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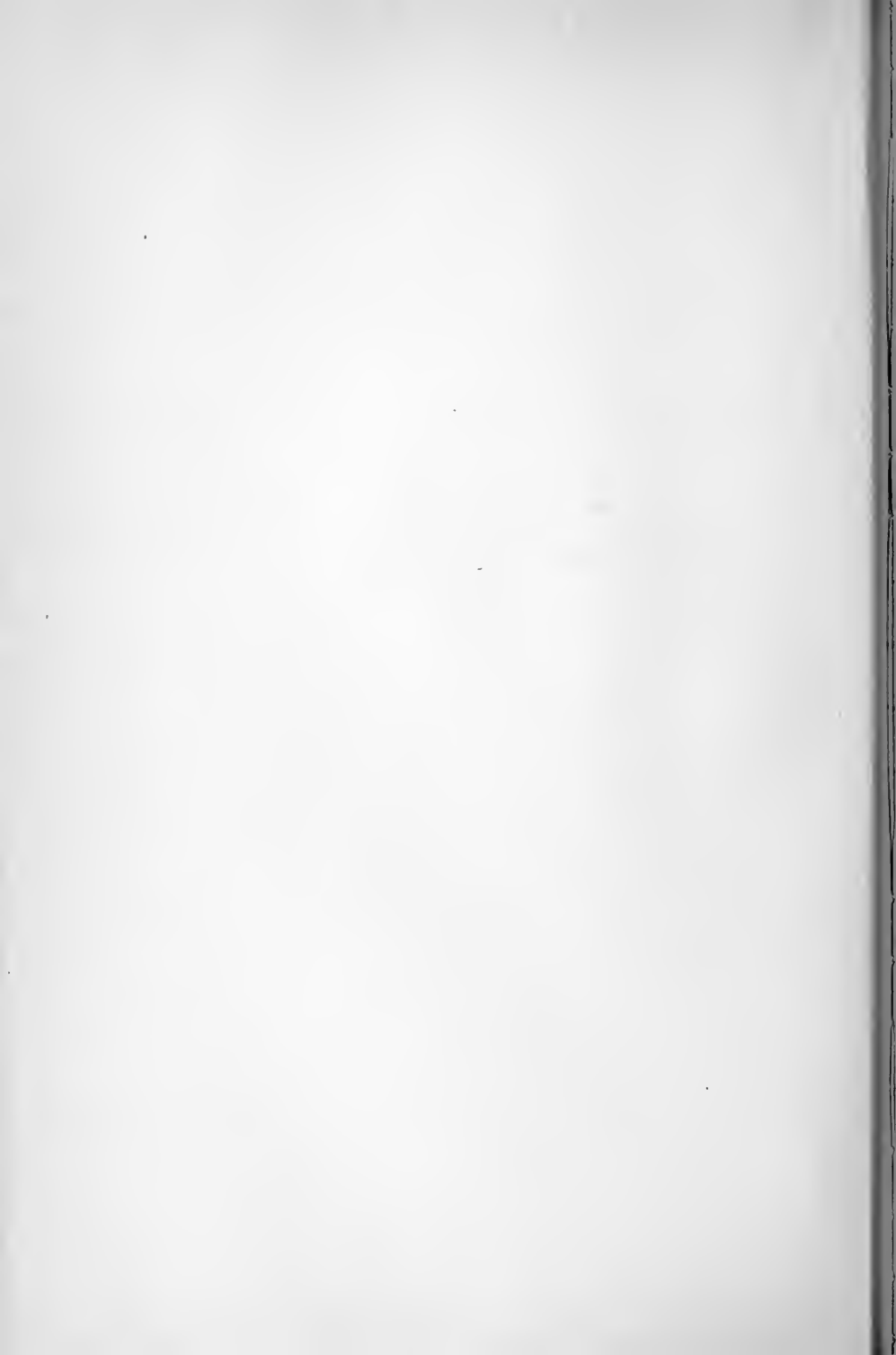
CHEFS D'OEUVRE
DU
ROMAN CONTEMPORAIN
—
REALISTS

THIS EDITION
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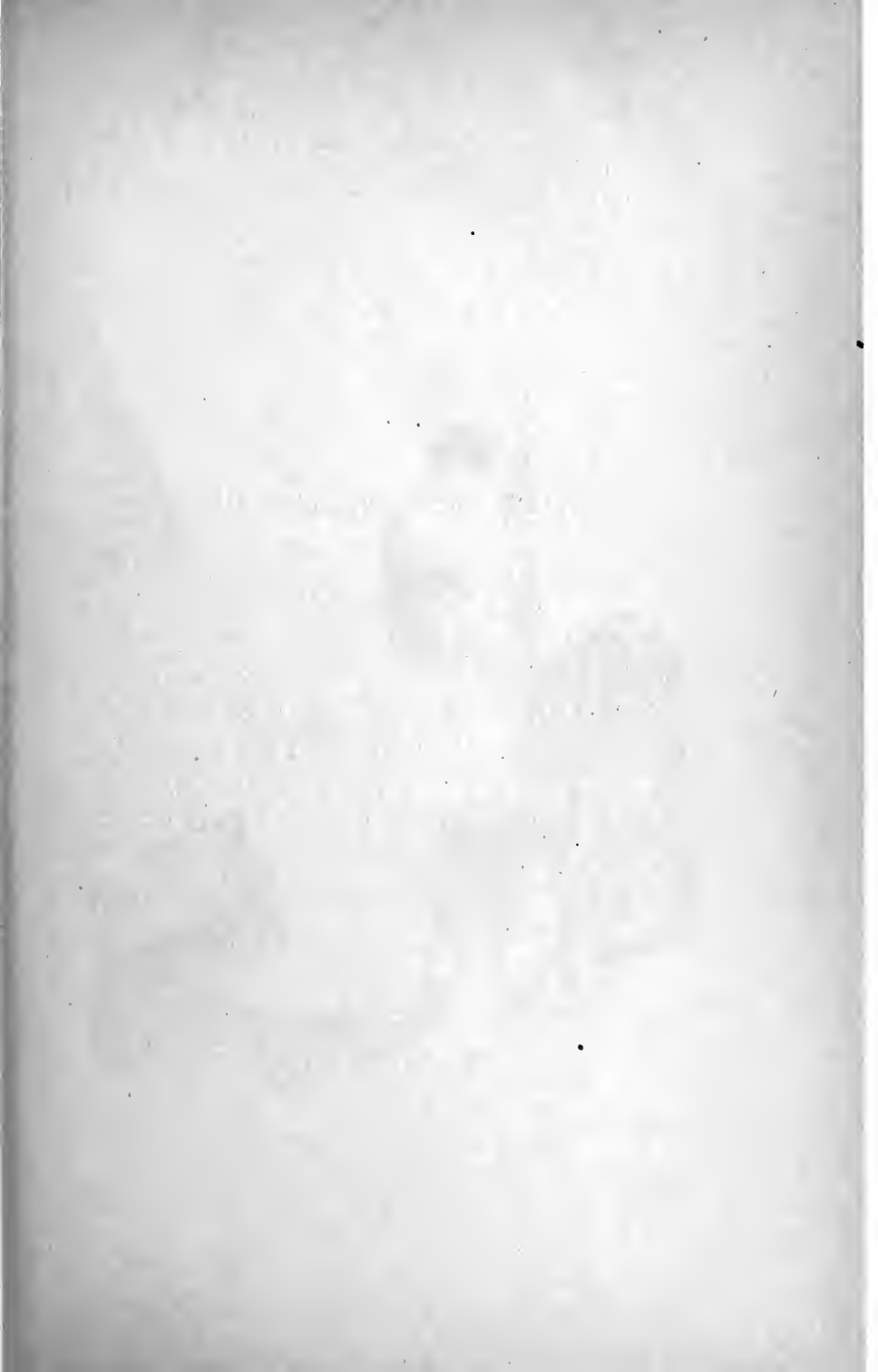
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THE REALISTS
GUSTAVE FLAUBERT
MADAME BOVARY
VOL. II







Part Third Chapter VI

She promised herself continually for her next expedition a profound happiness; then she admitted to herself that she had not felt anything extraordinary. This deception was quickly effaced under a new hope, and Emma returned to him more enflamed, more eager. She undressed herself brutally, jerking out the long lacing of her corsets which whistled around her hips like a gliding serpent.

BIBLIOTHÈQUE
DES CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE
DU ROMAN
CONTEMPORAIN

MADAME BOVARY
VOLUME TWO

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



MADAME BOVARY



PART THIRD

I

Whilst prosecuting his law studies, Monsieur Léon had frequented La Chaumière with tolerable assiduity, and had even obtained some very pretty successes with the grisettes who found that he had *a distinguished air*. He was the most agreeable of the students ; he wore his hair neither too long nor too short, did not eat up on the first of the month all his quarterly allowance, and kept on good terms with his professors. As to going to excesses, he had always abstained from them, as much through pusillanimousness as through delicacy.

Often when he remained reading in his chamber, or when seated in the evening under the linden trees of the Luxembourg, he allowed his Code to fall to the ground and the recollection of Emma returned to him. But, little by little this sentiment became feeble, and other covetousness accumulated above it, although it still pervaded them all, however, for Léon did not

lose all hope, and there remained for him something like an uncertain promise which swayed in the future, like a golden fruit suspended in some fantastic foliage.

Now, in seeing her after three years of absence, this passion reawakened. It was necessary, he thought, to resolve finally to wish to possess her. Moreover, his timidity had disappeared in the contact with wanton companions and he returned to the provinces scorning everything which did not tread the asphalt of the boulevard under a varnished boot. Before a Parisienne in her laces, in the salon of some illustrious physician, a personage with decoration and with a carriage, the poor clerk, doubtless, would have trembled like a child; but here at Rouen, on the river front, before the wife of this little doctor, he felt himself at his ease, certain in advance that he would dazzle her. Assurance depends upon the locality in which it presents itself; one does not speak on the ground floor as in the fourth story, and the rich woman seems to have around her, to guard her virtue, all her bank-notes, like a cuirass, in the lining of her corset.

After leaving that evening Monsieur and Madame Bovary, Léon had followed them in the street at a distance; then, having seen them enter the *Croix Rouge*, he had turned on his heels and passed the night in arranging a plan.

The next day, then, about five o'clock, he entered the kitchen of the inn, his throat constricted, his cheeks

pale, and with that resolution of poltroons which nothing stops.

“Monsieur is not there,” replied a servant.

This seemed to him a good omen. He went up the stairs.

She was not troubled at his appearance; on the contrary, she made him her excuses for having forgotten to tell him where they were stopping.

“Oh! I guessed it,” replied Léon.

“How?”

He pretended to have been guided towards her by chance, by an instinct. She began to smile and immediately, to redeem his silliness, Léon related that he had employed the forenoon in looking successively through all the hotels in the city.

“You have, then, decided to remain?” he added.

“Yes,” she said, “and I was wrong. It is not worth while to accustom one’s self to impracticable pleasures when you have around you a thousand demands——”

“Oh! I imagine——”

“Ah! no, you are not a woman, you!”

But the men had also their vexations, and the conversation drifted into philosophical reflections. Emma dilated at length on the poverty of terrestrial affections and the eternal isolation in which the heart remains buried.

In order to make himself appreciated, or through an ingenuous imitation of this melancholy which excited

his own, the young man declared that he had wearied himself prodigiously all through the time of his studies. The legal procedures irritated him, other vocations attracted him, and his mother did not fail to torment him in every letter; for they defined more and more clearly the causes of their trouble, each one, as they went on speaking, exalting themselves a little in this progressive confidence. But they arrested themselves sometimes before the complete exposition of their thoughts and then sought to conceive a phrase which might, nevertheless, translate them. She did not at all confess her passion for another; he did not say that he had forgotten her.

Perhaps he no longer remembered his suppers after the balls with the personages of the carnival; and she no longer, doubtless, remembered the rendezvous of former times when she hurried in the morning through the grass toward the château of her lover. The noises of the city scarcely reached them, and the chamber seemed small, expressly to bring them closer together in their solitude. Emma, draped in a dimity dressing-gown, rested her chignon against the back of the old armchair; the yellow paper on the wall made something, like a background of gold behind her; and her bare head was reflected in the glass, with the white parting in the middle and the tips of her ears showing under her tresses.

“But, I beg your pardon,” she said, “I am wrong, I weary you with my eternal complaints.”

“No! never! never!”

“If you knew — ” she went on, lifting to the ceiling her fine eyes from which escaped a tear, “all that I have dreamed.”

“And I then? oh! I have greatly suffered. Often I have gone out, I have gone away, I have dragged myself along the quays, stupefying myself with the noise of the crowd, without being able to banish the obsession which pursued me. There is, on the boulevard, in the shop of a dealer in engravings, an Italian engraving which represents a Muse. She is draped in a tunic and she looks at the moon with myosotis flowers in her dishevelled hair. Something incessantly drove me there, I have remained before it for entire hours.” Then, in a trembling voice: “She resembles you a little.”

Madame Bovary turned her head so that he might not see on her lips the irresistible smile which she felt mounting there.

“Often,” he resumed, “I wrote to you letters which afterwards I tore up.” She did not reply. He continued: “I imagined sometimes that a chance might bring you. I had thought that I recognized you at the corners of the streets, and I ran after all the hackney coaches, from the window of which floated a shawl or a veil similar to yours.”

She seemed determined to let him speak without interrupting him. Crossing her arms and lowering her

head, she looked at the rosette of her slippers, and she made, at intervals, little movements inside their satin covering, with the toes of her foot. However, she sighed:

“That which is most lamentable, is it not, is to drag out, as I do, a useless existence. If our sorrows could be of service to anyone, we might console ourselves in the thought of the sacrifice!”

He began to sing the praise of virtue, duty, and silent immolations, having himself an incredible need of devotion which he did not know where to satisfy.

“I would rather,” she said, “be a nun in a hospital.”

“Alas!” he replied, “none of these sacred missions are for men, and I do not see anywhere any vocation — unless, perhaps, that of medicine —”

With a slight shrugging of her shoulders, Emma interrupted him to complain of her illness which had nearly been fatal to her; what a pity! she was no longer suffering now.

Léon immediately envied *the calm of the tomb*, and he had even, one evening, written out his will requesting that he should be buried in that beautiful coverlid with velvet bands which he had from her; for it was thus that they would have wished to be, both of them, constructing an ideal against which they adjusted, at this moment, their past life. Moreover, conversation is a rolling-machine, which always lengthens out the sentiments.

But at this invention concerning the quilt :

“Why so?” she asked.

“Why?” — He hesitated — “Because I loved you truly.” And, congratulating himself with having overcome his difficulty, Léon, out of the corner of his eye, watched her countenance.

It was like the sky when a fresh wind blows away the clouds. The accumulation of sorrowful thoughts which had saddened them, seemed to withdraw from his blue eyes and his whole visage became radiant.

He waited. Finally she replied :

“I always thought so.”

Then they related to each other the little events of their existence, already so distant, of which they had just summed up in one word, the pleasures and the sadnesses. He recalled the clematis arbor, the dresses which she had worn, the furniture of her chamber, all her household.

“And our poor cacti, where are they?”

“The cold killed them last winter.”

“Ah! how I have thought of them, do you know? Often I have seen them, as formerly, when in the summer mornings the sun shone on the window-blinds and I have perceived your two naked arms which passed between the flowers.”

“Poor dear,” she said, extending to him her hand.

Léon very quickly fastened his lips to it. Then, when he had inhaled with a long breath:

“You were in those days for me, an indescribable, an incomprehensible force which took my life captive. On one occasion, for instance, I came to your house; but you do not remember it, doubtless?”

“Yes,” she said. “Go on.”

“You were downstairs in the antechamber ready to go out, on the last step,—you were wearing a hat with little blue flowers,—and without any invitation on your part, despite myself, I accompanied you. Every minute, however, I became more and more conscious of my stupidity and I continued to walk near you, not daring to follow you altogether and not wishing to leave you. When you went into a shop, I remained in the street, I saw you through the window take off your gloves and count out the money on the counter. Finally, you rang at Madame Tuvache’s door, it was opened to you; and I remained there like an idiot before that great, heavy door which they closed behind you.”

Madame Bovary, in listening, was astonished to find herself so old; all these things which reappeared seemed to enlarge her existence; they were like sentimental immensities to which she looked backward, and she said from time to time, in a low voice and with her eyes half-closed: “Yes, that is true — that is true — that is true.”

They heard eight o’clock sound from the different clocks of Beauvoisine Quarter, which is full of boarding-schools, churches and great forsaken hotels. They no

longer spoke ; but they felt, in looking at each other, a rustling in the head as if something sonorous had reciprocally escaped from their fixed eyeballs. They had taken each other's hand ; and the past, the future, reminiscences and dreams, all were confounded in the softness of this ecstasy. The darkness deepened on the walls, where glimmered still, half lost in the shadow, the crude engravings of four colors representing four scenes from *La Tour de Nesle* with a legend at the bottom in Spanish and in French. Through the sash-window there could be seen a corner of the black sky between the pointed roofs.

She rose to light two candles upon the commode, then she came and sat down again.

“Well?” said Léon.

“Well,” she replied.

And he sought for a means of renewing the interrupted dialogue, when she said to him :

“How comes it that no person, up to the present time, has ever expressed to me similar feelings?”

The clerk protested that ideal natures were difficult to comprehend. He, at the first glance, he had loved her ; and he had despaired when thinking of the happiness which they might have had if, by a fortunate chance, meeting each other earlier, they had become attached one to the other in an indissoluble manner.

“I have thought of it sometimes,” she replied.

“What a dream!” murmured Léon; and, handling delicately the blue border of her long white girdle, he added: “What prevents us then from recommencing?”

“No, my friend,” she replied — “I am too old — you are too young — forget me. Others will love you — you will love them.”

“Not like you!” he cried.

“Child that you are! Come, let us be wise! I wish it.”

She represented to him the impossibilities of their love and that it would be necessary to maintain themselves, as formerly, in the simple terms of a fraternal friendship.

Was it seriously that she spoke thus? Doubtless Emma did not know herself, all occupied as she was by the charm of the seduction and the necessity of defending herself against it; and contemplating the young man with a tender regard, she repulsed gently the timid caresses which his trembling hands essayed:

“Ah! forgive me,” he said, recoiling. And Emma was seized with a vague terror, before this timidity more dangerous for her than the hardihood of Rodolphe when he advanced with his arms opened. Never had any man seemed to her so beautiful. An exquisite candor escaped from his looks. He lowered his long fine eye-lashes which curled upwards at the end. His cheek with its smooth skin reddened — she thought — with desire for her person, and Emma felt an invincible

longing to touch it with her lips. Then, leaning toward the clock as if to see the hour :

“How late it is, *Mon Dieu!*” she said ; “how we have been gossiping.”

He comprehended the allusion and looked for his hat.

“I have even forgotten the theatre. That poor Bovary who left me expressly for that. Monsieur Lormeaux, of the Rue Grand-Pont, was to take me there with his wife. And the opportunity is lost, for she is going away to-morrow.”

“Truly?” said Léon.

“Yes.”

“It is necessary, however, that I should see you again,” he resumed, “I have to say to you ——”

“What?”

“Something —— grave, serious. Ah! no, moreover, you will not go away, it is impossible. If you knew —— listen to me —— you have not then understood me, you have not guessed ——”

“Nevertheless, you speak very well,” said Emma.

“Ah! jests! enough! enough! For pity’s sake, arrange it so that I can see you again —— once —— once only.”

“Well? ——” She stopped ; then, as if recollecting herself: “Oh! not here.”

“Wherever you like.”

“Would you like? ——” She seemed to reflect, and in a quick tone: “To-morrow, at eleven o’clock, in the Cathedral.”

“I will be there,” he cried, seizing her hands which she disengaged; and as they were both standing, he somewhat behind her and Emma lowering her head, he leaned toward her neck and kissed her lingeringly in the nape.

“But you are crazy! ah! you are crazy!” she said with a little sonorous laugh, whilst the kisses multiplied themselves.

Then, advancing his head over her shoulder, he seemed to seek for the consent of her eyes. They fell upon him full of an icy majesty.

Léon took three steps backwards to go out. He stopped on the threshold. Then he whispered in a trembling voice:

“Till to-morrow.”

She replied by a motion of the head and disappeared like a bird into the adjoining room.

In the evening, Emma wrote the clerk an interminable letter in which she withdrew the rendezvous; everything was now ended, and they should not, for their own happiness, meet again. But when the letter was closed, as she did not know Léon's address, she found herself greatly embarrassed.

“I will give it to him myself,” she said, “when he comes.”

Léon, the next morning, with his window opened and humming on his balcony, varnished his pumps himself, using several layers. He put on a pair of white

pantaloons, fine stockings, a green coat, emptied into his handkerchief all the perfumes that he possessed, then, having had his hair curled, uncurled it, to give to his locks more natural elegance.

“It is still too early,” he thought, looking at the cuckoo clock of the peruke-maker, which indicated nine o’clock. He read an old fashion journal, went out, smoked a cigar, ascended three streets, thought that it must be time and directed his steps slowly toward the Place before Notre Dame.

It was a beautiful summer morning. The silverware was-resplendent in the goldsmith’s windows and the light which fell obliquely on the Cathedral caused glitterings and reflections on the breakings of the gray stones; a flock of birds whirled in the blue sky around the little trefoil steeples; the Place, echoing with cries, smelled of the flowers which bordered its pavements, roses, jessamines, pinks, narcissus and tuberoses, set out irregularly by fresh verdure, catnip and chickweed for the birds; the fountain in the middle gurgled, and under the large umbrellas among the cantaloupes piled up in pyramids, the merchants, bareheaded, twisted into papers the bunches of violets.

The young man took one. It was the first time that he had ever bought flowers for a woman, and his lungs in inhaling their perfume swelled with pride, as if this homage which he destined for another, had returned toward himself.

However, he was afraid of being seen ; he entered resolutely into the church.

The beadle was then standing on the threshold, in the middle of the entrance to the left, under the Marianne dancing, plume on his head, rapier at his side, cane at his wrist, more majestic than a cardinal and shining like a holy ciborium.

He advanced towards Léon, and with that smile of wheedling benignity which the ecclesiastics assume when they interrogate children :

“ Monsieur, doubtless, is a stranger ? Monsieur desires to see the curiosities of the church ? ”

“ No,” said the other ; and he made at first a tour of the aisles. Then he came to look out on the Place. Emma had not arrived. He ascended again to the choir.

The nave reflected itself in the full holy-water vessels, with the commencement of the ogive arches and some portions of the stained glass windows ; the reflection of the painting breaking on the marble edge was continued farther on on the pavement slabs, like a speckled carpet. The full daylight of outdoors streamed into the church in enormous rays by the three open portals. From time to time at the back a sacristan passed, making before the altar the oblique genuflection of the devout who are in a hurry. The glass candelabra hung motionless. In the choir, a silver lamp was burning ; and from the lateral chapels, the darkened portions of the church, there escaped sometimes something like the

exhalation of sighs, with the sound of an iron screen which fell, repeating its echo up under the high arched roof.

Léon, with serious steps, walked near the walls. Never had life seemed to him so good. She was coming in a moment, charming, agitated, glancing behind her at the looks which followed her, with her flounced dress, her golden eyeglass, her delicate boots, in all kinds of elegances which he had not tasted, and in the ineffable seduction of virtue which succumbs. The church, like a gigantic boudoir, arrayed itself around her; the vaults inclined themselves to receive in the shadow the confession of her love; the windows were resplendent to illuminate her visage, and the censers were to burn so that she might appear like an angel in the smoke of the perfumes.

She did not come. However, he seated himself on a chair and his eyes encountered a blue window on which might be seen boatmen carrying baskets. He looked at it a long while attentively, and he counted the scales of the fishes and the buttonholes of the doublets, whilst his thoughts wandered in the search for Emma.

The beadle, apart, was inwardly indignant at this individual who permitted himself to admire the Cathedral all alone. He seemed to him to conduct himself in a monstrous fashion, to rob in some sort, and almost to commit a sacrilege.

But a rustle of silk on the pavement, the edge of a hat, a black hood — It was she! Léon rose and hastened to meet her.

Emma was pale. She was walking quickly.

“Read it,” she said, giving him a paper. “Oh! no,” and she withdrew her hand brusquely and entered the chapel of the Virgin, where, kneeling against a chair, she began her prayers.

The young man was irritated by this bigoted fancy; then he experienced, however, a certain charm in seeing her, in the midst of the rendezvous, thus lost in her orisons like an Andalusian marchioness; then he soon wearied, for she did not finish.

Emma prayed, or rather she forced herself to pray, hoping that there was about to descend upon her from Heaven some sudden resolution; and, to attract divine succor, she filled her eyes with the splendors of the tabernacle, she breathed the perfume of the white julian flowers in the great vases, and courted the silence of the church, which only increased her heart's tumult.

She rose, and they were about to depart when the beadle approached quickly, saying:

“Madame, doubtless, is a stranger? Madame desires to see the curiosities of the church?”

“Oh! no!” exclaimed the clerk.

“Why not?” she replied. For she was disposed to hang her tottering virtue on the Virgin, on the sculptures, on the tombs, on every opportunity.

Then, so as to proceed *regularly in order*, the beadle conducted them to the entrance, near to the Place, where, showing them with his cane a great circle of black pavement, without inscriptions or chiselings :

“There you see,” said he majestically, “the circumference of the beautiful bell of Amboise. It weighed forty thousand pounds. It had not its equal in Europe. The workman who cast it died of joy——”

“Let us go,” said Léon.

The goodman took up his march again; then, returned to the chapel of the Virgin, he extended his arms in a synthetic gesture of demonstration, and, more proud than the country proprietor displaying to you his wall-fruit :

“This simple slab covers Pierre de Brezé, Seigneur de la Varenne and de Brissac, Grand Marshal of Poitou and Governor of Normandy, killed at the Battle of Montlhéry, 16th of July, 1465.”

Léon biting his lips, stamped his feet.

“And on the right, that *gentilhomme* in complete armor, mounted on a prancing horse, is his grandson, Louis de Brezé, Seigneur de Breval, and de Montchauvet, Comte de Maulevrier, Baron de Mauny, Chamberlain of the king, Chevalier of the Order and also Governor of Normandy, who died the 23rd of July, 1531, on a Sunday, as the inscription relates; and, underneath, that man ready to descend into the tomb presents to you exactly the same person. It is

not possible, is it, to see a more perfect representation of nothingness?"

Madame Bovary took out her eyeglass. Léon, motionless, looked at her, not daring even to say a single word more, to make a single gesture, so much he felt himself discouraged before this double determined rôle of gabbling and of indifference.

The eternal guide continued :

"Near to him, that woman, kneeling and weeping, is his spouse, Diane de Poitiers, Comtesse de Brezé, Duchesse de Valentinois, born in 1499, died in 1566, and at the left, she who carries a child, the Blessed Virgin. Now turn to this side : here are the tombs of the Amboise. They were both of them cardinals and archbishops of Rouen. This one was Minister to the King Louis XII. He contributed greatly to the embellishment of the Cathedral. There was found in his testament thirty thousand crowns of gold for the poor."

And, without stopping, still talking, he pushed them into a chapel encumbered with balustrades, disarranged several of them and revealed a sort of block, which might have been a statue badly made.

"It decorated formerly," he said with a long sigh, "the tomb of Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England and Duke of Normandy. The Calvinists, monsieur, have reduced it to this state. They had, through wickedness, buried it in the ground, under the episcopal chair of Monseigneur. See, this is the door through

which he goes to his house, Monseigneur. We will pass on to see the windows of La Gargouille."

But Léon drew quickly a silver coin from his pocket and seized Emma by the arm. The beadle remained quite stupefied, not comprehending at all this unseasonable munificence while there still remained so many things for the stranger to see. Therefore, recalling him :

"Eh! monsieur. The Steeple! the Steeple! ——"

"Thanks," said Léon.

"Monsieur is wrong! It is four hundred and forty feet high, nine less than the Great Pyramid of Egypt. It is all in cast metal, it ——"

Léon fled, for it seemed to him that his love, which for nearly two hours had been immobilized in the church like the stones, was now going to evaporate, like a smoke, through that species of truncated pipe, of oblong cage, of openwork chimney, which risks itself so grotesquely on the Cathedral like the extravagant tentative of some fantastic coppersmith.

"Where are we going then?" she said.

Without replying, he continued to walk with rapid steps, and already Madame Bovary was dipping her fingers in the holy-water vessel, when they heard behind them a great gasping breath, intercepted regularly by the strokes of a cane. Léon turned around.

"Monsieur."

"What?"

And he recognized the beadle, carrying under his arm and maintaining in equilibrium against his stomach, some twenty strong sewed volumes. These were the works *which treated of the Cathedral*.

“Imbecile,” growled Léon, darting out of the church. A boy was playing about the pavement before the church.

“Run and get me a carriage.” And the child went off like a ball by the street of the Quatre-Vents; then they remained alone a few minutes, face to face and a little embarrassed.

“Ah! Léon — truly — I do not know — if I should —” She assumed an affected air. Then, in a serious manner: “It is very unconventional, do you know it?”

“In what?” replied the clerk; “it is done at Paris.”

And this word, like an irresistible argument, decided her.

Meanwhile the carriage did not come. Léon was afraid that she would go back into the church. Finally the hack appeared.

“Go out at least through the north portal,” cried to them the beadle, who had remained on the threshold, “so as to see the Resurrection, the Last Judgment, the Paradise, the King David, and the Rejected in the Flames of Hell.”

“Where is monsieur going?” asked the coachman.

“Wherever you like!” said Léon, pushing Emma into the carriage; and the heavy machine started on its journey.

It descended the Rue du Grand-Pont, traversed the Place des Arts, the Quai Napoléon, the Pont-Neuf, and stopped short before the statue of Pierre Corneille.

“Go on!” said a voice which issued from the interior.

The vehicle started again; and allowing itself, from the Carrefour Lafayette, to be carried away by the descent, it entered at a grand gallop into the railroad depot.

“No! straight ahead!” cried the same voice.

The hack came out through the gate, and presently arrived on the Cours, trotted along softly between the great elms. The coachman wiped his forehead, put his leathern hat between his legs, and urged the vehicle along outside the side alleys, on the edge of the water, near the turf.

It went along the river, on the towing-path paved with dry stones, and for a long time on the side of the Oyssel, beyond the islands.

But suddenly it launched itself at a bound across Quatremares, Sotteville, the Grande Chaussée, the Rue d’Elbeuf, and made its third halt before the Jardin des Plantes.

“Go on there!” cried the voice more furiously.

And immediately resuming its course, it passed by Saint-Sever, by the Quai des Curandiers, by the Quai

aux Meules, across the bridge once more, by the Place de Champ de Mars and behind the gardens of the hospital, where the old men in black waistcoats were walking in the sun, along a terrace all green with ivy. It remounted the Boulevard Bouvreuil, traversed the Boulevard Cauchoise, then the whole of the Mont-Riboudet as far as the hill of Deville.

It returned; and then, without definite purpose or direction, it wandered at random. It was seen at Saint-Pol, at Lescure, at the Mont-Gargan, at the Rouge-Mare, and the Place du Gaillarbois; Rue Maladrerie, Rue Dinanderie, before Saint-Romain, Saint-Vivien, Saint-Maclou, Saint-Nicaise,—before the Douane, at the low Vieille-Tour, at the Trois-Pipes and at the Cimetière Monumental! From time to time, the coachman from his seat threw at the cabarets despairing looks. He could not comprehend what fury of locomotion it was that urged these individuals so that they never wished to stop for a moment. He tried it several times, and immediately he heard from behind him angry exclamations. Then he lashed the better of his two sweating Rosinantes, but without paying any attention to the jolts, catching on here and there, not caring, demoralized, and almost weeping with thirst, with fatigue, and with sadness.

And on the river front, in the midst of the low drays and the big casks, and in the streets, at the corners of the boundaries, the bourgeois opened their great

astonished eyes before this thing so extraordinary in the provinces, a carriage with the shades drawn and which thus appeared, continuously, closer than a tomb and tossed about like a ship.

Once in the middle of the day, in the open country, at the moment in which the sun was darting his strongest rays against the old silvered lanterns, a naked hand passed under the curtain of yellow linen and threw out torn morsels of paper which scattered in the wind, and settled down farther on, like white butterflies on a field of red clover, all in bloom.

Then, toward six o'clock, the carriage stopped in a narrow street of the Beauvoisine Quarter, and a woman descended from it and walked away with her veil lowered, without turning her head.

II

When she arrived at the inn, Madame Bovary was surprised not to see the diligence. Hivert, who had waited for her fifty-three minutes, had finally gone off without her.

Nothing compelled her to depart; but she had promised that she would return that very evening. Charles was waiting for her; and she already felt in her heart that cowardly docility which is for so many

women, as it were, at once the chastisement and the ransom of adultery.

She quickly packed her trunk, paid her bill, took a cabriolet in the court, and by urging the driver, encouraging him, asking the hour every minute and the number of kilometres traversed, succeeded in overtaking the *Hirondelle* at the first houses of Quincampoix.

As soon as she was seated in her corner, she closed her eyes and opened them at the bottom of the hill, where she recognized at a distance Félicité, who was posted like a sentinel before the house of the blacksmith. Hivert pulled up his horses and the cook, lifting herself up to the little windows of the diligence, said mysteriously :

“Madame, you must go immediately to Monsieur Homais’s house. It is for something very important.”

The village was silent as usual. At the corners of the streets there were little reddish piles which smoked in the air, for it was the time of the *confitures*, and everybody at Yonville prepared his provision of preserves on the same day. But there was to be admired, before the shop of the pharmacist, a much larger heap, and one which exceeded all the others with the superiority which a chemical laboratory should have over the bourgeois furnaces, a general need over the individual whims.

She entered. The great easy-chair was overturned, and even the *Fanal de Rouen* lay on the floor spread

out between the two pestles. She pushed open the door of the corridor ; and in the middle of the kitchen, amongst brown jars full of prepared currants, powdered sugar, sugar in lumps, the balances on the table, the basins on the fire, she perceived all the Homais, big and little, wearing aprons that mounted to their chins and holding forks in their hands. Justin was standing, hanging his head, and the pharmacist was crying at him :

“ Who told you to go and look in the Capharnaüm ? ”

“ What is it all about ? what is the matter ? ”

“ What is the matter ? ” repeated the apothecary.

“ The confitures are being prepared ; they are cooking ; but they were about to overflow because of their boiling too fast and I ordered another pan. Then he, through flabbiness, through laziness, went and took from its nail in my laboratory the key of the Capharnaüm. ”

The apothecary gave this name to a cabinet, under the roof, full of the utensils and the merchandise of his profession. Sometimes he passed there alone long hours in labeling, decanting, tying up again ; and he considered it not as a simple store-room but as a veritable sanctuary, from which finally appeared, elaborated by his hands, all sorts of pills, boluses, tisanes, lotions and potions, which should contribute to extend his celebrity throughout the neighborhood. No one in the world put foot inside it ; and he respected it so greatly that he swept it out himself. In fact, if the pharmacy,

opened to all comers, was the locality in which he displayed his pride, the Capharnaüm was the refuge in which, concentrating himself egotistically, Homais found delight in the exercise of his predilections; thus the stupidity of Justin appeared to him monstrous with irreverence, and, redder than the currants, he repeated:

“Yes, of the Capharnaüm. The key which locks up the acids with the caustic alkalies. To have taken a reserve pan! a pan with a lid! and of which perhaps I have never made use! Everything has its importance in the delicate operations of our art! But what the devil! it is necessary to establish distinctions and not to employ for almost domestic purposes that which is intended for pharmaceutical. It is as if you were to cut up a pullet with a scalpel, as if a magistrate ——”

“But calm yourself,” said Madame Homais, and Athalie, pulling at his coat: “Papa! papa!”

“No, let me be!” resumed the apothecary, “let me be! the deuce! as well set up as a grocer, upon my word of honor! Come along! go ahead! respect nothing! break! smash! let out the leeches! burn the marshmallow! pickle cucumbers in the decanters! tear up the bandages!”

“You had, however ——” said Emma.

“In a minute! Do you know to what you exposed yourself? Did you see nothing in the left hand corner, on the third shelf? Speak, answer, articulate something!”

“I do — not, know,” stammered the youth.

“Ah! you do not know! well, I know! I do! you saw a bottle, in blue glass, sealed with yellow wax which contains a white powder on which I even wrote *dangerous!* and do you know what is inside? arsenic! and you have been and touched that, taken the pan which was beside it?”

“Beside it!” cried Madame Homais, clasping her hands. “Arsenic? You might have poisoned us all.” And the children commenced to utter cries, as if they already felt atrocious pains in their entrails.

“Or poisoned a sick person!” continued the apothecary. “You wish then that I should appear in the criminal box! before the Court of Assizes! to see me dragged to the scaffold? Are you ignorant of the care which I observe in the manipulations, although I am furiously addicted to them. Often I am frightened myself when I think of my responsibility! for the government prosecutes us, and the absurd legislation which regulates us is like a veritable sword of Damocles suspended over our heads!”

Emma no longer thought of asking what was wanted of her, and the pharmacist continued in breathless phrases:

“This is how you recognize the bounties which have been bestowed on you! This is how you recompense me for the altogether paternal cares of which I have been so prodigal to you. For, without me, where

would you be? what would you do? Who would furnish you with nourishment, education, clothing and all the means for figuring one day with honor in the ranks of society? But it is necessary, for that, to sweat strongly at the oar, and to acquire, as is said, callosities on the hands. *Fabricando fit faber, age quod agis.*" He quoted Latin, so much was he exasperated. He would have quoted Chinese and Greenlander tongues if he had been acquainted with those two languages, for he was in one of those crises in which the entire soul displays indistinctly all that it incloses, like the ocean which, in its tempests, opens up, from the fucus on its shore to the sand of its abysses.

And he resumed:

"I commence to repent terribly of having taken charge of you. I would certainly have done better to have left you formerly to stagnate in your poverty and in the mud in which you were born. You will never be good for anything except for a herdsman for horned cattle. You have no aptitude for the sciences! Scarcely do you know how to paste on a label. And you live here with me, like a canon, in clover, taking your ease."

But Emma turned toward Madame Homais:

"I was told to come here ——"

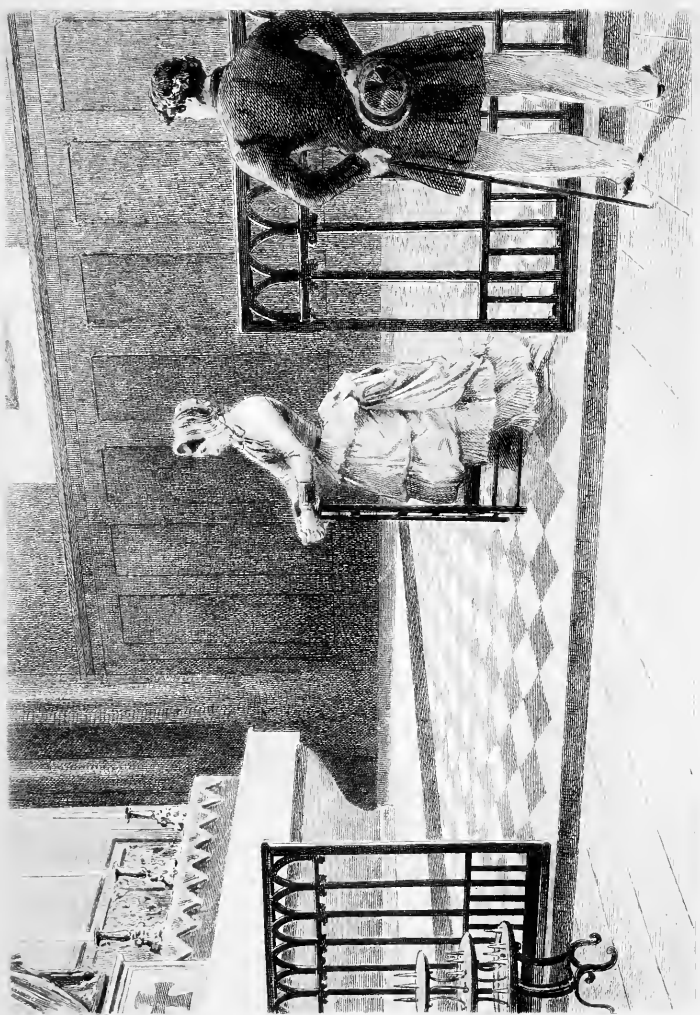
"Ah! Mon Dieu," interrupted the good lady with a sorrowful air, "how shall I say it to you? —— It is a misfortune!"

Part Third Chapter I

She withdrew her hand brusquely and entered the chapel of the Virgin, where, kneeling against a chair, she began her prayers.

The young man was irritated by this bigoted fancy; then he experienced, however, a certain charm in seeing her, in the midst of the rendezvous, thus lost in her orisons like an Andalusian marchioness; then he soon wearied, for she did not finish.





She did not finish. The apothecary thundered :

“Empty it out! scour it out! take it back! hurry up there!”

And, shaking Justin by the collar of his jacket, he caused a book to fall out of his pocket.

The youth stooped to pick it up. Homais was quicker, and having seized the volume he contemplated it, his eyes staring, his mouth open.

“*L'Amour — conjugal,*” said he, separating these words slowly. “Ah! very good! — very good! very pretty! And engravings? — Ah! this is too much!”

Madame Homais came forward.

“No! do not touch it!”

The children wished to see the picture.

“Go out of the room!” said he, imperiously.

And they went.

He walked about at first, forward and backward, with great strides, keeping the open volume between his fingers, rolling his eyes, suffocating, swelling, apoplectic. Then he went straight up to his pupil and, planting himself before him, with his arms folded :

“But you have then all the vices, little wretch! — Take care, you are on an incline! — You have then not reflected that it might, this infamous book, fall into the hands of my children, set the spark in their brains, tarnish the purity of Athalie, corrupt Napoléon? He is already formed like a man. Are you quite certain,

at least, that they have not read it? can you certify to me ——”

“But, monsieur,” said Emma, “you had to tell me ——”

“That is true, madame. Your father-in-law is dead!”

In fact, the *Sieur Bovary père* had died two days before, suddenly, of an attack, on rising from the table; and, through an excessive precaution for Emma’s sensitiveness, Charles had entreated *Monsieur Homais* to convey to her with the greatest care this horrible piece of news.

The pharmacist had meditated his phrases; he had rounded them, polished them, made them rhythmical. It was a masterpiece of prudence and of subtle transition, of fine turnings and of delicacies; but his cholera had flown away with his rhetoric.

Emma, renouncing the details, accordingly left the pharmacy, for *Monsieur Homais* had resumed the course of his vituperation. He had calmed down however, and at present he was grumbling in a paternal tone, fanning himself all the while with his Greek cap:

“It is not that I disapprove entirely of the work! The author is a medical man. There are within it certain scientific considerations which it is not bad for a man to be acquainted with, and I would venture to say that it is necessary that a man should know them.

