



# SUSPENSE

A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL

By

Joseph Conrad

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*Cosmo Latham, a young Englishman of wealth on a tour of Europe, in his rambles about Genoa yields to impulse and follows a seafaring man to a tower overlooking the harbor of Genoa where an Elban ship rides at anchor. Before he leaves his uncouth and mysterious companion he has become aware that the man is engaged in secret intercourse with Elba, where Napoleon is in exile. The scene then shifts to England, and to the home of Cosmo's father in which some years previously shelter had been given to a family of French refugees. It is to visit this family, now resident in Italy, that the son has come to Genoa. After a visit with the Countess of Monteverso, in which he gains a glimpse of the conditions of her life and the political background of her circle, and is startled by the queer half-savage niece of her husband, who is sheltered under his roof, Cosmo meets the Countess's father. Later at a reception at the home of the Countess he is introduced to some of the members of her circle, and at the end of the evening makes the acquaintance of her husband. After his interview with Count Helion he has a long talk with the Countess during which she recounts to him the experiences of her married life.*

"I WONDER whether the Count is still with my father," she said. "Ring that bell on the table at your hand, Cosmo."

Cosmo did so and they waited, looking at each other. Presently the door swung open, and at the same time the cartel above it began to strike the hour. Cosmo counted eleven and then Madame de Monteverso spoke to Bernard, who waited in silence. "Is M. le Comte still with my father?"

"I haven't seen him come out yet, Madame la Comtesse."

"Tell your wife not to wait for me, Bernard."

"Yes, Madame la Comtesse." Bernard backed out respectfully through the door.

"How fat he is, and what sleek hair," marvelled Cosmo. "And what a solemn manner. No wonder I did not recognize him at once. He showed me into your father's room, you know. He looks a Special Envoy's confidential man all over. And to think that he is your household spy! I wonder at your patience."

"Perhaps if I had anything to conceal I would have had less patience with the spy," she said, equably. "I believe that when we lived in Paris he wrote every week to M. de Monteverso, because, you know, he can write quite well. I wonder what he found to write about. Lists of names, I suppose. Or perhaps his own views of the people who called with bits of overheard conversations."

"It's incredible," murmured Cosmo. "It's fantastic. What contempt he must have for your husband."

"The most remarkable thing," said Madame de Monteverso, "is that I am convinced that he doesn't write any lies."

"Yes," said Cosmo, "I assume that. And do you mean that the Count is paying him every week for that sort of thing. It's an ugly farce."

"Don't you think," said the Countess, "that something serious may come of it some day?" Cosmo made a hopeless gesture.

"The man you married is mad," he said with intense conviction.

"There have been times when I felt as if I were mad myself," murmured Madame de Monteverso. "Take up your hat," she added quickly.

She had heard footsteps outside the door. A moment after, Count Helion came in and fixed his black glance on his wife and Cosmo. He did not open his lips and remained ominously by the door for a time. The strain of the silence was made sinister by the stiff bearing of the man, the immobility of the carven brown face, crossed by the inky-black moustache in harsh contrast with the powdered head. He might have been a sergeant come at the stroke of the hour to tell those two people that the firing squad was waiting for them outside the door. Madame de Monteverso broke the dumb spell.

"I did my best to entertain Mr. Latham, but we had given you up. He was just going."

She glanced serenely at Cosmo, whom the sweetness of her tone, her easy self-possession before that barrack-room figure, stung to the heart. At that moment no words could have expressed the intensity

of his hatred for the Count of Monteverso, at whom he was looking with a smile of the utmost banality. The latter moved forward stiffly.

"Your father hopes you will see him for a moment presently," he said to his wife. "He has not gone to bed yet."

"Then I will go to him at once."

Madame de Monteverso extended her hand to Cosmo, who raised the tips of her fingers to his lips ceremoniously.

"I will see Mr. Latham out," said the Count, bowing to his wife, who went out of the room without looking at him. Cosmo, following her with his eyes, forgot Count Helion's existence. He forgot it so thoroughly that it was with a perceptible start that he perceived the Count's eyes fixed on him in an odd way. "He will never look at ease anywhere," thought Cosmo scornfully. A great part of his hatred had evaporated. "I suppose he means to be pilot. I wonder how he looked on the back of an elephant."

"It was very good of you to wait so long for my return," said Count Helion. "I have been detained by an absurd discussion arising out of probably false reports."

"The time passed quickly," said truthful Cosmo; but, before the black weary glance of the other, hastened to add with assumed care, "We talked of old times."

"Old times," repeated Count Helion without any particular accent. "My wife is very young yet, though she must be older than you are. Isn't she older?"

Cosmo said curtly that he really did not know. When they were running about as children together she was the tallest of the three.

