MADAME BOVARY

by Gustave Flaubert

translated by J. Lewis May

DEDICATION

DEDICATED TO
MARIE-ANTOINE-JULES SENARD
MEMBER OF THE PARIS BAR
EX-PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY
FORMERLY MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR

Dear and Illustrious Friend,

PERMIT me to inscribe your name at the head of this book, and above its dedication; for it is mainly to you that I owe its publication. Handled by your magnificent pleading, my work seems in my own eyes to have acquired, as it were, an unlooked-for authority. So accept here the tribute of my gratitude, which, however great it may be, will never reach the heights of your own eloquence and devotion.

Paris, April 12th, 1857 GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

1

The uncouth schoolboy: The Bovary household
A mother's ambitions: Studies with the cure: Training
for medicine: Student life in Rouen: Failure
and success: A Practice in Normandy:
The bailiff's widow: The first
Madame Bovary.

WE were in the prep.-room when the Head came in, followed by a new boy in 'mufti' and a beadle carrying a big desk. The sleepers aroused themselves, and we all stood up, putting on a startled look, as if we had been buried in our work.

The Head motioned to us to sit down.

'Monsieur Roger,' said he in a quiet tone to the prep. master, 'I've brought you a new boy. He's going into the second. If his conduct and progress are satisfactory, he will be put up with the boys of his own age.'

The new boy had kept in the background, in the corner behind the door, almost out of sight. He was a country lad of about fifteen, and taller than any of us. His hair was clipped straight across the forehead, like a village choir-boy's. He seemed a decent fellow enough, but horribly nervous. Although he was not broad across the shoulders, his green cloth jacket, with its black buttons, looked as if it pinched him under the arms. Protruding well beyond the cuffs, he displayed a pair of raw, bony wrists, obviously not unaccustomed to exposure. His legs, encased in blue stockings, issued from a pair of drab-coloured breeches, very tightly braced. He had on a pair of thick clumsy shoes, not particularly well cleaned and plentifully fortified with nails.

The master began to hear the boys their work. The newcomer

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listened with all his ears, drinking it in as attentively as if he had
been in church, not daring to cross his legs or to lean his elbows
on the desk, and when two o'clock came and the bell rang for
dismissal, the master had to call him back to earth and tell him to
line up with the rest of us.

It was our custom, when we came in to class, to throw our caps on
the floor, in order to have our hands free. As soon as ever we got
inside the door, we 'buzzed' them under the form, against the wall, so
as to kick up plenty of dust. That was supposed to be 'the thing'.
Whether he failed to notice this manoeuvre or whether he was too shy
to join in it, it is impossible to say, but when prayers were over
he was still nursing his cap. That cap belonged to the composite order
of head-gear, and in it the heterogeneous characteristics of the
busby, the Polish shapska, the bowler, the otterskin toque and the
cotton nightcap were simultaneously represented. It was, in short, one
of those pathetic objects whose mute unloveliness conveys the
infinitely wistful expression we may sometimes note on the face of
an idiot. Ovoid in form and stiffened with whalebone, it began with
a sort of triple line of sausage-shaped rolls running all round its
circumference; next, separated by a red band, came alternate patches
of velvet and rabbit-skin; then a kind of bag or sack which culminated
in a stiffened polygon elaborately embroidered, whence, at the end
of a long, thin cord, hung a ball made out of gold wire, by way of a
tassel. The cap was brand new, and the peak of it all shiny.

'Stand up,' said the master.

He stood up; and down went his cap. The whole class began to laugh.

He bent down to recover it. One of the boys next him jogged him with
his elbow and knocked it down again. Again he stooped to pick it up.

'You may discard your helmet,' said the master, who had a pretty
wit.

A shout of laughter from the rest of the class quite put the poor
fellow out of countenance, and so flustered was he that he didn't know
whether to keep it in his hand, put it on the floor or stick it on his
head. He sat down, and deposited it on his knees.

'Stand up,' said the master again, 'and tell me your name.'

In mumbling tones the new boy stammered out something quite
unintelligible.

'Again!'

Again came the inarticulate mumble, drowned by the shouts of the
class.

'Louder!' rapped out the master sharply; 'speak up!'

Whereupon the boy, in desperation, opened his jaws as wide as they
would go and, with the full force of his lungs, as though he were
hailing somebody at a distance, fired off the word: Charbovari . *

* In DOS version italicized text is enclosed in chevrons .

In an instant the class was in an uproar. The din grew louder and
louder, a ceaseless crescendo crested with piercing yells- they
shrieked, they howled, they stamped their feet, bellowing at the top
of their voices: Charbovari! Charbovari! Then, after a while, the

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storm began to subside. There would be sporadic outbreaks from time to time, smothered by a terrific effort, or perhaps a titter would fizz along a whole row, or a stifled explosion sputter out here and there, like a half-extinguished fuse.

However, beneath a hail of 'impots', order was gradually restored. The master- who had had it dictated, spelled out and read over to him- had at length succeeded in getting hold of the name of Charles Bovary, and forthwith he ordered the hapless wretch to go and sit on the dunce's stool, immediately below the seat of authority. He started to obey, stopped short and stood hesitating.

'What are you looking for?' said the master.

'My ca-' began the new boy timidly, casting an anxious glance around him.

An angry shout of 'Five hundred lines for the whole class,' checked, like the Quos ego , a fresh outburst. 'Stop your noise, then, will you?' continued the master indignantly, mopping his brow with a handkerchief which he had produced from the interior of his cap. 'And you, new boy there, just copy out twenty times the words ridiculus sum! '

'There,' he went on in a milder tone, 'you'll get your cap back all right; no one has stolen it.'

Calm reigned once more, and again the heads were bent over their books. For two hours the new boy maintained an exemplary attitude, despite that, every now and again, a paper pellet flicked from the point of a pen would flatten itself against his cheek. He just wiped the place with his hand, sitting stock-still, his eyes riveted to the ground.

At night, in the schoolroom, he took his cuff-protectors out of his desk, put his belongings in order, and ruled up his paper with meticulous exactitude. We watched him pursuing his conscientious task, looking up every word in the dictionary and taking tremendous pains. He doubtless owed it to this anxiety to get on that he was not put down into a lower class; for, although he knew his grammar fairly well, his composition was not exactly a model of elegance. It was the village cure who had started him in Latin, his parents, to save expense, having put off sending him to school till the last possible moment.

His father, Monsieur Charles Denis Bartholome Bovary, ex-deputy-surgeon-major, who, somewhere about the year 1812, had been mixed up in some more or less shady conscription affair which had involved his resignation from the service, did, at this crisis in his fate, make such good use of his personal attractions as to net a dowry of sixty thousand francs, and with it a haberdasher's daughter, who had fallen in love with his manly bearing. A fine figure of a man, a braggart and a bully, with mustachios that made common cause with his side-whiskers, fingers laden with rings, and clothes you could see a mile off, he combined the dash of the military man with the insinuating aplomb of the commercial traveller. Once safely married, he lived for two or three years on his wife's money,

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feeding like a fighting-cock, lying in bed till noon, smoking great porcelain pipes, never coming home till the theatres closed, a great frequenter of cafes. His father-in-law died, leaving but little behind him, whereat he waxed indignant, started a cloth workers' business, dropped a good deal of money and finally retired into the country resolved to show them a thing or two in farming. But as he knew as much about agriculture as he did about textiles, rode his horses instead of working them, drank his cider instead of selling it, ate the fattest chicken in his yard and greased his shooting-boots with his own prime bacon-fat, it was soon borne in upon him that he might as well dismiss the idea of making a fortune. At this juncture he came across a place on the borders of Caux and Picardy, a sort of half-farm, half-villa, which was to be had for two hundred francs a year. He took it, and there, a disgruntled, disappointed man, cursing his luck, at daggers drawn with the world, he shut himself up at the age of forty-five, disgusted, as he said, with his fellow men and determined to live to himself.

Time was when his wife had doted on him. The slavishness of her adoration had but served to complete his estrangement from her. Once cheerful kind-hearted and wholly affectionate, she became, as she grew older (as wine left uncorked will turn into vinegar), morose, shrewish, and irritable. It had given her a lot of pain, though, for a time, she bore it uncomplainingly, when she saw him running after all the drabs of the village and coming home night after night, blear-eyed and smelling of drink. Finally her pride revolted. She ceased to upbraid, smothering her rage in a stoical silence which she maintained to the end of her days. She was always on her feet, always busy, hurrying off to see the lawyers or to interview the chairman of the bench, knew exactly when the bills fell due and got them renewed. Indoors she was for ever at work, ironing, sewing, washing, keeping an eye on the men, paying them their wages, while her lord and master, blissfully regardless of everything and perpetually plunged in a sort of ill-humoured torpor from which he only roused himself to give her the rough side of his tongue, sat smoking by the fire and spitting into the grate.

When she had a child, it must needs be put out to nurse, and when the time came for it to be restored to the parental roof, the brat was doted upon as if he had been a prince. His mother fed him on sweets; his father let him run about without shoes or stockings, saying, to show what a philosopher he was, that it would be a good thing to let him go naked, as the animals did their offspring. In contrast to the mother's ideas, he entertained certain manly notions regarding the upbringing of children. He believed in hardening them off, like the Spartans, so as to make them tough and wiry. He made his son undress in the cold, taught him to drink neat rum and to jeer at church processions. But the child, being a harmless little urchin, made no great progress in these truculent accomplishments. His mother always kept him tied up to her apron-strings; she cut out scraps for him, told him stories, and made up countless tales full of wistful gaiety

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and playful prattle. She sought solace for the loneliness of her life by lavishing on her child all her own shattered and forsaken ambitions. She dreamed of making a celebrity of him. She pictured him a tall, handsome, clever man, high up in the Civil Service or holding an important magisterial position. She taught him to read, and even made him sing- while she accompanied him on her own old, worn-out piano- one or two little drawing-room ballads. But this sort of thing Monsieur Bovary, who held culture in small esteem, pronounced so much waste of time. How were they ever going to afford to educate him for a Government job, buy him a practice or set him up in business? But there! a man could always make his way in the world, if he had cheek enough. Madame Bovary bit her lip, and the child was allowed to run wild about the village.

He went about with the farm labourers, scared the rooks by heaving clods at them, searched the hedges for blackberries, kept the turkeys in order with a switch, helped in the hay-field, roamed about the woods, played hop-scotch in the church porch on rainy days, and on Saints' days coaxed the beadle into letting him ring the bells so that he might hang on bodily to the big rope and feel himself borne up with it as it rose aloft. And he grew up as sturdy as a young oak tree, developing big hands and ruddy cheeks.

When he reached the age of twelve his mother managed to arrange for him to begin his studies. The cure was pressed into the service. But the lessons were so short and so disconnected that they could not be productive of much good. They were given at odd moments, in the sacristy, standing up, hugger-mugger, between a christening and a funeral, or the cure would send for his pupil to come to him after the Angelus, whenever he was not obliged to go out. He would go up into the priest's room, and they would settle themselves down to work. The gnats and the moths would go flitting in and out of the candle flame. Perhaps it would be hot and the child would grow sleepy, and before long the old man, dropping off into a doze with his hands folded over his stomach, would be snoring steadily, with his mouth wide open. At other times, when his reverence, returning home after giving the sacraments to some sick parishioner, saw Charles helter-skeltering about the woods and fields, he would call him, lecture him for a quarter of an hour, and seize the opportunity of making him conjugate 'his verb' at the foot of a tree. Then, perhaps, it would begin to rain, or someone they knew would come along, and lessons would be over for that day. Howbeit, the cure always had a good word for his pupil, and even went the length of saying that the young man had a remarkable memory.

But things couldn't go on like that. Madame bestirred herself, and Monsieur was shamed, or more probably wearied, into capitulating. All the same they decided to wait another year, till the youngster had made his first communion.

After that, yet another six months went by; but the following year Charles was definitely entered at the College at Rouen, whither his father took him in person towards the end of October, about the time

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when Saint Romain's Fair was on.

It would be impossible for any of us to recall exactly what he was like in those days. He was of the 'middling' kind; he played during recreation, stuck at his homework, paid attention in class, slept soundly in the dormitory, and ate well in the refectory. He was under the tutelage of a wholesale ironmonger in the Rue de la Ganterie, who had him out once a month, of a Sunday, after he had shut up shop. He would send him down to the harbour to look at the shipping and get him back to the College again by seven, in good time for supper. Every Thursday evening he wrote a long letter to his mother in red ink, and stuck it down with three seals. Then he rubbed up his history notes, or read some Anacharsis , a volume of which was kicking about in the schoolroom. When we went out walking he used to talk to the servant, who, like him, came from the country.

By dint of diligent plodding, he always managed to keep about the middle of the class. Once, indeed, he scored a proxime accessit in Natural History. But when he had done his third year his people took him away from the College, so that he might devote himself to his medical studies, for they were convinced he could get his 'prelim.' without any special coaching.

His mother got him a room on the fourth floor of a house overlooking the Eau de Robec, the owner of which, a dyer by trade, she happened to know. She made arrangements for his board, got together some odds and ends of furniture, a table and a couple of chairs or so, sent him an old cherry-wood bedstead from home, and bought a little cast-iron stove and plenty of wood, to keep her poor boy warm. Then, when the week was up, she took her departure, having begged and prayed him over and over again to behave himself and go straight, now that she would no longer be there to look after him.

The Syllabus of Lectures which he read on the notice-board put his head in a whirl. There were lectures on Anatomy, lectures on Pathology, lectures on Physiology, lectures on Dispensing, on Chemistry, Botany, Clinics and Therapeutics, to say nothing of Hygiene and Materia Medica , names of whose etymology he was completely ignorant and which seemed to him like so many mysterious portals leading to sanctuaries peopled with august shadows.

He could make nothing of it. He listened as hard as he could, but he couldn't get hold of it at all. However, he persevered, had notebooks specially bound, attended every lecture, never missed a demonstration. He got through his little daily task like a mill horse that plods round and round in the same place with his eyes blindfolded, never knowing in the least what it is he is grinding at.

To save expense, his mother sent him every week, by the carrier, a piece of baked veal, off which he would make his lunch of a morning when he got back from the hospital. Then away he would rush to work, to the operating theatre or the infirmary, and then back home again through all the maze of streets. Of an evening, after a modest dinner with his landlord, he would go up to his room and set to work again in his damp clothes, which would steam on his body as he sat

close up to the little glowing stove.

Of a fine summer evening, when the warm streets are deserted and the servant-girls play battledore and shuttlecock outside the houses, he would open his window and sit gazing out with his head on his hand. The river, which makes this part of Rouen look like a little workaday Venice, flowed on beneath him, yellow, violet or blue, between its bridges and its barriers. He would watch the workmen stooping down at the water's edge and letting the current flow over their arms. On poles on the warehouse roofs, skeins of cotton hung drying in the air. In front of him, beyond the housetops, was a great expanse of clear sky, with the red sun sinking slowly to its rest. How good it must be out yonder! How cool in the shadows of the beechwoods. And then he dilated his nostrils to breathe in the fragrant scents of the country which died away before they reached him.

He lost flesh, grew tall and lanky, and his face took on a sort of wistful look that made it almost interesting.

It was natural that from mere heedlessness he should sooner or later discard all the good resolutions he had taken upon himself. One day he missed going round the ward, the day after, his lecture, and, gradually acquiring a taste for doing nothing, he ended by not turning up at all.

He became a habitue of the cabaret, and a domino enthusiast. To go and shut himself up, night after night, in a dingy public room and rattle about little black-spotted bone cubes on a marble-topped table, seemed to him a precious symbol of freedom and raised him in his own esteem.

It was something like an initiation into the social world, a taste of forbidden fruit. And as he put his hand on the door-knob to go in, he experienced an almost voluptuous pleasure. And thus many things which had been repressed within him began to expand and blossom forth. He learnt by heart some popular songs, with which he would greet his boon companions, went mad over Beranger, acquired the secret of making punch, and at length became acquainted with the mysteries of Love.

As a result of these preparatory activities, he failed completely in his examination. His parents were expecting him home that same night to celebrate his success.

He set off on foot and halted at the entrance to the village, where he sent for his mother and made a clean breast of it. She made excuses for him; said it wasn't his fault, the examiners had treated him unfairly. She managed to put a little heart into him and said she would make matters all right at home. Not until five years later did Monsieur Bovary learn the truth. It was ancient history by that time, and he took it calmly. Besides he could not bring himself to believe that any child of his could be lacking in brains.

Charles got down to work again. This time he permitted himself no interruptions and, having ground up all his answers by heart, he got through- and pretty creditably. What a red-letter day for his mother! They gave a big dinner.

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And now where was he to practise? At Tostes, because at Tostes there was only one doctor, and he a very old man. For a long time past Madame Bovary had been waiting for him to die, and now, before the old fellow had packed up his traps for the next world, Charles came and set up opposite, as his accredited successor.

But rearing her son, making a doctor of him and setting him up in practice at Tostes was not the whole of the business. He must have a wife. She found him one, the forty-five-year-old widow of a Dieppe bailiff, with an income of twelve hundred a year.

Though she was plain, as dry as a chip and as spotty as a fig-pudding, Madame Dubuc was decidedly not lacking in suitors. In order to gain her end, Madame Bovary was obliged to oust them all, and she displayed especial skill in checkmating the manoeuvres of a pork-butcher rival who was strongly backed by the clergy.

Charles looked on matrimony as a means of bettering his lot; he thought it would give him a free hand to do as he liked, and spend his money as he thought fit. He was wrong. His wife wore the breeches. She told him what to say, and what not to say, in company. She made him keep the Friday abstinence, wear the clothes she approved of, and worry the patients when they did not pay up. She opened his letters, watched his movements and, when he had any women patients in the surgery, she would listen, through the partition, to all that went on. Every morning she must have her cup of chocolate, and be waited on hand and foot. She was always complaining about her nerves, her chest and her spirits. The sound of footsteps made her feel ill. If they left her alone, the solitude was hateful; if they came back, it was doubtless to see the last of her. At night, when Charles came in, she drew her long bony arms from under the bedclothes, put them round his neck and, making him sit down on the edge of the bed, began to tell him all her troubles;- he was beginning to forget about her, he loved someone else. Yes, they had told her she was fated to be unhappy; and she ended by asking him for something to make her better, and for a little more love.

2

Night call: Monsieur Rouault's broken leg:
A Norman farm: Mademoiselle Emma: Visits to
les Bertaux: Heloise is jealous:
Love in absence: The defaulting lawyer:
The doctor is widowed.

ONE night about eleven they were aroused by the clatter of hoofs that came to a standstill outside their house. The servant pushed open the attic window and parleyed for some time with a man in the street below. He had come for the doctor and had a letter with him. Nastasie went down shivering with cold, proceeded to unlock the door and drew back the bolts one by one. The man left his horse standing, and, following close on the servant's heels, came right into the bedroom. From his grey woollen cap he extracted a letter wrapped up in a piece of cloth and delivered it carefully into the doctor's hands.

Charles raised himself on his elbow to read it. Nastasie stood close up to the bed holding the light. Madame, being bashful, kept her face to the wall.

The letter, sealed with a little blue seal, begged Monsieur Bovary to come at once to a farm at les Bertaux to set a broken leg. Now from Tostes to les Bertaux is a good eighteen miles across country, by way of Longueville and Saint Victor. The night was dark. Madame Bovary was afraid some accident would befall her husband, so it was decided that the farmer's man should go on ahead and that the Doctor should follow on, three hours later, when the moon got up. They were to send a boy to meet him to show him the way to the farm and open the gates.

About four o'clock in the morning, Charles, well wrapped up in his cloak, set out for les Bertaux. He was still drowsy with the warmth of the slumbers from which he had been aroused, and the steady jog-trot of his nag lulled him off into a doze. Once, when the animal pulled up of its own accord in front of one of those holes surrounded with furze which are dug alongside the furrows, Charles woke with a start, remembered about the broken leg and tried to call to mind everything he knew about fractures. The rain had ceased; day was beginning to break and, on the boughs of the leafless apple-trees, the birds sat quite still, puffing out their little feathers against the chill morning air. The level country stretched away into the distance, far as the eye could see, and the clumps of trees round the farm-houses made, here and there, at distant intervals, a splash of dark violet on the wide grey surface, which melted away on the horizon into the wan spaces of the sky. Charles, from time to time, would open his eyes, then, his senses growing weary and sleepiness coming over him again, he would soon relapse into a kind of torpor, in which his recent sensations mingled with memories of the past, and he saw himself in a sort of double vision, at once a student and a married man, lying in his bed, as he was an hour or so ago, and somehow, at the same time, walking through the ward of a hospital as in days gone by. The warm smell of surgical dressings blended with the fragrance of the morning dew; he heard the iron rings running along the curtain rods of the beds and the breathing of his wife as she lay asleep.... As he was riding through Vassonville he noticed a boy sitting on the turf at the edge of a ditch.

'Are you the doctor?' asked the child.

And when Charles said yes, he picked up his sabots and ran barefoot on in front.

The doctor, as he rode along, gathered from his guide's discourse that Monsieur Rouault was a very well-to-do farmer. He had broken his leg the night before, coming back from a neighbour's where he had been celebrating Twelfth Night. He had lost his wife two years ago, and had no one with him now but his daughter, who helped keep house for him.

The ruts in the road grew deeper. Les Bertaux was close at hand. The small boy, slipping through a gap in the hedge, vanished from sight,

reappearing at the entrance to a paddock in time to open the gate. The horse slithered on the wet grass. Charles bent his head to clear the branches. The dogs in their kennels barked as they tugged at their chains. As he rode into the yard his horse took fright and shied.

It was a prosperous-looking farm. In the stables, over the lower half of the doors, you could see great cart-horses pulling quietly at their hay. A big, steaming manure-heap was piled up along by the wall of the buildings, and among the fowls and the turkeys strutted five or six peacocks, the pride and glory of every Caux farmyard. The sheep-fold was long and the barn was lofty, and the walls of it were as smooth as the palm of your hand. In the shed were two big carts and four ploughs, complete with whips, collars and harness, the blue cloth coverings of which were getting coated with the fine dust that fell from the granaries. The yard sloped upwards, and was planted with trees spaced at regular intervals, and the cheery clamour of a flock of geese came clanging back from the neighbourhood of the pond.

A young woman wearing a dress of blue merino adorned with a triple row of flounces came to the threshold to receive Monsieur Bovary. She showed him into the kitchen, where a big fire was blazing, round which the men's dinner was cooking in pots and pans of various dimensions. Some damp clothes were drying in the great open chimney. The shovel, the tongs and the nose of the bellows, all of colossal size, shone like burnished steel, and all along the walls hung an array of kitchen utensils in whose polished surface was reflected the flickering light of the fire and the first gleams of the sun that now came stealing through the windows.

Charles went upstairs to see the patient. He found him in bed sweating under the blankets. He had flung his cotton night-cap to the other end of the room. He was a fat little man of somewhere about fifty, fair-complexioned, blue-eyed, and bald in front. And he was wearing ear-rings. Beside him, on a chair, was a big decanter of spirits, from which he would pour himself out a tot every now and again to warm up his stomach a little. But as soon as he set eyes on the doctor, he drew a dismal face, and instead of cursing, as he had been doing for twelve hours past, fell to moaning feebly.

The fracture was a simple one, without any sort of complication. Charles could not have wished for a more straightforward job. He remembered the bedside manner of the hospital doctors, and fell to comforting his patient with all manner of facetious remarks, chirurgeonly caresses, which are like oil on a bistoury. In order to improvise some splints, someone was sent to fetch a bundle of laths from the cartshed. Charles selected one, cut it into sections and rubbed it smooth with a piece of broken glass, while the servant girl tore some linen into strips for bandages, and Mademoiselle Emma did her best to sew some wads. As she was a long time finding her needle-case, her father lost patience. She said nothing, but all the time she was sewing she kept pricking her fingers, which she forthwith put in her mouth to suck.

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Charles was surprised to see how white her nails were. They were brilliant and tapering, polished like bits of Dieppe ivory and trimmed like almonds. Her hands, however, were not beautiful- perhaps a shade too red and a little hard in the fingers. She herself was too tall, and her figure lacked the soft, caressing outline. Her good point was her eyes. They were dark, but her long lashes made them seem black, and she looked at you frankly, with a sort of fearless candour.

As soon as the leg was set, the doctor was invited by Monsieur Rouault himself to 'have a bite' before he left.

Charles went down into the room below. Two places, gleaming with silver plate, had been laid on a small table at the foot of a great four-poster hung with chintz with pictures of Turks on it. From an oaken press, opposite the window, came a smell of iris and damp sheets. On the floor, in the corner, stood a few sacks of corn. They represented the overflow from the barn hard by, which was reached up three stone steps. By way of ornament there hung from a nail in the middle of the wall, the green paint of which was coming off in scales, a head of Minerva in black crayon. It was in a gilt frame, and inscribed at the bottom, in Gothic characters, 'To my dear Papa'.

They began by talking about the patient, and, from that, went on to the weather and the severe cold, and the wolves that roamed the country by night. Mademoiselle Rouault did not care much for the country, especially now she had almost all the responsibility of the farm on her shoulders. The room was chilly, and she shivered all the time she was eating. This helped to display her full lips, which she had a trick of biting whenever there was a lull in the conversation.

Her neck was encircled by a white, turned-down collar. Her hair, which was so smooth that the two dark strands seemed to be all of a piece, was parted in the middle by a thin line that dipped slightly with the curve of her skull and, almost hiding her ears, was gathered together behind in a copious chignon. Her hair was waved about the temples, a thing which our country doctor had never seen in his life before. She had plenty of colour in her cheeks, and wore a pair of tortoiseshell eye-glasses, man-fashion, on a cord attached to a button of her bodice.

When Charles, who had been upstairs to say good-bye to the farmer, came back into the parlour before leaving he found her standing by the window looking out into the garden at the bean-sticks that had been blown down by the wind. She turned round.

'Are you looking for anything?' she asked.

'Thanks, I'm trying to find my riding-whip,' he replied. And he began to grope about on the bed, behind the doors, under the chairs. It had slipped down between the sacks and the wall. Mademoiselle Emma caught sight of it, and began to reach down over the sacks. Charles gallantly hastened to her assistance, and as he too extended his arm in the same direction, he felt the young woman's back, as she bent down, rubbing against his chest. She got up, red all over, and, looking at him over her shoulder, handed him his whip.

Instead of returning to les Bertaux three days later, as he said

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he would, he came back the very next day, and thereafter he put in an appearance regularly twice a week, over and above the extra visits he made every now and again as if by accident.

Meanwhile the case went on satisfactorily; the patient's progress was quite normal, and when, after forty-six days, Monsieur Rouault started to try and get about without assistance, Monsieur Bovary began to be regarded as a highly capable practitioner. Pere Rouault said the very best doctors in Yvetot or Rouen itself could not have treated him better.

As for Charles, he did not ask himself how it was he liked going to les Bertaux. If he had thought about it he would have, no doubt, put it down to its being a serious case, or to the fees he expected to get. But was that really the reason that made these visits to the farm so pleasant an interlude in the dull monotony of his daily life? On those days he would get up betimes, start off at the gallop and ride hard all the way, dismounting to wipe his boots on the grass and to put on his black gloves before going into the house. He liked to find himself riding into the yard, he liked the pressure of the gate against his shoulder as he pushed it open, the cock crowing on the wall, the farm lads as they came forward to meet him. He liked the barn, and the stables, and Pere Rouault, who patted the palm of his hand and said he had saved his life; he liked the sound of Mademoiselle Emma's little clogs on the clean stone floor of the kitchen. Her high heels made her seem a little taller as she walked in front of him, and the wooden soles made a little sharp tapping sound as they clicked against the leather of her boots.

When he took his departure, she always came with him to the top of the steps, and if his horse had not been brought round, she would wait there with him. There was no talking to be done, however, because they had already said good-bye. And as she stood there, out in the open, the wind would flurry the little ringlets at the back of her neck, or set the strings of her apron dancing and twisting like streamers about her hips. Once it happened to be thawing- the trees were all running with water and the melting snow was dripping from the roofs. She was on the doorstep, and she ran back for a parasol and put it up. The parasol was a silk one, iridescent as a pigeon's breast, and the sun shining through it cast little coloured flecks of dancing light on the whiteness of her skin. She smiled beneath it at the gentle warmth, and you could hear the sound of the drops as they fell, one by one, on the taut surface of the silk.

When Charles first began his visits to les Bertaux, Madame Bovary junior never omitted to inquire for the patient, and she even went the length of opening Monsieur Rouault's account on a nice clean page in her double-entry ledger. But when she discovered that he had a daughter, she made further investigations, and learned that Mademoiselle Rouault had been to school at an Ursuline convent, that she had been well 'finished' as the saying goes, and that in consequence she had learnt dancing, geography, drawing, embroidery and the piano. This was unendurable.

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'So that is why he always looks so pleased when he is going to see her. That is why he puts on his best waistcoat and risks spoiling it in the rain. Horrid woman!'

And she took an instinctive dislike to her. At first she relieved her feelings by delivering herself of little veiled allusions. Charles did not take them in. Then she indulged in more pointed remarks, which he ignored for fear of a scene. At last she told him to his face what she thought of him, and he didn't know what to reply. What did he want to keep on going to les Bertaux for? Monsieur Rouault was all right again now, and besides that, he hadn't paid his bill. Ah, she knew all about it! There was someone else there, someone who was a good talker, someone who was accomplished and clever. That's what he was so fond of. He liked young, town-bred ladies! And then she would start off again:

'Old Rouault's daughter town-bred! Go along with you! Why, the grandfather was a shepherd, and a cousin of theirs nearly found himself in court for a piece of sharp practice in some dispute or other. She's a nice one to put on airs and to go flaunting it in a silk dress at church on Sunday, as though she fancied herself a countess. Why, if it hadn't been that he did pretty well on his colza crop last year, the poor man would have been hard put to it to keep his head above water.'

Charles yielded from very weariness, and gave up his visits to les Bertaux. Heloise, after much weeping and a great outburst of affection, had made him take his Bible oath not to go there any more. And so he knuckled under. Nevertheless, his eagerness to go made him ashamed of the servility of his conduct, and, with a sort of childish hypocrisy, he persuaded himself that because he was forbidden to see her, it was lawful for him to love her. And then, the widow was lean and long in the tooth. All the year round she wore a little black shawl with the point between her shoulder-blades. Her lank, hard figure was encased in sheath-like dresses that, being always too short for her, showed off her feet and the ribands of her broad shoes criss-crossed over her grey worsted stockings.

Every now and again Charles's mother would come to stay, but after a few days the daughter-in-law seemed to sharpen her on her own file, and then they would be at him like a couple of razors, scarifying him with all manner of criticism and fault-finding. He oughtn't to eat so much. What did he want to go and offer wine for to every chance comer? What stupid obstinacy not to wear woollen underclothes!

It came to pass that one fine day in the early spring a notary of Ingouville who had charge of the widow Dubuc's investments sailed away and took with him all his clients' money. Heloise, it is true, still had a share in a ship valued at six thousand francs and her house in the Rue Saint-Francois; nevertheless, of all that fortune of hers she had made such a song about, nothing save a few bits of furniture and some odds and ends of wearing apparel had made its appearance in the household. The thing had to be looked into thoroughly. The house in Dieppe was mortgaged up to the hilt; what she had had with the

notary God only knew, and her share in the vessel was not more than two hundred pounds. So she had lied, the good lady! Monsieur Bovary, senior, flew into such a rage that he took up a chair and smashed it on the stone floor, and told his wife she had been the ruin of her son, yoking him to a jade like that, whose harness wasn't worth as much as her skin. They came to Tostes and insisted on having things out. There was a scene. Heloise in tears threw herself into her husband's arms and implored him to defend her against his parents. Charles tried to stand up for her. The old people were indignant and left the house.

But the blow had struck home. A week later, as she was hanging out the washing in the yard, she was seized with an attack of bloodspitting, and the next day, while Charles had his back to her, drawing the window curtain, she exclaimed, 'Ah! mon Dieu!' heaved a sigh and went off unconscious.

She was dead! What an astounding thing!

When all was over at the cemetery Charles returned to the house. There was no one downstairs. He went up into the bedroom and saw her dress hanging up at the foot of the bed. Then, leaning against the secretaire, he remained there till it was dark, lost in sorrowful meditation. After all, she had loved him.

3

The bill is paid: Pull yourself together: Advantages of independence: A visit to Emma: What will become of her?: Father and daughter: The opened shutter: Preparations for marriage.

ONE morning Pere Rouault came to pay Charles for setting his broken leg: seventy-five francs in forty-sou pieces, and a turkey. He had heard of his loss and consoled him as best he could.

'I know what it is,' said he, clapping him on the shoulder. 'I've been through the same thing myself. When I lost my poor wife I went wandering about the fields in order to be alone. I chucked myself down under a tree, called on God to hear me and told Him all kinds of silly things. I wished I had been like the moles that I saw on the branches with maggots swarming in their bellies- I wished myself dead, in a word. And when I thought that other men, at that very moment, had nice little wives to cuddle, I began to bang at the ground with my stick. I was nearly mad, and went right off my food. The very thought of going into a cafe turned me sick. You wouldn't believe. Well, slowly and surely, as one day sent another day packing, spring following on winter and autumn on summer, it began to ebb away bit by bit, crumb by crumb. It went, it departed- it went under, I should say, for you've always got something of it deep down inside, a weight on your chest, as you might say. But because we've all got to face it, there's no call for a man to fret himself into the grave before his time or to want to die himself, because other folks be dead. Pull yourself together, Monsieur Bovary; you'll get over it.

Come and see us; my daughter thinks a deal about you, you know, and she says you would forget things that way. Spring will soon be here. Come and knock over a rabbit or two in our warrens; it will be a change for you.'

Charles took his advice. He revisited les Bertaux, and found everything there just the same as last time, that is to say just as it was five months previously. The pear trees were already in bloom, and Farmer Rouault, now firmly established on his legs again, was always in and out, and that made things more lively.

Deeming that it behoved him to lavish every possible attention on the doctor, in view of the bereavement he had sustained, he begged him not to remove his hat, spoke to him in a subdued voice as though he were talking to an invalid, and went the length of pretending to be annoyed that they had not got some special delicacy for him such as a little jug or two of cream, or some stewed pears. He told him a few stories; Charles was surprised to find himself laughing; but suddenly he would remember his wife and grow grave again. Then the coffee came in, and he thought about her no more.

He thought of her less and less as he got used to living alone. The unaccustomed sweets of independence soon made his solitude more bearable. He was free now to have his meals when he liked, he could go out and come in without having to give explanations, and when he was very tired he could stretch out his arms and legs in bed as far as he liked. And then he pampered himself, indulged in self-pity, and let people console him to the top of their bent. Moreover his wife's death had been rather an advantage to him professionally, because, for a whole month, people had said nothing else but 'Poor young fellow! What a dreadful blow for him!' So his name had got about and his practice had increased; and then again, he could go to les Bertaux just when he thought he would. He was vaguely optimistic and indefinably happy; and surveying himself in the glass as he brushed his whiskers, he thought he had got better looking.

He arrived at the farm one day about three o'clock; everyone was out in the fields. He went into the kitchen, but did not see Emma at first; the jalousies were closed. Through the slits in the wood, the sunlight fell on the flagstones in long, slender rays, which were broken into various angles by the furniture, and shone tremulously on the ceiling. Flies on the table crawled up the glasses that had not been cleared away and buzzed as they fell drowning in the dregs of the cider. The daylight which shone down the chimney imparted a velvety look to the soot in the fireplace and gave a bluish tinge to the cold ashes. Between the window and the hearth sat Emma at her needlework. She had no scarf about her neck, and tiny drops of perspiration were visible on her shoulders.

Like all country people, she asked him to have something to drink. He said no, but she pressed him, and at last, with a laugh, invited him to take a glass of liqueur with her. She went to the cupboard and brought out a bottle of curacoa, reached down two small glasses, filled one up to the brim, poured two or three drops into the other

and, clinking it with the doctor's, put it to her lips. As it was nearly empty, she leaned back to drink, and with her head flung back, her lips pouted and her neck thrust forward she began to laugh because she could not taste anything, and at the same time, the tip of her tongue, peeping out between her dainty teeth, made little darts at the bottom of the glass.

Then she sat down and took up her work again- a white cotton stocking which she was darning. She worked with her head bent forward. She did not talk, nor did Charles. The breeze stealing in under the door blew a little dust along the stone floor. He watched it as it eddied about, and the only sound he could hear was a buzzing in his head and the cackling of a hen that had laid an egg in the yard outside. From time to time Emma would freshen her cheeks with the palms of her hands, which she cooled again by laying them on the knob of the great andirons.

She had been complaining ever since the spring began of fits of deafness; she wondered whether sea-bathing would do her any good. She began to talk about her convent, and Charles about his college days; the words began to flow. They went upstairs to her room. She showed him her old music-books, the little volumes she had had given her as prizes, and the oak-leaf crowns lying neglected on the floor of a cupboard. And she went on to speak of her mother, of the cemetery, and even pointed out the bed in the garden where she gathered flowers the first Friday in every month, to lay on her mother's grave. But the gardener they had now didn't know his work; servants were so unsatisfactory. She would have liked to live in town, at all events during the winter months, although perhaps the long days made the country still more boring in the summer; and according to the kind of thing she was saying, her voice would be clear, shrill, or, suddenly sinking into languor, linger in modulations which ended almost in a whisper, as if she were speaking to herself- now joyfully, with wide-open, innocent eyes, now with lids half-closed, and a look of boredom, as her thoughts wandered aimlessly.

That night, as he was riding home, Charles recalled, one by one, the various things she had said, trying to remember them exactly, to discover their implications, so as to give himself an idea of the sort of existence that had been hers in the times before he knew her. But he was never able to visualize her in his thoughts as any different from what she was when he saw her for the first time, or, just now, when he had left her. Then he began to wonder what she would grow like if she married- and whom she would marry. Alas! old Rouault was very well off, and she herself... so beautiful! But Emma's countenance would persist in coming back before his eyes, and a monotonous something, like the buzzing of a gnat, kept sounding in his ears: 'Suppose you got married; suppose you got married'. That night he could not sleep: something seemed to grip his throat, he felt thirsty. He got up, took a drink from the water-jug and opened his window. The sky was filled with stars, a warm breeze was blowing, and a long way off, some dogs were barking. He turned his head towards les

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Bertaux.

Thinking that, after all, he had nothing to lose by it, Charles made up his mind to take the fatal step when occasion offered. But every time occasion did offer, the fear of being unable to express himself suitably, sealed his lips.

Farmer Rouault would not in the least have minded getting his daughter off his hands, for she was very little use in the house. Inwardly he made excuses for her, telling himself that she had too much brains for farming, a calling on which a curse must rest, since no one ever met a farmer who was really rich. So far from making a fortune, the worthy man made a loss every year, for, if he excelled in doing a deal, where he was up in all the tricks of the trade, for farming in the strict sense of the word, and the internal management of the place, you couldn't have found a man more thoroughly unsuited. He always had his hand in his pocket, and spared no expense in the matter of living, for he liked good food, a good fire and a good bed. His tastes ran to rich cider, underdone legs of mutton, coffee with a generous 'dash'. He always took his meals alone, in the kitchen, by the fire, on a little table that was brought to him already laid, as they do on the stage.

When, therefore, he noticed that Charles's cheeks flushed when he was near his daughter, an indication that one of these days he would be asking to marry her, he pondered the whole matter over in his mind. He certainly thought him a little bit of a muff and not exactly the sort of fellow he would have chosen for a son-in-law; but he was said to be steady, thrifty and well educated, and doubtless he would not be too exacting about the dowry. And seeing that Farmer Rouault had been obliged to sell twenty-two acres of land, that he owed substantial sums to the mason and the harness-maker, and that the shaft of the cider-press was in need of repair, he concluded by saying to himself:

'If he asks me, I shall let him have her.'

At Michaelmas Charles came to spend three days at les Bertaux. The last of them had gone by like the other two, and he had put off speaking from one quarter of an hour to another. Farmer Rouault had come out to set him on his homeward way. They had reached a dip in the road and were about to say good-bye. It was now or never. Charles gave himself to the turn of the hedge, and at last, when they had passed it, he said, almost inaudibly:

'Maitre Rouault, I've something I want to say to you.'

They stopped short. Charles held his peace.

'Come now, out with it! What, d'you think I don't know what it's all about?' said the farmer, laughing quietly.

'Pere Rouault... pere Rouault...' stammered Charles.

'Why, for my part,' the farmer went on, 'there's nothing I should like better. But, though the little maid is no doubt of the same mind as I be, we must put the question to her, all the same. You go on, then; I'll go back to the farm. If it's "yes", you understand there'll be no need for you to come back, because of the people about.

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Besides, it would be too much of a shock for her. But to put your mind at rest, I'll push the shutter right back against the wall. You'll be able to see it from the back there, by leaning over the hedge.'

So saying, he took his departure.

Charles tied his horse to a tree. He hurried back to take up his position, and waited. Half an hour went by, then nineteen more minutes, which he timed by his watch. Suddenly something clattered against the wall. The shutter was right back and the catch still rattling.

Next day, by nine o'clock, he was at the farm. Emma blushed when he came in, trying to laugh a little, too, to carry it off. Farmer Rouault embraced his son-in-law elect. Then they began to talk about the arrangements. They had plenty of time before them, since the wedding could not take place with any decency till Charles was out of mourning, and that meant about the spring of the following year.

They went through the winter with this plan in view. Mademoiselle Rouault was busy with her trousseau. Part of it was ordered from Rouen; her night-dresses and night-caps she made herself, from patterns lent her by friends. Whenever Charles visited the farm, the wedding was the one topic of conversation. They discussed in what room they should have the wedding breakfast; they wondered how many plates would be wanted and what eatables they should have.

Emma, for her part, would have liked a torchlight wedding; but Farmer Rouault couldn't understand that at all. So they had a great party where they sat down forty-three to table and remained there sixteen hours, a party which started again next day, and went on, more or less, for several days following.

4

Wedding guests: Country finery:
The procession from the church: A rural banquet:
Confectioner's masterpiece: After the
feast: The bride's parents:
An old man's memories.

THE guests arrived betimes, in all sorts of conveyances- one-horse tilt-carts, waggonettes, old cabriolets minus their hoods, carriers' vans with leather curtains. The young folk from the villages close by drove up in farm carts, standing up in rows, holding on to the side rails to prevent themselves from falling, jolting along at a short, sharp trot. Some of the people came from thirty miles away, from such places as Goderville, Normanville and Cany. All the relations on both sides had been invited. Old quarrels had been patched up, and letters sent to friends they had not heard of for ages.

From time to time the crack of a whip was heard the other side of the hedge. Then the gate would swing open, and a cart would enter. It would drive at a canter right up to the doorstep, pull up with a jerk and discharge its occupants, who would clamber down on either side, rubbing the stiffness out of their knees and stretching their arms. The ladies, in their best bonnets, wore town-made costumes, gold

watch-chains, tippets with ends crossing over at the waist, or little coloured kerchiefs fastened behind with a pin and showing a little bit of neck at the back. The little boys, dressed like their papas, seemed rather ill at ease in their new clothes (a good few of them were sporting the first pair of boots they had ever had in their lives), and alongside of them, not daring to utter a word, and wearing her white first communion dress lengthened for the occasion, you might see a gawky girl of anything from fourteen to sixteen- a sister or a cousin, no doubt- all red and flustered, her hair plastered down with strong-smelling pomade and terribly afraid of soiling her gloves. As there were not enough stable-boys to unharness all the horses, the gentlemen rolled up their sleeves and turned-to themselves. According to their different social grades they wore dress-coats, frock-coats, jackets, and cardigans- fine black suits, venerable symbols of family respectability which only issued from the press on occasions of special solemnity; frock-coats with voluminous skirts floating in the wind, collars like cylinders and pockets as big as sacks; coats of coarse homespun, of the sort usually worn with a cap with a band of copper round the peak; very short jackets with two buttons in the small of the back, close together like a pair of eyes, the abbreviated tails of which looked as if they had been cut out of a single block with a carpenter's chisel. Yet others (but they, for sure, would have to sit below the salt) were wearing their party smocks, that is to say, smocks with the collar turned down over the shoulder, the back gathered in with little puckers, and encircled, very low down, by an embroidered belt.

And the shirts bulged out on the chests like breastplates. All the gentlemen had had their hair cut, their ears were sticking out from their heads, and they had all shaved especially close for the occasion. Some of them who had got up before it was light, when it was really too dark to shave, had gashes running crosswise under the nose, or pieces as big as shillings taken out of their cheeks. The cold air blowing against them on the journey had inflamed them so that their broad, highly polished countenances were diversified like marble with pink patches.

The Mairie being but a mile or so from the farm they went on foot, and as soon as the ceremony at the church was over they trudged back again. The procession, at first keeping well together, resembled a coloured scarf as it undulated through the countryside, winding slowly along the narrow footpath through the green cornfields. But before long it began to straggle, and broke up into separate groups that loitered on the way to gossip. The fiddler went on ahead, the top of his fiddle all bedecked with streamers; after him walked the bridegroom and his bride, the relations and friends following in what order they pleased. Last of all came the children, who amused themselves by plucking little sprays of oats, or had a little game all to themselves, when no one was looking. Emma's dress, which was too long for her, dragged a little behind. Every now and again she would stop to gather it up and, delicately, with her gloved hand, pick off

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the blades of rough grass and bits of briar, while Charles stood sheepishly by, waiting till she had finished. Farmer Rouault, resplendent in a new silk hat, the cuffs of his best coat covering his hands as far as his fingertips, had given his arm to the dowager Madame Bovary. Monsieur Bovary senior, who in his heart thought all these people very small beer indeed, had come in an austere frock-coat of military cut with a single row of buttons. He was delivering himself of some rather dubious jocularities to a fair-haired country wench, who curtseyed, and blushed, and didn't know what to say. The rest of the party talked business or indulged in a little skylarking by way of warming themselves up for the gaiety to come; and whenever you cared to listen, you could hear the scrape-scrape of the fiddler who pranced on ahead, fiddling over hill and dale. When he noticed that the party had fallen a good way behind, he stopped to take breath and applied the rosin with vigour to his bow, so that the strings should squeak the louder. Then he marched on again, swaying the top of his instrument alternately up and down, the better to mark the time. The sound of the fiddle startled the birds far and wide.

The table had been laid under the roof of the cartshed. Upon it there stood four sirloins, six dishes of hashed chicken, stewed veal, three legs of mutton and, in the centre, a comely roast sucking-pig flanked with four hogs-puddings garnished with sorrel. At each corner was a decanter filled with spirits. Sweet cider in bottles was fizzling out round the corks, and every glass had already been charged with wine to the brim. Yellow custard in great dishes, which would undulate at the slightest jog of the table, displayed on its smooth surface the initials of the wedded pair in arabesques of candied peel. They had had recourse to a confectioner at Yvetot for the tarts and the iced cakes. As he was just starting business in the district, he had given a special eye to things; and when the dessert was brought on, he himself, personally, carried in a set piece which drew cries of admiration from the assembled company. At the base of this erection was a rectangular piece of blue cardboard, representing a temple with porticoes, colonnades, and stucco statuettes all around in little niches embellished with gilt-paper stars. Above it, on the second storey, stood a castle-keep or donjon wrought in Savoy cake, surrounded with diminutive fortifications in angelica, almonds, raisins, and bits of orange; and finally, on the topmost level of all, which was nothing less than a verdant meadow where there were rocks with pools of jam and boats made out of nut-shells, was seen a little Cupid balancing himself on a chocolate swing, the posts of which were tipped with two real rosebuds.

The feasting went on till evening. When they grew tired of sitting, the gentlemen got up and strolled about the yard or played a game of pitch-and-toss in the barn, after which they came back again to the table. A few of them at the finish fell asleep and snored. But when the coffee arrived, everything brightened up again. Songs were struck up, feats of strength performed. They did some

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weight-lifting, tried to raise the carts with their shoulders, made risky jokes, embraced the ladies. At night, when it was time to go, the horses, stuffed to the teeth with oats, could hardly be got into the shafts. They plunged, they reared, they snapped their harness, their masters cursed or laughed, and all night long, far and wide, by the light of the moon, there were runaway vehicles going hard-a-gallop, careering into ditches, bounding over stone-heaps, dashing up embankments, with women-folk leaning out of the carriage windows frantically trying to clutch the reins. Those who stayed on at les Bertaux spent the night drinking in the kitchen. The children dropped off to sleep on the floor under the benches.

The bride had implored her father that the customary practical jokes might be dispensed with. However, one of their cousins, a fish tranter (who by the same token had brought a couple of soles as a wedding present), was preparing to squirt water out of his mouth through the keyhole, when Farmer Rouault came up just in time to stop him, and explained that, his son-in-law being a professional man, such buffoonery was out of place.

However, it was difficult to make the cousin see things in this light. In his own mind he accused Farmer Rouault of being stuck-up, and went and made an alliance with four or five other guests sitting apart in a corner who had happened to get inferior cuts of meat several times running at dinner, and who, consequently, said they had been shabbily treated, muttered unflattering things about their host and secretly wished him no good.

Madame Bovary senior had sat glum the whole day. No one had ever consulted her about the bride's dress, or the arrangements for the party. She went to bed early. Her husband did not follow her, but sent into Saint Victor for some cigars and smoked away till daybreak, wetting his gullet with kirschwasser toddy, which, being a mixture hitherto unknown to the company, augmented still further the consideration with which they regarded him.

Charles was by no means of a facetious disposition, and he made rather a poor show during the festivity. He retorted with only qualified success to the quips, puns, innuendoes, compliments and ribald jests with which they made it their business to assail him as soon as the soup was on the table.

Next day, however, he seemed a different man. He was the one you would have taken for the virgin of the pair, whereas the bride never let fall anything that would give you the faintest hint of what she thought about it all. Even the most knowing ones could make nothing of her, though whenever she passed by they scrutinized her with the most searching curiosity. But there was no reserve about Charles. He called her his wife, his dear, kept asking where she was, looked about for her everywhere and frequently took her out into the yard, where he was seen away up among the trees with his arm round her waist, walking along bending over her, and rumpling the front of her bodice with his head.

Two days after the wedding, the newly married couple departed.

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Charles could not be away from his practice any longer. Farmer Rouault sent them home in his carriage, and went with them himself as far as Vassonville. There he kissed his daughter 'good-bye', stepped down from the carriage and started for home again. When he had gone about a hundred paces he halted, and gazing at the carriage vanishing into the distance, its wheels turning in the dust, he heaved a profound sigh. Then he thought of his own wedding, of the days gone by, of his wife's first pregnancy. He, too, was very happy when he took her from her father's, back to his own house; when she rode behind him on the crupper, trotting through the snow; for the season was near Christmas and the country all white. One of her arms was holding on to him, and on the other she carried her basket. The wind fluttered the long lace strings of her Caux head-dress and sometimes blew them across her mouth, and when he turned his head he saw close by him, just above his shoulder, her little rosy mouth smiling silently beneath the gold rim of her bonnet. To warm her fingers she would thrust them, every now and again, into his bosom. How far away it seemed now, all that! Their son would have been thirty by this time if he had lived. He looked back again, and there was nothing to be seen along the road. He felt as gloomy as an empty house. And as these tender memories and sombre reflections blended together in his brain, a little clouded with the vapours of the merrymaking, he felt a momentary desire to take a walk round by the churchyard. As, however, he was afraid that the sight of it would only depress him still more, he went straight home.

Monsieur and Madame Charles arrived at Tostes about six o'clock. The neighbours hastened to their windows to take a look at the doctor's new wife.

The old servant came to pay her respects and made excuses for the dinner not being ready, and suggested that, in the meantime, Madame should come and see over her house.

5

Madame Bovary's new home: Bridal bouquets:
Changes in the house: A new trap: Charles finds happiness:
Blowing kisses: The devoted husband:
Life and the books.

THE brick front looked straight on to the street, or rather road. Hanging up behind the front door were a cloak with a narrow collar, a bridle, a black leather cap, and, in the corner, on the floor, a pair of leggings covered with stale mud. To the right was the parlour, that is to say, the room where they lived and had their meals. The canary-yellow wallpaper, relieved by a frieze of pallid flowers, shook all over the badly hung canvas. White calico curtains with a red border were hung crosswise along the windows and on the narrow chimneypiece there stood, in all its glory, a clock adorned with a bust of Hippocrates, between two plated candlesticks under a pair of oval shades. On the other side of the passage was Charles's consulting-room, a little box of a place about six feet wide,

furnished with a table, three upright chairs and one arm-chair. A set of the Dictionary of Medical Science , the leaves of which were uncut, but which bore evidence of the number of times it had changed hands, took up almost all the six rows of the deal bookcase. The smell of cooking would come in through the partition during consultations, and if you were in the kitchen you could hear the patients coughing and telling the doctor all about their ailments as plainly as if you were in the room. Next, opening straight on to the yard, was a great ramshackle room, fitted with a cooking range, which was used as a place for storing wood and general lumber. It was full of old iron, empty casks, worn-out gardening tools and all manner of other dusty objects the use of which it was impossible to determine. The garden, which was a good deal longer than it was broad, was flanked by two cob walls covered with espaliered apricot trees, and extended as far as the thorn hedge at the bottom, which divided it from the open fields. In the middle there was a sundial made of slate standing on a plaster pedestal. Four beds, planted with feeble-looking rose-trees, were ranged symmetrically around a square plot that was devoted to the rearing of more serviceable vegetation. At the far end, under some spruce trees, a plaster cure was poring over his breviary.

Emma went up to see the bedrooms. The first one was not furnished at all, but the second, the nuptial chamber, had a mahogany bed in an alcove with red hangings. A box made of cockle-shells adorned the chest of drawers, and on the secretaire , by the window, stood a glass bottle with a bunch of orange-blossom in it, tied with white satin ribbon. It was a bridal bouquet, his first wife's bouquet. Her eyes fell on it. Charles saw her looking at it, and took it up into the attic. Sitting back in an arm-chair, while her things were being unpacked, Emma's thoughts strayed to her own wedding bouquet, which was stowed away in a bandbox, and she wondered, in a vague sort of way, what would happen to it, if by chance she came to die.

She at once set about making plans for alterations in her house. She took the globes off the candlesticks, had the walls repapered, the staircase painted and seats put in the garden, round the sundial. She even wondered if it would be possible to have a little pond for goldfish, with a fountain playing in the centre. And then her husband, knowing how fond she was of driving, picked up a trap that was going cheap. With a couple of new lamps and a pair of shiny leather splashboards, it looked almost as smart as a tilbury.

He was a happy man now, with never a care in the world. A meal, with her sitting opposite him, a stroll along the highway of an evening, the gleam of her hand as she set a ringlet straight, the sight of her straw hat hung up on a window catch, and a host of other things which Charles had never deemed capable of affording pleasure, brought him a continuous succession of delights. In bed, of a morning, with her head on the pillow beside him, he would gaze at the sunbeams playing on the soft bloom of her cheek, half-hidden by the scalloped strings of her night-cap. Looked at from so near, he thought her eyes bigger than ever, especially when she first woke and

blinked them many times in succession. Black in the shade, deep blue in the daylight, they seemed to be made of flakes of different colours, dark and shadowy far down, brighter and brighter as they neared the surface. His gaze would lose itself in their deeps, and he could see within them a tiny picture of himself, down to the shoulders, with his silk foulard about his head and the collar of his night-shirt agape. Then he would get up and dress. She would post herself at the window to see him start, and sit there leaning her elbows on the sill between a pair of geraniums, wrapped in a dressing-gown that hung in soft folds about her. Down in the street below, Charles would be fixing on his spurs with his foot up on the kerb, while she went on talking to him from above, pulling off with her lips a bud or a blade of grass which she blew down to him and which, eddying, floating, wheeling in the air like a bird, caught, ere it fell to earth, in the tangled mane of the old white mare, standing stock-still at the door. Mounted in the saddle, Charles would blow her a kiss, and she would wave back to him. Then she would shut the window, and off he would go. And up on the main road which stretched, an endless riband of white dust, before him; down steep lanes where the trees hung over like the hood of a cradle; through bridle-paths where the corn stood as high as his knees, with the sun on his back, the morning air in his nostrils, and sweet memories of the night in his heart, he went his way, calm in mind and contented in body, ruminating on his good fortune, even as men who have well dined recall the savour of the delicacies they have eaten.

When, until now, had he had a taste of life's good things? Was it in his schooldays, shut up behind high walls, lonely and friendless, among boys who were richer or cleverer than he, who mocked his country speech, who jeered at his clothes and whose mothers came with their muffs crammed full of pastries and good things? Or later when he was studying medicine and never had the wherewithal to stand treat to some little work-girl or other who might have become his mistress. After that he had had fourteen months of married life with the widow, whose feet, in bed, were like lumps of ice. But now this pretty little woman whom he worshipped, was his for life. For him the whole universe was contained within the silken circumference of her skirt. He reproached himself for not making enough fuss of her; he was always longing for the sight of her; he hurried back home, and mounted the stairs with a beating heart. Emma, in the bedroom, would, perhaps, be seated at her mirror. He would steal up noiselessly behind her, and kiss her on the back, and she would give a little scream. He couldn't help fiddling with her comb, her rings, her pieces of lace. Sometimes he would give her great big kisses on the cheek, or else a series of little ones all along her bare arm, from the tips of her fingers right up to her shoulder. And she would push him away, half-playful, half-impatient, as you do with a child that will cling on behind you.

Before she married, she thought she was in love; but the happiness that should have resulted from that love, somehow had not come. It

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seemed to her that she must have made a mistake, have misunderstood in some way or another. And Emma tried hard to discover what, precisely, it was in life that was denoted by the words joy, passion, intoxication , which had always looked so fine to her in books.

6

Child's imaginings: Convent girlhood:
The sewing woman's lessons: Glimpses of romance:
Ballads and keepsakes: A lost vocation:
The coming of passion.

SHE had read Paul and Virginia , she had dreamed and dreamed of the little bamboo house, of Domingo the nigger, Fidelio the dog, and especially of some devoted little brother who runs off to find you nice red fruit in trees as high as church steeples, or races bare-foot along the sand with a bird's nest for you in his hand.

When she was thirteen, her father came up himself with her to Rouen to settle her in at the convent. They put up at an inn in the Saint-Gervais quarter. Their supper was served on coloured plates depicting the story of Mademoiselle de la Valliere. The wording underneath, which had been worn away in places by the knives and forks, spoke of the glories of religion, the delights of true love and the splendours of Court life.

So far from finding the convent dull in the early days, she loved being with the kind sisters, who, to keep her amused, took her into the chapel, reached through a long passage leading from the refectory. She went in but little for games, acquired a good knowledge of the catechism, and she it was who always answered the curate when any knotty question was propounded to the class. Living perpetually in the warm atmosphere of the classrooms, among these pale-faced women with their beads and crosses, she insensibly yielded to the mystic languor that exhales from the perfumes of the altar, the shadowy coolness of the holy-water stoups, and the soft radiance of the tapers. Instead of following the Mass, she pored upon the religious pictures in azure borders that adorned her prayer-book and she loved the sick lamb, the Sacred Heart pierced with spears, or poor Jesus falling by the wayside upon His cross. By way of mortifying the flesh she would try to go all day without food. And she ransacked her brains to think of some disciplinary obligation she could lay upon herself.

When she went to confession, she invented little sins in order to linger in the dim light, kneeling down with her hands clasped before her face, listening to the murmuring tones of the priest above her. Similes bringing in such words as 'betrothed', 'spouse', 'heavenly bridegroom', and 'eternal marriage', which occur again and again in sermons, awoke unsuspected sensations of pleasure in the hidden depths of her soul.

At night, before prayers, passages from a religious book would be read aloud in the schoolroom. On weekdays it would generally be some manual of Sacred History, or the Lectures of the Abbe Frayssinous; and

on Sundays, as a treat, extracts from the Genie du Christianisme . With what enchantment she listened, at first, to the sonorous lamentations of romantic melancholy borne on all the echoes of earth and eternity! If her childhood had been spent in a shop parlour in some busy street, she might have been susceptible to the poetic charms of nature, which, generally speaking, only reach us through the medium of books. But she knew only too much about the country; she was familiar with the lowing of cattle, she knew all about milking and ploughing. With eyes accustomed to look on the tranquil aspects of nature, she turned for contrast to the wild and precipitous. She only cared for the sea when it was lashed to fury by the storm, and for verdure when it served as a background to a ruin. Everything must needs minister to her personal longings, as it were, and she thrust aside as of no account whatever everything that did not immediately contribute to stir the emotions of her heart, for her temperament was sentimental rather than artistic, seeking, not pictures, but emotions.

There was a queer old maid at the convent who used to come for a week every month to see to the linen. Under archiepiscopal protection, as belonging to a family of gentlefolks that had been brought to ruin during the Revolution, she took her meals in the refectory with the sisters, and afterwards had a nice little gossip with them before going upstairs again to her work. Often the boarders would slip out of the schoolroom to go and see her. She knew by heart all the romantic ballads of the last generation, and sang them in a low voice while she was sewing. She would tell stories, retail the news, and do little odd jobs for you in the town. She always carried a novel of some sort or another in her pocket, which she would secretly lend to some of the big girls, and of which the worthy spinster herself would devour long passages in the intervals of her labours. It would be all about love, lovers, fair maidens, persecuted ladies swooning in lonely bowers, postilions murdered at every stage, horses ridden till they dropped dead, gloomy forests, sombre forebodings, vows, sobs, tears and kisses, skiffs gliding on moonlit waters, nightingales in bosky dells, noble gentlemen as brave as lions and as gentle as lambs, incredibly virtuous, always dressed in fine raiment and ready to weep like urns. For six months, Emma, when she was fifteen, battened on the garbage of these out-of-date 'Libraries of Choice Fiction'. Later on she came to read Walter Scott and got enthusiastic about historical things, forever dreaming of coffers, guardrooms and minstrels. She would have loved to dwell in some old manor, like those chatelaines with the long bodices who, beneath the trefoil window with its Gothic arch, spent their days with their elbow on the parapet and their chin in their hand, gazing far away into the distance for the coming of a cavalier with a white plume in his hat, galloping on a black charger. At that time she adored Mary Queen of Scots and evinced an enthusiastic veneration for illustrious or ill-fated women. Joan of Arc, Eloise, Agnes Sorel, la belle Ferronniere and Clemence Isaure shone out, in her eyes, like

comets on the dark immensity of history, where there were still discernible here and there, but more deeply involved in shadow and quite disconnected one from another, Saint Louis and his oak, the dying Bayard, certain cruelties perpetrated by Louis XI, some fragmentary notions about Saint Bartholomew, the plumed hat of Henri IV, and, still as distinct as ever, the recollection of that pictorial dinner service on which the glorious days of King Louis XIV were held up to admiration.

In the music class, the songs she had to learn were all about little angels with golden pinions, madonnas, lagoons, gondoliers, compositions in which silly words and shoddy music did not avail to conceal the attractive phantasmagoria of their sentimental substratum. Some of her fellow pupils brought with them to the convent autograph albums they had had given them as New Year's presents. They had to be kept secret, and it was a terrible business to conceal them. The girls read them in the dormitory. Delicately handling their beautiful satin bindings, Emma gazed with wondering admiration on the names of the authors unknown to literary fame, mostly counts or viscounts, who had put their signatures to their contributions.

She felt a thrill as she tried to blow back the tissue paper which protected the pictures, and which rose in a curling fold at her breath and then fell back softly on the page. She saw behind the rail of a balcony a young man in a short cloak clasping in his arms a maiden in a white dress wearing an alms-bag in her girdle; or else portraits of anonymous English ladies with golden curls, who gazed at you with big bright eyes beneath their round straw hats. They were to be seen lolling in carriages, gliding through stately parks, with a greyhound bounding on before a team of trotting horses guided by a pair of diminutive postilions in white breeches. Others lay dreamily reclining on sofas, an open letter beside them, gazing at the moon through a half-open window partly veiled by a dark curtain. An innocent damsel, with a tear on her cheek, was seen giving food to a dove between the bars of a Gothic cage, or smiling, head on one side, as, with tapering fingers, she pulled off, one by one, the petals of a marguerite. And ye too were there, ye sultans with your long pipes, stretched drowsily in the shade of an arbour in the arms of Bayaderes, and Giaours, Turkish scimitars, Greek caps, and you, above all, pale landscapes of dithyrambic regions, which so often indulge us with a simultaneous display of palms and fir-trees, tigers on this side and lions on that, Tartar minarets on the horizon, Roman ruins in the foreground and kneeling camels in the middle distance- the whole within a framework of virgin forest very neatly trimmed, with a great perpendicular ray of sunlight trembling on the water, whereon, in patches of white on a steel-grey surface, swans are depicted proudly oaring their way far and near.

The shade of the argand lamp fixed in the wall above Emma's head illumined with its rays all these pictures of a romantic world which passed one by one before her eyes in the silence of the dormitory, a silence broken only by the distant sound of some belated fiacre

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rolling home along the boulevards.

At first, when her mother died, she wept bitterly. She had a memorial card made containing the hair of the deceased, and, in a letter which she wrote home to les Bertaux full of melancholy reflections on life, she begged that when her time came she herself might be laid in the same grave. The honest farmer thought she must be ill, and came post-haste to see her. Emma was inwardly gratified at the thought that she had risen at a bound to those ethereal heights which the more commonplace beings of the earth are never permitted to attain.

And so she suffered herself to glide along in these Lamartinian meanderings. She listened to the sound of harps upon the waters, the songs of dying swans, the sigh of falling leaves; she beheld spotless virgins mounting heavenwards, and heard the voice of the Eternal speaking in the valleys. And then it began to cloy: she wanted no more of it; but nevertheless went on from force of habit and afterwards from vanity, and was surprised in the end to find herself quite calm, with no more trace of sadness in her heart than of wrinkles on her brow.

The good nuns, who had felt so sure of her vocation, perceived with astonishment that Mademoiselle Rouault seemed to be slipping through their fingers. They had, in fact, lavished upon her so many offices, retreats, novenas and sermons, so thoroughly inculcated the respect due to the saints and martyrs, and given her so many good counsels regarding the modesty of her person and the welfare of her soul, that she did what horses do when you hold them in too tight. She pulled up short and jerked the bit from her mouth. Her mind, so material amidst its enthusiasm- she who had loved the church for its flowers, music for the words of its songs, and literature for its passionate excitements- rebelled against the mysteries of faith, even as she chafed against the restraint of discipline, a thing wholly repugnant to her disposition. When her father took her away from the school, the nuns saw her depart without regret. The Mother Superior was of opinion that of late her conduct had been lacking in reverence towards the Community.

On her return home, Emma found some distraction in managing the household, but she soon grew tired of the country and wished herself back in her convent. When Charles came to les Bertaux for the first time, she regarded herself as vastly disillusioned, one for whom life had nothing new to offer, either in knowledge or experience.

But her longing for a change; possibly, too, the unrest caused by a masculine presence, had sufficed to make her believe that she was at last possessed of that wonderful passion which, till then, had hovered like a great bird with roseate wings, floating in the splendour of poetic skies; and now she could not believe that her present unemotional state was the bliss whereof she had dreamed.

7

A commonplace husband:

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Emma's accomplishments: Dainty meals and
heavy boots: Mother-in-law: Monotonous affection:
Why did I get married?: The beeches of Banneville:
The Marquis's invitation.

NEVERTHELESS she sometimes thought that they were the finest days of her life, those 'honeymoon days' as people call them. To enjoy their sweetness to the full it would doubtless have been necessary to go far away to lands whose names fall like music upon the ear, where the nuptials of lovers are followed by morrows of soft languor, lands where, in post-chaises shaded with blue silk hoods, you slowly mount, by precipitous roads, upward, ever upward, giving ear to the postilion's song, echoed back from the mountain and blending with the sound of goat bells and the soft murmur of the waterfall. When the sun sinks down to rest, you breathe, beside the margin of a bay, the fragrant odours of the lemon-trees; and then, by night, on the terrace, alone with each other, with fingers intertwined, you gaze at the stars and make plans for the future. It seemed to her that there were certain places on the earth which naturally brought forth happiness, as though it were a plant native to the soil, which could not thrive elsewhere. Why could she not lean upon the balcony of some Alpine chalet, or immure her sadness in a Scottish cottage, with a husband in a black velvet coat with great flaps to the pockets, brown boots, a peaked cap and ruffles on his sleeves?

Possibly she would have liked to unburden herself to someone of all these things; but how was she to describe this vague, elusive unrest, that changed like the clouds and eddied like the winds? She could not find the words, nor the occasion, nor the courage.

If Charles had willed it, however; if it had occurred to him; if, just once, his eyes had read her thoughts, it seemed to her that abundant riches would have fallen from her heart, even as falls, at the lightest touch, the ripe fruitage of a wall-tree. But as the intimacy of their lives increased, so there grew within her a secret feeling of estrangement from her husband.

Charles's conversation was as flat as a street pavement, and everyone's ideas but his own promenaded there all in their humdrum dress, bringing no emotion to his face, no smile, no look of contemplation. He confessed that when he lived in Rouen he never had the slightest desire to go to the theatre to see a Paris company. He couldn't swim, he couldn't fence, he couldn't fire a pistol, and one day when she came across some term connected with horsemanship in a novel she was reading, he couldn't tell her what it meant.

But wasn't it a man's business to know about things, to shine in all sorts of activities, to display the energy of the passionate lover, to acquaint you with the amenities of life, and to initiate you into all its mysteries? But he couldn't teach anybody anything, that man. He knew nothing, and he wanted nothing. He thought she was happy; and his immovable placidity, his ponderous serenity, the very contentment of which she herself was the cause, got on her nerves.

Sometimes she would take up drawing. And it was a great thing for

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Charles to be there, standing bolt upright, watching her leaning over her drawing-block, screwing up her eyes to get a better view of her work, or rolling up little balls of bread between her finger and thumb. When she played the piano, the faster flashed her fingers the more he stared in wonderment. She struck the notes with a dashing air and ran down the whole length of the keyboard without a stop. Under her rousing touch, the ancient instrument could be heard at the other end of the village, if she had the window open, and frequently the bailiffs clerk, walking along the road bare-headed and in his slippers, would stop and listen, with his papers in his hand.

Nevertheless, Emma was a first-rate manager. She sent the patients their accounts in neatly worded letters that had nothing of the tradesman's invoice about them. When of a Sunday they had a neighbour in to dinner, she always contrived to put some dainty little dish on the table. She was an adept at arranging greengages in pyramids on vine leaves, served her jams and jellies not in their pots but in little dishes, and even talked about buying some finger-bowls for dessert. All this had a favourable reaction on Bovary's position in the place.

Charles came to think himself luckier than ever, to have such a woman for his wife. He would point with pride to two little pencil sketches of hers in the dining-room. He had had them put into very broad frames and hung up on the wall with long green cords. After church, he was to be seen standing on his doorstep in a pair of handsome embroidered slippers. It would sometimes be late before he got in from his rounds- perhaps ten o'clock, occasionally even midnight. He would want something to eat, and as the maid would have gone to bed, Emma herself would put the things on the table. He would take off his frock coat so as to eat in greater comfort. One after another he would recite to her the names of all the people he had met, the villages he had been to and the medicines he had prescribed; and, feeling thoroughly pleased with himself, would polish off the remains of the hash, pare the rind from his cheese, munch an apple, empty the decanter and so to bed, where he would turn over on his back and snore.

As he had always been used to wearing a nightcap, his silk wrap kept slipping away from his ears, with the result that, in the morning, his hair was hanging in disorder all over his face, covered with down from the pillow that had worked out of its pillow-slip during the night. He always wore heavy boots, which had two deep creases running diagonally from the top of the upper to the ankle, the rest of the boot being stretched out in a straight line as though the foot inside it were made of wood. He said they were quite good enough for the country.

His mother approved of his economy. She came to see him sometimes, as she used to do during his first marriage when there had been a more or less serious squabble at home. But Madame Bovary senior seemed prejudiced against her daughter-in-law. She regarded her as too big in her ideas for their rank in life. They used enough wood, sugar and

candles for a mansion, and the amount of fuel they burnt in the kitchen would have cooked a dinner for twenty-five people. She stored away the linen in the cupboards and taught her to see that she got the right weight when the butcher came with the meat. Emma interpreted these lessons as Madame Bovary bestowed them- liberally. All day long it was nothing but 'my dear' here and 'yes mother' there, accompanied by a little quiver of the lips, each saying nice things to the other in a voice trembling with anger.

In Madame Dubuc's day, the old lady still regarded herself as the favourite, but now Charles was so wrapt up in Emma that she felt as if she had been thrown over, as if she had been robbed of something that belonged to her. And she contemplated her son's happiness in gloomy silence, as a ruined man might look through the window and see strangers sitting at table in his old home. She would tell him, by way of recalling old times, about the trouble she had taken and the sacrifices she had made for him, and, comparing all this with the casual way Emma treated him, wound up by saying it was silly to worship her as if there were no one else in the world.

Charles did not know what to say; he respected his mother, he loved his wife, immeasurably. The judgement of the one he deemed infallible, the conduct of the other irreproachable. When Madame Bovary had gone, he would hazard, very tentatively and in the same terms, one or two of the more harmless criticisms he had heard his mother advance. Emma soon showed him his mistake, and packed him off to his patients.

Nevertheless, in accordance with theories she considered sound, she tried to physic herself with love. By moonlight, in the garden, she recited all the love poetry she knew and sighed and sang of love's sweet melancholy. But afterwards she found herself not a whit less calm, and Charles not a whit more amorous or emotional.

