





CHEFS D'OEUVRE
DU
ROMAN CONTEMPORAIN
—
REALISTS

THIS EDITION

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NUMBER 512

THE REALISTS
GUSTAVE FLAUBERT
MADAME BOVARY
VOL. I

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Part Second Chapter III

Emma's child was sleeping on the ground in a willow cradle. She took it up with the covering that enveloped it and began to sing to it softly, dandling it up and down.

Léon walked about in the room: it seemed to him strange to see this handsome lady in a nankeen dress, in the midst of all this poverty. Madame Bovary became very red; he turned away, fearing that his eyes perhaps had been somewhat impertinent.

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DES CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE
DU ROMAN
CONTEMPORAIN

MADAME BOVARY

VOLUME ONE

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

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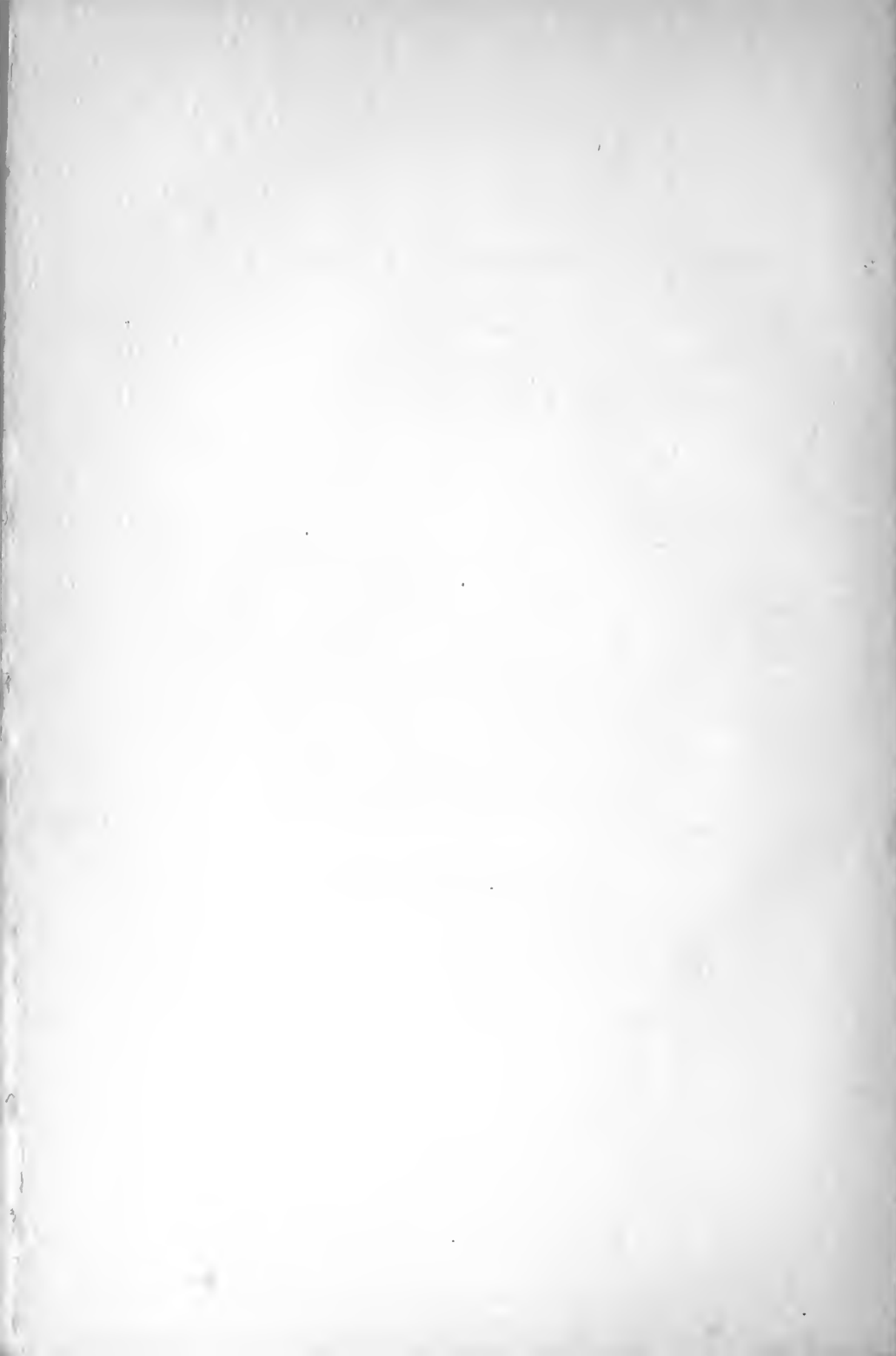
THIS EDITION OF
MADAME BOVARY
HAS BEEN COMPLETELY TRANSLATED

BY
WILLIAM WALTON

THE ETCHINGS ARE BY

EUGENE ABOT
DANIEL MORDANT

AND DRAWINGS BY
ALBERT FOURIE



TO
MARIE-ANTOINE-JULES SENARD

MEMBER OF THE BAR OF PARIS
EX-PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY
AND FORMER MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR

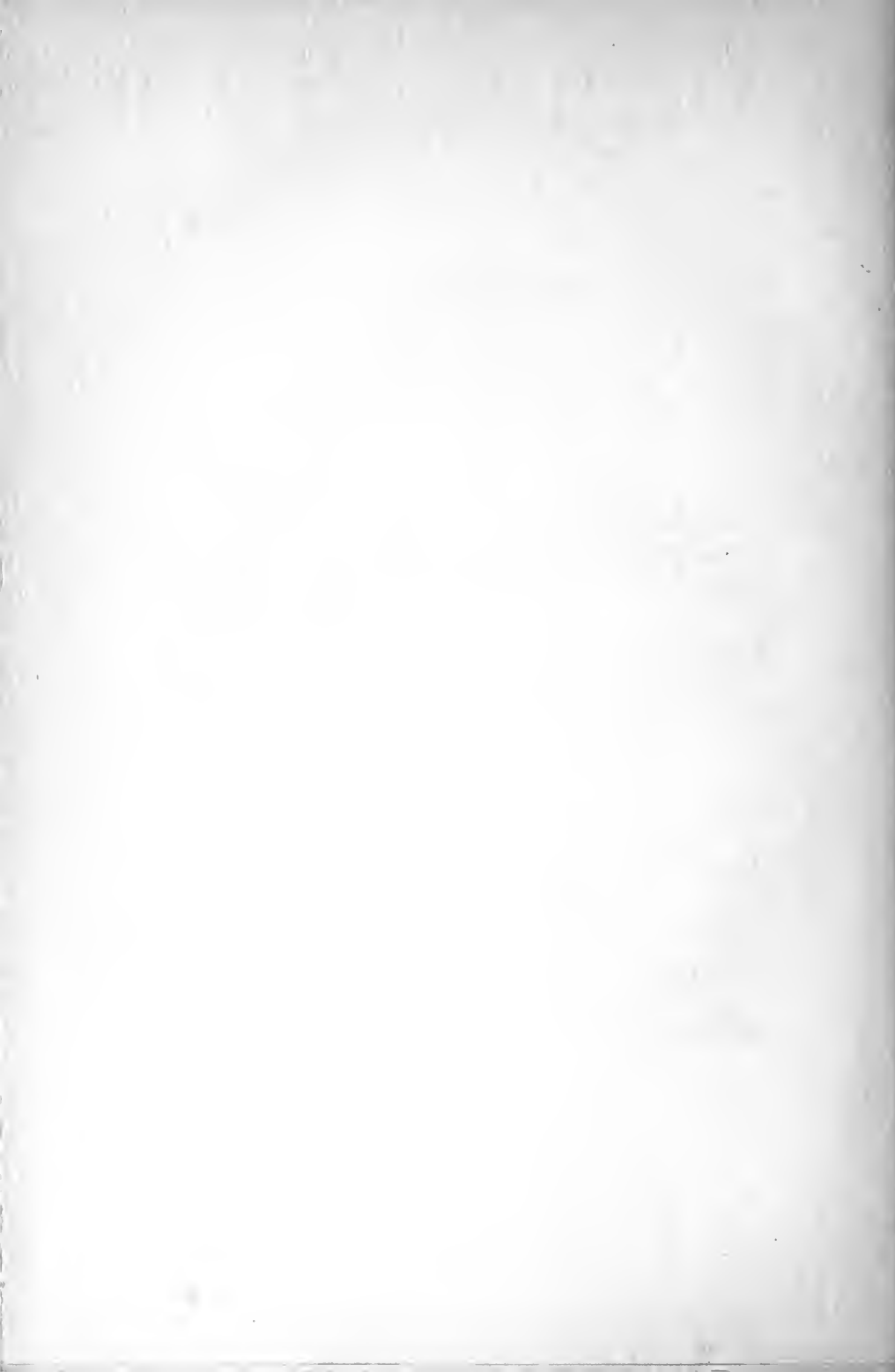
Dear and illustrious friend :

Permit me to inscribe your name at the head of this book and even above its dedication, for it is to you above all that I am indebted for its publication. By its review in your magnificent defense, my work has acquired for me, myself, as it were, an unforeseen authority. Accept then the homage of my gratitude, which, however great it may be, will never attain to the height of your eloquence and of your devotion.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

Paris, April 12, 1857.

MADAME BOVARY



PART FIRST

I

We were all at study, when the head master entered, followed by a *nouveau*—new scholar—in bourgeois garments and by a boy of the class who carried a great desk. Those who were asleep woke up, and each one rose, as if surprised in his work.

The head master made us a sign to sit down again, then, turning toward the study master :

“Monsieur Roger,” he said to him in a low voice, “here is a pupil whom I recommend to you, he is entering the fifth class. If his work and his conduct are meritorious, he will pass up among the larger boys, where he should be because of his age.”

The *nouveau*, remaining in the angle behind the door, so that he could scarcely be seen, was evidently a country boy, of about fifteen years of age, and taller than any of us. He had his hair cut straight across his forehead, like a village choir-boy, a sensible and very

much embarrassed air. Although his shoulders were not large, his very short-skirted coat, of green cloth with black buttons, was too long in the sleeves, and allowed to be seen through the opening of the cuffs red wrists evidently accustomed to being uncovered. His legs, in blue stockings, issued from yellowish pantaloons very much drawn up by the suspenders. He was shod with strong shoes, badly blackened, garnished with nails.

The recitation of the lessons commenced. He listened to them with all his ears, as attentive as in church, not daring even to cross his legs or to lean on his elbow; and at two o'clock, when the bell rang, the study master was obliged to notify him to take his place in our ranks.

We had the habit, when coming into the class, of throwing down our caps, in order to have our hands free; it was necessary from the threshold of the door to send them under the bench in such a manner as to strike against the wall and raise a good deal of dust; that was *the style*.

But, whether he had not noticed this manœuvre, or whether he had not dared to lend himself to it, the prayer was finished while the *nouveau* still held his cap on his two knees. It was one of those head-coverings of a composite order, there could be found in it the elements of the tall bearskin, of the military *chapska*, of the round hat, of the *casquette* or otter-skin cap, and of

a cotton night-cap, one of those poor things, in short, the mute ugliness of which has depths of expression, like the countenance of an imbecile. Ovoid in shape and stiffened with whalebone, it commenced by three circular folds; then alternated, separated by a red band, lozenges of velvet and of rabbit skin; then there came a sort of a sack, which terminated in a cardboard polygon, covered with an embroidery in complicated soutache from which hung at the end of a long cord too thin, a little cross bar in gold thread after the manner of an acorn. It was new; the visor shone.

“Stand up,” said the professor.

He stood up; his *casquette* fell to the floor. All the class commenced to laugh.

He stooped down to pick it up. A neighbor knocked it down with a stroke of his elbow. He picked it up again.

“Let your casque be,” said the professor, who was a man of wit.

There was an outburst of laughter from all the scholars which put the poor boy quite out of countenance, so much so that he did not know whether it were better to hold it in his hand, to leave it on the floor, or to put it on his head. He seated himself again and placed it on his knees.

“Stand up,” repeated the professor, “and tell me your name.”

The *nouveau* articulated, in a stammering voice, an unintelligible name.

“Repeat it!”

The same stammering of syllables was heard accompanied by the hooting of the class.

“Louder!” cried the master, “louder!”

The *nouveau*, taking then an extreme resolution, opened an immeasurable mouth and launched with the full force of his lungs as if to call some one, this word, “Charbovari.”

There was at once an uproar which burst out, mounted in crescendo with the explosions of shrill voices—there were howlings and barkings and stampings and repetitions of “Charbovari! Charbovari!”—then rolled along in isolated notes, quieting down with great difficulty, and sometimes breaking out again suddenly, along the line of some bench where exploded still, here and there, like a petard not extinguished, some smothered laugh.

However, under the rain of extra tasks distributed right and left, order was reestablished little by little in the class, and the professor having succeeded in seizing the name of Charles Bovary, having made him write from dictation, spell and read over again, suddenly commanded the poor devil to go and seat himself “on the bench of idleness” at the foot of the professor’s chair. He started to go, but hesitated.

“What are you looking for?” asked the professor.

“My cas—” said the *nouveau* timidly, casting anxious looks around him.

“Five hundred verses to the whole class!!!” shouted in a furious voice, arrested, like the *quos ego*, a new outburst. “Sit still then!” continued the professor, exasperated and wiping his forehead with his handkerchief which he took out of his skull-cap. “As for you, the *nouveau*, you will copy for me twenty times the verb *ridiculus sum*.” Then, in a milder voice, “Eh! You will find it again, your *casquette*; it has not been stolen from you!”

Everything resumed its usual calm. All the heads bent over the portfolios, and the *nouveau* remained for two hours in an exemplary attitude, although there was from time to time a paper bullet launched with the nib of a pen which spattered on his face. But he wiped it off with his hand and remained motionless, his eyes lowered.

In the evening, at study, he took his sleeve-protectors from his desk, put his small affairs in order, carefully arranged his paper. We saw him working conscientiously, looking out all the words in the dictionary and giving himself no end of trouble. Thanks, doubtless, to the goodwill of which he gave evidence he was not obliged to descend into the lower class; for if he knew the rules passably well, he had but little elegance in the turning of phrases. It was the curé of the village who had commenced his Latin, his parents, through

economy, having only sent him to college at the latest possible moment.

His father, Monsieur Charles - Denis - Bartholomé Bovary, former surgeon-major's aide, compromised about 1812 in the affairs of the conscription, and compelled about that period to quit the service, had then profited by his personal advantages to take possession, on his way, of a dot of some sixty thousand francs which was offered him in the daughter of a merchant hosier, who had fallen in love with his appearance. A handsome man, a braggart, making his spurs sound, wearing his whiskers joined to his moustache, his fingers always covered with rings and sporting loud colors, he had the appearance of a man of spirit with the easy plausibility of a traveling salesman. Once married, he lived two or three years in the full enjoyment of his wife's fortune, dining well, rising late, smoking great porcelain pipes, coming home in the evening only after the theatre and frequenting the cafés. The father-in-law died and left but little behind him; at this he was irritated, launched *into manufacturing*, lost some money in it, then retired into the country, where he resolved to *cultivate his farm*. But, as he knew but little more of agriculture than of printed cottons, as he rode his horses instead of sending them to plowing, drank his cider in bottles instead of selling it in barrels, ate the finest fowls out of his chicken-yard and greased his hunting shoes with the lard of his pigs, he was not

long in coming to the conclusion that he would do better to abandon all such enterprises.

For the sum of two hundred francs a year he then found to lease in a village, on the confines of the districts of Caux and of Picardie, a sort of habitation, half farmhouse, half manor house; and there, filled with vexation, devoured with regrets, accusing Heaven, jealous of all the world, he shut himself up at the age of forty-five, disgusted with men, he said, and resolved henceforth to live in peace.

His wife had been madly in love with him formerly; she had adored him with a thousand servilities which had had the effect of wearying him still more of her. Lively and cheerful in her younger days, expansive and very loving, she had become in growing older—like stale wine which turns into vinegar—difficult to please, scolding and nervous. She had suffered so much without complaining at first, when she had seen him running after all the village strumpets and when from twenty haunts of evil he had been sent back to her in the evenings, deadened and stinking of drunkenness; then her pride had revolted. Then she hardened her heart, repressing her fury under a silent stoicism which she preserved to her death. She was continually occupied with errands, with business affairs. She went to the lawyers' offices, interviewed the president of the courts, knew when the notes fell due, obtained their renewal; and in the household, did the ironing, the sewing, the washing,

superintended the workmen, settled the bills, during which, without concerning himself about anything, monsieur, perpetually buried in a gruff stupor from which he only aroused himself to address unmannerly remarks to her, remained smoking at the corner of the fire, spitting in the cinders.

When a child was born to her, it was necessary to put it out to nurse. Returned to the parental mansion, this infant, though much to be pitied, was spoiled like a prince. His mother fed him with sweets, his father allowed him to run without shoes, and, posing as a philosopher, even declared that he could very well go quite naked, like the young of animals. In opposition to the maternal tenderness he had in his head a certain virile idea of childhood, according to which he endeavored to form his son, wishing to bring him up severely, in a Spartan manner, in order to give him a good constitution. He sent him to bed without fire, taught him to swallow great draughts of rum and to insult the church processions. But, naturally of a peaceable disposition, the little one responded but indifferently well to his efforts. His mother dragged him around always with her; she cut out pasteboard figures for him, told him stories, conversed with him in endless monologue, full of melancholy gaieties and gossiping chattering. In the isolation of her life, she concentrated upon the head of this child all her scattered and broken vanities. She dreamed of high positions for him, she saw him already

big, handsome, intelligent, established in life, in the department of roads and bridges or in the magistracy. She taught him to read, and even gave him lessons on an old piano which she had, in singing two or three little romantic songs. But to all this, Monsieur Bovary, but little interested in letters, said that it *was not worth the trouble*. Would they ever have the means with which to send him to the government schools, to purchase some post for him or a business capital? Moreover, *with some assurance, a man would always succeed in the world*. Madame Bovary bit her lips, and the child wandered about aimlessly in the village.

He followed the ploughman and drove away with clods of earth the crows that settled. He ate mulberries along the ditches, took care of the turkeys with a long pole, spread the hay in the harvest, ran in the woods, played at hop-scotch under the church porch on rainy days, and at the grand festivals, persuaded the beadle to let him ring the bell, so that he might suspend himself with both hands to the long rope and feel himself carried up by it in its ascension.

Moreover, he grew like an oak. He acquired strong hands, a fine color.

When he was twelve years old, his mother obtained permission to have his studies commence. The curé took charge of them. But the lessons were so short and so indifferently followed that they could not amount to much. They were given at odd moments, in the

sacristy, standing, hastily, between a baptism and a funeral ; or else the curé sent for his pupil after the *Angelus*, when he did not have to go out. They went up into his chamber ; they settled to work ; the flies and the night moths fluttered around the candle. It was warm, the child fell asleep ; and the good man, sinking into drowsiness, his hands joined on his stomach, was not long in beginning to snore with his mouth open. At other times, when Monsieur le Curé, returning from carrying the viaticum to some sick person in the neighborhood, perceived Charles, who was amusing himself with vulgar tricks in the country, he called him, sermonized him for a quarter of an hour, and profited by the occasion to make him conjugate his verb at the foot of a tree. The rain came to interrupt them, or some acquaintance who passed. For the rest, he was always satisfied with him, even saying that the *young man* had a good memory.

Charles could not go on this way ; madame was energetic. Ashamed, or rather wearied, monsieur yielded without resistance, and it was concluded to wait still a year until the boy should have taken his first communion.

Six months more passed away ; and, in the following year, Charles was finally sent to the college of Rouen, to which his father took him himself, toward the end of October, at the time of the fair of Saint-Romain.

It would be impossible for any of us at this day to recall anything concerning him. He was a boy of a

moderate temperament, who played at recreation time, worked during study hours, listened in the class, slept well in the dormitory, and ate heartily in the refectory. He had for a friend, a wholesale hardware merchant of the Rue Ganterie, who took him out once a month, on Sundays, after his shop was closed, sent him to walk on the wharves to look at the vessels, then brought him back to college at seven o'clock, before the supper. Every Thursday evening he wrote a long letter to his mother, with red ink and three wafers, then he went over his history notes, or else read an old volume of the *Anacharsis* which was lying about in the study. During the promenades, he talked with the servant, who, like himself, was from the country.

By dint of application, he contrived to maintain himself always about the middle of the class ; at one time he even gained the second place in natural history. But, at the end of his third term, his parents withdrew him from college so that he might take up the study of medicine, being persuaded that he could with his own efforts attain a baccalaureate degree.

His mother selected a chamber for him on the fourth floor, on the Eau-de-Robec, in the house of a dyer of her acquaintance. She concluded all the arrangements for his board, procured his furniture, a table and two chairs, brought from her own house an old cherry-wood bedstead, and bought, moreover, a little cast-iron stove with a provision of wood which should keep her poor

child warm. Then she departed at the end of the week, after a thousand recommendations to conduct himself well, now that he was about to be abandoned to his own resources.

The programme of the course of studies, which he read on the notices posted up, had upon him a stupefying effect—Course of Anatomy, Course of Pathology, Course of Physiology, Course of Pharmacy, Course of Chemistry and of Botany, and of Clinics, and of Therapeutics, without counting Hygiene and *Materia Medica*, all of them names of whose etymology he was ignorant, and which were like so many sanctuary portals crowded with august shadows.

He comprehended nothing of it at all; he might listen attentively, he could not grasp it. He studied, however, he had note-books in bindings, he followed all the courses, he did not lose a single visit. He accomplished his daily little task after the manner of a circus horse, which goes round and round with his eyes bandaged, ignorant of the drudgery he performs.

To save him expense, his mother sent him each week by the messenger a bit of veal baked in the oven, on which he breakfasted in the morning when he returned from the hospital, while he warmed his feet by striking them against the wall. Then it was necessary to hasten to the lessons, to the dissecting-room, to the hospital, and to return home traversing the streets. In the evening, after the meagre dinner of his landlord, he

remounted to his chamber and set himself at work again, in his damp clothes which steamed on his body before the red-hot stove.

In the fine summer evenings, at the hour in which the tepid streets are empty, when the servants play at battledore and shuttle-cock on the thresholds of the doors, he opened his window and leaned his elbows on the sill. The river, which makes of this quarter of Rouen a little ignoble Venice, flowed below him, yellow, violet or blue, between its bridges and its gratings. The workmen, stooping over the banks, washed their arms in the water. On poles extending from the upper parts of the warehouses long skeins of cotton dried in the air. Before him beyond the roofs, the great pure sky extended, with the red sun setting. How pleasant it must be down there. What freshness under the beech trees. And he opened his nostrils to inhale the good odors of the country, which did not quite reach him.

He grew thinner, his figure lengthened out, and his countenance assumed a sort of doleful expression which rendered him almost interesting.

Naturally, through indifference, he gradually came to forgetting all the good resolutions which he had made. One time he missed the visit to the hospital, the next day his course, and tasting the pleasures of idleness, little by little, he returned to them no more.

He fell into the habit of going to the cabaret, and acquired a passion for dominoes. To shut himself up

each evening in a dirty public apartment, there to arrange on the marble tables the little rectangles of mutton-bone marked with little black dots, seemed to him a precious act of his liberty, which heightened his esteem for himself. It was like initiation into the world, the accession to forbidden pleasures; and on entering, he placed his hand on the door knob with a joy that was almost sensual. Then many things that had been suppressed in him expanded themselves; he learned by heart couplets which he sang to welcome his friends, he acquired an enthusiasm for Béranger, learned to make punch and finally became acquainted with love.

Thanks to these preparatory studies, he failed completely in his examination for *Officier de Santé*.¹ They were waiting for him that very evening at his father's house to fête him on his success.

He set off on foot and stopped at the edge of the village, where he sent for his mother and related all to her. She excused him, throwing all the blame upon the injustice of the examiners, and, encouraging him a little, took charge of the affair. It was not until five years later that Monsieur Bovary learned the truth,—by this time it was old, and he accepted it, not being able moreover to suppose that any child of his could be a dunce.

Charles then resumed his studies and prepared without further discontinuance for his examination, all the

questions for which he learned in advance by heart. He was received with a sufficiently good notice. What a beautiful day for his mother. A great dinner was given in his honor.

Where should he go to practise his profession? At Tostes. There, there was only one old physician. For a long time Madame Bovary had been watching for his death, and the good man had not yet shuffled off his mortal coil, when Charles was already installed opposite to him, as his successor.

But this was not enough to have educated her son, to have made him acquire the science of medicine and to have discovered Tostes in which to exercise it. He must have a wife. She found one for him, a widow of a bailiff at Dieppe, who was forty-five years old, and had twelve hundred francs income.

Although she was ugly, dry as a stick and with her face broken out like blossoms in springtime, certainly Madame Dubuc did not lack for suitors for her hand. In order to attain her own ends, the mother Bovary was obliged to rout them all, and she even foiled very skilfully the intrigues of a pork butcher, who was supported by the priests. Charles had perceived in marriage the opening of a better condition, imagining that he would have more freedom and would be able to dispose at will of his person and of his money. But his wife was the master in the house; he was obliged to say this before the world, not to say that, to fast every

Friday, to dress himself as she saw fit, to harass by her orders the clients who did not pay. She opened his letters, watched all his goings and comings, and listened through the partition, to his consultations in his office when there were women patients.

It was necessary that she should have her chocolate every morning, be waited on with never-ending care. She complained unceasingly of her nerves, of her chest, of her humors. The sound of footsteps made her ill ; when every one went away, the solitude became odious to her ; did they return to her, it was doubtless to see her die. In the evening when Charles came in, she drew out from under her bed-covers her long thin arms, passed them around his neck, and having made him seat himself on the edge of the bed, commenced to talk to him of her griefs ; he had forgotten her, he loved another ! she had been told that she would be unhappy with him ; and she ended by demanding of him some syrup for her health and a little more of love.

II

One night, about eleven o'clock, they were awakened by the noise of a horse which stopped at their door. The servant opened the garret window and negotiated

some time with a man who remained below in the street. He had come for the doctor ; he had a letter. *Nastasie* went downstairs shivering and unfastened the lock and the bolts, one after another. The man left his horse in the street and, following the domestic, entered directly behind her. He drew from within his woolen cap with gray tufts, a letter enveloped in a piece of cloth and presented it delicately to Charles, who leaned his elbows on the pillow to read it. *Nastasie*, by the side of the bed, held a light. Madame, through modesty, remained with her face turned to the wall, showing only her back.

This letter, sealed with a little seal of blue wax, entreated Monsieur Bovary to come immediately to the farm of the Bertaux, to set a broken leg. Now there are between Tostes and the Bertaux six good leagues to traverse, going by way of Longueville and Saint-Victor ; the night was dark ; Madame Bovary, the younger, feared some accident for her husband. Accordingly, it was decided that the groom should go back before him. Charles would set out three hours later, when the moon rose. A boy would be sent to meet him, in order to show him the road to the farm and to open the gates for him.

About four o'clock in the morning Charles, well enveloped in his cloak, took the road for the Bertaux. Still heavy from the warmth of slumber, he allowed himself to be lulled by the pacific trot of his animal.

When she stopped of her own accord before one of those hollows surrounded with thorns which are dug along the edge of ploughed fields, Charles awoke with a start, suddenly remembered the broken leg, and endeavored to recall to his memory all the fractures that he had known. The rain no longer fell; the day was beginning to appear, and on the branches of the leafless apple-trees the birds were perched motionless, ruffling their little feathers in the cold wind of the morning. The flat country extended in the distance as far as the eye could see, and the clumps of trees around the farm made at long intervals spots of dark violet upon this great gray surface, which lost itself at the horizon in the dull tone of the sky. Charles opened his eyes from time to time; then, his mind fatigued and slumber returning of itself, soon he fell into a sort of drowsiness in which his recent sensations became confounded with his recollections, he seeing himself double, at once student and married man, lying in his bed as he was but just now, traversing an operating room as formerly. The warm smell of the cataplasms mingled in his head with the fresh smell of the dew; he heard the iron rings of the bed curtains slide along their rods, and his wife sleeping. As he passed by Vassonville, he saw, on the edge of the ditch, a young boy seated on the grass.

“Are you the doctor?” asked the child.

And on receiving Charles’s answer he took his sabots in his hands and commenced to run before him.

The Officier de Santé, as they went along, learned from the conversation of his guide that Monsieur Rouault must be a cultivator in very easy circumstances. He had broken his leg the evening before, in returning from a celebration in the house of a neighbor. His wife had been dead for two years. He had with him only his *demoiselle*, who helped him to keep house.

The ruts in the road became deeper. They were approaching the Bertaux. The little boy, slipping through a hole in the hedge, disappeared; then he was seen at the end of the courtyard opening a gate. The horse slid on the wet grass; Charles stooped to pass under the branches. The watch-dogs from their kennels barked, tugging at their chains. When he entered the Bertaux, his horse took fright and shied violently.

It was a farm of a good appearance. There could be seen in the stables, through the upper parts of the open doors, great work horses feeding tranquilly in new racks. Along the buildings extended a long dunghill, from which vapor was arising, and among the chickens and the turkeys were pecking five or six peacocks, a luxury of the farm-yards of Caux. The sheepfold was long, the barn was high, with walls as smooth as a hand. There were under the shed two great carts and four ploughs, with their whips, their collars, their complete harness of which the fleeces of blue wool were soiled with the fine powder which fell from the granaries.

The courtyard ascended towards its farther end, planted with trees symmetrically placed, and the gay sound of a troop of geese was heard from the side of the pond.

A young woman in a dress of blue merino, trimmed with three flounces, came to the door of the house to receive Monsieur Bovary, whom she caused to enter into the kitchen in which a great fire was burning. The breakfast of the household was boiling around this in little pots of unequal size. Damp garments were drying in the interior of the chimney. The shovel, the tongs, and the mouth of the bellows, all of them of colossal proportions, shone like polished steel, whilst along the walls were extended an abundant array of kitchen utensils in which were reflected unequally the clear flame of the fire, mingled with the first rays of the sun which came through the squares of the windows.

Charles went up to the first floor above to see the sick man. He found him in his bed, sweating under his coverings, and having thrown to a great distance his cotton night-cap. He was a stout little man of fifty years of age, with a fair skin, with a blue eye, bald on the front of his head and wearing earrings. He had at his side, on a chair, a great carafe of brandy, from which he poured for himself, from time to time, in order to strengthen his stomach; but as soon as he saw the doctor, he collapsed, and instead of swearing as he had been doing for the last twelve hours, he took to whimpering feebly.

The fracture was a simple one, without a complication of any kind. Charles would not have dared to have wished for an easier one. Then, recalling to himself the manners of his masters by the bedside of the injured, he comforted the patient with all sorts of good words, surgical caresses, which are like the oil with which the scalpels are greased. In order to have splinters, they sent to the cart house for a package of laths. Charles chose one, cut it in pieces and polished it with a piece of glass, whilst the servant tore up cloths to make bands and Mademoiselle Emma endeavored to sew up little cushions. As she was a long time finding her needle-case, her father grew impatient ; she made no reply, but in sewing she pricked her finger which she then put into her mouth to suck.

Charles was surprised at the whiteness of her finger nails. They were brilliant, fine at the ends, more carefully cleaned than the ivories at Dieppe, and cut almond-shape. Her hand, however, was not handsome, perhaps not white enough, and a little dry at the joints ; it was too long also, and without soft inflections of lines in the contour. That which she had which was handsome were her eyes ; although they were brown, they seemed to be black because of their lashes, and she looked frankly at you with a candid hardihood.

When the dressing was completed, the doctor was invited by Monsieur Rouault himself to *take a bite with them* before leaving.

Charles descended into the room on the ground floor. Two covers with silver drinking-cups were placed on little tables at the foot of a great bed with a canopy, draped with a printed calico, on which were personages representing Turks. An odor of iris was perceptible and of damp cloths which came from the high wardrobe in oak facing the window. On the floor in the angles were placed upright sacks of grain. They were the surplus of the near granary, to which you ascended by three stone steps. To decorate the apartment, there was hung on a nail, in the middle of the wall, the green paint of which was flaking off under the saltpetre, a head of Minerva in black crayon, with gilt frame, and which bore at the bottom written in black letters, "To my dear Papa."

They spoke at first of the sick man, then of the weather, of the great cold, of the wolves which ranged the fields in the night. Mademoiselle Rouault amused herself but little in the country, especially now that she had charge almost alone of the cares of the farm. As the room was chilly, she shivered while she ate, which revealed something of her fleshy lips which she was in the habit of biting in her moments of silence.

Her neck rose from a white collar turned down. Her hair, the two black coils of which seemed each composed of a single tress, they were so smooth, was separated on the middle of her head by a fine part which followed lightly the curve of her cranium; and,

permitting to be seen only the end of her ear, they were mingled at the back in an abundant chignon, with a little wave on the temples which the country doctor noticed there for the first time in his life. Her cheeks were pink. She carried like a man, thrust between two buttons of her corsage, a tortoise-shell eye-glass.

When Charles, after having gone up to say adieu to the père Rouault, returned to the apartment before departing, he found her standing, her forehead against the window and looking out in the garden where the bean poles had been beaten down by the wind. She turned around.

“Are you looking for anything?” she asked.

“My whip, if you please,” he replied.

And he commenced to search on the bed, behind the doors, under the chairs. It had fallen to the floor between the sacks of grain and the wall. Mademoiselle Emma saw it; she stooped over the sacks to get it. Charles through gallantry hastened also, and as he stretched out his arm in the same movement, he felt his chest graze slightly the back of the young girl stooping beneath him. She arose very red and looked at him over her shoulder offering him his whip.

Instead of returning to the Bertaux three days later as he had promised, it was the very next day that he appeared again, then twice a week regularly, without counting the unexpected visits which he made from time to time, as it were, unawares.

For that matter, everything went well ; the cure took place according to the rules, and when at the end of forty-six days, the père Rouault was seen trying to walk alone in his *hovel*, Monsieur Bovary was beginning to be considered a man of great capacity. The père Rouault said that he would not have been better cured by the first physicians of Yvetot, or even of Rouen.

As for Charles, he scarcely sought to ask himself why he went with pleasure to the Bertaux. Had he thought of it, he would doubtless have attributed his zeal to the gravity of the case, or perhaps to the profit which he hoped to draw from it. Was it because of this, however, that his visits to the farm constituted a charming exception to the poor occupations of his life? On those days he rose early, set out at a gallop, urged his horse ; then he dismounted to wipe his feet on the grass and put on his black gloves before entering. He loved to see himself arriving in the courtyard, to feel against his shoulder the gate which turned, and the cock which crowed on the wall, the farm hands who came out to meet him. He loved the barn and the stables ; he loved the père Rouault, who slapped his hand and called him his savior ; he loved the little sabots of Mademoiselle Emma on the scrubbed slabs of the kitchen. Her high heels made her look taller, and when she walked before him the wooden soles coming up smartly, struck with a sharp noise against the leather of her boots.

She always conducted him to the top of the door-steps when he was leaving. When his horse had not yet been brought, she waited there. They had said adieu ; they no longer spoke ; the open air surrounded them, lifting indiscriminately the wandering little ringlets on the nape of her neck or shaking around her hips the strings of her apron which twisted themselves like streamers. On one occasion, at a time of thaw, the bark of the trees in the courtyard was dripping, the snow on the coverings of the buildings was melting. She was on the threshold ; she went to get her umbrella ; she opened it. The umbrella was of silk, like a pigeon's throat in color, and the sunlight, sifting through it, lit up with moving reflections the white skin of her face. She smiled underneath it in the tepid warmth ; and they could hear the drops of water falling one by one on the tense covering.

From the first visits that Charles paid to the Bertaux, Madame Bovary the younger did not fail to inform herself concerning the invalid, and even on the book which she kept by double entry she had chosen for Monsieur Rouault a fine, blank page. But when she heard that he had a daughter, she began to seek for information, and she learned that Mademoiselle Rouault, educated at the convent with the Ursulines, had received, as it was said, *a fine education* ; hence she could dance, knew geography, could design, work tapestry and play the piano. This was the finishing touch !

“This is the reason, then,” she said to herself, “that his countenance is so expanded when he goes to see her, and that he puts on his new waistcoat at the risk of having it spoiled by the rain? Ah, that woman! that woman!”

And she detested her, instinctively. At first, she relieved herself by vague allusions, Charles did not comprehend them; then by incidental reflections, which he let pass for fear of raising a storm; finally, by point-blank apostrophes to which he did not know how to reply. “How was it that he kept going back to the Bertaux, since Monsieur Rouault was cured and since those people had not yet paid? Ah! it was because there was down there a *person*, some one who knew how to talk, and embroider, a fine wit. She was there whom he loved: he must have city demoiselles!” And she went on: “The daughter of Père Rouault, a city demoiselle! Come now, their grandfather was a shepherd, and they have a cousin who all but came before the assizes for an ill stroke in a dispute. It was not worth the trouble to make so much *flafla*, nor to show one’s self at church on Sunday with a silk dress like a countess. The poor good man, moreover, without his colewort crop last year would have been much embarrassed to have paid up his arrears.”

Through weariness, Charles ceased going to the Bertaux. Héloïse had made him swear that he would go there no more, with his hand on her book of the Mass,

after many sobs and kisses, in a grand explosion of love. He obeyed then; but the hardihood of his desire protested against the servility of his conduct, and, by a sort of ingenuous hypocrisy, he grew to think that this being forbidden to see her was for him something like a right to love her.

And then, could the widow efface by her own influence the image fixed on her husband's heart? The widow was thin, she had long teeth; she wore at all seasons of the year a little black shawl, the point of which descended between her shoulder blades; her hard figure was sheathed in her dresses which were like scabbards, too short, showing her ankles, with the ribbons of her large shoes crossing on her gray stockings.

The mother of Charles came to see them from time to time; but, at the end of a few days, the daughter-in-law seemed to sharpen her to her own keenness, and then, like two knives, they were both ready to sacrifice him by their reflections and their observations. He was wrong to eat so much! Why always offer a drop to the first comer? What obstinacy not to want to wear flannel!

It came to pass that, at the commencement of the spring, a notary of Ingouville, in whose hands were the funds of the widow Dubuc, took ship on a fine tide carrying away with him all the money of his office. Héloïse, it is true, possessed still in addition to a portion of a boat valued at six thousand francs, her house in the Rue

Saint-François, and yet, of all this fortune which had been so highly extolled, nothing, with the exception of a few pieces of furniture and some apparel, had appeared in the household. It was necessary to have the thing cleared up. The house at Dieppe was found to be worm-eaten with mortgages, even to the piles on which it was built ; that which she had put in the hands of the notary, God alone knew, and her share of the boat did not exceed a thousand écus. She had then lied, the good lady ! In his exasperation, Monsieur Bovary père, breaking a chair against the paving stones, accused his wife of having brought about the unhappiness of their son in yoking him to such a sorry jade, the harness of which was not worth her skin. They came to Tostes. There were explanations. There were scenes. Héloïse, in tears, threw herself into the arms of her husband, conjuring him to defend her against his parents. Charles wished to speak for her. The others took offense, and they parted.

But *the blow had been struck*. A week later, as she was hanging clothes in her courtyard, she was taken with a spitting of blood, and the next day, whilst Charles had his back turned to close the window curtain, she said : “ Ah ! Mon Dieu ! ” uttered a sigh and fainted. She was dead. What a surprise !

When everything had been ended at the cemetery, Charles returned home. He found no one on the lower story ; he ascended to the floor above, in the chamber,

saw her dress still hanging at the foot of the alcove ; then, leaning against the secretary, he remained until the evening lost in a sorrowful reverie. She had loved him, after all.

III

One morning the Père Rouault brought Charles the payment for his restored leg, seventy-five francs in forty-sou pieces and a turkey hen. He had heard of his loss and consoled him the best he could.

“I know how it is,” he said, patting him on the shoulder ; “I have been like you, I too ! When I lost my poor deceased one, I went off into the fields so as to be all alone ; I fell at the foot of a tree, I wept ; I called on the Bon Dieu, I said stupid things to him ; I would like to have been like the moles whom I saw up in the branches, who had the worms crawling in their bellies, finished in short ! And when I thought that others at that very moment were with their good little wives, holding them closely embraced against them, I struck furiously on the ground with my stick, I was so crazy that I could eat no more ; the idea of going to coffee disgusted me, you would not believe it. Well, ever so softly, one day chased away another, a spring on a winter and an autumn on top of a summer, that had

run along straw by straw, crumb by crumb ; that had gone away ; it had departed, it had gone down I should say, for always there remains to you something at the bottom, as you would say—a weight, there on your chest. But since it is the fate of all of us, one should not on that account let one's self perish, and, because others are dead, wish to die.—You must shake yourself up, Monsieur Bovary ; that will pass away. Come to see us ; my daughter thinks of you from time to time, you may believe it, and she says that you forget her. Here is the springtime coming pretty soon ; we will get a rabbit from the warren for a little dissipation for you.”

Charles followed his advice. He returned to the Bertaux ; he found everything there as it had been the day before, that is to say, five months ago. The pear-trees were in blossom, and the good man Rouault, on his feet now, came and went, which rendered the farm more animated.

Thinking that it was his duty to treat the doctor with the utmost possible politeness because of his sorrowful condition, he begged him not to take off his hat, spoke to him in a low voice as though he were ill, and even put on an appearance of being vexed because there had not been prepared for him something more delicate than for anyone else, such as little pots of cream or stewed pears. He told him stories. Charles surprised himself by laughing ; but the remembrance of his wife

suddenly returning to him saddened him. Then the coffee was served ; he thought no more about her.

He thought of her still less in proportion as he became accustomed to living alone. The new comfort of independence very soon rendered solitude more supportable to him. He could now change the hours of his meals, come in or go out without giving reason, and, when he was very tired, stretch his legs and arms to their full extent in his bed. Then he commenced to take care of himself, pampered himself, and accepted the consolations which were offered him. On the other hand, the death of his wife had not been without advantage to him in his profession, for it was repeated everywhere for a whole month : "That poor young man ! what a misfortune !" His name became more widely known, the number of his patients increased ; and then he could go to the Bertaux quite as he pleased. He entertained a hope without aim, he felt a vague happiness ; his face seemed to him more agreeable when he brushed his whiskers before his glass.

He arrived there one day about three o'clock in the afternoon ; everybody was in the field ; he went into the kitchen, not seeing Emma at first, the shutters being closed. Through the slits in the wood the sunshine fell on the floor in long thin rays, which were broken on the angles of the furniture and trembled on the ceiling. On the table, the flies climbed up the glasses which had been used and buzzed furiously in

drowning themselves in the cider which remained at the bottom. The daylight which descended the chimney, turning into velvet the soot on the back, made the cold cinders slightly blue. Between the window and the hearth Emma was sewing ; she wore no fichu ; on her bare shoulders could be seen little drops of perspiration.

After the fashion of the country she asked him to take something to drink. He refused, she insisted, and finally proposed to him, laughing, to take a glass of liqueur with her. She then went to get in the cupboard a bottle of curaçao, got down two little glasses, filled one of them to the brim, poured a few drops in the other and after having clinked glasses, carried it to her mouth. As it was almost empty she was obliged to throw herself backward to drink ; and, with her head thrown far back, her lips advanced, her neck stretched, she laughed at not being able to taste anything, while the tip of her tongue, passing between her fine teeth, licked with little strokes the bottom of the glass.

She seated herself again and resumed her work, which was a white cotton stocking which she was mending ; she worked with her head bent, she did not speak, nor did Charles. The air passing under the door blew a little dust over the tiles ; he watched it whirl along, and he heard only the interior pulsation in his head with the distant cackle of a hen which had laid an egg in

the courtyard. Emma, from time to time, refreshed her cheeks by applying to them the palm of her hand which she cooled afterwards by placing it on the iron head of the great andirons. She complained of having been troubled since the beginning of the season with dizziness; she asked if sea bathing would not be beneficial to her; she began to talk of her convent, Charles of his college; their phrases came to them more readily; they went upstairs into her chamber. She showed him her old music-books, the little books which had been given to her as prizes, and the crowns in oak leaves, now forgotten in the bottom of a closet. She spoke to him of other things, of her mother, of the cemetery, and even pointed out to him in the garden, the bed from which she gathered flowers on the first Friday of every month to place upon her grave. But the gardener whom they had did not understand anything; they were so badly served! She would have liked, if it were only during the winter, to live in the city, although the length of the fine days rendered the country perhaps more wearisome during the summer; and, varying with what she said, her voice became clear, sharp, or, veiling itself suddenly in languor, drew itself out in modulations which ended almost in a mere murmur, when she spoke of herself to herself. Sometimes joyful, opening ingenuous eyes, then with the lids half closed, her looks drowned in ennui, her thoughts wandering.

That evening, in returning home, Charles took up, one by one, the phrases which she had used, endeavoring to recall them to complete the sense, in order to make out that portion of her existence which she had lived in the times before he had known her. But he never could succeed in seeing her in his thoughts in any other way than as he had seen her the first time, or as she had been just now when he left her. Then he asked himself, what would become of her, if she would marry, and whom? Alas! the Père Rouault was very rich, and she! . . . so beautiful! But Emma's face constantly returned before his eyes, and something monotonous like the humming of a top buzzed in his ears: "If you should get married however! if you should get married!" In the night he could not sleep; his throat was constricted, he was thirsty; he rose to drink from his water pitcher and he opened the window,—the sky was covered with stars, a warm wind was blowing, in the distance the dogs barked. He turned his face in the direction of the Bertaux.

Thinking that, after all, nothing would be risked, Charles promised himself to make the demand when occasion should offer. Every time that it did offer, the fear of not finding the appropriate words sealed his lips.

The Père Rouault would not have been displeased if some one had relieved him of his daughter, who was of very little service to him in his household. He excused her to himself, concluding that she was too clever for

agriculture, an avocation cursed by Heaven since there were never seen any millionaires in it. Far from having made a fortune, the good man was losing every year, for, if he excelled in the markets where he found pleasure in making sharp bargains, on the other hand, cultivation of the ground, properly speaking, with the interior government of the farm, was less suited to him than to any other person. He did not willingly take his hands out of his pockets, and spared no expense in whatever concerned his daily life, desiring to be very well fed, well warmed and well bedded. He loved strong cider, legs of mutton juicy and tender, his coffee with brandy, carefully ground. He took his meals in the kitchen alone, in front of the fire on a little table, which was brought to him already served, as at the theatre.

Therefore, when he perceived that Charles's cheeks reddened when near his daughter, which signified that one of these days she would be asked of him in marriage, he turned the whole affair over in his head in advance. He found him somewhat of a weak slip of a man, and he was certainly not such a son-in-law as he had hoped for; but he was said to be of good conduct, economical, very well educated, and doubtless he would not haggle over the dot. Now, as the Père Rouault was about to be obliged to sell twenty-two acres of his property, as he owed a great deal to the mason, a great deal to the harness-maker, as the timber

of the cider-press had to be repaired: "If he asks her of me," he said to himself, "I will give her to him."

About St. Michael's day, Charles went to spend three days at the Bertaux. The last day had passed away like the preceding ones, in postponing from one quarter of an hour to another. The Père Rouault was conducting him; they were walking in a sunken road, they were about to separate; this was the moment. Charles gave himself up to the corner of the hedge, and finally, when they had passed it:

"Maitre Rouault," murmured he, "I should like to say something to you."

They stopped. Charles was silent.

"But tell me your story! Do I not know all about it?" said the Père Rouault, laughing softly.

"Père Rouault . . . Père Rouault . . ." stammered Charles.

"For myself I do not ask anything better," continued the former. "Although doubtless the little one is of my opinion, we shall, however, have to ask her advice. You can go away then; I am going to return to the house. If it is yes, understand me clearly, you will not have to come back, because of the others about and, moreover, that would agitate her too much. But, that you may not heat your blood too much, I will push wide open the shutter of the window against the wall; you can see it from behind by leaning over the hedge." And he went away.

Charles fastened his horse to a tree. He hastened to post himself in the path; he waited. A half hour passed, then he counted nineteen minutes on his watch. Suddenly a noise was heard against the wall; the shutter had been thrown open, the fastening was still shaking.

The next morning at nine o'clock he was at the farm. Emma reddened when he entered, even while striving to laugh a little in order to keep up a good countenance. The Père Rouault embraced his future son-in-law. The discussion of the financial arrangement was postponed. They had, moreover, plenty of time before them, since the marriage could not decently take place before the end of the period of Charles's mourning, that is to say, about the spring of the following year.

The winter was passed in this waiting. Mademoiselle Rouault occupied herself with her trousseau. A portion of it was ordered in Rouen, and she made the chemises and night-caps according to the designs of the fashions which she borrowed. In the visits which Charles made to her at the farm they discussed the preparations for the wedding. They asked in what apartment the dinner should be given; they meditated upon the number of plates that would be necessary and what should be the dishes.

