, Hercules. But this again was subtly modified by another and pervasive quality. The ear, small and shapely, the arch of the foot, the curve in mouth and nostril, even the indurated hand dyed to the orange-tawny of the toucan's bill, a hand telling alike of the halyards and tar bucket; but, above all, something in the mobile expression, and every chance attitude and movement, something suggestive of a mother eminently favored by Love

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and the Graces; all this strangely indicated a lineage in direct contradiction to his lot. The mysteriousness here became less mysterious through a matter of fact elicited when Billy at the capstan was being formally mustered into the service. Asked by the officer, a small, brisk little gentleman as it chanced, among other questions, his place of birth, he replied, "Please, Sir, I don't know."

"Don't know where you were born? Who was your father?"

"God knows, Sir."

Struck by the straightforward simplicity of these replies, the officer next asked, "Do you know anything about your beginning?"

"No, Sir. But I have heard that I was found in a pretty silk-lined basket hanging one morning from the knocker of a good man's door in Bristol."

"*Found,* say you? Well," throwing back his head and looking up and down the new recruit; "well, it turns out to have been a pretty good find. Hope they'll find some more like you, my man; the fleet sadly needs them."

Yes, Billy Budd was a foundling, a presumable by-blow, and, evidently, no ignoble one. Noble descent was as evident in him as in a blood horse.

For the rest, with little or no sharpness of faculty or any trace of the wisdom of the serpent, nor yet quite a dove, he possessed that kind and degree of intelligence going along with the unconventional rectitude of a sound human creature, one to whom not yet has been proffered the questionable apple of knowledge. He was illiterate; he could not read, but he could sing, and like the illiterate nightingale was sometimes the composer of his own song.

Of self-consciousness he seemed to have little or none, or about as much as we may reasonably impute to a dog of Saint Bernard's breed.

Habitually living with the elements and knowing little more of the land than as a beach, or, rather, that portion of the terraqueous globe providentially set apart for dance houses, doxies, and tapsters, in short what sailors call a "fiddler's green," his simple nature remained unsophisticated by those moral obliquities which are not in every case incompatible with that manufacturable thing known as respectability. But are sailors, frequenters of fiddlers' greens, without vices? No; but less often than with landsmen do their vices, so called, partake of crookedness of heart, seeming less to proceed from viciousness than exuberance of vitality after long constraint: frank manifestations in accordance with natural law. By his original constitution aided by the co-operating influences of his lot, Billy in many respects was little more than a sort of upright barbarian, much such perhaps as Adam presumably might have been ere the urbane Serpent wriggled himself into his company.

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And here be it submitted that apparently going to corroborate the doctrine of man's Fall, a doctrine now popularly ignored, it is observable that where certain virtues pristine and unadulterate peculiarly characterize anybody in the external uniform of civilization, they will upon scrutiny seem not to be derived from custom or convention, but rather to be out of keeping with these, as if indeed exceptionally transmitted from a period prior to Cain's city and citified man. The character marked by such qualities has to an unvitiated taste an untampered-with flavor like that of berries, while the man thoroughly civilized, even in a fair specimen of the breed, has to the same moral palate a questionable smack as of a compounded wine. To any stray inheritor of these primitive qualities found, like Caspar Hauser, wandering dazed in any Christian capital of our time, the good-natured poet's famous invocation, near two thousand years ago, of the good rustic out of his latitude in the Rome of the Caesars, still appropriately holds:

> Honest and poor, faithful in word and thought,
> What hath thee, Fabian, to the city brought?

Though our Handsome Sailor had as much of masculine beauty as one can expect anywhere to see; nevertheless, like the beautiful woman in one of Hawthorne's minor tales, there was just one thing amiss in him. No visible blemish indeed, as with the lady; no, but an occasional liability to a vocal defect. Though in the hour of elemental uproar or peril he was everything that a sailor should be, yet under sudden provocation of strong heart-feeling his voice, otherwise singularly musical, as if expressive of the harmony within, was apt to develop an organic hesitancy, in fact more or less of a stutter or even worse. In this particular Billy was a striking instance that the arch interferer, the envious marplot of Eden, still has more or less to do with every human consignment to this planet of Earth. In every case, one way or another he is sure to slip in his little card, as much as to remind us–I too have a hand here.

The avowal of such an imperfection in the Handsome Sailor should be evidence not alone that he is not presented as a conventional hero, but also that the story in which he is the main figure is no romance.

At the time of Billy Budd's arbitrary enlistment into the *Bellipotent* that ship was on her way to join the Mediterranean fleet. No long time elapsed before the junction was effected. As one of that fleet the seventy-four participated in its movements, though at times on account of her superior sailing qualities, in the absence of frigates, dispatched on separate duty as a scout and at times on less temporary service. But with all

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being inappreciative of the Past, it may be forgiven, if to such a one the solitary old hulk at Portsmouth, Nelson's *Victory,* seems to float there, not alone as the decaying monument of a fame incorruptible, but also as a poetic reproach, softened by its picturesqueness, to the *Monitors* and yet mightier hulls of the European ironclads. And this not altogether because such craft are unsightly, unavoidably lacking the symmetry and grand lines of the old battleships, but equally for other reasons.

There are some, perhaps, who while not altogether inaccessible to that poetic reproach just alluded to, may yet on behalf of the new order be disposed to parry it; and this to the extent of iconoclasm, if need be. For example, prompted by the sight of the star inserted in the *Victory's* quarter-deck designating the spot where the Great Sailor fell, these martial utilitarians may suggest considerations implying that Nelson's ornate publication of his person in battle was not only unnecessary, but not military, nay, savored of foolhardiness and vanity. They may add, too, that at Trafalgar it was in effect nothing less than a challenge to death; and death came; and that but for his bravado the victorious admiral might possibly have survived the battle, and so, instead of having his sagacious dying injunctions overruled by his immediate successor in command, he himself when the contest was decided might have brought his shattered fleet to anchor, a proceeding which might have averted the deplorable loss of life by shipwreck in the elemental tempest that followed the martial one.

Well, should we set aside the more than disputable point whether for various reasons it was possible to anchor the fleet, then plausibly enough the Benthamites of war may urge the above. But the *might-have-been* is but boggy ground to build on. And, certainly, in foresight as to the larger issue of an encounter, and anxious preparations for it–buoying the deadly way and mapping it out, as at Copenhagen–few commanders have been so painstakingly circumspect as this same reckless declarer of his person in fight.

Personal prudence, even when dictated by quite other than selfish considerations, surely is no special virtue in a military man; while an excessive love of glory, impassioning a less burning impulse, the honest sense of duty, is the first. If the name *Wellington* is not so much of a trumpet to the blood as the simpler name *Nelson,* the reason for this may perhaps be inferred from the above. Alfred [Lord Tennyson] in his funeral ode on the victor of Waterloo ventures not to call him the greatest soldier of all time, though in the same ode he invokes Nelson as "the greatest sailor since our world began."

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At Trafalgar Nelson on the brink of opening the fight sat down and wrote his last brief will and testament. If under the presentiment of the most magnificent of all victories to be crowned by his own glorious death, a sort of priestly motive led him to dress his person in the jeweled vouchers of his own shining deeds; if thus to have adorned himself for the altar and the sacrifice were indeed vainglory, then affectation and fustian is each more heroic line in the great epics and dramas, since in such lines the poet but embodies in verse those exaltations of sentiment that a nature like Nelson, the opportunity being given, vitalizes into acts.

Yes, the outbreak at the Nore was put down. But not every grievance was redressed. If the contractors, for example, were no longer permitted to ply some practices peculiar to their tribe everywhere, such as providing shoddy cloth, rations not sound, or false in the measure, not the less impressment, for one thing, went on. By custom sanctioned for centuries, and judicially maintained by a Lord Chancellor as late as Mansfield, that mode of manning the fleet, a mode now fallen into a sort of abeyance but never formally renounced, it was not practicable to give up in those years. Its abrogation would have crippled the indispensable fleet, one wholly under canvas, no steam power, its innumerable sails and thousands of cannon, everything in short, worked by muscle alone; a fleet the more insatiate in demand for men, because then multiplying its ships of all grades against contingencies present and to come of the convulsed Continent.

Discontent foreran the Two Mutinies, and more or less it lurkingly survived them. Hence it was not unreasonable to apprehend some return of trouble sporadic or general. One instance of such apprehensions: In the same year with this story, Nelson, then Rear Admiral Sir Horatio, being with the fleet off the Spanish coast, was directed by the admiral in command to shift his pennant from the *Captain* to the *Theseus;* and for this reason: that the latter ship having newly arrived on the station from home, where it had taken part in the Great Mutiny, danger was apprehended from the temper of the men; and it was thought that an officer like Nelson was the one, not indeed to terrorize the crew into base subjection, but to win them, by force of his mere presence and heroic personality, back to an allegiance if not as enthusiastic as his own yet as true.

So it was that for a time, on more than one quarter-deck, anxiety did exist. At sea, precautionary vigilance was strained against relapse. At short notice an engagement might come on. When it did, the lieutenants

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assigned to batteries felt it incumbent on them, in some instances, to stand with drawn swords behind the men working the guns.

But on board the seventy-four in which Billy now swung his hammock, very little in the manner of the men and nothing obvious in the demeanor of the officers would have suggested to an ordinary observer that the Great Mutiny was a recent event. In their general bearing and conduct the commissioned officers of a warship naturally take their tone from the commander, that is if he have that ascendancy of character that ought to be his.

Captain the Honorable Edward Fairfax Vere, to give his full title, was a bachelor of forty or thereabouts, a sailor of distinction even in a time prolific of renowned seamen. Though allied to the higher nobility, his advancement had not been altogether owing to influences connected with that circumstance. He had seen much service, been in various engagements, always acquitting himself as an officer mindful of the welfare of his men, but never tolerating an infraction of discipline; thoroughly versed in the science of his profession, and intrepid to the verge of temerity, though never injudiciously so. For his gallantry in the West Indian waters as flag lieutenant under Rodney in that admiral's crowning victory over De Grasse, he was made a post captain.

Ashore, in the garb of a civilian, scarce anyone would have taken him for a sailor, more especially that he never garnished unprofessional talk with nautical terms, and grave in his bearing, evinced little appreciation of mere humor. It was not out of keeping with these traits that on a passage when nothing demanded his paramount action, he was the most undemonstrative of men. Any landsman observing this gentleman, not conspicuous by his stature and wearing no pronounced insignia, emerging from his cabin to the open deck, and noting the silent deference of the officers retiring to leeward, might have taken him for the King's guest, a civilian aboard the King's ship, some highly honorable discreet envoy on his way to an important post. But in fact this unobtrusiveness of demeanor may have proceeded from a certain unaffected modesty of manhood sometimes accompanying a resolute nature, a modesty evinced at all times not calling for pronounced action, which shown in any rank of life suggests a virtue aristocratic in kind. As with some others engaged in various departments of the world's more heroic activities, Captain Vere though practical enough upon occasion would at times betray a certain dreaminess of mood. Standing alone on the weather side of the quarter-

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deck, one hand holding by the rigging, he would absently gaze off at the blank sea. At the presentation to him then of some minor matter interrupting the current of his thoughts, he would show more or less irascibility; but instantly he would control it.

In the navy he was popularly known by the appellation "Starry Vere." How such a designation happened to fall upon one who whatever his sterling qualities was without any brilliant ones was in this wise: A favorite kinsman, Lord Denton, a freehearted fellow, had been the first to meet and congratulate him upon his return to England from his West Indian cruise; and but the day previous turning over a copy of Andrew Marvell's poems had lighted, not for the first time, however, upon the lines entitled "Appleton House," the name of one of the seats of their common ancestor, a hero in the German wars of the seventeenth century, in which poem occur the lines:

> This 'tis to have been from the first
> In a domestic heaven nursed,
> Under the discipline severe
> Of Fairfax and the starry Vere.

And so, upon embracing his cousin fresh from Rodney's great victory wherein he had played so gallant a part, brimming over with just family pride in the sailor of their house, he exuberantly exclaimed, "Give ye joy, Ed; give ye joy, my starry Vere!" This got currency, and the novel prefix serving in familiar parlance readily to distinguish the *Bellipotent's* captain from another Vere his senior, a distant relative, an officer of like rank in the navy, it remained permanently attached to the surname.

In view of the part that the commander of the *Bellipotent* plays in scenes shortly to follow, it may be well to fill out that sketch of him outlined in the previous chapter.

Aside from his qualities as a sea officer Captain Vere was an exceptional character. Unlike no few of England's renowned sailors, long and arduous service with signal devotion to it had not resulted in absorbing and *salting* the entire man. He had a marked leaning toward everything intellectual. He loved books, never going to sea without a newly replenished library, compact but of the best. The isolated leisure, in some cases so wearisome, falling at intervals to commanders even during a war cruise, never was tedious to Captain Vere. With nothing of that literary

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taste which less heeds the thing conveyed than the vehicle, his bias was toward those books to which every serious mind of superior order occupying any active post of authority in the world naturally inclines: books treating of actual men and events no matter of what era–history, biography, and unconventional writers like Montaigne, who, free from cant and convention, honestly and in the spirit of common sense philosophize upon realities. In this line of reading he found confirmation of his own more reserved thoughts–confirmation which he had vainly sought in social converse, so that as touching most fundamental topics, there had got to be established in him some positive convictions which he forefelt would abide in him essentially unmodified so long as his intelligent part remained unimpaired. In view of the troubled period in which his lot was cast, this was well for him. His settled convictions were as a dike against those invading waters of novel opinion, social, political, and otherwise, which carried away as in a torrent no few minds in those days, minds by nature not inferior to his own. While other members of that aristocracy to which by birth he belonged were incensed at the innovators mainly because their theories were inimical to the privileged classes, Captain Vere disinterestedly opposed them not alone because they seemed to him insusceptible of embodiment in lasting institutions, but at war with the peace of the world and the true welfare of mankind.