"And now," took up the inexpressive voice of Count de Monteverso, "without her high heels she would be a little shorter than you. As you stood together you looked to me exactly the same height. And so you renewed the memories of your youth. They must have been delightful."

"They were no doubt more delightful for me than they could have been for Mme. la Comtesse," said Cosmo, making a motion towards taking leave.

"A moment. Let me have the honor to see you out." Count Helion walked round the room blowing out the candles in three candelabras in succession and taking up the fourth in his hand.

"Why take this trouble?" protested Cosmo. "I know my way."

"Every light has been extinguished in the reception rooms; or at least ought to have been. I detest waste of all kinds. It is perhaps because I have made my own fortune, and by God's favor it is so considerable in its power for good that it requires the most careful management. It is perhaps a peculiar point of view, but I have explained it to Mme. de Monteverso."

"SHE must have been interested," muttered Cosmo between his teeth, following across the room and round the screen the possessor of these immensely important riches, who, candelabra in hand, preceded him by a pace or two and threw open the door behind the screen. Cosmo crossed in the wake of Count Helion the room of the evening reception, saw dimly the disarranged furniture about the mantelpiece, the armchair in which Lady William had sat, the great sofa in which little Countess Bubna had been shyly ensconced, the card table with the chairs pushed back and all the cards in a heap in the middle. The swaying flames of the candles, leaping from one long strip of mirror to another, preceded him into the next salon where all the furniture stood ranged expectantly against the walls. The next two salons were exactly alike except for the color of the hangings and the size of the pictures on the walls. As to their subjects, Cosmo could not make them out.

Not a single lackey was to be seen in the ante-room of white walls and red benches; but Cosmo was surprised at the presence of a peasant-like woman, who must have been sitting there in the dark

for some time. The light of the candelabra fell on the gnarled hands lying in her lap. The edge of a dark shawl shaded her features with the exception of her ancient chin. She never stirred. Count Helion, disregarding her as though she had been invisible, put down the candelabra on a little table and wished Cosmo good-night with a formal bow. At the same time he expressed harshly the hope of seeing Cosmo often during his stay in Genoa. Then with an unexpected attempt to soften his tone he muttered something about his wife—"the friend of your childhood."

The allusions exasperated Cosmo. The more he saw of the grown woman, the less connection she seemed to have with the early Adèle. The contrast was too strong. He felt tempted to tell M. de Monteverso that he by no means cherished that old memory. The nearest he came to it was the statement that he had the privilege to hear much of Madame de Monteverso in Paris. M. de Monteverso, contemplating now the dark peasant-like figure huddled up on the crimson seat against a white wall, hastened to turn towards Cosmo the black weariness of his eyes.

"Mme. de Monteverso has led a very retired life during the Empire. Her conduct was marked by the greatest circumspection. But she is a person of rank. God knows what gossip you may have heard. The world is censorious."

Brusquely Cosmo stepped out into the outer gallery. Listening to M. de Monteverso was no pleasure. The Count accompanied him as far as the head of the great staircase and stayed to watch his descent with a face that expressed no more than the face of a soldier on parade, till, all at once, his eyes started to roll about wildly as if looking for some object he could snatch up and throw down the stairs at Cosmo's head. But this lasted only for a moment. He reëntered the anteroom quietly and busied himself in closing and locking the door with care. After doing this he approached the figure on the bench and stood over it silently.

## VII

THE old woman pushed back her shawl and raised her wrinkled soft face without much expression to say:

"The child has been calling for you for the last hour or more."

Helion de Monteverso walked all the length of the anteroom and back again; then stood over the old woman as before.

"You know what she is," she began directly the Count had stopped. "She won't give us any rest. When she was little one could always give her a beating but now there is no doing anything with her. You had better come and see for yourself."

"Very unruly?" asked the Count de Monteverso.

"She is sixteen," said the old woman crisply, getting up and moving towards the stairs leading to the upper floor. A stick that had been lying concealed in the folds of her dress was now in her hand. She ascended the stairs more nimbly than her appearance would have led one to expect, and the Count of Monteverso followed her down a long corridor, where at last the shuffle of her slippers and the tapping of her stick ceased in front of a closed door. A profound silence reigned in this remote part of the old palace which the enormous vanity of the upstart had hired for the entertainment of his wife and his father-in-law in the face of the restored monarchies of Europe. The old peasant woman turned to the stiff figure which, holding the candelabra and in its laced coat, recalled a gorgeous lackey.