Emma, on the contrary, would have desired to be married at midnight by the light of torches; but the

Père Rouault could not understand this idea. There was then a wedding, to which there came forty-three persons, and at which they remained sixteen hours at table, which recommenced the next day and a little on the following days.

IV

The guests arrived at an early hour in carriages, covered carts with one horse, two-wheeled carts, old cabriolets without a hood, spring carts with leather curtains, and the young people of the nearest villages in carts in which they stood up in rows, holding on to the side ladders in order not to fall, going at a trot and very much shaken. They came from a distance of ten leagues, from Goderville, from Normanville, and from Cany. All the relations of the two families had been invited, reconciliations had been effected with estranged friends, acquaintances long since forgotten had been written to.

From time to time, the cracking of a whip could be heard behind the hedge; presently the gate opened; it was a covered cart which entered. Galloping up to the front door steps it there pulled up short and emptied out its crowd, who descended on all sides, rubbing their knees and stretching their arms. The

ladies in bonnets, wore dresses after the fashions of the city, watch chains in gold, pelerines with the ends crossed in at the waist, or little colored fichus fastened in the back with a pin and which revealed the back of the neck. The youths, dressed in the same manner as their papas, seemed to be much incommoded by their new coats—many even assumed on that day the first pair of boots in their existence—and there could be seen beside them, not uttering a word, in the white dress of her first communion, lengthened for the occasion, some tall young girl of fourteen or sixteen, their cousin or their eldest sister doubtless, red in the face, bewildered, her hair greased with pomade à la rose, and very much afraid of soiling her gloves. As there were not enough stable men to unharness all the carriages, the messieurs rolled up their sleeves and attended to it themselves. According to their different social positions, they wore coats, frock coats, vests, short-skirted coats :—good coats, surrounded with all the consideration of a family, and which only issued from the wardrobes for solemnities ; frock coats with great skirts floating in the wind, with rolling collars, with pockets as large as sacks ; vests of coarse cloth which were ordinarily accompanied by a cap with a band of leather at the visor ; short-skirted coats, very short, having at the back two buttons very close together like a pair of eyes, and the skirts of which seemed even as though they had been cut off at one blow by the

carpenter's axe. Some persons even—but these, very certainly, would dine at the lower end of the table—wore blouses of ceremony, that is to say, with the collar turned down on the shoulder, the back gathered in little plaits, and the waist attached very low down by a sewed waistband.

And the shirt fronts over the chests bulged like cuirasses. Everybody was newly shorn, all the ears stood out from the heads, every one was shaved close; some even, who had risen before daylight, not having been able to see well for this operation, had diagonal scars under the nose, or on the sides of the jaws, the skin peeled off in places as large as three-franc pieces and which had been inflamed by the open air during the journey, which had the effect of marbling somewhat with red spots all these great white expanded faces.

The mayor's office being situated at a distance of half a league from the farm everybody went there on foot, and returned in the same manner when the ceremony had been performed in the church. The procession, at first keeping together like a long scarf of various colors, which undulated through the country along the narrow foot path winding between the growing grain, soon lengthened out and broke up into different groups which lingered to talk. The fiddler went at the head with his violin decked out with ribbons on the handle, the married couple next, the parents,

Part First Chapter IV

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the friends scattered at hazard; and the children remained behind, amusing themselves by pulling the little bell-flowers between the stems of the oats or by playing among themselves without being seen. Emma's dress, which was too long, dragged a little at the bottom; from time to time she stopped to gather it up and then delicately, with her gloved fingers she picked off the coarse grasses with the little ears of the thistle while Charles, his hands empty, waited till she had finished. The Père Rouault, a new silk hat on his head and the cuffs of his black coat covering his hands to the finger nails, gave his arm to Madame Bovary mère. As to Monsieur Bovary père, who, despising at bottom all these people, was simply dressed in a frock coat with one row of buttons of a military cut, he was entertaining with his gallantries of the tavern a young blonde peasant girl. She courtesied, blushed, did not know what to reply. The other wedding guests talked of their affairs or gave each other little pokes in the back, inciting each other in advance to gaiety; and by lending the ear there could be heard continually the harsh strains of the fiddler who continued to play unceasingly through the fields. When he perceived that everybody was at a long distance behind him he stopped to take breath, rubbing his bow assiduously with resin so that the strings might twang more strongly; and then he set out again, raising and lowering alternately the handle of his violin in order to

mark the time for himself effectively. The sound of the instrument at a distance drove away the little birds.

The table was set up under the shed of the cart house. There were upon it four sirloins of beef, six chickens fricasseed, veal *à la casserole*, three legs of mutton and, in the middle, a pretty sucking pig, roasted, flanked by four dishes of chitterlings dressed with sorrel. At the angles were placed the brandy in carafes. The sweet cider in bottles pushed its thick foam up around the corks ; and all the glasses had been filled with wine up to the brim in advance. Great dishes of yellow cream which were agitated at each jog given to the table presented, designed upon their united surface, the initials of the newly married couple in arabesques of small sugar plums. The pastry and the nougats had been procured from a pastry cook at Yvetot. As he had but just set up business in the district, he had carefully looked after everything, and he brought in himself for dessert a mounted piece which drew forth cries of admiration. At the base, to begin with, it was a square of blue cardboard representing a temple with porticoes, colonnades and statuettes in stucco, constructed all around it, in niches lit by constellations of stars in gold paper ; then rose as a second story a donjon in *gâteau de Savoie*, surrounded by delicate fortifications in *angélique*, almonds, dried raisins, quarters of oranges, and, finally, on the upper

platform, which was a green meadow in which there were rocks with lakes of jelly and boats of nut shells, there could be seen a little Cupid balancing himself in a little swing of chocolate the two uprights of which were terminated at the top by two natural rosebuds in the guise of balls.

The eating was continued until the evening. When they became too tired of sitting still, they rose and went to walk in the courtyard or to play a game of bouchon in the barn ; then they returned to the table. Some of them, toward the end, went to sleep and snored. But at the coffee all were reanimated ; then songs were started, feats of strength were essayed, weights were carried, there were passings under the thumb, trials of lifting carts on the shoulders, smutty stories were told, the ladies were kissed. In the evening at setting out the horses, gorged with oats up to their nostrils, were with difficulty backed between the shafts, they kicked, they reared ; the harness broke, their masters swore or laughed ; and all night long by the light of the moon, over the roads of the country there were runaway carts carried along at full gallop, bounding over the drains of the road, leaping over yards of small stones, clinging to the slopes of the hills, with women leaning out of the doors to seize the reins.

Those who remained at the Bertaux passed the night drinking in the kitchen. The children went to sleep on the benches.

The bride had entreated her father that she might be spared the usual pleasantries. However, one of their cousins, a dealer in sea fish—who had even brought as a wedding present a pair of soles—had commenced to blow water with his mouth through the keyhole when the Père Rouault arrived just in time to prevent him, and explained to him that the dignified position of his son-in-law did not permit of such inconvenient practices. The cousin, however, was with difficulty convinced by these reasons. In his heart he accused the Père Rouault of being proud; and he went to join in a corner four or five others of the guests, who, having been given accidentally several times in succession at the table the poorer portions of the dishes, concluded also that they had not been well received, fell to whispering regarding their host and bespoke his ruin in smothered words.

Madame Bovary mère had not opened her mouth during the day. She had not been consulted, neither on the toilet of her daughter-in-law nor on the arrangement of the festival; she withdrew at an early hour. Her spouse, instead of following her, sent for cigars to St. Victor and smoked until daylight, drinking grogs of kirsch, a mixture unknown to the company and which procured for him a still greater consideration.

Charles was not of a facetious complexion, he had not shone during the wedding. He replied in a mediocre way to the quibbles, puns, words with double

meaning, compliments and vulgar jokes which everyone considered it a duty to launch at him from the time that the soup was put on the table.

But the next day, in revenge, he seemed to be another man. It was he rather who would have been taken for the virgin of the evening before, whilst the bride permitted nothing to be discovered where something might have been supposed. The most malicious did not know what to reply, and they looked at her when she passed by them, with the very greatest closeness of attention. But Charles did not dissimulate in the least. He called her "My wife," *thou'd* her, asked about her from every one, looked for her everywhere, and often he took her off into the courtyards where, as could be seen from a distance between the trees, he passed his arm around her waist and continued to walk leaning over her and grazing with his head the guimp of her corsage.

Two days after the wedding the married couple went away; Charles because of his patients could not be absent any longer. The Père Rouault had them go in his covered cart and accompanied them himself as far as Vassonville.

There he embraced his daughter for the last time, dismounted, and resumed his homeward route. When he had taken about a hundred steps he stopped, and as he saw the cart disappearing in the distance with the wheels turning in the dust he gave a great sigh. The

memory of his own wedding came back to him, his early life, the first confinement of his wife; he had been very joyful, he also, on the day on which he had brought her from her father's house into his own, when he carried her on the croup of his horse trotting through the snow; for it was at Christmas time and the country was all white; she clung to him with one arm whilst the other held her hamper; the wind blew out the long laces of her head-dress of her country of Caux which sometimes flapped against his mouth, and when he turned his head he saw close to him at his shoulder her little rosy aspect smiling silently under the golden flap of her bonnet. In order to warm her fingers she put them from time to time in her bosom. How old all that was! Their son at present would have been thirty years of age! Then he looked behind him: he saw nothing at all on the road. He felt himself sad like a dismantled house; and the tender souvenirs mingling with dark thoughts in his brain obscured by the vapors of the junketing, he had a strong desire for a moment to go and walk around the church. But as he was afraid that this sight would only render him still more sad, he returned to his home.

Monsieur and Madame Charles arrived at Tostes about six o'clock in the evening. The neighbors stationed themselves at their windows to see their doctor's new wife.

The old servant presented herself, made her salutations, excused herself for not having the dinner ready, and invited madame while waiting for it, to inspect her house.

V

The brick front wall was on a line with the street, or rather with the road. Behind the door was hung a cloak with a little collar, a bridle, a cap of black leather, and in a corner on the floor a pair of gaiters still covered with dry mud. On the right was the *salle*, that is to say, the apartment in which the occupants dined and where they lived. A paper of a canary-yellow color, relieved in the upper part by a garland of pale flowers, shook everywhere on its badly stretched canvas backing; curtains of white calico edged with a red lace crossed one another in the windows and on the narrow chimney-piece glittered a clock with a head of Hippocrates, between two candlesticks of plated silver under globes oval in shape. On the other side of the corridor was the cabinet of Charles, a little room about six paces in width with a table, three chairs and an office armchair. The volumes of the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicale*, the leaves not cut, but the bindings of which had suffered in each one of the successive sales through which they had passed, furnished

almost entirely the six shelves of the library in fir wood. The smell of browned butter from the kitchen penetrated through the walls during the consultations; just as there could be heard in the kitchen the patients coughing in the cabinet and relating all their symptoms. Next to this, opening immediately upon the courtyard in which was the stable, was a large, unfurnished apartment which contained a furnace, and which now served as a wood-house, as a cellar, as a store-house full of old iron work, of empty barrels, of agricultural implements retired from service, with a quantity of other dusty things of which it was impossible to guess the use.

The garden, longer than it was wide, was enclosed between two walls of coarse mortar over which apricots were trained *en espalier* as far as a hedge of thorns which separated it from the fields. There was in the middle a sun-dial in slate upon a masonry pedestal; four beds garnished with straggling eglantine bushes surrounded symmetrically the more useful squares of serious vegetables. Quite at the end, under the hemlock spruce trees, a curé in plaster-of-paris was reading his breviary.

Emma went upstairs to the chambers. The first was not furnished; but the second, which was the conjugal one, had a mahogany bedstead in an alcove with red draperies. A box ornamented with shell-work decorated the commode; and on the secretary near the window there was in a carafe a bouquet of orange

flowers tied with ribbons of white satin. It was the bride's bouquet, the bouquet of the other! She looked at it. Charles perceived it; he took it and carried it off to the garret, while, seated in an armchair—her effects being arranged around her—Emma thought of her own marriage bouquet, which was packed up in a paste-board box, and asked herself in a revery what would be done with it if, by chance, she should happen to die.

She occupied herself, the first days, in considering the changes to be made in the house. She took off the globes of the candlesticks, had new paper put on the walls, painted the stairway, and had benches put in the garden all around the sun dial; she even inquired how she should arrange to have a basin with a little fountain and fish. Finally, her husband, knowing that she liked to ride in a carriage, found a second-hand *boe* which, when it was furnished with new lanterns and with mud-guards in sewed leather, almost resembled a tilbury.

He was now happy and without a care in the world. A meal taken tête-à-tête, a walk in the evening on the high-road, a gesture of her hand on her hair, the sight of her straw hat hung on the fastening of a window, and many other things in which Charles had never suspected pleasure, now constituted the continuity of his happiness. In bed, in the morning, and side by side on the pillow, he watched the sunlight filter through the down of her fair cheeks, scarcely covered by the

scalloped flaps of her night-cap. Seen so near, her eyes seemed to him to have grown larger, especially when she opened several times in succession her eyelids when awakening; black in the shadow and dark blue in the full light, they had as it were layers of successive colors and which, thicker in the depths, proceeded by gradual lightening toward the surface of the enamel. His own eye lost itself in these depths; and he saw himself in them as a little figure as far as his shoulders, with a foulard on his head and the upper part of his night shirt opened. He rose. She placed herself at the window to see him depart, and remained leaning on her elbows on the sill, between two pots of geraniums, clothed in her wrapper which was loose around her. Charles, in the street, buckled on his spurs on the curbstone; she continued to talk with him from above, all the while picking off with her mouth some spray of flower or of a leaf which she blew out toward him, and which, floating, sustaining itself, making in the air semicircles like a bird, settled before falling on the ground in the badly groomed mane of the old white mare motionless at the door. Charles in the saddle sent her a kiss; she replied by a sign, she closed the windows; he departed; and on the high-road which extended interminably its long ribbon of dust, through the sunken lanes over which the trees arched themselves like a bower, in the paths where the grain rose to his knee, with the sun on his shoulders, and the

morning air in his nostrils, his heart full of the felicities of the night, his mind tranquil, his flesh contented, he went ruminating on his happiness, like those who masticate over again after dinner the taste of the truffles which they are digesting.

Up to this time, what had he had of good in his life? Was it when he was at college where he remained shut up between those high walls, alone in the midst of his comrades richer or stronger than he in their classes, whom he caused to laugh by his accent, who made fun of his clothes, and whose mothers came to see them in the parlor with little pies and cakes in their muffs? Was it later when he was studying medicine and never had enough in his purse to take to a country ball some little workwoman who had become his mistress? Finally, he had lived during fourteen months with the widow whose feet in bed were as cold as pieces of ice. But at present, he possessed for life this pretty woman whom he adored. The universe for him did not extend beyond the silken circuit of her petticoat; and he reproached himself with not loving her, he felt a desire to see her again, he returned quickly, mounted the stairs with a beating heart. Emma, in her chamber, was occupied with her toilet; he came in with noiseless footsteps, he kissed her in the back, she uttered a cry.

He could not refrain from touching continually her comb, her rings, her fichu; sometimes he gave her on

the cheeks great kisses full-mouthed, or it was little kisses in a row the whole length of her naked arm, from the end of her fingers to the shoulder; and she repulsed him, half smiling and bored, as one does with a child which hangs around you.

Before her marriage she had thought to have love; but the happiness which should have resulted from this love not having arrived it must be that she had deceived herself, she thought. And Emma endeavored to know just what was understood in life by the words *felicity*, *passion* and *intoxication*, which had appeared so beautiful to her in books.

VI

She had read "Paul and Virginia," and she had dreamed of the little house of bamboo, the negro Domingo, the faithful dog, but above all of the sweet friendship of some good little brother who would climb to get for you the red fruit in the high trees, taller than the steeples, or who would run with bare feet on the sand bringing to you a bird's nest.

When she was thirteen years old, her father brought her himself to the city to put her in the convent. They stopped at a tavern in the quarter of Saint-Gervais where they had at their supper painted plates

which represented the history of Mademoiselle de la Vallière. The printed explanations, cut here and there by the scratching of the knives, glorified greatly the religion, the delicacies of the heart and the pomps of the court.

Far from wearying herself in the convent at first, she was pleased in the society of the good sisters who in order to amuse her, conducted her into the chapel which was reached from the refectory through a long corridor. She played but very little during the recreations, understood her catechism very well, and she it was who always replied to Monsieur le Vicaire in difficult questions. Living thus without ever going outside of the tepid atmosphere of the classes and among these women with pale complexions, wearing strings of beads with a cross in brass, she yielded herself gradually to the mystic languor which exhales from the perfumes of the altar, from the freshness of the holy water vessels and from the radiance of the candles. Instead of following the mass, she looked at, in her book, the vignettes bordered with azure ; and she loved the sick lamb, the sacred heart pierced with sharp darts, or the poor Jesus who fell in carrying His cross. She endeavored, as a penance, to go a whole day without eating. She searched in her mind for some vow to accomplish. When she went to confession she invented little sins in order to remain there the longer kneeling in the shadow, her hands joined, her face close to the wicket under

the whispering of the priest. The comparisons of betrothed, of spouse, of heavenly lover and of eternal marriage, which recurred in the sermons, raised up in the bottom of her soul unexpected pleasure.

In the evening before prayers there was a religious reading in the study. This was, during the week, some résumé of sacred history or the *Conférences* of the Abbé Frayssinous, and on Sundays, passages from the *Génie du Christianisme*, for recreation. How she listened for the first times to the sonorous lamentation of the romantic melancholies repeating themselves in all the echoes of earth and of eternity! If her childhood had been passed in the dusty rear shop of some commercial quarter of the town, her nature would perhaps have been opened to the lyric transports of nature, which usually only come to us through the translation of the writers. But she was too well acquainted with the country; she knew the lowing of the herds, the milkings, the ploughings. Accustomed to the calm aspects, she turned on the contrary toward the accidental ones. She loved the sea only because of its tempests, and the verdure only when it grew among ruins. It was necessary that she should be able to draw from things a sort of personal profit and she rejected as useless all which did not contribute to that which her heart consumed, being in temperament more sentimental than artistic, seeking emotions and not landscapes.

There was, in the convent, an old maid who came for a week every month to do the sewing. Protected by the Archbishopric as a member of an ancient family of gentle-folks ruined under the Revolution, she ate in the refectory at the table of the good sisters and held with them, after the repast, a little bit of gossip before going upstairs again to her work. The boarders frequently escaped from their studies to come and see her. She knew by heart the gallant old songs of the past century, which she sang in a low voice, while steadily plying her needle. She told stories, brought you news, executed your errands in the city, and lent to the larger girls secretly romances of which she always had one in the pocket of her apron and of which the good demoiselle herself swallowed long chapters during the intervals of her task. There were nothing but love, lovers, loving mistresses, persecuted ladies fainting in solitary pavilions, postilions killed at every relay, horses ridden to death on every page, sombre forests, heart troubles, oaths, sobs, tears and kisses, boats in the moonlight, nightingales in the thickets, *Messieurs* brave as lions, gentle as lambs, impossibly virtuous, always well arrayed and who wept like urns. For six months, at the age of fifteen, Emma buried her hands in this dust of the old reading cabinets. With Walter Scott, later, she became enamored with historical things, dreamed of coffers, guard rooms and minstrels. She would have wished to live in some old manor like

those châtelaines with long figures who, under the trefoils of their ogive arches passed their days, their elbows on the stone and their chins in their hands, watching the approach from the distant landscape of a cavalier with a white plume on a galloping black horse. She entertained at that time the worship of Mary Stuart, and enthusiastic veneration with respect to illustrious or unfortunate women. Joan of Arc, Héloïse, Agnes Sorel, La Belle Ferronnière and Clémence Isaure, for her detached themselves like comets against the shadowy immensity of history, or there broke out again, here and there, but more lost in the shadows and without any relation to each other, St. Louis with his oak, Bayard dying, some ferocities of Louis XI., a little of the St. Bartholomew, the white plume of the Béarnais, and always the remembrance of the painted plates on which Louis XIV. was extolled.

In the music class, in the romances which she sang, there were nothing but little angels with golden wings, Madonnas, lagunes, gondoliers, peaceful compositions which allowed to be seen, through the silliness of the style and the imprudences of the notation, the attractive phantasmagoria of sentimental realities. Some of her companions brought to the convent keepsakes which they had received as presents. It was necessary to keep them concealed; this was a serious affair; they were read in the dormitory. Handling delicately their beautiful satin binding, Emma fixed her dazzled looks

upon the names of the unknown authors, usually counts or viscounts, their names at the ends of their articles.

She trembled slightly in lifting with her breath the silk tissue paper of the engravings which rose half folded on itself and fell back softly against the page. There was, behind the balustrade of a balcony, a young man in a short mantle who clasped in his arms a young girl in a white robe with an alms-purse at her girdle, or else anonymous portraits of English ladies with blonde curls who, under their large straw round hats, looked at you with their great clear eyes. They could be seen displayed in their carriages gliding softly through the midst of parks, with a greyhound leaping before the equipage, which was conducted at a trot by two little postilions in white breeches. Others, dreaming on sofas, with an unsealed letter beside them, contemplated the moon through the half-open window partially draped with a black curtain. Ingenuous ones, with a tear on their cheeks, exchanged kisses with a turtle dove through the bars of a Gothic cage, or, smiling, the head inclined on the shoulder, touched the petals of a daisy with their pointed fingers turned up at the ends like peaked shoes. And you were to be found there also, sultans with long pipes, rapturously reclining under bowers in the arms of bayaderes, giaours, Turkish sabres, Greek bonnets and you, above all, wan landscapes of dithyrambic countries which often show to us at the same time palm trees, fir trees, tigers on

the right, a lion on the left, Tartar minarets on the horizon, in the foreground Roman ruins, then kneeling camels; the whole surrounded by a virgin forest, carefully cleaned, with a great ray of sunlight falling perpendicularly trembling in the water, where are relieved like white peelings, against a background of gray steel, from distance to distance the swimming swans.

And the shade of the lamp fastened in the wall above Emma's head threw the light upon all these pictures of the world, which passed before her one after the other, in the silence of the dormitory and to the distant sound of some belated hackney coach rolling along the boulevard.

When her mother died she wept a great deal, for the first few days. She had made for herself a funerary picture with the hair of the deceased, and in a letter which she sent to the Bertaux full of sorrowful reflections upon life, she asked that she might be buried later in the same tomb. The goodman thought her sick and came to see her. Emma was inwardly much satisfied to feel that she had attained at the first stroke to that rare ideal of pale existences to which the mediocre hearts never attain. She allowed herself then to glide into Lamartinian meanderings, listened to the harps upon the lakes, all the songs of dying swans, all the fallings of the leaves, the pure virgins who ascend to heaven, and the voice of the Eternal discoursing in the valleys. She wearied herself in it, would not admit

it to herself, continued through force of habit, then through vanity, and was finally surprised to feel herself pacified and without any more sadness in her heart than wrinkles on her forehead.

The good nuns, who had presumed so much upon her vocation, perceived with great surprise that Mademoiselle Rouault seemed to be escaping from their care. They had, in fact, so plentifully bestowed upon her the offices of the church, the retreats, the neuvains, the sermons, so well preached the respect which is due to the saints and the martyrs, and given so many good counsels for the modesty of the body and the salvation of her soul, that she did as horses do who are pulled along by the bridle,—she stopped short and the bit issued from between her teeth. This spirit, positive in the midst of all her enthusiasms, which had loved the church for its flowers, music for its romantic words, and literature for its passionate excitations, rebelled before the mysteries of the faith, in the same way as she had formerly been irritated by discipline, which was something antipathetic to her constitution. When her father withdrew her from the school, no one was grieved to see her depart. The Mother Superior even considered that she had become, in the later days, less reverential towards the convent.

Returned to her own house, Emma was pleased at first by the supervision of the domestics, then conceived a disgust for the country and regretted her convent.

When Charles came to the Bertaux for the first time, she considered herself as completely freed from all illusions, having nothing more to learn, obliged to feel nothing more.

But the perplexity of a new condition, or perhaps the irritation caused by the presence of this man, had sufficed to make her believe that she was finally in possession of this marvelous passion, which, up to this time, had maintained itself like a great bird with rosy plumage floating in the splendor of poetic skies ; and she could not conceive at present that this calm in which she lived was the happiness of which she had dreamed.

VII

She thought sometimes that these were, however, the finest days of life, the honeymoon as it is said. To taste fully the sweetness of them, it would have been necessary, doubtless, to depart for those countries with sonorous names where the mornings after marriage have the softest idlenesses ! In the post-chaises, from behind the shades of blue silk, the ascent is made by cragged routes, listening to the song of the postilion, which is repeated on the mountain by the bells of the goats and the noise of the cascade. When the sun sets, the

perfume of the lemon trees is diffused on the edge of the gulfs; then in the evening on the terraces of the villas, alone and with intertwined fingers, the stars are contemplated and projects are formed. It seemed to her that certain localities upon the earth should produce happiness, like a plant peculiar to the soil, and which does not grow well anywhere else. Why could she not lean her elbows on the balcony of the Swiss chalets, or enclose her sadness in a Scottish cottage with a husband wearing a coat of black velvet with long skirts and who had long soft boots, a pointed chapeau and ruffles at his wrists?

Perhaps she would have wished to confide all these things to some one. But how to express an undefinable uneasiness, which changes in aspect like the clouds, which eddies like the wind? Words failed her then, the occasion, the courage.

If Charles had been willing, however, if he had known of it, if his look, one time only, had encountered her thought, it seemed to her that a sudden abundance would have been detached from her heart, as the gathering from a fruit tree falls when it is carried in the hands. But in proportion as the intimacy of their life became still closer, an inward detachment was produced, which unbound her from him.

The conversation of Charles was as flat as the pavement of the street, and everybody's ideas appeared in it in their ordinary costume, without exciting any

emotions, of laughter or of revery. He had never had the curiosity, he said, while he lived in Rouen to go to a theatre to see the actors from Paris. He did not know how to swim nor to exercise with arms, nor to shoot with a pistol, and he could not one day explain a term of equitation which she had met with in a novel.

A man, on the contrary, should he not know everything, excel in multiplied activities, initiate you into the energies of passion, into all mysteries? But he instructed in nothing, this one, knew nothing, wished nothing. He believed her happy; and she was vexed with him for this calmness so well assured, for the serene heaviness, for the happiness even which she gave him.

Some time she designed; and it was a great amusement for Charles to remain standing watching her, leaning over her portfolio, half closing her eyes in order to see her work better, or a rounding under her thumb pellets of the soft part of the bread. As to the piano, the swifter her fingers flew over it, the more he was amazed. She struck the keys with decision and swept from one end of the keyboard to the other without interruption. Thus agitated by her, the old instrument, the chords of which curled and twisted, made itself heard as far as the end of the village if the window was open, and often the bailiff's clerk passing by on the high-road, bare-headed and in slippers, stopped to listen, his sheet of paper in his hand.

Emma, on the other hand, knew how to keep her house. She sent to the patients the accounts for the doctor's visits in well expressed letters which did not suggest bills. When they had on Sunday some neighbor to dinner she found a way of offering some delicate dish, she knew how to arrange little pyramids of green-gages on vine leaves, served pots of jelly turned out in the plate, and she even spoke of buying finger-bowls for the dessert. From all of which it followed that a great deal of consideration was reflected upon Bovary.

Charles ended by having a still higher estimation of himself because he possessed such a wife. He showed with pride in their apartment two little lead-pencil sketches by her which he had had framed in very large frames and suspended against the paper of the wall by long green cords. When the mass was over, he could be seen in his doorway, in handsome embroidered slippers.

He came home late, at ten o'clock, sometimes midnight. Then he wanted something to eat; and as the servant had gone to bed it was Emma who served him. He took off his coat to dine more at his ease. He told, one after the other, of all the people whom he had met, the villages where he had been, the prescriptions which he had written; and, well satisfied with himself, he devoured the rest of the stew, cut the rind off his cheese, bit into an apple, emptied his carafe, then went to bed, went to sleep on his back and snored.

As he had long been in the habit of wearing a cotton night-cap, his foulard did not remain over his ears ; thus his hair in the morning was very much tumbled around his face and whitened by the down of his pillow, the cords of which had become untied during the night. He always wore heavy boots, which had at the instep two thick folds going obliquely toward the ankles whilst the rest of the upper leather was continued in a straight line, stretched as if by a wooden foot. He said that *this was plenty good enough for the country.*

His mother encouraged him in this economy ; for she came to see him as formerly whenever there had been at her own house some somewhat violent outbreak ; and yet Madame Bovary mère seemed to have some prejudice against her daughter-in-law. She considered her to be of *a style too high for their position in life* ; the wood, the sugar and the candles *disappeared as though it were a great house*, and the quantity of coal that was burned in the kitchen would have sufficed for twenty-five plates ! She arranged her linen for her in the closets and taught her how to watch the butcher when he brought the meat. Emma received these lessons, Madame Bovary dispensed them freely ; and the words "my daughter" and "my mother" were exchanged freely all day long, accompanied with a slight trembling of the lips, each one uttering gentle words in a voice quivering with anger.

In the time of Madame Dubuc, the old woman felt herself still the preferred one ; but at present Charles's love for Emma seemed to her a desertion of her tenderness, an encroachment upon that which belonged to her ; and she regarded the happiness of her son with a sad silence, like some ruined man who looks through the windows at people seated at table in a house that was formerly his own. She recalled to him as souvenirs, her pains and her sacrifices, and, comparing them to Emma's negligences, drew the conclusion that it was not reasonable for him to adore her in so exclusive a fashion.

Charles did not know what to reply ; he respected his mother and he loved his wife infinitely ; he considered the judgment of one as infallible and yet he found the other irreproachable. When Madame Bovary had departed he undertook to venture timidly, and in the same terms, one or two of the most soothing observations which he had heard made by his mother ; Emma, proving to him by a word that he was mistaken, sent him off to his sick people.

However, following the theories which she thought were good, she wished to give herself love. In the moonlight, in the garden, she recited to him all the passionate rhymes which she knew by heart, and sang to him, sighing, melancholy adagios ; but she found herself at the end quite as calm as before, and Charles did not appear to be, because of them, any more loving or any more affected.

When she had thus striven a little to strike fire from her own heart, without being able to produce the slightest spark, incapable moreover of comprehending that which she did not feel, as of believing in all that which did not manifest itself under conventional forms, she persuaded herself without difficulty that Charles's passion had in it nothing exorbitant. His expansions had become regular ; he embraced her at certain hours. It was a habit among others, and like a dessert which is expected in advance after the monotony of the dinner.

A gamekeeper who had been cured by monsieur of an inflammation of the lungs, had given to madame a little Italian female greyhound ; she took it with her on her walks, for she went out sometimes, so that she might be alone for a few moments and not have always under her eyes the eternal garden and the dusty road.

She went as far as the beech wood of Banneville, near to the abandoned pavilion which makes the angle of a wall on the side of the fields. There are, in the steep ditch among the grasses, some long reeds with sharp leaves.

She commenced by looking all around the locality to see if nothing had changed since the last time she was there. She found again in the same places the fox-glove and the wall flowers, the groups of nettles surrounded the large stones and the patches of lichen along the three windows, the shutters of which, always closed, were falling to pieces with decay under their rusty iron

bars. Her thoughts, without an aim at first, wandered at hazard like her greyhound who ran around in the fields in circles, barking after the yellow butterflies, chasing the shrew-mice, or snapping at the wild poppies on the edge of a grain field. Then, little by little, her ideas became concentrated; and, seated on the grass which she struck with little strokes of the end of her umbrella, Emma repeated to herself: "Why, my God! did I get married?" She asked herself if there would not have been some way, by some other combinations of chance, of encountering another man; and she tried to imagine what might have been these events which had not happened, this different life, this husband whom she did not know. Nothing, in fact, actually resembled him. He would have been handsome, witty, distinguished, attractive, such as were doubtless the men who had married her former companions of the convent. Where were they living now? In the city with the noise of the streets, the humming of the theatres and the brilliancy of the balls, they were partaking of that existence in which the heart dilates, in which the senses expand. But she, her life was cold like a garret which faces the north and ennuï, that silent spider, spun its web in the shadow in all the corners of her heart. She recalled the days of the distribution of prizes when she went up on the platform to receive her little crowns. With her hair braided, her white dress and her prunello shoes visible below, she had a pretty manner, and the gentlemen, when she

had resumed her place, stooped to pay her compliments ; the courtyard was full of carriages, adieus were exchanged through their doors, the music-master passed bowing, with his violin case. How long ago it was, all that ! how long ago it was !

She called Djali, took her between her knees, passed her fingers over her long fine head and said to her : "Come, kiss your mistress, you have no vexations !" Then, contemplating the melancholy aspect of the slender animal which yawned slowly, she became more tender and, comparing it to herself, spoke to it aloud, as to some one in affliction whom you wish to console.

Sometimes there came little squalls of wind, sea breezes, which breaking at once over all the plateau of the country of Caux, brought with them, even far into the fields, a salt freshness. The rushes rustled at the surface of the ground, and the leaves of the beeches made a noise with their rapid shuddering, whilst the summits, swaying backward and forward, continued their grand murmur. Emma wrapped her shawl around her shoulders and rose.

In the avenue a greenish light, reflected from the foliage, lit the soft moss which crackled softly under her feet. The sun went down ; the sky was red between the branches, and the trunks, all alike, of the trees planted in a straight line seemed a brown colonnade relieved against a background of gold ; a sudden fear took possession of her, she called Djali, returned quickly

to Tostes by the high-road, sank down in an easy-chair and did not speak during the whole evening.

But, toward the end of September, something extraordinary fell into her life,—she was invited to the Vaubyessard place, the home of the Marquis d'Anderwilliers.

Secretary of State under the Restoration, the marquis, endeavoring to return to political life, was preparing carefully in advance his candidature for the Chamber of Deputies. During the winter he made numerous distributions of fire-wood and, in the Council-general, always demanded with a great air new roads for his arrondissement. He had had, during the great heats, an abscess in the mouth which Charles had relieved him of as if by a miracle, by a lancet stroke. His business agent, sent to Tostes to pay for the operation, happened to say in the evening that he had seen superb cherries in the physician's little garden. Now, the cherry-trees were not blooming well at the Vaubyessard. Monsieur le marquis sent to ask some slips from Bovary, made it his duty to go and thank him himself, saw Emma, found her figure pretty and that she did not bow like a peasant woman; so that, at the château, it was concluded that it would not be exceeding the bounds of condescension nor, on the other hand, committing an awkwardness, to invite the young couple.

At three o'clock, one Wednesday afternoon, Monsieur and Madame Bovary mounted in their *voë* set out for

the Vaubyessard with a great trunk strapped on behind and a hat-box placed before the apron. Charles had, moreover, a bandbox between his legs.

They arrived as the night was falling, as the lamps in the park were being lit in order to furnish light for the carriages.

VIII

The château, of modern construction, in Italian style, with two wings advancing and three perrons, extended itself at the lower part of an immense lawn on which a few cows were pasturing between groups of great trees widely spaced, whilst clusters of bushes, rhododendrons, syringas and snowballs displayed their tufts of unequal verdure along the curved line of the sanded road. A stream passed under a bridge; through the obscurity the buildings, with thatched roofs, could be discerned, scattered about in the meadow, along the edges of which rose in gentle slopes two hills covered with wood and behind the clumps of foliage, on two parallel lines, were the coach-houses and the stables, remnants of the ancient châtau which had been demolished.

Charles's *boe* stopped before the middle perron; the domestics appeared; the marquis advanced, and, offering his arm to the doctor's wife, led her into the vestibule.

It was laid with marble tiles, was very high ; and the sound of the footsteps with that of the voices echoed in it as in a church. Directly opposite, a straight stairway ascended and at the left a gallery opening on a garden conducted to the billiard room, from which might be heard, even at the door, the click of the ivory balls. As she passed through to go to the salon, Emma saw around the tables men with grave countenances, the chins poised upon high cravats, all of them decorated and who smiled silently, with long queues at their backs. On the dark wood-work of the wainscoting the great golden picture frames bore at the bottom of their mouldings, names in black letters. She read : " Jean-Antoine d'Andervilliers d'Yverbonville, Comte de la Vaubyessard and Baron de la Fresnaye, killed at the Battle of Coutras, 20th of October, 1587." And on another : " Jean-Antoine-Henri-Guy d'Andervilliers de la Vaubyessard, Admiral of France and Chevalier of the Order of St. Michael, wounded at the combat of la Hougue-Saint-Vaast, the 29th of May, 1692, died at the Vaubyessard, the 23rd of January, 1693." Those which followed could scarcely be distinguished, for the light of the lamp, thrown down upon the green carpet of the billiard room, left a shadow floating in the apartment. Darkening the horizontal canvases, it broke upon them in sharp reflections according to the cracking of the varnish ; and from all these great black squares bordered with gold, there came out here and

there some portion lighter in the painting, a pale forehead, two eyes which looked at you, perukes unrolling on the powdered shoulders of red coats, or even the buckle of a garter on the upper portion of a rounded calf.

The marquis opened the door of the salon ; one of the ladies rose—the marchioness herself—came to meet Emma and caused her to take a seat beside her on a little sofa where she commenced to talk to her in a friendly fashion, as if she had already known her a long time. She was a woman of about forty, with fine shoulders, a high nose, a drawling voice, and wearing that evening over her chestnut hair a simple fichu of guipure which fell behind in a triangular piece. A young blonde woman was at her side in a chair with a long back ; and gentlemen with little flowers in the buttonholes of their coats were talking with the ladies all around the chimney-piece.

At seven o'clock the dinner was served. The men, being the most numerous, were seated at the first table in the vestibule and the ladies at the second in the dining-room with the marquis and the marchioness.

Emma felt herself, on entering, enveloped in a warm air mingled with the perfume of flowers and the fine linen, the flavor of the dishes and the odor of truffles. The candles of the candelabra lengthened the reflection of their flames on the silver covers ; the facets of the glasses, covered with an unpolished lustre, sent back pale

rays; the bouquets were arranged in a line along the whole length of the table; and in the plates with wide borders, the napkins, folded in the shape of a bishop's mitre, held between the opening of their two folds, each one a little loaf of bread of an oval form. The red claws of the lobsters extended over the edges of their plates; the large fruit in the open work baskets were piled up upon moss; the quails still retained their feathers, the flavors ascended; and in silk stockings and knee breeches, with a white cravat, a jabot, grave as a judge, the maître d'hôtel, passing between the shoulders of the guests the meats already cut up, brought out with a stroke of his spoon for each one the morsel he had chosen. On top of the great porcelain stove with brass mouldings a statue of a woman, draped to the chin, contemplated motionless the apartment full of people.

Madame Bovary noticed that several of the ladies had not put their gloves in their wine glasses.

Moreover, at the upper end of the table, alone among all these women, stooping over his filled plate and his napkin knotted behind his back like an infant's, an old man was eating, letting drops of the sauce fall from his mouth. His eyes were bloodshot, and he wore a little queue rolled with a black ribbon. This was the father-in-law of the marquis, the old Duc de Laverdière, the ancient favorite of the Comte d'Artois, in the times of the hunting-parties at Vaudreuil with the Marquis de Conflans, and who had been, it was said, the lover of

the Queen, Marie Antoinette, between Messieurs de Coigny and de Lauzun. He had led a turbulent life of debauchery, full of duels, of bets, of women abducted, had devoured all his fortune and frightened all his family. A servant behind his chair gave him the names, aloud in his ear, of the dishes which he designated by pointing with his finger and stammering; and Emma's eyes ceaselessly returned of their own volition to this old man with hanging lips as to something extraordinary and august. He had lived at the Court and slept in the bed of queens!

The champagne was served on ice. Emma shivered through all her skin on feeling this cold in her mouth. She had never seen pomegranates nor eaten pineapples. The powdered sugar even seemed to her whiter and finer than elsewhere.

The ladies afterwards ascended to their chambers to make their toilets for the ball.

Emma dressed herself with the fastidious conscientiousness of an actress at her *début*. She arranged her hair according to the recommendation of the *coiffeur*, and she put on her dress of *barège* which was spread out on the bed. Charles's pantaloons were too tight around his waist.

"The straps are going to bother me in dancing," he said.

"Dancing!" replied Emma.

"Yes."

“ But you have lost your head, you would be laughed at ; stay in your seat. Moreover, it is more appropriate for a doctor,” she added.

Charles was silent. He walked up and down, waiting until Emma should be dressed.

He saw her from behind, in the mirror, between two lights. Her black eyes seemed blacker than ever. Her hair, lightly puffed out over the ears had a bluish reflection in the lights ; a rose in her chignon trembled on a movable stem with drops of factitious water at the end of its leaves. Her dress was of pale saffron, relieved by three bouquets of roses-pompon, mingled with green leaves.

Charles came and kissed her on the shoulder.

“ Leave me alone,” she said, “ you will ruffle my dress.”

They heard the preliminary flourish of a violin and the sounds of a horn. She went down the stairway, repressing a desire to run.

The quadrilles had commenced. Many people were arriving. There was crowding. She placed herself near the door, on a long bench.

When the contra-dance was ended, the floor was left open for the groups of men standing about and talking and for the servants in livery who brought great trays. Along the line of seated women the painted fans were waving backward and forward, the bouquets half concealed the smiles on the faces, and the smelling-bottles with golden stoppers turned in the half opened hands,

the white gloves of which revealed the shape of the nails and compressed the flesh of the wrists. The trimmings of laces, the diamond brooches and medallion bracelets shivered on the corsages, scintillated on the breasts, rustled on the bare arms. The hair was worn well plastered down on the foreheads and twisted at the nape of the neck and carried in crowns, in clusters or in branches, myosotis, jessamine, pomegranate flowers, ears of wheat, or blue-bottle flowers. The mothers, peaceful in their places, with grim countenances, wore red turbans.

Emma's heart was beating somewhat when, her cavalier conducting her by the tips of her fingers, she came to take her place in the line and waited for the stroke of the fiddle-bow to commence. But her emotion soon disappeared; and balancing herself to the rhythm of the orchestra she glided forward with light movements of her neck. A smile mounted to her lips at certain delicate notes of the violin, which sometimes played alone, when the other instruments were silent; the clear sound of the golden louis which were being dropped on the tables at the side could be plainly heard; then all recommenced at once, the cornet à piston launched a sonorous outburst, the feet took up the measure, the skirts puffed out and brushed each other, hands were given and released; the same eyes, lowering before you, returned to fix themselves upon yours.

Several men—some fifteen in all—from twenty-five to forty years of age, scattered among the dancers or

conversing in the doorways, were distinguished from the crowd by a family air, whatever might be their difference of age, of costume or of countenance.

Their coats, better made, seemed to be of a finer cloth, and their hair, brought in curls toward the temples, shining with finer pomade. They had the complexion of wealth, that pale complexion which heightens the whiteness of porcelain, the lustre of satin, the varnish of handsome furniture, and which a discreet regimen of exquisite nourishment maintains in its health. Their necks turned easily over low cravats; their whiskers fell on turned down collars; they wiped their lips on handkerchiefs embroidered with a large monogram and which gave out a suave odor. Those who were commencing to grow old had a youthful air, while something serious and ripened might be seen on the countenances of the young ones. In their indifferent looks were floating the quietude of passion daily satisfied; and through their gentle manners pierced that peculiar brutality which is communicated by the domination of half-easy things, in which strength is exercised or where vanity is amused, the management of race horses and the society of lost women.

At a distance of three steps from Emma, a cavalier in a blue coat was discussing Italy with a pale young woman wearing a set of pearls. They were extolling the size of the columns of St. Peter, Tivoli, Vesuvius, Castellamare, and the Cascine, the roses of Genoa, the

Coliseum in moonlight. Emma was listening with her other ear to a conversation full of words which she did not understand. There was a crowd around a very young man who had beaten, the week before, *Miss Arabella* and *Romulus*, and won two thousand louis by leaping a ditch in England. One complained of his racers which were getting fat, another of errors of printing which had falsified the name of his horse.

The air of the ball was becoming heavy; the lamps were paling. There was a general movement toward the billiard room. A domestic mounted upon a chair and broke two panes of glass. At the sound of the breaking glass Madame Bovary turned her head and perceived in the garden, against the windows, the faces of peasants who were looking in. Then the recollection of the Bertaux returned to her. She saw again the farm, the miry pond, her father in his blouse under the apple-trees; and she saw herself again, as formerly, skimming with her finger the earthen vessels of milk in the dairy. But in the fulgurations of the present hour her past life, so sharply defined until now, disappeared completely; and she doubted almost if she had lived it. She was there; then, aside from the ball, there was no longer anything but shadow, spread over all the rest. At this moment she was eating an ice *au marasquin*, which she was holding in her hand in a silver-gilt shell, and she half closed her eyes, the spoon between her teeth.

A lady near her let her fan fall to the floor. One of the dancers passed by.

“Will you be so good, monsieur,” said the lady, “as to pick up my fan which is behind this sofa?”

The gentleman stooped down and, as he made the movement of extending his arm, Emma saw the hand of the young lady throw into his hat some white object, folded triangularly. The gentleman picked up the fan, offered it to the lady respectfully; she thanked him with a movement of her head and began to inhale the fragrance of her bouquet.

After the supper, at which there were many Spanish wines and wines of the Rhine, soup *à la bisque* and *au lait d’alandes*, puddings *à la Trafalgar* and all sorts of cold meats surrounded by jellies which trembled in the dishes, the carriages, one after another, commenced to roll away. By lifting up a corner of the muslin curtain, the light of their lanterns could be seen, gliding about in the darkness. The sofas began to empty; some players still remained; the musicians wet with their tongues the ends of their fingers; Charles was half asleep, leaning against a door.

At three o’clock in the morning the cotillion commenced. Emma did not know how to waltz. Everybody was waltzing, Mademoiselle d’Andervilliers herself and the marchioness; there was no one remaining but the guests of the château, about a dozen persons.

However, one of the waltzers, who was addressed familiarly as the "Viscount," and whose waistcoat, cut very open, seemed to be molded upon his chest, came a second time to ask Madame Bovary, assuring her that he would guide her and that she would succeed very well.

They commenced slowly, then went more rapidly. They revolved; everything revolved around them, the lamps, the furniture, the ceiling and the floor, like a disk on a pivot. Passing by one of the doors, the lower part of Emma's dress whirled around his pantaloons; their legs passed between each other; he lowered his looks to her; she lifted hers toward him; a torpor took possession of her and she stopped. They set off again, and with a more rapid movement, the viscount, drawing her with him, disappeared with her in the farther end of the gallery where, breathless, she was on the point of falling, and for an instant leaned her head against his breast. And then, revolving still, but more slowly, he reconducted her to her place; she threw herself back against the wall and put her hand before her eyes.

When she opened them again, a lady seated on a stool in the middle of the salon had before her three waltzers kneeling. She chose the viscount, and the violin recommenced.

Everybody looked at them. They passed and returned again, she with her body motionless and her chin lowered, and he always in the same attitude, his figure inclined, his elbow rounded, his mouth slightly

advanced. She knew how to waltz, that lady! They continued a long time and fatigued all the others.

There was conversation for a few minutes more and after the adieux, or, rather, the good-mornings, the guests of the château retired to rest.

Charles dragged himself up by the rail of the staircase, his knees *were sticking into his body*. He had passed five successive hours standing around the tables, looking at the whist players without understanding anything about it. Therefore he emitted a great sigh of satisfaction when he had taken off his boots.

Emma put a shawl over her shoulders, opened a window and leaned on the sill.

The night was dark. Some drops of rain were falling. She inhaled the moist air which refreshed her eyelids. The music of the ball buzzed in her ears, and she made efforts to keep herself awake so that she might prolong the illusion of this luxurious life which she would so soon have to abandon.

The gray dawn appeared. She looked at the windows of the château for a long time, endeavoring to divine which were the chambers of each of those persons whom she had noticed the evening before. She wished to know their existences, to penetrate them, to confound herself with them.

But she was shivering with cold. She undressed, and sought refuge in the bed coverings, against Charles who was asleep.

There were very few guests at déjeuner. The repast lasted some ten minutes; no liquor was served, which surprised the doctor. Then Mademoiselle d'Andervilliers gathered up the fragments of cake in a basket to take them to the swans on the lake; and everyone went to walk in the greenhouse, in which curious plants, bristling with hairs, were arranged in pyramids under hanging vases, which, like too overflowing nests of serpents, spilled over their edges long interlaced vines. The orangery, which was at the end, led under cover to the servants' hall of the château. The marquis, to entertain the young wife, took her to see the stables. Above the racks, which were in the form of wide baskets, porcelain tablets bore in black letters the name of each horse. Each animal pranced in his stall when they passed by it, making a clicking noise with the tongue. The flooring of the saddle room was polished like the parquet of a salon. The carriage harness was arranged in the middle, on two revolving columns, and the bits, the whips, the stirrups, the curbs were arranged in rows along the wall.