With minds less stored than his and less earnest, some officers of his rank, with whom at times he would necessarily consort, found him lacking in the companionable quality, a dry and bookish gentleman, as they deemed. Upon any chance withdrawal from their company one would be apt to say to another something like this: "Vere is a noble fellow, Starry Vere. 'Spite the gazettes, Sir Horatio" (meaning him who became Lord Nelson) "is at bottom scarce a better seaman or fighter. But between you and me now, don't you think there is a queer streak of the pedantic running through him? Yes, like the King's yarn in a coil of navy rope?"

Some apparent ground there was for this sort of confidential criticism; since not only did the captain's discourse never fall into the jocosely familiar, but in illustrating of any point touching the stirring personages and events of the time he would be as apt to cite some historic character or incident of antiquity as he would be to cite from the moderns. He seemed unmindful of the circumstance that to his bluff company such remote allusions, however pertinent they might really be, were altogether alien to men whose reading was mainly confined to the journals. But considerateness in such matters is not easy to natures constituted like Captain Vere's. Their honesty prescribes to them directness, sometimes far-

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would be eked out by drafts culled direct from the jails. For reasons previously suggested it would not perhaps be easy at the present day directly to prove or disprove the allegation. But allowed as a verity, how significant would it be of England's straits at the time confronted by those wars which like a flight of harpies rose shrieking from the din and dust of the fallen Bastille. That era appears measurably clear to us who look back at it, and but read of it. But to the grandfathers of us graybeards, the more thoughtful of them, the genius of it presented an aspect like that of Camoëns' Spirit of the Cape, an eclipsing menace mysterious and prodigious. Not America was exempt from apprehension. At the height of Napoleon's unexampled conquests, there were Americans who had fought at Bunker Hill who looked forward to the possibility that the Atlantic might prove no barrier against the ultimate schemes of this French portentous upstart from the revolutionary chaos who seemed in act of fulfilling judgment prefigured in the Apocalypse.

But the less credence was to be given to the gun-deck talk touching Claggart, seeing that no man holding his office in a man-of-war can ever hope to be popular with the crew. Besides, in derogatory comments upon anyone against whom they have a grudge, or for any reason or no reason mislike, sailors are much like landsmen: they are apt to exaggerate or romance it.

About as much was really known to the *Bellipotent*'s tars of the master-at-arms' career before entering the service as an astronomer knows about a comet's travels prior to its first observable appearance in the sky. The verdict of the sea quidnuncs has been cited only by way of showing what sort of moral impression the man made upon rude uncultivated natures whose conceptions of human wickedness were necessarily of the narrowest, limited to ideas of vulgar rascality—a thief among the swinging hammocks during a night watch, or the man brokers and land sharks of the seaports.

It was no gossip, however, but fact that though, as before hinted, Claggart upon his entrance into the navy was, as a novice, assigned to the least honorable section of a man-of-war's crew, embracing the drudgery, he did not long remain there. The superior capacity he immediately evinced, his constitutional sobriety, an ingratiating deference to superiors, together with a peculiar ferreting genius manifested on a singular occasion; all this, capped by a certain austere patriotism, abruptly advanced him to the position of master-at-arms.

Of this maritime chief of police the ship's corporals, so called, were the immediate subordinates, and compliant ones; and this, as is to be

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noted in some business departments ashore, almost to a degree inconsistent with entire moral volition. His place put various converging wires of underground influence under the chief's control, capable when astutely worked through his understrappers of operating to the mysterious discomfort, if nothing worse, of any of the sea commonalty.

Life in the foretop well agreed with Billy Budd. There, when not actually engaged on the yards yet higher aloft, the topmen, who as such had been picked out for youth and activity, constituted an aerial club lounging at ease against the smaller stunsails rolled up into cushions, spinning yarns like the lazy gods, and frequently amused with what was going on in the busy world of the decks below. No wonder then that a young fellow of Billy's disposition was well content in such society. Giving no cause of offense to anybody, he was always alert at a call. So in the merchant service it had been with him. But now such a punctiliousness in duty was shown that his topmates would sometimes good-naturedly laugh at him for it. This heightened alacrity had its cause, namely, the impression made upon him by the first formal gangway-punishment he had ever witnessed, which befell the day following his impressment. It had been incurred by a little fellow, young, a novice after-guardsman absent from his assigned post when the ship was being put about; a dereliction resulting in a rather serious hitch to that maneuver, one demanding instantaneous promptitude in letting go and making fast. When Billy saw the culprit's naked back under the scourge, gridironed with red welts and worse, when he marked the dire expression in the liberated man's face as with his woolen shirt flung over him by the executioner he rushed forward from the spot to bury himself in the crowd, Billy was horrified. He resolved that never through remissness would he make himself liable to such a visitation or do or omit aught that might merit even verbal reproof. What then was his surprise and concern when ultimately he found himself getting into petty trouble occasionally about such matters as the stowage of his bag or something amiss in his hammock, matters under the police oversight of the ship's corporals of the lower decks, and which brought down on him a vague threat from one of them.

So heedful in all things as he was, how could this be? He could not understand it, and it more than vexed him. When he spoke to his young topmates about it they were either lightly incredulous or found something comical in his unconcealed anxiety. "Is it your bag, Billy?" said one. "Well, sew yourself up in it, bully boy, and then you'll be sure to know if anybody meddles with it."

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Now there was a veteran aboard who because his years began to disqualify him for more active work had been recently assigned duty as mainmastman in his watch, looking to the gear belayed at the rail round-about that great spar near the deck. At off-times the foretopman had picked up some acquaintance with him, and now in his trouble it occurred to him that he might be the sort of person to go to for wise counsel. He was an old Dansker [Dane] long anglicized in the service, of few words, many wrinkles, and some honorable scars. His wizened face, time-tinted and weather-stained to the complexion of an antique parchment, was here and there peppered blue by the chance explosion of a gun cartridge in action.

He was an *Agamemnon* man, some two years prior to the time of this story having served under Nelson when still captain in that ship immortal in naval memory, which dismantled and in part broken up to her bare ribs is seen a grand skeleton in Haden's etching. As one of a boarding party from the *Agamemnon* he had received a cut slantwise along one temple and cheek, leaving a long pale scar like a streak of dawn's light falling athwart the dark visage. It was on account of that scar and the affair in which it was known that he had received it, as well as from his blue-peppered complexion, that the Dansker went among the *Bellipotent*'s crew by the name of Board-Her-in-the-Smoke.

Now the first time that his small weasel eyes happened to light on Billy Budd, a certain grim internal merriment set all his ancient wrinkles into antic play. Was it that his eccentric unsentimental old sapience, primitive in its kind, saw or thought it saw something which in contrast with the warship's environment looked oddly incongruous in the Handsome Sailor? But after slyly studying him at intervals, the old Merlin's equivocal merriment was modified; for now when the twain would meet, it would start in his face a quizzing sort of look, but it would be but momentary and sometimes replaced by an expression of speculative query as to what might eventually befall a nature like that, dropped into a world not without some mantraps and against whose subtleties simple courage lacking experience and address, and without any touch of defensive ugliness, is of little avail; and where such innocence as man is capable of does yet in a moral emergency not always sharpen the faculties or enlighten the will.

However it was, the Dansker in his ascetic way rather took to Billy. Nor was this only because of a certain philosophic interest in such a character. There was another cause. While the old man's eccentricities, sometimes bordering on the ursine, repelled the juniors, Billy, undeterred thereby, revering him as a salt hero, would make advances, never passing

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the old *Agamemnon* man without a salutation marked by that respect which is seldom lost on the aged, however crabbed at times or whatever their station in life.

There was a vein of dry humor, or what not, in the mastman; and, whether in freak of patriarchal irony touching Billy's youth and athletic frame, or for some other and more recondite reason, from the first in addressing him he always substituted *Baby* for Billy, the Dansker in fact being the originator of the name by which the foretopman eventually became known aboard ship.

Well then, in his mysterious little difficulty going in quest of the wrinkled one, Billy found him off duty in a dogwatch ruminating by himself, seated on a shot box of the upper gun deck, now and then surveying with a somewhat cynical regard certain of the more swaggering promenaders there. Billy recounted his trouble, again wondering how it all happened. The salt seer attentively listened, accompanying the foretopman's recital with queer twitchings of his wrinkles and problematical little sparkles of his small ferret eyes. Making an end of his story, the foretopman asked, "And now, Dansker, do tell me what you think of it."

The old man, shoving up the front of his tarpaulin and deliberately rubbing the long slant scar at the point where it entered the thin hair, laconically said, "Baby Budd, *Jemmy Legs*" (meaning the master-at-arms) "is down on you."

*"Jemmy Legs!"* ejaculated Billy, his welkin eyes expanding. "What for? Why, he calls me 'the sweet and pleasant young fellow,' they tell me."

"Does he so?" grinned the grizzled one; then said, "Ay, Baby lad, a sweet voice has Jemmy Legs."

"No, not always. But to me he has. I seldom pass him but there comes a pleasant word."

"And that's because he's down upon you, Baby Budd."

Such reiteration, along with the manner of it, incomprehensible to a novice, disturbed Billy almost as much as the mystery for which he had sought explanation. Something less unpleasingly oracular he tried to extract; but the old sea Chiron, thinking perhaps that for the nonce he had sufficiently instructed his young Achilles, pursed his lips, gathered all his wrinkles together, and would commit himself to nothing further.

Years, and those experiences which befall certain shrewder men subordinated lifelong to the will of superiors, all this had developed in the Dansker the pithy guarded cynicism that was his leading characteristic.

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The next day an incident served to confirm Billy Budd in his incredulity as to the Dansker's strange summing up of the case submitted. The ship at noon, going large before the wind, was rolling on her course, and he below at dinner and engaged in some sportful talk with the members of his mess chanced in a sudden lurch to spill the entire contents of his soup pan upon the new-scrubbed deck. Claggart, the master-at-arms, official rattan in hand, happened to be passing along the battery in a bay of which the mess was lodged, and the greasy liquid streamed just across his path. Stepping over it, he was proceeding on his way without comment, since the matter was nothing to take notice of under the circumstances, when he happened to observe who it was that had done the spilling. His countenance changed. Pausing, he was about to ejaculate something hasty at the sailor, but checked himself, and pointing down to the streaming soup, playfully tapped him from behind with his rattan, saying in a low musical voice peculiar to him at times, "Handsomely done, my lad! And handsome is as handsome did it, too!" And with that passed on. Not noted by Billy as not coming within his view was the involuntary smile, or rather grimace, that accompanied Claggart's equivocal words. Aridly it drew down the thin corners of his shapely mouth. But everybody taking his remark as meant for humorous, and at which therefore as coming from a superior they were bound to laugh "with counterfeited glee," acted accordingly; and Billy, tickled, it may be, by the allusion to his being the Handsome Sailor, merrily joined in; then addressing his messmates exelaimed, "There now, who says that Jemmy Legs is down on me!"

"And who said he was, Beauty?" demanded one Donald with some surprise. Whereat the foretopman looked a little foolish, recalling that it was only one person, Board-Her-in-the-Smoke, who had suggested what to him was the smoky idea that this master-at-arms was in any peculiar way hostile to him. Meantime that functionary, resuming his path, must have momentarily worn some expression less guarded than that of the bitter smile, usurping the face from the heart—some distorting expression perhaps, for a drummer boy heedlessly frolicking along from the opposite direction and chancing to come into light collision with his person was strangely disconcerted by his aspect. Nor was the impression lessened when the official, impetuously giving him a sharp cut with the rattan, vehemently exclaimed, "Look where you go!"

What was the matter with the master-at-arms? And, be the matter what it might, how could it have direct relation to Billy Budd, with

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There is a phenomenal pride in it that excludes them. It is never mercenary or avaricious. In short, the depravity here meant partakes nothing of the sordid or sensual. It is serious, but free from acerbity. Though no flatterer of mankind it never speaks ill of it.

But the thing which in eminent instances signalizes so exceptional a nature is this: Though the man's even temper and discreet bearing would seem to intimate a mind peculiarly subject to the law of reason, not the less in heart he would seem to riot in complete exemption from that law, having apparently little to do with reason further than to employ it as an ambidexter implement for effecting the irrational. That is to say: Toward the accomplishment of an aim which in wantonness of atrocity would seem to partake of the insane, he will direct a cool judgment sagacious and sound. These men are madmen, and of the most dangerous sort, for their lunacy is not continuous, but occasional, evoked by some special object; it is protectively secretive, which is as much as to say it is self-contained, so that when, moreover, most active it is to the average mind not distinguishable from sanity, and for the reason above suggested: that whatever its aims may be—and the aim is never declared—the method and the outward proceeding are always perfectly rational.