But later, later ! Wait at least till you are a man yourself, and until your constitution is developed."

At the sound of the door-knocker in Emma's hands, Charles, who was waiting for her, coming forward with his arms open, said to her in sobbing tones :

"Ah ! my dear wife !"

And he stooped forward to kiss her. At the contact of his lips the recollection of the other seized her, and she passed her hand over her face, shuddering.

However she replied :

"Yes, I know —— I know ——"

He showed to her the letter in which his mother narrated the event, without any sentimental hypocrisy. Only, she regretted that her husband had not received the consolations of religion, having died at Doudeville, in the street, on the threshold of a café, after a patriotic repast with some former officers.

Emma returned the letter, then at dinner, for the sake of appearances, she affected some repugnance to food. But as he urged her, she set herself resolutely to eating, whilst Charles, opposite to her, remained motionless, in an overwhelmed attitude.

From time to time, lifting his head, he gave her a long look full of distress. Once he sighed :

"I would have liked to have seen him once more."

She was silent. Finally, comprehending that it was necessary to speak :

"How old was he, your father ?"

“Fifty-eight.”

“Ah!”

And that was all.

A quarter of an hour later he added :

“My poor mother. What will become of her now?”

She made a gesture of ignorance.

On seeing her so silent, Charles supposed her to be grieved, and he constrained himself to say nothing so as not to increase this sorrow which affected him to tenderness. However, shaking off his own :

“Did you amuse yourself well yesterday?” he asked.

“Yes.”

When the cloth was removed, Bovary did not rise, nor did Emma ; and as she continued to look at him, the monotony of this spectacle banished little by little all pity from her heart. He seemed to her mean, feeble, null, to be a poor man in short, in every possible way. How to rid herself of him? What an interminable evening ! something stupefying like the vapor of opium oppressed her.

They heard in the vestibule the dry sound of a stick on the planks. It was Hippolyte who brought madame’s baggage. To set it down, he was obliged to describe painfully a quarter of a circle with his wooden staff.

“He no longer even thinks of it !” she said to herself, looking at the poor devil whose thick red head dripped with sweat.

Bovary felt for a small piece of money in the bottom of his purse, without appearing to comprehend all that there was of humiliation for him in the mere presence of this man, who stood there like the personified reproach of his incurable ineptitude :

“Oh! what a pretty bouquet you have!” he said, seeing on the chimney-piece Léon’s violets.

“Yes,” she said with indifference, “it is a bouquet which I have just bought — from a beggar.”

Charles took the violets, and, first refreshing his eyes all red with tears, he smelt them delicately. She took them quickly from his hand and carried them off to put in a glass of water.

The next day Madame Bovary mère arrived. She and her son wept a great deal. But Emma, under pretext of having orders to give, disappeared.

The following day it was necessary to consult upon the details of the mourning. They seated themselves with their workboxes under the arbor, on the edge of the water.

Charles thought of his father, and he was surprised to feel so much affection for this man whom, up to this time, he had believed he loved but very slightly. Madame Bovary mère thought of her husband. The worst days of former times reappeared to her as enviable. Everything was effaced under the knowledge bringing regret that followed the cessation of habits of so long standing; and from time to time, whilst she

plied her needle, a great tear descended along her nose and rested there for a moment, suspended. Emma remembered that, scarcely forty-eight hours ago, they were together, far from the world, lulled in intoxication, and not having eyes enough with which to look at each other. She endeavored to seize again the most imperceptible details of this day which had disappeared. But the presence of the mother-in-law and of the husband vexed her. She would have wished to hear nothing, see nothing, in order not to interfere with the contemplation of her love which threatened to lose itself, do what she might, under the pressure of exterior sensations.

She was ripping up the lining of a dress, the scraps of which were scattered around her; the Mère Bovary, without lifting her eyes, was making her scissors ceaselessly click, and Charles, with his list slippers and his old brown frock coat, which served him as a dressing-gown, remained with his two hands in his pockets and spoke no more than the others; near them Berthe, in a little white apron, scraped up with her shovel the sand of the pathways.

Suddenly they saw Monsieur L'Heureux, the cloth merchant, enter the gate.

He came to offer his services, *in consideration of the mournful occasion*. Emma replied that she thought they could dispense with him. The merchant did not consider himself beaten.

“A thousand pardons,” he said, “I should like to have a private interview.”

Then, in a low voice :

“It is in relation to that affair — You know?”

Charles became crimson to his ears.

“Ah! yes — that is so.”

And in his trouble, turning toward his wife :

“Could you not — my dear? —”

She seemed to comprehend, for she rose, and Charles said to his mother :

“It is nothing! doubtless some little domestic detail.”

He did not wish that she should learn the history of the note, fearing her comments.

As soon as they were alone, Monsieur L'Heureux proceeded in terms sufficiently clear to congratulate Emma upon the inheritance, then to talk of different things, of wall-fruit, of the harvest and of his own health, which was always *so-so, between the zist and the zest*. In fact, he gave himself five hundred devils' worth of trouble, although he did not make, notwithstanding all that was said about him, enough even to have butter on his bread.

Emma allowed him to talk. She had been so prodigiously bored for the last two days!

“And here you are quite restored to health?” he continued. “*Ma foi!* I have seen your poor husband in a fine state! He is an honest fellow, although we have had difficulties together.”

She wished to know on what subjects, for Charles had concealed from her the dispute over the goods furnished.

“But you know very well,” said L’Heureux. “It was for your little notions, the traveling boxes.”

He had tilted his hat down over his eyes; and with his two hands behind his back, smiling and whistling, he looked directly at her with an air which was insupportable. Did he suspect anything? She was a prey to all sorts of apprehensions. Finally, however, he went on:

“We have become reconciled, and I have come again to propose to him an arrangement. It is to renew the note signed by Bovary. Monsieur, for that matter, can do as he pleases; there is no need for him to torment himself now, above all, that he is going to have a crowd of embarrassments; and he even would do better to place the burden upon other shoulders, on yours for example; with a power of attorney that would be convenient, and then we should have some little business together ——”

She did not understand. He was silent. Finally, going on to his business, L’Heureux declared that madame could not dispense with taking something from him. He would send her a black barège, twelve metres, with which to make a dress.

“That which you have on there is good for the house. It is necessary for you to have another for visiting. I

saw that, I did, the first thing when I came in. I have the American eye."

He did not send the stuff, he brought it. Then he came again for the measuring; he came again under other pretexts, seeking each time to make himself agreeable, serviceable, making a sort of vassal of himself, as Homais would have said, and always insinuating something to Emma on the power of attorney. He did not speak of the note. She no longer thought of it. Charles, at the beginning of her convalescence, had related something to her; but there had been so much agitation in her head that she no longer remembered it. Moreover, she was careful not to open any interesting discussion; the Mère Bovary was surprised at it, and attributed her change of humor to the religious sentiments which she had acquired during her illness.

But, as soon as she had departed, Emma did not delay surprising Bovary by her good, practical sense. It was going to be necessary to get information, to verify the mortgages, to see if there would be occasion for an auction or a liquidation. She quoted technical terms at hazard, pronounced the great words of order, of the future, of forethought, and continually exaggerated the embarrassments of inheritance so well that one day she showed to him the draft for a general authorization to "conduct and administer his affairs, make all loans, sign and endorse all notes, pay all sums, etc." She had profited by L'Heureux's lesson.

Charles, ingenuously, asked her from whence this paper came.

“From Monsieur Guillaumin;” and with the greatest coolness in the world she added: “I do not trust in it too much. The notaries have such a bad reputation! It would be necessary perhaps to consult — We are acquainted with only — Oh! no one.”

“Excepting Léon — ” said Charles, musing.

But it was difficult to come to an understanding by correspondence. Then she offered to undertake the journey. He thanked her. She insisted. It was a struggle of kind attentions. Finally, she cried in a tone of factitious mutiny:

“No! I entreat you, I will go.”

“How good you are!” he said, kissing her on the forehead.

The next day she embarked on the *Hirondelle* in order to go to Rouen to consult Monsieur Léon, and she remained there three days.

III

They were three days full, exquisite, splendid, a true honeymoon.

They were at the Hôtel de Boulogne, on the river front. And they lived there, shutters bowed, doors

closed, with flowers on the floor, and iced syrups which were brought to them in the morning.

Toward evening they took a covered boat and went to dine on an island.

It was the hour at which could be heard on the edges of the dockyards the mallets of the calkers, ringing on the hulls of the vessels. The smoke of the tar rose between the trees, and there could be seen on the river great greasy spots, undulating unequally under the purple color of the sun, like floating plaques of Florentine bronze.

They descended in the midst of vessels at their moorings, the long oblique cables of which grazed slightly the upper part of their boat.

The noises of the city insensibly died away in the distance, the rolling of the carts, the tumult of the voices, the barking of the dogs on the decks of the ships. She unloosened the strings of her hat and they landed on their island.

They installed themselves in the lower salle of a cabaret which had at its door black fishing-nets suspended. They ate fried smelts, cherries and cream. They lay upon the grass; they embraced each other apart, under the poplars; and they could have wished, like two Robinson Crusoes, to live perpetually in this little locality which seemed to them, in their beatitude, the most magnificent on the earth. This was not the first time that they had perceived trees, the blue sky,

the turf, that they had heard the water run and the breeze blowing among the leaves ; but they had never doubtless admired all these things,—as if nature had not existed before, or as if she had only commenced to be beautiful, since the satisfying of their desires.

At night they returned. The boat followed the edge of the island. They remained below, both of them hidden in the shadow, without speaking. The square oars sounded in the iron tholes ; and this marked in the silence, as it were, the beating of a metronome, whilst at the stern the steering oar, trailing, never ceased its little soft tapping in the water.

Once the moon appeared, then they did not fail to make phrases, finding the orb melancholy and full of poetry ; she even commenced to sing :

“ One evening, dost thou remember, we were sailing,” etc.

Her voice, feeble and harmonious, lost itself over the waves, and the wind carried away the roulades which he heard passing like the beating of wings around him.

She was opposite to him, leaning against the partition of the boat, where the moonlight entered by one of the open shutters. Her black dress, the draperies of which enlarged around her in fan shape, made her appear thinner and taller. Her head was raised, her hands joined, and her two eyes lifted towards heaven ; sometimes the shadows of the willows hid her entirely, then

she reappeared suddenly like a vision in the light of the moon.

Léon, on the floor at her side, found under his hand a ribbon of scarlet silk.

The boatman examined it and finally said :

“Ah! that comes perhaps from a company that I took on a sail the other day? There came a crowd of gay folks, ladies and gentlemen, with cakes, champagne, cornets-à-piston, the whole performance. There was one of them in particular, a big, handsome man with a little mustache, who was mightily amusing, and they said to him like this: “Come now, tell us something — Adolph — Dodolph — I think.”

She shuddered.

“You are ill?” said Léon, drawing close to her.

“Oh! it is nothing. Doubtless the freshness of the night.”

“And who probably does not have to do without women, neither,” added the old sailor softly, thinking to say a polite thing to a stranger. Then, spitting in his hands, he resumed his oars.

It was necessary, however, to separate. The farewells were sad. He was to send his letters to the Mère Rollet; and she gave him such precise recommendations concerning the double envelope, that he greatly admired her amorous astuteness.

“So you assure me that everything is all right?” she said in the last kiss.

“Yes, certainly.”

“But why is it,” thought he afterwards, in returning alone through the streets, “that she was so particular about that power of attorney.”

IV

Léon presently took on an air of superiority before his comrades, absented himself from their company and totally neglected his documents.

He waited for her letters. He re-read them. He wrote to her. He wrote her with all the strength of his desire and of his memories. Instead of diminishing by absence, this desire to see her again increased so strongly that one Saturday morning he made his escape from his office.

When, from the height of the hill, he could see in the valley the steeple of the church with its tin flag turning in the wind, he felt within him that delectation mingled with triumphal vanity and egotistic tenderness which millionaires should have when they return to visit their native village.

He went wandering around her house. A light was burning in her kitchen. He watched her shadow behind the curtains. Nothing appeared.

The Mère Lefrançois, on seeing him, uttered loud exclamations, and she thought he was "grown tall and grown thin," whilst Artémise, on the contrary, thought him "grown strong and brown."

He dined in the little salle, as formerly, but alone, without the collector; for Binet, *wearied* with waiting for the *Hirondelle*, had definitely advanced the time of his repast one hour, and at present he dined at five o'clock exactly; though he still pretended to find that *the old machine was behind time*.

Léon, however, made up his mind; he went and knocked at the doctor's door. Madame was in her chamber from which she did not descend until a quarter of an hour later. Monsieur appeared to be enchanted to see him again; but he did not budge during the whole evening, nor on the whole of the following day.

He saw her alone that night, very late, behind the garden, in the little street;—in the little street, as the other had done. It was stormy, and they talked under an umbrella by the flashes of lightning.

Their separation became intolerable — "Better to die," said Emma. She twisted herself on his arm, all in tears. "Adieu! — Adieu! — When shall I see you again?"

They returned upon their steps to embrace each other once more; and it was then that she made him a promise to procure, very soon, by no matter what means, a permanent opportunity to find herself at liberty, at least

once a week. Emma had no doubts about it. She was, moreover, full of hope. Money was coming to her.

Thus she purchased for her chamber a pair of yellow curtains, with large stripes, of which Monsieur L'Heureux had vaunted the cheapness to her; she dreamed of a carpet, and L'Heureux, affirming "that it was not drinking up the sea," politely engaged to furnish her one. She could no longer dispense with his services. Twenty times during the day she sent for him; immediately he dropped all his business, without permitting himself a murmur. It was not understood any better why the Mère Rollet breakfasted at her house every morning, and even paid her special visits.

It was about this period, that is to say, about the commencement of the winter, that she seemed to be taken possession of by a great musical ardor.

One evening, when Charles was listening to her, she recommenced four times successively the same piece, and each time vexed with herself, whilst he, without noticing the difference, exclaimed to her:

"Bravo! — very good! — you are wrong! go on!"

"Ah! no, — that is execrable — my fingers are all stiff."

The next day he entreated her *to play something for him again.*

"Very well, if it pleases you." And Charles declared that she had lost a little. She mistook the lines,

hesitated ; then, stopping short : “ Ah ! it is all over ! I should have to take lessons ! but —— ” she bit her lips and added : “ Twenty francs a lesson, that is too dear. ”

“ Yes —— in fact —— a little —— ” said Charles, grinning in an imbecile manner. “ However, it seems to me that it might perhaps be done for less, for there are artists without reputation who are often worth more than celebrities. ”

“ Hunt for them, ” said Emma.

The next day on returning, he looked at her with a sly eye, and was finally unable to retain his speech :

“ How obstinate you are sometimes. I was at Barfeuchères to-day. Well, Madame Liégeard assured me that her three demoiselles, who are at the Miséricorde, take lessons for the price of fifty sous a sitting, and from a famous mistress too —— ”

She shrugged her shoulders and opened her instrument no more.

But when she passed near it—if Bovary happened to be there, she sighed : “ Ah ! my poor piano ! ” And when anyone came to see her she did not fail to let you know that she had given up music, and that she could not at present take it up again for excellent reasons. Then she was condoled with. That was a pity ! she who had so fine a talent ! They even spoke of it to Bovary. They made him ashamed of it, and above all the pharmacist :

“ You are wrong ! you should never allow faculties of nature to lie fallow. Moreover, reflect, my dear

friend, that by persuading madame to study, you will economize later in the musical education of your child. For my part, I am of the opinion that the mothers should themselves instruct their children. It is an idea of Rousseau, perhaps a little novel still, but which will end by triumphing, I am certain of it, like the maternal suckling and vaccination."

Charles thus returned once more to this question of the piano. Emma replied sharply that it would be better to sell it. This poor piano, which had caused her so many vain satisfactions, to see it go away, it would be like the undefinable suicide of a part of herself!

"If you should wish ——" he said from time to time, "to take a lesson, that would not be, after all, extremely ruinous."—"But the lessons," she replied, "are only profitable when followed up."

And this is how she succeeded in obtaining from her husband the permission to go to the city once a week, to see her lover. It was even found at the end of a month, that she had made considerable progress.

V

It was on Thursday. She rose and she dressed herself silently, so as not to awaken Charles, who would

have remarked to her that she made her preparations at a very early hour. Then she walked up and down; she placed herself before the windows; she looked at the Place. The early light penetrated among the pillars of the market, and the house of the pharmacist, the shutters of which were closed, revealed in the pale color of the dawn the capital letters of its sign.

When the clock indicated quarter past seven, she went to the *Lion d'Or*, the door of which Artémise, yawning, opened to her. She raked up for madame the live coals lost under the ashes. Emma remained alone in the kitchen. From time to time she went out. Hivert was harnessing his horses without hurrying himself, and listening, moreover, to the Mère Lefrançois, who, protruding through an upper window her head in a cotton night-cap, charged him with commissions and gave him explanations to an extent that would have distracted any other man. Emma beat the soles of her shoes against the pavements of the court.

Finally, when he had eaten his soup, put on his coarse woolen cloak, lighted his pipe and grasped his whip, he installed himself tranquilly on his seat.

The *Hirondelle* started at a little trot, and for the first three-quarters of a league stopped from time to time to pick up travelers, who were watching for it, standing on the edge of the road, before the enclosures of the courtyards. Those who had given him notice the night before, had to be waited for, some of them

even were still in bed in their houses ; Hivert called out, cried, swore, then he descended from his seat and went and pounded with great blows on the doors. The wind blew through the cracked windows of the diligence.

However, the four benches filled up, the vehicle rolled along, the rows of apple-trees succeeded each other ; and the road, between its two long ditches full of yellow water, went on indefinitely, narrowing towards the horizon.

Emma knew it from one end to the other ; she knew that after a grass field there was a hand-post, then an elm, a barn or the hut of an official road-guard ; sometimes even, in order to give herself surprises, she closed her eyes. But she never lost the clear feeling of the distance to be traveled.

Finally, the brick houses grew closer together, the ground resounded under the wheels and the *Hirondelle* glided along between the gardens, in which might be perceived, through an opening, statues, a rustic table, triangular, carved stands for lamps and a swing. Then, all at once, the city appeared.

Descending completely into an amphitheatre and drowned in the mists, it grew larger beyond the bridges, confusedly. The open country mounted beyond, with a monotonous movement, until it touched in the extreme distance the undecided bottom of the pale sky. Thus seen from above, the entire landscape had a

motionless air like a painting; the vessels at anchor were grouped in a corner; the river rounded its curves at the foot of green hills, and the islands, oblong in form, seemed to lie on the water like great black fish resting there. The factory chimneys gave out immense brown plumes, which melted away at the tops. The droning of the foundries could be heard with the clear bell-ringing of the churches which rose through the mist. The leafless trees of the boulevards made violet colored brushes in the midst of the houses, and the roofs, all shining with rain, reflected unequally, according to the varying heights of the quarters. Sometimes a puff of wind carried away the clouds toward the hill of Sainte-Catherine, like aerial waves which wrecked themselves in silence against a cliff.

Something vertiginous disengaged itself for her from all these heaped-up existences, and her heart swelled with it greatly, as if the hundred and twenty thousand souls which palpitated there had sent to her, all at once, the vapor of the passions which she supposed in them. Her love enlarged before this spaciousness and became tumultuous under the vague murmurs which ascended. She poured it out again on all the exteriors, on the public places, on the promenades, on the streets, and the old Norman city stretched itself out before her eyes like an immeasurable capital, like a Babylon which she was entering. She put her two hands on the edge of the little window, leaning out to inhale the

breeze ; the three horses galloped, the stones crunched in the mud, the diligence swayed, and Hivert from a distance hailed the covered carts on the road, whilst the bourgeois who had passed the night at Bois-Guil-laume descended the hill tranquilly, in their little family carriages.

They stopped at the barrier ; Emma unbuckled her clogs, put on another pair of gloves, readjusted her shawl, and, twenty paces farther on, she descended from the *Hirondelle*.

The city was then awakening. Shop-clerks in Greek caps were cleaning the fronts of their establishments, and women carrying baskets on their hips, uttered at intervals on the corners of the streets a sonorous cry. She walked along with her eyes on the ground, keeping close to the wall, and smiling with pleasure under her black lowered veil.

For fear of being seen she did not usually take the shortest road. She engulfed herself in the sombre, narrow streets, and she arrived, all in a perspiration, in the neighborhood of the lower part of the Rue Nationale, near to the fountain which is there. It is the quarter of the theatre, of the drinking shops and of the street-walkers. Often a cart passed near her carrying some stage decoration, which shook as it went. Waiters in aprons were scattering sand on the pavement, between green bushes. There was a smell of absinthe, of cigars and of oysters.

She turned the corner of a street ; she recognized him by his curled hair which escaped from under his hat.

Léon, on the sidewalk, continued his walk. She followed him as far as the hotel ; he ascended ; he opened the door ; he entered.—What an embrace !

Then the words, after the kisses, precipitated themselves over each other. They related to each other the vexations of the week, the presentiments, the anxieties about the letters ; but at present everything was forgotten, and they looked at each other face to face, with voluptuous laughter and appellations of tenderness.

The bed was a great mahogany one in the shape of a boat. The curtains of red levantine silk, which descended from the ceiling, arched themselves too low over the wide pillow,—and nothing in the world was so beautiful as her brown hair and her white skin, relieved against this purple color, when, by a gesture of modesty, she closed her two naked arms, hiding her face in her hands.

The tepid apartment with its discreet carpet, its gay ornaments and its tranquil light, seemed perfectly disposed for the intimacies of passion. The uprights of the furniture terminated in little spires, the curtain holders of brass and the great balls of the andirons glittered all at once if the sunshine entered. There was on the chimney-piece, between the candelabra, two of those great pink shells in which the noise of the sea can be heard when they are held to the ear.

How they loved this chamber full of gayety, notwithstanding its somewhat faded splendor! They always found the furniture in the same place and sometimes hairpins, which she had forgotten the last Thursday, under the base of the clock. They breakfasted at the corner of the fire, on a little table veneered with violet ebony. Emma cut up the food, placed the morsels on his plate, chattering on every subject, and she laughed with a sonorous, libertine laughter when the foam of the champagne overflowed from the light glass upon the rings of her fingers. They were so completely lost in the possession of each other that they thought themselves in their own private house, and that they should live there until death, like two eternally young spouses. They said our chamber, our carpet, our chairs, she also said my slippers, in speaking of a gift from Léon, satisfying a whim which she had had. They were slippers in pink satin, bordered with swansdown. When she seated herself on his knees, her leg, then too short, hung in the air,—the slight shoe, which had no heel-piece, was retained only by the toes of her naked foot.

He appreciated for the first time the inexpressible delicacies of the feminine elegances. Never before had he met with this grace of language, this modesty of garments, these attitudes of a satisfied dove. He admired the exaltation of her soul and the laces of her petticoat. Moreover, was she not *a woman of the world*, and a married woman! a real mistress, in short?

By the diversity of her humor, alternately mystical or joyous, garrulous, taciturn, enthusiastic or nonchalant, she recalled to him a thousand desires, evoking instincts or reminiscences. She was the loving mistress of all the romances, the heroine of all the dramas, the vague *she* of all the volumes of verses. He found again on her shoulders, the amber color of the *Odalisque au bain*; she had the long shape of the feudal châtelaines; she resembled also the *Femme pâle de Barcelone*, but she was, above all,—the Angel! Often, in looking at her, it seemed to him that his soul, escaping toward her, diffused itself like a wave on the contour of her head, and descended, drawn downwards by the whiteness of her breast.

He placed himself on the floor, before her,—and his two elbows on her knees, he looked at her with a smile, his forehead uplifted.

She leaned down toward him and murmured as if suffocating with intoxication:

“Oh! do not stir! do not speak! look at me! There issues from your eyes something so soft, which is so good to me.” She called him child. “Child, dost thou love me?” And she scarcely heard his response in the precipitancy of his lips, which ascended to her mouth.

There was on the clock a little Cupid in bronze, who put on an affected air in rounding his arms under a gilded garland. They laughed at him many times;

but when it became necessary to separate, everything seemed serious to them.

Motionless, one before the other, they repeated to each other: "Till Thursday! till Thursday!"

Suddenly she took his head between her two hands, kissed him excitedly on the forehead, exclaiming: "Adieu," and disappeared in the stairway.

She went to the Rue de la Comédie, to the shop of a hairdresser, where she had her coiffure arranged. The night was falling. The gas was being lighted in the shops.

She heard the hand bell of the theatre which was summoning the poor actors to the representation; and she saw, passing before her, men with blanched complexions and women in faded toilets, who passed in by the stage entrance.

It was warm in this little too low apartment, in which the stove hummed in the midst of the perukes and the pomades. The odor of the irons with which these greasy hands manipulated her head was not long in soothing her; and she became sleepy under her *peignoir*. Frequently the attendant, in dressing her hair, offered her tickets for the masked ball.

Then she went away! She ascended the streets again; she arrived at the *Croix Rouge*; she put on again her clogs, which she had hidden in the morning under a bench, and settled down in her place, among the impatient travelers. Some of them got

out at the bottom of the hill. She remained alone in the vehicle.

At each turning of the road there were seen wider views of the lights of the city, which formed a great, luminous vapor over the confused houses ; Emma knelt on the cushions, and she let her eyes wander over this bedazzlement. She sobbed, called on Léon, dispatched to him tender words and kisses, which were lost in the wind.

There was on the hill, a poor devil wandering about with his stick, in the midst of the diligences ; a mass of rags covered his shoulders, and an old beaver hat crushed in, rounded like a basin, concealed his face. But when he took it off he revealed in place of eyelids, two gaping orbits all bloodshot. The flesh separated in red strips, and there flowed from it liquids which coagulated in a green scurf on the nose, the black nostrils of which snuffled convulsively. In order to speak to you, he threw back his head with an idiot laugh ; then his bluish eyeballs, rolling with a continuous movement, seemed to knock themselves, toward the temples, against the edges of the living wound.

He sang a little song in following the vehicles :

“ Often the heat of a glorious day
Makes a young girl dream of love.”

And there was in all the rest birds, sunshine and green leaves.

Sometimes he suddenly appeared behind Emma, bareheaded. She drew back with a cry. Hivert joked with him. He advised him to engage a booth at the Saint-Romain fair, or asked him, laughing, how his sweetheart was.

Often they were going along when his hat entered the diligence with a sudden movement, through the window, whilst he hung on with the other arm on the foot-board, amongst the mud of the wheels. His voice, weak at first and crying like an infant's, became sharp. It dragged along in the night like the indistinct lamentations of a vague distress, and through the tinkling of the little bells, the murmur of the trees, and the rumbling of the great hollow box, it had something of far away which greatly affected Emma. It descended into the bottom of her soul like a whirlwind into an abyss, and carried it away into the infinity of a boundless melancholy. But Hivert, who perceived the counter-weight, struck at the blind man great strokes with his whip. The lash cut in his wounds, and he fell in the mud, howling.

Then the travelers of the *Hirondelle* ended by going to sleep, some of them with their mouths open, the others with the chin lowered, leaning on the shoulder of their neighbor, or with the arm passed through the strap, all of them oscillating regularly with the shaking of the vehicle; the light of the lantern which was swinging outside, over the croup of the shaft horses,

penetrating into the interior through the curtains of chocolate calico, deposited sanguinary shadows on all these motionless individuals. Emma, intoxicated with sadness, shivered under her garments, and felt her feet growing colder and colder with the death in her soul.

Charles, at the house, was waiting for her; the *Hirondelle* was always late on Thursday. Madame had come at last! it was much if she embraced the little one. The dinner was not ready, no matter! she excused the cook. Everything seemed to be permitted nowadays to this maidservant.

Often her husband, noticing her pallor, asked her if she were not ill.

“No,” said Emma.

“But,” he pursued, “you are strange this evening?”

“Oh! it is nothing, it is nothing.”

There were even days when, as soon as she had entered, she ascended to her chamber; and Justin, who was there, went about with noiseless steps, more ingenious in serving her than an excellent lady of honor. He placed the matches, the chamber candlestick, a book, arranged her wrapper, opened the bed-clothes.

“Come,” she said, “that is good, that is all right, go away;” for he remained standing, his hands hanging and his eyes open, as if enmeshed in the innumerable threads of a sudden reverie.

The next day was frightful, and the following ones were still more intolerable through Emma’s impatience

to seize again her happiness, a bitter covetousness, enflamed with known images, and which on the seventh day burst out unrestrained under Léon's caresses. His ardors hid themselves under the expansions of amazement and of gratitude; Emma tasted this love in a discreet and absorbed manner, entertained it by all the artifices of her tenderness, and trembled a little lest it should lose itself later.

Often she said to him with the softness of her melancholy voice :

“Ah! you will quit me, you will! — you will marry! — you will be like the others.”

He asked, what “others?”

“Why, the men,” she replied. Then she added, repulsing him with a languorous gesture: “You are all infamous!”

One day when they were talking philosophically of terrestrial disillusiones, she went so far as to say to him—to experiment on his jealousy, or yielding perhaps to a need of outpouring too strong for her—that formerly before him, she had loved someone. “Not like you,” she added quickly, protesting on the head of her little daughter *that nothing had happened*.

The young man believed her, and nevertheless he questioned her to know who *he* was.

“He was captain of a vessel, my friend.”

Was not this to forestall all researches, and at the same time to set herself very high, by this pretended

fascination exercised over a man who must have been by nature warlike and accustomed to receiving ready submission?

The clerk thus felt the objection of his position ; he envied the epaulets, the crosses, the titles. All those things should please her ; he suspected her spendthrift habits.

However, Emma suppressed a number of her extravagances, such as the desire to have, to bring her to Rouen, a blue tilbury drawn by an English horse and driven by a groom in top boots. It was Justin who had inspired her with this caprice, in entreating her to take him into her house as valet de chambre ; and if this privation did not diminish at each rendezvous the pleasure of the arrival, it certainly augmented the bitterness of the return.

Often, when they were speaking of Paris, she ended by murmuring :

“Ah ! that we might, indeed, be living there !”

“Are we not happy ?” replied the young man softly, passing his hand over her hair.

“Yes, it is true,” she said, “I am foolish ; embrace me !”

She was for her husband more charming than ever, she made for him pistache creams and played waltzes for him after dinner. He considered himself then the most fortunate of mortals, and Emma lived without anxiety, when one evening, suddenly :

“It is Mademoiselle Lempereur, is it not, who gives you lessons?”

“Yes.”

“Well, I saw her recently,” replied Charles, “at Madame Liégeard’s. I spoke to her of you; she does not know you.”

It was like a thunder-stroke. However, she replied with a perfectly natural air:

“Ah! doubtless she has forgotten my name.”

“But there are perhaps in Rouen,” said the doctor, “several Demoiselles Lempereur who are teachers of the piano?”

“That is possible!” Then, quickly: “However, I have her receipts, see, I will show them to you.” And she went to her secretary, searched through the drawers, confounded the papers, and ended by losing her head so completely that Charles interfered to prevent her giving herself so much trouble for those miserable receipts.

“Oh! I will find them,” she said.

In fact, on the following Friday, Charles, in putting on one of his boots in the dark cabinet in which his clothes were kept, felt a sheet of paper between the leather and his stocking; he took it out and read:

“Received, for three months of lessons, in addition to several articles furnished, the sum of sixty-five francs.—Félicie Lempereur, Professor of Music.”

“How the devil did that come in my boots?”

“It has doubtless,” she replied, “fallen from the old portfolio of bills which is on the edge of the shelf.”

Dating from this moment, her existence was no longer anything but an assemblage of falsehoods in which she enveloped her love, as if in veils, to conceal it. It was a need, a mania, a pleasure; to such a degree, that if she said to you that she had passed yesterday on the right side of the street, it was necessary to believe that she had taken the left side.

One morning when she had departed, according to her custom, sufficiently lightly clad, there came a sudden fall of snow; and as Charles looked out at the weather through the window, he perceived Monsieur Bournisien in the *boc* of the Sieur Tuvache who was driving him to Rouen. Whereupon he descended to confide to the ecclesiastic a heavy shawl that he might give it to madame, as soon as he arrived at the *Croix Rouge*. No sooner had he reached the inn than Bournisien asked for the wife of the doctor of Yonville. The host replied that she frequented his establishment excessively little; so that, on recognizing Madame Bovary in the *Hirondelle* in the evening, the curé related to her his embarrassment, without appearing, for that matter, to attach much importance to it, for he launched into the eulogy of a preacher, who at that time was doing marvelous things in the Cathedral, and whom all the women were running to hear.

Nevertheless, if he had not asked any explanations there might be others, later, who would show themselves less discreet. Therefore she judged it advisable to descend every time at the *Croix Rouge*, so that the good people of her village, who met her on the stairway, would suspect nothing.

One day, however, Monsieur L'Heureux met her as she was coming out of the Hôtel de Boulogne on Léon's arm; and she was afraid, thinking that he would babble; he was not such a fool.

But three days later he entered her chamber, closed the door behind him, and said:

"I am in need of money."

She declared that she was unable to give him any. L'Heureux expanded in complaints and recalled all the favors that he had done her.

In fact, of the two notes signed by Charles, Emma had, up to the present, paid only one. As to the second, the merchant on her entreaty had decided to renew it by two others, and they had even been renewed to run for a very long period. Then he drew from his pocket a list of articles not yet paid for, that is to say, the curtains, the carpet, the stuff for the easy-chairs, several dresses and various toilet articles, the value of which amounted to the sum of about two thousand francs. She lowered her head; he went on:

"But if you have no money, you have *property*." And he indicated a very poor little house situated at

Barneville, near to Aumale, which did not bring in much. This had formerly been the dependency of a little farm sold by Monsieur Bovary père, for L'Heureux knew everything, even to the production per acre and the names of the neighbors. "I, if I were in your place," he said, "I would get rid of it, and I would have, moreover, the surplus of the money."

She raised the objection of the difficulty of finding a purchaser; he gave her the hopes of being able to secure one; she asked what action should be taken so that she would be able to sell.

"Have you not the power of attorney?" he replied.

This word came to her like a breath of fresh air.

"Leave me the bill," said Emma.

"Oh! it is not worth while," replied L'Heureux.

He returned the following week and boasted of having, after a great many negotiations, ended by discovering a certain Langlois, who for a long time had had his eye on the property, without knowing its price.

"Never mind the price!" she cried.

It was necessary, on the contrary, to wait for the purpose of sounding this fine fellow. The thing was worth the trouble of the journey; and as she could not make this journey, he offered to go to the spot to have an interview with Langlois. When he came back, he announced that the purchaser proposed four thousand francs. Emma expanded at this news. "Frankly," he added, "that is a good price."

She received the half of this sum immediately, and when she was about to pay her bill, the merchant said to her :

“It vexes me, on my word of honor, to see you give up all at once as *handy* a sum as that.”

Then she looked at the bank notes, and thinking of the unlimited number of rendezvous that these two thousand francs represented :

“How ! how !” she stammered.

“Oh !” he replied, laughing, with a good-natured air, “we will put everything there is on the bill. Do I not know how to manage things ?” And he looked at her steadily, while holding in his hands two long papers which he made slip between his finger nails. Finally, opening his portfolio, he spread out upon the table four notes to order, of a thousand francs each one.

“Sign that,” he said, “and keep it all.”

She exclaimed, scandalized.

“But if I give you the surplus,” replied Monsieur L’Heureux with effrontery, “am I not rendering you a service ?” And, taking the pen, he wrote at the bottom of the bill : “Received of Madame Bovary, four thousand francs.” “What is it that worries you ? since you will receive in six months the last payment on your barracks, and since I will place for you, the maturity of the last note after this payment.”

Emma was somewhat confused in these calculations, and her ears rang as if the pieces of gold, bursting out

of their sacks, were clinking all around her on the floor. Finally, L'Heureux explained that he had a friend Vincart, a banker at Rouen, who would discount for him these four notes; then he would return, himself, to madame, the surplus of the actual debt.

But instead of two thousand francs he only brought eighteen hundred, for the friend Vincart—as *was just*—had taken two hundred of them for expenses of commission and of discount. Then he asked carelessly for a receipt. “You understand — in business — Sometimes — And with the date, if you please, the date.”

A whole horizon of fancies which could be realized opened before Emma. She had enough prudence to put aside a thousand crowns with which were paid, when they fell due, the first three notes; but the fourth, as it happened, fell into the household on a Thursday, and Charles, filled with consternation, waited impatiently the return of his wife to have explanations.

If she had not informed him of this note, it was to spare him some domestic disturbance; she seated herself on his knees, caressed him, cooed to him, made a long enumeration to him of all the indispensable things purchased on credit. “In short, you will agree that, in consideration of the quantity, it is not too dear.”

However, Charles, at the end of his wits, presently had recourse to the eternal L'Heureux, who swore to

regulate things if monsieur would sign for him two notes, one of which was for seven hundred francs, payable in three months. In order to put himself in condition for this, he wrote to his mother a pathetic letter. Instead of sending the answer, she came herself; and when Emma wished to know if he had obtained anything from her :

“Yes,” he replied. “But she demands to see the bill.”

The next day, at daybreak, Emma hastened to Monsieur L’Heureux to entreat him to make another note which should not exceed a thousand francs, for, to show that at four thousand, it would be necessary to say that she had paid two-thirds of it, and consequently to admit the sale of the real estate, a negotiation which had been well conducted by the merchant, and which was, in fact, not known till much later.

Notwithstanding the very low price of each article, Madame Bovary mère did not fail to find the expenses exaggerated.

“Could they not have done without a carpet? Why did they have to renew the stuff on the armchairs? In my time, there was in a house one easy-chair, for the aged persons, at least, it was that way in my mother’s house, who was an honest woman, I assure you — Everybody cannot be rich. No fortune would stand against constant outlay. I should blush to coddle myself as you do! and moreover, I — I am old, I stand in need of cares — And see here! and see

here! fineries, *flafas!* What! silk for lining at two francs! — when you can have jaconet at ten sous, and even at eight sous, which would answer perfectly.”

Emma, lying back on the sofa, replied in the most tranquil manner possible: “Eh! madame, enough! enough!”

The other continued to sermonize, predicting that they would all end in the almshouse.

“Moreover, it is Bovary’s fault. Happily, he has promised me to destroy that power of attorney —”

“What!”

“Ah! he has sworn it to me,” repeated the good woman.

Emma opened the window, called Charles, and the poor fellow was constrained to acknowledge his promise, wrested from him by his mother.

Emma disappeared, then returned quickly, offering to him majestically a thick sheet of paper.

“I thank you,” said the old woman.

And she threw the power of attorney into the fire.

Emma commenced to laugh with a strident, noisy, continuous laugh: it was a nervous attack.

“Ah! Mon Dieu,” cried Charles. “Eh! you are wrong, you are! you make scenes with her! —”

His mother, shrugging her shoulders, pretended that *all that was affectation*.

But Charles, revolting for the first time, defended his wife so well that Madame Bovary wished to depart.

She went away the next day, and on the threshold, as he endeavored to retain her, she replied :

“No, no. You love her better than me, and you are right, it is the natural order. For the rest, so much the worse ! you will see ! — Good health to you ! — For I shall not be at hand, as you say, to make scenes with her.”

Nevertheless, Charles remained foolish before Emma, as she did not conceal the resentment she bore him for having failed in his confidence in her. It required many prayers before she would consent to take her power of attorney again, and he even accompanied her to Monsieur Guillaumin's office to have another drawn up, quite similar to the first.

“I understand that,” said the notary, “a man of science cannot embarrass himself with the practical details of life.”

Charles felt himself soothed by this wheedling reflection, which gave to his feebleness the flattering appearance of a superior preoccupation.

What an outburst, the next Thursday, at the hotel in their chamber with Léon ! She laughed, wept, sang, danced, ordered sorbets brought up, wished to smoke cigarettes, appeared to him extravagant, but adorable, superb.

He did not know what a reaction of her whole being henceforth urged her to throw herself into the enjoyments of life. She became irritable, gormandizing,

and voluptuous ; and she walked with him in the streets with her head high, without fear, she said, of compromising herself. Sometimes, however, Emma shuddered at the sudden thought of encountering Rodolphe, for it seemed to her, although they were separated forever, that she was not completely enfranchised from her dependence.

One evening, she did not return to Yonville. Charles lost his head, and the little Berthe, not wishing to go to sleep without her mamma, sobbed as though her heart would break. Justin had gone off at hazard to look on the road. Monsieur Homais had quitted the pharmacy.

Finally, at eleven o'clock, not being able to contain himself any longer, Charles harnessed his *boc*, leaped into it, whipped up his beast and arrived about two o'clock in the morning at the *Croix Rouge*. No one there. He thought that the clerk, perhaps, might have seen her ; but where did he live ? Charles, luckily, recalled the address of his employer. He hastened there.

The day was beginning to dawn. He could distinguish escutcheons above a door ; he knocked. Someone from within, without opening, called to him the required information, adding very insulting expressions against those who came to disturb people in the middle of the night.

The house in which the clerk lived had neither bell, nor knocker, nor porter. Charles struck the shutters

violently with his fists. A police officer came along ; then he was afraid and went away.

“I am a fool,” he said to himself ; “doubtless they have kept her to dinner at the house of Monsieur Lormeaux.” — The Lormeaux family no longer lived in Rouen. “She has remained to nurse Madame Dubreuil.” — Eh ? Madame Dubreuil had been dead for ten months ! — “Where is she then ?”

An idea came to him. He asked in a café for the *Annuaire*, and quickly looked up the name of Mademoiselle Lempereur, who lived in the Rue de la Renelle-des-Marquiniers, No. 74.

As he entered this street, Emma appeared herself at the other end, he threw himself upon her rather than embraced her, crying :

“What kept you yesterday ?”

“I was sick.”

“And of what ? — Where ? — How ? — ”

She passed her hand over her forehead and replied :

“At Mademoiselle Lempereur’s !”

“I was sure of it ! I was going there.”

“Oh ! it is not worth the trouble,” said Emma, “she has just gone out ; but in the future, do be easy. I shall not feel free, you understand, if I know that the least delay upsets you in this way.”

It was a sort of permission which she gave herself not to restrain herself in her escapades. Thus she profited by it quite at her ease, freely. When the desire to see

Léon took her, she set off on any pretext whatsoever, and as he was not expecting her on that day, she went to look for him at his office.

This was, at first, a great happiness; but presently, he no longer concealed the truth from her, which was that his employer complained greatly of these proceedings.

“Ah! bah! you come, then,” she said.

And he took to running away.