Charles, however, requested a servant to harness his *boc*. It was brought up before the steps and all the baggage being arranged on it, the Bovary couple took their leave of the marquis and the marchioness and set out on their return to Tostes.

Emma, quite silent, watched the revolution of the wheels. Charles, on the extreme edge of the seat,

drove with his two arms extended, and the little horse ambled along in his shafts, which were too wide for him; the loose reins flapped on his croup, whitening it with foam, and the box tied behind the *boe* struck vigorously against the back with blows regularly timed.

They were on the heights of Thibourville, when before them suddenly two horsemen passed laughing, smoking cigars. Emma thought she recognized the viscount; she turned and perceived on the horizon only the movement of the heads rising and falling, following the unequal motion of the trot or the gallop.

A quarter of a league farther on, it was necessary to stop to mend with a cord the breeching-strap which was broken.

Charles, giving a final glance at the harness, saw something on the ground between the legs of his horse, and he picked up a cigar-case, all embroidered in green silk and blazoned in the middle like the door of a carriage.

“There are even two cigars in it,” he said; “they will do for this evening, after dinner.”

“You smoke then?” she asked.

“Sometimes, when the occasion offers itself.”

He put his find in his pocket and whipped up his nag.

When they arrived home, the dinner was not ready. Madame was vexed. Nastasie replied insolently.

“You may leave!” said Emma. “This is not to be put up with, I will send you out of the house.”

There was, for dinner, soup with onions, a morsel of veal *à l'oseille*. Charles, seated before Emma, said, in rubbing his hands together with a comfortable air :

“This is pleasure, to find yourself at home again.”

They could hear Nastasie weeping. He had an affection for this poor girl. She had kept him company during very many evenings, during the idleness of his widowhood. She had been his first patient, his earliest acquaintance in the country.

“Are you really sending her away?” he said finally.

“Yes. Who prevents me?” she replied.

Then they warmed themselves in the kitchen, whilst their chamber was being made ready. Charles commenced to smoke. As he smoked he pushed out his lips, spitting at every minute, drawing back at each puff.

“You will make yourself sick,” she said disdainfully.

He laid down his cigar and hastened to the pump to drink a glass of cold water. Emma, seizing the cigar-case, threw it quickly into the bottom of the wardrobe.

On the morrow, the day was very long ! She walked up and down in her little garden, passing and repassing on the same paths, stopping before the flower beds, before the espalier, before the little curé in plaster, looking stupidly at all these objects of former times which she knew so well. How far away the ball already seemed to be ! Who then had separated by such a distance the morning of the day before yesterday and the

evening of to-day! Her journey to the Vaubyessard had made a breach in her life, after the manner of those great crevasses which a storm, in one night only, sometimes hollows in the mountains. She resigned herself, however; she shut up piously in the commode her beautiful toilet and even her satin shoes, the soles of which had been yellowed by the slippery wax of the floors. Her heart was like them. By the contact with wealth, there had been placed upon it something which would not be effaced.

This became then an occupation for Emma, the recollection of this ball. Every Thursday morning she said to herself on awakening: "Ah, it was a week ago — it was two weeks ago — it was three weeks ago, I was there." And, little by little, the countenances became confused in her memory; she forgot the air of the contra-dances, she no longer saw so clearly the liveries and the apartments; some details departed, but the regret remained to her.

IX

Often, when Charles had gone out, she went to take out of the wardrobe between the folds of linen where she had left it, the cigar-case in green silk.

She looked at it, opened it, and she even smelled the odor of its lining, a mingling of vervain and tobacco. To whom had it belonged? — to the viscount. It had been, perhaps, a gift from his mistress? It had been embroidered on some embroidery frame of violet ebony wood, a delicate piece of furniture concealed from the eyes of all, which had furnished occupation for many hours, and over which had drooped the soft curls of the thoughtful workwoman. A breath of love had passed between the meshes of the canvas; each stroke of the needle had fixed there a hope or a memory; and all these threads of interlaced silk were only the continuation of the same silent passion. And then, the viscount, one morning, had carried it off with him. What had they spoken of while it lay on the stately chimney-piece, between the vases of flowers and the Pompadour clock? She was at Tostes. But he,—he was now in Paris; over there. What was this Paris? What an immeasurable name! She repeated it to herself half aloud, to please herself; it resounded in her ears like the great bell of a cathedral; it flamed before her eyes, even on the labels on her pots of pomade.

At night when the sellers of sea-fish in their carts passed under her windows, singing "*La Marjolaine*," she awakened; and, listening to the sound of the iron tires to the wheels which, as they left the neighborhood, died away on the earth,—“They will be there to-morrow,” she said to herself. And she followed them in

her thoughts, mounting and descending the hills, traversing the villages, filing along the high-road by the light of the stars. But, at the end of an indeterminable distance, she found always a confused place where her vision disappeared.

She bought a map of Paris, and, with the end of her finger, she traced out on the plan long wanderings through the capital. She ascended the Boulevards, stopping at each corner, between the lines of the streets, before the white squares which represented the houses. Finally, when her eyes were fatigued, she closed her lids, and she saw in the shadows the gas-burners flickering in the wind, with the steps of the carriages, which drew up with a great dash before the peristyle of the theatres.

She subscribed to "*La Corbeille*," a ladies' journal, and to the "*Sylphe des Salons*." She devoured, without skipping anything, all the accounts of the first nights at the theatres, of the races, and of soirées, interesting herself in the début of a singer, or the opening of a new store. She knew the new fashions, the addresses of the good tailors, the days for the Bois or for the Opéra. She studied in Eugène Sue the descriptions of furnishings; she read Balzac and George Sand, seeking in them imaginary gratifications for her personal covetousness. She even brought her book to the table, and she turned the leaves while Charles ate and talked to her. The remembrance of the viscount

constantly returned in her reading. She established resemblances between him and the fictitious characters. But the circle of which he was the centre little by little enlarged around him and that aureole which he had formerly, spreading from his figure, displayed itself farther away, illuminating other dreams.

Paris, more vague than the ocean, mirrored itself in Emma's eyes in a rosy atmosphere. The multitudinous life which was in activity in that tumult, was, however, there divided by partitions, classified in distinct pictures. Emma perceived only two or three of them, which concealed from her all the others and represented, in themselves alone, humanity complete. The world of the ambassadors walked over shining floors, in salons paneled with mirrors, around oval tables covered with velvet cloth, with gold fringe. There were there dresses with trains, great mysteries, anguishes concealed under smiles. Then came the society of the duchesses, —there all were pale; every one rose at four o'clock; the women, poor angels! wore at the bottom of their skirts Brussels lace, and the men, their misunderstood abilities concealed under frivolous appearances, rode their horses to death for pleasure parties, passed the summer at Baden-Baden, and about their fortieth year married heiresses. In the cabinets of the restaurants there were suppers after midnight, the medley crowd of men of letters, of actresses, laughed in the light of the candles. They were, all those people, prodigal as

kings, full of ideal ambitions and of fantastic deliriums. It was an existence above all others, between heaven and earth, among the storms, something sublime. As to the rest of the world, it was lost, without any exact position, and as though it did not exist. The nearer the objects of her surrounding were to her, the more her thoughts turned away from them. Everything of that which closed her in, wearisome country, idiotic petty bourgeois, mediocrity of existence, seemed to her an exception in the world, a peculiar chance in which she had happened to be caught, whilst all beyond extended to an illimitable distance the immense country of felicity and of passion. She confounded in her desires the sensualities of luxury with the joys of the heart, the elegance of daily habits and the delicacies of sentiment. Did not love require, like certain Indian plants, prepared soil, a particular temperature? Sighs in the moonlight, long embraces, tears flowing over hands which are abandoned, all the fevers of the flesh and the languors of tenderness were not to be separated then from the balconies of the grand châteaux in which there is an abundance of leisure, from a boudoir with silk shades, with a very thick carpet, with blooming jardinières, a bed mounted upon a platform, nor from the glittering of precious stones and from the shoulder-knots of the livery.

The postboy who came each morning to take care of the mare traversed the corridor with his heavy *sabots* ;

his blouse had holes in it; his feet were naked in his big shoes. That was the groom in knee-breeches with whom she was obliged to be content! When his work was finished he did not return during the day, for Charles, when he came in, stabled his horse himself, unsaddled her, and put on the halter, whilst the female servant brought an armful of straw and threw it, as best she could, in the manger.

To replace Nastasie—who had finally departed from Tostes shedding rivers of tears—Emma took in her service a young girl of fourteen, an orphan and with a gentle expression. She forbade her the use of cotton caps, taught her that it was necessary to address her superiors in the third person, to bring a glass of water on a plate, to knock at doors before entering, and to iron, to starch, to dress her, and wished to make of her her *femme de chambre*. The new servant obeyed without murmuring, so as not to be sent away; and as madame habitually left the key in the buffet, Félicité, each evening, took a small provision of sugar, which she ate all alone in her bed, after having said her prayers.

Sometimes in the afternoons she went to talk with the postilion opposite. Madame remained upstairs, in her apartment.

She wore a robe de chambre quite open, which permitted to be seen, between the revers à *châle du corsage*, a plaited chemisette with three gold studs. Her girdle was a twisted cord with a great tassel, and her

little slippers of garnet color had a rosette of wide ribbons which spread out over the instep. She had bought herself a blotting-case, some note paper, a pen-holder and envelopes, although she had no one to whom to write ; she dusted her *étagère*, looked at herself in the glass, took a book, then, dreaming between the lines, allowed it to fall on her knees. She had a desire to make journeys, or to return and live in her convent. She wished at once to die and to live in Paris.

Charles, through the snow and the rain, traversed the country by the side roads. He ate omelets on the farm table, explored damp beds with his arm, received in his face the warm jet of the bleedings, listened to the death rattles, examined basins, turned over much soiled linen ; but he found every evening a fire burning, the table served, soft furnishings and a wife in a fine toilet, charming and smelling fresh, so that it could not be told whence came this odor, or if it were not her skin which perfumed her chemise.

She charmed him by a number of delicacies ; sometimes it was a new way of making the fancy paper sockets for the candlesticks, a flounce which she changed on her dress, or the extraordinary name of some very simple dish and in which the cook had not succeeded, but of which Charles devoured the whole with pleasure. She saw, at Rouen, ladies who carried on their watch a bunch of seals ; she bought some seals. She wished to have on her chimney-piece two large vases of

blue glass, and some time afterwards an ivory work-box with a silver-gilt thimble. The less Charles comprehended these elegancies, the more he submitted to their seduction. They added something to the pleasure of his senses, and to the pleasantness of his hearth. It was like a gold dust which was sprinkled all along the little pathway of his life.

He was very well, he looked well ; his reputation was completely established. The country people were fond of him because he was not proud. He caressed the children, never went into the tavern, and moreover inspired confidence by his morality. He succeeded particularly well with catarrhs and pulmonary affections. Fearing very much to kill his patients, Charles, in fact, ordered only soothing potions, from time to time an emetic, a footbath or leeches. It was not that he was afraid of surgery ; he would bleed for you people freely like horses, and he had for the abstraction of teeth a grip of hell.

Finally, *to keep himself posted*, he subscribed to "*La Ruche Médicale*," a new journal of which he had received a prospectus. He read in it a little after his dinner ; but the warmth of the apartment joined to the effects of digestion, caused him to go to sleep at the end of five minutes ; and he sat there, his chin on his two hands and his hair dishevelled like a horse's mane, at the foot of the lamp. Emma looked at him, shrugging her shoulders. Why had she not at least for her

husband one of those men of taciturn ardor who spend their nights in study, and who finally, when sixty years old, when the age of rheumatism arrives, wear upon their black coats, badly made, a cluster of orders. She wished that his name of Bovary, which was her own, might be illustrious, to see it displayed in all the book stores, repeated in the journals, known throughout France. But Charles had no ambition! A physician of Yvetot, with whom he had lately been in consultation, had humiliated him somewhat, at the very bedside of his patient, before the assembled relatives. When Charles had related to her this anecdote in the evening, Emma was violently excited against the fellow practitioner. Charles was much affected. He kissed her on the forehead, shedding a tear. But she was exasperated with shame, she had a desire to beat him, she went out in the corridor and opened a window to breathe the fresh air in order to calm herself. "What a poor specimen of a man! what a poor specimen of a man!" she said very low to herself, biting her lips.

She felt herself, moreover, more irritated against him. He took on, in aging, coarser manners; he cut up, at dessert, the corks of the empty bottles; after eating he had a habit of passing his tongue over his teeth; in swallowing his soup, he made a clucking noise at each mouthful; and as he commenced to get stouter his eyes, already small, seemed to be pushed up towards his temples by the swelling of his cheeks.

Sometimes, Emma pushed inside his waistcoat the red edges of his suspenders, readjusted his cravat, or threw aside soiled gloves which he was disposed to keep on wearing; and this was not, as he thought, for his sake, but for her own, through an expansion of egoism, in nervous agitation. Sometimes also, she spoke to him of things which she had read, as of a passage from a romance, from a new play or from an anecdote of the *great world*, which had been related in the periodical; for, after all, Charles was some one, an ear always open, an approval always ready. She made very many confidences to her greyhound! She would have made them to the logs in the chimney-place and to the pendulum of the clock.

In the bottom of her soul, however, she was waiting for an event. Like shipwrecked sailors, she searched the solitude of her life with despairing eyes, endeavoring to perceive in the distance some white sail amid the mists on the horizon. She did not know at all what would be this chance, the wind which would bring it to her, towards what shore it would conduct her, whether it would be a fishing-boat or a three-decker, freighted with anguish or full of felicities up to the port-holes. But each morning, at her awakening, she hoped it for that day, and she listened to all the noises, rising up suddenly, was surprised that it did not come, then at sunset, more discouraged than ever, desired that it might be for the next day.

The spring came again. She had attacks of suffocation at the first heats, when the pear-trees were in blossom.

From the commencement of July, she counted upon her fingers the number of weeks that remained before the month of October, thinking that the Marquis d'Andervilliers would, perhaps, give another ball at the Vaubyessard. But the whole of September passed away without either letter or visit.

After the weariness of this disappointment, her heart remained empty as before and then the series of the same days recommenced.

They were going, then, to follow each other in this manner, one after the other, all alike, innumerable, and bringing nothing! The existences of others, however flat they might be, offered at least the chance of an event. An adventure brought with it sometimes innumerable sudden changes of fortune and the whole scene shifted. But for her, nothing would ever happen. God had so willed it! The future was a long corridor, all black, and which had at the extreme end her door tightly closed.

She gave up music. Why should she play? who would hear her? Since she could never play on an Érard piano, in a velvet dress with short sleeves, in a great concert, touching with her light fingers the ivory keys, feeling circulate around her like a breath of wind a murmur of ecstasy, it was not worth the trouble of

wearying herself by study. She left in their wardrobe her portfolios of design and the tapestry. Of what use! of what use! Sewing irritated her. "I have read everything," she said to herself, and she remained heating the tongs in the fire, or watching the rain fall.

How melancholy she was on Sundays, when the vespers were rung! She listened, in an attentive stupor, to the repetition, one by one, of the strokes of the cracked bell. Some cat on the roof, walking slowly, arched its back in the pale rays of the sun. The wind, on the high-road, lifted up little trails of dust. In the distance, sometimes, a dog howled; and the bell, at regular intervals, continued its monotonous ringing, which lost itself in the distant country.

However, they all came out of the church, the women in waxed sabots, the peasants in new blouses, the little children who leaped bare-headed before them, all were returning to their own homes. And until night-fall, five or six men, always the same, remained playing at *bouchon* before the great door of the inn.

The winter was cold. The window panes, each morning, were covered with frost, and the pale daylight, which traversed them as through panes of rough glass, sometimes did not vary during the whole day. At four o'clock in the afternoon, it was necessary to light the lamp.

On fine days she descended to the garden. The dew had left on the cabbages a silver lace with long fine

threads which extended from one to another. The birds were no longer heard ; everything seemed to be asleep, the fruit-tree trained on the wall and covered with straw and the vine, like a great serpent ill, under the coping of the wall, where might be seen, by going nearer, the millipedes with their numerous feet. In the spruce-trees near the hedge, the curé in his three-cornered hat, who was reading his breviary, had lost his right foot, and even the plaster scaling off from the frost had left white scars on his figure.

Then she went up to her room again, closed the door, spread the brands on the hearth and, sinking into the warmth of the fire, felt the weariness fall upon her still more heavily. She would have been willing to go down and talk to the servant, but a sense of shame restrained her.

Every day, at the same hour, the schoolmaster, in a cap of black silk, opened the shutters of his house, and the rural policeman passed, wearing his sabre over his blouse. Evening and morning the post-horses, three by three, traversed the street to go and drink in the pond. From time to time the door of an inn could be heard ringing its bell ; and when the wind blew, the little basins in copper of the hair-dresser, which served as a sign for his shop, creaked on their two rods. His shop had for decoration an old-fashioned engraving pasted against a square and the wax bust of a woman, whose hair was yellow. He also, the hair-dresser, he

complained of his lagging vocation, of his ruined future, and, dreaming of some shop in a great city, as at Rouen, for example, on the quays near to the theatre, he spent the entire day walking backward and forward between the mayor's house and the church, sombre and waiting for customers. Whenever Madame Bovary raised her eyes she saw him always there like a sentinel on his post, with his Greek cap over his ears and his woolen waistcoat.

In the afternoon, sometimes, a man's head appeared behind the windows of the hall, a sunburnt head adorned with black whiskers, the man smiled slowly, a broad, sweet smile, which disclosed white teeth. Immediately a waltz commenced, and upon the organ, in a tiny salon, a number of dancers of the height of one's finger, women in pink turbans, Tyrolese men in jackets, monkeys in black coats, gentlemen in short trousers, revolved among the armchairs, the sofas, the consoles, repeating themselves in the little pieces of looking-glass which were united at their angles by slips of gilt paper. The man turned his crank handle, looking to the right and left, and up at the windows. From time to time, while discharging at the curbstone a long jet of brown saliva, he lifted with his knee his instrument, the hard strap of which tired his shoulder; and sometimes sorrowful and slow, or joyous and hurried, the music of the box escaped droning through a curtain of pink taffeta under a grating of brass. They were the airs

which were then played in the theatres, which were sung in the salons, which were danced to in the evening under brilliant lights, echoes of the world, which reached Emma's ears. Interminable sarabands unrolled themselves in her head, and, like a bayadere on the flowers of a carpet, her thoughts, keeping time with the notes, wavered from dream to dream and from sadness to sadness. When the man had received his alms in his cap, he pulled an old covering of blue woolen down over his organ, swung it on his back, and went away with a heavy step. She watched him depart.

But it was above all at the hours of their meals that she could endure no more, in this little room on the ground-floor, with its smoky stove, creaking door, oozing walls, and damp floor. All the weariness of existence seemed to be served on her plate, and with the steam of the boiled meat there mounted from the depths of her soul, as it were, other clouds of nausea. Charles sat a long while over his food; she nibbled at some nuts or, leaning on her elbow, amused herself with the point of her knife, making strokes on the oil-cloth cover.

Moreover, she now let everything go to pieces in her household; and Madame Bovary the elder, when she came to pass a part of the Lenten season at Tostes, was much astonished at this change. She, in fact, formerly so careful and so delicate, remained at present entire days without dressing herself, wore stockings of gray

cotton, and used only candle-light. She constantly repeated that it was necessary to economize since they were not rich, adding that she was very well satisfied, very happy, that Tostes pleased her greatly and other novel discourses which closed her mother-in-law's mouth. For the rest, Emma seemed no more disposed to follow her advice; on one occasion even, Madame Bovary having thought it well to assert that masters should look after the religion of their domestics, she replied to her with so much anger in her eyes, and with so cold a smile, that the good woman did not touch upon this subject any more.

She became difficult to please, capricious. She ordered dishes for herself and then did not touch them, one day drank nothing but pure milk, and the next day, cups of tea by the dozen. Sometimes she would obstinately refuse to go out, then she suffocated, opened all the windows, dressed herself in thin gowns. When she had been very harsh with her servant, she made her a present, or sent her out to see the neighbors, in the same way that she sometimes threw to the poor all the silver pieces in her purse,—although she was scarcely generous by nature, nor even easily affected by the distress of others, like the greater number of those born from country people, who always preserve on their souls something of the callosity of the paternal hand.

Toward the end of February, the Père Rouault, in memory of his curé, brought himself to his son-in-law

a superb turkey hen, and he remained three days at Tostes. Charles being with his patients, Emma kept him company. He smoked in the chamber, spat on the andirons, talked of agriculture, calves, cows, chickens, and Municipal Council, so much so, that she closed the door after him when he departed, with a feeling of satisfaction that surprised her. Moreover, she no longer concealed her contempt for anything or for anybody; and she sometimes openly expressed very singular opinions, blaming that which was generally approved, and approving perverse or immoral things, which made her husband open his eyes.

Was this misery going to endure forever? Could it be that she would never get out of it? And yet she was worth all those who lived happily. She had seen duchesses at the Vaubyessard who had heavier figures and more common manners than she; and she execrated the injustice of God; she leaned her head against the walls to weep; she envied the tumultuous existences, the masked knights, the insolent pleasures with all the distractions which she did not know and which they must bestow.

She grew pale and had palpitation of the heart. Charles administered valerian to her and camphor baths. Everything that was tried seemed to irritate her still more.

On certain days, she talked with a feverish abundance; these exaltations were succeeded suddenly by

torpors in which she remained without speaking, without moving. To reanimate her then, it was necessary to pour upon her arm a flask of eau-de-Cologne.

As she complained continually of Tostes, Charles imagined that the cause of her malady might be some local influence, and, adopting this idea, he thought seriously of establishing himself elsewhere.

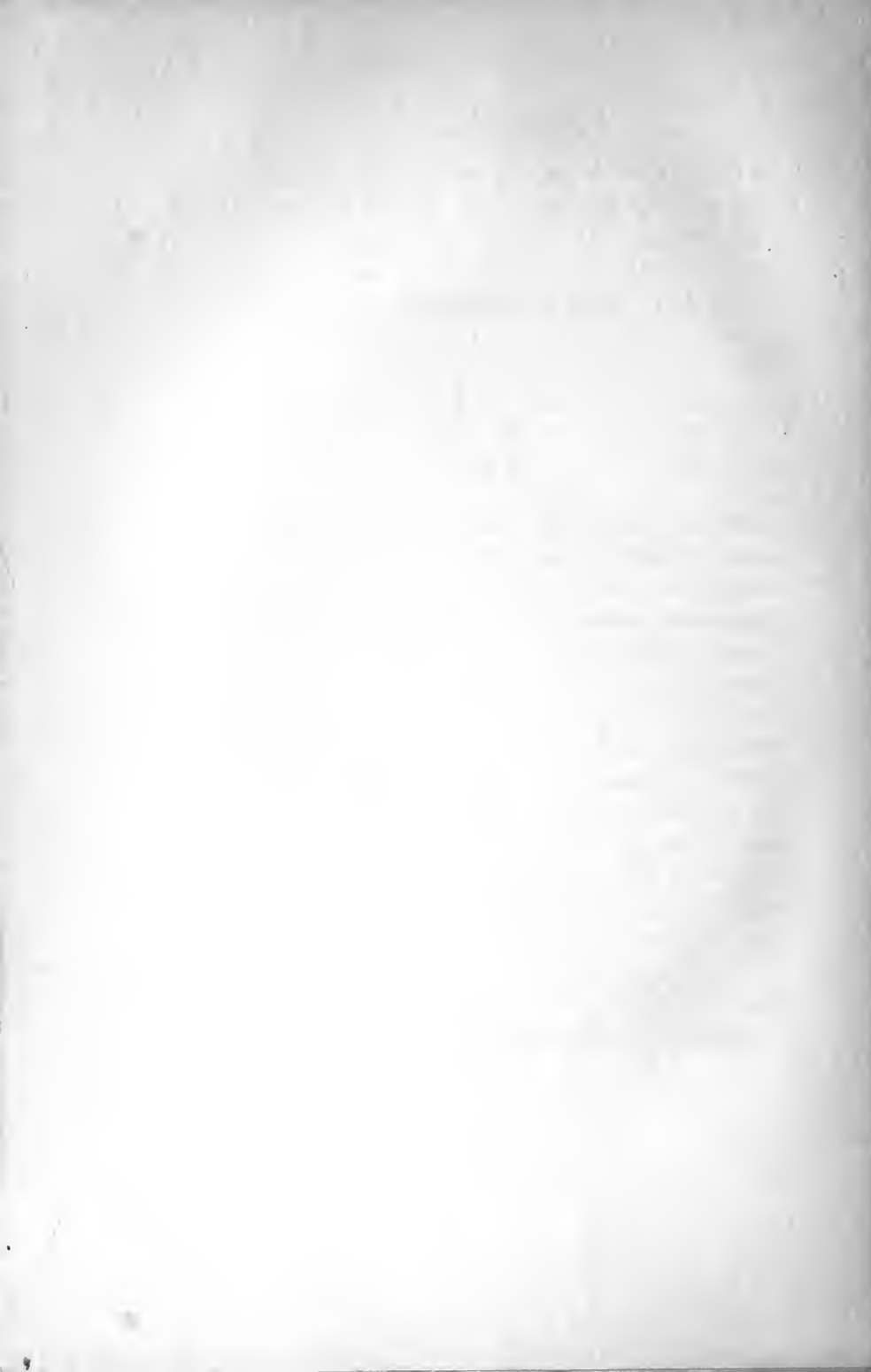
From this time she drank vinegar to make herself look thin, and practised a little dry cough and lost her appetite completely.

It cost Charles a good deal to abandon Tostes after living there four years, and at the moment *when he was commencing to be well settled there*. If it should be necessary, however! He took her to Rouen to see his former master. It was a nervous malady! A change of air would be necessary.

After having investigated in different directions, Charles learned that there was in the arrondissement of Neufchâtel a strong borough named Yonville-l'Abbaye, the physician of which, a Polish refugee, had decamped the preceding week. Then he wrote to the apothecary of the neighborhood to know what was the number of the inhabitants, the distance to the nearest neighboring physician, the amount of the annual income earned by his predecessor, etc.; and the replies having been satisfactory, he concluded to move toward the spring, if Emma's health did not improve.

One day when, in view of her departure, she was arranging things in a drawer, she pricked her finger with something. It was an iron wire of her marriage bouquet. The orange buds were yellow with dust and the satin ribbons, with borders of silver, were raveling out on the edges. She threw it into the fire. It flamed up more quickly than dry straw, then it was like a little red leafage on the cinders, and which crumbled away slowly. She watched it burn. The little imitation berries burst open, the iron wire twisted, the silver lace melted; and the paper petals, shriveling up, agitated themselves for awhile along the metal like black butterflies and finally vanished up the chimney.

When they departed from Tostes, in the month of March, Madame Bovary was enceinte.



PART SECOND

I

Yonville-l'Abbaye—which derived its name from an ancient abbey of the order of Capuchins, not even the ruins of which now exist—is a borough eight leagues from Rouen, between the Abbeville road and that of Beauvais, at the bottom of a valley which is watered by the Rieule, a little river which flows into the Andelle after having turned three mills toward its mouth, and where there are some trout, which the youth amuse themselves by fishing for on Sundays with a line.

The high-road is left at Boissière, and the journey is continued on a level as far as the top of the Leux hill, from which point the valley may be seen. The river which traverses it makes of it, as it were, two regions with distinct characteristics. All that is on the left is in pasture, all that is on the right is cultivated. The meadow stretches along at foot of a circular grouping of low hills to communicate behind

with the pasture lands of the country of Bray, whilst toward the east, the plain, mounting gently, widens out and extends its golden grain fields as far as the eye can see. The stream which runs along the edge of the grass land separates by a sinuous white parting the color of the meadows and that of the ploughed land, and the country thus bears a resemblance to an immense cloak spread out, which has a collar of green velvet bordered with silver lace.

On arriving, the traveler has before him, on the extremity of the horizon, the oaks of the forest of Argueil, with the slopes of the Saint-Jean hill streaked from top to bottom by long reddish irregular tracks; these are the traces left by the rains; and these brickish tones, striking in thin lines across the gray color of the mountain, are occasioned by the numerous ferruginous springs which flow away into the neighboring country.

Here we are on the confines of Normandy, of Picardy, and of the Ile-de-France, a bastard country, where the language is without accentuation, as the landscape is without character. It is here that are made the worst Neufchâtel cheeses of the whole arrondissement, and, on the other hand, the agriculture is costly because of the quantity of fertilizers required for this friable soil, sandy and full of stones.

Up to 1835 there was no practicable road to Yonville, but about this period a *great cross-country* road

was opened, which unites the Abbeville road to that of Amiens and is made use of sometimes by the carriers going from Rouen to Flanders. However, Yonville-l'Abbaye has remained stationary notwithstanding its *new outlets*. Instead of improving the agriculture, there is an obstinate clinging to the pasture lands, depreciated as they are ; and the idle borough, turning away from the plain, has naturally continued to grow on the side of the river. It may be perceived from afar, stretched all along the banks, like a cowherd who takes his siesta on the edge of the stream.

At the bottom of the hill, after you pass the bridge, a high-road commences, planted with young aspen-trees, which conducts you in a straight line to the first houses of the country. They are enclosed with hedges, in the middle of courtyards full of scattered buildings, wine-presses, cart-houses and distilleries of brandy scattered among thick, bushy trees which carry ladders, poles and sickles hung in their branches. The thatched roofs, like fur caps pulled down over the eyes, descend almost to a third of the length of the low windows, the thick, bulging panes of which have each a knob in the middle, like the bottom of a bottle. On the plastered walls, traversed diagonally by black timbers, a straggling pear-tree sometimes clings, and the doors on the ground floor are defended by a little wicket which turns, to prevent the entrance of the young chickens which come to pick up on the threshold the crumbs of

brown bread soaked in cider. Gradually the courtyards become more narrow, the houses grow closer together, the hedges disappear; a bunch of ferns may be seen under a window at the end of a broom-handle; then there is a blacksmith shop, and near it a wheelwright with two or three new carts outside, which encroach upon the road. Then, through a clear space, may be seen a white house beyond a circular bit of turf ornamented by a Cupid with his finger on his mouth; two vases in cast iron are at each end of the slips, escutcheons glitter on the door; it is the house of the notary, and the finest in the country.

The church is on the other side of the street, twenty paces farther on, at the entrance to the village. The little cemetery which surrounds it, enclosed by a wall breast-high, is so filled with tombs that the old stones placed horizontally on the ground make a continuous pavement in which the grass designs the regular green outlines of the squares. The church was entirely rebuilt in the last year of the reign of Charles X. The vaulted ceiling, in wood, is commencing to decay in the upper part and shows in various places black spots in its blue color. Above the entrance, where the organs should be, is a gallery for the men with a winding stairway which resounds under the sabots.

The daylight coming through plain windows lights obliquely the benches, arranged from wall to wall, which are ornamented here and there by some straw

matting nailed on, having underneath it these words in big letters: "The bench of Monsieur Such a One." Farther on, where the building narrows, the confessional has as a counterpart the statuette of the Virgin, clothed in a satin dress, having on her head a tulle veil strewn with silver stars, and with her cheeks purpled like an idol of the Sandwich Islands; finally, a copy of the *Sainte Famille, envoi du Ministre de l'Intérieur*, dominating the high altar between four chandeliers, terminates the view. The choir stalls in fir wood have remained unpainted.

The market, that is to say a tile roof supported by some twenty posts, occupies of itself about half of the grand square of Yonville. The town-hall, constructed *after the designs of an architect of Paris*, is a sort of Greek temple which forms the angle, by the side of the house of the apothecary. It has on the ground floor three Ionic columns, and on the first story a gallery with a circular arch, whilst the tympanum which terminates it at the top is decorated with the Gallic cock, supported by one foot on the Charter and holding in the other the scales of Justice.

But that which most attracts the eye is, opposite to the inn of the *Lion d'Or*, the pharmaceutical establishment of Monsieur Homais: especially in the evening when his lamp is illumined and when the red and green phials which embellish the front of his shop cast afar along the ground their two colored rays; then

between them, as in the midst of Bengal fires, may be seen the shadow of the apothecary, leaning his elbows on his desk. His building from top to bottom is placarded with notices written in English, in round hand, and printed,—“Eaux de Vichy, de Seltz, and de Barèges, depuratory fruit syrups, medicine Raspail, racahout of the Arabs, pastils Darcet, paste Regnault, bandages, baths, chocolats de santé, etc.” And the sign which took up the whole width of the shop bore in letters of gold, *Homais, pharmacien*. Then, at the back of the shop, behind the grand scales fastened to the counter, the word *Laboratoire* displayed itself above a glass door which, in the middle of its height, repeated once more *Homais*, in letters of gold on a black ground.

There is nothing more to see in Yonville. The street—the only one—of the length of a gunshot and bordered by a few shops, stopped short at the turning of the road. If it is left on the right and the bottom of the hill Saint-Jean followed, the cemetery is soon reached.

At the time of the cholera, to increase it, it was found necessary to throw down a section of wall and buy three acres of land adjoining; but all this new portion is almost uninhabited, the graves as formerly continuing to crowd towards the gate. The guardian, who is at once grave-digger and beadle of the church—drawing thus from the dead of the parish a double

profit—has profited by this empty space to sow in it potatoes. From year to year, however, his little field contracts, and when an epidemic arrives, he does not know whether he should rejoice at the deaths or be afflicted by the burials.

“You nourish yourself with the dead, Lestiboudois!” said Monsieur le Curé to him finally one day.

This sombre speech made him reflect ; it caused him to stop for some little time ; but to-day he still continues the culture of his tubercles, and even asserts with assurance that they grow naturally.

Since the events which have just been narrated, nothing, in fact, has been changed at Yonville. The tricolored flag in tin still continues to turn at the top of the church steeple ; the shop of the merchant of novelties still shakes in the wind its two streamers of printed calico ; the fœtus of the apothecary, like packages of white amadon, decay more and more in their muddy alcohol, and over the great door of the inn the old golden lion, his color washed out by the rains, still shows to the passers-by his poodle’s mane.

The evening on which the Bovarys were to arrive at Yonville, Madame, the widow Lefrançois, the mistress of this inn, was so full of business that she was sweating huge drops while stirring her saucepans. The next day was market day in the borough. It was necessary in advance to cut up the meats, to clean the chickens, to make the soup and the coffee. She had, moreover,

to prepare the repast for her boarders, that of the doctor, his wife, and their servant ; the billiard-room rang with shouts of laughter ; three millers in the little apartment were clamoring to have their brandy brought them ; the wood flamed, the coal crackled, and on the long table of the kitchen, among the quarters of raw mutton, rose piles of plates which trembled at the shaking of the block on which the spinach was being chopped up. From the poultry-yard could be heard the cries of the chickens which the maidservant was pursuing in order to cut off their heads.

A man in slippers of green leather, slightly marked with the small-pox, and wearing a velvet cap with a gold tassel, was warming his back before the fire. His countenance expressed nothing but satisfaction with himself, and he had the air of being as calm in life as the goldfinch in the willow cage hanging over his head, —this was the apothecary.

“Artémise !” cried the mistress of the inn, “break up the fagots, fill the carafes, bring the brandy, hurry up ! If I only knew what dessert to offer to the society you are waiting for. Divine Goodness ! those drummers of furniture-movers are commencing their row again in the billiard-room ! And their cart is left standing under the front door. The *Hirondelle* is likely to run into it when it arrives ! Call Polyte to have it put in the shed ! — Just to think that, since this morning, Monsieur Homais, they have perhaps played

Part Second Chapter II

A man in slippers of green leather, slightly marked with the small-pox, and wearing a velvet cap with a gold tassel, was warming his back before the fire. His countenance expressed nothing but satisfaction with himself, and he had the air of being as calm in life as the goldfinch in the willow cage hanging over his head,—this was the apothecary.







fifteen games and drank eight pots of cider! — But they are going to destroy my billiard cloth," she continued, looking at them from a distance, her skimmer in her hand.

"The damage will not be great," replied Monsieur Homais, "you will buy another."

"Another billiard table!" exclaimed the widow.

"Since this one is worn out, Madame Lefrançois; I repeat it to you, you wrong yourself! you do yourself great wrong! And the amateurs, nowadays, demand narrow pockets and heavy cues. They no longer play on the ball; everything is changed! It is necessary to keep up with the times! Look at Tellier, rather."

The hostess turned red with vexation. The apothecary added:

"His billiard table, it is needless to say, is smaller than yours; and that they should conceive the idea, for example, of making up a patriotic pool for the Poles, or for the sufferers from the inundation of Lyons——"

"It is not beggars like those that we are afraid of!" interrupted the hostess, shrugging her great shoulders. "Come, come, Monsieur Homais, as long as the *Lion d'Or* lives, people will come to it. We have hay in our shoes too, we have! One of these fine mornings you will see the *Café français* shut up, and with a fine notice pasted on the shutters! — Change my billiard table," she continued, speaking to herself, "that which is so handy for me to lay out my washing upon,

and on which, in the hunting season, I have put as many as six travelers to bed! — But where is that lazy Hivert who does not come?"

"Are you waiting for him for your gentlemen's dinner?" asked the apothecary.

"Waiting for him! And Monsieur Binet then! When it strikes six o'clock you will see him come in, for his equal does not exist on the earth for punctuality. He must always have his place in the little room. He would be killed sooner than dine elsewhere. How squeamish he is, and how hard to please about his cider. He is not like Monsieur Léon; he, he gets here sometimes at seven o'clock, half-past seven even; he does not even look at what he is eating. What a fine young man! Never one word louder than another."

"That is because there is a good deal of difference, do you see, between someone who has had an education and an old Carabineer who is a collector."

Six o'clock sounded, Binet entered.

He wore a blue frock coat falling straight around his thin body; and his leathern cap, with flaps tied by a cord on top of his head, revealed under the turned up peak, a bald forehead which the habit of wearing this cap had still further depressed. He wore a waistcoat of black cloth, a cravat of hair-cloth, gray trousers, and at all seasons of the year well polished boots which had two similar protuberances caused by the undue prominence of his great toes.

Not a hair strayed over the line of his white collar, which, encircling his jaws, framed in as if it were the border of a flower-bed, his long dull countenance, of which the eyes were little and the nose arched. A good player in any game of cards, a good hunter, and writing a fine hand, he had in his own house a lathe with which he amused himself by turning napkin-rings, with which he encumbered his house with all the jealousy of an artist and the egotism of a bourgeois.

He directed his steps towards the little room ; but it was necessary to get the three millers out ; and during all the time that it took to lay his table, Binet remained perfectly silent in his place near the stove, then he closed the door and took off his cap as usual.

“It is not civilities that will wear out his tongue,” said the apothecary, as soon as he was alone with the hostess.

“He never talks any more than that,” she replied ; “three cloth travelers came here last week, very witty fellows, who, in the evening said so many funny things that I laughed till I cried ; well, he stood there like a shad, without saying a word.”

“Yes,” said the apothecary, “no imagination, no wit, nothing of that which constitutes the man of society.”

“It is said, however, that he has good capacities,” objected the hostess.

“Capacities!” replied Monsieur Homais, “he! capacities! in his game, that is possible,” he added in a calmer tone. And he went on: “Ah! that a dealer who has important relations, that a jurisconsult, a physician, an apothecary, should be so much absorbed that they become odd and even crabbed, that I can understand. You read of such incidents in the histories. But at least they are thinking of something. I, for example, how many times does it happen to me to look for my pen on my desk in order to write a label and to discover finally that I had placed it behind my ear!”

Meanwhile, Madame Lefrançois went to the door to see if the *Hirondelle* was coming. Suddenly she started. A man dressed in black came unexpectedly into the kitchen. It could be seen by the last gleams of twilight that he had a rubicund visage and an athletic figure.

“What will you be served with, Monsieur le Curé?” asked the mistress of the inn, reaching on the chimney-piece one of the brass candlesticks which, with their candles, were there arranged in a colonnade. “Will you take something? a finger of cassis—black currant ratafia—a glass of wine?”

The ecclesiastic declined very civilly. He had come to look for his umbrella which he had forgotten the other day at the convent of Ernemont; and after having requested Madame Lefrançois to send it to his

house in the evening, he went out on his way to the church from which the *Angelus* was sounding.

When the apothecary no longer heard the sound of his footsteps on the Place outside, he began to criticise his conduct very strongly. This refusal to accept refreshment seemed to him an hypocrisy of the most odious kind ; the priests all tiddled when they were not seen, and endeavored to bring back the old tithing times.

The hostess took up the defense of her curé.

“Moreover, he could break four such men as you across his knee. Last year he helped our people to bring in the straw ; he carried as many as six sheaves at once, he is so strong !”

“Bravo !” said the apothecary. “Send your daughters then to confess to fine fellows with such a temperament as that. I, if I were the governor, I would have the priests bled once a month. Yes, Madame Lefrançois, every month a copious phlebotomy in the interests of the police and of good manners !”

“Will you keep silent, Monsieur Homais ! you are an impious man ! you have no religion !”

The apothecary replied :

“I have a religion, my religion, and I have even more of a one than they have with all their mummeries and all their juggleries. I adore God, on the contrary ! I believe in the Supreme Being, in a Creator, whoever he may be, it makes but little difference to me who has

placed us here below to fulfil our duties as citizens and fathers of families ; but I have no need of going into a church to kiss silver plates and to fatten from my pocket a crowd of buffoons who are better nourished than we are. For, he can be as well honored in a wood, in a field, or even in contemplating the ethereal vault, as did the ancients. My God, for me, is the God of Socrates, of Franklin, of Voltaire and of Béranger ! I am for the *Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar*, and the immortal principles of '89 ! Thus, I do not believe in a goodman of a Bon Dieu who walks about his garden with a cane in his hand, lodges his friends in the bellies of whales, dies in uttering a cry, and comes to life at the end of three days ; things absurd in themselves, and which are completely opposed, moreover, to all the laws of physics, which demonstrates to us, incidentally, that the priests have always wallowed in base ignorance, and that they endeavor to drag down the people with them."

He ceased speaking, looking around him in search of a public, for in his effervescence the apothecary for a moment thought himself in full municipal council. But the mistress of the inn was no longer listening to him. She was lending her ear to a distant rumbling. There could be distinguished the sound of a vehicle mingled with a rattling of loose hoofs which struck against the ground, and the *Hirondelle* finally pulled up before the door.

This was a yellow box mounted on two great wheels which, rising as high as the tilt, prevented the travelers from seeing the road and soiled their shoulders for them. The little squares of its narrow windows trembled in their frames when the vehicle was closed and retained spots of mud here and there on their old layer of dust, which the torrential rains did not wash at all. It was drawn by a spike team of three horses, and in descending the hills it reached the extreme limit of jolting.

Several of the bourgeois of Yonville arrived on the scene; they talked all at once, demanding news, explanations and the game baskets. Hivert did not know which one to answer. It was he who executed in the city all the commissions of the country. He went into the shops, bringing back rolls of leather for the shoemaker, old iron for the blacksmith, a barrel of herrings for his mistress, bonnets from the milliner, toupets from the wig-maker; and along the road, in returning, he distributed his packages, which he threw over the tops of the courtyard enclosures, standing up in his seat and calling out at the top of his voice, whilst his horses went along of their own accord.

An accident had detained him—the little greyhound of Madame Bovary had run away across the fields. They had whistled for her a good quarter of an hour; Hivert had even gone back for half a league, thinking to see her at every moment, but it had been necessary

to continue the journey. Emma had wept, had fallen into a passion; she had accused Charles of this misfortune. Monsieur L'Heureux, a dry-goods merchant, who had been with her in the vehicle, had endeavored to console her by a number of examples of lost dogs who recognized their masters at the end of long years. There was a case of one, he said, which had returned from Constantinople to Paris. Another had made fifty leagues in a straight line, and passed four rivers by swimming; and his own father had owned a poodle, which, after twelve years of absence, had suddenly jumped upon his back one evening in the street as he was going out to dine.

II

Emma descended first, then Félicité, Monsieur L'Heureux, and a nurse, and they were obliged to awaken Charles in his corner where he had gone sound asleep as soon as the night had fallen.

Homais presented himself; he offered his homages to madame, his civilities to monsieur, said that he was charmed to have been able to render them some services, and added, with a cordial air, that he had dared to invite himself, his wife, moreover, being absent.

Madame Bovary, when she was in the kitchen, approached the fire. With the ends of two of her fingers she took her dress at the height of her knees and having lifted it up to her ankles, she extended towards the fire, over which the leg of mutton was turning, her foot shod in a black boot. The fire lit her up completely, penetrated with a crude light the texture of her dress, the even pores of her white skin and even the lids of her eyes, which she half closed from time to time. A great ruddy color passed over her, following the breath of the wind which came in by the half-open door.

On the other side of the chimney-place, a young man with blonde hair looked at her silently.

As he wearied himself very much in Yonville, where he was a clerk in the office of Maître Guillaumin, Monsieur Léon Dupuis—it was he, the second habitué of the *Lion d'Or*—often postponed the moment of his repast, hoping that some traveler would come to the inn with whom he might converse during the evening. On those days on which his work was finished early, it was necessary for him, in the absence of some diversion, to arrive at the exact hour and to submit, from the soup until the cheese, to the tête-à-tête with Binet ! It was then with joy that he accepted the proposition of the hostess to dine in company with the newcomers, and they passed into the *grande salle* where Madame Lefrançois, for sumptuousness, had caused the four covers to be laid.

Homais requested permission to keep his Greek cap for fear of colds in the head ; then, turning towards his fair neighbor :

“ Madame is doubtless somewhat weary ? one is so frightfully jolted in our *Hirondelle* ! ”

“ It is true,” replied Emma, “ but the moving always amuses me ; I love to change places.”

“ It is very monotonous,” sighed the clerk, “ to live nailed to the same place all the time ! ”

“ If you were like me,” said Charles, “ obliged to be on horseback all the time —— ”

“ But,” resumed Léon, addressing Madame Bovary, “ nothing is more agreeable, it seems to me, when one can,” he added.

“ On the whole,” said the apothecary, “ the exercise of the practice of medicine is not very wearying in our districts, for the state of our roads permits the usage of the cabriolet, and generally the patients pay pretty well, the cultivators of the land being in easy circumstances. We have, according to the medical report, in addition to the ordinary cases of enteritis, bronchitis, bilious affections, etc., from time to time some intermittent fevers at the harvest ; but, to sum up, but few things serious, nothing special to note, if it be not a great many cold humors, which doubtless are occasioned by the deplorable hygienic conditions of our peasants’ lodgings. Ah ! you will find many prejudices to combat, Monsieur Bovary ; many obstinate adherences to

routine with which the efforts of your science will daily come into conflict ; for recourse is still had to Neuvains, to relics, to the curé, rather than to calling naturally on the physician or the pharmacist. The climate, moreover, is not, to speak truly, bad, and we even count in the commune some nonagenarians. The thermometer—I have made the observations—descends in winter as low as four degrees, and in the warm season touches 25, 30 centigrade at the most, which gives us 24, Réaumur at the maximum, or 54 Fahrenheit—English measure—not more, and, in fact, we are sheltered from the winds of the north by the forest of Argueil on one side, from the winds of the west by the hill Saint-Jean on the other ; this warmth, however, which, because of the watery vapor which arises from the river, and the presence of a considerable number of cattle in the meadows which exhale, as you know, a great deal of ammonia, that is to say, azote, hydrogen and oxygen—no, azote and hydrogen only,—and which, drawing to itself from the mould of the earth, commingling all these different emanations, reuniting them in a bundle, so to speak, and mingling itself with the electricity diffused through the atmosphere, when there is any, can in the long run, as in tropical countries, engender insalubrious miasma ; this warmth, as I say, finds itself exactly tempered in the direction from which it comes, or, rather, from which it would come, that is to say, from the south, by the winds of the southeast, which, being refreshed

themselves by passing over the Seine, come to us suddenly, all at once, like breezes from Russia."

"Have you at least some promenades in the neighborhood?" continued Madame Bovary, speaking to the young man.

"Oh! very few," he replied. "There is a spot which is called la Pâturage, on the top of a hill, at the edge of the forest. Sometimes I go there on Sundays and I stay there with a book, contemplating the setting sun."

"I do not know of anything so admirable as sunsets," she replied, "but above all, on the seashore."

"Oh! I adore the sea," said Monsieur Léon.

"And then does it not seem to you," replied Madame Bovary, ceasing to eat, "that the spirit floats more freely over this extent without limit, the contemplation of which elevates your soul and gives ideas of the infinite, of the ideal?"

"It is the same with mountain landscapes," resumed Léon. "I have a cousin who traveled in Switzerland last year and who said to me that one could not imagine the poetry of the lakes, the charm of the cascades, the gigantic effect of the glaciers. There may be seen pines of an incredible grandeur, across the torrents, cabins suspended over the precipices, and, a thousand feet below you, entire valleys when the clouds open. These spectacles must incite enthusiasm, dispose one to prayer, to ecstasy! Thus I am no longer surprised at

that celebrated musician who, in order better to excite his imagination, was in the habit of playing his piano before some imposing view."

