

Annotations from brotherhood2.pdf

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 10:48:53 AM

There is not another point of view to compare with it in the capital of ideas.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 10:54:08 AM

This spot, the heart of ancient Paris,

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 10:56:21 AM

he was killing two birds with one stone, addressing two miseries,-- a working life brought to despair, a suffering soul without a compass, the victim of what Panurge's sheep call progress, and what, in France, is called equality.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 10:57:38 AM

Godefroid.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:00:13 AM

attempted to reach celebrity by writing a book; but he learned, to his cost, to regard talent as he did nobility.

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:01:00 AM

Until then his life had been spent on acts without will, on wishes that were impotent; now, to advance with the age, to act, to play a part, he resolved to enter some career or find some connection that should further his fortunes.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:04:07 AM

Bitten with liberalism, he did not know, as cleverer men did, how to steer a course. Obedience to ministers he regarded as sacrificing his opinions. Besides, the government seemed to him to be disobeying the laws of its own origin. Godefroid declared for progress, where the object of the government was to maintain the /statu quo/. He returned to Paris almost poor, but faithful still to the doctrines of the Opposition.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:05:20 AM

without friends, for friendship demands either striking merits or striking defects, and yet possessing a sensibility of soul more dreamy than profound.

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:06:40 AM

Surely a retired life was the course left for a young man whom pleasure had more than once misled,-- whose heart was already aged by contact with a world as restless as it was disappointing.

Annotation 4; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:07:00 AM

She had ended by judging Godefroid, finding him at twenty- eight with two- thirds of his fortune gone, his desires dulled, his pretended capacities extinct, his activity dead, his ambition humbled, and his hatred against all that reached legitimate success increased by his own shortcomings.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:09:04 AM

His mother died, and he found himself, he who had always desired luxury, with five thousand francs a

year for his whole fortune, and with the certainty that never in his future life could he repair any loss whatsoever; for he felt himself incapable of the effort expressed in that terrible injunction, to /make his way/.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:10:03 AM

Walking along the boulevards, he often suffered deeply at the sight of a mother walking with a marriageable daughter,--

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:11:31 AM

Thus it was that Godefroid presented, even to the eye, the face that we meet so often in Paris that it might be called the type of the Parisian; in it we may see ambitions deceived or dead, inward wretchedness, hatred sleeping in the indolence of a life passed in watching the daily and external life of Paris, apathy which seeks stimulation, lament without talent, a mimicry of strength, the venom of past disappointments which excites to cynicism, and spits upon all that enlarges and grows, misconceives all necessary authority, rejoicing in its embarrassments, and will not hold to any social form. This Parisian malady is to the active and permanent impulse towards conspiracy in persons of energy what the sapwood is to the sap of the trees; it preserves it, feeds it, and conceals it.

Annotation 4; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:12:17 AM

Weary of himself, Godefroid attempted one day to give a meaning to his life,

Annotation 5; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:13:38 AM

after meeting a former comrade who had been the tortoise in the

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:14:05 AM

fable, while he in earlier days had been the hare. In one of those conversations which arise when schoolmates meet again in after years, -- a conversation held as they were walking together in the sunshine on the boulevard des Italiens,-- he was startled to learn the success of a man endowed apparently with less gifts, less means, less fortune than himself; but who had bent his will each morning to the purpose resolved upon the night before. The sick soul then determined to imitate that simple action. "Social existence is like the soil," his comrade had said to him; "it makes us a return in proportion to our efforts."

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:19:31 AM

"one of the great evils of revolutions in France is that each offers a fresh premium to the ambitions of the lower classes. To get out of his condition, to make his fortune (which is regarded to-day as the only social standard), the working-man throws himself into some of those monstrous associations which, if they do not succeed, ought to bring the speculators to account before human justice. This is what trusts often lead to."

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:22:57 AM

This part of the Ile, which is called "the Cloister," has preserved the character of all cloisters; it is damp, cold, and monastically silent even at the noisiest hours of the day. It will be remarked, also, that this portion of the Cite, crowded between the flank of Notre-Dame and the river, faces the north, and is always in the shadow of the cathedral. The east winds swirl through it unopposed, and the fogs of the Seine are caught and retained by the black walls of the old metropolitan church.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:23:39 AM

Madame de la Chanterie, whose name was already a puzzle to him. This lady was evidently a person of another epoch, not to say of another world. Her face was placid, its tones both soft and cold; the

nose aquiline; the forehead full of sweetness; the eyes brown; the chin double; and all were framed in silvery white hair. Her gown could only be called by its ancient name of "fourreau," so tightly was she sheathed within it, after the fashion of the eighteenth century. The material-- a brown silk, with very fine and multiplied green lines-- seemed also of that period. The bodice, which was one with the skirt, was partly hidden beneath a mantle of /poult- de- soie/ edged with black lace, and fastened on the bosom by a brooch enclosing a miniature. Her feet, in black velvet boots, rested on a cushion. Madame de la Chanterie, like her maid, was knitting a stocking, and she, too, had a needle stuck through her white curls beneath the lace of her cap.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:24:43 AM

Godefroid was wearing polished leather boots, yellow gloves, handsome studs, and a very pretty gold chain passed through the buttonhole of his waistcoat of black silk with blue flowers.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:26:31 AM

Was it a miser, was it an artist dying in penury, was it a cynic to whom the world was naught, or some religious soul detached from life, who had occupied this apartment? That triple question might well be asked by one who breathed the odor of that poverty, who saw the greasy spots upon the papers yellow with smoke, the blackened ceilings, the dusty windows with their casement panes, the discolored floor- bricks, the wainscots layered with a sort of sticky glaze. A damp chill came from the chimneys with their mantels of painted stone, surmounted by mirrors in panels of the style of the seventeenth century. The apartment was square, like the house, and looked out upon the inner court, which could not now be seen because of the darkness.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:28:57 AM

The salon had curtains at its windows of old red damask, with lambrequins, tied back at the sides with silken cords. The red- tiled floor showed at the edges of an old tapestry carpet too small to cover the whole room. The woodwork was painted gray. The plastered ceiling, divided in two parts by a heavy beam which started from the fireplace, seemed a concession tardily made to luxury. Armchairs, with their woodwork painted white, were covered with tapestry. A paltry clock, between two copper- gilt candlesticks, decorated the mantel- shelf. Beside Madame de la Chanterie was an ancient table with spindle legs, on which lay her balls of worsted in a wicker basket. A hydrostatic lamp lighted the scene.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:32:43 AM

he belonged to those characters who spring at a bound into the middle of a situation, instead of advancing, as others do, step by step), he was seized while he breakfasted with an idea,-

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 11:34:14 AM

the firm of Mongenod and Company, established in 1816 or 1817, whose reputation for honesty and uprightness had never been questioned in the midst of the commercial depravity which smirched, more or less, all the banking- houses of Paris. In spite of their immense wealth, the houses of Nucingen, du Tillet, the Keller Brothers, Palma and Company, were each regarded, more or less, with secret disrespect, although it is true this disrespect was only whispered. Evil means had produced such fine results, such political successes, dynastic principles covered so completely base workings, that no one in 1834 thought of the mud in which the roots of these fine trees, the mainstay of the State, were plunged. Nevertheless there was not a single one of those great bankers to whom the confidence expressed in the house of Mongenod was not a wound. Like English houses, the Mongenods made no external display of luxury. They lived in dignified stillness, satisfied to do their business prudently, wisely, and with a stern uprightness which enabled them to carry it from one end of the globe to the other.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 12:38:51 PM

the variety of knowledge necessary to a true banker, who is to money what a writer is to ideas,-- they must both know all of that with which they have to deal.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 12:41:25 PM

Madame de la Chanterie now wore gray silk stockings and small prunella shoes; her gown was the same as before, but she was wrapped in a Venetian "mantua,"-- a sort of cloak which was just then returning into fashion. On her head was a drawn bonnet of green silk, lined with white silk, of a style called /a la bonne femme/. Her face was framed by a cloud of lace. She held herself very erect, in an attitude which bespoke, if not noble birth, certainly the habits of an aristocratic life. Without the extreme affability of her manner, she might have seemed haughty; she was certainly imposing.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 12:42:38 PM

Godefroid then succinctly, and in as few words as possible, related his history, and expressed his desire to change his existence. "Formerly," he said, "a man in my position would have made himself a monk; but there are no longer any religious orders."