When she had thus struck the flint upon her heart without producing a single spark, unable either to understand what she did not experience or to believe in anything that did not show itself in the customary forms, it dawned on her that Charles's love had passed through the passionate stage. His emotional expansions had become regular; he embraced her at certain fixed periods. It was just another habit added to the rest, like a humdrum dessert rounding off a humdrum dinner.

A gamekeeper whom the doctor had pulled through an attack of congestion of the lungs had presented Madame with a little Italian greyhound. She took it with her for walks, for she used to go out sometimes just to get a few moments to herself and to enjoy a change from the everlasting garden and the dusty highroad.

She would go as far as the beechwoods of Banneville, along by the deserted summer-house at the turn of the wall, towards the open country. There, in the ditch, amid the grass, are towering rushes with leaves as sharp as knives.

First of all she would take a look round, to see if anything had changed since last she was there. She found the foxgloves and the

wallflowers in their old places, and the clumps of nettles round about the big stones, and the patches of lichen along the three windows with their never-opened shutters shedding their dust of dry-rot on the rusty iron bars. Her thoughts, vagrant at first, strayed hither and thither, wandering as they listed, like her dog, that careered round and round about the fields, yapping after yellow butterflies, giving chase to the field-mice or nibbling at the poppies on the fringe of a wheat patch. Then, gradually, her thoughts would begin to focus themselves, and sitting on the grass, giving it little pokes with the point of her parasol, she would keep saying to herself,

'Mon Dieu, why did I get married!'

She wondered whether, if things had taken a different turn, she might not have encountered a different sort of man; and she tried to think what her life might have been if things that hadn't happened had come to pass, and what manner of man was this husband whom she had never met. Husbands were not all like *him*, that was quite certain. Hers *might* have been handsome, clever, distinguished, fascinating, as doubtless were the men who had married the other girls she had known at the convent. What were they doing now? Enjoying town life, the stir and bustle of the streets, going to theatres and dances, the sort of life that enlivens the heart and quickens the senses. But for her, life was as cold as an attic with a window looking to the north, and ennui, like a spider, was silently spinning its shadowy web in every cranny of her heart.

She thought of the prize days, when she mounted the platform to receive her little crowns. With her hair in plaits, her white frock and her kid shoes, she looked such a nice little girl, and as she made her way back to her seat, the gentlemen would lean over and pay her pretty compliments. The courtyard would be thronged with carriages, and people would smilingly wave her good-bye from the carriage windows. The music-master, carrying his violin case, would give her a nod as he passed. How far away it all seemed! How far away! She called Djali to come to her, took her between her knees, stroked her long, graceful head and said,

'Come, kiss your mistress; *you* have no worries, have you?'

Then she would look musingly into the creature's beautiful, sad eyes. The dog would open her jaws in a leisurely yawn. A feeling of tenderness would come over her, and, pretending the animal was herself, she would talk to her aloud as though she were comforting someone in distress.

Sometimes the wind came in gusts, and, sweeping in from the Channel, leapt at a bound over all the uplands of Caux, bearing with it, far inland, the salt, sharp savour of the sea. The bowed reeds whistled along the ground, and the leaves of the beech-trees sang as they fluttered wildly in the wind, while their crests, swaying ceaselessly to and fro, sounded their unending murmur. Emma drew her shawl closely about her shoulders and rose to go.

In the avenue, a green light, reflected by the foliage, lit up the mossy carpet which crackled softly beneath her feet. The sun was

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setting; the sky glowed red between the branches, and the serried trunks of the trees, planted in regular lines, gloomed like a dark colonnade against a background of gold. A sense of fear crept over her, she called Djali and walked quickly back to Tostes, along the road. Arriving home, she sank exhausted into an easy-chair, and never uttered a word the evening through.

But towards the end of September, there befell an extraordinary event in her life: she was invited to the Marquis d'Andervilliers' at la Vaubyessard. The Marquis, who had held office as Secretary of State under the Restoration, was anxious to get back into politics, and was sedulously nursing the constituency with a view to putting up as a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies. During the winter months he made liberal distributions of fuel, and was always to the fore in demanding new roads for his district. When the last heat wave was at its height, he had developed an abscess in the mouth, which Charles had managed to cure as if by a miracle, lancing it in the nick of time. The steward who was sent to Tostes to pay for the operation announced, when he got back, that he had seen some magnificent cherries in the doctor's little garden. Now cherries did not thrive at la Vaubyessard, and my lord Marquis asked Bovary to let him have a few slips. He made a point of tendering his thanks in person, saw Emma, and noted that she had a pretty figure and good manners. It was therefore held at the chateau that they would not be overpassing the limits of condescension, or doing themselves any harm, if they sent the young people an invitation.

And so it came to pass that one Wednesday, at three o'clock, Monsieur and Madame Bovary, perched up in their two-wheel trap, set out for la Vaubyessard, with a big travelling bag tied on behind, and a hat-box fixed in front of the apron. Charles also had a bandbox between his legs.

They arrived when it was getting dusk, just as the lamps were being lit in the park, to show the carriages their way.

8

The Chateau de Vaubyessard: Dinner:
A retired courtier: The dance and the guests:
A noble partner: Return to Tostes:
Charles finds a cigar-case:
Nastasie gets notice.

THE chateau, an extensive modern building in the Renaissance style, with two projecting wings and three flights of stone steps, was situated at the foot of a wide stretch of parkland, on which some cattle were grazing between groups of tall, umbrageous trees, while little clumps of flowering shrubs- rhododendrons, syringas and guelder-roses- clustered, in their varying shades of green, along the curving line of the gravel drive. A stream flowed on beneath a bridge, and through the gathering mist were to be seen some thatched buildings, dotted about in the meadowland, which was bounded on either side by two gently sloping, wooded hills; and in the rear, in two

parallel lines, were the stables and coach-house, all that was left standing of the original chateau when it was pulled down.

Charles drew up at the middle flight of steps. The servants appeared on the scene. The Marquis came forward, and, offering his arm to the doctor's lady, escorted her into the hall.

It was floored with marble, and very lofty, and the mingled sound of footsteps and voices awoke the echoes as in a church. Facing the entrance was a straight staircase, and, to the left, a gallery, looking on to the garden, led to the billiard-room, in which the click of the ivory balls was audible as soon as one entered the front door. As she passed through it on her way to the drawing-room Emma perceived some dignified-looking men grouped round the table. They were all wearing high cravats and decorations, and smiled to themselves as they got their cues into position for a stroke. On the sombre woodwork of the panelled walls hung great gilt frames with names lettered in black along the lower border. She read: 'Jean Antoine d'Andervilliers d'Yverbonvine, Comte de la Vaubyessard and Baron de la Fresnaye, killed at the battle of Coutras, 20th October 1587', and on another 'Jean Antoine Henry Guy d'Andervilliers de la Vaubyessard, Admiral of France and Knight of the Order of Saint Michael, wounded at la Hougue Saint Vaast, the 29th May, 1692, died at la Vaubyessard the 23rd January, 1693'. The other inscriptions were hardly discernible, for the lampshades which concentrated the light on the green surface of the billiard-table left the rest of the room in semi-darkness. Burnishing the dark canvases, the light splintered itself in little delicate veins as it fell on the cracks in the varnish, and from all these various dark squares bordered with gold there stood out, here and there, some brighter portion of the picture-a pale brow, a pair of eyes that seemed to be gazing at you, wigs that uncoiled themselves on the powdery shoulders of the scarlet coats, or, maybe, the buckle of a garter above a well-turned calf.

The Marquis opened the door of the drawing-room. One of the ladies rose (it was the Marquise herself) and came forward to greet Emma. She made her sit down beside her on a little sofa, and began to chat with easy unconstraint, as if she had known her for a long time. She was a woman of about forty, with fine shoulders, an aquiline nose, and a languid voice, and that night she was wearing, upon her auburn hair, a plain lace fichu which fell in a point behind her shoulders. A fair-complexioned young person sat close by in a high-backed chair, and some gentlemen, wearing flowers in their button-holes, lounged about the fireplace talking to the ladies.

At seven o'clock dinner was served. The men, who were in the majority, were seated at the first table, in the vestibule; the ladies at the second, in the dining-room, with the Marquis and the Marquise.

Emma felt on entering as though she were swathed about with warm air, blended of the perfume of flowers and fine linen, the savour of viands and the delicate odour of truffles. The flambeaux in the candelabra were mirrored in long tongues of light in the silver dish-covers. The facets of the cut glass, veiled by a softening

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mist, radiated a delicate glimmer; down the whole table's length were floral bouquets ranged in line, and on the wide-rimmed plates stood napkins folded like bishops' mitres, each holding in its opening a little oval roll. Lobsters protruded their red claws over the dish's edge. There were masses of splendid fruit piled on moss in filigree baskets; quails decked in their plumage. It was a medley of fragrant odours. In silk stockings, knee breeches, white stock and frilled shirt, the major-domo, solemn as a judge, handed the dishes between the shoulders of the guests, and with a magic twist of his spoon caused the morsel of your choice to leap on to your plate. On the high porcelain stove, with its copper rods, stood the statue of a woman draped to the chin, looking calmly down on the thronged apartment.

Madame Bovary noticed that a number of ladies had not put their gloves in their glasses.

At the top end of the table, alone among the crowd of women, bending down over a well-filled plate, with his napkin tied round his neck like a child's bib, sat an old man, who, as he ate, let little drops of gravy trickle from his mouth. His eyes were weak and watery, and he wore a little pigtail tied with a bow of black ribbon. He was the Marquis's father-in-law, the old Duc de Laverdiere, the quondam favourite of the Comte d'Artois, in the old hunting days at Vaudreuil at the Marquis de Conflans's. The gossips said he had been one of Marie Antoinette's lovers, coming between Messieurs de Coigny and de Lauzun. He had led a tumultuous and dissolute life, crammed full of duels and gambling and abductions. He had got through all his money, and had been the terror of his family. A footman, stationed behind his chair, would lean down and bawl into his ear the names of the several dishes, and with stammering tongue and trembling fingers he would indicate the one he desired.

Try as she would, Emma simply could not keep her eyes off the old man and his drooping lips. She gazed at him as though he were some extraordinary phenomenon, something august. He had lived at Court and shared the couch of Queens!

The glasses were filled with iced champagne. Emma felt a thrill go through her as she tasted the coldness of it in her mouth. She had never seen a pomegranate or eaten a pineapple. The very caster sugar seemed whiter here, and more finely powdered, than elsewhere.

At length the ladies went upstairs to make ready for the ball. Emma dressed with all the scrupulous care of an actress about to make her debut . She did her hair as the man at the shop had directed her, and then she proceeded to array herself in the delicate muslin frock that had been carefully laid out upon the bed.

Charles's trousers pinched him round the middle. 'And what a nuisance these foot-straps will be when I'm dancing,' he remarked.

'Dancing?' said Emma.

'Yes!'

'Why, you must be off your head! People would laugh at you. Sit still and watch the others; it looks better for a doctor.'

Charles held his peace. He kept pacing up and down the room, waiting

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for Emma to finish.
He saw her from behind, in the glass, between two candles. Her eyes seemed darker than ever. Her frontlets, curving softly outwards near the ears, shone with an azure radiance. In her chignon, a rose trembled on its fragile stem with artificial dewdrops on the tips of its petals. Her dress was pale saffron, trimmed with three bunches of pompon roses mixed with green.
Charles stole up and kissed her on the shoulder.
'Leave me alone,' she said, 'you'll ruin my dress.'
They heard the preluding flourish of the violins and the notes of a horn. Down the stairs she went, hardly able to keep herself from running.
The quadrilles had begun, and fresh guests were arriving. People were thronging into the room. She sat down on a settle, near the door. The quadrille being over, the floor was free for the groups of men who were lounging about talking, and for servants in livery who were going round with large trays. All along the rows of seated women there was a flutter of painted fans, a galaxy of smiles half-hidden, half-revealed, by bouquets; gold-mounted scent-bottles were toyed with by dainty hands encased in gloves that showed the moulding of the nails and fastened tight about the wrist. Lace frills, diamond brooches, medallion bracelets, fluttered on bodices, glittered on bosoms and jingled on naked arms. Tresses, patted well down on the forehead and twisted in a coil at the back of the neck, were adorned with forget-me-nots, jasmine, pomegranate flowers, wheatears or cornflowers, in wreaths, or bunches, or sprays. Stolid in their places, solemn-visaged dowagers glowered beneath their red silk turbans.
Emma's heart beat high when, her partner holding her by the tips of her fingers, she took her place in line and stood waiting for the signal to begin. But her nervousness soon disappeared, and, swaying in rhythm to the music, she glided on, with little graceful movements of her neck. A smile came to her lips at certain subtleties of the violin, which sometimes went on playing when the other instruments were mute; and you could hear the jingle of the louis d'or as they were poured out on to the card-tables. Then the whole band would strike up anew, the cornet would sound a rousing note, once more the dancers' feet would move in time to the music, skirts would puff out and lightly touch one another as they passed, hands met and parted, and the same pair of eyes, drooping low before you, would return again and fix themselves on yours.
A few men (some fifteen or so), of ages varying from twenty-five to forty, who were scattered about among the dancers or standing chatting in the doorways, were distinguished from the general run by a sort of family likeness which one could not help observing despite the disparities of age, dress and feature.
Their clothes seemed better cut and made of better stuff, and their hair, brought forward in waves towards the temples, seemed lustrous with more delicate pomade. They had the sort of complexion

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rich people nearly always have- the clear, pale tint that dainty white china, shimmering satin, and beautiful polished furniture, bring out into stronger relief, a tint kept fresh by a well-chosen diet of dainty foods. Their cravats were low enough to give free play to their necks; their flowing whiskers fell on the broad lapels of their coats; they wiped their lips on perfumed handkerchiefs adorned with large monograms. Those who were getting on in years looked like young men, while the young men had a certain suggestion of maturity about them. Their air of calm indifference betokened the serenity of passions that daily found appeasement; yet all their fine and gentle ways did not hide that sort of autocratic manner that comes of dealing with things spirited but not too intractable, things that provoke one's prowess or titillate one's vanity- the handling of a thoroughbred, or the conquest of a beautiful wanton.

Three paces away from Emma, a fine gentleman in a blue coat was comparing notes about Italy with a pale young woman who was wearing some magnificent pearls. They discussed the size of the pillars in St. Peter's, they talked of Tivoli, Vesuvius, Castellamare, the Cassini, the roses at Genoa, the Coliseum by moonlight. With her other ear, Emma was listening to a conversation full of words that were quite unintelligible to her. A group of people were standing round a very young man who, the week before, had beaten 'Miss Arabella' and 'Romulus', and won a cool two thousand by jumping a ditch in England. One complained that his racers were out of condition, another of a printer's error that had made nonsense of his horse's name.

The air in the ballroom felt close; the lamps were growing dim. The guests began to flock into the billiard-room. A footman got up on a chair and broke a couple of window-panes. Hearing the crash of glass, Madame Bovary looked round and saw the faces of a number of peasants who were outside in the garden peering in through the windows. Then she thought of les Bertaux. She saw the farm, and the muddy pond, her father in his blouse out in the orchard, and again she saw herself in the dairy, skimming the cream off the milk-pans with her finger.

But the memories of her past life, which till then had always been so clear and definite, vanished so completely in the splendours of the moment that she could hardly persuade herself they were not a dream. There she was. No doubt about that! But everything save the ball, the future no less than the past, was enveloped in a shadow. She was just then eating a maraschino ice from a silver-gilt cup which she was holding in her left hand, and she half closed her eyes as she put the spoon between her lips.

Hard by, a lady dropped her fan. A gentleman was passing.

'Would you be kind enough,' said she, 'to pick up my fan? It has fallen behind the sofa here.'

The gentleman bowed, and as he made as though to reach down for the fan, Emma noticed the young woman's hand toss something white and triangular into his hat. The gentleman, having recovered the fan, presented it to the lady, with much deference. She nodded her

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thanks and began smelling at her bouquet.

After supper, at which the wines of Spain and the Rhineland flowed freely, with abundance of potage a la bisque , and potage au lait d'amandes , puddings a la Trafalgar and all manner of cold meats in aspic that trembled in their dishes, the carriages began to drive off one after another. By drawing aside a corner of the lace curtain you could see the light of their lamps gliding away into the darkness. The seats began to empty; there were still a few people playing cards, the musicians were cooling the tips of their fingers on their tongues. Charles was half-asleep with his back against a door.

It was three in the morning when the cotillon began. Emma had never learnt to waltz. But everybody was waltzing, Mademoiselle d'Andervilliers herself and the Marquise. Only the guests who were staying the night at the chateau were still there, about a dozen in all.

However, one of the waltzers, familiarly known as the Vicomte, whose low-cut waistcoat fitted him like a glove, came a second time to invite Madame Bovary to join in the dance, vowing that he would guide her and that she would acquit herself admirably.

They began slowly, and then increased their speed. They turned, and everything about them turned- lamps, furniture, wainscoting, and the floor like a disc on a pivot. As they swung past the doors, Emma's dress blew up to her drawers. Their legs intertwined. He looked down at her, she raised her eyes to his; a feeling of dizziness began to come over her and she stopped. Then off they went again, more swiftly than ever; the Vicomte, waltzing her along, raced with her out of sight to the far end of the gallery, where, gasping for breath, she nearly fell and, for a moment, dropped her head upon his breast. And then, still turning, but more gently now, he conducted her to her seat. She leaned back against the wall and covered her eyes with her hands.

When she opened them again, she saw in the middle of the room a lady seated on a stool with three gentlemen kneeling at her feet. She chose the Vicomte, and the violins began again. Everyone's eyes were upon them. They passed and repassed, she gliding motionless as a statue, her chin bowed down, he always in the same pose, his figure arched, his elbow rounded, his chin well forward. Ah, she could waltz, she could! They went on and on and wore down all their rivals.

Then there was a little more conversation, and after saying goodnight or rather good-morning, the guests of the chateau went off to bed.

Charles dragged himself upstairs, clinging to the banisters. His legs felt like dropping off. For five mortal hours he had been standing by the card-tables, watching people play whist, and unable to make head or tail of it. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he heaved a sigh of satisfaction as he pulled off his boots.

Emma wrapped a shawl round her shoulders, opened the window and sat with her head in her hand.

The night was dark. A few drops of rain were falling. She breathed

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in the damp wind that blew cool against her eyelids. The dance music was still thrumming in her ears, and she tried to keep awake in order to prolong the illusion of a luxurious existence to which she would soon have to say farewell.

Dawn began to break. Long she gazed at the windows of the chateau, trying to guess which were the rooms of the people who had impressed her the night before. She would have liked to know all about their lives, to have entered into them and mingled with them. But she was shivering with cold. She undressed and snuggled down between the sheets, close up to Charles, who was sound asleep.

There was a numerous company at dejeuner , which was all over in ten minutes. To the doctor's surprise, no liqueurs were served. After that, Mademoiselle d'Andervilliers collected some pieces of bread and put them into a basket to give to the swans on the lake, and they took a stroll through the greenhouse, where queer-looking plants, bristling with hairs, reared themselves in pyramids under hanging vases whence, as from swarming serpents' nests, long green trailers, intertwisted one with another, hung down over the sides. The orangery, which was at the far end, led by a covered way to the outbuildings of the chateau. The Marquis, to amuse the young woman, took her to see the stables. Above the basket-shaped racks there were china tablets giving the names of the respective horses in black letters. The animals got quite excited when anyone passed by and gave them the familiar greeting. The floor of the harness-room was polished like the parquet of a salon. The carriage harness was hung up in the centre on two revolving pillars, and the bits, whips, spurs and curbs were suspended in rows all along the walls.

Meanwhile Charles went to ask one of the men to put his horse to. The trap was brought round, their various belongings were stowed away. Then, having taken a courteous leave of the Marquis and Marquise, the Bovarys turned their horse's head towards Tostes and home. Emma sat in silence, staring absently at the revolving wheels. Charles, perched on the extreme edge of the seat, was driving with his arms wide apart, and between the shafts, that were much too wide for her, the little mare went jogging patiently along. The reins hung loose on her crupper and were bathed in foamy sweat. The trunk, tied on behind, bumped rhythmically against the back of the trap.

They had reached the high ground about Thibourville when, all of a sudden, a party of gentlemen, laughing and smoking cigars, cantered merrily past them. Emma thought she recognized the Vicomte. She turned round to have another look, but they had already reached the horizon, and all she could see were a few heads bobbing up and down to the varying cadence of trot and gallop.

About three-quarters of a mile farther on they had to stop to mend a broken trace with string.

But Charles, giving a final glance at the harness, noticed something lying on the ground between his horse's legs. He stooped down and picked up a cigar-case lined with green silk, with a coat of arms in the centre, like the blazon on a carriage door, and a couple of cigars

inside it.

'They'll come in for this evening after dinner.'

'You smoke, then?' she asked.

'Sometimes, when there's anything to smoke.'

He pocketed his find and whipped up his nag.

When they got home, the dinner wasn't ready. Madame flew into a rage. Nastasie answered back.

'You shall go,' said Emma. 'Such rudeness! I won't have you here!' Dinner consisted of some onion soup with a little bit of veal and sorrel.

'Ah, it's nice to be home again!' exclaimed Charles, cheerfully rubbing his hands, as he sat down opposite Emma.

They could hear Nastasie sobbing her heart out. He was rather fond of the poor girl. She had kept him company many an evening after his first wife died, when he had nothing to do. She was his first patient, the first person he ever got to know in the place.

'Have you really given her the sack?' he said at last.

'Yes. Who's going to stop me?' she replied.

Then they went into the kitchen to warm themselves while the bedroom was being got ready. Charles began to smoke. He pouted out his lips, kept on spitting and drew his head back every time he puffed.

'Here, you'll be sick in a minute!' she said scornfully.

He put the cigar down, and made for the pump, to get himself a drink of water. Quick as lightning, Emma caught up the cigar-case and threw it into the back of the cupboard.

What a day, next day! It seemed endless. She walked about her little garden, up and down, up and down, stopping to gaze at the flower-beds, at the espalier, at the plaster cure ; looking with bewilderment at all these things of days gone by, things that she knew so well. How far away the ball seemed already! What power was it that was sundering so widely the morning of two days ago and the evening of this very day? Her journey to la Vaubyessard had made a gap in her life, like those great chasms that a storm will sometimes cleave in the mountains in a single night. However, she accepted her fate. She folded up her beautiful dress and laid it reverently away in the chest of drawers, not forgetting her satin shoes, whereof the soles were yellowed with the wax of the polished floor. Her heart was like the soles of those shoes. Wealth and luxury had rubbed against it and left upon it something that would never wear away.

And so the memory of this ball grew to be something like an occupation for Emma. Every time Wednesday came round she would sigh as she awoke and say to herself, 'A week ago today... a fortnight ago... three weeks ago, I was there! ' Little by little the faces of the people grew blurred in her memory, she forgot the tune of the quadrilles; the servants' liveries, the look of the rooms came back less plainly to her vision; some of the details faded away, but the void in her heart remained.

9

Dreams of Paris: The groom in clogs:
Training a maid: Medical practice: The homely husband:
What's the good?: The hurdy-gurdy man:
Visitors from les Bertaux:
The fate of the bouquet.

OFTEN, when Charles was out of the house, she would go to the cupboard and take the green silk cigar-case from under the linen where she had hidden it. She would look at it, open it and even smell the scent of its lining- a blend of tobacco and verbena. Whose could it have been? It must have belonged to the Vicomte. Perhaps it was a present from his mistress. It must have been worked on some rosewood frame, a little gem of a thing hidden away from all eyes, a little thing whereon she had lavished hour upon hour, her soft tresses overshadowing it as she sat pensively at her task. Love had breathed its sighs amid the stitches on the canvas, every stitch had enwrought thereon a memory or a hope, and all those lines of interwoven threads did but symbolize the continuity of the same unuttered passion. And then, one morning, the Vicomte had taken it away with him. What had they talked about as it lay on the wide mantelpiece between the vases filled with flowers and the Pompadour clocks? She was at Tostes. And he, he was far away in Paris now. What sort of a place was Paris? What a sense of grandeur and immensity clung about the very name. Paris!- she murmured it under her breath, because she loved the sound of it. It boomed in her ears like the great bell of a cathedral; it seemed to glow with golden fire even on the labels of her pomade pots.

At night, when the fishermen went by in their carts, beneath her window, singing the Marjolaine, she would wake from her slumbers. And as she lay and listened to the sound of the iron-tyred wheels dying slowly away into silence along the country road, she said to herself, 'They will be there tomorrow'.

And she followed them in thought, up hill and down dale, passing through village after village, rolling along the highway by the light of the stars. And then, somewhere along the route, there always came a blurring mist, in which her dream would melt away.

She bought a guide to Paris, and with her finger-tip on the map, she would make little imaginary journeys about the capital. She walked along the boulevards, staying her steps at every corner, between the lines of streets, in front of the houses. At last, her sight growing weary, she would let her eyelids fall, and then in the darkness she dreamt she saw the flame of the street lamps flickering in the wind, and the steps of the carriages let down with a clatter at the entrance to the theatre.

She buried herself in the Corbeille , a woman's paper, and the Sylphe des Salons . She devoured, without skipping a word, all the accounts of first nights, race meetings and fashionable 'at homes'. She got excited about the debut of a new operatic star or the opening of a new shop. She was up in all the latest fashions, knew where the best tailors were, the days for the Bois and the days for

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the Opera. She gloated over the descriptions of furniture in the novels of Eugene Sue; she read Balzac and George Sand, seeking some imaginary balm for the longings of her heart. She would even bring her book with her to table and go on turning the pages while Charles ate and talked. And as she read, the memory of the Vicomte continually came back to her. She compared and likened him to the characters in the books. But the circle of which he was the centre, gradually enlarged around him, and the aureole which encompassed him withdrew farther and farther from him, to shed its light on other dreams.

And so Paris, in Emma's eyes, gleamed vaster than the ocean, and was bathed in an atmosphere of rose and gold. The multifarious life that tossed in its restless tumult was divided into parts, classified in distinct categories. Of these Emma only perceived two or three, which shut out all the rest from her vision and which she looked on as representing the human race as a whole. People of ambassadorial rank walked on polished floors, in stately chambers hung with mirrors surrounding oval tables covered with velvet fringed with gold. There you might see dresses with long trains, and be a witness to profound mysteries, and look on at anguish dissembled by a smile. Then came the world of duchesses. How pale they all were! They got up at four o'clock. The women, poor dear angels, wore English point lace on their petticoats, and the men- you would never guess what brains lay hid beneath their careless bearing- rode their horses to death, for the mere fun of the thing, went to Baden for the hot season, and finally, when they were nearing forty, settled down with a wealthy heiress. In private rooms, in restaurants, all ablaze with candles, where suppers are served after midnight, the motley throng of writing men and actresses sped the hours in merry laughter. They were prodigal as kings, full of soaring ideals and fantastic conceits. They lived a life above the common herd, betwixt heaven and earth, where the storm-winds whirled, in the realms of the sublime. As for the rest of the world, it was difficult to say where it was; it seemed to have no definite existence. The nearer things were to her, the more she shunned their contact. All her immediate surroundings- the dreary country, the stupid little bourgeois folk, the mediocrity of daily life- struck her as something exceptional in the world, an accident peculiar to the time and place in which her lot was cast; while away beyond it all, as far as the eye could see, spread the limitless land of passion and felicity.

She mingled, in her longings, the material pleasures of the senses with the joys of the heart, the refinements of elegant society with the subtle delicacies of feeling. Did not love require, even as tropical plants, a duly prepared soil, a particular temperature? Sighs breathed beneath the moonlight, prolonged embraces, tears falling upon hands kissed in a last farewell, all the fevers of the flesh, all the languors of tender love, could not then be found apart from the balconies of noble chateaux, where time fleets by unheeded, or from boudoirs with silken hangings and luxurious carpets, from flower-stands filled with richest blooms, a bed raised upon a dais,

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the glitter of precious stones and the shoulder-knots of liveried flunkeys.

The lad from the posting-house came every morning to groom the mare and stumped through the passage in his heavy clogs. His blouse had holes in it and his feet were innocent of socks. And this was the groom in knee-breeches she had to put up with! When his job was done, he left for the day, and Charles, when he got home, saw to the mare himself, led her into the stable, took off the saddle and put on the halter, while the maid struggled along with an armful of straw and heaved it as best she could into the manger.

In place of Nastasie (who left Tostes weeping in torrents) Emma engaged a young girl of fourteen; a wistful-faced orphan. She forbade her to wear cotton caps, taught her to address her betters in the third person, to hand a glass of water on a tray, to knock before entering a room, to iron, to starch, and to dress her mistress, for she wanted to make a lady's-maid of her. The new girl obeyed without a murmur, so as not to lose her place, and as Madame usually left the key in the sideboard, Felicite took a little stock of sugar up to bed with her every night and had it all to herself, in bed, after she had said her prayers. Sometimes, of an afternoon, she would go across and have a gossip with the post-boys, while Madame was upstairs in her room.

Emma wore an open dressing-gown, which showed between the shawl lining of her corsage, a pleated chemisette with three gilt buttons. Her belt was a corded girdle with big tassels and her little crimson slippers had bows of broad ribbon puffed out above the instep. She had bought herself a blotting-pad, a writing-case, a penholder and some envelopes, although she had no one to write to. She dusted her whatnot, looked at herself in the glass, picked up a book, and then, sinking into a dream as she read, let it fall on her knees. She thought she would like to travel, or to go back to the convent. She longed at one and the same time to die and to go and live in Paris.

Come rain, come snow, Charles jogged on by lane and by road, across the country. He ate omelettes in farmhouse kitchens, put his arm into steamy beds, let blood and caught the spirt of it full in the face, listened to the death rattle of the dying, examined chambers, and mauled about a good deal of dirty linen. But every night he came home to a blazing fire, a good dinner, a comfortable chair and a dainty wife, as charming as she was fragrant, so mysteriously fragrant, that you wondered whether it was not her skin that lent its perfume to her clothes.

She had countless little ways of giving pleasure. Now, it would be a new mode of making paper shades for the candles, or a new sort of flounce to her gown, or an extraordinary name for a very ordinary dish, which the maid perchance had ruined, but of which Charles made a clean sweep, enjoying every bit of it. At Rouen she happened to see some ladies wearing a bunch of seals attached to their watches. So she bought some seals. She must needs have a pair of big blue glass vases on her chimneypiece, and, very soon after that, an ivory

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necessaire with a silver-gilt thimble. The less Charles understood these refinements, the more he was impressed by them. They added something to the pleasure of his senses and to the amenities of his home. It was like gold-dust sprinkled along the narrow pathway of his life.

He felt well, and looked well. His reputation was firmly established. The country folk liked him because there was no side about him. He made a fuss with the children, did not drink, and, from the moral standpoint, was looked upon as thoroughly trustworthy. He was especially good in catarrhal and bronchial cases. In point of fact, Charles was so afraid of killing his patients that he never prescribed anything but soothing draughts, with now and again an emetic, a hot foot-bath or a leech or two. Not that he was afraid of surgery. He bled his people profusely, like a 'vet.', and he had the devil of a wrist for pulling out a tooth!

And then, to keep up with the times, he took out a subscription to the Ruche medicale , a new publication of which a prospectus had been sent him. He used to read it after dinner, but the warmth of the room and the process of digestion would send him to sleep after five minutes of it. And there he sat, his head resting on his two hands and his hair hanging over like a mane right down to the bottom of the lamp. Emma looked at him and shrugged her shoulders. Why had she not got one of those strong, silent men for a husband, men who sit up at night over their books, and when they are sixty and rheumatic wear a decoration on their ill-fitting dress clothes? She would have liked the name of Bovary, which was hers now, to be famous, posted up in the bookshops, talked about in the papers, known all over France. But Charles had no ambition. An Yvetot doctor, whom he had recently met in consultation, had made him look a fool in the patient's own bedroom and before all the relations. When Charles told her about it that night, Emma spoke her mind pretty freely about the other man. Charles thought this tremendously nice of her. He was touched, and when he kissed her forehead, he had tears in his eyes. But she was exasperated with shame, felt like hitting him, and went and flung open the window in the passage, to get a little air to calm herself.
'What a poor specimen! What a poor specimen!' she said to herself, biting her lips.

Moreover, she felt herself getting less and less able to put up with him. He was growing more boorish as he got older. He had a trick of whittling the corks of the empty bottles during dessert. He sucked his teeth after eating, and made a horrid gulping noise at every mouthful of soup he swallowed, and as he was beginning to put on flesh, his eyes, which were beady enough to begin with, looked as if they would be squeezed up into his forehead by his podgy cheeks.

Sometimes Emma would have to push back the red border of his vest to keep it from showing, or put his tie straight, or throw aside a pair of soiled gloves he was just going to put on. And all this wasn't, as he thought it was, for him; it was for herself, the effect of ultra-selfishness and nervous irritation. Sometimes she would talk

to him about things she had read in a book, a passage in a novel, a new play or some bit of news about the fashionable world which she had picked up from the newspaper. For, at all events, Charles was somebody, somebody willing to listen and to approve what he heard. She told a lot of things to her greyhound. She would have done as much to the logs in the fireplace, or the pendulum of the clock.

Deep down in her heart, she was waiting and waiting for something to happen. Like a shipwrecked mariner, she gazed out wistfully over the wide solitude of her life, if so be she might catch the white gleam of a sail away on the dim horizon. She knew not what it would be, this longed-for barque; what wind would waft it to her, or to what shores it would bear her away. She knew not if it would be a shallop or a three-decker, burdened with anguish or freighted with joy. But every morning when she awoke she hoped it would come that day. She listened to every sound, started swiftly from her bed, and could not understand why nothing happened. And then at sunset, more sad at heart than ever, she would long for the morrow to come.

The springtime came again. With the first touch of heat, when the pear-trees were in blossom, she began to have attacks of breathlessness. And when July came, she counted on her fingers how many weeks it would be to October, thinking that perhaps the Marquis d'Andervilliers would be giving another dance at la Vaubyessard. But September came and went, and no one called or wrote.

After this disappointment there was the same void in her heart, and the endless succession of empty days began again as before.

Thus then they were fated to follow, 'one after one, tomorrow like today', bringing her no new thing. Other people, however drab their lives, could at least tell themselves that something might happen. Some chance event might bring with it endless changes of place and scene. But for her there came no change. God willed it so. The future was like a corridor in which there was no light, and at the end of it, only a door fast closed. She gave up her music. What was the use of playing? Who was there to hear? Since it would never be hers to play at a concert, attired in a velvet gown with short sleeves, touching with lightsome fingers the ivory keys of an Erard, and to feel, like a breeze about her, the delighted murmurs of the audience, it was waste of time to practise. She let her drawing-blocks and tapestry lie neglected in the cupboard. What was the good, what was the good of it all? Sewing got on her nerves.

'There's nothing left to read,' she said to herself. And there she sat, making the tongs red hot or staring at the falling rain.

How sad she was on Sundays, when the bell rang for vespers! She sat and listened, with a kind of dazed attention, to each stroke of the cracked bell. Sometimes a cat, walking leisurely along the roof opposite, would arch its back against the pale rays of the sun. On the highroad the wind would stir up little eddying trails of dust. Sometimes, far away, a dog would howl; and all the while the bell, with rhythmic beat, went on sounding its monotonous summons that died away over the open fields.

And now the people would be coming out of church. The women in waxed sabots , the men in their best blouses, the little bareheaded children jumping about in front of them. Everybody went back home save only five or six men, always the same, who would hang about playing shove-halfpenny outside the door of the inn.

The winter was a hard one: windows covered with hoar-frost every morning, and the wan light that filtered through them as through ground-glass never varied the whole day long. The lamps had to be lit by four o'clock.

When the weather was fine she would go into the garden. On the cabbages the dew had left arabesques of silver with long bright threads stretching from one to another. The birds were hushed, the whole world seemed asleep; the espalier was covered with straw. The trailing vine looked like a great moping serpent under the coping of the wall, and if you went close up to it you could see the wood-lice crawling about with their countless legs. Under the firs, near the hedge, the cure in his three-cornered hat, buried in his breviary, had lost his right foot, and the plaster, scaling off with the frost, had left white patches on his face.

After a while she would go up again and shut the door, stir the fire and, sinking down limply in the warmth of the hearth, feel the burden of ennui more heavy than ever upon her. She would willingly have gone down and talked to the servant girl, but a sense of propriety restrained her.

Every day, at the same time, the schoolmaster in his black silk skull-cap opened the shutters of his house, and the rural policeman went by on his rounds, with his sword buckled on over his blouse. Morning and evening the post-horses, three by three, would troop across the street to water at the pond. From time to time the door of a cabaret would tinkle as it opened, and when there was a wind you could hear the hairdresser's little copper basins- his shop sign- squeaking on their hooks. His shop was adorned with an old fashion-plate gummed on to a window-pane and a waxen bust of a woman with yellow hair. The hairdresser, too, was dissatisfied with his lot; he, too, bewailed his frustrate ambitions, his ruined prospects and, dreaming of a shop in some big town- like Rouen, for example- down near the shipping and close to the theatre, paced to and fro the whole day long between the mairie and the church, gloomy of mien and waiting for custom. Whenever Madame Bovary raised her eyes, there he was like a soldier on sentry-go, in his lasting waistcoat, his cap perched over one ear.

Sometimes of an afternoon, a man's face would appear at the dining-room window, a weather-beaten face fringed with black whiskers, a face that grinned at you softly- a broad, easy grin that displayed two rows of white teeth. The strains of a dance-tune would then be heard, and in a tiny drawing-room, on the top of his hurdy-gurdy, people as tall as your finger- women in pink turbans, Tyrolese peasants in short coats, monkeys in dress-coats, gentlemen in knee-breeches- would turn round and round, threading their way among

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arm-chairs, sofas and whatnots, mirrored in little bits of looking-glass stuck up with strips of gilt paper pasted at the corners. The man kept grinding away looking now to the right, now to the left, now glancing up at the windows of the houses. Every now and then, as he shot out a long squirt of brown spittle against the kerb, he would hoist up his instrument with his knee, for the hard strap of it galled his shoulder. And now plaintive and slow, now gay and impetuous, the music of his box would come droning through pink silk curtains suspended from a clasp in copper filigree. The tunes he played were all the rage at the theatres, in drawing-rooms and garish dance halls, echoes of a far-off world that thus found their way even to Emma's ears. Sarabandes wove their endless mazes in her brain, and like a Nautch girl on her flower carpet, her thoughts went leaping with the music, swung from dream to dream, from wistfulness to wistfulness. When the man had gathered a few coppers in his cap, he pulled down an old blue cloth cover, hoisted up his instrument on to his back and stumped heavily off. She watched him as he went his way.

But it was at meal-times that life seemed especially unbearable, down there in that little ground-floor dining-room with its smoking stove, its creaking door, its sweating walls, and its damp floors. It seemed as though all the bitterness of life was served up to her on her plate and that with the fumes of the stew there rose up from her inmost being all manner of other sickly exhalations. Charles was a slow eater; she would nibble a few nuts or, leaning on her elbow, beguile the time by making little lines on the shiny table-cover with the point of her knife.

She now let the house take care of itself, and when, during Lent, Madame Bovary senior came to spend a few days at Tostes, she was astonished at the change. Emma, once so dainty and particular, now went for days together without dressing herself properly, trailed about in cotton stockings, and lit the place with tallow dips. She kept saying that they must save, since they had no money to fall back upon, averring that she was quite contented, quite happy, that she liked Tostes very much, and other novel things that quite took the wind out of the old woman's sails. Moreover, Emma exhibited no inclination now to listen to her advice. Once when Madame offered the opinion that a mistress ought to look after her servant's religious ideas, Emma answered her with such an angry glint in her eye and such a chilling smile on her lips, that the worthy dame took care not to refer to the subject again.

Emma grew hard to please, full of whims and caprices. She ordered special dishes for herself and then left them untouched. One day she must drink fresh milk by the quart; next day, cups of tea by the dozen. Often enough she wouldn't stir outside the house, and then she would make out she was stifled, fling open all the windows and put on the thinnest of dresses. She would bully the servant and immediately afterwards give her a present or let her go out to see her friends, just as she would sometimes give the poor all the silver in

her purse, although she was by no means soft-hearted or easily moved to compassion, any more than the majority of country folk, whose hearts usually retain something of the hardness of their ancestors' toilworn hands.

Towards the end of February, Farmer Rouault, in memory of his mended leg, brought his son-in-law a magnificent turkey and stayed three days at Tostes. Charles being busy with his patients, it fell to Emma to entertain him. He smoked in the bedroom, spat into the grate, talked of nothing but farming, calves, cows, poultry and the local council; so that when he took his departure, she closed the door on him with such a feeling of relief, that she herself was at a loss to explain it.

She said openly what she thought about everything and everybody, and it was anything but flattering. She would take a sort of perverse delight in praising what others blamed and expressed views about wrong-doing and immorality that made her husband open his eyes.

Was this hopeless existence going to last for ever? Was there to be no escape? Yet she was every bit as good as the luckier ones. Why, at la Vaubyessard she had seen titled women whose figures and manners were a good deal clumsier than hers; and she railed at the cruelty of Providence. She would lean her head against the wall and weep, longing for a life of excitement, masked balls and tumultuous pleasures, with all the frenzied delights which they must yield but which she knew not of. She sometimes looked as if she were going to faint, and had attacks of palpitation. Charles dosed her with valerian and prescribed camphor baths. But everything they tried only worried and upset her the more.

There were days when she would talk, and talk, with feverish volubility; then the excitement would die away, and she would relapse into a kind of torpor, and sit without moving or uttering a word. The best thing to bring her round when she was like that, was to empty a bottle of eau-de-Cologne over her arms.

As she was always saying how she hated Tostes, Charles put her illness down to something in the place. The idea grew on him, and he began seriously to think of going elsewhere. Then she started drinking vinegar to reduce her figure, coughed a little dry hacking cough, and could not touch her food.

It was something of a wrench for Charles to leave Tostes. He had been there four years and was getting pretty well settled. However, what must be, must be. He took her to Rouen to see his old professor. It was a case of nerves. What she wanted was a change.

Charles looked about all over the place, and at last heard of a rather thriving little market-town called Yonville l'Abbaye, somewhere in Neufchatel, where the doctor, who was a Polish refugee, had packed up his traps and cleared out only about a week before. He wrote off to the local chemist asking him to let him know how many people there were in the place, what sort of competition there was, and how much a year the other man used to make. The answers being satisfactory he decided he would make a move in the spring, if Emma's health showed

no improvement.
One day, when she was turning out a drawer in preparation for the move, she ran something sharp into her finger. It was a bit of the wire in her wedding bouquet. The buds of orange blossom were faded and dusty and the satin ribbon bordered with silver was all fraying away at the edges. She tossed it on the fire. It blazed up like a handful of dry straw, and then lay glowing like a red bush on the ashes, slowly crumbling to pieces. She watched it burn. The cardboard berries popped, the wire writhed and twisted, the gold braid melted, and the paper blossoms, shrivelling up, hovered a moment like black butterflies and at last flew up the chimney.
In March, when they went away from Tostes, Madame Bovary was pregnant.

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Yonville: The chemist's shop: At the Lion d'Or: The taciturn guest: Phlebotomy for the clergy: Monsieur Binet's views on theology: The 'Hirondelle' arrives.

YONVILLE L'ABBAYE (so called after an old Franciscan abbey of which no traces now remain) is a market town about twenty miles from Rouen between the Abbeville and Beauvais roads. It lies at the far end of a valley watered by the Rieule, a little tributary of the Andelle. Its waters turn the wheels of three mills, close to where they join the larger river, and harbour a few trout which the lads amuse themselves by trying to catch with rod and line on Sundays.
Leaving the main highway at la Boissiere, you keep along on the level till you come to where the road dips down to Les Leux, at which point the valley comes fully into view. The river which flows through it divides it into two strongly contrasted regions. On the left all is grassland and meadow, but on the right the whole of the land is under the plough. The meadows stretch along beneath some low-lying hills and link up behind with the pasture lands of Bray. Eastwards, the land, rising gently, broadens out into a wide stretch of country with patches of yellowing wheat as far as the eye can see. The stream, as it flows on between its grassy banks, runs like a white riband betwixt tilth and meadow, making the country look like a wide mantle with a green velvet cape edged with a band of silver braid.
Far away, over the distant ridge, are the oak woods of Argueil, and the steep declivities of the Cote Saint Jean, striated from top to bottom with reddish lines of varying width; and these brick-red tones, forming narrow stripes on the prevailing grey of the mountain, are due to the chalybeate springs that abound in the country round about.
Here, you are on the borders of Normandy, Picardy and the Ile de France, a sort of hybrid region where the language is devoid of accent and the landscape of character. It is here that they make the worst Neufchatel cheeses in the whole district. And farming is costly

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because it takes such a lot of manure to fertilize the sandy, stony soil.

Until 1835 there was, properly speaking, no road to Yonville; but about that date a connecting highway was constructed that linked up with the roads to Abbeville and Amiens, and was sometimes used by wagons going from Rouen to Flanders. Yonville l'Abbaye has stood still, despite its new outlet. Instead of improving the crops, the people have stuck to grass and hay, notwithstanding the falling market, and following the line of least resistance, the town has extended only in the direction of the river. You can see it a long way off, sprawling along by the river-bank like a neatherd who has flung himself down by the stream for a noonday nap.

At the foot of the hill, beyond the bridge, you come to a straight piece of road, bordered with young aspens, that leads to the beginning of the houses. They stand surrounded by hedges on plots of ground occupied by various outbuildings, wine-presses, cart-sheds, houses scattered about under tufted trees with ladders, poles or scythes hung on to the branches. The thatched roofs, like fur caps pulled down over the eyes, cover up about a third of the low windows, glazed with thick, bulging panes, each with a knot in the middle like the bottom of a bottle. Here and there the houses have a seedy-looking pear-tree planted against their plaster walls, crossed diagonally by two black beams, and in the doorways little swing-gates keep out the chickens that congregate on the step to peck at the brown bread-crumbs soaked in cider. Farther on the gardens grow smaller, the houses huddle closer together, the hedges disappear; here a bundle of furze swings under a window at the end of a broom-handle; it is the blacksmith's forge; after which we come to the wheelwright's, with two or three carts outside encroaching on the roadway. Then across an open space appears a white house fronted by a circular lawn adorned with a Cupid standing with his finger pressed to his lips. A pair of cast-iron vases flank the bottom of the front steps; a brass plate gleams on the front door. It is the residence of the notary, and the finest house in the district.

The church is on the other side of the way, about twenty paces further on, before you come to the market-place. The little churchyard that surrounds it, enclosed by a low wall, is so full of graves that the aged stones, sunk into the ground, make a continuous pavement with little, rectangular borders of grass between them. The church was rebuilt in the latter part of Charles the Tenth's reign. The wooden roof is beginning to perish at the top, and, here and there, shows hollow black patches on the blue surface. Over the door, where the organ ought to be, is a gallery for the men, with a winding stairway that resounds beneath their wooden clogs.

The daylight, filtering through the plain-glass windows, falls obliquely on the seats set in rows, at right angles to the walls, with, here and there, a straw mat on a nail with the words 'M. So and so's sitting' in bold letters beneath it. Farther on, where the nave begins to narrow, stands the confessional box, facing a statue of

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the Virgin clothed in satin with a veil adorned with silver stars on her head, her cheeks becrimsoned like an idol from the Sandwich Islands. Finally, hung above the High Altar, between four candlesticks, a copy of the Holy Family , presented by the Minister of the Interior, completes the vista. The choir-stalls are of plain deal.

The market, which consists of a tiled roof supported by some score or so of posts, alone occupies a good half of the square at Yonville. The Town Hall, built 'after the design of a Paris architect', is a species of Greek temple and makes an angle with the chemist's shop alongside. On the ground level are three Ionic columns, and, above them, a vaulted gallery surmounted by a tympanum showing a Gallic cock resting one claw on the Charter and grasping the scales of Justice in the other.

But what chiefly strikes the eye is the pharmacy of Monsieur Homais just opposite the Lion d'Or . It is chiefly at night when his lamp is lit up and when the red and green carboys that lend splendour to his window project their long strips of coloured light far out along the ground, that, viewed athwart this radiance as though in an effulgence of Bengal lights, the shadow of the chemist himself may be discerned bending over his desk. From top to bottom, his house is plastered with placards in capitals, copper plate and block letters, advertising such things as Vichy, Seltzer, Bareges Waters, Laxatives, Raspail's Safe Cure, Gum Arabic, Darcet's Pastilles, Regnault's Ointment, Bandages, Fomentations, Medicated Chocolate, etc., etc., and the shop-sign which extends right across the front bears in gilt letters the words 'Homais, Chemist'. And at the far end of the shop, behind the big pair of scales that are screwed to the counter, the word 'Laboratory' appears over a glass door on which, half-way up, the name 'Homais' is repeated in gilt lettering on a black ground.

That's all there is worth seeing in Yonville. The one and only street, about a gunshot in length, with a shop or two on either side of it, stops short at the bend in the road. If you leave the road on your right and keep along by the Cote Saint Jean, you soon come to the cemetery.

During the cholera epidemic, a piece of the wall was demolished so as to take in three acres of the adjoining field. But all this new part is practically untenanted, the graves continuing to cluster round about the entrance in the old way. The keeper, who unites the offices of sexton and verger, thus deriving a double revenue from the deceased parishioners, takes advantage of the vacant ground to plant potatoes in it. Year by year, however, his little plot grows narrower, and when an epidemic comes along he knows not whether to rejoice at the corpses or lament the need for burying them.

'Why, you feed on the dead, Lestiboudois!' said the cure one day. This gloomy remark made him ponder. For a time it gave him pause, but today, as heretofore, he goes on cultivating his potatoes there and boldly affirms that they come up of their own accord.

Since the events we are about to record, no material changes have taken place at Yonville. The tin tricolour continues to revolve on the top of the church tower; from the draper's shop the two streamers of coloured chintz flutter in the breeze; the chemist's foetuses, that look like bits of white tinder, are slowly crumbling away in their dingy spirit, and, over the front door of the inn, the ancient Golden Lion, tarnished by the rain, displays his poodle's mane to all who come and go thereby.

The night the Bovarys were due to arrive at Yonville, Widow Lefrancois, who kept the inn, was in such a fluster that the sweat fell from her in huge drops as she bustled about among her pots and pans. Tomorrow was market day; she had the joints to prepare, the fowls to draw, the soup to make and the coffee to brew. Then there were meals for the 'regulars' to be got ready, as well as for the doctor and his wife and maid. Shouts of laughter kept coming from the billiard-room; three millers in the bar parlour were clamouring for brandy; the wood was blazing, the furze crackling and, on the long table, among joints of raw mutton, stood piles of plates that rattled and shook at every stroke of the spinach chopper. From the yard came the panic-stricken clacking of the fowls as the servant girl tried to catch them to chop off their heads. A man in green leather slippers, his face slightly pitted with smallpox, a velvet cap with a gold tassel on his head, was standing warming his back by the fire. The only expression on his countenance was one of complete self-satisfaction, and he appeared to take life as easily as the goldfinch suspended above his head in its wicker cage. It was the chemist.

'Artemise!' cried the hostess, 'chop up some wood, fill the water bottles and put some brandy ready. Look alive! I wish to heaven I knew what sort of a pudding to give these people you've got coming! Oh, good gracious! there are those moving-men kicking up another hullabaloo in the billiard-room; and their cart just outside the front door! Why, the Hirondelle might come along and smash right into it from behind. Call Polyte and tell him to put it into the coach-house. Would you believe it, Monsieur Homais, they've played fifteen games since morning, that they have, and got through eight jars of cider! Yes, and they'll go and cut my cloth, drat 'em!' she added, as she stood looking at them, skimmer in hand.

'No great harm if they did,' replied Monsieur Homais. 'You'd have to buy a new one then.'

'A new table!' cried the widow.

'Yes, since the old one is done for, Madame Lefrancois. I've said so before and I say it again, you're penny wise and pound foolish. People, nowadays, like small pockets and heavy cues. The cannon game's clean out of fashion. Things have altered. You must move with the times. Look at Tellier, now!'

The landlady went crimson with anger.

'You can say what you like,' the chemist went on, 'his billiard-room beats yours any day, and suppose they wanted to get up a fund for

the Poles or the flood victims at Lyons....'

'Anyhow, he's not the sort of tyke to worry me. I'm not afraid of *him*,' interrupted the hostess, shrugging her fat shoulders. 'No, Monsieur Homais, you can take it from me that as long as there's the *Lion d'Or* to come to, people will come to it. It's not "here today and gone tomorrow" with us. One of these days you'll find the Cafe Francais closed down, and a nice old poster stuck up on the shutters. Get a new billiard-table,' she cried, 'when that one's so handy for folding the washing on! Why, in the shooting season I've slept as many as six on it. But that dawdler Hivert, won't he ever get here?'

'Are you waiting for him, to begin dinner, then?'

'Waiting for him? And what about Monsieur Binet, I should like to know? In he comes, on the very stroke of six; there isn't the likes of him for punctuality in the whole world. He must always have his own pet seat in the little room. He'd rather die than sit down to his dinner anywhere else. And he's that fussy! And the cider must always be just so! Not a bit like Monsieur Leon, now. Him! Why, it's gone seven, or half-past sometimes, before he gets here. He doesn't so much as look at what he eats. He's a nice young man, he is! You never get an angry word from him, you don't.'

'Well, you see, that's where the difference comes in between an educated man and a common soldier turned tax-collector.' The clock struck six. In marched Binet.

He had on a blue frock-coat which hung, without the suspicion of a crease, round about his meagre frame, and his leather cap, with its two ear-flaps tied up together on the top of his head, revealed, under its raised peak, a bald forehead compressed by long years of helmet-wearing. He wore a black cloth waistcoat, a horse-hair collar, grey trousers and, all the year round, well-polished top boots which had two parallel strips let in to make room for his enlarged toe-joints. There was not a hair out of place in the line of fair whiskers which, after the fashion of an herbaceous border, encircled his long, pale face with its beady eyes and hooked nose. Excelling in all card games, a good shot, and a neat writer, he had a lathe of his own. He had a hobby for turning out napkin rings, filling the house with them, thus ministering alike to his artistic susceptibilities and his bourgeois self-importance.

He made his way towards the little parlour. But first of all the three millers had to be got out, and all the time his place was being laid, Binet sat silent in his seat near the fire. After which he shut the door and took off his cap, as usual.

'It won't be civil speeches that will wear out *his* tongue,' said the chemist as soon as he was alone with the landlady.

'He is never more talkative than that,' she answered. 'Last week we had a couple of "commercials" travelling in textiles; a comical pair, they were, if you like; spent the whole evening telling stories that made me cry with laughing, and there he sat like a flat fish and never spoke a word.'

'Ay,' said the chemist, 'no imagination, no sparkle, no social gifts.'

'And yet they say he has brains.'

'Brains!' answered Monsieur Homais. 'Him? Brains? Perhaps he has, of a sort,' he went on more calmly.

'Ah!' he continued, 'that a merchant in a big way of business, a legal luminary, a doctor or a chemist, should be so absorbed as to be eccentric or even gruff- that I can understand. You read of such cases in history. They, at any rate, are thinking of something . Take me, for instance; how often have I not looked about all over my desk for my pen when I wanted to write a label, and found it at last behind my ear?'

Meanwhile Madame Lefrancois betook herself to the front door to see if the Hirondelle was at last in sight. She gave a sudden start. A man dressed in black suddenly walked into the kitchen. In the last gleams of the fading daylight you could see that he was a ruddy-faced, athletic-looking man.

'What can I get for you, Monsieur le Cure?' asked the landlady, reaching up to the chimney-piece and taking down one of the brass candlesticks that stood rowed along it with their tallow dips. 'Will you take anything? A drop of Cassis? A glass of wine?'

The priest declined very civilly. He had come for his umbrella, which he had left behind the other day at the convent at Ernemont. He begged Madame Lefrancois to have it sent along to the presbytery in the course of the evening, and then left for the church, where the Angelus bell was ringing.

When the chemist had heard the last echo of his footsteps die away, he found great fault with the cure's conduct a moment ago. His refusal to take a little drop of something seemed to him a detestable piece of hypocrisy. Priests all had their little drop on the quiet, when no one was looking, and they all wanted to get their tithes back again.

The landlady stuck up for her cure .

'Why, he'd break four men like you across his knee. Last year he helped our people cart in the straw. He carried as many as six bundles at one go, he's that strong.'

'Splendid!' said the chemist. 'Go and send your daughter to confess to a stalwart customer like that. If I were the Government I'd have priests bled once a month. Yes, Madame Lefrancois, a jolly good bloodletting once a month in the interests of order and morality.'

'Oh, give over, Monsieur Homais! You are a wicked man to say such things! You've no religion.'

'Oh yes, I have,' answered the chemist, 'my religion; and a better one than theirs, with all their mumbo-jumbo. I worship God! I believe in a Supreme Being, in a Creator, or whatever you like to call him, who has put us here to be good citizens and good fathers. But that's no reason why I should go into a church and kiss silver plates, and pay out money to help fatten a pack of humbugs who live better than we do as it is. You can worship God just as well in a wood, or

a field, or gazing up at the everlasting firmament like the ancients. My God is the god of Socrates, of Franklin, of Voltaire, of Beranger. I'm for the creed of Rousseau's Vicaire Savoyard, and long life to the principles of eighty-nine, say I! I've no use for a god that goes stalking about his garden with a switch in his hand, shuts up his friends in a whale's belly, makes a song about dying, and comes to life again three days after, which is not only intrinsically absurd, but completely opposed to scientific teaching, while, incidentally, it just shows that your priests have always wallowed in bestial ignorance and tried to bring the masses down to their level.'

He stopped and glanced about him as one surveying an audience, for in the ebullience of his discourse the chemist had fancied for a moment that he was haranguing the local council. But the landlady wasn't listening. She was straining her ears to catch a distant sound of wheels. The rumble of a vehicle, mingled with the tired 'clop-clop' of horses' hoofs, was now plainly audible, and at last the Hirondelle pulled up at the door.

It had a yellow body mounted on two big wheels that came right up to the tilt, blocking the view of the passengers and spattering their shoulders. The little panes of the narrow window slits shook in their frames when the conveyance was closed in, and showed splashes of mud here and there on the ancient coating of dust which even a thunderstorm could not avail to wash away. It was drawn by three horses, two between the shafts, and a leader, and, going downhill, it bumped on the ground behind as it see-sawed to and fro.

Some of the inhabitants now put in an appearance. They all began to speak at once, clamouring for news, explanations and hampers. Hivert didn't know whom to attend to first. He was general factotum for the whole district. He did their shopping: brought back rolls of leather for the shoemaker, old iron for the blacksmith, a cask of herrings for his mistress, bonnets from the milliner's, false hair from the hairdresser's, and, all the way home, he distributed his parcels, heaving them over courtyard walls, standing up on his seat and shouting with all his might while the horses looked after themselves.

They had met with a mischance and had been delayed. Madame Bovary's greyhound had bolted across country. They had stood there whistling it a good quarter of an hour. Hivert, indeed, had gone back a mile and a half, and kept thinking he saw it; but at last they had been compelled to go on. Emma had burst into tears and taken on about it. She said it was Charles's fault. Monsieur Lheureux, a cloth merchant, who was with her in the conveyance, had done his best to console her by telling her of several cases in which dogs had recognized their masters after years of separation. There was a story extant, he said, of a dog that found its way back to Paris all the way from Constantinople. Another had done a hundred and fifty miles in a bee-line, and swum four rivers; and his own father once had a poodle he hadn't seen for twelve years that suddenly jumped up on

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his back one night, in the street, as he was going to dine in town.

11

11

The Bovarys arrive: Dinner at the inn:
Monsieur Homais describes the climate: The chemist's lodger:
Emma finds a kindred spirit: The chemist's library:
The Bovarys' new home.

EMMA got out first, then Felicite, Monsieur Lheureux and a nursemaid. They had to wake Charles up. He had fallen sound asleep in his corner, as soon as it grew dark.

Homais introduced himself, offered his homage to Madame and his respects to Monsieur, told them he was charmed to have been able to do them a service, adding genially that he had ventured to invite himself, his wife being away from home.

As soon as she was in the kitchen, Madame Bovary went over to the fire. With the tips of two fingers she took hold of her dress at the knee and raising it thus above her ankles, stretched out a foot to the blaze, above the leg of mutton that was turning on the spit- a little foot encased in a black boot. The fire illumined her from top to toe, its ruddy glare penetrating the warp of her dress, the regular pores of her white skin and even the lids of her eyes, which she blinked every now and then. A great red glow would sweep over her as the wind blew in through the half-open door. On the other side of the fireplace, a fair-haired young man watched her in silence.

Seeing that he had rather a boring time of it at Yonville, where he was clerk to Maitre Guillaumin the notary, Monsieur Leon Dupuis (for it was he, the other 'regular' at the Lion d'Or) would often postpone the hour of his meal hoping that some traveller would turn up at the inn with whom he might enjoy a chat in the evening. On the days when he did not have to work late he must needs (having nothing else to do) put in a punctual appearance at table and endure, from the soup to the savoury, the sole society of Binet. It was therefore with no small pleasure that he accepted the landlady's suggestion that he should sit down with the newcomers, and so they made their way into the large dining-room, where, by way of creating an impression, the four places had been laid.

Homais asked leave to keep on his Turkish cap, for fear of catching cold.

'Madame is doubtless a little tired,' he said, turning to Emma. 'One gets so terribly shaken up in that Hirondelle of ours.'

'You do indeed,' she answered, 'but I adore moving about. I can't bear staying in one place.'

'Oh, it's horrible!' said the clerk- 'to be always cooped up in the same spot.'

'If you were like me,' said Charles, 'always obliged to be in the saddle....'

'Why,' answered Leon, addressing himself to Madame, 'could anything be jollier?- when you know how to ride, that is.'

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'Well,' said the apothecary, 'medicine is not a very arduous profession in this part of the country. Roads are good, and you can drive your rounds; the farmers, as a rule, are well off and pay good fees. Speaking professionally, we have, over and above the usual stomachic, bronchial and liver troubles, a few cases of intermittent fever round about harvest-time, but on the whole, very few really serious complaints, nothing special to note, except a plentiful crop of colds, due, no doubt, to the deplorable housing conditions of the peasant classes. Ah! Monsieur Bovary, you'll have to fight against no end of prejudices: every day you'll be up against stubborn, deep-rooted ignorance, and, wherever you try to advance the light of science, you'll find some old superstition obstinately blocking the way. For the people about here still have recourse to novenas, relics and the parson, instead of going straight to the doctor or the chemist like sensible people. However, one cannot say the climate is bad; indeed, we can boast a few nonagenarians in the district. The thermometer (these are my own personal records) drops to four degrees Centigrade in winter and reaches twenty-five or thirty, at most, in the summer; that is to say, twenty-four degrees Reaumur or fifty-four Fahrenheit (the English scale)- no more! To the north we are sheltered by the Forest of Argueil, to the west by the hills of Saint Jean; and the heat, which, on account of the aqueous vapour set free by the river, and the considerable number of cattle in the fields, which, as you are aware, give off a large quantity of ammonia- that is, nitrogen, hydrogen and oxygen- no, merely nitrogen and hydrogen- that sucks up the moisture of the ground, mingling all these divers emanations, gathering them into a single bundle, so to speak, and spontaneously combining with the electricity, if any, present in the atmosphere, may after a time, as in tropical countries, produce injurious exhalations; this heat, then, is tempered in the direction whence it comes, let me rather say whence it would come if it could- namely, the south- by the south-easterly breezes, which, being cooled in their passage over the Seine, sometimes swoop down upon us with a rush like air currents straight from Russia.'

'Are there any nice walks in the neighbourhood?' continued Madame Bovary, talking to the young man.

'Hardly any,' he answered. 'There's a spot they call "The Pasturage" up on the hill near the woods. I sometimes go there of a Sunday with a book, and stay to watch the sunset.'

'I think there's nothing so beautiful as a sunset, especially by the sea!'

'Oh, I simply love the sea!' said Monsieur Leon.

'And doesn't it seem to you, somehow, that one's thoughts range more freely over the limitless expanse, and that the sight of it uplifts your soul and sort of makes you think of the infinite, the ideal?'

'It's just the same where there are mountains,' Leon went on. 'I've a cousin who went for a tour in Switzerland last year. He said you couldn't possibly imagine the poetry of the lakes, the charm of the waterfalls, the tremendous effect of the glaciers. You see pine

trees of incredible height, across rushing torrents, huts clinging to precipices, and, when there's a cleft in the clouds, whole valleys, a thousand feet below. Sights like that are bound to make you feel enthusiastic, to send you into raptures, to fill you with religious emotion. And I can quite understand that composer who used to stimulate his imagination by going and playing the piano where he could look at some splendid view.'

'Do you do anything in the musical line?' she inquired.

'No, but I'm frightfully fond of it,' he answered.

'Ah! don't you believe him, Madame Bovary,' interrupted Homais, leaning over his plate. 'That's only his modesty. Why, look here, dear boy, it was only the other day you were up in your room singing l'Ange gardien , and singing it perfectly. I was in the laboratory and heard you. You let it go like a professional.'

Leon, it should be explained, lodged at the chemist's, where he had a little room on the second floor, overlooking the Square. He blushed at the compliment thus paid him by his landlord, who had now turned to the doctor and was giving him a list of the principal people in Yonville. He was full of stories and odds and ends of information. No one knew exactly what the notary was worth, and the Maison Tuvache rather gave itself airs.

'What sort of music do you like best?' said Emma.

'Oh, German; it's the music that sets you dreaming.'

'Have you been to the Opera?'

'Not yet; but I shall go next year when I'm in Paris for my law Finals.'

'As I had the honour,' said the chemist, 'of telling the doctor here, in connection with this unfortunate Yanoda, who has vanished into thin air, thanks to his mania for spending money, you have come in for one of the most comfortable houses in Yonville. What makes it especially suitable for a doctor is that it has a side entrance in the lane, so that one can go in and out without being seen. And then it has every imaginable convenience- a laundry, kitchen and scullery, extra sitting-room, apple-room, etc. He never looked twice at his money. He had a sort of arbour or summer-house put up at the bottom of the garden because he thought it would be nice to sit there and drink beer in the hot weather, and if Madame is fond of gardening, she'll be able...'

'My wife does precious little gardening,' said Charles. 'She's been told exercise is good for her, but she'd rather stop up in her bedroom reading, any day.'

'The same here,' answered Leon. 'And what is there to beat sitting by the fire of an evening with a book, when the lamp is lit and the wind beating against the window?'

'That's just what I think,' she replied, gazing at him fixedly with her big dark eyes.

'You forget everything,' he went on: 'the hours slip by. Sitting still in your arm-chair, you can wander in strange places and make believe they are there before your eyes. Your thoughts become entwined

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in the story, dwelling on the details, or eagerly following the course of the adventure. You imagine you are the characters, and it seems to be *your* heart that is throbbing beneath their raiment.'

'Yes,' she said, 'how true that is!'

'Have you ever had the experience of coming across something in a book that you had thought of yourself ever so long before- a sort of dim, far-off memory, which is a complete interpretation of your own feelings?'

'Oh, haven't I!' she answered.

'That's why I like the poets most of all. I find poetry more touching than prose; it makes you feel more like weeping.'

'Yes, but it gets rather tiresome if you read much of it,' replied Emma. 'I like stories- the sort of stories that carry you along with them, stories that give you an eerie feeling. I hate commonplace heroes and humdrum emotions such as you get in real life.'

'Precisely,' said the clerk. 'And as such books fail to appeal to the heart, they fail, in my opinion, to fulfil the true mission of art. Among the disillusionments of life, it is a good thing to be able to dwell in thought on lofty characters, pure affections and scenes of happiness. For myself, living so far away from everybody, it's about the only amusement I have; Yonville's resources are so limited.'

'Very much like Tostes, I have no doubt,' rejoined Emma. 'That was why I always subscribed to a library.'

'If Madame will do me the honour to make use of it,' said the chemist, who had just caught these last words, 'my own library, comprising the works of the best authors, is at her disposal. It includes the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Delille, Walter Scott, *The Complete Story-teller*, etc.; moreover, I get various periodicals sent to me, including the *Rouen Beacon*, which reaches me daily, I being its correspondent for Buchy, Forges, Neufchatel, Yonville and the surrounding districts.'

For two hours and a half they had been at table, for Artemise, the servant, didn't hurry herself as she traipsed in her carpet slippers along the stone floor. She brought in the plates one after another, persisted in forgetting things, misunderstood her orders, and omitted to shut the billiard-room door, the handle of which kept banging against the wall.

Quite unconsciously, in the course of the conversation, Leon had put his foot up on one of the bars of the chair on which Madame Bovary was sitting. She was wearing a little blue silk scarf that held up, as stiffly as if it had been a ruff, a goffered cambric collar. And as she moved her head, the lower part of her face would be concealed in the neckerchief or deliciously emerge from it. And so, while Charles and the chemist went on with their discussion, she and Leon sat close up to one another, and entered upon one of those vague conversations in which chance words and phrases continually bring one back to a fixed centre of mutual predilections. They talked about the Paris theatres, names of novels, the latest dances, the world of fashion, which they neither of them knew anything about, of

Tostes, where she had lived, and Yonville, where they were now. They discussed anything and everything, and chattered away all through dinner.

When the coffee was brought in, Felicite went to put the bedroom straight in the new house, and the guests soon afterwards rose to go. Madame Lefrancois had dropped off into a doze by the dying fire, while the ostler, lantern in hand, was waiting to light Monsieur and Madame Bovary to their house. Bits of straw were tangled in his red hair and he was lame in the left leg. When he had taken hold of the cure's umbrella in his other hand they set out on their way.

The little town was asleep. The pillars of the market place cast long shadows on the ground, and the whole scene was bathed in a light of silver grey, as on a summer's night.

As the doctor's house was only about fifty paces from the inn, the good-nights had to be exchanged almost immediately, and the company dispersed.

No sooner was she in the hall than Emma felt the chill of the plaster descending on her shoulders like a shroud of clammy linen. The walls were new and the wooden stairs creaked. Upstairs in the bedroom a wannish light came in through the curtainless windows. The tops of some trees were vaguely discernible, and, beyond them, the meadow half-submerged in the mist which steamed up in the moonlight, along the course of the river. In the middle of the room, dumped down anyhow, were drawers full of things, bottles, curtain-poles, gilt rods, mattresses piled up on chairs, and washbasins on the floor- the two men who had brought the furniture having set the things down just as they came, anywhere, without attempting to put them in their places.

This would be the fourth time she had slept in new surroundings. The first was when she went to the convent, the second when she came to Tostes, the third at la Vaubyessard, and now this was the fourth. And every time, it had seemed as though she were entering on a new phase of existence. She could not believe that things would look and be the same at different places, and since the part she had gone through had been bad, the part to come would no doubt be better.

12

12

Monsieur Homais in trouble: Bothers over money: Emma's baby: Choosing a name: The christening party: Madame Bovary visits her daughter: A walk with Leon: How to make friends.

NEXT morning, when she awoke, she saw the clerk walking across the square. She was in her dressing-gown. He looked up and took off his hat. She gave a little nod and quickly shut the window.

All day long Leon waited for six o'clock to arrive. But when he went round to the inn the only person there was Monsieur Binet, already seated at table.

That dinner of the night before had been something of an event for

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Leon. It was the first time in his life he had talked with a woman for a couple of hours on end. How did he manage to tell her, and in such brilliant language, a whole host of things he certainly could not have expressed so well before? He was naturally shy and accustomed to maintain that reserve which is half bashfulness and half protective armour. The Yonville people thought him a very gentlemanly young man. He listened to what his elders had to say, and didn't let politics turn his head, which was exceptional in so young a man. Then, again, he had a certain amount of talent. He could do water-colours, read music and was fond of reading and talking books after dinner when there was no card-playing going on. Monsieur Homais thought a good deal of him, because he was well educated; Madame Homais liked him because he was so obliging, for he often took the little Homais children into the garden- dirty little brats, horribly spoilt and, like their mother, rather excitable. Besides the domestic, they had Justin to look after them. Justin was the apprentice and a second cousin of Monsieur Homais. They had taken him in out of charity, and he acted as a sort of servant.

The apothecary displayed the most neighbourly qualities. He told Madame Bovary all about the tradespeople, got his own cider merchant to call, sampled the liquor himself and went down into the cellar to make sure the cask was put in the best place. He put her up to a wrinkle for getting her butter on the cheap, and fixed up an arrangement with Lestiboudois, the sacristan, who, in addition to his sacerdotal and funereal functions, looked after the principal gardens at Yonville, working by the hour, or the year, as his customers might prefer.

But it was not unadulterated altruism that prompted the pharmacist to display such obsequious cordiality. There was something behind it.

He had infringed Article I of the Act of the 19th Ventose, Year XI, which forbids the practice of medicine by all unqualified persons. Some person or persons having secretly informed the authorities, he was summoned to Rouen to appear before the King's proctor in Chambers. The magistrate received him standing, arrayed in his official robes. It was in the morning, before the court opened. Homais heard the gendarmes in the corridor stumping by in their heavy boots, and something that sounded like keys turning in big locks a long way off. There was such a buzzing in the chemist's ears, that he thought he was going to have a stroke. He saw himself in the deepest of dungeons, his wife and children bathed in tears, the shop put up for sale, all his jars dispersed; and he was obliged to go into a cafe and have a nip of rum and seltzer to steady his nerves.