Now something such a one was Claggart, in whom was the mania of an evil nature, not engendered by vicious training or corrupting books or licentious living, but born with him and innate, in short "a depravity according to nature."

Dark sayings are these, some will say. But why? Is it because they somewhat savor of Holy Writ in its phrase "mystery of iniquity"? If they do, such savor was far enough from being intended, for little will it commend these pages to many a reader of today.

The point of the present story turning on the hidden nature of the master-at-arms has necessitated this chapter. With an added hint or two in connection with the incident at the mess, the resumed narrative must be left to vindicate, as it may, its own credibility.

That Claggart's figure was not amiss, and his face, save the chin, well molded, has already been said. Of these favorable points he seemed not insensible, for he was not only neat but careful in his dress. But the form of Billy Budd was heroic; and if his face was without the intellectual look of the pallid Claggart's, not the less was it lit, like his, from within, though from a different source. The bonfire in his heart made luminous the rosetan in his cheek.

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In view of the marked contrast between the persons of the twain, it is more than probable that when the master-at-arms in the scene last given applied to the sailor the proverb "Handsome is as handsome does," he there let escape an ironic inkling, not caught by the young sailors who heard it, as to what it was that had first moved him against Billy, namely, his significant personal beauty.

Now envy and antipathy, passions irreconcilable in reason, nevertheless in fact may spring conjoined like Chang and Eng in one birth. Is Envy then such a monster? Well, though many an arraigned mortal has in hopes of mitigated penalty pleaded guilty to horrible actions, did ever anybody seriously confess to envy? Something there is in it universally felt to be more shameful than even felonious crime. And not only does everybody disown it, but the better sort are inclined to incredulity when it is in earnest imputed to an intelligent man. But since its lodgment is in the heart not the brain, no degree of intellect supplies a guarantee against it. But Claggart's was no vulgar form of the passion. Nor, as directed toward Billy Budd, did it partake of that streak of apprehensive jealousy that marred Saul's visage perturbedly brooding on the comely young David. Claggart's envy struck deeper. If askance he eyed the good looks, cheery health, and frank enjoyment of young life in Billy Budd, it was because these went along with a nature that, as Claggart magnetically felt, had in its simplicity never willed malice or experienced the reactionary bite of that serpent. To him, the spirit lodged within Billy, and looking out from his welkin eyes as from windows, that ineffability it was which made the dimple in his dyed cheek, suppled his joints, and dancing in his yellow curls made him pre-eminently the Handsome Sailor. One person excepted, the master-at-arms was perhaps the only man in the ship intellectually capable of adequately appreciating the moral phenomenon presented in Billy Budd. And the insight but intensified his passion, which, assuming various secret forms within him, at times assumed that of cynic disdain, disdain of innocence—to be nothing more than innocent! Yet in an aesthetic way he saw the charm of it, the courageous free and easy temper of it, and fain would have shared it, but he despaired of it.

With no power to annul the elemental evil in him, though readily enough he could hide it; apprehending the good, but powerless to be it; a nature like Claggart's, surcharged with energy as such natures almost invariably are, what recourse is left to it but to recoil upon itself and, like the scorpion for which the Creator alone is responsible, act out to the end the part allotted it.

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Passion, and passion in its profoundest, is not a thing demanding a palatial stage whereon to play its part. Down among the groundlings, among the beggars and rakers of the garbage, profound passion is enacted. And the circumstances that provoke it, however trivial or mean, are no measure of its power. In the present instance the stage is a scrubbed gun deck, and one of the external provocations a man-of-war's man's spilled soup.

Now when the master-at-arms noticed whence came that greasy fluid streaming before his feet, he must have taken it—to some extent willfully, perhaps—not for the mere accident it assuredly was, but for the sly escape of a spontaneous feeling on Billy s part more or less answering to the antipathy on his own. In effect a foolish demonstration, he must have thought, and very harmless, like the futile kick of a heifer, which yet were the heifer a shod stallion would not be so harmless. Even so was it that into the gall of Claggart's envy he infused the vitriol of his contempt. But the incident confirmed to him certain telltale reports purveyed to his ear by "Squeak," one of his more cunning corporals, a grizzled little man, so nicknamed by the sailors on account of his squeaky voice and sharp visage ferreting about the dark corners of the lower decks after interlopers, satirically suggesting to them the idea of a rat in a cellar.

From his chief's employing him as an implicit tool in laying little traps for the worriment of the foretopman—for it was from the master-at-arms that the petty persecutions heretofore adverted to had proceeded—the corporal, having naturally enough concluded that his master could have no love for the sailor, made it his business, faithful understrapper that he was, to foment the ill blood by perverting to his chief certain innocent frolics of the good-natured foretopman, besides inventing for his mouth sundry contumelious epithets he claimed to have overheard him let fall. The master-at-arms never suspected the veracity of these reports, more especially as to the epithets, for he well knew how secretly unpopular may become a master-at-arms, at least a master-at-arms of those days, zealous in his function, and how the bluejackets shoot at him in private their raillery and wit; the nickname by which he goes among them (Jemmy Legs) implying under the form of merriment their cherished disrespect and dislike. But in view of the greediness of hate for pabulum it hardly needed a purveyor to feed Claggart's passion.

An uncommon prudence is habitual with the subtler depravity, for it has everything to hide. And in case of an injury but suspected, its secretiveness voluntarily cuts it off from enlightenment or disillusion; and, not unreluctantly, action is taken upon surmise as upon certainty.

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And the retaliation is apt to be in monstrous disproportion to the supposed offense; for when in anybody was revenge in its exactions aught else but an inordinate usurer? But how with Claggart's conscience? For though consciences are unlike as foreheads, every intelligence, not excluding the scriptural devils who "believe and tremble," has one. But Claggart's conscience, being but the lawyer to his will, made ogres of trifles, probably arguing that the motive imputed to Billy in spilling the soup just when he did, together with the epithets alleged, these, if nothing more, made a strong case against him; nay, justified animosity into a sort of retributive righteousness. The Pharisee is the Guy Fawkes prowling in the hid chambers underlying some natures like Claggart's. And they can really form no conception of an unreciprocated malice. Probably the master-at-arms' clandestine persecution of Billy was started to try the temper of the man; but it had not developed any quality in him that enmity could make official use of or even pervert into plausible self-justification; so that the occurrence at the mess, petty if it were, was a welcome one to that peculiar conscience assigned to be the private mentor of Claggart; and, for the rest, not improbably it put him upon new experiments.

Not many days after the last incident narrated, something befell Billy Budd that more graveled him than aught that had previously occurred.

It was a warm night for the latitude; and the foretopman, whose watch at the time was properly below, was dozing on the uppermost deck whither he had ascended from his hot hammock, one of hundreds suspended so closely wedged together over a lower gun deck that there was little or no swing to them. He lay as in the shadow of a hillside, stretched under the lee of the booms, a piled ridge of spare spars amidships between foremast and mainmast among which the ship's largest boat, the launch, was stowed. Alongside of three other slumberers from below, he lay near that end of the booms which approaches the foremast; his station aloft on duty as a foretopman being just over the deck station of the forecastlemen, entitling him according to usage to make himself more or less at home in that neighborhood.

Presently he was stirred into semiconsciousness by somebody, who must have previously sounded the sleep of the others, touching his shoulder, and then, as the foretopman raised his head, breathing into his ear in a quick whisper, "Slip into the lee fore-chains, Billy; there is something in the wind. Don't speak. Quick, I will meet you there," and disappearing.

Now Billy, like sundry other essentially good-natured ones, had some of the weaknesses inseparable from essential good nature; and among

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these was a reluctance, almost an incapacity, of plumply saying *no* to an abrupt proposition not obviously absurd on the face of it, nor obviously unfriendly, nor iniquitous. And being of warm blood, he had not the phlegm tacitly to negative any proposition by unresponsive inaction. Like his sense of fear, his apprehension as to aught outside of the honest and natural was seldom very quick. Besides, upon the present occasion, the drowse from his sleep still hung upon him.

However it was, he mechanically rose and, sleepily wondering what could be in the wind, betook himself to the designated place, a narrow platform, one of six, outside of the high bulwarks and screened by the great deadeyes and multiple columned lanyards of the shrouds and backstays; and, in a great warship of that time, of dimensions commensurate to the hull's magnitude; a tarry balcony in short, overhanging the sea, and so secluded that one mariner of the *Bellipotent,* a Nonconformist old tar of a serious turn, made it even in daytime his private oratory.

In this retired nook the stranger soon joined Billy Budd. There was no moon as yet; a haze obscured the starlight. He could not distinctly see the stranger's face. Yet from something in the outline and carriage, Billy took him, and correctly, for one of the afterguard.

"Hist! Billy," said the man, in the same quick cautionary whisper as before. "You were impressed, weren't you? Well, so was I"; and he paused, as to mark the effect. But Billy, not knowing exactly what to make of this, said nothing. Then the other: "We are not the only impressed ones, Billy. There's a gang of us. Couldn't you–help–at a pinch?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Billy, here thoroughly shaking off his drowse.

"Hist, hist!" the hurried whisper now growing husky. "See here," and the man held up two small objects faintly twinkling in the night light; "see, they are yours, Billy, if you'll only—"

But Billy broke in, and in his resentful eagerness to deliver himself his vocal infirmity somewhat intruded. "D–d–damme, I don't know what you are d–d–driving at, or what you mean, but you had better g–g–go where you belong!" For the moment the fellow, as confounded, did not stir; and Billy, springing to his feet, said, "If you d–don't start, I'll t–t–toss you back over the r–rail!" There was no mistaking this, and the mysterious emissary decamped, disappearing in the direction of the mainmast in the shadow of the booms.

"Hallo, what's the matter?" here came growling from a forecastleman awakened from his deck doze by Billy's raised voice. And as the foretop-

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"And what," rejoined Billy in amazement, "has *Jemmy Legs* to do with that cracked afterguardsman?"

"Ho, it was an afterguardsman, then. A cat's-paw, a cat's-paw!" And with that exclamation, whether it had reference to a light puff of air just then coming over the calm sea, or a subtler relation to the afterguardsman, there is no telling, the old Merlin gave a twisting wrench with his black teeth at his plug of tobacco, vouchsafing no reply to Billy's impetuous question, though now repeated, for it was his wont to relapse into grim silence when interrogated in skeptical sort as to any of his sententious oracles, not always very clear ones, rather partaking of that obscurity which invests most Delphic deliverances from any quarter.

Long experience had very likely brought this old man to that bitter prudence which never interferes in aught and never gives advice.

Yes, despite the Dansker's pithy insistence as to the master-at-arms being at the bottom of these strange experiences of Billy on board the *Bellipotent,* the young sailor was ready to ascribe them to almost anybody but the man who, to use Billy's own expression, "always had a pleasant word for him." This is to be wondered at. Yet not so much to be wondered at. In certain matters, some sailors even in mature life remain unsophisticated enough. But a young seafarer of the disposition of our athletic foretopman is much of a child-man. And yet a child's utter innocence is but its blank ignorance, and the innocence more or less wanes as intelligence waxes. But in Billy Budd intelligence, such as it was, had advanced while yet his simple-mindedness remained for the most part unaffected. Experience is a teacher indeed; yet did Billy's years make his experience small. Besides, he had none of that intuitive knowledge of the bad which in natures not good or incompletely so foreruns experience, and therefore may pertain, as in some instances it too clearly does pertain, even to youth.

And what could Billy know of man except of man as a mere sailor? And the old-fashioned sailor, the veritable man before the mast, the sailor from boyhood up, he, though indeed of the same species as a landsman, is in some respects singularly distinct from him. The sailor is frankness, the landsman is finesse. Life is not a game with the sailor, demanding the long head—no intricate game of chess where few moves are made in straightforwardness and ends are attained by indirection, an oblique, tedious, barren game hardly worth that poor candle burned out in playing it.

Yes, as a class, sailors are in character a juvenile race. Even their devia-

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tions are marked by juvenility, this more especially holding true with the sailors of Billy's time. Then, too, certain things which apply to all sailors do more pointedly operate here and there upon the junior one. Every sailor, too, is accustomed to obey orders without debating them; his life afloat is externally ruled for him; he is not brought into that promiscuous commerce with mankind where unobstructed free agency on equal terms—equal superficially, at least—soon teaches one that unless upon occasion he exercise a distrust keen in proportion to the fairness of the appearance, some foul turn may be served him. A ruled undemonstrative distrustfulness is so habitual, not with businessmen so much as with men who know their kind in less shallow relations than business, namely, certain men of the world, that they come at last to employ it all but unconsciously; and some of them would very likely feel real surprise at being charged with it as one of their general characteristics.

But after the little matter at the mess Billy Budd no more found himself in strange trouble at times about his hammock or his clothes bag or what not. As to that smile that occasionally sunned him, and the pleasant passing word, these were, if not more frequent, yet if anything more pronounced than before.