"You are a musician?" she asked.

"No, but I love it very much," he replied.

"Ah! do not listen to him, Madame Bovary," interrupted Homais, leaning over his plate, "that is pure modesty. What, my dear fellow! And the other day in your chamber you sang *The Guardian Angel* admirably. I heard you from the laboratory; your staccato effect was like that of an actor."

Léon, in fact, lodged with the apothecary, he had a little room on the second floor, looking out on the Place. He blushed at this compliment from his landlord, who had already turned back to the doctor and was enumerating to him, one after the other, the principal inhabitants of Yonville. He related anecdotes, gave information; the fortune of the notary was not exactly known, *and there was the house of Tuvache* which was much embarrassed.

Emma resumed:

"And what music do you prefer?"

"Oh! the German, that which induces reverie."

"Do you know the *Italiens*?"

"Not yet; but I shall go there next year when I am going to Paris to finish my law studies."

"It is," said the apothecary, "as I had the honor, to express to monsieur, your husband, apropos of this

poor Yanoda who has run away ; you will find yourself, thanks to the follies which he has committed, enjoying one of the most comfortable houses in Yonville. That which is particularly convenient for a physician is that there is a door on the *Allée* by which you may enter and go out without being seen. Moreover, it is furnished with everything that is desirable in a household ; washhouse, kitchen with pantry, family room, fruit-loft, etc. That was a gay fellow who did not stop to consider ! He had constructed, at the end of the garden, on the edge of the water, a bower expressly for himself in which to drink beer in summer time, and if madame loves gardening, she may be able ——”

“ My wife scarcely ever occupies herself with it,” Charles said ; “ although exercise is recommended to her, she likes better to remain all the time in her chamber, reading.”

“ That is like me,” resumed Léon. “ What is there better, in fact, than to rest, in the evening, at a corner of the fire with a book, whilst the wind beats at the windows, the lamp burns ——”

“ Is it not so ?” she said, fixing on him her great wide-open black eyes.

“ You think of nothing,” he continued, “ the hours pass ; you traverse, motionless, countries which you think you see, and your thought, intertwining with the fiction, entertains itself with the details or follows the outlines of the adventures. It mingles itself with the

personages ; it seems that it is you, yourself, who palpitate under their costumes."

"That is true ! that is true !" she said.

"Has it sometimes happened to you," resumed Léon, "to encounter in a book a vague idea which has haunted you, some obscured image which returns from afar, as the complete exposition of your most delicate sentiment?"

"I have experienced that," she replied.

"That is why," he said, "I love poets above all. I find verses more tender than prose, and that they are much more conducive to tears."

"However, they weary in the long run," replied Emma ; "and for my part, on the contrary, I adore those stories which flow along without interruption, by which one is frightened. I detest the commonplace heroes, and the tempered sentiments, such as there are in nature."

"In fact," observed the clerk, "these works, not touching the heart, go astray, it seems to me, from the true aim of art. It is so pleasant among the disenchantments of life, to be able to return in thought to noble characters, pure affections and the pictures of happiness. As for myself, living here, far from the world, it is my only distraction ; but Yonville offers so few resources !"

"Like Tostes, doubtless," replied Emma : "so I always subscribed to a reading-room."

“If madame will do me the honor to use it,” said the apothecary, who had heard these last words, “I have myself at her disposition a library composed of the best authors,—Voltaire, Rousseau, Delille, Walter Scott, *L'Echo des Feuilletons*, etc., and I receive, moreover, different periodical publications, among others, *Le Fanal de Rouen*, daily, having the advantage of being its correspondent for the districts of Buchy, Forges, Neufchâtel, Yonville and the neighborhood.”

They had been at the table two hours and a half; for the servant, Artémise, dragging nonchalantly over the pavement her old list shoes, brought the plates one after another, forgot everything, comprehended nothing, and constantly left half open the door of the billiard-room which beat against the wall the end of the knob of its latch.

Without his perceiving it, in the midst of their conversation, Léon had put his foot on one of the rounds of the chair on which Madame Bovary was sitting. She wore a little cravat of blue silk which enclosed, stiff as a ruff, a collar of pleated batiste; and, following the movements of her head, the lower part of her face buried itself in the linen or rose out of it softly. It was thus, one close to the other, while Charles and the apothecary conferred, that they drifted into one of those vague conversations in which the chance of the phrases brings you back always to the fixed centre of a common sympathy. Parisian theatres, titles of novels, new

quadrilles, and the world which they did not know, Tostes where she had lived, Yonville where they were, they examined all, spoke of all, until the end of the dinner.

When the coffee was served, Félicité went away to prepare the chamber in the new house and the guests soon rose from the table. Madame Lefrançois was asleep before the ashes of the fire, whilst the stable-boy, a lantern in his hands, was waiting for Monsieur and Madame Bovary to conduct them home. When he had taken the umbrella of Monsieur le Curé in his other hand, they set out.

The borough was all asleep. The pillars of the market cast long and huge shadows. The earth was quite gray, as on a summer night.

The doctor's house being within fifty steps of the inn, it was necessary almost immediately to say good-night, and the company dispersed.

Emma, as soon as she was in the vestibule, felt the cold of the plaster fall on her shoulders like a damp linen. The walls were new and the wooden steps creaked. In the chamber on the first floor, a pale light shone through the curtainless windows. The tops of the trees could be partially seen and, farther away, the meadow half obscured in the mist which rose in the moonlight, following the course of the river. In the middle of the apartment, piled together indiscriminately, there were bureau drawers, bottles, curtain-rods,

gilt bâtons, with mattresses on the chairs and wash basins on the floor,—the two men who had brought the furniture having dropped everything there carelessly.

This was the fourth time that she had slept in an unknown locality. The first had been on the day of her entry into the convent, the second on that of her arrival at Tostes, the third at the Vaubyessard, the fourth was here; and each one took its place in her life as the inauguration of a new phase. She did not believe that things could present themselves in the same fashion at different places, and since the portion which she had lived had been bad, doubtless that which remained for her would be better.

III

The next morning on her awakening, she saw the clerk on the public Place. She was in her wrapper. He raised his head and saluted her. She made a rapid inclination and closed the window.

Léon waited the whole day for six o'clock in the evening to arrive; but when he entered the inn he found no one except Monsieur Binet at the table.

The dinner of the evening before had been for him a considerable event; never, up to that time, had he conversed for two consecutive hours with a *lady*. How

then had he been able to set forth, and in such language, a number of things that he would not have been able to express so well formerly? He was habitually timid, and had that reserve which partakes at the same time of modesty and of dissimulation. In Yonville he was generally considered to have manners *comme il faut*. He listened to the arguments of those of ripe age and did not appear to entertain rash opinions in politics, a remarkable thing for a young man. Then he was not without talents, he painted in water-colors, knew something about music, and willingly interested himself in literature after his dinner, when he did not play cards. Monsieur Homais held him in consideration because of his general information; Madame Homais entertained an affection for him because of his regard for others; for he often accompanied to the garden the little Homais, brats always dirty, very badly brought up and somewhat lymphatic, like their mother. They had, to take care of them, in addition to the *bonne*, Justin, the pupil in pharmacy, a distant cousin of Monsieur Homais, who had been taken into the house through charity and who served at the same time as domestic.

The apothecary showed himself to be the best of neighbors. He gave Madame Bovary information concerning the furniture, had his own cider merchant come expressly, tasted the liquor himself, and superintended in the cellar the proper placing of the cask; he gave further information concerning the steps to be taken to

secure a supply of butter at reasonable prices, and concluded an arrangement with Lestibouois, the sacristan, who, in addition to his functions sacerdotal and mortuary, took care of the principal gardens of Yonville by the hour or by the year, as you preferred.

It was not alone the necessity of occupying himself with the affairs of others, which impelled the pharmacist to so much obsequious cordiality, he had a plan behind it.

He had infringed the law of the 19 Ventôse year XI., first section, which forbids every individual not provided with a diploma to practise medicine ; so much so, that under some mysterious denunciations Homais had been summoned to Rouen, before the king's attorney in his private office. The magistrate had received him standing, in his robes, his ermine on his shoulders and his toque on his head. This was in the morning, before the session. In the corridors could be heard the heavy boots of the gendarmes, and something like a distant sound of heavy locks closing. The ears of the apothecary rang in such a fashion that he was near falling with a rush of blood to his head ; he had glimpses of the bottoms of dungeons, his family in tears, the pharmacy sold, all the bottles scattered ; and he was obliged to enter a café to take a glass of rum with seltzer, to restore his spirits.

However, the souvenir of this admonition had grown feeble, and he continued, as formerly, to give soothing

consultations in his back shop. But the mayor was vexed with him, his cronies were jealous, everything was to be feared; and to attach Monsieur Bovary to him through courtesies would be to gain his gratitude and prevent him from speaking later if he perceived anything wrong. Thus every morning, Homais brought him *the journal*, and often in the afternoon, left the pharmacy for a moment to go and have a conversation with the officier de santé.

Charles was melancholy: the patients did not arrive. He remained sitting for long hours at a time, without speaking, went to sleep in his office, or watched his wife sewing. In order to distract himself, he worked about the place like a laborer and even undertook to paint the barn with some color which the painters had left. But he was preoccupied with his money affairs. He had expended so much for the repairs at Tostes, for Madame's toilets and for the moving, and all the *dot*, plus three thousand écus, had disappeared in two years. Then, so many things damaged or lost in the transportation from Tostes to Yonville, without counting the curé in plaster, who, falling from the cart through a too heavy jolt, had broken himself in a thousand pieces on the pavement of Quincampoix!

A more comforting thought came to relieve him, that is, his wife's pregnancy. In proportion as the time approached he cherished her all the more. It was another bond of the flesh establishing itself between

them, and, as it were, the continued sentiment of a more complex union. When he saw from a distance her indolent attitudes and her figure, without its corset, turning softly on her hips, when, face to face with each other, he contemplated her at his ease and when she took, seated in her easy-chair, wearied attitudes, then his happiness could no longer contain itself; he rose, he embraced her, passed his hands over her face, called her little mamma, wished to make her dance and uttered, half laughing, half crying, all sorts of caressing pleasantries which came into his mind. The idea of having engendered delighted him. Nothing was wanting to him at present. He was acquainted with human existence in its full extent, and he established himself in it with his elbows on the table in great serenity.

Emma, at first experienced a great astonishment, then she had a desire to be delivered so that she might know what sort of a thing it was to be a mother. But, not being able to afford, as she would have liked, the expense of a cradle in mother-of-pearl with curtains of pink silk and embroidered caps for the baby, she renounced the whole trousseau in an accession of bitterness, and ordered it all at once from a workwoman in the village, without selecting or discussing anything. She did not interest herself in these preparations, in which the tenderness of mothers manifests its desires; and her affection from the beginning was perhaps diminished by something. However, as Charles at all

his meals talked of the infant, presently she began to think of it in a more continuous manner.

She wished for a son ; he should be strong and dark ; she would call him Georges ; and this idea of having for a child a male was like the hoped-for revenge for all her past incapacities. A man at least is free ; he can range through passions and countries, traverse obstacles, taste of the most distant happinesses. But a woman is continually hindered. Inert and flexible at the same time, she has against her the softness of the flesh with the dependencies enforced by the law. Her will, like the veil of her bonnet retained by a cord, flutters in every wind ; there is always some desire which carries her away, some conventionality which retains her.

The child was born on a Sunday, about six o'clock, at sunrise.

“It is a girl!” said Charles. She turned her head and fainted.

Almost immediately Madame Homais hastened to embrace her as did the Mère Lefrançois of the *Lion d'Or*. The apothecary, as a discreet man, contented himself with addressing to her some provisory congratulations through the half-open door. He wished to see the infant, and found it well shaped.

During her convalescence, she occupied herself a good deal in seeking a name for her daughter. At first she passed in review all those which had Italian terminations, such as Clara, Louisa, Amanda, Atala ; she

liked Galsuinte well enough, still better Yseult or Léocadie. Charles desired the infant to have the same name as its mother ; Emma opposed it. They searched through the calendar from one end to the other, and they consulted strangers.

“ Monsieur Léon,” said the apothecary, “ with whom I was talking the other day, was surprised that you did not choose Madeleine, which is very much in the fashion at the present time.”

The mother Bovary exclaimed strongly against this name of the sinner. Monsieur Homais, on his part, had a predilection for all those which recalled a great man, an illustrious action, or a generous conception, and it was in pursuance of this system that he had baptized his four children. Thus Napoléon represented glory, and Franklin, liberty ; Irma, perhaps, was a concession to romanticism ; but Athalie was an homage to the most immortal masterpiece of the French drama ; for his philosophic convictions did not interfere with his artistic admirations ; in him, the thinker did not extinguish the man of feeling ; he had sufficient knowledge to establish distinctions, to define the part of the imagination and that of fanaticism. Of this tragedy, for example, he blamed the ideas but he admired the style ; he execrated the conception, but he applauded all the details, and was exasperated with the personages while becoming enthusiastic over their discourses. When he read these grand pieces he was transported,

but when he reflected that the clericals drew arguments from them for their discourse, he was desolated ; and in this confusion of sentiments in which he embarrassed himself he would have desired at once to be able to crown Racine with both hands and to dispute with him during a good quarter of an hour.

Emma remembered that at the Château of the Vaubyessard, she had heard the marchioness address a young woman as Berthe ; from that moment that name was chosen, and, as the Père Rouault could not come, Monsieur Homais was requested to be godfather. His gifts were all products of his own establishment, that is to say, six boxes of jujube paste, an entire bottle of racahout, three round, high baskets of marshmallow paste, together with six sticks of sugar candy, which he had found in a wall closet. The evening of the ceremony, there was a great dinner ; the curé was there ; enthusiasm grew. Monsieur Homais, about the time of the liqueurs, intoned *The God of the Just*. Monsieur Léon sang a barcarolle, and Madame Bovary the elder, who was the godmother, a romance of the time of the empire ; finally, old Monsieur Bovary insisted that the child should be brought down, and proceeded to baptize it with a glass of champagne which he poured from above on its head. This mockery of the first of the sacraments made the Abbé Bournisien indignant ; the Père Bovary replied by a quotation from *The War of the Gods* ; the curé wished to leave ;

the ladies entreated; Homais interposed; and the ecclesiastic was finally prevailed upon to take his seat again, where he resumed his tranquil libations, sipping from a saucer his half-consumed *demitasse* of coffee.

Monsieur Bovary père remained a month at Yonville, whose inhabitants he bedazzled by a superb police headgear, laced with silver, which he wore in the mornings when he smoked his pipe on the Place. Being in the habit, also, of drinking a good deal of brandy, he often sent the maidservant to the *Lion d'Or* to buy him a bottle, which was charged to his son's account; and he used up, in perfuming his silk handkerchiefs, all his daughter-in-law's provision of eau-de-Cologne.

She, however, was not displeased with his company. He had been all over the world; he talked of Berlin, of Vienna, of Strasbourg, of his life when an officer, of the mistresses that he had had, of the grand *déjeuners* that he had given; then he showed himself of a friendly disposition, and sometimes even, on the stairway or in the garden, he took her around the waist exclaiming: "Charles, look out for yourself!" The mother Bovary became frightened for the happiness of her son, and, fearing that her spouse in the long run would exercise an immoral influence on the ideas of the young wife, she hastened the date of their departure. Perhaps she had even more serious anxiety? Monsieur Bovary was a man to respect nothing.

Emma was one day suddenly seized with a desire to see her little daughter, who had been put out at nurse with the wife of the joiner; and, without looking at the almanac to see whether the six weeks of the Virgin were yet passed, she took her way toward the dwelling of Rollet, which was at the extremity of the village, at the bottom of the hill, between the high-road and the meadows.

It was high noon; the houses had their shutters closed, and the roofs of slate which shone under the intense light of the blue sky seemed from the crests of their gables to scatter little sparks. A heavy wind was blowing. Emma felt herself feeble in walking. The pebbles of the pathway hurt her feet; she hesitated whether she would return home or go in somewhere to sit down.

At this moment Monsieur Léon came out of a neighboring door with a bundle of papers under his arm. He came up to speak to her and placed himself in the shade before the shop of L'Heureux, under its gray awning.

Madame Bovary said that she was going to see her child, but that she was beginning to feel weary.

“If? —” replied Léon, not daring to continue.

“Have you business anywhere?” she asked.

And on the clerk's reply, she requested him to accompany her. By the evening, this was known throughout Yonville and Madame Tuvache, the mayor's

wife, declared before her maidservant that *Madame Bovary had compromised herself.*

To arrive at the nurse's house, it was necessary, after leaving the street, to turn to the left as if to go to the cemetery, and to follow between the small houses and the courtyard a little path which was bordered by a privet hedge. They were in flower and the veronicas also, the eglantines, the nettles and the light brambles which were thrown out by the bushes. Through the holes in the hedges they could see in the hovels an occasional pig on a dunghill, or tethered cows rubbing their horns against the trunks of the trees. Side by side they walked along softly together, she leaning on him and he shortening his steps to accommodate hers; before them, a swarm of flies hovered, buzzing in the warm air.

They recognized the house by an old walnut-tree which overshadowed it. Low, and covered with brown tiles, it had suspended, outside under the garret window, a string of onions. Some fagots, upright against the enclosure of briars, surrounded a square of lettuce, some sprigs of lavender and flowering peas supported by sticks. Little streams of dirty water ran winding through the grass; and there were scattered around various indistinguishable rags, knit stockings, an under-waistcoat of red printed cotton and a large piece of thick stuff spread out along the hedge. At the sound of the gate the nurse appeared, holding in her arms an infant who was sucking. She held by the other hand a

poor little sickly child, its face covered with scrofulous marks, the son of a hosier of Rouen, whom its parents, too much occupied with their business, left in the country.

“Come in,” she said, “your little one is here asleep.”

The chamber on the ground floor, the only one in the building, had at the back against the wall a large bed without curtains, while the kneading-trough occupied the side by the window, one glass of which was mended with a sun in blue paper. In the angle behind the door, some half-boots with shining nails were arranged under the slab of the sink near to a bottle full of oil which carried a feather in its neck; a Mathieu Lænsberg² was thrown along the dusty chimney-piece among gun-flints and pieces of tinder. Finally, the last superfluity of this apartment was a Fame blowing her trumpets, a figure cut out doubtless from some perfumery prospectus and which six shoe nails fastened to the wall.

Emma's child was sleeping on the ground in a willow cradle. She took it up with the covering that enveloped it and began to sing to it softly, dandling it up and down.

Léon walked about in the room; it seemed to him strange to see this handsome lady in a nankeen dress, in the midst of all this poverty. Madame Bovary became very red; he turned away, fearing that his eyes perhaps had been somewhat impertinent. Then she

put the child back in its cradle and it began to vomit on its little collar. The nurse immediately came to clean it, protesting that it would not show.

“She does it for me a great many times,” she said, “and I am continually occupied in wiping her. If you would have the kindness to order Camus, the grocer, to let me take a little soap whenever I need it, it would be even more convenient for you that I should not be incommoded.”

“Very well! very well!” said Emma. “Good-bye, Madame Rollet!” and she went out, wiping her feet on the threshold.

The good woman accompanied her as far as the end of the court, talking all the time of the troubles she had in being obliged to get up at night.

“I am so broken up that sometimes I go to sleep on my chair; so you might at the least give me a little pound of ground coffee, which would last me a month, and which I could take in the morning with milk.”

After having endured her thanks, Madame Bovary went away, and she had gone some little distance in the path when at the sound of sabots behind her she turned her head—it was the nurse!

“What is the matter?”

Then the peasant woman, drawing her aside behind an elm, commenced to talk to her of her husband, who, with his trade and six francs a year that the captain —

“Get along more quickly,” said Emma.

“Well!” resumed the nurse, uttering sighs between each word, “I am afraid that he will be vexed at seeing me take coffee all alone; you know the men——”

“Since you will have it,” repeated Emma, “I will give it to you! You weary me!”

“Alas! my poor dear lady, it is that he has, because of his hurts, terrible cramps in his chest. He even says that cider weakens him.”

“But hurry up, *mère Rollet!*”

“Then,” replied the latter making a curtsey, “if it is not to ask too much of you——” she saluted again,—“when you would like,”—and her look entreated,—“a little pitcher of brandy,” she said finally, “and I will rub the feet of your little girl with it, who has them as tender as the tongue.”

Relieved of the nurse, Emma again took Monsieur Léon’s arm. She walked rapidly during some time; then she slackened her pace and her eyes, which she directed in front of her, encountered the shoulder of the young man, whose frock coat had a collar of black velvet. His chestnut locks fell upon it, flat and carefully combed. She noticed that his finger-nails were longer than they were generally worn at Yonville. It was one of the serious occupations of the clerk to take care of them; and he kept for this purpose a particular penknife in his writing-desk.

They returned to Yonville, following the course of the stream. In the warm season, the shore, becoming

wider, discovered even the bases of the garden walls from which a few steps descended to the river. It flowed without sound, rapidly and cold to the eye; long thin grass stems swayed in it together as the current pushed them, and, like abandoned locks of green hair, displayed themselves in its limpidness. Sometimes, at the ends of the rushes, or on the leaves of the water-lilies, an insect with fine legs walked about or stood still. The sun traversed with his rays the little blue particles of the waves which succeeded each other in disappearing; the pruned old willow trees mirrored in the water their gray bark; the meadow beyond seemed deserted; it was the hour of dinner on the farms, and the young woman and her companion heard as they walked only the cadence of their footsteps on the earth of the path, the words which they said, and the rustling of Emma's dress which brushed everything around her.

The walls of the gardens, garnished along their coping by pieces of bottles, were as warm as the glass of a hot-house. In the interstices of the bricks, the wall-flowers had sprouted; and with the edge of her open umbrella, Madame Bovary, in passing, caused them to shake out a little yellow dust from their faded blossoms, or else some branch of honeysuckle or clematis which hung outside, caught for a moment on the silk, clinging to the fringes.

They were talking of a troupe of Spanish dancers which were expected soon at the theatre of Rouen.

“You will go to see them?” she asked. “If I can,” he replied.

Had they then nothing else to say to each other? Their eyes, however, were full of a more serious conversation, and while they were making an effort to find commonplace phrases, they felt the same languor invade them both at once. It was like a murmur of the soul, profound, continued, which dominated that of the voices. Seized with surprise at this novel sweetness, it did not occur to them to speak to each other of the sensation or to discover the cause. Future happinesses, like the shores of the tropics, project upon the immensities which precede them, their natal mildness, a perfumed breeze, and one is lulled in this intoxication without even being anxious concerning the horizon, which is not seen.

The ground in one locality was trodden by the feet of the cattle; it was necessary to step across on great green stones, spaced like stepping-stones in the mud. Several times she stopped a minute to look or to find a place on which to rest her shoe, swaying on the stone which trembled under her, her elbows in the air, her figure inclined, her eyes undecided; then she laughed for fear she might fall into the pools of water.

When they arrived at her garden, Madame Bovary opened the little gate, mounted the steps hastily and disappeared.

Léon re-entered his office. His employer was absent; he gave a glance at the papers, then sharpened a pen, finally took his hat and went away.

He went up on la Pâturée, at the top of the hill of Argueil, at the entrance to the forest; he lay down on the ground under the fir-trees and looked at the sky through his fingers.

“How I bore myself!” he said to himself, “how I bore myself!”

He considered himself entitled to complain at having to live in this village, with Homais for a friend and Monsieur Guillaumin for a master. This last, entirely taken up with his business, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles and reddish whiskers over a white cravat, understood nothing of the delicacies of the spirit, although he affected a stiff and English air which had dazzled the clerk on their first acquaintance. As to the wife of the apothecary, she was the best spouse in Normandy, gentle as a sheep, cherishing her infants, her father, her mother, her cousins, weeping at the catastrophes of others, neglecting her household, and detesting corsets; but so slow of movement, so wearisome to listen to, of an aspect so common, and of a conversation so restricted, that he had never thought, although she was thirty years old, he was twenty, although they slept in adjoining rooms and spoke to each other every day, that she could be a woman for anyone, or that she possessed of her sex anything but the dress.

And after that, what was there? Binet, a few merchants, two or three innkeepers, the curé, and, finally, Monsieur Tuvache, the mayor, with his two sons, people substantial, morose, obtuse, cultivating their grounds themselves, given to gluttony in the household, devout moreover, and of a society altogether unsupportable.

But against the background of all these human visages, Emma's face detached itself, isolated, and still farther away, however, for he felt between her and him something like vague abysses.

In the commencement, he had gone to call at her house several times in the company of the apothecary. Charles had not appeared to be extremely desirous to receive him; and Léon did not know quite how to act, between the fear of being indiscreet and the desire for an intimacy which he esteemed almost impossible.

IV

At the first cold weather Emma left her chamber to live in the *salle*, a long room with a low ceiling, in which there was on the chimney-piece a tufted polypier, a marine plant, displayed against the glass. Seated in her armchair near the window, she saw the people of the village pass on the sidewalk.

Léon, twice a day, went from his office to the *Lion d'Or*. Emma from a distance heard him coming; she leaned over in listening and the young man slipped along behind the curtain, always dressed in the same manner and without turning his head. But in the twilight, when, with her chin on her left hand, she had abandoned, on her knees, the tapestry she had commenced, often she shuddered at the apparition of this shadow which passed suddenly. She rose and ordered that the table be laid.

Monsieur Homais arrived during the dinner. Greek cap in hand, he entered with noiseless steps so as not to disturb anyone, and always repeating the same phrase: "Good-evening, all!" then, when he was arranged in his place against the table, between husband and wife, he asked the physician news of his patients, and the latter consulted him on the probability of fees. Then they began to talk of what was *in the journal*. Homais, at this hour, knew it almost by heart, and he reported it integrally, with the observations of the journalist and the complete histories of individual catastrophes which had happened in France or abroad. But this subject becoming exhausted, he did not delay launching into a few observations upon the dishes which he saw before him. Sometimes even, half rising, he indicated delicately to madame the most tender piece, or, turning toward the servant, he addressed to her various counsels concerning the manipulation of stews and the hygiene

of seasonings; he talked of aroma, osmazome, juices and gelatin in a manner that bedazzled. His head, moreover, much fuller of receipts than his pharmacy was of bottles, Homais excelled in the manufacture of a quantity of confitures, vinegars and sweet liqueurs, and he was acquainted, also, with all the new inventions of the economical cooking apparatuses, with the art of preserving cheeses and of doctoring poor wine.

At eight o'clock, Justin came to get him to close up the pharmacy. Then Monsieur Homais would look at him with a sly eye, especially if Félicité were there, having perceived that his pupil had conceived an affection for the doctor's house :

“ My fine fellow,” he said, “ is commencing to have ideas, and, I believe, the devil fly away with me, that he is in love with your *bonne !* ”

A graver defect and one with which he reproached him, was that of continually listening to conversations. On Sundays, for example, he could not be got out of the salon where Madame Homais had called him to take care of the children, who went to sleep in the big chairs, pulling down with their backs the coverings of calico which were too large.

There were not a great many people who came to these evenings at the apothecary's, his evil speaking and his political opinion having driven away from him, successively, different respectable persons. The clerk did not fail to be there. As soon as he heard the bell,

he hastened to meet Madame Bovary, took her shawl and put on one side, under the bureau of the pharmacy, the heavy list slippers which she wore over her shoes when there was snow.

There were at first several parties of *trente et un*; then Monsieur Homais played at *écarté* with Emma; Léon, behind her, giving her advice. Standing, and his hands on the back of her chair, he looked at the teeth of her comb which sank into her chignon. At each movement which she made to play her cards, the right side of her dress rose. From her trussed up hair a brownish reflection descended upon her back and which, paling gradually, little by little lost itself in the shadow. Her skirts fell on both sides of her chair puffing out full of folds and displaying themselves even on the ground. When Léon occasionally felt the sole of his boot tread on them, he moved aside as if he had stepped on someone.

When the games of cards were ended, the apothecary and the doctor played at dominoes, and Emma, changing her place, leaned her elbows on the table, turning over the leaves of *L' Illustration*. She had brought her fashion journal. Léon placed himself near her, they looked at the engravings together and waited for each other at the bottom of the pages. She often entreated him to read the verses to her; Léon declaimed them with a dragging voice and one which he carefully permitted to die away at the love passages; but the noise

of the dominoes annoyed him. Monsieur Homais was strong at this game ; he beat Charles with a full double-six ; then, the three hundreds finished, he stretched himself out before the fire and did not delay going to sleep. The fire died out in the cinders, the teapot was empty ; Léon was still reading and Emma listening to him, turning mechanically the shade of the lamp on which was painted on the gauze Pierrots in carriages and female tight-rope dancers with balancing poles. Léon stopped, designating with a gesture, his sleeping audience ; then they spoke to each other in a low voice and the conversation which they held seemed to them more pleasant because it was not overheard.

Thus there was established between them a sort of association, a continual exchange of books and of romances ; Monsieur Bovary, very little jealous, was not surprised at it.

He received for his birthday a fine phrenological bust, all marked out in figures as far down as the thorax and painted in blue. This was an attention from the clerk. There were many others,—even to executing in Rouen his commissions ; and, the book of a romancer having brought into fashion certain thick and juicy plants, Léon bought some of them for madame, which he brought on his knees, in the *Hirondelle*, pricking his fingers with their hard skin.

She caused to be arranged against her window a little shelf, like a balustrade, to hold her pots. The clerk

also had his hanging garden; they perceived each other caring for their flowers in their windows.

Among the windows of the village there was one that was still more often occupied. For, on Sundays, from morning to night and every afternoon, when the weather was clear, there could be seen at the garret window of an upper story the meagre profile of Monsieur Binet, leaning over his turning lathe, the monotonous droning of which could be heard as far as the *Lion d'Or*.

One evening on returning home, Léon found in his chamber a carpet of velvet and wool with figures of leafage on a pale background; he called in Madame Homais, Monsieur Homais, Justin, the children, the cook; he spoke of it to his employer; everybody wished to know this carpet; why did the doctor's wife display these *generosities* to the clerk? This seemed curious, and it was definitely thought that she must be *his good friend*.

He gave reasons for believing so, so ceaselessly did he entertain you with her charms and her wit, so much so that Binet replied to him at one time very brutally:

“What difference does it make to me, since I am not of her society?”

He tortured himself to discover by what means *to make his declaration*; and, always hesitating, between the fear of displeasing her and the shame of being so pusillanimous, he wept with discouragement and with desire. Then he arrived at energetic decisions; he

wrote letters which he tore up, postponed till epochs which he set still further ahead. Often he set out with the determination to dare everything, but this resolution abandoned him very quickly in Emma's presence, and when Charles, coming in, invited him to get into his *boic* to go and see with him some sick person, in the environs, he accepted promptly, saluted madame and went away. Her husband, was he not some part of her?

As to Emma, she did not interrogate herself to know if she loved. Love, she believed, should arrive all at once with great outbursts and fulgurations, a storm from the heavens which should fall upon life, overwhelm it, tear out the desires like dry leaves and carry into the abyss the entire heart. She did not know that on the roofs of the houses rain makes lakes when the gutters are stopped up, and she would thus have dwelt in security, when she suddenly discovered a crack in her wall.

V

It was a Sunday in February, an afternoon when it snowed.

They had, all of them, Monsieur and Madame Bovary, Homais and Monsieur Léon, gone off to see, at half a league from Yonville in the valley, a spinning mill

which had been established. The apothecary had brought with him Napoléon and Athalie in order to give them exercise and Justin accompanied them, carrying the umbrellas on his shoulders.

Nothing, however, was less curious than this curiosity, —a great extent of empty ground, on which might be seen indiscriminately, between piles of sand and around stones, a few gearing wheels already rusted, surrounded a long quadrangular building pierced by a number of little windows. It was not yet completed and the sky could be seen through the joists of the roof. Attached to the small beam of the gable a bunch of straw mingled with heads of grain flourished in the wind its tricolored ribbons.

Homais discoursed. He explained to *the company* the future importance of this establishment, computed the strength of the floors, the thickness of the walls and regretted greatly not to have brought a metric cane, such as Monsieur Binet possessed for his own private use.

Emma, to whom he had given his arm, leaned a little on his shoulder, and she looked at the disc of the sun lighting up in the distance in the mist its pale splendor ; she turned her head ; Charles was there ; he had his cap pulled down on his eyebrows and his two thick lips were trembling, which added something stupid to his visage. His back even, his tranquil back, was irritating to see, and she found displayed over the frock coat all the platitude of the personage.

While she was considering him, tasting thus in her irritation a sort of depraved voluptuousness, Léon advanced a step. The cold, which made him pale, seemed to give to his countenance a softer languor; between his cravat and his neck, the collar of his shirt, a little open, permitted the skin to be seen; the tip of an ear appeared under a lock of hair and his great blue eyes, lifted toward the clouds, seemed to Emma more limpid and more beautiful than those mountain lakes in which the sky mirrors itself.

“You, wretched!” cried the apothecary, suddenly.

And he hastened toward his son, who had just precipitated himself into a pile of chalk in order to paint his shoes white. To the reproaches with which he was overwhelmed, Napoléon took to replying by howlings, whilst Justin wiped off his shoes with a wisp of straw.

A knife was required; Charles offered his.

“Ah!” she said to herself, “he carries a knife in his pocket, like a peasant!”

The hoar-frost was falling and they returned to Yonville.

In the evening, Madame Bovary did not go to her neighbors; and when Charles had departed, when she felt herself alone, the comparison recommenced in the clearness of a sensation almost immediate and with that lengthening of perspective which memory gives to objects. Contemplating from her bed the clear flame

burning, she saw again, as down there, Léon standing, bending with one hand his little switch and holding with the other Athalie who was tranquilly sucking a piece of ice. She found him charming; she could not tear herself away from him; she recalled his other attitudes on other days, phrases which he had spoken, the sound of his voice, his whole person; and she repeated, extending her lips as if for a kiss:

“Yes, charming! charming! —— Does he not love?” she asked herself. “Who then? But it is I!”

All the proofs at once displayed themselves, her heart bounded. The flame of the fireplace made a joyous light tremble on the ceiling; she turned on her back and extended her arms.

Then commenced the eternal lamentation: “Oh! if Heaven had willed it! Why is it not so? Who prevented it then? ——”

When Charles returned at midnight she seemed to awaken, and as he made a noise in undressing she complained of a headache, then asked nonchalantly what happened during the evening.

“Monsieur Léon,” he said, “went upstairs very early.”

She could not prevent herself from smiling and she went to sleep, her soul filled with a new enchantment.

The next day as the night fell, she received the visit of the *Sieur L'Heureux*, dealer in novelties. He was a skilful man, this shopkeeper.

Born a Gascon, but become a Norman, he doubled his meridional loquacity with the cunning of the country Caux. His countenance, fat, soft and beardless, seemed stained by a decoction of clear licorice, and his white hair rendered still more striking the fierce light of his little black eyes. It was not known what he had been formerly,—pedlar, said some; banker at Routot, according to others. That which is certain is, that he made in his head complicated calculations that would frighten Binet himself. Polite to the extent of obsequiousness, he always maintained an inclined attitude in the position of one who salutes or who invites.

After having left at the door his hat, garnished with crape, he deposited on the table a green pasteboard box and commenced by complaining to madame, with very many civilities, of having remained until this day without having obtained her confidence. A poor shop like his was not calculated to attract an *élégante*; he emphasized the word. Nevertheless, she had only to command and he would charge himself with furnishing her with whatever she might wish, mercery, or linen goods, hosiery or novelties, for he went to the city four times a month, regularly. He had connections with the greatest houses. You could speak of him at the *Trois Frères*, at the *Barbe d'Or* or at the *Grand Sauvage*; all those messieurs were acquainted with him like their own pockets! To-day, then, he had come to show to madame, in passing by, some articles that he

happened to have, thanks to a very rare occasion ; and he drew out from the box a half dozen embroidered collars.

Madame Bovary examined them. "I do not need anything," she said.

Then Monsieur L'Heureux displayed very delicately three Algerian scarfs, several packages of English needles, a pair of straw slippers, and finally four egg cups made of cocoanuts, carved in openwork by the convicts. Then with his two hands on the table, his neck stretched, his body bent over, he followed, open-mouthed, Emma's look which wandered in an undecided manner over these goods. From time to time, as if to chase away the dust, he gave a scratch with his nail to the silk of the scarfs, unfolded at their full length ; and they trembled with a faint rustle, while in the greenish light of the twilight the gold spangles of their tissues scintillated like little stars.

"How much do they cost?"

"A mere trifle," he replied, "a mere trifle, but there is no hurry ; whenever you like ; we are not Jews."

She reflected a few minutes and ended by thanking Monsieur L'Heureux, who replied unmoved :

"Well ! we shall come to an understanding later ; I always get on with the ladies ; even if I do not with my own, however !"

Emma smiled.

Part Second Chapter V

Then Monsieur L'Heureux displayed very delicately three Algerian scarfs, several packages of English needles, a pair of straw slippers, and finally four egg cups made of cocoanuts, carved in openwork by the convicts. Then with his two hands on the table, his neck stretched, his body bent over, he followed, open-mouthed, Emma's look which wandered in an undecided manner over these goods.







“That is to say to you,” he resumed with a good-natured air after his jest, “that it is not the money that worries me — I will give it to you if it be necessary.”

She made a gesture of surprise.

“Ah!” said he quickly and in a low voice, “I would not have to go far to find it for you, you may be sure!” And he began to ask concerning Père Tellier, the master of the *Café Français*, whom Monsieur Bovary was then attending. “What is the matter with him, the Père Tellier? — he coughs so that he shakes his whole house, and I am very much afraid that pretty soon he will need a pine overcoat rather than a flannel shirt. He led a very loose life when he was young! Those people, madame, have no regulations at all; he has burned himself up with brandy. But it is disagreeable, all the same, to see an acquaintance disappear.” And whilst he was buckling up his box, he thus continued to discourse upon the doctor’s patients. “It is the weather, doubtless,” he said, looking at the window with a grim visage, “which causes these sicknesses! I, myself, I do not feel as easy as I should; I shall have one of these days to come and consult monsieur for a pain which I have in the back. Well, au revoir, Madame Bovary; at your orders; your very humble servant.” And he closed the door behind him softly.

Emma caused her dinner to be served in her chamber at the corner of the fire, on a tea-tray; she took a long

time to eat ; everything seemed to her good. "How wise I was !" she said to herself, thinking of the scarfs.

She heard steps on the stairway ; it was Léon. She rose and took from the commode, among the dust-cloths to hem, the first of the pile. She seemed to be very much occupied when he appeared.

The conversation was languishing, Madame Bovary abandoned it at every minute whilst he, himself, seemed as if embarrassed. Seated on a low chair, near the chimney-piece, he turned in his fingers the ivory case ; she plied her needle or, from time to time, with her nail stroked out the folds of the cloth. She did not speak ; he was silent, taken captive by her silence as he would have been by her words.

"Poor boy !" she thought.

"In what is it that I displease her?" he asked himself.

Léon, however, ended by saying, that he should have one of these days to go to Rouen, for an affair of his office.

"Your music subscription has expired, shall I renew it?"

"No," she replied.

"Why?"

"Because ——" And, compressing her lips, she drew out slowly a long needleful of gray thread.

This work irritated Léon. It seemed to wear the skin off Emma's fingers, at the tips ; a gallant phrase came into his head, but he did not risk it.

“You will give it up then?” he resumed.

“What?” she said quickly, “music? Ah! Mon Dieu, yes; have I not my housekeeping, my husband to take care of, a thousand things in fact, many duties more important?”

She looked at the clock. Charles was late. Then she became thoughtful. Two or three times even she repeated: “He is so good!”

The clerk had an affection for Monsieur Bovary. But this tenderness towards him surprised him in a disagreeable way; nevertheless, he continued his eulogium, which he made to everyone, he said, and above all to the apothecary.

“Ah! he is a worthy man,” replied Emma.

“Certainly,” answered the clerk.

And he commenced to speak of Madame Homais, whose very much neglected appearance usually furnished them matter for laughter.

“What does that matter?” interrupted Emma. “A good mother of a family does not worry herself about her toilet.” Then she fell into her silence again.

It was the same on the following day; her language, her manners, everything had changed. She was seen to be taking her housekeeping very seriously, going to church regularly, and ruling her servant with more severity.

She brought Berthe home from the nurse; Félicité would bring her in when there were visitors, and

Madame Bovary undressed her in order to show her little limbs. She declared that she adored children; they were her consolation, her joy, her folly, and she accompanied her caresses with lyric expansions which, to others than the Yonvillites, would have recalled the Sachette of *Notre-Dame*.

When Charles came home, he would find his slippers warming before the fire. His waistcoats now were no longer without linings nor his shirts without buttons, and he even had the pleasure of contemplating in the wardrobe all the cotton night-caps arranged in equal piles. She no longer made objections as formerly to taking little turns in the garden; what he proposed was always accepted, even when she did not understand the wishes to which she submitted without a murmur; and when Léon saw him at the corner of the fire after dinner, his two hands clasped on his stomach, his two feet on the andiron, his cheeks flushed with the process of digestion, his eyes humid with happiness, with the infant crawling about on the carpet and this woman with the slender figure, who over the back of his arm-chair, came to kiss him on the forehead,—“What folly!” he said to himself, “and how to attain to her?”

She seemed to him then so virtuous and so inaccessible, that all hope, even the vaguest, abandoned him.

But, by this renunciation, he placed her in extraordinary conditions. For him she became disengaged

from the fleshly qualities, of which he had nothing to obtain ; and she came into his heart, always rising and detaching herself from it, in the magnificent manner of an apotheosis which soars away. It was one of those pure sentiments which do not interfere with the active exercise of life, which we cultivate because they are rare, and the loss of which would be all the more afflicting that the possession does not bring rejoicing.

Emma grew thinner ; her cheeks paled ; her face lengthened. With her black tresses, her great eyes, her straight nose, her walk like a bird's and always silent now, did she not seem to traverse existence as though scarcely touching it and to carry on her forehead the vague imprint of some sublime predestination? She was so sad and so calm, so gentle at the same time and so reserved, that those near her were affected by a glacial charm, as one shudders in churches under the perfume of flowers mingled with the cold of marble. Even others did not escape from this seduction. The druggist said : " She is a woman of great powers and would not be out of place in a sub-prefecture." The bourgeois women admired her economy ; the patients, her politeness ; the poor, her charity.

But she was full of covetousnesses, of rage and of hatred. This robe with straight folds covered an overflowing heart, and these lips so modest did not reveal the torment. She was in love with Léon, and she sought solitude, in order to be able, more at her ease,

to delight herself in his image. The sight of his person troubled the voluptuousness of this meditation. Emma palpitated at the sound of his footsteps; in his presence, the emotion subsided, and there remained to her only an immense astonishment which ended in sadness.

Léon did not know when he issued despairing from her house that she rose after him in order to see him in the street. She was anxious about his goings and comings; she studied his countenance; she invented a whole history in order to find a pretext for visiting his chamber. The apothecary's wife seemed to her very happy to sleep under the same roof, and her thoughts continually settled down on that house like the pigeons of the *Lion d'Or* which came to refresh there in the rain gutters their little red feet and their white wings. The more Emma became sensible of her love, the more she suppressed it so that it might not appear, and in order to diminish it. She would have wished that Léon suspected it, and she imagined chances, catastrophes, which might have facilitated it. That which retained her, doubtless, was indolence or fear, and modesty also. She thought that she had repulsed him too far, that it was too late, that everything was lost. Then the pride, the joy, of saying to herself, "I am virtuous" and of looking at herself in the mirror, in taking resigned attitudes, consoled her a little for the sacrifice which she thought she was making.

Then the appetites of the flesh, the covetousness of money and the melancholies of passion, all commingled in the same suffering; and instead of turning her thoughts away from it, she attached them to it all the more, exciting herself to pain, and seeking occasions for it everywhere. She was irritated at a dish badly served, or at a door left ajar, sighed for the velvet which she did not have, for the happiness which failed her, for her dreams too high, for her house too narrow.

That which exasperated her, was that Charles had no appearance of suspecting her torture. The conviction in which he remained that he rendered her happy, seemed to her an imbecile insult, and his security upon this subject, ingratitude. For whom then did she remain virtuous? Was he not, he, the obstacle to all happiness, the cause of all misery, and, as it were, the pointed tongue of the buckle of the complex bands with which she was enclosed on all sides?

Then she concentrated upon him alone the multitudinous hatred which resulted from her vexations; and each effort to diminish it only served to augment it, for this useless pain added itself to the other motives of despair and contributed still more to the widening of the breach. Her own gentleness, in itself, caused her to rebel. The domestic mediocrity incited her to luxurious fancies, the matrimonial tendernesses to adulterous desires. She would have wished that Charles beat her, so that she might the more justly detest him, avenge

herself on him. She was astonished herself sometimes at the atrocious conjectures which came into her mind and it was necessary to continue to smile, to hear it repeated that she was happy, to keep up the pretense of being so, to allow it to be believed!

She was disgusted, however, with this hypocrisy. Temptations assailed her to fly with Léon, somewhere, far away, to essay a new destiny; but immediately there opened in her soul a vague gulf full of obscurity. "Moreover, he no longer loves me," she thought. "What is to become of me? what aid to look for, what consolation, what alleviation?" She remained broken, breathless, inert, sobbing in a low voice and with flowing tears.

"Why not tell monsieur about it?" asked the servant of her, when she entered during these crises.

"It is only nerves," replied Emma; "do not speak to him about it, you would worry him."

"Ah, yes," replied Félicité; "you are just like La Guérinne, the daughter of Père Guérin, the fisher of the Pôlet, whom I knew at Dieppe, before coming to you. She was so sad, so sad, that to see her standing in the doorway of her house, it had on you the effect of a funeral cloth stretched before the door. Her trouble, as it appeared, was a sort of mist that she had in her head, and the doctors could do nothing with it, nor the curé either. When that took her too strongly, she would go away all alone on the seashore, so that the

lieutenant of the customs in going his rounds often found her lying on her face and weeping on the pebbles. After her marriage that passed away, it is said."

"But I," replied Emma, "it is after marriage that mine has come to me."

VI

One evening when the window was opened, and when seated on the sill, she was looking at Lestibou-dois, the beadle, who was trimming the box-trees, she suddenly heard the *Angelus* ringing.

It was at the commencement of April, when the prim-roses are opening; a warm wind blew over the cultivated borders, and the gardens, like women, seemed to be making their toilets for the festivals of the summer. Through the slats of the arbor and in every direction beyond, the river could be seen in the meadow, in which it designed, through the grass, wandering turnings and windings. The evening mist, rising between the leafless poplars, gave to their contours a violet tint, more pale and transparent than a subtle gauze caught in their branches. In the distance the cattle were going along; neither their steps nor their lowings were heard; and the bell still rang, continuing in the air its pacific lamentation.

At this repeated tolling, the thoughts of the young woman wandered away among her old souvenirs of youth and of the convent. She recalled the grand chandeliers which, on the altar, were taller than the vases full of flowers, and the tabernacle with little columns. She would have wished to have been, as formerly, lost in the long line of white veils, marked, here and there, with black by the stiff hoods of the Good Sisters, inclining over their prie-dieus ; on Sundays, at the mass, when she lifted her head, she perceived the gentle visage of the Virgin among the bluish wreaths of incense which ascended. So that, now, a great commiseration took possession of her, she felt herself unprotected and completely abandoned, like the down from a bird's wing whirled about in the tempest ; and it was unconsciously that she took her way towards the church, disposed to no matter what devotion, provided that her heart was absorbed in it, and that existence disappeared in it entirely.

She encountered, on the Place, Lestiboudois who was returning. For, not to cut short his day, he preferred to interrupt his task and then to take it up again ; so that he rang the *Angelus* according to his convenience. Moreover, the tolling served to notify, so much the sooner, the young boys of the hour of catechism.

Already some of them who had arrived, were playing at marbles on the slabs of the cemetery. Others, astride on the wall, agitated their legs, mowing down with

their sabots the tall nettles which grew between the little enclosure and the last tombs. It was the only place which was green ; all the rest was nothing but stone and continually covered with a fine dust, notwithstanding the sacristan's broom.

The children, in their stockings, ran about there as though on a floor contrived for them, and the outbursts of their voices could be heard through the droning of the bell. It diminished with the oscillations of the great rope, which, falling from the height of the bell-tower, dragged on the ground at its end. The swallows passed backward and forward, uttering their little cries, cutting the air in their rapid flight and returning quickly to their yellow nests, under the tiles of the eaves. In the depths of the church a lamp was burning, that is to say a wick of a night-light in a hanging-glass. Its light, from a distance, seeming like a whitish spot which trembled over the oil. A long ray of sunlight traversed the whole nave and rendered still more sombre the depths of the side aisles and the angles.

“Where is the curé?” asked Madame Bovary of a young boy who was amusing himself by shaking the turnstile in its hole, worn too large.

