

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT
MADAME BOVARY

INTRODUCTION BY
GEORGE SAINTSBURY



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INTRODUCTION

I NEVER myself read *Madame Bovary* without thinking of another masterpiece of French fiction; and I have no doubt that the comparison has occurred to others also. *Madame Bovary* and *Manon Lescaut* are both histories of women whose conduct no theory of morality, however lax, can possibly excuse. Both are brought to ruin by their love of material luxury. Both are not only immoral, but cruelly unfaithful to men who in different ways are perfectly true and faithful to them. Both perish miserably, not in either case without repentance. Why does Emma Bovary repel while Manon Lescaut irresistibly attracts us? I think the answer is to be found in her ignoble character. The other loves wealth, splendour, sensuous gratification of all sorts, for themselves, with a kind of artistic passion. They are the first necessity to her, and everything else comes second to this passionate devotion. On the other hand, Madame Bovary sets up lovers, spends her husband's money, cheats and deceives him, because it seems to her the proper thing to do. Her countesses and duchesses all had lovers and gorgeous garments, so she must have gorgeous garments and lovers too. Her first reflection after transgressing is almost comic—"J'ai un amant!" She has a sort of Dogberry-like conviction that a pretty woman ought to have a lover and everything handsome about her, the same sort of conviction which more harmlessly leads her English sisters to be miserable if they have not a drawing-room with a couch and chairs, and a chimney-glass, and gilt books on the table. Her excesses come from a variety of feminine snobbery, and are not prompted by any frank passion or desire.

The reproach usually brought against the book is that it is too dreary, and that there is not a sufficient contrast of goodness and good humour to relieve the sombre hue of the picture. I believe myself that the author felt this, and that he intended to supply such a contrast in the person of M. Homais, the apothecary of Yonville. It has been suggested that Homais is

not intended to be favourably drawn, but I think that this is a mistake. Homais has indeed the slight touch of charlatanism which half-educated and naturally shrewd men, whose lot is cast among people wholly uneducated and mostly stupid, often acquire. But he is an unconscious humbug, and not a bad fellow as the world goes, besides being intensely amusing. Much of the amusement, indeed, results from the impassibly saturnine way in which Flaubert directs even the gambols of his puppets. This impassibility is the great feature, as I have said, of all his books, and notably of this. The stupid commonplaceness of Charles Bovary's youth, the sordid dullness of his earlier married life, the more graceful dullness of the second, the humours of a county gathering and agricultural show at Yonville, the two liaisons with the vulgar *roué* squire and the dapper lawyer's clerk, the steps of Emma's financial entanglement, the clumsy operation by which Bovary attempts to cure a clubfoot, the horrors of the heroine's death-bed, and the quieter misery of her husband's end, are all told with the material accuracy of a photograph and the artistic accuracy of a great picture. As a specimen of the style I may quote the passage in which Emma's first conscious awakening to her mistake in marrying Bovary is described:

She began by gazing all round to see if nothing had changed since her last visit. The foxgloves and the wallflowers were in the same places, the clumps of nettles still surrounded the great stones, and the blotches of lichen still stretched across the windows, whose closed shutters on their rusty hinges were slowly mouldering themselves away. Her thoughts, at first of no precise character, flitted hither and thither like the greyhound which ran round in circles, barked at the butterflies, hunted the field-mice, or nibbled the cornflowers at the edge of the wheat. Little by little her ideas grew more definite; and as she sat on the grass and dug her parasol here and there into the turf, she kept repeating to herself, "Why did I marry him?" She asked herself whether she might not by some other chance have fallen in with some other husband; and she tried to imagine what these events which had not happened, this life which had never existed, this husband whom she did not know, would have been like. (All men surely were not like Charles. He might have been handsome, witty, gentlemanly, attractive, like the husbands whom her old schoolfellows no doubt had married. What were they doing now? In Paris, amid the bustle of the streets, the excitement of the theatres, the brilliance of the balls, they were living lives where the heart had room to expand and the senses to develop. But as for her, her life was as cold as a garret that looks to the north, and ennui like a spider spun its web in the shadow of the corners of her heart.) She thought of the prize-days at the convent, when she had to go up to the platform to take her crown;

with her long hair, her white dress, and her kid shoes, she must have looked pretty doubtless, for the gentlemen as she passed to her place leant over to pay her compliments. The courtyard was full of carriages, good-byes were sounding from the windows, and the music-master bowed as he passed with his violin case under his arm. How far off it all seemed!