"We have put her to bed," she said, "but as to holding her down in it, that was another matter. Maria is strong but she got weary of it at last. We had to send for Father Paul. Shameless as she is she would not attempt to get out of her bed in her nightdress before a priest. The Father promised to stay till we could fetch you to her, so I came down, but I dared not go further than the anteroom. A valet told me you had still a guest with you, so I sent him away and sat down to wait. The wretch to revenge himself on me put out the lights before he went."

"He shall be flung out to-morrow," said M. de Monteverso in a low tone.

"I hope I have done nothing wrong, Helion."

"No," said M. de Monteverso in the same subdued tone. He lent his ear to catch some slight sound on the other side of the door. But the still-



ness behind it was like the stillness of a sick room to which people listen with apprehension. The old woman laid her hand lightly on the sleeve of the gorgeous coat. "You are a great man . . ."

"I am," said Count Helion without exultation.

THE old woman, dragged out at the age of seventy from the depths of her native valley by the irresistible will of the great man, tried to find utterance for a few simple thoughts. Old age with its blunted feelings had alone preserved her from utter bewilderment at the sudden change; but she was overpowered by its greatness. She lived inside that palace as if enchanted into a state of resignation. Ever since she had arrived in Genoa, which was just five weeks ago, she had kept to the upper floor. Only the extreme necessity of the case had induced her to come so far downstairs as the white anteroom. She was conscious of not having neglected her duty.

"I did beat her faithfully," she declared with the calmness of old age and conscious rectitude. The lips of M. de Montevesso twitched slightly. "I did really, though often feeling too weary to raise my arm. Then I would throw a shawl over my head and go in the rain to speak to Father Paul. He had taught her to read and write. He is full of charity. He would shrug his shoulders and tell me to put my trust in God. It was all very well for him to talk like that. True that on your account I was the greatest person for miles around. I had the first place everywhere. But now that you made us come out here just because of your fancy to turn the child into a Contessa, all my poor senses leave my old body. For, you know, if I did beat her, being entrusted with your authority, everybody else in the village waited on a turn of her finger. She was full of pride and wilfulness then. Now since you have introduced her amongst all these *grandissimi signori* of whom she had only heard as one hears of angels in heaven, she seems to have lost her head with the excess of pride and obstinacy. What is one to do? The other day on account of something I said she fastened her ten fingers into my gray hair. . . ." She threw her shawl off and raised her creased eyelids. . . . "This gray hair, on the oldest head of your family, Helion. If it hadn't been for Maria she would have left me a corpse on the floor." The mild bearing of the old woman had a dignity of its own, but at this point it broke down and she became agitated.

"Many a time I sat up in my bed thinking half the night. I am an old woman. I can read the signs. This is a matter for priests. When I was a big girl in our village they had to exorcise a comely youth, a herdsman. I am not fit to talk of such matters. But you, Helion, could say a word or two to Father Paul. He would know what to do . . . or get the Bishop . . ."

"Amazing superstition," Count Helion exclaimed in a rasping growl. "The days of priests and devils are gone," he went on angrily, but paused as if struck with a sudden doubt or a new idea. The old woman shook her head slightly. In the depths of her native valley all the days were alike in their hopes and fears as far back as she could remember. She did not know how she had offended her brother and emitted a sigh of resignation.

"What's the trouble now?" Count Helion asked brusquely.

The old woman shrugged her shoulders expressively. Count Helion insisted. "There must be some cause."

"The cause, as I am a sinner, can be no other but that young signore that came out with you and to whom you bowed so low. I didn't know you had to bow to anybody unless perhaps to the King who has come back lately. But then a king is anointed with holy oils! I couldn't believe my eyes. What kind of prince was that?" She waited, screwing her eyes up at Count Helion, who looked down at her inscrutably and at last condescended to say:

"That was an Englishman."

She moaned with astonishment and alarm. A heretic! She thought no heretic could be good-looking. Didn't they have their wickedness written on their faces?

"No," said Count Helion. "No man has that, and no woman, either."

Again he paused to think. "Let us go in now," he added.

The big room (all the rooms in that Palazzo were big unless they happened to be mere dark and airless cupboards), which they entered as quietly as if a sick person had been lying in there at the point of death, contained amongst its gilt furniture also a few wooden stools and a dark walnut table brought down from the farmhouse for the convenience of its rustic occupants. A priest sitting in a gorgeous armchair held to the light of a common brass oil lamp an open book, the shadow of which darkened a whole corner of the vast space between the high walls decorated with rare marbles, long mirrors, and heavy hangings. A few small pieces of washing were hung out to dry on a string stretched from a window latch to the back of a chair. A common brazier stood in the fireplace and, near it, a gaunt, bony woman dressed in black with a white handkerchief on her head was stirring something in a little earthen pot. Ranged at the foot of a dais bearing a magnificent but dismantled couch of state were two small wooden bedsteads, on one of which lay the girl whom Cosmo knew only as "Clelia, my husband's niece," with a hand under her cheek. The other cheek was much flushed; a tangle of loose black hair covered the pillow. Whether from respect for the priest or from mere exhaustion she was keeping perfectly still under her bedclothes pulled up to her very neck so that only her head remained uncovered.