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 12:44:06 PM

do not sell out your property; leave it in my hands. Give me the exact amount of your debts; I will agree with your creditors for payment at certain dates, and you can have for yourself about a hundred and fifty francs a month. It will thus take two years to clear you. During those two years, if you take those quiet lodgings, you will have time to think of a career, especially among the persons with whom you will live, who are all good counsellors."

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 12:45:23 PM

During the short time that Madame de la Chanterie's arm rested upon his as they walked to the carriage, Godefroid could not escape the glamour of the words: "Your account is for sixteen hundred thousand francs!"-- words said by Louis Mongenod to the woman whose life was spent in the depths of the cloisters of Notre- Dame. The thought, "She must be rich!" entirely changed his way of looking at the matter. "How old is she?" he began to ask himself; and a vision of a romance in the rue Chanoinesse came to him. "She certainly has an air of nobility! Can she be concerned in some bank?" thought he. In our day nine hundred and ninety- nine young men out of a thousand in Godefroid's position would have had the thought of marrying that woman.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 12:46:42 PM

"We lead here," said Madame de la Chanterie, "a Christian life, which does not, as you know, accord with many superfluities; I think you have too many as it is."

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 12:47:22 PM

Godefroid looked at Madame de la Chanterie as he listened to the harmonies of her limpid voice; he examined that face so purely white, resembling those of the cold, grave women of Holland whom the Flemish painters have so wonderfully reproduced with their smooth skins, in which a wrinkle is impossible.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 12:58:49 PM

speech act gone wrong - recipient sees through to actual intent, romantic interest in his landlord rather than a cautious background check.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 12:56:48 PM

the banker's smile became more and more sarcastic;

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:00:33 PM

Solitude has charms comparable only to those of savage life, which no European has ever really abandoned after once tasting them.

Annotation 4; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:01:00 PM

This may seem strange at an epoch when every one lives so much to be seen of others that all the world concern themselves in their neighbors' affairs, and when private life will soon be a thing of the past, so bold and so intrusive are the eyes of the press,-- that modern Argus.

Annotation 5; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:01:11 PM

Few are the moral wounds that solitude will not heal.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:04:56 PM

The dining- room, painted throughout in gray, the design of the woodwork being in the style of Louis XIV., adjoined the sort of antechamber in which Manon was usually stationed, and it seemed to be parallel with Madame de la Chanterie's bedroom, which also opened into the salon. This room had no other ornament than a tall clock. The furniture consisted of six chairs with oval backs covered with worsted- work, done probably by Madame de la Chanterie's own hand, two buffets and a table, all of Mahogany, on which Manon did not lay a cloth for breakfast.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:05:51 PM

The breakfast, of monastic frugality, was composed of a small turbot with a white sauce, potatoes, a salad, and four dishes of fruit,-- peaches, grapes, strawberries, and fresh almonds; also, for relishes, honey in the comb (as in Switzerland), radishes, cucumbers, sardines, and butter,-- the whole served in the well- known china with tiny blue flowers and green leaves on a white ground, which was no doubt a luxury in the days of Louis XIV., but had now, under the growing demands of luxury, come to be regarded as common.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:07:31 PM

"There are thirty acres of tilled land," said one of the two personages still unknown to Godefroid, "six of meadow, and an enclosure containing four acres, in which our house, which adjoins the farmhouse, stands."

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:09:16 PM

He was a tall, grave, spare man, with all the appearance of having served in the army. His white hair showed him to be past sixty, and his face betrayed some violent grief controlled by religion. The second unnamed person, who seemed to be something between a master of rhetoric and a business agent, was of ordinary height, plump, but active withal. His face had the jovial expression which characterizes those of lawyers and notaries in Paris. The dress of these four personages revealed a neatness due to the most scrupulous personal care. The same hand, and it was that of Manon, could be seen in every detail. Their coats were perhaps ten years old, but they were preserved, like the coats of vicars, by the occult power of the servant- woman, and the constant care with which they were worn. These men seemed to wear on their backs the livery of a system of life; they belonged to one thought, their looks said the same word, their faces breathed a gentle resignation, a provoking quietude.

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:11:20 PM

Monsieur Joseph.

Annotation 4; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:11:49 PM
Monsieur Nicolas;

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:12:50 PM
those names,-- one so celebrated in the annals of royalism by the catastrophe which put an end to the uprising of the Chouans; the other so revered in the halls of the old parliament of Paris,- - Godefroid could not repress a quiver. He looked at these relics of the grandest things of the fallen monarchy,-- the /noblesse/ and the law,- -

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:13:02 PM
Godefroid's first lesson.

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:13:25 PM
the history of my time,-- ruins,"

Annotation 4; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:13:50 PM
Monsieur Alain. The latter can be described in a word: he was the small bourgeois of Paris, the worthy middle- class being with a kindly face, relieved by pure white hair, but made insipid by an eternal smile.

Annotation 5; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:14:00 PM
the priest, the Abbe de Veze, his presence said all. The priest who fulfils his mission is known by the first glance he gives you, and by the glance that others who know him give to him.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:16:46 PM
name,-- you are here in the midst of ruins caused by a great tempest. We have each been struck and wounded in our hearts, our family interests, or our fortunes, by that whirlwind of forty years, which overthrew religion and royalty, and dispersed the elements of all that made old France.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:20:36 PM
me,-- a woman of sixty!

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:19:04 PM
She saw him charmed by the penetrating sweetness of her voice, which possessed, let us say it here, an apostolic unction. The sick soul contemplated with admiration the truly extraordinary phenomenon presented by this woman, whose face was now resplendent. Rosy tints were spreading on the waxen cheeks, her eyes shone, the youthfulness of her soul changed the light wrinkles into gracious lines, and all about her solicited affection.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:22:36 PM
the book and read upon its back in gilt letters, IMITATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:23:31 PM
The book, like all books frequently read, opened in a particular place.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:25:24 PM

"When thou hast reached the height of finding all afflictions sweet,

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:25:32 PM
thou hast found thy paradise in this world."

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:25:46 PM
SEEK THAT WHICH IS ETERNAL, AND THAT ONLY.

Annotation 4; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:26:47 PM
the hotel de la Chanterie.

Annotation 5; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:27:00 PM
one of the ancient mansions of the olden time.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:29:17 PM
the first emotions of platonic love;

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:30:24 PM
Looking at the clothes of the four men present and observing how in every particular they were reduced to mere utility and neatness, and seeing, too, how rigorously the same principle was applied to all the details of the house,

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:32:00 PM
he ended by studying that book as a man studies a book when he has but one, or is a prisoner. A book is then like a woman with whom we live in solitude; we must either hate or adore that woman, and, in like manner, we must either enter into the soul of the author or not read ten lines of his book.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:33:09 PM
the "Imitation of Jesus Christ," which is to dogma what action is to thought. Catholicism vibrates in it, pulses, breathes, and lives, body to body, with human life. The book is a sure friend. It speaks to all passions, all difficulties, even worldly ones; it solves all problems; it is more eloquent than any preacher, for its voice is your own, it is the voice within your soul, you hear it with your spirit. It is, in short, the Gospel translated, adapted to all ages, the summit and crest of all human situations. It is extraordinary that the Church has never canonized John Gersen, for the Divine Spirit evidently inspired his pen.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 1:37:30 PM
He saw a man, still young, but already celebrated, a poet, whom he had frequently met in society, Victor de Vernisset, on his knees before Madame de la Chanterie and kissing the hem of her dress.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:19:29 PM
The goodman wore trousers /a pied/ and his gray camlet dressing- gown. His feet were at a level with the fire, resting on a cushion done in worsted- work, as were his slippers, by Madame de la Chanterie. The fine head of the old man, without other covering than its crown of white hair, almost like that of a monk, stood out in clear relief against the brown background of an enormous armchair.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:21:40 PM
the old man, whose nose, it must be owned, had the tuberous appearance of that of the Saint, and whose face, a good deal like that of an old vine-dresser, was an exact duplicate of the broad,

common face of the

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:21:52 PM

founder of Foundling hospitals.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:25:51 PM