One might multiply passages of this sort almost indefinitely, but one more extract must suffice. For my own part I do not know where to find a greater masterpiece of ironical contrast than the following pair of pictures. The wife, in the heyday of her passion for Rodolphe, has recovered all, and more than all, her spirit and good looks; she already dreams of an elopement and of the stock scenery and joys of her novels and her books of beauty. The husband dreams too—of a happy future, when his daughter shall have her mother's charms:

When in the middle of the night he returned from a visit to his patients, he did not dare to wake her. The shade of the night-light threw a circular flicker on the ceiling, and the closed curtains of the little cradle looked like a white tent in the shadow by the side of the bed. Charles gazed at both, and listened to the light breathing of the child. She would soon grow big; every change of the seasons would bring a change in her. He saw her in fancy coming home from school at evening, smiling, with her sleeves stained with ink and her basket on her arm. She would have to go to boarding-school, and that would be expensive. How should they manage? Then he began to plan. He would take a little farm in the neighbourhood, and manage it himself, visiting it on the way to visit his patients. He would save the proceeds and lay them up in the savings-bank. Then he would invest the sum, no matter how. Besides, his practice would increase. It must, for he had made up his mind that Bertha should be well brought up, that she should be clever, that she should play on the piano. How pretty she would be in fifteen or sixteen years, when she would wear straw bonnets like her mother's in summer, and they would be taken for a pair of sisters! He fancied her working in the evening by their side under the lamplight, embroidering slippers, managing the house, and filling it with her gracious ways and her cheerfulness. Then they would take care to settle her well; they would find some honest fellow with a good livelihood; they would make her happy for ever.

Madame Bovary's dreams are somewhat different:

Behind four horses at full speed she had been travelling for a week to some new country, never to return. From the mountain brow they saw some splendid city with domes, ships, bridges, forests of orange-trees, and cathedrals of white marble, with storks' nests in their slender pinnacles. Bells sounded, mules whinnied,

the guitars played, and the fountains plashed, while their spray as it floated cooled piles of fruit heaped pyramid-wise at the foot of smiling statues. Then one day they came to a fishing-village, whose brown nets were drying on the shore beside the huts. There they would stay and live in a low house with flat roof, shaded by a palm-tree, at the bottom of a gulf on the edge of the sea. They would sail in gondolas, swing in hammocks: their life should be as soft and as easy as their silken garments, as passionate and starry as the nights at which they would gaze.

The contrast between these aspirations is only less striking than the contrast of the actual to-morrows which light both these fools on their way to dusty death. For the domestic happiness which Bovary forecasts, come shame, ruin, and misery; for the dissolving-view and opera-scenery delights which Emma promises herself, come cheap debauchery, insult, persecution, cowardly desertion, hideous suffering. There is no fault in the composition of the picture; every line tells, every line would be missed if it were away. Perhaps there is some unnecessary exaggeration in the loathsomeness, if not in the horror, of the death-bed. Lamartine, who was a sentimental person, is said to have objected to this death-bed because it seemed to him that, heavy as were Emma's crimes, her punishment was heavier still. I do not agree with this, and I do not miss or question the powerful relief which the details give when one remembers the sybaritic tastes and the horror of the disagreeable which characterised the victim. But I am not sure—falling in to this extent with the tract theory—that M. Flaubert was not reprehensibly influenced in this particular by a desire to point a moral; and if this be the case it is certainly a painful instance of a lapse into the heresy of instruction on the part of a faithful servant of art.