At the entrance of the Count the priest closed his book and stood up, but the woman by the mantelpiece went on stirring her pot. Count Helion returned a "*Bonsoir, Abbé*" to the priest's silent bow, put down the candelabra on a console, and walked straight to the bedstead. The other three people, the gaunt woman still with her pot in her hand, approached it too but kept their distance.

The girl Clelia remained perfectly still under the downward thoughtful gaze of Count Helion. In that face half buried in the pillow one eye glittered full of tears. She refused to make the slightest sound in reply to Count Helion's questions, orders, and remonstrances. Even his coaxings, addressed to her in the same low, harsh tone, were received in obstinate silence. Whenever he paused he could hear at his back the old woman whispering to the priest. At last even that stopped. Count Helion resisted the temptation to grab all that hair on the pillow and pull the child out of bed by it. He waited a little longer and then said in his harsh tone:

"I thought you loved me."

FOR the first time there was a movement under the blanket. But that was all. Count Helion turned his back on the bed and met three pairs of eyes fixed on him with different expressions. He avoided meeting any of them. "Perhaps if you were to leave us alone," he said.

They obeyed in silence, but at the last moment he called the priest back and took him aside to a distant part of the room where the brass oil lamp stood on the walnut-wood table. The full physiognomy of Father Paul Carpi with its thin eyebrows and pouting mouth was overspread by a self-conscious professional placidity that seemed ready to see or hear anything without surprise. Count de Montevesso was always impressed by it. "Abbé," he said brusquely, "you know that my sister thinks that the child is possessed. I suppose she means by a devil."

He looked with impatience at the priest, who remained silent, and burst out in a subdued voice:

"I believe you people are hoping now to bring him back into the world again, that old friend of yours." He waited for a moment. "Sit down, Abbé."

Father Carpi sank into the armchair with some dignity while Count Helion snatched a three-legged stool and planted himself on it on the other side of the table. "Now, wouldn't you?"

Something not bitter, not mocking, but as if disillusioned seemed to touch the lips of Father Carpi at the very moment he opened them to say quietly:

"Only as a witness to the reign of God."

"Which of course would be your reign. Never mind, a man like me can be master under any reign." He jerked his head slightly towards the bed. "Now what sort of devil would it be in that child?"

The deprecatory gesture of Father Carpi did not detract from his dignity. "I should call it dumb myself," continued Count Helion. "We will leave it alone for a time. What hurts me often is the

difficulty of getting at your thoughts, Abbé. Haven't I been a good enough friend to you?" To this, too, Father Carpi answered by a deferential gesture and deprecatory murmur. Count Helion had restored the church, rebuilt the presbytery, and had behaved generally with great munificence. Father Carpi, sprung from shopkeeping stock in the town of Novi, had lived through times difficult for the clergy. He had been contented to exist. Now, at the age of forty or more, the downfall of the Empire, which seemed to carry with it the ruin of the impious forces of the Revolution, had awakened in him the first stirrings of ambition. Its immediate object was the chaplaincy to the Count of Montevesso's various charitable foundations.

There was a man, one of the great of this world, whom, without understanding him in any deeper sense or ever trying to judge his nature, he could see plainly enough to be unhappy. And that was a great point. For the unhappy are more amenable to obscure influences, religious and others. But Father Carpi was too intelligent to intrude upon the griefs of that man with the mysterious past either religious consolation or secular advice. For a long time now he had watched and waited, keeping his thoughts so secret that they seemed even hidden from himself. To the outbreaks of that rough, arrogant, contemptuous, and oppressive temper, he could oppose only the gravity of his sacerdotal character as Adèle did her lofty serenity, that detachment, both scornful and inaccessible, which seemed to place her on another plane.

FATHER CARPI had never been before confronted so directly by the difficulties of his position as at that very moment and on the occasion of that intolerable and hopeless girl. To gain time he smiled, a slight, non-committal smile.

"We priests, M. le Comte, are recommended not to enter into discussion of theological matters with people who, whatever their accomplishments and wisdom, are not properly instructed in them. As to anything else I am always at Monseigneur's service."

He gave this qualification to Count Helion because it was not beyond the bounds of respect due from a poor parish priest to a titled great man of his province.

"Have you been much about amongst the town people?" asked Count Helion.