She wanted him to dress himself all in black and to grow a little point on his chin, so that he might resemble the portraits of Louis XIII. She wished to see where he was lodged, found it but mediocre; he blushed for it; she did not pay any attention, then she advised him to buy curtains like her own, and as he objected to the expense:

“Ah! ah! you hold on to your little crowns!” she said, laughing.

It was necessary that Léon should relate to her, at every meeting, all his conduct since the last rendezvous. She demanded verses, verses for her, *a love sonnet* in her honor; he could never succeed in finding a rhyme for the second verse, and he ended by copying a sonnet from a keepsake.

It was less through vanity than with the one object of humoring her. He did not discuss her ideas; he accepted all her tastes; he became her mistress, rather than she, his. She had for him tender words with

kisses which carried away his soul. Where, then, had she learned this almost immaterial corruption, through being deep and dissimulating?

VI

In the journeys which he made to see her, Léon had often dined with the pharmacist, and thought himself obliged, through politeness, to invite him in his turn.

“Willingly!” Monsieur Homais had replied; “it is necessary, moreover, that I should reinvigorate myself a little, for I am growing rusty here. We will go to the theatre, to the restaurant; we will have a gay time!”

“Ah! my good friend! —” murmured Madame Homais tenderly, frightened at the vague terrors which he seemed disposed to risk.

“Well, what? you think that I am not ruining my health enough by living among the continual emanations of the pharmacy! Here you have, moreover, the character of the women: they are jealous of science, and then they oppose anyone enjoying the most legitimate distractions. Never mind, count on me; one of these days I shall fall into Rouen and we shall together make the *tin dance*.”

The apothecary, formerly, would have been very far from using such an expression ; but he was giving himself now a gay and Parisian style which he considered to be in the very best taste ; and, like Madame Bovary, his neighbor, he interrogated the clerk curiously concerning the manners and customs of the capital, he even talked slang so that he might bedazzle — the bourgeois, saying *turne*, *basar*, *chicard*, *chicandard*, *Breda-Street*, and *je me la casse* for “I am going away.”

Thus, one Thursday, Emma was surprised to encounter in the kitchen of the *Lion d'Or*, Monsieur Homais in a traveling costume, that is to say, covered with an old cloak so that no one might know him, whilst he carried in one hand, a valise and in the other, the foot-bag of his establishment. He had not confided his project to any one, for fear of disquieting the public by his absence.

The thought of seeing again the localities in which he had passed his youth, exalted his spirits doubtless, for he did not arrest his discourse during the whole journey ; then, as soon as he had arrived, he leaped quickly from the diligence in order to go in quest of Léon ; and, however the clerk might protest, Monsieur Homais dragged him off toward the grand Café of Normandy which he entered majestically without taking off his hat, considering it extremely provincial to uncover in a public place.

Emma waited for Léon three-quarters of an hour. Finally, she hastened to his office, and lost in all sorts of conjectures, accusing him of indifference and reproaching herself with her weakness, she passed the afternoon, her forehead glued against the window-pane.

At two o'clock they were still at table, facing each other. The grand salle had emptied itself; the stove-pipe, in the form of a palm-tree, curved over at the white ceiling its gilded sheaves, and near them, behind the window-pane, in the full sunlight, a little jet of water babbled in a marble basin, where, among the water-cress and the asparagus, three stupefied lobsters stretched themselves out as far as the pile of quails, all neatly arranged on their sides.

Homais was delighting himself. Although he was intoxicated with the luxury even more than with the good cheer, the Pomard wine, however, excited his faculties somewhat, and when the rum omelet appeared he was expounding certain immoral theories concerning women. That which seduced him above everything else was the *chic*. He adored an elegant toilet in a well-furnished apartment, and as to the corporal qualities, did not detest *le morceau*.

Léon looked at the clock in despair. The apothecary drank, ate, talked.

"You must be," said he, suddenly, "very much restricted here at Rouen. For the rest, your loves do

not lodge far away." — And as the other blushed: "Come now, be frank. Will you deny that at Yonville? —" the young man stammered. "At Madame Bovary's — you were courting?"

"Who then?"

"The servant!"

He was not jesting; but, his vanity running away with his prudence, Léon, in spite of himself, protested. Moreover, he only loved brunettes.

"I agree with you," said the pharmacist; "they have more temperament."

And, leaning over to the ear of his friend, he indicated the symptoms by which it might be recognized that a woman had temperament. He even launched into an ethnographic digression; a German woman was vaporous; the French, libertine; the Italian, passionate.

"And the negresses?" asked the clerk.

"That is an artist's taste," said Homais. "Waiter! — two demi-tasses!"

"Shall we go?" said Léon finally, impatiently.

"Yes."

But he wished before departing to see the master of the establishment and addressed to him some felicitations.

Then the young man, to be alone, asserted that he had some business.

"Ah! I will escort you," said Homais.

And all the while they were descending the streets, he was speaking of his wife, of his children, of their future, and of his pharmacy, relating in what decadence it had been formerly and the point of perfection to which it had now attained.

When they arrived before the Hôtel de Boulogne, Léon quitted him brusquely, flew up the stairway and found his mistress greatly agitated.

At the pharmacist's name, she exploded. However, he piled up good reasons,—it was not his fault, did she not know Monsieur Homais? could she believe that he preferred his company? but she turned away; he retained her; and sinking down on his knees, he encircled her waist with his two arms in a languorous pose, full of concupiscence and of supplication.

She was standing; her great flaming eyes looked at him seriously and in an almost terrible fashion. Then, tears obscured them, her pink eyelids lowered, she abandoned her hands to him, and Léon carried them to his mouth, when a servant appeared to notify monsieur that he was asked for.

“You will return?” she said.

“Yes.”

“But when?”

“Immediately.”

“It is a *truc*,” said the pharmacist when he saw Léon. “I wished to interrupt this visit which seemed

to me to vex you. Come, let us go to Bridoux to take a glass of garus."

Léon swore that he would have to return to his office. Then the apothecary took to jesting on the documents, on the procedures.

"Give up Cujas and Barthole for a little while, the devil! Who prevents you? Be a brave fellow! Come along, let us go to Bridoux, you will see his dog. It is very curious!"

And as the clerk was still obstinate :

"I am going also. I will read a journal while waiting for you, or I will turn over the Code."

Léon, dazed by Emma's anger, the loquacity of Monsieur Homais and perhaps by the effects of the déjeuner, remained undecided, and as if under the fascination of the pharmacist, who kept repeating :

"Come along to Bridoux! it's only two steps from here, in the Rue Malpalu!"

Then, through cowardice, through stupidity, through that unqualifiable sentiment which leads us into the most antipathetic actions, he allowed himself to be conducted to Bridoux ; and they found him in his little courtyard, supervising three assistants who were breathlessly turning the great wheel of the machine for making seltzer water. Homais gave them advice, he embraced Bridoux, they took the garus. Twenty times Léon wished to go away but the other retained him by the arm, saying to him :

“In a minute, I am going out. We will go to the *Fanal de Rouen* to see those messieurs. I will present you to Thomassin.”

He got rid of him, however, and reached the hotel in one bound. Emma was no longer there.

She had just departed, exasperated. She detested him now. This failure to keep his word at the rendezvous seemed to her an outrage, and she sought still other reasons for detaching herself from him; he was incapable of heroism, feeble, commonplace, softer than a woman, avaricious, moreover, and pusillanimous.

Then, calming down, she ended by discovering that she had doubtless calumniated him. But the disparagement of those whom we love always detaches us from them a little. Idols must not be touched; the gilding comes off on the fingers.

They acquired the habit of speaking more frequently of things indifferent to their love; and in the letters which Emma sent to him, there was much question of flowers, of verses, of the moon and of the stars, naive resources of an enfeebled passion, which endeavors to revive itself by the help of all exterior succors. She promised herself continually for her next expedition a profound felicity; then she confessed to herself that she had experienced nothing extraordinary. But this deception was soon effaced by a new hope, and Emma returned to him more inflamed, more eager. She undressed herself brutally, jerking out the long lacing

of her corset which whistled about her hips like a gliding serpent. She went tiptoe, on her naked feet, to see once more if the door were locked, then she threw off all her clothes together with one movement; and pale, without speaking, serious, she threw herself on his chest with a long shiver.

However, there was on this forehead covered with cold drops, on these stammering lips, in these wandering eyeballs, in the grasp of these arms, something extreme, vague and lugubrious, which seemed to Léon to glide between them subtly, as if to separate them.

He did not dare to question her; but, discerning that she was so experienced, he said to himself that she must have passed through all the trials of suffering and of pleasure. That which charmed him formerly, frightened him a little now. Moreover, he revolted against the absorption, each day greater, of his personality. He was displeased at Emma for this permanent victory. He even endeavored not to be devoted to her; then, at the creaking of her shoes, he felt himself weak and cowardly, like the drunkards at the sight of strong liquors.

She did not fail, it is true, to bestow upon him all kinds of attentions, from the refinements of the table to the coquetries of costume and the languors of her regard. She brought to him from Yonville, roses in her bosom which she threw in his face, displayed anxiety concerning his health, gave him good counsel

for his conduct, and, in order to retain him longer, hoping that Heaven, perhaps, would interfere, she hung around his neck a medal of the Virgin. She inquired, like a virtuous mother, concerning his comrades. She said to him: "Do not see them, do not go out, think only of us, love me." She would have wished for the power to watch over his life, and the idea came to her of having him followed in the streets. There was to be found always, near the hotel, a sort of vagabond who accosted the passers-by and who would not refuse — but her pride awoke. "— Eh! so much the worse! if he deceives me; what does it matter to me, am I dependent upon him?"

One day, when they had separated at an early hour and when she was returning alone along the boulevard, she perceived the walls of her convent; then she sat down on a bench, in the shadow of the elms. What peacefulness in those past times! how she longed for the ineffable sentiments of love which she had endeavored to figure to herself from what she found in books!

The first months of her marriage, her horseback rides in the forest, the viscount who waltzed, and Lagardy singing, all passed again before her eyes — And Léon suddenly appeared to her in the same remoteness as the others. "I love him, however," she said to herself; but it did not matter! she was not happy, nor ever had been. Whence came then this insufficiency

of life, this instantaneous decay of the things on which she leaned? — But if there were somewhere a strong and beautiful being, a valorous nature, full at once of exaltation and refinement, a poet's heart under an angel's form, a lyre with chords of brass sounding towards heaven elegiac epithalamiums, why, by some chance, could she not find it? Oh! what an impossibility! Nothing, moreover, was worth the pain of a search, everything lied. Each smile concealed a yawn of weariness, each joy a malediction, every pleasure its disgust, and the sweetest kisses left on your lips only the desire, never to be realized, of a higher voluptuousness.

A metallic rattling sounded through the air, and four strokes were sounded from the bell of the convent. Four o'clock! and it seemed to her that she had been there, on that bench, from all eternity. But an infinitude of passions can assert themselves in a minute, just as a crowd can be compressed in a very small space.

Emma lived entirely occupied with her own and no longer concerned herself about money, any more than an archduchess.

One day, however, a man of a mean appearance, rubicund and bald, entered her house saying that he had been sent by Monsieur Vincart, of Rouen. He drew out the pins which closed the side pocket of his long green frock-coat, stuck them carefully in his sleeve and politely tendered her a paper.

It was a note of seven hundred francs, signed by her, and which L'Heureux, notwithstanding all her protestations, had endorsed to the order of Vincart.

She sent her servant over to his place. He could not come.

Then the unknown who had remained standing, casting to right and left curious looks concealed by his heavy blonde eyebrows, asked with a candid air:

“What reply shall I take to Monsieur Vincart?”

“Well,” replied Emma, “say to him — that I have nothing — that it will be next week — that he wait — yes, next week.” And the man went away without speaking a word.

But the next day at noon she received a protest, and the sight of the stamped paper on which was displayed with several repetitions and in great letters: “Maitre Hareng, bailiff at Buchy,” frightened her so much that she ran at full speed to the shop of the dry goods merchant.

She found him in his store, occupied in tying up a parcel.

“Your servant,” he said, “I am at your disposal.”

Nevertheless, he continued his occupation, aided by a young girl of about thirteen years, slightly hump-backed, who served him both as clerk and as cook.

Then, making his sabots clank on the planks of the shop, he ascended before madame to the first floor, and introduced her into a narrow cabinet, in which a great

desk in fir wood supported several registers, protected transversely by a bar of iron padlocked. Against the wall, under remnants of printed calico, might be seen a strong box, but of such dimensions that it evidently contained other things than bills and money. Monsieur L'Heureux, in fact, lent money on security, and it was there that he had put the gold chain of Madame Bovary, with the earrings of the poor Père Tellier who, finally forced to sell out, had purchased at Quincampoix a little grocery establishment, where he was slowly dying of his catarrh, among his candles, less yellow than his countenance.

L'Heureux seated himself in his great straw armchair, saying :

“What is there new?”

“Look here.”

And she showed him the paper.

“Well, what can I do?”

Then she broke out, recalling to him the promise which he had given her not to put her notes in circulation; he admitted it.

“But I was obliged to, I had the knife at my throat.”

“And what will happen now?” she went on.

“Oh! it is very simple; a judgment by the court, and then a seizure of the goods; *bernique!*”

Emma restrained herself so as not to strike him. She asked him calmly if there were not some method of pacifying Monsieur Vincart.

“Ah! well, yes! — pacify Vincart! you scarcely know him; he is more ferocious than an Arab.”

However, it was necessary that Monsieur L'Heureux should interfere.

“Listen now! it seems to me that up to the present I have been pretty good to you.” And, opening one of his registers: “Wait!” then running up the page with his finger: “Let us see — let us see — August 3rd, 200 francs — June 17, 150 francs — March 23, 46 — In April —” He stopped, as if fearing to do something foolish. “And I do not say anything of the notes signed by monsieur, one of 700 francs and another of 300 francs. As to your little accounts at interest, there is no end to them, one gets all confused in them. I will not meddle with them any more!”

She wept, she even called him her “good Monsieur L'Heureux.” But he threw everything off upon that “fellow Vincart.” Moreover, he had not a centime, no one paid him now, they were taking the very clothes off his back, a poor shopkeeper like himself could not make advances.

Emma was silent, and Monsieur L'Heureux who was nibbling the feather of a pen, doubtless became uneasy at her silence, for he went on:

“At least, if one of these days, I should have some returns — I might be able to —”

“For that matter,” she said, “as soon as the arrears of Barneville —”

“How? ——” And on learning that Langlois had not yet paid, he appeared very much surprised. Then in a honeyed voice: “And we will agree, what do you say? ——”

“Oh! whatever you wish.”

Then he closed his eyes to reflect, wrote down some figures, and, declaring that he would have a great deal of trouble, that the affair was scandalous, and that he was *bleeding* himself, he dictated four notes of 250 francs each, falling due at intervals of a month between each. “Provided that Vincart will listen to me. For the rest, it is understood, I will not trifle, I am round as an apple.”

Afterwards he showed her carelessly several pieces of new merchandise, but not one of which, in his opinion, was worthy of madame. “When I think that here is a dress at seven sous a metre, and certified fast colors. They swallow all that however! we do not tell them what is in it, you may well believe,”—wishing by this avowal of knavishness towards others to convince her completely of his probity.

Then he called her back, to show her three yards of guipure which he had lately found “in a *vendue*.”

“This is handsome!” said L’Heureux, “it is now used a great deal for the backs of easy-chairs, it is all the style;” and, quicker than a juggler, he wrapped the guipure up in a piece of blue paper and put it in Emma’s hands.

“At least, let me know ——”

“Ah! later,” he replied, turning on his heel.

That evening, she urged Bovary to write to his mother that she should send them very quickly all the rest of the inheritance. The mother-in-law replied that there was nothing more; the liquidation was finished, and there remained to them, in addition to Barneville, six hundred francs income, which she would remit to them exactly.

Then madame sent bills to two or three of the patients, and presently began to use extensively this method, which succeeded. She was always careful to add a postscript: “Do not speak of it to my husband, you know how proud he is — Excuse me — Your servant —” There were some protests; she intercepted them.

To procure herself money, she began to sell her old gloves, her old bonnets, old iron; and she bargained rapaciously, her peasant's blood inciting her to gain. Then, in her journeys to the city, she began to buy second-hand knickknacks, which Monsieur L'Heureux would certainly take from her if no one else did. She bought ostrich feathers, Chinese porcelains and trunks; she borrowed from Félicité, from Madame Lefrançois, from the hostess of the *Croix Rouge*, from anyone, no matter whom. With the money which she finally received from Barneville, she paid two notes; the other fifteen hundred francs went in expenses. She contracted new engagements, and thus it went on!

Sometimes, it is true, she endeavored to make calculations ; but she discovered such exorbitant things that she could not believe in them. Then she recommenced, quickly became confused, abandoned everything and no longer thought of it.

The household was certainly not cheerful at present. Tradesmen might be seen coming out of it with furious countenances. There might be seen handkerchiefs drying before the fire, and the little Berthe, to the great scandal of Madame Homais, had holes in her stockings; if Charles timidly ventured an observation, she replied brutally that it was not her fault !

What was the cause of these transports? He attributed everything to her former nervous malady ; and reproaching himself with having taken her infirmities for defects, he accused himself of selfishness, experienced a desire to go suddenly and embrace her. "Oh! no," he said to himself, "I should only weary her." And he remained where he was.

After dinner, he walked alone in the garden ; he took the little Berthe on his knees and, unfolding his medical journal, undertook to teach her to read. But the child, who never studied, was not long in opening her great sorrowful eyes and beginning to cry. Then he consoled her, he went to get water in the watering-pot to make rivers in the sand, or broke off branches of the privet trees to make forests in the flower beds, which spoiled the garden but little, all overgrown with grass

as it was; there were so many days' work owing to Lestiboudois! Then the child was cold and asked for her mother. "Call your nurse," said Charles. "You know very well, my little one, that she does not wish to be disturbed."

The autumn commenced and already the leaves were falling,—as they were two years ago,—when she was sick! When would all this come to an end? — And he continued to walk, his hands clasped behind his back.

Madame was in her chamber. No one went up to her. She remained there all day long, dull, scarcely clothed, and from time to time burning pastils of the harem which she had bought at Rouen, in the shop of an Algerian. In order not to have near her at night this man sleeping, she had finally succeeded, by dint of grimaces, in relegating him to the second floor; and she read until morning, extravagant books in which there were orgiastic pictures with bloodthirsty situations. Often she would be seized by terror, she would utter a cry. Charles would hurry to her. "Ah! go away," she said. Or at other times, burning still more strongly with that intimate flame to which adultery gives life, breathless, in emotion, all afire with desire, she opened her window, breathed in the cold air, loosened to the wind her too heavy hair, and looking at the stars, longed for princely loves. She thought of him, of Léon. She would then have given everything for a

single one of those rendezvous which filled her with satiety.

Those were her gala days. She wished to have them splendid! and when he was unable to meet all the expense himself, she completed the sum in a liberal manner; this happened almost every time. He endeavored to make her comprehend that they would be as comfortable in some more modest hotel, but she raised objections.

One day, she drew from her handbag six little spoons in silver-gilt—this was the wedding present of the Père Rouault—requesting him to take them immediately to the pawnbroker's for her; and Léon obeyed, although this step displeased him. He was afraid of compromising himself.

Then, in reflecting upon it, he discovered that his mistress was taking on strange appearances, and that perhaps they were not wrong in wishing to detach him from her.

In fact, some one had written to his mother a long anonymous letter, warning her that he was *losing himself with a married woman*, and immediately the good lady, perceiving the eternal scarecrow of families, that is to say, the vague, pernicious creature, the siren, the monster, who inhabits fantastically the depths of love, wrote to Maître Dubocage, his employer, who was perfectly well-informed of this affair. He talked to him during three-quarters of an hour, wishing to open his eyes, to notify him of the gulf. Such an intrigue would

injure later, his establishment ; he entreated him to break it off ; and if he would not make this sacrifice in his own interest, that he at least should do it for him, Dubocage !

Léon had finally sworn to see Emma no more, and he reproached himself for not having kept his word, thinking of all that this woman might yet bring upon him, of embarrassment and of talk, without counting the jests of his comrades who repeated them to each other around the stove in the mornings. Moreover, he was about to become head clerk ; this was the time to be serious. Therefore, he renounced the flute, exalted sentiments, imagination ;—for every bourgeois, in the flush of his youth, were it only for a day, a minute, has believed himself capable of immense passions, of high enterprises. The most mediocre libertine has dreamed of sultanas ; each notary carries within him the remnants of a poet.

He was wearied now, when Emma suddenly broke into sobs on his breast ; and his heart, like those people who can only endure a certain dose of music, was stupefied with indifference at the tumult of a love of which he no longer distinguished the delicate shades.

They now knew each other too well to have those amazements of possession which increase its joy a hundredfold. She was as disgusted with him as he was fatigued with her. Emma found again in adultery all the platitudes of marriage.

But how to be able to be rid of it? Though she might so well feel humiliated by the baseness of such a happiness, she yet clung to it through force of habit or through corruption; and each day she threw herself on it still more furiously, drying up all felicity by wishing to have it too great. She accused Léon of her wrecked hopes, as if he had betrayed her; and she even wished for a catastrophe which would bring about their separation, since she had not the courage to decide upon it herself.

None the less she continued to write him loving letters, in virtue of that idea that a woman should always write to her lover.

But, in writing to him, she perceived another man, a phantom, composed of her most ardent souvenirs, of her most beautiful readings, of her strongest covetousnesses; and he became in the end so veritable and so accessible that she palpitated over him marveling, without being able, nevertheless, to imagine him clearly, so much did he disappear, like a god, under the abundance of his attributes. He inhabited that mystic bluish country, in which silk ladders hang from the balconies under the breath of the flowers, in the light of the moon. She felt him near to her, he was about to come and he would carry her away completely in a kiss. Then she fell back again, flat, exhausted, for these transports of vague love fatigued her more than the greatest debauches.

She experienced now an incessant and universal weariness. Frequently she received legal summons, stamped papers, which she scarcely looked at. She would have wished to live no longer, or to sleep continually.

The day of mid-Lent she did not return to Yonville; she went in the evening to the masked ball. She put on velvet pantaloons and red stockings with a club wig and a three-cornered hat over her ear. She danced all night to the furious sound of the trombones; the crowd made a ring around her; and she found herself in the morning under the peristyle of the theatre among five or six masks, stevedores and sailors, comrades of Léon, who were talking of going to supper.

All of the cafés of the neighborhood were full. They resolved upon a restaurant of the most ordinary kind on the river front, the proprietor of which placed at their disposal a little chamber located on the fourth floor.

The men whispered together in a corner, doubtless consulting over the expense. A clerk, two medical students and a salesman were there—what society for her! As to the women, Emma quickly perceived from the sound of their voices that they were almost all of the lowest order. Then she was seized with a sense of fear, pushed back her chair and, from shame, lowered her eyes.

The others commenced to eat. She did not eat ; her forehead seemed on fire, she had prickings in her eyelids and an icy cold in her skin. She felt in her head the floor of the ball still springing under the rhythmic pulsation of the thousand feet which danced over it. Then the odor of the punch with the smoke of the cigars stupefied her. She fainted ; they carried her to the window.

The day began to appear and a great spot of purple color enlarged itself in the pale sky in the direction of Sainte-Catherine. The livid river shivered in the wind ; there was no one on the bridges ; the street lamps were being extinguished.

She revived, however, and began to think of Berthe, who was sleeping over yonder in her nurse's chamber. But a cart loaded with long hoop-iron passed by, throwing against the walls of the houses a deafening metallic vibration.

She promptly made her escape, got rid of her costume, said to Léon that she would have to return, and finally found herself alone at the Hôtel de Boulogne. Everything and herself were alike insupportable to her. She would have liked, escaping like a bird, to have gone off to rejuvenate herself somewhere, very far away, in immaculate space.

She went out, she traversed the boulevard, the Place Cauchoise and the Faubourg as far as an open street which overlooked the gardens. She walked quickly,

the open air calmed her ; and little by little the figures of the crowd, the masks, the quadrille, the lights, the supper, those women, everything disappeared like mists swept away. Then returning to the *Croix Rouge*, she threw herself on her bed, in the little chamber on the second floor, where there were the pictures of *La Tour de Nesle*. At four o'clock in the afternoon. Hivert awakened her.

When she entered her own house, Félicité called her attention to a gray paper behind the clock. She read :

“By virtue of the engrossed copy, in form of a writ of execution of a judgment.” What judgment? The day before, in fact, they had brought another paper which she did not know of ; thus was she now stupefied by these words : *“Decree in the name of the King, the law and justice, to Madame Bovary.”* Then, jumping over several lines, she saw : *“In twenty-four hours without further delay.”* What then? *“To pay the sum total of eight thousand francs.”* And there was even, lower down : *“She will be constrained thereto by every legal process, and notably by the executory seizure of her furniture and effects.”*

What was to be done? — That was in twenty-four hours, to-morrow — L'Heureux, she thought, doubtless wished to frighten her again ; for she divined at once all his manœuvres, the aim of all his accommodations.

That which reassured her was the very exaggeration of the sum.

Nevertheless, by continued buying, not paying, borrowing, signing notes, then renewing those notes which swelled every time they fell due, she had ended by preparing for the *Sieur L'Heureux*, a capital for which he was impatiently waiting as the result of his speculations.

She made her appearance in his shop with a careless air.

“You know what has happened to me? That is a jest, doubtless!”

“No.”

“How is that?”

He turned around slowly and said to her, folding his arms :

“Did you think, my little lady, that I was going to be, to the end of the centuries, your house furnisher and banker, for the love of God? It is quite necessary that I should receive back my disbursements; let us be just.” She exclaimed at the amount of the debt. “Ah! so much the worse, the court has recognized it, judgment has been given, you were notified! Moreover, it is not I, it is *Vincart*.”

“And is it so that you could —— ”

“Oh! nothing at all.”

“But —— however —— let us reason about it.”

And she beat all around the subject; she had known nothing —— it was a surprise ——

“Whose fault is it?” said L’Heureux, bowing ironically. “Whilst I was, on my side, working like a negro, you were enjoying yourself.”

“Ah! no preaching!”

“That never does any harm,” he replied.

She was weak, she supplicated him; and she even laid her hand, her pretty hand, white and long, on the merchant’s knee.

“Let me be then! One would say that you were trying to seduce me!”

“You are a wretch!” she cried.

“Oh! oh! how you go off,” he replied, laughing.

“I will make it known what you are. I will say to my husband——”

“Very well, I, I also will show something to your husband.”

And L’Heureux drew from his strong box the receipt for eighteen hundred francs which she had given him on the occasion of the arrangement of the first Vincart discount accommodation.

“Do you think,” he added, “that he will not understand your little theft, that poor, dear man!”

She collapsed, more overwhelmed than she would have been by the stroke of a club. He walked backward and forward, from the window to the desk, repeating to himself:

“Ah! I will indeed show it to him—— I will indeed show it to him——”

Then he drew nearer to her, and, in a soft voice :

“It is not amusing, I know; no one after all has died of it, and since it is the only way which remains to you to pay me back my money ——”

“But where shall I find it?” said Emma, wringing her hands.

“Ah! bah! when one has friends like you.”

And he looked at her in so penetrating and so terrible a way that she grew cold to her marrow.

“I promise you,” she said, “I will sign ——”

“I have had enough of your signatures.”

“I will sell more.”

“Come now,” he said, shrugging his shoulders; “you no longer have anything.” And he called through the little window which opened over his shop: “Annette! do not forget the three remnants of the number fourteen.”

The maidservant appeared; Emma understood and asked: “How much money would be required to stop all proceedings?”

“It is too late!”

“But if I brought you several thousand francs, a quarter of the sum, a third, almost the whole?”

“No! it is useless!”

He urged her gently toward the stairs.

“I entreat you, Monsieur L’Heureux, a few days more!”

She sobbed.

“Come now! tears!”

“You will drive me to despair!”

“It is but little I care for that!” said he, closing the door.

VII

She was stoical the next day when Maître Herang, the bailiff, with two witnesses, presented himself in her house to draw up the official inventory of the seizure.

They commenced by Bovary's cabinet and did not set down the phrenological head, which was considered an *instrument of his profession*; but they counted in the kitchen the plates, the pots, the chairs, the candlesticks, and in her bedchamber all the knickknacks of the *étagère*. They examined her dresses, the linen, the cabinet de toilet; and her existence, even in its most intimate recesses, was, like a corpse on which an autopsy is held, spread out at full length before the eyes of these three men.

Maître Herang, buttoned up in a thin black coat, with a white cravat, and wearing trouser-straps very tightly stretched, repeated from time to time: “You will permit us, madame, you will permit us? — ” Frequently he uttered exclamations: “Charming! very

pretty!" Then he commenced to write again, dipping his pen in the horn inkstand which he held in his left hand.

When they had finished with the apartment, they mounted to the garret.

She kept there a desk in which were locked up Rodolphe's letters. It was necessary to open it.

"Ah! a correspondence!" said Maître Hareng, with a discreet smile. "But permit me! for I will have to assure myself that the box contains nothing else."

And he inclined the papers slightly, as if to make napoleons fall out of them. Then she was seized with indignation to see this gross hand, with the fingers as red and as soft as slugs, fall upon the pages over which her heart had beaten.

Finally they departed! Félicité re-entered. She had been sent out to watch to turn Bovary away. And they quickly installed under the roof the bailiff's officer, who promised to keep quiet.

Charles during the evening seemed to be thoughtful. Emma watched him with a look full of anguish, thinking that she saw accusations in the wrinkles of his countenance. Then, when her eyes turned upon the chimney-piece garnished with Chinese screens, on the full curtains, on the easy-chairs, on all those objects, in short, which had softened the bitterness of her life, a remorse seized her, or rather an immense regret and one which, far from annihilating passion, irritated it.

Charles stirred the fire placidly, his two feet on the andirons.

There was a moment when the bailiff's officer, doubtless wearied in his hiding-place, made a slight noise.

"There is some one walking upstairs," said Charles.

"No," she replied, "it is a garret window left open and which the wind shakes."

She set off for Rouen the next day, Sunday, to go to the houses of all the bankers whose names she knew. They were in the country or traveling. She would not be discouraged; and of those whom she was able to find she asked for money, protesting that it was indispensable, that she would return it. Some of them laughed in her face; all of them refused.

At two o'clock she hastened to Léon's house, knocked at his door. It was not opened. Finally he appeared.

"Who brings you here?"

"Does it interrupt you?"

"No — but —"

And he admitted that his proprietor did not like his lodgers to receive "women."

"I have something to say to you," she replied.

Then he reached for his key. She stopped him.

"Oh! no! over there! in our house."

And they went to their chamber in the Hôtel de Boulogne.

When she arrived there she drank a great glass of water. She was very pale. She said to him :

“Léon, you are going to render me a service.” And, shaking him by his two hands, which she grasped tightly, she added :

“Listen, I must have eight thousand francs !”

“But you are crazy !”

“Not yet !”

And thereupon, relating the history of the seizure, she revealed to him her distress, for Charles was ignorant of everything, her mother-in-law detested her, the Père Rouault could do nothing ; but he, Léon, he was going to take steps to find this indispensable sum ——

“How do you wish ——”

“What a pitiful way you have !” she cried.

Then he said stupidly :

“You exaggerate it to yourself. Perhaps with a thousand crowns your goodman would be pacified ?”

A reason the more for taking some steps ; it was not possible that they could not discover three thousand francs. Moreover, Léon could bind himself in her place.

“Go ! try ! it is necessary ! run ! Oh ! try ! I will love you well !”

He went out, came back again in an hour, and said with a solemn countenance :

“I have seen three persons without success.”

Then they remained seated, opposite each other, at the two corners of the chimney, motionless, without speaking. Emma shrugged her shoulders, stamping on the floor at the same time. He heard her murmur:

“If I were in your place, I, I would find it, sure enough.”

“Where?”

“At your office!” And she looked at him.

An infernal hardihood radiated in her flaming eyeballs, and the lids partly closed in a lascivious and encouraging manner—so much so that the young man felt himself weakening under the silent will of this woman who urged him to a crime. Then he became afraid, and, to avoid any explanation, he struck himself on the forehead, exclaiming:

“Morel should return to-night! he will not refuse me, I hope”—this was one of his friends, the son of a very rich merchant—“and I will bring it to you to-morrow,” he added.

Emma did not appear to welcome this hope with as much joy as he had expected. Did she suspect the falsehood? He resumed, reddening:

“However, if you do not see me at three o’clock, do not expect me later, my darling. I must go, excuse me. Adieu!”

He shook her hand; but it seemed to him quite inert. Emma had no longer the strength of any feeling.

Four o'clock sounded, and she rose to return to Yonville, obeying like an automaton the impulse of habit.

The weather was fine; it was one of those days of the month of March, clear and sharp, in which the sun shines in a sky that is quite white. The Rouenese, in their best clothes, were promenading with a happy air. She arrived on the Place du Parvis. — Vespers were over; the congregation was flowing out through the three portals, like a river through the three arches of a bridge, and in the midst, more motionless than a rock, stood the beadle.

Then she remembered that other day when, all anxious and full of hope, she had entered under that great nave which extended before her less profound than her love; and she continued her walk, weeping under her veil, dazed, staggering, ready to faint.

“Take care!” cried a voice issuing from a portecochère which opened.

She stopped to allow a black horse to pass who was prancing in the shafts of a tilbury driven by a gentleman in sable fur. Who was it then? She knew him — The carriage went on and disappeared.

But it was he! the viscount! She turned around; the street was deserted. And she was so overwhelmed, so sorrowful, that she leaned against a wall, so as not to fall.

Then she thought that she had been mistaken. For that matter, she knew nothing about it. Everything within her and around her, abandoned her. She felt

herself lost, rolling without direction in undefinable abysses ; and it was almost with joy that she perceived on arriving at the *Croix Rouge* that good Homais who was watching the loading on the *Hirondelle* of a great box full of pharmaceutical provisions. He held in his hand, in a foulard, six *cheminots* for his wife.

Madame Homais was very fond of these heavy little cakes of bread in the form of a turban, which are eaten with salted butter during Lent ; the last specimens of Gothic nourishments which go back perhaps to the time of the Crusades, and with which the robust Normans filled themselves formerly, thinking that they saw on their tables, by the light of the yellow torches, between the great jugs of hippocrass and the gigantic sausages, the heads of Saracens to devour. The wife of the apothecary crunched them as they did, heroically, notwithstanding her detestable dentition ; therefore, every time that Monsieur Homais made a journey to the city, he did not fail to bring her back some, which he always procured at the establishment of the great manufacturer, in the Rue Massacre.

“I am charmed to see you,” said he, offering his hand to Emma to assist her in mounting into the *Hirondelle*. Then he suspended the *cheminots* to the threads of the netting, and remained bareheaded and with his arms folded, in an attitude thoughtful and Napoléonic.

But when the blind man, as usual, appeared at the bottom of the hill, he exclaimed :

“I do not comprehend how the authorities can continue to tolerate such reprehensible avocations! These unfortunates should be locked up, they should be put at some work. Progress, upon my word of honor, advances at the pace of a tortoise; we are still wading about in complete barbarism.”

The blind man extended his hat, which swayed about at the edge of the door-curtain like one of the pockets of the hangings which had become unnailed.

“See there,” said the pharmacist, “a scrofulous affection.” And, although he knew this poor devil very well, he pretended to see him for the first time, murmured the words *cornea*, *opaque cornea*, *sclerotica*, *facies*, then asked him in a paternal tone: “Is it a long time, my friend, since you have had this frightful infirmity? Instead of intoxicating yourself at the tavern, you would do better to follow a regimen.” And he urged him to take good wine, good beer, good roasts. The blind man continued his songs; he appeared, moreover, almost idiotic. Finally, Monsieur Homais opened his purse.

“Here, here is a sou, return me two liards,—and do not forget my recommendations, you will find yourself very much better for them.”

Hivert permitted himself to utter aloud some doubts concerning their efficacy. But the apothecary thereupon certified that he would cure him himself, with an antiphlogistic pomade of his own composition, and he

gave his address :—Monsieur Homais, near the Market, sufficiently well known.

“ Well, for the trouble,” said Hivert, “ you can *show us the comedy.*”

The blind man settled down on his heels and, with his head thrown back, rolling his greenish eyes and thrusting out his tongue, he rubbed his stomach with both hands, at the same time uttering a sort of dull howling, like a hungry dog. Emma, filled with disgust, threw to him over her shoulder a five-franc piece. It was the whole of her fortune ; it seemed to her noble to throw it away thus.

The vehicle had gone on, when suddenly Monsieur Homais leaned out through the window and cried :

“ Nothing farinaceous nor lacteal ! Wear wool next to the skin and expose the affected parts to the smoke of juniper berries !”

The sight of the familiar objects which filed before her eyes, little by little, turned Emma’s thoughts from her present trouble. An intolerable fatigue overwhelmed her, and she arrived at home stupefied, discouraged, almost asleep. Let come what may ! she said to herself, and then, who knows ? why, at any moment, might there not arise an extraordinary event ? L’Heureux might even die.

She was awakened at nine o’clock the next morning by the sound of voices on the Place. There was a gathering around the market, to read a great notice pasted on one of the posts, and she saw Justin, who

was mounted on a boundary stone and who tore down the poster. But at that moment the rural policeman laid his hand on his collar. Monsieur Homais came out of the pharmacy, and the Mère Lefrançois, in the midst of the crowd, had the appearance of haranguing.

“Madame, madame,” cried Félicité entering, “it is an abomination !”

And the poor girl, greatly moved, extended to her a yellow paper which she had just torn off the door. Emma read at a glance that all her household furniture was put up for sale !

Then they looked at each other silently. They had neither, the servant nor the mistress, any secrets from each other. Finally, Félicité sighed : “If I were you, madame, I would go to see Monsieur Guillaumin.”

“You think so ?” And this interrogation meant : “You who know the house through the servant, is it so that the master sometimes has spoken of me ?”

“Yes, go there, you will do well.”

She dressed herself, put on a black dress with her capote with jet beads, and that no one should see her—there were always a good many people on the Place—she went outside the village by the path on the edge of the water.

She arrived quite breathless before the notary’s iron gate, the sky was overcast and a little snow was falling.

At the sound of the bell, Théodore, in a red waistcoat, appeared on the doorstep ; he opened to her

almost familiarly, as if to an acquaintance, and introduced her into the dining-room.

A large porcelain stove was humming under a cactus which filled the niche, and in frames of black wood against the wall-paper of imitation oak, there was the *Esmeralda* of Steuben with the *Potiphar* of Schopin. The table service, two silver chafing-dishes, the knobs of the doors in glass, the floor and the furniture, everything shone with a scrupulous, English cleanliness; the window-panes were decorated at each angle by colored glasses.

“Here is a dining-room,” thought Emma, “such as I should have.”

The notary entered, holding with his left arm against his body, his dressing-gown of palm pattern, whilst with the other, he removed and quickly replaced his toque of maroon velvet, pretentiously posed on the right side of his head, on which fell the end of the three blonde tresses which, taken at the occiput, made the circuit of his bald skull.

After he had offered her a chair, he sat down to his déjeuner, whilst making many excuses for his impoliteness.

“Monsieur,” said she, “I would entreat you ——”

“For what, madame? I am listening.”

Whereupon she made known to him the situation.

Maitre Guillaumin was acquainted with it, being secretly in alliance with the dry goods merchant, in

whose hands he was always able to find capital for the loans on security which he was requested to make.

Therefore, he knew—and better than she—the long history of these notes, small at first, carrying as endorsements various names spaced over long periods, and constantly renewed, until the day finally when, gathering together all the protests, the merchant had charged his friend Vincart to take in his own name the necessary measures, not wishing to pass for a tiger among his fellow-citizens.

She intermingled her recital with incriminations against L'Heureux, to which the notary replied from time to time by insignificant words. While eating his cutlet and drinking his tea, he buried his chin in his cravat of sky-blue, pierced by two diamond pins united by a little chain of gold; and he smiled with a singular smile, with a manner sweetish and ambiguous. But, perceiving that her feet were damp:

“Come nearer to the stove — higher — against the porcelain.” She was afraid of soiling it. The notary replied with a gallant tone: “The beautiful things spoil nothing.”

Then she endeavored to move him, and affected herself, she went on to relate to him the narrowness of her household, her drawings hither and thither, her necessities. He understood that; an elegant woman! and, without interrupting his eating, he turned towards her completely, so much so that he grazed with his

knee her boot, the sole of which was curving up whilst smoking against the stove.

But when she asked him for the loan of a thousand crowns, he compressed his lips, then declared himself much distressed that he had not formerly had the direction of her fortune, for there were a hundred methods more convenient, even for a lady, of investing her money profitably; one could have, either in the turfpits of Grumesnil or in land at Havre, risks, speculations that were almost certain to be excellent; he permitted her to torment herself with vexation, at the thought of the fantastic sums which she would certainly have gained.

“How does it happen,” he went on, “that you never came to see me?”

“I scarcely know,” she said.

“Why?—hein? I made you afraid then? On the contrary, it is I who should complain! Here we are scarcely acquainted with each other! I am, however, quite devoted to you; you no longer doubt it, I hope?”

He extended his hand, took her own, covered it with a voracious kiss, then he retained it upon his own knee; and he began to play with her fingers delicately, all the while uttering a thousand soft sayings.

His dull voice whispered like a running stream; a spark glittered in his eyes through the reflection of his glasses, and his hand slid up Emma's sleeve to finger her arm. She felt against her cheek the breath of a

panting respiration. This man was horribly disagreeable to her.

She sprang suddenly to her feet and said to him :

“Monsieur, I am waiting.”

“For what then?” said the notary, suddenly becoming extremely pale.

“That money.”

“But——” Then yielding to the impulse of a desire too strong for him: “Ah! well! yes! ——” He dragged himself on his knees toward her, without any consideration for his dressing-gown. “Have mercy! stay! I love you!” He seized her by the waist.

A crimson wave suddenly mounted to Madame Bovary's countenance. She recoiled with a terrible air, crying :

“You take advantage shamelessly of my distress, monsieur! I am to be pitied but I am not for sale!” And she departed.

The notary remained completely stupefied, his eyes fixed upon his handsome embroidered slippers. They were a love-gift. This sight in the end consoled him. Moreover, he reflected that such an adventure would have led him too far.

“What a wretch! what a blackguard! what infamy!” she said to herself, flying with nervous footsteps under the aspen trees on the road. The disappointment of her unsuccess strengthened the indignation of her outraged modesty; it seemed to her that Providence was

furious in pursuing her, and, swelling with pride, never had she had so much esteem for herself, nor so much contempt for others. Something bellicose transported her. She would have wished to fight, to combat the men, to spit in their faces, to crush them all; and she continued to walk rapidly straight ahead, pale, quivering, furious, searching with a tearful eye the empty horizon and, as it were, finding a pleasure in the hatred which suffocated her.