"When Mongenod sat down," continued Monsieur Alain, "I noticed that his shoes were worn out. His stockings had been washed so often that it was difficult to say if they were silk or not. His breeches, of apricot- colored cassimere, were so old that the color had disappeared in spots; and the buckles, instead of being of steel, seemed to me to be made of common iron. His white, flowered waistcoat, now yellow from long wearing, also his shirt, the frill of which was frayed, betrayed a horrible yet decent poverty. A mere glance at his coat was enough to convince me that my friend had fallen into dire distress. That coat was nut- brown in color, threadbare at the seams, carefully brushed, though the collar was greasy from pomade or powder, and had the white metal buttons now copper- colored. The whole was so shabby that I tried not to look at it. The hat-- an opera hat of a kind we then carried under the arm, and not on the head-- had seen many governments.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:26:24 PM

Nevertheless, my poor friend must have spent a few sous at the barber's, for he was neatly shaved; and his hair, gathered behind his head with a comb and powdered carefully, smelt of pomade. I saw two chains hanging down on his breeches,-- two rusty steel chains,-- but no appearance of a watch in his pocket.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:26:50 PM

"It was winter, and Mongenod evidently had no cloak; for I noticed that several lumps of snow, which must have dropped from the roofs as he walked along, were sticking to the collar of his coat. When he took off his rabbit- skin gloves, and I saw his right hand, I noticed the signs of labor, and toilsome labor, too.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:31:43 PM

My housekeeper gave us some oysters, white wine, and an omelet, with broiled kidneys, and the remains of a pate my old mother had sent me; also some dessert, coffee, and liqueur of the lles.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:32:41 PM

how he had lost his fortune. In the first place, his father having invested the greater part of his capital in city loans, when they fell Mongenod lost two thirds of all he had. Then, having sold his house

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:36:04 PM

surprised to see her head tied up in a foulard, and along the temples a curious dark line; but I presently saw that her head was shaved. 'Have you been ill?' I asked, as I noticed this singularity. She cast a glance at a broken mirror in a shabby frame and colored; then the tears came into her eyes. 'Yes, monsieur, ' she said, 'I had horrible headaches, and I was obliged to have my hair cut off; it came to my feet. ' 'Am I speaking to Madame Mongenod?' I asked. 'Yes, monsieur, ' she answered, giving me a truly celestial look. I bowed to the poor little woman and went away, intending to make the landlady tell me something about them; but she was out. I was certain that poor young woman had sold her hair to buy bread.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:37:19 PM

but as he deceives himself about everything, he manages to behave like a dishonest man. '

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:37:59 PM

I carried away with me the drop of vinegar which casual gossip thus put into my heart, and it soured all my feelings.

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:39:49 PM

'You must try to get from him a written acknowledgment; for a debtor, however, insolvent he may be, may become solvent, and then he will pay. ' Thereupon Bordin took from a tin box a case on which I saw the name of Mongenod; he showed me three receipts of a hundred francs each. 'The next time he comes I shall have him admitted, and I shall make him add the interest and the two louis, and give me a note for the whole. I shall, at any rate, have things properly done, and be in a position to obtain payment. '

Annotation 4; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:40:54 PM

Every man to whom a sum of money is lent as heedlessly as you lent yours to Mongenod, ends, after a certain time, by thinking that money his own. It is no longer your money, it is /his/ money; you become his creditor,-- an inconvenient, unpleasant person. A debtor will then try to get rid of you by some juggling with his conscience, and out of one hundred men in his position, seventy- five will do their best never to see or hear of you again.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:42:58 PM

When it comes to condemning one of our fellows, and withdrawing our esteem from him, we should act from our own convictions only.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:44:28 PM

It seemed to me that by reason of my loan my friend was a sort of vassal of mine, who owed me a number of things besides the interest on my money.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:47:12 PM

We were then in 1799; one year, all but two months, had expired. At the end of those two months I went to Bordin. Bordin took the note, had it protested, and sued Mongenod for me. Meantime the disasters of the French armies had produced such depreciation of the Funds that investors could buy a five- francs dividend on seven francs capital. Therefore, for my hundred louis in gold, I might have bought myself fifteen hundred francs of income. Every morning, as I took my coffee and read the paper, I said to myself: 'That cursed Mongenod! if it were not for him I should have three thousand francs a year to live on. '

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:47:51 PM

The eighteenth Brumaire had just taken place. Public affairs were doing well, the Funds had gone up. Bonaparte was off to fight the battle of Marengo.

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:48:51 PM

'You made me miss a fine investment before the election of the First Consul,-- an investment which would have given me a little fortune.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:50:22 PM

You were my last friend. All others, even our old master Bordin, despised me for the very reason that I borrowed money of them.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:52:16 PM

you are the only person to whom I shall try to justify myself. In spite of your severity, and though from being a friend you became a creditor on the day when Bordin asked for my note on your behalf (thus abrogating the generous compact you had made with me there, on that spot, when we clasped hands and mingled our tears),-- well, in spite of all that, I have remembered that day, and because of it I have come here to say to you, You do not know misery, therefore do not judge it. I have not had one moment when I could answer you. Would you have wished me to come here and cajole you with words? I could not pay you; I did not even have enough for the bare necessities of those whose lives depended on me.

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:53:37 PM

'Ah, you no longer say /monsieur/ to me!' he said quickly, with a tender glance. 'My God! I shall quit France with less regret if I can leave one man behind me in whose eyes I am not half a swindler, nor a spendthrift, nor a man of illusions! Alain, I have loved an angel in the midst of my misery. A man who truly loves cannot be despicable.'

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:54:53 PM

I do not think it necessary to explain to you how I lost all, or nearly all, my property. I had placed a little in the Funds, which gave me five hundred francs a year; all else was gone. I was then thirty- four years old. I obtained, through the influence of Monsieur Bordin, a place as clerk, with a salary of eight hundred francs, in a branch office of the Mont- de- piete, rue des Augustins.[*] From that time I lived very modestly. I found a small lodging in the rue des Marais, on the third floor (two rooms and a closet), for two hundred and fifty francs a year. I dined at a common boarding- house for forty francs a month. I copied writings at night. Ugly as I was and poor, I had to renounce marriage."

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:56:21 PM

there was scarcely a week that I did not attribute my misfortune to Mongenod. 'If it were not for Mongenod, ' I used to say to myself, 'I might have married. If I had never known him I should not be obliged to live in such privation.'

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:58:01 PM

My place had brought me into relations with many unfortunates. For the last twelve years I had known better than any man whatsoever the misery of the poor. Once or twice I had been able to do a real service. I felt a vivid pleasure when I found that out of ten persons relieved, one or two households had been put on their feet. It came into my mind that benevolence ought not to consist in throwing money to those who suffered. 'Doing charity, ' to use that common expression, seemed to me too often a premium offered to crime.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 2:59:11 PM

Eleven years of revolution, and fifteen years of poverty, had, as I may say, eaten up the most precious parts of my life,-- used it up in sterile toil for my own individual preservation. No man at the age of fifty could spring from that obscure, repressed condition to a brilliant future; but every man could be of use.

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 3:00:07 PM

'If it were not for Mongenod, ' I kept saying to myself, 'I could do so much more. If a dishonest man had not deprived me of fifteen hundred francs a year I could save this or that poor family. ' Excusing my own impotence by accusing another,

Page 41

Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 3:03:52 PM

My friend died in 1827, at the age of sixty- three, after founding the great banking- house of Mongenod and Company, which made enormous profits from the first loans under the Restoration.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 3:05:40 PM

Popinot, whom we had the great grief of losing three years ago, and who practised for fifteen years an active and most intelligent charity in the quartier Saint- Marcel. It was he, with the venerable vicar of Notre- Dame and Madame, who first thought of founding the work in which we are now co- operating, and which, since 1825, has quietly done much good.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 3:07:11 PM

pleasure is an accident

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 3:09:35 PM

the assembling together of condemned prisoners is one of the greatest of social crimes; and also that their isolation is an experiment of doubtful success. Condemned criminals ought to be in religious institutions, surrounded by prodigies of Good, instead of being cast as they are into sight and

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 3:09:55 PM

knowledge of Evil only.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 3:12:13 PM

ultra-liberal view on the reform of criminals

Page 45

Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 3:13:38 PM

on the death penalty

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/20/2000 3:26:49 PM

marriage contract with entail to protect the children against the spending habits of the parents

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 1:54:39 PM

You know that in those days women nursed their children.