"I go out every morning about seven to say mass in that church you may have noticed near by. I have visited also once or twice an old friend from my seminary days, a priest of a poor parish here. We rejoice together at the return of the Holy Father to Rome. For the rest I had an idea, Monseigneur, that you did not wish me to make myself prominent in any way in this town."

"Perhaps I didn't. It may be convenient, though, to know what are the rumours current amongst the populace. That class has its own thoughts. I suppose your friend would know something of that."

"No doubt. But I can tell you, Monseigneur, what the people think. They think that if they can't be Genoese as before, they would rather be French than Piedmontese. That, Monseigneur, is a general feeling even amongst the better class of citizens."

"Much would they gain by it," mumbled Count de Montevesso. "Unless the Other were to come back. Abbé," he added sharply, "is there any talk of him coming back?"

"That indeed would be a misfortune." Father Carpi's tone betrayed a certain emotion which Count Helion noticed, faint as it was.

"Whatever happens you will have always a friend in me," he said, and Father Carpi acknowledged the assurance by a slight inclination of his body.

"Surely God would not allow it," he murmured uneasily. But the stare of his interlocutor augmented his alarm. He was still more startled when he heard Count de Montevesso make the remark that the only thing which seemed to put a limit to the power of God was the folly of men. He had too poor an opinion of Count de Montevesso to be shocked by the blasphemy. To him it was only the proof that the Count had been very much upset by something, some fact or some news.

"And people are very foolish just now both in Paris and in Vienna," added Count de Montevesso after a long pause.

It was news then. Father Carpi betrayed nothing;



of his anxious curiosity. The inward unrest which pervaded the whole basin of the Western Mediterranean was strongest in Italy perhaps and was very strong in the heart of Father Carpi, who was both an Italian and a priest. Perhaps he would do something! He almost held his breath, but Count de Monteverso took his head between his hands and said only:

"One is pestered by folly of all sorts. Now, see whether you can bring that child to reason."

However low in the scale of humanity Father Carpi placed the Count de Monteverso, he never questioned his social position. Father Carpi was made furious by the request, but he obeyed. He approached the rustic bedstead and looked at the occupant with sombre disgust. Nothing was obscure to him in the situation. If he couldn't tell exactly what devil possessed that creature he remembered perfectly her mother, a rash sort of girl who was found drowned years ago in a remarkably shallow pond amongst some rocks not quite a mile away from the presbytery. It might have been an accident. He had consented to bury her in consecrated ground not from any compassion, but because of the revolutionary spirit which had penetrated even the thick skulls of his parishioners and probably would have caused a riot and shaken the precarious power of the Church in his obscure valley. He stood erect by the head of the couch, looking down at the girl's uncovered eye whose sombre iris swam on the glistening white. He could have laughed with contempt and fury. He regulated his deep voice so that it reached Count de Monteverso at the other side of the room only as a solemn admonishing murmur.

"You miserable little wretch," he said, "can't you behave yourself? You have been a torment to me for years."

The sense of his own powerlessness overcame him so completely that he felt tempted for a moment to throw everything up, walk out of the room, seek refuge amongst sinners that would believe either in God or in the devil.

"You are a scourge to us all," he continued in the same equable murmur. "If you don't speak out, you little beast, and put an end to this scene soon I will exorcise you."

The only effect of that threat was the sudden immobility of the rolling eye. Father Carpi turned towards the Count.

"It is probably some sort of malady," he said coldly. "Perhaps a doctor could prescribe some remedy."

Count Helion came out of his listless attitude. A moment ago a doctor was in the house in conference with M. le Marquis. Perhaps he was still there. Count Helion got up impetuously and asked the Abbé to go along to the other side and find out.

"Take a light with you. All the lights are out down there. Knock at the Marquis's door and inquire from Bernard, and if the doctor is still there bring him along."

FATHER CARPI went out hastily and Count de Monteverso, keeping the women outside, paced the whole length of the room. The fellow called himself a doctor whatever else he might have been. Whether he did any good to the child or not—Count de Monteverso stopped and looked fixedly at the bed—this was an extremely favourable opportunity to get in touch with him personally. Who could tell what use could be made of him in his other capacities, apart from the fact that he probably could really prescribe some remedy? Count de Monteverso's heart was softened paternally. His progress from European barrack-rooms to an Eastern palace left on his mind a sort of bewilderment. He even thought the girl attractive. There she was, a prey of some sort of illness. He bent over her face and instantly a pair of thin bare arms darted from under the blankets and clasped him around the neck with a force that really surprised him. "That one loves me," he thought. He did not know that she would have hung round anybody's neck in the passion of obtaining what she wanted. He thought with a sort of dull insight that everybody was a little bit against her. He abandoned his neck to the passionate clasp for a little time, then disengaged himself gently.