When she saw her own house, a stupefaction fell upon her. She could not go on, it was necessary however; moreover, where to fly?

Félicité was waiting for her on the doorstep.

“Well?”

“No!” said Emma.

And during a quarter of an hour, they both of them consulted about all the different personages in Yonville who might perhaps be disposed to help her. But to every name that Félicité proposed, Emma repeated: “Is it possible? They would not be willing!”

“And monsieur who is just coming home.”

“I know it; leave me.”

She had attempted everything. There was now nothing more to be done; and when Charles came in, she would go and say to him: “Withdraw. This carpet on which you walk is no longer ours. Of all your household, you do not own a piece of furniture, a pin, a straw; and it is I who have ruined you, poor man!”

Then there would be a great sob, after which he would weep abundantly, and finally, the surprise over, he would pardon.

“Yes,” she muttered, setting her teeth, “he will pardon me! he who, if he had a million, would not have enough to offer me to persuade me to excuse him for having known me. Never! never!” This thought of the superiority of Bovary over herself exasperated her. Then, whether she avowed it or avowed it not, immediately, very soon, to-morrow, he would none the less know the catastrophe; then it would be necessary to await this horrible scene and to submit to the weight of his magnanimity. A desire took her to return to L’Heureux; for what purpose? to write to her father; it was too late: and perhaps she now repented of not having yielded to the other when she heard the sound of a horse’s trot in the alley behind her house. It was he; he opened the gate, he was whiter than the plaster wall. Hastening down the stairway by bounds, she made her escape quickly by the Place; and the mayor’s wife, who was standing in front of the church conversing with Lestibouois, saw her enter the house of the collector.

She hastened to tell it to Madame Caron. These two ladies ascended into the garret; and, hidden by the linen hanging on the rods, they posted themselves conveniently so as to be able to see all the interior of Binet’s house.

He was alone in his garret, occupied in imitating with wood one of those indescribable ivories composed of crescents, of spheres, hollowed one inside the other, the whole straight as an obelisk and useful for nothing ; and he was at work on the last piece, he was arriving at the goal. In the half light of the workshop, the pale dust flew from under his tools like the tuft of sparks from under the hoofs of a galloping horse ; his two wheels turned and droned ; Binet smiled, his chin lowered, his nostrils opened, and seemed, in short, lost in one of those complete happinesses belonging, doubtless, only to mediocre occupations, which amuse the intelligence by difficulties easy to overcome, and soothe it by a realization beyond which there is nothing to think of.

“ Ah ! there she is ! ” said Madame Tuvache.

But because of the noise made by the lathe, it was scarcely possible to hear what she said.

Finally these ladies thought they distinguished the word *francs*, and the Mère Tuvache whispered in a low voice :

“ She is entreating him to obtain a delay in her payments.”

“ Apparently,” replied the other.

They saw her walking up and down, examining on the walls the napkin rings, the chandeliers, the knobs for the stair-rail, whilst Binet stroked his beard with a satisfied air.

“Has she come to order something from him?” said Madame Tuvache.

“But he never sells anything!” objected her neighbor.

The collector appeared to be listening, all the while opening his eyes as if he did not understand. She continued in a tender and supplicating manner. She drew nearer to him; her breast heaved; they no longer spoke.

“Is she making advances to him?” said Madame Tuvache.

Binet was red to his ears. She took him by the hand.

“Ah! that is too much.”

And doubtless she proposed to him some abomination; for the collector,—he was a brave man moreover, he had fought at Bautzen and at Lutzen, made the campaign of France, and had even been *named for the cross*;—but suddenly, as at the sight of a serpent, he recoiled to a distance, exclaiming: “Madame! what are you thinking about?”

“Such women ought to be whipped,” said Madame Tuvache.

“Where is she now?” replied Madame Caron.

For she had disappeared during these words; then perceiving her following the grand street and turning to the right, as if to reach the cemetery, they lost themselves in conjectures.

“Mère Rollet!” she said, when she arrived at the nurse’s house, “I am suffocating! — unlace me.”

She fell upon the bed. She was sobbing. The Mère Rollet covered her with a petticoat and remained standing near her. Then, as she did not reply, the good woman went away, took her wheel and commenced to spin flax.

“Oh! stop!” she murmured, thinking that she still heard Binet’s lathe.

“What is the matter with her?” asked the nurse of herself. “Why does she come here?”

She had hastened thither, impelled by a sort of fright which chased her from her own house.

Lying upon her back, motionless, and her eyes fixed, she discerned objects vaguely, although she fixed her attention upon them with an idiotic persistence. She contemplated the bare places on the wall, from which the surface had scaled, two firebrands in the chimney which were smoking, end to end, and a long spider who was walking over her head, in the cleft of the beam. Finally she collected her ideas. She remembered — One day, with Léon. Oh! how long ago that was! — The sun shone upon the river and the clematis was fragrant — Then, carried away by her memories as in a boiling torrent, she presently arrived at the recollection of the day before.

“What o’clock is it?” she asked.

The Mère Rollet went out, raised the fingers of her right hand on the side on which the sky was the clearest, and returned slowly, saying:

“Three o’clock, pretty soon.”

“Ah! thanks! thanks!”

For he was about to arrive. That was certain! He would have found the money. But he would go perhaps down there, without suspecting that she was here, and she commanded the nurse to hasten to her house to bring him here.

“Hurry up!”

“But, my dear lady, I am going! I am going!”

She was surprised at present not to have thought of him at first; for yesterday he had given his word, he would not fail; and she already saw herself in L'Heureux's office, spreading out on his desk the three bank-notes. Then it would be necessary to invent a story which should explain things to Bovary. What should it be?

However, the nurse was very long in returning. But, as there was no clock in the cottage, Emma feared to exaggerate perhaps the lapse of time. She began to take little turns in the garden, step by step; she went along the path as far as the hedge and she returned quickly, hoping that the good woman would have come back by another route. Finally, weary of waiting, assailed by suspicions which she repelled, no longer knowing whether she had been there for a century or for a minute, she seated herself in a corner and closed her eyes, stopped her ears. The gate creaked; she sprang up; before she could speak the Mère Rollet had said to her:

“There is no one at your house.”

“What?”

“Oh! no one! And monsieur is weeping. He is calling for you. They are looking for you.”

Emma made no reply. She was gasping and rolling her eyes around her, so that the peasant woman, frightened at her countenance, instinctively recoiled, thinking her crazy. But suddenly she struck her forehead, uttered a cry, for the remembrance of Rodolphe, like a great flash of lightning in a dark night, had passed through her soul. He was so good, so delicate, so generous! And, moreover, if he hesitated to render her this service, she would easily know how to constrain him to it by recalling to him, with one glance of the eye, their lost love. She set off then toward La Huchette, without perceiving that she was hastening to offer herself to that which had but recently so strongly exasperated her, nor suspecting the least in the world this prostitution.

VIII

She asked herself as she walked: “What shall I say? Where shall I commence?” And, as she advanced, she recognized the bushes, the trees, the sea-rushes under the hill, the château farther on. She experienced again

the sensations of her first tenderness, and her poor constricted heart dilated in them amorously. A soft wind blew in her face; the snow, melting, fell drop by drop from the young buds upon the grass.

She entered, as formerly, by the little gate of the park, then came into the court of honor which was bordered by a double row of tufted linden trees. Their long branches swayed with a whistling sound. The dogs in the kennel were all barking, and the sound of their voices echoed without anyone appearing.

She mounted the wide straight stairway with wooden balustrades which conducted to a corridor paved with dusty flagstones, from which several chambers opened in succession, as in the monasteries or the inns. His was at the end, quite the last, at the left. But when she came to place her fingers upon the lock, her strength suddenly abandoned her. She was afraid that he was not there, she almost wished it, and it was nevertheless her only hope, the last chance of salvation; she gathered herself together a minute and, steeling her courage by the feeling of the present necessity, she entered.

He was seated before the fire, his two feet on the chimney-casing, occupied with smoking a pipe.

“What! it is you!” he said, rising suddenly.

“Yes, it is I! I would wish, Rodolphe, to ask some advice of you.”

And, notwithstanding all her efforts, it was impossible for her to open her mouth.

“You have not changed; you are always charming!”

“Oh!” she replied, bitterly, “they are sorrowful charms, my friend, since you have disdained them.”

Then he entered upon an explanation of his conduct, excusing himself in vague terms, for want of being able to invent better ones.

She allowed herself to be drawn along by his words, more still by his voice and the sight of his person; so much so that she seemed to believe, or perhaps she did believe, in the pretext of their rupture. It was a secret on which depended the honor and even the life of a third person.

“No matter!” she said, looking at him sorrowfully, “I have suffered a great deal!”

He replied in a philosophic tone:

“Such is existence.”

“Has it at least,” resumed Emma, “been good for you since our separation?”

“Oh! neither good — nor bad.”

“It would perhaps have been better if we had never left each other.”

“Yes — perhaps.”

“You think so?” she said, drawing nearer to him. And she sighed: “Oh, Rodolphe! if you knew it! I loved you much!”

It was then that she took his hand, and they remained for some time with their fingers interlaced, as on the first day, at the Agricultural Fair! Through a remnant of

pride, he struggled again against the tenderness. But, sinking upon his breast, she said to him :

“How could you wish that I should live without you? One cannot get out of the habit of happiness! I was desperate! I thought I should die! I will relate all that to you, you will see — And you? you have fled from me!”

For, for the last three years, he had carefully avoided her, through that natural cowardice which characterizes the stronger sex; and Emma continued with delicate gestures of the head, more wheedling than an amorous cat :

“You love others? admit it. Oh! I understand them, come! I excuse them; you have seduced them as you seduced me. You are a man, you are! you have everything that is necessary to make yourself beloved. But we shall commence again, shall we not? we will love each other! See, I laugh, I am happy! Say something!”

And she was ravishing to see, with her look in which a tear trembled like the raindrop of a storm in a blue calix.

He drew her down upon his knees, and he caressed with the back of his hand her smooth locks where, in the clearness of the twilight, a last ray of the sun mirrored itself like a golden dart. She inclined her forehead; he ended by kissing her on the eyelids, very gently, with the tips of his lips.

“But you have been weeping!” he said. “Why?”

She broke into sobs. Rodolphe thought that it was the explosion of her love, and when she was silent he took this silence for a last modesty, and he then cried:

“Ah! forgive me! you are the only one who delights me. I have been wicked and imbecile. I love you, I shall love you always. What is it that troubles you? tell it to me.”

He knelt to her.

“Well! — I am ruined, Rodolphe! You are going to lend me three thousand francs!”

“But — but — ” said he, rising little by little, while his countenance took on a grave expression.

“You know,” she continued quickly, “that my husband has placed all his fortune in a notary’s hands; he has run away. We have borrowed money; the patients do not pay. For that matter, the liquidation is not yet concluded; we will have it ended later. But to-day, for want of three thousand francs, we are to be levied on; that is now, at this very moment; and, counting on your friendship, I came here.”

“Ah!” thought Rodolphe, who became very pale suddenly, “that is why she came!” Finally he said with a calm air: “I do not possess them, dear madame.”

He did not lie. He would have given them if he had had them doubtless, although it is generally disagreeable to perform such fine actions; a pecuniary demand, of all the sudden storms which fall upon love, being the coldest and the most uprooting.

She was quiet for several minutes looking at him.

“You do not have them!” She repeated several times: “You do not have them! I should have spared myself this last shame. You have never loved me! you are worth no more than the others!”

She was betraying herself, she was ruining herself.

Rodolphe interrupted her, affirming that he also found himself “pressed.”

“Ah! I am sorry for you!” said Emma. “Yes, considerably! —” And, her eyes resting on the damaskeened carbine which glittered in the trophy on the wall: “But when one is so poor, he does not put silver in the butt of his gun! he does not buy a clock with tortoise-shell incrustations!” she continued, indicating the Boule timepiece on the mantel. “Nor silver-gilt whistles for his whips!” She touched them. “Nor seals for his watch! Oh! nothing is wanting to him! even to a liqueur-case in his chamber; for you love yourself, you live well, you have a château, farms, woodland; you hunt with the hounds, you travel to Paris. And when it would have been no more than that!” she cried, taking from the chimney-piece his silver sleeve-buttons, “than the least of these follies! one cannot raise any money! Oh! I do not wish it! Keep it!” And she threw away from her the two buttons, the golden chain of which broke in striking against the wall. “But I, I would have given you everything, I would have sold everything, I would have worked with my hands, I

would have begged upon the roads, for a smile, for a look, to hear you thank me. And you remain there tranquilly in your easy-chair, as if already you had not made me suffer enough! Had it not been for you, I would have you know it, I should have been able to have lived happily! Who forced you to it? Was it a bet? You loved me, however, you said so — And just this moment again — Ah! you would have done better if you had driven me out! My hands are still warm from your kisses, and there is the place on the carpet where you swore on your knees, an eternity of love. You made me believe in it; you made me live, during two years, in the most magnificent and the softest of dreams! — Hein! our plans for the journey, do you remember them? Oh! your letter! your letter! it tore my heart! And then when I returned to him, to him who is rich, happy, free! to implore from him a favor which the first-comer would have granted, supplicating and bringing back to him all my tenderness, he repulses me, because that would cost him three thousand francs.”

“I have not got them!” replied Rodolphe, with that perfect calm with which, like a buckler, a concentrated anger covers itself.

She went out. The walls trembled, the ceiling crushed her; and she passed once more through the long alley, stumbling against the heaps of dead leaves which the wind dispersed. Finally, she arrived at the deep ditch before the iron gate; she broke her fingernails against

the lock, so much was she in a hurry to open it. Then, a hundred steps farther on, breathless, ready to fall, she stopped. And then, turning round, she perceived once more the impassible château with the park, the gardens, the three courts and all the windows of the façade.

She remained lost in stupor, having no longer consciousness of herself, excepting through the pulsation of her arteries, which she thought she heard escaping from her like a deafening music which filled the country side. The soil under her feet was softer than a wave, and the furrows appeared to her to be immense brownish billows which broke and died. Everything which she had in her head of reminiscences, of ideas, escaped at once, with one bound, like the thousand pieces of a pyrotechnic exhibition. She saw her father, L'Heureux's office, their chamber down there, another landscape; madness took possession of her, she was afraid and succeeded in collecting herself, in a confused manner, it is true; for she did not recall in the least the cause of her horrible condition, that is to say, the question of money. She only suffered in her love, and felt her soul abandon her through this recollection, as the wounded in their death-agony feel existence leaving them through their bleeding wounds.

The night fell, the crows were flying about.

It seemed to her, all at once, that globules the color of fire were exploding in the air like bomb-shells in flattening as they fell and turning, turning, to melt on the

snow, between the branches of the trees. In the midst of each one of them the figure of Rodolphe appeared. They multiplied themselves and they approached each other, penetrating each other; everything disappeared. She recognized the lights of the houses which radiated from afar through the mist.

Then her situation, just like an abyss, presented itself to her. She gasped as though she would burst her chest. Then, in a transport of heroism which rendered her almost joyful, she descended the hill running, traversed the plank for the cattle, the path, the alley, the market, and arrived before the shop of the pharmacist.

No one was about. She was on the point of entering; but at the sound of the bell, someone would come; and, slipping along by the gate, holding her breath, feeling the walls, she got as far as the threshold of the kitchen, which was illuminated by a candle placed upon the stove. Justin, in his shirt sleeves, was carrying in a dish.

“Ah! they are dining. We will wait.”

He returned. She struck against the window, he came outside.

“The key! upstairs one, where are kept the ——”

“What?”

And he looked at her, quite astonished by the paleness of her face, which cut out sharply in white against the black background of the night. She seemed to him extraordinarily beautiful and majestic like a phantom;

without comprehending what she desired, he had a presentiment of something terrible.

But she replied quickly in a low voice, a soft and melting voice :

“ I wish it ! give it to me.”

And as the partition was thin, there could be heard the sound of the forks on the plates in the dining-room.

She pretended that it was necessary to kill some rats which prevented her from sleeping.

“ I shall have to notify monsieur.”

“ No ! stay here.” Then, with an indifferent air :
“ No, it is not worth the trouble, I will tell him presently. Come now, give me a light !”

She entered into the corridor on which the door of the laboratory opened. There was against the wall a key labeled *Capharnaüm*.

“ Justin !” cried the apothecary, who was growing impatient.

“ Let us go up !”

And he followed her.

The key turned in the lock, and she went straight toward the third shelf, so well did her memory guide her, seized the wide blue bottle, drew out the cork, thrust in her hand, and withdrawing it full of a white powder, she began directly to eat it.

“ Stop !” he cried, throwing himself upon her.

“ Be silent ! some one will come.”

He was in despair, and wished to call out.

“Say nothing about it, everything will fall upon your master.”

Then she returned suddenly pacified, and almost with the serenity of an accomplished duty.

When Charles, overwhelmed by the news of the seizure, returned to the house, Emma had just gone out. He cried, wept, fainted, but she did not return. Where could she be? He sent Félicité to the Homais', to the house of Monsieur Tuvache, to that of L'Heureux, to the *Lion d'Or*, everywhere; and in the intermittences of his anguish he saw his reputation destroyed, their fortune lost, the future of Berthe compromised. For what cause? — Not a word! He waited until six o'clock in the evening. Finally, not being able to contain himself any longer, and imagining that she had departed for Rouen, he went out on the highroad, traversed a half-league, encountered no one, waited still longer, and then returned.

She had come in.

“What was the matter? — Why? — Explain to me —”

She seated herself at her secretary and wrote a letter which she sealed slowly, adding the date and the hour. Then she said in a solemn tone:

“You shall read it to-morrow; from now till then, I entreat you, do not address to me a single question! — No! not one!”

“But —”

“Oh! let me be.”

And she laid down at full length upon her bed.

A bitter taste which she felt in her mouth awakened her. She had a glimpse of Charles and closed her eyes again.

She watched herself curiously to discover if she were not suffering. But no! nothing yet. She heard the ticking of the clock, the sound of the fire, and Charles who was breathing, standing near her couch.

“Ah! it is a very little thing, death!” she thought. “I am going to sleep, and everything will be finished!”

She swallowed a mouthful of water and turned toward the wall. That frightful taste of ink continued.

“I am thirsty! oh! I am dreadfully thirsty!” she sighed.

“What is it that ails you?” said Charles, offering her a glass of water.

“It is nothing! — Open the window — I am suffocating!”

And she was seized with a nausea so sudden that she had scarcely time to seize her handkerchief under her pillow.

“Take it away,” she said quickly, “throw it away!”

He questioned her. She made no reply. She held herself motionless, for fear that the least agitation would make her vomit. However, she felt an icy cold which ascended from her feet as far as her heart.

“Ah! now it is commencing!” she murmured.

“What are you saying?”

She rolled her head with a gentle motion, full of anguish and opening continually her jaws as if she carried on her tongue something very heavy. At eight o'clock, the vomiting reappeared.

Charles observed that there was at the bottom of the basin a sort of gritty white substance which clung to the inside of the porcelain.

“That is extraordinary! that is singular!” he repeated to himself.

But she said with a strong voice:

“No! you are mistaken!”

Then, delicately and almost caressing it, he passed his hand over her stomach. She uttered a sharp cry. He recoiled, completely terrified.

Then she began to moan, feebly at first. A great shudder shook her shoulders, and she became more pale than the cloth in which her crisp fingers buried themselves. Her irregular pulse was now almost imperceptible.

Drops of sweat stood out on her bluish countenance, which seemed as though congealed in the exhalation of some metallic vapor. Her teeth chattered, her enlarged eyes looked vaguely around her, and to all questions she replied only by shaking her head; she even smiled two or three times. Little by little her sobbings became stronger. A dull shriek escaped her; she pretended that she was feeling better and that she would rise presently. But the convulsions seized her, she cried:

“Ah! this is atrocious! my God!”

He threw himself on his knees against the bed.

“Speak! what have you eaten? Answer, in the name of Heaven.”

And he looked at her with eyes full of such tenderness as she had never seen.

“Ah! well! there — there —” she said with a failing voice.

He leaped to the secretary, broke the seal and read aloud: *Let no one be accused.* — He stopped, passed his hands over his eyes, read it again.

“What! help! come here!”

And he could do nothing but repeat this word: “Poisoned! poisoned!” Félicité ran to Homais who announced it on the Place; Madame Lefrançois heard it at the *Lion d'Or*; several persons got up to inform their neighbors, and all night long the village was on the alert.

Pale, confused, stammering, ready to fall, Charles went up and down the chamber. He ran against the furniture, he tore out his hair, and the pharmacist never had conceived so frightful a spectacle.

He returned to his own place to write to Monsieur Canivet and to the Doctor Larivière. He lost his head; he spoiled more than fifteen rough drafts. Hippolyte departed for Neufchâtel, and Justin spurred Bovary's horse so hard that he left him on the hill of the Bois-Guillaume, foundered and three-fourths dead.

Charles wished to search in his dictionary of medicine; he could not distinguish anything; the lines dance before his eyes.

“Be calm!” said the apothecary. “It is a question only of administering some powerful antidote. What is the poison?”

Charles showed the letter. It was arsenic.

“Well!” replied Homais, “it is necessary to make an analysis of it.”

For he knew that it was necessary in every case of poisoning to make an analysis; and the other, who did not comprehend, replied:

“Ah! make it! make it! save her.”

Then he returned to her side, he sank down on the carpet, and he remained, his head leaning against the edge of her bed, sobbing.

“Do not weep!” she said to him. “Presently I shall no longer torment you!”

“Why? Who has compelled you?”

She replied:

“It was necessary, my dear.”

“Were you not happy? Is it my fault? I have done all that I could, however.”

“Yes — that is true — you are very good, you are!”

And she passed her hand through his hair slowly; but the sweetness of this sensation overcharged his sorrow; he felt his entire being give way with despair at the

thought that it was necessary to lose her, when on the contrary she avowed for him more of love than ever before; and he found nothing to do; he did not know, he did not dare, the urgency of an immediate resolution completing his total collapse.

She had finished, she thought, with all the treasons, the basenesses and the innumerable covetousnesses which had tortured her. She hated no one now; a confusion of the twilight settled down on her thoughts, and of all the sounds of earth Emma no longer heard any but the intermittent lamentations of this poor heart, soft and indistinct as the last echo of a symphony which is departing.

“Bring me the little one,” she said, rising on her elbow.

“You are no longer ill, is it not so?” replied Charles.

“No! no!”

The child was brought in on the arms of her nurse, in a long night-dress under which were visible her naked feet, serious and still almost dreaming. She looked in astonishment at the chamber all in disorder, and blinked her eyes, dazzled by the candles which were burning on the pieces of furniture. They doubtless recalled to her mind those New Year and mid-Lent mornings, when, awakened thus at an early hour by candlelight, she was brought into her mother’s bed to receive her gifts, for she commenced to say:

“Where is it then, mamma?” And, as everybody was silent: “But I do not see my little shoe!”

Félicité inclined her toward the bed, whilst she continued to look towards the chimney-piece.

“Is it nurse who has taken it?” she asked.

And at this name, which carried her back among the memories of her adulteries and of her calamities, Madame Bovary turned away her head, as if in disgust at another poison, still stronger, which came up into her mouth. Berthe, however, remained sitting on the bed.

“Oh! what big eyes you have, mamma! how pale you are! how you sweat!” Her mother looked at her. “I am afraid!” said the little one, recoiling.

Emma took her hand to kiss it; but she struggled.

“That is enough! take her away!” cried Charles, who was sobbing in the alcove.

Then the symptoms ceased for a moment; she seemed less agitated; and at each insignificant word, at each breath from her lungs, a little calmer, he regained hope. Finally, when Canivet entered, he threw himself in his arms weeping.

“Ah! it is you! thanks! you are good! But everything is going better. See, look at her!”

His fellow-practitioner was in no wise of this opinion, and, not going, as he said himself, *to beat about the bush*, he prescribed an emetic, in order to completely relieve the stomach.

It was not long before she was vomiting blood. Her lips became still more tightly compressed. Her limbs

were contracted, her body covered with brown spots, and her pulse slipped under the fingers like a stretched wire, like a harp cord ready to break.

Then she began to cry horribly. She cursed the poison, railed against it, supplicated it to hasten itself, and repulsed with stiffened arms everything that Charles, more in the death-agony than she, endeavored to make her drink. He was on his feet, his handkerchief to his lips, a rattle in his throat, weeping and suffocated by his sobs, which shook him even to his heels; Félicité ran hither and thither in the chamber; Homais, motionless, uttered great sighs, and Monsieur Canivet, preserving always his assurance, commenced, nevertheless, to feel troubled.

“The devil! — however — she is purged, and from the moment that the cause ceases —”

“The effect should cease,” replied Homais; “that is evident.”

“But save her!” exclaimed Bovary.

Then, without listening to the pharmacist who hazarded once more this hypothesis: “It is perhaps a salutary paroxysm,” Canivet was about to administer theriaca, when the cracking of a whip was heard; all the windows shook, and a post-berlin drawn by three horses harnessed abreast, splashed to their ears, came tearing round the corner of the market. It was the Doctor Larivière.

The apparition of a god would not have caused more emotion. Bovary lifted his hands, Canivet stopped

short, and Homais took off his Greek bonnet even before he entered.

He was a member of that great surgical school which had issued from the teachings of Bichat, of that generation, now disappeared, of philosophical practitioners, who, cherishing their art with a fanatic love, exercised it with exaltation and sagacity! Everyone trembled in his hospital when he was in anger, and his pupils venerated him so much that they endeavored, as soon as they were established, to imitate him as closely as possible; so that there were to be found on them, through all the neighboring cities, his long merino quilted gown and his great black coat, of which the unbuttoned facings of his sleeves descended somewhat over his fleshy, plump hands,—very handsome hands, which never wore gloves, as if to be always the more ready to plunge into miseries. Disdainful of crosses, of titles, and of academies, hospitable, liberal, paternal to the poor and practising virtue without believing in it, he would have passed almost for a saint, if the fineness of his wit had not made him feared like a demon. His look, keener than his bistouries, descended straight into your soul and disarticulated every falsehood through all allegations and modesty. — And thus he went, full of that easy majesty which is given by the consciousness of a great talent, of fortune and forty years of an irreproachable and laborious existence.

He knit his eyebrows in the doorway when he perceived the cadaverous face of Emm., extended, lying

on her back with her mouth open. Then, whilst appearing to listen to Canivet, he passed his index finger under his nostrils and repeated: "That is well, that is well." But he made a slow gesture of the shoulders. Bovary observed it; they looked at each other; and this man, so accustomed to the aspect of grief, could not restrain a tear which fell upon his frill.

He wished to draw Canivet into a neighboring room, Charles followed him.

"She is very bad, is she not? If you should put on sinapisms! I do not know what! do then find something! you who have saved so many!" Charles put his two arms around his body, and he looked at him with a frightened manner, supplicating, half-fainting against his breast.

"Come! my poor fellow, courage! There is nothing more to do." And Doctor Larivière turned away.

"You are going?"

"I will return."

He went out as if to give an order to the postilion, with the *Sieur Canivet*, who did not wish, either, to see Emma die on his hands.

The pharmacist rejoined them on the Place. He was unable, from his natural temperament, to keep away from the company of celebrated persons. Thus he entreated Monsieur Larivière to do him the unheard-of honor of accepting an invitation to déjeuner.

They sent quickly to get pigeons at the *Lion d'Or*, all the cutlets there were at the butcher's, cream from

Tuvache's, eggs from Lestiboudois, and the apothecary himself aided with the preparations, whilst Madame Homais said, tightening the cords of her blouse :

“You will excuse us, monsieur, for in our unfortunate country unless we have notice given the day before ——”

“Get the glasses with the stems!!!” whispered Homais.

“At least, if we were of the city, we would have the resource of pigs' feet and truffles.”

“Keep quiet ! To table, doctor.”

He thought it well, after the first mouthfuls, to furnish some of the details of the catastrophe :

“We had at first a feeling of siccidity in the pharynx, then intolerable pains in the epigastrium, superpurgation, coma.

“How was it that she poisoned herself?”

“I am ignorant, doctor, and I do not even know where she could have procured that arsenious acid.”

Justin, who was then bringing a pile of plates, was suddenly seized with a trembling fit.

“What's the matter with you?” said the pharmacist ; and the young man at this question dropped everything on the floor with a great crash.

“You imbecile !” cried Homais, “you clumsy fellow ! you booby ! you pitiful ass !” But, suddenly resuming his mastery over himself : “I wished, doctor, to undertake an analysis, and *primo*, I delicately introduced into a tube ——”

“It would have been better,” said the surgeon, “to have introduced your fingers into her throat.”

His fellow-practitioner maintained a discreet silence, having just received confidentially a very pointed rebuke on the subject of his emetic, so that this good Canivet, so arrogant and verbose at the time of the clubfoot, was very modest to-day ; he smiled continuously, in an approbative manner.

Homais expanded in his pride of an amphitryon, and the afflicting thought of Bovary contributed vaguely to his joy, by an egotistical return which he made on himself. Moreover, the doctor’s presence transported him ; he displayed all his erudition, he cited pellmell the cantharides, the upas, the manchineel, the viper. “And I have even read that different persons have found themselves intoxicated, doctor, and, as it were, overwhelmed, by black puddings that have been too vehemently smoked. At least, it is in a very excellent report, composed by one of our most illustrious pharmacutists, one of our masters, the illustrious Cadet de Gassicourt !”

Madame Homais re-appeared, carrying one of those shaking machines that are heated by an alcohol lamp ; for Homais was particular to make his coffee on the table, having, moreover, torrefied it himself, porphy-rized it himself, mixed it himself.

“*Saccharum*, doctor,” he said, offering sugar. Then he had all the children brought down, solicitous of having the surgeon’s opinion concerning their constitutions.

Finally, Monsieur Larivière was about to depart when Madame Homais requested a consultation about her husband. His blood was thickening through his going to sleep every evening after dinner.

“Oh! it is not sense which troubles him;”—and smiling a little, the doctor opened the door. But the pharmacy was choked with the crowd; and he had great trouble in escaping from the Sieur Tuvache who feared an inflammation of the lungs for his spouse, because she had the habit of spitting in the cinders; then of Monsieur Binet, who was liable to sudden and unusual attacks of hunger, and of Madame Caron, who had prickings over all the body; of L'Heureux, who was subject to vertigo; of Lestiboudois, who had rheumatism; of Madame Lefrançois, who had heartburn. Finally the three horses scampered away, and it was generally agreed that he had not betrayed any affability.

But the public attention was distracted by the appearance of Monsieur Bournisien who passed under the market-shed, carrying the oil for extreme unction.

Homais, as his principles required him, compared the priests to ravens which are attracted by the smell of the carcass; the sight of an ecclesiastic was personally disagreeable to him, for the cassock made him think of the shroud, and he execrated the one, through terror of the other.

Nevertheless, not recoiling before that which he called *his mission*, he returned to Bovary's house accompanied

by Canivet, to whom Monsieur Larivière, before departing, had explicitly given this commission ; and he even, had it not been for the protestations of his wife, would have taken with him his two sons in order to accustom them to great situations, that it might be for them a lesson, an example, a solemn picture, which should remain with them later in life.

The chamber, when they entered it, was enveloped in a lugubrious solemnity. There was on the worktable, covered with a white napkin, five or six little pellets of cotton on a silver plate, by the side of a great crucifix, between two lighted candles. Emma, with her chin against her chest, her eyes immeasurably wide open, was clutching at the coverings with her poor hands in that hideous and gentle action of the dying who seemed to wish already to cover themselves with the shroud. Pale as a statue, and with eyes as red as coals, Charles was standing facing her at the foot of the bed, not weeping, whilst the priest, kneeling on one knee, was muttering words in a low tone.

She turned her face slowly and seemed to be filled with joy at seeing suddenly the violet stole, doubtless finding again in the midst of an extraordinary soothing, the lost voluptuousness of her first mystic transports, with the visions of eternal beatitude which were commencing.

The priest rose to take the crucifix ; then she stretched out her neck like one who has a thirst and gluing her lips to the body of the Man-God, she deposited on it

with all her expiring strength, the greatest kiss of love which she had ever given. Then he recited the *Miseratur* and the *Indulgentiam*, dipped his right thumb in the oil and commenced the unctions ;—at first on the eyes which had so much coveted all terrestrial sumptuousness ; then on the nostrils, delicate with warm breaths and amorous odors ; then on the mouth, which had been open for falsehood, which had sighed with pride and cried in luxury ; then on the hands, which had delighted themselves with soft contacts, and finally on the soles of the feet, so rapid, formerly, when she hastened to the gratification of her desires and which now would walk no more.

The curé wiped his fingers, threw in the fire the bits of cotton soaked in oil, and returned to seat himself by the side of the dying to say to her that she should now join her sufferings to those of Jesus Christ and abandon herself to the divine pity.

As he finished his exhortations, he endeavored to put into her hand a blessed candle, a symbol of the celestial glories with which she was so soon to be surrounded. But Emma, too weak, could not close her fingers and the candle, had it not been for Monsieur Bournisien, would have fallen to the floor.

However, her face no longer wore a pallid look, and her countenance had an expression of serenity, as if the sacrament had been the special means of bringing about her recovery.

The priest did not fail to make this observation ; he even explained to Bovary that the Lord, sometimes, prolonged the existence of persons when He thought it advisable for their salvation ; and Charles remembered another day when, thus also at the point of death, she had received the communion. It was, perhaps, not necessary to despair, he thought.

In fact, she began to look all around her, slowly, like one who was awakening from a dream, then, in a clear voice, she asked for her hand-glass, and she remained leaning over it some time, until the moment when great tears began to flow from her eyes. Then she threw back her head, uttering a sigh, and fell upon her pillow.

Her chest immediately began to rise and fall with great rapidity. Her tongue protruded at full length ; her eyes, as they rolled, grew pale like two lamp globes which are extinguishing,—she might have been thought already dead, had it not been for the frightfully rapid action of her sides due to her furious breathing, as if the soul were leaping to disengage itself. Félicité knelt before the crucifix, and the pharmacist, himself, felt his knees yield under him, whilst Monsieur Canivet looked out abstractedly on the Place. Bournisien had returned to his prayers, his face bowed on the edge of the bed, whilst his long black cassock trailed behind him in the apartment. Charles was on the other side, on his knees, his arms extended towards her. He had taken her hands and he clasped them, shuddering at each beat of her

heart, as at the counterstroke of a falling ruin. And as the death rattle grew stronger, the ecclesiastic precipitated his orisons ; they mingled with the smothered sobs of Bovary, and sometimes everything seemed to disappear in the dull murmur of the Latin syllables, which tolled like a funeral knell.

Suddenly, there was heard, on the pavement below, the sound of heavy sabots with the tapping of a stick ; and a voice arose, a hoarse voice which sang :

“ Often the heat of a fine day
Makes a young girl think of love.”

She rose up suddenly like a corpse that has been galvanized, her hair unloosened, her eyeballs fixed, staring.

“ For to pick up carefully
All the sheaves which the scythe cut down,
My Nannette goes stooping over
Toward the furrow where they grow.”

“ The blind man ! ” she cried.

And Emma commenced to laugh, with an atrocious laughter, frantic, despairing, as though she saw the hideous face of the wretch which rose in the eternal shadows like a terror.

“ It blew strongly on that day,
And the short petticoat flew away ! ”

A convulsion beat her down upon the mattress. Everyone drew near. She no longer existed.

IX

There is always after the death of anyone, something like a stupefaction which manifests itself, so difficult is it to comprehend this return of nothingness and to resign one's self to accept it. But when he saw her motionless, Charles threw himself upon her crying: "Adieu! adieu!" Homais and Canivet drew him outside of the chamber.

"Calm yourself!"

"Yes," he said, struggling, "I will be reasonable, I will not do any harm. But let me be! I wish to see her! she is my wife!"

And he wept.

"Weep," said the pharmacist, "give way to nature, that will soothe you."

Charles, now become weaker than an infant, allowed himself to be conducted downstairs, into the *salle*, and Monsieur Homais presently returned to his own house.

He was accosted on the Place by the blind man, who, having dragged himself as far as Yonville in the hope of the antiphlogistic pomade, asked the address of the apothecary of every passer-by.

“Come, good! as if I had no other fish to fry! Ah! so much the worse, come back later.”

And he entered precipitately into the pharmacy.

He had to write two letters, to compose a soothing potion for Bovary, to find a falsehood which should conceal the poisoning, and to state it in an article for the *Fanal*, without counting the people who were waiting for him in order to hear the news; and when the Yonvillites had all heard his story of the arsenic which she had taken for sugar, in making vanilla cream, Homais once more returned to Bovary's house.

He found him alone—Monsieur Canivet had departed—seated in the armchair, near the window, and contemplating with an idiotic look the pavement of the salle.

“It will now be necessary,” said the pharmacist, “to designate yourself the hour of the ceremony.”

“Why? what ceremony?”

Then, in a stammering and frightened voice:

“Oh! no! is it not so? no, I wish to keep her.”

Homais, to keep himself in countenance, took a carafe from the étagère to water the geraniums.

“Ah! thanks,” said Charles, “you are good.”

And he did not finish, suffocating under a multitude of souvenirs which this action of the pharmacist recalled to him.

Then, to distract him, Homais thought it advisable to talk horticulture a little; the plants had need of humidity. Charles nodded his head in sign of approbation.

“For that matter, the fine days will now soon return.”

“Ah!” said Bovary.

The apothecary, at the end of his wits, opened softly the little curtains of the window.

“Ah! there is Monsieur Tuvache going by.”

Charles repeated like a machine :

“Monsieur Tuvache going by.”

Homais did not dare to speak to him again on the arrangements for the funeral, and it was the ecclesiastic who succeeded in bringing him to consider them.

He shut himself up in his cabinet, took a pen, and, after having sobbed some time, he wrote :

I wish that she should be buried in her wedding dress, with white shoes, wearing a crown. Her hair shall be loosened on her shoulders; three coffins, one of oak, one of mahogany, one of lead. Let nothing be said to me, I shall have the strength. There shall be placed over everything a great piece of green velvet. I wish it so. Have it done.

These messieurs were much astonished at Bovary's romantic ideas, and the pharmacist immediately went to him to say :

“This velvet appears to me to be a superfetation. The expense, moreover ——”

“Does that concern you?” cried Charles. “Let me alone! you did not love her! Go away!”

The ecclesiastic took him under the arm to make him take a little turn in the garden. He discoursed upon the vanity of terrestrial things. God was very great, very good; we should submit to His decrees without murmuring, we should even thank Him.

Charles broke out in blasphemies:

“I curse Him, your God!”

“The spirit of rebellion is still in you,” sighed the ecclesiastic.

Bovary was at a distance. He walked with great strides along the wall, close by the fruit trained upon it, and he ground his teeth, he lifted to the sky looks of malediction; but not even the rustle of a leaf could be heard.

A fine rain began to fall. Charles, who had his chest uncovered, ended by beginning to shiver; he re-entered to seat himself in the kitchen.

At six o'clock a noise of hoofs was heard on the Place,—it was the *Hirondelle* which had arrived; and he sat still, his forehead pressed against the window-pane, watching the travelers descend, one after another. Félicité spread a mattress for him in the salon; he threw himself upon it and went to sleep.

Although a philosopher, Monsieur Homais respected the dead. Therefore, without retaining any malice for the poor Charles, he returned in the evening to sit up with the body, bringing with him three volumes and a portfolio, in order to take notes.

Monsieur Bournisien was there, and two great candles burned at the side of the bed, which had been drawn outside the alcove.

The apothecary, on whom the silence weighed heavily, soon began to formulate some regrets for this "unfortunate young woman," and the priest replied that there no longer remained anything to be done but to pray for her.

"However," Homais went on, "there is one of two things: either she has died in a state of grace—as the Church expresses it,—and then she has no longer need of our prayers; or else she has died impenitent—that is, I believe, the ecclesiastic expression,—and then ——"

Bournisien interrupted him, replying in a surly tone that it was none the less necessary to pray.

"But," objected the pharmacist, "since God is aware of all our needs, of what service can prayer be?"

"What!" said the ecclesiastic. "Prayer! you are then not a Christian?"

"Pardon me!" said Homais. "I admire Christianity. It has in the first place enfranchised the slaves, introduced into the world a code of morality ——"

"It is not a question of that. All the texts ——"

"Oh! oh! as to the texts, consult history. It is known that they have been falsified by the Jesuits."

Charles entered the room, and advancing toward the bed, he drew the curtains slowly aside.

Emma's head was inclined over her right shoulder. The corner of her mouth, which remained open, made

something like a black hole in the lower part of her face, the two thumbs remained bent in upon the palms of the hands ; a sort of white powder was scattered over her lashes, and her eyes commenced to disappear in a viscous pallor which resembled a thin sheet, as if the spiders had been spinning above them. The sheet hollowed itself from her breast to her knees, rose again on the points of her toes ; and it seemed to Charles that infinite masses, that an enormous weight, weighed upon her.

Two o'clock resounded from the church clock. The heavy murmur of the river could be heard flowing in the shadows, at the foot of the terrace.

Monsieur Bournisien, from time to time, blew his nose noisily, and Homais's pen creaked along the paper.

"Come ! my good friend," he said, "retire, this spectacle will rend you !"

When Charles had departed, the pharmacist and the curé recommenced their discussion.

"Read Voltaire," said one ; "read Holbach, read the *Encyclopédie !*"

"Read the *Lettres de Quelques Juifs Portugais*," said the other ; "read the *Raison du Christianisme*, by Nicolas, formerly magistrate."

They grew warm, they became red, they spoke both at once without listening to each other ; Bournisien was scandalized at such audacity. Homais was filled with astonishment at such stupidity ; and they were not far from insulting each other, when Charles suddenly

re-appeared. A fascination drew him. He was continually coming up the stairway.

He placed himself in front of her, so as to see her better, and he lost himself in this contemplation, which was none the less sorrowful through being profound.

He recalled to his mind histories of catalepsy, the miracles of magnetism ; and he said to himself that, in willing it strongly, he might perhaps succeed in resuscitating her. Once even, he leaned over toward her, and he cried in a low voice: "Emma! Emma!" His breath, strongly expelled, made the flames of the candles tremble against the wall.

In the gray dawn, Madame Bovary mère arrived, and Charles, when embracing her, gave way to a new overflowing of tears.

She undertook, as the pharmacist had done, to make some observations to him on the expense of the interment. He broke out so violently that she was silent ; and he even charged her with the commission of going immediately to the city to purchase what was required. Charles remained alone all the afternoon ; Berthe had been taken over to Madame Homais ; Félicité kept herself upstairs in the chamber with the Mère Lefrançois.

In the evening he received visitors ; he rose, grasped your hands without being able to speak, then you sat down near the others, who made a great semicircle before the chimney-piece. Their faces lowered and their knees crossed, they swung their legs, everyone uttering

at intervals a great sigh ; and everyone wearying himself immeasurably ; no one, however, would depart.