No discussion of Flaubert's merits would be complete without some notice of the Realism of which he was the chief master. I do not know that this unlucky term has been included in the list of those fallen words whose history has been often bewailed, but the idle mind may contemplate with some interest the realism of William of Champeaux side by side with the realism of M. Zola. In the latter sense it is, as the Marquis de Custine called it, a *grossière étiquette* enough, and even, as it seems to me, one of which it is somewhat difficult to understand the precise meaning. As a term of abuse it is as intelligible as most terms of abuse; that is to say, it means that the speaker does not like the thing spoken of. But as a classifying epithet having any literary or scientific

value it appears to me to be of but small account. I suppose, if it means anything, it means the faithful patience and the sense of artistic capacity which lead a man to grapple boldly with his subject, whatever that subject may be, and to refuse *tanquam scopulum* easy generalities and accepted phrase. This procedure is naturally more striking when the subject matter is of an unpleasant character, and hence the superficial critic runs away with the idea that realism means the choice of unpleasant subjects. From this to the deliberate choosing of unpleasant subjects, in order to qualify for the title of realist, there is only a step.

Now, in this sense, I venture to say that there is no reason whatever for affixing the "etiquette" to Flaubert. His subjects are doubtless often unpleasant enough, but I cannot see that there is the faintest evidence of their having been chosen for their unpleasantness. It is, perhaps, a question whether unpleasantness would not predominate in the absolutely faithful record of any life. It has been said that no man would dare to write such a record of his own history; and all that can be said of Flaubert is that he has dared to do, for certain classes and types, what they dare not do for themselves. The ordinary novel is a compromise and a convention. Of compromises and conventions Flaubert knows nothing. He dares in especial to show failure, and I think it will be found that this is what few novelists dare, unless the failure be of a tragic and striking sort. He draws the hopeful undertakings that come to nothing, the dreams that never in the least become deeds, the good intentions that find their usual end, the evil intentions which also are balked and defeated, the parties of pleasure that end in pain or weariness, the enterprises of pith and moment that somehow fall through. Perhaps this is realism, and, if it be, it seems to me that realism is a very good thing. It is pleasant doubtless to read about Sindbad as he comes home in triumph regularly after every voyage with his thousands or his millions of sequins. But the majority of Sindbads have experiences of a somewhat different sort, and I do not see why the majority also should not have their bard.

The antagonism, however, which has grown up as a matter of association between real and ideal makes the use of this word realism in this sense distinctly objectionable, for it leads the reader to suppose that a realist must necessarily be unideal. How far this supposition, taken in a prejudicial sense, may lead even grave and sober judges astray, may be

seen in some criticisms on our author. One French critic, Saint-René Taillandier, persuaded himself that *Salammbô* is an attack on the idea of womanhood, that *L'Éducation sentimentale* is an attack on the idea of manhood, and that *La Tentation de Saint Antoine* is an attack on the idea of God! Of such a *bêtise* as this it is not easy to speak seriously; one can only fall back on the Dominie's vocabulary, and exclaim, "Prodigious!"

Enough must have been said to bear out the contention that the importance of Flaubert is very much greater as a maker of literature than as a maker of novels, though I am far from inferring that in the latter capacity he must not be allowed very high rank. His observation of the types of human nature which he selects for study is astonishingly close and complete; his attention to unity of character never sleeps, and he has to a very remarkable degree the art of chaining the attention even when the subject is a distasteful one to the reader. He has been denied imagination, but I cannot suppose that the denial was the result of a full perusal of his work. The reader of *Madame Bovary* only might possibly be excused for making such a charge, the reader of *L'Éducation sentimentale* only would be almost certain to make it. But *Salammbô* supplies an almost sufficient answer to it, and *La Tentation de Saint Antoine*, together with the *Trois Contes*, an answer very much more than sufficient. His imagination, however, is poetic rather than fictitious; it does not supply him with a rush of lively creations like the imaginations of the Scotts and the Sands, but with fantastic and monstrous figures, which his admirable writing power enables his readers to perceive likewise, and that not dimly, nor through a misty and hazy atmosphere. There are few things more curious than the combination of such an imagination with the photographic clearness of observation and reproduction which his less imaginative work displays.