Page 48

Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 1:56:50 PM

The father died, and his property was obtained by the son (the old monarchical laws of entail being then overthrown) and speedily dissipated by him.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 2:01:26 PM

"Towards 1803," resumed Alain after a pause, "Monsieur de Boisfrelon, uncle of Madame de la Chanterie, came to Paris, his name having been erased from the list of /emigres/, and brought Madame the sum of two hundred thousand francs which her father- in- law, the old purveyor, had

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 2:03:24 PM

Madame de la Chanterie knew later that the most honorable persons of the province had vouched for her son- in- law in their own interests; for he owed them all large sums of money, and they looked

upon his marriage with Mademoiselle de la Chanterie as a means to recover them.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 2:05:11 PM

this man had long courted the good- will of the royalist families by his devotion to the royal cause during the Revolution. He was one of Louis XVIII. 's most active emissaries, and had taken part after 1793 in all conspiracies,--

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 2:05:30 PM

received with a species of reverence in a city devoted to the Bourbons, where the cruellest deeds of the Chouannerie were accepted as legitimate warfare.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 2:08:33 PM

"At eighteen years of age, the period of her marriage, Mademoiselle de la Chanterie was a young girl of delicate complexion, brown in tone with a brilliant color, graceful in shape, and very pretty. Above a forehead of great beauty was a mass of dark hair which harmonized with the brown eyes and the general gaiety of her expression. A certain daintiness of feature was misleading as to her true character and her almost virile decision. She had small hands and small feet; in fact, there was something fragile about her whole person which excluded the

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 2:12:30 PM

the 'Chauffeurs. '[*] Every province in the west of France was at that time more or less overrun with these 'brigands, ' whose object was far less pillage than a resurrection of the royalist warfare. They profited, so it was said, by the great number of 'refractories, '-- the name applied to those who evaded the conscription, which was at that time, as you probably know, enforced to actual abuse. [*] /Chauffeurs/. This name applies to royalists who robbed the mail-coaches conveying government funds, and levied tribute on those who bought the confiscated property of /emigres/ at the West. When the Thermidorian reaction began, after the fall of Robespierre, other companies of royalists, chiefly young nobles who had not emigrated, were formed at the South and East under various names, such as "The Avengers," and "The Company of Jehu," who stopped the diligences containing government money, which they transmitted to Brittany and La Vendee for the support of the royalist troops. They regarded this as legitimate warfare, and were scrupulous not to touch private property. When captured, however, they were tried and executed as highwaymen.-- TR. "Between Mortagne and Rennes, and even beyond, as far as the banks of the Loire, nocturnal expeditions were organized, which attacked, especially in Normandy, the holders of property bought from the National domain.[*] These armed bands sent terror throughout those regions. I am not misleading you when I ask you to observe that in certain departments the action of the laws was for a long time paralyzed. [*] The National domain was the name given to the confiscated property of the /emigres/, which was sold from time to time at auction to the highest bidder.-- TR. "These last echoes of the civil war made much less noise than you would imagine, accustomed as we are now to the frightful publicity given by the press to every trial, even the least important, whether political or individual. The system of the Imperial government was that of all absolute governments. The censor allowed nothing to be published in the matter of politics except accomplished facts, and those were travestied. If you will take the trouble to look through files of the 'Moniteur' and the other newspapers of that time, even

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 2:13:08 PM

those of the West, you will not find a word about the four or five criminal trials which cost the lives of sixty or eighty 'brigands. ' The term /brigands/, applied during the revolutionary period to the Vendean, Chouan, and all those who took up arms for the house of Bourbon, was afterwards continued judicially under the Empire against all royalists accused of plots. To some ardent and loyal natures the emperor and his government were the enemy; any form of warfare against them was

legitimate. I am only explaining to you these opinions, not justifying them.

Page 62

Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 2:42:52 PM

This legal paper, much shorter and more imperative than such indictments are these days, when they are far more detailed and more precise, especially as to the antecedent life of accused persons,

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 2:43:38 PM

Concise, abbreviated narratives are to some minds texts into the hidden meaning of which they love to burrow.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 2:45:16 PM

the romance of an ardent young girl grossly deceived by an infamous husband (a style of romance then much the fashion); loving the young and gallant leader of a rebellion against the Empire; giving herself, body and soul, like another Diana Vernon, to the conspiracy, and then, once launched on that fatal incline, unable to stop herself. Had she rolled to the scaffold?

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 2:46:08 PM

The young man saw in his own mind a whole world, and he peopled it.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 2:50:39 PM

the Sieur Bernard- Polydor Bryond des Tours- Minieres, the correspondent, since 1794, of the Comte de Lille,-- known elsewhere as the Baron des Tours- Minieres, and on records of the Parisian police under the name of Contenson.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 2:51:21 PM

devants/-- this man, truly a whited sepulchre, was introduced, as possessing every claim for consideration, to Madame Lechantre, who was supposed to be the possessor of a large fortune.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 2:52:07 PM

All parties conspired to promote a marriage between the young Henriette, only daughter of Madame Lechantre, and this protege of the /ci- devants/. Priests, nobles, creditors, each with a different interest, loyal in some, selfish in others, blind for the most part, all united in furthering the union of Bernard Bryond des Tours- Minieres with Henriette Lechantre.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 2:53:02 PM

Rifoel du Vissard.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 3:04:05 PM

innoculated with his vices;

Page 73

Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 3:33:44 PM

I have your first affair, your first duel with misery, prepared for you; I'll put your foot in the stirrup.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 3:34:31 PM

I myself am detached from the convent, to live for a time in the crater of a volcano. I am to be a clerk in a great manufactory, where the workmen are infected with communistic doctrines, and dream of

social destruction, the abolishment of masters,-- not knowing that that would be the death of industry, of commerce, of manufactures.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 3:36:47 PM

we no longer suffice of ourselves to carry it on. So, for the last year we have a physician of our own in every arrondissement in Paris.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 3:37:29 PM

bad. Of the manifold Parisian miseries, the most difficult to discover, and the bitterest, is that of worthy persons of the middle classes who have fallen into poverty; for they make concealment a point of honor. Those sorrows, my dear Godefroid, are to us the object of special solicitude. Such persons usually have intelligence and good hearts. They return to us, sometimes with usury, the sums that we lend them. Such restitutions recoup us in the long run for the losses we occasionally incur through impostors, shiftless creatures, or those whom misfortunes have rendered stupid. Through such persons we often obtain invaluable help in our investigations.

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 3:38:41 PM

Doctor Berton suspects that their poverty is frightful, and concealed with a pride and determination which demand our utmost care.

Annotation 4; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 3:38:58 PM

a Visitor-- that is the name we give to our physicians.

Page 75

Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 3:39:38 PM

these unfortunates: their hearts, the honorableness of their feelings; those are our guarantees.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 3:40:42 PM

the spirit of our order; which is, never to appear as benefactors, to play an obscure part, that of intermediaries. We always present ourselves as the agent of a pious, saintly person (in fact, we are working for God), so that none of those we deal with may feel the obligation of gratitude towards any of us, or think we are wealthy persons.