Homais, when he returned at nine o'clock—no one but he had been seen on the Place for the last two days,—brought with him a provision of camphor, of benzoin and of aromatic herbs. He brought, also, a vase full of chlorine to banish miasmas. At this moment, the servant, Madame Lefrançois and the Mère Bovary were revolving around Emma, completing her array for the grave, and they lowered the long stiff veil which covered her down to her satin shoes.

Félicité sobbed : “ Ah ! my poor mistress ! my poor mistress ! ”

“ Look at her ! ” said the hostess of the inn, sighing, “ how delicate she is still. You would swear that she was going to get up in a minute. ”

Then they leaned over her to put on her crown. But it was necessary to lift the head a little, and then a flood of black liquids issued like a vomiting from the mouth.

“ Ah ! Mon Dieu ! the dress, take care, ” cried Madame Lefrançois. “ Help us there ! ” she said to the pharmacist. “ Perhaps you are afraid ? ”

“ I, afraid ? ” he replied, shrugging his shoulders, “ ah ! well, yes ! I have seen these before at the Hôtel-Dieu, when I was studying pharmacy. We used to make punch in the dissecting amphitheatre ! Annihilation does not terrify a philosopher ; and I often even say, I have the

intention of leaving my body to the hospitals, in order, later, to be of some service to science."

When he came in, the curé inquired concerning monsieur; and on the apothecary's reply:

"The stroke, you understand, is still too recent."

Homais congratulated him on not being exposed, like everyone else, to the loss of a cherished companion; from which there arose a discussion on the celibacy of the clergy.

"For," said the pharmacist, "it is not natural for a man to live without women! There have been seen crimes ——"

"But, *sabre de Bois!*" cried the ecclesiastic, "how would you contrive that an individual engaged in the marriage bond could guard, for example, the secrets of the confessional?"

Then Homais attacked the confessional. Bournisien defended it; he dilated upon the restitutions which it brought about. He cited different anecdotes of thieves suddenly become honest. Military men, having approached the tribunal of penitence, had felt the scales fall from their eyes. There was, in fact, at Fribourg a minister ——

His companion was asleep. Then, as it was somewhat suffocating in the too heavy atmosphere of the chamber, he opened the window, which awakened the pharmacist.

"Come now, a pinch of snuff!" he said to him. "Take it; it will be cheering."

Meanwhile continual barkings made themselves heard, somewhere in the distance.

“Do you hear a dog howling?” said the pharmacist.

“They say that they scent the dead,” replied the ecclesiastic. “It is like the bees. They fly away from the hives at the death of persons.” Homais did not combat this prejudice, for he had gone to sleep again.

Monsieur Bournisien, more robust, continued for some time to move his lips almost inaudibly; then, very gradually, he lowered his chin, loosened his grasp on his thick black book, and commenced to snore.

They were opposite to each other, the stomach protruded, the countenance bloated, the aspect frowning, after so much discord coming together finally in the same human weakness; and they stirred no more than the corpse at their side, which appeared to be asleep.

Charles, when he entered, did not awaken them. It was the last time. He came to take his farewell of her.

The aromatic herbs were still smoking, and the spirals of bluish vapor mingled, at the edge of the window, with the mist which entered. Some stars were visible and the night was soft.

The wax of the candles fell in great drops upon the bed coverings. Charles looked at them burning, fatiguing his eyes against the radiation of their yellow flame.

The watering of the stuff shimmered on the satin dress, white as a ray of moonlight. Emma disappeared

underneath ; and it seemed to him that, spreading about herself, she was lost confusedly in all surrounding things, in the silence, in the night, in the wind which passed, in the humid odors which ascended.

Then, suddenly, he saw her in the garden of Tostes, seated on the bench, before the thorn hedge, or else at Rouen in the streets, in the doorway of their house, in the courtyard of the Bertaux. He heard again the laugh of the rustics, light-hearted, dancing under the apple-trees ; the chamber was full of the perfume of her hair, and her dress shivered in his arms with the noise of sparks. It was the same, that one !

And he occupied himself for a long while in thus recalling all the lost happinesses, her attitudes, her gestures, the quality of her voice. After one despair there came another, and forever inexhaustible, like the waves of a sea which breaks its bounds.

Then he experienced a terrible curiosity ; slowly, with the ends of his fingers, palpitating, he lifted her veil. But he uttered a cry of horror which awakened the two others. They led him downstairs into the salle.

Then Félicité came to say that he was asking for some locks of hair.

“Cut them off,” replied the apothecary ; and as she did not dare, he went forward himself, scissors in hand.

He trembled so greatly that he pricked the skin of the temple in several places. Finally, steeling himself against emotion, Homais gave two or three great cuts,

quite at hazard, which left white marks in this beautiful black hair.

The pharmacist and the curé then plunged again into their respective occupations, not without going to sleep from time to time, of which they accused each other reciprocally at each new awakening. Then Monsieur Bournisien sprinkled the chamber with holy water and Homais threw a little chlorine on the floor.

Félicité had been careful to place for them on the commode a bottle of brandy, a cheese and a great brioche. Then the apothecary, who could sustain himself no longer, sighed about four o'clock in the morning:

“*Ma foi!* I will take some sustenance with pleasure!” And the ecclesiastic did not wait to be persuaded; he went out to say his mass, returned; then they ate and even drank, grimacing a little the while, without knowing why, excited by that vague cheerfulness which takes possession of you after sorrowful sittings.

They encountered below, in the vestibule, workmen who were coming in.

Then Charles, during two hours, had to submit to the martyrdom of a hammer resounding on the planks. Then she was brought down in her oaken coffin which was enclosed in the two others; as the bier was too large, it was necessary to stuff up the interstices with the wool of a mattress. Finally, when the three coverings were polished, nailed, soldered, they were exposed

Part Third Chapter XX

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before the door ; the house was thrown wide open, and the people of Yonville commenced to flow in.

The Père Rouault arrived. He fainted on the Place when he saw the black cloth.

X

He had not received the letter of the pharmacist until thirty-six hours after the event, and, through consideration for his feelings, Monsieur Homais had worded it in such a manner that it was impossible to tell what had happened.

The goodman fell at first as though struck with apoplexy. Then he comprehended that she was not dead. But she might be — He had put on his blouse, taken his hat, fastened a spur to his shoe and set off at full gallop ; and all along the road the Père Rouault, breathless, was devoured by his anguish. Once even he was obliged to dismount. He could no longer see. He heard voices around him. He felt himself on the point of going mad.

The day began to appear. He perceived three black chickens asleep in a tree ; he shuddered, frightened at this omen. Then he promised to the Holy Virgin three chasubles for the church, and that he would go bare-footed from the cemetery of the Bertaux as far as the chapel of Vassonville.

He entered into Maromme, hailing the people of the inn, broke in the door with his shoulder, seized upon a sack of oats, poured in the manger a bottle of sweet cider, and threw himself again astride of his pony who made the fire fly from his four hoofs.

He said to himself that they would doubtless save her; the doctors would discover a remedy, that was certain. He recalled all the miraculous cures which had been related to him.

Then she appeared to him dead. She was there before him, extended on her back in the middle of the road. He drew his bridle and the hallucination disappeared.

At Quincampoix, to give himself some courage, he drank three coffees one after the other.

He thought that a mistake had been made in his name in writing. He sought for the letter in his pocket, felt it, but did not dare to open it.

Then he began to think that perhaps it was a *trick*, a piece of revenge on the part of some one, a whim of some men in a merry mood; and, moreover, if she were dead, it would be known. But no, there was nothing extraordinary in the appearance of the country; the sky was blue, the trees swayed; a flock of sheep passed. He saw the village; they perceived him coming, leaning forward over the neck of his horse which he was beating with great strokes and whose girths dripped blood.

When he had recovered consciousness, he fell, all in tears, into Bovary's arms.

"My daughter! Emma! my child! explain it to me ——"

And the other replied with sobs:

"I do not know, I do not know, it is a malediction."

The apothecary separated them.

"These horrible details are useless. I will inform monsieur concerning them. Here are people coming. Let us have some dignity, *fichtre!* some philosophy!"

The poor fellow wished to appear strong and he repeated several times:

"Yes —— Courage!"

"Well!" cried the goodman, "I will have some, *nom d'un tonnerre de Dieu!* I am going to accompany her to the end."

The bell began to toll. Everything was ready. It was necessary to start the procession.

And, seated in a choir-stall near to each other, they saw pass and repass continually before them, the three choristers who were singing. A musician who played on the serpent blew into it with all his lungs. Monsieur Bournisien, in grand apparel, chanted with a sharp voice; he saluted the tabernacle, elevated his hands, extended his arms. Lestiboudois circulated through the church with his whalebone wand; and, near to the reading-desk, the bier reposed between four rows of candles. Charles had a desire to get up and extinguish them.

He endeavored, however, to incite himself to devotion, to launch himself into the hope of a future life where he should see her again. He imagined that she had gone on a journey, to a great distance, a long time ago. But when he thought that she was to be found underneath there, and that everything was finished, that she would be carried away in the earth, then he gave way to a rage, ferocious, black, despairing. Sometimes he even thought that he could no longer feel; and he relished this soothing of his sorrows while at the same time reproaching himself for being a wretch.

There could be heard on the flagstones a sound like the sharp rap of an iron-pointed stick striking at regular intervals. This came from the back, and stopped short in the lower part of the church. A man in a great brown vest knelt painfully. It was Hippolyte, the hostler of the *Lion d'Or*. He had put on his new leg. One of the choristers made the tour of the nave collecting, and the great sous, one after the other, fell resounding into the silver plate.

"Hurry up, there! I am suffering, I am!" cried Bovary, throwing him angrily a five-franc piece. The churchman thanked him by a long reverence.

They sang, they kneeled down, they rose up again, it would never end! He remembered that once, in the early days, they had been present together at the mass, and they had placed themselves on the other side, on the right, against the wall.

The bell recommenced. There was a great movement of chairs. The bearers slid their three poles under the bier, and everyone left the church.

Justin then appeared in the doorway of the pharmacy. He suddenly re-entered, pale, staggering.

People placed themselves at their windows to see the funeral pass. Charles, at the head, straightened his figure. He assumed a brave air, and saluted with a sign those who, coming out of the narrow streets or the doorways, ranged themselves in the crowd.

The six men, three on each side, walked with short steps and gasping a little. The priest, the singers and the two children of the choir recited the *De Profundis*; and their voices went away over the country, rising and falling with undulations. Sometimes they disappeared with the turnings of the path; but the great silver cross always showed itself through the trees.

The women followed, covered with black mantles with the hoods pulled down; each carried in her hand a great candle, lighted, and Charles felt himself ready to faint under this continual repetition of prayers and of candles, under these nauseating odors of wax and of cassocks. A fresh breeze blew, the rye and the colewort were turning green, and the drops of dew trembled on the edge of the road in the thorn hedges. All sorts of joyful sounds filled the horizon: the clatter of a cart rolling along at a distance in the ruts, the cry of a rooster repeating himself, or the gallopade of a colt which

could be seen disappearing under the apple-trees. The pure sky was spotted with pink clouds; bluish clouds of smoke beat down again upon the cottages covered with iris; Charles, as he passed by, recognized the courtyards. He remembered mornings like this one in which, after having visited some patient, he came out and returned towards her.

The black cloth, sown with white tears, lifted itself from time to time, disclosing the bier. The fatigued bearers went more slowly and it advanced by continuous jerkings, like a boat which pitches at every wave.

Finally they arrived. The men continued on to the back, to a place in the turf where the ditch had been dug.

They ranged themselves around; and whilst the priest spoke, the reddish earth thrown up on the edges ran back again at the corners, noiselessly, continually.

Then, when the four ropes were arranged, they placed the bier above them. He watched it descend.

It still descended.

Finally a shock was heard; the ropes were drawn up, creaking a little. Then Bournisien took the spade which Lestiboudois offered him; with his left hand, while continually sprinkling it with his right, he gave a vigorous impulse to the large shovelful; and the wood of the coffin, struck by the pebbles, made that formidable sound which seems to us like the echoing of eternity.

The ecclesiastic passed the holy water sprinkler to his neighbor. That was Monsieur Homais. He shook it gravely, then he offered it to Charles, who sank down on his knees on the earth, and he threw it in abundantly, crying: "Adieu!" He threw kisses toward her; he dragged himself toward the grave to be buried with her.

They led him away; and he was not long in quieting down, experiencing perhaps, like all the others, the vague satisfaction of having finished with it.

The Père Rouault, on returning, set himself tranquilly to smoking a pipe, which Homais, in his spiritual jurisdiction, judged to be somewhat inappropriate. He also noticed that Monsieur Binet had refrained from appearing, that Tuvache "had skipped" after the mass, and that Théodore, the notary's domestic, was wearing a blue coat,—“as if one could not find a black coat, since it is the custom, what the devil!” And, to communicate his observations, he went from one group to another. The death of Emma was deplored, and above all by L'Heureux, who had not failed to go to the interment.

“That poor little lady! what a sorrow for her husband!”

The apothecary went on:

“Without me, you know, he would have made some serious attempt upon himself.”

“So nice a person! Just to think that I saw her last Saturday in my shop!”

“I have not had the leisure,” said Homais, “to prepare some words which I would have thrown upon her tomb.”

On returning, Charles undressed, and the Père Rouault ironed out his blue blouse. It was new and as he, during the ride, had often wiped his eyes with the sleeves, the color had come off on his face; and the traces of tears made lines in the layer of dust which soiled it.

Madame Bovary mère was with them. They were silent, all three of them. Finally the goodman sighed:

“Do you remember, my friend, that I came to see you at Tostes one time when you had just lost your first defunct. I consoled you at that time. I found what to say; but at present ——” Then with a long groan which lifted his whole chest: “Ah! this is the end for me, you see! I have seen my wife depart —— my son afterwards —— and here to-day my daughter!”

He wished to return immediately to the Bertaux, saying that he could not sleep in this house. He refused even to see his granddaughter.

“No! no! that would cause me too much grief. Only, you will embrace her well! Adieu! —— you are a good fellow! And then, I shall never forget that,” said he, striking his thigh, “do not be afraid! you shall always receive your turkey-hen.”

But when he was at the top of the hill, he turned round, as formerly he had turned on the road of Saint-Victor, in separating from her. The windows of the

village were all on fire under the oblique rays of the sun which was setting in the meadow. He put his hand before his eyes ; and he perceived on the horizon an enclosure of walls, in which the trees, here and there, made black clumps between the white stones ; then he continued on his road, at a gentle trot, for his pony limped.

Charles and his mother sat together in the evening, notwithstanding their fatigue, talking together a long time. They spoke of the days of former times and of the future ! She would come to live in Yonville, she would take care of his household, they would not separate again. She was ingenious and caressing, rejoicing inwardly at coming once again into possession of an affection which for so many years had escaped her. Midnight sounded. The village, as usual, was silent, and Charles, awake, was still thinking of her.

Rodolphe, who for distraction had beaten the woods all day, was sleeping tranquilly in his château ; Léon, over there, was sleeping also.

But there was another, who at this hour was not sleeping.

On the edge of the grave, among the fir-trees, a child was kneeling, weeping ; and his chest, broken by sobs, gasped in the darkness under the pressure of an immense regret, softer than the moon and more unfathomable than the night. The gate suddenly creaked. It was Lestiboudois ; he came back to get his spade which he

had forgotten. He recognized Justin climbing over the wall, and knew then where to look for the malefactor who robbed him of his potatoes.

XI

The next day Charles had the little one brought home. She asked for her mamma. They told her that she was absent, that she would bring playthings back to her. Berthe spoke of it again several times; then, in the end, she no longer thought of it. The cheerfulness of this child distressed Bovary, and he had to submit to the intolerable condolences of the pharmacist.

The money affairs very soon recommenced, Monsieur L'Heureux exciting again his friend Vincart, and Charles involved himself for exorbitant sums, for never would he consent to allow to be sold the least of the pieces of furniture which had belonged to *her*. His mother was exasperated with him. He was more indignant even than she. He had completely changed. She abandoned the house.

Then everyone came forward to make the best of it. Mademoiselle Lempereur claimed six months' lessons, although Emma had never taken one single one—withstanding that receipted bill which she had shown to Bovary; this was an agreement between the two women.

The librarian claimed three years' subscriptions, the Mère Rollet claimed the carrying of twenty letters; and as Charles asked for an explanation, she had the delicacy to reply :

“Ah ! I know nothing about it ! they were her affairs.”

With each debt that he paid, Charles thought that he had come to the last. But others were continually making their appearance.

He requested delayed payments for former professional visits. He was shown letters which had been received from his wife. Then it was necessary for him to make excuses.

Félicité now wore madame's dresses; not all of them, for he had retained some of them; and he was in the habit of going to look at them in his dressing-room where he kept them locked up. As she had nearly the same figure, it frequently happened that when she came out of the chamber Charles, perceiving her from behind, was seized by an illusion and he cried: “Oh ! stay ! stay !”

But at Pentecost she decamped from Yonville carried away by Théodore, after having stolen all that remained of the wardrobe.

It was about this period that Madame Veuve Dupuis had the honor to notify him of the “Marriage of Monsieur Léon Dupuis, her son, notary at Yvetot, with Mademoiselle Léocadie Lebœuf, of Bondeville.” Charles, among the congratulations which he addressed to her,

wrote this phrase: "How happy my poor wife would have been!"

One day, when wandering aimlessly about the house, he had ascended to the garret, he felt under his slipper a little crumpled piece of fine paper. He opened it and he read: "Courage, Emma! courage! I do not wish to cause the misfortune of your life." It was Rodolphe's letter, fallen to the floor between the boxes, which had remained there and which the wind from the garret window had blown towards the door. And Charles stood quite motionless and open-mouthed in the same place where formerly, still paler than he, Emma in despair had wished to die.

Finally he discovered a little letter R at the bottom of the second page. Who was it? He recalled the attentions of Rodolphe, his sudden disappearance, and the constrained air which he had worn on the two or three occasions on which she had since met him. But the respectful tone of the letter led him astray. They had perhaps loved each other platonically, he said to himself.

Moreover, Charles was not one of those who descends to the bottom of things; he recoiled before the proofs, and his uncertain jealousy lost itself in the immensity of his grief.

She must have been adored, he thought. Every man, certainly, had coveted her. She seemed to him more beautiful because of it; and he was filled with a

desire, permanent, furious, which inflamed his despair and which had no limit because it was now incapable of realization.

To please her, as if she still lived, he adopted her predilections, her ideas. He bought varnished boots, he took to wearing white cravats. He put cosmetics on his mustache, he signed like her notes of hand. She corrupted him beyond the tomb.

He was obliged to sell the silverware piece by piece, afterwards he sold the furniture of the salon. All the apartments were stripped of their furniture; but the chamber, her chamber, had remained as formerly.

After his dinner, Charles ascended to it. He pushed the round table before the fire and he brought up *her* armchair. He seated himself facing it. A candle burned in one of the gilded candlesticks. Berthe near him was coloring engravings.

He suffered, the poor man, at seeing her so badly clothed, with her little boots without laces, and the armholes of her blouses torn down to the hips, for the housekeeper took but little care of her. But she was so sweet, so gentle, and her little head leaned forward so gracefully, letting her pretty blonde hair fall over her pink cheeks, that an infinite delectation took possession of him, a pleasure all mingled with bitterness, like those badly made wines which smell of resin. He mended her playthings, made for her jumping-jacks out of cardboard, or sewed up the torn stomachs of her

dolls. Then, if his eyes encountered the work-box, a trailing ribbon or even a pin which had remained in the crack of the table, he fell to dreaming, and his aspect was so sad that she became sad like him.

No one at present came to see them, but Justin had fled to Rouen where he had become a grocer's apprentice, and the apothecary's children sought the company of the little one less and less, Monsieur Homais not caring, considering the difference of their social conditions, that the intimacy should be prolonged.

The blind man, whom he had not been able to cure with his pomade, had returned to the hill of Bois-Guillaume, where he narrated to the travelers the pharmacist's vain attempt to such an extent that Homais, when he went to the city, concealed himself behind the curtain of the *Hirondelle* in order to avoid meeting him. He execrated him; and in the interest of his own reputation, wishing to get rid of him by all means, he arrayed against him a hidden battery, which revealed the profundity of his intelligence and the villany of his vanity. During six consecutive months there could be read in the *Fanal de Rouen* little paragraphs in this style:

“Every one who journeys toward the fertile country of Picardie will doubtless have noticed on the hill of Bois-Guillaume, a miserable wretch attacked by a horrible facial wound. He importunes you, persecutes you,

and collects a veritable tax on all travelers. Are we still in those monstrous times of the Middle Ages when it was permitted to vagabonds to display on our public places, the leprosy and the scrofula which they had brought back from the Crusades?"

Or this:

"Notwithstanding the laws against vagrancy, the outskirts of our great cities continue to be infested by bands of wretches. Some of them may be met with traveling singly, and these are perhaps not the least dangerous. Of what are our ediles thinking?"

Then Homais invented anecdotes:

"Yesterday, on the hill of Bois-Guillaume, a spirited horse ——" and then followed the recital of an accident occasioned by the presence of the blind man.

He managed so well that the other was incarcerated. But later he was released. He recommenced and Homais also recommenced. It was a struggle. The latter had the victory, for his enemy was condemned to permanent seclusion in a hospital.

This success emboldened him; and from that day there was not in the arrondissement a dog disposed of, a barn fired, a woman beaten, that he did not communicate it to the public, guided always by the love of progress and the hatred of priests. He established comparisons between the primary schools and the *frères*

ignorantins,¹ to the detriment of the latter ; recalled the Saint Bartholomew apropos of an allowance of a hundred francs made to the church, and denounced abuses, launched sallies. This was his motto. Homais undermined ; he became dangerous.

However, he was suffocating in the narrow limits of journalism, and soon he required the book, the work ! Then he composed "some general statistics on the canton of Yonville, followed by climatological observations," and statistics urged him towards philosophy. He became preoccupied with the great questions, the social problem, the moral education of the poorer classes, pisciculture, caoutchouc, railways, etc. He came to the point of blushing at being a bourgeois. He affected *the artistic style*, he smoked ! He purchased two statuettes, *chic Pompadour*, to decorate his salon.

He did not abandon the pharmacy ; quite the contrary ! he kept himself fully informed as to the newest discoveries. He followed the great movement of chocolates. He was the first who caused to be brought into the Seine-Inférieure the cho-ca and the revalentia. He was filled with enthusiasm for the Pulvermacher hydro-electric chains ; he wore one himself ; and at night, when he took off his flannel waistcoat, Madame Homais remained in a state of bedazzlement before the spiral of gold under which he disappeared, and felt her ardors redoubled for this man more enveloped

in bonds than a Scythian and as splendid as one of the Magi.

He had very fine ideas on the subject of Emma's tomb. He proposed at first a broken column with a drapery, after that a pyramid, then a temple of Vesta, a sort of rotunda — or else, "a heap of ruins." And in all these plans, Homais never once abandoned a weeping willow, which he considered as the obligatory symbol of sorrow.

Charles and he made together a journey to Rouen to inspect tombs, in the establishment of a furnisher of sepulchres—accompanied by an artist, a painter named Vaufraylard, a friend of Bridoux, and who retailed puns all the time.

Finally, after having examined some hundred designs, after having ordered one style and made a second journey to Rouen, Charles decided for a mausoleum which should carry on its two principal faces "a Genius holding an extinguished torch."

As to the inscription, Homais found nothing so fine as, *Sta viator*; and he remained there; he raked his imagination; he repeated continually: *Sta viator* —. Finally he discovered *Amabilem conjugem calcas!* which was adopted.

What was strange was that Bovary, while thinking continually of Emma, forgot her, and he was in despair at feeling this image escape from his memory in the midst of all the efforts he made to retain it. Each

night, however, he dreamed of her; it was always the same dream,—he approached her, but when he went to embrace her, she fell in decay into his arms.

He was seen for a week to enter the church every evening. Monsieur Bournisien even made him two or three visits, then he abandoned him. Moreover, the goodman was turning towards intolerance, towards fanaticism, said Homais; he fulminated against the spirit of the century, and did not fail, once every fortnight, in his sermon, to relate the death agony of Voltaire, who died devouring his excrement, as everyone knows.

Notwithstanding the parsimony in which Bovary lived, he was far from being able to pay off his old debts. L'Heureux refused to renew any note. The seizure became imminent. Then he had recourse to his mother, who consented to allow him to take a mortgage on her property, but writing him at the same time bitter incriminations of Emma; and she demanded, in return for her sacrifice, a shawl which had escaped the ravages of Félicité. Charles refused it to her. This refusal led to a quarrel.

She made the first overtures to a reconciliation in proposing to him to take the child, who would be a comfort for her in her house. Charles consented. But at the moment of departure, all courage abandoned him. Then it was a rupture definite, complete.

In proportion as his affections disappeared, he clung more closely to the love of his child. She made him

anxious, however, for she coughed sometimes and had red spots on the cheeks.

Opposite to him, displayed itself, flourishing and hilarious, the family of the pharmacist, which everything in the world contributed to satisfy. Napoléon aided him in the laboratory, Athalie embroidered him a Greek bonnet, Irma cut out round pieces of paper to cover the confitures, and Franklin recited the table of Pythagoras without taking breath. He was the most happy of fathers, the most fortunate of men.

An error! a silent ambition devoured him,—Homais desired the cross.

He did not lack for claims to it :

First: For having at the time of the cholera signalized himself by a boundless devotion. *Second*: For having published, and at my own costs, different works of public utility, such as — And he recalled his memorandum, entitled: “Cider: Its Fabrication and its Effects;” then, Observations upon the *puceron lanigère*, sent to the Académie; his volume of statistics, and even his thesis as a pharmacist,—not counting that I am a member of several learned societies—he was of one only.—“Finally,” he cried, executing a pirouette, “although there shall be nothing left for me but to signalize myself at a conflagration.”

Then Homais inclined towards Power. He rendered secretly to Monsieur le Préfet great services in the elections. He sold himself, in short, he prostituted

himself. He even addressed to the sovereign a petition in which he supplicated him *to render him justice*. He called him *our good king* and compared him to Henry IV.

And each morning the apothecary threw himself upon the journal to find in it his nomination; it did not appear.— Finally, unable to contain himself longer, he caused to be laid out in his garden a piece of turf imitating the star of honor with two little strips of grass which ascended from the summit to imitate the ribbon. He would promenade himself around it, his arms crossed, meditating upon the ineptitude of the government and the ingratitude of men.

Through respect, or through a sort of sensuality which caused him to protract his investigations, Charles had not yet opened the secret compartment in the desk of violet ebony which Emma habitually used. One day, finally, he sat down before it, turned the key and pushed the spring. All Léon's letters were then discovered. This time there was no more doubt! He devoured them all to the last one, searched in all the corners, all the furniture, all the drawers, behind the walls, sobbing, groaning, bewildered, crazy. He discovered a box, broke it open with a blow of his foot. Rodolphe's portrait appeared in plain sight, in the midst of the *billets-doux* thrown about.

Everyone was surprised at his discouragement. He no longer went out, received no one, refused even to

go to see his patients. Then it was asserted that he *shut himself up to drink*.

Sometimes, however, some curious one lifted himself above the garden hedge and saw with stupefaction this man with a long beard, covered with sordid garments, wild, and who wept aloud as he walked.

In the evenings in summer, he took his little girl with him and conducted her to the cemetery. They returned after night had fallen, when there was no longer any light on the Place except Binet's garret window.

However, the voluptuousness of his grief was incomplete, for there was no one near him who shared it with him, and he used to make visits to the Mère Lefrançois in order to be able to speak of her.

But the innkeeper listened to him with only one ear, having, like him, griefs of her own, for Monsieur L'Heureux had finally established the *Favorites du Commerce*, and Hivert, who enjoyed a great reputation for the execution of commissions, demanded an increase in his salary and threatened to go over to the rival's.

One day when he had gone to the market of Argueil to sell his horse—his last resource—he encountered Rodolphe.

They both turned pale when they saw each other. Rodolphe, who had only sent his card, stammered at first some excuses, then grew bolder and even pushed

his assurance—it was very warm, they were in the month of August—so far as to invite him to take a bottle of beer in the tavern.

Leaning on his elbow opposite to him, he chewed the end of his cigar while talking, and Charles lost himself in reveries before this countenance which she had loved. He seemed to see again something of her. It was an astonishment. He would have wished to have been this man.

The other continued to talk agriculture, cattle, fertilizers, stopping up with commonplace phrases all the openings in which an allusion might have slipped in. Charles did not listen to him, Rodolphe perceived it, and he detected on the play of his countenance the passage of his memories. It became flushed little by little, the nostrils moved quickly, the lips trembled; there was even an instant during which Charles, full of a sombre fury, fixed his eyes upon Rodolphe, who, in a species of fright, interrupted himself.

But presently the same funereal lassitude re-appeared on his countenance.

“I will not quarrel with you,” said he.

Rodolphe remained silent. Charles, his head in his two hands, repeated with an almost inaudible voice and with the resigned accent of infinite sorrow:

“No, I will no longer quarrel with you!” He even added a great word, the only one which he had ever uttered:

“It is the fault of fatality.”

Rodolphe, who had brought about this fatality, found him very meek for a man in his situation, comic even and a little mean.

The next day, Charles went to seat himself on the bench in the arbor. The daylight came through the trellis; the vine leaves designed their shadows on the sand, the jessamine was balmy, the sky was blue, the Spanish flies buzzed around the lilies in blossom, and Charles suffocated like an adolescent under the vague, amorous odors, which swelled his vexed heart.

At seven o'clock, the little Berthe, who had not seen him all the afternoon, came to look for him for dinner.

His head was thrown back against the wall, the eyes closed, the mouth open, and he was holding in his hands a long tress of black hair.

“Papa, come now!” she said.

And, thinking that he wished to play, she pushed him gently. He fell on the ground. He was dead.

Thirty-six hours later, on the demand of the apothecary, Monsieur Canivet appeared. He opened him and discovered nothing.

When everything was sold, there remained twelve francs and seventy-five centimes, which served to pay the expenses of the journey of Mademoiselle Bovary to her grandmother's. The good woman died that same year; the Père Rouault being paralyzed, it was an aunt who took charge of her. She is poor and

she sends her to make her living by working in a cotton factory.

Since Bovary's death, three doctors have succeeded each other at Yonville, but without prospering, so much has Monsieur Homais undermined them. He has a devil of a practice ; authority treats with him and public opinion protects him.

He has just received the Cross of Honor.

NOTE

¹Lay-brothers devoted to the elementary instruction of the poor.

ACCUSATION, DEFENCE AND JUDGMENT

IN THE

ACTION BROUGHT AGAINST THE AUTHOR

BEFORE THE

TRIBUNAL CORRECTIONNEL OF PARIS

(6th Chamber)

PRESIDENT, MONSIEUR DUBARLE

Sessions of the 31st of January and 7th of February, 1857



This novel was published, for the first time, in 1857, in the Revue de Paris, a periodical important as presenting the spirit of the epoch, under the direction of M. Laurent Pichat. This was a literary event, a brilliant success which the favorable reception by the public sanctioned, but which all the more quickly on this account excited the susceptibilities of the official censure. The Public Prosecutor, discovering with great ingenuity in certain passages offences against good manners and against religion, hastened to make use of them as the grounds for an action at law.

However, the excessive zeal of the Ministère Public, represented on this occasion by Monsieur Pinard, a simple deputy of the Procureur Impérial, and who became later Minister of the Interior, failed completely in this case before the good sense of the judges, the lofty range of this work of art, the eloquence and the ability of Monsieur Senard, the advocate chosen by the author. Gustave Flaubert was acquitted.

We give here the report in extenso of this celebrated action, as one of the most interesting documents in the history of the literature and of the morality of the present time.



THE MINISTÈRE PUBLIC

AGAINST

M. GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

ACCUSATION OF M. L'AVOCAT IMPÉRIAL

M. ERNEST PINARD¹

Messieurs, in undertaking this action, the Ministère Public is confronted by a difficulty which cannot be concealed. It does not lie in the nature of our accusation: offences against public morals and against religion, these are doubtless expressions somewhat vague, somewhat elastic, which it is necessary to precise. But in fact, when addressing upright and practical minds, it is easy to come to an understanding in this respect, to distinguish whether such a page of a book contains an attack on religion or morality. The difficulty is not in our accusation, it is rather, it is still more so, in the extent of the work which you have to judge. There is here the question of an entire novel. When there is submitted to your appreciation an article in a newspaper, it can be seen at once where the offence commences and where it finishes; the Ministère Public

reads the article and submits it to your judgment. Here it is not a question of a newspaper article, but of a complete novel, which commenced the first of October, finished the 15th of December, and includes six instalments, published in the *Revue de Paris*, 1856. What is to be done in this situation? What action shall be taken by the Ministère Public? Read the entire novel? That is impossible. On the other hand, to read only the accused passages, that would be to expose the prosecution to very well founded reproach. It could be said to us,—“if you do not set forth the action in all its details, if you pass over that which precedes and that which follows the accused passages, it is evident that you limit the argument in restricting the field of the discussion.” To avoid this double inconvenience, there is only one method to pursue, and this is it,—it is to relate to you at first the entire story without reading it, without incriminating any passage, and then to read, to incriminate in citing the text, and finally to respond to the objections which may be raised against the general character of the accusation.

What is the title of the novel? *Madame Bovary*. This is a title which tells nothing in itself. There is a second title in a parenthesis: *Provincial Manners*. This is again a title which does not explain the author's ideas, but which gives us some forecast of them. The author has not wished to follow such or such a philosophical system, true or false, he has wished to paint

pictures of manners and customs, and you shall see what pictures!!! Doubtless it is the husband who commences and who terminates the book; but the most serious portrait of the work, that which illuminates the other paintings, is evidently that of Madame Bovary.

Here I relate, I do not cite anything. We take the husband at college, and, it must be said, the youth announces already what the husband will be. He is excessively dull and timid, so timid that when he arrives at the college and is asked his name, he commences by replying *Charbovari*. He is so dull that he studies without making any progress. He is never the first, he is never the last either in his class; he is the type, if not of nonentity, at least of that which is ridiculous at college. After the college studies, he goes to study medicine at Rouen, in a chamber on the fourth floor, looking out on the Seine,² which his mother has hired from a dyer of her acquaintance. It is there that he carries on his medical studies and that he finally attains, little by little, not to the grade of doctor in medicine, but to that of *Officier de Santé*. He frequents the cabarets, he neglects his lectures, but he has not, for the rest, any other passion than that of playing dominoes. This is Monsieur Bovary.

He is going to get married. His mother finds him a wife: the widow of a bailiff of Dieppe; she is virtuous and ugly, she is forty-five years of age and has twelve hundred livres of income. Only, the notary who holds

the capital of this income goes off one fine morning to America, and the first Madame Bovary was so struck, so much affected, by this unexpected blow, that she died of it. This is the first marriage, this is the first scene.

Monsieur Bovary, now a widower, thinks of marrying again. He consults his recollections; he does not have to go far, there comes immediately into his memory the daughter of a farmer of the neighborhood who had singularly excited the suspicions of Madame Bovary, Mademoiselle Emma Rouault. The farmer Rouault had but one daughter, educated at the Convent of the Ursulines at Rouen. She is but little interested in the farm; her father desires to marry her. The officier de santé presents himself, he is not particular about the dot, and you will readily understand that, with such dispositions on one side and the other, affairs march swiftly. The marriage takes place. Monsieur Bovary is at his wife's feet, he is the most happy of men, the blindest of husbands; his sole thought is to anticipate his wife's desires.

Here the part of Monsieur Bovary disappears; that of Madame Bovary becomes the serious work of the book.

Messieurs, has Madame Bovary loved her husband or sought to love him? No, and at the commencement there takes place that which might be called the scene of initiation. Dating from this moment, another horizon opens before her, a new life appears to her. The

Part Third Chapter XX

One day, finally, he sat down before it, turned the key and pushed the spring. All Léon's letters were then discovered. This time there was no more doubt! He devoured them all to the last one, searched in all the corners, all the furniture, all the drawers, behind the walls, sobbing, groaning, bewildered, crazy. He discovered a box, broke it open with a blow of his foot. Rodolphe's portrait appeared in plain sight, in the midst of the billets doux thrown about.







proprietor of the château de la Vaubyessard had given a grand fête. The officier de santé had been invited, his wife had been invited, and there she had had, as it were, an initiation into all the ardors of voluptuousness! She had seen the Duc de Laverdière, who had had successes at Court; she had waltzed with a vicomte and experienced an unknown trouble. From this moment she lived a new life; her husband, everything which surrounded her, became insupportable to her. One day, in searching in a piece of furniture she came across a bit of wire which tore her finger; it was the wire of her marriage bouquet. To endeavor to draw her from the ennui which consumed her, Monsieur Bovary sacrificed his practice and went to settle at Yonville. It is here that appears the scene of the first fall from virtue. We are in the second number of the publication. Madame Bovary arrives at Yonville, and there, the first person whom she meets, upon whom she fixes her regards, it is not the notary of the locality, it is the only clerk of this notary, Léon Dupuis. He is a very young man who is completing his law studies and is about to depart for the capital. Any other than Monsieur Bovary would have been disquieted at the visits of the young clerk, but Monsieur Bovary is so simple that he believes in his wife's virtue; Léon, inexperienced, has the same feeling. He departs, the opportunity is lost, but opportunities are easily found. There was in the neighborhood of Yonville a Monsieur

Rodolphe Boulanger — you see that I am telling the story. He was a man of thirty-four years of age, of a brutal temperament; he had had a good deal of success with some easy conquests; he had then for mistress an actress; he saw Madame Bovary, she was young, charming; he resolved to make of her his mistress. The thing was easy, three occasions sufficed for him. The first time he went to an agricultural fair, the second time he paid her a visit, the third time he caused her to take a horseback ride which the husband had judged necessary for his wife's health; and it is then, in a first visit to the forest, that the fall from virtue occurs. The rendez-vous become numerous in the château of Rodolphe and above all in the garden of the officier de santé. The lovers arrive at the extreme limits of voluptuousness! Madame Bovary wishes to have Rodolphe carry her off, Rodolphe does not dare to say no, but he writes her a letter in which he endeavors to prove to her, by a great many reasons, that he cannot carry her away. Overwhelmed by the reception of this letter, Madame Bovary has brain fever at the end of which a typhoid fever manifests itself. The fever kills the love, but the invalid remains. This is the second scene.

I arrive at the third. The fall with Rodolphe had been followed by a religious reaction, but it had been short; Madame Bovary was about to fall again. The husband had thought that the theatre would contribute to the convalescence of his wife, and he had taken her

to Rouen. In a box, opposite to that which Monsieur and Madame Bovary occupied, was Léon Dupuis, that young notary's clerk who had been completing his law studies at Paris and who had returned, singularly well informed, singularly experienced. He goes to see Madame Bovary; he proposes to her a rendezvous. Madame Bovary selects the Cathedral. When they come out from the Cathedral, Léon proposes to her to get into a hackney-coach. She resists at first, but Léon says to her that this is done in Paris, and there are no more obstacles raised. The fall takes place in the coach! The rendezvous become numerous for Léon as for Rodolphe, in the house of the officier de santé and then in a chamber which they had taken in Rouen. Finally, she became weary even of this second love, and it is here that commences the scene of distress, it is the last of the novel.

Madame Bovary had squandered, thrown presents at the head of Rodolphe and of Léon, she had led a life of luxury, and to meet so many expenses she had signed numerous notes of hand. She had obtained from her husband a general power of attorney to manage the common patrimony, she had encountered a usurer who signed notes for her, which, not being paid when they fell due, were renewed under the name of an accomplice. Then came the stamped paper, protests, judgments, seizure of goods, and finally the posting for sale of the furniture of Monsieur Bovary who was

ignorant of everything. Reduced to the most cruel extremities, Madame Bovary asks money of everyone and obtains it from no one. Léon has none, and he recoils terrified at the idea of a crime which is suggested to him to procure it. Traversing all the degrees of humiliation, Madame Bovary goes to see Rodolphe ; she does not succeed ; Rodolphe has not three thousand francs. There remains to her only one course of action. To justify herself to her husband? No, to come to an explanation with him. But this husband would have the generosity to forgive her, and that is an humiliation which she cannot bring herself to accept : she poisons herself. Then ensue mournful scenes. The husband is there, extended by the side of the icy body of his wife. He causes her wedding dress to be brought, he orders that she shall be arrayed in it and that her mortal remains be enclosed in a triple casket.

One day he opens the secretary and he there finds the portrait of Rodolphe, his letters and those of Léon. You think that his love will now be extinguished? No, no, it is excited on the contrary, it is exalted for this woman whom others have possessed, on account of the souvenirs of voluptuousness which she has left to him ; and from that moment he neglects his practice, his family, he allows to be scattered to the winds the last remnants of his patrimony, and one day he is found dead in the arbor of his garden, holding in his hand a long tress of black hair.

This is the novel ; I have related the whole of it and not suppressed a single scene. It is called *Madame Bovary* ; you can give it another title and call it justly, *A History of the Adulteries of a Woman of the Provinces*.

Messieurs, the first part of my task is accomplished ; I have related the story, I am about to make citations, and after the citations will come the accusation which is based upon two offences,—offence to the public morals, offence to religious morality. The offence to the public morals lies in the lascivious pictures which I will place under your eyes ; the offence to religious morality, in the mixture of voluptuous images with sacred things. I come to the citations. I shall be short, for you will read the whole novel. I shall confine myself to citing to you four scenes, or rather four pictures. The first, will be that of the amours and of the lapse from virtue with Rodolphe ; the second, the religious transition between the two adulteries ; the third, shall be the fall with Léon, that is the second adultery, and, finally, the fourth which I wish to cite to you, is the death of Madame Bovary.

Before lifting these four corners of the picture, permit me to ask myself what is the color, the brush-stroke of Monsieur Flaubert, for in fact his novel is a picture, and it is necessary to know to what school he belongs, what color he employs, and what is the portrait of his heroine.

The general color of the author, permit me to say it to you, is the lascivious color, before, during, and after these downfalls! She is a child, she is ten or twelve³ years of age, she is in the Convent of the Ursulines. At this age at which the young girl is not yet developed, at which the woman cannot feel these first emotions which reveal to her a new world, she goes to confession.

“When she went to confession”—this first citation from the first number of the publication is from page 30 of the number of the first of October,⁴—“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.”

Is it natural that a little girl should invent little sins, when we know that for a child it is the smallest which are the most difficult to confess? And then, at that age, when a little girl is not developed, to show her inventing little sins in the obscurity, under the whispering of the priest, and recalling to her memory these comparisons of betrothed, of spouses, of celestial lover and of marriage eternal, which caused her to experience as it were a shiver of voluptuousness, is not that to make what I have called a lascivious picture?