But for all that, there were certain other demonstrations now. When Claggart's unobserved glance happened to light on belted Billy rolling along the upper gun deck in the leisure of the second dogwatch, exchanging passing broadsides of fun with other young promenaders in the crowd, that glance would follow the cheerful sea Hyperion with a settled meditative and melancholy expression, his eyes strangely suffused with incipient feverish tears. Then would Claggart look like the man of sorrows. Yes, and sometimes the melancholy expression would have in it a touch of soft yearning, as if Claggart could even have loved Billy but for fate and ban. But this was an evanescence, and quickly repented of, as it were, by an immitigable look, pinching and shriveling the visage into the momentary semblance of a wrinkled walnut. But sometimes catching sight in advance of the foretopman coming in his direction, he would, upon their nearing, step aside a little to let him pass, dwelling upon Billy for the moment with the glittering dental satire of a Guise. But upon any abrupt unforeseen encounter a red light would flash forth from his eye like a spark from an anvil in a dusk smithy. That quick, fierce light was a strange one, darted from orbs which in repose were of a color nearest approaching a deeper violet, the softest of shades.

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Though some of these caprices of the pit could not but be observed by their object, yet were they beyond the construing of such a nature. And the thews of Billy were hardly compatible with that sort of sensitive spiritual organization which in some cases instinctively conveys to ignorant innocence an admonition of the proximity of the malign. He thought the master-at-arms acted in a manner rather queer at times. That was all. But the occasional frank air and pleasant word went for what they purported to be, the young sailor never having heard as yet of the "too fair-spoken man."

Had the foretopman been conscious of having done or said anything to provoke the ill will of the official, it would have been different with him, and his sight might have been purged if not sharpened. As it was, innocence was his blinder.

So was it with him in yet another matter. Two minor officers, the armorer and captain of the hold, with whom he had never exchanged a word, his position in the ship not bringing him into contact with them, these men now for the first began to cast upon Billy, when they chanced to encounter him, that peculiar glance which evidences that the man from whom it comes has been some way tampered with, and to the prejudice of him upon whom the glance lights. Never did it occur to Billy as a thing to be noted or a thing suspicious, though he well knew the fact that the armorer and captain of the hold, with the ship's yeoman, apothecary, and others of that grade, were by naval usage messmates of the master-at-arms, men with ears convenient to his confidential tongue.

But the general popularity that came from our Handsome Sailor's manly forwardness upon occasion and irresistible good nature, indicating no mental superiority tending to excite an invidious feeling, this good will on the part of most of his shipmates made him the less to concern himself about such mute aspects toward him as those whereto allusion has just been made, aspects he could not so fathom as to infer their whole import.

As to the afterguardsman, though Billy for reasons already given necessarily saw little of him, yet when the two did happen to meet, invariably came the fellow's offhand cheerful recognition, sometimes accompanied by a passing pleasant word or two. Whatever that equivocal young person's original design may really have been, or the design of which he might have been the deputy, certain it was from his manner upon these occasions that he had wholly dropped it.

It was as if his precocity of crookedness (and every vulgar villain is

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precocious) had for once deceived him, and the man he had sought to entrap as a simpleton had through his very simplicity ignominiously baffled him.

But shrewd ones may opine that it was hardly possible for Billy to refrain from going up to the afterguardsman and bluntly demanding to know his purpose in the initial interview so abruptly closed in the fore-chains. Shrewd ones may also think it but natural in Billy to set about sounding some of the other impressed men of the ship in order to discover what basis, if any, there was for the emissary's obscure suggestions as to plotting disaffection aboard. Yes, shrewd ones may so think. But something more, or rather something else, than mere shrewdness is perhaps needful for the due understanding of such a character as Billy Budd's.

As to Claggart, the monomania in the man—if that indeed it were—as involuntarily disclosed by starts in the manifestations detailed, yet in general covered over by his self-contained and rational demeanor; this, like a subterranean fire, was eating its way deeper and deeper in him. Something decisive must come of it.

After the mysterious interview in the fore-chains, the one so abruptly ended there by Billy, nothing especially germane to the story occurred until the events now about to be narrated.

Elsewhere it has been said that in the lack of frigates (of course better sailers than line-of-battle ships) in the English squadron up the Straits at that period, the *Bellipotent 74* was occasionally employed not only as an available substitute for a scout but at times on detached service of more important kind. This was not alone because of her sailing qualities, not common in a ship of her rate, but quite as much, probably, that the character of her commander, it was thought, specially adapted him for any duty where under unforeseen difficulties a prompt initiative might have to be taken in some matter demanding knowledge and ability in addition to those qualities implied in good seamanship. It was on an expedition of the latter sort, a somewhat distant one, and when the *Bellipotent* was almost at her furthest remove from the fleet, that in the latter part of an afternoon watch she unexpectedly came in sight of a ship of the enemy. It proved to be a frigate. The latter, perceiving through the glass that the weight of men and metal would be heavily against her, invoking her light heels crowded sail to get away. After a chase urged almost against hope and lasting until about the middle of the first dogwatch, she signally succeeded in effecting her escape.

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Not long after the pursuit had been given up, and ere the excitement incident thereto had altogether waned away, the master-at-arms, ascending from his cavernous sphere, made his appearance cap in hand by the mainmast respectfully waiting the notice of Captain Vere, then solitary walking the weather side of the quarter-deck, doubtless somewhat chafed at the failure of the pursuit. The spot where Claggart stood was the place allotted to men of lesser grades seeking some more particular interview either with the officer of the deck or the captain himself. But from the latter it was not often that a sailor or petty officer of those days would seek a hearing; only some exceptional cause would, according to established custom, have warranted that.

Presently, just as the commander, absorbed in his reflections, was on the point of turning aft in his promenade, he became sensible of Claggart's presence, and saw the doffed cap held in deferential expectancy. Here be it said that Captain Vere's personal knowledge of this petty officer had only begun at the time of the ship's last sailing from home, Claggart then for the first, in transfer from a ship detained for repairs, supplying on board the *Bellipotent* the place of a previous master-at-arms disabled and ashore.

No sooner did the commander observe who it was that now deferentially stood awaiting his notice than a peculiar expression came over him. It was not unlike that which uncontrollably will flit across the countenance of one at unawares encountering a person who, though known to him indeed, has hardly been long enough known for thorough knowledge, but something in whose aspect nevertheless now for the first provokes a vaguely repellent distaste. But coming to a stand and resuming much of his wonted official manner, save that a sort of impatience lurked in the intonation of the opening word, he said "Well? What is it, Master-at-arms?"

With the air of a subordinate grieved at the necessity of being a messenger of ill tidings, and while conscientiously determined to be frank yet equally resolved upon shunning overstatement, Claggart at this invitation, or rather summons, to disburden, spoke up. What he said, conveyed in the language of no uneducated man, was to the effect following, if not altogether in these words, namely, that during the chase and preparations for the possible encounter he had seen enough to convince him that at least one sailor aboard was a dangerous character in a ship mustering some who not only had taken a guilty part in the late serious troubles, but others also who, like the man in question, had entered His Majesty's service under another form than enlistment.

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*Rights-of-Man,* which the boarding lieutenant had indeed reported to him, but, in a deferential way, more as a good story than aught else, Captain Vere, though mistakenly understanding it as a satiric sally, had but thought so much the better of the impressed man for it; as a military sailor, admiring the spirit that could take an arbitrary enlistment so merrily and sensibly. The foretopman's conduct, too, so far as it had fallen under the captain's notice, had confirmed the first happy augury, while the new recruit's qualities as a "sailorman" seemed to be such that he had thought of recommending him to the executive officer for promotion to a place that would more frequently bring him under his own observation, namely, the captaincy of the mizzentop, replacing there in the starboard watch a man not so young whom partly for that reason he deemed less fitted for the post. Be it parenthesized here that since the mizzentopmen have not to handle such breadths of heavy canvas as the lower sails on the mainmast and foremast, a young man if of the right stuff not only seems best adapted to duty there, but in fact is generally selected for the captaincy of that top, and the company under him are light hands and often but striplings. In sum, Captain Vere had from the beginning deemed Billy Budd to be what in the naval parlance of the time was called a "King's bargain": that is to say, for His Britannic Majesty's navy a capital investment at small outlay or none at all.

After a brief pause, during which the reminiscences above mentioned passed vividly through his mind and he weighed the import of Claggart's last suggestion conveyed in the phrase "mantrap under the daisies," and the more he weighed it the less reliance he felt in the informer's good faith, suddenly he turned upon him and in a low voice demanded: "Do you come to me, Master-at-arms, with so foggy a tale? As to Budd, cite me an act or spoken word of his confirmatory of what you in general charge against him. Stay," drawing nearer to him; "heed what you speak. Just now, and in a case like this, there is a yardarm-end for the false witness."

"Ah, your honor!" sighed Claggart, mildly shaking his shapely head as in sad deprecation of such unmerited severity of tone. Then, bridling—erecting himself as in virtuous self-assertion—he circumstantially alleged certain words and acts which collectively, if credited, led to presumptions mortally inculpating Budd. And for some of these averments, he added, substantiating proof was not far.

With gray eyes impatient and distrustful essaying to fathom to the bottom Claggart's calm violet ones, Captain Vere again heard him out; then for the moment stood ruminating. The mood he evinced, Claggart—

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himself for the time liberated from the other's scrutiny–steadily regarded with a look difficult to render: a look curious of the operation of his tactics, a look such as might have been that of the spokesman of the envious children of Jacob deceptively imposing upon the troubled patriarch the blood-dyed coat of young Joseph.

Though something exceptional in the moral quality of Captain Vere made him, in earnest encounter with a fellow man, a veritable touchstone of that man's essential nature, yet now as to Claggart and what was really going on in him his feeling partook less of intuitional conviction than of strong suspicion clogged by strange dubieties. The perplexity he evinced proceeded less from aught touching the man informed against–as Claggart doubtless opined–than from considerations how best to act in regard to the informer. At first, indeed, he was naturally for summoning that substantiation of his allegations which Claggart said was at hand. But such a proceeding would result in the matter at once getting abroad, which in the present stage of it, he thought, might undesirably affect the ship's company. If Claggart was a false witness–that closed the affair. And therefore, before trying the accusation, he would first practically test the accuser; and he thought this could be done in a quiet, undemonstrative way.

The measure he determined upon involved a shifting of the scene, a transfer to a place less exposed to observation than the broad quarter-deck. For although the few gun-room officers there at the time had, in due observance of naval etiquette, withdrawn to leeward the moment Captain Vere had begun his promenade on the deck's weather side; and though during the colloquy with Claggart they of course ventured not to diminish the distance; and though throughout the interview Captain Vere's voice was far from high, and Claggart's silvery and low; and the wind in the cordage and the wash of the sea helped the more to put them beyond earshot; nevertheless, the interview's continuance already had attracted observation from some topmen aloft and other sailors in the waist or further forward.

Having determined upon his measures, Captain Vere forthwith took action. Abruptly turning to Claggart, he asked, "Master-at-arms, is it now Budd's watch aloft?"

"No, your honor."

Whereupon, "Mr. Wilkes!" summoning the nearest midshipman. "Tell Albert to come to me." Albert was the captain's hammock boy, a sort of sea valet in whose discretion and fidelity his master had much confidence. The lad appeared.

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"You know Budd, the foretopman?"

"I do, Sir."

"Go find him. It is his watch off. Manage to tell him out of earshot that he is wanted aft. Contrive it that he speaks to nobody. Keep him in talk yourself. And not till you get well aft here, not till then let him know that the place where he is wanted is my cabin. You understand. Go.–Master-at-arms, show yourself on the decks below, and when you think it time for Albert to be coming with his man, stand by quietly to follow the sailor in."

Now when the foretopman found himself in the cabin, closeted there, as it were, with the captain and Claggart, he was surprised enough. But it was a surprise unaccompanied by apprehension or distrust. To an immature nature essentially honest and humane, forewarning intimations of subtler danger from one's kind come tardily if at all. The only thing that took shape in the young sailor's mind was this: Yes, the captain, I have always thought, looks kindly upon me. Wonder if he's going to make me his coxswain. I should like that. And maybe now he is going to ask the master-at-arms about me.

"Shut the door there, sentry," said the commander; "stand without, and let nobody come in.–Now, Master-at-arms, tell this man to his face what you told of him to me," and stood prepared to scrutinize the mutually confronting visages.

With the measured step and calm collected air of an asylum physician approaching in the public hall some patient beginning to show indications of a coming paroxysm, Claggart deliberately advanced within short range of Billy and, mesmerically looking him in the eye, briefly recapitulated the accusation.

Not at first did Billy take it in. When he did, the rosetan of his cheek looked struck as by white leprosy. He stood like one impaled and gagged. Meanwhile the accuser's eyes, removing not as yet from the blue dilated ones, underwent a phenomenal change, their wonted rich violet color blurring into a muddy purple. Those lights of human intelligence, losing human expression, were gelidly protruding like the alien eyes of certain uncatalogued creatures of the deep. The first mesmeristic glance was one of serpent fascination; the last was as the paralyzing lurch of the torpedo fish.