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 3:41:29 PM

Judge Popinot;

Annotation 4; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 3:41:34 PM

a country doctor

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 3:44:33 PM

ASSOCIATION, one of the greatest social forces, and that which made the Europe of the middle-ages, rests on principles which, since 1792, no longer exist in France, where the Individual has now triumphed over the State. Association requires, in the first place, a self-devotion that is not understood in our day; also a guileless faith which is contrary to the spirit of the nation, and lastly, a discipline against which men in these days revolt and which the Catholic religion alone can enforce. The moment an association is formed among us, each member, returning to his own home from an assembly where noble sentiments have been proclaimed, thinks of making his own bed out of that collective devotion, that union of forces, and of milking to his own profit the common cow, which, not being able to supply so many individual demands, dies exhausted. Who knows how many generous sentiments were blasted, how many fruitful germs may have perished, lost to the nation through the infamous deceptions of the French Carbonari, the patriotic subscriptions to the Champ d'Asile, and

other political deceptions which ought to have been grand and noble dramas, and proved to be the farces and the melodramas of police courts. It is the same with industrial association as it is with political association. Love of self is substituted for the love of collective bodies. The corporations and the Hanse leagues of the middle- ages, /to which we shall some day return/, are still impossible. Consequently, the only societies which actually exist are those of religious bodies, against whom a heavy war is being made at this moment; for the natural tendency of sick persons is to quarrel with remedies and often with physicians. France ignores self-abnegation. Therefore, no association can live except through religious sentiment; the only sentiment that quells the rebellions of mind, the calculations of ambition, and greeds of all kinds. The seekers of better worlds ignore the fact that ASSOCIATION has such worlds to offer.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 3:48:53 PM

"No, monsieur, I don't; but I've got an old gentleman upstairs whose daughter seems to get her living by being ill, and he says that; I only repeat it. The poor old man will be glad to know that monsieur likes quiet, for a noisy neighbor, he thinks, would kill his daughter. On the second floor we have two writers; they don't come in till midnight, and are off before eight in the morning. They say they are authors, but I don't know where or when they write."

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 3:50:20 PM

the portress was showing Godefroid up one of those horrible stairways of brick and wood so ill put together that it is hard to tell whether the wood is trying to get rid of the bricks or the bricks are trying to get away from the wood; the gaps between them were partly filled up by what was dust in summer and mud in winter. The walls, of cracked and broken plaster, presented to the eye more inscriptions than the Academy of Belles- lettres has yet composed. The portress stopped on the first landing.

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 3:51:11 PM

They came here after the Revolution of July, in 1830. I think they're provincial folk ruined by the change of government;

Annotation 4; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 3:52:00 PM

Madame Vauthier,

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 3:53:29 PM

Nepomucene, such was the name of the widow Vauthier's slave,

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 3:56:02 PM

where does he get these details ? They are too real not to be real!

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 4:24:34 PM

the publisher Barbet, one of the hardest lenders of money by the week,

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/22/2000 4:25:03 PM

[The term "lender by the week" was explained in The Lesser Bourgeoisie in relation to Cerizet. Oddly, just looking it up, Barbet is mentioned as being higher in the scale of usury than Cerizet; there is a level between them for pawn shops and the like.-- JB.]

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 11:35:48 AM

And yet the old man, in spite of this general aspect of severity, betrayed the weakness and timidity which indigence imparts to all unfortunates. These two emotions seemed to have made crevices in

that solidly constructed face which the pickaxe of poverty was daily enlarging. The mouth was eloquent and grave; in that feature Don Quixote was complicated with Montesquieu's president. His clothing was entirely of black cloth, but cloth that was white at the seams. The coat, of an old-fashioned cut, and the trousers, showed various clumsy darns. The buttons had evidently just been renewed. The coat, buttoned to the chin, showed no linen; and the cravat, of a rusty black, hid the greater part of a false collar. These clothes, worn for many years, smelt of poverty. And yet the lofty air of this mysterious old man, his gait, the thought that dwelt on his brow and was manifest in his eyes, excluded the idea of pauperism. An observer would have hesitated how to class him. Monsieur Bernard seemed so absorbed that he might have been taken for a teacher employed in that quarter of the city, or for some learned man plunged in exacting and tyrannical meditation.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 11:41:12 AM
a form of neurosis.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 11:43:34 AM

He says that neurotic patients are the despair of science, for the causes of their conditions are only to be found in some as yet unexplored system. He advised me to have recourse to a physician who has been called a quack; but he carefully pointed out that this man was a stranger, a Polish Jew, a refugee, and that the Parisian doctors were extremely jealous of certain wonderful cures he had made, and also of the opinion expressed by many that he is very learned and extremely able. Only, Dr. Berton says, he is very exacting and overbearing. He selects his patients, and will not allow an instant of his time to be wasted; and he is-- a communist! His name is Halpersohn.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 11:44:52 AM

The whole world, to my daughter, is within the walls of her room. I keep it filled with flowers, for she loves them. She reads a great deal; and when she has the use of her hands she works like a fairy. She has no conception of the horrible poverty to which we are reduced. This makes our household way of life so strange, so eccentric, that we cannot admit visitors.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 11:46:41 AM

let me be useful to you." "What object have you?" said the old man, preparing to go down the steps from the cloister of the Chartreux which leads from the great alley of the Luxembourg to the rue d'Enfer. "Did you never, in your public functions, oblige any one?" The old man looked at Godefroid with frowning brows; his eyes were full of memories, like a man who turns the leaves of his book of life, seeking for the action to which he owed this gratitude; then he turned away coldly, with a bow, full of doubt.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 11:49:07 AM

he heard barking,

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 11:49:54 AM

"The proprietor of the house, Monsieur Barbet, the old bookseller.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 11:53:48 AM

the long- delayed winter of 1838 was beginning to be felt;

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:02:27 PM

"What a fine specimen of the bourgeois of to-day!-- gossiping, inquisitive, crazy for equality, jealous of his customers, furious at not knowing why a poor sick woman stays in her room without being seen; concealing his wealth, and yet vain enough to betray it when he thinks it will put him above his neighbor. That man ought to be the lieutenant of his company. I dare say he is. With what ease he plays the scene of Monsieur Dimanche!

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:05:11 PM

this prodigy of paternal love.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:05:30 PM

HOW THE POOR AND HELPLESS ARE PREYED UPON

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:07:54 PM

Through the door of a third chamber, which the old man had left open, Godefroid beheld two cots of painted wood, like those of the cheapest boarding-schools, each with a straw bed and a thin mattress, on which there was but one blanket. A small iron stove like those that porters cook by, near which lay a few squares of peat, would alone have shown the poverty of the household without the help of other details. Advancing a step or two, Godefroid saw utensils such as the poorest persons use,-- earthenware jugs, and pans in which potatoes floated in dirty water. Two tables of blackened wood, covered with books and papers, stood before the windows that looked out upon the rue Notre-Dame des Champs, and indicated the nocturnal occupations of father and son. On each of the tables was a flat iron candlestick, such as are used by the very poor, and in them Godefroid noticed tallow-candles of the kind that are sold at eight to the pound. On a third table glittered two forks and spoons and another little spoon of silver-gilt, together with plates, bowls, and cups of Sevres china, and a silver-gilt knife and fork in an open case, all evidently for the service of the sick woman. The stove was lighted; the water in the copper was steaming slightly. A painted wooden closet or wardrobe contained, no doubt, the linen and clothing of Monsieur Bernard's daughter. On the old man's bed Godefroid noticed that the habiliments he had worn the night before lay spread as a covering. The floor, evidently seldom swept, looked like that of a boy's class-room. A six-pound loaf of bread, from which some slices had been cut, was on a shelf above the table. Here was poverty in its last stages, poverty resolutely accepted with stern endurance, making shift with the lowest and poorest means. A strong and sickening odor came from this room, which was rarely cleaned. The antechamber, in which Godefroid stood, was at any rate decent, and he suspected that it served to conceal the horrors of the room in which the grandfather and the grandson lived. This antechamber, hung with a checked paper of Scotch pattern, held four walnut chairs, a small table, a colored engraving of the Emperor after Horace Vernet, also portraits of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Prince Poniatowski, no doubt the friend of Monsieur Bernard's father-in-law. The window was draped with white calico curtains edged with red bands and fringe. Godefroid watched for Nepomucene, and when the latter made his next trip with wood signed to him to stack it very gently in Monsieur Bernard's antechamber; then (a perception which proved some progress in our initiate) he closed the door of the inner lair that Madame Vauthier's slave might not see the old man's squalor. The antechamber was just then encumbered with three plant-stands filled with plants; two were oblong, one round, all three were of a species of ebony and of great elegance; even Nepomucene took notice of

Annotation 4; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:07:56 PM

in our initiate) he closed the door of the inner lair that Madame

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:09:11 PM

"He's cracked, for sure, that old fellow." "You don't know what you may be at his age." "Yes, I do

know," responded Nepomucene, "I shall be in the sugar-bowl." "The sugar- bowl?" "Yes, they'll have made my bones into charcoal by that time; I often see the carts of the refineries coming to Montsouris for charcoal; they tell me they make sugar of it." And he departed after another load of wood, satisfied with this philosophical reflection.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:10:17 PM

Godefroid, lost in reflection, stared into his fire. He was absorbed in meditation on this great misery which contained so many different miseries, and yet within which he could see the ineffable joys of the many triumphs of paternal and filial love; they were gems shining in the blackness of the pit.