Do you wish to see Madame Bovary in her least acts, in a free state, without a lover, without fault? I pass over this word of *the morrow*, and over this bride who allows nothing to be discovered where something might be divined, there is here already a turning of a phrase more than equivocal; but would you wish to know what sort of a man the husband was?

This husband of the morrow "who would have been taken for the virgin of the evening before," and this bride who "permitted nothing to be discovered where something might have been supposed."⁵ This husband (page 29),⁶ who rose and departed "his heart full of the felicities of the night, his mind tranquil, his flesh contented," goes away "ruminating on his happiness like those who masticate over again after dinner the taste of the truffles which they are digesting."

I endeavor, Messieurs, to show you precisely the style of the literary work of Monsieur Flaubert and his strokes of the brush. He has sometimes indications which can say a great deal, and these indications cost him nothing.

And then, at the Château de la Vaubyessard, do you know what attracts the looks of this young woman, what strikes her the most forcibly? It is always the same thing, it is the Duc de Laverdière, the lover, "it was said, of Marie Antoinette, between Messieurs de Coigny and de Lauzun," and to whom "Emma's eyes ceaselessly returned of their own volition, as to

something extraordinary and august. He had lived at the Court and slept in the bed of queens!''

This is only an historical parenthesis, will it be said? A sorrowful and useless parenthesis! History may authorize suspicions, but not the right of erecting them into certainties. History has spoken of the famous collar in all the romances, history has spoken of a thousand things; but these are only suspicions, and, I repeat it, I do not know that she has authorized the transformation of these suspicions into certainties. And since Marie Antoinette died with the dignity of a sovereign and the calm of a Christian, this blood poured out should efface faults, with still stronger reasons, suspicions. Mon Dieu! Monsieur Flaubert had need of a striking image to depict his heroine, and he took this one to express at once the perverse instincts and the ambition of Madame Bovary!

Madame Bovary should waltz very well, and here she is waltzing:

“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 towards him; a torpor took possession of her and she stopped. They set off again, and with a more rapid movement, the vicomte, drawing

her within, 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.”⁸

I know very well that there is waltzing somewhat in this manner, but this is not any more moral on that account !

Take Madame Bovary in the most simple acts, it is always the same stroke of the brush, it is the same on every page. Thus Justin, the servant of the neighboring apothecary, experiences sudden amazements when he is initiated into the secret of the dressing-room of this woman. He follows his voluptuous admiration even in the kitchen.

“His elbows on the long board on which she—Félicité, the chambermaid—ironed, he looked eagerly at all these feminine affairs spread around her, the dimity petticoats, fichus, collarettes, and 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.”⁹

The husband also asks, in the presence of this woman smelling fresh, if the odor comes from the skin or from the chemise.

“He found every evening, 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 the chemise.”¹⁰

Enough of the citations in detail! You are now acquainted with the physiognomy of Madame Bovary in repose, when she does not provoke anyone, when she does not sin, when she is still completely innocent, when, on her return from a rendezvous, she is not yet beside a husband whom she detests; you are now acquainted with the general color of the picture, the general physiognomy of Madame Bovary. The author has taken the greatest pains, employed all the magic of his style, to paint this woman. Has he endeavored to show her intellectual side? Never. That of her heart? Not any more. That of her wit? No. That of physical beauty? Not in the least. Oh, I know very well that there is a portrait of Madame Bovary after the adultery of the most brilliant kind; but the picture is, before all, lascivious, the poses are voluptuous, the beauty of Madame Bovary is a provocative beauty.

I have now come to the four important citations; I shall only make four; I am endeavoring to restrict my presentation. I have said that the first should be concerning the amours of Rodolphe, the second of the religious transition, the third of the amours of Léon, the fourth of the death.

This is the first. Madame Bovary is near to her downfall, ready to succumb.

The domestic mediocrity incited her to luxurious fancies, the matrimonial tendernesses to adulterous desires.

“ — She cursed herself for not having loved Léon, she was thirsty for his lips.”¹¹

What is it that seduced Rodolphe and prepared him? The swelling of the stuff of Madame Bovary's dress which hollowed itself in certain places following the inflections of her figure! Rodolphe has brought his servant to the Bovarys to have him bled. The servant is taken ill, Madame Bovary holds the basin.¹²

“In putting it under the table, the movement which she made in stooping, caused her dress to spread out 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.” Also witness Rodolphe's reflection:

“He saw Emma again in the hall, dressed as he had seen her, and he undressed her.”¹³

This is the first day on which they speak to each other. “They looked at each other, a supreme desire moved their dry lips, and softly, without an effort, their fingers intertwined.”¹⁴

These are the preliminaries of the downfall. It is necessary to read the description of the fall itself.

“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 anything similar; and in fact, Emma was charmed with his figure when he appeared in his great coat of velvet and his pantaloons of white tricot¹⁵ * * * * *

“As soon as he felt the soft earth under his feet, Emma’s horse commenced to gallop. Rodolphe galloped beside her.”¹⁶

They are now in the forest.

“He drew her farther on, around a little pond on which the duck weed made a verdure upon the waves * * * * *

“‘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." 17

When she had recovered herself, when after having shaken off the fatigues of voluptuousness, she returned to the domestic hearth, to that hearth where she would find a husband who adored her, after her first fault, after this first adultery, after this first fall, is it remorse, the feeling of remorse which she experiences, in meeting the look of this deceived husband who adores her? No! her forehead held high, she re-enters glorifying adultery.

"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 marvellous, where everything would be passion, ecstasy, delirium." 18

Thus, of this first fault, of this first downfall, she made the glorification of adultery, she chanted the canticle of adultery, its poetry, its voluptuousness. This, Messieurs, is to me much more dangerous, much more immoral, than the fall itself!

Messieurs, everything pales before this glorification of adultery, even the nocturnal rendezvous, a few days later.

“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 a mania for gabbling at the corner of the fire, and he would never finish. She was devoured with impatience; if her eyes had been able, 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 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-unclathed.

“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, however.

“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." 19

Do you know in the world, Messieurs, a language more expressive? Have you ever seen a more lascivious picture? Listen still further :

“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 winds 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 lifted 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 disposed 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." 20

Up to this moment the beauty of this woman had consisted in her grace, in her figure, in her garments; finally, she has just been shown to you unveiled, and you will be able to say if adultery has not embellished her:

“‘Take me away!’ 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.” 21

This is a portrait, Messieurs, as Monsieur Flaubert knows how to paint it. How the eyes of this woman grow larger! How something ravishing is diffused around her, since her fall! Has her beauty ever been as dazzling as the morning after her fall, as in the days which followed her fall? That which the author shows to you, it is the poetry of adultery, and I ask you again if these lascivious pages are not of a profound immorality!!!

I come to the second situation. The second situation is a religious transition. Madame Bovary has been very ill, at death's door. She returns to life, her convalescence is marked by a little religious transition.

“Monsieur Bournisien—this was the curé—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." 22

Finally she goes to take communion. I do not like very much to encounter sacred things in a novel; but at least when they are spoken of, is it not necessary not to travesty their language? Is there in this adulterous wife who goes to communion anything of the faith of the repentant Magdalen? No, no, it is still the passionate woman seeking for illusions and who seeks for them in the most saintly things, the most august.

"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." 23

In what language are prayers offered to God with the words addressed to the lover in the effusion of adultery? Doubtless we shall be told of the truthfulness of local color, and excuses will be made by saying that a foolish, romantic woman does not do, even in religion, things like

the rest of the world. There is no local color which will excuse this medley? Voluptuous one day, religious the morrow, no woman, even in other climes, even under the sky of Spain or of Italy, murmurs to God the adulterous caresses which she gives to her lover. You will appreciate this language, Messieurs, and you will not excuse these words of adultery introduced, in some sort, into the sanctuary of the Divinity? This is the second situation, I now come to the third, it is in the series of adulteries.

After the religious transition, Madame Bovary is again ready to fall. She goes to the theatre at Rouen. Lucia di Lammermoor is given. Emma was thrown back upon her old self.

“Ah! if in the freshness of her beauty, before the soilings of marriage and the disillusions of adultery”—there are those who would have said, the disillusions of marriage and the soilings of adultery,—“before the soilings of marriage and the disillusions 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.”²⁴

When she saw Lagardy on the stage, 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!’”²⁵

Léon was behind her.

“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.”²⁶

You have just heard of the soilings of marriage; you are now to be shown again adultery in all its poetry, in its ineffable seductions. I have said that the expressions should at least be modified and read: “The disillusionings of marriage and the soilings of adultery.” Very often in marriage, in the place of the cloudless happiness which has been expected, sacrifices are to be met with and bitternesses. The word disillusion may then be justified, that of soiling cannot be.

Léon and Emma have given each other rendezvous in the Cathedral. They examine it or they do not examine it. They come out together.

“A boy was playing himself about the pavement, before the church.

“‘Run and get me a carriage!’ cried Léon to him. And the child went off like a ball.

“‘Ah, Léon!—truly—I do not know—if I should!—’ She assumed an affected air. Then, in a serious manner: ‘It is very unconventional, do you know it?’

“‘In what?’ replied the clerk, ‘it is done at Paris.’

“And this word, like an irresistible argument, decided her.”²⁷

We now know, Messieurs, that the fall did not occur in the carriage. Through a scruple which does him honor, the editor of the *Revue* suppressed the passage of the fall in the carriage. But if the *Revue de Paris* lowers the shades of the carriage, it allows us to penetrate into the chamber in which the rendezvous takes place.

Emma wishes to depart, for she had given her word that she would return that evening. Moreover, "Charles was waiting for her; and she already felt in her heart that cowardly docility which is for so many women, as it were, at once the chastisement and the ransom of adultery." ²⁸

"Léon, on the sidewalk, continued his walk; she followed him as far as the hotel; he ascended; he opened the door, he entered. What an embrace!

"Then the words, after the kisses, precipitated themselves over each other. They related to each other the vexations of the week, the presentiments, the anxieties about the letters; but at present everything was forgotten, and they looked at each other face to face, with voluptuous laughter and appellations of tenderness.

"The bed was a great mahogany one in the shape of a boat. The curtains of red levantine silk which descended from the ceiling, arched themselves too low over the wide pillow,—and nothing in the world was so beautiful as her brown hair and her white skin, relieved against this purple color, when, by a gesture of

modesty, she closed her two naked arms, hiding her face in her hands.

“The tepid apartment with its discreet carpet, its gay ornaments and its tranquil light, seemed perfectly disposed for the intimacies of passion.”²⁹

This is what passes in this chamber. Here again is a passage very important as a lascivious painting.

“How they loved this good chamber full of gaiety, notwithstanding its somewhat faded splendor! They always found the furniture in the same place, and sometimes hairpins which she had forgotten, the last Thursday, under the base of the clock. They breakfasted at the corner of the fire, on a little table veneered with violet ebony. Emma cut up the food, placed the morsels on his plate, chattering on every subject, and she laughed with a sonorous libertine laugh when the foam of the champagne overflowed from the light glass upon the rings of her fingers. They were so completely lost in the possession of each other, that they thought themselves in their own house, and that they should live there until death, like two eternally young spouses. They said our chamber, our carpet, our chairs; she also said my slippers, a gift from Léon, satisfying a whim which she had had. They were slippers in pink satin bordered with swansdown. When she seated herself on his knees, her leg, then too short, hung in the air, the slight shoe, which had no heel-piece, was retained only by the toes of her naked foot.

“He appreciated for the first time—and *in the exercise of love*³⁰—the inexpressible delicacies of the feminine elegancies. Never before had he met with this grace of language, this modesty of garments, these attitudes of a satisfied dove. He admired the exaltation of her soul and the laces of her petticoat. Moreover, was she not a woman of the world, and a married woman? A real mistress, in short?”³¹

Here is, Messieurs, a description which leaves nothing to desire, I hope, with regard to the liability of this defendant? Here is another, or rather here is the continuation of the same scene :

“She had for him tender words with kisses which carried away his soul. Where then had she learned this almost immaterial corruption, through being deep and dissembling!”³²

Oh! I comprehend perfectly, Messieurs, the disgust with which she was filled by that husband who wished to embrace her on her return, I comprehend marvelously well that when the rendezvous of this kind had taken place, she felt with horror at night against “her flesh, this sleeping man stretched out at length.”

This is not all, on page 73 there is a last picture which I cannot omit; she has now attained to the weariness of voluptuousness.

“She promised herself continually for her next expedition a profound felicity; then she confessed to herself that she had experienced nothing extraordinary. But this

deception was soon effaced by a new hope, and Emma returned to him more inflamed, more breathless, more eager. She undressed herself brutally, jerking out the long lacing of her corset which whistled about her hips like a gliding serpent. She went tiptoe, on her naked feet, to see once more if the door were locked, then she threw off all her clothes together with one movement ;— and pale, without speaking, serious, she threw herself on his chest, with a long shiver.”³³

I call your attention here, Messieurs, to two things, a painting admirable with regard to the talent displayed, but a painting execrable from the point of view of morality. Yes, Monsieur Flaubert knows how to embellish his paintings with all the resources of art, but without the discretion of art. With him there is no gauze, no veils, it is nature in all her nakedness, in all her crudeness !

Here is one more citation from page 78 :

“They now knew each other too well to have those amazements of possession which increase its joy a hundred-fold. She was as disgusted with him as he was fatigued with her. Emma found again in adultery all the platitudes of marriage.”³⁴

Platitudes of marriage, poetry of adultery ! Sometimes it is the soilings of marriage, sometimes it is its platitudes, but it is always the poetry of adultery. These are, Messieurs, the situations which Monsieur Flaubert loves to paint, and unfortunately he paints them only too well.

I have related three scenes : the scene with Rodolphe, and you have there seen the fall from virtue in the forest, the glorification of adultery, and this woman whose beauty became still greater with this poetry. I have spoken of the religious transition, and you have there seen prayer borrow its language from adultery. I have spoken of the second fall, I have presented to you the scenes which took place with Léon. I have shown you the scene in the hackney-coach—suppressed—but I have shown you the picture of the chamber and of the bed. Now that we believe our convictions assured, let us come to the last scene ; to that of the suffering.

Numerous omissions have been made in this it appears, by the *Revue de Paris*. It is in these words that Monsieur Flaubert complains of them :

Considerations which I have not been able to appreciate have constrained the *Revue de Paris* to suppress a passage in the number of the first of December. These scruples have arisen again over the present number, it has been judged to be advisable to omit again several passages. In consequence of this, I declare that I am not responsible for the lines which follow ; the reader is then requested to see in them only fragments and not a complete whole.

We will then pass over these fragments and come to the death scene. She poisons herself. She poisons herself, why? “Ah! it is a very little thing, death,” she thought, “I am going to sleep and everything will be

finished!"³⁵ Then, without a remorse, without an avowal, without a tear of repentance for the suicide which is just about to be accomplished and for the adulteries of the past, she is about to receive the sacrament for the dying. Why the sacrament, since in the thoughts which she had just had she is going into nothingness? Why, when there is not a tear, not a sigh of the Magdalen over her crime of disbelief, over her suicide, over her adulteries?

After this scene, comes that of the Extreme Unction. These are the words saintly and sacred for all of us. It is with these very words that we have laid to rest our ancestors, our fathers or our nearest, and it is with these that one day our children will lay us to rest. When they are reproduced, it should be done exactly; it is not in the least necessary to accompany them with a voluptuous image of the past life.

As you know, the priest makes the Sacred Unction on the forehead, on the ears, on the mouth, on the feet, while pronouncing these phrases of the liturgy: *quidquid per pedes, per aures, per pectus*, etc., always followed by the words *Misericordia*—sin on the one side, mercy on the other. It is necessary to reproduce them exactly, these holy and sacred words; if you do not reproduce them exactly, at least put in them nothing voluptuous.

"She turned her face slowly and seemed to be filled with joy at seeing suddenly the violet stole, doubtless finding again in the midst of an extraordinary soothing,

the lost voluptuousness of her first mystic transports, with the visions of eternal beatitude which were commencing.

“The priest rose to take the crucifix; then she stretched out her neck like one who has a thirst, and gluing her lips to the body of the man-God, she deposited on it with all her expiring strength, the greatest kiss of love which she had ever given. Then he recited the *Misereatur* and the *Indulgentiam*, dipped his right thumb in the oil and commenced the unctions: at first on the eyes, which had so much coveted all terrestrial sumptuousness; then on the nostrils, delicate with warm breaths and amorous odors; then on the mouth, which had been open for falsehood, which had sighed with pride and—luxury; then on the hands, which had delighted themselves with soft contacts, finally on the soles of the feet, so rapid formerly when she hastened to the gratification of her desires and which now would walk no more.”³⁶

Moreover, there are the prayers for those in the death agony which the priest recites in a low voice, in which, at each verse, are the words: “Christian soul, depart for a higher region.” They are uttered at the moment in which the last sigh of the dying escapes from his lips. The priest recites them, etc.

“As the death-rattle grew stronger, the ecclesiastic precipitated his orisons; they mingled with the smothered sobs of Bovary, and sometimes everything seemed to disappear in the dull murmur of the Latin syllables which tolled like a funeral knell.”³⁷

The author has judged it appropriate to alternate these words, to make of them a sort of repeat. He causes to intervene from the pavement below a blind man who is singing a song, the profane words of which are a sort of response to the prayers of the agonizing.

“Suddenly, there was heard, on the pavement below, the sound of heavy sabots, with the tapping of a stick; and a voice arose, a hoarse voice which sang:

“Often the heat of a fine day
Makes a young girl think of love.
It blew strongly on that day,
And the short petticoat flew away!”³⁸

It was at this moment that Madame Bovary died.

Here you have the picture: on one side, the priest who recites the prayers for the dying; on the other, the player of the hand organ, who excites in the expiring woman a laughter “atrocious, frantic, despairing, as though she saw the hideous face of the wretch which rose in the eternal shadows like a terror—a convulsion beat her down upon the mattress. Every one drew near. She no longer existed.”³⁹

And then following, when the body is cold, the thing which should be respected above all is the corpse which the soul has quitted. While the husband is there, on his knees, weeping for his wife, when he has extended over her the shroud, everyone else would have stopped, and it

is at this moment that Monsieur Flaubert gives the last stroke of his brush :

“The sheet hollowed itself from her breast to her knees, rose again on the points of her toes.”⁴⁹

This is the death scene. I have abridged it, I have arranged it in some measure. It is for you to judge and to appreciate if there is not here a mixture of the sacred and the profane, or if it is not rather the mixture of the sacred and the voluptuous.

I have related the story, I have afterwards brought the accusation against it and, permit me to say it, the style which Monsieur Flaubert cultivates, that which he makes realistic without any of the discretion of art, but with all the resources of art, it is the descriptive style, it is realistic painting. You see to what an extent he carries it. Lately a number of the *Artiste* fell into my hand; it is not a question of accusing the *Artiste*, here, but of knowing what is the style of Monsieur Flaubert and I ask your permission to quote to you a few lines of the writing, which do not bind in any way the present action against Monsieur Flaubert, and I perceive in them in what degree Monsieur Flaubert excels in this painting; he loves to paint temptations, above all the temptations to which Madame Bovary succumbed. Well, I find a model of this style in the few lines which follow from the *Artiste* of the month of January, signed *Gustave Flaubert*, on the Temptation of Saint Anthony. Mon Dieu! it is a subject on which a great many things can

be said, but I do not believe that it is possible to give greater vivacity to the image, more definiteness to the painting. Apollinaris⁴¹ to Saint Anthony: "Is it science? Is it glory? Dost thou wish to refresh thine eyes on the humid jasmines? Dost thou wish to feel thy body sink like a wave in the soft flesh of swooning women?"

Well! It is the same color, the same energy of the brush, the same liveliness of expressions?

It is necessary to sum up. I have analyzed the book, I have related the story, without forgetting a page, I have then accused it, it is the second part of my task; I have defined some portraits, I have shown Madame Bovary in repose, face to face with her husband, face to face with those whom she should not tempt, and I have caused you to touch the lascivious colors of this portrait! Then I have analyzed a few great scenes: The fall from virtue with Rodolphe, the religious transition, the amours with Léon, the death-bed scene, and in all I have found the double transgression of offence to the public morality and to religion.

I have need only of two scenes: the outrage to morality, is it not to be seen in the fall with Rodolphe? Do you not see it in this glorification of adultery? Do you not see it above all in that which takes place with Léon? And then, the outrage to religious morality, I find it in the passage of the confessional, page 30⁴² of the first part, the number of the first of October, in the

religious transition, pages 854⁴³ and 550⁴⁴ of the 15th of November, and finally in the last scene of the death.

You have before you, Messieurs, three persons accused : Monsieur Flaubert the author of the book, Monsieur Pichat who accepted it and Monsieur Pillet who printed it. In this case, there is no transgression without publicity, and all those who have concurred in the publicity should be equally held responsible. But, we hasten to say it, the editor of the *Revue* and the printer are only in the second line. The principal person accused is the author, it is Monsieur Flaubert, who, notified by the editorial direction, protests against the omissions which have been made in his work. After him comes in the second place Monsieur Laurent Pichat, from whom you will demand an account, not of the suppression which he has made, but of that which he should have made, and finally comes in the last line the printer, who is a sort of advanced sentinel against scandal. Monsieur Pillet, moreover, is an honorable man against whom I have nothing to say. We ask of you only one thing, to apply the law to him. The printers should read ; when they have not read or caused to be read, it is at their own risks and perils that they print. The printers are not machines ; they have a privilege, they take the oath, they are in a special situation, they are responsible. They are, once more, if you will permit me to use the expression, like advanced sentinels ; if they permit the transgression to pass, it is as if they allowed the enemy

to pass them. You may lighten the penalty as much as you please for Pillet; you may even be indulgent towards the editor of the *Revue*;—as to Flaubert, the principal criminal, it is for him that you should reserve your severities!

My task fulfilled, it is necessary to wait for the objections which will be offered, or to foresee them. It will be said to us as a general objection,—“but, after all, the novel is essentially moral, since the adultery is punished.”

To this objection there are two replies: I will suppose the work moral, as a hypothesis, a moral conclusion could not condone the lascivious details which may be found there. And, secondly, I say, the work is not essentially moral.

I say, Messieurs, that these lascivious details cannot be covered by a moral conclusion, otherwise one could relate all the orgies imaginable, describe all the turpitudes of a public woman by finally making her die on a cot in a hospital. It would be permissible to study and to display all her lascivious poses! This would be to go against all the rules of good sense. This would be to place the poison within the reach of all and the remedy within the reach of a very small number, if there were a remedy. Who is it that reads Monsieur Flaubert's novel? Is it men who occupy themselves with political or social economy? No! the light pages of *Madame Bovary* fall into hands yet lighter, into the hands of young girls, sometimes of married women. Well! when

the imagination shall have been seduced, when the seduction shall have descended to the heart, when the heart shall have spoken to the senses, are you able to believe that mere cold reasoning will be very strong against this seduction of the senses and of feeling? And then, it is not worth while for man to depend too implicitly upon his strength and his virtue, man's instincts are from below and his ideas from above, and for all of us virtue is attained only through an effort, often a painful one. Lascivious paintings have generally more influence than cold reasonings. This is what I reply to this theory, this is my first answer, but I have a second.

I sustain that the novel of *Madame Bovary*, considered from a philosophical point of view, is not a moral work. Doubtless, Madame Bovary dies poisoned; she has suffered greatly, that is true; but she dies at her own hour and on her own day, but she dies, not because she is an adulteress, but because she wishes to; she dies in all the radiance of her youth and of her beauty; she dies after having had two lovers, leaving a husband who loves her, who adores her, who will find the portrait of Rodolphe, who will find his letters and those of Léon, who will read the letters of a woman twice adulteress, and who, after that, will love her still more beyond the tomb. Who can condemn this woman in the book? No one. There is no other conclusion. There is not in the book one person who can condemn her. If you find in it one sagacious person, if you find in it one

sole principle in virtue of which adultery is stigmatized, I am wrong. Then, if in the whole book there is not one person who can make her bow her head, if there is not one idea, one line, in virtue of which adultery should be branded, I am right, the book is immoral!

Will it be in the name of conjugal honor that the book is condemned? But conjugal honor is represented by a stupidly devoted husband, who, after the death of his wife, meeting Rodolphe, searches in the lover's countenance for the features of the woman whom he loves—Number of the 15th of December, page 289.⁴⁵ I ask you, is it in the name of conjugal honor that you can stigmatize this woman, when there is not in the book a single word in which the husband does not bow before the adultery?

Will it be in the name of public opinion? The public opinion is personified in an absurd being, in the apothecary Homais, surrounded by ridiculous personages whom this woman dominates.

Will you condemn it in the name of the religious sentiment? But this sentiment, you have it personified in the curé Bournisien, a priest almost as absurd as the druggist, believing only in physical suffering, never in moral suffering, almost a materialist.

Will you condemn it in the name of the conscience of the author? I do not know what the conscience of the author thinks; but in his chapter IX., the only philosophical one of the work, in the number of the 15th of December,⁴⁶ I read the following phrase:

“There is always after the death of anyone, something like a stupefaction which manifests itself, so difficult is it to comprehend this return of nothingness and to resign one’s self to accept it.”

This is not a cry of disbelief, but it is at the least a cry of scepticism. Without doubt it is difficult to comprehend it and to believe in it, but, in short, why this stupefaction which manifests itself at death? Why? Because this unexpected happening is something which is a mystery, because it is difficult to comprehend it and to judge it, but it is necessary to resign ourselves to it. And I, I say that if death is the accidental coming of nothingness, if the stupid husband feels his love increase on learning of his wife’s adulteries, that if public opinion is represented by an absurd being, that if the religious sentiment is represented by a ridiculous priest, one person only is in the right, reigns, dominates : it is Emma Bovary ; Messalina prevails against Juvenal.

This is the philosophical conclusion of the book, drawn, not by the author, but by a man who reflects and sounds the depths of things, by a man who has sought in the book for some personage who could dominate this woman. There are none. The only person who there prevails, is Madame Bovary. It is then necessary to search elsewhere than in the book, it is necessary to seek in that Christian morality which is the foundation of modern civilization. By this morality, everything is explained and enlightened.

In its name adultery is stigmatized, condemned, not because it is an imprudence which may lead to disillusion and regrets, but because it is a crime against the family. You stigmatize and you condemn suicide, not because it is an insanity, the madman is not responsible, not because it is a cowardice, it requires some time a certain physical courage, but because it is the contempt of duty in the life which is finishing, and the cry of disbelief in the life which is commencing.

This morality stigmatizes realistic literature, not because it paints the passions,—hatred, vengeance, love;—the world only lives under their sway and art should paint them;—but when it paints them without restraint, without measure. Unregulated art is no longer art; it is like a woman who discards all garments. To impose upon art the only regulation of the public decency, it is not to make it servile, but to honor it. One cannot grow without regulation. These are, Messieurs, the principles which we profess, this a doctrine which we defend conscientiously.

PLEADING OF THE COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE

MAÎTRE SENARD

Messieurs, Monsieur Gustave Flaubert is accused before you of having made a bad book, of having, in this book, outraged public morality and religion. Monsieur Gustave Flaubert is near me, he affirms before you that he has made a virtuous book; he affirms before you that the idea of his book, from the first line to the last, is a moral idea, a religious one, and that if it were not perverted—we have just seen for some little time what a great talent can do in the way of perverting an idea—it would be—and it will immediately become so again—for you that which it has already been for the readers of the book, an eminently moral and religious idea which can be translated by these words,—the inciting to virtue by the horror of vice.

I bring you here the affirmation of Monsieur Gustave Flaubert, and I place it boldly against the accusation of the Ministère Public, for this affirmation is a grave one; it is so in consideration of the one who makes it, it is so in consideration of the circumstances which accompanied the execution of the book with which I am about to make you acquainted.

The affirmation is already grave in consideration of the person who makes it, and, permit me to say to you, Monsieur Gustave Flaubert is not for me an unknown who has need of recommendations to me, who has to give me guarantees, I need not say of his morality, but of his dignity. I come here, into this chamber, to fulfill a duty to my conscience after having read the book, after having felt exalted in me by this reading all that in me is virtuous and profoundly religious. But at the same time that I come to fulfill a conscientious duty, I come to fulfill a duty of friendship. I remember, I should not know how to forget, that his father was for me an old friend. His father, with whose friendship I was long honored, honored up to the last day of his life, his father, and permit to say it, his illustrious father, was for more than thirty years surgeon in chief of the Hôtel Dieu at Rouen. He was the assistant surgeon of Dupuytren; in contributing greatly to the cause of science he has endowed it with great names; I wish to cite only one, Cloquet. He has not only left for himself a great name in science, he has left great souvenirs, for immense services rendered to humanity. And in the same time that I remember the bonds which united me to him, I wish to say to you, his son, who is brought before the correctional police for outrage to morality and to religion, his son is a friend of my children, as I was the friend of his father. I know his thoughts, I know his intentions, and the advocate

has here the right to stand as the personal security of his client.

Messieurs, a great name and great memories have their obligations. The children of Monsieur Flaubert have not failed in this. They were three, two sons and a daughter, who died at the age of twenty-one. The eldest had been judged worthy to succeed his father; and it is he who to-day has already been fulfilling for several years the mission which his father fulfilled for thirty. The youngest is before you; he is arraigned at your bar. In leaving to them a considerable fortune and a great name, their father bequeathed to them the necessity of being men of intelligence and of heart, useful men. The brother of my client has embarked in a professional career in which the services rendered are daily. This one has devoted his life to study, to letters, and the work which is accused at this moment before you is his first work. This first work, Messieurs, which incites the passions, according to Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial, is a result of long studies, of long meditations. Monsieur Gustave Flaubert is a man of a serious character, is disposed by nature to grave things, to sad things. He is not the man whom the Ministère Public, with fifteen or twenty lines bitten out here and there, has come to present to you as a maker of lascivious pictures. No; there is in his nature, I repeat it, everything that can be imagined of the gravest, of the most serious, but at the same time of the saddest, in the world. His book, by

restoring only a phrase, by putting beside the quoted lines a few lines which precede and which follow, will soon resume before you its true color, at the same time that it will make known the intentions of the author. And of the too skilful speech which you have heard, there will remain in your memory only a feeling of profound admiration for the talent which can transform everything.

I have said to you that Monsieur Gustave Flaubert was a serious and grave man. His studies, in conformity with the nature of his mind, have been serious and wide. They have embraced not only all the branches of literature, but the law. Monsieur Flaubert is a man who has not contented himself with the observations which could be furnished him by the surroundings in the midst of which he has lived; he has interrogated other surroundings;

Qui mores multorum vidit et urbes.

After the death of his father and the completion of his collegiate studies, he visited Italy, and from 1848 to 1852 traversed those countries of the Orient, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, in which, doubtless, the man who traverses them, bringing thither a grand intelligence, should acquire something elevated, poetical, these colors, this fascination of style which the Ministère Public has but just called attention to, to establish the offence which he imputes to us. This fascination of style, these literary

qualities will remain, will arise again with brilliancy from these arguments, but cannot in any manner furnish grounds for the accusation.

Since his return in 1852, Monsieur Gustave Flaubert has written and sought to produce in a grand frame the result of his attentive and serious studies, the result of that which he had gathered in his travels.

What is the frame which he has chosen, the subject which he has selected, and how has he treated it? My client is of those who belong to none of the schools the names of which I have just heard in the speech for the prosecution. Mon Dieu! he belongs to the realistic school in the sense that he holds to the reality of things. He belongs to the psychological school in the sense that it is not the materiality of things which interests him, but the human sentiment, the development of the passions in the surroundings in which he is placed. He belongs to the romantic school less perhaps than to any other, for if romanticism appears in his book, in the same manner that realism appears in it, it is only in a few ironical expressions, thrown in here and there, which the Ministère Public has taken seriously. That which Monsieur Flaubert has above all desired, it has been to take a subject for study in real life, it has been to create, to constitute true types in the middle classes, and to arrive at a useful result. Yes, that which has most occupied my client in the studies to which he has given himself up, it is precisely this useful object, pursued by

putting on the stage three or four personages of the actual society, living in the conditions of real life, and presenting to the eyes of the reader the true painting of that which is the most often encountered in the world.

The Ministère Public, summing up his opinion on *Madame Bovary*, has said, this second title of this work is, *History of the Adulteries of a Woman of the Provinces*. I protest energetically against this title. It alone would prove to me, if I had not felt it from one end to the other of your argument, the prejudice under the sway of which you have constantly labored. No! the second title of this work is not, *History of the Adulteries of a Woman of the Provinces*; it is, if it is absolutely necessary for you to have a second title, a history of the education too often given in the provinces; a history of the perils to which it may lead; a history of degradation, of fraudulency, of suicide, considered as consequences of a first fault, and of a fault brought about itself by the first wrongs into which often a young woman is drawn; a history of education, history of a deplorable life of which too often education is the preface. This is what Monsieur Flaubert has wished to depict, and not the adulteries of a woman of the provinces; you will very soon recognize it in going through the accused work.

Now, the Ministère Public has perceived in all this, over everything, the color of lasciviousness. If it were possible for me to take the number of lines of the book

which the Ministère Public has cut out and to put them in comparison with the number of other lines which he has left to one side, we would find that they were in the total proportion of one to five hundred, and you would see that this proportion of one to five hundred has not a lascivious color, it is nowhere; it exists only under the conditions of cutting out and making commentaries.

Now, what is it that Monsieur Gustave Flaubert has wished to depict? In the first place, an education given to a woman above the conditions in which she is born, as happens—it is quite necessary to say it—too often among us; then the medley of incongruous elements which are thus produced in the mind of the woman, and then when marriage comes, as the marriage is not adapted to her education, but to the condition in which the woman is born, the author has explained all the facts which come to pass in the position to which she is thus brought.

What does he show further? He shows a woman descending to vice through a mesalliance, and from vice to the last degree of degradation and of unhappiness. Presently, when by the reading of different passages, I shall have made the book known in its unity, I will demand of the tribunal permission to accept the question in these terms;—This book, put into the hands of a young woman, would it have for effect to draw her towards facile pleasures, towards adultery, or to show her on the

contrary the danger, from the very first step, and to make her shudder with horror? The question put in this manner, it is your conscience which will solve it.

I will say this at present: Monsieur Flaubert has wished to depict the woman who, instead of endeavoring to adapt herself to the condition in which she is placed, with her situation in life, with her birth, instead of endeavoring to lead the life which is properly hers, remains preoccupied with a thousand strange aspirations drawn from an education too elevated for her; who, instead of accommodating herself to the duties of her position, of being the quiet wife of the country doctor with whom she passes her days, instead of seeking happiness in her household, in her union, seeks it in interminable reveries, and then, who, very soon encountering a young man who flirts with her, plays with him the same game—*Mon Dieu!* they are inexperienced both of them—becomes excited in some manner by degrees, becomes frightened when, recurring to the religion of her early years, she does not find sufficient strength; and we shall see very soon why she does not find it there. However, the ignorance of the young man and her own ignorance preserve her from her first danger. But she is very soon met by a man of the kind of which there are so many, of which there are too many in the world, who seizes upon her, poor woman, already gone astray, and carries her off. This is the capital thing, this is what it is necessary to see, this is the book itself.

The Ministère Public is irritated, and I think he is irritated wrongly from the point of view of the conscience and of the human heart, because that in the first scene, Madame Bovary finds a sort of pleasure, of joy in having broken out of her prison, and returns home saying to herself: "I have a lover!" You believe that that is not the first cry of the human heart! The proof is between you and me. But it is necessary to look a little farther, and you will have seen that, if the first moment, the first instant of this fall from virtue excites in this woman a sort of transport of joy, of delirium, a few lines farther on the consciousness of deception comes to her and, according to the expression of the author, she seems humiliated in her own eyes.

Yes, the consciousness of deception, sorrow, remorse all come to her at the same instant. The man to whom she had confided herself, delivered herself, had taken her only to make use of her for a moment as of a plaything; remorse gnawed her, devoured her. That which has shocked you, has been to hear this called the disillusions of adultery; you would have liked better *the soilings*, from the writer who presents this woman as one who, not having comprehended marriage, felt herself soiled by the contact of a husband; as one who, having sought her ideal elsewhere, had found the disillusions of adultery. This word has shocked you; in place of the *disillusions*, you would have preferred the *soilings* of adultery. The tribunal will judge. As for myself, if I

had to present the same character I would say to her: "Poor woman! if you think that the kisses of your husband are something monotonous, wearisome, if you find in this only—this is the word that has been used—the platitudes of marriage, if you seem to see a soiling in this union over which love has not presided, beware, your dreams are an illusion, and you will be one day cruelly undeceived." He who makes an outcry, Messieurs, who makes use of the word soiling to express that which we have called disillusion, he has uttered a word true but vague which conveys nothing to the intelligence. I much prefer the one who does not exclaim, who does not pronounce the word soiling, but who notifies the woman of the consciousness of deception, of the disillusion, who says to her: "There where you think to find love, you will find only libertinism; there where you think to find happiness, you will find only bitterness. A husband who goes peacefully about his affairs, who embraces you, who puts on his cotton night-cap and eats his soup with you, is a prosaic husband who revolts you; you aspire to a man who will love you, who will idolize you, poor child! that man will be a libertine, who will have taken you for a moment merely to play with you. The first time there will be an illusion, perhaps the second; you will return to your home gaily, singing the song of adultery: 'I have a lover!' the third time it will not be necessary for you even to go to him, the disillusion will have arrived. This man of whom you

have dreamed will have lost all his fascinations ; you will have found again in love all the platitudes of marriage ; and you will have found them again in company with contempt, disdain, disgust and poignant remorse.”

This is, Messieurs, what Monsieur Flaubert has said, this is what he has painted, this is in every line of his book, here you may see that which distinguishes his work from all other works of the same species. With him, the great irregularities of society figure on every page ; with him, adultery proceeds full of disgust and of shame. He has taken from the habitual relations of life the most forcible instructions that could be given to a young woman. Oh ! Mon Dieu, those of our young wives who are not imbued with virtuous and elevated principles, who have not that severe religion which enables them to persist in the accomplishment of their duties as mothers, who do not find in themselves, above all, that resignation, that practical science of life which informs us of the necessity of accommodating ourselves to that which we have, but who allow their reveries to carry them away, these young wives the most virtuous, the purest, who, in the prosaic atmosphere of their household, are sometimes tormented by that which passes around them,—of these, a book like this one, of this you may be certain, will cause more than one to reflect. This is what Monsieur Flaubert has done.

And, be very careful of one thing,—Monsieur Flaubert is not a man who paints for you a charming adultery

in order to cause to arrive in the end the *Deus ex machinâ*, no; you have jumped too quickly from the page which you have just read to the last one. Adultery, with him, is only a succession of torments, of regrets, of remorse; and then he arrives at a final, at a frightful, expiation. It is indeed excessive. If Monsieur Flaubert sins, it is by excess, and I will say to you presently who it is that utters this word. The expiation does not let itself be waited for; and it is in this that the book is eminently moral and useful, it is that it does not promise to the young wife a few of those beautiful years at the end of which she can say to herself, "After that, we can die." No! The bitterness, the disillusion, arrive even on the second day. The denouement in the cause of morality is found in every line of the book.

This book is written with a power of observation to which Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial has rendered justice; and it is to this that I call your attention, because if the accusation has no foundation it must necessarily fall to the ground. This book is written with a truly remarkable power of observation in the least details. An article from the *Artiste*, signed Flaubert, has served for another pretext for the accusation. In the first place, if Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial will notice that this article is foreign to the accusation; if he will notice in the second place that we hold it to be very innocent and very moral in the eyes of the tribunal, on one condition, that Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial will have the goodness to read it

in its entirety, instead of cutting it out. That which takes possession of us in Monsieur Flaubert's book, it is that which certain reports have designated as a fidelity quite like that of a daguerreotype in the reproduction of the types of all things, in the intimate nature of the thoughts of the human heart, and this reproduction becomes still more vivid and affecting through the magic of style. You will notice this, that if he had brought this fidelity of description only to the scenes of degradation, we might have said with reason, the author has pleased himself in depicting degradation with that power of description which is peculiar to him. From the first to the last page of his book, he devotes himself without any reserve whatever to all the facts of Emma's life, to her childhood in the paternal mansion, to her education in the convent, he spares nothing. But those who have read as I have done from the commencement to the end, will say—a remarkable thing for which you should be grateful to him, which not only should absolve him, but which should spare him from every kind of accusation—that when he comes to the difficult parts, precisely to those of degradation, instead of doing as do some classic authors with whom the Ministère Public is well acquainted, but whom he has forgotten while he was writing his accusation, and some passages from whom I have brought here, not to read them to you, but that you may look over them in the chamber of the council—I will quote a few lines from them presently—instead of

doing like our great classic authors, our great masters, who when they have encountered scenes of the union of the senses between the man and the woman, have not failed to describe everything, Monsieur Flaubert has contented himself with a word. There, all his descriptive power disappears, because his thought is chaste, because there where he could have written in his own manner and with all the magic of his style, he feels that there are things which cannot be undertaken, described. The Ministère Public thinks that he has still said too much. When I shall show him men who, in great philosophical works, have complacently lent themselves to the description of these things, and when in comparison with them I place the man who possesses the descriptive science to so high a degree and who, far from employing it, arrests himself and abstains, I shall certainly have the right to call to account the accusation which has been brought against him.

However, Messieurs, although he is pleased to describe to us the laughing scene which was the cradle of Emma's infancy with its leafage, with its little flowers pink and white which come to bloom, and its balmy paths, yet when she has left this, when she goes into other roads, into roads where she finds filth, when she soils her feet there, when the black splashes are thrown even higher upon her, he must not speak of it! But this would be to suppress the book completely; I will go still further, the moral element, under a pretext of defending it, for,

if the fault cannot be shown, if it cannot be indicated, if in a picture of real life which has for its aim the showing of the thought, the peril, the fall, the expiation, if you wish to prevent the painting of all that, it is evidently to deprive the book of its conclusion.