"Speak, man!" said Captain Vere to the transfixed one, struck by his aspect even more than by Claggart's. "Speak! Defend yourself!" Which appeal caused but a strange dumb gesturing and gurgling in Billy;

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amazement at such an accusation so suddenly sprung on inexperienced nonage; this, and, it may be, horror of the accuser's eyes, serving to bring out his lurking defect and in this instance for the time intensifying it into a convulsed tongue-tie; while the intent head and entire form straining forward in an agony of ineffectual eagerness to obey the injunction to speak and defend himself gave an expression to the face like that of a condemned vestal priestess in the moment of being buried alive, and in the first struggle against suffocation.

Though at the time Captain Vere was quite ignorant of Billy's liability to vocal impediment, he now immediately divined it, since vividly Billy's aspect recalled to him that of a bright young schoolmate of his whom he had once seen struck by much the same startling impotence in the act of eagerly rising in the class to be foremost in response to a testing question put to it by the master. Going close up to the young sailor, and laying a soothing hand on his shoulder, he said, "There is no hurry, my boy. Take your time, take your time." Contrary to the effect intended, these words so fatherly in tone, doubtless touching Billy's heart to the quick, prompted yet more violent efforts at utterance—efforts soon ending for the time in confirming the paralysis, and bringing to his face an expression which was as a crucifixion to behold. The next instant, quick as the flame from a discharged cannon at night, his right arm shot out, and Claggart dropped to the deck. Whether intentionally or but owing to the young athlete's superior height, the blow had taken effect full upon the forehead, so shapely and intellectual-looking a feature in the master-at-arms, so that the body fell over lengthwise, like a heavy plank tilted from erectness. A gasp or two, and he lay motionless.

"Fated boy," breathed Captain Vere in tone so low as to be almost a whisper, "what have you done! But here, help me."

The twain raised the felled one from the loins up into a sitting position. The spare form flexibly acquiesced, but inertly. It was like handling a dead snake. They lowered it back. Regaining erectness, Captain Vere with one hand covering his face stood to all appearance as impassive as the object at his feet. Was he absorbed in taking in all the bearings of the event and what was best not only now at once to be done, but also in the sequel? Slowly he uncovered his face; and the effect was as if the moon emerging from eclipse should reappear with quite another aspect than that which had gone into hiding. The father in him, manifested towards Billy thus far in the scene, was replaced by the military disciplinarian. In his official tone he bade the foretopman retire to a stateroom

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aft (pointing it out), and there remain till thence summoned. This order Billy in silence mechanically obeyed. Then going to the cabin door where it opened on the quarter-deck, Captain Vere said to the sentry without, "Tell somebody to send Albert here." When the lad appeared, his master so contrived it that he should not catch sight of the prone one. "Albert," he said to him, "tell the surgeon I wish to see him. You need not come back till called."

When the surgeon entered—a self-poised character of that grave sense and experience that hardly anything could take him aback—Captain Vere advanced to meet him, thus unconsciously intercepting his view of Claggart, and, interrupting the other's wonted ceremonious salutation, said, "Nay. Tell me how it is with yonder man," directing his attention to the prostrate one.

The surgeon looked, and for all his self-command somewhat started at the abrupt revelation. On Claggart's always pallid complexion, thick black blood was now oozing from nostril and ear. To the gazer's professional eye it was unmistakably no living man that he saw.

"Is it so, then?" said Captain Vere, intently watching him. "I thought it. But verify it." Whereupon the customary tests confirmed the surgeon's first glance, who now, looking up in unfeigned concern, cast a look of intense inquisitiveness upon his superior. But Captain Vere, with one hand to his brow, was standing motionless. Suddenly, catching the surgeon's arm convulsively, he exclaimed, pointing down to the body, "It is the divine judgment on Ananias! Look!"

Disturbed by the excited manner he had never before observed in the *Bellipotent's* captain, and as yet wholly ignorant of the affair, the prudent surgeon nevertheless held his peace, only again looking an earnest interrogatory as to what it was that had resulted in such a tragedy.

But Captain Vere was now again motionless, standing absorbed in thought. Again starting, he vehemently exclaimed, "Struck dead by an angel of God! Yet the angel must hang!"

At these passionate interjections, mere incoherences to the listener as yet unapprised of the antecedents, the surgeon was profoundly discomposed. But now, as recollecting himself, Captain Vere in less passionate tone briefly related the circumstances leading up to the event. "But come; we must dispatch," he added. "Help me to remove him" (meaning the body) "to yonder compartment," designating one opposite that where the foretopman remained immured. Anew disturbed by a request that, as

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nastic obedience than the former his vows of allegiance to martial duty.

Feeling that unless quick action was taken on it, the deed of the foretopman, so soon as it should be known on the gun decks, would tend to awaken any slumbering embers of the Nore among the crew, a sense of the urgency of the case overruled in Captain Vere every other consideration. But though a conscientious disciplinarian, he was no lover of authority for mere authority's sake. Very far was he from embracing opportunities for monopolizing to himself the perils of moral responsibility, none at least that could properly be referred to an official superior or shared with him by his official equals or even subordinates. So thinking, he was glad it would not be at variance with usage to turn the matter over to a summary court of his own officers, reserving to himself, as the one on whom the ultimate accountability would rest, the right of maintaining a supervision of it, or formally or informally interposing at need. Accordingly a drumhead court was summarily convened, he electing the individuals composing it: the first lieutenant, the captain of marines, and the sailing master.

In associating an officer of marines with the sea lieutenant and the sailing master in a case having to do with a sailor, the commander perhaps deviated from general custom. He was prompted thereto by the circumstance that he took that soldier to be a judicious person, thoughtful, and not altogether incapable of grappling with a difficult case unprecedented in his prior experience. Yet even as to him he was not without some latent misgiving, for withal he was an extremely good-natured man, an enjoyer of his dinner, a sound sleeper, and inclined to obesity—a man who though he would always maintain his manhood in battle might not prove altogether reliable in a moral dilemma involving aught of the tragic. As to the first lieutenant and the sailing master, Captain Vere could not but be aware that though honest natures, of approved gallantry upon occasion, their intelligence was mostly confined to the matter of active seamanship and the fighting demands of their profession.

The court was held in the same cabin where the unfortunate affair had taken place. This cabin, the commander's, embraced the entire area under the poop deck. Aft, and on either side, was a small stateroom, the one now temporarily a jail and the other a deadhouse, and a yet smaller compartment, leaving a space between expanding forward into a goodly oblong of length coinciding with the ship's beam. A skylight of moderate dimension was overhead, and at each end of the oblong space were two

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sashed porthole windows easily convertible back into embrasures for short carronades.

All being quickly in readiness, Billy Budd was arraigned, Captain Vere necessarily appearing as the sole witness in the case, and as such temporarily sinking his rank, though singularly maintaining it in a matter apparently trivial, namely, that he testified from the ship's weather side, with that object having caused the court to sit on the lee side. Concisely he narrated all that had led up to the catastrophe, omitting nothing in Claggart's accusation and deposing as to the manner in which the prisoner had received it. At this testimony the three officers glanced with no little surprise at Billy Budd, the last man they would have suspected either of the mutinous design alleged by Claggart or the undeniable deed he himself had done. The first lieutenant, taking judicial primacy and turning toward the prisoner, said, "Captain Vere has spoken. Is it or is it not as Captain Vere says?"

In response came syllables not so much impeded in the utterance as might have been anticipated. They were these: "Captain Vere tells the truth. It is just as Captain Vere says, but it is not as the master-at-arms said. I have eaten the King's bread and I am true to the King."

"I believe you, my man," said the witness, his voice indicating a suppressed emotion not otherwise betrayed.

"God will bless you for that, your honor!" not without stammering said Billy, and all but broke down. But immediately he was recalled to self-control by another question, to which with the same emotional difficulty of utterance he said, "No, there was no malice between us. I never bore malice against the master-at-arms. I am sorry that he is dead. I did not mean to kill him. Could I have used my tongue I would not have struck him. But he foully lied to my face and in presence of my captain, and I had to say something, and I could only say it with a blow, God help me!"

In the impulsive aboveboard manner of the frank one the court saw confirmed all that was implied in words that just previously had perplexed them, coming as they did from the testifier to the tragedy and promptly following Billy's impassioned disclaimer of mutinous intent–Captain Vere's words, "I believe you, my man."

Next it was asked of him whether he knew of or suspected aught savoring of incipient trouble (meaning mutiny, though the explicit term was avoided) going on in any section of the ship's company.

The reply lingered. This was naturally imputed by the court to the same vocal embarrassment which had retarded or obstructed previous answers. But in main it was otherwise here, the question immediately

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recalling to Billy's mind the interview with the afterguardsman in the fore-chains. But an innate repugnance to playing a part at all approaching that of an informer against one's own shipmates—the same erring sense of uninstructed honor which had stood in the way of his reporting the matter at the time, though as a loyal man-of-war's man it was incumbent on him, and failure so to do, if charged against him and proven, would have subjected him to the heaviest of penalties; this, with the blind feeling now his that nothing really was being hatched, prevailed with him. When the answer came it was a negative.

"One question more," said the officer of marines, now first speaking and with a troubled earnestness. "You tell us that what the master-at-arms said against you was a lie. Now why should he have so lied, so maliciously lied, since you declare there was no malice between you?"

At that question, unintentionally touching on a spiritual sphere wholly obscure to Billy's thoughts, he was nonplussed, evincing a confusion indeed that some observers, such as can readily be imagined, would have construed into involuntary evidence of hidden guilt. Nevertheless, he strove some way to answer, but all at once relinquished the vain endeavor, at the same time turning an appealing glance towards Captain Vere as deeming him his best helper and friend. Captain Vere, who had been seated for a time, rose to his feet, addressing the interrogator. "The question you put to him comes naturally enough. But how can he rightly answer it?—or anybody else, unless indeed it be he who lies within there," designating the compartment where lay the corpse. "But the prone one there will not rise to our summons. In effect, though, as it seems to me, the point you make is hardly material. Quite aside from any conceivable motive actuating the master-at-arms, and irrespective of the provocation to the blow, a martial court must needs in the present case confine its attention to the blow's consequence, which consequence justly is to be deemed not otherwise than as the striker's deed."

This utterance, the full significance of which it was not at all likely that Billy took in, nevertheless caused him to turn a wistful interrogative look toward the speaker, a look in its dumb expressiveness not unlike that which a dog of generous breed might turn upon his master, seeking in his face some elucidation of a previous gesture ambiguous to the canine intelligence. Nor was the same utterance without marked effect upon the three officers, more especially the soldier. Couched in it seemed to them a meaning unanticipated, involving a prejudgment on the speaker's part. It served to augment a mental disturbance previously evident enough.

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The soldier once more spoke, in a tone of suggestive dubiety addressing at once his associates and Captain Vere: "Nobody is present—none of the ship's company, I mean—who might shed lateral light, if any is to be had, upon what remains mysterious in this matter."

"That is thoughtfully put," said Captain Vere; "I see your drift. Ay, there is a mystery; but, to use a scriptural phrase, it is a 'mystery of iniquity,' a matter for psychologic theologians to discuss. But what has a military court to do with it? Not to add that for us any possible investigation of it is cut off by the lasting tongue-tie of—him—in yonder," again designating the mortuary stateroom. "The prisoner's deed—with that alone we have to do."

To this, and particularly the closing reiteration, the marine soldier, knowing not how aptly to reply, sadly abstained from saying aught. The first lieutenant, who at the outset had not unnaturally assumed primacy in the court, now overrulingly instructed by a glance from Captain Vere, a glance more effective than words, resumed that primacy. Turning to the prisoner, "Budd," he said, and scarce in equable tones, "Budd, if you have aught further to say for yourself, say it now."

Upon this the young sailor turned another quick glance toward Captain Vere; then, as taking a hint from that aspect, a hint confirming his own instinct that silence was now best, replied to the lieutenant, "I have said all, Sir."

The marine—the same who had been the sentinel without the cabin door at the time that the foretopman, followed by the master-at-arms, entered it—he, standing by the sailor throughout these judicial proceedings, was now directed to take him back to the after compartment originally assigned to the prisoner and his custodian. As the twain disappeared from view, the three officers, as partially liberated from some inward constraint associated with Billy's mere presence, simultaneously stirred in their seats. They exchanged looks of troubled indecision, yet feeling that decide they must and without long delay. For Captain Vere, he for the time stood—unconsciously with his back toward them, apparently in one of his absent fits—gazing out from a sashed porthole to windward upon the monotonous blank of the twilight sea. But the court's silence continuing, broken only at moments by brief consultations, in low earnest tones, this served to arouse him and energize him. Turning, he to and fro paced the cabin athwart; in the returning ascent to windward climbing the slant deck in the ship's lee roll, without knowing it symbolizing thus in his action a mind resolute to surmount difficulties even if against primitive instincts strong as the wind and the sea. Presently he

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came to a stand before the three. After scanning their faces he stood less as mustering his thoughts for expression than as one inly deliberating how best to put them to well-meaning men not intellectually mature, men with whom it was necessary to demonstrate certain principles that were axioms to himself. Similar impatience as to talking is perhaps one reason that deters some minds from addressing any popular assemblies.

When speak he did, something, both in the substance of what he said and his manner of saying it, showed the influence of unshared studies modifying and tempering the practical training of an active career. This, along with his phraseology, now and then was suggestive of the grounds whereon rested that imputation of a certain pedantry socially alleged against him by certain naval men of wholly practical cast, captains who nevertheless would frankly concede that His Majesty's navy mustered no more efficient officer of their grade than Starry Vere.