Little by little the effect of the admonition wore off; and, as before, he went on giving little harmless consultations in his shop-parlour. But the Mayor didn't like him, some of his confreres were jealous, he was playing a dangerous game. If he did things for Monsieur Bovary, Monsieur Bovary could not help being grateful, and that would prevent him from talking, if he got wind of anything later on. So every morning Homais would come across with 'the

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paper', and often, of an afternoon, he would leave his shop for a minute or two to go and have a chat with the medical officer of health.

Charles was low-spirited. Patients did not come. He would sit for hours on end and never utter a word, or go and sleep in his surgery, or watch his wife sew. To break the monotony he turned odd-job man at home, and made an attempt to paint the attic with some paint the men had left behind. But money matters were his great worry. He had spent such a lot on repairs at Tostes, on his wife's clothes and on moving, that the whole of the dowry had gone in two years. And then, look at the things that had been broken or lost in shifting them from Tostes to Yonville, not to mention the plaster cure , which an extra big jolt had knocked out of the wagon and smashed into atoms on the cobbles at Quincampoix!

But a pleasanter care came to occupy his mind. His wife was to have a child. The closer her time drew near, the greater the fuss he made of her. It was another fleshly link between them, a sort of perpetual reminder of a more complex union. When, from a distance, he surveyed her languid walk and her figure without stays turning limply on her hips, when he had her opposite to him, he could look at her at his ease, while she assumed all kinds of tired poses in her easy-chair. He could contain himself no longer. He would get up, kiss her, stroke her face, call her 'little mamma', try to make her dance and, half laughing, half in tears, deliver himself of all the tender, loving baby-talk that came into his mind. The idea of being a father pleased him immensely. There was nothing lacking now. He knew human existence all along the line, and he settled down to it with a contented mind.

At first Emma felt a great astonishment; then she was anxious to get the confinement over, so that she might know how it felt to be a mother. But not being able to spend as much as she wanted to and to have a swing cradle with pink silk curtains, and baby-caps with embroidery on them, she gave it up in a fit of temper and ordered the whole thing from a local sewing-woman without choosing or discussing anything. Thus she took no interest in all those preparations which stimulate a mother's tenderness, and so perhaps from the very beginning there was something lacking in her affection.

However, as Charles kept harping on the brat at every meal, she soon began to dwell on the matter more continuously.

She hoped it would be a boy. He should be strong and dark, and they would call him George. And the thought of having a boy seemed somehow to compensate her for all her unrequited longings in the past. A man, at all events, is free. The realms of passion and the realms of travel are his to range at will. He can override obstacles, and no sort of happiness is necessarily beyond his reach. But a woman is checkmated at every turn. Flexible yet powerless to move, she has at once her physical disabilities and her economic dependence in the scales against her. Her will, like the veil of her bonnet, is tied to a string and flutters in every wind. Whenever a desire impels,

there is always a convention that restrains.
She was confined one Sunday morning about six, just as the sun was getting up.
'It's a girl,' said Charles.
She turned away her head and fainted.
Madame Homais hurried over almost at once to embrace her, and so did Mere Lefrancois of the Lion d'Or . The chemist, a most discreet man, offered her a few preliminary congratulations through the half-open door. He desired to inspect the infant, and pronounced himself satisfied.
During her convalescence she busied herself trying to find a name for her daughter. She started by going through all the names with Italian endings, like Clara, Louisa, Amanda, Atala. She rather liked Galsuinde, and still more Yseult or Leocadie. Charles wanted the child to be called after her mother. Emma said no. They went through the calendar from end to end, they asked outsiders.
'I was talking to Monsieur Leon the other day,' said the chemist, and he was surprised you did not choose Madeleine, which is very popular just now.'
But the dowager Madame Bovary protested loudly against giving the child the name of an erring woman. Monsieur Homais always had a predilection for names associated with a great man, a glorious deed or a noble idea, and it was on this system that he had christened his four children. Thus Napoleon represented glory, and Franklin, liberty. Irma was possibly a concession to romanticism, but Athalie was a tribute to the most deathless masterpiece of the French stage.
For his philosophical convictions did not interfere with his artistic susceptibilities. In him the thinker did not stifle the man of feeling. He knew where to draw the line, how to differentiate between imagination and fanaticism. In Athalie , for instance, he condemned the ideas but admired the style, he denounced the conception but applauded the workmanship, fell foul of the characters but belauded their speeches. When he read out the purple passages, he was carried away, but when he reflected that the shavelings made use of it to reinforce their stock-in-trade, he was terribly cast down. He would have liked to crown Racine with both hands, and at the same time give him a good piece of his mind.
At last Emma remembered that when she was at the Chateau de la Vaubyessard she had heard the Marquise call a young woman by the name of Berthe. That settled it, and Berthe was the name chosen. As Farmer Rouault could not come to the christening, Monsieur Homais was asked to be godfather. All the things he gave by way of presents were taken from stock- namely, six boxes of jujubes, one whole flask of racahout, three tubes of marshmallow paste, together with six sticks of sugar candy which he had accidentally come across in a cupboard. On the night of the ceremony there was a big dinner, at which the cure was present. They all got pretty well warmed up. Just before the liqueurs came on Monsieur Homais struck up Le Dieu des bonnes gens , Monsieur Leon sang a barcarolle and Madame Bovary,

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senior, who was the godmother, a ballad of the days of the Empire. Finally, Monsieur Bovary, senior, insisted on the baby being brought down, and proceeded to baptize it by pouring a glass of champagne on its head. This mockery of the first of the sacraments roused the Abbe Bournisien's indignation. Bovary pere responded with a quotation from La Guerre des Dieux . The cure got up to go. The ladies implored him to remain. Homais interposed. At last he was induced to resume his seat and continued to finish off the half-cup of coffee he had poured out into his saucer.

Monsieur Bovary, senior, stopped on a whole month at Yonville, making a great impression on the natives with a splendid forage cap trimmed with silver braid which he wore of a morning when smoking his pipe in the market-place. And being in the habit of drinking a lot of brandy, he often despatched the servant-girl to the Lion d'Or to buy him a bottle, which he put down to his son's account; and to scent his handkerchiefs he used up all his daughter-in-law's eau-de-Cologne.

Emma by no means disliked his company. He had seen a lot of the world, talked to her about Berlin, Vienna, Strasbourg, of his soldiering days, the mistresses he had had, the flash luncheon-parties he had attended, and then he displayed great friendliness, and sometimes, on the stairs, or out in the garden, he would put his arm round her waist, with a 'Charles, my boy, you had better keep an eye on her!' Whereat Madame Bovary, senior, began to feel anxious for her son's happiness, and fearing that sooner or later her husband would have a bad influence on the young woman's moral ideas, she did her best to hurry on their departure. Possibly she had even graver grounds for apprehension, for Monsieur Bovary was a man to stick at nothing.

One day Emma was seized with a sudden longing to see her little girl, who had been put out to nurse with the carpenter's wife, and, without looking at the almanac to see whether the six weeks of the Virgin were over or not, she set out in the direction of Rollet's house, which was at the far end of the village, at the foot of the hill, between the high-road and the meadows. It was midday. The houses had their shutters pulled to, and the slate roofs, which shone brightly in the fierce light that beat down on them from the cloudless sky, seemed to be flashing out sparks from the peaks of their gables. A hot wind was blowing. When she had gone some way, Emma began to feel her strength failing her. She hesitated whether to return home or go in somewhere and sit down.

Just then, Monsieur Leon came out from a house close by, with a bundle of papers under his arm. He came up and spoke, and took up his stand in the shade of the grey sun-blind outside Lheureux's shop.

Madame Bovary said she was on her way to see her baby, but that she was beginning to feel tired.

'If...' began Leon, but he stopped short, not daring to continue.

'Have you any business to do anywhere?' she inquired.

And when the clerk said that he hadn't, she begged him to

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accompany her. That very night the news had got abroad in Yonville, and Madame Tuvache, the mayor's wife, declared, in her servant's hearing, that Madame Bovary was compromising herself .

To get to the nurse's you had to go along to the end of the street and then turn to the left, as if you were going to the cemetery, along a narrow pathway fringed with privet between some cottages and gardens. The privet was in blossom and so were the speedwells, the honeysuckle, the thistles, and the briars, which pierced their way through the bushes. Through the gaps in the hedge you might catch sight of a pig reclining on a dung-heap or a tethered cow rubbing her horns against a tree-trunk. And so, both together, and side by side, they strolled gently on, she leaning on his arm and he walking in step with her. In front of them hovered a swarm of midges, buzzing in the warm air.

They recognized the house by an aged walnut-tree that shaded it. It was a low house, roofed with brown tiles, and outside it, underneath the attic window, hung a string of onions. Faggots, standing upright against a blackthorn hedge, surrounded a bed of lettuces, a few patches of lavender and some sweet peas trained on sticks. A trickle of dirty water went oozing in amongst the grass and all about were a number of nondescript odds and ends of clothes- knitted stockings, a red calico bodice and a large sheet of coarse linen stretched along on the hedge. Hearing the gate open, the woman came out, carrying a baby at the breast. With her other hand she was dragging along a poor, miserable-looking little urchin with scabs all over his face. He belonged to some drapers in Rouen, and his parents being too much taken up with their business to have him at home, had put him out to board in the country.

'Come along in,' said she, 'your little mite is in there asleep.' The bedroom, on the ground floor- the only one in the house- had a large bed at the far end stuck against the wall, while a kneading-trough stood beside the window, one pane of which had been repaired with a star of blue paper. In the corner behind the bed, shoes with gleaming hob-nails were ranged along underneath the washstand next to a bottle of oil with a feather stuck into its neck. A Mathieu Laensherg lay on the dusty mantelpiece among a medley of gunflints, candle ends and bits of tinder. The room's crowning superfluity was a picture representing 'Fame' blowing her trumpet. This had evidently been cut out from some perfumer's advertisement, and six shoe brads fixed it to the wall.

Emma's baby was asleep in a wicker cradle on the floor. She took it in her arms, wrapped up in its coverlet, and began to croon gently as she rocked it to and fro.

Meanwhile Leon walked up and down the room. It seemed strange to him to see this beautiful, elegantly attired woman in the midst of such squalid surroundings. Madame Bovary turned crimson. He looked away, thinking he had perhaps seemed too inquisitive. She put the little one back in the bassinet. It had just been sick all over her collar. The nurse came to wipe it, assuring her that it wouldn't show.

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'She does that and plenty more besides on me,' she said, 'and I am for ever washing her. It would be kind of you if you would just leave word at Camus the grocer's to let me have a bit of soap when I wanted it. This would save you trouble, as I shouldn't have to come bothering you for it then.'

'Quite so, quite so,' said Emma. 'Good-bye, Mere Rollet.'

And she wiped her shoes on the mat as she went out.

The worthy woman went with her to the garden gate, telling her what a job it was for her to get up at night.

'I'm that done up sometimes,' she said, 'that I drop off to sleep a-sittin' in my chair. Now if you could let me have just a pound of ground coffee. It would last me a month, and I'd have some in the morning with a drop of milk.'

The woman was profuse in her thanks, and Madame Bovary again turned to depart. She had not gone many steps along the footpath when she heard the sound of clogs behind her, and turned to see who was coming. It was the nurse.

'Well,' she said, 'what is it?'

The woman drew her aside, behind an elm-tree, and began telling her all about her husband. 'What with his job, you see, and six francs a year what Captain...'

'Quick, come to the point,' said Emma. 'What do you want?'

'Well, you see,' said the nurse, heaving a sigh after every word. 'I'm afraid he might feel hurt like if he was to see me a-drinking coffee all to myself. You know what men...'

'But you'll have some. I'm going to give you some. You pester me.'

'Ah, but, you see, it's like this, mum. Ever since he got his wounds he gets cramp on the chest something horrible. He says cider only makes him feel weaker.'

'Oh, do come to the point, Mere Rollet!'

'Well, then,' she said, with a curtsey, 'if it's not asking too much'- here she bobbed again- 'if you could manage'- and she looked at her imploringly- 'just a little jar of brandy, and I'd rub your little one's feet with it; they're as tender as your tongue, they are!'

Ridding herself of the nurse, Emma again took Monsieur Leon's arm. She walked quickly for some distance, then slackened her pace, and as she looked about her her gaze rested on the young man's shoulder and on his frock-coat, with its smart black velvet collar. His auburn hair descended upon it, and it was smooth and carefully brushed. She noticed his nails, which were longer than nails were usually worn at Yonville. Attending to his nails was one of the clerk's chief occupations; and he had a special pocket-knife for the purpose which he kept in his writing-desk.

They went back to Yonville along the bank. In summer the stream is wider than usual, and now showed the whole extent of the garden walls, which had a few steps leading down to the water. The stream flowed on noiselessly, swift and cool to the eye; tall, slender weeds clung and bowed together, swaying in the stream and, like green tresses, rose and fell and outspread themselves in its translucent depths.

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Sometimes on the tips of the rushes, or on the leaves of the water-lilies, an insect with its dainty feet would walk or stand airily poised. The sunlight darted its rays through the little blue bubbles on the water, that formed and broke in endless succession on the surface. Aged willows, with their spreading branches and hoary trunks, were mirrored in the stream; and all around, as far as eye could see, the meadows seemed deserted. It was dinner-time in the farms, and the only sounds that fell upon the ears of the young woman and her companion as they went their way were their footfalls on the path, the words they spoke to one another, and the frou-frou of Emma's dress rustling round her.

The garden walls, with pieces of broken bottles on their coping, were as hot as the panes of a forcing-frame. Wallflowers had rooted themselves in the crannies, and Madame Bovary, as she passed, touched some of their withered blossoms with the edge of her open parasol and made them crumble into yellow dust, or, maybe, a tendril of honeysuckle or clematis overhanging the wall would catch in the fringe and drag for a moment over the silk.

They were talking about a troop of Spanish dancers who were shortly to appear at the theatre in Rouen.

'Shall you go?' she asked.

'If I can.' he replied.

Was this all they had to say to one another? Matters of deeper import seemed to seek utterance in the expression of their eyes. They tried to speak of ordinary, everyday things, but all the while they felt a mutual languor stealing into their inmost being. It was like a murmur of the soul, deep down, persistent, dominating the spoken word. Lost in wonder at the strange sweetness that stole upon their senses, they never spoke of it to one another or sought to probe its cause. Coming delights, like the shores of tropic isles, exhale across the spreading seas their perfume-laden airs, the native softness of the clime; and they who breathe them, their spirits lulled as if by wine, scan not, nor try to scan, the faint, far-off horizon.

They came to a place where the ground had been trodden into a mire by the cattle. They had to step across it on big green stones set at intervals in the mud. From time to time she would pause and look where to put her foot. The stone would move, and she would sway about, elbows in air, bending forward and darting eager glances here and there, trying to keep her balance. And she would laugh as she nearly tumbled into a puddle.

When they came to her garden, Madame Bovary pushed open the little gate and, running up the steps, disappeared from view.

Leon went back to his office. His chief was out. He gave a glance at some papers, trimmed a quill pen and, finally, put on his hat and went out.

He went up to La Pature at the top of the Cote d'Argueil, where the woods begin. He threw himself down on the ground under the pines and looked at the sky through his fingers.

'Ah me!' he sighed, 'how slow things are!'

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He cursed his luck, having to live in this village with Homais for friend and Monsieur Guillaumin for master. The latter, with his gold-rimmed spectacles and his red whiskers resplendent against his white cravat, was wholly wrapped up in his profession, and had no culture or intellectual refinement about him, though he affected a sort of English downrightness of manner which had very much impressed the clerk to begin with. As for the chemist's wife, there wasn't another such woman in the whole of Normandy. She was as placid as a sheep, looked after her children, her father, her mother and her cousins, wept at the misfortunes of others, let the house take care of itself, and cordially hated stays. But she was so slow in her movements, so wearisome to listen to, so under-bred in appearance and so limited in ideas that, although she was thirty and he twenty, and they slept in adjoining rooms and spoke to each other every day, it never occurred to him that she was the kind of woman anyone would give a thought to, or that she had anything of her sex about her but the dress.

And who else was there? Binet, a few tradesmen, two or three innkeepers, the cure , and finally Monsieur Tuvache, the mayor, and his two sons: people with money: stodgy, dull-witted folk who worked their own land, gave family parties among themselves, a goody-goody, wholly insufferable crowd.

But against all this background of shoddy humanity, Emma's face stood out, lonely yet far-off, for somehow it seemed to him that there was a gulf between them.

At first he had been a pretty frequent visitor to the house, going there with the chemist. Charles had not appeared overjoyed to see him, and Leon did not quite know what line to take, what with his anxiety not to appear too pushing and his desire to be on such terms as he never really expected to attain.

13

13

The chemist's visits: Evenings with Leon: Dominoes: The birth of romance: Phrenology and cactuses: Emma makes a present.

AS soon as the weather began to turn cold, Emma exchanged her bedroom for the sitting-room. It was a long room with a low ceiling, and on the chimney-piece there was a large piece of branching coral resting against the mirror. She used to pull her easy-chair close up to the window so that she could watch the villagers as they went by on the pavement.

Twice a day Leon passed along from his work to the Lion d'Or . Emma could tell his step a long way off. She leaned forward and listened, and the young man glided past the window-curtain, always dressed the same and always looking straight in front of him. But at dusk, when she had dropped her piece of unfinished embroidery on her lap and was sitting with her chin resting on her left hand, she would often start at the sudden apparition of this gliding shadow, and then she

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would get up and tell the girl to lay the dinner.
Monsieur Homais would often come in while they were eating. Turkish cap in hand, he would enter on tip-toe, so as not to disturb anyone, and always saying the same thing, 'Good-evening, everybody.' Having taken his customary place at the table, between husband and wife, he asked the doctor about his patients, and the doctor consulted him about the sort of fees he ought to charge. Then they began to discuss the news in the paper. Homais, at this hour, would know it almost by heart and retail it in full, together with the editorial comments, recounting every single accident that had occurred in France or out of it. And when that subject was exhausted, he would immediately proceed to comment on the dishes he saw. Sometimes he would half rise from his chair and delicately point out a titbit to Madame, or, turning to the servant, give her some really sound advice about the making of stews and the hygienic values of the various kinds of seasoning. He expatiated on the subject of aromas, osmazomes, juices and gelatines with an eloquence that was positively dazzling. His head being more plentifully stocked with recipes than his shop was with jars, he was an authority on the making of jams, vinegars and cordials, and he was also thoroughly up to date in the various kinds of heating apparatus, knew how to keep cheese in good condition, and all about wine and its ailments.
At eight o'clock Justin would come for him to go over and shut up the shop. And Monsieur Homais would give him a knowing look, especially if Felicite were there, for he had noticed that his pupil was very fond of calling at the doctor's.
'The young dog,' said he, 'is beginning to feel his feet, and hang me if I don't think he's gone on your servant!'
But the young man had a graver fault, and one he had been told about, too. And that was, he was for ever listening. Sundays, for instance, there was no getting him out of the drawing-room. The children would fall asleep, sprawling about in the arm-chairs, and pulling the covers, which were a good deal too big, all out of shape, whereupon Madame would send for Justin to come and take them, and there he would stick.
There was not much of a crowd at the chemist's parties as a rule. His busy tongue and revolutionary ideas had choked off the decent people one after another. But the clerk never failed to put in an appearance. As soon as he heard the door-bell, off he would rush to greet Madame Bovary, take her shawl and stow her overshoes- which she always wore when it was snowing- underneath the counter.
They would open the proceedings with a round or two of trente-et-un . Then Monsieur Homais would have a game of ecarte with Emma. Leon would stand behind her and tell her what to play, noting how the teeth of her comb bit into her chignon. Every time she threw a card on the table, the movement would pull up her dress on the right side. Beneath her upgathered hair a brownish hue descended her back and, growing gradually paler, was finally lost in the shadows.

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Her gown would then fall on both sides of the chair, puffing out, full of folds and spreading out on the carpet. When Leon felt the sole of his boot on it, he stepped aside as though he had trodden on a living thing.

When they were through with the card-playing, the apothecary and the doctor would settle down to a game of dominoes and Emma, changing her place, would sit with her elbow on the table, turning over the pages of an illustrated paper. She had brought her fashion paper with her. Leon sat down beside her, and they looked at the pictures together, waiting for each other at the bottom of the page. Sometimes she would ask him to say some poetry. Leon would recite in lingering tones, letting his voice die softly away when he came to the love passages. But the rattle of the dominoes put him out. Monsieur Homais was a first-rate player. He could give Charles a double-six and beat him. Then, when they had finished their three hundred, they would stretch themselves out in front of the fire and soon drop off to sleep. The fire was burning low, the tea-urn empty, and Leon still read on. Emma listened, mechanically twisting round the lampshade, with its pictures of pierrots in carriages and tight-rope dancers holding their balancing poles. And then Leon would come to a stop, and with a sweep of his hand draw attention to his sleeping audience. And they would lower their voices, and the conversation which followed seemed the sweeter because no one overheard it.

And so a kind of association was established between them, a continual interchange of books and romances. Monsieur Bovary was not a jealous man. It didn't strike him as in any way peculiar.

On his birthday, he had a fine phrenological bust given to him. It was marked all over with figures right down to the thorax, and painted blue. It was a little attention from the clerk. He paid him plenty more besides, and even did his shopping for him in Rouen. And some new novel or other having made cactuses all the rage, Leon bought one for Madame, and brought it home on his knees in the Hirondelle , pricking his fingers on the hard, sharp spikes.

She had a board with a rail in front of it fixed up outside her window to hold her flower-pots. The clerk, too, had his little hanging garden. They could look across and see each other at their respective windows attending to their flowers.

Among the windows in the village there was one that was still more persistently occupied. Of a Sunday, from morning till night, and every afternoon, if the light was good, you could see the profile of Monsieur Binet as he sat at his attic window, bending over his lathe, whose monotonous hum was audible as far as the Lion d'Or .

One night Leon went home and found a mat in his room, a mat worked in wool and velvet with sprays of leaves on a pale ground. He called for Madame Homais to come and see it, and Monsieur Homais, Justin, the children and the cook. He told his employer about it. Everyone wanted to know about this mat. Why should the doctor's wife make presents to the clerk? Queer! She must be his mistress!

He certainly gave that impression, he was so full of her charms

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and her wit. One day Binet, who had had more than enough of it, broke out with a brutal,

'What's all that matter to me? I've got nothing to do with her.'

He cudgelled his brains to think of the best way of declaring himself. He was for ever torn between fear of offending her and shame at his own irresolution, and he wept with desire and despondency. Then suddenly he would make up his mind to act and to act quickly. He wrote letters- and tore them up; fixed a day for the deed- and put it off. Sometimes he started out determined to dare all. But all his courage melted when he found himself face to face with Emma; and when Charles, appearing on the scene, invited him to get up into the trap and drive with him to see some patient or other in the district, he at once accepted and, with a bow to Madame, took his departure. Was not her husband a kind of reflection of herself?

So far as Emma was concerned she did not ask herself whether she was in love. Love, she thought, was something that must come suddenly, with a great display of thunder and lightning, descending on one's life like a tempest from above, turning it topsy-turvy, whirling away one's resolutions like leaves and bearing one onward, heart and soul, towards the abyss. She never bethought herself how on the terrace of a house the rain forms itself into little lakes when the gutters are choked, and she was going on quite unaware of her peril, when all of a sudden she discovered- a crack in the wall!

14

14

Visit to the mill: Charles and Leon:
The draper's treasures: A good housewife:
Berthe comes home: The inaccessible
beloved: Learning to hate.

IT was one snowy Sunday afternoon in February. The whole party- Monsieur and Madame Bovary, Homais and Monsieur Leon- had gone off to inspect a mill that was being put up in the valley about a mile and a half from Yonville. The apothecary had taken Napoleon and Athalie along with him to give them a little exercise, and Justin was there, too, carrying some umbrellas on his shoulder.

Never was there a less interesting object of interest. There was a large piece of waste ground, on which, lying scattered about among heaps of stones and gravel, were a few wheels belonging to the plant, already red with rust, and in the middle of it a long, quadrangular building pierced with a quantity of little windows. The building wasn't finished, and you could see the sky through the rafters of the roof. Hanging from the gable-end was a bouquet of corn and wheatears, with its tricolour streamers flapping in the wind.

Homais was holding forth. He was explaining to the company the future importance of these works, calculating the strength of the beams, the thickness of the walls, and expressing his profound regret that he had not got a yard-stick, such as Monsieur Binet possessed, for his own private use.

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Emma, who had taken his arm, was leaning lightly against his shoulder and looking at the sun's disc diffusing its pale glare through the mist. Then she turned her head. Charles was there. His cap was rammed down over his eyes, and his two thick lips were trembling, which made his face look stupider than ever. The sight of his back even, his unemotional back, had something irritating about it, and all the dull mediocrity of the wearer seemed to be blazoned on that coat.

While she surveyed him, finding in her very irritation a kind of perverted sexual emotionalism, Leon advanced a step. The cold air had made him pale and seemed to have lent an added touch of languor to his features. Between his cravat and his neck the collar of his shirt was gaping a little, showing his skin; beneath a lock of hair the tip of his ear was visible, and his big blue eyes, raised upwards to the clouds, seemed to Emma more limpid and more beautiful than those mountain tarns in which the skies are mirrored.

'Ah, you little wretch!' shouted the chemist all at once, running to his son, who had jumped into a heap of lime so that he might make his boots white. Overwhelmed by this torrent of reproaches Napoleon set up a howl, while Justin wiped his shoes with a handful of straw. But a knife was the thing. Charles offered his.

'Ah!' she said to herself, 'he carries a knife in his pocket, like a yokel.'

The twilight began to fall, frosty and chill, and they made their way back to Yonville.

Madame Bovary did not go over to her neighbours' that evening, and when Charles had departed and she felt she was all alone, the comparison again came before her with all the clearness of a sensation just experienced and with that enlargement of perspective which memory gives to the things we have seen. As she lay in bed gazing at the fire that was blazing away cheerfully, she saw, once more, Leon standing there with one hand on his bending cane and with the other holding Athalie, who was calmly sucking a piece of ice. She thought him charming. She could not banish him from her thoughts. She remembered other attitudes of his on other days, things he had said, the sound of his voice, all about him. And she said over and over again, pouting out her lips as if for a kiss:

'Oh, charming! charming! Surely he is in love?' she asked herself. 'But with whom?... Why, with me!'

And then all the proofs came before her at once. Her heart gave a great leap. The firelight flickered joyously on the ceiling. She turned on her back and stretched out her arms.

Then began the eternal lament. 'Ah, if heaven had only willed it so! And why not? What is there to prevent it?'

It was midnight when Charles got back. She pretended she had just woke up, and, as he made a noise undressing, she complained of having a headache. Then she asked in an off-hand way what sort of an evening it had been.

'Monsieur Leon,' he said, 'went to bed early.'

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She could not help smiling, and as she turned over to go to sleep, her heart was filled with a new enchantment.

Next day, when it was getting dark, she received a visit from Monsieur Lheureux, the draper. A very clever man was Monsieur Lheureux. A Gascon born, he had turned himself into a Norman, and thus combined the southerner's gift of speech with the canniness of the Cauchois. His fat, flabby, beardless face looked as if it had been stained with a weak solution of liquorice, and his white hair emphasized the keenness of his little dark eyes. Nobody knew what he had sprung from. A pedlar, some said; a banker at Routot, said others. Anyhow, this much was certain, he could work out sums in his head that would have made Binet himself sit up. He was deferential to the point of obsequiousness, and always held himself slightly inclined from the perpendicular, as one making a bow or gracefully extending an invitation.

He left his hat with its crepe band in the hall, and then deposited on the table a green cardboard box. He began by telling Madame, with numerous complimentary remarks, how deeply he regretted that he had hitherto failed to secure her patronage. A little shop such as his naturally offered few inducements to a lady of fashion . He dwelt with emphasis on that phrase. Nevertheless, she had but to state her requirements, and he would undertake to supply whatever she needed, whether in haberdashery, underclothing, millinery or general drapery, for he went to town regularly four times a month, and was in touch with all the leading business houses. You could mention his name at the 'Trois Freres', the 'Barbe d'Or' or the 'Grand Sauvage', the gentlemen there all knew him like the insides of their pockets.

Today he had ventured to call on Madame, as he was passing, in order to show her some goods which a most unusual opportunity had enabled him to acquire. So saying he produced half a dozen embroidered collars from his box.

Madame Bovary looked at them.

'I am not in need of anything just now,' she said.

Thereupon Monsieur Lheureux delicately displayed three Algerian scarves, several packets of English needles, a pair of raffia slippers and finally four coconut egg-cups with fretwork carving done by convicts. Then, leaning forward with both hands on the table, and craning out his neck, he watched Emma open-mouthed as she stood irresolute, surveying the varied assortment.

He had unfolded the scarves to their full extent, and as though to chase away a speck of dust, he flicked them from time to time with his finger-nail, whereon they rustled softly and their golden spangles sparkled like little stars in the twilight.

'How much are you asking for them?'

'A mere song,' he answered, 'a mere song. And there's no hurry. Whenever it suits you. There's nothing of the Jew about us.' She pondered a few moments and then again declined.

'Well, well,' said Monsieur Lheureux, without turning a hair, 'we'll

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do some business one of these days. I've always managed to hit it with the ladies, except the one I've got at home.'

Emma smiled.

'What I mean to say is,' he continued genially, after his little joke, 'I don't bother my head about the money. I would lend you a bit, if you wanted it any time.'

'Oh' he went on in a low, rapid voice, as he noticed her gesture of surprise, 'I shouldn't have far to go to find you some, you bet.'

And then he began asking about Old Man Tellier, the landlord of the Cafe Francais, whom Monsieur Bovary was attending.

'What is it he's got, the old fellow? He coughs enough to bring the house down, and I'm very much afraid he'll soon be needing a wooden suit more than a flannel waistcoat. He didn't half go the pace in his young days! Never know how to keep themselves in, people like that. He's drunk so much brandy he's all turned to stone. All the same, no one likes parting with an old acquaintance.'

And all the time he was buckling up his cardboard box he talked about the doctor's patients.

'It's the weather; must be,' said he, screwing up his face and looking at the window, 'that causes all this illness. I'm feeling a bit off colour myself. One of these days I'll have to come and see the doctor about a pain I keep getting in the back. Well, good evening, Madame Bovary. Always pleased to wait on you.' And he went out, closing the door quietly behind him.

Emma had her dinner brought up to her in her bedroom on a tray and ate it by the fireside. She took a long time over it. It seemed good to be alive.

'That was self-denying of me,' she said, thinking of the scarves.

She heard someone coming up the stairs. It was Leon. On the chest of drawers was a pile of dusters waiting to be hemmed. She rose and, picking up the top one, pretended to be very busy.

The conversation flagged. Madame Bovary frequently relapsed into silence, while Leon himself seemed ill at ease. He was seated on a low chair near the fire, and kept turning over the ivory needle-case in his fingers. She plied her needle, pressing down the hem of the cloth from time to time with her nail. She did not speak, and he too held his peace, just as entranced by her silence as he would have been by her words.

'Poor boy!' she sighed to herself.

'What have I done to offend her?' he wondered.

At last, however, Leon remarked that he would have to go to Rouen one of these days, on business.

'Your music subscription has run out,' he added. 'Shall I renew it?'

'No,' she answered.

'Why not?'

'Because...'

And, pursing her lips, she slowly drew a long stitch of grey thread. This needlework put Leon on edge. It seemed to be taking the skin off the tips of Emma's fingers. A little love-making phrase came to

his lips, but he did not risk it.
'Are you giving it up, then?' he asked.
'What?' she asked quickly: 'music? Heavens, yes! Haven't I got the house to manage, my husband to look after and a hundred and one things to see to before thinking of things like music?'
She glanced at the clock. Charles was late. She pretended to be concerned about him. 'He's so kind!' she repeated two or three times.
The clerk liked Monsieur Bovary. But this display of affection rather piqued him. However, he went on sounding his praises, which, he said, were in everybody's mouth, particularly the chemist's.
'What a good fellow he is!' said Emma.
'Rather!' said the clerk.
And he began to talk about Madame Homais, whose 'slummucky' appearance usually furnished them with a subject for laughter.
'Well, what's it matter?' interrupted Emma. 'A woman who looks after her children properly never worries about dress.' After which she was silent again.
The same sort of thing went on for days. Her manner and conversation underwent a complete change. She took a visible interest in the house, started going to church again regularly and kept a tighter hand on her servant.
She took Berthe away from the wet-nurse. Felicite brought her down when anyone came to call, and Madame Bovary undressed her to show what a fine child she was. She declared she adored children. They were such a joy and comfort, and she went mad over them. And as she kissed and hugged the child she launched out into flights of poetry that would have reminded any but Yonville folk of Sachette in Notre-Dame .
When Charles got home he would find his slippers warming by the fire. His waistcoats now were properly lined, the buttons were always on his shirts, and it was really rather a pleasant sight to see all the night-caps in the press arrayed in little separate piles.
She never kicked now when he asked her to take a little turn in the garden. Whatever he proposed she agreed to, though she did not anticipate the wishes to which she so dutifully submitted. And when Leon saw him at the fireside after dinner, with his hands folded over his belly, his feet up on the fender, his cheeks flushed with the process of digestion, his eyes moist with satisfaction, the child crawling about on the carpet, and this elegant woman who would steal up and kiss him over the back of the chair, he would say to himself, 'What a fool I am to imagine I should ever get her to care for me!'
At such times she seemed so virtuous and inaccessible, that every hope, even the faintest, forsook him. And this renunciation gave her a strange status in his eyes. She became dissociated in his eyes from those fleshly attributes which he could not hope to enjoy, and, in his heart, he saw her rising ever higher and higher, freeing herself from earthly trammels, like a soul floating heavenwards in some glorious apotheosis.
It was one of those ethereal desires which do not interfere with our lives, which we cultivate because they are rare, and which if we

lost them would give us more pain than the fulfilment of them would give us pleasure.

Emma lost flesh, grew pale and haggard. With her dark, plaited hair, her large eyes, her straight nose, her bird-like and ever-silent tread, she seemed like one passing through the world without so much as touching it, bearing on her brow the shadowy promise of some glorious and heavenly destiny. She was so sad and so calm, so gentle and, at the same time, so reserved, that you felt a sort of icy charm when you were with her, the kind of shiver that comes over you in a church from the perfume of flowers and the cold of the marble. The others too came under her spell.

'She's a woman of high endowments,' the chemist would remark. 'She could hold her own in a *sous-prefecture*.'

The married women admired her for her good management, the patients for her pleasant manners, the poor for her charity.

But her bosom was a seething cauldron of desire and rage and hatred. That dress of hers, with its plain, straight pleats, concealed a heart that was being riven asunder, and those demure lips never confessed the agony of it. She was in love with Leon, and she loved to get away from people, to be all alone and to dwell upon his image. The sight of him in the flesh marred the delicious sweetness of these meditations. Emma's heart beat high when she heard him coming, and then, when he was there, the excitement subsided, leaving behind it a feeling of immense astonishment which finally fell away into sadness.

Little did Leon know that, when he came away from her, at his wits' end to know what to do, she got up in order to gaze after him in the street. She worried about what he was doing, she tried to get a glimpse of his face, she invented a most elaborate story so as to find a pretext for going up to see his bedroom. She thought the chemist's wife a very lucky woman for being able to sleep under the same roof with him, and her thoughts were for ever settling on that particular house, like the *Lion d'Or* pigeons that came to wet their pink toes and white wings in the gutters there. But the more Emma realized her love, the more she thrust it from her, so that it should not be seen, so that it should fade away. She would have liked Leon to have an idea of it, and she thought of a variety of things, of catastrophic events that might bring this about. What kept her back was doubtless indolence or fear, and, to some extent, a sense of modesty. Next she imagined she had overdone her coolness, that the psychological moment had gone by, and that the whole thing was over. Then the pride, the joy of saying, 'I am a virtuous woman,' of looking at herself in the glass in an attitude of resignation, consoled her a little for the sacrifice she supposed she was making.

So, then, the desires of the flesh, the longing for wealth and the melancholy dreams of passion, were all mingled in one agony of unrest, and instead of directing her thoughts away from these things, she clung to them more and more, fomenting her grief and always seeking occasion to excite it. She would rap out angrily if there was anything

amiss with the food, or if someone went out of the room and didn't shut the door properly. She thought bitterly of the fine velvet she had not got, of the happiness that was not hers, of her lofty ideas, of her exiguous home.

What made it all the harder to bear was that Charles did not seem to have a notion of what she was going through. His taking it for granted that he was making her quite happy seemed to her like a fatuous insult, and his certitude on the point nothing more nor less than a piece of ingratitude. Who was she saving and scraping for, she wanted to know? Wasn't he the greatest stumbling-block, the cause of every ill and, as it were, the galling buckle of that manifold bond that hemmed her in on every side?

Therefore she unloaded upon him all the complex hatred that arose from her various troubles and tribulations, and every effort she made to diminish it, served only to give it greater force, for this unavailing effort was added to other causes of despair and only increased the completeness of the estrangement. Her very submissiveness fired her with thoughts of rebellion. Her humdrum life at home awoke in her all manner of luxurious dreams, and displays of conjugal affection prompted her to adulterous desires. She would have liked Charles to beat her so that she might have a just reason for hating him and seeking vengeance. She was amazed at the hideous ideas that came into her mind; and, through it all, she had to go on smiling, to listen to herself saying she was happy, pretending to be happy and letting others think so.

However, there were times when this hypocrisy made her sick. Sometimes she felt as if she must run away with Leon, no matter whither, but far away, and there begin life over again; but forthwith a kind of yawning chasm would open within her, filled with foreboding shadows.

'Besides, he does not love me any more,' thought she. 'What will become of me? What help is there, what consolation, what relief?' And there she sat, broken, panting, motionless, sobbing under her breath, her face all bathed in tears.

'Why not say something to the doctor about it?' said the servant when she came in and found her like that.

'It's only nerves,' answered Emma. 'Don't say anything about it to him. You would only upset him.'

'Ah, yes,' Felicite went on, 'you're just like old Guerin's daughter, the fisherman at Pollet. I used to know her at Dieppe before I came to you. She was that sad, she was, that when you saw her standing in the door of her house, she somehow looked like a funeral pall hung up at the threshold. She'd got a sort of fog that settled in her head, so the folks said, and the doctors couldn't do nothing with her, nor the cure neither. When she got it bad, she went out all by herself along by the side of the sea, and often enough the coastguard officer, going his rounds, would come across her lying flat on the pebbles crying her eyes out. Then she got married, and after that it all went off, so they say.'

'But in my case,' said Emma, 'it didn't come on till I was married.'

15

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A Spring evening: Emma meets the cure:
Berthe's fall: Charles's portrait: Leon is bored:
Off to Paris: Monsieur Homais's evening call:
An event for Yonville.

ONE evening as she was sitting at the open window looking at Lestiboudois, the beadle, who was cutting the hedge, she heard the Angelus ringing.

It was at the beginning of April, and the primroses were in bloom, a warm wind was blowing over the freshly turned beds, and the gardens, like the women, seemed to be adorning themselves for the high days of summer. Through the lattice-work of the summer-house and out and away beyond, you could see the little river threading its way through the green meadows in little wandering curves. The evening mist loitered, slowly drawn, among the leafless poplars, shading their outlines with a violet paler and more transparent than the frailest gauze entangled in their branches. In the far distance cattle were moving leisurely homeward, but they were too far off for their lowing to be heard, and, all the while, the bell went on ringing, ringing, burdening the wandering airs with its unvarying lament. The reiterated, rhythmic sound sent Emma's thoughts wandering among the memories of her young days, memories of her convent school. She remembered the tall candlesticks on the altar towering above the vases filled with flowers, and the tabernacle with its little columns. And a longing came over her to be back again, to make one in the long line of white veils, broken here and there by the stiff black hoods of the nuns, kneeling with bowed heads at their prie-Dieu. At Mass on Sundays, when she raised her head, she could see, amid the blue-grey clouds of incense, the meek and lovely countenance of the Virgin. Then something knocked at her heart, she felt all yielding and helpless like a downy feather from a bird's breast, eddying in the storm, and, half unconscious of her action, she began to make her way to the church, bent on some act of devotion, no matter what, if only she might drown her spirit therein and so become oblivious of the world about her.

She met Lestiboudois coming back across the Square, for, so as not to finish up his day's work before the time was up, he chose to leave off in the middle and then go on again, so that he rang the Angelus when it suited him. And even if he did ring too soon, what of that? It let the youngsters know when it was time to go in for catechism. Some were there already, playing marbles on the flagstones in the churchyard. Others were sitting straddle-legged on the wall, swinging their legs and scraping away with their clogs at the tall nettles that had sprung up between the little enclosure and the newest graves. It was the only green spot there; all the rest was stones, and perpetually covered with a fine dust, despite the

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sexton's broom. The children scampered about there as on a floor specially made for them, and their shrill laughter pierced through the sound of the bell, which grew softer and softer, as the rope came to a standstill- the big rope that hung down from the tower and trailed its end upon the ground.

Swallows darted to and fro uttering little cries, cleaving the air in their flight, and returning swiftly to their yellow nests beneath the sheltering eaves. At the far end of the church, a lamp was burning, or, more precisely, the wick of a night-light in a hanging glass. Seen from afar, it looked like a whitish stain quivering on the oil. A long beam of sunlight shone right across the nave and deepened the shadows in the aisles and recesses.

'Where is the cure? ' asked Madame Bovary of a small boy who was absorbed in waggling about the turnstile in its worn-out socket.

'He'll be here in a minute,' said the urchin.

And sure enough the presbytery door creaked on its hinges, and the Abbe Bournisien appeared. The children turned and rushed helterskelter into the church.

'Little ragamuffins!' muttered the cure : 'always the same!' And, picking up a torn and battered catechism which he had knocked against with his foot, he exclaimed: 'Irreverent little brats!'

And then, noticing Emma there, he said:

'Excuse me, I didn't see who it was.' He stuffed the catechism in his pocket and stood there, swinging the heavy sacristy key between his fingers.

The light of the setting sun shone full in his face, blanching the lasting of his cassock, all shiny at the elbows and frayed at the bottom. Grease spots and tobacco stains followed the line of the little buttons all down his broad chest, increasing in number as they receded from his neckbands, on which reposed the copious folds of a ruddy chin flecked with little stains half hidden in the stubbly hair of his grizzled beard. He had just had dinner, and his breathing was laboured.

'How are you?' he went on.

'Oh, I feel dreadful!' she replied.

'So do I,' said the cure . 'This sudden heat takes it out of one terribly, doesn't it? Ah, well, there you are! We are born to suffer, as Saint Paul says. But what does Monsieur Bovary think of it?'

'He!' she exclaimed, with a toss of her head.

'What!' said the good man, thoroughly astonished, 'doesn't he give you something for it?'

'Ah!' said Emma, 'it's no earthly remedy I need.'

But the cure kept peering into the church, where all the children were on their knees, pushing each other about with their shoulders and falling over like a house of cards.

'I should like to know-' she began.

'Now then, Riboudet, just you wait a minute!' shouted the cure angrily. 'I'll give you one over the ears, you limb of Satan, you!'

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'He's Boudet the carpenter's boy,' he went on, turning back to Emma; 'his parents are well off and let him do just as he likes. He could learn fast enough, if he would; he's got plenty of brains. And sometimes, for a joke, I call him Riboudet (like the hill you go up when you go to Maromme); and I say, "Mon Riboudet". D'you get me- "Mont Riboudet"? Ha! ha! I told that little joke to the Bishop the other day. And he laughed. He was so nice! Yes, he laughed outright! And how's Monsieur Bovary these days?' She seemed not to hear.

'Always at work, I'm sure. We're the hardest-driven people in the parish, he and I. But he patches bodies and I patch souls. That's the difference!'

'Yes,' she said, 'you bring balm for every ill!'

'Oh, well you may say so, Madame Bovary. This very morning they had me out to go over to Bas-Diauville to see a sick cow- all blown out with wind she was. They thought someone had put the Evil Eye on her. I can't make it out; all their cows are like that. But, just a moment! Longuemarre and Boudet, there! My word, I'll give you what for!' At a single bound he was in the church.

The urchins were all crowding round the pulpit, climbing on the cantor's stool, turning over the leaves of the missal. Others, stealing along with noiseless, wary tread, were just about to venture into the confessional box. But before you could say 'knife', the cure was upon them, distributing cuffs right and left. Taking hold of them by the coat collar, he held them aloft, and then deposited them on their two knees on the stone floor of the choir, ramming them well down as if he wanted to plant them there.

'Ah, yes,' he said, when he had come back to Emma, unfolding his large cotton handkerchief, putting one corner of it between his teeth, 'the farmers are having a bad time of it.'

'Not only the farmers,' answered Emma.

'Ah, no, you're right! The workers in the towns, for example.'

'It's not them I-'

'Pardon me. I've known mothers with a family of little children- good women, I assure you, real saints- who hadn't even got bread to put in their mouths.'

'But what about those,' answered Emma, and the corners of her mouth quivered- 'those, Monsieur le Cure, who have got bread, but not-'

'Any fire to warm them in winter,' said the cure.

'Well, what matter?'

'How do you mean, what matter? It seems to me that when you've got food to eat and a fire to sit by... for after all-'

'Oh dear! oh dear!' she sighed.

'Are you feeling queer?' he asked, in an anxious tone. 'Something must have disagreed. You must get back home, Madame Bovary, and drink some hot tea. That'll put you right. Or else a glass of cold water with a little moist sugar in it.'

'Why?'

And she looked like one awakening from a dream.

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'You put your hand up to your forehead. I thought you had an attack of giddiness.'

Then he remembered and said,

'But there was something you were asking me. What was it now? I can't remember.'

'I? Oh, no, nothing- nothing,' repeated Emma.

And as she looked around her, her gaze slowly fell on the old man in the cassock. They stood and looked at each other face to face, without speaking.

'Well, then, Madame Bovary,' he said at last, 'you must please excuse me. Duty first, you know. I must look after these brats of mine. We shall have our first communions here before we know where we are. I'm half afraid we shall be caught napping again. So from Ascension-tide onwards I've been keeping them at it an hour longer every Wednesday. Poor children! it is never too soon to set them in the way of the Lord, as indeed He bade us do by the mouth of His Divine Son.... Wish you well, Madame. My respects to the doctor.'

So saying, he turned to enter the church, genuflecting as soon as he reached the door.

Emma watched him disappear between the two rows of seats, stumping along, with his head a little bent over his shoulder, holding his two hands half-open, palms outwards.

Then she turned on her heel, all of a piece, as if she had been a statue on a pivot, and bent her steps homewards. But the loud voice of the cure, the shrill treble of the urchins, still reached her ears and followed her as she went:

'Are you a Christian?'

'Yes, I am a Christian.'

'What is a Christian?'

'A Christian is one who, having been baptized... baptized... baptized-'

She went upstairs clinging on to the banisters, and as soon as she was in her room she sank into a chair.

The pallid light that filtered through the window faded softly away with little shadowy undulations. The various pieces of furniture in their places seemed to become more motionless and to be lost in the gloom as though on a darkling ocean. The fire had gone out, but the clock went on ticking, and Emma vaguely wondered how all these things could be so still when her own heart was so full of turmoil. Between the windows and the work-table little Berthe was toddling about in her knitted shoes and trying to get to her mother, in order that she might catch hold of the ends of her apron-strings.

'Leave me alone,' said Emma, pushing her away.

The little one was soon back again, close up to her knees, and, leaning her arms on them, she lifted up her big blue eyes, while a trickle of saliva dropped from her mouth on the silken apron.

'Leave me alone,' said her mother, who had quite lost her temper. Her look made the child frightened, and it began to cry. 'Leave me alone, will you?' she repeated, and she gave her a push with her

elbow.

Berthe fell down by the chest of drawers, striking her head against one of the brass handles. She cut her cheek, and blood began to flow. Madame Bovary rushed over to pick her up, broke the bell-pull, shouted with all her might for the servant to come, and was beginning to curse herself for a wicked woman, when Charles appeared on the scene. It was dinner-time and he had done for the day.

'Oh, look, dear,' said Emma, quite calmly. 'The little one was playing about and has just fallen down and hurt herself!'

Charles set her mind at rest: it was nothing serious, and he went to fetch some sticking plaster.

Madame Bovary did not go downstairs to the dining-room; she wanted to be alone, taking care of the child. And then, as she watched her sleeping, whatever remnants of anxiety she had gradually disappeared, and she thought it had been very foolish and very tender-hearted of her to have been in such a state just now for so trifling a matter. Berthe's sobs had ceased, and she was breathing so quietly that the cotton bed-cover scarcely moved. Big tears glistened at the corners of her half-closed eyes, and through her lashes were visible two pale, sunken pupils. The plaster on her cheek drew the skin awry.

'Strange,' thought Emma, 'how ugly the child is!' It was eleven when Charles came back from the chemist's (he had gone over after dinner to put back what was left of the sticking plaster). He found his wife standing by the cot.

'Come, now! I assure you it's nothing,' he said, kissing her on the forehead. 'Don't worry so, my poor darling, you'll make yourself ill.'

He had stayed a long time at the apothecary's. Although he had not appeared very greatly upset, Monsieur Homais had done his utmost to reassure him, 'to cheer him up'. They discussed the various dangers that children run, and the carelessness of servants. Madame Homais knew something about that, for the cook upset a bowl of soup all down her pinafore once when she was a little girl, and she bore the marks of it on her chest to this day. And so her good parents were tremendously careful of her. Never any edge on the knives, or wax on the floors. There were gratings to all the windows and stout bars across the fireplaces. The little Homais children, though they had plenty of spirit, could not budge without someone behind them to look after them. At the slightest signs of a cold their father would stuff them with cough lozenges, and, till they were turned four, they all had to wear wadding inside their caps. True, that was a special fad of Madame Homais. In his own mind, her husband was rather worried about it, for fear the intellectual organs should suffer from such rigid compression. And once he let himself go so far as to say,

'Do you want to make Caribs or Botocudos of them?'

Charles had made several attempts to interrupt his discourse.

'I want to have a word with you,' he whispered in the clerk's ear.

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And Leon rose to lead the way upstairs.
'I wonder if he suspects anything?' he said to himself. His heart began to thump and he couldn't make out what to think.

At length, Charles, having shut the door behind him, asked him to make inquiries in Rouen concerning the price one would have to pay for a really first-rate daguerreotype. It was a surprise he had in store for his wife. A little bit of sentimentalism, a portrait of himself in dress clothes. But first of all he wanted to know how he stood as regards expense. All this wouldn't be much trouble, he hoped, for Monsieur Leon, seeing that he had to go into Rouen almost every week.

And what *did* he go for? Ah! Homais had a strong notion that he had an affair, that there was a woman in the case. But he was wrong. Leon had nothing like that on his hands. He seemed more melancholy than ever. Madame Lefrancois could see that well enough from the quantity of food he left on his plate. She wanted to get at the root of the matter, and spoke to the tax-collector about it. Binet glared at her and grunted out that he 'wasn't a paid detective'.

All the same he couldn't quite make his companion out, for Leon would often fling himself back in his chair, stretch out his arms and complain vaguely about life and the world in general.

'You don't get enough amusement, that's what's the matter with you,' affirmed the tax-collector.

'How do you mean?'

'If I were you I should get a lathe.'

'What's the good? I couldn't use it.'

'Hum! Yes, that's true,' said the other, stroking his chin with a gratified air of superiority.

Leon was tired of playing 'Love's Labour's Lost'. He was beginning to feel the sort of depression that comes over you when you go on doing the same things day after day, when you have no interest to carry you along and no sort of change to look forward to. He was so sick of Yonville and its inhabitants that the mere sight of certain people and certain houses irritated him beyond endurance. The chemist, too, meant well, no doubt, but he simply couldn't stand him. Nevertheless, the prospect of a new order of things scared him as much as it charmed him.

The more he thought about it all, the more impatient he became. Paris, in his inward ear, sounded a sort of trumpet call, with her masked balls and laughing *grisettes*. Since he had to go there for his final, why not go now? What was to prevent him? And he began to cogitate on the preparations he would have to make. He thought out all his occupations in advance. He furnished his rooms in imagination. He would live the life of an artist. He would take lessons on the guitar. He would have a dressing-gown, a beret, blue velvet slippers. And he was already gazing in admiration at an imaginary pair of foils hung up over his chimney-piece, with a skull and the guitar above them.

The great difficulty would be to get his mother to agree. And yet the idea seemed perfectly sound. His own employer had been urging

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him to take up work in another office and so enlarge his experience. So Leon compromised, and looked out for an assistant's post in Rouen. Meeting with no success, he ended by writing a long and detailed letter to his mother in which he explained why he thought it would be a good thing for him to go and live in Paris right away. She gave her consent.

He did not hurry himself. Every day, for a whole month, Hivert carted boxes, trunks and parcels for him from Yonville to Rouen and from Rouen back to Yonville; and when Leon had replenished his wardrobe, had his three easy-chairs restuffed, purchased a stock of foulards- in short, made enough preparations and more than enough for a voyage round the world, he kept putting things off from week to week, until he got another letter from his mother urging him to make a start, seeing that he wanted to get through his examination before the recess.

When the time came to say good-bye, Madame Homais burst out crying; Justin sobbed; Homais, the strong man, dissembled his emotion. He insisted on carrying his friend's overcoat right into the notary's office, for the notary was driving Leon to Rouen in his own carriage. There was barely time for Leon to say good-bye to Monsieur Bovary. When he got to the top of the stairs, he stopped short, he felt so out of breath. As he went in Madame Bovary rose quickly.

'Here I am again!' said Leon.

'I knew you would come!'

She bit her lip hard, and a rush of blood beneath her skin made her flush from the roots of her hair to the edge of her collar. She remained standing, leaning her shoulder against the panelling.

'The doctor not in?' he said.

'No, he's gone out.'

And she repeated,

'He's gone out.'

Then there was silence. They looked at each other, and their thoughts, mingling in the same anguish of mind, clung closely to one another like two throbbing bosoms.

'I should so like to kiss Berthe,' he said.

Emma went down a few stairs and called out to Felicite.

He gave a long look round- at the walls, the shelves, the chimney-piece- as though to take it all in, to carry the memory of it away with him.

Emma returned, and the servant came in with Berthe, who was carrying a toy windmill upside down, pulling a string to make the sails go round.

Leon kissed her several times on the neck.

'Good-bye, my poor darling; good-bye, my pet; good-bye.' And he gave her back to her mother.

'Take her away,' said she.

And now they were alone.

Madame Bovary had her back to him, her face resting against a window-pane. Leon was holding his cap in his hand and beating it

gently against his thigh.
'It's going to rain,' said Emma.
'I've got a cape,' he answered.
'Ah!'
She turned away, her chin down and her brow well forward. The light shone on it as on a piece of marble, down to the curve of the eyebrows. But none could have told what Emma was looking at on the horizon, or what thoughts she was harbouring deep down within her.
'Ah, well! good-bye, then,' he sighed.
She raised her head with a swift, sudden movement.
'Yes, good-bye.... Oh, go!'
They advanced towards each other. He held out his hand. She hesitated. ' A l'anglaise , then!' she said, flinging her hand in his and laughing a forced laugh.
Leon felt it between his fingers, and the very substance of his being seemed to him to descend into that little moist palm.
Then he released her hand. Their eyes met again, and he was gone.
When he came to the market-house he stopped and hid behind one of the pillars in order to give a last look at that white house with its four green shutters. He thought he saw a shadow in the room behind the window, but the curtain coming unhitched as though no one were looking after it, slowly shook its long, oblique folds, blew out wide and then fell back again, remaining as straight and motionless as a plaster wall. Leon set off at full speed.
He saw his employer's gig some way up the road, and alongside it a man in a workman's apron, who was holding the horse. Homais and Monsieur Guillaumin were chatting together, waiting for him.
'One more shake of the hand,' said the apothecary, with tears in his eyes. 'Here's your coat, old man. Mind you don't catch cold. Take care of yourself. Don't overdo it.'
'Come on, Leon, up you get!' said the notary.
Homais put his hand on the splashboard, and in a voice choked with sobs uttered these two sad words:
'Good-bye.'
'Good-night,' answered Monsieur Guillaumin. 'All right, let go!'
They were off, and Homais went back home.
Madame Bovary had opened her window, which looked on to the garden, and was gazing at the clouds. They were piling up in the west, away towards Rouen, and quickly rolling up their dark folds, in the rear of which projected long rays of sunlight like the golden arrows of a suspended trophy, while all the rest of the vacant heavens were as white as a piece of china. But a gust of wind swept by and bowed the poplars, and all of a sudden the rain came down, pattering on the green leaves. Then the sun came out again, the hens clucked, the sparrows fluttered their wings in the wet shrubs, and the pools of water on the gravel bore on their surface as they streamed away the pink blossoms of an acacia.
'He must be a long way off by this time!' thought she.
Monsieur Homais dropped in as usual at half-past six, while they

were having dinner.
'Ah well!' said he as he sat himself down, 'so we've seen the last of our young friend?'
'Seems like it,' answered the doctor, and then, turning round in his chair, he added,
'And what's the news with you?'
'Oh, nothing much. Only my wife was a little upset this afternoon. You know what women are: it doesn't take much to put them out- my wife especially. And it would be a mistake to go on at them about it; their nervous system is much more easily disturbed than ours.'
'Poor Leon!' said Charles. 'I wonder how he'll get on in Paris. Will he get used to the life?'
Madame Bovary sighed.
'What do you think!' rejoined the chemist. 'Nice little dinners in town, masked balls, champagne! He'll have the time of his life, I'll warrant.'
'I don't believe he'll go off the lines,' protested Monsieur Bovary.
'No more do I,' answered Homais quickly, 'although he'll have to do like the others for fear of being taken for a Jesuit. And you haven't an idea how those bright lads of the Quartier Latin carry on with their actress friends. But I can tell you, the students are thought a lot of in Paris. Provided they've got the least bit of social attractiveness about them, they can go anywhere, and even the ladies of the Faubourg Saint Germain sometimes lose their hearts to them, and that often means that, later on, they have a chance of making an extraordinarily good match.'
'Yes,' said the doctor; 'but in his case, up there, I'm half afraid-'
'You're right,' interrupted the apothecary. 'There's the reverse of the medal. And then you're always obliged to be clapping your hand on your pocket. For instance, suppose you're in the park. Up comes someone, quite well dressed, wearing a decoration, perhaps- someone you might take for a diplomat. You start talking. He makes himself agreeable, offers you a pinch of snuff, or picks up your hat for you. And so you get quite friendly. He lugs you off to a cafe, invites you down to his place in the country, and, when you've had a drop too much, introduces you to all kinds of people, and as often as not he's got his eye on your purse or is trying to put you on the downward track.'
'That's right enough,' assented Charles; 'but I was thinking more especially of the diseases you might get- typhoid, for example, to which students from the country are particularly liable.' Emma gave a shudder.
'That's owing to the change of diet,' continued the chemist, 'and the disturbance to the system which results therefrom. And then, the Paris water, don't forget that! And the rich, spiced food you get in the restaurants overheats the blood and doesn't, after all, come up to a good pot-au-feu . Personally, myself I've always liked home cooking best. It's more wholesome. And so when I was reading up chemistry at

Rouen, I lived in a boarding-house and had all my meals there. I used to feed with the professors.'

And so he went on, expounding his views on things in general and telling them all about his personal likes and dislikes, until Justin came to fetch him home to make up a mulled egg that someone wanted in a hurry.

'Never a moment to myself!' he exclaimed, 'always at the grindstone. I can't go out for a single minute. Always at it from morning till night. Might as well be a cart-horse. What a life!'

When he reached the door he added,

'By the way, heard the news?'

'What news?'

'Why, it's very probable,' said Homais, raising his eyebrows and putting on an air of tremendous importance, 'that the Seine-Inferieure Agricultural Society will hold their show at Yonville l'Abbaye this year. Anyhow, that's the rumour. There was some hint of it in this morning's paper. It would be no end of a good thing for the district. However, we'll discuss it further later on. No, I can see all right, thanks; Justin's got the lantern.'

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Memories of Leon: Strange whims: No more novels:
Market day: Enter M. Boulanger: Bleeding a Peasant:
Justin faints: Rodolphe contemplates a
change: Plans for acquaintance.

THE next day, for Emma, was like a funeral. Everything seemed to be wrapped in a sort of black atmosphere which floated confusedly about the exterior of things, and grief plunged into the deep places of her soul, making soft moan, like the wintry wind in some deserted chateau. She was dreaming the dreams that come to one when one has bade farewell to something that will never return, the lassitude that comes over one when something is finally over and done with- the pain, in a word, which accompanies the interruption of a habit, the sudden cessation of a prolonged vibration.

Just as when she came back from la Vaubyessard and the dance-tunes were thrumming in her head, so now she felt the same sort of dismal melancholy, of dull despair. Leon came back to her, taller, handsomer, more persuasive and more vague; though he was separated from her, he had not left her. He was there, and the walls of the house seemed to retain his shadow. She could not keep her eyes from the carpet on which he had walked, from the chairs on which he had sat. The river still flowed on, and its little wavelets softly lapped at the slippery edge. Many and many a time had they walked together there and listened to the murmur of the water foaming over the pebbles. Ah, what beautiful sunny days had been theirs, what good afternoons, all by themselves, in the shade, at the bottom of the garden! He would read aloud, sitting there, without a hat, on a bundle of faggots. The wind, blowing in cool from the meadows, fluttered the leaves of the book and

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the nasturtiums of the arbour. And now he was gone; the sole charm of her life, the only source from which she might have hoped to win a little happiness. Why had she not taken the chance when it was offered her? Why hadn't she held him back with both hands, begged and prayed to him on her knees, when he tried to fly away? She cursed herself for not giving her love to Leon; she was thirsty for his lips. A longing came over her to fly after him and join him, to fling herself into his arms and say, 'I have come, I am yours!' But Emma was afraid of all the difficulties in the way, she longed and dared not, and so her longing did but grow the more intense.

Henceforth the memory of Leon became, as it were, the centre, the focus of her sorrow. It glowed and sparkled amid the surrounding gloom more brightly than a derelict fire, left by travellers journeying across some Russian steppe to burn itself out in the snow. She hurried towards it, she crouched down beside it, she stirred most carefully its fading embers, she cast about her for anything and everything that might make them burn the brighter, and her most faint and far-off memories, as well as the things that happened today or yesterday, things imagined and things felt, her dreams of love that melted into air, her hopes of happiness that snapped like dead branches in the wind, her barren virtue, her fallen hopes, the daily domestic round-she gathered them all together and made of them the wherewithal to feed the embers of her melancholy.

However, the fires died down, perhaps because the fuel was exhausted or because too much was piled upon them. Little by little, absence chilled the flame of love, the pangs of regret were dulled by habit. The glare of the conflagration that had incarnadined her pallid sky was obscured by shadows, and gradually disappeared. So vague and dreamy were her impressions that she mistook her detestation of her husband for longing for her lover, the fires of hate for the warmth of love; but since the storm ceased not to rage and passion burnt to the socket, since no succour came nor any ray of light appeared, she was left groping her way helplessly in the chill of unbroken night.

And then the unhappy days of Tostes began all over again. She deemed herself far more unfortunate now, for she had had experience of grief, and she knew that it was endless.

A woman who had made such a sacrifice as she had was justly entitled to indulge her whims and caprices. She bought herself a Gothic prie-Dieu, and, in a single month, she purchased fourteen francs' worth of lemons to clean her nails. She wrote to Rouen and ordered a blue cashmere dress, and she bought from Lheureux the finest scarf he had in his shop. She tied it round her waist, outside her dressing-gown, and thus attired she would lie by the hour stretched out on the sofa with the blinds closed and a book in her hand. She was for ever dressing her hair differently; she did it a la Chinoise , she waved it, she plaited it, she parted it at the side and wore it like a man.

She decided she would learn Italian, and bought dictionaries, a grammar and a stock of paper. She took up really serious reading-

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history and philosophy. Sometimes, of a night, Charles would wake up with a start, fancying someone had come for him.

'All right, I'm coming,' he would mumble.

It was only Emma striking a match to relight the lamp. But reading or needlework- it was all the same. The needlework was tossed half finished into the cupboard, and she would take up one book after another only to cast it aside.

Sometimes she got into states of mind when you could have made her do anything. One day she would have it that she could drink off half a tumbler of neat brandy, and as Charles was stupid enough to say she couldn't, she drained it to the last drop.

For all her flighty ways (that was what the respectable married women of Yonville called them) Emma did not seem very happy. She always had that little drawn look at the corners of the mouth which you see in old maids and people who have failed in their ambitions. She was pale all over, white as a sheet. The skin was drawn tight over her nose. She had a vague look in the eyes. And because she discovered three grey hairs on her temples, she talked about being an old woman.

She had frequent attacks of faintness. One day she spat a little blood. Charles rushed over to her, looking terribly concerned.

'Bah!' she said, 'what does it matter?' Charles went and shut himself in the surgery and wept with his two elbows on the table, seated in his desk-chair beneath the phrenological bust.

Then he wrote off to his mother asking her to come, and the pair of them had long talks together about Emma.

What was to be done? What could they do, since she refused to submit to treatment?

'Do you know what your wife really wants?' said Madame Bovary. 'She wants work, something to keep her employed, whether she likes it or not; plenty of household work. If she had to earn her bread as so many others have to do, she'd never suffer from all these vapours. It all comes from these ideas she's stuffed her head with, it all comes of not having work to do.'

'Yet she's always doing something,' said Charles.

'Doing something! Doing what, I should like to know? Reading rubbishy novels, good-for-nothing books, books that make light of religion and mock at the priests, with pieces quoted from Voltaire. But that kind of thing tells in the long run, my poor dear, and anyone without religion is bound to come to grief sooner or later.' So they decided not to let Emma read any more novels. It wasn't so easy as it looked. The old lady said she would see to it. The next time she went to Rouen she would go to the Library and tell the man there that Emma was giving up her subscription. Would she not have the right to put the police on him, if he still persisted in carrying on his poisonous work?

The good-byes of Emma and her mother-in-law were anything but cordial. During the whole of the three weeks they had been together they hadn't spoken to each other four times, except to utter the usual formulas when they met at table and said good-night at bedtime.

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Madame Bovary, senior, left on a Wednesday, which was market day at Yonville.

From early morning the square had been lumbered up with carts turned up on end with their shafts in the air, stood along in front of the houses from the church all the way to the inn. Over on the other side, there were canvas booths where all sorts of cotton goods, counterpanes, woollen stockings, halters for horses and rolls of blue ribbon with the ends fluttering in the wind were exposed for sale. The heavy ironmongery was spread out on the ground, between pyramids of eggs and bannets of cheese with bits of greasy straw sticking out from them. Near the reaping-machines there were a number of hens imprisoned in flat cages, making a great noise and thrusting their heads through the bars. The people, all bunched up at one spot, did not seem inclined to move, and it sometimes looked as if they would go through the chemist's shop-front. Wednesdays the shop never emptied. Folk crowded into it, not so much to buy medicine, as to get advice, for Monsieur Homais was a well-known man in all the villages for miles around. His geniality and bounce made a great impression on the country folk. They thought he knew more about doctoring than all the doctors put together. Emma was seated at her window (she often sat there, because in the country the window takes the place of the theatre and the promenade), and she was amusing herself by looking at the crowd of rustics, when her eye lighted upon a gentleman in a green velvet coat. He was wearing yellow gloves, which contrasted rather incongruously with a pair of stout leather gaiters. He was making his way towards the doctor's house, followed by a rustic walking along with bowed head and looking very thoughtful.

'Can I see the doctor?' he inquired of Justin, who was on the doorstep gossiping with Felicite. He took him for one of the servants and added,

'Tell him Monsieur Rodolphe Boulanger of la Huchette is here.' It was from no desire to impress, that the visitor added the territorial description to his name. He did so merely to make it quite clear who he was. La Huchette was an estate near Yonville, and he had just bought the mansion, together with a couple of farms, which he was farming himself, taking things pretty easily, it should be added. He lived a bachelor's life, and was said to have a good twelve hundred a year.

Charles came into the room, and Monsieur Boulanger presented his man, who said he wanted to be bled because he felt as if he had a lot of ants running all over him.

'That'll give me a good clear out!' he said when they tried to dissuade him.

So Bovary told them to bring him a bandage and a basin and asked Justin to hold it. 'Don't be afraid,' said he, turning to the yokel, who had gone as white as a sheet.

'Not me, sir!' he replied. 'Carry on.'

And he stuck out a great arm, with a 'do-your-damnedest' sort of air. Charles pricked him with a lancet, and out shot the blood right

over on to the mirror.

'Hold the basin nearer,' cried Charles.

'Gosh!' said the man, 'you'd think it was a little fountain. My blood's red enough, conscience! You'd say that were a good sign now, wouldn't ye?'

'Sometimes they feel nothing to start with. Then faintness sets in, especially with big strong people like this man here,' said Charles.

Hearing this the man let go the lancet case that he was twiddling in his fingers. He gave a sudden jerk with his shoulders and snapped the back of the chair. Down fell his hat.

'I thought as much,' said Bovary, putting his finger on the vein. The basin was beginning to wobble in Justin's hands. His knees were quaking, and he was looking like a ghost.

'Emma! quick! I want you!' shouted Charles.

She was down the stairs in a flash.

'Get me some vinegar,' he said. 'Good Lord, two of them at once!' He was so excited he could hardly put on the compress.

'It's nothing at all,' said Monsieur Boulanger calmly, as he took Justin in his arms. And he rigged him up on the table with his back against the wall.

Madame Bovary began loosening his collar and tie. His shirt strings had got into a knot, and for some minutes her fingers were busy about the young man's neck. Then she poured out some vinegar on her handkerchief, and dabbed it on his forehead, blowing upon it delicately.

The man came round, but Justin was still unconscious, and his pupils looked as if they were sinking down into the whites, like blue flowers drowning in milk.

'We mustn't let him see that,' said Charles.

Madame Bovary took hold of the basin. She stooped down to put it under the table, and as she did so her dress (it had four flounces to it and was made of some yellow stuff, long in the waist and full in the skirt) spread out on the floor. And as Emma, bending down, swayed a little as she stretched out her arm, the stuff clung to her here and there, following the undulations of her bosom. Then she went to fetch a jug of water, and was dissolving some pieces of sugar, when the chemist arrived on the scene. The servant had run over to fetch him when the excitement was on. Seeing his pupil with his eyes open, he breathed again. Then he walked round him, surveying him from top to toe.

'Duffer,' he said- 'silly little duffer, complete and utter duffer, if ever there was one! What is there to be scared at in a little drop of blood? And a fellow that's not afraid of anything, too! Why, he'll swarm up a tree like a squirrel, terrific heights that make you feel sick to think of them, just to shake down a few nuts. Ah, yes, speak up, brag away! Nice sort of chemist you'll make one of these days! Why, you might be called up as a witness, and have to give evidence in some matter of life and death. And it would never do to

lose your head then; you've got to keep cool, bring out your arguments clearly and sharply, show them that you're a man, or else let them write you down a fool.' Justin made no answer, and the apothecary went on.

'Who asked you to come? You're always pestering Monsieur and Madame. And Wednesdays of all days you ought to know I want you in the shop. There's a score of people over there now, and I've left them all because of you. Come on, over you go! Hurry up, and keep an eye on the drugs; I'll be there in a minute.'

When Justin, who was putting himself ship-shape, had taken his departure, they began to talk about fainting attacks. Madame Bovary said she had never gone right off.

'That's exceptional for a woman,' observed Monsieur Boulanger. 'But there are some sensitive people about. I saw one of the witnesses at a duel faint dead away at the mere sound of the pistols being loaded.'

'I don't mind in the least seeing other people's blood, but the thought of losing any of my own would make me feel quite queer, if I thought about it too much,' said the apothecary.

At this point Monsieur Boulanger sent off his man, telling him he ought to be all right now that his whim had been satisfied.

'Anyhow, it's given me the pleasure of your acquaintance,' he added, looking at Emma as he spoke.

He put down three francs on the corner of the table, bowed in rather an off-hand manner, and departed.

He was soon on the other side of the river (his road back to La Huchette lay that way). Emma saw him in the meadows, walking along under the poplars, slowing up every now and again, like a man thinking hard about something.

'Pretty little woman, this doctor's wife- very pretty indeed! Lovely teeth, dark eyes, neat foot. Why, she might be a Parisian. Where the deuce does she hail from, and where did our heavy friend pick her up?'

Monsieur Rodolphe Boulanger was a man of thirty-four, hard-hearted but shrewd. He had had plenty of experience with women, and knew how to tackle them. This latest one had rather taken his fancy, and his thoughts were running on her and her husband.

'He looks a dull dog to me. She's no doubt sick of him. He's got dirty nails and three days' beard. While he's out on his rounds, she sits at home darning socks. And she's sick to death of it, wants to live in town and go to a dance every night. Poor little woman! She's simply gasping for love, like a carp on a kitchen table gasping for water. A word or two about love and she'd be at your feet, that's a certainty. She'd be a delicious little piece of goods- absolutely charming! But shunting her afterwards, that's where the trouble would come in.'

And as he began to think about the scheming and all the bothers that love-making involves, his thoughts reverted by contrast to his mistress, an actress at Rouen. The mere recollection, the mental image of her, gave him a feeling of satiety.

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'Ah, Madame Bovary,' thought he, 'is ever so much prettier than she is. So much fresher! There's no doubt about it, Virginia is putting on flesh. And she's such a nuisance with her likes and dislikes. What a mania the woman's got for shrimps!'

The countryside was deserted, there was no one about, and the only sound Rodolphe heard was the rhythmical swish of the grass brushing against his boots and the cry of the grasshoppers in the distance among the oats. Once more he saw Emma in the room dressed as he had seen her, and he proceeded to undress her.