"What makes you behave like this?" he asked. "Do you feel a pain anywhere?"

No emotion could change the harshness of his voice, but it was very low and there was an accent in it which the girl could not mistake. She sat up

suddenly with her long wild hair covering her shoulders. With her round eyes, the predatory character of her face, the ruffled fury of her aspect, she looked like an angry bird; and there was something bird-like in the screech of her voice.

"Pain? No. But if I didn't hate them so I would like to die. I would . . ."

Count de Monteverso put one hand at the back of her head and clapped the other broad palm over her mouth. This action surprised her so much that she didn't even struggle. When the Count took his hands away she remained silent without looking at him.

"Don't scream like this," he murmured harshly but with obvious indulgence. "Your aunts are outside and they will tell the priest all about it."

Clelia drew up her knees, clasped her hands round them outside the blanket, and stared.

"It is just your temper!" suggested Count Helion reproachfully.

"All those dressed-up witches despise me. I am not frightened. And the worst of them is that yellow-haired witch, your wife. If I had gone in there in my bare feet they could not have stared more down on me. . . . I shall fly at their faces. I can read their thoughts as they put their glasses to their eyes. 'What animal is this?' they seem to ask themselves. I am a brute beast to them."

A shadow seemed to fall on Count de Monteverso's face for the moment. Clelia unclasped her fingers, shook her fists at the empty space, then clasped her legs again. These movements, full of sombre energy, were observed silently by the Count of Monteverso. He uttered the word "*Patienza*," which in its humility is the word of the ambitious, of the unforgiving who keep a strict account with the world; a word of indomitable hope. "You wait till you are a little older. You will have plenty of people at your feet; and then you will be able to spurn anybody you like."

"You mean when I am married," said Clelia in a faraway voice and staring straight over her knees.

"Yes," said the Count de Monteverso, "but you will first have to learn to be gentle."

THIS recommendation apparently missed the ear for which it was destined. For a whole minute Clelia seemed to contemplate some sort of vision with her predatory and pathetic stare. One side of her nightgown had slipped off her shoulder. Suddenly she pushed her scattered hair back, and extending her arm towards Count Helion patted him caressingly on the cheek.

When she had done patting him he asked, unmoved: "Now, what is it you want?"

She was careful not to turn her face his way while she whispered: "I want that young signor that came today to make eyes at my aunt."

"Impossible."

"Why impossible? I was with them in the morning. They did nothing but look at each other. But I went for him myself."

"That Englishman! You can't have an Englishman like this. I am thinking of something better for you, a marquis or a count."

This was the exact truth, not a sudden idea to meet a hopeless case.

"You have hardly had time to have a good look at him," added Count Helion.

"I looked at him this evening with all my eyes, with all my soul. I would have sat up all night to look at him. But he got up and turned his back on me. He has no eyes for anybody but my aunt."

"Did you speak together, you two?"

"Yes," she said, "he sat down by me and all those witches stared as if he had been making up to a monster. Am I a monster? He too looked at me as if I had been one."

"Was he rude to you?" asked the Count de Monteverso.

"He was as insolent as all the people I have seen since we came to this town. His heart was black as of all the rest of them. He was gentle to me as one is gentle to an old beggar for the sake of charity. Oh, how I hated him."

"Well, then," said Count de Monteverso in a harsh unsympathetic tone, "you may safely despise him."

Clelia threw herself half out of bed on the neck of Count Helion, who preserved an unsympathetic rigidity though he did not actually repulse her wild and vehement caress.

"Oh, dearest uncle of mine," she whispered ardently into his ear, "he is handsome! I must have him for myself."

There was a knocking at the door. Count Helion tore the bare arms from his neck and pushed the girl back into bed.

"Cover yourself up," he commanded hurriedly. He arranged the blanket at her back. "Lie still and say nothing of all this, and then you need have no fear. But if you breathe a word of this to anybody, then . . . Come in," he shouted to the renewed knocking and had just time to shake his finger at Clelia menacingly before the Abbé and the doctor entered the room.

### III

#### I

COSMO walked away with no more than one look back, just before turning the corner, at the tensely alert griffins guarding the portals of the Palazzo. At the entrance of his inn a small knot of men on the pavement paused in their low conversation to look at him. After he had passed he heard a voice say, "This is the English milord." He found the dimly lit hall empty and he went up the empty staircase into the upper regions of silence. His face, which to the men on the pavement had appeared passionless and pale as marble, looked at him suddenly out of the mirror over the fireplace, and he was startled as though he had seen a ghost.