What he said was to this effect: "Hitherto I have been but the witness, little more; and I should hardly think now to take another tone, that of your coadjutor for the time, did I not perceive in you—at the crisis too—a troubled hesitancy, proceeding, I doubt not, from the clash of military duty with moral scruple—scruple vitalized by compassion. For the compassion, how can I otherwise than share it? But, mindful of paramount obligations, I strive against scruples that may tend to enervate decision. Not, gentlemen, that I hide from myself that the case is an exceptional one. Speculatively regarded, it well might be referred to a jury of casuists. But for us here, acting not as casuists or moralists, it is a case practical, and under martial law practically to be dealt with.

"But your scruples: do they move as in a dusk? Challenge them. Make them advance and declare themselves. Come now; do they import something like this: If, mindless of palliating circumstances, we are bound to regard the death of the master-at-arms as the prisoner's deed, then does that deed constitute a capital crime whereof the penalty is a mortal one? But in natural justice is nothing but the prisoner's overt act to be considered? How can we adjudge to summary and shameful death a fellow creature innocent before God, and whom we feel to be so?—Does that state it aright? You sign sad assent. Well, I too feel that, the full force of that. It is Nature. But do these buttons that we wear attest that our allegiance is to Nature? No, to the King. Though the ocean, which is inviolate Nature primeval, though this be the element where we move and have our being as sailors, yet as the King's officers lies our duty in a sphere correspondingly natural? So little is that true, that in receiv-

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to them, they were without the faculty, hardly had the inclination, to gainsay one whom they felt to be an earnest man, one too not less their superior in mind than in naval rank. But it is not improbable that even such of his words as were not without influence over them less came home to them than his closing appeal to their instinct as sea officers: in the forethought he threw out as to the practical consequences to discipline, considering the unconfirmed tone of the fleet at the time, should a man-of-war's man's violent killing at sea of a superior in grade be allowed to pass for aught else than a capital crime demanding prompt infliction of the penalty.

Not unlikely they were brought to something more or less akin to that harassed frame of mind which in the year 1842 actuated the commander of the U.S. brig-of-war *Somers* to resolve, under the so-called Articles of War, articles modeled upon the English Mutiny Act, to resolve upon the execution at sea of a midshipman and two sailors as mutineers designing the seizure of the brig. Which resolution was carried out though in a time of peace and within not many days' sail of home: an act vindicated by a naval court of inquiry subsequently convened ashore. History, and here cited without comment. True, the circumstances on board the *Somers* were different from those on board the *Bellipotent.* But the urgency felt, well-warranted or otherwise, was much the same.

Says a writer whom few know, "Forty years after a battle it is easy for a noncombatant to reason about how it ought to have been fought. It is another thing personally and under fire to have to direct the fighting while involved in the obscuring smoke of it. Much so with respect to other emergencies involving considerations both practical and moral, and when it is imperative promptly to act. The greater the fog the more it imperils the steamer, and speed is put on though at the hazard of running somebody down. Little ween the snug card players in the cabin of the responsibilities of the sleepless man on the bridge."

In brief, Billy Budd was formally convicted and sentenced to be hung at the yardarm in the early morning watch, it being now night. Otherwise, as is customary in such cases, the sentence would forthwith have been carried out. In wartime on the field or in the fleet, a mortal punishment decreed by a drumhead court–on the field sometimes decreed by but a nod from the general–follows without delay on the heel of conviction, without appeal.

It was Captain Vere himself who of his own motion communicated the finding of the court to the prisoner, for that purpose going to the com-

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partment where he was in custody and bidding the marine there to withdraw for the time.

Beyond the communication of the sentence, what took place at this interview was never known. But in view of the character of the twain briefly closeted in that stateroom, each radically sharing in the rarer qualities of our nature—so rare indeed as to be all but incredible to average minds however much cultivated—some conjectures may be ventured.

It would have been in consonance with the spirit of Captain Vere should he on this occasion have concealed nothing from the condemned one—should he indeed have frankly disclosed to him the part he himself had played in bringing about the decision, at the same time revealing his actuating motives. On Billy's side it is not improbable that such a confession would have been received in much the same spirit that prompted it. Not without a sort of joy, indeed, he might have appreciated the brave opinion of him implied in his captain's making such a confidant of him. Nor, as to the sentence itself, could he have been insensible that it was imparted to him as to one not afraid to die. Even more may have been. Captain Vere in end may have developed the passion sometimes latent under an exterior stoical or indifferent. He was old enough to have been Billy's father. The austere devotee of military duty, letting himself melt back into what remains primeval in our formalized humanity, may in end have caught Billy to his heart, even as Abraham may have caught young Isaac on the brink of resolutely offering him up in obedience to the exacting behest. But there is no telling the sacrament, seldom if in any case revealed to the gadding world, wherever under circumstances at all akin to those here attempted to be set forth two of great Nature's nobler order embrace. There is privacy at the time, inviolable to the survivor; and holy oblivion, the sequel to each diviner magnanimity, providentially covers all at last.

The first to encounter Captain Vere in act of leaving the compartment was the senior lieutenant. The face he beheld, for the moment one expressive of the agony of the strong, was to that officer, though a man of fifty, a startling revelation. That the condemned one suffered less than he who mainly had effected the condemnation was apparently indicated by the former's exclamation in the scene soon perforce to be touched upon.

Of a series of incidents within a brief term rapidly following each other, the adequate narration may take up a term less brief, especially if explanation or comment here and there seem requisite to the better under-

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standing of such incidents. Between the entrance into the cabin of him who never left it alive, and him who when he did leave it left it as one condemned to die; between this and the closeted interview just given, less than an hour and a half had elapsed. It was an interval long enough, however, to awaken speculations among no few of the ship's company as to what it was that could be detaining in the cabin the master-at-arms and the sailor; for a rumor that both of them had been seen to enter it and neither of them had been seen to emerge, this rumor had got abroad upon the gun decks and in the tops, the people of a great warship being in one respect like villagers, taking microscopic note of every outward movement or nonmovement going on. When, therefore, in weather not at all tempestuous, all hands were called in the second dogwatch, a summons under such circumstances not usual in those hours, the crew were not wholly unprepared for some announcement extraordinary, one having connection too with the continued absence of the two men from their wonted haunts.

There was a moderate sea at the time; and the moon, newly risen and near to being at its full, silvered the white spar deck wherever not blotted by the clear-cut shadows horizontally thrown of fixtures and moving men. On either side the quarter-deck the marine guard under arms was drawn up; and Captain Vere, standing in his place surrounded by all the wardroom officers, addressed his men. In so doing, his manner showed neither more nor less than that properly pertaining to his supreme position aboard his own ship. In clear terms and concise he told them what had taken place in the cabin: that the master-at-arms was dead, that he who had killed him had been already tried by a summary court and condemned to death, and that the execution would take place in the early morning watch. The word *mutiny* was not named in what he said. He refrained too from making the occasion an opportunity for any preachment as to the maintenance of discipline, thinking perhaps that under existing circumstances in the navy the consequence of violating discipline should be made to speak for itself.

Their captain's announcement was listened to by the throng of standing sailors in a dumbness like that of a seated congregation of believers in hell listening to the clergyman's announcement of his Calvinistic text.

At the close, however, a confused murmur went up. It began to wax. All but instantly, then, at a sign, it was pierced and suppressed by shrill whistles of the boatswain and his mates. The word was given to about ship.

To be prepared for burial Claggart's body was delivered to certain petty officers of his mess. And here, not to clog the sequel with lateral

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matters, it may be added that, at a suitable hour, the master-at-arms was committed to the sea with every funeral honor properly belonging to his naval grade.

In this proceeding, as in every public one growing out of the tragedy, strict adherence to usage was observed. Nor in any point could it have been at all deviated from, either with respect to Claggart or Billy Budd, without begetting undesirable speculations in the ship's company, sailors, and more particularly men-of-war's men, being of all men the greatest sticklers for usage. For similar cause, all communication between Captain Vere and the condemned one ended with the closeted interview already given, the latter being now surrendered to the ordinary routine preliminary to the end. His transfer under guard from the captain's quarters was effected without unusual precautions—at least no visible ones. If possible, not to let the men so much as surmise that their officers anticipate aught amiss from them is the tacit rule in a military ship. And the more that some sort of trouble should really be apprehended, the more do the officers keep that apprehension to themselves, though not the less unostentatious vigilance may be augmented. In the present instance, the sentry placed over the prisoner had strict orders to let no one have communication with him but the chaplain. And certain unobtrusive measures were taken absolutely to insure this point.

In a seventy-four of the old order the deck known as the upper gun deck was the one covered over by the spar deck, which last, though not without its armament, was for the most part exposed to the weather. In general it was at all hours free from hammocks; those of the crew swinging on the lower gun deck and berth deck, the latter being not only a dormitory but also the place for the stowing of the sailors' bags, and on both sides lined with the large chests or movable pantries of the many messes of the men.

On the starboard side of the *Bellipotent*'s upper gun deck, behold Billy Budd under sentry lying prone in irons in one of the bays formed by the regular spacing of the guns comprising the batteries on either side. All these pieces were of the heavier caliber of that period. Mounted on lumbering wooden carriages, they were hampered with cumbersome harness of breeching and strong side tackles for running them out. Guns and carriages, together with the long rammers and shorter linstocks lodged in loops overhead—all these, as customary, were painted black; and the heavy hempen breechings, tarred to the same tint, wore the like livery of the undertakers. In contrast with the funeral hue of these surroundings, the prone sailor's exterior apparel, white jumper and white

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duck trousers, each more or less soiled, dimly glimmered in the obscure light of the bay like a patch of discolored snow in early April lingering at some upland cave's black mouth. In effect he is already in his shroud, or the garments that shall serve him in lieu of one. Over him but scarce illuminating him, two battle lanterns swing from two massive beams of the deck above. Fed with the oil supplied by the war contractors (whose gains, honest or otherwise, are in every land an anticipated portion of the harvest of death), with flickering splashes of dirty yellow light they pollute the pale moonshine all but ineffectually struggling in obstructed flecks through the open ports from which the tampioned cannon protrude. Other lanterns at intervals serve but to bring out somewhat the obscurer bays which, like small confessionals or side chapels in a cathedral, branch from the long dim-vistaed broad aisle between the two batteries of that covered tier.

Such was the deck where now lay the Handsome Sailor. Through the rosetan of his complexion no pallor could have shown. It would have taken days of sequestration from the winds and the sun to have brought about the effacement of that. But the skeleton in the cheekbone at the point of its angle was just beginning delicately to be defined under the warm-tinted skin. In fervid hearts self-contained, some brief experiences devour our human tissue as secret fire in a ship's hold consumes cotton in the bale.

But now lying between the two guns, as nipped in the vice of fate, Billy's agony, mainly proceeding from a generous young heart's virgin experience of the diabolical incarnate and effective in some men—the tension of that agony was over now. It survived not the something healing in the closeted interview with Captain Vere. Without movement, he lay as in a trance, that adolescent expression previously noted as his taking on something akin to the look of a slumbering child in the cradle when the warm hearth glow of the still chamber at night plays on the dimples that at whiles mysteriously form in the cheek, silently coming and going there. For now and then in the gyved one's trance a serene happy light born of some wandering reminiscence or dream would diffuse itself over his face, and then wane away only anew to return.

The chaplain, coming to see him and finding him thus, and perceiving no sign that he was conscious of his presence, attentively regarded him for a space, then slipping aside, withdrew for the time, peradventure feeling that even he, the minister of Christ though receiving his stipend from Mars, had no consolation to proffer which could result in a peace transcending that which he beheld. But in the small hours he came again.

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low. Man or boy, none spake but in whisper, and few spake at all. Captain Vere—as before, the central figure among the assembled commissioned officers—stood nigh the break of the poop deck facing forward. Just below him on the quarter-deck the marines in full equipment were drawn up much as at the scene of the promulgated sentence.

At sea in the old time, the execution by halter of a military sailor was generally from the foreyard. In the present instance, for special reasons the main yard was assigned. Under an arm of that yard the prisoner was presently brought up, the chaplain attending him. It was noted at the time, and remarked upon afterwards, that in this final scene the good man evinced little or nothing of the perfunctory. Brief speech indeed he had with the condemned one, but the genuine Gospel was less on his tongue than in his aspect and manner towards him. The final preparations personal to the latter being speedily brought to an end by two boatswain's mates, the consummation impended. Billy stood facing aft. At the penultimate moment, his words, his only ones, words wholly unobstructed in the utterance, were these: "God bless Captain Vere!" Syllables so unanticipated coming from one with the ignominious hemp about his neck—a conventional felon's benediction directed aft towards the quarters of honor; syllables, too, delivered in the clear melody of a singing bird on the point of launching from the twig—had a phenomenal effect, not unenhanced by the rare personal beauty of the young sailor, spiritualized now through late experiences so poignantly profound.

Without volition, as it were, as if indeed the ship's populace were but the vehicles of some vocal current electric, with one voice from alow and aloft came a resonant sympathetic echo: "God bless Captain Vere!" And yet at that instant Billy alone must have been in their hearts, even as in their eyes.