'Oh, I'll have her!' he cried, lashing out at a clod of earth with his stick.

And forthwith he began to examine the possibilities of the situation.

Where was he going to meet her, and how? She would always be carting the child about, and there would be the servant, the neighbours, the husband and all kinds of nuisances. Bah! it would be too much waste of time.

Then he began all over again.

'But, by Jove, she's got eyes that go right through you! And that pallor of hers! I simply adore pale women.'

By the time he had reached the top of the hill his mind was made up.

'It's only a matter of making an opportunity. I'll call there some time, send them along some game or poultry. I'll have myself bled if necessary. We'll become friends. I'll ask them to my place. Why, by Jove! of course, there's the Agricultural Show before very long. She's bound to be there. I shall see her. We'll start then, and no beating about the bush. It's the best way.'

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The Agricultural Show: Monsieur Homais expounds: Emma and Rodolphe again: Duty and passion: The Counsellor's speech: Emma's memories: The prizegiving: The feast and the fireworks: Homais, reporter.

WELL, it came at last, the famous Agricultural Show. On the morning of the great day the inhabitants were all out on their doorsteps discussing the arrangements.

The front of the Town Hall had been festooned with ivy. In a field, a marquee had been put up for the luncheon, and in the middle of the Square, opposite the church, a maroon was to signal the arrival of the Prefect and salute the names of the successful competitors. The Buchy contingent of the National Guard (there was none at Yonville) had come over to join forces with the Fire Brigade, of which Binet was captain. On this occasion he was wearing an even higher collar than usual, and, imprisoned in his tunic as in a strait-jacket, his upper part was so rigid and motionless that the whole of his vital energy seemed to have descended into his two legs, which rose and fell in rhythmic cadence, with the precision of clockwork. There was much rivalry between the tax-collector and the Colonel, and to bring out

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the respective merits of their men, each of them manoeuvred his troop separately. Red epaulettes and black shoulder-straps passed and repassed alternately. It was never ending. You thought they had done at last when, lo and behold, they began all over again. Never before had there been such a display of pomp. Many of the townspeople had washed the outside of their houses overnight. Tricolour flags hung out through the half-open windows, and all the inns were packed to overflowing. In the glare of the dazzling sunlight, the starched caps, the gold crosses and coloured kerchiefs gleamed brighter than snow, and relieved, with their ever-shifting splashes of motley colour, the darker monotony of coats and smocks. As they dismounted from their horses, the farmers' wives took out the big pins with which they had gathered up the skirts of their dresses to keep them from getting dirty. Their husbands, however, to save their hats, kept their pocket-handkerchiefs around them, holding one corner between their teeth.

The crowd poured into the High Street from both ends of the village. They came surging in out of lanes and byways and houses, and every now and again a door-knocker would bang as a woman in cotton gloves hurried out to see the sights, and slammed the door behind her.

But what excited the greatest admiration were two tall poles covered with tiny lanterns, flanking a dais on which the big-wigs were to sit. But besides this, against each of the four columns of the Town Hall, were four masts, as they might be called, each bearing a little shield of green canvas embellished with legends in gold lettering. One was inscribed 'To Commerce', another 'To Agriculture', a third 'To Industry', and the fourth 'To the Fine Arts'.

But the jubilation that brightened all countenances seemed to cast a shadow of gloom over the visage of Madame Lefrancois, the landlady of the Lion d'Or .

She stood glowering on her doorstep and muttering under her breath.

'What dunderheads!' she growled. 'What a parcel of dolts, with their dreary old canvas shed! Do they think the Prefect'll want to go and have his dinner in there, under a tent, like any mountebank? That's the sort of bunkum they call "pushing local interests". What did they want to go and get a man from Neufchatel to do the catering for then, if they think so much about local interests? And who's going to feed off the stuff, I should like to know? A parcel of farm louts and ragamuffins without any shoes to their feet

The apothecary passed by. He was wearing a black coat, nankeen trousers, beaver shoes and, as if wonders would never cease, a hat- a low-crowned hat!

'Your servant,' said he. 'Excuse me if I hurry along.'

And as the fat widow betrayed a desire to know where he was bound for, he added,

'It seems funny to you to see me out and about, doesn't it, seeing I'm always shut up in my laboratory like the old fellow's rat in his bit of cheese?'

'What cheese?' asked the landlady.

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'Oh, nothing, nothing at all! I merely wanted to convey in a manner of speaking that I am more or less always boxed up at home. But today- well, today's an exception. One's bound-'

'Oh, you're going along there?' she said, in a contemptuous tone.

'Yes, of course I'm going. Don't you know I'm on the advisory committee?'

Mere Lefrancois surveyed him in silence for a few moments, and then said, with a smile,

'Oh, I see! But what's agriculture got to do with you? Do you know anything about it?'

'Certainly I do, because I am a pharmacist- that is to say, a chemist- and chemistry, Madame Lefrancois, being concerned with the reciprocal and molecular action of every natural body, it follows that agriculture is included in its domain, and, indeed, the composition of manures, the fermentation of liquids, the analysis of gases and the influence of miasmata- what, I put it to you, is all this, but chemistry pure and simple?'

The landlady made no answer, and Homais went on,

'Do you imagine that in order to know anything about agriculture a man must have tilled the soil and fattened poultry himself? Much more important is it to know about the composition of the substances involved, the various geological strata, atmospheric action, properties of soils, mineral waters, density and capillarity of the various bodies, and so on and so forth. And one should possess a thorough knowledge of the principles of hygiene, so as to direct and criticize the erection of buildings, the proper food for live stock and domestic servants. Furthermore, Madame Lefrancois, one must be acquainted with botany- one must be able to distinguish the various plants and to differentiate those which are wholesome from those which are harmful, the innutritious from the nutritive; to be able to say whether they should be taken up here and replanted there; to propagate some, to destroy others. In short, you've got to keep yourself up to date by reading pamphlets and public newspapers, and being always on the look-out for improvements.'

During the whole of this harangue, the landlady had been keeping her eyes fixed on the Cafe Francais.

'Would to heaven,' the chemist went on, 'that our farmers knew something about chemistry, or at all events that they would pay more attention to the teachings of Science. Now I myself recently wrote a pamphlet, a monograph more than seventy-two pages in length, entitled "Cider, its Manufacture and Effects; to which are added some entirely new observations on the subject". I sent it to the Agricultural Society at Rouen, and as a result I was elected a member of that body, section Agriculture, sub-section Pomology. Well, now, if my work had been given to the public-'

But the apothecary stopped, so thoroughly preoccupied did Madame Lefrancois seem with other matters.

'Just look at 'em over there. I can't understand it for the life of me. Did you see ever such a shanty?'

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And with many shruggings of her shoulders, that stretched the stitches of her knitted blouse all awry, she pointed with both hands to her rival's tavern, whence there issued a great hubbub of people shouting and singing.

'Anyhow, it won't be for much longer,' she added. 'One more week'll see the end of it.'

Homais recoiled in amazement. She came down her three steps.

'What!' she said, speaking into his ear, 'didn't you know? They're going to take the lot this week. It's Lheureux that's having 'em sold up, lock, stock and barrel. He's sunk 'em with bills.'

'What an appalling catastrophe!' exclaimed the apothecary, who always had a supply of expressions appropriate to every imaginable situation.

The landlady began to tell him the whole story, which she herself had got from Theodore, Monsieur Guillaumin's servant, and, though she loathed Tellier, she blamed Lheureux, saying he was a sharper and a dirty dog.

'Look!' she exclaimed, there he is- over there, in the market. Look! he's bowing to Madame Bovary. Do look! She's got a green hat on. D'ye see her? She's leaning on Monsieur Boulanger's arm.'

'Madame Bovary!' exclaimed Homais. 'Oh, I must go over and say how d'ye do to her! She might like to have a seat in the enclosure, under the peristyle.'

And paying no further heed to Madame Lefrancois, who was trying to finish her story, the chemist made off with a smile on his lips, at a dashing stride, bowing right and left as he passed, taking up a great deal of space with the long tails of his black coat that floated out behind him in the wind.

Rodolphe saw him coming a long way off, and quickened his pace; but, Madame Bovary getting out of breath, he slowed up.

'I wanted to give the great man the slip; you know, the chemist fellow' he said to her with a laugh.

Emma gave him a nudge.

'What's she mean by that?' he wondered. And he looked at her out of the corner of his eye, as he continued to walk beside her.

Her features were calm, they betrayed nothing. The light was full on them, framed in the oval of her little bonnet with its pale green strings, like the leaves of rushes. Her eyes, with their long, curved lashes, were looking straight in front of her, and although they were wide open they seemed slightly obscured by her cheeks, rosy with the blood that was pulsating gently beneath her delicate skin, while the faintest pink suffused the division of her nostrils. Her head was a little on one side, and her slightly parted lips disclosed the pearly tips of her white teeth.

'She can't be fooling me!' thought Rodolphe.

As a matter of fact, Emma had only meant to tell him to mind what he was saying. Monsieur Lheureux was walking alongside them, and every now and again he would interject a remark as if he wanted to join in the conversation, such as,

'What a magnificent day it is!' 'Everybody's out of doors.' 'It's an east wind.'

Neither Madame Bovary nor Rodolphe gave him any encouragement, yet whenever he thought he saw the slightest opening he would sidle up with a 'Beg pardon?' and put his hand to his hat.

When they reached the blacksmith's house, Rodolphe, instead of going right on to the enclosure, suddenly turned down a side-path, dragging Emma with him.

'Good evening, Monsieur Lheureux,' he called out. 'See you later.'

'You did that very neatly!' said Emma, laughing.

'Why get mixed up with that crowd? And today of all days, when I have the luck to be with you-'

Emma blushed. He did not finish his sentence. Then he remarked on the fine weather, and said how nice it was to walk on the grass. A few moon daisies had sprung up.

'Here,' he said, 'are oracles enough for all the lovesick damsels in the place. Suppose I picked one of these. What do you think?'

'Are you in love?' she said, with a little cough.

'Ah! That's the question,' answered Rodolphe.

The ground began to fill up, and the goodwives kept jostling you with their big umbrellas, their baskets and their babies. You constantly had to be getting out of the way of strings of country wenches- servant-girls, who were wearing blue stockings, flat shoes and silver rings, and smelt of milk when you got close up to them. They came along hand in hand, spreading out over the whole length of the field, from the row of aspens right up to the marquee. But the judging was now going on, and the farmers, lined up one after another, were all crowding into a kind of arena fenced off by a long rope hung up on stakes.

There were the beasts, their noses towards the rope, their rumps all shapes and sizes, in a long, irregular line. Somnolent pigs were nuzzling their snouts into the soil; calves were bellowing; sheep bleating. The cows reclined with their udders flopping on the grass, meditatively chewing the cud, blinking their heavy eyelids as the midges buzzed about them. Brawny, bare-armed carters were holding on to restive stallions that neighed and snorted with all their might in the direction of the mares. The latter stood quite still, stretching forth their necks and drooping manes, while their foals rested in their shadow or came up now and again to suck. And over the long, undulating surface of all this mass of bodies, a white mane blown by the wind would catch the eye, flashing like the crest of a wave, or a pair of horns, or the heads of men hurrying to and fro. Remote from the rest, outside the judging ground, about fifty yards off, was a big black bull, muzzled, with an iron ring through his nose. He stood as motionless as if he had been carved in bronze. A ragged little urchin was holding him by a rope.

Meanwhile the judges were advancing down the centre with ponderous steps, examining each animal, then holding a muttered conversation among themselves. One, who appeared to be of greater consideration

than the others, kept jotting things down in a note-book. He was the chairman of the judging committee, Monsieur Derozerays de la Panville. As soon as he recognized Rodolphe he stepped briskly forward and said, with a pleasant smile,

'What, Monsieur Boulanger, leaving us in the lurch?'

Rodolphe protested that he was just coming.

'By Jove, not me!' he exclaimed when the chairman had gone on. 'Your company's better than his by a long chalk!'

Though he hadn't a good word for shows, Rodolphe, the better to see round this one, produced his blue card, and now and again pulled up in front of some fine specimen or other which, for all its 'points', left Madame Bovary cold. He noticed that, so he began laughing at the Yonville ladies and their dresses and made excuses for his own unconventional attire. It was composed of that mixture of the workaday and the elegant which the vulgar interpret as indicating that the wearer is a man apart, that he has been crossed in love or possesses the artistic temperament and therefore exhibits that contempt for convention which is as repellent to some as it is attractive to others. Thus his cambric shirt with elaborately pleated cuffs was all blown about by the wind in the opening of his grey ticking waistcoat, and his broad striped trousers, pulled up above the ankles, displayed a pair of nankeen boots with patent-leather welts, and the patent leather was so shiny you could see the grass in it; but he didn't mind kicking about horse dung with these fine boots of his, as he strolled along with one hand in his jacket pocket and his straw hat stuck on the side of his head.

'Besides,' he said, 'when you live in the country-'

'What's the good of anything?'

'Quite so,' answered Rodolphe. 'Not one of these worthies here knows when a coat is well cut and when it isn't.'

Then they remarked how humdrum things were in the country; how many lives were stunted there; how many dreams came to naught.

'And that,' said Rodolphe, 'is how it is I get the blues so.'

'You!' she broke in with amazement. 'Why, I thought you were ever so light-hearted!'

'Ah, yes, to all appearances I am. One has to wear a mask before the world. And yet how often, when I have looked on a cemetery by moonlight, have I not asked myself whether I shouldn't be better off lying there asleep with the rest of them.'

'But what about your friends? You don't think of them.'

'My friends? What friends? What friends have I got? Who cares twopence about me?'

And he almost seemed to hiss these last words through his teeth, viciously.

But now they had to let go of each other because of an enormous erection of chairs that a man was bringing along behind them. It was such a tremendous pile he was carrying that you could only see the points of his sabots and the extremities of his two arms stretched out as wide apart as they would go. The man was Lestiboudois, the

sexton, who was carting round the church chairs among the crowd. With an unerring eye to the main chance, he had hit on this means of making a bit for himself out of the show; and the idea was a success, for he didn't know which customer to serve first. The villagers were hot and tired, and there was a run on these chairs, with their rush bottoms all smelling of incense and their backs grimy with candle grease. They rested upon them with something like religious veneration.

Madame Bovary again took Rodolphe's arm. He went on, as if talking to himself.

'Yes, I've missed such a lot of things! Always alone. If only I'd had an aim in life! If only I'd come across someone to love! Good heavens, how I would have put in every ounce of energy I'd got in me! There's nothing I wouldn't have overcome, nothing I wouldn't have smashed my way through.'

'And yet,' said Emma, 'it doesn't seem to me that you've got much to grumble at.'

'Ah! you think so?' said Rodolphe.

'Well, anyhow... you're free.'

She hesitated.

'And rich.'

'Don't laugh at me,' he answered.

She was just protesting that she was not laughing at him when the report of a gun was heard. Forthwith everyone started to rush off towards the village.

It was a false alarm. The Prefect was not in sight. The members of the judging committee were in a considerable quandary, not knowing whether to open the proceedings or to wait a little longer.

At last, at the far end of the Square, a big hired landau hove in sight, drawn by a pair of skinny horses. The coachman, in a white hat, was lashing them, first one and then the other. Binet only just had time to shout 'To arms!' and the Colonel to follow suit. There was a rush for the pile of muskets. They made a wild dash for it. One or two forgot their collars. But the official equipage seemed to divine this little hitch, and the two hacks, with their cruppers against the backing chain, trotted slowly up to the front of the Town Hall just as the National Guard and the Fire Brigade came along with drums beating, marching in step.

'Mark time!' roared Binet.

'Halt!' thundered the Colonel. 'Left turn!'

After presenting arms, when the clicking of the musket slides made a noise like a copper kettle tumbling downstairs, arms were grounded again!

At this point a gentleman attired in a short coat with silver braid was observed to step out of the carriage. Bald in front, he had a tuft of hair at the back of his head. His complexion was sallow and his expression exceedingly benign. His eyes were very big, with heavy lids. He had got them half closed, taking stock of the crowd. At the same time he raised his sharp-pointed nose and made a

smile play on his sunken mouth. He recognized the Mayor by his scarf, and explained to him that Monsieur le Prefet had been unavoidably prevented from coming. He himself was one of the official staff, and he added a few apologies. Tuvache gushed as much as he could, the official said he was quite overcome. And there they stood, face to face, their foreheads nearly touching, with the members of the Committee all gathered round, the Town Council, the big-wigs, the National Guard and then the general public. The Government representative, holding his cocked hat to his breast, reiterated his greetings, while Tuvache, bent like a bow, smiled, stammered, fumbled about for the right word, Madame Bovary protested his loyalty to the monarchy and expatiated on the honour conferred upon Yonville.

Hippolyte, the lad from the inn, came to take the horses and, limping away with them with his club foot, led them into the courtyard of the Lion d'Or , where a crowd of folk had collected to view the carriage. The drums beat, the gunner thundered his salute and the 'authorities' one after another climbed up on to the dais and took their seats on the red Utrecht-velvet chairs lent for the occasion by Madame Tuvache.

All these people looked alike. Their fair, podgy faces, slightly tanned by the sun, were of the colour of cider, and their bushy whiskers fluffed out from tall, stiff collars supported by white cravats with broad bows. All the waistcoats were of velvet and double-breasted. Every watch bore at the end of a long riband some sort of oval carnelian seal, and every one rested his two hands on his two thighs, carefully stretching the fork of his trousers, the unsponged cloth of which shone more brightly than the leather of his heavy boots.

The ladies of the association were stationed at the back, among the pillars, while the general public faced them, standing up or seated on chairs. Lestiboudois, in fact, had brought there all the chairs he had shifted out of the field, and he kept running back to the church to fetch more, causing such confusion by his activities that the way to the steps leading up to the dais was exceedingly difficult to negotiate.

'In my opinion,' said Monsieur Lheureux (addressing the apothecary, who was passing along to get to his seat), 'they ought to have put up a couple of Venetian masts with some austere but rich material for a decoration. It would have had a charming effect.'

'Of course it would,' said Homais. 'But there you are, you see! The Mayor would do the whole thing off his own bat. He hasn't got much taste, poor old Tuvache. In fact, he's utterly devoid of what is called the artistic sense.'

Meantime Rodolphe, accompanied by Madame Bovary, had gone up on to the first floor of the Town Hall into the Council Chamber, and, as it was empty, he said it would be the very place from which to get a comfortable view of the proceedings. He fetched three of the stools that stood round the oval table underneath the royal bust, and

bringing them close up to the window, they sat down side by side.

There was a certain amount of fussing about on the platform, a lot of whispering and preliminary discussion. At last the Counsellor rose. It had got round by this time that he was called Lieuvain, and his name was passed along the crowd, from one end to the other. When he had arranged a few papers and run his eye over them to adjust his vision he began,

'Gentlemen,

'May I first of all be permitted (before proceeding to deal with the matter that brings us together today, and I am sure my views will be shared by all of you)- may I be permitted, I say, to pay a tribute to the higher authorities, to the Government, to the monarch, to our well-beloved and sovereign lord the King, to whom no branch of public or private welfare is indifferent, and who directs with a sure and steady hand the chariot of State amid the ceaseless perils of a stormy sea, and who can make men respect Peace no less than War, Industry, Commerce, Agriculture and the Fine Arts?'

'I'd better get a bit farther back,' said Rodolphe.

'Why?' asked Emma.

At that moment the voice of the speaker rose to an extraordinary pitch of eloquence.

'Those times have passed, Gentlemen, when our public places were red with the blood of strife, when the landowner, the trader, aye, even the working man, composing himself for a night of peaceful slumber, trembled lest he should suddenly be awakened by the clanging of the tocsin, times when the most subversive of doctrines were openly directed at destroying the foundations-'

'You see, they might spot me from down below,' continued Rodolphe. 'I should be explaining matters for a good fortnight, and with the sort of reputation I've got-'

'Oh, you're making yourself out worse than you are,' said Emma.

'No, no; it's horrible, I tell you!'

'But, Gentlemen,' continued the orator, 'what if I banish these horrible pictures from my recollection and bring my gaze to bear on the present state of our beautiful country? What do I see? The Arts and Commerce flourish triumphantly on every side. Everywhere new lines of communication, like new arteries in the body politic, facilitate new connexions. In our great manufacturing centres work is once more in full swing; religion, now placed on a firmer basis, gladdens all our hearts; our harbours are thronged with shipping; confidence is being restored, and, behold, France breathes again.'

'And yet,' added Rodolphe, 'from the world's point of view, they may be right.'

'How do you mean?' she asked.

'Why!' said he, 'don't you know that there are some people who are always in a turmoil; people who must be dreaming or doing, turn and turn about, people in whom the loftiest of passions are followed by frenzied self-indulgence, who fling themselves into the wildest extravagances.'

Whereupon she gazed at him as one gazes on a traveller who has journeyed through strange and far-off lands.

'We women, poor souls! haven't even that distraction,' she said.

'A melancholy distraction, for you don't get any happiness out of it.'

'But does one ever find happiness?'

'Yes, some day or other,' he replied.

'And that is what you have realized,' said the speaker. 'You agriculturists, you who labour on the soil, you peaceful pioneers in a great enterprise of civilization, you men of progress and steadfast probity- you have come to know that political upheavals are even more redoubtable than atmospheric disturbances-'

'Yes,' said Rodolphe, 'you fall in with it some day. It comes all of a sudden, when you have given up hope. Then the heavens seem to open and it is as though you heard a voice crying, "Behold it has come!" You feel somehow that you must give up your whole life to that one person, give up everything, sacrifice everything. You don't try to reason; you just go to each other, instinctively. You've seen one another in your dreams' (here he looked at Emma). 'And there in front of you is the long-sought treasure; it shines, it sparkles before your eyes. Nevertheless, you are still in doubt, you dare not believe it; you are dazzled, as if you had just stepped out of the darkness into the light.'

And as he said this, Rodolphe had recourse to gesture. He passed his hand over his face like a man seized with dizziness, then he let it fall on Emma's, who took hers away. But still the orator read on,

'And who, Gentlemen, would be astonished thereat? Only he who was so blind, so steeped in the prejudices of another age, as to misinterpret the spirit of our agricultural classes. Where, indeed, shall we seek for a livelier spirit of patriotism than in our country districts, where shall we hope to find a completer devotion to the common weal, where, in a word, shall we seek for a more enlightened intelligence than in the country? And when I speak of intelligence, Gentlemen, I am not alluding to that superficial veneer, the empty adornment of an indolent dilettantism, but of that intelligence, at once balanced and profound, whose paramount aim it is to apply its energies to useful ends, thus contributing to the welfare of each, to the general amelioration of the people as a whole, and to the maintenance of the State, the fruit of respect for the law and of the punctual performance of our duty.'

'Ah, there he goes again!' said Rodolphe. '"Duty, duty"- always gassing about duty! I'm sick to death of the word! A parcel of old women, a lot of psalm-droning old duffers- that's what they are; for ever going about prating of "Duty, duty!" And what is duty, when all's said and done, but to appreciate what is great, to cherish what is beautiful and not to bow down to every little social convention, with all the humiliations they involve?'

'Yes, but- but-' said Madame Bovary hesitatingly. 'Don't you think-?'

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'No! Why inveigh against the passions? Are they not the one beautiful thing there is on earth, the source of all heroism, enthusiasm, poetry, music, art, everything?'

'Yes, but one must observe the laws of society more or less, and obey its moral code.'

'Ah! but there are two codes,' he replied. 'The lesser one, the conventional, the man-made code, which is always chopping and changing, making a great noise and fuss just like that band of nincompoops you see over there. But the other, the eternal, is all around us and above, like the countryside that encompasses us and the blue heavens that give us light.'

Monsieur Lieuvain, having wiped his mouth with his pocket-handkerchief, began anew.

'And what need have I, Gentlemen, to demonstrate to you, of all people, the beneficent uses of agriculture? Who is it that supplies our needs; who provides us with sustenance? Who but the farmer? The farmer, Gentlemen, who, sowing with laborious hand the fertile furrows of the country, brings forth the corn, which, being ground, is made into powder by means of ingenious machinery, issues therefrom under the name of flour, and from there transported to our cities is promptly delivered at the baker's, who makes it into food for rich and poor. Again, is it not the farmer who fattens for our raiment his numerous flocks in the pasturelands? For how should we provide ourselves with clothes and sustenance without the farmer? And, Gentlemen, need we go so far afield for our examples? Who has not oftentimes reflected on all the momentous things that come to us from that homely creature, the ornament of our poultry yards, that provides us at once with soft pillows for our beds, with succulent flesh for the table, as well as with eggs? But I should never end were I to enumerate one after another all the different products which the earth, duly cultivated, lavishes like a generous mother upon her children. Here it is the vine, here the apple-tree for cider, there colza, yonder cheeses and flax. Gentlemen, let us not forget flax, which has made such great strides of late years and to which I would especially invite your attention.'

He had no need to invite it, for all the mouths of the multitude were gaping wide, as if to drink in his words. Tuvache, by his side, listened to him with staring eyes. Monsieur Derozerays from time to time softly closed his eyelids, and a little farther on, the chemist, with his son Napoleon between his knees, put his hand behind his ear in order not to lose a syllable. The chins of the other members of the jury moved slowly up and down over their waistcoats in sign of approbation. The firemen, at the foot of the platform, rested on their bayonets, and Binet, motionless, stood with out-turned elbows, the point of his sabre in the air. Perhaps he could hear, but certainly he could not see, because of the peak of his helmet that came right down on to his nose. His lieutenant, the younger son of Monsieur Tuvache, had an even bigger one, for his was enormous and wobbled on his head, and from it peeped out a corner of his cotton

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handkerchief. He smiled beneath it with perfectly cherubic sweetness, and his little pale face, all running with sweat, wore a beatified expression of blissful sleepiness.

The Square, right back to the houses, was crowded with people. You could see people leaning on their elbows at every window, others standing at their doors, and Justin, outside the chemist's shop-front, seemed quite plunged in amazement at the spectacle. In spite of the silence, Monsieur Lieuvain's voice was lost in the air. It reached you in fragmentary phrases, interrupted here and there by the scraping of chairs in the crowd; then you suddenly heard the long bellowing of an ox just behind you, or the bleating of the lambs, answering one another at the street corners. In fact the cowherds and shepherds had driven their beasts thus far, and from time to time they began lowing and bleating, while with their tongues they tore down some scrap of foliage that hung about their mouths.

Rodolphe had drawn nearer to Emma, and said to her in a low voice, speaking rapidly,

'Does not this conspiracy of Society revolt you? Is there a single sentiment it does not condemn? The noblest instincts, the purest sympathies are persecuted, slandered, and if at length two ill-starred souls do meet, all is so organized that they cannot unite. Yet they will make the attempt, they will flutter their wings, they will call upon each other. Oh, no matter! Sooner or later- in six months, ten years- they will come together, they will love; for Fate has decreed it and they are born one for the other.'

His arms were folded across his knees, and thus, lifting his face towards Emma, close by her, he gazed fixedly at her. She noticed in his eyes small golden lines radiating from his black pupils, she even smelt the perfume of the pomade that made his hair glossy. Then a feeling of languor came over her; she recalled the Vicomte who had waltzed with her at la Vaubyessard, and his beard exhaled, like this hair, an odour of lemon and vanilla, and mechanically she half closed her eyes the better to breathe it in. But in making this movement, as she leant back in her chair, she saw in the distance, right on the line of the horizon, the old diligence the Hirondelle , that was slowly descending the hill of Leux, dragging after it a long plume of dust. It was in this yellow carriage that Leon had so often come back to her, and by that road yonder that he had gone for ever. She fancied she saw him opposite at his window; then all grew confused: clouds passed before her, it seemed to her that she was again turning in the waltz beneath the light of the lustres on the arm of the Vicomte, and that Leon was not far away, that he was coming; and yet all this time she was conscious of the scent of Rodolphe's head by her side. This sweetness of sensation pierced through her old desires, and these, like grains of sand caught in a gust of wind, eddied to and fro in the subtle breath of the perfume which invaded her soul. She opened wide her nostrils several times to drink in the freshness of the ivy that entwined the pillars. She took off her gloves, she wiped her hands, then fanned her

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face with her handkerchief, while athwart the throbbing of her temples she heard the murmur of the crowd and the voice of the Counsellor intoning his phrases.

'Continue, persevere,' he said; 'listen neither to the suggestion of routine nor to the over-hasty counsels of a rash empiricism. Apply yourselves, above all, to the amelioration of the soil, to good manures, to the development of the equine, bovine, ovine and porcine races. Let these shows be to you pacific arenas where the victor, in departing, will hold forth a hand to the vanquished and will fraternize with him in the hope of better success. And you, venerable servitors, lowly domestics, to whose patient toil no Government has hitherto afforded recognition, come and receive the guerdon of your silent merit, and be convinced that from this time forth your country will not lose sight of you, that she will encourage and protect you, that she will satisfy your just demands and alleviate, so far as in her lies, the burden of your painful sacrifices.'

At this point Monsieur Lieuvain sat down. Monsieur Derozerays rose, and began another harangue. His was perhaps somewhat less ornate than the Counsellor's, but it had the advantage of being more to the point, more specialized, and it struck a loftier note. For example, there were fewer eulogistic references to the Government; but more attention was bestowed on religion and agriculture. The bond between them was made clear, and the manner in which they had always contributed to the progress of civilization. Rodolphe and Madame Bovary were discussing dreams, presentiments, magnetism. Going back to the very beginning when society was in its infancy, the speaker described those rude ages when mankind subsisted on acorns in the depths of the forest. He passed on to the time when, ceasing to cover their nakedness with the skins of wild animals, they attired themselves in cloth, ploughed the furrow and planted the vine. Was this a benefit to the race, or did not the drawbacks of the discovery outweigh its advantages? From magnetism Rodolphe had gradually passed on to the subject of affinities, and while the chairman was touching upon Cincinnatus and his plough, Diocletian planting his cabbages, and the Emperors of China hallowing the coming year by the sowing of seed, the young man was telling the young woman that these irresistible attractions derived their cause from some previous state of existence.

'Take ourselves, for example,' he went on, 'how did we get to know each other? What chance brought it about? Doubtless across the sundering tract between us, like two rivers whose waters are fated to meet ere they reach the sea, our destiny impelled us one towards the other.'

He seized her hand. She did not withdraw it.

'For the best all-round crops in the show!' shouted the Chairman.

'For example, just now, when I came to your house-'

'Monsieur Bizet of Quincampoix.'

'Did I know that I should be with you here?'

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'Seventy francs!'
'Scores of times I made up my mind to go away, and I sought you- I stayed.'
'Manure!'
'Even as I shall remain tonight, tomorrow, day after day, all my life long.'
'To Monsieur Caron, of Argueil, a gold medal.'
'For I have never fallen in with anyone so completely charming.'
'To Monsieur Bain, of Givry-Saint-Martin!'
'So I shall ever bear with me the memory of you.'
'For a merino ram.'
'But you will forget all about me; I shall just have passed like a shadow.'
'To Monsieur Belot, of Notre-Dame-'
'But no, it's not so, is it? I shall be a little in your thoughts, in your life sometimes, shan't I?'
'Best pig in the show! Prize divided between Messieurs Leherisse and Cullembourg, sixty francs each!'
Rodolphe pressed her hand, and felt it all warm and fluttering, like a captive dove eager to resume its flight; but whether it was that she tried to release it or whether she was responding to the pressure, she made a movement with her fingers.
'Oh, thanks, thanks!' he cried. 'You do not repel me. How sweet you are! You know that I am yours. Ah, suffer me but to see you, to gaze upon you!'
A gust of wind came in through the windows and rumpled the table-cloth, and down below in the Square the wings of the peasant women's bonnets flapped up and down, fluttering like white butterflies on the wing.
'Oil cake!' continued the President. He began to quicken the pace.
'Flemish manure- cultivation of hemp- drainage, long tenancies- domestic service.'
Rodolphe was not talking now. They sat and looked at each other. Their lips were dry and tremulous with desire. Softly yielding, making no further effort to resist, their fingers intertwined.
'Catherine Nicaise Elisabeth Leroux of Sassetot-la-Guerriere, for fifty-four years' service on the same farm, a silver medal, value twenty-five francs.'
'Catherine Leroux, where is Catherine Leroux?' called out the official again. She did not appear; and a great deal of whispering went on.
'Up you go!'
'No.'
'To the left!'
'Don't be afraid.'
'How stupid she is!'
'Come, now, is she here or is she not?' cried Tuvache.
'Yes- there she is, over there!'
'Well, then, tell her to come up.'

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All eyes were bent on the platform and a little old woman who seemed to be shrivelling up in her poverty-stricken clothes was seen making her way towards it. On her feet she wore a pair of big wooden clogs, and a blue apron tied about her waist. Her wizened face, encased in a rimless bonnet, had more wrinkles on it than a withered apple, and from the sleeves of her red bodice extended a pair of long, knotted hands. The dust of the barns, the soda of the wash-tub, and the grease of the fleeces had so encrusted, chapped and hardened them that though they had been well rinsed in clean water, they still looked dirty. Because she had worked so long and so hard, they remained half-open, as though of themselves to bear humble witness to all the hardships they had undergone. A touch of hieratic rigidity in her features lent a sort of grandeur to her expression. The look of that pale countenance was softened by no shade of melancholy or emotion. All her life she had been used to animals, and she had grown as placid and as mute as they. It was the first time in her life she had found herself in the midst of such a crowd, and inwardly scared at the flags, the drums, the black-coated gentlemen and the official's cross of honour, she stood stock still, not knowing whether to advance or run away, or why the people kept shoving her forward, and why the judges were beaming at her. So there she stood, facing these complacent gentry, this demi-century of servitude.

'Approach, venerable Catherine Nicaise Elisabeth Leroux,' said the official, who had taken the list of prize-winners from the chairman.

And looking alternately at the paper and at the aged grandam, he said, in a fatherly sort of way,

'Come along, then, come along!'

'Are you deaf?' said Tuvache, nearly leaping out of his chair; and he started shouting in her ear,

'Fifty-four years in the same service. A silver medal! Twenty-five francs! It's for you!'

When she had got her medal, she looked at it long and carefully, and then a smile of beatitude overspread her features, and as she turned to depart, she was heard to mutter,

'I shall give it to our cure down home, so as he can say some masses for me.'

'What fanaticism!' exclaimed the chemist, leaning across to the notary.

The proceedings were over, the crowd broke up, and now that the speechmaking was done, everyone resumed his station in life and things once more became normal: masters bullied their servants, and the servants belaboured the animals, indolent conquerors that lounged unhurriedly back to their stalls with a green crown between their horns.

Meanwhile the National Guards had gone upstairs to the first floor of the Town Hall with buns impaled on their bayonets, and the battalion drummer, who was carrying a basketful of bottles.

Madame Bovary took Rodolphe's arm, and he saw her back to her house. They said good-bye at her front door, after which he went and strolled

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about in the meadow, waiting till it was time for the banquet.

The feast was long, noisy and badly served. It was such a squash that you could hardly move your elbows, and the narrow planks that served as seats nearly gave way under the weight of the guests. They ate abundantly. Everyone took good care to have his share. Sweat was running down their faces, and a sort of whitish steam, like the mist that rises from a river of an autumn morning, floated between the hanging lamps. Rodolphe, leaning back against the canvas of the tent, was thinking so deeply of Emma that he heard nothing. Behind him on the grass the servants were piling up the dirty plates; his neighbours spoke, but he did not answer them; they filled up his glass, but silence reigned in his mind, despite the ever-growing clamour. He pondered on what she had said and on the shape of her lips. Her face shone as in a magic mirror in the badges of the shakos; the folds of her gown hung droopingly on the walls, and days of love stretched out in an endless line down the long vistas of the future.

He saw her again in the evening during the firework display; but she was with her husband, Madame Homais and the chemist, who was in great trouble about the danger of fire from rocket stumps, and he kept on leaving the party to go and tell Binet what ought to be done about it.

The stock of fireworks, which had been consigned to Monsieur Tuvache, had, by excess of caution, been put down in his cellar, and so the powder had got damp and would not light, and the principal set-piece, which was to depict a dragon biting off his tail, was a complete fiasco. Every now and again they would let off a paltry Roman candle, and a great murmur of applause would rise up from the gaping crowd, mingled with the screams of women who were being mauled about in the intervals of darkness. Emma silently nestled against Charles's shoulder; then, raising her chin, she followed the glowing streak of the rockets in the darkness of the sky. Rodolphe stood and gazed at her by the light of the glowing fairy-lamps. One by one they burnt to the socket. The stars came out. Then, a little later, a few drops of rain began to fall. She tied her lace scarf over her head.

At this juncture the great man's carriage drove out from the inn. The coachman was tipsy, and all of a sudden he dropped off into a doze, and above the hood, between the two lamps, as the carriage receded into the distance, you could see his body swaying from side to side with the motion of the springs.

'There's no doubt,' said the apothecary, 'that drunkenness ought to be severely dealt with. I should like to see a special weekly list hung up outside the Town Hall, giving the names of everyone who had been found the worse for liquor during that period. Looked at from the statistical point of view, such a list would afford a reliable record which, in case of need... But excuse me.' And away he rushed again to speak to the Captain. The Captain was just going indoors to have another look at his lathe.

'Perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea,' said Homais, 'if you sent one

of your men, or if you went yourself-'
'Oh, shut up!' said the tax-collector. 'Everything's all right.'
'Nothing to worry about,' said the apothecary, as he rejoined his friends. 'Monsieur Binet has assured me he has seen to everything. There's no danger from the sparks, and the pumps are full. Let's go home and sleep.'
'My word, I could do with it!' exclaimed Madame Homais, who was yawning pretty conspicuously. 'Well, anyhow, we had lovely weather for our show.'
'Yes,' echoed Rodolphe in a low voice, looking tenderly at Emma, 'lovely indeed!'
They bowed to one another and went their ways.
Two days afterwards there was a grand article about the show in the Fanal de Rouen . Homais had dashed it off, in great style, the very next day.
'What was the reason of all these decorations,' he asked, 'these flowers, the garlands? Whither were all these people thronging, like the billows of a raging sea, beneath a tropical sun pouring down its rays in torrents upon our heads?'
Then he went on to speak of the condition of the peasantry. Doubtless the Government was doing a great deal, but it was not enough. 'Take heart,' he cried to it encouragingly, 'endless reforms are called for; let us bring them to pass!' Then, touching on the Government official's arrival, he did not omit to bring in the 'soldier-like bearing of our volunteers,' 'our winsome village beauties,' nor 'the bald-headed old men who were there, venerable patriarchs, some of them remnants of our deathless legions, whose hearts still beat high at the rolling of the drums.' He mentioned himself first among the members of the committee, and reminded his readers in a note that Monsieur Homais, pharmacist, had contributed a monograph on Cider to the archives of the Agricultural Society. When he came to the Prize Distribution he depicted the delight of the successful competitors in language that was positively dithyrambic. 'Fathers embraced their sons, brothers their brothers, husbands their wives. Many a one displayed with pride the medal he had won and, doubtless, when he got home to his worthy helpmeet, he hung it up, with tears in his eyes, on the wall of his humble abode.
'About six o'clock a banquet was held in one of Monsieur Liegeard's fields, at which all the chief people who had taken part in the fete were present. The completest harmony reigned throughout the proceedings. Several toasts were drunk. Monsieur Lieuvain proposed 'The King'; Monsieur Tuvache, 'The Prefect'; Monsieur Derozerays, 'Agriculture'; Monsieur Homais, 'Industry and the Fine Arts, those glorious twin sisters'; Monsieur Leplichey, 'Coming Improvements'.
'At night a brilliant display of fireworks suddenly lit up the empyrean. It might have been a veritable kaleidoscope, or a scene out of an opera, and in a moment our quiet little district might have believed itself spirited away to the magic region of some Arabian Night.

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'It is worthy of record that no sort of hitch marred the complete harmony of this family gathering.'

And he added:

'The only thing to be noted was the absence of the clergy. But doubtless the Church has its own views about progress. Well, Messieurs les Jesuites , you must go your own way!'

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Rodolphe calls on Emma: The coming of romance: Riding companions: Lovers by the pool: Charles's purchase: 'I have a lover': Emma at the chateau.

SIX weeks went by, and Rodolphe did not come again.

At last, one evening, he reappeared.

'Don't let us rush matters,' he had said to himself, 'it would be mistake.'

By the end of the week he had gone off shooting. And after that was over he thought he had left it too long, but then he argued it out thus:

'If she loved me from the first day, impatience to see me must have made her love me all the more. Therefore let us go ahead.' And when he saw her turn pale as he entered, he knew he had not miscalculated.

She was alone and it was getting dark. The little muslin curtains on the windows deepened the gathering twilight, and the gilt case of the barometer, smitten by a ray of the setting sun, lit up a blaze of fire in the mirror, between the pieces of coral.

Rodolphe remained standing, and Emma barely so much as answered his first conventional greeting.

'I've been busy,' he said, 'I haven't been well.'

'Nothing serious?' she asked quickly.

'Oh, well, no,' said Rodolphe, seating himself on a stool beside her. 'I didn't think I ought to come.'

'Why?'

'Can't you guess?'

He looked at her again, but with such a passionate expression in his eyes that she dropped her gaze with a blush.

'Emma!' he began again.

'Sir!' she exclaimed, drawing back a little.

'Ah! you see perfectly well now that I was right not to come back,' he said dolefully, 'since that name, the name which I'm always thinking about and which slipped out unawares, you forbid me to use! Madame Bovary! Well, everybody calls you that. Yet it is not your name, but another's!'

Again he repeated, 'Another's'.

He buried his face in his hands.

'Yes, I am for ever thinking of you; thinking and thinking till I'm nearly mad. Ah, there, forgive me! I'll go away- far away- so that you will never hear of me again. And yet today, somehow, it seemed

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that something, I don't know what, was compelling me to come to you. It's no good fighting against Fate or trying to resist the smile of the angels. Who can help being swept off his feet by all that is beautiful, charming, adorable?'

It was the first time in her life Emma had heard such words, and her pride, like tired limbs resting in a warm bath, glowed and expanded at such rapturous language.

'But,' he continued, 'though I did not come, though I could not see you, I at least came and gazed upon all the things about you. At night, every night, I got up and came right up to your house here. I looked at the roof of it, all silver in the moonlight; I saw the trees in the garden swaying to and fro before your bedroom window, and a little lamp whose beams came stealing through the window-pane, glowing in the shadows. Ah! little did you dream that a poor wretch was standing there, so near and yet so far-'

She turned towards him with a sob.

'Oh, how kind you are!' she said.

'No,' he said, 'I love you, that's all. You know I do, don't you? Tell me you know it- just one word, one little word!' And insensibly Rodolphe let himself slip from the stool on to the floor. But there was a noise of someone stumping about in the kitchen, and he noticed that the door was not closed.

'It would be so kind of you,' he said, getting up, 'if you would pander to a whim of mine. I should so much like to see over your house. To know all about it, all its ins and outs.'

Madame Bovary seeing no objection, they were just getting up to go when Charles came in.

'Good morning, Doctor ,' said Rodolphe.

Charles, flattered at this unexpected greeting, became particularly gushing, and Rodolphe took advantage of the flow of eloquence to recover himself a little.

'Madame,' he said, 'was talking to me about her health.'

'Oh,' interrupted Charles, 'it's no end of an anxiety to me. She's been getting these attacks of breathlessness again.'

Rodolphe asked whether a little horse-exercise wouldn't be a good thing.

'Why, capital, of course, the very thing.... There now, that's an idea; you should act on it, darling.'

When she replied that she hadn't got a horse, Monsieur Rodolphe offered her a mount. She refused, and he did not insist. Then, in order to account for his visit, he gave out that his carter, the hero of the blood-letting incident, still complained of giddiness.

'I'll call round,' said Bovary.

'Oh, no, no; I'll send him here. We'll come along together; it would be less trouble for you.'

'Excellent! Thanks very much.'

'Why didn't you accept Monsieur Boulanger's offer? It was exceedingly good of him,' said Charles when they were alone.

She pretended to be a little vexed, invented all kinds of excuses,

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and wound up by saying that it would perhaps look rather odd.
'Well, who cares a damn about that?' said Charles, performing a little pirouette on his toes. 'Health, that's the main thing. It was silly of you.'
'And how do you expect me to go riding when I haven't got a habit?'
'Must get you one,' he replied.
The habit decided her.
When the costume was ready, Charles wrote Monsieur Boulanger saying his wife could go any time, and that it was exceedingly kind of him, and so on and so forth.
Next day Rodolphe appeared at Charles's door with a couple of riding-horses. One had pink rosettes on its ears and a doeskin side-saddle. Rodolphe had put on a pair of buckskin riding-boots, telling himself that she had certainly never seen anything like them before. As a matter of fact Emma was charmed with the way he was turned out when she saw him on the landing in his velvet shooting-coat and white corduroy breeches. She was ready and waiting.
Justin slipped out of the chemist's to steal a look at her, and the apothecary himself sallied forth in his wake. He proceeded to give Monsieur Boulanger a little sound advice. 'Accidents so soon happen. Be careful now. I expect your horses are pretty fresh, aren't they?' She heard a noise overhead; it was Felicite drumming on the window to keep little Berthe amused. The child blew her a kiss, and her mother gave an answering wave with her riding-whip.
'Off you go! Have a good time!' cried Monsieur Homais. 'But do take care, whatever you do. Go steady!' And he waved his newspaper as he watched them depart.
As soon as he felt the turf beneath him, Emma's horse broke into a hand-gallop, and Rodolphe cantered along beside her. Every now and then they exchanged a word or two. She rode with her head a little forward, her hand well up and her right arm stretched out, and she abandoned herself to the rhythm of the movement which rocked her in the saddle.
At the foot of the hill, Rodolphe loosened the rein; they started off together with a single bound; then, suddenly, at the top, the horses stopped and her great blue veil fell about her.
It was early in October, and a mist hung over the land. Far off, on the horizon, shreds of vapour lingered among the folds of the hills, or, breaking asunder, floated upwards and onwards and finally melted into air. Sometimes a beam of sunlight would shine through a rift in the clouds and light up the distant roofs of Yonville, with the gardens beside the water, the courtyards, the walls and the steeple. Emma screwed up her eyes to see her house, and never had this poor village in which she dwelt seemed so diminutive. From the high ground on which they had now arrived the whole valley seemed one vast pale lake mistily melting into the air. Here and there clumps of trees jutted up like dark rocks and the tall lines of poplars, uprising above the mist, swayed like wind-swept reeds on a sandy shore.

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Beside them, on the turf, between the pines, a mellow light suffused the humid air. On the earth, all ruddy-brown like snuff, the footfalls made no sound, and the horses as they walked sent the fallen fir-cones rolling along with their hoofs.

Thus Rodolphe and Emma rode along the fringe of the wood. She turned away her head every now and again to avoid his eyes, and then she saw nothing but the serried trunks of the pine-trees, whose endless succession gave her a feeling of dizziness in the head. The horses were panting, the leather of the saddles creaked.

Just as they turned into the wood, the sun came out.

'The gods are with us!' said Rodolphe.

'You think so?' she answered.

'Come! Put on the pace a little,' was his reply.

He clacked his tongue, and the horses began to trot. Tall ferns that fringed the way caught in Emma's stirrup, and Rodolphe, leaning down from his saddle, pulled them out as he rode along.

And sometimes, to keep away the branches, he rode close up to her, and Emma felt his knee rubbing against her leg. The sky was blue now, and not a leaf stirred. There were great stretches of purple heather in full bloom, and patches of violets here and there amid the masses of leaves, which were dun-coloured, russet or golden according to the various kinds of trees. Often some live thing would stir softly, and you would hear a fluttering of wings in the undergrowth, or the soft croaking of the rooks flying about among the oak-trees.

They dismounted, and Rodolphe tied the horses to a tree. She walked on ahead on the moss between the cart-tracks, but the skirts of her habit kept getting in her way although she was holding it up by the hem. Rodolphe walked behind, and as his gaze rested on the little bit of white stocking that showed between her black habit and her black boot, he felt as if he were looking at a little piece of her naked self.

She stopped.

'I'm tired,' she said.

'Come along,' he answered; 'only a little farther, don't give in yet.'

She went on another hundred yards and then stopped again. Through her veil, which fell obliquely from her hard felt hat on to her hips, her face seemed bathed in a shadowy bluish light, as though she were floating under azure waves.

'Where are we going, then?'

He made no answer. Her breath was coming in little short gasps.

Rodolphe was casting his eyes about him and biting his moustache.

They came to a more open place, where a clearing had been made. They sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and Rodolphe fell to talking to her about his love. He did not begin by scaring her with compliments. He was calm, serious, melancholy.

Emma listened with bowed head, stirring the little chips of wood on the ground with the toe of her boot.

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But when he said, 'Are not our destinies now one?' she said, 'Oh no! You know perfectly well that cannot be.'

And she rose to depart. He seized her by the wrist. She stopped. Then, gazing at him with loving, misty eyes, she said quickly,

'No more of this.... Where are the horses? Come, let us go!

He made a gesture of anger and mortification.

'Where are the horses?' she repeated. 'Where are the horses?'

Then, smiling a strange smile, with a fixed stare and clenched teeth, he opened his arms and came towards her. She shrank back, trembling all over.

'Oh, you frighten me! You hurt me! Let us go.'

'Well, then, if it must be,' he said, with a changed expression. And immediately his manner became respectful, caressing, timid. She gave him her arm and they turned to go back.

'What was it, then?' he said. 'Why were you like that? I could not understand. You misjudged me, no doubt. Why, in my thoughts, you are like a Madonna on a pedestal; lofty, immovable, unstained. But I must have you, to live. I need your eyes, your voice, your very thoughts. Be my friend, my sister, my angel!'

And he stretched out his arm and put it round her waist. She made a feeble effort to disengage herself. He continued to hold her thus as they walked along.

They heard the two horses cropping the leaves.

'Oh, stay!' said Rodolphe. 'Do not let us go! Stay!'

And he drew her away, beside a little pool, whose surface was all green with duckweed. Faded water-lilies floated motionless among the reeds. At the sound of their steps in the grass, frogs leapt away to hide themselves.

'It is wrong of me! Wrong, wrong!' she cried. 'It is madness of me to listen to you.'

'Why? Emma! Emma!'

'Oh, Rodolphe!' she moaned, drooping her head upon his shoulder.

Her cloth habit clung to the velvet of his coat. With a deep sigh she flung back her white, quivering neck, and swooningly, in tears, with a shudder that shook her whole frame, hiding her face in her hands, she surrendered.

The shades of evening had begun to fall; the level beams of the sun, shining through the branches, dazzled her eyes. Here and there about her, amid the leaves or on the ground, shone little patches of tremulous light, as if birds of paradise had passed overhead and dropped some feathers in their flight. Everywhere was silence; a sweetness seemed to exhale from the trees. She could feel her heart as it began to beat anew, she could feel the blood suffusing her whole body like a stream of milk. And then, far, far away, beyond the wood on the hills across the valley, she heard a cry, vague and prolonged, a voice that lingered on the air, and she listened to it in silence, mingling like music with the last vibrations of her throbbing nerves. Rodolphe was standing with a cigar between his teeth. One of the bridles had broken, and he was repairing it with his penknife.

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They returned to Yonville by the way they had come. They saw the tracks of their horses in the soil, side by side, and there were the same bushes and the same stones in the grass. Nothing about them had changed, and yet for her something had happened, something more tremendous than if the mountains had been shifted from their base. Rodolphe leant down, every now and then, and took her hand and kissed it. She was charming, on horseback! Straight as a die, with her slim, graceful figure, her knee up on her horse's mane, the colour of her cheeks a little heightened by the fresh air and the red gold of the evening sky.

As she rode into Yonville her horse began to curvet a little on the cobbles. People came to the window to look at her.

At dinner that evening, her husband thought she looked well. But she seemed as if she didn't hear what he said, when he asked her about her ride; and she leant with her elbow beside her plate, between the two lighted candles.

'Emma!' said he.

'What?'

'Well, I spent the afternoon at Monsieur Alexandre's. He's got a mare that's seen a bit of service, but still has plenty of go in her; a little broken at the knees, that's all. He'd let her go for twenty-five or thirty pounds, I'm sure.'

Then he added,

'Thinking you'd like it, I made a bid for her, I bought her. Did I do right? Tell me, then.'

She nodded her head in sign.

'Are you going out tonight?' she asked, a quarter of an hour later.

'Yes. Why?'

'Oh, nothing, dear, nothing.'

And as soon as she had got rid of Charles she went and shut herself up in her room.

At first she felt dazed. She saw the trees, the roads, the ditches, Rodolphe; and she felt his arms round her still, while the leaves rustled and the wind whistled in the reeds.

But when she looked at herself in the glass she was amazed at her own countenance. Never had her eyes looked so big, so dark, so unfathomably deep. Some subtle transfiguring influence had come over her and made her another woman.

She kept saying to herself over and over again, 'I have a lover, a lover,' revelling in the thought of it as if a second puberty had come to her. At last she was going to taste those joys of love, that transport of bliss, which she had thought for ever denied her. She was entering into some enchanted region where all would be passion, ecstasy and feverish delight; an azure immensity of boundless space lay round about her, and the glittering peaks of enchanted love rose up before her inward vision. Her ordinary, everyday life seemed to have receded afar, to be somewhere in the shadows between these radiant heights.

Then she bethought her of the heroines of the books that she had

read, all those lovely erring women who sang in her heart with voices, as of sisters, that laid a spell upon her. She looked, and lo, she saw herself amid this visionary throng, and deemed that at last the dreams of her girlhood days had come to pass, as she beheld herself in that passionate guise she had so longingly prefigured. But more than this, she was conscious of a feeling of satisfaction, as one tasting the sweets of revenge. Had she not suffered enough? But now the hour of triumph had sounded, and love, so long repressed, leapt forth at last like a bubbling fount of bliss. She drank deep of its sweetness, and no remorse, no misgiving, no foreboding ever clouded the radiance of her joy.

The next day went by in an atmosphere new and sweet. They made vows one to the other. She told Rodolphe all her troubles, and he cut her short with kisses. And gazing at him through half-shut eyelids, she besought him to call her again by her name, and to tell her again and again that he loved her. They were in the wood as on the previous day, in a clog-maker's hut. The walls were of thatch and the roof came down so low they were obliged to stoop. They were sitting, leaning against one another on a heap of dry leaves.

From that day onward they wrote to each other regularly every night. Emma took her letter to the end of the garden near the river and put it in a cleft in the wall. Rodolphe would come and take it and put another in its place, and always she complained that his letters were too short.

One morning Charles was called out to a case before it was light, and she was seized with a sudden longing to see Rodolphe there and then. She could hurry away to la Huchette, have an hour there, and be back again in Yonville before anyone was awake. The very idea made her pant with desire, and soon she was half-way across the field, tripping swiftly along, never casting a look behind her.

Day was beginning to break. A long way off Emma could see her lover's house, with its two weather-vanes standing out black against the pale sky of dawn.

On the other side of the farm-yard was a big building that must be the chateau. She went in as if the walls at her approach had swung aside of their own accord to admit her. A large staircase led up to a corridor. Emma turned the handle of the door, and there, at the far end of the room, lay a man, sleeping. It was Rodolphe. She gave a cry.

'What, you here! you here!' he kept saying. 'How did you manage it? Ah, your dress is all damp!'

'I love you!' she answered, flinging her arms round his neck.

This first adventure went off without mishap, and now, every time Charles was called out early, Emma got up, threw on some clothes, and stole furtively down the stone steps that led to the water's edge. But when the wooden gangway for the cattle was not there, she had to make her way along by the walls that fringed the river. The edge was slippery, and sometimes she had to put out her hand and clutch the tufts of faded gilliflowers to prevent herself from falling. Then

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she would strike across fresh-ploughed fields, sinking in, floundering, and getting her thin boots plastered with mud. The scarf tied over her hair fluttered in the wind that swept across the fields; she was scared of bullocks, and started to run. She arrived all out of breath, with roses in her cheeks, her whole body fragrant with the fresh odour of sap, of verdure and the open air. Rodolphe at this early hour would be still asleep. It was like a spring morning coming into his room.

Through the yellow curtains that draped the windows a soft old-gold light came stealing. Emma blinked her eyes as she felt her way across the room, while little drops of dew that besprent her hair seemed like an aureole of topaz around her countenance. Rodolphe, laughing, would draw her towards him and pull her down on to his breast.

And afterwards she would go and look about the room, opening this drawer and that. She would use his comb and look at herself in his shaving-glass. Sometimes there would be a pipe lying on the table by the bed among some lemons and pieces of sugar close to a water-bottle. And, picking up the pipe, she would put the mouthpiece between her lips and pretend to be smoking.

It took them a good quarter of an hour to say good-bye. Emma would burst out crying; she would have liked to stay with Rodolphe always and never leave him any more. Something stronger than she impelled her towards him; but one day, when she came in unexpectedly, a look of annoyance passed over his face.

'What is the matter?' she said. 'Don't you feel well? Tell me!'

At last he declared, looking very serious about it, that these repeated visits of hers were becoming rather too much of a good thing, and that she would be getting herself talked about.

19

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Captain Binet goes duck-hunting:
A large order for Monsieur Homais: Nights with Rodolphe:
The pistols: A letter from les Bertaux:
Lost illusions: Berthe.

LITTLE by little Rodolphe's apprehensions began to take hold of her. Her passion had intoxicated her at first, and she had no thoughts beyond it. But now, when love had become indispensable to her life, she was afraid of losing even a piece of it, or of having it interfered with in any way. When she was going back from his house she would cast anxious looks about her, looking hard at anybody she saw in the distance and glancing cautiously up at every window from which her goings and comings might be observed. She stopped and listened whenever she heard a step, or someone calling, or the sound of the plough at work; she would halt, paler and more tremulous than the poplar leaves that fluttered above her head.

One morning, as she was on her way back from one of these rendezvous, she thought she saw the muzzle of a sporting rifle

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apparently pointing straight at her. It was projecting obliquely from a little cask, half hidden amid the grass on the edge of a ditch. Emma, though nearly ready to drop with terror, kept straight on, when a man bobbed up from the cask, like a jack-in-the-box, and got out of it. He was wearing gaiters up to the knees and a cap rammed down over his eyes. His lips were trembling and his nose was red with the cold. It was Captain Binet, on the look-out for wild duck.

'Why didn't you shout when you were away over there? Whenever you see a rifle, you should always sing out.'

The tax-collector thus tried to dissemble the shock he had just had to his nerves. For an official notice had gone forth prohibiting wild-duck shooting except from a boat, and Monsieur Binet, despite his respect for the law, was doing something he ought not to do. This was how it was that every minute he thought he heard the policeman coming. But this anxiety lent an added zest to his pleasure, and there, all alone in his cask, he kept patting himself on the back for being such a cunning dog and having such good luck.

When he saw it was Emma, he looked mightily relieved, and immediately opened the conversation.

'Nippy, isn't it?' he said.

Emma made no reply, and he went on,

'You're out early, aren't you?'

'Yes,' she stammered, 'I've just been over to the woman's where my little girl is out to nurse.'

'Oh, I see, I see! Well, as for me, I'm here as soon as it's light. But the weather's so thick that unless you've got your bird slap at the end of your gun you-'

'Good day, Monsieur Binet,' she broke in, turning on her heel.

'Your servant, Madame,' he answered, rather put out. And he retreated into his cask.

Emma regretted she had left the tax-collector so abruptly. No doubt he'd go and imagine all sorts of unpleasant things. The story about the nurse was the worst lie she could have told, for everyone in Yonville knew that the little Bovary child had been back with her parents for more than a year. Besides, no one lived out that way; the path didn't lead anywhere but to la Huchette. Binet must have guessed where she was coming from, right enough. He would not keep it dark- he'd put it about, that was a certainty. All day long she sat cudgelling her brains, thinking out what lie she could possibly tell, with the figure of the egregious sportsman ever before her eyes.

After dinner, Charles, noticing that she seemed rather down, insisted on taking her over to the Homaises to liven her up a little. The very first person she clapped eyes on in the chemist's was Binet. There he was, planted alongside the counter, all lit up with red light from one of the big carboys.

'Half an ounce of vitriol, please,' he said.

'Justin!' shouted the apothecary, 'bring along the sulphuric acid, will you?'

'No, don't trouble to go up,' he said, turning to Emma, who was

making for Madame Homais's room upstairs. 'She'll be down in a minute. Warm yourself at the stove till she comes. How d'ye do, doctor?' (the chemist was very fond of bringing in the word doctor as often as he could, as though some of the glory which he conceived to attach to the word were mysteriously reflected upon himself).... 'Now then, don't go and upset those mortars. Get the chairs out of the little room; you know perfectly well that the easy-chairs are not to be taken out of the drawing-room.'

And Homais was about to rush away from the counter to put his chair back in its place when Binet said he wanted half an ounce of sugar acid.

'Sugar acid?' said the chemist scornfully. 'What's that? I don't know it. Perhaps you mean oxalic acid.'

Binet explained that what he wanted was a corrosive to put in a metal polish he was making to get the rust off his shooting gear.

Emma trembled.

'You're right,' said the apothecary- 'rust is right! But, then, look how damp it's been.'

'All the same,' said Binet significantly, 'some people don't seem to mind it!'

She felt like choking.

'Oh, and then I want-'

('He'll be here all night!' she said to herself.)

'-half an ounce of resin and turps mixed, four ounces of beeswax and an ounce and a half of lamp-black. It's to clean the shiny leather parts of my tackle.'

The chemist was starting to cut the wax, when Madame Homais appeared, with Irma in her arms, Napoleon at her side and Athalie dragging along behind. She went and sat down on the velvet seat facing the window. The small boy clambered up on to a stool, while his elder sister prowled about with her eye on the jujube box near to 'little daddy'. 'Little daddy' was pouring stuff into funnels, putting corks into bottles, gumming on labels, wrapping up packets. Silence was observed in his vicinity, the only sounds being the occasional tinkle of the weights in the scales and some whispered words of advice given by the chemist to his apprentice.

'How's that young lady of yours?' asked Madame Homais all of a sudden.

'Silence!' exclaimed her husband, who was doing some figuring in a scribbling book.

'Why didn't you bring her along?' she said, dropping her voice.

'Sh!' whispered Emma, pointing to the chemist.

But Binet was probably too busy adding up his bill to have heard anything. At last he departed, and Emma heaved a prodigious sigh of relief.

'Why, how hard you're breathing!' said Madame Homais.

'Yes, it is a little bit warm, isn't it?'

Next day they discussed where they had better meet. Emma thought of bribing the maid, giving her a present to keep her mouth shut;

but they came to the conclusion that the best thing would be to get hold of some house to which they could go in Yonville. Rodolphe said he would look out for one.

All through the winter, three or four times a week, when it was quite dark, he made his way into the garden. Emma had taken care to remove the key of the garden gate, and Charles concluded it was lost.

In order to tell her he was there Rodolphe would throw a handful of gravel against the shutters. Then she would jump up with a start. But sometimes she had to wait, because Charles had a mania for sitting up gossiping by the fire, and sometimes it seemed as if he would go on babbling for ever. She didn't know how to contain herself. If looks could have done it, she would have pitched him out of the window. After a time she began to undress, then she took up a book and began to read it with apparent calmness, as if she found it interesting. But Charles, who was now between the sheets, told her to come to bed.

'Come along, Emma,' he would say, 'it's really time you were in.'

'All right, I'm coming,' she would answer.

However, as the candlelight was in his eyes, he turned his face to the wall and dropped off to sleep. Then she slipped out, holding her breath, radiant, palpitating and all undressed.

Rodolphe used to wear a big cloak. He covered her up in it and, putting his arm round her waist, silently led her to the far end of the garden. It was in the arbour on the same rustic seat where Leon used to look at her so tenderly on those summer nights in days gone by. She thought very little about him now.

The stars were twinkling through the leafless branches of the jasmine. They could hear the murmur of the river behind them, and now and then the rustle of the dry reeds on the bank. Great shadowy masses bellied out here and there in the darkness, and sometimes, all quivering together, they rose up and bowed forward like huge black waves advancing to overwhelm them. The cold made them clasp each other the tighter; their sighs seemed more profound; their eyes, though they could scarcely discern them in the gloom, seemed bigger, and in the stillness that enfolded them a word, softly murmured, would fall upon their hearts like the note of a crystal bell and pass, trembling with infinite vibrations, into silence.

On wet nights they would go and take refuge in the surgery between the shed and the stable. She would light one of the kitchen candles that she had hidden behind the books. Rodolphe made himself quite at home. The sight of the bookcase and the writing-desk- everything in the room, in fact- excited his merriment, and he couldn't restrain himself from indulging in all sorts of little jokes at Charles's expense that put Emma a little bit out of countenance. She would have liked him to be a little more serious, and a little more dramatic if occasion demanded, as he had been once when she thought she heard the sound of footsteps coming towards them along the path.

'There's someone coming!' said she.

He blew out the candle.

'Have you got your pistols on you?'

'What for?'
'Why- to defend yourself!' answered Emma.
'From your husband, do you mean? Good Lord!'
And Rodolphe made a gesture that signified 'I'd crush him like a fly!' She was greatly impressed at his cool courage, though it had a touch of coarseness, of indelicacy, about it that she did not like at all.
Rodolphe pondered a good deal over this business of the pistols. If she had meant it, it was, he thought, ridiculous, rather horrible indeed, for Charles was a decent fellow enough, and he personally had no reason to hate him, not being 'consumed with jealousy', as the phrase goes; and, on this point, Emma had sworn him a solemn oath which he didn't think in the best of taste either.
Besides, she was getting fearfully sentimental. There had had to be an exchange of miniatures, of locks of hair, and now the latest thing was that she wanted a ring- a proper wedding-ring- as a symbol of their everlasting union. She often talked to him about the bells of eventide, of the voices of nature; and sometimes she would tell him about her mother and ask him about his. Rodolphe's mother had been dead twenty years. Nevertheless, Emma consoled him for his loss with the sort of little baby talk you would use to a lost child, and sometimes, looking up at the moon, she would say, 'I am sure that when they both look down on us from above, they approve of our love.'
But, then, she was so pretty! None of the women he had ever possessed had had such an innocent bloom on them. A really sentimental love affair like this was something quite new for him. It put him on his mettle, took him out of the rut, and gave a fillip to his pride and his appetites. Emma's intense style, which his middle-class common sense rather pooh-poohed, struck him, in his heart of hearts, as being rather fine after all, because he himself was the object of it.
Then, being certain of her love for him, he ceased to put himself about, and insensibly his manner underwent a change.
He never spoke to her now as he used to, saying little things so sweet and tender they made her cry. He never kissed her and hugged her in the old tempestuous fashion that sent her into the seventh heaven. No! that great love of theirs, in whose waves she was borne along, seemed as if it were growing shallower beneath her, like the waters of a river that was fated to be absorbed in its bed, and lo, she could see the mud! She tried not to believe it, became more demonstrative than ever, while Rodolphe troubled less and less to mask his indifference. She could not make up her mind whether she regretted having yielded to him, or whether she wanted to go on loving him more and more. Humiliation at the consciousness of her own weakness grew into a feeling of mortification which, however, was softened by their periodic caresses. It was not so much an affectionate attachment as a permanent infatuation. He had a sort of power over her. She was almost afraid of him.
Nevertheless, to all outward appearances, things were going on more smoothly than ever, Rodolphe having succeeded in running the

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affair according to his own ideas; and after six months, when the spring came round, they were for all the world like a couple of married folk quietly nourishing the domestic flame.

It was just about this time that Farmer Rouault was in the habit of sending along his goose to commemorate the setting of his broken leg. The present was always accompanied by a letter. Emma cut the string that tied it to the hamper and read as follows:

'MY DEAR CHILDREN,

'I hope this will find you in good health and that this one will be as good as the others, for it seems to me to have a bit more on it, to be a bit more meaty as you might say. Next time, for a change, I'll send you a cock bird, unless you'd rather keep to these, and send me back the hamper, please, and the two other ones. I have had a bit of bad luck with my cartshed- the wind took the roof of it off one night when it was blowing hard and carried it up among the trees, and the harvest hasn't been what you might call first rate. And when I shall ever get away to see you I don't know. It's been such a job leaving the house since I've been alone, my poor Emma.'

Here there was some space between the lines, as if the worthy man had laid aside his pen in order to dream a little.

'As for me, I'm all right except for a cold I picked up at Yvetot Fair the other day, where I'd gone off to engage a shepherd, as I had given ours the sack, him being that finicking about his victuals. What a dance them rogues do lead us! And he wasn't no better than he ought to be in other ways.

'I ran across a pedlar who'd been travelling about down your way this winter. He'd been to Bovary to have a tooth out, and he said he was always hard at work. I don't wonder, and he showed me his tooth. We had a cup of coffee together. I asked him if he'd seen you. He said no, but he had seen two animals in the stable, so I suppose trade's good. And a good job too, my dears, and God send you every happiness.

'It do seem hard that I haven't got to know my little grandchild Berthe Bovary yet. I've planted a plum-tree out in the garden under your bedroom window, and I won't have anybody meddle with it except, later on, to make some jam. I shall keep it in a cupboard for her against her first visit.

'Good-bye, my dear children. Fondest love to you, my girl, and to you, my son-in-law, and a kiss on both cheeks for the little one.

'I am, with many compliments,

'Your loving Father,

THEODORE ROUAULT.'

She lingered a few minutes, holding the rough piece of paper between her fingers. The spelling mistakes ran like a warp through the whole production, and Emma followed the thoughts that struggled through somehow, like the cackling of a hen half-hidden in a thorn hedge. The ink had been dried with cinders, for a sprinkling of grey dust slipped from the letter on to her dress, and it seemed to her as though she could almost see her father bending forward over the hearth to pick up the tongs. What a long time since she had been there,

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with him seated on the settle in the fire-place, when she would light the end of a stick in the game of the sea-rushes that flared and crackled up the chimney! She thought of those summer evenings all flooded with sunshine. The colts used to whinny when you went near them, and gallop- heavens, how they galloped! There was a beehive underneath her window, and sometimes the bees, wheeling round about in the light, would bump against her window-panes like bouncing golden balls. How happy it all seemed in those days! What freedom, what hopefulness, what a wealth of illusions! There were none left now. One after another, in the successive stages of her soul's adventure- girlhood, marriage, love- she had parted with them all, shedding them along the path of life like a traveller who leaves behind him some portion of his belongings at every wayside inn.

But who or what was making her unhappy? What was the extraordinary catastrophe that had overwhelmed her? And she lifted her head and looked about her as though she were trying to discover what it was that was making her suffer so.

A ray of April sunlight was playing softly on the china along the dresser; the fire was burning cheerfully; she could feel the yielding softness of the carpet beneath her slippers; the sky was bright, the air was warm and she could hear her little one laughing for joy. There she was rolling about on the lawn among the grass that was being cut for hay. She was lying flat on her stomach on the top of a haycock, her nurse holding on to her frock. Lestiboudois was raking close by, and every time he came near her she leant over, beating the air with both arms.

'Oh, bring her to me!' said her mother, rushing forward and gathering her to her bosom. 'How I love you, Mummy's poor little pet, how I love you!'

Then, noticing that her ears were not quite clean, she rang in a great hurry for some warm water and gave her a good wash, put her on clean underclothes, changed her shoes and stockings, and asked all sorts of things about her health, as if she had just come back from a journey. Finally, still smothering her with kisses and crying a little, she handed her back to the maid, who couldn't account at all for this sudden outburst of affection.

Rodolphe, that night, found her much graver than usual.

'She'll get over it,' he thought to himself. 'It's just one of her little ways.'

And three times in succession he failed to keep the tryst. When, finally, he did come, her manner was cold, almost off-hand.

'Ah, it won't pay you to try that on, my beauty!'

And he pretended not to notice her doleful plight or the handkerchief she kept producing.

It was then that Emma repented. She asked herself how it was she detested Charles and whether she would not have been far better off if she had been able to love him. But he did not give her any great opening for these revulsions of sentiment, and she was at a great loss to know how to give effect to the laudable promptings by which she was

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animated, when the apothecary furnished her with a most timely occasion.

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The stableman's club-foot: Surgical lore: Charles operates: Yonville in the press: Unfavourable prognosis: The visit of the cure: Monsieur Canivet's opinion: The second operation: Repenting of repentance.

HE had been recently reading a very favourable account of a new mode of treatment for club-foot, and being a great man for progress, he thought it would be a fine thing for Yonville to show how up to date it was by going in for the operative treatment of strephopody.

'Where's the risk?' he said to Emma. 'Just consider,' and he ran off on his fingers the advantages of such an experiment: 'success, practically certain; improvement of the patient's health and appearance; immense increase of prestige for the operator. Now why shouldn't your husband do a turn for poor old Hippolyte at the Lion d'Or? For one thing, he's bound to give an account of his cure to every traveller that goes to the place, and then (here Homais lowered his voice and looked about him) what's to prevent me from sending a little notice to the paper about it? Why, an article like that gets read all over the place... people get talking about it... it's like a snowball! You never know! You never know!'

As a matter of fact, Bovary might quite well succeed. Emma had no proof that he wasn't a skilful man, and then, how nice it would be for her to reflect that she had prevailed on him to undertake a thing that had been so advantageous from the professional and pecuniary point of view! Her great desire, in fact, was to have something more solid, more tangible than love to rely upon.

Charles, besieged by the importunities of the apothecary and Emma, suffered himself to be persuaded. He sent to Rouen for Dr. Duval's treatise, and every night he sat with his head between his hands, studying it diligently.