His unpopularity as a novelist, such as it is, arises, I must repeat, in reality principally from the fact that he is a writer who not only deserves but demands to be read twice and thrice before he can be fully enjoyed. At my first reading of *Salammbô* I wondered at the lack of interest (as it then seemed to me) which distinguished it, although at the same time I found it impossible to drop or skip it, and how years afterwards I read it again, and then it no longer seemed to me to lack interest, and I was no longer in doubt as to what had made me read it

through at first almost against my will. Much the same thing occurs, I think, with all Flaubert's books. One is struck at first by what can only be called the unpleasantness of the subject, and this colours the judgment. At the second reading the subject has ceased to engage the attention mainly, and the wonderful excellences of the treatment become visible, and at every subsequent reading this excellence becomes more and more apparent.

How great it is has rarely been denied by competent persons. Even Scherer, whose antipathy to certain subjects and certain styles not unfrequently weakened his critical faculty, had to confess how unmistakable was Flaubert's position, *comme écrivain*. Hazlitt says somewhere about Shakespeare that he is not for or against his characters. The same thing is eminently true of Flaubert. He is in his own person a sufficient and victorious refutation of the theory which will have it that the artist's choice of subjects must express his personal tastes. Flaubert is altogether an outsider to his subjects; as Falstaff would say, they have lain in his way and he has found them. These subjects are in a manner revealed to him, and the details hold therefore much the same place as the exact and careful enumeration of the armies of doubters and bloodmen in Bunyan's *Holy War*. The extraordinary pains which he takes to secure accuracy in matters of reference are sufficiently shown in the controversy which he carried on respecting *Salammbô* with an antiquarian critic, and his accuracy in describing his own impressions and imaginations may be assumed to be equally minute. We cannot imagine Flaubert suppressing an idea because it was troublesome to express or unpleasant to handle, or in any other way intractable. He is altogether of the opinion of Gautier in his contempt for the writer whose thoughts find him unequal to the task of giving them expression, and he may be assumed to be of Gautier's opinion also respecting the excellence of dictionaries as reading, for his vocabulary is simply unlimited.

Now all these characteristics are distinctly those of the abstract *littérateur* rather than those of the novelist. There is probably no other literary form in which they could have been so well displayed as in the novel, certainly there is none in which they would have been so satisfactorily enjoyed. One takes up Flaubert and reads a chapter, or two or three, with hardly any reference to the already familiar story. His separate *tableaux* are, as I have said, admirably and irreproachably

combined. But their individual merit is so great that they possess interest independently of the combination. He is a writer upon whom one can try experiments with one's different moods, very much as one can try experiments with different lights upon a picture. The immense labour which he has evidently spent upon his work has resulted in equally immense excellence. His cabinets have secret drawers in them which are only discoverable after long familiarity. It has been justly said of him that he can do with a couple of epithets what Balzac takes a page of laborious analysis to do less perfectly. All this is so rarely characteristic of a novelist, that it has, perhaps, seemed to some people incompatible with the novelist's qualities—a paralogism excusable enough in the mere subscriber to the circulating library, but certainly not excusable in the critic. Flaubert was a novelist, and a great one. As a dramatist or a poet he might, had his genius so inclined him, have been greater still in the general estimation; but he could hardly have been greater in the estimation of those who are content to welcome greatness in the form in which it chooses to present itself, instead of suggesting that it should suit its costume to their preconceived ideas.