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:10:58 PM

"What romances, even those that are most famous, can equal such realities?" he thought. "What a life it will be to relieve the burden of such existences, to seek out causes and effects and remedy them, calming sorrows, helping good; to incarnate one's own being in misery; to familiarize one's self with homes like that; to act out constantly in life those dramas which move us so in fiction! I never imagined that good could be more interesting, more piquant than vice."

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:12:43 PM

That sick woman in there, she reads, reads, reads!

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:19:17 PM

you are not going to be such a muff as to pay Monsieur Bernard's debts?

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:19:20 PM

Do you know that he owes three thousand francs?"

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:15:17 PM

this, you know, is a publisher's quarter.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:18:24 PM

Godefroid was convinced that the old woman was an accomplice in some plot that was brewing against the unfortunate old man.

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:19:44 PM

them. Between ourselves I'll tell you this: somebody will soon be down on him for that money, and he can't get a penny of credit now in the quarter just on that account."

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:17:48 PM

"They have advanced fifteen hundred francs upon the work," said Madame Vauthier, making no further effort at deception, "and the old man has signed an acknowledgment for three thousand. They wouldn't do it under a hundred per cent. He thought he could easily pay them out of his book, but they have arranged to get the better of him there. It was they who sent Cartier here, and the other creditors."

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:20:22 PM

if you will put me in the way to do the business they want to do with Monsieur Bernard I will pay you four hundred francs.

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:21:30 PM

Here Godefroid gave the old woman a glance of ironical intelligence, which showed her that he saw

through the role she was playing in the interest of her proprietor. Her words were, in fact, a double illumination to Godefroid; the curious scene between himself and the gardener was now explained. "Well," she resumed, "they have got him now. Where is he to find three thousand francs? They intend to offer him five hundred the day he puts the first volume of his book into their hands, and five hundred for each succeeding volume. The affair isn't in their names; they have put it into the hands of a publisher whom Barbet set up on the quai des Augustins." "What, that little fellow?" "Yes, that little Morand, who was formerly Barbet's clerk. It seems they expect a good bit of money out of the affair." "There's a good bit to spend," said Godefroid, with a significant grimace.

Annotation 4; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:22:35 PM

"I haven't any letter; I only wanted to tell you to beware of that young man; he belongs to a publishing house." "That explains everything," thought the old man. He went back to his neighbor with a very different expression of countenance. The look of calm coldness with which Monsieur Bernard now entered the room contrasted so strongly with the frank and cordial air he had worn not an instant earlier that Godefroid was forcibly struck by it.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:23:12 PM

I was about to say that your little act in closing the door of my wretched lair, that simple little thing, was to me the glass of water Bossuet tells of.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:24:01 PM

So you are a publisher, and you have come here to get my work away from Barbet, Metivier, and Morand? All is now explained. You are making me advances in money as they did, only you do it with some grace."

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:25:13 PM

"Monsieur Godefroid, the work in question was projected by me in 1825, at the time when the ministry, being alarmed by the persistent destruction of landed estates, proposed that law of primogeniture which was, you will remember, defeated. I had remarked certain imperfections in our codes and in the fundamental institutions of France. Our codes have often been the subject of important works, but those works were all from the point of view of jurisprudence. No one had even ventured to consider the work of the Revolution, or (if you prefer it) of Napoleon, as a whole; no one had studied the spirit of those laws, and judged them in their application. That is the main purpose of my work; it is entitled, provisionally, 'The Spirit of the New Laws; ' it includes organic laws as well as codes, all codes; for

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:25:55 PM

we have many more than five codes. Consequently, my work is in several volumes; six in all, the last being a volume of citations, notes, and references. It will take me now about three months to finish it. The proprietor of this house, a former publisher, of whom I made a few inquiries, perceived, scented I may say, the chance of a speculation. I, in the first instance, thought only of doing a service to my country, and not of my own profit. Well, this Barbet has circumvented me. You will ask me how it was possible for a publisher to get the better of a magistrate, a man who knows the laws. Well, it was in this way: You know my history; Barbet is an usurer; he has the keen glance and the shrewd action of that breed of men. His money was always at my heels to help me over my worst needs. Strange to say, on the days I was most defenceless against despair he happened to appear."

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:27:27 PM

typical Balzac plot involving debt and extortion

Page 100

Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:29:27 PM

Books and flowers!-- these were the daily bread of this poor invalid, this tortured creature, who was satisfied with so little.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:30:50 PM

This sick woman, surrounded by luxury in the midst of such direful poverty, made him forget the horrible details of the strangest of all nervous disorders, which is happily rare, though recorded by a few historians. One of our most gossiping chroniclers, Tallemant des Reaux, cites an instance of it. The mind instinctively pictures a woman as being elegant in the midst of her worst sufferings;

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:33:27 PM

Godefroid's antecedents, his life as a man of the world and a journalist, served him in this, that he felt quite sure, unless he took this tone, that Barbet's spy would warn the old publisher of danger, and probably lead to active measures under which Monsieur Bernard would before long be arrested; whereas, if he left the trio of harpies to suppose that their scheme ran no risk of defeat, they would keep quiet. But Godefroid did not yet know Parisian human nature when embodied in a Vauthier. That woman resolved to have Godefroid's money and Barbet's too.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:36:37 PM

he had entered the invalid's chamber. He then understood the reason why both father and son were well dressed. For a moment the contrast between the squalor of the other rooms, as he had seen them that morning, and the luxury of this chamber, was so great that Godefroid was dazzled, though habituated for years to the luxury and elegance procured by wealth. The walls of the room were hung with yellow silk, relieved by twisted fringes of a bright green, giving a gay and cheerful aspect to the chamber, the cold tiled floor of which was hidden by a moquette carpet with a white ground strewn with flowers. The windows, draped by handsome curtains lined with white silk, were like conservatories, so full were they of plants in flower. The blinds were lowered, which prevented this luxury, so rare in that quarter of the town, from being seen from the street. The woodwork was painted in white enamel, touched up, here and there, by a few gold lines. At the door was a heavy portiere, embroidered by hand with fantastic foliage on a yellow ground, so thick that all sounds from without were stifled. This magnificent curtain was made by the sick woman herself, who could work, when she had the use of her hands, like a fairy. At the farther end of the room, and opposite to the door, was the fireplace, with a green velvet mantel- shelf, on which a few extremely elegant ornaments, the last relics of the opulence of two families, were arranged. These consisted of a curious clock, in the shape of an elephant supporting on its back a porcelain tower which was filled with the choicest flowers; two candelabra in the same style, and several precious Chinese treasures. The fender, andirons, tongs, and shovel were all of the handsomest description. The largest of the flower- stands was placed in the middle of the room, and above it hung a porcelain chandelier designed with wreaths of flowers. The bed on which the old man's daughter lay was one of those beautiful white and gold carved bedsteads such as were made in the Louis XV. period. By the sick woman's pillow was a very pretty marquetry table, on which were the various articles necessary to this bedridden life. Against the wall was a bracket lamp with two branches, either of which could be moved forward or back by a mere touch of the hand. A small table, adapted to the use of the invalid, extended in front of her. The bed, covered with a beautiful counterpane, and draped with curtains held back by cords, was heaped with books, a work- basket, and articles of embroidery, beneath which Godefroid would scarcely have distinguished the sick woman herself had it not been for the light of the bracket lamps.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:37:09 PM

There was nothing of her to be seen but a face of extreme whiteness, browned around the eyes by

suffering, in which shone eyes of fire, its principal adornment being a magnificent mass of black hair, the numerous heavy curls of which, carefully arranged, showed that the dressing of those beautiful locks occupied a good part of the invalid's morning. This supposition was further strengthened by the portable mirror which lay on the bed.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/23/2000 12:38:39 PM

Vanda made a motion with her head in answer to Godefroid's low bow; by the very way in which her neck bent and then recovered itself, Godefroid saw that the whole physical life of the invalid was in her head. The thin arms and flaccid hands lay on the fine, white linen of the sheets, like things not connected with the body, which, indeed, seemed to fill no place at all in the bed.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:20:46 AM

The glance was no longer a glance, a look, it was a flame, or rather, a divine incandescence, a radiance, communicating life and mind,-- it was thought made visible. The voice, with its thousand intonations, took the place of motions, gestures, attitudes. The variations of the complexion, changing color like the famous chameleon, made the illusion, perhaps we should say the mirage, complete.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:22:16 AM

the broad poetic forehead of his daughter,

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:23:36 AM

"There are moments, my dear father, when the ideas of Monsieur de Maistre work within me powerfully, and I fancy that I am expiating something."