Spire had been told not to wait for his return. His empty room had welcomed him with a bright flame on the hearth and with lighted candles. He turned away from his own image and stood with his back to the fire looking downwards and vaguely oppressed by the profound as if expectant silence around him. The strength and novelty of the impressions received during that day, the intimacy of their appeal, had affected his fortitude. He felt mortally weary and began to undress; but after he got into bed he remained for a time in a sitting posture. For the first time in his life he tasted of loneliness. His father was at least thirty-five years his senior. An age! His sister was just a young girl. Clever, of course. He was very fond of her, but the mere fact of her being a girl raised a wall between them. He had never made any real friends. He had nothing to do; and he did not seem to know what to think of anything in the world. Now, for instance there was that quished fat figure in a little cocked hat. . . . still an emperor.

Cosmo came with a start out of a deep sleep that seemed to have lasted only a moment. But he knew at once where he was, though at first he had to argue himself out of the conviction of having parted from Count Helion at the top of a staircase less than five minutes ago. Meantime he watched Spire flooding the room with brilliant sunshine, for the three windows of the room faced east.

"Very fine morning, sir," said Spire over his shoulder. "Quite a spring day."

A delicious freshness flowed over Cosmo. It did not bring joy to him, but dismay. Daylight already! It had come too soon. He had had no time yet to decide what to do. He had gone to sleep. A most extraordinary thing! His distress was appeased by the simple thought that there was no need for him to do anything. After drinking his chocolate, which Spire received on a tray from some woman on the other side of the door, he informed him that he intended to devote the whole day to his correspondence. A table having been arranged to that end close to an open window, he started writing at once. On retiring without a sound Spire left the goose-quill flying over the paper. It was past noon before Cosmo, hearing him come in again on some pretence or other, raised his head for the first time and dropped the pen to say: "Give me my coat, I will go down to the dining room."

(To be continued in next issue)

"A secret was let out at the annual meeting of the London Library the other afternoon by Sir Edmund Gosse," says the *Manchester Guardian*. "It may even have been disturbing to the many authors in the audience to learn from this distinguished critic what it is that the great Library does with books that have ceased to interest anybody. The Library, it seems, keeps what Sir Edmund Gosse called a Lethe chamber—from his account it would be described more accurately as a purgatory—in which obsolete books are kept for a time to see whether their sleep will be succeeded by a forgetting. Sometimes it is embarrassingly followed by an awakening."



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## Books of Special Interest

### Greek and Iberian

THE GREEKS IN SPAIN. By RIIYS CARPENTER. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by GEORGINA GODDARD KING  
Byrn Mawr College

IN this, the second volume which Dr. Carpenter has published in the Bryn Mawr Notes and Monograph series, adventure takes the place of theory. The earlier one dealt with a problem of aesthetics, profound and far-reaching; this is occupied with archaeology.

He has, as he believes, identified the site of the earliest Greek settlement in Spain, picked out from among the early Iberian bronzes, three which reveal the Ionian influence, vindicated the claim that a Grecian chisel carved the Lady of Elche, and advanced one even more daring, viz., that of the Aesculapius from Ampurias to be right Athenian work of the fifth century; lastly, recognized a broken vase in Barcelona to be painted by the artist Makron. The learning is sound, the argument is well reasoned throughout.

It is a pleasure to see a trained scholar go through his ritual: the selection and definition of forms, the citation of parallels, the scrutiny of counter-assertions, the final proof; with everywhere a serene and happy manner. Wherein Dr. Carpenter differs from the average scholar is in going and looking at the places under consideration. Thereby he was able to recognize the rock which the earliest Phocæan sailors had named Hemeroskopeion, the Watcher of the Dawn; to photograph the huge promontory in many lights and from every angle. It is just this present and vivid relation to things that gives to the book its special touch of romance. If the note is struck in the title, and throughout the whole discussion of "The Voyage to Tartessos" is sustained, and resumed in the chapter upon "The Massiliot Sailing-Book," it is no more than might have been expected of one who had not many years ago written "A Plainsman to the Hills," or described "The Land Beyond Mexico." The freshness is no less delightful because it is expected, and profits by the style, neither colloquial nor quaint, but deliberately detached and easy-going, as in a discussion after dinner, among people who know each other's knowledge and are more afraid of being pedantic than of seeming off-hand. This is heightened by the device of relegating the closer technical discussion to the Appendices and the expanded Notes, which are classified and treated as "Commentary." All this which looks perhaps just happy and fortuitous, is of course the outcome of the nicest skill and an admirable understanding of style. Mannered the work is, but in a very good manner.