At the pronounced words and the spontaneous echo that voluminously rebounded them, Captain Vere, either through stoic self-control or a sort of momentary paralysis induced by emotional shock, stood erectly rigid as a musket in the shiparmorer's rack.

The hull, deliberately recovering from the periodic roll to leeward, was just regaining an even keel when the last signal, a preconcerted dumb one, was given. At the same moment it chanced that the vapory fleece hanging low in the east was shot through with a soft glory as of the fleece of the Lamb of God seen in mystical vision, and simultaneously therewith, watched by the wedged mass of upturned faces, Billy ascended; and, ascending, took the full rose of the dawn.

In the pinioned figure arrived at the yard-end, to the wonder of all

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no motion was apparent, none save that created by the slow roll of the hull in moderate weather, so majestic in a great ship ponderously cannoned.

When some days afterwards, in reference to the singularity just mentioned, the purser, a rather ruddy, rotund person more accurate as an accountant than profound as a philosopher, said at mess to the surgeon, "What testimony to the force lodged in will power," the latter, saturnine, spare, and tall, one in whom a discreet causticity went along with a manner less genial than polite, replied, "Your pardon, Mr. Purser. In a hanging scientifically conducted–and under special orders I myself directed how Budd's was to be effected–any movement following the completed suspension and originating in the body suspended, such movement indicates mechanical spasm in the muscular system. Hence the absence of that is no more attributable to will power, as you call it, than to horsepower–begging your pardon."

"But this muscular spasm you speak of, is not that in a degree more or less invariable in these cases?"

"Assuredly so, Mr. Purser."

"How then, my good Sir, do you account for its absence in this instance?"

"Mr. Purser, it is clear that your sense of the singularity in this matter equals not mine. You account for it by what you call will power–a term not yet included in the lexicon of science. For me, I do not, with my present knowledge, pretend to account for it at all. Even should we assume the hypothesis that at the first touch of the halyards the action of Budd's heart, intensified by extraordinary emotion at its climax, abruptly stopped–much like a watch when in carelessly winding it up you strain at the finish, thus snapping the chain–even under that hypothesis how account for the phenomenon that followed?"

"You admit, then, that the absence of spasmodic movement was phenomenal."

"It was phenomenal, Mr. Purser, in the sense that it was an appearance the cause of which is not immediately to be assigned."

"But tell me, my dear Sir," pertinaciously continued the other, "was the man's death effected by the halter, or was it a species of euthanasia?"

"*Euthanasia,* Mr. Purser, is something like your *will power:* I doubt its authenticity as a scientific term–begging your pardon again. It is at once imaginative and metaphysical–in short, Greek. But," abruptly changing his tone, "there is a case in the sick bay that I do not care to

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leave to my assistants. Beg your pardon, but excuse me." And rising from the mess he formally withdrew.

The silence at the moment of execution and for a moment or two continuing thereafter, a silence but emphasized by the regular wash of the sea against the hull or the flutter of a sail caused by the helmsman's eyes being tempted astray, this emphasized silence was gradually disturbed by a sound not easily to be verbally rendered. Whoever has heard the freshet wave of a torrent suddenly swelled by pouring showers in tropical mountains, showers not shared by the plain; whoever has heard the first muffled murmur of its sloping advance through precipitous woods may form some conception of the sound now heard. The seeming remoteness of its source was because of its murmurous indistinctness, since it came from close by, even from the men massed on the ship's open deck. Being inarticulate, it was dubious in significance further than it seemed to indicate some capricious revulsion of thought or feeling such as mobs ashore are liable to, in the present instance possibly implying a sullen revocation on the men's part of their involuntary echoing of Billy's benediction. But ere the murmur had time to wax into clamor it was met by a strategic command, the more telling that it came with abrupt unexpectedness: "Pipe down the starboard watch, Boatswain, and see that they go."

Shrill as the shriek of the sea hawk, the silver whistles of the boatswain and his mates pierced that ominous low sound, dissipating it; and yielding to the mechanism of discipline the throng was thinned by one-half. For the remainder, most of them were set to temporary employments connected with trimming the yards and so forth, business readily to be got up to serve occasion by any officer of the deck.

Now each proceeding that follows a mortal sentence pronounced at sea by a drumhead court is characterized by promptitude not perceptibly merging into hurry, though bordering that. The hammock, the one which had been Billy's bed when alive, having already been ballasted with shot and otherwise prepared to serve for his canvas coffin, the last offices of the sea undertakers, the sailmaker's mates, were now speedily completed. When everything was in readiness a second call for all hands, made necessary by the strategic movement before mentioned, was sounded, now to witness burial.

The details of this closing formality it needs not to give. But when the tilted plank let slide its freight into the sea, a second strange human murmur was heard, blended now with another inarticulate sound proceeding from certain larger seafowl who, their attention having been attracted by

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the peculiar commotion in the water resulting from the heavy sloped dive of the shotted hammock into the sea, flew screaming to the spot. So near the hull did they come that the stridor or bony creak of their gaunt double-jointed pinions was audible. As the ship under light airs passed on, leaving the burial spot astern, they still kept circling it low down with the moving shadow of their outstretched wings and the croaked requiem of their cries.

Upon sailors as superstitious as those of the age preceding ours, men-of-war's men too who had just beheld the prodigy of repose in the form suspended in air, and now foundering in the deeps; to such mariners the action of the seafowl, though dictated by mere animal greed for prey, was big with no prosaic significance. An uncertain movement began among them, in which some encroachment was made. It was tolerated but for a moment. For suddenly the drum beat to quarters, which familiar sound, happening at least twice every day, had upon the present occasion a signal peremptoriness in it. True martial discipline long continued superinduces in average man a sort of impulse whose operation at the official word of command much resembles in its promptitude the effect of an instinct.

The drumbeat dissolved the multitude, distributing most of them along the batteries of the two covered gun decks. There, as wonted, the guns' crews stood by their respective cannon erect and silent. In due course the first officer, sword under arm and standing in his place on the quarter-deck, formally received the successive reports of the sworded lieutenants commanding the sections of batteries below; the last of which reports being made, the summed report he delivered with the customary salute to the commander. All this occupied time, which in the present case was the object in beating to quarters at an hour prior to the customary one. That such variance from usage was authorized by an officer like Captain Vere, a martinet as some deemed him, was evidence of the necessity for unusual action implied in what he deemed to be temporarily the mood of his men. "With mankind," he would say, "forms, measured forms, are everything; and that is the import couched in the story of Orpheus with his lyre spellbinding the wild denizens of the wood." And this he once applied to the disruption of forms going on across the Channel and the consequences thereof.

At this unwonted muster at quarters, all proceeded as at the regular hour. The band on the quarter-deck played a sacred air, after which the chaplain went through the customary morning service. That done, the drum beat the retreat; and toned by music and religious rites subserving

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the discipline and purposes of war, the men in their wonted orderly manner dispersed to the places allotted them when not at the guns.

And now it was full day. The fleece of low-hanging vapor had vanished, licked up by the sun that late had so glorified it. And the circumambient air in the clearness of its serenity was like smooth white marble in the polished block not yet removed from the marble-dealer's yard.

The symmetry of form attainable in pure fiction cannot so readily be achieved in a narration essentially having less to do with fable than with fact. Truth uncompromisingly told will always have its ragged edges; hence the conclusion of such a narration is apt to be less finished than an architectural finial.

How it fared with the Handsome Sailor during the year of the Great Mutiny has been faithfully given. But though properly the story ends with his life, something in way of sequel will not be amiss. Three brief chapters will suffice.

In the general rechristening under the Directory of the craft originally forming the navy of the French monarchy, the *St. Louis* line-of-battle ship was named the *Athée* (the *Atheist*). Such a name, like some other substituted ones in the Revolutionary fleet, while proclaiming the infidel audacity of the ruling power, was yet, though not so intended to be, the aptest name, if one consider it, ever given to a warship; far more so indeed than the *Devastation,* the *Erebus* (the *Hell*), and similar names bestowed upon fighting ships.

On the return passage to the English fleet from the detached cruise during which occurred the events already recorded, the *Bellipotent* fell in with the *Athée.* An engagement ensued, during which Captain Vere, in the act of putting his ship alongside the enemy with a view of throwing his boarders across her bulwarks, was hit by a musket ball from a porthole of the enemy's main cabin. More than disabled, he dropped to the deck and was carried below to the same cockpit where some of his men already lay. The senior lieutenant took command. Under him the enemy was finally captured, and though much crippled was by rare good fortune successfully taken into Gibraltar, an English port not very distant from the scene of the fight. There, Captain Vere with the rest of the wounded was put ashore. He lingered for some days, but the end came. Unhappily he was cut off too early for the Nile and Trafalgar. The spirit that 'spite its philosophic austerity may yet have indulged in the most secret of all passions, ambition, never attained to the fullness of fame.

Not long before death, while lying under the influence of that magical

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Heaven knows who will have the running of me up!
No pipe to those halyards.–But aren't it all sham?
A blur's in my eyes; it is dreaming that I am.
A hatchet to my hawser? All adrift to go?
The drum roll to grog, and Billy never know?
But Donald he has promised to stand by the plank;
So I'll shake a friendly hand ere I sink.
But–no! It is dead then I'll be, come to think.
I remember Taff the Welshman when he sank.
And his cheek it was like the budding pink.
But me they'll lash in hammock, drop me deep.
Fathoms down, fathoms down, how I'll dream fast asleep.
I feel it stealing now. Sentry, are you there?
Just ease these darbies at the wrist,
And roll me over fair!
I am sleepy, and the oozy weeds about me twist.

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# Ivan Bunin

1870–1953

Ivan Bunin was born in Voronezh, Russia, October 10, 1870. His family belonged to the old landed nobility. Bunin grew up on his father's estates in central Russia. A painter at first, he turned early to writing. His first poems came out in 1889. He was twice awarded the Pushkin Prize, the second time for his translation of Longfellow's *Hiawatha.* In 1909 he was elected one of the Twelve Honorary Academicians of the Russian Academy. Leo Tolstoy was also one of the twelve.

In his youth Bunin was a Tolstoyan, dedicated to good works and making barrel hoops. He met the Master, a tall old man who came at him with a frighteningly quick stride and spoke gently. In Moscow Bunin was associated with the writers Leonid Andreev and Maxim Gorky and the singer Feodor Chaliapin. He was so thin that the painter Ilya Repin asked him to model for one of his angels.

Bunin traveled all over Russia and visited Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Algeria, Tunisia, and the tropics. At Yalta, he and Anton Chekhov were close friends. They had a game, each repeating to the other some solemn remark the critics had made about him. "You are 'a man of crystal purity,' " Chekhov would say. Bunin would reply by calling him "the singer of twilight moods."

Bunin's novel *The Village* appeared in 1910. It was one of the first books to break down the traditional idealization of the Russian people in literature. Dismayed by the "utterly intolerable spectacle" of the Revolution, Bunin moved to South Russia in May, 1918. He left the country for good in February, 1920. Such works as *The Gentleman from San Francisco, Suchodol, An Evening in the Spring,* and *The Dreams of Chang and Other Stories* made him known all over the world. He lived an exile's life in Paris and at Grasse in Pro-



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vence. His later works include *The Well of Days, Dark Avenues,* and *Memories and Portraits.* In 1933 Bunin was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature. He died in Paris on November 8, 1953.

When we read *The Gentleman from San Francisco* for the first time, we are so enchanted by the shimmer of a multitude of details that we hardly notice anything else. Even so, we are aware that this detail is not simply piled up, as Zola might do it. Whether it refers to the snowy winter sea, a crystal chandelier, or a little Sicilian horse, it evokes whatever it touches. We can see it and feel it. It is *there.* The story is created out of it.

Then we notice that this detail is of two kinds, one continually played off against the other. The first is our actual world of work, hardship, and weather, but also of light on the sea, of that Italy where each island "has its especial aroma" after rain. The other is the luxury world of the transatlantic liners and the grand hotels, in which the traveler does not need to do anything at all. His whole duty consists in answering the gong–that ironic gong!–for dinner, like one of Pavlov's salivating dogs. For a moment, at the crisis of the story, the author brings these two worlds together.

Is it a period story? We feel that it is, that the author meant it to be that. Its time is easy to guess: the period not long before World War I. The travelers take tea, not cocktails, at five o'clock. Women are evidently not permitted in the ship's bar. The Chinese stewards wear queues. But the sense of period is conveyed to us by other and more subtle intimations–by the naïveté of that young couple aboard the *Atlantida* hired to "play at love," and by the general sense, displayed in the attitudes of everyone from the San Francisco gentleman to Luigi the bell-boy, that this dream world is completely insulated, permanent, and untouchable. No one knew better than Bunin that it was not.

Moreover, we are aware that these two contrasted worlds are also two exclusive worlds of people. Each is covertly hostile to the other. The Gentleman from San Francisco is offended by the sight of the fishermen's miserable stone huts; after his death, Luigi the waiter mocks him with his obsequious *"Ha sonato, Signore?"* at the door. Here are the two worlds of those who serve and those who are served.