“He is coming,” he replied.

In fact, the door of the curé's house creaked on its hinges, the Abbé Bournisien appeared ; the children, pell-mell, fled into the church.

“Those rascals !” murmured the ecclesiastic, “always the same. And picking up the catechism in shreds which he had struck with his foot : “They respect nothing !” But as soon as he perceived Madame Bovary : “Excuse me,” he said, “I did not recognize you.” He thrust the catechism in his pocket and stopped, continuing to balance between two fingers the heavy key of the sacristy. .

The light of the setting sun which struck full on his face made paler the smooth woolen stuff of his cassock, shining under the elbows, ravelled out at the bottom. Spots of grease and of tobacco followed down his large chest the line of little buttons and they became more numerous as they scattered from the band under his chin, in which the abundant folds of his red skin reposed ; the latter was sown with yellowish spots which disappeared in the rough hairs of his grizzled beard. He had just dined and was breathing noisily.

“How do you do?” he added.

“Not well,” replied Emma, “I am suffering.”

“Well ! I also,” replied the ecclesiastic, “these first heats, is it not so ; they weaken you astonishingly ? But, what would you have ? we are born to suffer, as St. Paul says. But, Monsieur Bovary, what does he think of it ?”

“He !” she said with a gesture of contempt.

“What !” cried the goodman, quite astonished, “he does not prescribe anything for you ?”

Part Second Chapter VI

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“ Ah ! ” said Emma, “ it is not earthly remedies that are required for me. ”

But the curé, from time to time, looked into the church where all the boys, kneeling, were pushing each other with their shoulders and falling over like monks cut out of cardboard.

“ I would wish to know —— ” she resumed.

“ Wait, just wait, Riboudet ! ” cried the ecclesiastic, in a voice of anger, “ I am coming to warm your ears, you young scamp ! ” Then, turning towards Emma : “ It is a son of Boudet, the carpenter ; his parents are comfortably off and let him do what he likes. However, he learns quickly if he wants to, for he has plenty of sense. And I, sometimes, by way of a jest, I call him then Riboudet—like the hill that you take to go to Maromme—and I even say : *mon Riboudet*. Ah ! ah ! Mont-Riboudet ! The other day I repeated this to monseigneur who laughed at it. He deigned to laugh at it —— And Monsieur Bovary, how is he ? ”

She did not seem to hear him. He continued : “ Very busy all the time, doubtless ? for we are certainly, he and I, the two persons of the parish who have the most to do. But he, he is the physician of the bodies,” he added, with a thick laugh, “ and I, I am of the souls. ”

She fixed upon the priest her supplicating eyes.

“ Yes —— ” she said, “ you relieve all pain. ”

“ Ah! do not speak to me of it, Madame Bovary! this morning, even, I had to go down to the bottom of Diauville for a cow which had *the swelling*; they believed that it was a spell of some kind. All their cows, I do not know how — but, excuse me! — Longuemarre and Boudet! *sac à papier!* will you stop that!” And with a bound he rushed into the church.

The boys at this time were crowding around the big reading desk, climbing upon the chorister’s stool, opening the missal, and others, with stealthy steps, were even preparing to venture as far as the confessional. The curé suddenly distributed among them all a hail of cuffs. Seizing them by the collars of their vests, he lifted them from the floor and set them down again on both knees on the pavement of the choir, hard, as if he intended to plant them there.

“ Yes!” said he, when he returned to Emma, displaying his large handkerchief of printed calico, of which he took a corner between his teeth, “ the agriculturists are much to be pitied!”

“ There are also others,” she replied.

“ Assuredly! the workpeople in the great cities for example.”

“ It is not they —”

“ Pardon me! I have known there poor mothers of families, virtuous wives, I assure you, veritable saints, who lacked even for bread.”

“But those,” resumed Emma—and the corners of her mouth twisted as she spoke,—“those, Monsieur le Curé, who have bread and who have not ——”

“Fire in the winter?” said the priest.

“Eh! what matter!”

“How, what matter? it seems to me, for my part, that when one is well warmed and well nourished —— for, in fact ——”

“Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!” she sighed.

“You are not feeling well!” he said, coming forward with an inquiring air, “it is indigestion, doubtless? It would be well to go home, Madame Bovary, drink a little tea; that will strengthen you; or else a glass of fresh water with some brown sugar.”

“Why?” and she had the appearance of some one who was waking from a dream.

“You pass your hand over your forehead. I thought that you had been taken with a dizziness.” Then recollecting himself: “But you asked something of me. What is it then? I no longer know.”

“I? nothing —— nothing ——” repeated Emma; and her gaze, which was wandering around her, slowly lowered upon the old man in the cassock in front of her. They looked at each other, both of them, face to face, without speaking.

“Then, Madame Bovary,” said he, finally, “excuse me! but duties before all, you know. It is necessary that I should expedite my good-for-nothings in there.

Here are the first communions that are coming. They will surprise us yet before we are ready, I am afraid! Thus, after Ascension, I keep them *regularly* every Thursday an hour longer. Those poor children! One would not know how to direct them too early in the way of the Lord, as, for that matter, He has recommended it to us Himself by the mouth of His Divine Son. Good health to you, madame, my respects to monsieur, your husband." And he went into the church, making a genuflection in the doorway.

Emma saw him disappear between the double line of benches, walking with a heavy step, his head leaning a little on one shoulder, and with his two hands open and extended.

Then she turned on her heels all at once, like a statue on a pivot, and took the road to her own house. But the heavy voice of the curé, the clear voice of the boys, still came to her ears, and continued behind her:

"Are you a Christian?"

"Yes, I am a Christian."

"What is a Christian?"

"It is one, who being baptized — baptized — baptized —"

She ascended the steps of her stairway, holding on to the rail, and when she was in her chamber she fell into an armchair.

The pale light of the window-panes was diminishing gradually its undulations. The articles of furniture in

their places seemed to become more motionless, and to lose themselves in the darkness as in an ocean of shadows. The fire in the chimney-place was just extinguished, the clock ticked regularly, and Emma was still, with a vague stupefaction at this calmness of things, while within her there were so many overturnings. But between the window and the work-table, the little Berthe was there, tottering in her little knitted boots, and endeavoring to approach her mother in order to seize the ends of the ribbons of her apron.

“Eh! let me be!” said the latter, putting her away with her hand.

Presently the little girl came again still closer, against her knee; and leaning on it with her arms, she lifted towards her her big blue eyes, whilst a little stream of pure saliva flowed from her lip upon the silk of her apron.

“Let me be!” repeated the young wife, much irritated. Her countenance frightened the infant who began to cry.

“Eh! let me be then!” she said, repulsing her with her elbow, and Berthe tumbled at the foot of the commode against the brass ornaments; she cut her cheek upon it and the blood flowed. Madame Bovary rushed to pick her up, broke the bell-cord, called the servant with all her strength, and she was about to curse herself, when Charles appeared. It was the dinner-hour; he had just come in.

“Look here, my dear,” said Emma to him in a tranquil voice; “here is the little one who, in playing, has fallen on the ground and hurt herself.”

Charles reassured her; the case was not serious and he went to get the diachylon.

Madame Bovary would not go downstairs; she wished to remain alone to take care of her child. As she watched it sleeping, the remnant of her disquietude disappeared gradually, and she seemed to herself very good and very stupid to have been troubled just now for so little. Berthe no longer sobbed. Her respiration lifted insensibly the cotton cover. Big tears were arrested in the corners of her half-closed eyelids, which allowed to be seen between the lashes, the pale and sunken eyeballs; the sparadrap pasted on her cheek drew obliquely its tense skin. It is a strange thing, thought Emma, how ugly that child is.

When Charles, at eleven o'clock, returned from the pharmacy—where he had been to return, after dinner, that which remained of the diachylon—he found his wife standing by the side of the cradle.

“Since I assure you that it will be nothing,” said he, kissing her on the forehead, “do not torment yourself, poor dear, you will make yourself sick!”

He had remained for a long time at the apothecary's. Although he had not shown himself to be much disturbed, Monsieur Homais, nevertheless, had made great efforts to encourage him, *to brace up his mind*. Then

they had discussed the various dangers which menace infancy and the stupidity of servants. Madame Homais knew something about it, having still on her chest the marks of a panful of burning coals, which a cook had formerly allowed to fall into her frock. Thus her good parents had taken any quantity of precautions. The knives were never sharpened, nor the floors of the apartment waxed. There were at the windows open ironwork, and in the casings, strong bars. The little Homais, notwithstanding their independence, could not move without having a guardian behind them; at the least cold their father stuffed them with pectoral syrups, and until they were four years of age and more, they wore, all of them, pitilessly, padded caps to protect their heads. This was, it is true, a mania of Madame Homais; her spouse was inwardly afflicted by it, fearing for the organs of the intellect, the possible results of such a compression, and he went so far as to say to her: "You intend then, to make of them Caribbees or Botocudos?"

Charles, however, had endeavored several times to interrupt the conversation. "I have something to say to you," he had whispered softly in the ear of the clerk, who was walking in advance of him on the stairs.

"Does he suspect anything?" asked Léon of himself. His heart beat, and he lost himself in conjecture.

Finally, Charles, having shut the door, entreated him to ascertain himself, at Rouen, what might be the price

of a fine daguerreotype ; this was a sentimental surprise which he was reserving for his wife, a delicate attention, his portrait in a black coat. But he wished beforehand *to know what to depend upon* ; these investigations could not be embarrassing for Monsieur Léon since he went to the city almost every week.

With what object? Homais suspected underneath it, some *young man's story*, an intrigue. But he was deceived ; Léon was not pursuing any love affair. He was more melancholy than ever, and Madame Lefrançois readily perceived it by the quantity of food that he now left on his plate. In order to know more about it, she interrogated the collector ; Binet replied in a rough tone that he was *not paid by the police*.

His comrade, however, seemed to him very singular ; for often Léon threw himself back in his chair in opening his arms, and complained vaguely of existence.

“It is because you do not have enough diversion,” said the collector.

“Of what kind?”

“I, in your place, I would have a lathe !”

“But I do not know how to turn,” replied the clerk.

“Oh ! that is true !” said the other, caressing his jaw with an air of disdain mingled with satisfaction.

Léon was weary of loving without results. Then he was beginning to feel that depression which the repetition of the same life causes you, when no interest directs it and no hope sustains it. He was so weary of

Yonville and of the Yonvillites, that the sight of certain people, of certain houses, irritated him beyond endurance; and the apothecary, however good-natured he might be, became to him insupportable. However, the prospects of a new situation frightened him as much as it seduced him.

But this apprehension was quickly turned into impatience, and Paris then began to agitate for him in the distance the fanfaron of her masked balls with the laughter of her grisettes. Since he had terminated his law studies, why did he not depart? Who prevented him? And he began to make inward preparations; he arranged in advance his occupations. He furnished in his head an apartment. He would lead there the life of an artist! He would take there guitar lessons! He would have a dressing-robe, a Basque knitted cap with a tuft in the middle, slippers of blue velvet! And he even admired already on his chimney-piece two foils crossed with a skull and the guitar above.

The difficult thing was his mother's consent; nothing, however, seemed more reasonable. His employer even advised him to take up another line of studies, in which he might be able to develop himself more. Taking then a middle path, Léon endeavored to find a position as second clerk in Rouen, did not find any, and finally wrote to his mother a long detailed letter in which he set out the reasons for going to live in Paris immediately.

She consented.

He did not hasten in the least, however. Each day, during a whole month, Hivert transported for him from Yonville to Rouen, from Rouen to Yonville, trunks, valises, packages ; and when Léon had replenished his wardrobe, had his three easy-chairs stuffed again, laid in a provision of silk handkerchiefs, in a word, made more arrangements than for a journey around the world, he postponed it from week to week until he received a second maternal letter in which he was urged to depart since he wished to pass his examinations before the vacation.

When the moment was come for the embraces, Madame Homais wept ; Justin sobbed ; Homais, like a strong man, concealed his emotion ; he wished to carry his friend's overcoat as far as the gate of the notary who was going to take Léon to Rouen in his carriage. The latter had just the time to make his adieu to Monsieur Bovary.

When he was at the top of the stairway, he stopped, so much was he out of breath. At his entrance, Madame Bovary rose quickly.

“ It is I again ! ” said Léon.

“ I was sure of it ! ”

She bit her lips, and a wave of blood flowing under her skin colored her all in pink, from the roots of her hair to the edge of her collarette. She remained standing, leaning her shoulder against the woodwork.

“ Monsieur is not then about ? ” he went on.

“He is absent.” She repeated: “he is absent.”

Then there was a silence. They looked at each other, and their thoughts, confounded in the same anguish, strained closer together like two palpitating bosoms.

“I should much like to kiss Berthe,” said Léon.

Emma descended a few steps and called Félicité.

He threw quickly around him a comprehensive glance which wandered over the walls, the étagères, the chimney, as if to penetrate all, to carry all away with him. She returned, and the servant brought in Berthe, who was shaking at the end of a string a wind-mill upside down.

Léon kissed her on the neck, several times.

“Good-bye, poor child; good-bye, little dear, good-bye!”

And he returned her to her mother.

“Take her away,” said the latter.

They remained alone.

Madame Bovary, with her back turned had her face pressed against the window-pane; Léon held his cap in his hand and beat it gently against his thigh.

“It is going to rain,” said Emma.

“I have a cloak,” he replied.

“Ah!”

She turned, her chin lowered, her forehead advanced. The light danced on it as on marble as far as the curve of the eyebrows, without revealing what Emma was

looking at on the horizon, nor of what she was thinking in the depths of herself.

“Well, adieu,” he sighed.

She lifted her head with a quick movement.

“Yes, adieu; you must go!”

They advanced toward each other; he offered his hand; she hesitated.

“In the English fashion, then,” she said, abandoning her own, making an effort to laugh. Léon felt it between his fingers; and the very substance of his entire being seemed to him to descend into this humid palm.

Then he opened his hand; their eyes met once more, and he disappeared.

When he was under the market sheds, he stopped; and he hid himself behind a pillar in order to contemplate for the last time this white house with its four green blinds. He thought he saw a shadow behind the window in the chamber; but the curtain, detaching itself from the clasp as if no one touched it, moved slowly its long oblique folds, which displayed themselves with one motion, and it remained hanging straight, more motionless than a plastered wall. Léon began to run.

He perceived in the distance, on the road, the cabriolet of his employer and beside it a man in hempen apron, who held the horse. Homais and Monsieur Guillaumin were talking together. They were waiting for him.

“Embrace me,” said the apothecary, with tears in his eyes; “here is your overcoat, my good friend;

beware of the cold; take care of yourself; look out for yourself!"

"Come, Léon, get into the carriage," said the notary.

Homais leaned over the mudguard, and with a voice broken by sobs, uttered these two sorrowful words:

"*Bon voyage!*"

"Good-afternoon," replied Monsieur Guillaumin.

"Let go!"

They departed and Homais returned.

Madame Bovary had opened her window on the garden, and she looked at the clouds.

They were piling up in the west in the direction of Rouen and rolling quickly their dark volutes, from behind which extended the great lines of the sun, like the golden arrows of a suspended trophy, whilst all the rest of the empty heaven had the whiteness of porcelain. But a sudden gust of wind made the poplars bow, and all at once the rain fell; it pattered softly on the green leaves. Then the sun reappeared, the chickens cackled; the sparrows flapped their wings in the wet bushes and the pools of water on the sand carried away with them, as they flowed, the pink flowers of an acacia.

"Ah! he must be already far away!" she thought.

Monsieur Homais, as usual came at half-past six, during the dinner.

"Well!" said he, taking his seat, "we have sent off, a little while ago, our young man?"

“So it seems!” replied the doctor. Then, turning in his chair, “And what is there new with you?”

“Nothing much. My wife only was somewhat stirred up this afternoon. You know the women! a nothing troubles them! mine especially! And it would be wrong to rebel against this, since their nervous organization is much more impressionable than ours.”

“That poor Léon,” said Charles, “how is he going to live in Paris? — will he become accustomed to it?”

Madame Bovary sighed.

“Come now,” said the apothecary, clicking his tongue, “the fine parties at the eating-houses! the masked balls! the champagne! all that goes along, I assure you!”

“I do not think that he will alter his habits,” objected Bovary.

“Nor I,” said Monsieur Homais quickly, “although it will be necessary for him, however, to follow the others, at the risk of being taken for a Jesuit. And you do not know the life that those droll fellows live in the Latin Quarter with the actresses! For the rest, the students are very well looked upon in Paris. Whatever little talent they may have for making themselves agreeable, they are received in the best society and there are even ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain who fall in love with them, which gives them an opportunity, consequently, to make very fine marriages.”

“But,” said the doctor, “I am afraid for him — that down there —”

“You are right,” interrupted the apothecary, “that is the reverse of the medal; and one is there obliged continually to have his hand on his pocket. Thus, you are in a public garden, I will suppose; a certain person presents himself, very well dressed, decorated even, and who would be taken for a diplomat; he accosts you, you converse, he is insinuating, offers you a pinch of snuff or picks up your hat for you. Then you become more intimate still; he takes you to a café, he asks you to come and see his country-house, brings in to you between two wines, all sorts of acquaintances, and three-quarters of the time, it is only to filibuster your purse, or to lead you into some pernicious enterprises.”

“That is true,” replied Charles; “but I was thinking above all of the sicknesses, typhoid fever, for example, which attacks the students from the provinces.”

Emma shuddered.

“Because of the change of regimen,” continued the apothecary, “and the perturbation which results from it in the general economy. And then, the water of Paris, do you see! the dishes at the restaurant! all these spiced nourishments end by heating your blood and are not worth, whatever may be said, a good *pot-au-feu*. I have always, for my part, preferred the bourgeois cuisine: it is more wholesome! Thus, when I was studying pharmacy in Rouen, I was boarding in a boarding-house; I ate with the professors.”

And he then continued to set forth his general opinions and his personal sympathies, until Justin came to look for him to make up a preparation of yolk of egg, sugar and water which was wanted.

“Not an instant of respite,” he cried, “always chained! I cannot go out a minute! You have to sweat blood and water like a work-horse! What a yoke of misery!”

Then, when he was on the doorstep:

“Apropos,” he said, “do you know the news?”

“What is it?”

“It is, that it is very probable,” replied Homais, elevating his eyebrows and assuming his most serious countenance, “that the agricultural fair of the Seine-Inférieure will be held this year at Yonville-l’Abbaye. The rumor, at least, is circulating. This morning, the journal had something to say about it. This will be of the utmost importance in our arrondissement. But we will talk about it later. I will see about it; thank you; Justin has the lantern.”

VII

The following day was, for Emma, a funereal period. To her everything seemed enveloped in an atmosphere of blackness, which floated confusedly over the exterior

of all things ; and melancholy sank deep into her soul with long lamentations, like the wind of winter in abandoned châteaux. It was that revery into which one sinks over that which will not return, the weariness which takes possession of one after each accomplished fact, that sorrow, in short, which is brought to one by the interruption of every accustomed movement, the brusque cessation of a prolonged vibration.

As on her return from the Vaubyessard, with the quadrille still revolving in her head, she was a prey to a dull melancholy, a benumbing despair. Léon reappeared to her taller, handsomer, more suave, more vague ; he was as numerous in himself as a crowd, in him the fulness of luxury and of excitement. But she had not trembled so strongly at the recollections of the silver vessels and the pearl-handled knives, as she did in recalling the laughter in his voice and the row of his white teeth. Conversations returned to her memory, more melodious and penetrating than the warble of flutes, than the harmony of the brasses ; the looks which she had surprised emitted little sparks of light, like the crystals of the chandelier, and the odor of his hair and the softness of his breath filled her lungs more pleasantly than the atmosphere of greenhouses, than the perfume of magnolias. Although he was separated from her he had not left her ; he was still there and the walls of the house seemed to guard his shadow. She could not take her eyes from that carpet on which he

had walked, nor the empty pieces of furniture in which he had seated himself. The river still flowed on, and rolled its little waves slowly along the smooth shore. They had walked there so many times, listening to the same murmuring waves, on the pebbles covered with moss. What good sunshines they had had! what good afternoons, alone, in the shadow, at the bottom of the garden! He read aloud with head bare, seated on a stool of dried sticks; the fresh wind of the meadow shook the leaves of the book and the nasturtiums of the bower. — Ah! he had departed, the sole charm of her life, the sole possible hope of a felicity! How was it that she had not seized that happiness when it presented itself? Why had she not retained it with both hands, on both knees, when it wished to fly away? And she cursed herself for not having loved Léon; she was thirsty for his lips. The desire took possession of her to hasten to rejoin him, to throw herself in his arms, to say to him: “It is I! I am yours!” But Emma perplexed herself in advance with the difficulties of this undertaking, and her desires, augmented by a regret, did not become any less active.

From this time, this remembrance of Léon was, as it were, the centre of her weariness; it sparkled there more brilliantly than does, in a Russian steppe, a traveler’s camp-fire abandoned on the snow; she pressed toward it, she shrunk close up to it; she stirred up delicately this hearth-fire on the point of being

extinguished, she went searching all around her for that which could revive it again — and the most distant reminiscences in common with the most recent occasions, that which she had experienced with that which she had imagined, her voluptuous desires which dispersed themselves, her projects of happiness which snapped off in the wind like dead branches, her sterile virtue, her fallen hopes, her household litter, she gathered up all, took all, and made use of all, to keep her sadness warm.

However, the flames died down, whether it was that the provision of herself, which she furnished became diminished, or that the piling-up of material was too considerable. Love, little by little, became extinguished by absence; regret was smothered under custom; and that light of conflagration which irradiated her pale sky, became covered with a greater shadow and went out by degrees. In the lulling of her conscience, she even took the repugnance toward her husband for aspirations toward the lover, the burnings of hatred for the rewarming of tenderness; but as the storm blew all ways, and as passion consumed itself to the ashes, and as no succor came, as no sun appeared, there was on all sides complete night, and she remained lost in her horrible cold which penetrated quite through her.

Then the evil days of Tostes recommenced. She considered herself at present much more unhappy, for

she had experience in grief, with the certainty that it would not end.

A woman who had imposed upon herself such great sacrifices could very well dispense with fancies. She purchased a Gothic prie-dieu, and she spent in a month fourteen francs for lemons with which to clean her nails; she wrote to Rouen for a dress in blue cashmere; she selected the finest of the L'Heureux scarfs; she tied it around her waist over her dressing-gown; and, with the shutters closed, with a book in her hand, she remained lying upon the couch in this array.

Sometimes she varied the dressing of her hair; she arranged it in Chinese fashion, in soft curls, in plaited tresses; she parted it on the side of her head, and rolled her hair under like a man.

She wished to learn Italian; she bought dictionaries, a grammar, a provision of white paper. She undertook serious readings, history and philosophy. Sometimes in the night Charles woke up suddenly, thinking that some one had come to him for a sick person: "I am coming," he stammered; and it was the noise of a match which Emma struck to light the lamp. But it was with her readings as with her tapestries, which, all of them commenced, encumbered her wardrobe; she took them up, dropped them, passed on to others.

She had fits occasionally in which she could have readily been incited to extravagances. She sustained one day against her husband that she could perfectly

well drink a full wine glass of brandy ; and as Charles had the stupidity to dare her to it, she swallowed the brandy to the last drop.

Notwithstanding her evaporated airs—this was the word used by the bourgeois of Yonville—Emma, however, did not appear cheerful, and she habitually kept at the corners of her mouth that motionless contraction which creases the countenances of old maids and of the disappointed in their ambitions. She was quite pale, white as linen ; the skin of her nose was stretched at the nostrils, her eyes looked at you in a vague manner. For having discovered three gray hairs on her temples, she talked continually of her aging. Frequently she was seized with fainting fits. One day she even had a spitting of blood, and as Charles was agitated, allowing his anxiety to be perceived :

“ Ah ! bah ! ” she replied, “ what does that amount to ? ”

Charles took refuge in his cabinet ; and he wept, his two elbows on the table, seated in his office chair, under the phrenological head.

Then he wrote to his mother to entreat her to come and they had long conferences together on the subject of Emma.

What solution to find ? what to do, since she refused all treatment ?

“ Do you know what your wife needs ? ” summed up the Mère Bovary, “ it is compulsory occupation, manual

labor! If she were, like so many others, compelled to earn her own living, she would not have these vapors, which come from a heap of notions which she has in her head and from the idleness in which she lives.”

“But, she occupies herself,” said Charles.

“Ah! she occupies herself! In what, pray? In reading novels, bad books, works which are against religion and in which the priests are derided in discourses taken from Voltaire. But all that goes a great way, my poor child, and any one who has no religion always ends by turning out badly.”

Therefore, it was resolved that Emma should be prevented from reading any more novels. The undertaking did not seem easy. The good lady charged herself with it; she would, as she passed through Rouen, go in person to the proprietor of the circulating library and inform him that Emma had stopped her subscription. Would one not have the right to notify the police if the publisher persisted, in spite of everything, in his avocation of a poisoner?

The farewells of the mother-in-law and the daughter-in-law were curt. During the three weeks in which they had been together, they had not exchanged four words with each other, outside the necessary information and compliments when they met at table, and in the evening before retiring.

Madame Bovary mère departed on a Wednesday, which was market day in Yonville.

The Place, since the morning, had been encumbered by a row of carts which, all with their tails down and their shafts in the air, ranged along the fronts of the houses from the church to the inn.

On the other side, there were canvas sheds in which there were offered for sale cotton goods, coverings and stockings of wool, with halters for the horses and packets of blue ribbons, the ends of which fluttered in the wind. Articles of coarse hardware were displayed upon the ground between pyramids of eggs and little willow baskets of cheese in which were stuck glutinous straws ; by the side of the grain machines, the chickens, clucking in their flat cages, passed their heads through the open spaces. The crowd, concentrating in one point without wishing to move, threatened sometimes to break in the front windows of the pharmacy. On Wednesdays it never emptied, and the crush was less to buy medicines than to ask for consultations, so great was the reputation of the *Sieur Homais* in the circumjacent villages. His robust assurance had fascinated the country-people. They considered him as a much greater doctor than all the doctors.

Emma was leaning on her window-sill—she often sat there ; the window in the provinces takes the place of the theatre and the promenade—and she was amusing herself by looking at the throng of rustics, when she perceived a gentleman wearing a frock coat of green velvet. He was gloved with yellow gloves, although on

his legs were strong gaiters, and he was coming towards the doctor's house followed by a peasant walking with his head down and with a very thoughtful air.

"Can I see monsieur?" he asked of Justin, who was talking on the threshold with Félicité; taking him for the domestic of the house: "Say to him that Monsieur Rodolphe Boulanger, of La Huchette is here."

It was not through territorial vanity that the new arrival had added the particle to his name, but in order to make himself better known. La Huchette, in fact, was a domain near Yonville of which he had recently acquired the château with two farms which he cultivated himself, without troubling himself too much, however. He lived as a bachelor and passed for having *at least fifteen thousand francs income!*

Charles entered the hall. Monsieur Boulanger presented his man, who wished to be bled, because he felt *ants all over his body.*

"That will purge me," he objected to all remonstrances.

Bovary accordingly ordered a basin and a bandage to be brought, and asked Justin to hold it. Then, addressing the villager, already white:

"Do not be afraid, my brave fellow!"

"No, no," replied the other, "go ahead!"

And, with a bravado air, he extended his great arm. Under the stroke of the lancet, the blood spurted and splashed against the glass.

“Bring the basin nearer,” said Charles.

“*Gnette!*” said the peasant, “one would swear it was a little running fountain! What red blood I have! that ought to be a good sign, isn’t it?”

“Sometimes,” replied the officier de Santé, “nothing is felt at the beginning, then the syncope manifests itself, and more particularly in the case of people with good constitutions, like this one.”

The countryman at these words let go the sheath which he was turning between his fingers. A shrug of his shoulders made the back of his chair crack. His hat fell to the floor.

“I thought so,” said Bovary, putting his finger on the vein.

The basin commenced to tremble in Justin’s hands; his knees tottered; he turned pale.

“Wife, wife,” called Charles.

She descended the stairs with a bound.

“Some vinegar!” he cried. “Ah! Mon Dieu! two at once!”

And, in his emotion, he could scarcely arrange the compress.

“That is nothing,” said Monsieur Boulanger, very tranquilly, while he took Justin in his arms.

And he seated himself on the table, supporting his back against the wall.

Madame Bovary commenced to take off his cravat. There was a knot in the cords of his shirt; she was

some minutes moving her slender fingers in the neck of the young man ; then she poured the vinegar in her cambric handkerchief ; she moistened his temples with it with little taps and she blew upon them, delicately.

The carter came to his senses ; but Justin's syncope still lasted, and his eyeballs disappeared in their pale sclerotic, like blue flowers in milk.

“ We must hide this from him,” said Charles.

Madame Bovary took the basin. In putting it under the table, the movement which she made in stooping, caused her dress—it was a summer dress with four flounces, yellow in color, long in the waist, large in the skirt—to spread around her on the tiled floor of the hall ; and as Emma, stooping, staggered a little, spreading out her arms, the swelling of the material hollowed itself in certain places, following the inflections of her figure. Finally, she went to get a carafe of water, and she had melted pieces of sugar in it when the apothecary arrived. The maidservant had gone to get him during the uproar ; and, perceiving his pupil with his eyes open, he took breath ; then taking a turn around him he looked at him from top to bottom.

“ Sot ! ” he said ; “ little sot, truly ! sot in three letters ! A great thing, after all, phlebotomy ! and a fine fellow who is afraid of nothing ! a species of squirrel, such as you see, who climbs up to get nuts at the most dizzy heights ! Ah ! yes, speak, brag of

yourself! here are fine qualities for the practice of pharmacy later! For you may find yourself in grave circumstances before the Courts, called in to enlighten the conscience of the magistrates; and it will be necessary, then, to keep possession of yourself, to reason, to show yourself a man, or else to pass for an imbecile!"

Justin did not reply. The apothecary continued:

"Who asked you to come here? You are always in the way of monsieur and madame! On Wednesdays, moreover, your services are more than indispensable to me! There are now twenty people in the shop, I have left everything because of the interest which I have in you! Come, be off! run! wait for me and look after the bottles."

When Justin, who had dressed himself, had departed, the conversation turned for a moment on fainting fits. Madame Bovary had never had one.

"That is extraordinary for a lady!" said Monsieur Boulanger. "For that matter there are some people very delicate. Thus I have seen at a meeting, a witness lose consciousness at nothing but the noise of the pistols which were being loaded."

She lifted to him eyes full of admiration.

"For my part," said the apothecary, "the sight of others' blood has no effect on me at all; but the thought only of my own flowing would suffice to give me swoonings, if I thought of it too much."

However, Monsieur Boulanger sent away his servant, advising him to make his mind easy, since his fancy had passed. "It has procured me the advantage of your acquaintance," he added. And he looked at Emma during this phrase.

Then he placed three francs on the corner of the table, bowed carelessly and went away.

He was soon on the other side of the river—this was his road to return to La Huchette,—and Emma perceived him in the meadow, walking along under the poplars slacking his pace from time to time, like one who was meditating.

"She is very nice!" he said to himself; "she is very nice, that doctor's wife! Fine teeth, black eyes, a coquettish foot and the style of a Parisienne! Where the devil does she come from? Where then did he find her, that great hulking fellow?"

Monsieur Boulanger was thirty-four years old; he was by temperament coarse and of a perspicacious intelligence, having moreover had much to do with women and knowing them very well. This one had seemed to him pretty; he was then thinking of her and of her husband.

"I believe him to be very stupid. She is tired of him, doubtless. What a boor! he has dirty finger nails and a three days' beard. Whilst he goes about after his sick people, she stays at home to mend his stockings! And one bores one's self! one wishes to live in the

city, to dance the polka every evening! Poor little woman! It gapes after love like a carp on a kitchen table after the water. With three words of gallantry it would adore you, I'm sure of it! it would be tender! charming! Yes, and how to get rid of it afterwards!"

Then the inconvenience of the pleasure seen in advance caused him by contrast to think of his mistress. This was an actress of Rouen whom he supported; and when he had fixed his mind on this image of which he had, even in recollection, surfeitings,—“Ah! Madame Bovary,” he thought, “is much prettier than she is, much fresher above all! Virginie, decidedly, is beginning to get too fat! She is so fastidious with her pleasures! And besides, what a mania for prawns!”

The country was deserted and Rodolphe heard around him nothing but the regular beating of the tall grasses, whipping against his gaiters, with the cry of the crickets crouching in the distance under the oats; he saw Emma again in the hall, dressed as he had seen her, and he undressed her.

“Oh! I shall have her!” he cried to himself, crushing with a blow of his stick a clod of earth before him. And then immediately he examined the politic side of the enterprise. He asked himself: “Where to meet her? by what means? One would have continually the child on one's hands, and the servant, the neighbors, the husband, all sorts of very considerable tricks!

Ah! bah!" he said, "it would take too much time!" Then he recommenced: "And she has eyes which bore into your heart like drills! And that pale complexion! — I who adore pale women!"

On top of the hill of Argueil, his resolution was taken. "There is nothing left to do but to seek the opportunity. Well! I will go there sometimes, I will send them presents of game, of chickens! I will have myself bled, if it be necessary; we will become friends, I will invite them to my house — Ah! parbleu!" he added, "here is the fair coming pretty soon; she will be there, I will see her. We will commence, and boldly, for that is the surest way!"

VIII

It came in fact, this famous fair! On the morning of the solemnity, all the inhabitants on their doorsteps discussed the preparations with each other; the front of the mayor's office had been garlanded with ivy; a tent in a field had been erected for the festival, and in the middle of the Place, before the church, a species of mortar was to signal the arrival of Monsieur le Préfet and the names of the agriculturist prize winners. The National Guard of Buchy—there was none at Yonville—had come to join the corps of firemen, of whom

Binet was the captain. He wore this day a collar still higher than usual, and, belted in his tunic, his bust was so stiff and motionless that all the vital part of his person seemed to have descended into his two legs, which rose alternately in time, marking step, with one movement for each. As a rivalry subsisted between the collector and the colonel, each of them, to display his talents, manœuvred his men apart. There could be seen, alternately passing and repassing, the red epaulets and the black plastrons. This never finished, and forever recommenced! Never had there been such a display of pomp! Several of the bourgeois, on the day before, had washed down their houses; tricolored flags hung from the half-open windows, all the cabarets were full; and in the fine weather the starched bonnets, the gold crosses, and the fichus, of a color which seemed whiter than snow, reflected the clear sunshine, and lit up with their scattered medley the sombre monotony of the frock-coats and of the blue blouses. The farmers' wives of the neighborhood, on descending from their horses, withdrew the great pin which retained around their body their dress turned up for fear of spots; and the husbands, on the contrary, in order to keep on their hats, kept their pocket handkerchiefs over them, holding one corner between their teeth.

The crowd arrived in the main street from the two ends of the village. It poured out from the little streets, the alleys, the houses, and there could be heard

from time to time, the knockers of the doors falling behind the bourgeois in thread gloves who had come out to see the fête. That which was especially admired was two long triangular wooden constructions bearing lamps which flanked the platform on which the authorities were to be placed; and there was, moreover, against the four columns of the mayor's house, four species of poles which bore, each one, a little standard of greenish canvas enriched with inscriptions in letters of gold. On the first could be read: "To Commerce;" on another: "To Agriculture;" on the third: "To Industry;" and on the fourth: "To the Fine Arts."

But the jubilation which irradiated all the villagers seemed to sadden Madame Lefrançois. Standing on the steps of her kitchen, she murmured in her chin:

"What stupidity! what stupidity with their barracks of canvas! Do they think that the prefect will be comfortable dining down there under a tent like a circus tumbler? They call that sort of thing, working for the good of the country! It was not worth the trouble, then, to go and get a cheap cook at Neufchâtel! and for whom? for cowherds! barefooted beggars! ——"

The apothecary passed by. He wore a black coat, nankeen pantaloons, beaver shoes and, what was extraordinary, a hat,—a hat low in form.

"Your servant!" he said, "excuse me, I am in a hurry;" and as the stout widow asked him where he was going:

“That seems strange to you, does it not? I, who always remain confined in my laboratory more than the rat of the goodman in his cheese.”

“What cheese?” said the innkeeper.

“No. Nothing! it is nothing!” replied Homais. “I only wished to explain to you, Madame Lefrançois, that I remain habitually quite like a recluse in my own house. To-day, however, considering the circumstances, it is quite necessary that ——”

“Ah! you’re going down there!” she said with an air of disdain.

“Yes, I’m going there,” replied the apothecary, surprised. “Am I not a member of the consultative commission?”

The Mère Lefrançois considered him for some minutes and ended by replying, smiling:

“That is another thing! but what has agriculture to do with you? are you interested in it then?”

“Certainly I’m interested in it, since I am a pharmacist, that is to say, chemist! and chemistry, Madame Lefrançois, having for its object the knowledge of the reciprocal and molecular action of all the bodies in nature, it follows that agriculture is comprised in its domain! And, in fact, composition of fertilizers, fermentation of liquids, analysis of gas and influence of miasmas, what is all that I ask you if it is not chemistry, pure and simple?”

The innkeeper made no reply. Homais continued:

“Do you think that it is necessary, in order to be an agriculturist, to have cultivated the ground yourself or fattened chickens? It is necessary, rather, to be acquainted with the constitution of the substances with which it is concerned, the geological strata, the atmospheric actions, the nature of the soils, of the minerals, of the waters, the density of the different bodies and their capillarity ; I know not what ! and it is necessary to possess thoroughly all the principles of hygiene in order to direct, to criticise, the construction of buildings, the regimen of animals, the alimentations of domestics ! It is necessary, still more, Madame Lefrançois, to possess the science of botany ! to be able to recognize plants, do you hear, which are the salutary ones and which are the deleterious ones, which are the unproductive and which are the nutritious, if it is good to root them up here, and sow them again there, to propagate these and to destroy others ; in short, it is necessary to keep one’s self informed of the progress of science by publications and public papers, to keep one’s self always in condition, so as to indicate the ameliorations ——”

The innkeeper did not take her eyes from the door of the *Café Français*, and the apothecary continued :

“Would to God that our agriculturists were chemists, or that, at least, they would listen more to the counsels of science ! Thus, I, myself, I have lately written a strong opuscle, a treatise of more than seventy-two pages, entitled : *Cider, its Manufacture and its Effects*,

followed by some novel reflections on this subject, which I have sent to the agricultural society of Rouen, which has even procured for me the honor of being received among its members, section of arboriculture, class of pomology; well! if my work had been delivered to publicity——”

But the apothecary stopped, Madame Lefrançois seemed so much preoccupied.

“See them, then,” she said, “can anyone understand that? A regular cook-shop affair!” And with a shrugging of her shoulders, which drew over her chest the thick meshes of her knitted jacket, she indicated with her two hands the cabaret of her rival, from which the sound of songs was then issuing. “For that matter, it will not be for long,” she added, “before a week everything will be ended!”

Homais recoiled in stupefaction. She descended her three steps and spoke in his ear:

“How, you do not know that? it is going to be levied upon, this week. It is L’Heureux who is having it sold. He has killed it with notes.”

“What a frightful catastrophe!” cried the apothecary, who always had at hand suitable expressions for all imaginable circumstances. The hostess related to him then this history which she had learned from Théodore, the servant of Monsieur Guillaumin, and although she execrated Tellier, she blamed L’Heureux. He was a wheedler, a cringing fellow.

“Ah! there he is,” she said, “under the market sheds; he is bowing to Madame Bovary who has a green hat. She is leaning on Monsieur Boulanger’s arm.”

“Madame Bovary!” said Homais, “I must hasten to pay her my respects. Perhaps she will be very well pleased to have a place in the enclosure under the peristyle.” And without listening to the Mère Lefrançois, who recalled him for further conversation, the pharmacist went away with a rapid step, a smile on his lips and stiff in the knees, distributing to right and to left a quantity of salutations, and taking up a great deal of space with the great tail of his black coat which floated in the wind behind him.

Rodolphe, having perceived him at a distance, had taken a rapid pace; but Madame Bovary lost her breath; he relaxed his steps then and said to her smiling, in a gruff tone:

“It is to avoid that coarse man, you know, the apothecary.”

She gave him a nudge with her elbow.

“What does that mean?” he asked himself; and he looked at her out of the corner of his eye, while still continuing to walk.

Her profile was so calm that nothing could be discovered from it. It was relieved in full daylight in the enlarged oval of her capote, which had pale ribbons resembling the leaves of a reed. Her eyes with their

long curved lashes looked straight before her, and although well-opened they seemed somewhat restrained by the cheek bones, because of the blood which throbbed gently under her fine skin. A pink color traversed the partition of her nose. She inclined her head over her shoulder, and there could be seen between her lips the pearly tips of her white teeth.

“Is she making fun of me?” thought Rodolphe.

Emma’s action, however, had only been a warning, for Monsieur L’Heureux accompanied them, and he spoke to them from time to time as though wishing to enter into the conversation.

“What a superb day! everybody is outdoors! the wind is in the east.” But Madame Bovary, as well as Rodolphe, hardly replied to him, whilst at the least movement which they made he drew nearer, saying: “I beg your pardon; what do you say?” and carrying his hand to his hat.

When they were before the blacksmith’s house, instead of following the road as far as the barrier, Rodolphe suddenly turned into a path and drawing Madame Bovary with him, he cried: “Good-day, Monsieur L’Heureux! *au plaisir!*”

“How you have sent him away!” she said, laughing.

“Why,” he replied, “should we be bothered with others? and since to-day I have the happiness of being with you——” Emma blushed. He did not finish his phrase. Then he spoke of the fine weather

and of the pleasure of walking on the grass. Some daisies were growing about: "See the pretty daisies," he said, "and enough to furnish plenty of oracles to all the lovers of the country." He added: "If I should gather some, what would you think?"

"Are you in love?" she said, coughing a little.

"Eh! eh! who knows?" replied Rodolphe.

However, the field began to fill up, and the good householders got in your way with their big umbrellas, their baskets and their brats. Often it was necessary to go out of the path before a long file of country-women, servants in blue stockings, in flat shoes, with silver rings, and who smelt of milk when you passed near them. They walked, holding each other by the hands, and spread themselves out thus over the whole length of the meadows, from the line of the aspens up to the banqueting tent. But it was time for the examination, and the agriculturists, one after the other, entered into a sort of hippodrome formed by a long cord carried on stakes.

The animals were there, their noses turned toward the cord and lining up in an irregular way their croups of unequal sizes. The drowsy pigs buried their groins in the ground, the calves bellowed, the sheep bleated; the cows, their legs folded under them, displayed their great stomachs on the grass and, chewing their cuds slowly, winked their heavy eyelids under the flies which buzzed around them. The carters, with naked

arms, held by the halters the rearing stallions which whinnied with full nostrils by the side of the mares. The latter remained quiet, stretching out their heads and their manes hanging, whilst their colts rested in their shadow, or occasionally came to suck them ; and on the long undulations of all these accumulated bodies, there could be seen, lifting in the wind like a wave, some white mane, or jutting out sharp-pointed horns, and the heads of men who hastened. At one side, outside the lists, a hundred steps farther on, there was a great black bull muzzled, wearing an iron ring in his nostrils, and which moved no more than a bronze beast. A child in rags held him by a cord.

However, between the two ranks some gentlemen were advancing with a heavy step, examining each animal, then consulting among themselves in low voices. One of them, who seemed to be the most important, made, as he walked, some notes in a pocket-book. This was the president of the jury, Monsieur Derozerais de la Pamville. As soon as he recognized Rodolphe, he came forward quickly and said to him, smiling with a friendly air :

“ How, Monsieur Boulanger, you are forsaking us ? ”

Rodolphe protested that he was coming. But when the president had disappeared :

“ *Ma foi !* no,” he replied, “ I shall not go ; your company is well worth his.”

And while making fun all the time of the fair, Rodolphe, in order to circulate more easily, showed to the gendarme his blue ticket, and he even stopped sometimes before some fine *subject*, which Madame Bovary scarcely admired. This he perceived, and then proceeded to indulge in pleasantries concerning the ladies of Yonville, apropos of their toilets; then he apologized for himself for the carelessness of his own. It had that incoherence of common and fine things in which the habitually vulgar man thinks to see glimpses of the revelation of an eccentric existence, the disorders of sentiment, the tyrannies of art, and always a certain contempt for social conventions, which seduces him or exasperates him. His shirt of batiste, with plaited cuffs, puffed out in the wind in the opening of his vest, which was of gray ticking, and his pantaloons with large stripes discovered at the ankles nankeen boots with patent leather vamps. They were so varnished that the grass was reflected in them. He trod down with them the droppings of the horses, carrying one hand in the pocket of his vest and his straw hat set on one side.

“Moreover,” he added, “when one lives in the country ——”

“Nothing is worth while,” said Emma.

“That is true!” replied Rodolphe. “To think that not one of these honest people is capable of understanding the fit of a coat!”

Then they spoke of the provincial mediocrity, the existences which it smothered, the illusions which perished in it.

“So,” said Rodolphe, “I bury myself in a sadness —— ”

“You!” she said with astonishment. “But I thought you very gay?”

“Ah! yes, in appearance, because in the world I know how to assume a mask of raillery, and yet how many times, on seeing a cemetery in the moonlight, I have asked myself if I would not do better to go and rejoin those who are sleeping —— ”

“Oh! And your friends,” she said, “you do not think of them.”

“My friends? which of them then? have I any? Who is anxious about me?” And he accompanied these last words by a sort of whistling between his lips.

But they were obliged to separate from each other because of a great scaffolding of chairs which a man was carrying behind them. He was so loaded with them that there could be seen of him only the points of his sabots, with the extremities of his two arms stretched out straight. It was Lestiboudois, the gravedigger, who was thus carting in among the multitude, the chairs from the church. Full of imagination in all that concerned his own interest, he had discovered this means of taking his part in the fair; and his scheme had been successful, for he did not know to which one

to listen. In fact, the villagers, who were hot, fought for these seats of which the straw smelt of the incense, and leaned against their great backs, soiled by the wax of the candles, with a certain veneration.

Madame Bovary took Rodolphe's arm again; he continued as if speaking to himself:

"Yes! so many things have failed me! always alone! Ah! If I had had an object in life, if I had encountered an affection, if I had found someone — Oh! how I would have had expended all the energy of which I am capable, I would have surmounted everything, broken everything!"

"It seems to me, however," said Emma, "that you are scarcely to be pitied."

"Ah! you think so?" said Rodolphe.

"For in short —" she resumed, "you are free." She hesitated,— "rich."

"Do not deride me," he replied.

And she swore that she was not mocking when a cannon shot was heard; whereupon everyone went, pell-mell, toward the village.

It was a false alarm. Monsieur le Préfet had not come; and the members of the jury found themselves very much embarrassed, not knowing whether they should commence the sitting or wait still longer.

Finally, at the end of the Place appeared a great hired landau drawn by two thin horses which a coachman in a white hat was lashing furiously. Binet had

only time to cry, "*Aux armes !*" and the colonel to follow his example. There was a rush toward the piled arms. Everyone precipitated himself. Some even forgot their stocks. But the Prefectural equipage seemed to divine this embarrassment and the two harnessed jades, nodding along on their curbs, arrived at a little trot before the peristyle of the mayor's house just at the moment when the National Guard and the firemen deployed, drums beating, and marking the step.

"Mark time!" cried Binet.

"Halt!" cried the colonel. "File left!"

And, after a carry arms, in which the rattle of the rings of the muskets, sliding down, sounded like a copper caldron tumbling down stairs, all the butts of the muskets fell to the earth.

Then there was seen to descend from the carriage a gentleman wearing a short coat, embroidered with silver, bald on the front of his head, wearing a tuft at the back, having a pale and dull complexion and the most benignant appearance. His two eyes, very large and covered with thick eyelids, were half closed in order to regard the multitude, at the same time that he lifted his pointed nose and smiled with his sunken mouth. He recognized the mayor by his scarf, and explained to him that Monsieur le Préfet had not been able to come. He was, himself, a counselor of the Prefecture; then he added some excuses. Tuvache replied to him by civilities, the other confessed himself embarrassed;

and they remained thus, face to face, and their foreheads almost touching, with the members of the jury all around them, the municipal council, the notables, the National Guard and the crowd. Monsieur le Conseiller, flattening against his chest his little black, three-cornered hat, reiterated his salutations, whilst Tuvache, bent like a bow, smiled also, stammered, searched for words, protested his devotion to the Monarchy, and appreciation of the honor which was done to Yonville.

Hippolyte, the hostler of the inn, came to take by the bridles the horses of the coach and, limping with his clubfoot as he walked, he conducted them under the porch of the *Lion d'Or*, where a crowd of peasants were assembled to look at the carriage. The drums beat, the howitzer thundered, and the gentlemen in single file ascended to seat themselves on the balcony, in the armchairs in red Utrecht velvet, which had been lent by Madame Tuvache.