Since Flaubert's death in 1881 a very unusual amount, not of new matter whereon to found criticism, but of documents important for correcting and checking criticism already made, has been published respecting him. In the first place there appeared the posthumous work *Bouvard et Pécuchet*. In design it is something like a particularisation with immense developments of the plan of *Gulliver's Travels*: indeed, Flaubert might be accused of having, in it, justified to some extent Taillandier's preposterous criticism given above. Two Parisian employees who possess between them a moderate fortune, go into the country to enjoy themselves for the remainder of their days, and are most dismally disappointed. They try history only to find it all apples of Sodom, literature only to be bored and disenchanted, science only to potter and fail, benevolence only for their protégés to turn out worthless, even vice to a certain extent only to find that it is very bitter in the belly and not very sweet in the mouth. In the *scenario* of the unfinished part it is written, 'Ainsi tout leur a craqué dans la main.' Now this, though a very ambitious, is not an impossible scheme. The Preacher did it and more than it in a dozen pages long ago: Thackeray has done not much less in a dozen volumes. Whether

in the heyday of his strength Flaubert could have done it, is a might-have-been argument of no great importance. As a fact he did not.

Meanwhile general interest (which at the date of the bulk of this essay was not strong) in Flaubert had been growing, and his younger friends the Naturalists had been distorting his method, or something as near it as they could reach, in a very surprising manner. Even earlier gossip had talked of a certain club of four—Flaubert, Zola, Daudet, and the Russian novelist Turgenev—who met and talked enormities from time to time. Not very long after Flaubert's death appeared the reminiscences of his much earlier friend, Maxime du Camp, which contained a good deal about the author of *Madame Bovary*, and developed a complete theory about his peculiarities, to the effect that a serious illness which he had had in early manhood had in some curious fashion arrested his creative power—all his ideas having been formed previously—but had left him the merely literary faculty in full strength. This excited no little wrath among Flaubert's later friends, and besides indulging in various polemical writings, they began a series of publications of his letters (and of a few unimportant early works) which has lasted to the present time. By these letters (the earliest instalment of which was an especially interesting correspondence with George Sand) and by other documents, two facts of great interest and importance were made clear. The first was that Flaubert's admirable style (which had struck all fit, however few, readers before) was the result of a perfectly Herculean study of the *mot propre*; the second, which had been also anticipated by critics, that Flaubert occupied a very singular middle position between Romanticism and Naturalism, between the theory of literary art which places the idealising of merely observed facts first of all, and is sometimes not too careful about the observation, and the theory which places the observation first if not also last, and is sometimes ostentatiously careless of any idealising whatsoever. The publication of these personal details excited, as is the way of the world, a much wider though perhaps not a more intelligent interest in Flaubert than had previously existed, and discussions on him in current literature have been proportionately more active. But I do not know that there is much to add to the criticism given above. In style of the less spontaneous and more studied kind Flaubert has few if any superiors; in satirical contemplation of what is not the joy of living he has even fewer, perhaps

none; in maintaining, in spite of his own realist rummaging of the "document," the absolute prerogative, and what is more, the absolute duty of art to idealise and transcend, he stands alone among writers of recent days. With a happier temperament and *milieu* he might (it is not certain that he would) have done things even better; with what he had he did great things. And especially he was a living and writing witness, too much of their own to be refused, as to the fatal error of the degenerate Realist or Naturalist school.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE TO 1953 IMPRESSION