Whilst he was reading up all about talipes equinus, varus and valgus- that is to say, catastrephopody, endostrephopody and exostrephopody (or, to put it more clearly, the various deviations of the foot downwards, inwards and outwards)- with hypostrephopody and anastrephopody (otherwise torsion downwards and upwards), Monsieur Homais was adducing every argument he could think of to persuade the lad at the inn to submit to the operation.

'You'll hardly feel any pain at all. Just a slight pricking. No more than being bled a little. Not half as bad as having a corn removed.'

Hippolyte stood thinking hard, rolling his eyes about like a ninny. 'Anyhow,' the chemist went on, 'it doesn't affect me, it's for your sake- just a bit of simple ordinary humanity. What I want, my lad, is to see you cured of this unsightly claudication and that continual oscillation of the lumbar region, which, say what you

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will, must be no small handicap to you in the exercise of your work.'

Homais then went on to tell him how much better and sprightlier he would feel, and even hinted that he would be much more likely to do execution among the women, whereat the stable-lad hung his head and smiled a sheepish smile. Then he appealed to his vanity.

'Aren't you a man, hang it all? Why, suppose you had had to join the army: to go and serve with the colours! Ah, Hippolyte!'

And Homais went off, vowing that he couldn't understand anyone being so obstinate, so blind, as to refuse the benefits of science.

The poor wretch gave in, for everybody made a dead set at him. Binet, who never meddled with other people's business, Madame Lefrancois, Artemise, the neighbours and even Monsieur Tuvache, the mayor, kept pegging away and crying shame upon him; but what finally decided him was that he would not have to pay anything. Bovary even promised that he would furnish the necessary appliance for the operation. Emma it was who made the suggestion, and Charles agreed, thinking deep down in his heart what an angel she was.

And so, with the chemist to advise him, and after three separate starts, he got a sort of box constructed by the joint efforts of the carpenter and the locksmith. It weighed about eight pounds, and iron, wood, sheet-iron, leather, screws and nails were plentifully represented in its composition.

However, in order to decide which tendon to cut, it was necessary to discover the particular form of club-foot with which the patient was afflicted.

He had a foot that was bent downwards almost in a straight line with the leg, together with some degree of introversion. Hence it was a case of talipes equinus with some of the characteristics of talipes varus or, alternatively, it might be regarded as a slight varus with some conspicuous manifestations of equinus. But with this talipes equinus, which was as broad as a horse's hoof, all horny and knotted, with great black toe-nails, that looked like iron, the ostler galloped about like a stag from morning till night. Any time you liked, you could see him out in the Square clumping round the market-carts and flinging his deformed foot in front of him. He seemed to be stronger on that leg than on the other. As the result of long service, it had acquired what almost seemed like the moral qualities of energy and endurance, and when he had a heavy job to perform, that was the leg he would rely on.

Well, then, seeing it was a case of talipes equinus, it was the tendon of Achilles that would need to be severed, while, later on, the anterior tibial muscle would have to be dealt with, in order to relieve the varus; for the doctor dared not risk two operations at once, and, as it was, he was quaking a little, for fear of cutting into some important region he was not thoroughly acquainted with.

Neither Ambroise Pare applying, for the first time since Celsus and after an interval of fifteen hundred years, an emergency ligature to an artery; nor Dupuytren about to open an abscess deeply embedded in the grey matter of the brain; nor Gensoul, the first

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time he removed the upper maxillary, had such a beating heart, such a trembling hand and such an anxious mind as Monsieur Bovary, when he approached Hippolyte, his instrument between his fingers. And, just as you see in hospitals, the side-table was covered with piles of lint, waxed thread, a heap of bandages- a very pyramid of bandages, all the bandages that were to be found in the chemist's shop. Monsieur Homais had been there all the morning making these preparations, which were equally intended to bedazzle the multitude and flatter his self-conceit. Charles made an incision. There was a sharp crackling noise. The, tendon was cut, the operation was finished. Hippolyte couldn't get over his surprise. He bent his head down over Bovary's hands to cover them with kisses.

'There, there; that'll do. You can express your gratitude to your benefactor later on,' said the chemist.

And he went down to report the result to the five or six people who were waiting below in the courtyard, eager to hear the news and expecting to see Hippolyte come out again walking quite normally. Then Charles, having buckled his patient into the patent contrivance, went back to his house, where Emma, in a state of great excitement, was waiting for him on the doorstep. She flung her arms about his neck. They sat down to dinner. He ate heartily and said he would finish up with coffee, an indulgence he only permitted himself on Sundays, when they had company.

The evening went off delightfully. They talked and talked and dreamed all kinds of dreams together. They dwelt on the future and the prospects it offered, they discussed what improvements they would make in the house. He saw himself getting more widely known, living on a better scale, and for ever adored by his wife. And she was joyful at finding something new wherein to refresh her spirit, some healthier, better experience; joyful that, at last, she was able to feel some sort of affection for the poor fellow who cherished her so dearly. The thought of Rodolphe passed momentarily through her mind; but then she looked at Charles again, and noted with surprise that his teeth were really quite passable.

They had been in bed some little time when, despite the servant's expostulations, Monsieur Homais came bursting into the room with a sheet of something he had just written in his hand. It was the report he intended sending to the Rouen paper. He had brought it across for them to read.

' You read it,' said Bovary, and Homais began as follows:

'Despite the prejudices which still hang like a network over a great part of the face of Europe, the light is beginning to permeate our country districts. For example, on Tuesday last, the little town of Yonville was the scene of what was not merely an experiment in surgery, but an act of generous philanthropy. Monsieur Bovary, one of our most distinguished practitioners...'

'No, look here, that's too much, really!' said Charles, so overcome he could hardly speak.

'Good Lord no! Not a bit of it!... performed an operation for

club-foot.... I didn't use the scientific term because, you know, in a paper... well, a good many people wouldn't understand, and, you see, the general public...'

'Quite so,' said Bovary. 'Go ahead!'

'Well, then,' said the chemist, 'Monsieur Bovary, one of our most distinguished practitioners, performed an operation for club-foot on one Hippolyte Tautain, for twenty-five years ostler at the Hotel du Lion d'Or , kept by Madame Veuve Lefrancois, in the Place d'Armes. This new departure in operative surgery and the widespread esteem in which the patient is held, combined to draw such large numbers to the spot that the front of the establishment in question was veritably besieged by the crowd. The operation was carried out with almost miraculous success, scarcely more than a few drops of blood appearing on the surface of the skin, as though to proclaim the fact that the recalcitrant tendon had just yielded to the surgeon's skill. A remarkable point about the case is (we affirm this de visu) that the patient gave no indication of suffering any pain. Everything points to a rapid convalescence, and it may well be that, at our next village fete, we shall see our doughty Hippolyte joining in the merry dance, footing it blithely amid a choir of Corydons, and giving, by his sprightly pirouettes and gambols, manifest proof of his complete recovery. Honour, then, to these great-hearted men of science! Honour to those unwearying investigators who burn the midnight oil, seeking to remove, or to mitigate, the sufferings of their fellow-men. Honoured, thrice honoured, be they! Is it not time for us to cry aloud, saying, "Lo! the blind shall see, the deaf shall hear, and the lame shall walk?" That which, in days of old, superstition promised its votaries, science now accomplishes for all mankind. We shall keep our readers informed of the successive stages in the progress of this remarkable cure.'

All this did not prevent the Widow Lefrancois from hurrying over five days later, scared out of her wits and shouting,

'Come, quick! He's dying!... Oh, I shall go crazy!'

Charles tore across to the Lion d'Or , and the chemist, who saw him rushing bare-headed across the Square, was out of his shop in an instant. He was breathing quickly, looking flushed and uneasy, and asked the various people who were going up the stairs,

'Why, what is amiss with our interesting strephopode?'

The strephopode was writhing in frightful convulsions and banging the mechanism, in which his foot was clamped, so violently against the wall, they thought he would knock a hole in it.

And so, taking great precautions not to disturb the position of the limb, they removed the box, and a ghastly sight met their eyes. The foot was so hideously swollen that it was nothing but a shapeless mass of pulp covered with patches of ecchymosis caused by the famous machine. Hippolyte had said some time back that it was hurting him, but they hadn't taken any notice. It was now evident, however, that he had had some cause for complaint, and they let him be free for a few hours. But no sooner had the oedema subsided a

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little, than the two professional gentlemen thought it well to replace the apparatus, strapping it tighter than ever to accelerate the cure. Finally, three days later, Hippolyte being unable to bear it any longer, they unscrewed it again, and were much amazed at what they saw. A livid swelling had spread all up the leg, on which, here and there, were pustules oozing with dark-coloured matter. Things were looking serious; Hippolyte was beginning to get rather low, and the Widow Lefrancois shifted him into the little parlour near the kitchen, so that he might at least have something to take his mind off it a little.

But the tax-collector, who had his dinner there every day, strongly objected to his being in the room, so at last they moved him into the billiard-saloon. And there he lay, moaning under the bedclothes, pale, unshaven and hollow-eyed. Every now and again, the sweat standing out on his forehead, he would turn on his dirty pillow, that was all infested with fleas. Madame Bovary came to see him. She brought him linen for his poultices; she strove to comfort and encourage him. Not that he lacked for company, especially on market-days, with the room full of yokels, knocking the billiard balls about, fencing and skylarking with the cues, smoking, drinking, singing and swearing.

'How goes it?' they would say, clapping him on the shoulder. 'Not doing yourself proud, by the look of it. But it's your own fault. You should do this and that and the other thing.'

And they told him about other people who had all been cured by different remedies from his, adding, by way of consolation,

'You think about it too much! You should get up. There you lie, coddling yourself like a king! But I tell you what, old cockalorum, you don't smell any too sweet!'

The gangrene was, in fact, creeping up farther and farther. It turned even Bovary sick. He kept coming, at all hours of the day. Hippolyte looked up at him with terror-stricken eyes, sobbing and stammering.

'When shall I be well again?... Oh, save me! How bad I feel! How dreadful bad I feel!'

And the doctor would depart, advising him to eat as little as possible.

'Don't listen to him, my lad,' said the Widow Lefrancois. 'Haven't they made a martyr of you enough as it is? You'll make yourself weaker than ever. Here, take and drink this!'

And she would give him some good, strong broth, a slice of mutton or a rasher of bacon, and, now and again, a little nip of brandy that he hadn't the courage to put to his lips.

The Abbe Bournisien, hearing he was getting worse, sent in word that he would like to see him. He began by sympathizing with him, and then said that really he ought to rejoice, seeing that it was God's will, and seize the opportunity of putting himself right with Heaven. 'For,' said the ecclesiastic, talking to him like a father, 'you have been rather careless about your religious duties; I

haven't seen much of you in church. And how many years is it since you approached the Holy Table? I can understand that your occupations, the whirl and bustle of the world, may have caused you to neglect the salvation of your soul. But now is the time to bring your thoughts to bear upon it. Do not despair, however. I have known great sinners who, being about to appear before the throne of God (you've not come to that yet, I know), had implored His mercy, and certainly died in an edifying frame of mind. Let us hope that, even as they, you will set us a becoming example. Thus, by way of precaution, why not recite, morning and evening, a "Hail Mary" and an "Our Father"? Yes, do that, do it for me, to oblige me. What does it cost? Will you promise me?'

The poor soul promised. The cure came again and again. He gossiped with the landlady, told little stories, diversified with jokes and puns that Hippolyte never took in. Then, as soon as opportunity offered, he reverted to religious matters, assuming an appropriately solemn expression of countenance.

His zeal seemed to meet with success, for the patient soon expressed a desire to go on a pilgrimage to Bon Secours, if he got well again; whereto Monsieur Bournisien replied that he saw nothing against it; just as well to have two strings to your bow. Anyhow, he didn't stand to lose anything.

The apothecary was very angry at what he called the priest's manoeuvres. He would have it that they retarded Hippolyte's recovery. 'Let him alone,' he kept saying to Madame Lefrancois, 'let him alone. You take all the nerve out of him with this mysticism of yours.'

But the good woman wouldn't hear another word from him. He was the cause of all this upset. She wasn't going to be told by him, indeed; and to show her independence she went and fixed a stoup of holy water, full to the brim, with a sprig of box in it, at the head of the sick man's bed.

But neither religion nor surgery seemed to do him any good, and the inexorable mortification went on mounting steadily upwards from the extremities to the abdomen. They tried every imaginable kind of draught; they kept putting on fresh poultices. But it was no good. Every day the muscles kept loosening and falling away. Finally, when Madame Lefrancois asked him whether, as a last resort, he couldn't get Dr. Canivet of Neufchatel to come over and look at him. Charles nodded his assent.

Monsieur Canivet, a man of about fifty, was a Doctor of Medicine and something of a celebrity. He had a great deal of self-confidence, and made no effort to restrain a scornful laugh when he laid bare the leg, a mass of gangrene right up to the knee. He declared straight away that it would have to come off, and then went round to the chemist's to say what he thought of the sort of asses who could have brought a man to such a pass. Shaking Monsieur Homais by the button of his frock coat, he began to browbeat him in his pharmacy.

'All a lot of Paris bunkum. That's the sort of thing you get from

these gentry in the metropolis. It's on a par with strabotomy, chloroform and lithotomy, a lot of monstrous rubbish that ought to be forbidden by law. But they want to show how smart they are, and chuck their remedies about all over the shop, never caring a damn about the harm they do. We are not like these clever men. There's none of your highfalutin learning, and ornamental theorizing about us. We are practical men, we make folks better when they're ill, and aren't such idiots as to go operating on people who are perfectly well in health. Straighten a club-foot! Why, you might as well try to iron the hump out of a hunchback!'

This was hard doctrine for Homais to swallow; but he concealed his feelings beneath a courtier's smile, for he had to keep in with Monsieur Canivet, whose prescriptions sometimes came all the way to Yonville. And so he never said a word in Bovary's defence- in fact, he never said anything at all. He let his principles go by the board, and sacrificed dignity to the more important interests of his business.

The amputation of a thigh by Doctor Canivet was an event of no small importance in the village. Everyone was up betimes that morning, and the High Street, though thronged with people, wore an air of mourning as if an execution were going to take place. At the grocer's nothing else was talked of but Hippolyte and his illness; no business was done in the shops, and Madame Tuvache, the maire's lady, never left her window in her anxiety not to miss the surgeon's arrival.

He came in his gig, which he drove himself. The right spring had been so weakened by his weight, for he was a stout man, that the vehicle had a permanent list. On the cushion alongside him was a huge box covered with red sheepskin, with three brass fastenings that shone with impressive effect.

The doctor drove smartly into the yard of the Lion d'Or , and in a loud voice called for someone to come and take his horse out. Then he went into the stable himself to see that the animal had a proper feed of oats. For whenever he drove any distance to a patient, his first care was for his horse and trap; a trait that made people exclaim, 'Ah! Monsieur Canivet's a character, he is'. And they thought all the more of him for this be-damned-to-you sort of attitude. The whole world might have gone to ruin to the very last man, he would still have carried on as he had always done.

Homais presented himself. 'On you go! I want you,' said the Doctor. 'Everything ready?'

The apothecary turned red and confessed he hadn't got the nerve to be present at such an operation.

'When you've got to look on,' he said, 'you're apt to give your imagination too much rope. And then my nervous system is so...'

'Bosh!' interrupted Canivet. 'You look more like an apoplectic to me. And, good Lord! that's not to be wondered at. You chemist gentlemen are so continually cooped up in your cook-shops that it's bound to tell on you in the end. Now look at me. Up at four every morning, shave myself in cold water (I never feel the cold), never

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wear flannel, never catch a chill, sound as a bell in wind and limb. I never bother my head about diet- just eat what comes, as a wise man should. That's why I'm not easily upset like you. It's all one to me whether I carve up a fellow Christian or the first chicken that comes along. And now I suppose you'll go away and say, "Habit, just habit"!'

And then, without any regard for poor Hippolyte, who was sweating with agony between his sheets, these gentlemen engaged in a conversation in which the apothecary compared the coolness of a surgeon to that of a general commanding an army, a comparison highly gratifying to Canivet, who expatiated at great length on the requirements of his art. He regarded it as a sacred calling, though so many general practitioners brought it into disrepute. At last, coming back to the case, he examined the bandages Homais had brought, the same that had been put into commission for the club-foot, and called for someone to hold the patient's leg. They sent out to find Lestiboudois, and Monsieur Canivet, having rolled up his sleeves, proceeded into the billiard-saloon, while the chemist stayed behind with Artemise and the landlady, both whiter than their aprons, with their ears glued to the door.

All this time Bovary kept indoors, not daring to stir from the house. He was sitting in the dining-room by the empty grate, his chin sunk on his breast, his hands clasped, staring fixedly before him. 'What a ghastly mess!' he thought. And yet he had taken every imaginable precaution. There was some sort of fate about it. But what of that? If Hippolyte were to die, everyone would say he had killed him. And then what was he to answer when he went his rounds and people asked him about it? Perhaps he had made a mistake somewhere. He thought and thought, but all in vain. Of course the best surgeons make mistakes. But that's just what people never will understand. They would laugh at him. Everyone would be talking. It would get to Forges, Neufchatel, Rouen- everywhere. Quite likely some of the other medical men round about would attack him. There would be a controversy in the papers, and he would have to reply. Hippolyte might bring an action against him. He saw dishonour, ruin, irretrievable disaster staring him in the face, and his imagination, beset with a multitude of conflicting ideas, tossed and tumbled amongst them like an empty cask rolling and wallowing in a heavy sea.

Emma sat opposite, looking at him. She too was feeling humiliated, but from a different cause. She was disgusted with herself for imagining for a single moment that such a man could ever do anything well, she, who scores and scores of times had been mortified by his dull stupidity. Charles started pacing up and down the room. His boots creaked at every step.

'Sit down,' she said, 'you put me on edge!'

And so he sat down.

How had she (and she was no fool), how on earth had she made such a mistake again? And, to go further back, what unutterable madness had possessed her to endure this daily renunciation? She recalled how

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she loved the good things of life, she thought of how her soul had been starved, of all the pettifogging, debasing round of married life and housekeeping, of her dreams, falling like stricken swallows in the mire, of all the things she had longed for, and all that she had gone without and might have had. 'Why?' she cried. 'Oh, why? Why?'

Amid the silence that weighed upon the town, a piercing shriek rent the air. Bovary went as pale as death. She knit her brows irritably and resumed her thoughts. It was for that, for a man like that, who had no brains and no feeling, who can go on sitting there as if nothing had happened, never so much as dreaming that the whole thing will make me look as big a fool in the eyes of the world as he himself does. She had tried, tried hard, to love him, and the thought that she had yielded to another man had brought tears of repentance to her eyes.

' Suppose after all, it was a valgus! ' exclaimed Charles, who was thinking hard.

This extraordinary and wholly unexpected exclamation fell upon her like the thud of a leaden bullet on a silver plate. She started and looked up inquiringly, as if trying to guess what on earth he could mean. They sat and looked at one another in silence, as if they were scared at each other's presence, so wide and deep was the gulf between their trains of thought. Charles looked at her with the sort of dazed expression of a drunken man, listening motionless the while to the final shrieks of the sufferer, that waxed and waned in a series of long-drawn moans, broken every now and again by sharp, short screams, like the far-off howling of some animal that was being done to death.

Emma bit her pale lips and, rolling a piece of the coral she had broken off between her fingers, she fixed her two glowing pupils on Charles, like a pair of darts ready to take flight. Everything about him grated on her now- his face, his clothes, the things he didn't say, his whole person, his very existence, in short. She repented of her past virtue as if it had been a crime, and what remained of it crumbled to pieces beneath the furious onslaught of her pride. She gloried in her role of triumphant adulteress. The thoughts of her lover came flooding in upon her like a whirling tide. She surrendered her whole soul, borne irresistibly away by this fresh torrent of passion; and Charles seemed as completely severed from her life, as wholly and irrevocably removed, as impossible and non-existent, as if he were on the point of death and had passed through the fatal crisis beneath her eyes.

There was a sound of footsteps on the pavement. Charles looked out, and through the darkened shutter he saw Doctor Canivet, outside the market-hall, in the blazing sunlight, mopping his brow with his bandanna. Homais was coming along behind, carrying a big red box, and they were both going in the direction of the pharmacy.

Then, in an access of tenderness, feeling utterly lonely and dejected, he turned to Emma and said,

'Kiss me, then, my pet.'

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'Leave me alone,' she cried, crimson with rage.
'But what is the matter? What is it?' he repeated in amazement. 'Come, be calm. Be yourself! You know perfectly well that I love you! There now, come!'
'No more of it!' she cried in a terrible voice.
And, rushing out of the room, she banged the door so fiercely that the weather-glass fell with a crash upon the floor.
Charles sank back in his chair, utterly overcome, trying to think what could be the matter with her. It must, he thought, be some nervous trouble, and he burst into tears, feeling that some fatal and incomprehensible influence, he knew not what, was at work around him.
That night, when Rodolphe came to the garden, he found his mistress waiting for him at the foot of the steps. They flung their arms about each other, and all their rancour melted away like snow, beneath the warmth of their embrace.

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Comparisons: Two wooden legs: How Emma paid Lheureux's bill: Presents for Rodolphe: The Mother-in-law: 'Take me away!': The Husband's dreams: The Wife's dreams: Until tomorrow.

AND so love began for them anew. Often, in the middle of the day, Emma would take up a pen and write to him. Then she would beckon across to Justin, who would off with his apron in an instant and fly away with the letter to la Huchette. And Rodolphe would come. She wanted to tell him that life was a burden to her, that she couldn't endure her husband and that things were unbearable.
'But what can I do?' he exclaimed one day, losing patience.
'Ah! if you only would...'
She was sitting on the floor between his knees, her hair down, staring into vacancy.
'Would what?' said Rodolphe.
'We might go away and live somewhere else... anywhere...'
'Really, you must be crazy,' he said, with a laugh. 'How could we?'
She harked back to the subject. He pretended not to understand, and talked of something else.
What he couldn't grasp was why there should be all this worry and trouble about anything so simple as a love affair. She had a motive, a reason, and, so to speak, a contributory incentive in her attachment to him.
Her passion, in fact, was daily augmented by her repulsion for her husband. The more she abandoned herself to the one, the more she detested the other. Never did Charles seem so unattractive, his fingernails so stubby, his mind so dull, his manners so boorish as when she found herself with him, after her passages with Rodolphe. Then, while she played the virtuous and dutiful wife, she grew warm

with longing as she thought of that handsome bronzed face with its dark wavy hair, of that figure, at once so strong and so elegant, of his power and decision of mind, his unconquerable ardour. For him it was that she pared and trimmed her nails with such scrupulous care, for him that she was for ever larding her face with cold cream and drenching her handkerchiefs with patchouli. She loaded herself with bracelets, rings and necklaces. When she expected him to come, she filled her two big blue-glass vases with roses, and arranged her room and adorned her person like a courtesan awaiting a prince. The maid was for ever washing and ironing her things, and the whole day long Felicite would never stir out of the kitchen, where little Justin, who often kept her company, would watch her at her work.

Leaning with his elbow resting on her long ironing-board, he gazed eagerly on all the articles of feminine attire spread out around him- dimity petticoats, pieces of lace, collarettes, drawers with running strings, wide about the hips and gathered in at the knee.

'What's that for?' said the youth, running his hand over the crinoline or the fastenings.

'What! haven't you seen those before?' said Felicite, with a laugh. 'As if your missus, Madame Homais, didn't wear the like!'

'O Lord, Madame Homais! As if she were a lady like Madame Bovary!' he added meditatively.

But Felicite was getting sick of seeing him hanging about her apron strings. She was six years older than he was, and Theodore, Monsieur Guillaumin's man, was beginning to run after her.

'Oh, leave me be!' she said, moving her starch pot. 'Why don't you go and get on with your almond-pounding? You're for ever dangling about after the women. Wait till your beard begins to grow, you saucy little imp, before thinking of things like that?'

'All right, keep your wool on! I'll do her boots for you.'

So saying, he reached up on to the shelf and took down Emma's boots', all caked with mud- the mud of the trysting place- which came away in powder as he picked it off. He looked at the dust as it slowly rose up in a beam of the sun.

'How careful you are with 'em!' said the cook. She wasn't so particular when she cleaned them herself, because as soon as the bloom was off her mistress passed them on to her. Emma had lots of pairs in the cupboard. She wore out pair after pair in no time, and Charles never grumbled at all.

Similarly she spent three hundred francs on a wooden leg which she thought it the right thing to give to Hippolyte. The upper part was covered with cork and it had spring joints; altogether an elaborate piece of mechanism encased in one leg of a pair of black trousers and terminating in a patent-leather boot. But Hippolyte, not liking to sport so spanking a leg for every day, begged Madame Bovary to buy him a more serviceable one. The doctor, naturally, had to pay for this as well.

So little by little the stable-man got back to work. He was to be seen going about the village as heretofore, and whenever Charles heard

his wooden leg stumping along in the distance he quickly made off in another direction. It was Monsieur Lheureux the draper who had had the order put through. This had given him an excuse for seeing a good deal of Emma. He told her all about the latest consignments from Paris, all sorts of ladies' goods, was most obliging and never asked for his money. Emma found this a most seductively facile way of satisfying her caprices. For example, she was anxious to make Rodolphe a present of a very handsome riding-whip that was on show at an umbrella shop in Rouen. The very next week Monsieur Lheureux deposited it on her table.

But the day after he came along with a bill amounting to two hundred and seventy francs, not counting the centimes. Emma was in a quandary. All the drawers in the writing-desk had been cleared out. More than two weeks' wages were owing to Lestiboudois, two quarters to the servant, and a host of other things besides. Bovary was anxiously waiting for a remittance from Monsieur Derozerays, who, in previous years, had always paid up some time in July.

She managed to get rid of Lheureux for the time being; but at last he lost patience. He had numerous liabilities to meet, his money was all locked up, and if he did not get in some accounts that were owing, he would be compelled to ask her to return the goods.

'Very well, take them,' said Emma.

'Oh, I was only joking!' he replied. 'The one thing I'm sorry about is the riding-whip. I know! I'll ask the doctor to let me have it back.'

'No, don't!' she exclaimed.

'Aha, I've got you!' thought Lheureux to himself. And, sure of being on the right track, he went out, saying under his breath, 'Right! We shall see, we shall see!'

She was thinking how she was going to get out of this difficulty when the maid came in and put a little blue-paper packet on the table, 'With Monsieur Derozerays's compliments'. Emma pounced on it and tore it open. Fifteen napoleons. Just the amount of the bill. She heard Charles coming up the stairs. Like a flash she flung the money to the back of the drawer and took out the key.

Three days later Lheureux appeared again.

'I want to suggest an arrangement,' he said. 'If, instead of the sum agreed, you would...'

'There you are,' said she, putting fourteen napoleons in his hand.

This quite took the wind out of his sails. He didn't know which way to look, he was so taken aback. He was profuse in apologies and offers of service, all of which Emma declined. She stood awhile meditatively fingering in her apron pocket the ten francs change he had given her. She made up her mind to save, so that later on she could pay back....

'Bah!' she thought to herself, 'he won't think any more about it.'

Over and above the silver-mounted riding-whip, Rodolphe had been presented with a seal with the motto Amor nel Cor ; also a scarf for a muffler, and finally a cigarette-case exactly like the one belonging to the Vicomte, which Charles had found in the road and

which Emma had kept. However, these presents made him feel small. He had refused several, but she would insist, and Rodolphe had given in, thinking her rather too tyrannical and interfering.

Then she had queer ideas.

'When the clock strikes midnight,' she would say, 'think of me!'

And if he confessed that he had forgotten all about it, she would break out into a torrent of reproaches, always ending up on the same eternal note,

'Do you love me?'

'Yes, I love you,' he would answer.

'A lot?'

'Yes, of course!'

'And you haven't loved any other women?'

'What! you don't imagine I was an innocent cherub when I met you, do you?' he would rejoin, with a laugh.

Whereat Emma would burst into tears, and he would have to do his best to comfort her, seasoning his protestations with verbal quips and witticisms.

'Oh, but you see. I love you so!' she would begin again: 'love you so much that I cannot live without you, do you know? There are times when I long to see you, times when all the furious torments of love tear my heart asunder. "Where is he now?" I say to myself. "Perhaps he's talking to other women, and they are smiling at him, and he is fascinated by them...." But no, it isn't so. You don't love them, do you? You may find more beautiful women than I, but none that know how to love as I do. I am your servant, your concubine. You are my king, my idol! You are kind! You are handsome! You are clever! You are strong!'

He had heard this sort of thing so often that he had got quite used to it. Emma was just like the rest of them. And the charm of novelty, slipping off little by little like a garment, displayed in all its nakedness the eternal monotony of passion, with its unchanging formulas, its stereotyped expressions. Deeply versed though he was in the technique of love-making, he failed to realize that the same words do not always imply the same feelings. Because he had heard these words murmured by the bought lips of some Venus of the market-place, he put no great faith in their sincerity. Mere exaggerated protestations, not to be taken at their face value! Thus he said to himself, never dreaming that sometimes a full heart may find expression in the most hackneyed of metaphors, since to no one is it ever given to convey the exact measure of one's cravings, one's ideas or one's pain; never dreaming that human speech is like a crazy kettle on which we can only beat out tunes fit to charm a dancing bear, when all the while we would fain conjure the wandering stars and make them weep for us.

But with the critical aloofness of a man who, in no matter what crisis, holds himself in the rear of his affections, Rodolphe discerned in this liaison some new sensations to exploit. Modesty he considered should be wholly aside. There was no ceremony about his

treatment of her. He made of her something cunning and corrupt. It was a sort of fatuous attachment, full of admiration for him, of voluptuousness for her, a state of beatitude which drugged her senses; and her soul sank deep in this sensual flood and lay drowned and shrunken in its depths like the Duke of Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.

By its very continuance, her illicit love wrought a change in Madame Bovary's demeanour. There was a boldness in the way she looked and in the things she said. She even went the length of parading about with Monsieur Rodolphe, ostentatiously puffing a cigarette, just to show her contempt for public opinion. At last, those who doubted, doubted no more when they saw her get out of the Hirondelle one day, her waist squeezed into a waistcoat like a man; and Madame Bovary senior, who, after an appalling scene with her husband, had come to take refuge at her son's, was not the least scandalized among the respectable women of the place. There were many other things she didn't approve of. To begin with, Charles had not taken her advice about putting a stop to the novel-reading. Then she didn't like the way the house was run. She took it upon herself to mention a few things, and they had words, once in particular. It was about Felicite.

Madame Bovary, going along the passage the previous night, had caught her with a man- a man in a brown collar, somewhere about forty. As soon as he heard her coming, this individual slipped out through the kitchen. Emma began to laugh; but the good lady was highly indignant, and said that if people thought anything about morals at all, they ought to keep an eye on their servants.

'Where were you brought up, I should like to know?' said her daughter-in-law, with such an insolent look that Madame Bovary asked her if she was championing her own cause.

'Get out of my sight!' cried the young woman, springing to her feet.

'Emma!... Mamma!...' exclaimed Charles, trying to allay the storm. But they had both rushed away in their exasperation.

'Oh, what manners! What a peasant!' cried Emma, stamping with fury.

Charles rushed away to his mother. She was beside herself.

'She's an impudent hussy,' she gasped, 'a featherbrain, and worse than that, I shouldn't wonder!'

She said she wouldn't stay in the house another instant unless Emma came and apologized. So away Charles went to his wife and implored her to yield; he went down on his knees to her.

'Very well, I'll go,' she said at last.

She went, and holding out her hand to her mother-in-law with all the dignity of a marquise, she said,

'I ask your pardon, Madame.'

Then, back in her room again, she flung herself on the bed and sobbed like a child, burying her face in the pillow.

They had arranged, she and Rodolphe, that if anything out of the way should happen she was to fasten a piece of white paper to the blind, and that, if he chanced to be in Yonville and saw it, he was to hurry round to the alley at the back of the house. Emma put up the

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signal. She had been waiting about three-quarters of an hour when all of a sudden she saw Rodolphe coming round by the market. She felt she must open the window and call him; but he was already out of sight. She fell back, feeling desperate.

Soon, however, she thought she heard footsteps on the pavement. 'It must be he,' she thought. She went downstairs and across the yard.

And there, sure enough, he was, just outside. She flung herself into his arms.

'I say! Look out!' he exclaimed.

'Oh, if you only knew,' she began. And then she went on to tell him the whole thing, speaking hurriedly, incoherently; exaggerating, inventing, and interjecting such an abundance of parentheses, that he could make nothing of it.

'There then, my poor angel, don't give way; be comforted, have patience.'

'Yes, I have been patient for four years; for four years I've been suffering. Love like ours should be blazoned in the face of heaven! They do all they can to torment me. I can't bear it any longer. Save me!'

She huddled up close to Rodolphe. Her eyes were filled with tears and sparkled like flames beneath the waters. Her breast was heaving with little short, sharp gasps. Never had he felt such love for her. Swept off his feet, he said,

'What must we do? What do you wish to do?'

'Take me away!' she cried, 'take me from here.... Oh, I beseech you!'

And she flung herself on his mouth as though to seize the unlooked- for 'yes' that stole from it in a kiss.

'But...' Rodolphe began.

'Yes?'

'What about the child?'

She thought a minute or two and then answered,

'We will take her too. It's the only thing to do.'

'What a woman!' he said to himself, as he saw her disappear, for she had slipped back into the garden. Someone was calling.

Madame Bovary senior was much astonished at the change that had come over her daughter-in-law the last day or two. Emma, in fact, was quite submissive, and pushed her deference so far as to ask her for a recipe for pickling gherkins.

Was she trying to throw dust in their eyes, or was it the very voluptuousness of stoicism that led her thus to drink so deeply of the bitterness of all that she was soon to leave for ever? In reality she didn't care a straw about them. On the contrary, she lived as though lost in the foretaste of the happiness to come.

It was the one everlasting topic of conversation with Rodolphe. She would lean her head on his shoulder and murmur:

'Ah, when once we are in the coach! Can you imagine it? Is it possible? It seems to me that the moment I feel it start, it will be as if we were going up in a balloon, as if we were bound for the

clouds. Do you know, I count the days! Do you?'

Never had Madame Bovary looked so beautiful as now. She went clothed in that indefinable loveliness which comes of joy, enthusiasm, success, and is but the perfect harmony of temperament and outward circumstance. Her yearnings, her sorrows, her joys, her still youthful illusions, had gradually developed her, even as flowers are developed by soil and rain, by sun and wind, and now, at length, she blossomed forth in all the fullness of her nature. Her eyelids seemed carved expressly for her lingering looks of love, when the pupils seemed to melt away in mist. Her deep, rich breathing dilated her delicate nostrils and raised the full corners of her lips, on which, in a strong light, you could detect a shading of softest down. You would have said that some past-master in the art of seduction had ordained the subtle way her hair should fall upon her neck. It was twisted in a heavy coil, carelessly, with whatever variations the adulterous encounters that daily unloosed it might chance to lend it. The modulations of her voice, like the curves of her figure, grew softer. As you looked on her, some subtle emanation pervaded your being, an influence that seemed to steal from the folds of her gown or the arch of her foot. Charles thought her as delicious, and as wholly irresistible, as on the day she became his bride.

When he came home late at night he did not dare to wake her. The porcelain night-lamp cast a ring of tremulous light on the ceiling, and the curtains of the cot glimmered like a little white hut in the shadows beside their bed. Charles would stand and look at them. He thought he could hear the soft breathing of his little one. She would be getting a big girl soon now; every month or two would see a difference in her. Already he pictured her, in imagination, coming home from school at the end of the day, with a smile on her face and ink on her pinafore, her basket slung over her arm. Then she'd have to go to boarding-school. That would cost money; and where was it coming from? And so he fell to thinking. What about renting a little farm somewhere near by, a little place to which he could give an eye every morning as he started out on his rounds? He would save the income, put it in the savings bank; then, later on, he'd buy some shares in some concern or other; it didn't much matter what. Besides, the practice would grow; he hoped so, anyhow, because he wanted Berthe to have a good education, he wanted her to be a clever girl, to learn the piano. What a pretty child she would be one of these days- when she was about fifteen, say! She would be so like her mother. And when, in the summer, they both wore the same sort of broad-brimmed straw hat, people would take them for sisters. He pictured her sitting with them of an evening, sewing in the lamplight. She would work him some slippers. She would busy herself in the house and fill the place with charm and gaiety. Then they would have to look about for a husband for her; some decent fellow who could afford to keep her in comfort. He would make her happy, and so things would go on for ever and ever.

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Emma was not asleep, though she feigned to be, and while he was dozing off beside her she awakened in a land of very different dreams-

Behind four galloping horses, she and her lover had been faring for a whole week towards a new land, never more to return. On and on they went, arm linked in arm and uttering never a word. Ever and anon, gazing down from a mountain top, they would descry a splendid city with domes and bridges, and shipping and orange groves, and cathedrals of white marble with storks' nests in their airy towers. And the pavement would be bright with bouquets of flowers which women in red bodices would proffer as you passed. Bells would be ringing, mules whinnying, and the soft strains of guitars would mingle with the plash of fountains whose soft mist, lightly wafted, brought coolness to the piles of fruit heaped up in pyramids at the foot of gleaming statues that smiled beneath their canopy of spray.

One evening they came to a village of fisherfolk where brown nets were drying in the wind along the cliff and by the huts. It was there they would stay and live. They would have a low house with a flat roof, shadowed by a palm-tree in the shelter of a bay beside the sea. They would glide in gondolas, they would swing in hammocks, and existence would be for them as smooth and easy as their silken raiment, as warm and starry as the night skies whereon they would feast their gaze. Howbeit, in all this illimitable vision of the future that she summoned up, nothing stood out in definite relief. The days, all bathed in equal splendour, resembled each other as wave resembles wave, and the vision swayed softly on the far horizon, infinite, harmonious, bathed in azure haze, and gilded over with sunlight. And then the child would cough in her cot, or Bovary begin to snore more loudly, and morning would come gleaming white at the windows, and little Justin would be out taking down the shutters of the chemist's shop, before ever Emma had closed her eyes in sleep.

She sent for Monsieur Lheureux and said to him, 'I shall be wanting a cloak- a big cloak, lined, with a deep collar.'

'Are you going away?' he asked.

'No, but.... Oh, well, never mind. But you'll manage it, won't you and soon?'

He bowed assent.

'And then I shall want a trunk.... Something easy to handle.'

'Quite so, I understand; three feet by one and a half- that's the usual thing nowadays.'

'And a travelling bag.'

'H'm!' thought Lheureux, 'there's evidently something up here.'

'And, look here,' said Madame Bovary, taking her watch from her belt. 'Take this, and pay yourself out of the proceeds.'

But Lheureux deprecated this with vehemence. They knew one another. Did she think he couldn't trust her? What an idea!

However, she insisted on his having the chain, at any rate, and Lheureux had put it in his pocket and was taking his departure, when she called him back.

'Keep everything at your shop. Oh! and about the cloak'- here she

seemed to hesitate- 'don't bring that either. Just let me know the name of the makers and tell them to keep it till I call.'

It was the following month that they were to run away. She was going to get away from Yonville on the pretext of having some purchases to make in Rouen. Rodolphe would have booked the seats, seen to the passports and written to Paris in order to have the mail coach all to themselves as far as Marseilles, where they were to buy a carriage and go right through to Genoa. She was going to get her luggage over to Lheureux's, so that it could be put straight on to the Hirondelle without anybody's smelling a rat. But in all this the child was never so much as mentioned, and Rodolphe avoided any reference to her; perhaps she had given up the idea of taking her.

He wanted to have a clear fortnight in front of him to put through certain business matters; then, a week having gone by, he must needs have another fortnight; then, he wasn't feeling up to the mark, and then he went away on a journey. The whole of August went by, and finally, after all these delays, the date of their departure was irrevocably fixed for the 4th September, a Monday.

At length the Saturday arrived, two days before the fateful day.

In the evening Rodolphe came, earlier than usual.

'Is everything ready?' she asked.

'Yes.'

Then they strolled round the flower-beds and went and sat by the terrace, on the edge of the wall.

'You're sad,' said Emma.

'No. Why?'

And yet he was looking at her strangely, wistfully.

'Is it because you are going away?' she went on, 'leaving the things you love, the things that have been your life? Ah, I understand!... But I, I have nothing in the world! You are all in all to me. And so I shall be everything to you. I will be country and home to you. I will cherish you, I will love you.'

'How charming you are!' said he, taking her in his arms.

'You mean that?' she said, with a voluptuous laugh. 'Do you love me? Swear it, then!'

'Love you? Love you? Why, I adore you, my own!'

The moon- a big, round, crimson moon- was just peering over the edge of the world, away at the far end of the meadow. She mounted quickly among the branches of the poplars, which hid her here and there, like a dark curtain fretted with holes. Then she appeared white and dazzling in the empty heavens, flooding all their spaces with her light. And now, hasting no more, she let fall, on the river, a great splash of white, which shivered into myriads of stars; and this silver gleam seemed to undulate upon the water, far as eye could see, like a headless serpent, all covered with luminous scales. Or it might have been a huge candelabrum, whence, all along, from end to end, there swiftly trickled drops of molten diamond. The warm, soft night enfolded them about. Shadowy masses gloomed amid the foliage. Emma, sighing deeply, with eyes half-closed, was breathing-in the cool night

wind. They spoke no word, whelmed in the sweeping tide of reverie. The sweetness of old, forgotten days flooded their hearts again, full and silent as the river that flowed beside them, suave as the perfume of the syringas, and flung athwart their memories shadows vaster and more dolorous than the shade of the willows that lay motionless along the sward. Often some creature of the night, hedgehog or weasel, seeking its prey, would rustle the leaves, or maybe, at intervals, a peach would drop, from very ripeness, from its bough.

'Ah, what a lovely night!' said Rodolphe.

'We shall have others,' she answered.

And then, as though speaking to herself, she went on, 'Yes, it will be good to travel. Yet, why should my heart be sad? Is it dread of the unknown... or the break with all I have been used to?... Or is it not rather...? No, it is because I am too happy in my happiness! How weak I am, am I not? Forgive me!'

'There is yet time,' he exclaimed. 'Reflect! You may be sorry later on.'

'Never!' she cried impetuously.

'What ill could befall me?' she said, drawing closer to him. 'There is no desert, no place so perilous, no ocean so wide, I would not cross it with you. As long as we live together, the bond that joins us will grow daily stronger and more perfect. Nothing will cloud our happiness- no cares, no obstacles. We shall be alone, all in all to each other, eternally....'

And he answered at regular intervals, saying, 'Yes... Yes!...'

She passed her hands through his hair and kept saying in a baby voice, despite the big tears that were falling,

'Rodolphe! Rodolphe!... Ah, Rodolphe, dear little Rodolphe!'

It struck midnight.

'Midnight!' she said. 'Come, it's tomorrow! just one day more!'

He rose to go. And as if the movement he made had been the signal for their flight, she cried in a sudden access of gaiety.

'You've got the passports?'

'Yes.'

'You haven't forgotten anything?'

'No.'

'You're sure?'

'Quite sure.'

'It's at the Hotel de Provence , isn't it, that we're to meet, at twelve o'clock?'

He nodded.

'Tomorrow, then!' said Emma, with a last caress.

And she watched him go.

He did not look behind. She ran after him and, leaning over the water's edge among the bulrushes, cried,

'Tomorrow!'

He was already over the river and striding rapidly across the meadow.

After a few minutes Rodolphe came to a halt; and when he saw her

white figure fade gradually away into the shadows, like a phantom, his heart began to thump so wildly that he had to lean against a tree to keep himself from falling.

'What an imbecile I am!' he exclaimed, with a crude oath. 'Never mind, she was a rattling fine little woman!'

And as he said it, Emma's beauty, the thought of all the times they had had together, came back into his mind. For a moment he felt like weeping; and then he poured out his wrath against her.

'For, after all,' he exclaimed, waving his arms about, 'I couldn't go and bury myself alive like that, and saddle myself with a child into the bargain.'

He said all this to bolster up his resolution.

'And besides, look at the worry, the expense! Ah, no, no! Never in your life! The thing would have been too damned silly!'

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A pile of tosh: Rodolphe says good-bye:
A basket of apricots: Emma reads her letter:
The carriage crosses the square:
Monsieur Homais on perfumes:
Emma's illness.

HE was no sooner back, than down he sat at his bureau, under the stag's head that hung as a trophy on the wall. But when he got the pen between his fingers he couldn't for the life of him think what he was going to say, and there he sat lost in meditation, resting on his elbows. Emma seemed to have receded into the dim and distant past, as if his late resolve had suddenly put a yawning gulf between them.

In order to get hold of some tangible memento of her, he went to the cupboard at the head of his bed and brought out an old biscuit box that had come from Rheims, in which he used to keep the letters he received from women. It emitted a smell of mustiness and withered roses. The first thing he noticed was a handkerchief covered with little faded stains. It belonged to her. Her nose had started bleeding when they were out walking once; he had forgotten all about it. Close to it was a miniature of herself that she had given him. It was all broken at the corners. He thought her dress looked showy and her seductive glance in the most deplorable taste. Then, as he gazed at this picture and tried to recall the original, Emma's features began to grow vague and blurred in his mind, as if the living face and the painted face, rubbing one against the other, had become mutually obliterated. And then he went on to the letters. They were full of arrangements for going away, short, practical and to the point, like business communications. He looked for the long ones, the letters she used to write him.

They were at the bottom of the box, and Rodolphe had to upset all the others. Mechanically he began to rummage about among the miscellaneous jumble, coming across all manner of things- a pair of garters, a black mask, pins, and locks of hair, some dark and some

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fair; some of it was entangled in the hinges of the box and broke as it opened.

And so, toying idly with his souvenirs, he fell to examining the different sorts of handwriting, the different styles of composition, as varied as the spelling. Some were affectionate, some were breezy, some were jocular, and some were sad. Some asked for love, and others for money. A word, perhaps, would bring back a face or a gesture, the sound of a voice. Sometimes, however, nothing came at all. In fact, these women, thus crowding pell-mell into his thoughts, mutually obscured one another, and dwindled away to one uniform level. Taking up a handful of letters, he amused himself for some moments by letting them fall in a cascade from his right hand into his left. Then, growing bored and sleepy, he went and put the box back in the cupboard, saying,

'What a pile of tosh!'

That summed up what he really thought, for his pleasures, like schoolboys in a playground, had trodden down his heart so hard that nothing ever grew there, and whatsoever passed through it, more heedless than children, did not, like them, so much as leave a name scored upon the wall.

'Come on,' he said, 'let's make a start.'

He wrote,

'Emma, you must be brave. I do not want to bring misery into your life....'

'And that's true enough' thought Rodolphe. 'I'm acting in her interests; I'm doing the decent thing.'

'Have you carefully weighed the consequences of your intended action? Have you realized the awful abyss to which I was dragging you, my poor angel? No, you haven't, have you? You were going on, confident and heedless, believing all would be well, trusting in the future.... Ah, what ill-fated, insensate things we are!'

Here Rodolphe paused, trying to hit on some good excuse.

'Suppose I say I've lost all my money! No, that's no good. It wouldn't really do the trick. I should only have the whole thing over again later on. You can never get women like that to listen to reason.' He thought a little; then he went on,

'I shall never forget you, you may rely on that, and I shall never cease to entertain a profound regard for you; but the day was bound to come, sooner or later (such is the fate of all things human), when our ardour would have cooled. Weariness would have come upon us, and who knows whether I might have been called upon to suffer the horrible anguish of witnessing your remorse and of sharing it myself, since I should have been its cause? The mere thought of the pain that will be yours is a torture to me, Emma. Forget all about me. Why was it fated that I should know you? Why were you so beautiful? Was I at fault? Oh, God, surely not! Fate, and fate alone, is to blame.'

'That's a phrase that always gets home,' said he.

'Ah, if you had just been an ordinary, don't-care sort of woman, of whom there are plenty in this world, I might, purely for my own

amusement, have tried the experiment, since it wouldn't have had any danger for you. But that delicious exaltation, which is at once your charm and your undoing, has prevented you from understanding, adorable woman that you are, the falseness of our future position. I myself did not realize it to begin with, but lay stretched at my case, as though beneath the shade of the manchineel tree, in the shelter of that ideal of bliss, regardless of the consequences.'

'Perhaps she'll think I'm giving it up because of the money business. Ah, well, let her think it. The thing's got to be ended.'

'Society is cruel, Emma,' he went on. 'Wherever we went it would track us down. You would have had to put up with innuendoes, and all sorts of malicious gossip. People would cut you and perhaps insult you. You, insulted! Oh, God! And I, who would fain seat you on a throne; I, who am carrying away the memory of you like a talisman- for I am going to punish myself with exile for all the ill I have wrought you. I am going away. Whither? I know not. I am distraught. Adieu! Be good and kind, always. Keep in memory the unhappy man who has lost you. Teach my name to your child and bid her remember it in her prayers.'

The candles began to gutter. Rodolphe got up and shut the windows.

'I think that's about all,' he said to himself when he had sat down again. 'But no- just in case she tries again.'

'I shall be far away when you read these sad lines. I have made up my mind to go at once, so as to avoid the temptation of seeing you again. No wavering! I shall come back, and perhaps some day, later on, we shall talk together, quite dispassionately, of the days when we were lovers. Adieu.'

And there was yet another, a last, adieu, divided into two words, A Dieu! He thought that in excellent taste.

'Now, how am I going to sign it?' he said to himself. '"Yours most sincerely"? No, I know. "Your Friend." That'll do.'

He read his letter over. He thought it quite good.

'Poor little woman!' he mused, feeling quite sentimental about her. 'She'll think me as hard as a rock. There ought to have been some tears on this; but I can't cry. I can't help it.' And so, pouring some water into a tumbler, Rodolphe wetted his finger and let fall a big drop that made a pale smear on the ink. Then he looked about for a seal, and came across the one with the words Amor nel Cor upon it.

'That hardly fits the occasion.... Oh, well, never mind!'

That done, he smoked three pipes and went to bed.

Next day when he got up (which was two o'clock, for he had slept late) Rodolphe told one of his men to pick a basket of apricots. He placed his letter at the bottom, underneath the vine leaves, and dispatched Girard, his head ploughman, with orders to convey it carefully to Madame Bovary. This was the way he got letters to her, sending her fruit or game, according to the time of year.

'If she inquires for me,' he said, 'tell her I've gone away. Be sure and give the basket into her own hands. Off you go, and mind what you're about!'

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Girard slipped on his new blouse, tied his handkerchief round the apricots, and clumping along in his great iron-bound clogs, pursued his tranquil way to Yonville. When he arrived, Madame Bovary and Felicite were unfolding a bundle of washing on the kitchen-table.

'Yur,' said the man, 'yur's somethin' for 'ee from maister.'

She felt instinctively that there was something wrong. All the time she was fumbling in her pocket for a tip for the man, she was shaking all over and looking at him anxiously. He couldn't for the life of him make out why anyone should be so disturbed at receiving such a simple present. At last he went. But Felicite was still in the room. Unable to stand it any longer, she rushed off to the dining-room, ostensibly to dispose of the apricots. She emptied the basket, tore away the leaves, saw the letter, opened it, and then, as if a fire were raging at her heels, made, in an agony of terror, for her room.

Charles was there. She just caught a glimpse of him. He said something, but she didn't hear, and went on running upstairs to the top of the house, panting, distraught, beside herself, still clutching that horrible piece of paper that rattled like a piece of sheet-iron in her hand. She got to the top and stopped outside the attic door, which was shut. Then she tried to collect herself. The letter! She must read it through, but she dare not. Where? How? They would see her.

'Ah, no,' she thought, 'I shall be all right here,' and she pushed open the door and went in. The heat from the slate roof came down on her like a ton of bricks. It gripped her temples, it nearly stifled her. She dragged herself to the shutter, pulled back the bolt and let in a flood of blinding sunlight.

Opposite, away beyond the housetops, stretched the open country, far as the eye could see. Immediately beneath her was the marketplace. Not a soul was there. The stones on the pavement were sparkling in the sun, the weather-vanes on the housetops never stirred. Across the way, from a room on a lower floor, came a sort of snoring sound with shriller variations. It was Binet, busy at his lathe.

She was leaning against the window recess, reading the letter through again, with, now and then, a little bitter laugh. She endeavoured to concentrate on it, to see what it really meant, but the more she tried, the more confused and dazed she felt. She saw him. She heard him. She flung her arms about his neck. Her heart knocked against her breast like great blows from a sledge-hammer. The beats came faster and faster with irregular intervals between. She cast her eyes all round about her, longing for the world to crumble into dust. Why not have done with it? Who was holding her back? She was free, wasn't she? She took a step forward. She leaned out and looked down at the pavement below.

'Come then,' she said, 'come!'

The beam of light that shone up directly from below was pulling the weight of her body towards the abyss. The surface of the market-place seemed to be oscillating and moving upwards all along

by the walls, and the floor seemed to be slanting downwards like a vessel heeling over to the wind. She was right at the edge, almost suspended, with a vast space all around her. The blue sky came flooding towards her, the air was eddying in her hollow head. She had but to let herself go, to obey the summons. And still the whirring of the lathe went on, like someone calling her in a furious rage.

'Emma! Emma!' cried Charles.

It stopped her.

'Where are you, then? Come along!'

The thought that she had just escaped from death nearly made her swoon with terror. She shut her eyes. A touch on the sleeve made her shudder. It was Felicite.

'The Doctor's waiting for you, Madame. The soup is on the table.'

She had to go down! And sit through a meal!

She tried to eat. The food choked her.

Then she unfolded her napkin, as if to count the darns. She tried to concentrate on the task, counting the number of threads. Suddenly she thought of the letter. Had she lost it? Where had she put it? But her brain felt so tired that she couldn't even invent an excuse for getting up from the table. Then her courage gave way. She was afraid of Charles. He knew everything; for certain he did! And, curiously enough, he said just at that moment,

'It looks as if we shan't be seeing Monsieur Rodolphe again for some considerable time.'

'Who told you that?' she asked with a start.

'Who told me?' he repeated, rather taken aback at the sharpness of her tone. 'Why, Girard. I met him just now outside the Cafe Francais. He's gone on a journey, or he's on the point of going.'

She choked down a sob.

'Why, what is there to be astonished at? He goes away every now and then, to break the monotony a bit. And, by Jove, I don't blame him! When a man's got plenty of money and no encumbrances! Anyhow, he has a jolly good time of it, our friend. He's a bit of a goer, they say. Monsieur Langlois has told me some...'

He broke off, because the servant was coming in.

The girl put the apricots, which were scattered all over the sideboard, back into the basket. Charles, not noticing how red his wife had gone, told the girl to bring them over, and stuck his teeth into one.

'Oh, perfect!' he said. 'Here, try one.'

He held out the basket. She put it away gently.

'Just smell! What a lovely scent!' said he, and he kept on putting the basket under her nose.

'Oh, I can't breathe!' she cried, starting to her feet. She controlled herself by an effort of will. The spasm passed. 'It's nothing!' she said. 'Nothing, nothing! Only nerves! Sit down and get on with your dinner.' She dreaded lest he should question her, make a fuss over her; dreaded that she wouldn't be left alone.

Charles did as she bade him and sat down. He spat out the stones

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into his hand and put them on the edge of his plate.
Suddenly a blue tilbury drove across the market-place at a brisk trot. Emma gave a shriek and fell rigid to the floor.
The fact was that Rodolphe, after thinking the whole thing over, had decided to go to Rouen, and as the only way from la Huchette to Buchy lay through Yonville, there was nothing for it but to go through the village, and Emma recognized him by the light of the carriage lamps which flashed through the twilight like a gleam of lightning.
Hearing a terrific commotion in the house, the chemist rushed over as hard as he could pelt. The table, with all the dinner-things, was upset. The meat, the gravy, the knives, the cruet were scattered over the floor. Charles was shouting for help; Berthe, frightened out of her wits, was screaming, and Felicite, with trembling hands, was unfastening her mistress's stays, and Emma herself lay stretched out on the floor, shaken from head to foot by convulsive tremors.
'I'll run over and get some aromatic vinegar from my laboratory,' said the apothecary.
They held the flask to her nose, and she opened her eyes.
'There you are!' said Homais. 'It would bring a corpse to life again.'
'Speak! speak!' Charles kept on saying. 'Come, be yourself! It's me, your own Charles, who loves you. Don't you know me? There! there's your little one. Kiss her, then.'
The child stretched out her arms to her mother, to put them round her neck. But Emma turned away her head and gasped,
'No, no.... No one!'
She fainted away again. They carried her up to bed. She lay at full length, her mouth gaping, her eyes shut, her hands open, quite still, and as white as a waxen image. Two wet trails of tears slowly trickled from her eyes on to the pillow.
Charles was standing bolt upright in the recess. The chemist was at his side, maintaining that thoughtful silence which is the correct attitude to observe in the graver crises of life.
'You needn't worry now,' he said, taking him by the elbow. 'I think the attack is over.'
'Yes, she's a bit quieter now,' answered Charles, who was watching her sleeping. 'Poor little woman! She's gone right back again.' Homais wanted to know how it had all happened. Charles said it had come on her all of a sudden, while she was eating some apricots.
'Extraordinary!' remarked the chemist. 'But it's quite possible the apricots may have induced syncope. Some people are so terribly sensitive to certain odours. The subject would well repay study, in its pathological no less than its physiological aspect. It's a fact well known to the priests, who have always introduced aromatic scents into the ceremonies of the Church. The obvious intention is to numb the intellectual faculties while creating a condition of ecstasy, no difficult matter in the case of women, who are more sensitive in this respect than men. Cases have been cited where they have fainted at the smell of burnt hartshorn, of newly baked

bread....'

'Mind you don't wake her,' whispered Bovary, under his breath.

'Nor is it only human beings who are prone to these attacks, animals also are liable thereto. For example, you are doubtless not unaware of the powerfully aphrodisiac effect produced by the nepeta cataria, commonly called valerian, on animals of the feline tribe. Moreover, to give an example, the authenticity of which I can guarantee, Bridoux, an old friend of mine, now in business in the Rue Malpalu, has a dog which goes off into a fit if anyone holds out a snuff-box to him. He has often demonstrated this experimentally in the presence of friends at his cottage in the Bois Guillaume. Would anyone have believed that a common sternutatory could produce such an overwhelming effect on a quadrupedal organism? It is a remarkable phenomenon, is it not?'

'Yes,' said Charles, who wasn't listening to a word.

'That throws a valuable light,' said the other, with a smile of benign complacency, 'on the innumerable vagaries of the nervous system. As for your wife, I confess to you that I have always considered her a typically neurotic subject. For that reason, my worthy friend, I am not going to recommend the administration of any of those so-called remedies which, while professing to act on the symptoms, really affect the constitution. No, my friend, no tinkering about with drugs. Diet, that's the thing! Sedatives, emollients, carminatives. Then, don't you think we might work on the imagination a little?'

'In what way? How?' said Bovary.

'Ah, there you are! That's the question. There's the rub, as someone said in the newspaper the other day.'

But at this point Emma woke up, shouting, 'The letter! The letter!' They thought she was delirious. And at midnight delirious she was. She had got brain fever.

For forty-three days Charles never quitted her side. He left his patients to take care of themselves. He didn't go to bed, he was for ever feeling her pulse, applying mustard plasters and cold-water compresses. He sent Justin all the way to Neufchatel for ice. The ice melted before he got home. He sent him back for more. He called in Monsieur Canivet, in consultation. He sent to Rouen for Dr. Lariviere, his old master; he was like one desperate. What scared him most was Emma's depressed condition. She didn't speak, took no notice of anything, and didn't even seem to suffer- as if her soul and body were together at rest after the tumult through which they had passed.

About half-way through October she was able to sit up in bed, propped up with pillows. Charles started crying when he saw her eating her first bit of bread and jam. She began to recover her strength, and got up for an hour or two in the afternoons, and one day, when she was feeling ever so much better, he tried to get her to walk a little in the garden, leaning on his arm. The gravel of the paths was almost hidden by dead leaves. She walked very slowly, dragging her feet along in her slippers, leaning her shoulder against Charles. And always a

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smile was on her face.
And thus they went, arm in arm, to the bottom of the garden, down by the terrace. Slowly she drew herself up and shaded her eyes with her hand, to see what she could see. She gazed away, far, far away, into the distance, but there was nothing on the skyline but heaps of burning grass that were smouldering on the hills.
'You'll make yourself tired, my darling,' said Bovary.
And pushing her gently to get her to go into the arbour, he said,
'There, then, sit down on this seat. You'll be all right here.'
'Oh, no! Not there, not there!' she said.
She had an attack of dizziness, and that same night she was as bad as ever again, though this time the course of her illness was more uncertain and its symptoms were more complex. Now it was her heart that troubled her. Now her chest, or her head, or her limbs. Then, she had attacks of vomiting, which Charles thought might be the early symptoms of cancer. And on the top of all this trouble, the poor fellow was worried about money.

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Money troubles: Winter convalescence: Consolations of religion: Reading and good works: Visitors at the bedside: Monsieur Homais: disputes with the cure: Preparing for the theatre.

TO begin with he didn't know how in the world he was going to settle with Monsieur Homais for all the medicines he had had from him, and although his official position theoretically absolved him from the legal necessity of paying, he felt a little uncomfortable at being under such an obligation. And then the household expenses, now that the cook was running the place, were getting ruinous. Bills kept pouring in; the tradesmen were grumbling. Monsieur Lheureux was especially troublesome. In fact, when Emma's illness was at its height, Lheureux, taking advantage of the circumstances to pile on his charges, had rushed over with the cloak, the travelling bag, two trunks instead of one, and a whole heap of things besides. Charles, of course, said he had no use for them, but it was no good. The man gave himself airs, said the goods had been ordered, and he wasn't going to take them back. Besides, it would upset Madame and put her back, just when she was getting on so nicely. Monsieur had better think it over. Anyhow, he was determined to bring the matter into court sooner than abandon his rights and cart back his goods. Whereupon Charles gave orders that they should be sent over to the shop. Felicite forgot; he himself had other things to think of; the matter got overlooked. Monsieur Lheureux returned to the charge, and now blustering and now whining, he so manoeuvred things that Bovary was at length induced to put his hand to a bill at six months. But no sooner had he signed this note than a bold idea came into his mind; and that was to borrow a thousand francs of Monsieur Lheureux. And so,

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looking rather sheepish about it, he inquired whether it would be in any way possible for him to have that amount, adding that he wanted it for twelve months at whatever interest he liked to ask. Lheureux hurried over to his shop, brought back the money and dictated another bill, whereby Bovary promised to pay to his order, on the first day of September next ensuing, the sum of one thousand and seventy francs, which, with the hundred and eighty francs stipulated for in the preceding agreement, would make up exactly twelve hundred and fifty. Thus, getting six per cent interest on his money plus a quarter for commission, and a good thirty-three and a third on the goods supplied, he saw himself in twelve months making a hundred and thirty francs profit. And he hoped that things wouldn't stop there; he hoped Bovary would be unable to pay the bills, that they would have to be renewed and that his poor little bit of money, after being fattened up at the doctor's like a patient in a convalescent home, would one day come back to him a great deal plumper than it had gone forth and fat enough to burst the sack.

Everything he touched turned to money. He was given the contract for the supply of cider to the hospital at Neufchatel. Monsieur Guillaumin promised to allot him some shares in the peat-bogs at Grumesnil, and it was his ambition to start a new service of omnibuses between Arcueil and Rouen, which would not only soon do for the old rattle-trap of the Lion d'Or , but, being quicker and cheaper and carrying more luggage, would bring him the whole of the Yonville trade.

Charles often wondered how he was going to pay all this money back next year. He thought and thought; he conceived various ideas, such as applying to his father, or selling something or other. But his father wouldn't listen, and he- well, he had got nothing to sell. And then the whole situation began to look so black that he hurriedly dismissed from his mind so disagreeable a subject of contemplation. He reproached himself for allowing it to make him forget Emma, as if all his thoughts belonged to her and he was robbing her of something if he did not have her continually in mind.

The winter was a hard one, and Madame's convalescence was slow. When the weather was fine, they pushed her chair up to the window, so that she could look out on the Square. She had now taken a violent dislike to the garden, and the blind on that side was always left drawn.

She wanted them to get rid of the horse, and the things she used to be so fond of now pleased her no more. All her thoughts seemed to be concentrated on the care of her own health. She had little plates of food brought up to her in bed, she rang for the servant to ask about her beef-tea or to have a little gossip with her. The reflection of the snow on the roof of the market-hall filled the room with a still, white light. And then the rain would fall. And day by day Emma would wait, with an almost anxious eagerness, for the coming round of little trivial events which could not have meant anything to her. Chief among them was the arrival of the Hirondelle of an

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evening. The landlady would begin shouting and other people would shout back, and Hippolyte's lantern as he got down the boxes from the boot was like a star shining in the darkness. Every day, at noon, Charles came in from his rounds; then out he went again. And she would have her broth, and about five o'clock, when it was getting dusk, the children would come home from school, scraping along with their sabots on the pavement and tapping their rulers against the hasp of the shutters, one after another.

It was at this hour that Monsieur Bournisien used to come to see her. He inquired after her health, brought her the news and exhorted her to religion in a little, wheedling, gossipy way that was not without its charm. The mere sight of his soutane was a comfort to her.

On one of her worst days, when she thought she was dying, she asked for the Sacrament; and as the preparations went on, and they cleared all the medicine bottles and syrups off the chest of drawers to turn it into an altar, and Felicite scattered dahlias about on the carpet, Emma felt as if something endowed with great strength were passing over her, taking away all her sorrows, all perception, all feeling. Her flesh was no longer weighed down with the burden of anxiety, a new life was beginning for her. It seemed to her that her being, mounting upwards towards God, was about to be swallowed up in the divine love, like burning incense that melts away into vapour. They sprinkled the bedclothes with holy water; the priest drew forth the white wafer from the pyx, and she was almost swooning with celestial joy when she put forth her lips to receive the Body of the Saviour there present. The curtains of her bed hung full about her like clouds, and the rays from the two lighted tapers on the drawers dazzled her with a radiance as from heaven. Then she let her head fall back on the pillow, seeming to hear the sound of angels' harps filling the heavenly spaces, and to see, beneath a sky of azure, on a golden throne, surrounded by the saints bearing branches of great palm, God the Father, effulgent with ineffable majesty, who, with a sign, was causing angels with wings of fire to come down to earth and bear her away in their embrace.

This splendid vision had dwelt in her memory as the loveliest dream that anyone could be visited by, and now she essayed to recapture the sensation, which continued, indeed, but in a manner less exclusive, yet with a sweetness no less deep. Her soul, warped and twisted by the fires of pride, had at last found rest in Christian humility; and tasting the joys of weakness, Emma contemplated in herself the destruction of her will, a process bound to afford an easy access to the flowing tide of grace. So mere mundane happiness had given place to more transcendent bliss, a love high above all human passion, that knew neither end nor intermission, a love that would grow and grow eternally. And among the illusory visions conjured up by hope, she thought she saw a realm of purity floating above the earth, melting into the sky, and it was there, in that region, that she longed to dwell. She longed to become a saint. She bought

rosaries, she wore amulets; she must needs have a reliquary set with emeralds to keep in her room, so that she could have it by her pillow and kiss it every night.

The cure was wonderfully struck by this attitude of mind, although he thought that by reason of its very fervour Emma's religion might topple over into heresy, into extravagance. But not being very well up in such matters after they got beyond a certain limit, he wrote off to Monsieur Boulard, the Bishop's bookseller, asking him to send along something really sound, for a female parishioner with plenty of brains. The bookseller, with as much indifference as if he had been sending a consignment of hardware to a parcel of niggers, packed off a bundle containing all the best sellers in the way of books of devotion. There were little manuals of instruction by way of question and answer, pamphlets in rather a grim style, in the manner of Monsieur de Maistre, and things that passed for novels- namby-pamby things bound in pink boards, put together by scribbling clerics or repentant blue stockings. There was Ponder it Well; The Man of the World at Mary's Feet , by M. de..., whose work had received official recognition; The Errors of Voltaire, for Young Readers , etc.

Madame Bovary's intellectual faculties had not yet recovered grip enough to enable her to apply herself seriously to anything. Moreover, there was too much haste, too much eagerness in the way she attacked her reading. She was impatient of the rules and regulations of the religious life; she disliked the pontifical tone of the controversial writings and the implacable fury with which they pursued people she had never heard of. And the works of fiction, flavoured with religion, seemed to her to display such ignorance of the world that they insensibly alienated her from the doctrines of which she was seeking the proof. Nevertheless, she persevered, and when her book fell from her hands, she imagined herself uplifted by the most delicate spirit of Catholic melancholy that an ethereal soul could conceive.

As for Rodolphe, she had relegated his memory to the nethermost chamber of her heart; and there he lay, more solemn and more still than a King's mummy in a subterranean tomb. There stole upwards to the outer air an exhalation from this great embalmed passion, and, as it ascended, it perfumed with tenderness the atmosphere of immaculate purity in which she aspired to dwell. When she fell on her knees at her Gothic prie-Dieu, she addressed to the Lord the same sweet words she had of old been wont, in the full tide of adulterous passion, to whisper in her lover's ear. It was thus she essayed to awaken faith. But no responsive delight came down from the skies, and she rose from her knees with aching limbs and the vague sentiment of an immense deception. This seeking for the light she held to be another merit in her favour, and in the pride of her devotion, Emma likened herself to those great ladies of olden times, of whose glory she had got an idea by contemplating a portrait of La Valliere, and who, trailing with lofty majesty the gorgeous train of their stately robes, sought silence and solitude to water the Saviour's feet with the tears

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that welled up from their wounded hearts.
Then she flung herself, with immoderate zeal, into works of charity. She did sewing for the poor; she sent wood for women who were lying-in; and one day Charles came in and found three ne'er-do-wells in the kitchen guzzling soup. She had her little girl back home with her again. Her husband had put her to board with Mere Rollet during her mother's illness. She tried to teach her to read, and Berthe might whimper as much as she liked, she never got out of temper with her. Resignation, universal indulgence, was the order of the day. Even her ordinary language about the most mundane things was tinged with idealism. 'Is your stomach-ache better, my angel?' she would say to the child.

Madame Bovary, senior, had nothing to find fault with, unless it was this mania for knitting vests for orphans, when she might have been darning her own dusters. But the atmosphere of her own home was too uncomfortable for the good woman to be anything but happy in this quiet household, and she stayed on till after Easter, in order to escape the sarcasms of Bovary pere, who, whenever Good Friday came round, would always go and order a hog's pudding for his dinner.

Over and above the society of her mother-in-law, who gave her a feeling of confidence by her sound common sense and steady-going ways, Emma had callers almost every day. There was Madame Langlois, Madame Caron, Madame Dubreuil, Madame Tuvache and, as regular as clockwork, from two till five, the excellent Madame Homais, who for her part had never attached the slightest importance to the tittle-tattle that was going the rounds about her neighbour. The Homais children also came to see her; Justin accompanied them. He came upstairs with them into the bedroom and stood at the door stock still, without uttering a word. Often enough, Madame Bovary, ignoring his presence, would busy herself with her toilet. She would begin by taking out her comb and giving her head a sudden shake; and the first time he beheld all this torrent of hair rippling in a mass of dark ringlets to her knees the poor child felt as if he were suddenly entering upon some new and extraordinary experience, of which the splendour took his breath away.

Doubtless Emma failed to notice his shyness and the silent fervour of his adoration. It never entered her head that love, which had vanished from her life, was throbbing there, close at hand, under that coarse linen shirt in a young man's heart that lay all open to the emanations of her beauty. For the rest, she viewed everything with such unvarying indifference, her words were so affectionate, her looks so cold and her ways so bewildering, that it was impossible to say how much was the pharisaism of conscious benevolence, how much the corruption of her moral being. One evening, for example, she flew into a rage with her servant, who had asked if she might go out, and had been trying, with a great deal of hesitation, to explain why.

'So you love him, then?' she said all of a sudden. And without waiting for Felicite to answer- the girl had gone red all over- she added mournfully,

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'Well, off you go! Make the most of your time!'

When the spring came she had the whole garden torn up from end to end, despite Bovary's expostulations. And even he was glad to see her exercising her will about something or other. Her will began to return, as her health improved. To start with, she found an excuse for getting rid of Mere Rollet, the nurse, who had got too fond of coming into the kitchen with her two nurslings and her boy-boarder, who had an appetite like a cannibal. Then she cold-shouldered the Homais family, discouraged all her other callers, and even cooled off somewhat in her church-going, to the marked approval of the apothecary, who observed, with an air of friendly familiarity,

'You really were getting a bit too churchy, weren't you?'

Monsieur Bournisien still continued to visit her every day, after his catechism class. He liked to be out of doors breathing the fresh air in 'the spinney,' as he called the arbour. This was the time that Charles came in from his rounds. They felt the heat very much, and had some cider brought out, and they drank together, to Madame's complete recovery.

And Binet too was there, a little farther down, against the garden wall, catching crayfish. Bovary asked him to come and have a drink, and Binet showed himself an expert at uncorking stone bottles.

'What you've got to do,' he said, casting his eyes around him so as to embrace the distant horizon, 'is to hold the bottle plumb on the table and, after cutting the wire, work the cork up ve-ry gently, so, just as they do seltzer-water in a restaurant.'

But, as often as not, the cider would spurt up into their faces in the very middle of his demonstration, whereupon the cure would give a guttural laugh and produce his inevitable joke:

'Its goodness hits you in the eye!'