This book has not been for my client the object of a few hours' distraction ; it represents two or three years of incessant study. And I will say to you now something more, Monsieur Flaubert who, after so many years of labor, so much study, so many journeys, so many notes gathered from the authors whom he has read,— you will see, Mon Dieu ! from where he has drawn his material, for it is something strange which will take care of its own justification, you will see him, he with his lascivious colors, thoroughly imbued with Bossuet and with Massillon. It is in the study of these authors that we shall presently find him seeking, not to plagiarize them, but to reproduce in his descriptions the thoughts, the colors employed by them. When, after all this labor prosecuted so lovingly, when his work has its aim, do you believe that, full of confidence in himself and notwithstanding so much study and meditation, he determined immediately to set himself up against public opinion ? He might have done so, doubtless, if he had been an unknown in the world, if his name belonged to him as his entire property, if he had thought himself able to dispose of it and to deliver it as best it seemed to him ; but, I repeat it, he is of those

with whom *noblesse oblige* : his name is Flaubert, he is the second son of Monsieur Flaubert, he wished to trace out for himself a path in literature while respecting profoundly morality and religion,—not through anxiety about the courts of justice, such a consideration could not present itself to his mind,—but through personal dignity, not wishing to leave his name at the head of a publication if it did not seem to be, to some persons in whom he had confidence, worthy of being published. Monsieur Flaubert read, by fragments and even entirely, before some friends who rank high in letters, the pages which one day he was to deliver to the printer, and I affirm that not one of them was offended by that which excites so strongly at this moment the severity of Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial. No one even thought of such a thing. The literary value of the book was alone examined and studied. As to the moral aim, it is so evident, it is written in each line in terms so little equivocal, that it is not even necessary to bring it into question. Reassured concerning the value of the book, encouraged moreover by the most eminent men of the press, Monsieur Flaubert no longer thought of anything but of delivering it to the printer, to publicity. I repeat it, everyone was in accord in rendering homage to the literary merit, to the style, and at the same time to the excellent conception which presides over the work from the first to the last line. And when this legal action was brought, it was not he only who was

surprised, profoundly distressed, but, permit me to say it to you, it was we who did not comprehend this action, it was myself the first, who have read the book with a very lively interest as the numbers were issued ; it was his intimate friends. Mon Dieu ! there are shades of meaning which could sometimes escape us in our daily habits, but which cannot escape the appreciation of women of great intelligence, of great purity, of great chastity. There are names that cannot be pronounced in this audience, but if I should say to you what has been said to Flaubert, what has been said to me, myself, by mothers of families who have read this book, if I should express to you their astonishment after having received from this reading so good an impression that it seemed to them their duty to thank the author, if I should express to you their astonishment, their sorrow, when they learned that this book was to be considered as contrary to the public morality, to their religious faith, to the faith of their whole lives, Mon Dieu ! but there would be that in the reunion even of these appreciations with which to fortify myself, if I need fortifying, when it comes to combating the attacks of the Ministère Public.

However, amongst all these appreciations of contemporary literature, there is one which I wish to quote to you. There is one, who is respected by us not only by reason of a great and beautiful character, who, in the midst even of adversity, of suffering, against which he

combats courageously every day, is great not only by the souvenir of many actions which it is useless to recall here, but great by literary works which it is necessary to recall because it is by them that his competence is established, great above all by the purity which exists in all his works, by the chastity of all his writings: Lamartine.

Lamartine did not know my client, he did not know that he existed. Lamartine, in the country, in his own house, had read in each of the numbers of the *Revue de Paris* the publication of *Madame Bovary*, and Lamartine had found in them such impressions that they renewed themselves as many times as I am about to relate to you.

Some days ago, Lamartine returned to Paris, and the next day he procured the address of Monsieur Gustave Flaubert. He had sent to the *Revue* to learn the address of a Monsieur Gustave Flaubert who had published in the periodical a series of articles under the title of *Madame Bovary*. He charged his secretary to go and convey his compliments to Monsieur Flaubert, to express to him all the satisfaction which he had experienced in reading his work, and to make known to him his desire to see the new author thus revealing himself by such a first essay.

My client went to see Lamartine; and he found in him not only a man who encouraged him, but a man who said to him, "You have given me the best work

that I have read in twenty years." This was such an eulogy that my client in his modesty scarcely dared to repeat it to me. Lamartine proved to him that he had read the numbers, and he proved it to him in the most graceful manner, by repeating to him entire pages. Only, Lamartine added, "At the same time that I read you without any criticism up to the last page, I have blamed the last ones. You gave me pain, you literally caused me to suffer! The expiation is out of all proportion with the crime; you have created a frightful death, a horrible one! Assuredly, the wife who soils the conjugal bed should expect to make expiation, but this one is horrible, it is such a torture as has never been seen. You have gone too far, you have given a shock to my nerves; this power of description which has been brought to the last moments of death has left me with an unspeakable suffering!" And when Gustave Flaubert asked him: "But Monsieur de Lamartine, do you know that I am accused for having produced such a work before the tribunal of the correctional police, for offence to morality, public and religious?" Lamartine replied to him, "I thought that I had been, all my life, a man who, in his literary works as in his others, had the best comprehended that which was conducive to morality, public and religious; my dear young man, it is not possible that there should be found in France a tribunal which will condemn you. It is very much to be regretted that such a mistake should be made

concerning the character of your work and that an action should be instituted, but it is not possible, for the honor of our country and of our epoch, that there should be found a tribunal which will condemn you."

This is what took place yesterday between Lamartine and Flaubert, and I have the right to say to you that this appreciation is of those which are worthy of being weighed.

This being well understood, it may be seen how it should be possible for my conscience to say to me that *Madame Bovary* is a good book, a good action? And I ask your permission to add that I am not easy concerning these sort of things; facility is not among my habits. I hold in my hand some literary works which, although emanating from our greatest writers, have never attracted my eyes for two minutes. I will ask you to look over in the chamber of the council some lines which I have never been pleased to read, and I will ask permission to say to you that when I had arrived at the end of Monsieur Flaubert's work I was convinced that an excision made by the *Revue de Paris* has been the cause of all this debate. I will ask you, moreover, for permission to join my appreciation to that more elevated, more enlightened one, which I have just recalled.

Here is, Messieurs, a portfolio filled with the opinions of all the literary men of our time, and among whom may be found the most distinguished, concerning the work here in question, and expressing the astonishment

which they have experienced in reading this new work, at once so moral and so useful !

Now, how is it that such a work has had an action brought against it? Will you permit me to tell you? The *Revue de Paris*, the reading committee of which had read the work in its entirety, for the manuscript had been sent to it long before publication, had found nothing to alter. When they came to print the number of the 1st of December, 1856, one of the directors of the *Revue* was frightened at the scene in the hackney-coach. He said, "This is not proper, we will suppress it." Flaubert was offended at the suppression. He did not wish that it should be done without a note being placed at the bottom of the page. It was he who exacted the footnote. It was he who, in his self-respect as an author, not wishing that his work should be mutilated, nor on the other hand that there should be anything which should disquiet the *Revue*, said, "You will suppress if it seems good to you, but you will declare that you have suppressed;" and accordingly the following note was agreed upon :

"The publishers have found themselves under the necessity of suppressing a passage which could not be acceptable to the editor of the *Revue de Paris*; we acknowledge the author's protest."

This is the suppressed passage, I am going to read it to you. We have a proof of it, which we have procured with a great deal of trouble. This is the first part, which

has not a single correction; one word has been corrected in the second:

“‘Where are we going!—wherever you like,’ said Léon, pushing Emma into the carriage. The shades were pulled down and the heavy machine started on its journey.

“It descended the Rue du Grand-Pont, traversed the Place des Arts, the Quai Napoléon, the Pont Neuf, and stopped short before the statue of Pierre Corneille.

“‘Go on!’ said a voice which issued from the interior.

“The vehicle started again, and allowing itself, from the Carrefour Lafayette, to be carried away by the descent, it entered at a grand gallop into the railroad depot.

“‘No! straight ahead!’ cried the same voice.

“The hack came out through the gates, and presently arrived on the Cours, trotted along softly between the great elms. The coachman wiped his forehead, put his leathern hat between his legs, and urged the vehicle along outside the side alleys, on the edge of the water, near the turf.

“It went along the river, on the towing-path paved with dry stones,—and, for a long time, on the side of the Oysel, beyond the islands.

“But, suddenly, it launched itself at a bound across Quatremares, Sotteville, Grande Chaussée, Rue d’Elbeuf, and made its third halt before the Jardin des Plantes.

“‘Go on there!’ cried the voice, more furiously.

“ And immediately, resuming its course, it passed by Saint-Sever, by the Quai des Curandiers, by the Quai aux Meules, across the bridge once more, by the Place du Champ-de-Mars, and behind the gardens of the hospital where the old men in black waistcoats were walking in the sun along a terrace all green with ivy. It remounted the Boulevard Bouvreuil, traversed the Boulevard Cauchoise, then the whole of the Mount Riboudet as far as the hill of Deville !

“ It returned ; and then, without definite purpose or direction, it wandered at random. It was seen at Saint-Poll, at Leseure, at the Mont Gargan, at the Rouge-Mare, and Place du Gaillarbois ; Rue Maladrerie, Rue Dinanderie, before Saint-Romaine, Saint-Vivien, Saint-Maclou, Saint-Nicaise, before the Douane, at the low Vieille-Tour, at the Trois-Pipes and at the Cimetière Monumental ! From time to time, the coachman from his seat threw at the cabarets despairing looks. He could not comprehend what fury of locomotion it was that urged these individuals so that they never wished to stop for a moment. He tried it several times, and immediately he heard from behind him angry exclamations. Then he lashed the better of his two sweating Rosinantes, but without paying any attention to the jolts, catching on here and there, not caring, demoralized, and almost weeping with thirst, with fatigue, and with sadness.

“ And on the river front, in the midst of the low drays and the big casks, and in the streets at the

corners of the boundaries, the bourgeois opened their great astonished eyes before this thing so extraordinary in the provinces, a carriage with the shades drawn and which thus appeared continuously, closer than a tomb and tossed about like a ship.

“Once, in the middle of the day, in the open country, at the moment in which the sun was darting his strongest rays against the old silvered lanterns, a naked hand passed under the curtain of yellow linen and threw out morsels of torn paper, which scattered in the wind and settled down further on, like white butterflies on a field of red clover, all in bloom.

“Then, toward six o'clock, the carriage stopped in a narrow street of the Beauvoisine quarter; and a woman descended from it and walked away with her veil lowered, without turning her head.

“When she arrived at the inn, Madame Bovary was surprised not to see the diligence. Hivert, who had waited —, had finally gone off without her.

“Nothing, however, compelled her to depart; but she had promised that she would return that very evening. Moreover, Charles was waiting for her; and she already felt in her heart that cowardly docility which is for so many women, as it were, at once the chastisement and the ransom of adultery.”⁴⁷

Monsieur Flaubert remarks to me that the Ministère Public has reproached him with this last phrase.

Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial.—No, I pointed it out.

Maitre Senard.—What is certain, is that if there were a reproach, it would fall before these words, “at once the chastisement and the ransom of adultery.” However, this could be made the grounds for a reproach quite as well founded as the others; for in all that with which you have reproached us, there is to be found nothing which can be seriously sustained.

Now, Messieurs, this species of erratic course having displeased the editors of the *Revue*, the suppression took place. This was an excess of circumspection on the part of the *Revue*; and very certainly it is not an excess of circumspection which could give grounds for an action of law; you shall see however how this has given grounds for the action. That which is not seen, that which is suppressed, thus appears to be something very strange. A great many things have been supposed, and a great many things which do not exist, as you have seen by the reading of the original passage. Mon Dieu, do you know what they have supposed? That there was probably in the passage suppressed something analogous to that which you will have the kindness to read in one of the most marvellous works of fiction that have issued from the pen of an honorable member of the French Academy, Monsieur Mérimée.

Monsieur Mérimée, in the romance entitled *La Double Méprise*, relates a scene which takes place in a post chaise. It is not the locality of the carriage which is of importance, it is, as here, in the details of that which

takes place inside it. I do not wish to take the time of the court, I will have the book passed to the Ministère Public and to the tribunal. If we had written the half or the quarter of what Monsieur Mérimée has written, I should experience some embarrassment in the task which has been given me, or rather I should modify it. In the place of saying what I have said, what I affirm, that Monsieur Flaubert has written a good book, a virtuous book, useful and moral, I would say, "Literature has its rights; Monsieur Mérimée has produced a very remarkable literary work, and it is not necessary to show ourselves so difficult to please concerning the details when the whole is so irreproachable." I would maintain that, I would absolve him and you would absolve him. Ah! Mon Dieu! it is not by omission that an author can sin in such matters. And moreover, you would have the details of what took place in the hack. But as my client contented himself with traversing a course, and as the interior was revealed only by "a naked hand which passed under the little curtains of yellow linen and threw out some pieces of torn paper, which scattered in the wind and settled down at a little distance, like white butterflies, on a field of red clover all in bloom;" as my client was contented with that, no one knew anything more about it and everybody supposed—because of the very suppression—that he had said at least as much as the member of the French Academy. You have seen that there was nothing of it.

Well, this unfortunate suppression, this is the action ; that is to say that in the Bureaus which are charged, with the very greatest reason, to keep a watch on all the writings which could offend the public morality, when this excision was seen, everyone was put on the alert. I am obliged to avow it, and Messieurs of the *Revue de Paris* will permit me to say this, that they put their scissors in two words too late, it should have been done before they got into the carriage ; to cut out after that, it was not worth the trouble. This excision has been very unfortunate ; but if you committed this slight fault, Messieurs of the *Revue*, assuredly you are expiating it well to-day.

It was said in the Bureau, "Look out for that which is going to follow," and when the following number appeared, war was made on the very syllables. The officials of the Bureau are not obliged to read everything ; and when they saw that it had been written that a woman had taken off all her clothes, they were frightened without going any farther. It is true that, unlike our great masters, Monsieur Flaubert has not given himself the trouble to describe the alabaster of her naked arms, of her throat, etc. He has not said, like a poet whom we love :

"I saw of her beautiful flanks the alabaster ardent and pure,
Lily, ebony, coral, roses, azure veins,
Such indeed as in former times thou to me show'dst,
With her nudity only embellished and adorned,
When our nights fled softly away, when the soft pillow
Saw her under thy kisses sleep and awaken again." ⁴⁸

He said nothing similar to that which André Chénier said. But in fact he said, "She abandoned herself— Her garments fell."

She abandoned herself! And what! all description is then forbidden? But when accusation is made, everything should be read, and Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial has not read it all. The passage which he accuses does not stop where he stopped; there is a corrective which is this:

"However, there was on this forehead covered with cold drops, on these stammering lips, in these wandering eyeballs, in the grasp of these arms, something extreme, vague and lugubrious which seemed to Léon to glide between them subtly, as if to separate them."⁴⁹

In the Bureaus they did not read that. Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial just now did not pay attention to it. He only saw this, "Then with one single movement she threw off all her garments," and he cried, "Outrage to public morality!" Verily, it is too easy to bring accusations with such a system as this. God keep the authors of dictionaries from falling into the hands of Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial! Who is it that could escape a condemnation if by means of cuttings, not of phrases, but of words, it should be thought worth while to make a list of all the words which might offend morality or religion?

The first thought of my client, which unfortunately met with opposition, had been this, "There is only one

thing to do: put to press immediately, not with the omissions but in its entirety, the work such as it came out of my hands, restoring the scene of the carriage." I was entirely of his opinion, it was the best defence of my client, this complete edition of the work with indications of some points on which we would have most particularly requested the tribunal to direct its attention. I had given, myself, the title of this publication, *Memorial of Monsieur Gustave Flaubert against the indictment for outrage to religious morality drawn up against him*. I wrote with my own hand, *Tribunal of the Correctional Police, 6th Chamber*, indicating the President and the Ministère Public. There was a preface in which might be read, "I am accused with phrases taken here and there from my book, I can only defend myself with my book." To ask of judges the reading of an entire novel, that is to ask them a good deal; but we are before judges who love the truth, who wish to attain to it, who to become acquainted with it will recoil before no fatigue; we are before judges who desire justice, who desire it earnestly, and who will read, without any species of hesitation, everything that we request them to read. I said to Monsieur Flaubert, "Send this immediately to the printer and put at the bottom my name besides your own, SENARD, *Avocat*." The printing was commenced; the declaration was made for a hundred copies which we wished to have struck off; the printing was proceeding with extreme rapidity, working

day and night, when there came to us the order forbidding the continuation of the printing, not of a book, but of a memorial in which the accused work appeared with explanatory notes ! Protest was made before Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial, who informed us that the prohibition was absolute, that it could not be lifted.

Well, so be it ! we would not have published the book with our notes and our observations ; but if your first reading, Messieurs, has left a doubt in your mind, I ask you as a favor to read it a second time. You love the truth, you wish to acquire it ; you cannot be of those who, when there is brought to them two lines of a man's writing, are safe to have him hung on any conditions whatever. You do not wish that a man should be judged by extracts more or less skilfully made. You do not wish that ; you do not wish to deprive us of the ordinary resources of the defence. Well, you have the book, and although it is less convenient than that which we wish to do, you will make yourself the divisions, the observations, the comparisons, because you desire the truth and because it is necessary that the truth should serve as a basis of your judgment, and the truth will appear from the serious examination of the book.

However I cannot stop there. The Ministère Public attacks the book ; it is necessary that I should take the book itself to defend it, that I should complete the quotations which he has made from it, and that on each

passage attacked I show the nothingness of the accusations ; this will be the whole of my defence.

I shall assuredly not undertake to oppose to the elevated, animated and pathetic observations with which the Ministère Public has surrounded everything that he has said observations of a similar kind ; the defence should not have the right to take on such embellishments ; it will content itself with quoting the texts just as they are.

And in the first place, I declare that nothing is more false than that which has just been said concerning the lascivious color. The lascivious color ! Where then have you found that ? My client has depicted in *Madame Bovary* what woman ? Ah, Mon Dieu ! it is sad to have to say it, but this is true, a young girl, born, as are almost all of them, virtuous—that is, at least much the largest number,—but very frail when education, instead of strengthening them, has softened them or thrown them into an evil way. He has taken a young girl ; is it a perverse nature ? No, it is an impressionable nature, with a tendency to exaltation.

Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial has said, "This young girl, she is constantly presented as lascivious." But no ! she is represented as born in the country, born on the farm, where she is occupied with all her father's labors, where no species of lasciviousness could have passed into her mind or into her heart. She is represented afterwards, in place of following the destiny which was

hers quite naturally, of being raised for the farm on which she was to live or in similar surroundings, she is represented under the improvident authority of a father who takes it into his head to have brought up in a convent this daughter born on a farm, who should marry a farmer, a man of the country. We see her then conducted into a convent, outside of her sphere. There is nothing which is not grave in the speech of the Ministère Public, nothing then must be left without a reply. Ah! you have spoken of her little sins in quoting some lines of the first number, you have said, "When she went to the confessional she invented little sins, so that she might remain there the longer, on her knees in the obscurity—under the whispering of the priest." You here already gravely deceive yourself in your appreciation of my client. He has not committed the fault with which you reproach him, the error is entirely on your side,—in the first place, concerning the age of the young girl. As she did not enter the convent till she was thirteen, it is evident that she was fourteen when she went to the confessional. It was not then the child of ten years as it pleased you to say, you have in this deceived yourself very materially. But I do not insist on the improbability of a child of ten years who likes to remain in the confessional "under the whispering of the priest." That which I do desire, is that you should read the lines which precede, which is not convenient, I admit. And here you see the inconvenience for us of

not having a memorial ; with a memorial we would not have to search through six volumes !

I call your attention to this passage in order to restore to *Madame Bovary* its true character. Will you permit me to say to you what appears to me very grave, what Monsieur Flaubert has comprehended and what he has brought out in relief? There is a species of religion which is that which is generally spoken of to young girls and which is the worst of all. We may, on this point, differ in our appreciations. As for myself, I declare this boldly, that I know nothing beautiful, useful, necessary to sustain, not only women in the highway of life, but the men themselves, who have often very painful trials to undergo, that I know of nothing more useful and more necessary than the religious sentiment, but the religious sentiment grave, and, permit me to add, severe.

I would wish that my children should comprehend a God, not a God in the abstraction of pantheism, no, but a Supreme Being with whom they are in communion, towards whom they elevate themselves to pray to Him, and who at the same time enlarges them and strengthens them. This conception, do you see, which is my conception, which is yours, it is a strength in the evil days, a strength in that which is called being in the world, the refuge, or still better, the strength to the feeble. It is this conception which gives to woman that stability which enables her to be resigned under the thousand little things of this life, which enables her to bring to God

that which she is able to suffer, and to ask of Him grace to fulfill her duty. This religion, Messieurs, it is Christianity, it is the religion which establishes communication between God and man. Christianity, in causing to intervene between God and us a sort of intermediary power, renders God more accessible to us, and this communication with Him more easy. When the mother of Him who made Himself Man-God receives thus the prayers of women, I see again in this nothing which alters either the purity, nor the religious sanctity, nor the sentiment itself. But behold where the alteration commences. In order to accommodate religion to all natures, all sorts of little things have been made to intervene, petty, miserable, shabby. The pomp of the ceremonies, instead of being that great pomp which takes possession of our soul, this pomp degenerates into a little commerce of relics, of medals, of little *Bons Dieux*, of little *Bonnes Vierges*. To what are drawn, Messieurs, the minds of the children, curious, ardent, tender, the minds of the young girls especially? To all these images, feeble, attenuated, miserable with regard to the religious spirit. They make for themselves, then, little religions of ceremonies, little devotions of tenderness, of love, and instead of having in their soul the sentiment of God, the sentiment of duty, they abandon themselves to reveries, to little ceremonies, to little devotions. And then comes the poetical feeling, and then comes—it is necessary to say it—a thousand thoughts of charity, of tenderness, of

mystic love, a thousand forms which deceive the young girls, which make religion sensual. These poor children, naturally weak and credulous, lend themselves to all that, to poetry, to reverie, instead of attaching themselves to something reasonable and severe. From which it comes to pass that you have a great many women very devout who are not religious at all. And when the wind pushes them out of the road in which they should walk, instead of finding strength, they find only every species of sensuality which leads them astray.

Ah, you have accused me of having, in the portrayal of modern society, confounded the religious element with sensuality! Accuse rather the society in the midst of which we are, but do not accuse the man who like Bossuet cries, "Arouse yourselves and beware of the peril!" But to come to say to fathers of families, "Beware, those are not good habits to give to your daughters, there is in all this medley of mysticism something which sensualizes religion;" to come to say that, that is to say the truth. It is for that that you accuse Flaubert, it is for that that I exalt him. Yes he has done well thus to notify families of the dangers of this exaggeration among the young persons who devote themselves to little ceremonies, instead of acquiring a strong and severe religion which will sustain them on the day of their weakness. And, now, you will see whence comes the invention of the little sins "under the whispering of the priest."⁵⁰

“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.”

Is that lascivious, Messieurs? We will continue.

Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial.—I did not say that that passage was lascivious.

Maitre Senard.—I ask your pardon, it is precisely in this passage that you have found a lascivious phrase, and you were only able to find it lascivious in isolating it from that which preceded it and from that which followed it:

“Instead of following the mass, she looked at, in her book, the vignettes, bordered with azure, which served for book-markers, 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 imagination for some vow to accomplish.”⁵¹

Do not forget this; when anyone invents little sins to confess and searches in the imagination for some vow to perform, as you will find in the line which precedes, evidently it is because somewhat false ideas have been entertained. And I ask you now if it is necessary to discuss your passage? But I continue:

“ 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 time 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 of the lowing of the herds, the milkings, the ploughings. Accustomed to the calm aspects, she turned by preference, on the contrary, towards the accidental ones. She loved the sea only because of its tempests, and the verdure only when it was scattered among ruins. It was necessary that she should draw from all 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.”⁵²

You will see with what delicate precautions the author introduces this saintly old maid, and how, for the religious instruction, there is insinuated into the convent a new element, the introduction of the romance

brought in by a stranger. Do not forget this ever when the question is of appreciating religious morality.

“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 gentlefolks, 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 gossip before going upstairs again to her work. The boarders escaped from their studies to come to 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.”⁵⁸

This is not only marvelous from a literary point of view; absolution cannot be refused to the man who writes these admirable passages, in order to indicate to all the perils of an education of this kind, in order to point out to the young woman the dangers of life which is opening before her. We will continue :

“There were nothing but love, lovers, loving mistresses, persecuted ladies fainting in solitary pavilions, postillions 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 admirably 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 of 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, Agnès 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, of Madonnas, lagunes, gondoliers, peaceful compositions which allowed to be seen through the silliness of the style and the imprudence of the notation, the attractive phantasmagoria of sentimental realities." 54

How is it that you have not thought of this when this poor country girl returned to the farm, having found the village doctor to marry, is invited one evening to a château, to which you have sought to call the attention of the tribunal in order to show something lascivious in a waltz which she happens to dance! You have not thought of this education, when this poor wife is carried away from the vulgar hearth of her husband by an invitation which comes to take her to this château, when she has seen these fine gentlemen, these beautiful ladies, this old duke who, it was said, had had good fortunes at Court! — Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial has had some fine emotions, apropos of the Queen Antoinette! There is not one of us, assuredly, who has not felt with you in this matter. Like you, we have shuddered at the name of this victim of the Revolution; but it is not a question of Marie Antoinette here, it is of the Château de la Vaubyessard.

There was there an old duke who had had—it was said—relations with the queen, and on whom all looks were turned. And when this young woman, seeing thus realized all the fantastic dreams of her youth, finds herself thus transported into the midst of this world,

you are astonished at the intoxication which she experiences; you accuse her of having been lascivious! But accuse then the waltz itself, that dance of our great modern balls where, says an author who has described it, the woman "leans her head on the shoulder of a cavalier, whose leg embarrasses her!" You find that in Flaubert's description Madame Bovary is lascivious. But there is not one man, and I do not except you, who, having been present at a ball, having seen this sort of a waltz, has not experienced the wish that his wife or his daughter should abstain from this pleasure, which has in it something ferocious. If, relying upon the chastity which envelops the young girl, she is sometimes permitted to give herself up to this pleasure consecrated by fashion, it is necessary to rely a good deal upon this envelope of chastity, and although one counts on it, it is not impossible to express the impressions which Monsieur Flaubert has expressed in the name of good manners and of chastity.

Here we see her at the Château de la Vaubyessard, here you see her who looks at this old duke, who studies everything, with rapture, and you will exclaim to yourself: "What details?" What is to be said? the details are everywhere, we will cite but one passage.

"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 tied 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." ⁵⁵

Defend the queen, defend her above all in the presence of the scaffold, maintain that by her title she has a right to our respect, but suppress your accusations when all that is said is that he had been, it was reported, the Queen's lover. Can it be that you would reproach us seriously with having insulted the memory of this unfortunate woman?

"He had led a noisy 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!" ⁵⁶

"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 pine-apples."

You see that these descriptions are charming, incontestably, but that it is not possible to take out here and there a line in order to create a species of color against which my conscience protests. It is not the lascivious color, it is the color of the book; it is the literary element and at the same time the moral element.

There you have her, this young woman whose education you have conducted, there you have her become a wife. Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial has said: "Does she even try to love her husband?" You have not read the book; if you had read it, you would not have made this objection.

There you have her, Messieurs, this poor wife, she will have troubled dreams at first. On page 34⁵⁷ you will see her reveries. And there is something more, there is something of which Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial has not spoken, and of which it is necessary that I should tell you, these are her impressions when her mother dies; you will see if that is lascivious! Have the kindness to take page 33 and follow me: ⁵⁸

"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 the 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."

I wish to reply to the reproaches of Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial that she made no effort to love her husband.

Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial.—I have not reproached her with that, I said that she had not succeeded.

Maitre Senard.—If I have misunderstood, if you have not made that reproach, it is the best reply that can be made. I thought I heard you make it; we will agree that I was deceived. However, this is what I will read at the end of page 36: ⁵⁹

"However, following 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 much trouble 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.”

On page 37⁶⁰ we will find a crowd of similar things. Now, it is the peril that commences. You know how she has been brought up; this is what I entreat you not to forget for a moment.

There is not a man who, having read it, will not say, this book in his hand, that Monsieur Flaubert is not only a great artist, but a man of heart, for having in the last six pages awarded all the horror and contempt to the wife, and all the interest to the husband. He is still a great artist, as has been said, because he has not transformed the husband, because he has left him all the way to the end that which he was, a good man, vulgar, mediocre, fulfilling the duties of his profession, loving his wife well, but deprived of education, wanting for elevation in his thoughts. He is the same at the

deathbed of his wife. And yet there is not an individual the souvenir of whom returns with greater interest. Why? Because he has kept until the end the simplicity, the uprightness of heart; because until the end he has fulfilled his duty, in which his wife had failed. His death is as fine, as touching, as the death of his wife is hideous. On the body of the woman, the author has shown the spots which have been left there by the vomitings of the poison; they have soiled the white shroud in which she is about to be clothed, he has wished to make of her an object of disgust; but there is a man who is sublime, it is the husband, on the edge of this final trench. There is a man who is grand, sublime, whose death is admirable, it is the husband who, after having seen successively broken by the death of his wife everything that could remain to him of illusions of the heart, embraces in thought his wife under the tomb. Put this, I entreat you, in your souvenirs, the author has gone beyond—Lamartine said it to him—that which is permitted, in order to render the death of this woman hideous and the expiation more terrible. The author has known how to concentrate all the interest on the man who has not deviated from the line of duty, who has remained with his character mediocre, doubtless, the author could not change his character, but with all the generosity of his heart, and he has accumulated all the horrors on the death of the woman who has deceived him, ruined him, who has delivered

herself up to the usurers, who has put in circulation forged notes, and who has finally ended by suicide. We will see if it is natural, the death of this woman who, if she had not found poison with which to finish, would have been strangled by the very excess of the unhappiness which held her in its grasp. This is what the author has done. His book would not be read, if he had done otherwise, if, in order to show to what point will conduct an education as perilous as that of Madame Bovary, he had not been prodigal of the charming images and the energetic pictures with which he is reproached.

Monsieur Flaubert brings constantly into evidence the superiority of the husband over the wife, and what superiority if you please? that of duty fulfilled, whilst Emma goes astray! And now we see her placed upon the downward slope of this evil education; we see her go off after the scene of the ball with a youth, Léon, as inexperienced as she. She will coquette with him, but she will not dare to go farther; nothing will happen. Then comes Rodolphe who will take her, this wife. After having looked at her a moment, he says to himself: "She is attractive, this woman!" and she will be his, for she is light and without experience. As to the fall itself, you will read again the pages 42, 43 and 44.⁶¹ I have only one word to say to you concerning this scene, there are no details, no description, no image which paints for you the trouble of the senses; a single word indicates to us the fall: "she abandoned

herself." I would entreat you again to have the goodness to re-read the details of the fall of Clarissa Harlowe,—which I do not know to have been described in an improper book. Monsieur Flaubert had substituted Rodolphe for Lovelace and Emma for Clarissa. You will compare the two authors and the two works, and you will appreciate.

But here I encounter the indignation of Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial. He is shocked because remorse does not follow closely the fall, because in place of expressing its bitterness, she says to herself with satisfaction: "I have a lover." But the author would not be depicting truly if, at the moment in which the cup is still at the lips, he caused to be felt all the bitterness of the enchanting liquor. He who would write according to the understanding of Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial, might be moral; but he would relate that which is not natural. No, it is not at the moment of the first fall that the consciousness of the fall awakens; if this were so, it would never be committed. No, it is not at the moment in which she is still under the sway of the illusion which intoxicates her that the woman can be notified by this intoxication itself of the immense fault which she has committed. She brings away from it only the drunkenness; she returns to her home happy, sparkling, she sings in her heart: "At last I have a lover." But does this last long? You have read the pages 424 and 425.⁶² Two pages further on, if you

please, on page 428,⁶³ the sentiment of disgust for the lover has not yet manifested itself; but she is already under the influence of fear, of anxiety. She examines, she looks, she wishes never to abandon Rodolphe:

“Something stronger than herself impelled her towards 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 — that her visits were becoming imprudent: that she was compromising herself.

“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.”

You see very well that she is not mistaken on this point; she feels clearly that there is something which is not that of which she dreamed. Let us take pages 433 and 434,⁶⁴ and you will be still more convinced of it.

“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 if 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.

“‘Someone 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 sentence 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 excessively 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.”

She wearied him, in fact.

Then, page 453: ⁶⁵ “He (Rodolphe) had no longer, as formerly, any of those words so sweet that they made her weep, nor any 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 an attachment, but like a permanent

seduction. He subjugated her. She was almost afraid of him."

And you fear, Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial, that the young women will read that! I am less frightened, less timid than you. For my own personal account, I comprehend perfectly a father of a family saying to his daughter: "Young woman, if thy heart, if thy conscience, if the religious sentiment, if the voice of duty are not sufficient to cause thee to walk in the straight path, look, my child, see how many wearinesses, sufferings, sorrows and desolations wait for the wife who goes to seek happiness outside her own home!" This language would not wound you in the mouth of a father, well! Monsieur Flaubert says nothing else; it is a painting, the most true, the most affecting, of that which the wife who has dreamed of happiness outside of her own house finds immediately.

But let us get on, we are coming to all the incidents of the disillusion. You will bring up against me the caresses of Léon on page 60: ⁶⁶ Alas! she is coming to pay very soon the ransom of adultery; and this ransom, you will find it terrible, a few pages further on in the work which you accuse. She has sought for happiness in adultery, unhappy one! And she has found in it, in addition to the disgust and the weariness which the monotony of marriage may give to a wife who does not walk in the path of duty, she has found in it disillusion, the contempt of the man to whom she had delivered

herself. Is there anything lacking to this contempt? Oh no! and you will not deny it, the book is under your eyes: Rodolphe, who has revealed himself as so vile, gives her a last proof of selfishness and of cowardice. She says to him: "Take me away! carry me off! I am suffocating, I can no longer breathe in the house of my husband, of whom I am the shame and the unhappiness." He hesitates; she insists; finally he promises, and the next day she receives from him an overwhelming letter, under which she falls crushed, annihilated. She is taken ill, she is dying. The number which follows shows her to you in all the convulsions of the soul which is struggling with itself, which may perhaps be brought back to duty through the excess of its suffering, but unfortunately she encounters soon afterward the youth with whom she had played when she was inexperienced. This is the action of the novel, and then comes the expiation.

But, Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial stops me and says to me: "While it may be true that the aim of the book is good from one end to the other, can you permit yourself obscene details, like those which you have permitted yourself?"

Very certainly I could not permit myself such details, but have I done so? Where are they? I come here to the passages which have been the most incriminated. I will not speak further of the adventure of the hackney-coach, the tribunal has been satisfied on that point; I

come to the passages which you have indicated as contrary to public morality, and which constitute a certain number of pages of the number of the 1st of December; and in order to demolish all the scaffolding of your accusation I have only one thing to do,—to restore that which precedes and that which follows your quotations, to substitute, in a word, the complete text for your scissorings.

At the bottom of page 72,⁶⁷ Léon, after having been put in communication with Homais the apothecary, comes to the Hôtel de Bourgogne; then the apothecary comes for him.

“But Emma had departed, exasperated; this failure to keep his word at the rendezvous seemed to her an outrage.

“Then, calming down, she ended by discovering that she had doubtless calumniated him. But the disparagement of those whom we love always detaches us from them a little. Idols must not be touched; the gilding comes off on the fingers.

“They acquired the habit of speaking more frequently of things indifferent to their love.”

Mon Dieu! It is for the lines that I am going to read you that we have been arraigned before you. Listen now:

“They acquired the habit of speaking more frequently of things indifferent to their love; and in the letters which Emma sent to him, there was much question of

flowers, of verses, of the moon and of the stars, naïve resources of an enfeebled passion, which endeavors to revive itself by the help of all exterior succors. She promised herself continually, for her next expedition, a profound felicity; then she confessed to herself that she had experienced nothing extraordinary. But this deception was soon effaced by a new hope; and Emna returned to him more inflamed, more breathless, more eager. She undressed herself brutally, jerking out the long lacing of her corset which whistled about her hips like a gliding serpent. She went tiptoe, on her naked feet, to see once more if the door were locked, then she threw off all her clothes together with one movement; and pale, without speaking, serious, she threw herself on his chest, with a long shiver.”⁶⁸

You stop there, Monsieur l’Avocat Impérial, permit me to continue :

“However, there was on this forehead covered with cold drops, on these stammering lips, in these wandering eyeballs, in the grasp of these arms, something extreme, vague and lugubrious, which seemed to Léon to glide between them, subtly, as if to separate them.”⁶⁹

You call that lascivious color, you say that that will give the taste for adultery, you say that these are pages which can excite, move the senses,—lascivious pages. But death is in these pages. You do not reflect upon it, Monsieur l’Avocat Impérial, you frighten yourself by finding there the words *corset*, and *garments which*

fall; and you fix your attention on these three or four words of "corset" and of "garments which fall!" Do you wish that I should show you how a corset can appear in a classic book, and a very classic one? This is what I shall give myself the pleasure of doing presently.

"She undressed herself ——" — Ah! Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial, how badly you have understood this passage! — "she undressed herself brutally" — the unhappy one! — "jerking out the long lacing of her corset which whistled about her hips like a gliding serpent: and pale, without speaking, serious, she threw herself against his breast with a long shiver —— There was on this forehead covered with cold drops, in the clasp of her arms something vague and lugubrious ——"

It is here that it is necessary to ask where is the lascivious color? and where is the severe color? and if the senses of the young girl into whose hands this book will fall can be moved, excited,—as in the reading of a book classic among all the classics, which I will cite presently and which has been printed over again a thousand times, without any Procureur Impérial or Royal ever having thought of bringing an action against it. Is there anything analogous in this which I have just read to you? Is it not, on the contrary, exciting to the horror of vice, "this something lugubrious which slips between them to separate them?" Let us continue, I entreat you.

"He did not dare to question her; but, discerning that she was so experienced, he said to himself that she

must have passed through all the trials of suffering and of pleasure. That which charmed him formerly, frightened him a little now. Moreover, he revolted against the absorption, each day greater, of his personality. He was displeased at Emma for this permanent victory. He even endeavored not to be devoted to her; then at the creaking of her shoes, he felt himself weak and cowardly, like the drunkards at the sight of strong liquors.”⁷⁰

Is that what you call lascivious? That?

And then, take the last paragraph:

“One day when they had separated at an early hour, and when she was returning alone along the boulevard, she perceived the walls of her convent; then she sat down on a bench, in the shadow of the elms. What peacefulness in those past times! how she longed for the ineffable sentiments of love which she had endeavored to figure to herself from what she found in books!”⁷¹

“The first months of her marriage, her horseback rides in the forest, the vicomte who waltzed, and Lagardy’s singing, all passed again before her eyes!”⁷²

Do not then forget this, Monsieur l’Avocat Impérial, when you wish to judge the author’s thought, when you wish arbitrarily to find the lascivious color there where I can find only an excellent book.

“And Léon suddenly appeared to her in the same remoteness as on the others. ‘I love him, however,’ she said to herself; she was not happy, nor ever had been.

Whence came then this insufficiency of life, this instantaneous decay of the things on which she leaned?"⁷³

Is that lascivious, that?

"But, if there were, somewhere, a strong and beautiful being, a valorous nature, full at once of exaltation and refinement, a poet's heart under an angel's form, a lyre with cords of brass sounding towards heaven elegiac epithalamiums, why by some chance could she not find it? Oh! what an impossibility! Nothing, moreover, was worth the pain of a search, everything lied! Each smile concealed a yawn of weariness, each joy a malediction, every pleasure its disgust, and the sweetest kisses left on your lips only a desire, never to be realized, of a higher voluptuousness.

"A metallic rattling sounded through the air, and four strokes were sounded from the bell of the convent. Four o'clock! and it seemed to her that she had been there, on that bench, from all eternity."⁷⁴

It is not necessary to search to the end of one book something to explain what is in the end of another. I have read the incriminated passages without adding a word to them, to defend a work which defends itself. We will continue the reading of this passage incriminated from the point of view of morality:

"Madame was in her chamber. No one went up to her. She remained all day long, dull, scarcely clothed, and from time to time burning pastils of the harem which she had bought at Rouen in the shop of an

Algerian. In order not to have near her at night, lying against her flesh, this man sleeping, she had finally succeeded, by dint of grimaces, in relegating him to the second floor; and she read until morning, extravagant books in which there were orgiastic pictures with blood-thirsty situations."—This is calculated to excite a desire for adultery, is it not?—"Often she would be seized by terror, she would utter a cry. Charles would hurry to her. 'Ah! go away,' she said. Or at other times, burning still more strongly with that intimate flame to which adultery gives life, breathless, in emotion, all afire with desire, she opened her window, breathed in the cold air, loosened to the wind her too heavy hair, and looking at the stars, longed for princely loves. She thought of him, of Léon. She would then have given everything for a single one of those rendezvous which filled her with satiety.

"Those were her gala days. She wished to have them splendid! and when he was unable to meet all the expense himself, she completed the sum in a liberal manner; this happened almost every time. He endeavored to make her comprehend that they would be as comfortable in some more modest hotel, but she raised objections." 75

You see how simple all this is when everything is read; but with the scissorings of Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial, the least word becomes a mountain.

Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial.—I have not cited one of those phrases, and since you insist upon citing that

which I have not incriminated, it is not necessary to jump over page 50.

Maitre Senard.—I do not jump over anything, I insist upon the pages incriminated in the citation. We are cited for pages 77 and 78.⁷⁶

Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial.—I speak of citations made at the hearing, and I thought that you had accused me of having cited those lines which you have just read.

Maitre Senard.—Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial, I have cited all the passages by the aid of which you have wished to constitute a transgression which is now disproved. You have developed at length at the hearing that which seemed good to you, and you have had a fair field. Happily we had the book, the counsel for the defence knew how to read the book; if he had not known, his position would have been strange, permit me to tell you. I have been called upon to explain such and such passages and at the hearing other passages have been substituted. If I had not possessed the knowledge of the book which I do, the defence would have been difficult. Now, I show you by a faithful analysis that the novel, far from being presented as lascivious, should be, on the contrary, considered as an eminently moral work. After having done that, I take the passages which have furnished the grounds for the citation by the Correctional Police, and after having shown your cuttings in connection with that which

precedes them, and that which follows them, the accusation becomes so feeble that it revolts you yourself at the moment when I read them! These same passages which you indicated as incriminating a moment ago, I have now the right to cite them myself, to show you the want of foundation of this accusation.

I resume my citation at the place where I stopped at the bottom of page 78.⁷⁷

“He (Léon) was wearied now when Emma suddenly broke into sobs on his breast, and his heart—like those people who can endure only a certain dose of music—was stupefied with indifference at the tumult of a love of which he no longer distinguished the delicate shades.

“They now knew each other too well to have those amazements of possession which increase its joy a hundred-fold. She was as disgusted with him as he was fatigued with her. Emma found again in adultery all the platitudes of marriage.