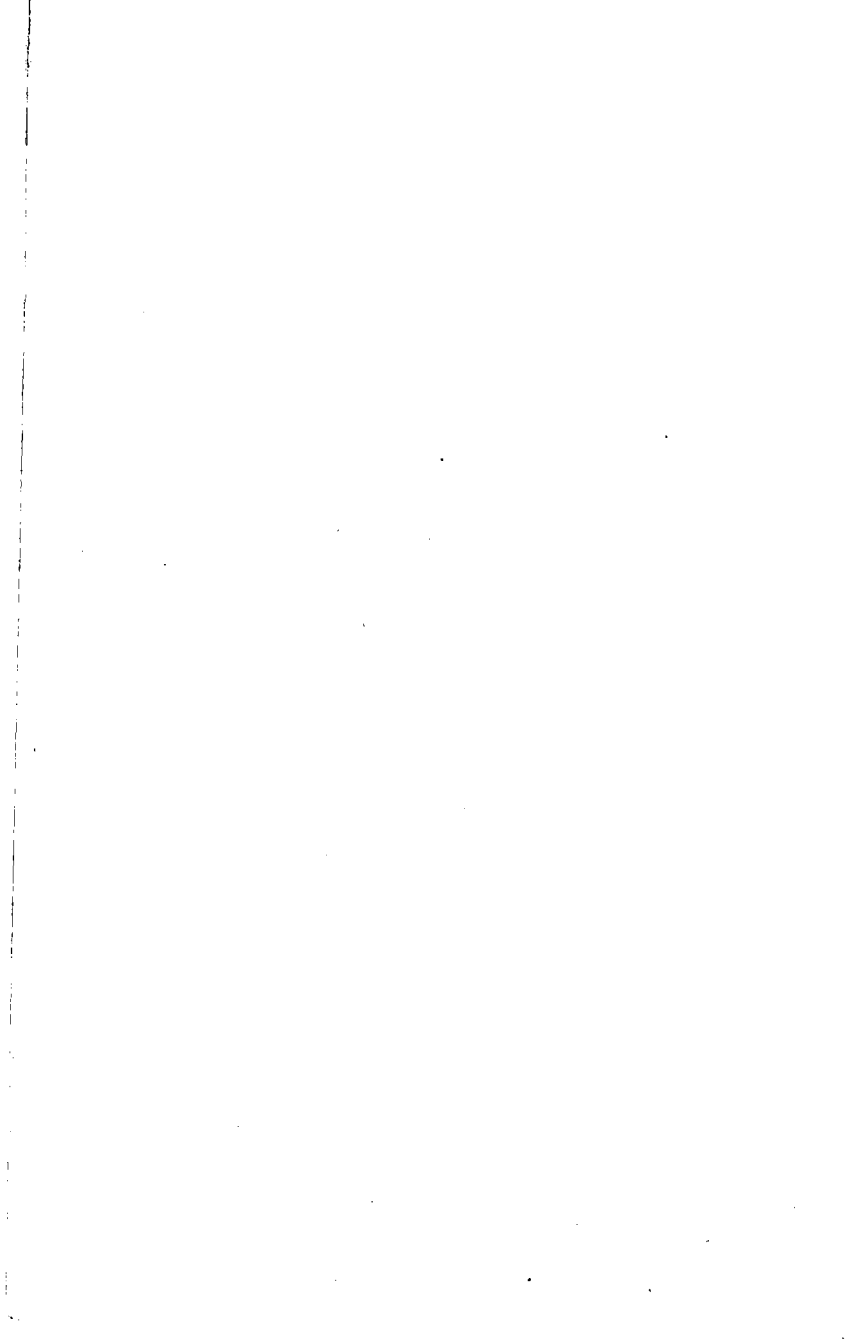
Since Professor Saintsbury wrote this short critical study, a considerable number of *juvenilia*, earlier drafts of work published later in a different form, and private papers of Flaubert's have come to be published, especially in the early 1920s. But it did not seem to him necessary to take account of them any more than of Flaubert's nervous disorder or his unhappy relations with women: 'the real work was the real thing.' The following is a list of works by and about Flaubert, with details of translations:

Madame Bovary (1857); *édition définitive* containing legal proceedings (1873); English translation by E. Marx-Aveling (1886); by H. Blanchamp (1886). English translation with critical introduction by Henry James (1902); *Salammbô* (1862); English translation by M. F. Sheldon (1886); by J. S. Chartres (1886); by J. W. Matthews (1901), reproduced with critical introduction by Arthur Symons (1908); by H. Blanchamp, 1910; by J. L. May, 1928; by Gerard Hopkins, 1948; by Joan Charles, 1949; by Allan Russell, 1950; adapted as a play by Constance Cox, 1948. *L'éducation sentimentale* (1869); translated by D. F. Hannigan (1898); edited by D. P. Rauvug (1923); translated by Anthony Goldsmith, 1941. *La tentation de Saint Antoine* (1874); translated by D. F. Hannigan (1895); by G. F. Monkshood (1900); by René Francis (1910); by Lafcadio Hearn (1911); by A. K. Chignell, 1928. *Trois Contes* (1877); translated by G. B. Ives (1903); by Frederic Whyte, with introduction by F. T. Marzials (1910); by Arthur McDowall (1923). *Bouvard et Pécuchet* (1881); English translation by D. F. Hannigan (1896); by T. W. Earp and G. W. Stonier, 1936. *Correspondence*, 4 vols. (1884-93); new, fuller edition, 9 vols, 1926-1933. *Par les champs et les grèves* (1886). *Lettres à George Sand*, précédées d'une étude par Guy de Maupassant (1889).

Some critical and biographical works are:

E. Maynial: *Flaubert et son milieu* (1927); Émile Nennequin: *Études de critique scientifique* (1890); Gustave Lanson: *Pages choisies des Grands Écrivains* (1890); J. de Gaultier: *Le Bovarysme* (1892); F. Brunetière: *Le Roman naturaliste* (1883); Georgette Maeterlinck: *Un pèlerinage au pays de Mme Bovary* (1913); A. Hamilton: *Sources of the Religious Element in Flaubert's 'Salammbô'* (1917); W. D. Fergusson: *Influence of Flaubert on George Moore* (1924); L. F. Shanks: *Flaubert's Youth* (1927); Paul Bourget, in *Studies in European Literature* (1900); J. C. Tarver: *Gustave Flaubert as seen in his Works and Correspondence* (1895); and for the average reader E. Faguet's *Flaubert* (1914); F. Steegmuller: *Flaubert and Mme Bovary* (1947); Phillip Spencer: *Flaubert* (1952).

PART I



PART I

I

WE were in class when the head master came in, followed by a "new fellow," not wearing the school uniform, and a school servant carrying a large desk. Those who had been asleep woke up, and everyone rose as if just surprised at his work.

The head master made a sign to us to sit down. Then, turning to the class master, he said to him in a low voice:

"Monsieur Roger, here is a pupil whom I recommend to your care; he'll be in the second. If his work and conduct are satisfactory, he will go into one of the upper classes, as becomes his age."

The "new fellow," standing in the corner behind the door so that he could hardly be seen, was a country lad of about fifteen, and taller than any of us. His hair was cut square on his forehead like a village chorister's; he looked sensible, but very ill at ease. Although he was not broad-shouldered, his short school jacket of green cloth with black buttons must have been tight about the armholes, and showed at the opening of the cuffs red wrists accustomed to being bare. His legs, in blue stockings, looked out from beneath yellow trousers, drawn tight by braces. He wore stout, ill-cleaned, hob-nailed boots.

We began repeating the lesson. He listened with all his ears, as attentive as if at a sermon, not daring even to cross his legs or lean on his elbow; and when at two o'clock the bell rang, the master was obliged to tell him to fall into line with the rest of us.

When we came back to work, we were in the habit of throwing our caps on the ground so as to have our hands more free; we used from the door to toss them under the form, so that they hit against the wall and made a lot of dust: it was "the thing."