As a matter of fact, he was a thoroughly decent fellow, the cure - so much so that, one day, when Homais was advising Charles to give Madame a little change and take her to the theatre at Rouen to hear Lagardy, the famous tenor, he didn't seem the least bit scandalized. Homais, astonished that he should take it so quietly, asked him what he thought about such matters, and the priest declared that he looked on music as much less dangerous to morals than literature.

On which the chemist launched forth upon a defence of letters. The stage, he argued, pricked the bubble of prejudice and improved while it amused.

' Castigat ridendo mores , Monsieur Bournisien! Take the majority of Voltaire's tragedies, for example. Why, you could compile a popular system of instruction in morals and diplomacy from the reflections with which they are so cunningly interspersed.'

'There's a play I once saw, called The Paris Guttersnipe ,' remarked Binet, 'with an old general who was absolutely "it". There's a work-girl in it who gets put in the family way by some aristocratic young cock-o'-my-hoop. My word, how the old general dresses him down! Well, in the end...'

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'Of course,' Homais went on, 'there's bad literature, just as there's bad dispensing and bad everything else. But to pass a wholesale condemnation on one of the most important of the fine arts, strikes me as stupid, barbarous, worthy of those abominable times when they cast Galileo into prison.'

'I am well aware,' protested the cure , 'that there are good books in the world, and good writers. But go and put a lot of people of different sexes into some delightful chamber, furnished and decorated in the most costly manner- and then look at all those pagan costumes, the rouge, the lights, the seductive voices- it's all bound, I tell you, to induce an atmosphere of moral laxity, to give rise to immodest thoughts and impure temptations. The Fathers, at any rate, are all agreed on that point. Finally,' he said, suddenly adopting a mystical tone, as he rolled a pinch of snuff between his thumb and forefinger, 'if the Church has condemned the stage, there's an end of it. We must bow to her ruling.'

'Why,' asked the apothecary, 'should the Church excommunicate actors? In the old days they actually used to take part in religious ceremonies. Yes, they used to perform, to enact a kind of farce- mysteries, they called them- in the middle of the choir, and in those mysteries the laws of decency were often set at naught.'

The cure only sighed, and the chemist continued,

'It's just the same in the Bible. There you have- don't you know- well, some rather spicy details, about things that are decidedly over the fence.'

Monsieur Bournisien made a gesture of angry impatience.

'Ah, well,' said Homais, 'you will agree, anyhow, that it's not the sort of book to put into the hands of the young, and I should be sorry if Athalie...'

'But it's the Protestants who want everyone to read the Bible,' exclaimed Monsieur Bournisien impatiently- ' we don't.'

'Ah, well,' said Homais, 'I can't make out how it is that in these days there should still be people who would rule out a form of intellectual amusement which is harmless, moral and sometimes actively conducive to health. Isn't that so, Doctor?'

'Absolutely!' assented Charles absently, either because he had the same ideas and didn't want to upset anyone, or else because he hadn't any ideas at all.

The discussion seemed to have come to an end when the chemist thought he would fire off a parting shot,

'I've known priests who have got themselves up in ordinary clothes to go and look at the women kicking up their legs on the stage.'

'Oh, come now!' said the cure .

'Yes, I've known them,' and, hammering out the syllables with obstinate emphasis, he repeated, 'I- have- known- them.'

'Well then, it was very wrong of them,' said Bournisien in a tone of complete resignation.

'Yes, and they go a good deal farther than that!' exclaimed the chemist.

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'Sir!' cried the churchman, with such a glare in his eye that the chemist was quite taken aback.

'What I mean to say'- he went on, in a milder tone- 'is that toleration is the surest way to bring people to religion.'

'True, true!' agreed the worthy man, re-seating himself on his chair.

But he only stayed a couple of minutes longer. As soon as he was gone Monsieur Homais looked round at the doctor.

'That's what I call "one in the eye". You saw? I didn't half wipe the floor with him! Well, anyhow, take my advice and go with Madame to the theatre, if it is only to upset one of those croakers for once in your life. If only I could get hold of a locum , I would come along with you myself. There's no time to lose, hurry up! Lagardy's only on for one night. He's got an engagement in London at a big salary. He's' a nice lad, according to all reports. Simply rolling in money. Goes about with three mistresses and his own chef. All these big artists burn the candle at both ends. They've got to go the pace; it keeps their imagination keyed up. But they die in the workhouse, because they haven't sense enough to put by when they're young. Well, I'm off. Play a good knife and fork. See you tomorrow!'

This theatre idea quickly took root in Bovary's head; for he immediately broached it to his wife. At first she said she couldn't go. It would be so tiring, such an upset and such an expense. Strange to say, Charles stuck to his guns- so strong was his conviction that the change would do her good. So far as he could see, nothing stood in the way. His mother had sent them three hundred francs he never expected to get; their current liabilities were nothing very tremendous, and Lheureux's bills did not fall due till such a long time ahead there was no need to worry about them. Besides, the idea that she didn't want to put him to the expense, only made him the more insistent. At last she was virtually hypnotized into acquiescence; and so, at eight o'clock next morning, they bundled into the Hirondelle .

The apothecary, who could have got away quite easily if he had liked, but who made out he couldn't possibly leave his business, heaved a sigh as he saw them depart.

'Well, good-bye and bon voyage ,' he said. 'Some people have all the luck!'

Then he turned to Emma, who was wearing a blue silk dress with four flounces.

'You look like the goddess of Love! Rouen'll go mad about you!'

The diligence put up at the Croix Rouge , in the Place Beauvoisine. It was one of those inns you so often come across in provincial towns, with roomy stables and poky bedrooms, the sort of inn where the fowls wander about the courtyard looking for oats under the mudstained gigs of the commercial travellers- good old-fashioned hostelries, with balconies of worm-eaten wood that creak in the wind of a winter's night; always full of people, noise and victuals. Their blackened tables are stained with coffee, their windows of coarse glass are

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yellowed by flies, their damp napkins stained with new wine, and, with their cafe in front and their vegetable patch behind, they present an inalienably bucolic appearance, like farm hands in their Sunday best. Charles at once went out to see about the seats. He muddled up the stalls with the gallery, the pit with the boxes; asked for explanations which he failed to understand, went to the booking clerk, who sent him to the manager, returned to the inn, went back again to the theatre, and thus covered the whole length of the town, from the theatre to the boulevard, several times over.

Madame bought herself a hat, a pair of gloves, a bouquet. Monsieur was in a great state lest they should miss the beginning, and without even giving themselves time to bolt their soup, they arrived at the doors of the theatre only to find they were not yet open.

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The Bovarys at the opera:
Monsieur Lagardy: Charles wants to understand:
The spilt barley-water: Re-enter Leon:
'Night brings counsel'.

THE crowd were drawn up along by the wall, ranged symmetrically between the balustrades. At the corners of all the streets round about, gigantic posters had been stuck up with 'Lucia di Lammermoor... Lagardy... Opera...' and so on, in big, flamboyant letters. It was a fine evening, and hot. The ladies' fringes all looked clammy with perspiration; all the handkerchiefs were out, mopping away at rubicund foreheads. Every now and then a warm breeze, blowing up from the river, would gently flap the borders of the canvas awnings that hung over the tavern doors. A little farther on, however, a current of icy air, that smelt of tallow, leather and oil, brought with it a refreshing coolness. It was a whiff from the Rue des Charrettes, a street of vast, dark warehouses where men were for ever trundling about great casks in a perpetual twilight.

Emma thought it would look well to go and take a turn down by the harbour before going in, and Bovary, who was running no risks, kept the tickets in his hand, in his trousers pocket, which he held tight against his stomach.

Her heart began to flutter as soon as she got into the vestibule. She couldn't resist smiling a little smile of vanity when she saw the crowd all herding into the passage on the right, while she went straight up the staircase to the grand seats. She was as pleased as any child at opening the big tapestry-covered doors with a little push of her finger. She eagerly sniffed in the dusty smell of the corridors, and, seated in her box, she bore herself as haughtily as any duchess.

The theatre was beginning to fill up. Opera-glasses were extracted from their cases, and the seat-holders, recognizing each other from afar, nodded and waved their greetings. They had come to seek relief from their commercial occupations, in a little enjoyment of the fine

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arts. But they could not dismiss 'business' from their minds, and cottons, raw spirits and indigoes were still the burden of their conversation. Then there were the faces of elderly gentlemen, placid and expressionless, looking like discs of oxidized silver. The young bloods were preening themselves in front of the stalls, showing off the pink or apple-green cravats that beautified the opening of their waistcoats. Madame Bovary looked down on them admiringly, as they stood leaning on their gold-knobbed canes, stretching the palms of their yellow kid gloves.

Meanwhile the orchestra candles were being lighted, the great lustre was lowered from the ceiling, shedding, with the glittering rays of its facets, a sudden air of gaiety upon the scene. The musicians filed in one after another, and then followed a prolonged medley of growling double-basses, squeaking violins, snorting cornets, wailing flutes and flageolets. And now came three taps on the stage, the drums began to roll, the brass instruments played a preluding chord or two and the curtains rose upon a rural scene.

It was a forest glade with a fountain to the left, shaded by an oak. A chorus of rustics and lords, with plaids hanging from their shoulders, were singing a hunting chorus; then a captain arrived on the scene, who evoked the spirit of evil, raising both arms to heaven; he was joined by another; they both departed and the huntsmen resumed their song.

Why, it was the romances she had read in her youth! It was Walter Scott back again! She seemed to catch, through the mist, the sound of the Scottish bagpipes skirling among the heather. And the memory of the book helping her to understand the libretto, she followed each successive stage in the plot, while all the time a host of vague, indefinable thoughts came thronging in upon her, only to take flight at every *crescendo* of the music.

She abandoned herself to the soothing influence of the melodies, and felt a thrill passing through the whole of her being, as though the bows of the violinists were being drawn across her very nerves. She had not eyes enough to drink in the costumes, the scenery, the characters, the painted trees that trembled when anyone walked by, the velvet caps, the cloaks, the swords and all those strange and wondrous things that shimmered in the waves of harmony as in the atmosphere of another world. But now behold! a young woman advanced and threw a purse to a groom attired in green. She remained alone, and then was heard the music of flute, which sounded like a murmuring fountain or the gentle warbling of birds. Lucia began her cavatina in E major in great style; she sang her plaint of love; she cried aloud for wings. Emma too would have liked to flee from life, to be borne away in the ecstasy of love's embrace. Suddenly Edgar Lagardy appeared on the scene.

His complexion exhibited the magnificent pallor that lends the majesty of marble statuary to the ardent races of the South. His athletic figure was encased in a doublet of brown hue; a small, elaborately chased dagger hung at his left hip, and he gazed about him

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languorously, displaying his white teeth. The story went that a Polish princess, hearing him sing one night on the seashore at Biarritz, as he was at work caulking boats, fell desperately in love with him. She ruined herself on his account. Then he left her for other women. His artistic reputation was not the only thing that benefited by his fame as a gay Lothario. The cunning mummer always took care to slip into the advertisements some poetical reference to the fascination of his person and the sensitiveness of his soul. A fine voice, unbounded aplomb, temperament rather than brains, gusto rather than real ability as a singer, combined to bring this super-charlatan, who was a sort of mixture of toreador and hairdresser, into the limelight of popularity.

As soon as he appeared on the stage, the people went mad about him. He pressed Lucia to his bosom. He flung away from her and came back again; he seemed in despair. Now he would burst out in fury, now he would sing wooingly- tender, elegiac strains of infinite sweetness, and the notes took flight from his uncovered neck, laden with sobs and kisses. Emma leaned forward to see him the clearer, and clenched the velvet padding of her box. She filled her heart with these melodious lamentations that lingered long upon the air to the accompaniment of the double-basses, like the cries of the shipwrecked heard amid the tumult of the tempest. She recognized the passion and the pain whereof she had all but died. The voice of the heroine seemed but the echo of her own heart, and the lovely illusion before her, part and parcel of her life. But no one on earth had ever loved her with such a love as that. He did not weep like Edgar, that final evening in the moonlight when they had parted, saying, 'Tomorrow; tomorrow!' The applause nearly brought the house down. The lovers spoke of the flowers on their grave, of vows, exile, fate, hope, and when they uttered their supreme farewell Emma gave a shriek that blended with the lingering vibrations of the final harmonies.

'But,' said Bovary, 'why is that lord there so unkind to her?'

'But he isn't,' she answered 'he's her lover.'

'And yet he swore just now he would be revenged on her family, while the other man, the one that came on a moment ago, said, "Lucia I love, and deem that she loves me". And then he went off with her father, arm in arm. That is her father, isn't it- the ugly little man with a cock's feather in his hat?'

Emma tried to explain as best she could, and yet when the duet began, in which Gilbert lays bare to Ashton his nefarious machinations, Charles, as soon as he saw the false betrothal ring that was to lead Lucia astray, thought it was a love-token sent to her by Edgar. He confessed, however, that he couldn't make head or tail of the story because of the music, which interfered so much with the words.

'What does it matter?' said Emma. 'Be quiet!'

'Well, you see,' he answered, leaning over on her shoulder, 'I like to know the rights of things; you know I always do.'

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'Oh, for goodness' sake be quiet!' she cried impatiently.
Lucia came forward, droopingly supported by her women, a wreath of orange blossom in her hair, and paler than the satin of her gown. Emma began dreaming of her marriage; and she saw herself back again amid the cornfields on the little footpath, when the company were making their way to the church. Why had she not struggled and resisted then, like Lucia? Instead of that, she had been merry and light-hearted, never realizing the precipice over which she was flinging herself. Ah! if only in the freshness of her beauty, before the soilure of marriage and the disillusions of adultery, she could have based her life on some great-hearted, steadfast man, then, virtue and affection, voluptuousness and duty, going hand in hand, she would never have fallen from a happiness so perfect. But such happiness as that was merely a piece of make-believe, invented to show the vanity of all desire. She knew well enough, now, how paltry were the passions of which art made so much. So, trying to divert her thoughts, Emma made up her mind to see nothing more in this presentment of grief and pain than a mere pictorial fantasy, well-suited to beguile the eye, and she was even indulging herself in a little disdainful smile when, at the far end of the stage, beneath the velvet hangings, appeared a man attired in a sable cloak.
His broad-brimmed Spanish hat fell to the ground at a gesture that he made, and forthwith the instrumentalists and the singers began to strike up the sextet. Edgar, glowing with fury, dominated all the rest with his triumphant tenor. Ashton threatened him with death in lower tones; Lucia gave vent to piercing lamentations; Arthur stood apart modulating notes in the middle register; the squat figure of the minister rumbled like an organ, while the women, taking up his words, repeated them in chorus, with delicious effect. They had all come forward in a row to gesticulate; and wrath and vengeance, jealousy and terror, compassion and dismay were all being breathed forth simultaneously from their parted lips. The outraged lover brandished his naked sword; his lace collar worked up with little jerks as his bosom heaved; he went now to the right and now to the left with great strides, making the gilt spurs on his soft leather boots that widened out at the ankles clank upon the boards. 'Ah, he,' she thought, 'must have an inexhaustible fund of love, to pour such floods of it upon this throng of people here.' All her little depreciatory ideas vanished away before the onward sweep of his magnificent role, and, drawn to the man by virtue of the part he was enacting, she tried to picture to herself the sort of life he must lead- a life full of thrills, extraordinary, splendid and, withal, such a life as she herself might have led if the fates had willed it so. They would have known each other, they would have been lovers. At his side, through all the countries of Europe, she would have journeyed, faring from capital to capital, sharing his weariness and sharing his fame, gathering up the flowers flung at his feet, embroidering his costumes with her own hand; and then, night by night, within her box, behind the grille with its gilt trellis, she would

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have inhaled, with panting breast and parted lips, the outpourings of a soul who would have sung for her and her alone; and from the stage, even as he played his part, his eyes would have sought for hers. Oh! was she mad? He was looking at her. Yes, for sure! And she felt she must rush and cast herself into his arms to seek shelter in his strength, as though in the very incarnation of love, to tell him all that was in her heart, to cry, 'Take me, bear me away, let us begone! I am yours, yours with all my ardour, all my dreams!'

The curtain fell.

The air was heavy with a mixture of spent gas and people's breath; the breeze from the fans made the atmosphere stuffier than ever. Emma wanted to go out; the corridors were packed with people, and she sank back in her seat with palpitations that made her feel as if she were choking. Charles thought she was going to faint, and rushed off to the bar to get her a glass of barley water.

He had a fearful struggle to get back to his seat. People kept on jogging his elbow, just because he had a glass in his hand, and he upset three parts of it all over the shoulders of one of Rouen's fair ones, in short sleeves. When she felt the cold liquid running down her back she yelled like a peacock, as if she was being murdered. Her husband, a cotton spinner, gave 'the clumsy lout a bit of his mind'; and while the lady was swabbing away with her handkerchief at the stains on her beautiful cerise taffeta, he was grunting and growling something about 'making good the damage', 'cost of the thing', 'paying up', and so on. At last Charles got back to his wife.

'Good Lord!' he exclaimed, puffing and blowing, 'thought I was there for the night! The people! You never saw such a crowd! And who d'you think I ran into up there? Monsieur Leon!'

'Leon?'

'The man himself! He's coming round in a minute to pay his respects to you.'

And before these words were out of his mouth, the ex-clerk of Yonville came into the box.

He put out his hand with well-bred nonchalance, and Madame Bovary extended hers, mechanically, as though obeying some force of attraction independent of her will. She had not felt it since that evening in springtime when the rain was falling on the green leaves and they said good-bye standing beside the window. But remembering the exigencies of the situation, she shook off these brooding memories and quickly stammered forth a number of polite phrases.

'Oh, how do you do? Imagine it! You here?'

'Silence!' cried a voice in the pit, for the third act was starting.

'So you're at Rouen, then?'

'Yes.'

'How long have you been here?'

'Be quiet there! Get out! Get out!'

The people were all turning round and looking at them. They stopped talking. But from that moment onwards she listened no more; and the chorus of guests, the scene between Ashton and his

serving-man, the great duet in B major, all seemed to her like something taking place far away, as though the instruments had grown less resonant and the actors more remote. She thought of those card parties at the chemist's, their walk to the nurse's house, the hours they spent reading in the arbour, the talks by the fireside, of all their sorry little love-affair which lasted so long and was so calm, so timid and so tender; and which had quite faded from her mind. What, then, was the reason of his coming back? What manner of web were the fates about to weave that they should bring him thus into her life again? He was sitting behind her, leaning back against the wall, and, from time to time, she was conscious of a little thrill as she felt the breath of his nostrils all warm amid her hair.

'Are you enjoying this much?' he said, leaning over her so close that the point of his moustache touched her cheek.

'Oh, I don't know- not too much,' she answered carelessly.

Thereupon he suggested that they should go out and have some ices somewhere.

'Oh, no! Stay on a bit. Don't let's go yet,' said Bovary. 'Her hair's down. Looks as if we were in for something tragic.'

But the mad scene didn't interest Emma at all, and the acting of the prima donna struck her as being overdone.

'She shouts too much,' she said, turning round to Charles, who was eagerly drinking it in.

'Yes... perhaps... a little,' he answered, torn between the real pleasure it was giving him and the respect he entertained for his wife's opinion.

'The heat's something awful,' said Leon, heaving a sigh.

'You're right; it's unbearable.'

'Are you feeling it too much?' asked Bovary.

'Yes, I'm suffocating; let's go.'

Monsieur Leon delicately placed her long shawl over her shoulders, and they all three of them went and sat down on the quay, in the open air, outside a cafe.

They began by talking about her illness, Emma interrupting Charles every now and then, for fear, she said, of boring Monsieur Leon. And then Monsieur Leon told them how he had come to Rouen to put in two years in an office there, in order to get used to the sort of work, which was very different in Normandy from the kind of thing you got in Paris. Then he inquired about Berthe, and the Homais family, and Madame Lefrancois; and as they had nothing much more to say to each other with the husband there, the conversation soon came to a full stop.

People coming away from the theatre passed along in front of them on the pavement, some humming, some braying out O bel ange, ma Lucie! with the full force of their lungs. Whereupon Leon, to impress them with his culture, began to talk music. He had seen Tamburini, Rubini, Persiani, Grisi; and, compared with them, Lagardy, for all his dramatic outbursts, was nothing at all.

'All the same,' interrupted Charles, who kept sipping at his sorbet

au rhum , 'some people will have it that in the last act he's absolutely perfect. I'm sorry we left before it was over; it was beginning to get hold of me.'

'Oh, well,' said Leon, 'he'll be giving another performance soon.'

But Charles replied that they were off home in the morning. 'That is, unless you'd care to stop on by yourself,' he added, turning to his wife.

Changing his tactics in view of this unlooked-for encouragement to his hopes, Leon said it was a fact, Lagardy in the last act was absolutely magnificent. It was something superb, sublime.

Thereupon Charles said she must stay on.

'You can come back Sunday. Come, make up your mind. It's silly of you not to stay, if you feel it's doing you the slightest bit of good.'

Meanwhile the tables round about them were being cleared. A waiter came and planted himself a little distance away. Charles took the hint, and pulled out his purse. The clerk caught him by the arm, insisted on paying and even left a couple of silver coins, for a tip, which he clinked on the marble-topped table.

'Look here!' said Bovary, 'I really don't like your spending all this money.'

Leon received this remark with an air of lofty cordiality. 'All right, then,' he said; 'that's fixed. Tomorrow evening at six.'

Charles again protested that he couldn't possibly stop away any longer, but that there was no earthly reason why Emma...

'Well, you see,' she stammered, with a curious smile, 'I don't quite know whether...'

'Oh, well, think it over; we shall see. Let's go in and sleep on it.'

'Now you're back in our neighbourhood again, you'll come and have a bit of dinner with us, I hope, sometimes.'

The clerk said he most certainly would, especially as he would have to be going to Yonville for the firm. They said good-night by the Passage Saint Herbland, just as the Cathedral clock was striking half-past eleven.

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Leon's life in Rouen: He calls at the inn: An exchange of memories: Impossible love: An uncancelled meeting: In the cathedral: A long cab-ride.

MONSIEUR LEON, while duly prosecuting his legal studies, was a pretty frequent visitor to la Chaumiere , where he scored some quite enviable successes among the grisettes . They considered he had a distinguished way with him. He was a pattern student. He wore his hair neither too long nor too short, he didn't get through the whole of his salary on the first day of the month, and he kept well in with the professors. His good taste and his timidity had preserved him

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from excess.
Often, when he stayed indoors to read, or sat of an evening under the lime-trees in the Luxembourg Gardens, he would let his text-book fall on the ground beside him, and the memory of Emma would steal into his mind. But little by little these feelings grew fainter, and other attractions supervened, though his old love still endured in spite of them. For Leon had not wholly given up heart, and there floated before him a vague, uncertain hope which swung to and fro in the distance, like a golden fruit hung from some fantastic arabesque of branches.

And now, seeing her again, after three long years of absence, all his passion awoke once more. This time he thought he really would have to bring matters to a head. Moreover, the society of his gay companions had rubbed off his shyness, and he came back to the provinces with a lofty disdain for everybody and everything that knew not the elegance of the Capital. In the presence of a daintily dressed Parisienne, or in the salon of some famous doctor, decorated with orders and driving a grand carriage and pair, the poor clerk would doubtless have trembled like a child; but here at Rouen, on the quay, alongside this little country practitioner's wife, he felt quite at his ease, and convinced that he would turn her head. Confidence in oneself depends on one's surroundings. Ground-floor manners are not the ways of the top-floor back, and the woman of wealth seems to have a sort of shield for her virtue in the bank notes she keeps inside the lining of her corsage.

When he took his leave of the Bovarys the night before, Leon had followed them at a distance down the street. Then, having seen them come to a halt at the Croix Rouge , he had turned on his heels and spent the night in thinking out a plan.

The result was that, the next day, about five o'clock, he walked into the kitchen of the inn, with an uncomfortable tightness about the throat, pale cheeks and the sort of headlong determination that is typical of the coward.

'Monsieur is not in,' said one of the maids.

That augured well. He went up.

She was not at all taken aback at his visit. On the contrary, she apologized for having forgotten to tell him where they were putting up.

'Oh, I guessed it,' said Leon.

He made out he had been guided to her instinctively. She began to smile, and Leon, recognizing the absurdity of his remark, told her how he had spent the morning going round to all the hotels in the place, trying to find her.

'So you have made up your mind to stay on?' he added.

'Yes,' she said, 'and I have done wrong. One has no business to go getting a taste for impracticable pleasures when there are a hundred and one things that ought to be seen to.'

'Oh, I can quite imagine...'

'Ah, I don't suppose you can, because you're not a woman, you see.'

But men, too, have their little worries, and the conversation took a philosophical turn. Emma dilated on the poverty of terrestrial affections and the eternal loneliness in which the human heart was fated to abide.

Whether it was from a desire to talk of himself, or because he was naively prompted by the melancholy of her discourse to adopt the same tone himself, Leon declared that he had been terribly depressed all through his student days. The routine got on his nerves, other professions attracted him more, and his mother, in every letter she wrote, worried and tormented him. Each became more and more explicit as to the causes of their discontent, finding a sort of pleasurable excitement in this progressive frankness. But they stopped short at a complete avowal of what was in their mind, trying, withal, to hit on a phrase that might reveal it. She did not confess that she had loved another man; he did not say he had forgotten her.

Perhaps he no longer recalled the suppers after the dance with the women in fancy dress, and of course she had forgotten all about those morning assignations when she raced through the meadow-grass to her lover's chateau. The noise of the town stole but faintly on their ears. The room seemed small, as though expressly designed to encompass them the more closely in their solitude. Emma, who was wearing a dimity dressing-gown, was leaning her mass of hair against the back of the old arm-chair. The yellow wall-paper served her as a sort of background of gold, and her bare head was mirrored in the glass, with the white line of its central parting, and the tips of her ears peeping out from underneath the strands of her hair.

'But there!' she said, 'I'm sorry. I must be boring you with my everlasting complaints.'

'Oh, no, no! You could never do that.'

'If you only knew,' she said, 'the dreams that I have dreamed.' And tears glistened in her beautiful eyes as she raised them to the ceiling.

'And I, too! Oh, I have had my trials too! Often and often I went out, I wandered along the quays, trying to deaden my senses in the noise of the crowd, yet I was never able to banish the obsession that pursued me. At a print shop down on the boulevard there's an Italian engraving that represents one of the Muses. She is draped in a tunic, and is gazing at the moon, with a wreath of forget-me-nots on her unbraided hair. Something kept impelling me to that shop. I have lingered there for hours.'

Then, with a tremor in his voice, he said,

'She was rather like you.'

Madame Bovary turned away her head so that he should not see the irresistible smile she felt stealing upon her lips.

'And many a time,' he went on, 'I wrote you letters, that I afterwards tore up.'

She did not answer.

'I used to imagine that some chance would bring you to me. I have thought I recognized you at a turn in the street. I would race after a

fiacre if I saw someone at the window wearing a shawl or a veil like yours.'

She seemed resolved to let him go on speaking without interruption. Folding her arms and bending her head, she contemplated the rosettes on her slippers, and every now and then made little movements in the soft satin with her toes.

'But the most distressing thing,' she sighed at last- 'is it not?- is to live an aimless life, as I do. If our sufferings benefited anyone, there would be some consolation in the sacrifice.'

He began to sing the praises of virtue, duty, silent renunciation, for he himself had an incredible longing which he could not satisfy to bestow on someone his heart's devotion.

'I should like to be a nun in a hospital,' she said.

'Alas! sacred missions of that kind are denied to men; and I see no calling of the kind I mean, except perhaps a doctor's.'

With a slight shrug of her shoulders, Emma interrupted him to tell him the sad story of the illness that had nearly carried her off. Ah, if only it had! Her sufferings would be over now. Leon immediately belauded the peace of the grave. One night he had made his will, asking that he might be buried in that beautiful rug with the velvet stripes that she had given him. For this is how they would like it to have been, each of them constructing an ideal into which they fitted their past life. Besides speech is like a roller that always distorts people's sentiments.

'But why?' she queried, at this mention of the rug.

'Why?' And he hesitated a moment. 'Why, because I loved you!'

And patting himself on the back for having taken the fence, Leon watched her expression out of the corner of his eye.

It was like the sky when a wind chases away the clouds. The burden of heavy thoughts that had been casting a shadow on them seemed to withdraw from her blue eyes. Her whole face was radiant.

He waited, and at last she said,

'I had always thought as much.'

Then they talked about all the little things that took place in those far-off days whereof, in a single word, they had just summed up all that was sweet and all that was sad. They spoke of the clematis cradle, of the dresses she used to wear, the furniture in her bedroom and of all the things in and about the house.

'And our poor cactuses, what has become of them?'

'The frost killed them this last winter.'

'Ah! I used to think of them, do you know? Many and many a time I have seen them in my mind's eye, as I used to see them in the old days when the sun was shining on the jalousies, of a summer morning- and I used to catch the flash of your bare arms as they moved among the flowers.'

' Pauvre ami! ' she said, stretching out her hand to him.

Swiftly Leon pressed it to his lips.

'Ah, what a power, what a mysterious power you wielded over me in those days, holding my very life in thrall! One day, for example, I

came to your house.... But there, you have forgotten about it all, of course.'

'No,' she said; 'but go on, tell me!'

'You were downstairs in the hall, just ready to go out, on the last stair. You were wearing a hat with little blue flowers, and, without any invitation from you, despite myself, for I could not help it, I went with you. Every moment I became more and more conscious of my stupidity, but I walked along, not exactly beside you, but yet loth to leave you altogether. When you went into a shop I hung about outside, I saw you through the window taking off your gloves and putting down your money on the counter. Then you went and rang at Madame Tuvache's. The servant came and let you in, the great heavy door closed upon you, and there I stood like a dolt.'

Madame Bovary, as she listened to all this, was amazed to find herself so old. These things, rising above the horizon of the past, seemed to widen the sphere of her existence; she was carried back as if to some illimitable region of sentimental experience, and, from time to time, with half-shut eyes, she murmured,

'Yes, it is true. Ah yes! yes!'

They heard the various clocks in the Beauvoisine quarter, which is full of boarding schools and churches and great deserted houses, strike the hour of eight. They had ceased to talk, but as they sat and gazed at each other they felt a sort of murmur in their heads, as if some vibrant message had passed to and fro along the line of their fixed regard. They had taken each other's hands, and the past and the future, memories and dreams, were blended and commingled in the sweetness of their ecstasy. The shades of night deepened upon the walls, but the bright splashes of colour of four prints depicting four scenes from La Tour de Nesle , with lettering in French and Spanish, glimmered obscurely in the gathering gloom. Through the sash window a wedge of dark sky was visible between two gabled roofs.

She rose to light a pair of candles on the chest of drawers; then she came and sat down again.

'Well?' said Leon.

'Well?' she replied.

He was thinking how to renew the interrupted conversation, when she said,

'How is it that no one, until now, has ever spoken to me as you have done?'

The clerk expostulated that ideal natures were difficult to understand. As for himself, he had fallen in love the first time he set eyes upon her. He had scarcely known what to do when he thought of the happiness that might have been theirs if fortune had been kind to them, if they had met each other earlier and had been joined together in an indissoluble bond.

'I have thought of that too, sometimes,' she answered.

'What a dream!' murmured Leon. And delicately fingering the blue border of her long white girdle, he added,

'What is to hinder us from beginning all over again now?'

'No, dear,' she replied. 'I am too old... you are too young... Forget all about me. Others will love you... and you them.'

'Not as I love you,' he cried.

'What a child you are, to be sure! Come, let us be sensible! There, I mean it!'

She explained how impossible it was that there could be any such thing as love between them, and that they must remain, as they had been before, just a pair of excellent friends.

Was she serious when she spoke thus? Doubtless Emma herself could not have told, deeply conscious as she was of the alluring danger and of the need to repel it, and, gazing at him with compassion in her eyes, she gently repelled the shy caresses which his tremulous hands essayed.

'Forgive me,' he faltered, drawing back.

Emma was conscious of a vague alarm at this timidity. There was more of peril in it than in Rodolphe's boldness when he came towards her with his arms outspread. Never had any man seemed so handsome in her eyes. There was something exquisitely disarming in his adoring candour. He lowered the long, curving lashes of his eyes. The smooth surface of his skin was flushed- she thought- with desire for her, and Emma was seized with an irresistible longing to press her lips upon it. Then, leaning over in the direction of the clock, as though to see what time it was, she exclaimed,

'Gracious, look at the time! How we have been rambling on!'

He understood, and rose to look for his hat.

'Why, I forgot all about the theatre, and my poor husband left me behind on purpose. Monsieur Lormaux, who lives in the Rue Grand Pont, was to have taken me, with his wife.' And now she wouldn't have another chance, for she was going back tomorrow.

'Are you really?' said Leon.

'I am.'

'But I must see you again,' he said. 'I had something I wanted to tell you...'

'What is it?'

'Something.... Oh, something very serious, very important! Ah, but no! You won't go back. You can't. If you only knew.... Listen... You have not realized... you have not guessed!'

'And yet you're a good talker.'

'Ah, you laugh! But no! There, you mustn't go like this! Let me see you again, I implore you... Once... just once!'

'Well....'

And she stopped. And then, as if on second thoughts, she said,

'Oh, no. Not here!'

'Wherever you like.'

'Will you....?'

She seemed to be thinking. Then suddenly she flashed,

'Tomorrow, at eleven, in the Cathedral.'

'I shall be there,' he cried, seizing both her hands, which she dragged from his grasp.

They were both standing up, he slightly behind her, Emma lowering her head. He bent over and imprinted a long and passionate kiss on the nape of her neck.

'You are mad! Ah, you are mad!' she went on, with little deep laughs, as kiss after kiss rained down upon her.

Then, thrusting his head over her shoulder, he seemed to be seeking her eyes' consent. And they fell upon him, full of chilling majesty.

Leon went three steps back, towards the door. He stood still on the threshold and whispered tremblingly,

'Tomorrow!'

She made answer with a nod, and vanished like a bird into the adjoining room.

That night Emma wrote an interminable letter, excusing herself from keeping the appointment. It was all over now, and, for their own sakes, it were better for them not to meet. But when the letter was sealed up she was in a quandary, as she did not know Leon's address.

'I will give it to him myself,' she said; 'he is sure to come.' Next day, with his window wide open, Leon was singing on his balcony and polishing his patent shoes himself. He put on a pair of white breeches, some very smart socks and a green coat, and he emptied all the scent he had upon his handkerchief. Then, having had his hair frizzed, he unfrizzed it, in order to give it an appearance of greater natural elegance.

'It's too early yet,' thought he, glancing at the hairdresser's cuckoo-clock, and seeing it was only nine.

He turned over the leaves of an old fashion-paper, went out, smoked a cigar, strolled along past three turnings, decided it was time he started, and began leisurely to make his way in the direction of Notre-Dame.

It was a beautiful summer morning. The sun was sparkling on the plate in the silversmiths' shops, and the light, as it fell slantwise on the Cathedral, lit up little shimmering sprays of light along the edges of the grey stones. A flock of birds was wheeling in the cloudless sky, round about the fretted turrets. There was a great hubbub in the market-place, that was fragrant with the flowers that were ranged along the pavement- roses, jasmine, carnations, narcissi and jonquils irregularly interspaced with fresh greenery, valerian and groundsel. The fountain in the centre was gurgling pleasantly, and seated under their spreading umbrellas, amid cantelupes piled up in pyramids, bare-headed market-women were busily wrapping paper round bunches of violets.

The young man bought a bunch. It was the first time he had ever bought flowers for a woman, and, as he inhaled their perfume, his bosom swelled with pride, as though the homage which he destined for another were reflected on himself.

However, he was afraid of being observed, so he made his way resolutely into the church.

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The beadle was stationed on the threshold, in the centre of the left porch, underneath the Marianne dansante , his plumed hat on his head, his rapier at his thigh, his cane in his hand, more stately than a cardinal and glittering like a piece of altar-plate.

He stepped forward to meet Leon, and smiling the sort of benign and wheedling smile which ecclesiastics put on when asking questions of little children, he said,

'Monsieur is doubtless a stranger. Would Monsieur care to see over the church?'

'No,' said Leon.

He began by strolling about just inside the entrance. Then he went out and looked across the market-place. There was no Emma in sight. Re-entering the Cathedral, he went up into the choir. The nave was mirrored in the surface of the brimming holy-water stoups, with the beginnings of the arches and some portions of the windows. But the reflection of the stained glass, though broken at the marble's rim, was continued farther on, upon the flagstones, like a many-coloured carpet. The brilliant daylight from without was projected throughout the whole length of the Cathedral in three enormous rays, through the three open doors. From time to time a sacristan would glide across the transepts, making the sideways genuflexion of a devotee in a hurry. The crystal lustres hung motionless from the ceiling. Within the choir a silver lamp was burning, and from the side chapels and the darker portions of the church there stole from time to time a sound like the exhalation of a sigh, accompanied by the noise of a grille shut to, that echoed on and on beneath the vaulted roof.

Leon, with measured tread, paced gravely up and down the aisles. Never had life seemed so good. A little while and she would come, delicious, trembling, glancing behind her to see who might be looking, with her flowered dress, her gold lorgnon, her dainty shoes, and all the manifold refinements so new to his experience, the ineffable charm of virtue on the brink of surrender. The fane encompassed her about like some stately bower, the vaulted roof leaned down to catch, amid the shadows, the whispered avowal of her love, the painted windows shone with glory to shed a light upon her countenance, and the censers would burn that she might float like an angel amid the perfumed cloud.

Meantime she did not come. He planted himself on a chair, and his eyes lighted on a window of blue-stained glass portraying fishermen carrying baskets. He looked at it long and attentively. He counted the fishes' scales, the button-holes in the doublets, while, all the time, his thoughts were wandering in quest of Emma.

The beadle stood some distance off, inwardly furious with this person, who had the impertinence to admire the Cathedral all by himself. There seemed to be something unnatural, something monstrous about such conduct: it seemed as if the man were robbing him; it almost amounted to sacrilege.

Suddenly there was a flurry of silk upon the stones, the brim of a hat, a black veil.... It was she! Leon rose and hastened to meet her.

Emma was pale, and she was walking quickly.

'Read this!' she said, holding out a paper. 'Oh no! never mind!'
And she quickly tore away her hand, and entered the Lady Chapel, where she knelt down beside a chair and began to pray.
Leon felt annoyed at this capricious display of piety; then he experienced a certain charm at beholding her, in the very moment of love's tryst, lost in her devotions like some Andalusian marquise. And finally he grew rapidly impatient, for she seemed as though she would never finish.
Emma prayed, or rather forced herself to pray, hoping that some unlooked-for power of resolution would descend on her from above; and in order to enlist heaven's aid she feasted her eyes on the splendours of the tabernacle, breathed in the perfume of the white violets that filled the great vases, and inclined her ear to the silence of the church, which did but accentuate the tumult of her breast.
She rose, and they were about to depart when the beadle came rapidly towards them, saying,
'Madame is doubtless a stranger here. Would Madame care to see over the church?'
'No, no,' cried the clerk.
'Why not?' said she.
For she was fain to seek support for her tottering virtue from the Virgin, the statues, the tombs and anything that might present itself. And so, to begin at the beginning, the beadle took them back to the entrance, overlooking the market, and there, pointing with his staff to a large circular space paved with black stones, without carving or inscription, he said majestically,
'That is the circumference of the lovely bell of Amboise. It weighed fifteen tons. It hasn't its fellow in the whole of Europe. The craftsman who cast it died of joy....'
'Let's go now,' said Leon.
The worthy man put himself again in motion. Back in the Lady Chapel once more, he extended his arms with a sort of comprehensive gesture of demonstration, and, prouder than a country landowner showing off his wall fruit, he proceeded,
'This simple stone marks the resting-place of Pierre de Breze, Lord of la Varenne and Brissac, Grand Marshal of Poitou, and Governor of Normandy, who was killed in the Battle of Montlhery on the 16th July, 1465.'
Leon bit his lips, in a fury of impatience.
'And on the right, this figure, encased in steel and mounted on a prancing steed, is his grandson, Louis de Breze, Lord of Breval and Montchauvet, Count of Maulevrier, Baron of Mauny, Chamberlain to the King, Knight of the Order, and likewise, Governor of Normandy, who died on the 23rd July, 1531, that day being a Sunday, as recorded on the inscription; and underneath, this man, about to descend into the grave, is an exact portrait of the same person. You will agree that it would be impossible to find a more perfect representation of the final end.'

Madame Bovary put up her lorgnon. Leon stood and looked at her, not attempting to utter a word, all the courage taken out of him by this double obstacle of volubility and indifference.

The everlasting guide went on,

'Next to him here- this kneeling figure of a woman weeping- is his wife, Diane de Poitiers, Countess of Breze, Duchess of Valentinois, born 1499, died 1566; and on the left the figure holding the child is the Blessed Virgin. Now just turn round this way. These are the Amboise tombs. They were both Cardinal-Archbishops of Rouen. That one, who held office under King Louis XII, did a great deal for the Cathedral. In his will he left thirty thousand gold crowns to the poor.'

And still on the move, talking all the time, he pushed them into a chapel all lumbered up with railings. He shifted one or two of them and brought to light a sort of block which might undoubtedly have been a rudely carved statue.

'This statue,' he said, with a prolonged groan, 'once adorned the tomb of Richard Coeur de Lion, King of England and Duke of Normandy. It was the Calvinists, sir, that made it like this. Out of pure vandalism they took and buried it in the ground under the Bishop's episcopal throne. Look, here is the private doorway to the Bishop's house. Now let us pass on to the windows of La Gargouille.'

But Leon quickly produced a piece of silver and grasped Emma by the arm. The beadle looked completely dumbfounded, quite unable to understand this premature munificence when there were still so many things to show the stranger. So he started shouting after him.

'Hi! Monsieur. The steeple! the steeple!'

'No, thanks!' said Leon.

'Oh, but Monsieur, what a pity! It's four hundred and forty feet high- only nine feet less than the Great Egyptian Pyramid. It's all made of cast iron, it...'

Leon was for making off with all speed. It seemed to him that his love, which, for two hours had been immobilized in the church like the stones of which it was built, was now in danger of going up like smoke through this sort of truncated pipe, oblong cage, or fretted chimney that sticks up like a comic nose on the Cathedral as though an ingenious tinker had been indulging in some extravagant fancy.

'Where are we going now?' said she.

He did not answer, but continued to walk at a rapid pace, and Madame Bovary was already dipping her finger in the holy-water stoup when they heard someone panting along behind them, his gasps punctuated at regular intervals by the tap-tap of a stick. Leon turned round.

'Monsieur!'

'What?'

There was the beadle, lugging along a score of big paper-bound volumes piled up against his belly. They were works dealing with the Cathedral.

'Imbecile!' growled Leon, as he flung out of the building.

A street arab was playing about on the pavement.

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'Go and get me a fiacre!'
The youngster sped away like a ball down the Rue des Quatre Vents, and they stood looking at one another for a minute or so, rather out of countenance.
'Leon, really... I don't know whether I ought.' She was coquetting a little. 'It's not the proper thing to do. You know it isn't!'
'Why not?' answered the clerk. 'It's done in Paris, right enough.'
That was an irresistible argument, it convinced her.
However, no fiacre hove in sight. Leon was terribly afraid she would go back to the church. At last the vehicle appeared.
'At any rate go out through the North Door,' shouted the beadle, who was standing at the top of the steps. 'You'll see The Resurrection, The Last Judgement, Paradise, King David and The Reprobates in Hell-fire .'
'Where to, sir?' said the cabby.
'Where you like,' said Leon, pushing Emma inside. And the lumbering machine set off.
It descended the Rue Grand Pont, crossed the Place des Arts, the Quai Napoleon, the Pont Neuf and pulled up sharp alongside the statue of Pierre Corneille.
'Go on,' said a voice from inside.
The conveyance again got in motion, and following the down-hill road after leaving the Carrefour la Fayette, it drove at full gallop into the station yard.
'No, no, straight on!' shouted the voice again.
The fiacre came out through the big gates and, having got on to the Broadway, was jogging along soberly amid the big elm-trees. The coachy mopped his forehead, stuck his leather hat between his legs and, steering his vehicle clear of the network of alleys, kept down near the green by the waterside.
Along by the river the vehicle went, along the towing-path, with its pavement of hard cobbles, down towards Oyssel, past the islands.
All of a sudden it turned aside through Quatremares, Sotteville, the Grande Chaussee, the Rue d'Elbeuf and halted for the third time outside the Jardin des Plantes.
'Go on, will you?' shouted the voice more furiously.
Forthwith getting under way again, it went along by Saint Sever, the Quai des Curandiers, the Quai aux Mentes, back again over the bridge, across the Place du Champ de Mars, behind the workhouse grounds, where aged men in black coats were walking in the sun along a terrace green with ivy. It climbed the Boulevard Bouvreuil, proceeded along the Boulevard Cauchoise and all up Mont Riboudet as far as the Cote de Deville.
Then it turned round and came back again, driving aimlessly anywhere and everywhere. It was seen at Saint Pol, at Lescure, at Mont Gargan, at la Rouge-Marc, at the Place du Gaillardbois; in the Rue Maladrerie, the Rue Dinanderie, outside Saint Romain's, Saint Vivien's, Saint Maclou's, Saint Nicaise's, in front of the Customs House, at the Vieille Tour, the Trois Pipes and the Monumental

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Cemetery. From time to time the driver would cast despairing glances at the taverns as he drove past. He could not for the life of him understand what mania for locomotion possessed these individuals that they inexorably refused to stop. He made as if to pull up once or twice, and, immediately, exclamations of wrath broke out behind him. Whereupon he slashed his sweating jades harder than ever, heedless how his old caravan lurched and swayed, running into this, just shaving that, not caring what happened, demoralized, and nearly crying with thirst, fatigue and utter weariness of spirit.

And on the quays, amid the lorries and the barrels, along the streets, at every corner, the citizens stared in amazement at what amounted to a portent in a country town, to wit, a vehicle with drawn blinds, which kept continually coming into view, sealed up like a tomb and rocking like a ship at sea.

Once, in the middle of the day, in the open country, when the sun was beating its fiercest against the old plated carriage-lamps, a little white hand peeped out beneath the blinds of yellow canvas and flung away a lot of scraps of paper, which floated in the wind and settled farther on, like white butterflies, on a field of red clover in full bloom.

Finally, about six, the carriage pulled up in a side street in the Beauvoisine quarter and a woman got out. She walked with her veil down, glancing neither to the right nor to the left.

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Return to Yonville: Monsieur Homais's lumber-room: Justin's book: Charles becomes an orphan: Hippolyte brings the luggage: Leon's violets: A Power of Attorney: Emma's new gown.

ON reaching the inn, Madame Bovary was astonished not to see the diligence. Hivert had waited fifty-three minutes, and had at last gone on without her.

There was no really compelling reason why she should go home; but she had given her word she would be back that evening. Moreover, Charles would be expecting her, and she was already conscious, in her heart, of the sort of whipped-dog feeling which, in the eyes of many women, atones for the sin and washes away the stain of it.

She threw her things into her bag, paid her bill, hired a trap from the yard, and, telling the driver to drive like the wind, urging him on, continually pestering him to know what time it was, and how many miles they had come, she managed to catch up the Hirondelle just as it was driving into Quincampoix.

She had hardly sunk into her corner, when she closed her eyes, and did not open them again till they were at the bottom of the hill. Some way off, she recognized Felicite, who was mounting guard outside the blacksmith's shop. Hivert pulled in to the side, and the cook, hoisting herself up on a level with the window, said, with an air of mystery,

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'Madame, you must go at once to Monsieur Homais's. Something very urgent!'

The usual air of quiet hung over the village. At all the street corners there were little pink heaps that steamed in the air. This was preserving time, and every household in Yonville manufactured its jam supply on the same day. Outside the chemist's, however, a mound of unusual dimensions excited the public admiration, as it was meet it should, seeing that it exceeded the ordinary heaps as the product of a laboratory should exceed the product of a kitchen, as a department of the public service should surpass mere individual enterprise.

She went in. The big arm-chair was overturned, and even the Rouen Beacon was lying on the floor, spread out between a couple of pestles. She pushed open the door of the passage and there, in the middle of the kitchen, among brown jars filled with stoned currants, powdered sugar, lump sugar, scales on the table, pans on the fire, she saw all the Homais family, great and small, with aprons up to their chins and forks in their hands. Justin was standing with diminished head, and the chemist was shouting at him.

'Who told you to go to the lumber-room for it?'

'What is it? What is the matter?' asked Emma.

'What is it?' said the druggist. 'We are making jam; it's on the fire, and it's just going to boil over because there is too much liquid, and I call out for another basin; and he, because he's a fool or because he's lazy, goes into my laboratory and takes the key of the lumber-room off the nail there!'

This was the name the apothecary gave to a little room at the top of the house, full of the utensils and goods appertaining to his calling. He often spent hours together there labelling things, transferring them from one jar to another, tying them up with fresh string; and he looked upon it, not as a mere store-room, but as a veritable sanctuary, whence there afterwards proceeded all manner of pills, boluses, cough mixtures, lotions and potions, the work of his hands, which were destined to spread his renown through all the countryside. Nobody was allowed to enter there; and so profound was his respect for it, that he swept and dusted it himself. In fine, if the pharmacy, open to all comers, was the place where he displayed his proud eminence to the world, the lumber-room was the retreat in which, retiring within the sanctuary of his own egoism, Homais indulged himself in the unrestricted exercise of his predilections. This is how it was that Justin's heedless invasion of his sanctum struck him as a piece of monstrous irreverence. And, outvying the currants in rubicundity, he repeated,

'Yes, the lumber-room! The key of the place that contains the acids and the caustic alkalis! To go there for a spare pan! A pan with a lid to it; a pan which I may not want at all! Everything has its importance in the delicate operations of our art. But the devil take it! We must draw the line somewhere, and not employ, for domestic uses, things intended to be used in pharmacy! It's like carving a chicken with a scalpel; it's just as if a magistrate...'

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'There, now, calm yourself!' Madame Homais kept saying, and Athalie, tugging at his coat, was crying 'Papa! papa!'

'No, no! Let me alone!' the apothecary raved on. 'Let me alone! Damn it! Just as well set up as a grocer right away! Get along, go on with you! Do what you like with the lot! Break! Smash! Let go the leeches! Burn the mallow pastes! Pickle your gherkins in my beakers! Slash up the bandages!'

'But,' began Emma, 'there was something you...'

'One moment!... Do you know the risks you run? Didn't you see anything in the corner, to the left, on the third shelf? Speak! Answer! Say something coherent!'

'I d-d-don't know...' stammered the lad.

'Ah! You don't know, don't you? Well, then, I'll tell you! You saw a bottle- a blue-glass bottle, sealed with yellow wax- which contains a white powder, and on that bottle I myself have written the word Dangerous . And do you know what's in it? Arsenic! And you go and touch that, and take a jar that's alongside it!'

'Alongside it!' cried Madame Homais, wringing her hands. 'Arsenic? Why, you might poison the lot of us!'

And with one accord the children began to yell as if they were already suffering agony in their intestines.

'Yes, or poison a patient,' went on the apothecary. 'Do you want to see me standing in the dock at the next assizes? Do you want to see me executed? Don't you know how careful I am in handling everything I touch, although I know the whole place like the inside of my pocket? I get the shudders sometimes, when I think of my responsibility; for the Government is down on us, and the absurd legislation to which we are subjected is a regular sword of Damocles above our heads.'

Emma had given up all idea of asking what it was he wanted with her, and the apothecary went on, nearly choking with rage,

'That's how you show your gratitude for all that has been done for you! That's what I get for being a father to you! Where would you be if it wasn't for me? What would you be doing? Who is it feeds you, educates you, clothes you, and gives you every opportunity of cutting a decent figure in society, one of these days? But if you want to make good, you've got to pull your weight in the boat and get a few blisters on your hands. Fabricando fit faber, age quod agis .'

He quoted Latin in the extremity of his exasperation. He would have quoted Chinese or Greenlandese if he had been acquainted with those languages, for he was in one of those crises in which the soul is laid bare to its very depths, just as the ocean, when a storm is raging, not only strews the shore with jetsam, but churns up the sand from its lowest depths.

'I am beginning to be mighty sorry I ever undertook to have you. I should have done better to let you fester in the filth and squalor you were born in. You'll never be fit for anything but minding cattle. You've no gift for science; you hardly know how to gum on a label. And here you are in my house, living like a fighting-cock, on the fat of the land.'

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'They told me to...' began Emma, turning to Madame Homais.

'Ah, *mon Dieu!* ' interrupted the good lady with a lugubrious air, 'I don't know how to tell you.... It's a dreadful business....'

She did not finish, for the apothecary was still thundering, 'Empty it out! Scour it! Take it back! Look alive!'

And shaking Justin by the collar of his blouse, he jerked a book out of his pocket.

The boy stooped down. Homais was before him and, snatching up the volume, he contemplated it with staring eyes and drooping jaw.

' Married... Love! ' he said, separating the two words with great distinctness. 'Ah, very good! Very nice! Very pretty! Illustrated, eh! Oh, look here, this is *too* much of a good thing!'

Madame Homais came forward.

'No, no, don't touch it!'

The children wanted to see the pictures.

'Get out of the room!' he shouted, imperiously.

And they went.

He paced up and down, with big strides, holding the volume open between his fingers. His eyes were rolling, he couldn't breathe, his face looked puffy and apoplectic. At last he strode straight up to his pupil and, standing in front of him with folded arms, he said,

'So you've got beastly ways about you, have you, you little wretch! Be careful, you're on a slippery slope. It never occurred to you, I suppose, that this book, this filthy book, might fall into my children's hands, set their brains afire, that it might tarnish Athalie's purity and corrupt Napoleon. He's already a man in some ways. Are you sure they haven't read it? Can you guarantee me that?'

'But, Monsieur,' said Emma, 'there was something you had to say to me, wasn't there?'

'True, Madame.... Your father-in-law is dead!'

It was a fact that Monsieur Bovary, senior, had died the previous evening quite suddenly. He had had a stroke just after getting up from dinner. As Charles was extremely anxious that Emma should not be upset, he had asked Monsieur Homais to break this terrible piece of news to her.

He, Homais, had meditated his phrase, rounded it off, polished it, put music into it. It was a masterpiece of tact and allusive grace, of precision and delicacy. But his wrath had been too much for his rhetoric.

Emma, giving up all hope of learning any details, left the shop, for Monsieur Homais had launched out afresh on the tide of his vituperations. However, he grew calmer, and, at present, he was grumbling and growling in a paternal sort of way, fanning himself with his smoking-cap.

'Not that I wholly disapprove of the work. The author was a medical man, and there are certain scientific sides to the matter that a man is none the worse for knowing; I would even go so far as to say that he ought to know them. But later on, later on. Wait at least till you are a man yourself, until your ideas are properly

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matured.'

When he heard Emma knock, Charles, who was expecting her, advanced to greet her with open arms and said, with tears in his voice,

'Ah! dear heart!'

He bent down to kiss her, but at the touch of his lips, the memory of her lover took hold of her, and she passed her hand over her face with a shudder. Nevertheless, she managed to say,

'Yes, I know.... I know....'

He showed her the letter in which his mother told him the news without any sort of sentimental hypocrisy. Her chief regret was that her husband had not received the consolations of religion. He had died at Doudeville, in the street, on the doorstep of a cafe, after an ex-officers' regimental dinner.

Emma handed him back the letter. At dinner, for the sake of appearances, she pretended to have no appetite, but as he pressed her, she forced herself to eat, while Charles sat facing her in a posture of motionless depression. Every now and then he would raise his head and look at her with an expression of abject distress. Once he sighed 'I wish I could have seen him again!' She made no answer. Then, realizing that some sort of observation was required of her, she said,

'What age was your father?'

'Fifty-eight.'

'Ah!'

And that was all.

A quarter of an hour afterwards he added,

'Poor mother!... What will become of her now?'

She made a gesture of ignorance.

Charles ascribed her taciturnity to grief, and constrained himself to silence for fear of adding to her sorrow. However, making a determined effort to throw off his own, he said,

'Did you have a good time yesterday?'

'Yes.'

When the table was cleared Bovary still sat on. So did Emma. And as she continued to look at him, the monotony of the sight gradually banished every sensation of pity from her heart. He seemed a weak, feeble thing, a poor specimen of a man in every way. How was she to get rid of him? The evening would be endless! Something stupefying, like the fumes of opium, seemed to be deadening her senses.

Out in the hall they heard the noise of someone stumping along on the floor. It was Hippolyte bringing in Madame's luggage. To put down his load he was obliged to describe a wide curve with his wooden leg.

'He doesn't think any more about it now,' she thought, as she looked at the poor devil, with his red hair dripping with sweat.

Bovary fished a florin out of his purse, and without appearing in the least conscious of the humiliation implied by the mere presence of the man, who was a sort of personified condemnation of his incurable ineptitude, he remarked on Leon's violets, which were on the chimney-piece.

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'I say, that's a nice bunch of flowers you've got there!'
'Yes,' she answered carelessly, 'I bought them from a woman in the street.'

Charles took the violets and, feasting his eyes upon them- eyes all red with tears- he sniffed them delicately. She snatched them quickly away and went to put them in water.

Next day Madame Bovary, senior, arrived. She and her son did a great deal of weeping. Emma said she had a lot of things to order and went out.

The day after there was the mourning to be seen to. They took their work-boxes and went and settled themselves in the arbour by the water.

Charles thought of his father, and he was astonished at feeling so much affection for him. He never imagined he had any great love for him. Madame Bovary, senior, thought of her husband. It was all over now. And even the worst of those days which she could never now recall seemed enviable. Everything else was swallowed up in regret at breaking with such a long-lived habit; and from time to time, as she plied her needle, a big tear would trickle down her nose and hang suspended at the tip. Emma reflected that hardly forty-eight hours since, they were together, with the world shut out, drowned in the very ecstasy of love, not having eyes enough to gaze at each other withal. She tried to recapture the tiniest details of that vanished day of bliss. But the presence of her husband and her mother-in-law fidgeted her. She would have liked to hear and see nothing, so as not to lose a grain of that remembered delight which, do what she would, was being worn away by the attrition of external sensations.

She was unstitching the lining of a dress, and the pieces were lying scattered all around her. Madame Bovary, senior, plied her scissors without lifting her eyes from her work, and Charles, with his raffia slippers and his old brown overcoat, which he wore as a dressing-gown, was sitting with his hands in his pockets, silent like the others. Hard by, little Berthe, in her white pinafore, was scraping away with her spade at the gravel on the paths.

All at once they saw Monsieur Lheureux, the haberdasher, coming through the garden gate.

He had heard of the sad event, and had come to offer his services. Emma replied that she believed that they would be able to dispense with them. But the merchant would not be beaten.

'A thousand pardons!' he said. 'But might I have a word in private?' adding, in a low voice, 'it's about that matter, er... you know!'

Charles blushed to the roots of his hair as he answered,

'Ah, yes... quite so! Darling... do you think...?' he stammered, turning to his wife in his perturbation.

She seemed to understand, for she got up.

'It's nothing!' said Charles to his mother. 'Merely some little household matter.'

He was particularly anxious to avoid telling her about the bill of sale, being terrified at what she would say.

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As soon as they were alone Monsieur Lheureux began in pretty plain terms to congratulate Emma on the money they were coming into. He then went on to talk about ordinary things, such as the fruit-trees, the harvest, his own health, which was never anything but middling. The fact was he worked like an army of niggers, and even then, no matter what people said to the contrary, he didn't make enough to keep himself in bread and butter.

Emma let him ramble on. She had been so hideously bored these last two days.

'So now you're quite yourself again,' he continued. 'My word, I've seen your poor husband in a nice state of mind about you! He's a downright good 'un, he is; although we've had some little misunderstandings.'

She asked what they were, for Charles had never told her of the dispute about the accounts.

'But you know!' said Lheureux. 'Those things you wanted so specially- the travelling trunks.'

He had pulled his hat down over his eyes, and with his hands clasped behind his back he stood there, smiling and whistling softly, staring her full in the face in an insufferable manner. Did he suspect anything? She stood lost in all kinds of terrifying conjectures. At last he continued.

'However, we patched it up, and I was coming to make proposals for a further arrangement.' That was a renewal of the bill signed by Bovary. 'Monsieur wouldn't have his hands tied; it wouldn't do for him to worry himself too much, especially now that he had so many bothers in front of him. And wouldn't it be better,' he went on, 'to shift the whole thing on to someone else's shoulders- yours, for example? A Power of Attorney- the thing would be quite simple. Then you and I could settle all these little things between us.'

She didn't understand. She said nothing.

Then, touching on his shop, he said there were some things there Madame couldn't possibly do without. He would send her across a dozen yards of black barege for a dress.

'The one you have on is good enough for the house; but you want another for visiting. I saw that at a glance, when I came in. Oh, I have got an eye like a hawk, I have!'

He did not send the stuff; he brought it. Then he came back for the measurements. He came on other pretexts as well, doing his utmost to oblige, to be of use, to ingratiate himself, and never failing to let fall a hint or two about the Power of Attorney. He never mentioned the bill; and she never let it enter her head. Charles certainly did say something about it when she was beginning to get better, but she had so many things to worry her at the time that she thought no more about it. Moreover, she purposely avoided opening up any sort of discussion. This rather surprised Madame Bovary, who ascribed her altered attitude to the religious notions she had acquired during her illness.

But no sooner had she taken her departure than Emma began to exhibit

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a practical aptitude for business that made Bovary rub his eyes in amazement. Things would have to be gone into. The mortgages should be verified in order to find out exactly how matters stood. She used a number of technical terms, spoke imposingly about order, the future, foresight, and never missed a chance of exaggerating the intricacies of the probate, till at last she put before him one day a form for a general Power of Attorney, empowering the grantee 'to carry on and administer his affairs, effect loans, sign and endorse all bills and make all payments,' etc., etc. She had profited well by Lheureux's lessons.

Charles- good, simple man- asked her where the form came from.

'From Monsieur Guillaumin.'

Then, with the greatest assurance in the world, she added,

'But I wouldn't trust him farther than I could see him. These notaries are usually such a lot of sharks. Perhaps we ought to consult... Let me see... no, there's no one!'

'What about Leon?' said Charles, thinking hard.

But it was difficult to explain matters by letter. She offered to go over to Rouen and put it before him. He wouldn't hear of troubling her. She insisted. It was a duel of kindness. Finally, putting on a little mock rebellious air, she cried,

'Now, not another word, please! I am going! '

'How kind you are!' said he, kissing her on the forehead.

The very next morning she was off to Rouen in the *Hirondelle*, to consult Monsieur Leon. She stopped three days.

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Three days in Rouen: Boating with Leon:
Lovers' delights: A scarlet ribbon: The boatman's
compliment: Emma's instructions:
Why is she so anxious?

THEY were three full, exquisite, gorgeous days; a real honeymoon. They stayed down on the harbour at the Hotel de Boulogne, and there they lived, with blinds drawn, doors locked, the floor strewn with flowers, and iced drinks brought up the first thing in the morning.

Towards evening they would take a boat with a covered stern and go and dine on one of the islands.

It was about the time when you hear the strokes of mallets against the hulls of the vessels. Smoke from burning tar was rising up among the trees, and in the surface of the water, floated great oily patches undulating in the crimson of the setting sun like medallions of Florentine bronze.

They paddled along down between the rows of vessels made fast to their moorings, the slanting cables of which lightly grazed the keel of their boat.

The noises of the town grew fainter and fainter- the rattling of carts, the babel of voices, the yapping of dogs on the decks of the vessels. She untied her hat, and they stepped ashore on their island.

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They went into a cabaret with great dark fishing-nets hung up at the door, and sat themselves down in the low-ceilinged room. They ate fried smelts and cherries and cream; and then went and sat on the grass. They kissed and caressed each other beneath the poplars, out of view; and, like two shipwrecked travellers, they would have liked to dwell for ever in that little spot which, in their present bliss, they considered the most magnificent place on earth. They had both seen trees before, and blue sky, and grass. It wasn't the first time they had heard the sound of flowing water and the music of the wind in the trees; but never had they really admired these things till now. It was as if Nature had not really existed before, or had only begun to robe herself in beauty since the appeasement of their desires.

When it was dark they started for home again. The boat kept close to the shores of the islets. They lay in the stern, hidden by the shade, and did not speak. The paddles clicked in the iron rowlocks and seemed to mark time in the silence like the beating of a metronome, whilst in their wake the water rippled ceaselessly against the stern.

And then the moon shone out, and forthwith they began to indulge in fine phrases, saying how melancholy yet how full of poetry and loveliness she was. Emma, indeed, broke out into song,

Dost thou remember, love, that night we sailed...

Her voice, musical but weak, died away upon the waters, and the breeze wafted away the trills, that Leon heard fleeting past him like the fluttering of little wings. She had her face towards him, leaning against the awning of the boat, into which, through an opening in the blind a flood of moonlight streamed. Her black dress, the skirt spread out like a fan, made her look slimmer and added to her height. Her head was raised, her hands were clasped, her eyes were gazing heavenward. Sometimes the shadow of the willows would hide her completely from view, then, suddenly, she would reappear like a vision, in the light of the moon.

Leon put his hand on a piece of scarlet ribbon lying in the bottom of the boat. The boatman took it and examined it.

'Ah,' he said at last, maybe it belongs to a party I took out a few days ago. They were a nice old rowdy lot- ladies and gents, with cakes, and bottles of champagne, and cornets, and I don't know what all. One of 'em I mind in particular. A fine, upstanding fellow he was, with a little moustache. And that amusing! They kept on saying, "Come on, tell us another... Adolphe... Dodolphe"... or whatever he was called.'

She shook from head to foot.

'What's the matter? Aren't you feeling well?' said Leon, drawing close.

'Oh, it's nothing! Only, the night air is a little chilly.'

'Sort of gent with plenty of lady friends, you bet,' added the old sailorman, by way of being agreeable to his fare.

Then he spat into his hands and resumed his oars.

However, everything comes to an end. It was a melancholy business saying good-bye. She told him to send his letters to Mere Rollet,

and gave him such clear and practical instructions about the double envelope that he marvelled greatly at her knowledge of the tricks of the trade.

'So you are quite sure everything is all right?' she said, as she kissed him good-bye.

'Absolutely.... But,' he mused, as he walked back home alone, 'what on earth makes her so keen on this Power of Attorney, I wonder?'

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Leon's longing: Back to the Lion d'Or:
Meeting in a storm: More business with Lheureux:
A forgotten accomplishment:
Music lessons.

LEON soon began to give himself airs. He ignored his friends and neglected his business.

He waited eagerly for her letters; he read them again and again, and he wrote to her in return. He summoned her up before him with all the ardour of passionate remembrance. Instead of fading with absence, the longing to see her again grew stronger and stronger, till at last, one Saturday morning, he made a bolt from his office.

When he came to the top of the hill above Yonville and, looking down over the valley, saw the church tower with its tin tricolour turning in the wind, he was conscious of that mingled sensation of triumphant vanity and egoistical emotion that a man who has gone abroad and made his fortune must experience when he returns to visit his native village.

He went and roamed about outside her house. There was a light in the kitchen. He watched to see if he could catch her shadow behind the curtain. But nothing was visible.

Mere Lefrancois met him, and couldn't believe her eyes. She thought he was 'taller and thinner', whereas Artemise considered he was 'stouter and browner'.

He dined in the little parlour, as in the old days, but alone, without the tax-collector; for Binet, weary of waiting for the Hirondelle , had fixed his dinner-time one hour earlier, and now he dined sharp at five. However, as often as not, he would still have it that the tumbledown old rattle-trap was late.

Leon summoned up his courage and went and knocked at the doctor's door. Madame was upstairs in her bedroom, and didn't come down for a quarter of an hour. The doctor appeared delighted to see him; but he stuck at home the whole evening and all next day as well.

He saw her alone, very late in the evening, in the lane at the end of the garden- in the lane where she used to meet 'the other one'. There was a thunderstorm raging, and they talked under an umbrella with lightning flashing all around them.

Their severance was becoming intolerable. 'I would rather be dead,' she said. And she clung, writhing, to his arm, weeping,

'Good-bye! Good-bye! When shall I see you again?'

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They turned back for one last embrace, and it was then that she promised by some means or another, no matter what, to find a pretext for seeing him regularly, at least once a week. Emma never doubted she would find a way. She was full of hope. She would soon have some money to play with.

This being so, she bought a pair of yellow curtains with broad stripes for her bedroom, which Monsieur Lheureux had told her were a bargain. She had dreams of a carpet, and Lheureux, declaring that it wasn't like craving for the moon, very civilly undertook to get her one. Lheureux had become simply indispensable. She sent for him twenty times a day, and he straightway put aside whatever he was doing and obeyed the summons without a murmur. And it was no less a mystery why Mere Rollet should go there every day for her lunch, and why she should want, as she often did, to see her in private.

It was about this time- that is to say, the beginning of winter- that she suddenly appeared to evince a tremendous enthusiasm for music.

One night, while Charles was listening to her, she began the same piece over again, four times running, finding fault with herself each time. He, never seeing any difference, cried, 'Bravo! Splendid! What did you stop for? Go on!'

'Oh, no! It's too dreadful! My fingers feel as if they were stiff with rust!'

Next day he begged her to play him something more.

'Oh, well; if you want me to.'

Charles confessed he had heard her play better. She struck the wrong notes, kept fumbling about, and finally came to a sudden stop.

'Ah, it's no good! I ought to have some lessons, but...'

She bit her lip and added,

'Twenty francs a time. It's too expensive, that!'

'Well, yes... it is... rather,' said Charles, sniggering like a nincompoop. 'But perhaps it could be managed a bit cheaper. Sometimes a more or less unknown artist is really better than a man with a big reputation.'

'They take some finding,' said Emma.

Next day, when he came in, he contemplated her with a knowing look, as if he had something up his sleeve, and at last, unable to keep it back any longer, blurted out,

'I say, how you do let your ideas run away with you, sometimes! Now, I've been to Barfeucheres today. Well, Madame Liegeard assures me that her three girls, who are at the Misericorde convent school, pay only fifty sous a lesson for their music, and a first-rate mistress too.'

She shrugged her shoulders, and did not open the piano again.

But whenever she went near it (if Bovary were in the room) she would sigh,

'Ah, my poor piano!'

And when she had visitors she never omitted to tell them she had given up her music, and could not now take it up again, because of circumstances. And they would sympathize with her, and say what a pity

it was, seeing she had such a gift. They even spoke to Bovary about it, saying it was really too bad of him, especially the chemist.

'You're making a mistake. You should never let a natural gift lie fallow. Besides, my friend, you should bear in mind that by encouraging your wife to study now, you will be saving on your child's musical education later on. In my opinion, children ought always to be taught by their own mother. It's a theory of Rousseau's; perhaps somewhat advanced, but it will come- I'm sure of that- like maternal feeding and vaccination.'

So Charles again reverted to this piano question. Emma retorted bitterly that they might as well sell it, for all the good it was. But that this unfortunate piano, the possession of which had been for her such a source of pride, should now take its departure- well, it seemed to Bovary, somehow, as if she were loppin, off a part of herself.

'Well' he said, 'if you want a lesson now and again, it won't, after all, be so very ruinous.'

'Yes,' she replied, 'but it's no good having lessons unless you take them regularly.'

That was how she managed to get leave from her husband to go to Rouen once a week to see her lover.

At the end of a month she was considered to have made substantial progress.

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On the 'Hirondelle': Leon's room:
The blind singer: Received, sixty-five francs:
Pressing for money: Lheureux's bills:
Another Power of Attorney: Charles
seeks for Emma: Leon the bewitched.

THURSDAY was her day. She got up and dressed very quietly, so as not to disturb Charles, who would no doubt have scolded her for getting ready before the proper time. Then she walked up and down, up and down, or took her stand at the window and looked out on to the Square. The morning light came flooding in between the pillars of the market-hall, and on the chemist's house, whose shutters were still fast closed, the gilt letters of his sign glimmered softly in the glow of dawn.

As soon as the clock said a quarter past seven, she went across to the Lion d'Or . Artemise came yawning to let her in. She unearthed a few embers that lay buried under the ashes, and then Emma was left alone in the kitchen. From time to time she would step out into the yard. Hivert was putting to without any symptoms of undue haste, lending an ear all the time to Mere Lefrancois, who, with her nightcap on her head, was leaning out of the window bawling out orders and directions so numerous and complicated that any other man would have been completely dazed by them. Emma stood by, tapping the sole of her boot impatiently on the cobbles.

At last, when he had swallowed his soup, struggled into his heavy coat, lit up his pipe and grasped his whip, he hoisted himself slowly on to the box.

The Hirondelle started off at an easy trot, and for the first three miles or so kept stopping to pick up the travellers who were standing waiting for its appearance by the roadside, just outside their gates. Those who had booked seats over-night kept the diligence waiting- some, indeed, were still indoors and in bed. Hivert, having called and shouted, cursed and sworn, clambered down from his seat to go and hammer vigorously at the door. A chilling draught blew in through the ill-fitting windows of the diligence.

The four rows of seats filled up, the diligence rolled on, orchard followed orchard in endless succession, and the road, between its two long ditches full of yellow water, stretched away before them, seeming to narrow in as it approached the skyline.

Emma knew every inch of the way- knew that after a stretch of grassland there came a mile-post, then an elm-tree, a barn or a road-mender's hut. Sometimes, in order to give herself a surprise, she would keep her eyes shut for a while; but she never lost the clear idea of the exact distance she had to cover.