Platitudes of marriage! He who cut this out has said: “What, here is a monsieur who says that in marriage there are nothing but platitudes! It is an attack on marriage, it is an outrage to morality!” Admit, Monsieur l’Avocat Impérial, that with extracts artistically selected, one can go far in the matter of incriminations. What is it that the author has called the platitudes of marriage? This monotony which Emma had dreaded, which she had wished to flee from, and which she found again constantly in adultery, this which was

precisely the disillusion. You see then clearly that when, instead of cutting out the members of the phrase and the words, you read that which precedes and that which follows, there is nothing remaining to the incrimination; and you can comprehend marvellously well that my client, who knew his own conception, should be somewhat indignant to see himself thus travestied. We will continue:

“She was as disgusted with him as he was wearied with her. Emma found again in adultery all the platitudes of marriage.

“But how to be able to be rid of it? Though she might so well feel humiliated by the baseness of such a happiness, she yet clung to it through force of habit or through corruption, and each day she threw herself on it still more furiously, drying up all felicity by wishing to have it too great. She accused Léon of her wrecked hopes, as if he had betrayed her, and she even wished for a catastrophe which would bring about their separation, since she had not the courage to decide upon it herself.

“None the less she continued to write to him loving letters, in virtue of that idea,—that a woman should always write to her lover.

“But, in writing to him, she perceived another man, a phantom, composed of her most ardent souvenirs.” This is not incriminated either,—“afterwards she fell back again, flat, exhausted, for these transports of vague love fatigued her more than the greatest debauches.

“She experienced now an incessant and universal weariness — Frequently she received legal summons which she scarcely looked at. She would have wished to live no longer, or to sleep continually.”⁷⁸

I call that an exhortation to virtue through the horror of vice, which the author himself declares, and which the most careless reader cannot help seeing,—unless with some malicious determination.

And now something more, to enable you to appreciate what sort of a man you have to judge. To demonstrate to you, not what species of justification I might take, but whether Monsieur Flaubert has used the lascivious color and whence he draws his inspiration, let me place on your bureau this book used by him, and in certain passages of which he has found his inspiration for depicting this concupiscence, the yearnings of this woman who seeks happiness in illicit pleasures, who cannot find it there, who seeks further, who seeks more and more, and never encounters it. Whence has Monsieur Flaubert drawn these inspirations, Messieurs? It is in this book which I have here, listen :

“ILLUSION OF THE SENSES.

“Whoever then attaches himself to the material, must necessarily wander from one object to another and deceive himself, so to speak, in thus changing place; thus concupiscence, that is to say the love of pleasures, is forever changing, because all its ardor languishes and dies in continuity, and because change revives it. Thus,

is the life of the senses any other thing than an alternative movement from appetite to disgust, and from disgust to appetite, the soul floating always in a state of uncertainty between the ardor which is diminishing and the ardor which is renewing itself? *Inconstantia, concupiscentia*. This is what is the life of the senses. However, in this perpetual movement, no one wearies in perpetually diverting himself by the image of a wandering liberty.”

This is what is the life of the senses. Who has said that? Who has written the words which you have just heard on these excitations and these excessive ardors? What is the book which Monsieur Flaubert has studied day and night, and from which he drew his inspiration for the passages incriminated by Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial? It is Bossuet! That which I have just read you, is a fragment of a discourse of Bossuet on the *illicit pleasures*. I will make you see that all these incriminated passages are, not plagiarisms,—the man who appropriates an idea is not a plagiarist,—but only imitations of Bossuet. Do you wish another example? Here it is:

“ON SIN.

“And do not ask me, Christians, in what manner will take place this great change of our pleasures into torments; it is proven by the Scriptures. It is the All-Truthful who says it, it is the Omnipotent who does it. And always, if you consider the nature of the passions to which you abandon your heart, you may readily comprehend that they may become an intolerable torment.

They have all in themselves cruel pains, disgusts, bitter-nesses. They have, all, an infinity which is vexed at not being able to be satisfied; which mingles with them all sorts of transports, which degenerate into a species of fury not less painful than unreasonable. Love, if it is permissible for me to name it in this pulpit, has its uncertainties, its violent agitations, and its irresolute resolutions and the hell of its jealousies."

And farther on :

" Ah ! is there then anything easier than to make of our passions an insupportable punishment for our sins, in taking from them, as is very just, that little attractiveness by which they seduce us, and leaving them only the cruel inquietudes and the bitterness with which they abound? Our sins against us, our sins on us, our sins in the middle of us: a piercing dart against our breast, an insupportable weight upon our head, a devouring poison in our entrails."

All that you have just heard, is it not set down there to show to you the bitterness of the passions? I leave you this book marked everywhere, soiled by the thumb of the studious man who has drawn his thought from it. And he who has inspired himself with such a source, he who has described adultery in the terms which you have heard, he is indicted for outrage to morality public and religious !

A few lines more on the *sinful woman*, and you will see how Monsieur Flaubert, having these ardors to

describe, has known how to draw his inspiration from his model :

“But, punished for our error without being undeceived about it, we seek in change the remedy for our mistake ; we wander from object to object, and if there should be finally one which arrests us, it is not that we are content with our choice, it is that we are wearied with our inconstancy.”

* * * * *

“Everything appeared to her empty, false, disgusting among creatures: far from finding again those first charms, against which her heart had defended itself with so much difficulty, she saw in it nothing but frivolity, danger and vanity.”

* * * * *

“I am not speaking of an engagement of the passions; what frights which the mystery suddenly causes to break out ! what precautionary measure to take with regard to decorum and to glory ! how many eyes to avoid ! how many watchful ones to deceive ! how many occasions to fear for the fidelity of those who have been chosen for the ministers and the confidants of her passion ! What rebuffs to endure from that one, perhaps, to whom have been sacrificed her honor and her liberty, and of whom she dare not complain ! To all this, add those cruel moments in which passion less lively leaves us leisure to return to our former selves, and to feel all the indignity of our condition ; those

moments in which the heart, born for more enduring pleasures, wearies of its own idols and finds its torment in its disgust and in its inconstancy. Profane world ! if this is that felicity which you have so commended to us, favor with it your adorers and punish them, by rendering them thus happy, for the faith which they have so lightly given to your promises."

Let me say this—when a man, in the silence of the night, has meditated on the causes of a woman's impulses, when he has found them in her education and in order to express them, mistrustful of his own personal observations, he has been matured and ripened in the sources which I have just indicated, when he has not permitted himself to take up the pen until after drawing his inspirations from the thoughts of Bossuet and of Massillon, permit me to ask you if there is any word to express to you my surprise, my grief, in seeing this man arraigned by the Correctional Police—for a few passages in his book, and precisely for those ideas and those sentiments which are the truest and the most elevated that he has been able to bring together ! This is what I ask you not to forget with regard to the accusation of outrage to religious morality. And then, if you will permit me, I will place in contrast to all this under your eyes, that which I call an offence to morality, that is to say, the satisfaction of the senses without any accompanying bitterness, without those *large drops of sweat* icy cold which fall from the forehead of those who deliver

themselves up to it ; and I will not cite to you licentious books in which the authors have endeavored to excite the senses, I will cite to you a book—which is given as a prize in the colleges, but I will ask your permission not to give you the name of the author until after I have read to you a passage from him. This is the passage ; I will pass you the volume : it is a copy which was given as a prize to a college pupil ; I like better laying this copy before you than that of Monsieur Flaubert.

“The next day, I was conducted again into her apartment. There, I was conscious of everything which could conduce to voluptuousness. The most agreeable perfumes had been diffused through the chamber. She was on a bed which was only closed by garlands of flowers ; she seemed to be languorously reclining upon it. She extended her hand to me and caused me to take a seat near her. Everything, even to the veil which covered her countenance, was graceful and beautiful. I saw the form of her beautiful body. A simple drapery which followed her movements caused me alternately to discover and to lose ravishing beauties.” A simple drapery when it was extended over a dead body appeared to you a lascivious image ; here it covers the living woman. “She observed that my eyes were occupied, and when she saw them light up, the drapery seemed to open of itself ; I saw all the treasures of a divine beauty. In that moment she grasped my hand ; my eyes wandered

everywhere. 'There is,' I cried, 'only my dear Ardasire who is so beautiful; but I call the Gods to witness that my fidelity——' She threw herself on my neck and clasped me in her arms. Suddenly the chamber darkened, her veil opened; she gave me a kiss. I was beside myself; a sudden flame ran through my veins and heated all my senses. All thought of Ardasire left me. A trace of memory —— but it seemed to me only a dream —— I was about —— I was about to prefer her to herself. Already I had carried my hands to her breast; they wandered rapidly everywhere; love showed himself only by his fury; he precipitated himself to victory; a moment more, and Ardasire could not have defended herself."

Who wrote that? It is not even the author of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, it is Monsieur le Président de Montesquieu! Here, not a bitterness, not a disgust, everything is sacrificed to literary beauty, and this is given as a prize to the students in rhetoric, doubtless in order to serve them as a model in the amplifications, or in the descriptions which are given them to execute. Montesquieu describes in the *Lettres persanes* a scene which cannot even be read. It is a question of a woman whom this author places between two men who dispute for her. This woman thus placed between two men has dreams—— which seem to her very agreeable.

Are we agreed upon this, Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial? Will it be necessary in addition to cite to you Jean-Jacques Rousseau in the *Confessions* and elsewhere? No,

I will only say to the tribunal that if, apropos of his description of the carriage in *La Double Méprise*, Monsieur Mérimée had been proceeded against, he would have been immediately acquitted, there is to be seen in his book only a work of art, of great literary beauty. He would no more be condemned than the painters or the statuaries are condemned who do not content themselves with translating only all the beauty of the body, but all the ardors, all the passions. I do not go that far; I ask you to recognize that Monsieur Flaubert has not charged his images with passion, and that he has done only one thing—touched with a hand the most firm the scene of the degradation. In every line of his book the disillusion asserts itself, and instead of terminating by something graceful, he is determined to show us this woman arriving, after contempt, abandonment, the ruin of her house, at the most frightful death. In a word, I can only repeat that which I said in commencing my defence, that Monsieur Flaubert is the author of a good book, a book which is an exhortation to virtue through the horror of vice.

I have now to examine the outrage to religion. The outrage to religion committed by Monsieur Flaubert! And in what, if you please? Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial has thought to see in him a sceptic. I can reply to Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial that he is mistaken. I have not here to make a profession of faith, I have only the book to defend, it is this which causes me to confine

myself to this simple word. But as to the book, I defy Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial to find in it anything which can resemble an outrage to religion. You have seen how religion has been introduced in the education of Emma, and how this religion, falsified in a thousand ways, could not retain Emma on the slope which dragged her down. You wish to know in what language Monsieur Flaubert speaks of religion? Listen to a few lines which I take from the first number, pages 231, 232, 233.⁷⁹

“One evening when the window was opened, and when seated on the sill she was looking at Lestiboudois, the beadle, who was cutting the box trees, she suddenly heard the *Angelus* ringing.

“It was at the commencement of April, when the primroses 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 on 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-Dieu*.”

This is the language in which the religious sentiment is expressed; and to hear Monsieur l'Avocat Général, scepticism reigns from one end to the other of Monsieur Flaubert's book. Where then I ask you do you find the scepticism?

Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial.—I did not say that it was in that.

Maitre Senard.—If it is not in that, where then is it? In your cuttings, evidently. But here is the complete book, let the tribunal judge it, and it will see that the religious sentiment is so strongly impressed upon it, that the accusations of scepticism is a real calumny. And, moreover, Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial will permit me to tell him that it was not worth the trouble to accuse the author of scepticism with so much energy. Let us continue:

“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 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.”⁸⁰

This, Messieurs, is the first appeal to religion, to retain Emma on the downward slope of the passions. She has fallen, poor woman, then been spurned by the foot of the man to whom she had abandoned herself. She has almost died, she has revived, she is reanimated, and you shall now see what is written, page 548:⁸¹

“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,”—You see in what terms Monsieur Flaubert speaks of religious things,—“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."

I ask pardon of Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial, I ask pardon of the tribunal, I interrupt this passage; but it is necessary for me to say that it is the author who speaks, and to cause you to remark in what terms he expresses himself on the mystery of the communion; it is necessary for me, before resuming this reading, that the tribunal should appreciate the literary value lent to this picture, it is necessary for me to insist upon these expressions which belong to the author:

"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."

He continues:

"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."

Here are religious sentiments! And if you should wish to consider a moment the author's principal thought, I would ask you to turn the page and to read the three lines following the commencement of the second paragraph.⁸²

"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 which she was awaiting."

This is the language of Monsieur Flaubert. Now, if you please, we will arrive at another scene, the scene of the extreme unction. Oh! Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial, how you have deceived yourself when, stopping at the first words, you have accused my client of mixing the sacred with the profane, when he had contented himself with translating the beautiful formula of the extreme unction, at the moment in which the priest touches the organs of our senses, at the moment in which, following the terms of the ritual, he says: *Per istam unctionem, et suam piissimam misericordiam, indulgeat tibi Dominus quidquid deliquisti!*

You have said, "it will not do to touch sacred things. By what right do you travesty these sacred words, 'May God, in His holy mercy, forgive you all the faults which you have committed by sight, by taste, by hearing, etc?'"

Wait, I am going to read you the incriminated passage and that shall be all my vengeance. I dare to say my vengeance, for the author has need of being avenged. Yes, it is necessary that Monsieur Flaubert should go out from here, not only acquitted, but avenged! You are going to see on what readings he was nourished. The incriminated passage is on page 271⁸³ of the number of the 15th of December, it is in these terms:

"Pale as a statue, and with eyes as red as coals, Charles was standing facing her at the foot of the bed,

not weeping, whilst the priest, kneeling on one knee, was muttering words in a low tone."

All this picture is magnificent, and the reading of it is irresistible; but be assured, I shall not prolong it beyond measure. Here, however, is the incrimination!

"She turned her face slowly and seemed to be filled with joy at seeing suddenly the violet stole, doubtless finding again in the midst of an extraordinary soothing, the lost voluptuousness of her first mystic transports, with the visions of eternal beatitude which were commencing.

"The priest rose to take the crucifix; then she stretched out her neck like one who has a thirst, and, gluing her lips to the body of the Man-God, she deposited on it, with all her expiring strength, the greatest kiss of love which she had ever given." ⁸⁴

The extreme unction has not yet commenced; but I am reproached with this kiss. I will not go to seek in Saint Theresa, whom you know perhaps, but the souvenir of whom is too distant, I will not even go to seek in Fénelon the mysticism of Madam Guyon, nor more modern mysticisms in which I should find many other justifications. I do not wish to ask of those schools which you have qualified as of sensual Christianity, the explanation of this kiss; it is from Bossuet, from Bossuet himself that I wish to ask it:

"Obey and endeavor moreover to enter into the dispositions of Jesus in taking the communion, which are the dispositions of union, of enjoyment and of love:

All the Evangile cries to Him. Jesus wishes that you should be with Him ; He wishes to enjoy, He wishes that you should enjoy Him. His sacred flesh is the middle of this union and of this chaste enjoyment : He gives Himself, etc."

I resume the reading of the incriminated passage :

"There he recited the *Misereatur* and the *Indulgentiam*, dipped his right thumb in the oil and commenced the unctions : at first on the eyes, which had so much coveted all terrestrial sumptuousness ; then on the nostrils, delicate with warm breaths and amorous odors ; then on the mouth, which had been open for falsehood, which had sighed with pride and cried in luxury ; then on the hands, which had delighted themselves with soft contacts, and finally on the soles of the feet, so rapid, formerly, when she hastened to the gratification of her desires, and which now would walk no more.

"The curé wiped his fingers, threw in the fire the bits of cotton soaked in oil, and returned to seat himself by the side of the dying woman to say to her that she should now join her sufferings to those of Jesus Christ, and abandon herself to the divine pity.

"As he finished his exhortations, he endeavored to put into her hand a blessed candle, a symbol of the celestial glories with which she was so soon to be surrounded. But Emma, too weak, could not close her fingers, and the candle, had it not been for Monsieur Bournisien, would have fallen to the floor.

“However, her face no longer wore a pallid look, and her countenance had an expression of serenity, as if the sacrament had been the special means of bringing about her recovery.

“The priest did not fail to make this observation; he even explained to Bovary that the Lord, sometimes, prolonged the existence of persons — for their salvation. And Charles remembered a day when, thus also, at the point of death, she had received the communion. It was, perhaps, not necessary to despair, he thought.”

When a woman dies, and the priest gives her extreme unction, when there is made of that a mystic scene and we translate with a scrupulous fidelity the sacramental words, it is said that we touch sacred things. We have touched with a rash hand sacred things, because to the *deliquisti per oculos, per os, per aurem, per manus et per pedes*, we have added the sin which each one of these organs has committed. We are not the first who have walked in this path. Monsieur Sainte-Beuve, in a book which you know, brings in also a scene of extreme unction, this is how he expresses himself:

“Oh! yes then, to those eyes at first, as to the most noble and most living of the senses; to those eyes, for that which they have seen, looked at, of too tender, of too perfidious in other eyes, of too mortal; for that which they have read and re-read of engaging and of too cherished; for that which they have shed of vain tears over fragile possessions and over faithless creatures; for

the slumber which they have so many times forgotten, in the evening, in thinking of them !

“To the hearing also, for that which it has heard and permitted to be said of too sweet, of too flattering and soothing ; for that sound which the ear steals softly from deceiving words ; for that which it drinks from them of hidden honey !

“To that smell then, for the too subtle and voluptuous perfumes of the evenings of spring in the depths of the woods, for the flowers received in the morning and every day, inhaled with so much complacency !

“To the lips, for that which they have pronounced of too much confused or of too frankly avowed ; for that which they have not replied in certain moments or that which they have not revealed to certain persons ; for that which they have chanted in the solitude of too melodious or of too full of tears ; for their inarticulate murmur, for their silence !

“To the neck, instead of the chest, for the ardor of desire, according to the consecrated expression—*propter ardorem libidinis* ;—yes, for the sorrows of the affections, of the rivalries, for the too much of anguish in the human tenderness, for the tears which suffocate a throat which has no voice, for all that which makes a heart to beat or which breaks it !

“To the hands also, for having grasped a hand which was not sacredly bound ; for having received tears too

burning ; for having perhaps commenced to write, without finishing it, some reply not permitted !

“To the feet, for not having fled, for having sufficed for long solitary promenades, for not having been wearied soon enough in the midst of discourses which ceaselessly recommenced !”

You have not brought an action against that. Here are two men who, each one in his own sphere, have taken the same thing, and who have to each one of the senses added the sin, the fault. Would you have wished to forbid them to translate a formula of the ritual: *Quidquid deliquisti per oculos, per aurem, etc.?*

Monsieur Flaubert has done that which Monsieur Sainte-Beuve did, without being for that a plagiarist. He has used the right which belongs to every writer to add to that which another writer has said, to complete a subject. The last scene of the novel of Madame Bovary was executed, like every study of this kind, with the aid of religious documents. Monsieur Flaubert wrote the scene of the extreme unction with a book which had been lent to him by a venerable ecclesiastic, one of his friends, who has read this scene, who has been touched by it to tears, and who has not imagined that the majesty of religion could be offended by it. This book is entitled: *Explication historic, dogmatic, moral, liturgical and canonical, of the catechism, with the answer to the objections drawn from the sciences against religion, by Monsieur l'Abbé Ambroise Guillois, Curé of*

Notre-Dame-du-Pré, at Mans, 6th edition, etc., a work approved by His Eminence Cardinal Gousset, N. N. S. S., the bishops and archbishops of Mans, Tours, of Bordeaux, of Cologne, etc., volume iii, printed at Mans by Charles Monnoyer, 1851. Now, you shall see in this book, as you have just seen in Bossuet, the principles and in some measure the text of the passages accused by Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial. It is no longer Monsieur Sainte-Beuve, an artist, a fantastic literary man, whom I cite, listen to the Church herself:

“The extreme unction may render health to the body if it be useful for the glory of God,” and the priest says that this often happens. Now, see for the extreme unction:

“The priest addresses to the sick person a short exhortation if he is in a condition to hear it, to dispose him to receive worthily the sacrament which he is about to administer to him.

“The priest then makes the unctions on the sick person with the stylet, or with the extremity of the right thumb which he dips each time in the oil for the sick. These unctions should be made above all on the five parts of the body which nature has given to man as the organs of sensation, that is to say—on the eyes, on the ears, on the nostrils, on the mouth and on the hands.

“As the priest makes the unctions”—we have followed the ritual word for word, we have copied it—“he pronounces the words which respond to it.

“On the eyes, on the closed lids : By this sacred unction, and through His pious mercy, may God pardon you all the sins which you have committed with your eyesight. The sick person should, in this moment, detest anew all the sins which he had committed with his eyesight: so many indiscreet looks, so many criminal curiosities, so many readings which have given rise in him to a multitude of thoughts contrary to the faith and to morality.”

What has Monsieur Flaubert done? He has put in the mouth of the priest, by reuniting the two portions, that which should be in his thought and at the same time in the thought of the sick person. He has copied purely and simply.

“On the ears : By this sacred unction and through His pious mercy, may God pardon you all the sins which you have committed through the sense of hearing. The sick person should, in this moment, detest anew all the faults of which he had rendered himself culpable in listening with pleasure to evil sayings, to calumnies, to dishonest proposals, to obscene songs.

“On the nostrils : By this sacred unction and through His great mercy, may the Lord pardon you for all the sins which you have committed by smelling. At this moment the sick person should detest anew all the sins which he had committed by smell, all the refined and voluptuous researches for perfumes, all the sensualities, all that he has inhaled of the odors of iniquity.

“On the mouth, on the lips : By this sacred unction, and through His great mercy, may the Lord pardon you for all the sins which you have committed by the sense of taste and by speech. The sick person should, in this moment, detest anew all the sins which he has committed, by uttering oaths and blasphemies — by committing excesses in eating and drinking —

“On the hands : By this sacred unction and through His great mercy, may the Lord pardon you for all the sins which you have committed by the sense of touch. The sick person should, at this moment, detest anew all the larcenies, all the injustices of which he may have rendered himself culpable, all the freedoms more or less criminal which he may have permitted himself — The priests receive the unction on the outside of the hands, because they have already received it on the palms when they were ordained, and other sick persons on the palms.

“On the feet : By this sacred unction and through His great mercy, may God pardon you all the sins which you have committed in your walk. The sick person should, in this moment, detest anew all the steps which he has taken in the ways of iniquity, so many scandalous promenades, so many criminal interviews — The unction of the feet is made on the upper part or on the soles, according to the convenience of the sick person, and also according to the custom of the diocese in which it is administered. The most common practice seems to be to make it on the soles of the feet.

“And, finally, on the chest.”—Monsieur Sainte-Beuve has copied, we have not done so because it is a question of the chest of a woman.—“*Propter ardorem libidinis*, etc.

“*On the chest*: By this sacred unction and through His great mercy, may the Lord pardon you for all the sins which you have committed through the ardor of the passions. The sick person should, in this moment, detest anew all the evil thoughts, all the evil desires, to which he may have abandoned himself, all the sentiments of hatred, of vengeance, which he has nourished in his heart.”

And we could have, following the Ritual, spoken of still another thing than the chest, but God knows what a sacred anger we should have excited in the Ministère Public, if we had spoken of the loins.

“*On the loins—ad lumbos*—: By this sacred unction and through His great mercy, may the Lord pardon you for all the sins which you have committed by the unregulated motions of the flesh.”

If we had said that, with what thunder would you not have endeavored to overwhelm us, Monsieur l’Avocat Impérial! and nevertheless the Ritual adds:

“The sick person should in this moment detest anew so many illicit pleasures, so many fleshy delectations.”

This is the Ritual, and you have seen the incriminated article; there is no mockery there, everything in it is serious and affecting. And I repeat it to you, he who

gave this book to my client, and who has seen my client make use of it as he has done, has grasped his hand with tears in his eyes. You see then, Monsieur l'Avocat Impérial, how very rash,—not to make use of an expression which to be just would be more severe,—is the accusation that we had meddled with sacred things. You see now that we have not mingled the profane with the sacred when, for each one of the senses, we have indicated the sin committed by that sense, since it is the language of the Church herself.

Shall I insist now on the other details of the crime of outrage to religion? This is what the Ministère Public says to me, “It is no longer only religion, it is the morality of all time which you have outraged ; you have insulted death !” How have I insulted death? Because at the moment in which this woman is dying, there passes in the street a man whom, more than once, she had met asking alms by the side of the carriage in which she was returning from adulterous rendezvous, the blind man whom she had been accustomed to see, the blind man who sang his ditty while the carriage slowly mounted the hill, to whom she threw a piece of money, and whose aspect made her shudder. This man passes in the street ; and at the moment in which the divine mercy pardons or promises to pardon the unhappy woman who thus expiates by a frightful death the faults of her life, human mockery appears under the form of the song which rises under her window. Mon Dieu! you find that there is an

outrage in that: but Monsieur Flaubert has only done that which Shakespeare and Goethe have done, they who at the supreme instant of death, have not hesitated to make heard some chant, either of complaint or of mockery, which recalls to the one departing for eternity some pleasure which he shall no longer enjoy, or some fault to expiate.

We will read: ⁸⁵

“In fact, she began to look all around her slowly, like one who was awakening from a dream; then in a clear voice she asked for her hand-glass; she remained leaning over it some time until the moment when the great tears began to flow from her eyes. Then she threw back her head, uttering a sigh, and fell upon her pillow.

“Her chest immediately began to rise and fall with great rapidity.”

I cannot read, I am like Lamartine, “the expiation for me exceeds the truth——” I would not however think it an evil action, Monsieur l’Avocat Impérial, to read these pages to my daughters who are married, virtuous daughters who have had good examples, good lessons, and who never, never, have been led, by any indiscretion, outside of the most narrow way, apart from those things which can and should be heard—— It is impossible for me to continue this reading, I will restrict myself rigorously to the incriminated passages.

“With her arms extended and as the rattle in her throat became stronger”——Charles was on the other side,

this man whom you never see and who is admirable,—
“and as the death-rattle grew stronger, the ecclesiastic precipitated his orisons; they mingled with the smothered sobs of Bovary, and sometimes everything seemed to disappear in the dull murmur of the Latin syllables, which tolled like a funeral knell.

“Suddenly, there was heard on the pavement below, the sound of heavy sabots with the tapping of a stick; and a voice arose, a hoarse voice which sang:

“‘Often the heat of a fine day
Makes a young girl think of love.’

“She rose up suddenly like a corpse that has been galvanized, her hair unloosened, her eyeballs fixed, staring.

“‘For to pick up carefully
All the sheaves which the scythe cut down
My Nanette goes stooping over
Toward the furrow where they grow.’

“‘The blind man!’ she cried.

“And Emma commenced to laugh, with an atrocious laughter, frantic, despairing, as though she saw the hideous face of the wretch which rose in the eternal shadows like a terror.

“‘It blew strongly on that day,
And the short petticoat flew away.’

“A convulsion beat her down upon the mattress. Everyone drew near. She no longer existed.”⁸⁶

Here you see, Messieurs, in this supreme moment the recall of her fault, the remorse, with all that there is of poignant and of frightful. This is not a fantasy of an artist who wishes only to draw a contrast without usefulness, without morality, it is the blind man whom she hears in the street singing this frightful song, which he sang when she returned all sweating, all hideous, from the rendezvous of adultery; it is the blind man whom she saw at each one of her rendezvous; it is that blind man who pursued her with his song, with his importunity; it is he who, at the moment when the divine mercy is there, comes to personify the human fury which pursues her in the supreme instant of death! And this is called an outrage to public morality! But I can say on the contrary that there is here an homage to public morality, that there is nothing more moral than this; I can say that in this book the vice of education is animated, that it is presented in its true form, in the living flesh of our society, that at each incident the author puts this question to us, "Have you done that which you should for the education of your daughters? The religion which you have given to them, is it that which can sustain them amidst the storms of life, or is it only a heap of fleshy superstitions, which leaves them without support when the tempest breaks? Have you instructed them that life is not the realization of fantastic dreams, that it is something prosaic to which it is necessary to accommodate ourselves? Have you taught them that, you?

Have you done that which you should have done for their happiness? Have you said to them, 'poor children, outside of the path which I indicate to you, in the pleasures which you pursue, you have only disgust which waits for you, the abandonment of the household, trouble, disorder, dilapidation, convulsions, the seizure of property ——' And you see that if anything is wanting to the picture, the bailiff is there, there is also the Jew who has sold to satisfy the caprices of this woman, her furniture is seized, the sale is about to take place; and the husband is ignorant of everything still. Nothing remains for the unfortunate woman but to die!

"But," says the Ministère Public, "her death is voluntary, this woman dies in her own hour."

But could she live? Has she not been condemned? Has she not reached the lowest degree of shame and of baseness?

Yes, on the boards of our theatres we are shown women who have gone astray, graceful, smiling, happy, and I do not wish to say what they have done. *Questum corpore facerant*. I will confine myself to saying that. When they are shown to us, happy and charming, enveloped in soft muslin, presenting a graceful hand to the counts, to the marquises, to the dukes, when they are often designated themselves as marchionesses or duchesses; this is what you call respecting public morality. And he who presents to you the adulterous woman dying shamefully, he commits an outrage on public morality!

Well, I do not wish to say that it is not your thought which you have expressed, since you have expressed it, but you have yielded to a strong preconceived idea. No, it is not you, the husband, the father of a family, the man who stands there, it is not you, it is not possible, it is not you who, without the prejudice of the accusation and of a preconceived idea, would have come to say that Monsieur Flaubert is the author of a bad book ! Yes, left to your own inspirations, your appreciation will be the same as mine, I do not speak from a literary point of view, it is possible that we might differ in this respect, but on the point of view of morality and of the religious sentiment, as you understand it, I understand it.

It has also been said to us that we have brought on the scene a materialist curé. We have taken the curé as we have taken the husband. It is not an eminent ecclesiastic, it is an ordinary ecclesiastic, a country curé. And in the same manner that we have not insulted anyone, that we have expressed no sentiment, no thought, which could be offensive for the husband, we have not, any more, insulted the ecclesiastic who was there. I have only a word to say on this subject.

Do you wish books in which the ecclesiastics play a deplorable role? Take *Gil Blas*, *Le Chanoine* of Balzac ; *Notre-Dame de Paris*, of Victor Hugo. If you wish priests who are the shame of the clergy, seek them elsewhere, you will not find them in *Madame Bovary*.

What is it that I have shown, I? A country curé who is in his functions of a country curé that which is Monsieur Bovary, an ordinary man. Have I represented him as a libertine, gluttonous, a drunkard? I have not said a word of that. I have represented him as fulfilling his ministry not with a lofty intelligence, but as his nature called him to fulfill it. I have brought into contact with him and into a state of almost perpetual discussion, a type who will live—as has lived the creation of “Monsieur Prudhomme”—as will live some other creations of our time, so carefully studied and so founded on truth that there is no possibility that they will be forgotten; it is the country apothecary, the Voltairian, the sceptic, the incredulous, the man who is in a perpetual quarrel with the curé. But in these quarrels with the curé, who is it that is continually beaten, scouted, ridiculed? It is Homais, it is he to whom is given the most comic role, because it is the truest, that which best paints our sceptic epoch, a madman, that which is called the prêtrephobe. Permit me still to read to you page 206.⁸⁷ It is the good woman of the inn who offers something to her curé:

“‘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, 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 defence 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 fulfill 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.”

What is it we have here? A dialogue, a scene, such as takes place every time that Homais has occasion to speak of the priests.

Moreover there is something better in the last passage, page 271:⁶⁸

“But the public attention was distracted by the appearance of Monsieur Bournisien, who passed under the market-shed carrying the oil for extreme unction.

“Homais, as his principles required him, compared the priests to ravens which are attracted by the smell of the carcass; the sight of an ecclesiastic was personally disagreeable to him, for the cassock made him think of the shroud, and he execrated the one through terror of the other.”

Our old friend, he who lent us the catechism, was very happy over this passage; he said to us: “That is strikingly true; it is indeed the portrait of the prêtre-phobe when ‘the cassock makes him think of the shroud and who execrated the one a little through fear of the other.’ This was an impious man, and he execrated the cassock a little because of impiety perhaps, but a good deal more because it made him think of the shroud.”

Permit me to sum up all this.

I am defending a man who, if he had encountered a literary criticism on the form of his book, on some expressions, on a too great quantity of details, on one point or on another, would have accepted this literary criticism with the best heart in the world. But to see

himself accused of outrage to morality and to religion ! Monsieur Flaubert cannot reconcile himself to this ; and he protests here before you with all the astonishment and with all the energy of which he is capable against such an accusation.

You are not of those who condemn books on the strength of a few lines, you are of those who judge before all the conception, the method of presenting the work, and who will propose to yourselves this question with which I commenced my defence, and with which I finish it,—“ The reading of such a book, does it give the love of vice, does it inspire the horror of vice ? The expiation, so terrible, of the fault, does it not impel us toward, does it not excite us to, virtue ? ” The reading of this book can produce on you no other impression than that which it has produced on us, that is to say,—that this book is excellent taken as a whole, and that its details are irreproachable. All classic literature has authorized us to execute paintings and scenes very different from those which we have permitted ourselves. We could have been able, in this respect, to have taken it for a model, we have not done so ; we have imposed upon ourselves a sobriety for which we shall be entitled to your consideration. If it were possible that in one word or another, Monsieur Flaubert had overstepped the limits which he had imposed upon himself, I would not have had only to recall to you that this is a first work, but I would have had to say

to you that even if he had deceived himself, his error would not have been injurious to the public morality. In bringing him up before the Correctional Police, he, whom you know already somewhat by his book,—he whom you love already somewhat, I am sure of it, and whom you would love more if you knew him more,—he is very sufficiently, he is already too cruelly punished. It is to you now to determine. You have judged the book in its completeness and in its details; it is not possible that you should hesitate!

THE JUDGMENT⁸⁹

The tribunal has devoted a part of the session of the last eight days to the hearing of an action brought against Messieurs Léon Laurent-Pichat and Auguste-Alexis Pillet, the first director, the second printer, of the periodical publication, the *Revue de Paris*, and Monsieur Gustave Flaubert, man of letters, all three of them accused: 1st. Laurent-Pichat, of having, in 1856, in publishing in the numbers of the 1st and 15th of December of the *Revue de Paris* portions of a novel, entitled, *Madame Bovary*, and, notably, several portions contained in the pages 73, 77, 78, 272, 273, committed the offence of outrage against morality, public and religious, and against good manners; 2d. Pillet and Flaubert of having, Pillet in printing in order that it might be published, Flaubert in writing and conveying to Laurent-Pichat to be published, a portion of the novel, entitled, *Madame Bovary*, indicated above, aided and assisted, knowingly and of free will, Laurent-Pichat in the acts which have prepared, facilitated and consummated the above-mentioned offences, and of having thus rendered themselves accessory to these offences, provided for by

the articles 1 and 8 of the law of the 17th of May, 1819, and 59 and 60 of the Penal Code.

Monsieur Pinard, substitute, has sustained the accusation.

The tribunal, after having heard the defence presented by Maître Senard for Monsieur Flaubert, Maître Desmarest for Monsieur Pichat, and Maître Faverie for the printer, has remitted to this day's sitting—February 7th—the pronouncing judgment, which has been rendered in these terms:

“Whereas, Laurent-Pichat, Gustave Flaubert and Pillet are accused of having committed the offences of outrage against morality, public and religious, and against good manners; the first as principal in publishing in the periodical publication, entitled, the *Revue de Paris*, of which he is directeur-gérant, and in the numbers of the 1st and 15th of October, 1st and 15th of November, 1st and 15th of December, 1856, a novel, entitled, *Madame Bovary*, Gustave Flaubert and Pillet as accessories, the one in furnishing the manuscript, and the other in printing the aforesaid novel:

“Whereas, the passages particularly indicated of the novel in question, which includes nearly three hundred pages, are contained, according to the terms of the order of reference to the correctional tribunal, in the pages 73, 77, 78—number of 1st of December—and 271, 272, 273—number of 15th of December, 1856:

“Whereas, the incriminated passages, considered abstractly and isolated, present, in effect, expressions, images or pictures which good taste would reprove and which are of a nature to affect legitimate and honorable susceptibilities :

“Whereas, the same observations may justly apply to other passages not defined by the order of reference, and which, at first glance, seem to present the exposition of theories which would not be any less contrary to the good manners, to the institutions which are the base of society than to the respect due to the most august ceremonies of religion :

“Whereas, under these divers titles the work presented to the tribunal merits severe blame, for the mission of literature should be to adorn and revivify the mind while elevating the intelligence and in purifying manners still more than to inculcate the disgust of vice by presenting the picture of the disorders which may exist in society :

“Whereas, the accused, and particularly Gustave Flaubert, repulse energetically the accusation entered against them, by affirming that the novel submitted to the judgment of the tribunal has an object eminently moral ; that the author has kept principally in view his design of exposing the dangers which result from an education not appropriate to the situation in life, and that, pursuing this idea, he has shown the woman, the principal personage of his novel, aspiring towards a

world and a society for which she was not born, unhappy in the modest condition in which fate had placed her, forgetting at first her duties as a mother, failing afterwards in her duties as a spouse, introducing successively into her household adultery and ruin, and finishing miserably by suicide, after having passed through all the degrees of the most complete degradation and having descended even to theft :

“Whereas, this conception, the principle of which is without doubt moral, should have been completed in its developments by a certain severity of language and by a guarded reserve, in that which relates particularly to the exhibition of the pictures and of the situations which the author’s plan causes him to place under the eyes of the public :

“Whereas, it is not permissible, under pretext of painting character or the local color, to reproduce in their digressions, the actions, sayings and gestures of personages whom a writer has given himself a mission to describe ; that such a system, applied to the works of the mind as well as to the productions of the fine arts, would conduct to a realism which would be the negation of the beautiful and of the good, and which, giving birth to works equally offensive to the eyes and to the mind, would commit continual outrages on public morality and on good manners :

“Whereas, there are limits which literature, even the lightest, should not pass, and which Gustave Flaubert

and his fellow-accused do not appear to have sufficiently recognized :

“ But whereas the work of which Flaubert is the author, is a work which appears to have been the result of long and serious labors from a literary point of view and from that of the study of characters ; that the passages indicated by the order of reference, however reprehensible they may be, are few in number if they are compared with the whole extent of the work ; that these passages, whether it be in the ideas which they expose, whether it be in the situations which they represent, all contribute to the unity of the characters which the author has wished to present, even in exaggerating them and in infusing into them a realism vulgar and often shocking :

“ Whereas, Gustave Flaubert protests his respect for good manners and for all that relates to religious morality ; that it does not appear that his book has been, like certain other works, written with the sole aim of giving satisfaction to the sensual passions, to the spirit of license and of debauch, or of ridiculing those things which should be surrounded by the respect of all :

“ That he has committed the error only of losing sometimes sight of the rules which every writer who respects himself should never violate and of forgetting that literature like art, in order to accomplish the good which it is called upon to produce, should be not only chaste and pure in its form but in its expression :

“Under these circumstances, as it is not sufficiently established that Pichat, Gustave Flaubert and Pillet have rendered themselves culpable of the offences which have been imputed to them ;

“The tribunal acquits them of the accusation brought against them and discharges them without costs.”

NOTES

- ¹ Later, Minister.
- ² *Sic.* Page 17, Vol. I.
- ³ Thirteen years, in the book,
Page 58, Vol. I.
- ⁴ Page 59, Vol. I.
- ⁵ Page 51, Vol. I.
- ⁶ Page 57, Vol. I.
- ⁷ Page 80, Vol. I.
- ⁸ Page 86, Vol. I.
- ⁹ Page 293, Vol. I.
- ¹⁰ Page 97, Vol. I.
- ¹¹ Page 194, Vol. I.
- ¹² Page 202, Vol. I.
- ¹³ Page 205, Vol. I.
- ¹⁴ Page 234, Vol. I.
- ¹⁵ Page 246, Vol. I.
- ¹⁶ Page 247, Vol. I.
- ¹⁷ Page 252, Vol. I.
- ¹⁸ Page 254, Vol. I.
- ¹⁹ Page 264, Vol. I.
- ²⁰ Page 303, Vol. I.
- ²¹ Page 302, Vol. I.
- ²² Page 331, Vol. I.
- ²³ Page 331, Vol. I.
- ²⁴ Page 350, Vol. I.
- ²⁵ Page 352, Vol. I.
- ²⁶ Page 354, Vol. I.
- ²⁷ Page 24, Vol. II.
- ²⁸ Page 28, Vol. II.
- ²⁹ Page 55, Vol. II.
- ³⁰ Suppressed in the later edi-
tions, Page 56, Vol. II.
- ³¹ Page 56, Vol. II.
- ³² Page 75, Vol. II.
- ³³ Page 83, Vol. II.
- ³⁴ Page 94, Vol. II.
- ³⁵ Page 133, Vol. II.
- ³⁶ Page 146, Vol. II.
- ³⁷ Page 148, Vol. II.
- ³⁸ Page 148, Vol. II.
- ³⁹ Page 149, Vol. II.
- ⁴⁰ Page 154, Vol. II.
- ⁴¹ Apollinaris, *sic.* for Apollonius
of Thyanes.

- 42 Page 59, Vol. I.
 43 Page 332, Vol. I.
 44 Page 148, Vol. II.
 45 Page 181, Vol. II.
 46 Page 149, Vol. II.
 47 Page 27, Vol. II.
 48 Poem entitled "La Lampe."
 49 Page 83, Vol. II.
 50 Page 59, Vol. I.
 51 Page 59, Vol. I.
 52 Page 60, Vol. I.
 53 Page 61, Vol. I.
 54 Page 62, Vol. I.
 55 Page 80, Vol. I.
 56 Page 80, Vol. I.
 57 Page 66, Vol. I.
 58 Page 64, Vol. I.
 59 Page 71, Vol. I.
 60 Page 72, Vol. I.
 61 Pages 246 to 252, Vol. I.
 62 Page 254, Vol. I.
 63 Page 257, Vol. I.
 64 Page 264, Vol. I.
 65 Page 266, Vol. I.
 66 Page 170, Vol. I.
 67 Page 82, Vol. II.
 68 Page 83, Vol. II.
 69 Page 83, Vol. II.
 70 Page 83, Vol. II.
 71 Page 84, Vol. II.
 72 Page 84, Vol. II.
 73 Page 85, Vol. II.
 74 Page 85, Vol. II.
 75 Page 93, Vol. II.
 76 Page 93, Vol. II.
 77 Page 94, Vol. II.
 78 Page 95, Vol. II.
 79 Page 173, Vol. I.
 80 Page 174, Vol. I.
 81 Page 331, Vol. I.
 82 Page 334, Vol. I.
 83 Page 145, Vol. II.
 84 Page 146, Vol. II.
 85 Page 147, Vol. II.
 86 Page 149, Vol. II.
 87 Page 122, Vol. I.
 88 Page 144, Vol. II.
 89 Gazette des Tribunaux, February 8, 1858.