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:27:48 AM

the Jewish doctor, "for I see you are not ill." And he fixed on his visitor a look which had the inquisitive, piercing expression of the eyes of a Polish Jew, eyes which seem to have ears of their own. Halpersohn was, to Godefroid's great astonishment, a man of fifty- six years of age, with small bow- legs, and a broad, powerful chest and shoulders. There was something oriental about the man, and his face in its youth must have been very handsome. The nose was Hebraic, long and curved like a Damascus blade. The forehead, truly Polish, broad and noble, but creased like a bit of crumpled paper, resembled that given by the old Italian masters to Saint Joseph. The eyes, of a sea- green, and circled, like those of parrots, with a gray and wrinkled membrane, expressed slyness and avarice in an eminent degree. The mouth, gashed into the face like a wound, added to the already sinister expression

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:28:10 AM

of the countenance all the sarcasm of distrust. That pale, thin face, for Halpersohn's whole person was remarkably thin, surmounted by ill- kept gray hair, ended in a long and very thick, black beard, slightly touched with white, which hid fully half the face, so that nothing was really seen of it but the forehead, nose, eyes, cheek- bones, and mouth. This friend of the revolutionist Lelewel wore a black velvet cap which came to a point on the brow, and took a high light worthy of the touch of Rembrandt.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:30:13 AM

among them Godefroid noticed piles of twenty and forty- franc gold pieces and two notes of a thousand francs each. Could that be the product of one morning? He doubted it, and suspected the Pole of intentional trickery. Perhaps the grasping but infallible doctor took this method of showing his clients, mostly rich persons, that gold must be dropped into his pouch, and not buttons.

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:31:13 AM

Moses Halpersohn was, undoubtedly, largely paid, for he cured, and he cured precisely those desperate diseases which science declares incurable.

Annotation 4; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:31:28 AM

Certain peasant women in Poland, who pass for witches, cure insanity radically with the juice of herbs. A vast body of observation, not codified, exists in Poland on the effects of certain plants, and certain barks of trees reduced to powder, which are transmitted from father to son, and family to family, producing cures that are almost miraculous.

Annotation 5; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:32:15 AM

he had travelled in every part of Germany, Russia, Persia, and Turkey, whence he had gathered many a traditionary secret; and as he knew chemistry he became a living volume of those wonderful recipes scattered among the wise women, or, as the French call them, the /bonnes femmes/, of every land to which his feet had gone,

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:33:53 AM

The frame was in keeping with this embodiment of a Rembrandt picture. The study, hung with a paper imitating green velvet, was shabbily furnished with a green divan, the cover of which was threadbare. A worn- out green carpet was on the floor. A large armchair of black leather, intended for clients, stood before the window, which was draped with green curtains. A desk chair of Roman shape, made in mahogany and covered with green morocco, was the doctor's own seat. Between the fireplace and the long table at which he wrote, a common iron safe stood against the wall, and on it was a clock of Viennese granite, surmounted by a group in bronze representing Cupid playing with Death, the present of a great German sculptor whom Halpersohn had doubtless cured. On the mantel- shelf was a vase between two candlesticks, and no other ornament. On either side of the divan were corner- buffets of ebony, holding plates and dishes, and Godefroid also noticed upon them two silver bowls, glass decanters, and napkins. This simplicity, which amounted almost to bareness struck Godefroid, whose quick eye took it all in as he recovered his self- possession.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:35:53 AM

I sell health; the rich can afford to purchase it, and I make them pay. The poor have their doctors. If I had not a purpose in view I would not practise medicine. I live soberly and I spend my time in rushing hither and thither; my natural inclination is to be lazy, and I used to be a gambler. Draw your conclusions, young man. You are too young still to judge old men."

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:37:22 AM

the shops of the commission- publishers

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:39:00 AM

scenes of a sublimity which surpasses all the inventions of our great novelists." "Nature, especially moral nature, is always greater than art,

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:40:43 AM

it will cost nine thousand francs to manufacture an edition of fifteen hundred copies, and their selling value will be twenty- four thousand francs. But as we should have to pay off the three thousand and some hundred francs due to Barbet, it would be an outlay of twelve thousand francs to risk.

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:41:27 AM

You have been allured, my child, by the poesy of misfortune. Yes, misfortunes are often poetical; for,

as I think, poesy is a certain effect on the sensibilities, and sorrows affect the sensibilities,-- life is so intense in grief!"

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:43:48 AM

minds,-- we have forbidden ourselves to enter into any speculations. To print a book for sale on the chance of profit is a matter of business, and any operation of that kind would throw us into all the entanglements of commerce. Certainly your scheme seems to me feasible,-- even necessary. But do you think it is the first that has offered itself? A score of times, a hundred times, we have come upon just such ways of saving families, or firms. What would have become of us if we had taken part in such affairs? We should be merchants. No, our true partnership with misfortune is not to take the work into our own hands, but to help the unfortunate to work themselves. Before long you will meet with misfortunes more bitter still than these. Would you then do the same thing,-- that is, take the burdens of those unfortunates wholly on yourself? You would soon be overwhelmed.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:44:46 AM

Reflect, too, my dear child, that for the last year even the Messieurs Mongenod find our accounts too heavy for them. Half your time would be taken up in merely keeping our books. We have to-day over two thousand debtors in Paris, and we must keep the record of their debts. Not that we ask for payment; we simply wait. We calculate that if half the money we expect is lost, the other half comes back to us, sometimes doubled. Now, suppose your Monsieur Bernard dies, the twelve thousand francs are probably lost. But if you cure his daughter, if his grandson is put in the way of succeeding, if he comes, some day, a magistrate, then, when the family is prosperous, they will remember the debt, and return the money of the poor with usury. Do you know that more than one family whom we have rescued from poverty, and put upon their feet on the road to prosperity by loans of money without interest, have laid aside a portion for the poor, and have returned to us the money loaned doubled, and sometimes tripled? Those are our only speculations.

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:45:53 AM

Moreover, reflect that what is now interesting you so deeply (and you ought to be interested in it), namely, the sale of this lawyer's book, depends on the value of the work. Have you read it? Besides, though the book may be an excellent one, how many excellent books remain one, two, three years without obtaining the success they deserve. Alas! how many crowns of fame are laid upon a grave! I know that publishers have ways of negotiating and realizing profits which make their business the most hazardous to do with, and the most difficult to unravel, of all the trades of Paris. Monsieur Joseph can tell you of these difficulties, inherent in the making of books. Thus, you see, we are sensible; we have experience of all miseries, also of all trades, for we have studied Paris for many years. The Mongenods have helped us in this; they have been like torches to us. It is through them that we know how the Bank of France holds the publishing business under constant suspicion; although it is one of the most profitable trades, it is unsound.