At last the brick-built houses came in close succession, the road rang hollow beneath the wheels, the Hirondelle glided along between gardens in which, through an open gate, you could catch a fleeting glimpse of a statue or a clipped yew or a swing. Then, of a sudden, outspread before you, lay the city. Sloping down on every side, all bathed in the mist, it stretched out far and wide beyond the bridges, a confused medley of buildings, and yet farther still, the open country beyond rose up, even and monotonous, till, in the far distance, it touched the shadowy underline of the pale grey sky. Looked at thus from a height, the whole scene appeared as motionless as a picture. The ships at anchor thronged together in a corner; the river coiled round about the green hills in a sweeping curve, and the oval-shaped islands looked like great dark fish floating motionless on the surface of the water. The chimney stacks of the factories sent forth long plumes of dun-coloured smoke, that frayed away into the wind at their extremities. The roaring of the foundries mingled with airy chimes from the towers and steeples that rose above the sea of mist. The leafless trees of the boulevards looked like tufts of purple brushwood among the houses, and the roofs, all glistening in the rain, flashed out a medley of sparkling lights that varied with the height of the ground. Occasionally a gust of wind would come and sweep the clouds towards the heights of Sainte Catherine, like airy billows breaking soundlessly against a cliff.

The thought of all these living beings crowded so densely together, gave her a feeling of dizziness, and her bosom swelled when she thought of them, as if the hundred and twenty thousand hearts that throbbed there had assailed her all at once with the afflatus of the passions which she dreamed must animate their hearts. Her love seemed to wax greater as she drank in the spacious scene before

her, and her bosom surged with tumult as the vague murmur of the city smote upon her ears. She poured it out again- this love, this tumult- on the squares and the promenades and the streets, and the old Norman city lay outspread beneath her gaze like some mighty metropolis, some vast Babylon, within whose shadowy immensity she was about to pass. She leaned upon her two hands and gazed out of the window, sniffing in the breeze. The three horses were going along at a canter, stones were scrunching in the mud, the diligence rocked from side to side, and Hivert, from afar, shouted at the traffic in front of him, what time the worthy citizens who had been spending the night at Bois Guillaume were quietly descending the hill in their little family conveyances.

They pulled up at the city gates. Emma took off her goloshes, put on another pair of gloves, adjusted her shawl and, twenty yards or so further on, alighted from the Hirondelle .

The city was beginning to bestir itself. Shopmen were busy polishing the fronts of their shops, and women, with paniers at their hips, were crying their wares at every corner. She hastened along with downcast eyes, hugging the wall, concealing a smile of joy beneath the long dark veil that hid her features.

For fear of being seen, she usually avoided the direct route, plunging into the network of dim alley-ways, and when she reached the bottom of the Rue Nationale, close by the fountain there, she was in a bath of perspiration. It was the theatre quarter, the place for drink-shops and the haunt of women of the town. Often a cart would pass along, loaded up with a trembling pile of stage scenery. Waiters in white aprons would be scattering sand on the pavement between the tubs of evergreens, and the whole place would be reeking of absinthe, cigars and oysters. She turned down a side street, and yes, it was he! She knew him by his frizzy hair that came out under his hat.

Leon made no sign, but continued on his way. She kept behind him until they came to the hotel. In and up the stairs he went, opened the door of their room and entered; and then- what an embrace! And, when the kisses were over, what a torrent of words! They spoke of all the worries they had had during the week, their misgivings, their anxiety about the letters. But there! it was all over now; and they gazed at each other with little voluptuous gurglings of delight, and words of tenderness and love.

The bed was a big mahogany one in the form of a cradle. The curtains were of red damask, and there was nothing so beautiful in the world as her dark head and white skin against this crimson background when, with a little bashful gesture, she put her naked arms together and hid her face in her hands.

The cosy room, with its noiseless carpet, its cheerful ornaments, its tranquil light, seemed specially to lend itself to the intimacies of passion. The curtain rods which terminated in arrow-heads, the copper ewers and the big knobs of the andirons gleamed brightly when the sun shone on them. On the chimney-piece,

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between the candelabra, were two of those big pink shells which sound like the sea when you hold them to your ear.

How they loved this dear old room, so full of gaiety, despite its rather faded splendours! They always found everything in its familiar place, and sometimes they would come across hairpins, which she had left behind the Thursday before, hidden away beneath the clock. They had their lunch by the fire on a little side-table. Emma carved, putting the tit-bits on his plate with little arch, kittenish gestures; and she laughed a loud rollicking laugh when the champagne, frothing over the delicate glass rim, ran down about the rings on her fingers. They were so completely wrapt up in each other, so oblivious of the outer world, that it seemed like being in their own house, and they dreamed they would continue to live there always, eternal bridegroom and eternal bride, world without end. They talked about 'our room', 'our carpet', 'our easy-chairs', she even spoke of 'our slippers'. Leon had given them to her because she had seen them and set her heart on them. They were pink satin slippers, edged with swansdown. When she sat on his knee, her legs were not long enough to touch the ground, and dangled in the air, and the dainty slipper which had no heel to it only hung on by the big toe to her naked foot.

For the first time in his life he savoured the ineffable sweetness of exquisite femininity. Never had he met with such charm of utterance, such taste in dress, or beheld these postures of the sleepy dove. He marvelled at the exaltation of her soul and at the lace on her petticoat. And then, wasn't she a 'lady' and married? A real mistress, in fact.

By the diversity of her ways, wistful or gay, prattling or silent, eager or careless, she never failed to exert her fascination, awakening interests or stirring old memories. She was the heroine of every novel, of every play, the vague ineffable she of every book of poetry. He beheld about her shoulders the amber tresses of the Odalisque bathing ; she had the long waist of the medieval chatelaines; she resembled, too, the Pale Woman of Barcelona ; but above all she was the Angel!

Often as he gazed at her, it seemed to him as if his soul, taking flight towards her, was diffused like a wave over the contour of her head and descended willy-nilly into the whiteness of her bosom.

He knelt on the ground before her; and with his two elbows on her knees gazed at her with a smile, leaning his face towards her.

And she leaned down to him, and murmured, as though suffocated with delight,

'Oh, don't move! don't speak! Look at me! There is something in your eyes so sweet that does me so much good.'

And she called him 'child'.

'Do you love me, child?'

And she scarcely heard his reply, so wildly did he press his lips to her mouth.

On the clock there was a little bronze Cupid, who was footing it and

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smiling archly beneath a golden garland. They laughed at it several times. But when it came to saying good-bye, the world and everything grew serious.

Motionless, standing face to face, they would say, over and over again,

'Good-bye till Thursday! Thursday!'

Then suddenly she would seize his head in both her hands, kiss him quickly on the forehead and, crying 'Adieu', dart down the staircase.

She would go to a hairdresser's in the Rue de la Comedie to get her hair put straight. It was getting dark, and they were lighting up the gas in the shop. She heard the theatre bell summoning the actors to their task, and across the street she saw pale-faced men going by, and women in dowdy dresses, all making for the stage door.

It was hot in this little low-ceilinged room, where the stove was hissing amid an array of wigs and pots of pomade. The smell of the curling-tongs and the oily hands that manipulated her hair soon made her feel sleepy, and she dozed off a little in her peignoir. Often the assistant who was doing her hair would suggest she should take a ticket for the dance.

Then she would depart, make her way back along the streets and arrive at the Croix Rouge . She would get out the pattens, which she had hidden in the morning under one of the seats, and huddle up in her place among the impatient travellers. Some of them got out at the foot of the hill to walk. She sat on in the diligence alone.

At every turn she saw more and more of the town with its lights, which spread a wide sheet of luminous vapour above the medley of houses. Emma knelt up on the cushions and let her eyes wander over the dazzling scene. She sobbed, she called 'Leon' and sent him tender speeches and kisses blown into space by the wind.

There used to be a poor wretched beggar fellow, who went plodding about with his stick right in the very thick of the traffic. A mass of rags covered his shoulders and a battered old beaver, rounded like a basin, hid his face from view. But when he withdrew it, he discovered, in the place where his eyelids should have been, two gaping cavities all filled with blood. The flesh hung down in red tatters, and liquids oozing from it coagulated in green scabs as far as the nose, the black nostrils of which snorted convulsively.

To address you he flung back his head with a sort of idiot laugh, and then his bluish pupils, rolling in a continuous movement, settled themselves towards the temples, on the edge of the live wound.

He ran after you, singing a little ditty,

> Now skies are bright, the summer's here,
> A maiden thinks upon her dear.

And the rest of it was all about birds and sunshine and green leaves.

Sometimes he would start up behind Emma with his head uncovered. She would shrink back with a cry. Hivert would ply him with chaff. He would tell him to hire a booth at Saint Romain's fair, or ask him, with a laugh, how his sweetheart was.

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Often, when the diligence had started off again, his hat would suddenly be thrust in at the window. With his free arm he would hold on to the step, getting splashed all over with mud from the wheels. His voice, at first weak and quavery, would grow shrill and plaintive. It trailed out in the darkness of the night like a wind-dispersed lament, voicing a nameless sorrow; and as it rose above the tinkling of the bells, the sound of the wind in the trees and the rumble of the empty old caravan, there was a far-off sound about it that knocked at Emma's heart. It went sheer down into the depths of her soul like a whirlwind in a chasm, and bore her away among the spaces of an illimitable melancholy. But Hivert, who noticed the vehicle was out of trim, hit out at the blind man with his whip. The lash of it whipped his sores, and he fell off howling into the mud.

At last the passengers in the Hirondelle dropped off to sleep, some with their mouths wide open, others with their chins on their breasts, leaning against their neighbours' shoulders or lolling with their arms through the strap, lurching from side to side with the swaying of the vehicle; and the reflection of the lantern, which swung to and fro outside, on the crupper of the shaft horses, penetrating into the interior through the curtains of chocolate-coloured calico, cast blood-red shadows on all these tranquil sleepers. Emma, drunk with sadness, shivered in her wraps and felt her feet growing colder and colder, and the chill of death in her soul.

Charles was at home and waiting for her. The Hirondelle was always late on Thursdays.

But at last Madame arrived. She hardly so much as kissed the child. Dinner wasn't ready, but no matter. She made excuses for the cook. It seemed, now, as if the girl could do no wrong.

Often her husband, remarking how pale she was, asked her if she were feeling ill.

'No,' said Emma.

'But,' he answered, 'you seem so strange tonight.'

'Oh, no! It's nothing. I'm all right.'

On some days she had hardly got inside the house, when she went straight up to her room, and Justin, who was there, would steal silently about, more sedulous in her service than a well-drilled chambermaid. He put the matches and the candlestick handy, and a book for her to read; unfolded her nightdress, turned down the bedclothes.

'There,' she said, 'that will do; now run along!'

For he kept standing there, his hands drooping and his eyes staring, as though enmeshed in the mazy threads of a sudden day-dream.

The next day was a terrible one for her, and the following one still more insufferable, so great was her impatience to taste her bliss again; an eager lust, inflamed with familiar images, which, on the seventh day, burst forth without restraint in Leon's caresses. His own ardours hid themselves under expressions of wonderment and gratitude. Emma enjoyed this love in a discreet and absorbed, fashion, nourished it by all the artifices of her tenderness, trembling a

little lest it should some day die away.

Often she would say to him, with little, gentle modulations of sweet melancholy in her voice,

'Ah, you will leave me, you will! You will go and get married; you will be like the other men.'

'What other men?' he asked.

'Why, men in general,' she replied; then she added, pushing him away with a gesture of weariness, 'You are wicked wretches, all of you.'

One day when they were having a philosophical discussion about life and its disillusions, she happened to say (either to see if he would be jealous or because the desire to unburden herself was too strong to resist) that in days gone by, before she knew him, she had loved a man. 'Oh, not like you,' she interjected quickly, swearing by the head of her child that 'nothing had ever happened'.

Leon believed her. All the same, he wanted to know what sort of a man it was.

'He was a captain in the Navy, dear.'

Wasn't that a good way to stave off all inquiries, and at the same time to put herself up on a higher pedestal as being a woman to exert a fascination on one who, from the nature of the case, was bound to be a man of intrepid spirit and the cynosure of women's eyes?

Thereupon the clerk felt very small indeed. He entertained a huge envy of men who could sport epaulettes and decorations, men with a handle to their names. Things of that kind were bound to impress her; that much he deduced from her extravagant habits.

However, a great many of her expensive ideas she kept to herself. For example, she never said anything about her longing to have a smart blue tilbury to take her to Rouen, with an English horse and a groom in top-boots. It was Justin who had put the idea into her head, imploring her to take him into her service as footman. And if doing without the tilbury did not diminish the joys of the arrival, it unquestionably augmented the sorrows of the departure.

Often, when they were talking about Paris, she would end up by saying,

'Ah, how splendid it would be if only we could live there!'

'But aren't we happy where we are?' Leon would answer, softly stroking her head.

'Oh, yes, of course,' she said; 'it's only my fun; kiss me!'

She was more attentive to her husband than ever. She made him little dainties and played him waltz-tunes after dinner. He came to look upon himself as the happiest of mortals, and Emma's mind was completely at rest when, all of a sudden, one evening, he said,

'It's Mademoiselle Lempereur, isn't it, who's giving you lessons?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I met her a little while ago at Madame Liegeard's. I mentioned your name to her, but she doesn't know you.'

This was a regular thunderbolt! However, she answered in quite a natural tone,

'Oh, well, she's no doubt forgotten my name.'

'Besides,' said the doctor, 'there are, quite possibly, several ladies of that name at Rouen who teach music.'

'Yes, quite likely. But wait!' she added, as if she had suddenly thought of something. 'I've got her receipts. Look, here they are.' She got up and went over to the secretaire, rummaged about in the drawers, tumbled the papers over and over, and finally got in such a muddle that Charles implored her not to bother any more about the wretched things.

'Oh, but I will find them!' she said.

And sure enough, the following Friday, when Charles was pulling on one of his boots in the closet where his clothes were stowed, he felt a piece of paper between the leather and his sock. He pulled it out and read,

'Received for three months' tuition, and sundries supplied, the sum of sixty-five francs. Felicie Lempereur , teacher of music.'

'How the devil could it have got into my boot?'

'It must have fallen out of the old filing-box on the edge of the shelf.'

From that moment her whole existence was nothing but a maze of lies, in which she enveloped her liaison as in a veil, in order to hide it from the world.

Lying became a necessity with her, a mania, a pastime; so much so that if she said she had walked down a street on the right, it was necessary to understand that she had actually walked down it on the left.

One morning, just after she had started, rather lightly clad as usual, it suddenly came on to snow. Charles, standing at the window looking out at the weather, saw the Abbe Bournisien in Monsieur Tuvache's trap, in which he was getting a lift to Rouen.

Whereupon he ran down with a thick shawl, and gave it to the priest, asking him to hand it to Madame when he got to the Croix Rouge . No sooner had he arrived at the inn than he asked for the doctor's wife at Yonville. The landlady replied that she very seldom came to her establishment. And so, that night, recognizing Madame Bovary in the Hirondelle , the cure told her of the fix he had been in, without, however, attaching much importance to it, for he at once began to sing the praises of some preacher who was doing wonders at the Cathedral and whom all the ladies were flocking to hear.

But that wasn't the point. If he didn't ask awkward questions, other people, later on, might be more inquisitive. So she thought it as well to put up regularly at the Croix Rouge in order that any worthies from her village who might see her on the stairs wouldn't think anything more about it.

One day, however, Monsieur Lheureux ran into her as she was coming out of the Hotel de Boulogne on Leon's arm; it gave her a shock, for she thought he was bound to spread it abroad. He wasn't such a fool. But three days later he came into her room, shut the door behind him and said,

'I could do with a bit of money.'

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She declared she couldn't let him have any. Lheureux made a great song about it, and reminded her how accommodating he had always been.

As a matter of fact, of the two bills to which Charles had put his signature, Emma had up to now only cleared off one. As for the second, Lheureux, at her urgent request, had replaced it by two others which themselves had been dated a long way ahead. Then he pulled out of his pocket a formidable statement of goods not paid for- namely, the curtains, the carpet, material for covering the chairs, several dresses and sundry toilet requisites, amounting in all to a total of a couple of thousand francs.

She drooped her head.

'But if you haven't got cash, you've got property,' and he mentioned a tumble-down place at Barneville near Aumale which didn't bring in much rent. It had formerly belonged to a little farm sold by Monsieur Bovary, senior, for Lheureux was up in the whole thing, knew the exact acreage and the names of all the adjoining tenants.

'If I were you,' he said, 'I should pay off my debts, and there would still be some money over.'

She said the difficulty would be to find a buyer. He held out hopes of finding one; but suppose he did, how, she asked, was she going to sell?

'What about the Power of Attorney?' he replied.

It was like a breath of fresh air. 'Leave me the bill,' said Emma.

'Oh, no. Never mind about that!' answered Lheureux.

He came back the following week, and patted himself on the back for having managed, after a lot of trouble, to put his hand on a buyer, a man called Langlois, who had long had an eye on the property, though he never mentioned a price.

'Oh, bother the price!' she exclaimed.

Ah, no! They would have to go easy, and sound the fellow a bit. The thing was worth a journey, and as she couldn't manage it herself, he offered to go and talk it over with Langlois. As soon as he got back, he said that the purchaser suggested four thousand francs.

Emma was radiant.

'I don't mind telling you,' he added, 'it's not a bad price.'

She drew half the sum straight away.

'Upon my word of honour,' said Lheureux, as she was proceeding to pay up his bill, 'I'm really sorry to see you parting with such a lot of money.'

She gave another glance at the notes, and thought of all the meetings those two thousand francs would pay for.

'But what do you... w-what...?' she stammered

'Oh,' he broke in with a genial laugh, 'you can stick down anything you like on an invoice. D'you think I don't know how these things are wangled?'

And he looked at her steadily holding two long papers in his hand and drawing them slowly through his fingers. Finally, opening his pocket-case, he put down four promissory notes, each for a thousand

francs.
'Sign these,' he said, 'and keep the lot.'
She uttered a little horrified cry.
'But if I give you what's over,' said Lheureux impudently, 'aren't I doing you a good turn?'
And taking up a pen he wrote at the bottom of the account, 'Received of Madame Bovary, four thousand francs'.
'But what are you worrying about? In six months' time you'll get the balance on your old shanty, and I am not making the last bill due till after you will have had the money!'
Emma was getting a little muddled in her calculations, and there was a sound in her ears as if a host of golden coins, bursting their bags, were jingling round her on the floor. Then Lheureux explained that he had a banker friend at Rouen called Vincart, who would discount the bills, and he himself would hand Madame the net amount left over, after everything had been paid up.
But instead of two thousand francs, he only brought her eighteen hundred, for his friend Vincart (as was right and proper) had deducted two hundred for commission and discount charges.
Then, quite casually, he asked for a receipt.
'You know what things are... in business... sometimes.... And now the date, if you please; just add the date.'
A vista of all kinds of tangible delights presented itself to Emma's gaze. She was prudent enough to put aside a thousand crowns to pay off the first three bills when they fell due. But the fourth, as luck would have it, landed in the house on a Thursday. Charles, quite flabbergasted, decided he must wait patiently for his wife to come back and explain matters.
Oh, the reason she hadn't said anything about this bill was that she didn't want to worry him with household affairs. She sat on his knee, put her arms round his neck and cooed, and enumerated, at great length, all the absolutely indispensable things she had been obliged to get on credit.
'Anyhow, you must agree that, considering the quantity of things, it's not such a vast amount of money.'
Charles, who didn't know what to do, soon betook himself to the one and only Lheureux, who guaranteed to keep things quiet if Charles would just sign a couple of bills, one of which was for seven hundred francs payable at three months. To make provision for this he wrote a pathetic letter to his mother. Instead of answering by post she came herself; and when Emma asked if he had got anything out of her, he said, 'Yes, but she insists on seeing the account'.
Next morning, the very first thing, Emma rushed across to Monsieur Lheureux to ask him to make out another account for an amount not exceeding a thousand francs; for if she were to produce the one for four thousand, she would have to say that she had paid the first three, and therefore let out that she had sold the property. That bit of business had been skilfully put through by Lheureux, and did not come out until later.

In spite of the low prices of the various items, Madame Bovary senior considered that the expenditure was a great deal too lavish.

'Couldn't you have done without a carpet? What did you want with new chair-covers? In my day there was just one easy-chair in a house, for the old people- at any rate, that's how it was at my mother's, and she was a woman that was looked up to, let me tell you. Everybody can't be rich. However much you've got, it all goes sooner or later, if there's a leakage. I should be ashamed to pamper myself as you do, and I'm an old woman and need taking care of. And look here, 'altering this, and adjusting that'. All sorts of fallals and falbalas! What! silk for lining at two francs a yard, when you can get stuff that does equally well for eight or ten sous?'

Emma, reclining on the sofa, replied, as calmly as possible, 'There, Madame, that'll do, that'll do!'

But the old lady went on lecturing her, saying they would finish up in the workhouse. But it was really Bovary's fault. It was a good thing he had promised to cancel that Power of Attorney.

'What?'

'Yes, he gave me his word he would,' said the old lady.

Emma opened the window, shouted to Charles to come in, and the poor man had to confess that such a promise had, in fact, been wrung from him by his mother.

Emma disappeared. She soon returned with a document, which she held out to her with great dignity.

'Thank you,' said the old woman, and threw it on the fire.

Emma burst out laughing, a loud, strident laugh that she could not stop. She went off into hysterics.

'Oh, my God!' cried Charles. 'And you're in the wrong just as much as she is- going for her and making a scene like that!' His mother shrugged her shoulders and said it was all play-acting. For the first time in his life Charles rebelled and stuck up for his wife. Madame Bovary, senior, said she wouldn't stay in the house another day, and took her departure the very next morning. When she was on the doorstep and he was trying to keep her back, she answered him, saying,

'No! no! You love her more than you do me. You're right. It's only right and proper you should. However, it'll be a bad job of it, as you'll see one of these days. Wish you well- for you won't find me coming back here in a hurry "making scenes", as you call it.'

None the less Charles felt very guilty and abashed before Emma, who did not conceal her annoyance at his lack of trust in her. He had to do a deal of begging and praying before he could prevail on her to resume her office of attorney. He even went with her himself to Monsieur Guillaumin's in order to have another deed drawn up on precisely similar lines to the old one.

'I can quite understand,' said the notary, 'a man of science cannot be bothered with the practical details of everyday life.'

Charles felt soothed at this comforting reflection. It gave his weakness the flattering appearance of absorption in things intellectual.

What a scene of excitement the Thursday afterwards, when she was alone again with Leon in their room at the hotel! She laughed, she cried, she sang, she danced, she sent down for cocktails, she insisted on smoking cigarettes, and generally behaved like a wild thing. Yet he could not help thinking how splendid, how adorable she was. He did not understand the complete reaction which made her more than ever determined to drink life to the lees. She became irritable, fond of rich food and every sort of sensual gratification. She walked about with him brazenly in the street, head up, without a tremor. Sometimes, however, she felt a qualm at the possibility of meeting Rodolphe; for although they had parted for ever it seemed to her that she still, somehow or other, belonged to him. One night she didn't come home at all. Charles went nearly off his head, and little Berthe, who wouldn't go to bed without her mummy, was sobbing her heart out. Justin had gone out to see if there was any sign of her along the road. The crisis had even brought out Monsieur Homais from his pharmacy.

At last, at eleven o'clock, Charles, unable to bear the suspense any longer, put the horse in the trap, jumped in, and driving as hard as he could, arrived at the Croix Rouge about two in the morning. She wasn't there! He thought perhaps Leon might have seen her; but, then, where did Leon live? Fortunately Charles remembered the address of his employer. He rushed off there.

It was beginning to get light. He could make out a name-plate over a door. He knocked. Someone shouted the information he wanted from inside, not without some strong remarks about the iniquity of disturbing people at that time of night.

The house where the clerk lived had no bell, door-knocker or porter. Charles banged hard with his fist against the shutters, but a policeman heaving in sight, he got nervous and made off.

'I'm mad,' he said to himself. 'No doubt the Lormaux kept her to dinner.' But then the Lormaux family were no longer in Rouen.

'She stopped to look after Madame Dubreuil.' But no, Madame Dubreuil died ten months ago. Where could she be, then?

He had an inspiration. He went to a cafe and asked for a directory. He quickly turned up the name of Mademoiselle Lempereur, and found that she lived at No. 74 Rue de la Renelle des Maroquiniers.

Just as he was turning into this street, Emma herself appeared from the other end of it. He didn't embrace her; he flung himself upon her.

'Where on earth have you been?' he cried.

'I wasn't well.'

'What was the matter?... Where?... How?...'

She drew her hand across her forehead and said,

'At Mademoiselle Lempereur's.'

'I thought as much. I was just on my way there.'

'Oh, well, never mind now,' said Emma. 'She hasn't been gone out many minutes. But in future don't get so nervy. I shall feel so dreadfully tied down if little delays like this are going to worry you so.'

It was a way of getting a free hand to do as she liked on her little escapades. And she made the very most of it. Whenever she took it into her head she wanted to see Leon, she trumped up some pretext, and away she went; and as he wasn't expecting her, she would go to his office to rout him out.

The first time or two it was splendid; but before long he had to tell the truth, which was that his chief didn't at all approve of these interferences with business.

'Oh, rubbish! Come along!' she replied.

And out he slipped.

She wanted him to dress entirely in black and to grow a little pointed beard so as to look like the portraits of Louis XIII. She asked to see his lodgings, and thought them rather mean. He went very red, but she did not notice him, and said he ought to get some curtains like hers. When he spoke of the expense she said,

'Ah, ha! you're the boy for the money, aren't you now?'

She would insist on making Leon tell her everything he had done since their last meeting. She wanted him to write some poetry in her honour, a love piece. Alas! he could never find a rhyme for the second line and ended by copying out a sonnet in an autograph album.

This was done not out of vanity, but merely to please her. He never argued with her about her ideas; he never disagreed with her tastes. He was much more of a mistress to her than she to him. She said wonderful, loving things to him and gave him kisses that nearly drew the soul from his body. Where had she been schooled in such corruption, that seemed almost sanctified by its profundity, and the perfection of her dissimulation?

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Monsieur Homais at Rouen: The connoisseur in women:
An unfulfilled engagement: The summons: Ways and means:
Leon's resolution: After the ball:
Lheureux shows his hand.

IN the journeys he had made to see Emma, Leon had so often dined at the chemist's that he thought it was only decent to invite him back.

'I should enjoy it immensely,' Monsieur Homais replied. 'Besides, it's about time I had a bit of a fling; I'm getting a regular fossil in this place. We'll go to the theatre and the restaurants, and have a rare old time.'

'But, my dear,' murmured Madame Homais, in a tone of fond expostulation, terrified at the vague perils he was proposing to incur.

'Well, what about it? You seem to imagine that I don't do enough damage to my health by living among the continual emanations of my pharmacy. Well, that's women all over. They are jealous of Science, and then set themselves against the most legitimate recreations. Never mind! Trust me! I shall turn up one of these days at Rouen and we'll

make the dibs fly, you and I.'

There was a time when the apothecary would never have thought of using such an expression; but just now he was doing 'the dashing Parisian' sort of thing. He thought it the best of form; and like his neighbour, Madame Bovary, he was very anxious for the clerk to tell him how people went on in the capital and was falling into the habit of using all sorts of slang expressions.

So one Thursday Emma was surprised to encounter Monsieur Homais dressed all ready for a journey, in the kitchen of the Lion d'Or - that is to say, muffled up in an old ulster that no one knew he possessed, with a portmanteau in one hand and the domestic foot-muff in the other. He hadn't told anybody of his intentions, lest his absence should create a feeling of uneasiness in the public mind.

The idea of revisiting the scenes where he had spent his young days doubtless rather excited him, for he didn't stop talking the whole way. And no sooner had they arrived, than he jumped out of the vehicle and set off in search of Leon. It was useless for the latter to try to get out of it. Monsieur Homais dragged him off to the big Cafe de la Normandie, which he entered with pride in his port and his hat on his head, for he held it very 'provincial' to uncover in a public place.

Emma waited for Leon a good three-quarters of an hour. At last she rushed off to his office and, lost in all sorts of conjectures, reproaching him with indifference and herself with weakness, she spent the afternoon with her face glued to the window.

It was two o'clock, and there they were, Leon and Homais, still seated at table facing one another. The big dining-room was getting empty. The pipe of the heating stove, shaped like a palm tree, spread its gilded crest against the white ceiling, and near them, outside the glazed partition, in the full light of the sun a little fountain was playing in a marble basin, where, amid cress and asparagus, three lethargic lobsters stretched their claws across towards some quails that lay piled up in a heap at the side.

Homais was having a rare time. Although luxury inebriated him more than high living, the Pommard imparted a certain stimulus to his faculties, and when the rum omelette made its appearance, he propounded immoral views about women. What appealed to him more than anything was smartness. He simply adored a daintily dressed woman in tasteful surroundings, and as for the physical part of it, well, that was not without its charm.

Leon glanced desperately at the clock. The apothecary went on eating, drinking and talking.

'You ought to be pretty snug here in Rouen. And then your little woman isn't a great way off.'

Seeing the young man turn red, he added,

'Come on, now! Own up! You're not going to tell me that at Yonville...'

Leon stammered something or other.

'At Madame Bovary's, you weren't after...'

'Who?'
'Why, the servant!'
He wasn't joking. But, vanity ousting caution, Leon involuntarily protested. Besides, he said, he only liked dark women.
'I'm with you,' said the chemist: 'they've got more temperament.'
And, leaning over the table, he whispered into Leon's ear the signs by which you could tell where a woman had temperament or not, and forthwith he launched out into an elaborate ethnological disquisition. German women were sentimental, French women licentious, Italian women passionate.
'What about black women?' asked the clerk.
'Ah, they're an acquired taste!' said Homais. 'Waiter- two small blacks!'
'Shall we be off now?' said Leon at last, impatiently.
' Si, signor .'
But before going, he would insist on seeing the proprietor of the establishment and offering him his congratulations.
Then the clerk, in order to shake him off, said that he had a business appointment.
'Right!' said Homais. 'I'll come with you.'
And all the time they were going along the streets he babbled on about his wife, his children, what he was going to do with them and his business later on; told him how it had been let down when he acquired it, and how wonderfully he had worked it up since.
When they reached the Boulogne , Leon said a hurried good-bye, shot upstairs, and found his mistress in a state of great perturbation.
When he mentioned the chemist, she flew into a rage. Leon put the whole case before her; said it wasn't his fault. She knew what Homais was like! Surely she knew he would rather have been with her than with him.
But she turned away. He pulled her back, and, sinking down on his knees, flung both his arms about her, gazing up at her, longingly, beseechingly.
She was standing bolt upright. With big flaming eyes she looked down on him with a severe, almost terrible expression. Then tears came and made a mist in them, her shell-like eyelids drooped, she surrendered her hands, and Leon was just putting them to his lips, when a waiter came up to tell Monsieur he was wanted.
'You'll come back?' she said.
'Yes.'
'When?'
'In a minute or two.'
'Just a bit of bunk,' said the chemist, as soon as he saw Leon. 'I thought I would interrupt this visit, as you seemed so sick about it. Come round to Bridoux's now and have a glass of zoedone.'
Leon swore he was due back at his office, whereupon the apothecary began twitting him about routine and red-tape.
'Let Cujas and Bartholе go hang for an hour or two. What the devil does it matter? Who's to prevent you? Be a pal! Come along to

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Bridoux's. You'll see his dog. It's worth seeing.'
But as the clerk still held out, he said,
'All right, then, I'll come too. I can read the paper while I'm waiting for you, or have a look at one of your law-books.'
Leon, dazed by Emma's outburst and Homais's volubility, and possibly a little incommoded by his generous lunch, stood hesitating and helpless, as though the chemist had mesmerized him.
' Come on! Come round to Bridoux's. It's only a step or two down the Rue Malpalu.'
And so, from sheer weakness, crass stupidity, and that mysterious influence which compels us, willy-nilly, to do the very things we are least inclined to do, he allowed himself to be dragged off to Bridoux's. They found him out in his little yard keeping a watchful eye on three assistants who were turning with all their might at a great wheel belonging to a seltzer-water machine. Homais put them up to a wheeze or two. He embraced Bridoux; they had some zoedone. Leon was all the time itching to be off; but his companion caught hold of his arm, saying,
'Half a minute! I'm coming. We'll go round to the Fanal de Rouen and have a look at those worthies. I'll introduce you to Thomassin.'
However, he shook him off and tore back to the hotel. Emma had gone!
She had just left, in a terrible rage. She hated him now. His failure to keep his appointment seemed to her insulting, and she thought, or tried to think, of other reasons for leaving him. There was not an atom of manliness about him. He was weak, commonplace, softer than a woman. More than that, he was miserly and mean-spirited.
After a while she cooled down, and finally came to the conclusion that she had done him an injustice. But vilifying the people we love tends inevitably to estrange us from them. We should never touch our idols. Some of the gilt always comes off on our fingers.
They reached the stage of talking with growing frequency about things extraneous to their love. In her letters to him, Emma would bring in remarks about flowers, poetry, the moon and the stars, artless shifts of an expiring passion pathetically seeking some external aid to renew its fading vigour. She was always telling herself that, next time, it would all be beautiful again; and when that next time came, she had to confess that she felt nothing very much out of the ordinary. Yet that disappointment, in turn, swiftly disappeared under the influence of new hope, and Emma came to him again more ardent and more famishing than ever. She ripped off her clothes without any beating about the bush, tearing asunder her stay-laces, that hissed like vipers about her hips. She tiptoed bare-footed to the door, to make sure that it was locked; then, with a single movement, she let all her clothes fall to her feet at once; and pale, speechless, with drawn features, she flung herself upon his bosom, shuddering from head to foot.
Nevertheless, on this cold brow, on these stammering lips, in those distracted eyes, in those arms' embrace, there was something desperate, something vaguely mournful, which seemed to Leon subtly

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to insinuate itself between them, as though to rive them asunder.
He did not dare to question her, but, seeing how deeply versed she was in the things of love, he told himself she must have passed through every phase of suffering and pleasure. Things that used to charm him, scared him a little, now. And then, again, he rebelled against this daily increasing absorption of his personality. He begrudged Emma this unvarying victory. He went the length of trying to cast out his affection for her, and then, at the sound of her step, he would feel himself wilting, like a drunkard at the sight of the bottle.
True, she did not fail to lavish all manner of attentions upon him, from dainty food to alluring dress and seductive glances. She brought roses for him in her bosom from Yonville and tossed them in his face.
She expressed solicitude for his health, admonished him regarding his behaviour and, in order to keep him closer to her, hoping to enlist heaven's aid in her behalf, she hung a medal of the Virgin about his neck. She asked him about his friends, like a virtuous mother, saying,
'Don't see them, don't go out- think only of ourselves, of you and me; oh, love me!'
She would have liked to keep watch over all his doings, and the idea did occur to her to have him followed. There was a man who was for ever hanging about the hotel, a sort of loafer who was always offering to do odd jobs for the travellers, and he would certainly be willing... but her pride revolted at the thought.
'Oh, well, if he deceives me, he does, that's all; what does it matter? What do I care?'
One day when they had said good-bye at an early hour, and she was going back alone along the boulevard, her eye lighted on the walls of her convent, and she sat down on a seat beneath the shade of the elms. How quiet and peaceful those days had been! How she wished she could recapture those visions of ideal love with which the books she read had inspired her! Her early married days, her rides in the forest, the Vicomte at the ball, Lagardy singing- it all came back to her again. And now Leon seemed just as remote as the rest of them.
'And yet,' she told herself, 'I love him.'
Nevertheless, she was not happy, and never had been. How was it, then, that there was this emptiness in life? How was it that whatever she leaned against straightway began to crumble into dust? Oh, but if somewhere there breathed a being brave and handsome, a man of power and resolution, one whose nature was wrought of sweetness and strength, a man with the heart of a poet and the form of an angel, a lyre with brazen strings, sounding his bridal songs of triumph and of pain beneath the echoing vault of heaven, why, peradventure, should she not meet him? What a hopeless dream! Wherefore should she seek the undiscoverable? Everything rang false, everything was a lie, every smile concealed a yawn of boredom; every joy, a curse. Nor was there any pleasure but brought satiety in its train, and every kiss, were it

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never so sweet, never so passionate, would but leave upon the lips a longing for some bliss that should be greater still.

A metallic rattling sound was borne upon the air, and the convent clock struck four. Four o'clock! It seemed an eternity that she had been there, sitting on that seat. But a universe of passion may be crammed into a moment, even as a crowd may be hemmed into a little space.

Emma lived in the contemplation of her passions, and recked no more of money matters than an archduchess.

One day, however, an obsequious-looking person, red-faced and bald, introduced himself at her house and explained that he had called on behalf of Monsieur Vincart of Rouen. He pulled out the pins that fastened the side pocket of his long green overcoat, stuck them into his sleeve, and politely handed her a paper.

It was a bill for seven hundred francs, bearing her signature, which Lheureux, despite his undertakings to the contrary, had passed on to Vincart.

She sent the servant to fetch him. He was busy and could not come.

Thereupon the stranger, who had remained standing, casting about him right and left inquisitive glances which his light bushy eyebrows hid from view, inquired, with an innocent air, what reply he should convey to Monsieur Vincart.

'Well,' said Emma, 'tell him I haven't got it.... It'll have to be next week.... Ask him to wait.... Yes, next week, tell him.'

The worthy departed without another word.

But next day, at noon, a process was served on her, and the sight of the paper with the Government stamp on it, with the name 'Maitre Hareng, Bailiff at Buchy,' sprawled all over it in big letters, gave her such a fright that she tore off without a moment's delay to the draper's.

She found him in his shop, tying up a big parcel.

'What can Madame's humble servant do for her today?' he blandly inquired. Nevertheless, he went on with what he was doing. He was assisted by a girl of thirteen or thereabouts, rather hump-backed, who united the dual functions of shop-girl and cook.

At length, stumping along the floor of the shop in his wooden sabots, he showed Madame upstairs, and conducted her into a poky little office, where, on a big deal desk behind a padlocked grating, stood some books that looked like registers. Against the wall, underneath some muslin hangings, was discernible an iron safe, which, from its dimensions, was clearly intended to hold other things besides money and bank-notes. Monsieur Lheureux was, if the truth must be told, a pawnbroker, and it was in this same safe that he had placed Madame Bovary's gold chain along with Tellier's earrings. That poor old fellow, having at last been compelled to sell up, had bought a poverty-stricken little grocer's store at Quincampoix, where he was slowly dying of asthma, surrounded by tallow candles that were not so yellow as his face.

'What's up now?' said Lheureux, seating himself in his big wicker

arm-chair.
'Look at that.'
And she showed him the paper.
'Well, what can I do?'
This put her in a towering rage. Hadn't he promised on his word of honour not to negotiate her bills? He agreed that he had, but added,
'You see, I had no option. I'd the knife at my throat.'
'What's going to happen now?'
'Oh, I'll tell you what'll happen, right enough. Judgement summons, broker's man! It's all up.'
Though Emma had all she could do to keep from hitting him, she asked him sweetly whether there was anything she could do to keep Vincart quiet.
'Oh, my eye! Keep Vincart quiet! You don't know much about him, that's plain. Why, he's blood-thirstier than an Arab!'
Nevertheless, Monsieur Lheureux really would have to do something in the matter.
'Now, look here, I think I've been pretty decent to you up to now! Look at this,' he went on, opening one of his registers. 'Look,' running his finger up the page. 'Here... and again, here... 3rd August, two hundred francs... 17th June, a hundred and fifty... 23rd March, forty-six. In April...' He stopped, as though he were afraid of what he might be tempted to say.
'I'm not including the bills signed by the Doctor, one for seven hundred and another for three. As for your little payments on account, for interest, it's all such a hopeless tangle, I don't know where we are. Anyhow, I'll have no more of it, and that's flat!'
She wept, she even called him 'kind Monsieur Lheureux,' but he always harked back on 'that hound of a Vincart'. Besides, he hadn't a farthing. No one was paying him now; they were taking the very shirt off his back; a poor shopkeeper like him couldn't go advancing money.
Emma said no more; and Monsieur Lheureux, chewing the feather of his quill, was evidently disconcerted at her silence, for he went on,
'Of course if I did manage to get some money in, one of these days... I could...'
'Besides,' she said, 'as soon as the Barneville money comes...'
'Eh! What's that?'
And hearing that Langlois had not paid up, he betrayed great surprise. Then he went on, silkily,
'And as to terms, we agree...?'
'Oh, any terms you like!'
He shut his eyes to collect his ideas, jotted down a few figures, and, declaring that it would put him in the most terrible straits, that it was the very devil of a business, and that he was being bled white, he said he would give her four notes for two hundred and fifty francs each, falling due at intervals of one month.
'I only hope Vincart won't cut up rough. Anyhow, there you are. No beating about the bush with me. I'm fair, square and aboveboard with everyone!'

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After that he casually showed her some new goods he had got in, but none of the stuff, in his opinion, was good enough for Madame.

'Here, now, is some dress material at seven sous a yard, guaranteed fast colours. There's a pretty fairy-tale for you! And yet they lap it up like milk. Of course it's all my eye!'

He thought, by thus avowing his dishonesty towards others, to reinforce her confidence in himself.

Then he called her back to look at three ells of lace he had just picked up at a sale.

'Isn't it lovely?' said Lheureux. 'People are using it a lot just now for antimacassars. It's all the go.'

And with the deftness of a juggler, he rolled up the lace in a bit of blue paper and whipped it into Emma's hands.

'But, really, you must let me know how...'

'Oh, that's all right; any time!' he answered, turning on his heel.

That same evening she urged Bovary to write to his mother, telling her to send on the outstanding balance at the earliest possible moment. She replied that there was nothing more to come at present. Everything had been settled up, and, over and above Barneville, there were six hundred francs interest due to them, which she would punctually hand over as and when she received it.

Then Madame sent out two or three bills; and, this plan proving productive, she employed it on a large scale. She never omitted to add a postscript saying, 'Do not mention this to my husband; you know how tenacious he is.... I'm sure you will forgive me.' Sometimes the bills were disputed. She intercepted the letters.

As a means of getting a little ready cash, she started selling her old gloves, old hats, and any old iron and lumber she could lay hands on. And they didn't get any change out of her. The peasant strain in her taught her how to strike a bargain. And whenever she went into Rouen, she did a deal or two in knick-knacks, things that Monsieur Lheureux would be sure to take off her hands, if no one else did. She bought ostrich feathers, Chinese pottery and wooden chests. She borrowed money of Felicite, Madame Lefrancois, the landlady of the Croix Rouge - of anyone and everyone.

With the money she finally received from Barneville she paid off two of the bills, and the other fifteen hundred francs melted away somehow. Then she involved herself anew; and so it went on.

Sometimes, it is true, she sat down and tried to find out how she stood; but the figures were so colossal, she couldn't believe them. Then she would try again, get in a hopeless muddle, thrust it all aside and dismiss the matter from her mind.

The house was anything but a happy one now. Tradesmen came away from it with indignant looks. Dirty handkerchiefs were left lying about here, there and everywhere, and little Berthe, to Madame Homais's great disgust, went about with great holes in her stockings. If Charles ventured on a timid remonstrance she would blurt out that it wasn't her fault, she couldn't help it.

Why did she have these outbreaks? He put it down to the old nerve

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trouble, and, reproaching himself for blaming her for things that were really due to her ill-health, he told himself he was a selfish brute, and felt that he must run and kiss her. And then he reflected,

'Oh, no! I should only vex her!'

So he stopped where he was.

After dinner he would go out and stroll about the garden. He would take little Berthe on his knee and, unfolding his medical paper, try to teach her to read. In a very short time the child, who never did any lessons, opened big, tearful eyes, and burst out crying.

Then he would comfort her. He went and filled the watering-pot to make little rivers on the gravel, or broke off branches of privet and pretended to plant trees in the flower-beds. It didn't do the garden any harm, because it was already full of weeds. They owed such a lot to Lestiboudois! After a while the child would feel cold and ask for her mother.

'Ask Nanny to come,' said Charles. 'You know, my sweet, that mummy doesn't like anyone to disturb her.'

Autumn was setting in, and the leaves were beginning to fall already; just like two years ago, when she was taken ill. When would she be herself again? And he went on pacing up and down, his hands clasped behind him.

Madame was upstairs in her bedroom. No one went up to her. All day long she would stay there in a kind of torpor, with hardly any clothes on, burning Oriental scent pastilles that she had bought in Rouen at a shop kept by an Algerian native. So as not to have this husband of hers stretched out beside her sleeping like a log all night long, she had managed, by making all manner of fuss, to persuade him to shift to a room on the floor above; and she lay awake all night reading far-fetched romances full of orgies and bloodshed. Sometimes she would get the horrors and call out in her fright, and Charles would come running.

'Oh,' she would say, 'go away!'

At other times, burning with those secret fires that her adultery fanned into flame, panting, trembling, wild with desire, she would fling wide the window, drink in the cool air, shake out her burden of hair to the winds and, gazing upwards at the stars, long for some princely suitor to come and take her. She thought of him, of Leon; and at these times she would have given everything for one of those encounters of which she was gradually growing so weary. Those were her happy, festive days. And she wanted them to be splendid. And when he hadn't got enough to pay all the expenses himself, as happened always, she made up the deficiency with a free hand. He tried to make her understand that they would be quite as well off somewhere else, in a cheaper hotel; but she always found some objection. One day she produced six little silver-gilt spoons from her bag. They were a wedding present from Farmer Rouault. She wanted him to go and pawn them. Leon obeyed, though it went against the grain. He was afraid he might be seen.

On reflection it did seem as if his mistress were beginning to

behave rather strangely, and that, perhaps, people were right in advising him to cut the connexion. As a matter of fact, someone had sent his mother a long anonymous letter informing her that he was carrying on at a ruinous rate with a married woman. And straightway, the good lady, who beheld in her mind's eye the eternal bugbear of every mother with a son of her own- the vague pernicious creature, the siren, the monstrous, fantastic being that dwells in the vague underworld of love- wrote off to Maitre Dubocage, his employer, who behaved wonderfully well in the matter. He kept him talking for three-quarters of an hour, trying to open his eyes to the abyss towards which he was hurrying. An intrigue like that was bound to react unfavourably on his business prospects. He implored him to cut out the whole thing, if not for his own sake, at least for his, Dubocage's.

Finally Leon had promised he would never see Emma again; and it weighed on his conscience that he had not kept his word, especially when he thought of the trouble and bother the woman might bring him, not to mention the chaff of his fellow-clerks, who bandied jests about him as they lounged round the office fire of a morning. Moreover, he was going to be promoted chief clerk. It was time he turned over a new leaf. No more love-making! Farewell to the flutes and roses! He had got to come down to earth. Every bourgeois in the heyday of his youth, if only for a moment, an instant, has deemed himself capable of the grande passion , of some high emprise. The most humdrum of week-enders has dreamed of toying with seductive sultanas in luxurious seraglios. There was never a lawyer, however pettifogging, but had within him the debris of a poet.

It rather bored him now when Emma began weeping on his breast, and his heart, like people who can only endure a certain dose of music, grew weary and indifferent at the tumult of a passion to the finer shades of which his senses were no longer able to respond. They knew each other too well to experience that sense of wonderment in mutual possession that increases the joys of it a hundredfold. She was as satiated with him as he was weary of her. In adultery Emma rediscovered all the platitudes of marriage.

But how was she to get rid of him? It little mattered that she felt herself humiliated by such degrading pleasures. Habit, or vice, demoralization, compelled her to cling to them; and every day saw her calling 'for madder music and for stronger wine', drying up pleasure at the source by asking too much of it. She blamed Leon for her baffled hopes, as if he had played her false. She even began to wish that some catastrophe would render their separation inevitable, since she herself had not the courage to invite it.

Nevertheless, she continued to write him love-letters, it being her notion of the fitness of things that a woman must always write to her lover.

But all the time she was writing, it was another man she saw in her mind's eye, a phantom composed of her most ardent memories, of the loveliest passages she had read in books, of all she had most

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passionately coveted, and so real and accessible did he at last become, that her heart beat with amazement. Yet she could not get a clear and definite picture of him, for, like a god, he became lost to view beneath the multiplicity of his attributes. He dwelt in that vague and far-off land where silken ladders sway in the breeze beneath balconies heaped with flowers, in the light of the moon. She felt him near her; he was coming to bear her bodily away in a passionate embrace. And then she would crash down to earth again, broken and weary, for these vague, passionate yearnings were more exhausting to her nature than an actual debauch.

She was now always depressed, everywhere and about everything. It often happened that she received writs and summonses which she hardly took the trouble to look at. She would have liked to stop living or else to go on sleeping for ever.

On the day of the mid-Lent carnival, she did not go back to Yonville all night. In the evening she went to the fancy-dress ball. She wore velvet breeches and red stockings, a club wig and a cocked hat over her ear. She footed it all night long to the blare of the trombones. They made a ring round her. In the morning she found herself on the steps of the theatre in company with five or six revellers, friends of Leon, disguised as dock hands and sailors, who proposed they should all go and have some supper.

The cafes round about were crammed. They trooped off to a dreadful little eating-house down on the quay, the landlord of which opened up a room for them on the fourth floor. The men stood whispering in a corner, no doubt debating about the expense. There were a clerk, two medical students and a shop-assistant- what a choice company for her! As for the women, Emma soon perceived from their twang that they were of the 'unfortunate' class. A sort of fear came over her. She pushed back her chair and lowered her eyes.

The others began to eat, but she could not touch a thing. Her forehead was on fire, her eyelids were twitching. She could feel in her head the floor of the ballroom pulsating beneath innumerable feet dancing in tune. And the smell of the punch and the cigar smoke made her feel as if her head were going round and round. She fainted away, and they carried her over to the window.

Day was beginning to break, and a great splash of crimson was flooding the pale sky away towards Sainte Catherine. The livid waters of the river were crisping in the wind. The bridges were all deserted and the lights were going out one by one.

She roused herself, however, and fell to thinking of little Berthe, who was sleeping away yonder in her nurse's room. But a cart laden with long iron bars went rattling by, and the noise, as it reverberated against the walls of the houses, was deafening.

She slipped out quickly, hurriedly divested herself of her costume, told Leon she must be off home, and finally found herself alone at the Hotel de Boulogne. Everything and everybody, herself included, were intolerable to her. She would have liked, if she had been a bird, to fly away and renew herself in far-off, stainless,

skyey spaces.
She went out, crossed the boulevard, the Place Cauchoise and the faubourg, till she came to a sort of causeway looking down on to some gardens. She walked quickly, and found the fresh air soothing; and little by little, the faces in the crowd, the people in fancy dress, the quadrilles, the lustres, the supper and those women all seemed to melt away and disappear as a mist dissolves in the air. Then, going back to the Croix Rouge , she flung herself on the bed in the little second-floor bedroom with its pictures of the Tour de Nesle . At four o'clock in the afternoon, Hivert came and woke her.

When she got home Felicite pointed out to her a piece of grey-coloured paper at the back of the clock. She took it and read:

'In accordance with a judgement whereof the present is a true copy...'

Judgement? What judgement? The day before, it is true, they had brought her another paper which she knew nothing about. So she was dumbfounded when she read the words:

'In pursuance of a decision given at the Royal Courts of Justice, Madame Bovary is hereby ordered...'

She skipped a few lines and then read,

'within twenty-four hours...' What is this? 'pay the total amount of eight thousand francs'. Then, lower down, 'In default whereof she will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the law and in particular by distraint to be levied on all her household furniture and effects'.

What was to be done? Twenty-four hours! That meant to-morrow. Oh', Lheureux was just trying to frighten her, that's what it was! For she saw now through his little game, and realized why he had been leading her on. What reassured her, however, was the very magnitude of the sum demanded.

Nevertheless, as a result of buying things on credit, borrowing, signing bills, renewing them for ever-increasing amounts, she had at last become indebted to Lheureux for a sum that would supply him with the capital he needed for his speculations.

'Do you know what's happened?' she said in an off-hand tone. 'I suppose it's a joke.'

'It isn't.'

'How do you mean?'

He slowly turned away, and then, folding his arms, said,

'Did you suppose, my dear little lady, that I was going on supplying you with goods and money until the crack of doom, simply for the love of God? Come now, be fair! I must recover my due.'

She protested against the amount.

'Oh, well, the court has ratified it. It's passed them, and you were advised of it. Besides it's not me, it's Vincart.'

'Couldn't you possibly...?'

'I can't do anything.'

'But... all the same... just look at it like this...' And she began beating about the bush; she hadn't known... it had taken her

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by surprise...

'Whose fault's that?' said Lheureux, with an ironic bow. 'While I'm here working like a black, you're always out gallivanting about.'

'Now, then, no sermons!'

'A sermon never does any harm,' he answered.

She caved in, she begged and prayed, she even put her slender white hand on the tradesman's knee.

'That's enough of that! Anyone 'ud think you were trying to seduce me.'

'You're a brute!'

'Hoity-toity, there's a temper for you!' he said, with a laugh.

'I'll show you up. I'll tell my husband....'

'All right, and I've got something to show your husband too!'

With that, Lheureux extracted from his safe the receipt for eighteen hundred francs she had given him when he discounted Vincart's bill.

'Do you imagine,' he said, 'that he won't tumble to your little theft, poor dear man?'

She went all to pieces, as if someone had felled her with a bludgeon.

'Yes, I'll show him... I'll show him, I will,' he repeated, as he paced up and down, between the desk and the window.

And then he went close up to her, saying in honeyed tones,

'It's no joke, I know; but, after all, it never killed anybody, and seeing that it's the only way left you of paying me back my money...'

'But where am I to get it?' said Emma, wringing her hands.

'Bah! Look at all the friends you've got!'

And he gave her a look so searching and so terrible that her very entrails shuddered at it.

'I promise you,' she said. 'I'll sign...'

'I've had enough of you and your signatures!'

'And I'll sell...'

'Get along with you!' he said, shrugging his shoulders; 'you've nothing left to sell.'

'Annette,' he called down through the trap-door that communicated with the shop, 'don't forget the three coupons No. 14.'

The servant appeared. Emma understood, and asked how much money would be required to stop the proceedings.

'It's too late!'

'But if I brought you several thousand francs, a quarter, a third, nearly all of it?'

'No, it's no good.'

He pushed her gently towards the staircase.

'I implore you, Monsieur Lheureux, give me a few days longer!' and she burst into tears.

'Oh yes, more tears!'

'You are driving me to desperation.'

'I don't care a damn!' and he shut the door.

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31

The bailiff arrives: The secret in the attic:
Appeal to Leon: The Viscount passes: Advice for the blind:
man: At the Notary's: Binet at work:
Waiting for Leon: 'No one at home':
Rodolphe.

SHE behaved with great fortitude the next day, when Maitre Hareng, the bailiff, accompanied by two witnesses, came to draw up a list of the goods to be distrained.

They began with Bovary's consulting-room, and made a point of excluding the phrenological bust as being a part of his professional apparatus; but in the kitchen, they put down the crockery, the saucepans, the chairs, the candlesticks, and, in her bedroom, all the knickknacks in the cabinet. They examined her dresses, they turned out the linen, they rummaged about in the dressing-room. And her whole mode of life, with all its intimacies and secrets, was laid bare, like a corpse undergoing a post-mortem examination, to the gaze of these three men.

Maitre Hareng, with his black coat buttoned close about his spare figure, his white cravat, and tightly buckled boot straps, would say from time to time,

'Pardon me, Madame; will you allow me?'

And he frequently interjected exclamations, such as,

'Charming!'... ' Very pretty!'

Then he would resume his notes, dipping his pen into an inkhorn which he carried in his left hand.

When they had got through the rooms, they went up into the attic.

She had a desk up there in which she kept Rodolphe's letters. That had to be opened.

'Ah, letters!' said Maitre Hareng, smiling discreetly. 'But allow me. I must make sure the box contains nothing else.'

He held up the papers a little bit on one side, as though to let the louis d'or slip out of them. Then her indignation did rise- to see this big hand, with the red fingers soft as slugs, defiling those pages which had felt the beating of her heart.

At last they went! Felicite returned. She had sent her to look out for Bovary and keep him away. Quick as lightning they rushed the bum up to the attic, and he swore he would stay there.

Charles that evening seemed rather worried. She eyed him in an agony of suspense, thinking she read an accusation in every line of his face. And when her eyes rested on the chimney-piece with its Chinese screens, on the ample curtains, on the easy-chairs, on all the various things which had contributed to soften the bitterness of her life, a feeling of remorse took hold of her, or rather an immense regret which, far from annulling her passion, only teased it into greater activity. Charles sat placidly stirring the fire, his feet on the fire-dogs.

There was a moment when the bailiff's man, growing sick of his

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confinement, made a little noise.
'Is that someone moving about upstairs?' asked Charles.
'No,' said Emma, 'it's only a window that's been left open, rattling in the wind.'
The next day, a Sunday, she started for Rouen, to go and call on every banker she knew the name of. They were away in the country or travelling. She did not give in. Some whom she did manage to see she asked for the money, protesting that have it she must, and that she would pay it back. Some of them laughed in her face. All of them refused.
At two o'clock she tore away to Leon's. She knocked at the door, but no one came. At last Leon himself appeared.
'Who is with you?'
'What, isn't it all right?'
'Yes... but...'
And he confessed that the landlord didn't like 'women visitors'.
'I've something I must say to you,' she answered.
Then he took out his key, but she caught his arm.
'No, no. Let's go along to our own place.'
So they went to their room, in the Hotel de Boulogne.
The first thing she did was to drain a big glass of water. She was very pale.
'Leon,' she said, 'I want you to do something for me.'
Then, gripping him with her two hands and giving him a shake, she said,
'Listen, I want eight thousand francs!'
'Why, you're mad!'
'Not yet!'
And, without any further preliminaries, she plunged into the story of the distraint. She told him what an agony she was in: Charles knew nothing; her mother-in-law hated her; her own father was powerless, but he, Leon, he would hunt round and get her the money somewhere. She must have it.
'How do you expect me...?'
'Oh, don't be such a coward!' she cried.
Then he said, like a ninny.
'You're making the thing worse than it is! Probably a thousand crowns or so would keep the fellow quiet.'
Well, then, all the more reason to be up and doing. Surely it was possible to find three thousand francs somewhere. Besides, Leon could go bail for her himself.
'Off you go! Do your utmost! It must be got! Rush! Oh, try! try! and I'll love you such a lot.'
He went out. At the end of an hour he was back again.
'I've tried three people,' he said, with a solemn face, 'and it's no good.'
They sat down and stared at each other from opposite sides of the chimney-piece, motionless and silent. Then Emma shrugged her shoulders and tapped impatiently on the floor. He heard her whispering under her

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breath,

'If I were in your place, I'd get it right enough, I know.'

'Where?'

'At your office!'

And she looked him straight in the face.

A wicked, reckless look shone in her blazing eyes, and, half-shutting her eyelids, she gave him a lascivious glance and tried to egg him on. And the young man felt himself weakening beneath the silent will-power of this woman who was prompting him to crime. A fear came over him, and to forestall any further expression of what she had in mind, he clapped his hand on his forehead and exclaimed,

'I know! Marel's coming back tonight. He won't refuse me, I hope' (Marel was a friend of his, whose father was in a big way of business), 'and I'll bring it along to you tomorrow.'

Emma did not display the enthusiasm he anticipated at the hope thus held out to her. Did she suspect the subterfuge?

'However,' he continued, turning very red, 'if I'm not there by three o'clock, don't expect me, my dearest. Well, I must be off. Forgive me, darling. Good-bye!'

He took her hand and pressed it. But he noticed that it was quite listless. Emma had not the strength to feel any more.

It struck four. She got up to go back to Yonville, obeying the urge of habit like an automaton.

It was one of those clear, keen March days, when the sun shines bright in a perfectly clear sky. Some townsfolk in their Sunday best were strolling about, looking highly pleased with themselves. She came to the Cathedral Close. Vespers were just over, and crowds of people were pouring out through the three great doorways, like a river flowing through the triple arches of a bridge, and in the centre, more stolid than a rock, stood the beadle.

The sight reminded her of that day when, tremulous with anxiety and full of hope, she entered the great building whose depths were not so deep as the love she bore in her heart; and she went on walking, weeping beneath her veil, dazed, faltering, ready to collapse.

'Look out there!' shouted a voice from a porte cochere that was swinging open.

She stopped, and a black horse harnessed to a tilbury, driven by a gentleman in a coat of sable fur, pranced out into the street. Who was it? She knew him.... The carriage sped forward and disappeared.

But it was he right enough, the Vicomte! She turned away. The street was deserted. She was so depressed, so sick at heart, that she leaned against a wall to keep herself from falling.

Then she thought she must have made a mistake. Anyhow, she couldn't tell. Everything, within her and without, was abandoning her. She felt herself lost, rolling blindly through limitless abysses; and it was with something like joy that she perceived, on reaching the Croix Rouge, the worthy Homais, who was giving an eye to a big case of pharmaceutical stores that was being hoisted up on the

Hirondelle. He had got in his hand six *cheminots* wrapped up in a silk handkerchief, for his wife.

Madame Homais had a great liking for these little, heavy, turban-shaped loaves, which people eat in Lent with salt butter. They are, maybe, a last surviving remnant of Gothic times, going back, perhaps, to the Crusades, when the sturdy Normans, seeing them on the table beneath the yellow gleam of the flickering torches, amid tankards of mead and towering joints of hog's-meat, gorged them with gusto, fancying, peradventure, they were devouring the heads of their Saracen foes. The apothecary's wife crunched them as they did, heroically, despite her dreadful teeth. And so it came about that, every time Monsieur Homais made a journey to Rouen, he never failed to bring her some back with him, always getting them at the noted shop in the rue Massacre.

'Charmed to see you!' he said, offering his hand to Emma to help her into the *Hirondelle*.

This done, he put his *cheminots* up on the netting rack, and sat with bare head and folded arms, in a pensive and Napoleonic attitude.

But when the blind man put in his customary appearance at the foot of the hill, he exclaimed,

'I cannot understand how it is the authorities permit people to get their living in this disgraceful manner. These unhappy creatures ought to be put away and set to do some kind of work. Upon my word, progress moves no faster than a tortoise, and we are still no better than a horde of savages.'

The blind man held out his hat, which flopped about just inside the window like a piece of the cloth covering that had come unnailed.

'That,' said the chemist, 'is a scrofulous disorder.'

And although he knew the poor devil quite well, he pretended he had never seen him before, muttered the words *cornea, corneal opacity, sclerotic, facies*, and then asked him, in a fatherly sort of way,

'Have you suffered long from this terrible affliction of yours, my good man? Instead of fuddling yourself with drink in the tavern, you would be far better advised to go in for a diet.'

He advised him to stick to good wine, good beer and good nourishing joints. The blind man went on with his song. Moreover, he seemed almost an idiot. At last Monsieur Homais opened his purse.

'Here, here's a sou; give me back a couple of liards. Don't forget what I've told you, it'll do you a power of good.'

Hivert made so bold as to give audible expression to his doubts on that matter. But the apothecary guaranteed he would cure him himself, with an antiphlogistic unguentum, prepared from a formula of his own, and he gave his address,

'Monsieur Homais, near the market, that'll be enough.'

'And now,' said Hivert, 'after all that, you might give us your "turn".'

The blind man crouched down on his hams, and with his head flung back, rolling his greenish orbs and putting out his tongue, he

rubbed his stomach with both hands, while he gave forth a low wailing sound like the howl of a starving dog. Emma, sickening at the sight, threw him a five-franc piece over her shoulder. It was all she had in the world, and she thought there was something fine in thus flinging it away.

The diligence was moving on again, when suddenly Monsieur Homais thrust his head out of the window and shouted,

'Nothing farinaceous, no milk foods! Wear flannel next the skin, and expose the affected parts to the smoke of juniper berries.'

The sight of the familiar landmarks that passed one after another before her eyes gradually took Emma's mind off her present troubles. An intolerable weariness oppressed her, and she reached home dazed, discouraged and almost asleep.

'What must be, must be!' she said to herself.

And then, who knows? Something quite unexpected might happen any moment. Lheureux himself might die.

She was awakened at nine in the morning by a hubbub of voices in the Square. There was a crowd of people round by the market, all trying to read a big placard posted on one of the pillars, and she saw Justin climb up and tear it down. But just then a constable clapped him on the shoulder. Monsieur Homais came forth from the pharmacy, and Mere Lefrancois, in the midst of the crowd, looked as if she were just concluding a harangue.

'Madame! Madame!' cried Felicite rushing in, 'it's a vile shame!'

And the poor girl, completely upset, held out a yellow paper which she had just torn off the front door. Emma read at a glance that all her furniture was to be sold up.

Then they gazed at each other in silence. Servant and mistress had no secrets from one another.

'If I were you, Madame,' sighed Felicite at last, 'I should go and see Monsieur Guillaumin.'

'You would?'

That question meant, 'You know about the house from the servant. Does the master talk about me sometimes?'

'Yes, you go; you'll be doing a good thing.'

She dressed; put on her black frock and her little, close-fitting bonnet, with the jet beads, and, so as not to be seen (there were always a lot of people in the Square), she avoided going through the village, taking the path by the river.

She was quite out of breath when she reached the notary's gate. The sky was overcast and a little snow was falling.

At the sound of the bell Theodore appeared at the top of the steps in a red waistcoat. He came and let her in almost familiarly, like an old acquaintance, and showed her into the dining-room.

A big earthenware stove was blazing away beneath a cactus that filled up the rest of the recess, and in black wooden frames against paper stained to look like oak, hung Steuben's Esmeralda and Schopin's Potiphar . The table ready laid, a pair of silver dish warmers, the crystal door-knobs, the parquet floor and the

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furniture- everything shone as if it had been polished and burnished with most meticulous and English thoroughness. The windows were decorated at each corner with panes of coloured glass.

'This is the sort of dining-room,' thought Emma, 'that I ought to have.'

The notary came in, holding his dressing-gown, with its palm-leaf pattern, against his body with his left hand, while, with his right, he raised and quickly put on again his brown velvet cap, jauntily cocked over his left ear, and beyond it descended the ends of three strands of fair hair, which, starting from the back of the head, were combed carefully forward over his bald cranium.

Offering her a chair, he sat down to his breakfast, apologizing profusely for his rudeness.

'Monsieur,' I she said, 'I want to ask you...'

'Madame, I am all attention.'

She proceeded to explain her position.

Maitre Guillaumin knew all about it, for he was in secret alliance with the soft-goods merchant, to whom he always applied for money whenever he had a mortgage to arrange.

For this reason he knew, better than she did, the long story of those bills of hers. How they began with trifling sums, backed by all and sundry, renewed over and over again for longer and longer periods till at last the day came when, collecting together all the protested bills, the merchant had instructed his friend Vincart to take, in his own name, the necessary proceedings, as he had no wish to be taken for a shark by his fellow-townsmen.

She interspersed her narrative with recriminations against Lheureux, to which the notary would reply every now and then with some noncommittal observation. Eating his cutlet and drinking his tea, he lowered his chin into his pale blue cravat, pierced by two diamond pins linked together by a slender gold chain, and he smiled a strange smile, a bland and oracular smile. But noticing that her feet were wet, he said,

'Come nearer the fire. There, put them up... higher, against the porcelain.'

She said she was afraid of making it dirty.

'Oh,' said the notary, with a gallant air, 'beautiful things never spoil anything.'

Then she appealed to his sense of compassion, and, growing emotional herself, gave him a picture of her straitened home life, her struggles, her wants. Ah, he could understand that- a woman of taste like her! And without interrupting his eating, he had turned round towards her so completely that his knee rubbed against her boot, which was steaming and curling up from the heat of the stove.

But when she asked him for a thousand crowns, he pursed up his lips, and then proceeded to remark that he was sorely grieved that he had never had the management of her property, for there were scores of ways which were open to a woman to invest her money to advantage. She might, with the very minimum of risk, have put something in the

peat bogs at Grumesnil or the building sites at Le Havre, with the practical certainty of making a handsome profit; and he suffered her to eat her heart out with rage at the wonderful sums she might have made.

'How was it,' he said, 'you never came to me?'

'I really don't know,' she said.

'Why on earth didn't you? You weren't afraid of me, were you? It's really I who ought to be sorry, for myself. Why, we hardly know each other. And yet I have your interests truly at heart; you don't doubt that, I hope?'

He put out his hand and took hold of hers, covered it with a voracious kiss, and then held it on his knee; and he toyed delicately with her fingers, saying all manner of nice things to her.

His colourless voice murmured on like a running stream, a sparkle shone in his eyes through the glint of his spectacles, and he put his hand up Emma's sleeve to pat her arm. She felt his panting breath upon her cheek. The man was making himself unbearable.

All of a sudden she sprang to her feet.

'Monsieur,' said she, 'I am waiting!'

'What for?' said the notary, suddenly going as white as a sheet.

'This money.'

'But...'

Then, yielding to the onrush of a desire he could not withstand,

'Very well, yes!'

He dragged himself along on his knees before her, careless of his dressing-gown.

'For God's sake, stay! I love you!'

He seized her by the waist. A flood of crimson mantled in Madame Bovary's countenance. She recoiled with a terrible expression on her face, crying,

'You are taking a despicable advantage of my distress, Monsieur. I am to be pitied, not to be sold.'

And she turned and went.

The notary stood there like a man turned to stone, his eyes fixed on his fine embroidered slippers. They were a love gift, and the sight of them at length consoled him. And he went on to reflect that a thing like that might have carried him a lot too far.

'What a wretch! What a filthy cur! What a piece of infamy!' she exclaimed to herself as she hurried, with nervous steps, beneath the aspens that fringed the roadside.

Disappointment at her failure made her the more indignant at the insult offered to her modesty. It seemed as if the fates were eager for her undoing. Taking pride at the thought, she never rated herself so high, or the world so low. She felt as if she could defy them all. She would have liked to fight men, to spit in their faces, to grind them underfoot. She continued to walk quickly, straight in front of her, pale, trembling, full of rage, scanning with weeping eyes the empty horizon and as though revelling in the hate that was choking her. When she came in sight of her house a feeling of numbness

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came over her. She felt as if she could not go on. Nevertheless, there was no help for it. Besides, where else could she go?

Felicite was waiting for her on the doorstep.

'Well?' she asked.

'No!' said Emma.

And for the next quarter of an hour they went together through the names of all the people in Yonville who might perhaps come to the rescue. But every time Felicite mentioned a name Emma answered,

'Do you really think so? Oh, no, I'm sure they wouldn't.'

'And the Doctor'll be in in a minute or two.'

'Yes, I know that.... Leave me alone.'

She had tried everything. There was nothing more to be done. And when Charles appeared she would go to him and say,

'Go back. The carpet on which you tread is ours no more. In the house that was yours there is not a chair, not a pin, not a straw you may call your own. And it is I who have ruined you, poor soul!'

Then there would come a great sob-scene. He would weep copiously, and then, the shock once over, he would grant her his pardon.

'Yes,' she answered, grinding her teeth, 'he will forgive me- he, who, if he had as much as a million to offer me, I could never forgive for having known me.... No, never, never!'

The notion of Bovary's moral superiority exasperated her beyond endurance. Then, whether she confessed or whether she did not, he would know all about it soon- by and by, tomorrow. So she would have to wait for this horrible scene and to endure the crushing burden of his magnanimity. Something prompted her to go back to Lheureux's. But what would be the good? Should she write to her father? It was too late. And perhaps she was feeling a pang of regret that she had not yielded to Guillaumin, when suddenly she heard the sound of hoofs in the side road. Yes, it was he. He opened the gate. He was whiter than the plaster wall. Rushing out into the hall, she slipped out across the Square, and the maire's wife, who was chatting with Lestiboudois outside the church, saw her go into the tax-collector's.

She ran to tell Madame Caron, and the two ladies climbed up into the attic, where, concealed by some linen that was hung up to air, they so placed themselves that they could see right into Binet's rooms.

He was up there in his garret, trying to make a copy in wood of one of those amazing pieces of carved ivory composed of crescents, spheres hollowed out, one inside the other, the whole thing as perpendicular as an obelisk, and utterly useless. He was just starting on the last bit, he was nearly at the end of his task. In the contrasted light and shadow of his workshop the pale sawdust was flying from his lathe like a plume of sparks beneath the iron-shod hoofs of a horse at the gallop. The two wheels went on spinning and humming. Binet had a smile on his face, his chin was lowered, his nostrils were dilated. He seemed, in a word, to be lost in the enjoyment of one of those utterly blissful moods that arise from the conquest of difficulties well within one's powers, and that soothe the mind with the successful accomplishment of a task uncalculated to

awaken thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls.
'Look! There she is!' said Madame Tuvache.
But, owing to the noise of the lathe, it was hardly possible to hear a word she said.
At last these ladies thought they caught the word francs , and Mere Tuvache said in a whisper,
'She's asking him to give her more time for her taxes.'
'Looks like it, said the other.
They saw her gazing all round the room, examining the napkin rings rowed along on the walls, the candlesticks, banister knobs, and so forth, while Binet stroked his beard complacently.
'She couldn't have gone to order anything from him, could she?' said Madame Tuvache.
'But he doesn't sell anything,' objected her neighbour.
The tax-collector was listening, with staring eyes, as if he couldn't understand what she meant. She went on with a tender, beseeching air. She drew nearer to him. Her bosom rose and fell. They had ceased to talk.
'Is she making up to him?' said Madame Tuvache.
Binet had gone red to the ears. She took his hands.
'Oh, that's really too bad!'
No doubt she was trying to seduce him, for the tax-collector- he was no coward either, he had fought at Bautzen and Lutzen, and been through the campaign in France, and even had his name put down for a cross of honour- suddenly recoiled as if he had seen a serpent.
'Madame!' he exclaimed, 'how could you think of such a thing?'
'Women like that ought to be thrashed,' said Madame Tuvache.
'But what's become of her?' exclaimed Madame Caron.
For she had disappeared while they were speaking. Then they saw her hurrying along the High Street. She turned to the right as if she were going to the cemetery, and they couldn't tell what to make of it.
'Madame Rollet!' she exclaimed when she got to the nurse's, undo my stays, I can't breathe.'
She dropped on to the bed and lay there sobbing. Mere Rollet put a skirt over her and stood close beside her. Then, since she made no answer, the good woman left her, took up her spinning-wheel and began to spin some hemp.
'Oh, do please stop!' said she, thinking it was Binet's lathe she heard humming.
'What's the matter with her?' the nurse wondered. 'What has she come here for?'
She had rushed off there, impelled by a sort of terror, that drove her out of her house.
Lying on her back, motionless, with fixed eyes, she only half took in the objects around her, although she stared at them with a sort of imbecile persistence. She contemplated the paper peeling off the wall, she looked fixedly at the two embers, smouldering end to end, and at a big spider that was crawling above her head along a crack

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in the beam. At last she collected her ideas. She began thinking of old times. One day, with Leon.... Oh, what ages ago it seemed! The sun was shining on the river and the clematis filled the air with fragrance. Then, borne along by her memories as by a seething torrent, she was soon brought to remember the day before.