But, whether he had not noticed the trick, or did not dare to attempt it, the "new fellow" was still holding his cap on his knees even after prayers were over. It was one of those

headgears of composite order, in which we can find traces of the bearskin, shako, billycock hat, sealskin cap, and cotton night-cap; one of those poor things, in fine, whose dumb ugliness has depths of expression, like an imbecile's face. Oval, stiffened with whalebone, it began with three round knobs; then came in succession lozenges of velvet and rabbit-skin separated by a red band; after that a sort of bag that ended in a cardboard polygon covered with complicated braiding, from which hung, at the end of a long thin cord, small twisted gold threads in the manner of a tassel. The cap was new; its peak shone.

"Rise," said the master.

He stood up; his cap fell. The whole class began to laugh. He stooped to pick it up. A neighbour knocked it down again with his elbow; he picked it up once more.

"Get rid of your helmet," said the master, who was a bit of a wag.

There was a burst of laughter from the boys, which so thoroughly put the poor lad out of countenance that he did not know whether to keep his cap in his hand, leave it on the ground, or put it on his head. He sat down again and placed it on his knee.

"Rise," repeated the master, "and tell me your name."

The new boy articulated in a stammering voice an unintelligible name.

"Again!"

The same sputtering of syllables was heard, drowned by the tittering of the class.

"Louder!" cried the master; "louder!"

The "new fellow" then took a supreme resolution, opened an inordinately large mouth, and shouted at the top of his voice as if calling someone the word, "Charbovari."

A hubbub broke out, rose in *crescendo* with bursts of shrill voices (they yelled, barked, stamped, repeated "Charbovari! Charbovari!"), then died away into single notes, growing quieter only with great difficulty, and now and again suddenly recommencing along the line of a form whence rose here and there, like a damp cracker going off, a stifled laugh.

However, amid a rain of impositions, order was gradually re-established in the class; and the master having succeeded in catching the name of "Charles Bovary," having had it dictated to him, spelt out, and re-read, at once ordered the poor devil to go and sit down on the punishment form at the floor of the master's desk. He got up, but before going hesitated.

"What are you looking for?" asked the master.

"My c-a-p," timidly said the "new fellow," casting troubled looks around him.

"Five hundred verses for all the class!" shouted in a furious voice, stopped, like the *Quos ego*, a fresh outburst. "Silence!" continued the master indignantly, wiping his brow with his handkerchief, which he had just taken from his cap. "As to you, 'new boy,' you will conjugate '*ridiculus sum*' twenty times." Then, in a gentler tone, "Come, you'll find your cap again; it hasn't been stolen."

Quiet was restored. Heads bent over desks, and the "new fellow" remained for two hours in an exemplary attitude, although from time to time some paper pellet flipped from the tip of a pen came bang in his face. But he wiped his face with one hand and continued motionless, his eyes lowered.

In the evening, at preparation, he pulled out his pens from his desk, arranged his small belongings, and carefully ruled his paper. We saw him working conscientiously, looking out every word in the dictionary, and taking the greatest pains. Thanks, no doubt, to the willingness he showed, he had not to go down to the class below. But though he knew his rules passably, he had little finish in composition. It was the *curé* of his village who had taught him his first Latin; his parents, from motives of economy, having sent him to school as late as possible.

His father, Monsieur Charles Denis Bartolomé Bovary, retired assistant-surgeon-major, compromised about 1812 in certain conscription scandals, and forced at this time to leave the service, had then taken advantage of his fine figure to get hold of a dowry of sixty thousand francs that offered in the person of a hosier's daughter who had fallen in love with his good looks. A fine man, a great talker, making his spurs ring as he walked, wearing whiskers that ran into his moustache, his fingers always garnished with rings, and dressed in loud colours, he had the dash of a military man with the easy go of a commercial traveller. Once married, he lived for three or four years on his wife's fortune, dining well, rising late, smoking long porcelain pipes, not coming in at night till after the theatre, and haunting cafés. The father-in-law died, leaving little; he was indignant at this, "went in for the business," lost some money in it, then retired to the country, where he thought he would make money. But, as he knew no more about farming than calico, as he rode his horses instead of sending them to plough, drank his cider in bottle instead of selling it in cask, ate the finest poultry in his