Annotation 4; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:47:03 AM

As for the four thousand francs necessary to save this noble family from the horrors of penury,-- for that poor boy and his grandfather must be fed and clothed properly,-- I will give them to you at once. There are sufferings, miseries, wants, which we immediately relieve, without hesitation, without even asking whom we help; religion, honor, character, are all indifferent to us; but when it comes to lending money to the poor to assist them in any active form of industry or commerce, then we require guarantees, with all the sternness of usurers. So you must, my dear child, limit your enthusiasm for this unhappy family to finding for the father an honest publisher. This concerns Monsieur Joseph. He knows lawyers, professors, authors of works on jurisprudence;

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:47:22 AM

the good sense of this woman, whom he had thought controlled by the spirit of charity only.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:48:27 AM

We keep a day- book, a ledger, a book of current accounts, and a bank-book. We have many notes, but we lose a great deal of time in looking them up.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:51:15 AM

Great national convulsions always produce various species of dwarfed giants."

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:51:45 AM

my dear old father invents wonderful stories when I have no novels to read;

Page 117

Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:53:16 AM

"Can philanthropy be anything but vanity?"

Page 119

Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:58:20 AM

She will have to exchange her present malady for another still more terrible, which may last a year, six months at the very least.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:58:43 AM

"Madame has in her body an element, a vitiated fluid, the national disease, and it must be eliminated.

Annotation 3; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 11:59:38 AM

"For the last seventeen years she has been a victim to the element in her system called /plica polonica/,[*] which has produced all these ravages. I have seen more terrible cases than this. Now, I alone in the present day know how to bring this disease to a crisis, and force it outward so as to obtain a chance to cure it-- for it cannot always

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 12:00:43 PM

be cured. You see, monsieur, that I am disinterested. If this lady were of great importance, a Baronne de Nucingen, or any other wife or daughter of a modern Croesus, this cure would bring me one hundred-- two hundred thousand francs; in short, anything I chose to ask for it. However, it is only a trifling loss to me." [*] Balzac's description of /plica polonica/ does not agree with that given in English medical dictionaries and cyclopedias. But as the book was written at Wierschovnia, Poland, in 1847, when he was attended by a celebrated Polish physician, and as, moreover, he was always so scrupulously accurate in his descriptions, it is fair to suppose that he knew of some form of the disease other than that given in the books. His account probably applies to the period before it takes the visible form described in the books.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 12:06:22 PM

Though it is not permissible to seize books or manuscripts for debt, the bill of sale which Monsieur Bernard had made of his work justified this proceeding. It was, however, easy to oppose various delays to this seizure, and Monsieur Bernard, had he been there, would not have failed to do so. For that reason the whole affair had been conducted slyly. Madame Vauthier had not attempted to give the writs to Monsieur Bernard; she meant to have flung them into the room on entering behind the sheriff's men, so to give the appearance of their being in the old man's possession. The process-verbal of the seizure took an hour to write down; the sheriff omitted nothing, and declared that the

value of the property seized was sufficient to pay the debt. As soon as he and his men had departed, Auguste took the writs and rushed to the hospital to find his grandfather. The sheriff having told him that Madame Vauthier was now responsible, under heavy penalties, for the safety of the property, he could leave the house without fear of robbery.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 12:09:52 PM

"Here, read that," said Monsieur Joseph, pointing to the titlepage of the manuscript, written probably in Auguste's handwriting:- - ON THE SPIRIT OF MODERN LAWS By M. Bernard- Jean- Baptiste Macloud, Baron Bourlac. Formerly attorney- general to the Royal Court of Rouen. Grand officer of the Legion of honor. [Aha! Thought so.-- JB.] "Ha! the slayer of Madame's daughter! of the Chevalier du Vissard! the man who condemned her to twenty years' imprisonment!" said Godefroid, in a feeble voice. His legs gave way under him, and he dropped into a chair. "What a beginning!" he muttered. "This matter, my dear Godefroid," resumed Monsieur Joseph, "concerns us all. You have done your part; leave the rest to us. I beg you to have no more to do with it; go and fetch the things you have left behind you. Don't say a word of all this. Practise absolute discretion. Tell the Baron de Bourlac to address himself to me. By that time we shall have decided how to act under the circumstances." Godefroid left him, took a cab, and went back as fast as he could to the boulevard du Mont- Parnasse, filled with horror as he remembered that indictment signed with Bourlac's name, the bloody drama ending on the scaffold, and Madame de la Chanterie's imprisonment at Bicetre. He understood now the abandonment in which this former attorney- general, another Fourquier- Tinville in the public mind, was ending his days, and the true reasons for the concealment of his name. "May Monsieur Joseph avenge her terribly!" he thought.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 12:10:52 PM

the punishment for his savage political actions that had overtaken his old age.

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 12:12:07 PM

that's the agent of your grandfather's enemies.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 12:14:51 PM

Halpersohn was breakfasting on a cup of chocolate and a glass of water. He did not disturb himself at the young man's entrance, but went on sopping his bread in the chocolate; for he never ate anything for breakfast but a small roll cut into four strips with careful precision.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 12:18:38 PM

Auguste snatched four notes and put them into his pocket,

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 12:18:49 PM

he paid his grandfather's debt.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 12:22:46 PM

Was it possible that Godefroid had betrayed him?

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 12:25:03 PM

As for your grandson, I will speak to the /procureur du roi/, and we will take all the care of him that is due to the grandson of a former judge,-- the victim, no doubt, of youthful error. But the complaint has

been made, the delinquent admits his guilt, I have drawn up the proces- verbal, and served the warrant of arrest; I cannot go back on that. As for the incarceration, I will put

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 12:25:10 PM

him in the Conciergerie."

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 12:26:50 PM

Godefroid, initiated by her into the financial secrets of the society, worked steadily seven or eight hours a day for several months, under the inspection of Frederic Mongenod,

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 12:28:49 PM

proprietor-- some men came here and rid me of that arrogant old fool and all his belongings. Bless me! if they didn't move everything out within twenty- four hours; and as close as wax they were too; not a word would they say to me. I think he went off to Algiers with his rogue of a grandson;

Annotation 2; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 12:30:17 PM

he knocked against a young man with a lady on his arm. "Take care!" said the young man; "are you blind?" "Hey! is it you?" cried Godefroid, recognizing Auguste de Mergi. Auguste was so well-dressed, and looked so dandified and handsome and so proud of giving his arm to a pretty woman, that if it had not been for the youth's voice and the memories that were just then in his own mind he might not have recognized him. "Oh! it is our dear Monsieur Godefroid!" said the lady. Hearing those words in the celestial notes of Vanda's enchanting voice, Godefroid stopped short on the spot where he stood. "Cured!" he exclaimed.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 12:32:09 PM

"Yes; did you know that on a recommendation made by the minister of public instruction a chair of international law has been created for papa at the Sorbonne? He begins his first course next November. The great work on which he has been engaged for so long will be published this month by the firm of Cavalier and Co., who agree to share the profits with my father; they have already paid him on account thirty thousand francs. My father bought our house with that money. The minister of justice has awarded me a pension of twelve hundred francs as the daughter of a former judge; my father has his retiring pension of three thousand, and his professorship will give him five thousand more. We are so economical that we are almost rich. My dear Auguste will begin his law studies in two months; but he is already employed in the office of the attorney- general, and is earning twelve hundred francs a year.

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 12:34:40 PM

court. There is no trace left of the affair except in my heart and my son's conscience, and alas! in his grandfather's mind. From that day he has treated Auguste as almost a stranger. Only yesterday Halpersohn begged him to forgive the boy; but my father, who never before refused me anything-- me, whom he loves so well!-- replied: 'You are the person robbed; you can, and you ought to forgive; but I am responsible for the thief. When I was attorney-general I never pardoned. '

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 12:36:49 PM

for Monsieur Joseph has disappeared forever; he has evaded all the traps I set to discover his true name and residence. Here, read his last letter. But perhaps you already know it." Godefroid read as follows:- - Monsieur le Baron Bourlac,-- The sums which we have spent for you, under the orders of a

charitable lady, amount to fifteen thousand francs. Take note of this, so that you may return that sum either yourself, or through your descendants, whenever the prosperity of your family will admit of it,-- for that money is the money of the poor. When you or your family are able to make this restitution, pay the sum you owe into the hands of Messrs. Mongenod and Company, bankers. May God forgive you. Five crosses formed the mysterious signature of this letter,

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Annotation 1; Label: reader; Date: 11/24/2000 12:39:57 PM
the power of God is infinite, but human nature has its limits."