'What time is it?' she inquired.

Mere Rollet got up, raised the fingers of her right hand in the direction where the sky was brightest, and came in again slowly, saying,

'Just on three o'clock.'

'Oh, thank you, thank you very much!'

For he would come. That was certain. He would have found the money. But perhaps he would go straight to the house, never thinking she might be here. So she asked the nurse to go and bring him to her.

'Make haste, make haste, do!'

'Yes, dear lady, I'm making all the haste I can.'

And now she could not understand for the life of her how it was she hadn't thought of him to begin with. Yesterday he had promised faithfully, and he wouldn't break his promise. She saw herself already at Lheureux's, unfolding the three bank-notes on his desk. But she would have to invent some tale to explain matters to Bovary. What was she going to say?

Meanwhile the nurse was a long time coming back. But as there was no clock in the cottage, Emma thought that perhaps the time seemed longer than it really was. She strolled about the garden a little, walking very slowly; she went out along the footpath, by the hedge, and came back quickly, hoping that Mere Rollet had come in another way. At last, tired of waiting, assailed by suspicions which she dismissed as soon as formed, hardly knowing whether she had been there for minutes or for years, she sat down in a corner, shut her eyes and stopped up her ears. The gate squeaked. She started to her feet. Before she could utter a word Mere Rollet said,

'There's no one at your house!'

'What?'

'No one at all! And the Doctor's weeping. He keeps calling for you. They're looking for you everywhere.'

Emma made no answer. She kept gasping for breath, staring helplessly about her, and the woman, scared at the look on her face, drew back instinctively, thinking she was mad. All at once she clapped her hand to her brow and uttered a little cry, for the thought of Rodolphe, like a vivid flash of lightning on a dark night, had passed through her mind. He was so good, so sympathetic, so generous! Moreover, if he hesitated, she knew very well she could make him do her this service merely by reminding him, with a look of her eyes, of their old love. So she betook herself to la Huchette, and it never occurred to her that she was hastening to do the very thing which an hour or so ago had driven her into a fury; she never for a moment dreamt that she was playing the prostitute.

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Back to the chateau: Three thousand francs:
Rodolphe's refusal: M. Homais's white powder: Emma's letter:
Berthe at the bedside: The three doctors:
Lunch at the druggist's:
Emma dies.

SHE asked herself, as she walked along, 'What am I going to say? How shall I begin?' And as she got nearer and nearer she recognized the bushes, the trees, the reeds on the hillside, and the chateau down in the hollow. All the sensations of the old affection had come back to her again, and her poor, overladen heart began lovingly to unfold itself. A warm breeze fanned her face; the snow was melting, and fell drop by drop from the budding shoots on to the grass.

Emma entered the park, as she was wont to do, by the wicket gate; then she reached the quadrangle which was bordered by a double row of bushy lime-trees. Their long, swaying branches were murmuring in the wind. The dogs in the kennels set up a great barking, and though the din was deafening, no one appeared.

She mounted the broad, straight staircase with the wooden banisters, and found herself at the end of a corridor paved with dusty tiles, with several rooms opening out of it like a monastery or an inn. His was away down at the far end, on the left. When she came to put her hand on the door-knob, her strength suddenly left her. She had a sort of fear that he might not be there, she almost wished he might not be; and yet it was her only hope, her last chance of salvation. She stood for a moment collecting her ideas, and then, reinforcing her courage from the armoury of present necessity, she went in.

He was sitting in front of the fire, with his feet up on the chimney-piece, just starting a pipe.

'Hullo! Is that you?' he exclaimed, getting up quickly.

'Yes, it's me. Rodolphe, I want to ask your advice.'

But, for all his efforts, he could not open his mouth.

'You haven't changed, you are as charming as ever.'

'Ah!' she answered bitterly, 'those charms are sad charms, seeing that you have disdained them.'

Then he launched forth on an explanation of his conduct, making all kinds of vague excuses, since he couldn't invent any definite story.

She suffered herself to fall under the spell of his words, or rather of his voice and presence; so that, at last, she pretended to believe- perhaps she really did believe- in his alleged reason for their severance; it was a secret involving the honour, and it may have been the life, of a third party.

'Ah, well!' she said, gazing at him sadly, 'I have suffered a great deal.'

'Such is life!' he answered philosophically.

'And has life been kind to you, since our separation?' inquired Emma.

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'Oh, neither kind... nor unkind.'
'Perhaps it would have been better never to have left each other.'
'Yes... perhaps!'
'You think that?' she said, drawing nearer to him.
'Oh, Rodolphe!' she sighed, 'if you only knew... I loved you so!'
It was then she took his hand, and for some moments they sat with their fingers intertwined as on that first day at the Agricultural Show. A sort of pride compelled him to struggle not to give way to his emotion. But, burying her head in his breast, she murmured,
'How could you think I could live without you? You cannot break with happiness like that. I was desperate. I thought I should die. I will tell you all about it, you will see. And you... you have shunned me!...'
For, for three years now, he had studiously avoided her, as a result of the native cowardice distinctive of the stronger sex.
'There are other women you love,' she went on, with little witching movements of her head, more wheedling than an amorous kitten. 'Come, confess it. Oh, I understand them! I can make allowances for them. You fascinated them, as you fascinated me. You are a man, if ever there was one. You have everything to make a woman love you. But we will begin all over again, won't we? We will be lovers once more! Why, I'm laughing, I'm happy!... But speak to me!...'
She was a lovely sight to behold, with a tear glistening tremblingly in her eye, like a storm-drop in a harebell's cup.
He drew her on to his knee and stroked her soft hair with the back of his hand, and in the glowing twilight a lingering ray of the sun sparkled in it like a golden arrow. She bent her head down, and at last he kissed her on the eyelids, very gently, hardly touching them with his lips.
'Why, you've been crying!' he said. 'How's that?'
She began to sob convulsively. Rodolphe thought it was her pent-up passion, bursting its bonds; and, since she uttered no word, he, interpreting her silence as a final index of womanly modesty, exclaimed,
'Ah, forgive me! You are the only woman that has any charm for me. I've been a fool and a brute. I love you, and I shall love you always. What is it, then? Tell me!' And he sank down on his knees.
'Well, then... I am ruined, Rodolphe! I want you to lend me three thousand francs!'
'But... but...' he stammered, gradually rising to his feet, his features taking on an expression of extreme gravity.
'You know,' she went on hurriedly, 'my husband had entrusted all our money to a notary. He disappeared. We had to borrow; the patients did not pay their bills. Besides, his father's estate has not yet been settled up. We shall have money coming in later on, but now, unless we can put our hands on three thousand francs, we shall be sold up. It's now, this very moment, that we want it, and, counting on your friendship, I have come to you.'
'Ah!' thought Rodolphe, who had suddenly gone very pale, 'so

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that's her little game, is it?'

After a moment or two he replied, very calmly,

'I haven't got it, dear lady.'

That was no lie. If he had had it he would have given it to her; and that, despite the fact that it is no joke to perform such noble deeds, since of all the blasts that ever fall on the plant of love, a pecuniary request is the most freezing and most devastating.

She stood a few minutes looking at him.

'You haven't got it?

She said it several times over.

'You haven't got it! I might have spared myself this crowning humiliation. You never loved me. You are no better than the rest of them.'

She was betraying herself now, cutting the ground from under her feet.

Rodolphe interrupted her, saying that he was short of money himself.

'Ah, I'm sorry for you!' said Emma. 'Yes, I am really pained.'

And then, letting her gaze linger on a sporting gun inlaid with damascene work that was gleaming on the rack, she said,

'Yes, but when people are as poor as you are, they don't have silver on the butt-ends of their guns. They don't buy clocks inlaid with tortoiseshell,' she continued, pointing to his Boulle timepiece; 'nor silver-gilt whistles for their whips'- she touched them- 'nor seals for their watch-chains. Oh, no, there's nothing you haven't got, including even a liqueur-stand in your bedroom. For you like yourself a lot; you live well; you've got a fine house and farms and woods. You ride to hounds, you run up to Paris.... Why, if it were only a thing like that,' she said, picking up his cuff-links from the chimney-piece- the very smallest of these stupid gew-gaws you could get money on!... Oh, I don't want them! Keep them!'

She flung the links across the room, and the gold chain snapped as they struck the wall.

'I would have given you everything, sold all I had; I would have slaved for you with my hands; I would have begged in the streets, just for a smile, for a glance; just to hear you say "Thank you". And you sit there calmly, in your arm-chair, as if you had not made me suffer enough already. Had it not been for you, I tell you, my life might have been a happy one. What compelled you to do it? Was it a wager? And yet you loved me, you used to tell me. And just now even... Oh, why didn't you tell me to go? It would have been better. My hands are warm with your kisses, and here just now, on this carpet, you fell on your knees and swore you would love me for ever. You made me believe it was true. For two whole years you led me on through the loveliest and sweetest of dreamlands. Ha! Do you remember? When we were planning to go away together? All the places we were going to? Do you remember? Oh, your letter, that letter of yours- it tore my heart to shreds!... And now, when I come back to him, to him who is rich, happy, free; come back to implore a boon that almost anyone would grant, come to him on my knees, bringing him all my love, he

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thrusts me aside because it would cost him- three thousand francs!'

'I haven't got it, I tell you,' answered Rodolphe, with that utter calmness which is the protective resource of passive indignation.

She went out. The walls were quaking, and the ceiling seemed as if it would fall on her and crush her. She went back again, down the long drive, stumbling over the heaps of dead leaves that were being blown about by the wind. At last she reached the gate. She tore her nails on the catch in her frenzy to get it open. Then, a hundred paces farther on, all out of breath and nearly falling, she came to a halt. And, turning round, she looked once more on the chateau, cold and silent, with the park, the gardens, the three courts, and all the windows of the facade.

She stood in a sort of stupor, like one lost, with nothing to recall her to herself, or to the world, save the throbbing of her arteries, which seemed to besiege her ears like a deafening music and to fill the region round about. The ground beneath her feet was softer than a wave, and the furrows looked to her like vast brown billows, rolling on and on into the distance. All the stored-up contents of her brain, all her memories, all her ideas burst forth in a single flash, like the myriad stars in a blaze of fireworks. Her father, Lheureux's office, their room, another region altogether, passed before her eyes. She felt as if she were going mad, a panic seized her, and then, somehow, she retained control of herself- confusedly, it is true, for she never so much as thought of the cause of her horrible distress of mind, that is to say, of the money. It was her love that pierced her heart, and she felt as if her soul were ebbing from her through the memory of it, even as the wounded in their death agony feel their life's blood ebbing from them through their unstanched wounds.

Night was falling, the homing rooks were on the wing.

Of a sudden it seemed to her as if the sky were hung with globes of fire that burst like angry bullets and flattened themselves and fell slowly earthward, turning and turning, amid the branches of the trees, to bury themselves in the snow. And in the centre of each of them she saw the countenance of Rodolphe. Their numbers multiplied, they were drawing closer together, they were piercing her. Then it all vanished. She saw the lights in the houses, glimmering in the distance, through the mist.

And now all the horror flooded in on her again, she saw it all like an abyss. She was panting frantically. Then, in a transport of heroism that made her almost glad at heart, she went running down the hill, sped across the cattle plank, hastened along the footpath, through the market place and arrived outside the chemist's shop.

There was no one there. She was just going in, but someone might come at the sound of the shop bell; so, slipping through the gate, holding her breath, feeling her way along the walls, she reached the door of the kitchen. There was a candle burning inside, standing on the top of the stove. Justin in his shirt-sleeves was carrying out a dish.

'Ah, they're at dinner! Now wait!'
He came back. She tapped on the window. He came out.
'The key! The key of upstairs! Where the...'
'What?'
And he stood looking at her, amazed at the paleness of her face, which stood out deathly white against the murky background of the night. She seemed to him extraordinarily beautiful and majestic. Without realizing what it was she wanted, he had a presentiment that it was something terrible.
But then she went on again, in a low voice, a voice that was sweet and melting,
'I want it. Give it to me.'
The walls were thin, and you could hear the clatter of the knives and forks in the dining-room.
She pretended that she wanted some stuff to kill the rats that kept her awake at night.
'I should have to tell Master.'
'No! Stop where you are!'
Then, as if it were a matter of no importance, she said carelessly,
'Don't bother, I'll tell him in a minute. Go on, show me a light.'
She entered the passage, where the laboratory door was. On the wall there hung a key labelled 'lumber-room'.
'Justin!' shouted the apothecary, who was getting impatient.
'Come along up,' she whispered.
And he followed her.
The key turned in the lock, and she went straight over and reached up to the third shelf, so accurately did her memory guide her. She seized the blue jar, pulled out the bung, plunged in her hand and, drawing it out full of a white powder, began to eat it then and there.
'Stop!' cried the lad, flinging himself upon her.
'Be quiet, they'll come!'
He was frantic, he wanted to shout for someone.
'Say nothing. The blame would all fall on your master.'
Then she came away with a sudden peace in her heart, almost as serene as though she had had a duty to do- and had done it.
When Charles, overwhelmed at the news of the distraint, came back to the house, Emma had just left it. He cried, he wept, he went off into a faint, but she did not return. Where could she be? He sent Felicite to the Homais', the Tuvaches', Lheureux's, the Lion d'Or , everywhere- and, whenever his anguish lifted for a moment, he saw his reputation ruined, his money gone, Berthe's future shattered. How? Why? Not a word. He waited till six o'clock in the evening. Then, unable to stand it any longer, and concluding she must have set out for Rouen, he went out along the road, covered about a mile and a half, saw no one, waited about, and then came back again.
She had come home.
'What was the matter?... Why?... Tell me all about it.'
She sat down at her writing-desk and wrote a letter, which she slowly sealed, adding the date and the hour. Then she said, in a

solemn tone:

'You will read that to-morrow. Until then, I beg you, do not ask me a single question!... No, not one!'

'But...'

'Oh, leave me!'

And she lay down at full length on her bed. She felt a bitter taste in her mouth, and it woke her up. She caught sight of Charles, and shut her eyes again.

She kept her senses alert, wondering whether she had any pain. But no! Nothing yet. She could hear the clock ticking, the fire flickering. Charles was standing by the bed, and she heard the sound of his breathing.

'Ah, it's nothing very much- dying!' she thought. 'I shall just drop off to sleep, and it will all be over.'

She gulped down a draught of water and turned her face to the wall.

But there was still that horrible taste of ink.

'I'm thirsty... oh, I'm so dreadfully thirsty!' she sighed.

'What can it be?' said Charles, bringing her a glass of water.

'It's nothing.... Open the window.... I can't breathe.'

And she began to vomit so suddenly that she hardly had time to snatch her handkerchief from under her pillow.

'Take it away!' she said quickly. 'Throw it somewhere.'

He questioned her. She made no answer. She kept perfectly still, for fear the slightest movement should cause her to be sick. And she was beginning to feel an icy coldness, creeping up from her feet to her heart.

'Ah, it's beginning now!' she whispered.

'What's that you say?'

She kept swaying her head, gently, from side to side, in a state of anguish, continually opening and shutting her jaws, as if she had something very heavy on her tongue. At eight o'clock the vomiting began again.

Charles, examining the basin, noticed a sort of whitish slime that clung to the bottom.

'That's extraordinary, that's very odd!' he observed.

'No, no, you're wrong,' she said in a strong voice.

Then very lightly, almost as if he were caressing her, he passed his hand over her stomach. She gave a piercing shriek. He started back, scared out of his wits.

Then she began to moan, weakly at first. Her shoulders were shuddering convulsively, and she was growing paler than the sheet she was grasping with her clenched hands. Her pulse was irregular and, by this time, almost imperceptible.

There were drops of sweat on her livid face, that seemed as though it were petrified in the exhalation of some metallic vapour. Her teeth were chattering, her eyes were dilated and staring vaguely about her, and every question she answered with a shake of the head. She even smiled two or three times. Gradually her groans grew louder. Once she tried to stifle a shriek; she pretended she was getting better and

would be getting up. But she was taken with convulsions again.
'Oh, God, it's frightful!'
He flung himself on his knees at her bedside.
'Tell me, what have you been eating? For God's sake, speak!' and as he looked at her there was a tenderness in his eyes she had never seen in them before.
'Oh, well, look over there... there!' she said in failing tones.
He sprang to the writing-table, broke the seal of the letter, and read aloud. 'Let no one be accused...' He stopped, passed his hand across his eyes and then read on.
'What!... Help! Oh, God, help!'
And all he could say was the word 'Poisoned, poisoned!'
Felicite rushed off to Homais, who shouted it aloud in the Square; Madame Lefrancois heard him at the Lion d'Or ; some of the folks got up to tell their neighbours, and all night long the village was in a ferment.
Bewildered, stammering, his legs almost giving way under him, Charles kept wandering about the room, floundering against the furniture, tearing his hair, and never had the chemist believed it possible to see so appalling a scene.
He went back home to write to Monsieur Canivet and Dr. Lariviere. His head was in a whirl, and he made more than fifteen abortive attempts. Hippolyte went off to Neufchatel, and Justin spurred on Bovary's horse so vigorously that he left it foundered and half dead on the hill of Bois-Guillaume.
Charles tried to turn up his Dictionary of Medicine ; but he couldn't see- the letters kept dancing about.
'Be calm!' said the apothecary. 'The thing is to administer some powerful antidote. What is the poison?'
Charles showed him the letter. It was arsenic.
'Very well, then,' said Homais, 'what we've got to do is to make an analysis.'
For he knew that in every poisoning case an analysis had to be made. Charles, who did not know what he meant, said,
'Ah, yes! Go on! Go on! Save her.'
Then he went back to her, and, sinking down on the carpet, knelt there with his head against the edge of the bed, sobbing.
'Don't cry,' she said, 'I shan't be here to worry you much longer.'
'Why did you do it? Who made you do it?'
And she replied,
'It had to be, dear.'
'Weren't you happy? Was it my fault? I did everything I could.'
'Yes... that is true.... You are kind, so kind.'
And she passed her fingers through his hair, slowly. The sweetness of this sensation made his cup of sadness overflow. He felt as if his whole being were falling in ruin at the idea of losing her just when she was confessing more love for him than she had ever shown before. And there wasn't a clue. He knew nothing, he dared do nothing, the need for doing something, and doing it at once, having utterly

paralysed him.
She had finished at last, she thought, with all things treacherous and base, with all the lusts of the flesh that had tortured her. She hated no one, now. A vague twilight was lowering upon her spirit, and, of all earthly sounds, Emma heard only the intermittent lamentation of that poor heart of hers, a lamentation soft and indistinct, like the last echo of a symphony dying away in the distance.
'Bring the little one to me,' she said, raising herself on her elbow.
'You're not feeling worse, are you?' asked Charles.
'No! no!'
The child came in on her nurse's arm, in her long nightdress, her little naked feet peeping out at the bottom. She looked thoughtful and not yet out of dreamland. She opened big, wondering eyes when she saw the disordered room, and the light of the candles stuck about on the furniture dazzled her and made her blink. They must have made her think of those New Year's mornings when, roused from her sleep like this, by candlelight, she used to come into her mother's bed to get her presents, for she said,
'But, Mummy, where is it?'
And, as no one spoke, she said again,
'But I can't see my little shoe anywhere!'
And while Felicite was holding her over the bed, the child was still looking at the fireplace.
'Has Mere Rollet taken it away?'
At the sound of this name, which brought back the memory of her sins and her calamities, Madame Bovary turned away her head, as though her gorge had risen at the taste of a poison more virulent and more bitter than that other. All this while, Berthe was sitting on the edge of the bed.
'Oh, Mummy, how big your eyes are! How white you are! And your face is all wet!'
Her mother was gazing at her.
'I'm frightened!' cried the little one, shrinking away.
Emma took her hand and tried to kiss it; she struggled to free herself.
'Enough! Take her away!' cried Charles, who was sobbing in a corner of the room.
After that the symptoms ceased a little. She seemed easier; and every little, insignificant word she uttered, every breath that seemed a little calmer, gave him fresh hope. At last, when Canivet came into the room, he flung himself, weeping, into his arms.
'Ah, you've come! How good of you to come! But see! She's going on better now. Look at her! Do you see?'
His confrere did not share this view at all, and, not being given to dilly-dallying- he said so himself- he at once prescribed an emetic, in order to give the stomach a thorough clean out.
A minute or two later she was bringing up blood. Her lips were drawn, her limbs contracted, her body covered all over with brown

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patches, and her pulse flickered away beneath the fingers like a taut wire, or like a harp-string, stretched to breaking point.

Then she began to scream. Her shrieks were dreadful to hear. She cried out upon the poison, she cursed it, she implored it to make haste and, with her rigid arms, thrust away everything that Charles, whose agony exceeded hers, endeavoured to make her drink. He was standing bolt upright, his handkerchief to his lips, making a rattling noise in his throat, crying, choking with sobs that shook him from head to foot. Felicite was rushing distractedly about the room. Homais, motionless, was heaving deep sighs, and Monsieur Canivet, though he did not lose his nerve through it all, was nevertheless beginning to feel uneasy.

'The devil... but... we've purged her, and when the cause ceases...'

'The effect must also cease,' interposed Homais. 'That's as plain as a pikestaff!'

'But save her life!' cried Bovary.

And so, paying no attention to the apothecary, who was hazarding the hypothesis that it was perhaps 'a salutary paroxysm', Canivet was preparing to give her a dose of morphia, when the crack of a whip was heard. The windows shook, and a post-chaise, nearly lifted off its wheels by three horses plastered with mud to the ears, swung suddenly round the corner by the market-house. It was Dr. Lariviere. If a god had appeared on the scene, it could not have caused greater commotion. Bovary lifted up his hands, Canivet stopped short, and Homais had removed his Turkish cap well before the doctor came in.

Dr. Lariviere came of that great school of surgeons of which Bichat was the founder; he belonged to a generation, now no more, of enlightened medical men, who, cherishing their art with a fanatical devotion, practised it with lofty zeal and unfailing sagacity. The whole hospital quaked when he thundered in his wrath, and his pupils carried their veneration to the point of imitating his sartorial peculiarities, so that you would find young fellows who had only just set up in practice in the towns and villages round about, affecting the long merino cardigan and loose black coat distinctive of the master they revered. He himself used to wear his wristbands unbuttoned so that they came down a little over his muscular hands- very beautiful hands they were- hands that were never cased in gloves, so they might ever be the readier to immerse themselves in suffering. Disdaining all academic distinctions, orders and decorations, friendly and hospitable, open-handed, a father to the poor, a virtuous man unconscious of his virtue, he might almost have passed for a saint if his intellectual penetration had not made him feared like a demon. His glance, that was keener than his scalpel, pierced down into the depths of your soul, and made short work of any lie that might be lurking there embedded in make-believe and false timidity. And so he went among his people, invested with that sweet, austere stateliness of mien which the consciousness of a great talent, the possession of ample means and forty years of a laborious and stainless life, all combined to bestow.

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As soon as he was inside the door he lowered his eyebrows, seeing Emma's cadaverous face, as she lay stretched on her back, gaping. Then, while appearing to be listening to what Dr. Canivet was telling him, he rubbed the tip of his nose with his forefinger and said, 'Quite so, quite so,' but raised his shoulders with a slow, significant gesture. Bovary saw him, and they looked one another in the face, and though the doctor was accustomed to every aspect of human suffering, he could not restrain a tear.

He wanted to manoeuvre Canivet into the next room, but Charles followed.

'She's very bad, isn't she? Do you think if we tried poulticing her...? Oh, what *can* we do? Think of something; you have saved so many!'

Charles had both his arms about him, looking at him with a terrified, supplicating gaze, nearly fainting on his breast.

'Come, old man, you must try to bear it! There's nothing more to be done.'

And Dr. Lariviere turned away.

'You're going?'

'I'm coming back.'

He went out as though to give orders to the coachman, and Monsieur Canivet followed at his heels, for he too was in no wise eager to have Emma dying in his arms.

The chemist joined them in the market place. He had an innate and invincible attachment for celebrities. Therefore he implored Dr. Lariviere to do him the signal honour of taking luncheon at his house.

They sent off post-haste to the *Lion d'Or* for pigeons, to the butcher's for every cutlet he had in his shop, to the Tuvaches' for cream, to Lestiboudois for eggs, and the apothecary himself personally assisted in the preparations, while Madame Homais, lacing up the strings of her blouse, remarked,

'You must please excuse us, Monsieur, for out in these benighted parts, unless we know the day before...'

'The best wine-glasses!' hissed Homais in her ear.

'If we lived in the Town we could at least always rely on getting some stuffed trotters...'

'Be quiet!... Come along, Doctor, sit you down!'

He considered it fitting, after the first few mouthfuls, to give a few details of the catastrophe.

'To begin with, we had a sensation of dryness in the pharynx, then excruciating pains in the epigastrium, superpurgation, coma.'

'But how did she come to poison herself?'

'That I cannot say, Doctor. Nor am I at all clear how she contrived to possess herself of this arsenious acid.'

At that moment Justin, bringing in a pile of plates, began to shake all over.

'What's the matter with you?' said the chemist.

At this question the young man let the whole lot fall with a terrific crash.

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'Fool!' cried Homais. 'Clumsy lout! Idiotic ass!'
But, suddenly regaining his self-control, he proceeded,
'I considered it advisable to make an analysis and *primo*, I carefully introduced, by means of a tube...'
'You would have done better,' answered the surgeon, 'to introduce your fingers down her throat.'
Confrere Canivet lay low, for he had just been privately but severely taken to task about his emetic, so that our celebrated friend, who had strutted about and talked so glibly at the time of the club-foot operation, was singularly subdued today. He smiled a never-ending smile, an approving, assenting, obsequious smile.
Homais played the Amphitryon in immense style, and the idea of Bovary's bereavement gave him a vague sense of satisfaction, since it led him to contrast it with the superior happiness of his own lot. Then, too, the doctor's being there delighted him beyond measure. He showed off his learning, he discoursed with torrential volubility about cantharides, the upas, the manchineel and vipers.
'Why, do you know, I've even heard of people becoming intoxicated and rendered completely incapable by smoked sausages that had been submitted to excessive fumigation. Anyhow, the statement was made in a very able report, drawn up by one of our most eminent chemists, one of our leading men, the famous Cadet de Gassicourt!'
Madame Homais reappeared, carrying one of those top-heavy coffee contrivances that you heat with spirits of wine; for Homais insisted on having the coffee made in the dining-room. More than that, he had roasted, ground and blended it with his own hands.
'*Saccharum*, Doctor,' said he, passing the sugar.
Then he had all his children brought down, for he wanted to have the surgeon's opinion on their constitutions.
At last Monsieur Lariviere was on the point of starting, when Madame Homais said she would like to consult him about her husband. He dropped off to sleep every night after dinner, and this made his blood so thick.
'Oh, no, it's not his *blood* that's thick!'
And, smiling at this little quip that passed unnoticed, the doctor opened the door. But the shop was crammed full of people, and he had much ado to extricate himself from Monsieur Tuvache, who was afraid his wife was in for some sort of lung trouble because she spat in the fire so much. Next came Monsieur Binet, who was sometimes troubled with fits of ravenous hunger; and Madame Caron, who was a martyr to pins and needles; Lheureux, who had attacks of giddiness; Lestiboudois, with his rheumatism; Madame Lefrancois, with her heartburn. At last the three horses dashed off, and the general opinion was that he hadn't been at all obliging.
Public attention was now diverted by the appearance of Monsieur Bournisien, who was proceeding through the market with the Holy Oils.
Homais, as his principles demanded, likened priests to carrion-crows which are attracted by the smell of dead bodies. The sight of an ecclesiastic was personally distasteful to him, for the cassock made

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him think of the winding-sheet, so that his loathing of the one was somewhat inspired by his terror of the other.

Nevertheless, he did not recoil from what he called his mission, and went back to Bovary's along with Canivet, who had been strongly urged by Monsieur Lariviere, before he started, to take this step. Indeed, had it not been for the protests of his wife, Homais would have brought his two sons with him in order to accustom them to scenes of suffering, so that it might be a lesson to them, an example, a solemn picture for them to bear in memory in after years.

They found the room, as they entered, full of an atmosphere of mournful solemnity. Upon the work-table, covered with a white napkin, were five or six little balls of cotton wool in a silver dish, and near them stood a large crucifix between a pair of tall, lighted candles.

Emma was lying with her chin sunk on her breast; her eyes were staring and her poor hands twitching at the sheets, in the ghastly, submissive way that dying people have, as though they were trying, prematurely, to draw the winding-sheet about them. Pale as a statue, with eyes like burning coals, Charles, not weeping now, was standing facing her at the foot of the bed, while the priest, resting on one knee, was murmuring his prayers.

Slowly she turned her head, and, of a sudden, as her eyes lighted on the violet stole, an expression of joy irradiated her countenance. A strange peace descended upon her, and she doubtless experienced, yet again, those mystical exaltations she had known as a child, and glimpsed the glories of the world to come.

The priest rose from his knees to take the crucifix; and then she stretched forth her neck like one athirst and, gluing her lips to the body of the God-Man, she fastened thereon, with all her failing strength, the most passionate kiss of love she had ever in her life bestowed. Then he recited the Misereatur and the Indulgentiam , dipped his right thumb in the oil, and began the unctions, anointing her, first on the eyes which had gazed so covetously on the luxuries of the world; then, on the nostrils that had delighted in the breeze's soft caress and in all love-laden perfumes; then, on the mouth, the gateway of her lies, that had moaned in the moments of triumphant passion and cried aloud in the delirium of the senses; then, on the hands which had loved all things gentle to the touch; and, lastly, on the soles of the feet that, aforetime, had sped so swiftly to the appeasement of her desires, and now would stir no more.

The cure wiped his fingers, and threw the wads of cotton wool into the fire. Then he came back and sat by the bedside of the dying woman, warning her that it now behoved her to unite her sufferings with Christ's and surrender herself to the divine mercy.

At the conclusion of his exhortations, he tried to put a consecrated taper in her hands as a symbol of the heavenly glories which would soon encompass her. Emma had not strength enough in her fingers to hold it, and had not Monsieur Bournisien been at hand to catch it, the taper would have fallen to the floor.

However, she was not so pale now, and her countenance had assumed an expression of serenity, as though the Sacrament had made her whole again.

The priest by no means omitted to draw attention to this phenomenon. He even went so far as to explain to Bovary that the Lord occasionally prolonged people's lives when He deemed it would conduce to their salvation; and Charles recalled a day when she was at death's door like this, and had had the Sacrament administered to her.

'Perhaps, after all, we ought not to despair,' thought he.

And indeed she looked all round about her, slowly, like one waking from a dream; then, in quite a strong voice, she asked for her mirror, and remained looking into it for some time, until great tears began to trickle from her eyes. Then she sighed, turned away her head, and sank down again on the pillow.

And immediately her breathing became very rapid. The full length of her tongue protruded from her mouth. Her wandering eyes began to grow pale, like a pair of lamp globes in which the light was waning, so that you would have thought her already dead, but for the terrible heaving of her sides, shaken by some raging tempest, as though the soul were leaping and straining to be free. Felicite knelt down before the crucifix, and even the apothecary bent his hams a little, while Monsieur Canivet stood gazing out vaguely on to the Square. Bournisien had begun to pray again, his face bowed down upon the edge of the bed, his long black soutane trailing out behind him across the floor. Charles was on the other side, on his knees, his arms outstretched towards Emma. He had taken her hands, and was pressing them in his, trembling at her every heart-beat, as a man might start at the sound of a collapsing ruin. As the death-rattle grew more insistent, the priest redoubled the speed of his orisons; they mingled with Bovary's choking sobs, and sometimes all seemed drowned in the low murmur of the Latin syllables, which sounded like the tinkling of a passing bell.

Suddenly there was a noise of heavy clogs on the pavement outside and the scraping of a stick, and a voice, a raucous voice, began to sing,

> Now skies are bright, the summer's here,
> A maiden thinks upon her dear.

Emma sat bolt upright like a corpse suddenly galvanized into life, her hair dishevelled, her eyes fixed in a glassy stare, gaping with horror.

> And to gather up with care
> What the weary reaper leaves,
> My Nanette goes gleaning there,
> Down among the golden sheaves.

'The blind man!' she cried, and broke out into a laugh- a ghastly, frantic, despairing laugh- thinking she saw the hideous features of the wretched being, rising up to strike terror to her soul, on the very threshold of eternal night.

> She stooped low, the wind blew high,

What a sight for mortal eye!

She fell back in a paroxysm on to the mattress. They hurried to her side. Emma was no more.

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The widower: Funeral instructions:
Philosophy and belief: Watching by the body:
A lock of hair: The coffin is closed.

DEATH always brings with it a kind of stupefaction, so difficult is it for the human mind to realize and resign itself to the blank and utter nothingness. Yet when, at length, he saw her lying there so still, Charles flung himself upon her, crying piteously,

'Good-bye! Good-bye!'

Homais and Canivet led him from the room.

'There, try and be calm!'

'Yes,' he said, endeavouring to disengage himself, 'I'll be sensible, I won't do any harm. But leave me! I must see her! She is my wife!'

And he began to cry.

'That's right, weep on,' said the chemist. 'Let Nature have her way. You'll feel easier!'

Weaker, now, than a little child, Charles suffered himself to be led downstairs into the dining-room, and, soon after, Monsieur Homais took his departure.

As he was crossing the market-place he was accosted by the blind beggar, who had dragged himself all the way to Yonville in the hope of getting the antiphlogistic ointment, asking everyone he met where the chemist lived.

'Oh, good Lord! as if I had nothing else to see to! Well, well, it's hard luck; but come again later on.'

With these words he dashed into his shop.

He had two letters to write, a sleeping draught to make up for Bovary, some sort of tale to invent to hide the truth about the poisoning, and then to serve it up in an article for the Rouen Beacon , to say nothing of all the people who were hanging about to see what news they could extract from him. When all the town had heard him tell how she had mistaken arsenic for sugar when making a vanilla blanc-mange, Homais again went back to the doctor's.

He found him all by himself (Monsieur Canivet had just gone), sitting in an arm-chair near the window, and staring blankly at the stone floor.

'Now,' said the chemist, 'you'll have to settle about the ceremony.'

'How do you mean? What ceremony?'

Then, in a frightened voice, he stammered out,

'Oh, no, I tell you! No! I want to keep her!'

Homais, by way of a diversion, picked up a jug that was on the dinner-wagon and began watering the geraniums.

'Oh, thanks!' said Charles. 'That is good of you...'

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And he could go no further- all the memories this action of the chemist's conjured up before him, choked his utterance.

Then, to take his mind off things, Homais deemed it becoming to talk about gardening a little. Plants, he observed, wanted a lot of water. Charles bowed his head in sign of assent.

'Summer'll soon be here again now.'

'Ah!' said Bovary.

The apothecary, having exhausted his stock of ideas, made a little opening in the small curtains of the window.

'Why,' he said, 'there's Monsieur Tuvache going along!'

And Charles said after him, like a machine,

'Monsieur Tuvache going along.'

Homais dared not ask him any more about the funeral arrangements. It was the priest that got him to make up his mind.

He shut himself up in his little room, took a pen, and after sobbing for some time, wrote:

'I wish her to he buried in her wedding dress, with white shoes and a wreath. I want her hair to be spread out over her shoulders. There are to be three coffins, one oak, one mahogany and one lead. I don't want people to speak to me. I shall bear up. A large piece of green velvet is to be laid over all. These are my wishes. See that they are carried out.'

The gentlemen were surprised at Bovary's romantic ideas, and the chemist promptly went off and spoke to him on the matter.

'It seems to me,' he said, 'that that velvet is somewhat supererogatory; besides...'

'What's it to do with you?' shouted Charles. 'Leave me alone! You did not love her! Out of my sight!'

The priest took him by the arm and made him come for a turn in the garden. He held forth on the vanity of earthly things. God was very great and very good. We must submit to His decrees without repining- nay, we should be thankful to Him!

Charles broke forth into blasphemy,

'I loathe and detest your God!' he shouted.

'The spirit of rebelliousness is still in you,' said the ecclesiastic, with a sigh.

But Bovary was out of hearing. He was pacing with long strides beside the wall, near the espalier, grinding his teeth and breathing curses at heaven. Yet not so much as a leaf stirred in answer to his imprecations.

A misty rain was falling. Charles, whose chest was all uncovered, at length began to shiver. He went indoors and sat down in the kitchen.

At six o'clock there was a rattle of old iron in the market-square. It was the Hirondelle arriving; and he sat with his forehead against the window-pane watching the passengers alight one after another. Felicite put down a mattress for him in the drawing-room. He threw himself on it and slept.

Monsieur Homais was a philosopher, but he respected the dead, so, without harbouring any resentment towards poor Charles, he came back

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again at night to sit up with the body, bringing with him three volumes and a writing-case, in order to take some notes.

Monsieur Bournisien was already there, and two tall tapers were burning at the head of the bed, which had been pulled out from the recess.

The apothecary, finding the silence a little irksome, soon began to utter some laments concerning the fate of 'this unhappy young woman', whereon the priest replied that there was nothing to do now but to pray for her.

'Look here!' answered Homais, 'you can't have it both ways. Either she died in a state of grace (as the Church puts it), in which case she doesn't need our prayers; or else she died impenitent (I think that is the ecclesiastical expression), in which...'

Bournisien interrupted him, saying sharply that they had got to pray for her just the same.

'But,' argued Homais, 'since God knows all our needs, what's the use of prayer?'

'What!' exclaimed the ecclesiastic. 'Prayer? Aren't you a Christian, then?'

'Pardon me!' said Homais. 'I admire Christianity. To begin with, it did away with slavery, and set up a system of morality in the world...'

'That's not the point. All the texts...'

'Oh, good Lord; the texts! You look up your history; everyone knows they were faked by the Jesuits.'

Charles came in, and going up to the bed gently drew aside the curtains.

Emma was lying with her head leaning over her right shoulder. The corner of her mouth, which was open, gave the impression of a black hole at the bottom of her face; her two thumbs were still clenched in the palms of her hands; a sort of white dust had settled on her eyelids, and the eyes themselves seemed to be disappearing in a viscous pallor like a thin gauze, as if spiders had spun a web over them. The sheet that covered her lay quite flat from her breasts down to her knees, rising up again at the tips of her toes; and it seemed to Charles as though infinite masses, an enormous weight, were pressing her down.

The church clock struck two. You could hear the murmur of the river quite plainly as it rippled along in the darkness at the bottom of the garden wall. From time to time Monsieur Bournisien would blow his nose loudly, and Homais's quill pen kept squeaking along on the paper.

'Come, my dear friend, go and get some rest. This is a heart-rending sight for you to see.'

As soon as Charles was out of the room, the chemist and the cure resumed their argument.

'Read Voltaire,' said the one; 'read Holbach; read the Encyclopaedia! '

'Read the Letters of some Portuguese Jews ,' said the other;

'read Reasons for being a Christian by Nicolas, a retired magistrate.'

They were getting heated, their faces were flushed, they were both speaking at once, neither listening to the other. Bournisien was scandalized at such audacity; Homais was amazed at such stupidity. They were on the verge of hurling insults at each other, when suddenly Charles reappeared on the scene. A fascination seemed to draw him thither. He could not stay downstairs.

He placed himself in front of her, so as to see her the better, and there he remained, lost in a contemplation that was now too deep for pain. He thought of all the stories he had heard about catalepsy and the wonders of magnetism; he told himself that, by an extraordinary effort of will, he might perhaps succeed in bringing her back to life again. Once he actually bent over her and called to her softly, 'Emma! Emma!' And he breathed so hard that the flame of the tapers flickered against the wall.

The first thing in the morning, Madame Bovary, senior, arrived. Charles, as he kissed her, again broke down and wept. She endeavoured, like the chemist, to expostulate with him about the funeral expenses. He flew into such a rage that she held her peace. Nay, more, he commissioned her to go off to Rouen there and then to purchase what was necessary.

Charles stayed by himself all the afternoon. Berthe had been taken over to Madame Homais's. Felicite kept upstairs in the bedroom, with Mere Lefrancois.

In the evening various people came in to condole with him. He would stand up and shake hands, but he could not say anything, and each newcomer would sit with the rest of the party, who were grouped in a big circle round the fireplace. With downcast eyes, one leg over the other, they swung their feet to and fro, sighing deeply at intervals. Though everyone was intolerably bored, no one got up to go, there being a sort of contest as to who should stay the longest.

Homais, when he came back at nine (for two days past you had seen no one but Homais, going or coming, every time you looked out of the window), was loaded up with a stock of camphor, benzoin and aromatic herbs. He also brought along a jar of disinfectant to keep the air sweet. Just at this juncture, the servant, Madame Lefrancois and Madame Bovary, senior, were hovering round Emma, busily putting the finishing touches to their task of dressing her, and they drew down the long, stiff veil that covered her to her satin shoes.

'Oh, my poor mistress!' sobbed Felicite, 'my poor, poor mistress!'

'Just look at her!' said the landlady with a sigh. 'What a darling she looks even now! Why, you'd swear she'd be getting up and coming downstairs again by and by.'

Then they all bent over to put on her wreath.

They were obliged to lift her head a little, and as they did so a stream of black liquid poured from her mouth, as though she were being sick.

'Oh, my God! the dress! take care!' cried Madame Lefrancois. 'Lend a

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hand, can't you?' she said to the chemist. 'You're not afraid, are you, man?'

'Me, afraid?' he answered, shrugging his shoulders. 'You bet I am! Why, I saw any number of them at the Hospital when I was studying pharmacy. We students used to brew punch in the dissecting-room. Death has no terrors for a philosopher, and, as I've said many and many a time, I intend to leave my body to the hospitals, to be used in the cause of Science.'

The cure , when he came back, inquired how the doctor was bearing up. And when he heard the apothecary's answer he said,

'Well, you see, the shock is still too recent.'

Whereupon Homais congratulated him on not being exposed, like the ordinary run of men, to the sorrow of losing a beloved companion; and that gave rise to an argument about the celibacy of the clergy.

'You see,' said the chemist, 'it's against Nature for a man to do without women. Why, there have been crimes...'

'But, sakes alive, man!' exclaimed the ecclesiastic, 'how do you expect a man involved in matrimony to keep the secret of the confessional?'

Homais attacked confession; Bournisien defended it. He enlarged on the restitutions that were brought about by its means. He narrated several stories of thieves who had suddenly turned honest men. Military men, approaching the tribunal of penitence, had felt the scales fall from their eyes. Why, there was a minister at Fribourg...

His companion had dropped off to sleep. Then, finding the atmosphere of the room rather too stuffy to be comfortable, the Abbe opened the window. The sound awakened the chemist.

'Here!' said the cure , 'have a pinch of snuff! Go on, man! It's good for you! It clears the head.'

Somewhere, in the distance, a dog was barking incessantly.

'Do you hear that dog howling?' said the chemist.

'People say they scent the dead,' replied the ecclesiastic. 'It's the same with bees. They all fly out of the hive when there's a death.'

Homais did not criticize these superstitions, because he had again dropped off into a doze.

Monsieur Bournisien, having more stamina, continued for some time moving his lips in a scarcely audible murmur; then, insensibly, he too let his chin drop, his big black book fell to the ground, and he began to snore.

There they were, face to face, their stomachs well out, looking puffy and morose, finding themselves, after all their disagreements, both conquered by the same weakness of the flesh. They were not less motionless than the corpse beside them, that looked as if it, too, were sleeping. When Charles came in they did not wake. It was the last time. He had come to say good-bye.

The aromatic herbs were still smouldering, and eddies of bluish vapour were mingling, near the window, with the mist that came stealing in. A few stars were shining overhead, and the night air

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was soft.

Drops of candle grease were falling like big tears on the bed-clothes. Charles looked at the burning tapers till his eyes grew tired in the brightness of their yellow flame.

Little shifting gleams of iridescent light played on Emma's satin robe, that shone white as moonlight. She seemed all but hidden beneath it, but it somehow seemed to him as if she were rising up and floating far and wide, merging confusedly in everything round about- in the silence, in the night, in the winds that went wandering by, in the moist odours that were rising from the earth.

Then, all of a sudden, he saw her in the garden at Tostes, on the seat, against the hedge of thorn, or at Rouen, or in the street, on the threshold of their house, in the yard at les Bertaux. He could still hear the merry laughter of the lads as they footed it beneath the apple-trees. The room was full of the scent of her hair, and her dress shivered with a sound like sparks crackling, when he put his arm round her. It was the same dress, that one, there!

He stood like this for a long time, trying to recall those vanished delights- the way she stood, the way she moved her hands, the tone of her voice. After one heart-breaking memory came another, and another, in an inexhaustible flood, like an onflowing tide.

Then a terrible curiosity came upon him. Slowly, with the tips of his fingers, and with beating heart, he lifted the veil. He shrieked with horror. The sleepers awoke. They led him downstairs into the dining-room.

Then Felicite came in to say that he wanted a piece of her hair.

'Cut some off,' answered the apothecary.

And as she had not the courage, he went over himself, scissors in hand. But he was so shaky that he pricked her forehead in several places. At length, pulling himself together, Homais lopped off two or three big pieces at random, making bald patches in her beautiful dark hair.

The chemist and the cure plunged once more into their respective occupations, dropping off to sleep every now and then, a dereliction of which they mutually accused themselves at each successive awakening. Then Monsieur Bournisien sprinkled the room with holy-water and Homais threw a little disinfectant on the floor.

Felicite had been careful to put a bottle of brandy, some cheese and a large milk-roll for them on the chest of drawers. And about four o'clock in the morning the apothecary, unable to hold out any longer, exclaimed, ' Ma foi , I would gladly ingest a little nourishment'.

The ecclesiastic wasn't the man to say no. He went out to say his Mass and came back. After which they fell to with a will, guzzling and drinking, and giggling a little- they didn't know why- excited by that vague sensation of cheerfulness that comes upon one after prolonged periods of strain.

As he was about to drink off the last tot, the priest said to the chemist, as he clapped him on the shoulder,

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'We shall come to understand each other, one of these days.'
Downstairs in the hall they met the undertaker's men coming in. And then for two hours Charles had to endure the torture of hearing the sound of the hammer on the wood. At length they brought her downstairs in her oaken coffin, which they enclosed in the other two. But as the bier was too wide they had to fill up the interspace with wool from a mattress. Finally, when the three lids were planed smooth, nailed down and soldered, they carried her to the door; the house was thrown open, and all the inhabitants of Yonville crowded to the spot. Farmer Rouault arrived, and fell unconscious in the market-place when he saw the funeral hangings.

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Monsieur Rouault receives the news: Husband and father: The funeral service: At the graveside: Back at home: Charles's mother: A lonely mourner.

HE did not receive the chemist's letter until thirty-six hours after the event. And in order to soften the blow, Monsieur Homais had written in such vague terms that it was impossible to get any clear idea as to how the matter really stood.

When he read the letter for the first time, the poor old man fell down as though he were in an apoplectic fit. Then he read it that she wasn't dead. And yet she might be. At last he slipped on his blouse, picked up his hat, buckled a spur on one of his shoes, and started off as hard as he could go. All the way along, gasping and panting, the old man's heart was torn with anguish. Once, indeed, he had to get down; there was no help for it. He couldn't see where he was going; he heard voices round him. He felt as if he were going mad.

Day broke. He saw three black hens roosting in a tree. He shuddered with terror at this evil omen. It was then that he promised the Blessed Virgin three chasubles for the Church, and vowed he would walk barefoot from the churchyard at les Bertaux to the chapel at Vassonville.

He rode into Maromme shouting to the people at the inn, burst the stable door open with his shoulder, made a rush for the corn bin, emptied a bottle of cider into the manger, remounted his hack and tore on, the sparks flying from its four feet.

He told himself they would pull her through right enough. The doctors would find a way; no doubt about that. He called to mind all the accounts he had heard of miraculous cures.

Then he seemed to see her dead. There she was, stretched out before him, on her back, in the middle of the road. He would give a tug at the bridle, and the hallucination would disappear.

When he got to Quincampoix, he drank off three coffees one after another, to keep his heart up.

He remembered that the name had been written down wrong, and felt for the letter in his pocket. It was there all right, but he could not bring himself to look at it.

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It even came into his mind that someone was fooling him, taking a rise out of him for some reason or other. Besides, if she were dead, it would somehow be brought home to him. But no, the country presented its wonted appearance: the sky was blue, the trees were waving, a flock of sheep passed by. He came in sight of the village. They saw him coming along at full speed, his head well down, lashing furiously at his beast, whose flanks were dripping with blood.

When he came to, he fell weeping into Bovary's arms.

'My little girl! Emma! My child! How, tell me how it...'

And Charles, choking with sobs, answered,

'I don't know! I don't know! It's some curse that's on us!'

The apothecary intervened.

'It's no use going into these horrible details. I'll tell your father-in-law about it. Here are some people coming. Pull yourselves together! Come, where's your philosophy?'

Charles, poor fellow, tried to show a brave front, and kept saying to himself,

'Yes, yes; must bear up! must bear up!'

'Ay, and by God, I will bear up- that I will, and go along with her to the very end,' cried the old man.

The bell began to toll. Everything was ready. It was time to be making a start.

In one of the choir stalls, sitting side by side, they watched the three cantors passing and repassing in front of them, intoning the chants. The organ was playing full blast. Monsieur Bournisien, elaborately vested, was chanting in a shrill voice. He bowed to the tabernacle, raised his hands and spread out his arms. Lestiboudois was moving about the church with his verger's wand.

Near the reading-desk rested the bier, between four rows of tapers. Charles felt as if he would like to get up and put them out.

He endeavoured, however, to bring himself into a devotional frame of mind, to buoy himself up with the hope of a future life, in which he would see her again. He tried to imagine that she had set forth on a journey, a journey to a distant land, and that she had been gone a long time. But when he remembered that she was there, underneath that pall, his heart was filled with black, despairing rage. Sometimes it seemed to him as if he had lost the faculty of feeling, and he derived comfort from this mitigation of his grief, even though it made him feel ashamed of himself.

The church now resounded with a noise like a stick with an iron ferrule tap-tapping on the stone flags. The sound came from the back of the church and stopped short in one of the aisles. A man in a big brown jacket got down painfully on to his knees. It was Hippolyte, the ostler at the Lion d'Or . He was wearing his new leg.

One of the choirmen came down from the chancel to take the collection, and one by one the coppers clattered into the silver plate.

'Make haste, can't you? This is agony for me!' exclaimed Bovary angrily, throwing him a five-franc piece.

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The choirman thanked him with a low bow.
They sang, they went down on their knees, they got up again there seemed to be no end to it all. He remembered how once, in the early days, they had attended Mass together. They had sat on the other side, on the right, against the wall. The bell began again. There was a great scraping of chairs. The bearers slipped their three staves under the bier and the congregation filed out of the church.
Just then Justin appeared in the doorway of the chemist's shop. He turned and went in again at once, with white face and faltering steps.
People were standing at the windows to see the funeral go by. Charles walked in front, holding himself very erect. He was trying to look brave, and as the people came forth from the doors and alleyways to take their stand with the crowd, he gave them a nod of recognition. The six bearers, three a side, went stumping along with little, short steps, puffing and panting a little. The priests, the cantors and the two choir-boys recited the De Profundis , and their voices were borne away over the fields, rising and falling in murmuring undulations of sound. Sometimes a sudden turn in the pathway hid them from sight, but always the great silver cross rose high amid the trees. The women followed, clad in black capes with drawn hoods, and each in her hand carried a tall lighted taper. Charles began to feel that all these everlasting prayers and tapers, tapers and prayers were going to be too much for him, that he could not bear much longer the sickly odour of cassocks and burning candles. There was a fresh breeze blowing, the fields of rye and colza were green and flourishing, drops of diamond dew hung glistening on the thorn hedge that fringed the path. Far and wide the air was filled with gladness: the far-off click-clack of a wagon trundling along in the ruts, the sound of a cock crowing, or the scamper of a colt galloping off in great alarm beneath the apple-trees. The limpid sky was flecked with clouds of rose, and a bluish light lingered on the thatched roofs covered with iris. Charles recognized every garden as he passed, and remembered how often, on just such a morning as this, he had come away from one or other of them, and set out for home and Emma.
The black pall with its silver tears blew up from time to time and showed the bier; the bearers were tired and walked more slowly; but still, on and on it went, with little jerky movements like a boat in a choppy sea pitching at every wave.
They reached their journey's end.
The bearers held on their way till they came to where a pit had been dug in the grass.
The people stood around, and all the time the priest was speaking, the red earth that had been cast up round the sides trickled down at the corners, noiselessly, unceasingly.
Then, when the four ropes were in position, they pushed the coffin across them and lowered it into the grave. He watched it descend, down and down and down. At last there was a dull thud, then a grating noise, and the ropes were hauled up again. The Abbe Bournisien took

the spade held out to him by Lestiboudois. With his left hand- still sprinkling holy-water with his right- he vigorously thrust over a big shovelful of earth. And the crash of the stones on the wood of the coffin gave forth that dreadful sound that seems to fall upon the ear like an echo of eternity.

The priest handed the holy-water sprinkler to his neighbour. It was Monsieur Homais. He shook it gravely and then passed it on to Charles who sank down on his knees on the soil, throwing it down in handfuls and crying, 'Adieu!' He kept sending her kisses, and dragged himself towards the grave to cast himself in and abide with her.

They led him away; and he soon grew calm again, conscious, perhaps, like all the others, of a vague sense of relief that it was all over now, and done with.

Farmer Rouault, on the way back, puffed calmly at his pipe; a proceeding which, in his own mind, Homais condemned as highly indecorous. He further remarked that Monsieur Binet had abstained from appearing, that Tuvache had bolted after the Mass, and that Theodore, the notary's manservant, was wearing a blue coat, 'just as if a man couldn't get hold of a black one, seeing, damme, that it's the custom!' And to communicate these views of his he passed along from group to group. They spoke of Emma's death, and said what a dreadful thing it was, especially Lheureux, who had not omitted to come to the funeral.

'Poor little lady! What a terrible grief for her husband!'

'I can tell you what; if it hadn't been for me he would have done something dreadful to himself!'

'Such a nice, friendly little body she was, too. Why, it was only last Saturday I saw her in my shop!'

'I should have liked to say a few words over the grave, but I've had no time to prepare anything.'

When he got home Charles changed his things and Farmer Rouault slipped on his blue blouse. It was a new one, and as he had frequently wiped his eyes with the sleeve of it, riding along, the dye had come off on his face. You could see where the tears had been, by the streaks in the dust with which his face was covered.

Madame Bovary, senior, was with them. They all three sat without a word. At last the old farmer broke silence.

'You remember, once when I came to Tostes, you had just lost your first wife. I comforted you, back along in those days. The words came then, right enough, but now... Ah, well,' he groaned, with a deep sigh that shook his whole frame, ''tis the wind-up for me, I tell 'e. I've seen my wife go, and, after her, my boy... and now, today, 'tis the girl!'

He insisted on going straight back to les Bertaux, saying that he couldn't sleep in that house, there. He wouldn't even see his little grandchild.

'No, no! I couldn't bear the pain of it. But, there, you'll give her a good kiss for me. Good-bye to 'e, then. You'm a good lad,' and,

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slapping his thigh, 'I shan't forget that leg, not as long as I live; you'll always get your turkey, never you fear.'

But when he reached the top of the hill he turned again, just as, years ago, he had turned and looked back along the Saint Victor road, when she left him to go with her husband. The windows in the village were all on fire in the slanting rays of the sun that was sinking down behind the meadow. He put up his hand to shade his eyes, and far away, on the horizon, he descried a space enclosed with walls, with trees making dark clusters here and there amid the white stones. Then he went on his way, riding gently, because his horse was lame.

Charles and his mother, despite their weariness, sat up talking very late. They spoke of days gone by, of the future. She would come and live at Yonville and keep house for him; they would be together always. She was tactful and soothing, inwardly rejoicing at recovering an affection which, for many a year past, had been slowly slipping from her. The clock struck midnight. The village was wrapped in its wonted silence. Charles was still awake, thinking of her.

Rodolphe, who, to pass the time away, had been out beating the coverts all day long, was sleeping soundly in his great house, and Leon, far away, was sleeping too.

But there was one other, at this time, who was not asleep.

On the grave, between the pine-trees, a boy was on his knees weeping; his breast, shaken with sobs, panted convulsively in the gloom, beneath the burden of a boundless grief, more tender than the moon and deeper than the night. Suddenly the gate creaked on its hinges. It was Lestiboudois come back to look for the spade he had left there a while ago. He recognized Justin clambering over the wall, and so learnt at last who the rascal was that pilfered his potatoes.

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The bills arrive: Leon is married:
Platonic love: Monsieur Homais's articles: The druggist's
ambition: Charles meets Rodolphe:
Berthe's discovery.

NEXT day Charles had the little one brought home. She asked for her mummy. They told her that she had gone away, that she would bring her back some toys. Berthe spoke of her again many times; but as the days went by she ceased to think of her. The child's merry prattle went to Bovary's heart, and he had to endure the chemist's insufferable consolations.

Before long the money troubles began again, Monsieur Lheureux putting his friend Vincart once more on the war-path, and Charles involved himself in exorbitant liabilities; for he would never agree to part with anything, however trifling, that had belonged to *her*. This enraged his mother. His wrath exceeded hers. He had changed completely. She shook the dust of the place off her feet.

Then they all tried to get their pickings. Mademoiselle Lempereur

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sent in an account for six months' tuition, though Emma had never had a single lesson (despite the receipted bill she had shown to Bovary)- it was an agreement they had made between them; the proprietor of the lending library claimed three years' subscription; Mere Rollet demanded payment for delivering a score of letters, and when Charles asked for an explanation she had the delicacy to reply,

'Oh, I don't know anything about it; it had to do with her business affairs.'

Every time he paid a bill, Charles thought it was the last, but fresh ones kept cropping up.

He sent out requests for the payment of outstanding bills. They showed him letters received from his wife. And then he had to make his apologies.

Felicite was now wearing Madame's dresses. Not all of them, for Charles had kept some, and he would go and shut himself up in her dressing-room and look at them. Felicite was about the same figure, and often when Charles saw her from behind, a sort of illusion would take hold of him and he would cry,

'Stay there, for God's sake! Stay where you are!'

But when Whitsuntide came she left Yonville. She decamped with Theodore and the remainder of the wardrobe.

It was about this time that Madame Veuve Dupuis 'had the honour to acquaint him with the marriage of her son, Monsieur Leon Dupuis, notary at Yvetot, to Mademoiselle Leocadie Leboeuf, of Bondeville'. Charles in the course of his congratulations wrote: 'How delighted my poor wife would have been!'

One day, when he was wandering aimlessly about the house, he happened to go upstairs into the attic, and as he was walking about, felt a little pellet of thin paper underneath his slipper. He uncrumpled it and read, 'Be brave, Emma, you must be brave! I am not going to bring disaster on your life.' It was Rodolphe's letter, which had fallen down between the boxes. There it had remained all this time, and the draught from the window had just blown it out towards the door. And now Charles was standing transfixed and staring where, long ago, more pale than he, Emma, with despair in her heart, had thought to hurl herself to death. He looked, and after a time he made out a little R at the bottom of the second page. What was the meaning of it? He remembered how attentive Rodolphe had been, his sudden disappearance, and his air of constraint on the two or three occasions he had run across him since. But the respectful tone of the letter put him off the scent.

'Perhaps there was some sort of platonic affection between them,' he thought.

Besides, Charles was not the sort of man to probe things to the bottom: he hadn't the courage to face the proofs; and his vague qualms of jealousy were swallowed up in the immensity of his sorrow.

Who, he thought to himself, could have helped adoring her? Not a man but must have longed to possess her- that was a sure thing. And all these thoughts brought her before him, more beautiful than ever. A

furious, incessant desire took hold of him, adding fuel to his despair; it knew no sort of bounds, since now it was beyond requital.

To please her, as though she were still alive, he adopted her predilections, her ideas. He bought himself patent leather boots; he took to wearing white ties; he waxed the ends of his moustache, and, like her, he set his hand to promissory notes. She was corrupting him from beyond the tomb.

He was obliged to sell the silver, piece by piece; then he got rid of the drawing-room furniture. All the rooms were robbed of their contents- all save one. Her room, her bedroom, was left as it had always been. When he had had his dinner, Charles went up there. He pulled the round table in front of the fire and brought up her easy-chair. And then he would sit down facing it. A candle would be burning in one of the gilt candlesticks, and Berthe would be sitting near him, busy with her painting-book.

It pained the poor fellow to see her going about so ill clad, without any laces in her shoes, and her blouses with great slits in them from armhole to hip, for the charwoman scarcely worried about her at all. But she was so sweet and gentle, and she would put her little head on one side so winningly, so that her pretty fair hair hung down and hid her rosy cheeks, that the sight of her filled him with delight, yet that delight had its alloy of bitterness, like an ill-made wine that smells of resin. He mended her toys, cut out marionettes for her in cardboard, or stitched up the rents in the stomachs of her dolls. Then, if his eyes fell on the work-box, on a piece of ribbon lying about, or even a pin that had got into a crevice in the table, he would sit like a man in a dream, and looked so woebegone, so sad, that she grew sad like him.

No one came to see them now; for Justin had run away to Rouen, where he had found employment in a grocer's shop, and the apothecary's children gradually dropped the little Bovary girl. In view of the difference in their social status, Monsieur Homais was not anxious for the connexion to continue.

The blind man, who had derived no benefit from his ointment, had gone back to Bois-Guillaume hill, where he was in the habit of telling the travellers all about the chemist's unsuccessful experiment. It became so trying that whenever Homais had occasion to go to town he hid behind the curtains of the Hirondelle to avoid encountering him. He loathed and detested him, and, in order to get rid of him at any price, in the interests of his own reputation, he attacked him with a masked battery which displayed at once the resources of his intelligence and the baseness of his vanity. For six consecutive months there appeared little paragraphs in the Rouen Beacon running something like this:

'Travellers bound for the fertile regions of Picardy cannot fail to have noticed on the hillside of Bois-Guillaume a wretched specimen of humanity afflicted with a horrible facial eruption. The miserable creature plies his beggar's trade with such persistence that his importunities constitute a sort of toll or tax on all who

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journey that way. Are we still living in those intolerable Dark Ages when vagabonds were free to expose, without let or hindrance, to the public gaze, the leprous and scrofulous diseases brought back by them from the Crusades?'

Or, again,

'Notwithstanding the laws against vagrancy, the outskirts of our big towns continue to be infested by troops of beggars. Sometimes they wander singly, and these solitary specimens are perhaps not the least dangerous. What are our local authorities dreaming about?'

Then Homais would invent stories, such as,

'Yesterday on the hill of Bois-Guillaume, a vicious horse...' and there followed an account of an accident ascribed to the blind man's presence.

He succeeded so well that the man was shut up. However, he was let go again. He started the ball once more, and so did Homais. It was a trial of strength. Homais won, for his enemy was condemned to perpetual confinement in a pauper infirmary.

This success emboldened him, and henceforth there wasn't a dog run over, a barn fired, or a woman assaulted, but he must publish an account of it, always guided by his passion for progress and his detestation of the clergy. He drew comparisons between the lay and clerical schools, to the detriment of the latter, made references to Saint Bartholomew's Eve in connexion with a grant of one hundred francs to the Church, denounced abuses, fired off epigrams. That was his cue. Homais was laying his mines. He was becoming a power to be reckoned with.

However, he was stifled within the narrow limits of journalism. A book, a work, that was the thing for him! Therefore he compiled a volume entitled Statistical Records of the Yonville District, together with some Climatological Observations , and his Statistics were not unseasoned with philosophy. He concerned himself with questions of public importance: the social problem, the moral uplifting of the poorer classes, pisciculture, the cultivation of rubber, railways, etc. He became rather ashamed of his bourgeois status; he affected the artistic temperament, he took to smoking! He bought a couple of Pompadour statuettes to adorn his drawing-room withal.

He did not forsake pharmacy- not by a long way. On the contrary, he kept abreast of all the new discoveries. The great chocolate movement received his careful attention. He was the first to introduce cho-ca and revalentia into the district. He became an enthusiastic advocate of the Pulvermacher hydro-electric appliances. He wore one himself, and at night, when he took off his flannel waistcoat, Madame Homais was lost in admiration of the golden spiral which concealed his trunk, and conceived a yet greater ardour of devotion for this husband of hers, who stood before her swathed like a Scythian and resplendent as an Eastern Mage.

He had some fine ideas concerning Emma's tombstone. First of all he suggested a broken column with some drapery, then a pyramid, then a

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Temple of Vesta, a sort of rotunda... or else 'a mass of ruins'. And in all his plans Homais would cling to a weeping willow, which he looked upon as the indispensable symbol of grief.

Charles and he went off to Rouen together to look at some tombstones at a monumental mason's. An artist friend of Bridoux's went with them, an individual called Vaufrylard, who rattled off puns all the way. At length, having inspected about a hundred designs, he had estimates sent, and made a second journey to Rouen, and finally decided on a mausoleum, which was to have on its two main sides 'a genius carrying an extinguished torch'.

With regard to the inscription, Homais could think of nothing to come up to Sta viator , and there he stuck. He racked his brains: he went about saying Sta viator over and over again. At last he thought of amabilem conjugem calcas! and upon that they decided.

There was one strange thing, and that was that, though Bovary was always thinking about Emma, he began to forget her. And he was filled with despair as he felt her image fading from his memory, despite all the efforts he made to retain it. Yet every night he dreamt of her; it was always the same dream. He drew near to touch her, but just as he was clasping her to his bosom she crumbled to dust within his arms.

For a whole week he went to church of an evening. Monsieur Bournisien paid him two or three visits, and then gave him up. According to Homais that worthy person was rapidly veering towards intolerance and fanaticism. He thundered against the spirit of the age, and every fortnight, in his sermon, he never omitted to tell the well-known story of how Voltaire died devouring his own excrement.

Despite Bovary's stringent economy, he couldn't get near to wiping off his old liabilities. Lheureux refused to do any more bill-renewing. The brokers were virtually at the door. It was then that he had recourse to his mother, who agreed to let him take out a mortgage on her property, but she accompanied this favour with some very acid criticisms of Emma. And, as some return for the sacrifice she was making, she asked him for a shawl that had escaped the predatory clutches of Felicite. Charles wouldn't part with it. So there was a quarrel.

She was the first to make pacific overtures, by suggesting that she should have the child to live with her. She would be company. Charles agreed. But when the time for parting came, his courage failed him. That meant another break. This time it was final.

In proportion as his ties decreased, he centred all his love upon his child. Yet she was an anxiety to him. She coughed occasionally, and had red patches on her cheeks.

Just across the way, the chemist's family exhibited all the glories of health and high spirits, for the chemist was Fortune's darling. Napoleon assisted him in the laboratory, Athalie worked him a Turkish cap, Irma cut out discs of paper to put over the jam, and Franklin, in one breath, recited the multiplication table. He was the happiest of fathers, the luckiest of men.

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Wrong! A secret ambition gnawed at his vitals. Homais coveted the Legion of Honour. He was richly entitled to it-

(1) 'For displaying, during the cholera epidemic, unlimited devotion in the alleviation of suffering.'

(2) 'Publishing, at my own expense, sundry works of public utility, such as...' (and he included his monograph entitled Cider, its Manufacture and Effects ; together with some Observations on Tick among Sheep, sent to the Academy; his volume of statistics, not even omitting the thesis he wrote for his pharmaceutical diploma); 'in addition to which, I am a member of several learned societies' (he belonged to one).

'Why,' he exclaimed, with a little pirouette of triumph, 'the services I've rendered at fires ought to do the trick!'

Thus Homais began to truckle to Authority. He secretly rendered the Prefect some valuable services during the elections. He sold, he prostituted, himself. He even addressed a petition to the sovereign, begging him to see justice done by him. He called him 'Our good King', and compared him to Henry IV.

And every morning the apothecary pounced on the newspaper to see if his appointment was in. But it wasn't. At last he could hold himself in no longer. He had a lawn made in his garden shaped like a cross of honour, with two little wavy ends to imitate the riband. He paced round it with folded arms, musing on the ineptitude of governments and the ingratitude of men.

Out of respect, or from a kind of sensual gratification he derived from lingering over his investigations, Charles had not yet opened the secret drawer of an ebony writing-desk which Emma had always been in the habit of using. At length, one day, he sat down in front of it, turned the key and pressed the spring. All Leon's letters were there. No room for doubt this time! He devoured them all, to the very last one, ransacked every corner, every piece of furniture, every drawer, looked behind the pictures- sobbing, howling, frenzied, mad. He discovered a box and kicked it open. Rodolphe's portrait stared him full in the face, in the midst of a wilderness of love-letters.

People were astonished to see him so low-spirited. He never went out or had anyone to see him. He even refused to go and see his patients. Then folks said he shut himself up to indulge in secret drinking.

Now and again, however, some inquisitive person would hoist himself up and look in over the garden hedge, and be struck with amazement to see a man there, a man with a neglected beard, clad in sordid clothes, with a wild look in his eye, marching up and down the garden, weeping aloud.

Of a summer evening he would take his little girl by the hand, and they would go together to the cemetery. They came back when it was quite dark, and when the only light in the Square shone from Binet's attic window.

However, he could not enjoy the voluptuousness of his sorrow to the full, because he had no one about him with whom to share it; and

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he used to go over and see Mere Lefrancois, so as to be able to talk of her . But the landlady only listened with half an ear, for she had troubles enough of her own. Monsieur Lheureux had at last put the Favorites du Commerce on the road, and Hivert, who enjoyed a great reputation as a shopping agent and general messenger, was asking for a rise and threatening to go over to 'the rival show'.

One day, when he had gone to attend the market at Argueil to sell his horse- his last remaining asset- he encountered Rodolphe.

They both turned pale. Rodolphe, who, when Emma died, had merely sent his card, stammered out a few apologies. Then he grew bolder- so bold, indeed, as to invite Charles (it was August and very hot) to have a bottle of beer with him at the inn.

Facing him, leaning on his elbow, he chewed the end of his cigar as he went on with the conversation. Charles fell into a sort of dream as he gazed at the features of the man she had loved so deeply. He seemed somehow to find a vestige of her there. It was a wonderful thing. He would have liked to be that man.

Rodolphe went on talking about farming, cattle, fertilisers and so forth, warding off the risk of any uncomfortable allusion by interpolating, where necessary, some commonplace observation. Charles was not listening, Rodolphe saw he wasn't, and watched the changes of his expression as memory after memory passed through his mind. His face grew flushed, his nostrils quivered, his lips trembled. There was, indeed, a moment when Charles, filled with sombre rage, fixed his eyes on Rodolphe, who, in a kind of panic, stopped what he was saying. But soon the old funereal weariness overspread his countenance again.

'I'm not angry with you,' he said.

Rodolphe held his peace. And Charles, with his head in his hands, repeated in a flat voice, with the resigned accent of an infinite sorrow,

'No, I'm not angry with you, now!'

Then he said a great thing, the only great thing he ever said in his life,

'It's Fate must bear the blame!'

Rodolphe, who had directed the course of this same Fate, thought him very civil for a man in his position; rather comic, indeed, and a trifle cheap.

Next day Charles went out and sat down on the seat in the garden. Gleams of sunlight came in through the trellis, the vine leaves cast the tracery of their shadows on the gravel path, the jasmine shed abroad its fragrance, the sky was blue, and bumble bees were buzzing round the lilies in full flower. Charles felt oppressed, as a young man might have felt, with the vague unrest of love that filled his stricken heart.

At seven o'clock, little Berthe, who had not seen him all the afternoon, came to fetch him in to dinner.

His head was leaning back against the wall, his eyes were shut, his mouth was open, and in his hand he held a long tress of dark hair.

'Papa, come along!' she said.

And thinking he was having a game with her, she gave him a little push. He fell to the ground. He was dead.

Thirty-six hours later, at the apothecary's request, Monsieur Canivet dashed over. He opened up the body and found nothing.

When everything had been sold, there remained twelve francs seventy-five centimes, which served to defray the cost of Mademoiselle Bovary's journey to her grandmother's. The worthy woman died the same year. Farmer Rouault being paralysed, she was taken charge of by an aunt. The aunt is poor, and sends her to earn her living in a cotton mill.

After Bovary died three doctors in succession set up at Yonville, but none of them prospered, so vigorous was the onslaught that Homais made upon them all. His practice grows like wildfire. The authorities wink at his activities, and public opinion is his shield.

He has just been awarded the Legion of Honour.

THE END

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