The discussion of the early sites and of Avienus (who is translated into English verse a trifle better than his own late Latin) need not detain the critic; the former will have to be proved by excavation and in the latter there is little to dispute. Among the bronze figurines from S. Elena in Madrid Museum Dr. Carpenter has selected three which reveal, as he is able to show, direct Ionian influence of the sixth century. By costume and modelling alike, in two, he has recognized the Greek quality, and in the third the Greek strain is mixed with an alien one, and "as always, loses in beauty but gains in interest." He might have added that in this case where "the profile outline sways and runs wild," as Plate vi shows clearly, there the ascetic straight contour of the maidenly-stepping Ionian girl is replaced by the Iberian "saddle-back" figure that one can watch any day on the street, with all its troubling grace of movement, in Seville or Barcelona.

Coming to the too-famous statues of Cerro de Los Santos, he is greatly daring, as in the location of the early cities; he is willing to ignore the scandal and take them as for the most part genuine, dismissing the charge of spuriousness as too ready a way of accounting for their extraordinary style. But, then, he does not have altogether to account for it. Iberian art, he holds, alike in sculpture and in vase-painting, was stirred to life by Greek influence and thereafter worked out its own style: the formula has a modern and scientific flavor.

That the bust in Paris known as the Lady of Elche is "Greek, pure Greek by style" he would prove by analysis both quantitative and qualitative. The scale of proportion is all but identical with that of the "Chatsworth" Apollo, and so is the precise stage of development in the statuary's art, pass-

ing, at about B. C. 460-450 from the archaic to the moment of perfection; and on the other hand, the bust is more beautiful than anything which is not Greek. The remainder of the argument is careful, fairly forcible, but it is that personal evaluation which will carry the reader over or leave him unconvinced. The analysis of the Asklepios occupies just as many pages and is worked out with equal care; if the reader concedes everything with a touch of indifference, we must admit that the writer himself is equally indifferent over-leaf when he comes to the fourth-century marble head of a girl, also in Barcelona now. In truth, like the rest of us, Dr. Carpenter cares little or nothing for the ripest maturity of classical or any other art, while the archaic and the primitive or the little-known, like the delicate beauty of the vase-fragment, or indeed the vase-painter himself, identified as Hieron's workman Makron, draw him on and out. So the mere presence of the Lady of Elche, and the situation of the rock that is still a Watcher of the Dawn, have turned the essay from a scholar's task accomplished to the projection of images like those of a poet's imaginings.

### A Notable Album

DORA WORDSWORTH: HER BOOK.  
By F. V. MORLEY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. \$2.

Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

THE Victorian Age was notoriously fond of albums. Today we ask our friends to sign their names in a guestbook, but the older generation was not content with a mere signature. They wanted a sentiment, something that would suggest the personality of the visitor besides recording his name and the date of his arrival and departure. The word keepsake has nearly dropped out of our vocabulary, but in the days when love-letters were hidden in the lilac-bushes, keepsakes and albums were in universal demand. Mr. F. V. Morley has resuscitated the album of Dora Wordsworth which contains entries, mostly in verse, by the hand of every distinguished man of letters who came to pay homage to her father. It is remarkable how much of themselves the authors managed to infuse into these snatches of poetry. Coleridge contributes a philosophical inscription on a time-piece, Elia some whimsical verses in which he signs himself "a jealous, meek, contributory Lamb." Landor is coldly classical and Leigh Hunt delicately sentimental. The verses as a whole do not show the authors at their best, but they are remarkably adequate, and Dora Wordsworth may well have prided herself on having gathered so many celebrated names between the covers of one book.

Mr. Morley has provided a running commentary which is particularly interesting for the light it throws upon the owner of the album. Dora Wordsworth possessed one invaluable quality which was entirely lacking in her father. She had a very pretty sense of humor. After years of waiting Wordsworth finally consented to her marriage with Mr. Edward Quillinan, and her account of the honeymoon in Portugal, with its innumerable touches of liveliness and wit, is worth more than many of the verses in the album. Wordsworth himself does not emerge to any great advantage. Off his own ground he was, as Emerson pointed out, a man of surprising limitations. The dalesmen of his own country, whom he might have been expected to understand, never made friends with him. Except in his poetry he seemed to be unconscious of their existence. They were much more at home with the brilliant, erratic, Hartley Coleridge. Wordsworth might write about the Lake Country but it was Hartley Coleridge who won the hearts of the Westmorland farmers. According to one of his rustic admirers, "he was in and out of every cottage, in and out of every pub, ever willing to share a pipe, a discussion, an opinion, or a game." In the "Prelude" Wordsworth gives us a much more attractive picture of himself but that was written in the earlier days when he exulted in sheer living, before he had adopted his "I and my brother the dean" manner. Perhaps the most likable figures in Dora Wordsworth's gallery are Charles and Mary Lamb. No one who likes Charles Lamb can help writing well about him and Mr. Morley belongs to a family of natural born Lamb lovers.

## Harper Books

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