All these personages resembled each other. Their flabby, pale faces, a little darkened by the sun, had the color of sweet cider, and their bushy whiskers escaped from great stiff collars which maintained white cravats with well-displayed rosettes. All the waistcoats were of velvet crossed like a shawl; all the watches carried at the end of a long ribbon some oval seal in cornelian; the two hands were placed on the two thighs, the knees carefully set wide apart, and the cloth of the

pantaloon shining more brilliantly than the leather of the heavy boots, but with a lustre never given by the manufacturer.

The ladies of the society were placed behind, under the vestibule, between the columns while the commoner part of the crowd was standing opposite or seated in chairs. In fact, Lestiboudois had brought there all those which he had moved in from the meadow, he even hastened every minute to get fresh ones from the church, and he so encumbered the place with his business that it was with great difficulty that access was had to the little stairway of the platform.

“For my part, it seems to me,” said Monsieur L’Heureux—addressing himself to the apothecary who was passing to take his place—“that there should have been set up there two Venetian masts; with something rich and a little severe as novelties, that would have made a very pretty sight.”

“Certainly,” replied Homais. “But what would you have? it is the mayor who has taken everything under his own bonnet. He has not very good taste, that poor Tuvache, and he is even completely devoid of that which is called the genius of the arts.”

Meanwhile, Rodolphe with Madame Bovary had ascended to the first floor of the mayor’s office, into the *salle des délibérations*, and as it was empty he had declared that they would be able to enjoy the spectacle there more at their ease. He took three of the stools

that were around the oval table, under the bust of the monarch, and having placed them in one of the windows, they seated themselves near one another.

There was an agitation upon the platform, long whisperings, consultations. Finally, Monsieur le Conseiller arose. It was now known that his name was Lieuvain, and this word was repeated from one to the other throughout the crowd. When he had collected together several sheets of paper and placed his eye over them in order to see better, he commenced :

“ MESSIEURS :

“ May it be permitted to me at first—before addressing you on the object of this reunion of to-day, and this sentiment, I am sure, will be partaken by all of you—may it be permitted to me, I say, to render justice to the supreme administration, to the government, to the monarch, Messieurs, to our sovereign, to that king well-beloved, to whom no branch of the prosperity, public or individual, is indifferent, and who directs, with a hand at once so firm and so wise, the Chariot of State among the incessant perils of a stormy sea, knowing, moreover, how to cause to be respected peace as well as war, industry, commerce, agriculture and the fine arts.”

“ I had better,” said Rodolphe, “ get a little farther back.”

“Why?” said Emma.

But at that moment the voice of the counselor rose in an extraordinary tone. He declaimed :

“Those times exist no longer, Messieurs, in which civil discord caused bloodshed in our public places, in which the landed proprietor, the merchant, the workman himself, in sinking to sleep at night in peaceful slumber, trembled lest he should be suddenly awakened by the sound of incendiary tocsins, in which the most subversive maxims sapped audaciously the bases —— ”

“It is because,” replied Rodolphe, “I may be seen from below ; then I should have to be making excuses for two weeks, and with my bad reputation —— ”

“Oh ! you slander yourself,” said Emma.

“No, no, it is execrable, I swear to you.”

“But, Messieurs,” continued the counselor, “if, dismissing from my memory these sombre pictures, I turn my eyes on the actual situation of our beautiful country,—what do I see ? Everywhere are flourishing commerce and the arts ; everywhere, new means of communication, like so many new arteries in the body of the State, establish in it new relations ; our great manufacturing centres have resumed their activity ; religion, more solidly established, smiles in all hearts ;

our ports are full, confidence is born again, and finally France breathes! ——”

“For that matter,” added Rodolphe, “perhaps from the point of view of the world, are they not right?”

“How can that be?” she said.

“What!” he said, “do you not know that there are souls ceaselessly tormented? It is necessary for them to have alternately the dream and the action, the purest passion, the most furious enjoyments, and they accordingly throw themselves into all sorts of fanaticisms, of follies.”

Then she looked at him as one would contemplate a traveler who had passed through extraordinary countries, and she replied:

“We have not even that distraction, we poor women!”

“A sorrowful distraction, for happiness is never found in it.”

“But is it ever found?” she asked.

“Yes, it is met with some day,” he replied.

“And it is this that you have comprehended,” said the counselor, “you, agriculturists and workmen of the fields; you, pacific pioneers of a complete work of civilization; you, men of progress and of morality; you have comprehended, I say, that the storms of politics are still more to be dreaded, truly, than the disorders of the atmosphere ——”

“It is met with one day,” repeated Rodolphe, “one day suddenly and when we have despaired of it. Then new horizons open, it is like a voice which cries: ‘There it is!’ You feel the need of making to this person the confidence of your whole life, of giving to him everything, of sacrificing to him everything! You do not explain to yourself, you divine it. You have had glimpses of it in your dreams.”—And he looked at her.—“Finally, it is there, that treasure which has been so much sought for, there, before you; it shines, it sparkles. However, you doubt still, you dare not believe in it; you remain dazzled, as if on coming out of the shadows into the light.”

And, in uttering these words, Rodolphe added pantomime to his speech. He passed his hand across his face like a man seized with giddiness; then he allowed it to fall on Emma’s. She withdrew hers. The counselor was still reading:

“And who will be astonished at this, Messieurs? He only who will be blind enough, plunged deeply enough—I do not fear to say it—plunged deeply enough into the prejudices of another age, to still misunderstand the spirit of the agricultural population. Where, in fact, is there to be found more patriotism than in the field, more devotion to the public cause, more intelligence, in a word? And I do not mean, Messieurs, that superficial intelligence, vain in ornament

of idle spirits, but that profound and moderated intelligence which applies itself, beyond everything else, to the pursuit of useful aims, contributing thus to the good of each one, to the common amelioration and to the maintenance of the States, the fruit of the respect of the laws and of the practice of duties."

"Ah! again," said Rodolphe. "Always the duties, I am sick of those words! They are a heap of stupid old idiots in flannel waistcoats and of female bigots with foot-warmers and beads who continually sing in our ears, 'duty! duty!' Eh! parbleu! duty, that is to feel what is great, to cherish what is beautiful, and not to accept all the conventions of society, with the ignominies which it imposes upon us."

"However, — however, —" objected Madame Bovary.

"Ah! no! Why declaim against the passions? Are they not the only beautiful thing that there is on the earth, the source of heroism, of enthusiasm, of poetry, of music, of the arts, of everything, in short!"

"But it is very necessary," said Emma, "to follow a little the opinion of the world and to obey its morality."

"Ah! but there are two of them," replied he, "the little, the conventional, that of men, that which varies ceaselessly and bawls so loudly, which agitates itself at the bottom, close to the earth like that

assembly of imbeciles which you see there. But the other, the eternal, it is all around and overhead, like the landscape which environs us and the blue sky which lightens us."

Monsieur Lieuvain had just wiped his mouth with his pocket handkerchief. He resumed :

"And what should I have to do, Messieurs, to demonstrate to you here the usefulness of agriculture? Who, then, purveys to our needs? Who, then, furnishes our subsistence? Is it not the agriculturist? The agriculturist, Messieurs, who, sowing with a laborious hand the fruitful furrows of the field, gives birth to the grain which ground and reduced to powder by means of ingenious apparatus, issues thence under the name of flour and from there, transported into the cities, is presently delivered to the baker who prepares from it an aliment for the poor as for the rich. Is it not the agriculturist again who fattens for our garments his abundant flocks in the pasturages? For, how should we clothe ourselves, or how should we nourish ourselves, without agriculture? And even, Messieurs, is it necessary to go so far to seek for examples? Who has not often reflected on all the importance which is attached to that modest animal, the ornament of our poultry yards, who furnishes at once a soft pillow for our couches, her succulent flesh for our tables, and eggs? But I should never finish if it were necessary to enumerate, one after the other, the different products

which the earth well cultivated, like unto a generous mother, gives prodigally to her children. Here it is the vine; elsewhere it is cider apples; there it is the colewort; farther on, the cheeses; and the flax, Messieurs, do not forget the flax! which has developed in these later years a considerable increase and to which I would call more particularly your attention."

He had no need to call it, for all the mouths of the multitude were open, as if to drink in his words. Tuvache, at his side, listened with great eyes; Monsieur Derozerais, from time to time, slowly closed his eyelids; and, farther on, the pharmacist with his son, Napoléon between his knees, arched his hand behind his ear so as not to lose a single syllable. The other members of the jury swayed slowly their chins in their waistcoats in sign of approbation. The firemen, at the foot of the platform, reposed upon their bayonets, and Binet, motionless, his elbows protruding, kept the point of his sabre in the air. He heard perhaps, but he could have seen nothing because of the visor of his cap which came down upon his nose. Nevertheless, his lieutenant, the youngest son of the Sieur Tuvache, had exaggerated still more greatly the size of his own, for he wore an enormous one which shook upon his head while allowing to appear below it an end of his cotton handkerchief. He smiled underneath it with a sweetness quite infantile, and his small, pale face, down

which the drops of sweat streamed, wore an expression of enjoyment, of exhaustion and of sleepiness.

The Place up to the houses was filled with people. People could be seen leaning on their elbows at all the windows, others were standing in all the doorways, and Justin, before the front of the pharmacy, seemed to be quite absorbed in the contemplation of that which he was looking at. Notwithstanding the silence, the voice of Monsieur Lieuvain lost itself in the air. It came to you by fragments of phrases, which were interrupted here and there by the noise of the chairs in the crowd; then you could hear suddenly from behind you a long bellowing of an ox, or the bleating of the lambs which answered each other from the corners of the streets. In fact, the cowherds and the shepherds had brought their animals that far, and they lowed from time to time, while reaching with their tongue some spray of foliage which hung over their muzzles.

Rodolphe had drawn nearer to Emma and he said to her in a low voice, speaking quickly:

“Does not this conspiracy of the world revolt you? Is there a single sentiment which it does not condemn? The most noble instincts, the purest sympathies, are persecuted, calumniated, and if it should finally encounter two poor souls, everything is arranged so that they shall not be able to join each other. They will endeavor, however, they will beat their wings, they will call each other. Oh! no matter, sooner or later, in six months,

in ten years, they will be reunited, will love each other, because fatality ordains it and because they are born one for the other."

He was sitting with his arms crossed on his knees, and, raising his face toward Emma, he looked at her closely, fixedly. She distinguished in his eyes little rays of gold diverging all around his black pupils and she even smelt the perfume of the pomade with which his hair was dressed. Then a languor seized her, she recalled that viscount who had caused her to waltz at the Vaubyessard and whose beard exhaled, like this hair, this odor of vanilla and of citron; and mechanically she half closed her eyelids to breathe it the better. But in the movement which she made, in bending in her chair, she perceived in the distance on the edge of the horizon, the old diligence, the *Hirondelle*, which was descending slowly the hill of the Leux, trailing after it a long cloud of dust. It was in this yellow vehicle that Léon so often had returned to her, and by that road over there that he had departed forever! She thought she saw him before her at her window; then everything became confused, clouds passed before her: it seemed to her that she was still revolving in the waltz, under the light of the chandeliers, in the arms of the viscount, and that Léon was not far away, that he was about to come — and, however, she was conscious all the time of Rodolphe's head by her side.

The pleasure of this sensation penetrated thus her former desires, and, like grains of sand in a whirlwind, they whirled in the subtle gust of the perfume which diffused itself through her soul. She spread her nostrils several times vigorously to breathe in the freshness of the ivy around the capitals of the columns. She took off her gloves, she wiped her hands; then, with her handkerchief, she fanned her face whilst through the beating of her temples she heard the noise of the crowd and the voice of the counselor who was monotonously reciting his phrases.

He said :

“Continue! persevere! listen neither to the suggestions of routine nor to the too premature counsels of a rash empiricism! Apply yourselves, above all, to the improvement of the soil, to good fertilizers, to the development of the equine, bovine, ovine and porcine races! May these fairs be for you, as it were, pacific arenas, where the vanquisher, issuing forth, will extend his hand to the vanquished and will fraternize with him, in the hope of a better success! And you, venerable servitors, humble domestics whose painful labors no government, up to the present day, has taken into consideration, come to receive the recompense of your silent virtues and be convinced that the State, henceforth, has its eyes fixed upon you, that it encourages you, that it protects you, that it will do

right to your just reclamations and will lighten to the full extent of its power, the burden of your painful sacrifices!"

Monsieur Lieuvain sat down; and then Monsieur Derozerais arose, commencing another discourse. His, perhaps, was not so flowery as that of the counselor; but it recommended itself by a more positive character of style, that is to say, by more special knowledge and more elevated considerations. Thus, the eulogy of the Government occupied less place in it; religion and agriculture occupied more. The relation between one and the other was demonstrated, and how they had always concurred in the cause of civilization. Rodolphe, with Madame Bovary, was talking of dreams, presentiments, magnetism. Remounting to the cradle of societies, the orator depicted to you those savage times in which men lived on acorns in the depths of the forests. Then he had stopped wearing the skins of beasts, assumed garments of cloth, hollowed the furrows, planted the vine. Was it a benefit, and have there not been in this discovery more inconveniences than advantages? Monsieur Derozerais put this problem to himself. From magnetism, little by little, Rodolphe had come to the affinities, and whilst Monsieur le Président cited Cincinnatus at his plough, Diocletian planting his cabbages, and the emperors of China inaugurating the year by sowing grain, the young

man explained to the young woman that these irresistible attractions drew their origin from some anterior existence :

“ Thus, we ourselves,” he said, “ why have we become acquainted? What chance willed it? It is that across the separating distance, doubtless, like two rivers which flow to meet each other, our particular inclinations have urged us toward each other.”

And he seized her hand ; she did not withdraw it.

“ General exhibit of good cultivations !” cried the President.

“ Thus, for example, when I came to your house ——”

“ To Monsieur Bizet, of Quincampoix.”

“ Did I know that I would accompany you ?”

“ Seventy francs !”

“ A hundred times at least I tried to depart, and I have followed you, I have remained.”

“ Manures.”

“ As I will remain this evening, to-morrow, the other days, all my life !”

“ To Monsieur Caron, of Argueil, a gold medal !”

“ For never have I found in the society of anyone a charm as complete.”

“ To Monsieur Bain, of Givry-Saint-Martin.”

“ Thus, I, I will carry away your souvenir.”

“ For a merino ram ——”

“ But you will forget me, I shall have passed like the shadow.”

“To Monsieur Belot, of Notre-Dame ——”

“Oh! no, shall I not be something in your thoughts, in your life?”

“Race porcine, prize *ex æquo*; to Messieurs Lehé-rissé and Cullembourg: sixty francs!”

Rodolphe grasped her hand and he felt it all warm and struggling like a captive dove which wishes to resume its flight; but, whether it was that she endeavored to disengage it or that she indeed replied to this pressure, she made a movement of her fingers; he exclaimed:

“Oh! thanks! you do not repulse me! You are kind! You comprehend that I am yours! Permit me to see you, to contemplate you!”

A gust of wind which came through the windows rolled up the cloth on the table; and on the Place below all the great bonnets of the peasant women rose in the air, like the wings of white butterflies agitating themselves.

“Use of cakes of oleaginous grains,” continued the President; he was hastening, “Flemish fertilizers—culture of flax—drainage—long term leases—service of domestics.”

Rodolphe was no longer speaking. They looked at each other. A supreme desire moved their dry lips; and softly, without an effort, their fingers intertwined.

“Catherine-Nicaise-Élisabeth Leroux, of Sassetot-la-Guerrière, for fifty-four years of service on the same

farm, a silver medal, of the price of twenty-five francs !”

“Where is she, Catherine Leroux?” repeated the counselor.

She did not present herself, and voices could be heard whispering :

“Go there !”

“No.”

“To the left !”

“Don’t be afraid !”

“Ah ! how stupid she is !”

“Finally ! is she there ?” cried Tuvache.

“Yes ! — here she is !”

“Let her approach then !”

Then there was seen advancing on the platform, a little old woman with a frightened appearance, and who seemed more shriveled still in her poor garments. She had on her feet heavy wooden galoshes, and around her hips a great blue apron. Her meagre visage, surrounded by a linen cap without a border, was more seamed with wrinkles than a withered rennet, and extending beyond the sleeves of her red vest were two long hands with knotty joints. The dust of the barns, the potash of the washings and the greasiness of the sheep’s wool had so completely encrusted, chafed and hardened them, that they would have seemed soiled though they were rinsed in clear water ; and through long service they remained half-opened, as if

to present of themselves the humble witness of so many sufferings endured. Something of a monastic rigidity set off the expression of her countenance. Nothing sad or tender came to soften this pale regard. In the association with animals, she had taken on their dumbness and their placidity. It was the first time that she had ever seen herself in the midst of a company so numerous, and, inwardly terrified by the flags, by the drums, by these Messieurs in black coats and by the cross of honor of the counselor, she remained quite motionless, not knowing whether it were necessary to advance or take flight, nor why the crowd urged her forward nor why the examiners smiled upon her. Thus presented itself before these cheerful bourgeois this half-century of servitude.

“Approach, venerable Catherine - Nicaise - Élisabeth Leroux!” said Monsieur le Conseiller, who had taken from the hands of the President the list of the prize-takers; and, alternately examining the sheet of paper and the old woman, he repeated in a paternal tone: “Approach, approach!”

“Are you deaf?” said Tuvache, jumping in his arm-chair; and he began to shout in her ear: “Fifty-four years of service! A medal of silver! Twenty-five francs! It is for you!”

Then, when she had received her medal, she looked at it. A smile of beatitude spread over her countenance, and she was heard muttering as she went away:

“I will give it to the curé of our parts so that he can say masses for me.”

“What fanaticism!” exclaimed the pharmacist, leaning over toward the notary.

The sitting was finished. The crowd dispersed; and now that the discourses had been read each one resumed his own rank and everything became as before,—the masters were rough to their servants and the latter beat the animals, indolent triumphers who returned to their stables, a green crown between their horns.

However, the National Guards had ascended to the first floor of the mayor's office with cakes impaled on their bayonets and the drummer of the battalion, who carried a basketful of bottles. Madame Bovary took Rodolphe's arm; he reconducted her to her own house; they separated before her door; then he walked about alone in the meadow while waiting for the banquet hour.

The feast was long, noisy, badly served; the crowd was so great that there was scarcely room to move the elbows and the narrow planks which served as benches all but broke under the weight of the guests. They ate abundantly. Each one indulged himself for his quota. The sweat stood on all the faces; and a pale vapor, like the mist from a stream on a morning of autumn, floated above the table between the suspended lamps. Rodolphe, his back leaning against the canvas of the tent, was thinking so strongly of Emma that he heard

nothing. Behind him on the grass the domestics piled up the soiled plates; his neighbors spoke, he did not reply to them; his glass was filled; and the silence established itself in his thoughts, despite the increasing noise. He dreamed of what she had said and of the form of her lips; her face as in a magic mirror reflected itself in the plates on the shakos; the folds of her dress descended the length of the walls, and days of love unrolled themselves to infinity in the perspective of the future.

He saw her again in the evening during the display of fireworks; but she was with her husband, Madame Homais and the apothecary; the latter tormented himself greatly over the danger of wandering sky-rockets, and at each moment he left the company to go and make recommendations to Binet.

However, the pyrotechnic pieces sent to the address of the *Sieur Tuvache* had, through excess of precaution, been stored in his cellar; so that the damp powder would scarcely light, and the principal piece, which was to represent a dragon biting his tail, failed completely. From time to time a poor Roman candle went off; then the open-mouthed crowd gave vent to a clamor, in which were mingled the cries of the women whose waists were embraced in the darkness. Emma, silent, concealed herself modestly behind Charles's shoulder; then with her chin raised, she followed in the black sky the luminous flight of the rockets.

Rodolphe contemplated her by the light of the fire-pots which were burning.

They went out little by little. The stars came out again. Some drops of rain began to fall. She knotted her fichu over her uncovered head.

At this moment, the carriage of the counselor came out of the inn. His coachman, who was drunk, suddenly collapsed; and there could be seen from a distance, above the hood, between the two lanterns, the mass of his body which swayed from right to left following the pitching of the main braces of the coach.

“Truly,” said the apothecary, “severe measures should be taken against drunkenness! I would have it that there should be posted, weekly, at the mayor’s door, on a placard *ad hoc*, the names of all those who, during the week, had intoxicated themselves with alcohols. Moreover, for the purpose of statistics, you would have them there like patent records to which you could refer at need —. But excuse me!”

And he hastened toward the captain again.

The latter was returning to his house. He was going to see again his lathe.

“Perhaps you would not do badly,” said Homais to him, “to send one of your men or to go yourself —”

“Let me alone, will you,” replied the collector, “since there is nothing the matter!”

“Reassure yourselves,” said the apothecary when he had returned to his friends. “Monsieur Binet has certified to me that all measures have been taken. No sparks have fallen. The pumps are full. Let us go and sleep.”

“*Ma foi!* I have need of it,” said Madame Homais, who yawned considerably; “but never mind, we have had a beautiful day for our fête.”

Rodolphe repeated in a low voice and with a tender look:

“Oh! yes, very beautiful!”

And having made their salutations, everybody separated.

Two days later in *le Fanal de Rouen* there was a great article on the fair. Homais had composed it, with great enthusiasm, on the next day:

“Why these festoons, these flowers, these garlands? Whither hastens this crowd, like the waves of a tempestuous sea, under the torrents of a tropical sun which pours its heat upon our fields?”

Then he spoke of the condition of the peasants. Certainly the Government did much, but not enough! “Courage!” he cried to it; “a thousand reforms are indispensable, let us accomplish them.” Then, taking up the triumphal entrance of the counselor, he did not forget “the martial air of our militia,” nor “our most sprightly villagers,” nor “the aged men with bald heads, species of patriarchs, who were there and of

whom some, the remnants of our immortal phalanxes, felt their hearts beat again at the manly sound of the drums." He mentioned himself among the first of the members of the jury, and he even recalled in a note that Monsieur Homais, pharmacist, has sent a treatise on cider to the Society of Agriculture. When he came to the distribution of the recompenses he painted the joy of the laureates in dithyrambic phrases,—“The father embraced his son, the brother the brother, the husband his wife.

“More than one displayed with pride his humble medal and doubtless, returned to his own house, to the side of his worthy helpmeet, he suspended it, weeping, to the discreet walls of his little cottage.

“About six o'clock a banquet, arranged in the grass land of Monsieur Liégeard, reunited the principal guests of the festival. The frankest cordiality did not cease to reign. Divers toasts were drunk: Monsieur Lieuvain, to the monarch! Monsieur Tuvache, to the Prefect! Monsieur Derozerais, to agriculture! Monsieur Homais, to industry and the fine arts, those two sisters! Monsieur Leplichey, to the proposed ameliorations! In the evening, a brilliant display of fireworks suddenly illumined the air. It was a veritable kaleidoscope, a true *décor d'Opéra*, and in a moment our little locality might have believed itself transported into the midst of a dream of *The Thousand and One Nights*.

“Let us state that no unpleasant accident has happened to trouble this family reunion.” And he added, “The absence of the clergy only was remarked. Doubtless the sacristies understand progress in another manner. You are free to do so, Messieurs de Loyola!”

IX

Six weeks passed away. Rodolphe did not return. Finally, one evening, he appeared.

He said to himself, the day after the fair, “We will not return too soon, that would be a mistake;” and at the end of the week he went off hunting. After the hunt he had thought that he was too late. Then he followed out this reasoning: “But if she has loved me from the first day, she should, through impatience to see me again, love me still more. We will then continue!” And he understood that his calculation had been good when, on entering the salle, he saw Emma turn pale.

She was alone. The day was declining. The little curtains of muslin before the windows increased the twilight, and the gilding of a barometer on which a ray of the sun struck, sent a spark of fire into the mirror between the openings of the poly pier.

Rodolphe remained standing; and Emma scarcely replied to his first polite phrases.

“I,” said he, “I have been engaged. I have been sick.”

“Seriously?” she cried.

“Well!” said Rodolphe, sitting down at her side on a stool, “no! — It was because I did not wish to come back.”

“Why?”

“You do not suspect?”

He looked at her once more, but in so violent a manner that she lowered her head, blushing. He resumed:

“Emma — ”

“Monsieur,” said she, drawing away a little.

“Ah! you see very well,” he replied in a melancholy voice, “that I was right in wishing not to return; for that name, that name which fills my soul and which escaped me involuntarily, you forbid it to me! Madame Bovary! — eh! everybody calls you that! It is not your name, moreover; it is the name of another!”

He repeated: “Of another!” and he hid his face in his hands.

“Yes, I think of you continually! — the recollection of you drives me to despair! Ah! forgive me! — I leave you — Adieu — I will go far away — so far that you will no longer hear me spoken of! — And yet — to-day — I do not know what force

again impelled me toward you ! for you cannot combat against Heaven, you do not resist the smile of the angels ! you allow yourself to be drawn by that which is beautiful, charming, adorable !”

This was the first time Emma had ever heard these things said ; and her pride, like someone who relaxes himself in a hothouse, stretched itself out softly and in all its fulness at the warmth of this language.

“ But if I have not come,” he continued, “ if I have not been able to see you, ah ! at least, I have well contemplated that which surrounds you. In the night, every night, I have arisen, I have come this far, I have looked at your house, the roof of which shone in the moonlight, the trees in the garden which swayed before your window and the little lamp, a gleam, which shone through the window-panes, in the shadow. Ah ! you scarcely knew that there was there, so near and so far away, a poor miserable ——”

She turned toward him with a sob.

“ Oh ! how good you are !” she said.

“ No, I love you ! that is all ! You do not doubt it ! Say it to me ; a word ! one word only !”

And Rodolphe insensibly had slipped from his stool to the floor ; but a noise of sabots was heard in the kitchen and the door of the *salle*, he perceived, was not closed.

“ How charitable you would be,” he pursued, rising, “ to satisfy a whim.”

It was to visit his house ; he wished her to see it ; and Madame Bovary finding nothing inconvenient in this, they both rose when Charles entered.

“ Good-day, doctor,” said Rodolphe to him.

The medical man, flattered at this unexpected title, expanded in obsequiousness, and the other profited by it to regain his self-possession a little.

“ Madame was speaking to me,” he finally said, “ of her health.”

Charles interrupted him ; he was a prey to a thousand anxieties in fact ; his wife’s oppression seemed to be recommencing. Then Rodolphe asked if horseback exercise would not be good for her.

“ Certainly ! excellent, perfect ! — That’s an idea ! You should follow it.”

And, as she objected that she had no horse, Rodolphe offered one ; but she refused his offers ; he did not insist ; then, in order to give an object to his visit, he related that his cartman, the man who had been bled, still experienced, continually, attacks of dizziness.

“ I will step in,” said Bovary.

“ No, no, I will send him to you ; we will come, that will be more convenient for you.”

“ Ah ! very well. I thank you.”

And, when they were alone :

“ Why did you not accept Monsieur Boulanger’s offer, which was so considerate ? ”

She assumed a pouting air, searched for a thousand excuses, and declared finally *that that perhaps would seem queer.*

“Ah! it is but little I care for that!” said Charles, executing a pirouette. “Health before everything! You are wrong!”

“Well! how would you have me ride on horseback when I have no habit?”

“There will have to be one ordered for you!” he replied.

The habit decided her.

When the costume was ready, Charles wrote to Monsieur Boulanger that his wife was at his disposition, and that he counted upon his good nature.

The next day, at noon, Rodolphe arrived before Charles's door with two of his own horses. One of them carried pink pompons at his ears, and a woman's saddle in deerskin.

He had put on long, soft boots, saying to himself that doubtless she had never seen any similar; and, in fact, Emma was charmed with his figure when he appeared on the landing with his great coat of velvet and his pantaloons of white tricot. She was ready; she was waiting for him.

Justin made his escape from the pharmacy in order that he might see her, and the apothecary also appeared. He offered Monsieur Boulanger some recommendations:

“An accident happens so easily! Be careful! Your horses, perhaps, are fiery!”

She heard a noise above her head; it was Félicité who was drumming against the pane to divert little Berthe. The infant blew a kiss from the distance; her mother replied to her by a sign with the handle of her whip.

“I hope you may have a fine ride!” cried Monsieur Homais. “But prudence, above all, prudence!” And he shook his newspaper at them while watching them disappear.

As soon as he felt the soft earth under his feet, Emma’s horse commenced to gallop. Rodolphe galloped beside her. Occasionally they exchanged a word. Her face somewhat lowered, her hand high and her right arm free, she abandoned herself to the cadence of the movement which rocked her in the saddle.

At the bottom of a hill, Rodolphe loosened the reins; they set off together at one bound; then, at the top, suddenly, the horses stopped, and her large blue veil fell over her face.

They were in the first days of October. There was a mist over the country. Vapors lengthened themselves along the horizon, between the contour of the hills; and others, dissipating themselves, ascended, lost themselves. Sometimes, in a separation of the clouds, under a ray of sunshine, they perceived in the distance the roofs of Yonville with the gardens on the edge of the

stream, the courtyards, the walls and the steeple of the church. Emma half closed her eyelids to be able to recognize her own house, and never had this poor village in which she lived seemed to her so little. From the height at which they were, all the valley seemed to be an immense lake, pale, evaporating in the air. The clumps of trees, in various places, stood out like black rocks, and the high line of the poplars which overtopped the mist represented the sandy stretches which the wind moved.

At their side, on the sward, between the fir-trees, a brownish light played in the tepid atmosphere. The ground, reddish-brown as tobacco powder, dulled the noise of footfalls; and with the tips of their shoes in walking, the horses drove before them the fallen pine cones.

Rodolphe and Emma followed thus the edge of the wood. She turned away occasionally in order to avoid his look; and then she saw only the trunks of the fir-trees in line, the continual succession of which bewildered her a little. Their horses panted. The leather of the saddles creaked.

At the moment when they entered the forest the sun appeared.

“God protects us!” said Rodolphe.

“You think so?” she asked.

“Let us go on! let us go on!” he replied.

He clicked with his tongue. The two animals hastened their speed.

Some tall ferns on the edge of the road caught in Emma's stirrup. Rodolphe, without stopping, leaned over and took them partially away. At other times, to put the branches out of the way, he pressed close to her, and Emma felt his knee against her leg. The sky had become blue. The leaves did not move. There were great spaces full of heather, all in flower, and the violet patches alternated with the medley of the trees which were gray, reddish or golden according to the diversity of the foliage. Frequently they heard under the bushes, gliding along, a little beating of wings, or the hoarse and soft cry of the ravens which flew away among the oaks.

They dismounted. Rodolphe secured the horses. She went before him over the moss, between the ruts.

But her dress, too long, embarrassed her, although she carried it lifted by the train; and Rodolphe walking behind her contemplated between this black cloth and the black boot the delicacy of a white stocking which suggested to him something of her nudity.

She stopped.

"I am fatigued," she said.

"Come on, try again!" he replied; "do not give up!"

A hundred steps farther on she stopped again; and through her veil, which, from her man's hat, descended obliquely upon her hips, her face could be distinguished in the bluish transparency, as if she were floating under azure waves.

“Where are we going then?”

He did not reply. She was breathing short and quick. Rodolphe threw his eyes around him and bit his mustache.

They arrived at a somewhat larger opening where all the young trees had been cut down. They seated themselves on the fallen trunk of a tree, and Rodolphe commenced to speak to her of his love.

He did not frighten her at first by compliments. He was calm, serious, melancholy.

Emma listened to him, her head lowered and moving about with the point of her foot the chips on the ground.

But at this phrase :

“Are not our destinies henceforth in common?”

“Eh! no,” she replied. “You know it well. It is impossible.”

She rose to depart. He seized her by the wrist; she stopped. Then having looked at him for some minutes with a loving and swimming eye, she said quickly :

“Ah! come, let us talk no more ——. Where are the horses? Let us return.”

He made a gesture of anger and weariness. She repeated :

“Where are the horses? where are the horses?”

Then, smiling with a strange smile and his eyes fixed, his teeth set, he advanced, opening his arms. She recoiled trembling. She stammered :

“Oh! you make me afraid! you distress me. Let us go.”

“Since it is necessary,” he replied, changing his expression.

And he became immediately respectful, caressing, timid. She took his arm. They set out on their return. He said to her:

“What was the matter with you then? Why? I did not comprehend! You were mistaken, doubtless? You are in my soul like a Madonna on a pedestal, in a high place, immovable and immaculate. But I have need of you to live! I have need of your eyes, of your voice, of your thoughts. Be my friend, my sister, my angel!”

He stretched out his arm and took her around the waist. She endeavored to disengage herself gently. He supported her thus as they walked.

But they heard the two horses who were browsing on the foliage.

“Oh! once more,” said Rodolphe. “Let us not go! Stay!”

He drew her further on, around a little pond in which the duckweed made a verdure upon the waves. Some faded water lilies floated motionless among the rushes. At the sound of their steps in the grass, some frogs leaped into the water to hide themselves.

“I was wrong, I was wrong,” she said. “I am mad to listen to you!”

“Why? — Emma! Emma!”

“Oh! Rodolphe! —” said the young woman slowly, leaning on his shoulder.

The cloth of her habit caught on the velvet of his coat. She threw back her white neck which swelled with a long sigh; and, swooning, all in tears, with a long shudder and hiding her face, she abandoned herself.

The shadows of the evening descended; the horizontal rays of the sun passing between the branches dazzled her eyes. Here and there, all around her, in the leaves or on the ground, luminous spots trembled, as if the humming-birds in flying had scattered their feathers around. The silence was everywhere; something soft seemed to issue from the trees; she felt her heart, the beatings of which recommenced, and the blood to circulate in her flesh like a flood of milk. Then she heard far in the distance, beyond the woods, on the other hills, a vague and prolonged cry, a voice which drew itself out,—and she listened to it silently, mingling it like a music with the last vibrations of her agitated nerves. Rodolphe, with a cigar between his teeth, was mending with his pen-knife one of the two bridles which was broken.

They returned to Yonville by the same road, they saw again in the mud the hoof-prints of their horses, side by side, and the same bushes, the same pebbles in the grass. Nothing around them had changed; and for her, however, something had arisen of more importance

Part Second Chapter IX

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He drew her further on.







than if the mountains had been displaced. Rodolphe, from time to time, leaned over and took her hand to kiss it.

Upright, with her slender figure, her knee bent over the mane of her animal, with a little color from the open air, in the redness of the evening, she was charming on horseback.

As they entered Yonville, she made her horse caracole on the pavement. They looked at her from all the windows.

Her husband, at dinner, found her cheerful ; but she apparently did not hear him when he asked about her ride ; and she sat still, her elbow at the edge of her plate, between the two lighted candles.

“Emma,” said he.

“What?”

“Well! I was this afternoon at the house of Monsieur Alexandre ; he has an old filly, still very handsome, a little broken-kneed only, and which could be had, I am certain, for about three hundred francs ——” He added : “thinking, perhaps, that that would be agreeable to you, I have secured her —— I have bought her —— Have I done well? tell me?”

She moved her head in sign of assent ; then a quarter of an hour later :

“Are you going out this evening?” she asked.

“Yes, why?”

“Oh! nothing, nothing, my dear.”

As soon as she was rid of Charles, she went upstairs and shut herself in her chamber.

At first it was like a dizziness; she saw the trees, the roads, the ditches, Rodolphe, and she felt still the clasp of his arms, whilst the foliage quivered and the reeds rustled.

In seeing herself in the mirror, she was astonished at her face. Never had her eyes been so large, so black, nor of such an intensity. Something subtle diffused itself over her person, transfigured her.

She repeated to herself: "I have a lover! a lover!" taking delight in this idea as in that of another puberty which might have come to her.

She was then going to possess, finally, those joys of love, that fever of happiness of which she had despaired. She was entering into something marvelous, where everything would be passion, ecstasy, delirium; a blue immensity surrounded her, the heights of feeling sparkled under her thought, and the ordinary existence appeared only in the distance, away down there in the shadow, in the intervals of these heights.

Then she recalled to herself the heroines of the books which she had read, and the lyric legion of these adulterous wives began to chant in her memory with the voices of sisters who charmed her. She became herself, as it were, a veritable portion of these imaginations and realized the long revery of her youth, in contemplating herself in this type of loving one, whom she had so

much envied. Moreover, Emma experienced a satisfaction of vengeance. Had she not suffered enough? But now she triumphed, and love, so long restrained, sprang up all complete with joyous exuberance. She tasted it without remorse, without disquietude, without trouble.

The next day was passed in a new blissfulness. They made vows to each other. She recounted to him her sorrows. Rodolphe interrupted her by his kisses, and she demanded of him, while contemplating him through her half-closed eyes, to call her again by her name and to repeat that he loved her. It was in the forest as in the day before, under a sabot maker's hut. The walls were of straw and the roof descended so low that it was necessary to stoop. They were seated, one against the other, on a bed of dry leaves.

After this day they wrote to each other, regularly, every evening. Emma carried her letter to the end of the garden, near the river where she placed it in a fissure in the terrace. Rodolphe came there to get it and replaced it by another, which she always complained of being too brief.

One morning, when Charles had gone out before day-break, she was taken with the whim of seeing Rodolphe immediately. It would be possible to go promptly to La Huchette, to stay there an hour, and to return to Yonville while everybody was still asleep. This thought made her gasp with eager desire, and she soon found

herself in the middle of the meadow where she walked with rapid steps, without looking behind her.

The day was beginning to appear. Emma, from a distance, recognized her lover's house, of which the two swallow-tailed weathercocks cut themselves out in black against the pale twilight.

Beyond the courtyard of the farm, there was a main building which should be the château. She entered in, as if the walls at her approach had opened of themselves. A wide straight stairway ascended toward a corridor. Emma turned the handle of a door and suddenly, at the end of the chamber, she saw a man sleeping. It was Rodolphe. She uttered a cry.

"You here! you here!" he repeated. "How did you manage to come? — Ah! your dress is all wet!"

"I love you," she replied, putting her arms around his neck.

This first audacity having succeeded, every time now that Charles went out very early, Emma dressed herself quickly and descended with stealthy steps, the flight of steps which led to the edge of the water. When the plank for the cows had been taken up, it was necessary to follow the walls which ran along the river. The shore was slippery; she clung with her hand to the tufts of withered wallflowers so as not to fall. Then she struck across the ploughed fields where she got in deeply, stumbled, and muddied her thin boots. Her silk handkerchief knotted over her head fluttered in the

wind in the pastures ; she was afraid of the cattle, she took to running ; she arrived breathless, her cheeks red, and exhaling from all her person, a fresh perfume of moisture, of verdure, and of the open air. Rodolphe, at this hour, was still asleep. It was like the spring morning which entered his chamber.

The yellow curtains which shaded the windows allowed to pass through them softly, a dull, pale light. Emma groped along, blinking her eyes, whilst the drops of dew clinging to her tresses made, as it were, an aureole of topazes all around her face. Rodolphe, laughing, drew her to him and he pressed her against his heart.

Then she examined the apartment, she opened the drawers of his furniture, she combed herself with his comb and looked at herself in his shaving-glass. Frequently, she even put between her teeth the mouth-piece of a great pipe which was on the night table among the lemons and the pieces of sugar, by the side of a carafe of water.

A good quarter of an hour was required for their parting. Then Emma wept ; she would have wished never to abandon Rodolphe. Something stronger than herself impelled her toward him, so much so that one day seeing her come unexpectedly, his visage contracted like that of someone who is vexed.

“What is the matter with you?” she said. “Are you suffering? Speak to me !”

Finally he declared to her with a serious air that her visits were becoming imprudent and that she was compromising herself.

X

Little by little, these fears of Rodolphe gained upon her. Love had at first intoxicated her, and she had thought of nothing beyond. But, now, that it was indispensable to her life, she feared to lose something of it, or at least that it should be troubled. When she returned from seeing him, she cast all around her anxious looks, watched each figure that passed on the horizon and each garret window of the village from which she might be seen. She listened to the footsteps, the cries, the noise of the ploughs, and she stopped whiter and more trembling than the leaves of the poplars which shook over her head.

One morning when she was thus returning, she thought she suddenly perceived the long barrel of a carbine which seemed to be leveled at her. It issued obliquely from a little cask half-buried in the grass, on the edge of a ditch. Emma, ready to faint with terror, advanced nevertheless, and a man came out of the cask like one of those jumping-jacks which spring up in a box. He had gaiters buckled to his knees, his cap

pulled down over his eyes, his lips trembling with cold, and his nose red. It was the Captain Binet, engaged in the chase of wild ducks.

“You should have called out from a distance!” he cried. “When you see a gun, it is always necessary to give notice.”

The collector in this way endeavored to conceal the fright which he had just experienced, for a prefectural decree having forbidden duck hunting, excepting in boats, Monsieur Binet, notwithstanding his respect for the laws, found himself violating them. Therefore, he expected at every minute the appearance of the rural policeman. But this disquietude excited his pleasure, and all alone in his cask he congratulated himself on his good fortune and his maliciousness.

At the sight of Emma, he appeared to be relieved of a great weight, and immediately began a conversation :

“It is not warm ; *it is sharp !*”

Emma made no reply. He went on :

“And you have come out very early ?”

“Yes,” she said, stammering, “I have just come from the nurse’s house, where my child is.”

“Ah ! very well, very well ! As for me, just as you see me, I have been here from the break of day, but the weather is so dirty that unless you wear feathers to the end ——”

“Good-evening, Monsieur Binet,” she interrupted, turning on her heels.

“Your servant, madame,” he replied curtly.

And he re-entered his cask.

Emma repented of having left the collector so brusquely. Doubtless he would make unfavorable conjectures. The story of the nurse was the worst of excuses, everybody in Yonville knowing very well that the little Bovary had returned to her parents' house a year ago.

Moreover, no one lived in the neighborhood; that road led only to La Huchette; Binet, then, had guessed from where she came; and he would not keep silent, he would gabble, that was certain! She remained all day torturing her mind with projects of all imaginable falsehoods, and having ceaselessly before her eyes this imbecile with the game-bag.

Charles, after dinner, seeing her thoughtful, wished to distract her, to take her to the apothecary's, and the first person whom she saw in the pharmacy, it was again he, the collector! He was standing before the counter, lit up by the light of the great red decanter, and he said:

“Give me, if you please, a half-ounce of vitriol.”

“Justin!” exclaimed the apothecary, “bring us the sulphuric acid!” Then to Emma who wished to ascend to the apartment of Madame Homais: “No! stay, it is not worth the trouble, she is coming down. Warm yourself at the stove while waiting —. Excuse me —. Good-day, doctor” — for the pharmacist took

much pleasure in pronouncing this word *doctor*, as if, in addressing another, he would have reflected upon himself some of the pomp which he found in it.—“But be careful of upsetting the mortars! go, rather, and get some chairs from the little room; you know very well that the armchairs in the salon are not to be disturbed.”

And, to put his armchair back in its place, Homais precipitated himself from behind the counter, when Binet asked him for a half-ounce of acid of sugar.

“Acid of sugar!” said the druggist disdainfully, “I am not acquainted with it, I don’t know it! You want, perhaps, oxalic acid? It is oxalic, is that not so?”

Binet explained that he wanted a *mordant* to make for himself a solution of oxalic acid with which to remove the rust from some hunting implements. Emma shuddered. The pharmacist proceeded to say:

“In fact, the weather is not propitious, because of the humidity.”

“However,” replied the collector with a sly air, “there are persons who accommodate themselves to it.”

She was suffocating.

“Give me also ——”

“He will, then, never go away!” she thought.

“A half-ounce of resin and of turpentine, four ounces of yellow wax, and three half-ounces of bone-black, if you please, to clean the varnished leather of my outfit.”

The apothecary commenced to cut the wax, when Madame Homais appeared with Irma in her arms, Napoléon at her side and Athalie who followed her. She went to seat herself on the velvet bench by the window, and the little boy crouched upon a stool, whilst his eldest sister wandered around the jujube-box, near to her little papa. He was filling funnels and corking flasks; he pasted on labels; he did up packages. Everybody was silent around him; and there could only be heard from time to time the tinkling of the weights in the balances with a few words in a low tone from the pharmacist, giving advice to his pupil.

“How is your little one?” asked Madame Homais, suddenly.

“Silence!” exclaimed her husband, who was writing figures in his note-book.

“Why have you not brought her?” she resumed in a lowered voice.

“Sh! sh!” said Emma, designating the apothecary with her finger.

But Binet, absorbed in the reading of his bill, had probably heard nothing. Finally he went out. Then Emma, relieved, gave vent to a great sigh.

“How strongly you breathe,” said Madame Homais.

“Ah! it is because it is a little warm,” she replied.

Accordingly they took counsel together, the next day, to arrange their rendezvous. Emma wished to

corrupt her servant by a gift ; but it would be better to discover in Yonville some discreet house. Rodolphe promised to look for one.

During the entire winter, three or four times a week, he came to the garden after nightfall. Emma had purposely withdrawn the key of the gate, which Charles thought lost.

To notify her, Rodolphe threw against the window-shades a handful of sand. She rose up suddenly ; but sometimes it was necessary to make him wait, for Charles had the mania of gabbling at the corner of the fire, and he would never finish. She was devoured with impatience ; if her eyes had had the power, they would have thrown him out of the window. Finally, she commenced her toilet for the night, then she took a book and continued to read very tranquilly as if the reading interested her. But Charles, who was in bed, called to her to come to rest.

“Come then, Emma,” he said, “it is time.”

“Yes, I am coming,” she replied.

However, as the light of the candles dazzled his eyes, he turned his face toward the wall and went to sleep. She made her escape retaining her breath, smiling, palpitating, half-unclothed.

Rodolphe had a great cloak ; he enveloped her in it completely, and, passing his arm around her waist, he drew her without speaking to the end of the garden.

It was under the arbor, on that same bench of decaying sticks on which formerly Léon had looked at her so lovingly during the summer evenings. She scarcely thought of him now.

The stars shone through the leafless branches of the jessamine. They heard behind them the flowing river and from time to time, on the bank, the clapping of the dry reeds. The groups of trees, here and there, rose up in the darkness and sometimes shuddering throughout their mass with one movement, they rose and swayed like immense black waves which had advanced only to retire. The cold of the night made them clasp each other still more closely, the sighs of their lips seemed to them stronger; their eyes, which they could scarcely see, appeared to them larger, and, in the midst of the silence, there were words spoken very low which fell upon their souls with a crystalline intonation and which reverberated in multiplied vibrations.

When the night was rainy, they took refuge in the consultation cabinet, between the shed and the stable. She lit one of the kitchen candles which she had hidden behind the books. Rodolphe installed himself there as though he were at home, the sight of the library and of the desk, of the whole apartment in fact, excited his mirth; and he could not restrain himself from indulging in a number of jests at Charles's expense which were embarrassing for Emma. She

would have desired to have seen him more serious and even more dramatic to suit the occasion, as at that time when she thought she heard in the alley the sound of steps approaching.

“Some one is coming,” she said.

He blew out the light.

“Have you your pistols?”

“Why?”

“Why — to defend yourself,” replied Emma.

“Against your husband? Ah! the poor fellow.”

And Rodolphe finished his phrase with a gesture which signified, “I would crush him with a fillip.”

She was stupefied at his bravery, even although she was conscious in it of a sort of indelicacy and of naïve coarseness which scandalized her.

Rodolphe reflected a good deal on this incident of the pistols.

If she had spoken seriously, that would have been very ridiculous, he thought, odious even, for he had not, himself, any reason for hating that good Charles, not being what is called devoured by jealousy;—and on this point Emma had made a great vow to him, which he, for his part, did not think to be in the best taste.

Moreover, she became very sentimental. It had been necessary to exchange miniatures, they had cut off locks of hair, and she now demanded a ring, a veritable circle of marriage, in token of an eternal alliance.

Often she spoke to him of the bells of evening, or of *the voices of nature*; then she discoursed to him of her mother and of his. Rodolphe had lost his twenty years ago. Nevertheless, Emma consoled him for his loss, with little affectations of language, such as one would use to an abandoned infant, and she even said to him sometimes when looking at the moon :

“I am sure that up there, together, they approve of our love.”

But she was so pretty! he had had so little experience in the possession of such a candor! this love without libertinism was for him something new, and which, drawing him out of his easy habits, pleased at once his pride and his sensuality. The exaltation of Emma, which his good bourgeois sense despised, seemed to him in the bottom of his heart charming, because it was addressed to his person. Then, sure of being loved, he did not constrain himself, and insensibly his manners changed.

There were no more, as formerly, of those words so sweet that they made her weep, nor of those vehement caresses which made her foolish; so that their great love in which she lived immersed seemed to diminish under her like the water of a river which sinks into its bed; and she perceived the slime at the bottom. She would not believe it; she redoubled her tenderness; Rodolphe, less and less, concealed his indifference.

She did not know whether she regretted having yielded to him or whether she would not have desired, on the contrary, to cherish him still more. The humiliation of feeling herself feeble, changed itself into a rancor which voluptuousness tempered. It was not attachment, but like a permanent seduction. He subjugated her. She was almost afraid of him.