Those who are served, the San Franciscan and his family, are

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nameless. The "hereditary prince of a certain Asiatic kingdom" is not merely nameless, he is "travelling incognito"–a double loss of identity. Symbolic figures moving in a dream have no need of identity. They are simply kinds of people: ticketed, consigned from one port to another, summoned by gongs, unobtrusively guarded to see that they do not get out of step. And it comes to us suddenly, in a kind of ironic reversal, that these travelers are servants too–of their schedules, of their arrangements, of the need to do and see everything, to get their money's worth.

They are servants, too, of their pleasure. They are going to Europe "for two whole years . . . solely for the sake of pleasure." Finally, the dead man is the servant of those forces–"the darkness, the ocean, the snow storm"–which govern and control all transient things.

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# *The Gentleman from San Francisco*

Alas, alas that great city Babylon,
that mighty city!
The Apocalypse.

The gentleman from San Francisco—neither at Naples nor at Capri had any one remembered his name—was going to the Old World for two whole years, with wife and daughter, solely for the sake of pleasure.

He was firmly convinced that he was fully entitled to rest, to pleasure, to prolonged and comfortable travel, and to not a little else besides. For such a conviction he had his reasons—that, in the first place, he was rich, and, in the second, that he was only now beginning to live, despite his eight and fifty years. Until now he had not lived, but had merely existed—not at all badly, it is true, but nevertheless, putting all his hopes on the future. He had laboured with never a pause for rest [1]—the coolies, whom he had imported by whole thousands, well knew what this meant! —and finally he saw that much had already been accomplished, that he had almost come abreast of those whom he had at one time set out to emulate, and he decided to enjoy breathing space. It was a custom among the class of people to which he belonged to commence their enjoyment of life with a journey to Europe, to India, to Egypt. He, too, proposed to do the same. Of course he desired, first of all, to reward himself for his years of toil; however, he rejoiced on account of his wife and daughter as well. His wife had never been distinguished for any special sensitiveness to new impressions, but then, all elderly American women are fervid travellers. As for his daughter, a girl no longer in her first youth, and

1. More literal translation: "He worked without folding his hands" [Ed.].



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his yellowish face with clipped silvery moustache; his large teeth gleamed with gold fillings; his stalwart, bald head glistened like old ivory. Rich, yet in keeping with her years, was the dress of his wife–a big woman, expansive and calm; elaborate, yet light and diaphanous, with an innocent frankness, was that of his daughter–tall, slender, with magnificent hair, exquisitely dressed, with breath aromatic from violet *cachou* and with the tenderest of tiny, rosy pimples about her lips and between her shoulder blades, just the least bit powdered. . . . The dinner lasted for two whole hours, while after dinner there was dancing in the ball-room, during which the men–the gentleman from San Francisco among their number, of course–with their feet cocked up, determined, upon the basis of the latest political and stock-exchange news, the destinies of nations, smoking Havana cigars and drinking *liqueurs* until they were crimson in the face, seated in the bar, where the waiters were Negroes in red jackets, the whites of their eyes resembling hard-boiled eggs with the shell off. The ocean, with a dull roar, was moiling in black mountains on the other side of the wall; the snow-gale whistled mightily through the sodden rigging; the whole steamer quivered as it mastered both the gale and the mountains, sundering to either side, as though with a plough, their shifting masses, that again and again boiled up and reared high, with tails of foam; the siren, stifled by the fog, was moaning with a deathly anguish; the look-outs up in their crow's nest froze from the cold and grew dazed from straining their attention beyond their strength. Like to the grim and sultry depths of the infernal regions, like to their ultimate, their ninth circle, was the womb of the steamer, below the waterline–that womb where dully gurgled the gigantic furnaces, devouring with their incandescent maws mountains of hard coal, cast into them by men stripped to the waist, purple from the flames, and with smarting, filthy sweat pouring over them; whereas here, in the bar, men threw their legs over the arms of their chairs with never a care, sipping cognac and *liqueurs,* and were wafted among clouds of spicy smoke as they indulged in well-turned conversation; in the ball-room everything was radiant with light and warmth and joy; the dancing couples were now a-whirl in waltzes, now twisting in the tango, and the music insistently, in some delectably shameless melancholy, was suppliant always of the one, always of the same thing. . . . There was an ambassador among this brilliant throng–a lean, modest little old man; there was a great man of riches–clean-shaven, lanky, of indeterminate years, and with the appearance of a prelate, in his dress-coat of an old-fashioned cut; there was a well-known Spanish writer; there was a world-celebrated beauty, already

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just the very least trifle faded and of an unenviable morality; there was an exquisite couple in love with each other, whom all watched with curiosity and whose happiness was unconcealed: *he* danced only with *her;* sang–and with great ability–only to *her* accompaniment; and everything they did was carried out so charmingly that the captain was the only one who knew that this pair was hired by Lloyd's to play at love for a good figure, and that they had been sailing for a long time, now on one ship, now on another.

At Gibraltar everybody was gladdened by the sun–it seemed to be early spring; a new passenger, whose person aroused the general interest, made his appearance on board the *Atlantida*–he was the hereditary prince of a certain Asiatic kingdom, travelling incognito; a little man who somehow seemed to be all made of wood, even though he was alert in his movements; broad of face, with narrow eyes, in gold-rimmed spectacles; a trifle unpleasant through the fact that his skin showed through his coarse black moustache like that of a cadaver; on the whole, however, he was charming, unpretentious, and modest. On the Mediterranean Sea there was a whiff of winter again; the billows ran high, and were as multi-coloured as the tail of a peacock; they had snowy-white crests, lashed up–although the sun was sparkling brightly and the sky was perfectly clear–by a *tramontana,* a chill northern wind from beyond the mountains, that was joyously and madly rushing to meet the ship. . . . Then, on the second day, the sky began to pale, the horizon became covered with mist, land was nearing; Ischia, Capri appeared; through the binoculars Naples–lumps of sugar strewn at the foot of some dove-coloured mass–could be seen; while over it and this dove-coloured thing were visible the ridges of distant mountains, vaguely glimmering with the dead whiteness of snows. There was a great number of people on deck; many of the ladies and gentlemen had already put on short, light fur coats, with the fur outside; Chinese boys, never contradictory and never speaking above a whisper, bow-legged striplings with pitch-black queues reaching to their heels and with eye-lashes as long and thick as those of young girls, were already dragging, little by little, sundry plaids, canes, and portmanteaux and grips of alligator hide toward the companionways. . . . The daughter of the gentleman from San Francisco was standing beside the prince, who had been, through a fortuitous circumstance, presented to her yesterday evening, and she pretended to be looking intently into the distance, in a direction he was pointing out to her, telling, explaining something or other to her, hurriedly and quietly. On account of his height he seemed a boy by contrast with others–he was

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queer and not at all prepossessing of person, with his spectacles, his derby, his English great-coat, while his scanty moustache looked just as if it were of horsehair, and the swarthy, thin skin seemed to be drawn tightly over his face, and somehow had the appearance of being lacquered–but the young girl was listening to him, without understanding, in her agitation, what he was saying; her heart was thumping from an incomprehensible rapture before his presence and from pride that he was speaking with her, and not some other; everything about him that was different from others–his lean hands, his clear skin, under which flowed the ancient blood of kings, even his altogether unpretentious, yet somehow distinctively neat, European dress–everything held a secret, inexplicable charm, evoked a feeling of amorousness. As for the gentleman from San Francisco himself, he, in a high silk hat, in grey spats over patent-leather shoes, kept on glancing at the famous beauty, who was standing beside him–a tall blonde of striking figure, her eyes painted in the latest Parisian fashion; she was holding a diminutive, hunched-up, mangy lap-dog on a silver chain and was chattering to it without cease. And the daughter, in some vague embarrassment, tried not to notice her father.

Like all Americans of means, he was very generous on his travels, and, like all of them, believed in the full sincerity and goodwill of those who brought him food and drink with such solicitude, who served him from morn till night, forestalling his least wish; of those who guarded his cleanliness and rest, lugged his things around, summoned porters for him, delivered his trunks to hotels. Thus had it been everywhere, thus had it been on the ship, and thus was it to be in Naples as well. Naples grew, and drew nearer; the musicians, the brass of their instruments flashing, had already clustered upon the deck, and suddenly deafened everybody with the triumphant strains of a march; the gigantic captain, in his full-dress uniform, appeared upon his stage, and, like a condescending heathen god, waved his hand amiably to the passengers–and to the gentleman from San Francisco it seemed that it was for him alone that the march so beloved by proud America was thundering, that it was he whom the captain was felicitating upon a safe arrival. And every other passenger felt similarly about himself–or herself. And when the *Atlantida* did finally enter the harbour, had heaved to at the wharf with her many-tiered mass, black with people, and the gang-planks clattered down–what a multitude of porters and their helpers in caps with gold braid, what a multitude of different *commissionaires,* whistling gamins, and strapping ragamuffins with packets of coloured postal cards in their hands made a

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rush toward the gentleman from San Francisco, with offers of their services! And he smiled, with a kindly contemptuousness, at these ragamuffins, as he went toward the automobile of precisely that hotel where there was a possibility of the prince's stopping as well, and drawled through his teeth, now in English, now in Italian:

"Go away! *Via!*"

Life at Naples at once assumed its wonted, ordered current: in the early morning, breakfast in the sombre dining-room with its damp draught from windows opening on some sort of a stony little garden; the sky was usually overcast, holding out but little promise, and there was the usual crowd of guides at the door of the vestibule; then came the first smiles of a warm, rosy sun; there was, from the high hanging balcony, a view of Vesuvius, enveloped to its foot by radiant morning mists, and of silver and pearl eddies on the surface of the bay, and of the delicate contour of Capri against the horizon; one could see tiny burros, harnessed in twos to little carts, running down below over the quay, sticky with mire, and detachments of diminutive soldiers, marching off to somewhere or other to lively and exhilarating music. Next came the procession to the waiting automobile and the slow progress through populous, narrow, and damp corridors of streets, between tall, many-windowed houses; the inspection of lifelessly clean museums, evenly and pleasantly, yet bleakly, lit, seemingly illuminated by snow; or of cool churches, smelling of wax, which everywhere and always contain the same things: a majestic portal, screened by a heavy curtain of leather, and inside–silence, empty vastness, unobtrusive little flames of a seven-branched candlestick glowing redly in the distant depths, on an altar bedecked with laces; a solitary old woman among the dark wooden pews; slippery tombstones underfoot; and somebody's *Descent from the Cross*–inevitably a celebrated one. At one o'clock there was luncheon upon the mountain of San Martino, where, toward noon, gathered not a few people of the very first quality, and where the daughter of the gentleman from San Francisco had once almost fainted away for joy, because she thought she saw the prince sitting in the hall, although she already knew through the newspapers that he had left for a temporary stay at Rome. At five came tea at the hotel, in the showy salon, so cosy with its rugs and flaming fire-places; and after that it was already time to get ready for dinner, and once more came the mighty, compelling reverberation of the gong through all the stories; once more the processions in Indian file of ladies in *décolleté,* rustling in their silks upon the staircases and reflected in all the mirrors; once more the palatial dining-room, widely and hospitably opened, and

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the red jackets of the musicians upon their platform, and the black cluster of waiters about the *maître d'hôtel,* who, with a skill out of the ordinary, was ladling some sort of a thick, roseate soup into plates. . . . The dinners, as everywhere else, were the crowning glory of each day; the guests dressed for them as for a rout, and these dinners were so abundant in edibles, and wines, and mineral waters, and sweets, and fruits that toward eleven o'clock at night the chambermaids were distributing through all the corridors rubber bags with hot water to warm sundry stomachs.

However, the December of that year proved to be not altogether a successful one for Naples; the porters grew confused when one talked with them of the weather, and merely shrugged their shoulders guiltily, muttering that they could not recall such another year, although it was not the first year that they had been forced to mutter this, and to urge in extenuation that "something terrible is happening everywhere"; there were unheard of storms and torrents of rain on the Riviera; there was snow in Athens; Etna was also all snowed over and was aglow of nights; tourists were fleeing from Palermo in all directions, escaping from the cold. The morning sun deceived the Neapolitans every day that winter: toward noon the sky became grey and a fine rain began falling, but growing heavier and colder all the time; at such times the palms near the entrance of the hotel glistened as though they were of tin, the town seemed especially dirty and cramped, the museums exceedingly alike; the cigar stumps of the corpulent cabmen, whose rubber coats flapped in the wind like wings, seemed to have an insufferable stench, while the energetic snapping of their whips over their scrawny-necked nags was patently false; the foot-gear of the *signori* sweeping the rails of the tramways seemed horrible; the women, splashing through the mud, their black-haired heads bared to the rain, appeared hideously short legged; as for the dampness, and the stench of putrid fish from the sea foaming at the quay, they were a matter of course. The gentleman and the lady from San Francisco began quarrelling in the morning; their daughter either walked about pale, with a headache, or, coming to life again, went into raptures over everything, and was, at such times, both charming and beautiful: beautiful were those tender and complex emotions which had been awakened within her by meeting that homely man through whose veins flowed uncommon blood; for, after all is said and done, perhaps it is of no real importance just what it is, precisely, that awakens a maiden's soul–whether it be money, or fame, or illustrious ancestry. . . .

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