Appearances, nevertheless, were more assuring than ever, Rodolphe having succeeded in conducting the adultery according to his wishes; and at the end of six months, when the spring arrived, they found themselves occupying toward each other the position of two married people, who preserve tranquilly the domestic flame.

It was at the period when Père Rouault sent his turkey-hen in remembrance of his restored leg. The gift always came with a letter. Emma cut the cord which enclosed the basket and read the following lines :

“ MY DEAR CHILDREN :

“ I hope that this present will find you in good health, and that this one, at least, will be as good as the others, for it seems to me a little more tender, if I may say so, and much larger. But the next time, for a change, I will send you a cock, unless you prefer the *little ones*, and send me back the game basket, if you please, with the two former ones. I have had a misfortune happen to my carthouse, the roof of which one night, when

the wind blew strongly, flew away into the trees. The harvest has not been very famous, either. Finally, I do not know when I can go to see you. It is so difficult for me to quit the house, now that I am alone, my poor Emma !”

And there was here an interval between the lines, as if the goodman had dropped his pen to muse a little while.

“As for me, I am well, save a cold which I caught the other day at the fair at Yvetot, where I went to get a shepherd, having sent mine away because of his too great delicacy of appetite. What trouble one has with all these brigands ! Moreover, he was also dishonest.

“I have learned from a pedlar who, traveling this winter in your country, had had a tooth pulled out, that Bovary was always working hard. That does not astonish me, and he showed me his tooth ; we took a coffee together. I asked him if he saw thee, my daughter, he said no, but he had seen two animals in the stable, from which I conclude that trade is good. So much the better, my dear children, and may the good God send you all the happiness imaginable.

“It gives me grief not to be yet acquainted with my well-beloved granddaughter, Berthe Bovary. I have planted for her in the garden, under thy chamber, a

plum-tree of the *prunes d'avonie*, and I do not wish that any one should touch it, unless it should be to make preserves, which I will keep in the cupboard for her when she comes.

“Adieu, my dear children. I embrace thee, my daughter; you also, my son-in-law, and the little one on both cheeks.

“I am, with many compliments,

“Your tender father,

“THÉODORE ROUAULT.”

She remained some minutes, holding between her fingers this coarse paper. The faults of orthography in it crowded each other; and Emma pursued the pleasant thought which babbled all through it, like a hen half-hidden behind a hedge of thorns. The writing had been dried with ashes from the hearth, for a little gray dust slid from the letter upon her dress, and she seemed almost to see her father, stooping toward the hearth to take the tongs. How long it had been since she had been near him, on the stool, in the chimney-place, when she burned the end of the stick in the great fire of sea rushes which sparkled! — She remembered the afternoon sunsets full of sunlight. The colts whinnied when anyone passed by, and galloped, galloped — There was under her window a hive of honey bees, and sometimes the insects, turning in the light, struck against the window-pane like balls of gold rebounding.

What happiness then! what liberty! what hope! what wealth of illusions! There no longer remained to her any, now! She had expended them in all the adventures of her soul, through all the successive conditions, in virginity, in marriage, and in love; losing them thus, all along her life, like a traveler who leaves some of his riches at every inn on the road.

But who then rendered her so unhappy? where was this extraordinary catastrophe which had overthrown her? And she lifted her head, looking all around her, as if to seek the cause of that which made her suffer.

A ray of April sparkled and changed colors on the porcelains of the *étagère*; the fire burned; she felt under her slippers the softness of the carpet; the day was clear, the atmosphere warm, and she heard her child uttering little cries of laughter.

The little girl was rolling on the lawn, in the middle of the grass which was being spread. She was lying face down, at the edge of a rick of hay. Her nurse held her by the skirt, Lestiboudois was raking near her, and each time that he approached, she reached forward, beating the air with her two arms.

“Bring her to me!” said her mother, running to embrace her. “How I love thee, my dear child, how I love thee!”

Then, perceiving that the ends of her ears were not quite clean, she rang quickly for warm water and cleaned her, changed her linen, her stockings, her shoes,

put a thousand questions about her health, as if returning from a journey, and, finally, kissing her again, and weeping a little, she returned her to the servant who was quite stupefied at this excessive tenderness.

Rodolphe, that evening, found her more serious than usual.

“That will pass,” he concluded, “it is a caprice.”

And he failed to keep three rendezvous consecutively. Then, when he returned, she showed herself cold and almost disdainful.

“Ah! you are wasting your time, my mignonne.”

And he appeared not to notice her melancholy sighs nor the handkerchief which she held.

It was then that Emma repented!

She even asked herself why she execrated Charles, and if it would not be better to be able to love him. But he did not offer any way for these returns of feeling, so that she remained very considerably embarrassed in her impulses to sacrifice, when the apothecary came, apropos, to furnish her with an occasion.

XI

He had read lately the praises of a new method for the cure of clubfeet; and, as he was a partisan of progress, he conceived this patriotic idea that Yonville, to

maintain itself at the level, should have operations for strephopody.

“For,” said he to Emma, “what will be risked? Examine”—and he enumerated upon his fingers the advantages of the experiment—: “success almost certain, relief and embellishment of the patient, quick celebrity acquired by the operator. Your husband, for example, why should he not wish to relieve this poor Hippolyte of the *Lion d'Or*? Observe that he would not fail to recount his cure to all the travelers, and then”—Homais lowered his voice and looked around him—“who then would prevent me from sending to the journal a little note concerning it? Eh! mon Dieu! an article circulates — people speak of it — that ends by increasing like a snowball! and who knows? who knows?”

In fact, Bovary might succeed; nothing assured Emma that he was not skilful; and what satisfaction for her to have persuaded him to an undertaking in which both his fortune and his reputation should gain! She only asked for something to lean upon more solid than love.

Charles, persuaded by the apothecary and by her, allowed himself to be convinced. He had a volume of Doctor Duval sent from Rouen; and every evening, taking his head between his two hands, he buried himself in this reading.

While he was thus studying the clubfoot which walks on the toe, the inversion of the foot, the eversion of

the foot, that is to say, the strephocatopody, the strephendopody, and the strephexopody—or, to speak more clearly, the different deviations of the foot, whether from below, from within or from without,—with the strephypopody and the strephanopody—otherwise torsion from below and straightening again from above,—Monsieur Homais, by all sorts of reasonings, exhorted the inn-servant to allow himself to be operated upon.

“All that you will feel will be perhaps a slight pain ; it is a simple pricking like a little bleeding, less than the extirpation of certain corns.”

Hippolyte, reflecting, rolled his stupid eyes.

“For the rest,” resumed the pharmacist, “it does not concern me ! it is for you ! for pure humanity ! I would like to see you, my friend, relieved of your hideous lameness with that swinging of the lumbar region which, whatever you may pretend, must be very inconvenient for you in the exercise of your avocations.”

Then Homais represented to him how he would feel himself afterwards much more jovial and more nimble, and even gave him to understand that he would find himself in better condition to please the women. And the stableman began to smile heavily. Then he attacked him on the side of vanity :

“Are you not a man, *saprelotte!!!* what would it be then if you had had to serve — to go to combat under the colors ! — Ah ! Hippolyte !”

And Homais went away, declaring that he could not comprehend this obstinacy, this blindness in refusing one's self to the benefits of science.

The unfortunate yielded, for it was like a conspiracy. Binet, who never meddled with the affairs of others, Madame Lefrançois, Artémise, the neighbors, and even the mayor, Monsieur Tuvache, everybody argued with him, sermonized him, made him ashamed; but that which finally decided him, *was that it would cost him nothing*. Bovary even undertook to furnish the machine in which to enclose his member after the operation. Emma had suggested this generosity; and Charles consented to it, saying in the bottom of his heart that his wife was an angel.

With the counsels of the pharmacist, and by beginning three times over, he had then constructed by the joiner, aided by the locksmith, a sort of a box weighing about eight pounds and in which the iron, the wood, the sheet-iron, the leather, the screws, and the nuts were not spared.

However, in order to know what tendon to cut for Hippolyte, it was necessary to know at first what sort of a clubfoot he had.

He had a foot making with the leg almost a straight line, which did not prevent it from being turned inward, in such a manner that it was an *équin* combined with a little of the *varus*, or, rather, a slight *varus* closely allied with *équin*. But on this *équin*, as

large in fact as a horse's foot, with a rugose skin, with dry tendons, with great toes, and where the black nails represented the nails of a horseshoe, the strephopode, from morning until night, galloped like a deer. He could be seen continually on the Place, jumping all around the carts and throwing out in advance his unequal support. He seemed even more vigorous on that leg than on the other. Through having served so much, it seemed to have contracted, as it were, the moral qualities of patience and of energy, and when he was given some heavy work, he leaned upon it through preference.

Now, since it was an *équin*, walking on the toe, it was necessary to cut the tendon of Achilles, sufficient for the time being, with the anterior tibial muscles to be taken up later in order to relieve the *varus*; but the medical man did not dare at one stroke to risk two operations, and he even trembled already in the fear of attacking some important region with which he was unacquainted.

Not Ambroise Paré, applying for the first time since Celsus, after an interval of fifteen centuries, the immediate ligature of an artery; nor Dupuytren about to open an abscess through a thick layer of encephalos; nor Gensoul when he performed the first excision of the superior maxillary, had, certainly, a heart so palpitating, a hand so trembling, the intellect so tense, as Monsieur Bovary when he approached Hippolyte, his

tenotome between his fingers. And, as in the hospitals, there was to be seen at the side on a table, a pile of lint, waxed threads, a great many bandages, a pyramid of bandages, all the bandages there were at the apothecary's. It was Monsieur Homais who had organized in the morning all these preparations, as much to dazzle the multitude as to delude himself. Charles cut the skin; there was heard a dry cracking. The tendon was cut, the operation was finished. Hippolyte could not recover from his surprise; he leaned over the hands of Bovary to cover them with kisses.

"Come, calm yourself," said the apothecary, "you shall display later your gratitude towards your benefactor!"

And he descended to relate the result to five or six of the curious, who were stationed in the courtyard and who imagined that Hippolyte was going to reappear, walking straight. Then Charles, having buckled his patient in the mechanical motor, returned home where Emma, very anxious, was waiting for him in the doorway. She fell on his neck; they sat down to dine; he ate a great deal; and he even wished at dessert to take a cup of coffee, a debauch which he only permitted himself on Sundays, when there was company.

The evening was charming, full of conversation, of dreams of the future in common. They spoke of their future fortune, of improvements to introduce into their household; he saw his reputation extending, his

prosperity augmenting, his wife loving him always; and she found herself happy to refresh herself in a new sentiment, one more wholesome, better, in short to experience some tenderness for this poor fellow who cherished her. The thought of Rodolphe, for a moment, passed through her head; but her eyes turned again on Charles. She even noticed with surprise that he had not very bad teeth.

They were in bed when Monsieur Homais, in spite of the cook, entered suddenly in the chamber, holding in his hand a sheet of paper freshly written. It was the notice which he destined for the *Fanal de Rouen*. He brought it to them to read.

“Read it yourself,” said Bovary.

He read:—“Despite the prejudices which cover still, like a net-work, a part of the face of Europe, the light however commences to penetrate into our countries. It is thus that on Tuesday, our little city of Yonville has seen itself the theatre of a surgical experience which is, at the same time, an act of high philanthropy: Monsieur Bovary, one of our most distinguished practitioners ——”

“Ah! it is too much! it is too much!” said Charles, who was suffocating with emotion.

“But no, not at all! —— How then? —— ‘has operated on a clubfoot.’ I have not used the scientific term because, you know, in a newspaper —— everybody perhaps would not understand it; it is necessary that the masses ——”

“That is so,” said Bovary. “Continue.”

“I resume,” said the pharmacist —

“Monsieur Bovary, one of our most distinguished practitioners, has operated on a clubfoot on one Hippolyte Tautain, stableboy for twenty-five years at the hotel of the *Lion d'Or*, kept by the widow Madame Lefrançois, on the Place d'Armes. The novelty of the attempt and the interest which is attached to the subject had attracted such a concourse of the population that there was a veritable block on the threshold of the establishment. The operation in itself was performed as if by enchantment, and but a few drops of blood appeared upon the skin as if to testify that the rebellious tendon had finally yielded under the efforts of art. The patient, a strange thing—we affirm it *de visu*,—had experienced no pain whatever. His condition, up to the present, leaves nothing to be desired. Everything leads to the belief that his convalescence will be short; and who knows even if, at the next village festival, we shall not see our brave Hippolyte figuring in the Bacchic dances, in the midst of a chorus of joyous comrades, and thus proving to all eyes by his spirit and his capers, his complete cure? Honor then to the generous savants! honor to those indefatigable spirits who consecrate their studies to the amelioration or indeed to the solacing of their kind! Honor! thrice honor! Is it not an occasion for rejoicing when the blind shall see, the deaf shall hear, and the lame shall

walk? But that which fanaticism formerly promised to its followers, science to-day accomplishes for all men. We will keep our readers informed of the successive phases of this so remarkable cure."

Which did not prevent, five days later, the Mère Lefrançois from arriving all terrified and crying: "Help! he is dying! — I shall lose my senses!"

Charles precipitated himself towards the *Lion d'Or*, and the pharmacist, who saw him passing through the Place without his hat, abandoned the pharmacy. He appeared himself, breathless, red, anxious, and demanding of all those who mounted the stairway:

"What is the matter with him then, our interesting strephopode?"

He was writhing, the strephopode, in atrocious convulsions, so much so that the mechanical motor in which his leg was enclosed struck against the wall as if to demolish it.

With a great many precautions, so as not to disarrange the position of the member, the box was withdrawn and a frightful spectacle presented itself. The shape of the foot disappeared under such a swelling that the entire skin seemed ready to burst, and it was covered with ecchymoses produced by the famous machine. Hippolyte had already been complaining of it; but no attention had been paid to him. It was necessary to admit that he had not been completely in the wrong, and he was left free for a few hours. But scarcely

had the œdema begun to disappear than the two savants judged it appropriate to put the limb back in the apparatus and they closed it a little tighter, to accelerate the affair. Finally, three days later, Hippolyte not being able to contain himself any longer, they took off the mechanism once more, being very much surprised at the result which they perceived. A livid tumefaction extended all over the leg and with phlyctenes in various spots, from which issued a black liquid. Things were taking a serious turn. Hippolyte commenced to be wearied, and the Mère Lefrançois installed him in the little room near the kitchen, where he could have, at least, some distraction.

But the collector, who dined there every day, complained bitterly of such a neighbor. Accordingly Hippolyte was transported into the billiard room.

He was there, whimpering under his heavy coverings, pale, his beard long, his eyes hollow and from time to time turning his sweating head upon the dirty pillow-case where the flies settled. Madame Bovary came to see him. She brought him linens for his cataplasms and consoled him, encouraged him. For that matter, he did not want for company, on market days especially, when the peasants all around him knocked the billiard balls about, fenced with the cues, smoked, drank, sang, bawled.

“How are you getting along?” they said, slapping him on the shoulder. “Ah! you are not very proud, it

seems! but it is your own fault. You must have this done, you must have that done." And they related to him stories of people who had been quite cured by other remedies than his. Then, as a sort of consolation, they added: "It is that you listen too much to what is told you! get up then! you coddle yourself like a king! Ah! never mind, old joker! you do not feel very well!"

The gangrene, in fact, mounted higher and higher. Bovary was sick of it himself. He came every hour, constantly. Hippolyte looked at him, his eyes full of fright and stammered, sobbing:

"When shall I be cured? Ah! save me! — How sick I am! oh! how sick I am!" and the doctor went away, always recommending him to diet.

"Do not listen to him, my lad," said the Mère Lefrançois, "they have already martyred you enough! you will make yourself only still weaker. Here; take this!" And she presented him with some good soup, some slices of mutton, some pieces of bacon, and sometimes with little glasses of brandy which he did not have the courage to carry to his lips.

The Abbé Bournisien, hearing that he was growing worse, demanded to see him. He commenced by sympathizing with him because of his illness, whilst declaring at the same time that he should rejoice in it since it was the will of the Lord, and profit promptly by the opportunity to effect his reconciliation with Heaven.

“For,” said the ecclesiastic, in a paternal tone, “you have neglected somewhat your duties; you are rarely seen at divine service; how many years is it since you have approached the communion table? I can understand that your occupation, that the distractions of the world have been able to make you neglectful of the care of your salvation. But at present, it is the hour for reflection. Do not despair, however; I have known great sinners, who, on the point of appearing before God—you have not yet come to this, I know very well,—had implored His mercy, and who certainly have died in the most peaceful frame of mind. Let us hope that, quite like them, you will set us a good example! Thus, by way of precaution, what prevents you from reciting morning and evening a ‘I salute you, Mary, full of pardon,’ and a ‘Our Father, who art in Heaven?’ Yes, do that! for me, to oblige me. What is it that that will cost you?—Will you promise it to me?”

The poor devil promised. The curé returned on the following days. He talked to the innkeeper, and even related anecdotes intermingled with pleasantries, with puns which Hippolyte did not understand. Then, as soon as circumstances permitted, he fell back upon matters of religion, assuming an appropriate expression.

His zeal seemed to succeed, for presently the strephopode testified a desire to go on a pilgrimage to the Bon-Secours if he should be cured, to which Monsieur

Bournisien replied that he saw no objection. Two precautions were better than one. *There would be no risks.*

The apothecary was indignant at what he called the *machinations of the priest*; they were retarding, he pretended, the convalescence of Hippolyte and he repeated to Madame Lefrançois: "Let him alone! let him alone! you disturb his mind with your mysticism!"

But the good woman would not listen to him. He was *the cause of everything*. Through a spirit of contradiction, she even hung at the sick man's bedside a holy-water vessel, quite full, with a branch of box-wood.

However, religion, no more than surgery, seemed to help him, and the invincible mortification mounted steadily from the extremities toward the stomach. They might vary the potions, and change the cataplasms, the muscles each day seemed more and more disintegrated, and finally Charles replied with an affirmative sign of the head when the Mère Lefrançois asked him if she could not, in the hopeless state of the case, summon Monsieur Canivet, of Neufchâtel, who was a celebrity.

A doctor in medicine of the age of fifty, enjoying an assured position and very self-confident, the fellow professional did not restrain himself from laughing scornfully when he perceived this leg gangrened to the knee. Then, having declared flatly that amputation would be necessary, he went into the pharmacist's establishment

to rail against the asses who could reduce an unfortunate man to such a condition. Shaking Monsieur Homais by the button of his frock coat, he vociferated in the pharmacy :

“These are your Paris inventions! Here you have an idea of those gentlemen of the capital! It is like strabismus, chloroform, and lithotrity, a heap of monstrosities which the government ought to forbid! But one wishes to be smart, and one crams you full of remedies without bothering about the consequences. We are not so clever as that, we others, we are not savants, pretty gentlemen, benevolent hearts; we are practitioners, curers, and it never occurs to us to operate on any one who is perfectly well! To straighten out clubfeet! Is it that clubfeet can be straightened out? it is as if you should try, for instance, to straighten a hump-back!”

Homais suffered in listening to this discourse, and he dissimulated his uneasiness under a courteous smile, being under the necessity of placating Monsieur Canivet whose prescription sometimes reached Yonville; therefore, he did not take up the defence of Bovary nor did he make, in fact, any observation, and, abandoning his principles, he sacrificed his dignity to the more serious interest of his business.

In the village this was a considerable event, this amputation of the thigh by the Doctor Canivet! All the inhabitants on that day had risen at an early hour,

and the main street, although full of people, had something of a lugubrious air as if a capital execution were on foot. The illness of Hippolyte was discussed in the grocery ; the shops sold nothing, and Madame Tuvache, the mayor's wife, did not stir from her window in her impatience to see the operator arrive.

He came in his cabriolet, which he drove himself. But the spring on the right side, having, in the course of time, weakened under his corpulence, it came to pass that the carriage leaned a little to one side as it went along, and there could be seen on the other cushion beside him a vast box, covered with red sheepskin, the three brass clasps of which glittered in a magistral manner.

When he arrived like a whirlwind under the porch of the *Lion d' Or*, the doctor, in a very loud voice, ordered his horse to be unharnessed ; then he went into the stable himself to see if he was eating his oats well ; for on arriving at the house of his patients, he occupied himself at first with his mare and his cabriolet. People said, on this account : "Ah, Monsieur Canivet, he is an original !" And he was estimated all the more highly for this unshakable assurance. The universe might have crumbled to the very last man, and he would not have varied in the least of his habits.

Homais made his appearance.

"I count upon you," said the doctor. "Are we ready? Forward !"

The apothecary, blushing, admitted that he was too sensitive to assist at such an operation.

“When one is a simple spectator,” he said, “the imagination, you know, becomes excited! And then, I am of such a nervous temperament——”

“Ah! bah!” interrupted Canivet, “you seem to be, on the contrary, disposed to apoplexy. And, moreover, this does not surprise me, for you pharmacist-gentlemen, you are continually shut up in your kitchens, which must finish by affecting your temperament. Look at me, rather; every day I arise at four o’clock, I shave myself in cold water—I am never cold,—and I do not wear flannel, I never catch any cold in my head, the chest is good! I live sometimes in one way, sometimes in another, like a philosopher, at the chance of a knife and fork. This is why I am not delicate like you, and it is exactly the same to me to cut up a Christian or the first chicken that comes along. After that will you say habit——habit?——”

Then, without the slightest regard for Hippolyte, who was sweating with agony in his bed-clothes, these gentlemen engaged in a conversation in which the apothecary compared the coolness of a surgeon to that of a general; and this comparison was agreeable to Canivet, who expanded in a flow of words on the exigencies of his art. He considered it to be a priesthood, although the *Officier de Santé* dishonored it. Finally, returning to the sick man, he examined the bandages

brought by Homais, the same which had appeared at the time of the clubfoot, and demanded someone to hold the member. They sent for Lestibouois, and Monsieur Canivet, having rolled up his sleeves, passed into the billiard-room, whilst the apothecary remained with Artémise and the innkeeper, both of them whiter than their aprons and their ears strained toward the door.

Bovary, during this time, did not dare to stir out of his house. He kept himself on the lower floor, in the sitting-room, seated at the corner of the fireless chimney, his chin on his chest, his hands joined, his eyes fixed. What a misfortune! he thought, what a disappointment! He had, however, taken all imaginable precautions. There was a fatality connected with it. That did not matter! if Hippolyte, later, should die, it would be he who had assassinated him! And then, what reason would he give in his visits when he was interrogated? Perhaps, however, he had made a mistake in something? He searched, but could not find anything. But the most famous surgeons make mistakes. This is what no one would believe! On the contrary, everyone would laugh, would clamor! It would spread as far as Forges! as far as Neufchâtel! as far as Rouen! everywhere! Who knows if his fellow-practitioners would not write against him? A discussion would follow! it would be necessary to reply in the journals. Hippolyte, even, could bring an action

against him. He saw himself dishonored, ruined, lost ! And his imagination, assailed by a multitude of hypotheses, tossed about in the midst of them like an empty cask, carried away by the sea, and which pitches among the waves.

Emma, opposite to him, looked at him ; she did not share his humiliation ; she experienced another. It was to have imagined that such a man could ever be worth anything, as if twenty times already she had not been made sufficiently aware of his mediocrity.

Charles walked up and down the chamber. His boots creaked on the floor.

“Sit down,” she said, “you make me nervous !”

He sat down again.

How was it that she had—she who was so intelligent—been able to deceive herself one time more ? Moreover, by what deplorable folly had she thus been brought to bury her existence in continual sacrifices ! She recalled all her luxurious instincts, all the privations of her soul, the base things of marriage, of the household, her dreams falling in the mud like wounded swallows, all that she had desired, all that she had refused, all that she might have been able to have ! and why ? why ?

In the midst of the silence which filled the village, a heart-breaking cry rang out on the air. Bovary became as pale as though he were about to faint. Emma knit her eyebrows with a nervous movement, then continued.

It was for him, however, for this being! for this man, who comprehended nothing, who felt nothing! For there he was, quite tranquil, and not even suspecting that the ridicule of his name would henceforth soil her as it did him. And she had made efforts to love him, and she had repented, weeping, for having yielded to another!

“But perhaps there was a valgus!” suddenly exclaimed Bovary, who was meditating.

At the unforeseen shock of this phrase, falling on her thoughts like a leaden ball on a silver plate, Emma, shuddering, lifted her head to discover what he wished to say;—and they looked at each other silently, almost stupefied to see each other, so very wide apart they were consciously from each other. Charles looked at her with the troubled regard of a drunken man, while listening, motionless, to the last cries of the amputated man which followed each other in long drawn-out modulations, cut here and there with sharp accents, like the distant howling of some animal whose throat is being cut. Emma bit her white lips; and, rolling between her fingers one of the pieces of the polypier which she had broken off, she darted upon Charles two burning glances, like two arrows of fire ready to be launched. Everything about him irritated her now, his face, his costume, that which he did not say, his entire person, his existence, in short. She repented as of a crime, of her past virtue, and that which still

remained to her crumbled under the furious strokes of her pride. She delighted herself in all the evil ironies of triumphant adultery. The recollections of her lover returned to her with dizzying attractions; she threw out her soul to it, carried away toward this image by a new enthusiasm; and Charles seemed to her as detached from her life, as absent forever, as impossible and abolished, as if he were going to die and were in his agony under her eyes.

But there was a sound of footsteps on the pavement. Charles looked out; and through the lowered shades, he perceived at the edge of the market, in full sunlight, the Doctor Canivet, who was wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. Homais, behind him, carried in his hand a great red box and they were both directing their steps toward the pharmacy.

Then, through a sudden tenderness and discouragement, Charles turned to his wife, saying to her:

“Embrace me, my dear!”

“Leave me alone!” she said, red with anger.

“What’s the matter with you? what is the matter with you?” he repeated, stupefied. “Calm yourself! compose yourself! — You know very well that I love you!—come now!”

“Enough!” she cried, with a terrible air.

And, escaping from the sitting-room, Emma closed the door behind her so furiously that the barometer bounded from the wall and broke to pieces on the floor.

Charles collapsed in his armchair, overwhelmed, searching in his mind the possible cause of her action, imagining a nervous malady, weeping and feeling vaguely circulate around him something fatal and incomprehensible.

When Rodolphe, that evening, arrived in the garden, he found his mistress who was waiting for him at the bottom of the perron, on the first step. They embraced each other, and all their rancor melted like snow under the warmth of this kiss.

XII

They recommenced loving each other. Often, even in the middle of the day, Emma suddenly wrote to him; then, through the window she made a sign to Justin, who, quickly untying his coarse apron, flew over to La Huchette. Rodolphe arrived; it was to say to him that she was weary of everything, that her husband was odious and her existence frightful!

“Can I do anything about it?” he cried, one day, impatiently.

“Ah, if you would?—”

She was seated on the ground between his knees, her hair unloosened, her looks wandering.

“What, then?” said Rodolphe.

She sighed:

“We could live elsewhere — somewhere —”

“You are crazy, truly!” he said, laughing. “Is it possible?”

She returned to the subject; he did not seem to understand her and turned the conversation.

That which he did not comprehend, was so much trouble in a thing as simple as love. She had a motive, a reason, and, as it were, an auxiliary for her attachment.

This tenderness, in fact, increased still more each day under the repulsiveness of the husband, and the more she delivered herself to one, the more she execrated the other; never had Charles appeared to her so disagreeable, to have fingers so square, a mind so heavy, manners so common, as after her rendezvous with Rodolphe, when they found themselves together. Then, while all the time playing the part of a wife and a virtuous one, she was on fire with the thought of that head, the black hair of which changed into curls on the sunburnt forehead, of that figure at once so robust and so elegant, of that man, in short, who combined so much experience with judgment, so much animation in desire! It was for him that she polished her nails with the care of a carver, and that there was never sufficient cold cream on her skin nor of patchouli on her handkerchiefs. She loaded herself with bracelets, with rings

and with necklaces. When he was to come, she filled with roses her two great vases of blue glass and arranged her apartment and her person like a courtier who expects a prince. It was necessary that her servant should be ceaselessly washing her linen ; and Félicité did not stir all day long from her kitchen, where the little Justin, who often kept her company, watched her working.

His elbows on the long board on which she ironed, he looked eagerly at all these feminine affairs spread around her, the dimity petticoats, the fichus, the collar-ettes, the drawers with gathering-strings large at the hips and which narrowed at the bottom.

“What are these for?” demanded the youth, passing his hand over the crinoline or the clasps.

“You have then never seen them?” replied Félicité, laughing ; “as if your master’s wife, Madame Homais, did not wear such things.”

“Ah ! well yes ! Madame Homais !” and he added in a thoughtful tone, “Is she a lady like madame ?”

But Félicité grew tired of seeing him thus revolving around her. She was six years the older, and Théodore, the domestic of Monsieur Guillaumin, was commencing to make love to her.

“Leave me alone !” she said, moving her pot of starch. “Do go away, rather, and pound your almonds ; you are always hanging around the skirts of the women ; wait before doing that, you wicked brat, until you have a beard on your chin.”

“Come now, do not be vexed, I am going *to do her boots* for you.”

And immediately he went to take from the window-casing Emma's boots, thick with mud—the mud of the rendezvous—which came off in powder under his fingers and which he watched mounting slowly in a ray of sunlight.

“How much you are afraid of hurting them!” said the cook, who was not so careful when she cleaned them herself, because madame, as soon as they were a little worn, gave them to her. Emma had a number in her wardrobe, and she squandered them accordingly, without Charles permitting himself the slightest observation.

In this same manner also, he expended three hundred francs for a wooden leg of which she thought it advisable to make a present to Hippolyte. The stick was furnished with cork and there were spring-joints, a complicated mechanism covered with a black pantaloons, terminated by a varnished boot. But Hippolyte, not daring to use such a beautiful leg every day, entreated Madame Bovary to procure him another, more convenient. The doctor, be it understood, met the expense of this acquisition also.

The stableman then, little by little, resumed his avocations. He could be seen as formerly traversing the village, and when Charles heard from a distance, on the pavements, the sharp sound of his stick, he quickly took another road.

It was Monsieur L'Heureux, the merchant, who was charged with this commission; which furnished him with opportunities for seeing Emma several times. He talked with her of new articles from Paris, of a thousand feminine curiosities, showed himself very obliging, and never asked for money. Emma gave herself up to this facility for satisfying all her caprices. Thus she wished to obtain, to give to Rodolphe, a fine riding-whip which could be had in Rouen, in an umbrella establishment. Monsieur L'Heureux the following week laid it upon her table.

But the following day, he presented himself before her with a bill for two hundred and seventy francs, without counting the centimes. Emma was very much embarrassed; all the drawers of the secretary were empty; they were owing Lestibouois for more than two weeks, the servant for two quarters, a quantity of other things still, and Bovary was waiting impatiently for the payment from Monsieur Derozerais, who had the habit of settling each year about Saint Peter's day.

She succeeded at first in putting off L'Heureux; finally, he lost patience,—he was being dunned himself; all his funds were elsewhere; and if he did not come into possession of some of them, he would be forced to take back all the merchandise that she had.

“Eh! take them back!” said Emma.

“Oh! that’s a little joke,” he replied. “Only, I regret nothing but the whip. *Ma foi!* I will ask for it again for monsieur.”

“No! no!” she said.

“Ah! I see,” thought L’Heureux.

And, sure of his discovery, he went out, repeating to himself under his breath and with his little habitual whistle:

“So be it! we shall see! we shall see!”

She was wondering how she could extricate herself from this, when the cook, entering, placed upon the chimney-piece a little cylinder of blue paper *on Monsieur Derozerai’s account*. Emma leaped upon it, opened it. There were in it fifteen napoleons. It was the full amount. She heard Charles on the stairs; she threw the gold to the bottom of her drawer and took the key.

Three days later, L’Heureux reappeared.

“I have an arrangement to propose to you,” he said, “if instead of the sum agreed upon, you are willing to take ——”

“There they are,” she said, placing in his hand fourteen napoleons.

The merchant was stupefied. Then, to hide his disappointment, he broke out into excuses and into offers of service, all of which Emma refused; then she remained for some minutes feeling in the pocket of her apron the two pieces of a hundred sous which he had

returned to her. She promised herself to economize in order to pay it back later.

“Ah, bah!” she thought to herself, “Charles will think of it no more.”

In addition to the whip with the silver-gilt handle, Rodolphe had received a seal with this device, *Amor nel cor*; moreover, a scarf to serve as a muffler, and finally a cigar-case quite like that of the viscount which Charles had formerly picked up on the road and which Emma had preserved. However, these gifts humiliated him. He refused several of them, she insisted, and Rodolphe finished by obeying her, thinking her somewhat tyrannical and too forward. Then she had strange ideas :

“When midnight sounds,” she said, “you will think of me !”

And if he admitted not having thought of her there were reproaches in abundance, and which terminated always by the eternal phrase :

“Do you love me ?”

“Why, yes, I love you !” he replied.

“A great deal ?”

“Certainly !”

“You have not loved any others, hein ?”

“Do you think that you found me a virgin ?” he exclaimed, laughing.

Emma wept, and he set himself to consoling her, lightening his protestations with puns.

“Oh! it is because I love you!” she resumed, “I love you so as not to be able to do without you, do you know it well? I long sometimes to see you again and then all the tempests of love tear me. I ask myself: ‘Where is he? Perhaps he is speaking to other women? They smile upon him, he approaches them ——’ Oh, no, is it not so, none of them pleases you? There are some that are more beautiful, but I, I know how to love better! I am your servant and your concubine! you are my king! my idol! you are good! beautiful! intelligent! strong!”

He had heard these things so many times, that they had no originality for him. Emma resembled all other mistresses; and the charm of novelty, falling off little by little like a garment, left to be seen in this nakedness the eternal monotony of passion, which has always the same forms and the same language. He did not distinguish, this man so practical, the dissimilarity of feeling under the similarity of expression. Because libertine or venal lips had murmured similar phrases, he believed but slightly in the sincerity of these; one should always deduct something, he thought, exaggerated discourses concealing mediocre affections; as if the fulness of the soul did not overflow sometimes by the most empty metaphors, since no one ever can give the exact measure of his needs, nor of his conceptions, nor of his sorrows, and since human speech is like a cracked kettle, on which we beat melodies for dancing bears, when we wish to affect the stars.

But with this superiority of criticism, appertaining to the one who, no matter in what engagement, remains in the rear, Rodolphe perceived in this love other enjoyments to exploit. He considered all modesty inconvenient. He treated her without consideration. He made of her something supple and corrupted. It was a sort of idiotic attachment, full of admiration for him, of voluptuousness for her, a beatitude which benumbed her ; and her soul sank in this drunkenness and drowned itself in it, shrivelled up, like the Duke of Clarence in his cask of malmsey.

By the effect alone of her amorous habits, Madame Bovary changed her appearance. Her looks became bolder, her discourse freer ; she even had the impropriety to promenade with Monsieur Rodolphe, a cigarette in her mouth, *as if to snap her fingers at everybody* ; finally, those who doubted, doubted no longer, when she was seen one day descending from the *Hirondelle*, her waist compressed in a waistcoat like a man's ; and Madame Bovary, the elder, who, after a frightful scene with her husband, had taken refuge in her son's house, was not the feminine bourgeois the least scandalized. Many other things displeased her ; in the first place, Charles had not listened to her advice about the interdiction of novels ; then, *the style of the house* displeased her ; she permitted herself to make observations, and there was indignation, one time especially, apropos of Félicité.

The elder Madame Bovary, the evening before, in going through the corridor, had surprised her in the company of a man, a man with a brown collar, of about forty years of age, and who, at the sound of her footsteps, had quickly escaped from the kitchen. Then Emma commenced to laugh; but the good lady became excited, declaring that instead of mocking at morality, one should keep a watch over that of the servants.

“To what class of society do you belong?” said the daughter-in-law, with a look so impertinent, that Madame Bovary asked her if she were not defending her own cause.

“Leave!” said the young wife, springing up suddenly.

“Emma! mamma!” cried Charles, to reconcile them.

But they had both fled in their exasperation. Emma trembled while repeating:

“Ah! what breeding! what a peasant woman!”

He ran to his mother; she was beside herself; she stammered:

“She is an insolent! a giddy-headed thing, worse, perhaps!”

She wished to depart immediately, if the other would not come to her to apologize. Charles then returned to his wife and entreated her to yield; he knelt to her; she ended by replying:

“So be it, I will go.”

In fact, she offered her hand to her mother-in-law with the dignity of a marchioness, saying to her :

“Excuse me, madame.”

Then, ascending to her own room, Emma threw herself flat on her face on her bed and there wept like a child, her head buried in the pillow.

They had arranged, she and Rodolphe, that, in case of an extraordinary event, she would attach to the window-shutter a little scrap of white paper, so that, if by chance he happened to be in Yonville, he could hurry to the little street behind the house. Emma made the signal ; she had been waiting for three-quarters of an hour, when she suddenly perceived Rodolphe at the corner of the market. She was tempted to open the window to call him, but he had already disappeared. She fell back despairing.

Presently it seemed to her that someone was walking on the sidewalk. It was, doubtless, he ; she descended the stairs, traversed the court. He was there, outside. She threw herself in his arms.

“Take care !” he said.

“Ah ! if you knew !” she replied.

And she commenced to relate to him everything, hastily, without sequence, exaggerating the facts, inventing several, and distributing parentheses so abundantly that he understood nothing about it.

“Come, my poor angel, courage, console yourself, have patience.”

“But here is four years that I have been patient and that I have suffered!— A love like ours should avow itself in the face of Heaven. They are torturing me. I can hold out no longer! Save me!”

And she threw herself against Rodolphe. Her eyes, full of tears, shone like flames under the waves; her breast heaved rapidly; never had he loved her so much; so much so that he lost his head and said to her:

“What must be done? what do you wish?”

“Take me,” she cried. “Carry me off. Oh! I entreat you!”

And she threw herself upon his mouth as if to seize there the unexpected consent which exhaled from it in a kiss.

“But —,” replied Rodolphe.

“What then?”

“And your daughter?”

She reflected some minutes, and then replied:

“We will take her, so much the worse!”

“What a woman!” he said to himself, watching her disappear, for she escaped through the garden. She had been called.

The Mère Bovary, on the following days, was very much astonished at the metamorphosis of her daughter-in-law. In fact, Emma showed herself more docile, and even pushed her deference so far as to ask her for a recipe for pickling cucumbers.

Was it in order the better to deceive them both? or indeed, did she wish, by a sort of voluptuous stoicism, to feel more profoundly the bitterness of the things which she was going to abandon? But she was not careful, on the contrary; she lived as if lost in the anticipated pleasures of her approaching happiness. It furnished an everlasting subject of conversation with Rodolphe. She leaned upon his shoulder; she murmured:

“*Hein?* when we are in the mail coach! — Do you think of it then? Is it possible? It seems to me that at the moment when I shall feel the vehicle starting, it will be as if we were mounting in a balloon, as if we were departing for the clouds. Do you know that I am counting the days? — And you?”

Never had Madame Bovary been so beautiful as at this period, she had that indefinable beauty which is the result of joy, of enthusiasm, of success, and which is only the harmony of the temperament with the surrounding circumstances. Her covetousnesses, her griefs, the experience of pleasure and her illusions, always youthful, had developed her by degrees, as do for the flowers the fertilizers, the rain, the wind and the sun, and she expanded, finally, in the plenitude of her nature. Her eyelids seemed modelled expressly for those long amorous regards in which the eyeball disappears, whilst a long breath dilated her thin nostrils and uplifted the fleshy corner of her lips, which could

be seen in the light shaded by a minute black down. It would have been said that an artist, skilful in corruptions, had arranged on the nape of her neck the coils of her hair. They were rolled together in a heavy mass; carelessly, and according to the chances of adultery which unloosed them every day. Her voice now took on softer inflections, her figure also; something subtle which penetrated you disengaged itself even from the draperies of her dress, from the arch of her foot. Charles, as in the first days of their marriage, found her delicious and entirely irresistible.

When he returned in the middle of the night, he did not dare to awaken her. The porcelain night-lamp cast on the ceiling a circle of trembling light and the closed curtains of the little cradle made, as it were, a white hut which rose in the shadow at the side of the bed. Charles looked at them. He thought he heard the light breathing of his child. She was going to grow now; each season, quickly, would bring a progress. He saw her already returning from school at the end of the day, laughing, with her little jacket stained with ink and carrying on her arm her basket; then it would be necessary to put her in a boarding-school; that would cost a great deal; how to manage it? Then he reflected. He thought of hiring a little farm in the neighborhood, and which he could superintend himself, every morning, before going to see his patients. He would economize his income; he would

place it in a savings bank ; then he would buy shares, somewhere, no matter where ; moreover, his patients would increase ; he counted upon it, for he wished that Berthe should be well educated, that she should have talent, that she should learn to play the piano. Ah ! how pretty she will be, when, later, at fifteen, resembling her mother, she would wear like her, in the summer, great straw hats ; they would be taken at a distance for two sisters. He pictured her to himself working in the evening near them under the light of the lamp ; she would embroider slippers for him ; she would occupy herself with the housekeeping ; she would fill all the house with her gentleness and her gayety. Finally, he thought of her marriage establishment ; they would find for her some fine young fellow having a good position ; he would render her happy ; that should last forever.

Emma was not sleeping ; she pretended to be ; and while he sank to rest at her side, she awakened in other visions.

By the gallop of four horses, she had been carried for a week towards a new country, from which they would never return. They went, they went, arms enlaced, without speaking. Often from the height of a mountain they perceived suddenly some splendid city, with domes, bridges, ships, forests of lemon-trees and cathedrals of white marble of which the sharp steeples supported storks' nests. They went at a walk, because

of the great flagstones, and there were on the ground bouquets of flowers, which were offered you by women wearing red corsets. There could be heard the sound of the bells, the whinnying of the mules, with the murmur of guitars and the noise of the fountains, the spray from which, drifting away, refreshed the piles of fruits disposed in pyramids at the feet of the pale statues, which smiled under the jets of water. And then they would arrive in the evening, at a fishing village, where the brown nets were drying in the wind, along the sea cliffs and the cabins. It was there that they would stop to live, they would inhabit a low house with a flat roof, shaded by a palm-tree, at the bottom of a gulf, on the edge of the sea. They would go sailing in gondolas, they would swing in hammocks; and their existence would be easy and large, like their garments of silk, all warm and starry, like the soft nights which they would contemplate. On the immensity of this future, which she caused to appear, no detail asserted itself; the days, all of them magnificent, would resemble each other like the waves; and all this wavered on the horizon, infinite, harmonious, bluish and covered with sunshine. But the child began to cough in her cradle, or Bovary snored loudly; and Emma only fell asleep at morning, when the dawn was whitening the window-panes and when already the little Justin, on the Place, was opening the shutters of the pharmacy.

She had sent for Monsieur L'Heureux and had said to him :

"I want a cloak, a great cloak, with a long collar, lined."

"You are going on a journey?" he asked.

"No, but — No matter, I may depend upon you, may I not? and soon." He bowed.

"I also want," she resumed, "a chest — not too heavy — convenient."

"Yes, yes, I understand, from about ninety-two centimeters by fifty, as they are making them now."

"With a clothes-bag."

"Decidedly," thought L'Heureux, "there is some row under all this."

"And wait," said Madame Bovary drawing her watch from her girdle, "take this, you will more than pay yourself."

But the merchant exclaimed that she was wrong; they knew each other; did she mistrust him? what childishness. She insisted, however, that he should take at least the chain, and already L'Heureux had put it in his pocket and was going away, when she called him back.

"You will leave everything at your own place. As to the cloak,"—she seemed to reflect—"do not bring that here either; only you will give me the address of the workman and notify him that he holds it at my disposition."

It was in the following month that they were to fly. She would leave Yonville as if to go and make some purchases in Rouen. Rodolphe would have secured the places, taking out the passports, and even written to Paris in order to have the mail-coach to themselves as far as Marseilles, where they would purchase a calèche, and from there continue without stopping, by the road to Genoa. She would have to be careful to send her baggage to L'Heureux, to have it carried directly to the *Hirondelle*, so that no one would have any suspicions; and in all this there was never anything said about the child. Rodolphe avoided speaking of it; perhaps she did not think of it.

He wished to have two weeks before him in order to conclude some arrangements; then, at the end of eight days, he asked for fifteen more; then he said he was sick; finally he made a journey; the month of August passed away, and after all these postponements it was decided that it should be irrevocably for the fourth of September, a Monday.

Finally the Saturday, two days before, arrived.

Rodolphe came in the evening earlier than usual.

"Everything is ready?" she asked him.

"Yes."

Then they made the tour of the flower-bed, and went to take a seat near the terrace, on the edge of the wall.

"You are sad," said Emma.

“No, why?” And, however, he looked at her in a singular way, with a tender manner.

“Is it to go away?” she replied, “to quit your affections, your life? Ah! I understand — But I, I have nothing in the world! you are everything to me. Thus I shall be everything for you, I shall be a family, a country, I shall take care of you, I shall love you.”

“How charming you are,” he said, seizing her in his arms.

“Truly?” said she with a voluptuous laugh, “do you love me? swear it then!”

“If I love you! if I love you! but I adore you, my love.”

The moon, quite round and of a reddish color, rose from the level of the ground at the back of the meadow. She ascended quickly among the branches of the poplars, which concealed her, now and then, like a pierced black curtain. Then she appeared dazzling with whiteness in the empty sky, which she lit up; and then, relenting, she allowed to fall on the river a great spot, which made an infinity of stars, and this silver light seemed to writhe there, even to the bottom, like a serpent without a head, covered with luminous scales. This resembled also, somewhat, some monstrous candelabra, from which streamed out, lengthwise, drops of melting diamonds. The soft night diffused itself around them; great masses of shadow enveloped the

foliage. Emma, her eyes half-closed, inspired with long breaths the fresh wind that blew. They did not speak, too much lost as they were under the dominion of their reverie. The tenderness of former days returned to their hearts, abundant and silent as the river which flowed by them, with as much softness as in bringing them the perfume of the syringas, and projecting in their memory, shadows more melancholy and immeasurable than those which the motionless willows lengthened out on the grass. Frequently some nocturnal animal, hedgehog or weasel, in full chase, stirred the leaves, or at times they heard a ripe peach which fell singly from the wall.

“Ah! what a beautiful night!” said Rodolphe.

“We shall have others,” replied Emma, and, as if speaking to herself: “Yes, it will be good to travel — Why is my heart sad, however? Is it the apprehension of the unknown — the effect of leaving daily habits — or rather — no, it is the excess of happiness. How weak I am, am I not? Forgive me.”

“There is still time!” he exclaimed. “Reflect, you may repent, perhaps?”

“Never,” said she impetuously, and drawing nearer to him. “What unhappiness then can come to me? There is no desert, no precipice nor no ocean which I will not traverse with you. In proportion as we live together, it will be as a clasp binding us each day closer, more complete. We shall have nothing to trouble us,

no cares, no obstacles. We shall be alone, all to each other, eternally. Speak to me then, answer me."

He replied at regular intervals: "Yes — Yes —"
She had passed her hands through his hair, and she repeated in an infantile voice, despite the great tears flowing:

"Rodolphe! Rodolphe! Ah! Rodolphe! dear little Rodolphe!"

Midnight sounded.

"Midnight," she said. "Come, it is to-morrow, still one day more."

He rose to depart, and as if this motion had been a signal for their flight, Emma, suddenly assuming a gay air, said:

"You have the passports?"

"Yes."

"You have forgotten nothing?"

"No."

"You are sure?"

"Certainly."

"It is at the Hôtel de Provence, is it not, that you will wait for me? At noon?"

He nodded assent.

"Till to-morrow, then," said Emma, during a last caress.

And she watched him go away.

He did not turn around. She ran after him and, leaning over the edge of the water among the bushes:

"Till to-morrow," she cried.

He was already on the other side of the river and walking quickly through the meadow.

At the expiration of a few minutes Rodolphe stopped; and when he saw her with her white dress little by little disappear in the obscurity like a phantom, he was seized with such an acceleration of the beating of his heart that he leaned against a tree so as not to fall.

"What an imbecile I am," he said, swearing frightfully. "No matter, she was a charming mistress." And Emma's beauty with all the pleasures of this love suddenly reappeared to him. At first he was moved to tenderness, then he revolted against her. "For, in short," he exclaimed, gesticulating, "I do not care to expatriate myself, to take the charge of a child." This he said to himself to fortify his resolution still more. "And, moreover, the embarrassment, the expense! Ah! no, no, a thousand times no, that would have been too stupid."

XIII

As soon as he had arrived at home, Rodolphe sat down brusquely at his desk, under the deer's head, a trophy of the chase. But when he had the pen between his fingers he found nothing to say, so much so that,

leaning on his two elbows, he began to reflect. Emma seemed to have withdrawn from him into a distant past, as if the resolution which he had just taken had suddenly placed between them an immense interval.

Then, that he might touch again something of hers, he went to get in the wardrobe, by the side of his bed, an old box that had formerly contained Reims biscuits, in which he usually kept his feminine correspondence, and from which escaped a vague odor of mouldy dust and of withered roses. The first thing he saw was a pocket handkerchief, covered with pale spots. This was one of her handkerchiefs, once she had bled at the nose when they were walking together; he no longer remembered it. There was near it, bent at all the angles, the miniature given by Emma; her toilet seemed to him pretentious and the theatrical glance of her eyes had the most pitiful effect; then, by dint of considering this image and of evoking the memory of the original, Emma's features, little by little, became confused in his memory, as if the living figure and the painted figure, rubbing against each other, had mutually effaced each other. Finally he read her letters; they were full of explanations relative to their journey, short, technical, and urgent like business letters. He wished to see again the long ones, the old ones; in order to find them at the bottom of the box, Rodolphe disarranged all the others; and mechanically he began to rummage through all this pile of papers and of things,

finding there indiscriminately bouquets, a garter, a black mask, pins and locks of hair,—brown hair, blonde hair; some of them even, caught in the lock of the box, broke in two when it was opened.

Thus, idling among his souvenirs, he examined the writing and the style of the letters as varied as their orthography. They were tender or jovial, facetious, melancholy; there were those among them which asked for love and others which asked for money. At the suggestion of a word, he recalled faces, certain gestures, the sound of the voice; sometimes, however, he recalled nothing.

In fact, these women, crowding all at the same time into his thoughts, interfered with each other and belittled each other, as if under the same level of love which equalized them all. Taking up then by handfuls, these mingled letters he amused himself during a few minutes by letting them fall in cascades from his right hand into his left. Finally, wearied, dull, Rodolphe carried the box back into the wardrobe saying to himself, "What a pile of nonsense!" which summed up his opinions; for pleasures, like the scholars in the court of a college, had so trodden over his heart that nothing green grew there, and that which passed over it, more heedless than the children, did not even leave, like them, its name scratched on the wall.

"Come," he said to himself, "let us commence."

He began to write:

“Have courage, Emma, have courage. I do not wish to be the cause of the unhappiness of your existence.”

“After all, that is true,” thought Rodolphe; “I am acting in her interest; I am honest.”

“Have you seriously thought over your determination? Are you conscious of the abyss into which I am drawing you, poor angel! No, is that not so? You would go ahead, confident and foolish, believing in happiness, in the future. Ah! unhappy that we are! senseless and unwise.”

Rodolphe stopped, in order to find here some good excuse.

“If I should say to her that all my fortune is lost? — Ah! no, and, moreover, that would prevent nothing. It would only be to commence again later. Is it to be expected that you can make such women hear reason!”

He considered a moment, then added:

“I shall not forget you, you may well believe it, and I shall continually have for you a profound devotion; but one day, sooner or later, this ardor—this is the fate of all human things—will doubtless become diminished! There will come to us wearinesses, and who knows even if I should not have had the atrocious pain of witnessing your remorse and of sharing it myself, because I had caused it. I am tortured merely by the thought of the grief which would come to you, Emma! Forget

me! Why was it necessary that I should have known you? Why were you so beautiful? Is it my fault? Oh! Mon Dieu! no, no! accuse only fatality."

"There's a word that always makes an effect," he said to himself.

"Ah! if you had been one of those women with a frivolous heart such as may be seen, certainly I would have been able, through selfishness, to attempt an experience then without danger for you. But this delicious exaltation which constitutes at once your charm and your torment has prevented you from comprehending, adorable woman that you are, the falsity of our future position. I, neither, I had not reflected upon it at first, and I rested myself in the shadow of this ideal happiness, as in that of the manchineel tree, without foreseeing the consequences."

"Perhaps she will think that it is through avarice that I renounce her. Ah! no matter, so much the worse! it will have to end."

"The world is cruel, Emma. Everywhere that we might be, it would have pursued us. It would have been necessary to expose you to indiscreet questions, to calumny, to disdain, to outrage, perhaps? Outrage to you! Oh! — And I who would wish to seat you upon a throne. I who carry the thought of you about as a talisman. For I punish myself with exile for all the evil which I have done you. I depart. Where? I do not know at all, I am distracted. Farewell! Be

good always. Preserve the memory of the unhappy one who has lost you. Teach my name to your child; that she may repeat it in her prayers."

The flame of the two candles trembled; Rodolphe rose to close the window, and when he was seated again:

"It seems to me that that is all? Ah! this much more, for fear that she should undertake *to get even with me*:"

"I shall be far away when you read these sorrowful lines, for I have wished to fly as soon as possible in order to avoid the temptation to see you again. No more weakness! I shall come back; and perhaps some day later we shall talk together very coolly of our former love. Adieu!"

And there was a last adieu, separated into two words, *À Dieu!* which he considered to be in excellent taste.

"How am I going to sign it now?" he said to himself. "Your entirely devoted? — No. Your friend — Yes, that's it!"

"Your friend."

He re-read his letter. It seemed to him good.

"Poor little woman!" he thought, tenderly. "She is going to believe me more insensible than a rock; there should have been some tears on that; but I—I cannot weep; that is not my fault." Then having poured out some water in a glass Rodolphe dipped his finger in it,

he allowed to fall from a certain height a great drop on the letter, which made a pale spot on the ink; then, looking for something with which to seal his letter, the seal *Amor nel cor* presented itself.

“That scarcely fits the circumstances — Ah, bah! no matter.”

After which he smoked three pipes and went to bed.

The next day when he had arisen—about two o’clock, for he had slept late—Rodolphe caused a basket of apricots to be gathered. He placed the letter in the bottom under some vine leaves and gave orders immediately to Girard, his ploughman, to carry that carefully to Madame Bovary. He made use of this method of corresponding with her, sending to her, according to the season, fruit or game.

“If she asks you about me,” said he, “you will answer that I have gone on a journey. You must give the letter to her, herself, in her own hands; go, and be careful.”

Girard put on his new blouse, tied his handkerchief around the apricots, and, walking with long heavy steps in his great iron-nailed shoes, tranquilly took the road to Yonville.

Madame Bovary, when he arrived at her house, was arranging with Félicité a package of linen on the kitchen table.

“Here,” said the ploughman, “this is what our master sends you.”

She was seized with an apprehension, and whilst searching for some money in her pocket, she looked at him with a haggard eye, whilst he himself stared at her in astonishment, not understanding how such a gift could so much move anyone. Finally, he went away. Félicité remained. She could contain herself no longer; she hastened into the *salle* as if to put away the apricots, overturned the basket, took out the leaves, found the letter, opened it, and, as if there had been a frightful conflagration behind her, Emma took flight toward her chamber, completely terrified.

Charles was there; she saw him; he spoke to her; she heard nothing, and she continued to mount the stairs quickly, breathless, bewildered, drunken, and still holding this horrible piece of paper, which cracked between her fingers like a piece of sheet-iron. On the second floor she stopped before the door of the loft which was closed.

Then she wished to calm herself; she remembered the letter; it was necessary to finish it, she did not dare. Moreover, where? How? She would be seen.

“Ah! no, here,” she thought, “I shall be all right.”

Emma pushed open the door and entered.

From the slate roof there fell a heavy heat, which compressed her temples and suffocated her; she dragged herself to the closed garret window of which she drew the bolt; and the dazzling daylight streamed in at once.

There, before her, beyond the roofs, the open country extended as far as the eye could see. Below, under her, the Place of the village was empty; the pebbles on the sidewalk glittered; the weathercocks of the houses stood motionless; at the corner of the street there issued from a lower story a sort of snoring with strident modulations. It was Binet at his turning-lathe.

She leaned against the side of the window and she re-read the letter with sneers of anger. But the more she fixed her attention upon it, the more her ideas became confounded. She saw him again, she heard him, he surrounded her with his two arms — and the beating of her heart, which struck against the sides of her chest as with the blows of a battering-ram, increased in rapidity one after another, with unequal intermissions. She threw her eyes all around her with the wish that the earth should dissolve. Why not finish with it all? Who retained her, then? She was free. And she moved forward; she looked at the pavements, saying to herself: "Come, come."

The luminous rays, which mounted from below, directly drew toward the abyss the weight of her body. It seemed to her that the surface of the Place, oscillating, rose up along the walls, and that the floor tilted down at one side, after the manner of a vessel pitching at sea. She held herself quite on the edge, almost suspended, environed by a vast space. The blue of the

heavens took possession of her, the air circulated in her hollow head, she had only to yield, to allow herself to be taken, and the snoring sound of the turning did not discontinue, like a furious voice which called her.

“Wife ! wife !” cried Charles.

She stopped herself.

“Where are you? Come.”

The thought that she had just escaped from death all but made her swoon with terror ; she closed her eyes. Then she shuddered at the contact of a hand on her sleeve. It was Félicité.

“Monsieur is waiting for you, madame ; the soup is served.”

And it was necessary to go downstairs ! It was necessary to sit down at the table !

She endeavored to eat. The food suffocated her. Then she unfolded her napkin as if to examine the mending, and wished really to apply herself to this task, to count the threads of the linen. Suddenly the thought of the letter returned to her. Had she then lost it? Where to find it again? But she felt such a weakness of mind that she would never be able to invent a pretext for leaving the table. Then she had become cowardly ; she was afraid of Charles ; he knew all ; that was certain. In fact, he uttered these words in a singular manner :

“We are not likely, it appears, to see Monsieur Rodolphe.”

“Who told you so?” she said, shuddering.

“Who told me so?” he replied, a little surprised at this brusque tone. “It was Girard, whom I just met at the door of the *Café Français*. He has gone on a journey, or he is about to go.”

She uttered a sob.

“What is it that surprises you? He goes away thus every now and then to amuse himself and, *ma foi!* I don’t object. When you have a fortune and when you are a bachelor! — For that matter he amuses himself famously, our friend! he is a gay fellow. Monsieur Langlois related to me —”

He broke off, because of the servant who came in.

The latter replaced in the basket the apricots scattered on the étagère; Charles, without noticing his wife’s redness, had them brought to him, took one, and bit into it luxuriously.

“Oh! exquisite!” he said. “Take it, taste them!”

And he offered the basket which she put aside gently.

“Smell them then! What an odor!” he said, passing them backward and forward under her nose.

“I am suffocating!” she cried, springing to her feet.

But, through an effort of her will, this spasm passed away; then:

“It is nothing,” she said, “it is nothing, it is nervousness. Sit down, eat your dinner.”

For she feared that she would be questioned, nursed, that she would not be left to herself any more.

Charles, to obey her, sat down again ; and he spat out in his hand the pit of the apricot which he then deposited in his plate.

Suddenly a blue tilbury passed at a hard trot through the Place. Emma uttered a cry and fell backwards stiff on the floor.

In fact, Rodolphe, after long meditation, had decided to depart for Rouen. Now, as there is from La Huchette to Buchy, no other road than that of Yonville, he had been obliged to go through the village, and Emma had recognized him by the light of the lanterns which cut through the darkness like a flash.

Meanwhile, the pharmacist, at the sound of the tumult in the house, had hurried thither. The table with all the plates was upset ; the sauces, the meat, the knives, the salt-cellar and the oil-cruet strewed the apartment ; Charles called for help ; Berthe, frightened, cried, and Félicité, with trembling hands, was unlacing madame whose body was agitated throughout its length by convulsive movements.

“I will run,” said the apothecary, “to get a little aromatic vinegar from my laboratory.”

Then, as she reopened her eyes, in inhaling from the vial :

“I was sure of it,” said he ; “that would wake the dead for you.”

“Speak to us !” said Charles. “Speak to us ! Recall yourself ! It is I, thy Charles, who loves thee !

Dost thou recognize me? See, here is thy little daughter; kiss her now."

The child stretched out its arms towards its mother to take her around the neck. But, turning away her head, Emma said in a shaking voice:

"No, no, no one!"

She fainted again. They carried her to her bed.

She lay there at full length, her mouth opened, her eyes closed, her hands flat, motionless, and white as a statue of wax. Two streams of tears issued from her eyes and flowed down slowly on the pillow.

Charles, standing, kept his place at the bottom of the alcove, and the pharmacist near him maintained that meditative silence which is appropriate in the serious occasions of life.

"Reassure yourself," he said, touching the other with his elbow, "I think that the paroxysm is passed."

"Yes, she is reposing a little now," replied Charles, watching her sleep. "Poor woman — Poor woman! to see her relapse!"

Then Homais asked how this accident had happened. Charles replied that it had taken her very suddenly whilst she was eating an apricot.

"Extraordinary! —" replied the pharmacist. "But could it be that the apricots had occasioned the syncope? There are natures so impressionable on encountering certain odors! and it would even be a fine question to study, as much on the pathological side as on the

philosophic side. The priests know the importance of it, they who have always mingled aromatics with their ceremonies. It is in order to stupefy your understanding and incite to ecstasies, a thing, moreover, easy to obtain with persons of that sex who are more delicate than others. Cases have been cited of those who fainted at the smell of burnt horn, of fresh bread ——”

“Take care not to awaken her,” said Bovary, in a low voice.

“And not only,” continued the apothecary, “is the human race a prey to these anomalies, but also animals. Thus you are not unaware of the singular aphrodisiac effect which is produced by the *nepeta cataria*, commonly called catnip, on the feline race; and on the other hand, to cite an example which I guarantee authentic, Bridoux—one of my former comrades, now established in the Rue Malpalu—owns a cat which falls into convulsions whenever she is shown a snuff-box. He has often made the experiment before his friends in his pavilion of Bois-Guillaume. Would it be believed that a simple sternutatory could exercise such ravages in the organism of a quadruped? It is extremely curious, is it not, indeed?”

“Yes,” said Charles, who was not listening.

“Which proves to us,” resumed the other, smiling with an air of benign sufficiency, “the innumerable irregularities of the nervous system. As to that of madame, she has always appeared to me, I admit it, too sensitive.

Thus I would in no way counsel you, my good friend, to the use of any of those pretended remedies, which, under the pretext of attacking the symptoms, attack the constitution. No! no useless medicaments! a regimen, that is all! sedatives, emollients, dulcifiants. Then, do you not think that it would be well perhaps to excite her imagination?"

"In what way? how?" said Bovary.

"Ah! there is the question! That is effectively the question: *that is the question*, as I read lately in the journal."

But Emma, coming to herself, cried:

"The letter? the letter?"

They thought that she was delirious; she was so after midnight; brain fever had declared itself.

For forty-three days, Charles did not leave her side. He abandoned all his patients; he did not go to bed, he was continually feeling her pulse, placing sinapisms, compresses of cold water. He sent Justin as far as Neufchâtel to get some ice; the ice melted on the road; he sent him back for more. He called in Monsieur Canivet in consultation; he caused Doctor Larivière, his former master, to come from Rouen; he was in despair. That which frightened him the most, was Emma's complete collapse; for she did not speak, heard nothing, and even seemed not to suffer,—as if her soul and her body were reposing together from all their agitation.

Toward the middle of October, she was able to sit up in her bed with pillows piled behind her. Charles wept when he saw her eating her first little tart of preserves. Her strength came back to her; she got up for a few hours in the afternoon, and one day, when she felt better, he undertook to induce her to take a little walk around the garden, leaning on his arm. The sand of the pathway disappeared under the dead leaves; she walked step by step, trailing her slippers and, leaning her elbow against Charles, she continued to smile.

They went thus as far as the end, near to the terrace. She straightened up slowly and put her hand over her eyes to look. She looked at the distance, the far distance, but there was on the horizon nothing but great fires of weeds, which smoked on the hills.

“You will fatigue yourself, my darling,” said Bovary, and he urged her gently to go in under the arbor.

“Seat yourself on this bench; you will be comfortable.”

“Oh! no, not there! not there!” she said in a fainting voice.

She had an attack of dizziness; and in the evening her illness recommenced, with a more uncertain appearance, it is true, and more complex symptoms. Sometimes she suffered in the heart, then in the chest, in the head, in the limbs, then there followed vomiting,

with which Charles thought he perceived the first symptoms of a cancer.

And the poor fellow, in addition to all this, was anxious about money matters!

XIV

In the first place, he did not know what to do to recompense Monsieur Homais for all the medicines he had furnished; and though, as a physician, he might not have been compelled to pay, nevertheless he blushed a little under this obligation. Then the expenses of the household, now that the cook was the mistress, became frightful; bills rained on the house; the tradesmen complained; Monsieur L'Heureux, above all, harassed him. In fact, at the worst period of Emma's sickness, the latter—profiting by the circumstance to increase his account—had promptly brought the cloak, the clothes-bag, two chests instead of one, and a quantity of other things. It was in vain that Charles said that he had no need of them, the merchant replied arrogantly that all these articles had been ordered from him and that he would not take them back; moreover, that would be to vex madame in her convalescence; monsieur would reflect upon it; in short, he was resolved to take legal action rather

than abandon his rights and take away his merchandise. Charles ordered in the end that they should be sent back to his shop; Félicité forgot it; he had other cares; no more was thought about it. Monsieur L'Heureux returned to the charge, and, alternately threatening and whining, manœvered in such a fashion that Bovary ended by signing a note payable at the end of six months. But scarcely had he signed this note when an audacious idea came into his head—that was to borrow a thousand francs from Monsieur L'Heureux. Accordingly he asked of him with an embarrassed air if there was not some method for obtaining them, adding that it would be to run a year and at whatever interest was desired. L'Heureux ran to his shop, brought back the money and dictated another note in which Bovary declared that he would pay to his order, the first of September following, the sum of a thousand and seventy francs, which with the hundred and eighty already stipulated for made just twelve hundred and fifty. Thus, lending at six per cent., augmented by a quarter for the commission and the goods furnished bringing in at least a good third, that should in twelve months give him a hundred and thirty francs of profit; and he hoped the affair would not stop there, that the notes could not be paid, that they would be renewed, and that his poor money, being nourished in the doctor's house as in a hospital, would return to him one day considerably plumper, and so fat as to burst the bag.

Everything, moreover, was succeeding with him. He was the contractor for furnishing cider to the hospital of Neufchâtel; Monsieur Guillaumin promised him shares in the turf-pits of Grumesnil, and he dreamed of establishing a new service with diligences between Argueil and Rouen, which would not take long, doubtless, to ruin the stage of the *Lion d'Or* and which, going quicker, being cheaper and carrying more baggage, would thus put into his hands all the commerce of Yonville.

Charles asked himself several times by what means he was going to be able the next year to pay back so much money, and he sought out, he imagined various expedients, such as having recourse to his father or of selling something. But his father would be deaf, and he had, himself, nothing to sell. Then he discovered such embarrassments in the subject that he put quickly out of his mind such a disagreeable theme for meditation. He reproached himself for forgetting Emma because of it; as if, all his thoughts belonging to this woman, it would have been taking something from her to cease to think of her continually.

The winter was a severe one. The convalescence of madame was long. When the weather was fine, she was pushed in her armchair close to the window, that which looked out on the Place, for she now manifested an antipathy for the garden, and the shades on that side remained constantly closed. She wished that the

horse should be sold ; that which pleased her formerly, at present displeased her. All her ideas seemed to be limited to the care of herself. She remained in her bed to have little collations served her, rang for her servant to ask about her tisanes or to talk with her. Meanwhile, the snow on the roof of the market threw into the chamber, a white motionless reflection ; then it was the rain which fell. And Emma daily awaited with a sort of anxiety the infallible return of the slightest events which, however, mattered very little to her. The most considerable was, in the evening, the arrival of the *Hirondelle*. Then the innkeeper called out and other voices replied, whilst Hippolyte's great lantern, while he was looking for his chests under the cart-tilt, made a sort of star in the obscurity. At noon, Charles returned ; afterwards, he went out ; then she took a bouillon ; and about five o'clock, as the day was beginning to decline, the children who, returning from school, dragged their sabots along the sidewalk, struck with their rules, one after the other, the catch of the awnings.

It was at this hour that Monsieur Bournisien came to see her. He inquired after her health, brought her the news and exhorted her to religion in a little wheedling gossip which was not wanting in agreeableness. The sight of his cassock alone comforted her.

One day, when at the height of her illness she thought herself dying, she had asked for the communion ; and in proportion as they made in her chamber

the preparations for the sacrament, as they arranged as an altar the commode covered with syrups and as Félicité strewed the floor with dahlias, Emma felt something powerful passing over her which relieved her of all her pain, of all perception, of all feeling. Her flesh, grown lighter, no longer weighed her down, another life commenced; it seemed to her that her being, mounting towards God, was about to disappear in this love, as a lightened incense which dissipates itself in vapor. The coverings of the bed were sprinkled with holy water; the priest withdrew from the holy pyx the white consecrated wafer; and it was in swooning with a celestial joy, that she advanced her lips to accept the body of the Saviour which presented itself. The curtains of her alcove puffed out softly around her like clouds, and the rays from the two candles burning on the commode seemed to her to be dazzling glories. Then she let her head fall back, believing that she heard in space the song of the seraphic harps and perceived in an azure heaven, on a throne of gold, in the middle of the saints holding green palms, God the Father, blazing in majesty, and who with a sign commanded angels with wings of flame to descend to the earth to carry her off in their arms.

This splendid vision remained in her memory as the most beautiful thing of which it was possible to dream; so that at present she endeavored to possess herself again of the sensation which continued, however,

but in a less exclusive manner and with a sweetness indeed as profound. Her soul, wearied with pride, finally reposed in Christian humility; and, tasting the pleasure of being feeble, Emma contemplated in herself the destruction of her will, which should open freely to the ministrations of Grace. There existed, then, in the place of happiness, felicities much greater, another love above all loves, without intermission or end, and which should increase eternally. Among the illusions of her hope she had glimpses of a state of purity floating above the earth, mingling with the heaven, and in which she aspired to be. She desired to become a saint. She purchased rosaries, she wore amulets; she wished to have in her chamber at the side of her bed, a reliquary set in emeralds, to kiss every evening.

The curé marveled at these dispositions, seeing that Emma's religion, as he thought, might, through too much fervor, end by skirting heresy and even extravagance. But, not being very well versed in these matters, especially when they passed a certain point, he wrote to Monsieur Boulard, bookseller to Monseigneur, to send him *something excellent for a person of the weaker sex who was spiritually minded*. The bookseller, with as much indifference as he would have sent off a lot of hardware to the natives of Africa, packed off to you, pell-mell, everything that was then in circulation in the trade of pious books. There were little manuals in

questions and answers, pamphlets in a haughty tone after the manner of Monsieur de Maistre, and species of romances in thick binding and sweetish style, fabricated by troubadour seminaries or by repentant blue-stockings. There was the *Think of it Seriously; The Introduction to a Devout Life; The Man of the World at the Feet of Mary*, by Monsieur de —, decorated with several orders; *The Errors of Voltaire, for the Use of Young Persons*, etc.

Madame Bovary had not yet an intelligence clear enough to apply itself to anything, no matter what; moreover, she undertook these readings with too much precipitation. She grew irritated at the regulations of worship; the arrogance of the polemic writings displeased her, by their fury of pursuit of persons whom she did not know; and the profane stories with religious tendency appeared to her to be written in such an ignorance of the world that they insensibly led her away from the truths, the proofs of which she was awaiting. She persisted, however, and when the volume fell from her hands she believed herself taken possession of by the finest Catholic melancholy that an ethereal soul could conceive.

As to the memory of Rodolphe, it had descended completely to the bottom of her heart; and it remains there more solemn and motionless than the mummy of a king in a crypt. But an exhalation escaped from this great love embalmed and which, passing through everything,

perfumed with tenderness the atmosphere of immaculateness in which she wished to live. When she knelt in her Gothic priedieu, she addressed to the Lord the same soft words that she had formerly murmured to her lover, in the effusiveness of adultery. This was to revivify her faith, to bring belief. No delectation descended from Heaven, and she rose, her limbs fatigued, with a vague feeling of an immense deception. This seeking, she thought, was only one merit the more; and in the pride of her devotion, Emma compared herself to those great ladies of former times of whose glory she had dreamed under a portrait of La Vallière, and who, trailing with so much majesty the lace-trimmed trains of their long robes, retired into the solitude, there to pour out at the feet of Christ all the tears of a heart wounded by existence.

Then she gave herself up to excessive charities. She sewed garments for the poor; she sent firewood to women in child-bed; and Charles coming in one day, found in the kitchen three rogues at table eating soup. She caused to be brought back to the house her little daughter whom her husband, during her illness, had sent back to the nurse. She wished to teach her to read; and however copiously Berthe might cry she no longer became irritated. It was a determined attitude of resignation, an universal indulgence. Her language on every subject was full of ideal expression. She said to her child: "Has thy colic passed away, my angel?"

Madame Bovary, mère, found nothing to blame, with the exception perhaps of this mania for knitting under-waistcoats for the orphans instead of mending her own clouts. But, harassed by domestic quarrels, the good woman was pleased to be in this tranquil house, and she even remained there till after Easter, in order to escape the sarcasms of Père Bovary, who did not fail on every Good Friday to order a dish of pork chitterlings.

In addition to the company of her mother-in-law, who strengthened her a little by her rectitude of judgment and her grave manners, Emma had other society almost every day. There was Madame Langlois, Madame Caron, Madame Dubreuil, Madame Tuvache, and, regularly from two o'clock to five o'clock, the excellent Madame Homais, who had never wished to believe, for her part, any one of those *cancans* which had been so freely promulgated concerning her neighbor. The little Homais also came to see her; Justin accompanied them. He ascended with them into the chamber, and he remained standing near the door, motionless, without speaking. Often, even, Madame Bovary, paying no heed to him, performed her toilet. She commenced by taking out her comb, shaking her head with a sudden movement; when he saw for the first time this entire wave of hair which descended as far as the knee, unrolling its black wings, it was for him, the poor child, like the sudden entry into something extraordinary and novel, the splendor of which frightened him.

Emma, doubtless, did not notice this silent earnestness nor these timidities. She did not suspect that love, disappeared from her life, was palpitating there, near to her, under that shirt of coarse linen, in that heart of an adolescent opened to the emanations of her beauty. For the rest, she enveloped everything now in such an indifference, she had words so affectionate and looks so haughty, manners so diverse, that no one distinguished any longer selfishness from charity, nor corruption from virtue. One evening, for example, she was scolding at her servant, who had asked her for leave to go out and stammered in seeking for a pretext ; then, suddenly :

“You love him then ?” she said.

And, without waiting for the reply of Félicité who blushed, she added with a sorrowful air :

“Go along, run away ! amuse yourself !”

At the commencement of the spring, she caused the garden to be completely turned over from one end to the other, notwithstanding the observations of Bovary ; he was happy, however, to see her manifest, at last, any determination whatever. She gave evidence of much more in proportion as her health was re-established. In the first place, she found means of expelling the mère Rollet, the nurse, who had fallen into the habit, during her convalescence, of coming to the kitchen too often with her nurslings and her boarder, sharper set than a cannibal. Then she disengaged

herself from the family Homais, dismissed successively all the other visits and even frequented the church with less assiduity, to the great approbation of the apothecary who now said to her with a friendly air :

“You were getting a little pious.”

Monsieur Bournisien, as formerly, dropped in every day, when coming from catechism. He preferred remaining outside to taking the air *in the midst of the grove* ; this was the name he gave to the arbor. It was the hour in which Charles returned. They were warm ; there was sweet cider brought, and they drank together to the complete recovery of madame.

Binet was there, that is to say, a little lower down against the wall of the terrace, fishing for crayfish. Bovary invited him to have some refreshments, and he had a fine talent for opening bottles.

“It is necessary,” he said, casting all around him and even to the extremity of the landscape, a look of satisfaction, “to hold the bottle thus, straight on the table, and after the wires are cut, to push the cork a little at a time gently, gently, as they do, in fact, the seltzer water in the restaurants.”

The cider, during his demonstration, often flew into their faces, and then the ecclesiastic, with an opaque laugh, never failed to produce this jest :

“Its goodness flies in your very face !”

He was a worthy man, in fact, the priest, and one day he was even not scandalized at the pharmacist, who

advised Charles in order to distract madame, to take her to the theatre at Rouen, to hear the illustrious tenor Lagardy. Homais, surprised at this silence, wished to know his opinion; and the priest declared that he considered music as less dangerous for morality than literature.

But the pharmacist took up the defense of letters. The theatre, he pretended, served to break down prejudices, and under the mask of pleasure, instructed in virtue.

“*Castigat ridendo mores*, Monsieur Bournisien! Thus, look at the greater number of the tragedies of Voltaire; they are very full of philosophical reflections, skilfully introduced, which make of them for the people a veritable school of morality and of diplomacy.”

“Ah!” said Binet, “I saw once a piece entitled *Le Gamin de Paris*, in which you might have noticed the character of an old general who is happily hit off. He sends off, as he deserves, a young blood, a minor, who had seduced a workgirl, who, in the end, —”

“Certainly,” continued Homais, “there is bad literature just as there is bad pharmacy; but to condemn *en bloc* the most important of the fine arts seems to me to be a stupidity, a Gothic idea, worthy of those abominable times in which they imprisoned Galileo.”

“I know very well,” objected the curé, “that there exist good works, good authors; nevertheless, will it not happen that these persons of the two sexes brought

together in an apartment full of enchantment, ornamented with worldly pomps, and then these pagan disguisements, these luxuries, these lights, these effeminate voices,—all that should finish by engendering a certain libertinage of the spirit and giving you immoral thoughts, impure temptations. Such is, at least, the opinion of all the Fathers. In fact," he added, assuming suddenly a mystic tone of voice whilst he rolled under his thumb a pinch of snuff, "if the Church has condemned theatrical spectacles, it is because it had good reason; it is necessary for us to submit to her decrees."

"Why," asked the apothecary, "does she excommunicate the actors? For, in former times they openly concurred in the ceremonies of the faith. Yes, they played, they represented in the middle of the choir a sort of farces, called *Mysteries*, in which the laws of decency were often offended."

The ecclesiastic contented himself with uttering a sigh and the pharmacist continued:

"It is as it is in the Bible; there are — do you know — more than one detail — piquant, things — truly — gay."

And, following the gesture of irritation which Monsieur Bournisien made:

"Ah! you will admit that it is not a book to put in the hands of a young person, and I should be vexed if Athalie —"

“But it is the Protestants and not us,” cried the other, impatiently, “who recommend the Bible.”

“No matter!” said Homais, “I am astonished that in our days, in a century of illumination, there is still an obstinate proscription of an intellectual relaxation which is inoffensive, moral, and even hygienic sometimes, is it not, doctor?”

“Doubtless,” replied the medical man carelessly, as though having the same ideas, he did not wish to offend any one, or else he had no ideas at all.

The conversation seemed ended, when the pharmacist judged it advisable to give another thrust.

“I have known priests, who dressed themselves like bourgeois, go and see the dancers shake their legs.”

“Oh! come now!” said the curé.

“Ah! I have known them.” And, separating the syllables of his phrase, Homais repeated: “I — have — known — them.”

“Well, they were wrong,” said Bournisien, resigned to hear anything.

“*Parbleu!* they have done many other things!” exclaimed the apothecary.

“Monsieur!!!” replied the ecclesiastic, with such ferocious eyes that the pharmacist was intimidated by them.

“I wish only to say,” he replied in a less aggressive tone, “that tolerance is the surest method of attracting souls to religion.”

“That is true, that is true,” conceded the goodman, reseating himself on his chair.

He did not remain there more than two minutes. Then as soon as he had departed Monsieur Homais said to the doctor :

“That is what is called a dispute. I rolled him over, as you saw, in fine fashion — In short, take my advice, take madame to the theatre, if it were only for once in your life to put in a rage one of those ravens there, *saperlotte!* If anyone could take my place, I would accompany you. You will have to hurry up. Lagardy will only give one representation; he has engagements in England at very considerable prices. He is, as they say, a famous fellow! he rolls on gold! he carries about with him three mistresses and his cook. All these great artists burn the candle at both ends, they require a scandalous existence which excites their imagination a little. But they die in a hospital, because they have not had the intelligence, when young, to practise economies. Come, I wish you a good appetite, till to-morrow.”

This idea of the theatre sprang up quickly in Bovary's head, for he immediately communicated it to his wife, who refused at first, alleging the fatigue, the trouble, the expense; by an extraordinary chance, Charles did not yield, so beneficial did he think this recreation would be for her. He saw nothing to prevent it; his mother had sent them three hundred francs on which

he had no longer counted, the current debts were not enormous, and the falling due of the notes of hand to the Sieur L'Heureux was still so far ahead that it was not necessary to think about them. Moreover, imagining that she was refusing through delicacy, Charles insisted all the more; so that she finally, through much persuasion, ended by yielding. And the next morning at eight o'clock they packed themselves in the *Hiron-delle*.

The apothecary, whom nothing retained in Yonville but who thought himself constrained not to budge, sighed in seeing them depart.

"Well, bon voyage!" he said to them, "happy mortals that you are!"

Then addressing himself to Emma, who wore a dress of blue silk with four furbelows:

"It seems to me you are as pretty as a Cupid. You will *cut a figure* in Rouen."

The diligence stopped at the Hotel of the *Croix Rouge*, on the Place Beauvoisine. It was one of those taverns such as there are in all the provincial suburbs, with big stables and little bedchambers, in which there may be seen in the middle of the court, chickens picking up oats under the muddy cabriolets of the traveling salesmen;—good old lodging with worm-eaten wooden balconies, which creaked in the wind in the winter nights continually, full of people, of uproar, and of eatables, the black tables of which are soiled by the

brandy-coffees, the thick windows yellowed by the flies, the damp napkins spotted by the blue wine, and smell always of the village,—as do the farm servants when dressed as bourgeois,—have a café on the street and on the side towards the country, a vegetable garden. Charles immediately set about his business. He confounded the proscenium with the galleries, the parquet with the boxes, demanded explanations, did not understand them, was referred from the controller to the director, came back to the inn, returned to the office, and several times in this manner hurried the whole length of the town, from the theatre to the boulevard.

Madame bought a bonnet, some gloves, a bouquet. Monsieur feared very much to miss the opening, and without having had the time to swallow a bouillon, they presented themselves before the doors of the theatre, which were not yet open.

XV

The crowd was stationed against the wall, or arranged symmetrically between the balustrades. At the angle of the neighboring streets, gigantic posters repeated in irregular characters: "*Lucie de Lamermoor* — Lagardy — Opéra — etc." The weather was fine; everyone was warm; the perspiration trickled through

the carefully curled hair, all the handkerchiefs pulled out wiped off red foreheads, and sometimes a warm wind which blew from the river shook softly the border of the awning in ticking, which hung over the doors of the drinking places. A little lower down, however, refreshment was to be had from a current of icy air which smelled of tallow, of leather and of oil. This was the exhalation of the Rue des Charrettes, full of great black warehouses in which the great casks are rolled about.

For fear of seeming ridiculous, Emma wished before entering to take a little turn along the river front, and Bovary, through prudence, kept his tickets in his hand in the pocket of his pantaloons, which he carried against his stomach.

In the vestibule, her heart began to beat. She smiled involuntarily with vanity in seeing the crowd hurrying to the right through the other corridor, whilst she mounted the stairway of the *premières*. She experienced a pleasure, like a child, in pushing with her fingers the large cloth doors; she inspired with all her lungs the dusty odor of the passages and when she was seated in her box, she arched her figure with all the ease and grace of a duchess.

The auditorium commenced to fill, the opera-glasses were drawn from their cases, and the subscribers, perceiving each other at a distance, exchanged salutations. They had come to find relaxation in the fine arts from

the anxieties of sales, but, in no wise forgetting *business*, they still talked of cottons, spirits or indigo. There could be seen heads of old men, inexpressive and pacific, and which, pale of hair and of complexion, resembled silver medals tarnished by the vapor of lead. The young beaux strutted about in the *parquet*, displaying in the opening of their waistcoats their cravats, pink or apple-green; and Madame Bovary admired them from above, resting the stretched palms of their yellow gloves on their gold-headed canes.

Then the candles in the orchestra were lighted; the chandelier descended from the ceiling, shedding a sudden brilliancy with the radiation of its facets throughout the theatre; then the musicians entered one after the other, and it was at first a long charivari of basses snoring, of violins squeaking, of pistons trumpeting, of flutes and of flageolets piping. But there were heard three blows behind the curtain; a rolling of kettle-drums began, the brass instruments blended in tune, and the curtain, rising, discovered a landscape.

It was an opening in the woods, with a fountain at the left, shaded by an oak. Peasants and lords, their plaids on their shoulders, sang together a hunting-song; then there came on a captain who invoked the angel of evil, lifting both his arms to Heaven; another appeared; they went away; and the hunters began again.

She found herself again in the midst of her youthful readings, in the full spirit of Walter Scott. She seemed

to hear, through the mist, the sound of the Scottish bag-pipes repeating themselves over the heather. Moreover, the remembrance of the romance facilitating the comprehension of the libretto, she followed the action, phrase by phrase, whilst the indefinable thoughts which returned to her, dispersed themselves immediately under the gusts of the music. She allowed herself to be carried away by the swaying of the melodies and in feeling herself vibrate through her whole being, as if the bows of the violins were playing upon her nerves. She had not eyes enough to contemplate the costumes, the decorations, the personages, the painted trees which trembled when you walked, and the toques of velvet, the cloaks, the swords, all these imaginations which moved in harmony as if in the atmosphere of another world. But a young woman advanced, throwing a purse to a squire clothed in green. She remained on the stage alone, and then there was heard a flute which made, as it were, the murmuring of a fountain and the warblings of birds. Lucie commenced with a gallant air her cavatina in *sol* major; she complained of love, she wished for wings; Emma similarly would have wished, fleeing from life, to float away fast in a strong embrace. Suddenly Edgar Lagardy appeared.

He had one of those splendid pale complexions which give something of the majesty of marble to the ardent people of the South. His vigorous figure was

inclosed in a doublet of a brown color; a little chiseled poignard hung against his left thigh, and he cast around languorous looks, showing his white teeth. It was said that a Polish princess, hearing him singing one evening on the beach at Biarritz, where he was mending boats, fell in love with him. She ruined herself for him. He had forsaken her for other women; and this sentimental celebrity did not fail to serve his artistic reputation. The diplomatic actor even took pains to have inserted in his advertisements some poetic phrase concerning the fascination of his person and the sensitiveness of his soul. A fine organ, an imperturbable assurance, more temperament than intelligence and emphasis than lyric character, combined to heighten this admirable nature of the charlatan, in which there was something of the hairdresser and of the toreador.

He awoke enthusiasm from the very first scene. He pressed Lucie in his arms, he quitted her, he returned to her, he seemed to despair; he gave way to bursts of anger, then long-drawn elegiac notes of an infinite sweetness, and the notes escaped from his naked neck, full of sobs and of kisses. Emma leaned far over to see him, scratching the velvet of her box with her finger nails. She filled her heart with these melodious lamentations which trailed themselves out to the accompaniment of the double basses, like the cries of the shipwrecked in the tumult of a tempest. She recognized

all the intoxications and the anguishes of which she, herself, had all but died. The voice of the heroine seemed to her only the re-echoing of her own conscience, and this illusion which charmed her, something even taken from her own life. But no one on the earth had loved her with such a love. He had not wept like Edgar, that last evening in the moonlight when they said to each other, "Till to-morrow, till to-morrow! —" The theatre rang with a storm of applause; the entire strettò was recommenced; the lovers spoke of the flowers of their tomb, of oaths, of exile, of fatality, of hopes, and when they uttered their final farewell, Emma gave vent to a sharp cry which was lost in the vibrations of the last strains.

"Why is it," asked Bovary, "that that seigneur is persecuting her?"

"Why no," she replied, "he is her lover."

"However, he swears to avenge himself on her family, whilst the other, he who just came in, said: 'I love Lucie and I think myself beloved by her.' Moreover, he went off with her father, arm in arm. That's her father, is it not, the little ugly man who has a cock's feather in his hat?"

Notwithstanding Emma's explanations from the recitative duet in which Gilbert exposes to his master Ashton his abominable machinations, Charles, seeing the false betrothal ring which is to deceive Lucie,

thought that it was a love souvenir sent by Edgar. He admitted, for that matter, that he did not understand the story because of the music which interfered very greatly with the words.

“What does it matter!” said Emma, “keep still.”

“It is because,” he replied, leaning on her shoulder, “that I like to understand things, you know very well.”

“Keep still! keep still!” she said impatiently.

Lucie advanced, half-supported by her women, an orange-flower wreath on her hair and paler than the white satin of her dress. Emma thought of the day of her own marriage; and she saw herself again, yonder in the middle of the grain, on the narrow path, when they were walking toward the church.

Why then had she not, like this one, resisted, supplicated? On the contrary, she had been joyful, without perceiving the abyss into which she was precipitating herself — Ah! if in the freshness of her beauty, before the soilings of marriage and the disillusionings of adultery, she had been able to place her life in the keeping of some great strong heart, then, virtue, tenderness, voluptuousness and duty, all mingling, never would she have descended from so high a felicity. But this happiness, doubtless, was only a falsehood conceived to bring despair to all desire. She knew at present the littlenesses of passion which art exaggerated. Endeavoring then to turn her thoughts from

it, Emma wished to see in this reproduction of her sorrows no more than a plastic fancy good to amuse the eyes with, and she even smiled inwardly with a disdainful pity when at the back of the scene, under the velvet portière, a man appeared in a black cloak.

His large Spanish hat was thrown aside in his gesture ; and immediately the instruments and the singers took up the sextet. Edgar, sparkling with fury, dominated all the others with his clear voice. Ashton launched at him in grave notes homicidal provocations. Lucie uttered her sharp complaint. Arthur modulated apart his medium notes, and the counter-tenor of the minister droned like an organ, while the voices of the women, repeating his words, took up the chorus, delightfully. They were all in the same line gesticulating ; and anger, vengeance, jealousy, terror, pity and stupefaction exhaled at once from their open mouths. The outraged lover brandished his naked sword ; his lace collar rose by sudden movements, following the inflations of his chest, and he strolled from right to left with great steps, making his silver-gilt spurs, which spread out at the ankles, sound against the floor. It seemed to her that he must have an inexhaustible love to be able thus to pour it out upon the crowd in such abundant waves. All these slight shades of disparagement disappeared under the poetry of the rôle which gradually took possession of her ; and, drawn toward the man by the

illusion of the character, she endeavored to figure to herself his life, this sounding, extraordinary, splendid life, and which she now would have been able to lead if chance had so willed it. They would have known each other, they would have loved each other. With him through all the kingdoms of Europe she would have traveled from capital to capital, sharing his fatigues and his triumphs, picking up the flowers which were thrown to him, embroidering, herself, his costumes; then, each evening at the back of a box behind a screen of gold and lattice work, she would have received, open-mouthed, the expansions of this soul who would have sung for her alone; on the boards, while playing, he would have looked at her. But a madness seized her; he was looking at her, it was certain! She had a desire to rush into his arms in order to take refuge in his strength, as in the incarnation of love itself, and to say to him, to cry to him: "Carry me off, take me away, let us depart! I am thine, I am thine, all my ardor and all my dreams!"

The curtain fell.

The odor of gas began to mingle with the breaths; the wind caused by the fans made the atmosphere more smothering. Emma wished to go out; the crowd encumbered the corridors, and she fell back in her seat with suffocating palpitations of the heart. Charles, afraid to see her faint, hastened to the buffet to get her a glass of orgeat.

He had the greatest trouble to regain his place, for he was elbowed at every step because of the glass which he held between his hands, and he even spilled three-fourths of the contents on the naked shoulders of a Rouenese lady, in short sleeves, who, feeling the cold liquid flow down her loins, uttered peacock cries as if she had been assassinated. Her husband, who was the proprietor of a spinning factory, flew into a rage at this awkward person, and while she wiped off with her handkerchief the spots on her pretty dress of cherry-colored taffeta, he muttered in a surly tone the words, indemnity, costs and reimbursements. Finally, Charles succeeded in reaching his wife, saying to her quite breathless :

“Faith! I thought that I should have to stay there! there is such a crowd! — a crowd! — ”

He added :

“Guess a little whom I met up there? Monsieur Léon.”

“Léon!”

“Himself! He is coming to present his respects to you.”

And as he uttered these words, the former clerk of Yonville entered the box.

He offered his hand with the easy assurance of a gentleman, and Madame Bovary mechanically put out her own, doubtless obeying the attraction of a stronger will. She had not felt it since that spring evening

when it rained on the green leaves, when they bade each other farewell, standing by the window. But, quickly recalling the propriety of the situation, she shook off with an effort this torpor of her souvenirs and began to stammer in rapid phrases:

“Ah, good day! how! you here?”

“Silence!” cried a voice from the portière, for the third act had commenced.

“You are then in Rouen?”

“Yes.”

“And since when?”

“Go out! go out!”

People were turning toward them; they ceased speaking.

But from that moment, she no longer listened; and the chorus of the guests, the scene of Ashton and his valet, the grand duet in *re* major, everything passed before her in a distance, as if the instruments had become less sonorous and the personages further away. She recalled the card parties at the house of the apothecary and the walk to the nurse's, the readings under the arbor, the tête-à-têtes at the corner of the fire, all that poor love so calm and so long, so discreet, so tender, which she had however forgotten. Why had Léon returned? What combination of adventures replaced him in her life? He stood behind her, leaning his shoulder against the partition; and from time to time she felt herself tremble under the warm

breath from his nostrils which descended into her hair.

“Does this amuse you?” he said, leaning over her so near that the point of his moustache touched her cheek.

She replied carelessly :

“Oh, Mon Dieu ! — No, not very much.”

Then he made a proposition to leave the theatre, to go out and take some ices somewhere.

“Ah ! not yet, let us stay,” said Bovary. “She has her hair loosened ; this promises to be tragical !”

But the mad scene did not in the least interest Emma, and the acting of the singer seemed to her exaggerated.

“She cries too loudly,” she said, turning towards Charles, who was listening.

“Yes — perhaps — a little,” he replied, undecided between the enjoyment of his own pleasure and the respect which he entertained for his wife’s opinion.

Then Léon said with a sigh :

“It is so hot — ”

“It is insupportable, that is true.”

“Are you uncomfortable?” asked Bovary.

“Yes, I am suffocating, let us go.”

Monsieur Léon placed lightly upon her shoulders her long lace shawl, and they all three went to seat themselves on the river front, in the open air, before the windows of a café.

The conversation first turned on Emma's sickness, although she interrupted Charles from time to time for fear, as she said, of wearying Monsieur Léon; and the latter related to them that he had come to Rouen to pass two years in hard study, to train himself to business, which was managed somewhat differently in Normandy from that which was carried on in Paris. Then he asked after Berthe, the Homais family, the Mère Lefrançois, and, as they had nothing more to say before the husband, the conversation presently came to an end.

People coming out from the theatre passed before them on the sidewalk, all of them humming or bawling full-throated: "*O bel ange ma Lucie.*" Then Léon, to play the dilettante, began to discuss music. He had seen Tamburini, Rubini, Persiani, Grisi, and beside them Lagardy, notwithstanding his great displays, was worth nothing.

"However," interrupted Charles, who was taking in little sips, his sherbet with rum, "they say that in the last act he is quite admirable; I am sorry we left before the end, for it was beginning to amuse me."

"For that matter," replied the clerk, "he will soon give another performance."

But Charles replied that they were going to leave the next day.

"Unless," he added, turning toward his wife, "you would like to stay here alone, my little dear?"

And changing his manœuvres before this unexpected occasion which offered itself to his hopes, the young man launched into a eulogy of Lagardy in the final scene. It was something superb, sublime! Then Charles insisted :

“ You can come back Sunday. See now, make up your mind, you will be wrong, if you feel the least in the world that this might benefit you.”

However, the tables around them began to empty ; a waiter came discreetly to take his stand near them ; Charles, who comprehended, drew out his purse ; the clerk restrained him by the arm, and even did not forget to leave in addition two silver pieces, which he made ring upon the marble.

“ I am mortified, truly,” murmured Bovary, “ at the money which you —— ”

The other made a disdainful gesture full of cordiality and taking his hat :

“ That is understood, is it not, to-morrow at six o'clock ? ”

Charles protested once more that he could not be absent himself any longer, but nothing prevented Emma.

“ The trouble is —— ” she stammered with a singular smile, “ I do not know too well —— ”

“ Well, you can think over it, we shall see, the night brings good counsel.”

Then to Léon who accompanied them :

“Now that you are again in our part of the country, you will come I hope, from time to time to ask a dinner of us?”

The clerk affirmed that he would not fail, having, moreover, occasion to go to Yonville for an affair connected with his studies. And they separated before the Passage Saint-Herbland, at the moment when half-past eleven sounded from the Cathedral.

NOTES

¹*Officiers de Santé*, petty physicians who have not taken all their degrees, but who practice in a country district and in serious cases are bound to call in a regular physician.

²A popular astrological almanac, so called from the name of its reputed first author, Mathieu Lænsbergh, or Lansbert, canon of Liège about 1600. (Note by translator.)

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